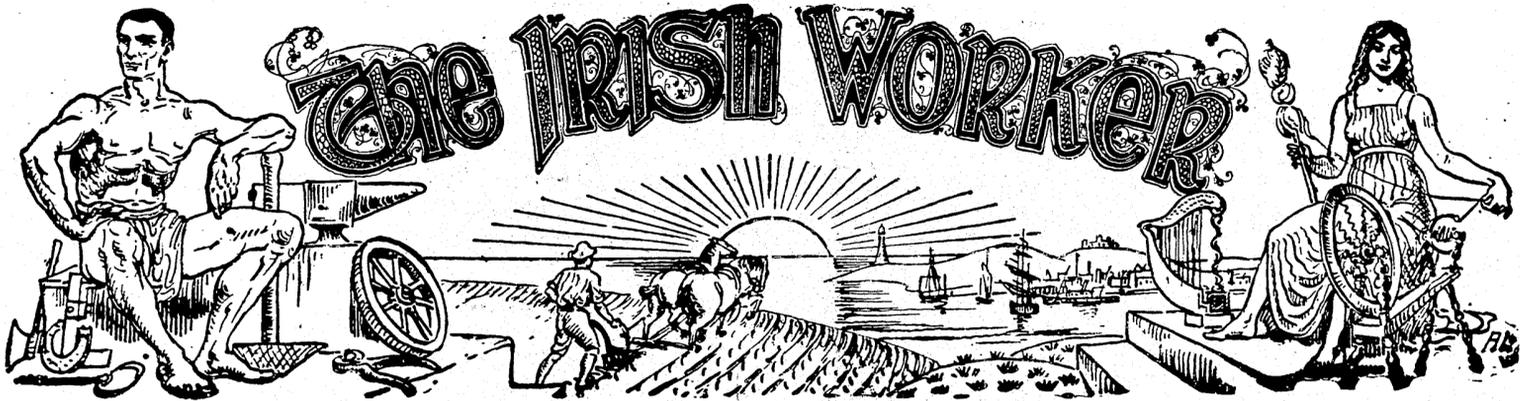


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



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 Lalor.

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN TRADES COUNCIL.

The Military Murderers and the Government.

The usual fortnightly meeting of the Dublin Trades Council was held on Monday last, the President, Mr. William O'Brien, in the chair.

Correspondence was read from Mr. J. E. Redmond, M.P.; the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C.; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P.; the Chief Commissioner D.M.P., and the Secretary Dublin Corporation Paving Committee.

The Chairman announced the receipt of an appeal for funds from the Agricultural Labourers of Essex. Mr. O'Brien remarked that the Agricultural Labourers had always been fruitful in supplying blacklegs when occasion arose, but an attempt was now being made to organise them.

The Council decided to make a grant of two pounds in response to the appeal.

TRADES CONGRESS RESOLUTIONS.

On the motion of Mr. J. Farren (tin-smiths) seconded by Mr. T. Foran, P.L.G., the resolutions submitted by the Irish Trades Congress and Labour Party dealing with, amongst other matters, the proposed exclusion of Ulster and the imprisonment of Thomas Daly, were unanimously adopted.

OUTRAGE ON DUBLIN CITIZENS.

The Chairman in referring to the outrageous attack by the police and military on the citizens of Dublin on Sunday last, said that these occurrences bore out the belief that whenever the Government Authorities thought it necessary to take action they would always discriminate between the people in the North and those in the South of Ireland.

The Chairman (Mr. O'Brien) moved: "That this Council protests against the shooting of unarmed men, women, and children in Dublin and holds the Liberal Government directly responsible for this outrage, which is the natural outcome of the gross partiality which has been shown to a small minority in the North of Ireland led by wealthy and influential politicians; and we are of opinion that the only effective manner of dealing with this latest action of the Government is for the people of Ireland to meet force with force and insist on exercising the same rights and privileges as are freely granted to Carson and his followers in the North; and we extend our sympathy to the relatives of the murdered men and women and to the wounded girls and men."

Mr. P. T. Daly seconded the resolution. The Council, said Mr. Daly, would do well in passing this resolution. It had been thought that the Irish National Volunteers and the Citizen Army would not be friendly to each other, but the events of Sunday had proved the contrary. For months past men in the North had been drilling and parading the streets of Belfast and other Ulster towns fully armed, but the police had never been known up to the present to interfere with them.

REGISTRATION OF VOTERS.

The Chairman pointed out that the Labour Party had opened rooms through-

out the city to enable the citizens to make their claims to be placed on the voters' lists. If the workers neglected this opportunity the result would be their own fault. He would urge upon the delegates the importance of bringing the matter under the notice of the members of their unions, and making it as widely known as possible that the latest date for making claims was the 4th of August.

