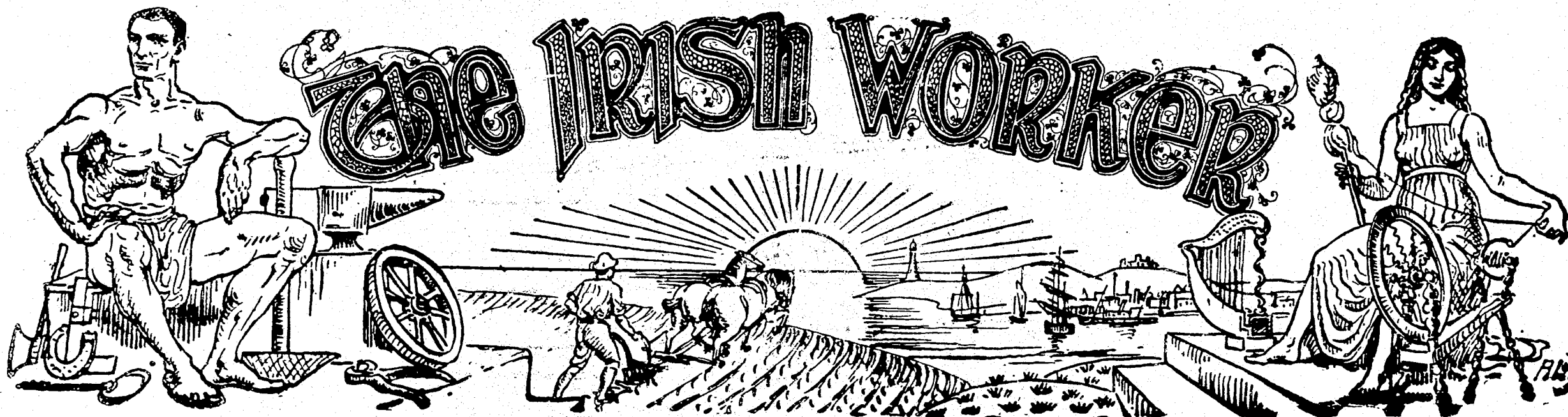


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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 27th, 1914

ONE PENNY.]

### "UP LARKIN!"

By "Shellback."

"Mr. James Larkin, who organised the great Dublin strike last year which paralysed the trade of the city, has resigned his position as secretary of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and is leaving Dublin." So read the Exchange Telegraph Company's message that was published in the "Daily Herald" of Saturday, the 20th inst. To say the news caused a shock to the followers of every section of industry throughout Great Britain, is to put it in the mildest possible form. To imagine the man who was rapidly gathering up the forces that were going to topple over the last fortress of capitalism, and then, in a moment of heat, occasioned by the base ingratitude of a few of those he had laboured for—and these representing by a small local minority—to surrender the leadership of what promised to be a great Industrial movement, is to form some opinion of the sacrifice he is making and will enable us to more fully appreciate the effect his action may have not only upon those whose hopes are upon him, but those who are opposed to him, either as open enemies or two-faced, Judas-like friends.

To some of those connected with the old-fashioned trade unionism of England, the news brings a certain amount of relief. In it they appear to detect a victory for their "sane" methods of compromise and conciliation. Larkin stood for a phrase of labour combination that threatened the very existence of officialism, and his decline promised them a new lease of life and a continuance of their salaries. Already had the results of his teaching begun to appear in the gradually growing number of "unofficial" disputes that were being carried on up and down the country by the rank and file of organisations whose advice to their leaders of "push on or push out" is the direct result of Larkin's divine mission to preach discontent. The greatest of these rank and file movements is still in progress, and I am certain that if Larkin really does leave Dublin, he is sure of a warm welcome and a loyal backing among the locked-out victims of the London Building Trades. One can see in his mind's eye, the smiling faces of the dear, peaceful labour leaders, the wrinkles perceptibly clearing away from their noble brow when they read of the resignation of that one straight fighter for Labour. Can see them smirk and compliment one another at what they will describe as a victory for constitutional leadership, while their consciences will remind them after the feast of that foul betrayal of Dublin and their low down enmity to that man whose success they feared. Yet now as ever it is the men who count. The riches of the private, and the deadly aim of the sharpshooters, will do far more execution than the important-looking feathers in the cocked hats of all the generals in the world, high and mighty as they may think themselves, or so absolutely necessary as they may imagine themselves to be; and I can speak with more than a passing knowledge of the feelings that will be stirred by that message among the organised privates in the English labour forces, who would much prefer the plain figure of Jim Larkin for a leader than any of the feathered and otherwise decorated generals, who are just now safely secure in their shelters behind the firing line of workers who man the out-works. All over England, from London through the Province, wherever men and women labour Jim Larkin has been welcomed and listened to and cheered by hundreds of thousands of workers, while their leaders sulked in their tents, or foregathered in contemptible isolation. And now the news comes that Jim is leaving Dublin and may be available for them.

Among the employing classes the news has created many different effects. There are some who are pleased to hear that Jim is getting out, but they are afraid of his appearance in England. I am daily expecting to hear of an immediate and renewed declaration of affectionate friendship on the part of these gentlemen for the official gang of Labour lackies in order to secure their help if

Jim should happen to come their way, and come he must if Dublin fails him, or its workers forget their best friend. I sincerely hope there is no fear. I trust that the Dublin men are still true to him and themselves; that they will never prove craven enough to bite that hand that has so well and nobly fought for them and suffered for them. So well has he fought and so heroic has he suffered that those who have been opposed to him agree that he is the greatest force that they have ever been up against. They would moan heaven and hell to drive him out of the city.

They have no chance of engaging heaven on their side, but they have succeeded in obtaining the support of Old Nick who is well known to be a power equal to a roaring lion, who is for ever going about seeking who he may devour, and these will not be his allies you may bet. It would take me quite a long time to recount the many devices by which Old Nick and his friends have endeavoured to defeat Jim Larkin, even if I was acquainted with them all. Lying, threatening, buying, not a spark of honesty has appeared in their propaganda. Landlords, brewers, publicans, soldiers and police have all been arrayed against him. Denounced in the Press, Cathedral and Council Chamber he still led the workers on and still proved victorious. He was condemned from pulpits, buffed by the pence of low-paid wage-slaves; by Clericals who were educated at the cost of the poor men he led; and at the behest of employers, whose riches were supplemented by the unholy profits of death-dealing slums. Yet Jim bore up and fought on. He was driven from his home, was dragged to gaol, and was attacked in the public street, and still the battle raged. He saw his friends fall dead, their wives and children suffering, and he shared in their troubles and took their risks. He sought food for the hungry and shelter for the homeless, and they all loved Jim. He still kept the Transport flag flying, while Old Nick and his enemies were stabbing him in the back.

He pulled women from a burning building at the risk of his life, when an Irish "representative" was describing him in his mealy rag as a coward, and Jim carried on the fight and sought no quarter. The men were behind him—at least he thought they were—and he trusted them all the way through. That was all the thanks he looked for: the knowledge that his people were true to the core. Some have proved otherwise. Some have sold the pass; and these have succeeded when all the other powers have failed. But I don't believe the workers of Dublin are such traitors.

I cannot believe that Irishmen can prove such base ingrates as to sacrifice their leader to meet the wishes of their masters. I cannot believe that the men who fought such a grand fight as they did are willing to again bend the knee to their crucifiers. Rather than do that I would prefer to see them smash up the civil government of the country.

Fitch Howe Rule out of the window and all join Carson's ragged army, because when they are guilty of such cowering and crawling as that it will prove sufficient to me anyhow that there are no more Irishmen in Ireland, and Jim Larkin will be well advised to leave the society of the cowards who took their place.