DEPUTATION TO PAVING COMMITTEE.

Mr. P. T. Daly, reporting on his attendance on the Corporation Paving Committee with Mr. J. Farren, in reference to the employment of paviers by the Municipal authorities, said that the Committee received them with every courtesy. When the deputation explained their mission the Committee were all smiles, and the Chairman observed that they all wanted to live within their means. He (Mr. Daly) retorted that what the men wanted was means to live within (laughter). The Committee promised to consider the matter, and the deputation retired.

Mr. J. Farren endorsed Mr. Daly's remarks. He had since learned that Councillor Chase had put in a notice of motion to have the question dealt with. The Paving Committee consisted of ten members not one of whom was a Labour representative—a fact which went further to show how much the workers neglected their own interests. If they did not see to it that members of their own class went into the Corporation, they must suffer the consequences. Here again was shown the importance of working-men looking after their votes at the proper time.

ORGANISATION OF DYERS.

The secretary, Mr. Simmons, reported on his recent visit to the Dyers' Union, and stated he had been favourably impressed by their meeting. The dyers were likely to become a very strong and important organisation. He was particularly glad to hear of the growth of the female section as this would make the second body of women workers affiliated to the Council.

CORRESPONDENT ON BOARD OF TRADE.

Mr. Foran, referring to this matter, pointed out that the Council had already nominated four persons for the post but their nominees had been rejected. It was the usual practice for the Secretary of the Council to be appointed. He moved that the Board of Trade be written to on the subject. Mr. Daly, in seconding, remarked that Mr. John Burns, as President of the Board of Trade, should be communicated with. Certain people who had influence were trying to get the job for the tools who were ready to do their dirty work.

LABOUR TROUBLES OF 1913.

The Chairman said he was of opinion that some celebration of last year's labour uprising should be held in the city. He thought the Council and the Transport Union should come together with this object in view. He moved that a small committee be appointed to meet the Transport Union on the subject.

Mr. Foran seconded, and remarked that his union would be glad to act in conjunction with the Council in any celebration which might be held for the purpose of demonstrating that the employers' attempt to crush trade unionism had failed. He hoped the Council was willing to co-operate with them in their desire to show that they were ready to avenge the deaths of their brothers who were murdered last year.

Mr. MacPartlin (Carpenters) was opposed to the project. He thought that the Transport workers should hold the proposed celebration without the official co-operation of the Council. If the Council were to take part officially, and the demonstration were not a success,

people would point to this as the weak state of the Labour movement in Dublin.

Mr. Daly said the demonstration should be held, and it should be a trade union demonstration. They would have to know who was with them and who was against them.

Mr. J. Farren thought there was a lot in what Mr. McPartlin had said. He moved that the matter be referred to the Executive who would be given plenary powers to deal with it.

Mr. J. Lawlor supported Mr. Daly's view, but Mr. Farren's suggestion was eventually adopted.

IMPORTATION OF GREENHOUSES.

Mr. Simmons drew attention to the importation of greenhouses for the Botanic Gardens, Glasnevin. This contract, which embraced several branches of work, including painting, glazing, tiling, &c., had been given to a Scottish firm. The only portion given to Dublin workmen was a small amount of brickwork. This matter concerned to a very large extent a number of trades in the city, and some active protest should be made.

Mr. McPartlin said that his society believed Mr. T. W. Russell to be the party responsible.

Mr. T. Farren [Stonemasons] referred to the Scotch lady who had brought over Scotch huts to house the Irish consumptives. In the same way imported work had also been carried out at the Civic Exhibition, and this was done by people who pose as supporters of Irish manufacture.

It was decided that the Department of Agriculture be written to on the matter.

The Soldier's Creed.

(By FINEST CROSSBY)

"Captain, what do you think," I asked, "Of the part our soldiers play?" But the captain answered, "I do not think; I do not think, I obey!"

"Do you think you should shoot a patriot down, Or help a tyrant slay?" But the captain answered, "I do not think; I do not think, I obey!"

"Do you think your conscience was made to die, And your brain to rot away?" But the captain answered, "I do not think; I do not think, I obey!"

"Then if this is your soldier's creed," I cried, "You're a mean, unmanly crew; And for all your feathers and gilt and braid, I am more of a man than you!"

"For whatever my place in life may be, And whether I swim or sink, I can say with pride, "I do not obey; I do not obey, I think!"

[The British Officer only obeys when he chooses. When workmen are on strike the soldiers don't hesitate to shoot, or when women, children, and unarmed men are being shot when he is ordered. The "polis" also are only too willing to use their batons.]

The Prohibition League of New Zealand—one of the prominent members of which is Mr. Latt who formerly stumped England as an enthusiastic opponent of the I.L.P.—are taking Philip Snowden to New Zealand to preach Prohibition. Snowden probably knows a lot about New Zealand and Prohibition, but it is as well to remind him that the unfortunate taxpayers pay him £400 a year to stay at home and preach the cause of the worker in Parliament.

CORPORATION OF DUBLIN.

EXAMINATION FOR CLERKS.

A Competitive Examination for Five Clerkships (age 17 to 21) will be held on the 3rd and 4th September, 1914. Application for permission to compete must be made on the form provided, which can be obtained at the Office of the undersigned. Applications will be received up to, but not later than 3 p.m. on Thursday, 27th August, 1914. Nomination by a member of the Corporation is necessary. All further information can be had on application at the Office of the City Treasurer, Municipal Buildings, Cork Hill.

(By Order) EDMUND W. EYRE, City Treasurer.

27th July, 1914.

The School Clinic

A meeting was held on Monday evening, in the Concert Room, Liberty Hall, Mr. G. Seymour Stritch presiding. There was a large attendance. Mr. Tchaykovsky was introduced by the Chairman, and said:—

"England takes care of her kings, but she throws away her people." This scathing indictment by the African Chief Kama of the richest nation in the world must surely be true of this city of Dublin, where out of every 1,000 babies born 151 die before reaching one year of age. (See figures Civic Exhibition). And what of the children of school age who survive?

Is there any reason to believe they are more fortunate than their English brothers and sisters, who are filling the English school clinics, and whose ever increasing number, as they pass through the hands of the school medical inspectors, are the despair of the care committees in their attempt to secure immediate treatment for thousands with an accommodation for hundreds only?

And thus, many are left to drift as they grow up into the ranks of the unfit and unemployable, and the golden opportunity is lost to equip them with healthy bodies and clean beautiful minds for their life's work and struggle.

If this is true for England's six million school children (of whom half a million leave school annually) with seven years enforcement of medical inspection and an ever increasing attempt at medical treatment in the various school clinics, what must we expect in Ireland, with no medical inspection, and the clinic movement so little known that the word conveys but little meaning in the homes of the people.

In Dublin city at any rate this will soon be a thing of the past. The I.T.W.U. is about to open at Liberty Hall first a dental and later a general clinic to treat all the minor ailments of school life.

In the absence of school medical inspection, the selection of children for treatment will lie at first in the hands of their parents, and it will depend largely on their intelligent co-operation whether this latest effort on behalf of the workers of Dublin will bear fruition. For a school clinic to succeed, treatment must be made attractive and accessible to all who wish to avail themselves of its help, and on the other hand those helped must appreciate the fact that the staff will expect whole hearted co-operation and implicit confidence of the parents and children in carrying out the simple rules of hygiene that will be made for their welfare.

All this schild rearing is as old as the human race. No one is so bold as to say all is well with our children. Child nurture is still in its infancy, and is the monopoly of the wealthy.

The school clinic will be a nursery for the people's children, and the presiding genius will always be available for advice and help to those who are none too blessed with health and wealth and happiness.

Too many of our children who survives the hardships of babyhood reach maturity hopelessly maimed and handicapped by some ignorant breaking of the laws of hygiene.

But little if any attempts made so far to teach right living BEFORE the damage is done, and so generation after generation of men and women grope in the dark, blundering into some pitfall against which the experience of others might have warned them.

The medical profession, instead of being the teachers of health, have been too occupied with their noses to the grind stone repairing the omissions of their predecessors, and so prevention of disease has been lost sight of in the patchwork of making the best of a bad job AFTER the event.

A new era is dawning, however, and the cause of the children is calling to all with a spark of love for race and country in their hearts to be up and doing.

Side by side with the mending must be the greater work of PREVENTING the causes of disease, and so our Clinic at Liberty Hall will not only repair the ravages of past neglect in the children, but will endeavour to teach how to remain healthy when defects have been put right.

It will be a school for mothers who will learn by actual observation and demonstration that disease is dirt, and

that the fight against dirt will mean the conquest of disease; they will join hands with the experts who have had rare opportunities of learning the cause of disease and its prevention while the others were producing future citizens.