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A Special General Meeting of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union was held in the Antient Concert Rooms on Monday, 22nd inst., the chair being taken by the President, Mr. Thomas Foran, P.L.G. Long before the meeting commenced the building was filled to its utmost capacity, and much enthusiasm prevailed, hundreds being unable to get in.

Jim Larkin, on mounting the platform, was accorded a remarkable ovation, the audience rising to its feet and cheering lustily. The scene was one of extraordinary enthusiasm, spontaneous and prolonged.

The Chairman who was received with applause, in opening the meeting, said that after the reception they had just given their leader he did not think that Jim Larkin would find it in his heart to leave them (cheers). This meeting, as they were aware, was the outcome of the meeting held the previous day in Croydon Park when they had very properly refused to accept Mr. Larkin's resignation and called on him to reconsider the decision he had come to.

Mr. Larkin then rose to address the gathering and was again received with a veritable hurricane of cheering which lasted for a considerable time, while greetings were shouted to him from all sides of the room.

In opening his address, he said a representative of the Dublin Press had succeeded in gaining admission by what he (Mr. Larkin) characterised as a superabundance of impudence. Let them turn and examine the men beside them in their seats.

The outcome of the talk which he was now about to have with them would be whether or not he and they were going to continue as comrades and workers together. He confessed he would be led somewhat to alter his decision if he and they as the vanguard and body-guard came to a definite understanding. The importance of the meeting they had held on the previous day had, of course, been minimised by the putrid Press; but he had never taken any notice of what that Press said (applause). He knew his men and who and what they were. They would, of course, require to know some of the reasons that caused him to take the step he had taken. He was prepared to accept the verdict of the meeting as to what was going to take place in the future. There was a certain amount of discipline, honesty and loyalty wanting in their ranks. Those men who were the shouters at meetings and who cheered the loudest were some of those who had sold them in the past. He had not, however, contemplated resigning because of the existence of traitors like these, for they were not worthy of consideration. The Great Omnipotent chose twelve men and one of the twelve betrayed Him! It would be too much to expect that an humble man like himself should not find a Judas in the ranks because of the loyal members' attitude towards one another. Dissensions had been going on amongst themselves which he could not put up with. The Committee of the Union had not been doing their duty as they ought, merely because some of the rank and file were not doing theirs. He might say many things that would be hurtful to them, but they were things that were meant for their benefit. He would call to their attention all that had happened since the recent set back which they received. Men were walking about the streets whom they had helped during the time of strife declaring they would pay no more into the Union's funds. Other men felt that the Union was of no further use to them, only they were too cowardly to say so. They had just passed through a terrible struggle, and no body of men on this earth had ever been faced with such powerful opposition, such vindictive and unscrupulous forces. Even had they been beaten in one week they would have had nothing to be ashamed of; but they were not beaten in one week. After thirty-eight long weeks of bitter struggle they were still unbeaten. They were as good men after the fight as before. Why, then, should they be ashamed of their Union and of their own work? He was speaking now both as an onlooker and as one engaged

## THE CRISIS.

in the fray. They should realise that there were engaged along with them in the fight creatures who were ready at all times to take advantage of their opportunities. These as well as the capitalist class were arraigned against them; and, furthermore, they had organised workers selling them and stabbing them in the back [applause]. He would challenge his friends—Daly, Connolly, and others—to prove that any other Union had ever been opposed by such forces or assailed by such treachery. He had never been known to use a word of disparagement to one member of the Union. He was proud of its members [applause]. One of the reasons why he had decided to leave them was because he was convinced that, thrown on their own resources and without his guidance, the Union would still be impregnable and unbeatable. None of them could realise fully what his intentions were and what he had in his mind. Night after night he had tramped the roads and fields trying to realise what would be the best way to realise the great aim of his life; and he had at last come to the conclusion the best way would be to leave—to go away altogether [no, no] and compel them to realise their own power. The whole history of this country in the past had taught him that what they greatly loved was to place a man high upon a pinnacle and then to pull him down and destroy him. He was now speaking under strong emotion and physical disabilities. If he and they should find themselves in consonance he would agree to go on with his work [loud applause]. He would continue with them as comrades together; and the word "comrade" had a great significance—a meaning that was possibly beyond the conception of some of them. It meant this: that they would work side by side through thick and thin and they would sink or swim together [cheers]. In deciding that he would leave them he had thought he was adopting the wisest course because of men who seemed to be apathetic and lackadaisical. To night, however, they seemed to be inspired with a new hope. What had led to his decision was the desire he had that harmony should prevail in their ranks. During the period when he lay in jail he had handed over control of the organisation to the man whom he thought best fitted to take his place. He had never criticised or disapproved of anything that had been done in his absence. When he came out of jail he found that a certain line of action had been taken; but he never expressed disagreement with anything Mr. Connolly had done on that occasion. He had never yet turned on a man with whom he worked [applause].

Mr. Larkin went on to relate all that transpired subsequent to his release from jail. Men who had been drawn out came to him and said that they ought not to have been taken from their jobs. They were a small minority and they said that Connolly had been doing the employers' work by bringing them out. He (Mr. Larkin) warned them that they dare not suggest any such thing of a colleague of his [applause]. He told them they were scabs and he ordered them out of his presence. There was but a vile canard raised for the purpose of exciting their own treachery. (These were the kind of foul lies that had been spat out for the last ten months). They asked him would they go back and he replied not until their comrades went back, but that they could sell them if they liked. They replied that they had held a meeting in the Hibernian Hall (groans) and they had decided to go back. He then told them that they might go back at once and fired them out of his sight. They then went back and scabbed and deserted the flag. "Now," said Mr. Larkin, addressing his hearers, "are you men going to believe lies of that type?" (voices—"No," and "It's you we want.") People who persisted in telling their stories of dissensions between himself and his colleagues were telling them what was untrue. But he would repeat that the Committee of the Union had been wanting in its duty. He had been fighting against depression and physical difficulties, and he had expected them to

do more than they had done. He had ideas which he hoped to carry out, and God alone in His wisdom knew whether they would fructify or not. All these rumours of dissensions in the camp were lies. There had been differences of opinion arising out of orders which had been given, but were not obeyed—those who should have carried them out pausing to consider whether or not they should be done. There were certain things which had been promulgated by both himself and his comrades embodying ideas for the good of the workers and the uplifting of their class. He had preached to them on intemperance, and he would continue to preach on it till the day he died (cheers). He had spoken to them on the Housing problem and how they should deal with it; he had talked with them on the question of wages, conditions, etc., and had told them that shorter hours and more men was the easiest way of settling that problem (applause). His ideas were ideas that he had hoped to see carried out, and he reminded them that what had been done at Croydon Park was the outcome of some of his plans. He had taken Croydon Park over on behalf of the Transport Union and he had been obliged to go and live there because he had been refused a house in Dublin. The purpose of his work at Croydon Park was to further develop the social side of their labours and show the workers what a home should really be like if they had common honesty and justice meted out to them (applause). He wanted to take them out there, teach them all this, and send them back to the slums dissatisfied and discontented. In short, he wanted them to profit by what they had seen. At first many unpleasant little incidents occurred and the idea did not work, so he thought to himself that they ought to go slowly. He had intended to start an open-air school for defective children there and to establish a general clinic in Liberty Hall. The premises lately occupied by the Clyde Shipping Co. was to be converted into a dental surgery. They would then be in a position to minister to the health of the workers' families. It was proposed to have a nurse in attendance who could be sent into the working people's homes when occasion required; they would then have no more of that damnable thing called charity from Lady Aberdeen (loud applause). He (Mr. Larkin) had given much attention to this scheme, and he had been promised the active co-operation of eminent gentlemen and doctors to engage in the promotion of his ideas. But in the end he found he was receiving no co-operation from those from whom he expected much, whilst the Committee of the Union were actually interfering with him and preventing his proposals from being carried out (shame). This Committee was penny-wise in regard to funds. Forgetting that all of these schemes was an essential part of their work. They disapproved of certain things he suggested because they failed to grasp the spirit of the work. What he objected to most was lying gossip. He had had experience on the docks as the effect of this ruinous gossip. "I challenge any man alive," said Mr. Larkin, "to prove that I ever tried to live a penny out of you" [cheers]. He lived for one idea—namely, the uplifting of their class and the welfare of the Union. No one could say that he had ever been found niggardly or ungenerous, although, perhaps, he might have been generously foolish. He had given help to those who afterwards turned round and bit him; he had saved those from jail who forgot it and tried to ruin him. He recalled the case of a man who was killed on the quays of Dublin. That man's relatives, knowing the man lay dead, paid the arrears due, and claimed death benefit. In any other society they would have been prosecuted and gaoled. Instead of prosecuting them we advanced them sufficient to bury their dead, supported them all through, and fought their case at law and won it for them in the finish. But what did these people do then? They got their money and refused to pay back what they had been loaned. These people might have been severely dealt with by the law, but he