To bring the home into close contact with the health givers will be one of the most valuable assets of the Clinic. On the school teachers will fall the task of passing on in simple language to the future citizens what the Clinic will impart to the parents—the daily and highlyly use of tooth brush, the need of plenty of sleep (twelve hours for every child under twelve years), the purifying effect on mind as well as body of soap and water, the need of fresh air at night as well as during the day, the amazing influence of sleep under the stars in camp beds, even in the back yards, the simplifying of garments (especially for girls) with diminished strain at the wash tub for the overburdened mother, the preparation of nourishing meals—these things and many more may come out of our School Clinic. If education means "teaching us how to live completely" assuredly the school and the home and the Clinic must be linked up as soon as possible.

Then and only then can Dublin at least boast to Kama that she saves her children ere it is too late to save her people. Sir Charles Cameron, C.B., Medical Officer of Health, Mr. Jas. Larkin, and Thos. Johnson also spoke.

The following letters were read in connection with the meeting:—

McEvoy's Hotel, Naas, 27/7/14.

Dear Sir—Your letter with accompanying invitation to Dr. Tchaykovsky's lecture arrived here this morning.

I beg to thank you sincerely for your kindness in extending the invitation to me, and it is with extreme regret I have to state that I will be unable to attend. I am at present doing duty here for a colleague.

The subject is one of extreme importance, and I have no doubt will be treated by the learned lecturer in a manner befitting the importance of the subject. Again thanking you, I remain, Yours faithfully, E. PURCELL.

P. T. Daly, Esq., 2 Rutland Square, Dublin.

Dr. Fottrell, having an engagement for this evening regrets being unable to accept kind invitation to meet Dr. Tchaykovsky.

8 Lower Drumcondra Road, Dublin, 27/7/14.

Dear Sir—Thanks to your Committee for invitation for this evening, but regret unable to attend. I consider medical and Dental clinics very important matters to the welfare of the public.—Yours faithfully, THOMAS P. CODD, L.M.S., L.C.P.S.I., L.R.C.S.

Jas. Larkin, I.T. & G.W.U., 54 Rutland Square, Dublin, 27th July, 1914.

Dear Sir—I thank you for your favour of the 25th inst.

It will give me great pleasure to attend your meeting this (Monday) evening if possible.—Yours faithfully, ARTHUR BODELL, L.D.S., R.C.S.I.

P. T. Daly, Esq., Beechview Villa, Glasnevin, Dublin, 26th July, 1914.

Miss Duggan will have much pleasure in accepting the kind invitation of the Committee of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union to meet Dr. Tchaykovsky on Monday evening.

33 Merrion Square, Dublin, 27th July, 1914.

Dear Sir—I have only just got home this morning. I regret I cannot go to your meeting this evening as I am engaged at present in very important work in other directions.—Yours faithfully, T. MYLES (per N.K.)

P. Daly, Esq., Liberty Hall, Boreford Place, Dublin.

Public Health Committee, Municipal Buildings, Dublin, 27/7/14.

Dear Mr. Daly,—I am very sorry that owing to a previous engagement it will not be possible for me to be at Liberty Hall this evening to hear Dr. Tchaykovsky whom I consider an authority on medical and dental clinics.

I consider the object of your meeting very important, and I wish it success, Yours truly, M. J. RUSSELL.

P. T. Daly, Esq., 137 Emmet Road, Inchicore, 26/7/14.

Dear Sir—I'll come to-morrow night (Monday) at 8 o'clock with pleasure. L. MULHALL. James Larkin, Esq., Liberty Hall, Boreford place, Dublin.

CAUTION

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A SPECIALITY.

The Sport World.

A very interesting piece of news has just come to hand. A real attempt is being made to form a board of control for boxing. The names mentioned up to this are—Eugene Corri, A. F. Bettinson, Lord Lonsdale, J. H. Douglas. One promoting concern invited to co-operate in the celebrated Liverpool Stadium. There is real need for such a body, and plenty of work will be found for it to do. In co-operation with the French Federation and an American organisation the many vexed international questions might easily be untangled. The absurd situation with regard to championships badly needs settling. There are, roughly, fifty thousand middle-weight champions of the world, and about twelve thousand welter champions. The middle hover between ten stone and fifteen stone. Welter weight means anybody afraid of a light heavy weight, and too heavy to pass as a bantam.

Every lover of the game will welcome the board—if properly constituted. We have a few things to say about the Irish Amateur Boxing Association. There have been a lot of rumours afloat with regard to the last championships. The President, in giving out the prizes, said too often as the winners appeared "he is an old friend of mine." The impression has gone abroad that a friend in need often wins a title. Then the two-minute rounds were preposterous. Two-minute rounds for championships! Again we cannot feel conviction with regard to the attitude to International boxing. To refuse to affiliate with the A.B.A. of England and yet to negotiate for co-operation in the American expedition is contradictory. Why not affiliate? The Irish team would probably be licked this year, and perhaps next year, and perhaps the next year—but some day they would win, and be the better men for the experience. The French lads did it. They took defeat after defeat, and still came up smiling to produce a Carpenter, a Moreau, a Ledoux.

Discontent in Linenhall!

Mrs. Oscar May, Superintendent Civic Exhibition.

It has come to our knowledge that three of the ten women who work under you in the Civic Exhibition have declined to do so any longer. We are told that you engaged them to work from 7.45 a.m. till 12 noon at charging. We find you kept them working each day till 5.30 or 6 p.m., and that the work you gave them was such as is usually given to the toughest of men—and some workmen won't do—scrubbing stone flags in the open yard, carrying timber, cleaning water-closets, cleaning up after the workmen. They complain, too, that once was not enough to scrub a passage; it must be done twice. The pay agreed upon was 9s. a week (less insurance). How comes it, too, that one of the women was permitted to go at the agreed time to take other work? My good woman, this sort of thing won't do; it may bring you into favour with her partners, but if it continues we will have something quite harsh to say.—Was the pay based upon 10 ft in with sample (c) which costs 8s. 6d., a week's work would have enough for insurance in the Slate Society, and a couple of shillings for the tram rides so deprecably commended from the budget of the Family of the

HARREL AND ROSS.

Since the appearance of our last article on the D.M.P. matters have assumed a different aspect. The little tin gods of office have suffered some wear and tear.

We have been trying to find out what the Chief Commissioner does for his salary. You will think it rather a waste of time over trifles, perhaps; for we have not been able to discover that he does anything, except draw his salary, which is no trifle.

The "duties" of Chief Commissioner—that is the excuse for his salary—are to appear at the office before 3 p.m. to receive reports. These reports are submitted by seven superintendents. If you, being a law-abiding person, find boys playing handball against your wall, and instead of cuffing their ears report the matter to the police, you may have the gratification of knowing that that report after meandering around the station, goes to a second division clerk to be registered, thence to the superintendent of the division, thence to the Inspector, for inquiry, is returned to the superintendent, thence to the Presence. Upon this weighty matter the Commissioner will decide.

The boys will continue to play against your wall. But it will have given Sir John (or whoever gets his job) something to think about, which is a blessing. Quite a dozen of these reports are received every day. After having considered which Sir John retires to a well-earned repose.

To aid Ross in his exhausting labours, there is an assistant, the beloved of the people, William Vesey Harrel. William Vesey served his apprenticeship as a District Inspector, in the R.I.C., where he was taught in the school of evictions, whence he was promoted (by the aid of his father) to the office of Prisons Inspector. Later he was appointed to the post of Assistant Commissioner of D.M.P. His qualifications for the job were obvious—a strong Protestant, of Orange flavour, and a freemason, an education that had come to an untimely end and was never completed.

Serious suspicion has been attached to him with regard to the betrayal of the famous Devolution scheme. Harrel was at that period a constant visitor to the Under-Secretary's lodge; he is believed to have obtained information of the schemes of Mr. Wyndham and Lord MacDonald by making love to one of the females of the party. One fact is certain, that immediately after the "Times" published the details of the scheme Harrel's visits to the Lodge ceased abruptly.

The members of the force have peculiar dislike to Harrel for his spiteful methods of venting spleen upon constables. A favourite punishment he inflicts is to separate married men from their families. It costs a constable, roughly, fifteen shillings to live in barracks, plus barrack rent of 1s. 2d. a week. If his wages are 27/6 a week, 11/4 is left for his wife and children to pay rent, fire, food and clothing.

The disappearance of Harrel from official life would please all sections of the public. A man noted for hatred of all national and labour parties, who has spied upon his fellow officials and poured mean and petty spite upon his underlings, can have few friends.

So, goodbye, to Ross the incompetent, and Harrel the provocateur.

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.

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STICKLEHEAD.

SPORTS!

SPORTS!! SPORTS!!!

GREAT GALA DAY At CROYDON PARK, Fairview, BANK HOLIDAY

(First Monday in August.)

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Come and Enjoy a Day's Outing.

Refreshments on Ground at Popular Prices. Sports Commencing at 3 o'clock.

ENTRIES received by D. Hayden at Liberty Hall,

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

The Irish Worker.

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Belford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Aug. 1st, 1914.

Birrell's Bloody Bullies.

We make no apology for the title of this article. Seeing that our countryman, Shaw, thinks that the expressive term used above is good English, we may "rush in" where an angel like Shaw does not fear to tread. Anyhow it is more expressive than sanguinary. And to our deep regret, the word is too true! For foul murder committed by the hired assassins of the British Capitalist Government whose incapable, lying tool, Birrell, is trying to explain away. If this crime had been the first committed under the direction of Birrell, one might accept an explanation. But it is well to remember that this murder by armed assassins is only one of many such holocausts. Harrel, the white-livered son of Sir David Harrel, who was Commissioner of Police, with men, women and children were bated to death in Phoenix Park, is to be made a scapegoat of to screen the real mafactors, and Sir John Ross's offspring (of Ross of Bladensburg) known as the Priest Hunter, is also to be allowed to escape the responsibility of his crime. The creature who has masqueraded as a Chief Secretary in this unfortunate country for the past years has marched from crime to crime and over the dead bodies of his victims has gloated and perpetrated his ghastly jokes. Who was at fault in 1907 in Belfast when Birrell's tools, the Sussex Regiment, of hired assassins shot down the unarmed citizens, murdering a boy and girl and destroying and maiming others for lie; unarmed citizens struggling against the organised forces of capitalism for a little more bread and butter. Who was made the scapegoat in Wexford, 1911, when the drunken police—Birrell's tools—murdered our comrade, Leary? Who was the scapegoat when our comrade, Dunbar, was bated to death by the police in Eligo, 1913? Or who was held responsible when the same hired, drunken thugs bated men, women and children in Cork in 1908? Birrell could make jokes about all these foregoing atrocities. None could forget the outrageous conduct of police and soldiers in this great city in the years 1907, 1908, 1910, 1911 and last year, when the hooligans of police bated to death John Byrne and James Nolan. When the hired scab, Traynor, shot and killed our young and beautiful comrade, Alice Brady; when during that year the police carried out a Sturnalia of blood and crime, backed up by the armed soldiery; what was Birrell's excuse? When, according to the authority of the British Parliament, Birrell arrested and gaoled men for the crime of daring to speak the truth; when the action of Birrell was overruled even by a capitalistic House of Commons, Birrell still continued to do his nefarious conduct. He sent his soldiers down armed with ball to take the bread out of hungry children's mouths. When Birrell ordered his tools to break into a trade union hall and destroy hundreds of pounds' worth of property because the secretary of that trade union dared make an anti-militarist speech. And crime after crime, outrage after outrage has been perpetrated with the connivance and endorsement of Birrell and his henchmen, Ross and Harrel. But the latest manifestations of this creature's villainy has merited the utmost penalty of the law, if we had an honest civilised Government. But what can one expect from a Government that has winked at—if not connived at—the manifest outrages against the law of constitutional government in Ulster?

We have seen a privileged class in Ulster openly violating all law. We have seen the instructions of the brutes who control the capitalistic system in this country carried out to the bitter end. We have been gaoled, bated, shot at. We have had the sorry task of carrying home our dead time and again. And yet this creature, who was once a man, is to be allowed to escape the responsibilities of his conduct by making scapegoats of two of his tools or by the condemnation of a few of his hired assassins who sold their bodies and souls to a corrupt, cowardly Government for one-and-twopence a day. And we all seem to forget another of the participants in the crime—the creature Murphy—well and truly named "William Murder Murphy," who supplied the cars which conveyed these armed assassins of police and soldiers to use force to interfere with citizens who it is admitted were acting lawfully. Murphy compelled citizens who had a right to be carried to their destination as passengers to leave his cars and replaced them with soldiers and police. And then Murphy's scabs, who robbed men of their employment, and women and children of sustenance drove Murphy's cars filled with these armed hooligans at a speed of twenty miles an hour to a spot where they might be able to intercept and shoot down their own countrymen. Not having the courage nor strength to rob and maim armed men, the curs retreat, but with venom in their hearts they determined to be revenged. And so when they thought they were close to their barracks they used their weapons and shot dead two men and a wife and mother, wounded many others, and it was not the fault of these brave heroes of the King's Scottish Borderers they failed to kill others, they done their duty best; and so our comrades lie wounded to death within our hospitals. For the killing of one man and woman in Eastern Europe two great nations have gone to war. The Emperor of one nation, Austria, saying (the foul hypocrite and blasphemer) that it is God's direct will He is ordering the devil's work to be done. We have had our comrades murdered. What should be our duty? What should be our demand? We are an unarmed nation owing to the wilful way we have been misled and badly advised. If the guns must speak, and God knows we have been given good reasons to make them speak, we must first get the guns, and we must not get to use them, and be determined in a righteous cause to use them. Conferences, negotiations and conversations are utterly beside the question. Acquint insults your dead when he says—We will find an enquiry that these foul, cowardly assassins have done nothing a soldier of the British Army needs be ashamed of. Have we no men left in Ireland when such an insult can be thrown in our teeth? Need we capitulate what we have submitted in the past—our men shot and hung; our women beaten and outraged; our children taken off the seas to be the sport and slaves of others. We are told to forget and forgive. All these crimes were done years ago. Well, the murder of Quinn and Brennan and Mrs. Duffy was done days ago. Who is to hang for it? That is the question. We suggest Birrell. And that other backboneless, semi-idiot, who masquerades as Lord Lieutenant, should be sent home to Aberdeen with the murderers, the King's Own Scottish Borderers. We hope you notice the King's Own. Wherever there is kings there are soldiers. Wherever you have soldiers hired assassins you will have murder. There is but one remedy—Government of the people, by the people.

We are informed on reliable authority that the rifles landed at Howth were paid for by our countrymen of the Clan na Gael. They were sent to the fighting wing of the Volunteers, and that the thousands of pounds sent by other Irishmen to John Redmond has not been handed over to the Treasurers of the Provisional Committee of the Irish Volunteers, Mr. Gore and the O'Rahilly. Why is this? It behoves every man who believes in Ireland a Nation to act now. That may was for arms for unarmed men. There should be no delay. We are living in momentous times, England's need our opportunity. England will be up to the neck in trouble maybe within a few hours. Then we will see the question of exclusion settled. We should be ready. We suggest that the United Irish Societies of America should be informed that the Treasurers of the National Volunteers are being ignored. Delay or difference may read disaster. The men are ready. The guns must be got, and at once.

We have just heard that the case decided by Mr Justice Dodd on June 18th, against Christopher Farran, of 41 North King Street for sedition, remains where it was before the decision. The jury awarded the victim £35 damages, but up to the time of writing we understand she has not got one solitary farthing. Surely this requires looking into.

Father Flavin of Kingstown, attempted to justify his action in starting his scab union by saying—"It was to put a stop to the 'tyranny' of making men join Trades Unions which they did not want to join. In Kingstown last week a man was dismissed after nearly thirty years' service on the grounds that he refused to join Father Flavin's Scab Union. He was, and he is, a Trades Unionist. What has Father Flavin to say about 'tyranny' now?"

REQUIEM.

Far! the flag and roll the muffled drum, Add three lives more to the countless sum Who for Ireland died; Number them in with the wanton slain Whose blood cries out from each reeking plain, Unavenged, undrie!

Whence Ireland forges with bruised feet, Thro' tenorous years the dawn to greet, To her crown and throne; Nor gallows, nor sword, her way could bar, Ever she worshipped the one fair star, From fields death strown.

Unfur! the flag, her dead are at rest Like mourning pearls on her throbbing breast

She will wear for aye; No longer muted her Clarion cry, Her armed clamour goes marching by To the opening day.

MAEVE CAVANAUGH.

INCHICORE ITEMS.

In this column last week I reasoned for a separate militant organization for workers so that when the political problems of the present were finally settled the organisation would remain to defend the workers rights, and fight their battles. In suggesting such a course I was taking instructions from the lessons of the past; when the farm labourers in the country, the artisans and workers of our towns and cities fought the fight for the farmer—were bated, bayoneted and hanged. And I know the recognition and the recompense afterwards given by the farmers to the class that won their victories. We have seen the farmer—who himself complained so bitterly of evictions by the police, employ these very selfsame implements of Dublin Castle to cast upon the roadside the wives and children of the labourer—because the latter dared seek a living wage in the recent dispute—and we know the kind of sympathy the farmers entertain for workers striving to improve their conditions.

Yes, the past teaches that on all occasions when the working classes lead its strength to the other sections, the moment the object for which they all strive is attained, the others who always lead in such efforts make their own class secure—and treacherously assail—as in the manner described—their one-timed comrades in the fray.

So those workers who refuse to take my advice will do me the favour of remembering it when Home Rule becomes a reality and when they are once more renewing the old, old fight.

On Sunday last the Government that murdered the helpless locked-out "strikers" on the streets of Dublin repeated its performance. And as on the former occasion the majority of those killed as well as of those injured—are members of the Irish Transport Workers Union.

But, unfortunately for the assassins, these people were not, on this occasion, slain in a trade dispute. And Mr. Redmond is forced to speak the protest he failed to utter twelve months ago. And had the Lord Mayor of Dublin and Mr. Redmond acted twelve months ago when more brutal murders were committed—for the bullet is less brutal than the baton, we would have been spared the bloodshed of Sunday last.

Harrel—who with Fergus Quinn—dug up the Crimes Act—and manufactured the bogus proclamation under which Larkin was arrested last year—is suspended—unfortunately, he is not hanged, as he ought to be. But God is good. The workers, above all, will surely sympathise with the protest against partial treatment. The Orangeman marching unmolested through Belfast with his rifle on his shoulder. The women and defenceless men shot down in Dublin merely because Nationalists dared to get rifles to defend themselves against the Belfast Bullies. And now that they have the rifles there must be no splitting up of the country. Home Rule for Ireland has ever been the National demand. Home Rule for Ireland it must be and shall be if men are in earnest.

The Nationalist of the North has suffered more for Home Rule—and therefore is more deserving of self-government than perhaps the resident of any other part of Ireland. And Home Rule must not be now denied him to please Carson and Co. England's difficulties are still Ireland's opportunities, and at long last it has pleased God to grant us one such opportunity. In the meantime, what of our countrymen in the army and Navy. Are they too not Irishmen.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

WORKERS, YOUR VOTE!

ARE YOU ON THE REGISTER?

Las Day for Making Claim; closes 4th.

The following Committee Rooms will be open each Evening up to Tuesday Next, August 4th, from 8 to 10 o'clock, p.m., and also on Sunday Morning Next, August 2nd, from 12 Noon to 2 p.m.: Trades Hall, Capel Street; Liberty Hall (Open all Day); Transport Hall, 77 Aungier Street; 62 Francis Street; 17 High Street; Emmet Hall, Inchicore

Kenna Brothers PROVISION MARKET, 58 Lower Sheriff St.

Best Quality Goods, Lowest Prices :: DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

LEST WE FORGET!

William "Murder" Murphy is boasting that the circulation of the "Independent" has increased since the murder on Eden quay by the hired assassins of the capitalist class. William forgets to inform the public that he turned the passengers out of his cars and replaced them by the armed murderers of the King's Scottish Borderers. These cowards were driven and conducted by the scabs who took the places of the men locked-out last August. Seven of these scabs are members of the A.O.H. (B.O.E.), but if the former employees, members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, had been in charge of the cars neither soldiers nor police would have been taken to Clontarf. William "Murder" Murphy and his friends, the 4th of August, 1913, Harrel and Ross, gloated over the murder of Byrne and Nolan, who were murdered on Eden quay in fighting for bread and butter for their children. William "Murder" Murphy called it a holocaust, the shooting of innocent women and men on Sunday, July 26th, 1914. One of the men shot, Patrick Quinn, was a victim of William "Murder" Murphy's lie-out in 1913, and a member of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. Mrs. Duffy, the wife of Owen Duffy, another member of the Irish Transport Union and a victim of William "Murder" Murphy. Murphy's "Independent" says the soldiers disgraced themselves by committing murder in the streets, but when the Dublin hooligan police murdered men and bated women and children in 1913, they were doing a holy and a wholesome work according to Murphy. Let us hope you working-class people will not forget that Harrel and Ross and the hired assassins of the Scottish Borderers were only repeating the cowardly conduct of 1913 which was instigated by Murphy and condoned by the most cowardly and blood-besmirched creature Birrell. Murphy gloated and Birrell joked when Nolan and Byrne were murdered, and thousands of men, women and children bated, and young Alice Brady who was shot dead by Traynor, one of Murphy's scabs. It was a right and proper thing then. Murphy, like the whited sepulchre and blood-stained hypocrite as he is, now thinks by calling the soldiers murderers he will screen his own wrong doing and increase the circulation of his foul, filthy, putrid and vicious Press the "Independent" and "Evening Herald". We hope the Irish working class will not be misled at this crisis. The soldiers and police are but tools. The people responsible are those who govern in the interest of the capitalist class. Let us rep at Birrell's recital in Ireland. In 1907 in Belfast a boy and girl were shot dead because they wore work clothes protesting against the brutal sweating conditions rampant in that city. Thousands of men, women and children were brutally bated and gaoled. Wexford, 1911, the brutal police murdered our comrade, Leary; in Eligo, Comrade Dunbar. Thousands of men were brutally bated in Cork, some of whom died later from their wounds. In 1908, 1907, 1908, 1910 and 1911 in Dublin man, Birrell, and his hired hooligans, the police, brutally bated men, women and children, and 1913 they murdered Nolan, Byrne and Alice Brady. There was no outcry made against all the brutal batonings referred to, nor the murders which we record. All the men and women referred to were killed in the years mentioned were members of the Irish Transport Union. There was no protest made by the public bodies or by the Parliamentary representatives simply because we were fighting for Industrial Freedom, better wages and a chance to live. Last Sunday Patrick Quinn, of the same union, gave the first life for Political Freedom. No less than twenty of the men wounded are also members of the I. T. & G. W. U. We want you to remember this.

We want you not to forget that the