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[Mr. Larkin] interfered on their behalf and saved them from their fate. And there were hundreds of others who got help through him—people who did not deserve. More tried to blackmail him; but people who tried that game with him made a big mistake [cheers]. He regretted that he had found the Committee of the Union apathetic and disinclined to carry out their responsibility. The Countess Markievicz could tell them something of the horrible language to which she had been subjected by creatures who claimed to be members of the Union. "No one," said Mr. Larkin, "under God's sun knows what I have gone through." His sister going home at night had been attacked and insulted and threatened. Only last week that foul blackguard, Kavanagh, P.L.G., had used the foulest language and attempted to strike her. This is only one case of the conduct of the frequenters of Alfie Byrne's public-house. All these things would have amounted to nothing if he had found the members taking an interest in the affairs of the Union. Some men were skulking in back streets afraid to come and talk with him. He was not ashamed of them, although he knew they might have done wrong by force of economic circumstances. He had never done anything unfair to any man and he never would (cheers). He reminded them of what he had gone through in connection with the Pembroke Inquiry and the attacks he had been subjected to. He had gone down to that inquiry for the purpose of telling the truth, and he had heard men swearing on their oath things they knew in their hearts to be untrue. The bottlemakers owed the Transport Workers a debt of gratitude they could never repay, but they reneged him at the inquiry. These officials of the Bottlemakers were hot fit to lick the boots of the men in the Transport Union (applause). He recalled to their memory how the strike in Ringsend made the employers see that they were up against a stone wall and forced them to admit Jim Larkin to be the victor. What he had told the men on that occasion that they must control the machines they would win. Time proved the value of his advice. Later on the Bottlemakers came and helped the men during the recent big dispute, and turned around, swore before God that they had nothing to do with Larkin and his Union—they knew not Larkin and the men along with him. He hoped there was going to be a change in their outlook. "Attacks on me, said Mr. Larkin, "are attacks on you."

He had been given enough reason to do it during the last ten or eleven months. He had been denounced from the Press, the pulpit and the altar, but all this had had no effect on him. He and his family had always belonged to the One Church. No man could buy him with money, or deter him by threats (cheers). He had been denounced for attacking the clergy, but this was another foul lie. Whenever he came in contact with a clergyman he could distinguish the priest from the man (applause). Take the case of Father Flavin and his scab union. He (Mr. Larkin) had told the workers of Kingstown to behave themselves as men, and he was prepared to face Father Flavin, if necessary. He had always alked in the fear of God, but never in the fear of any man. They must face this latest attempt to undermine their principles (Continued on next page).





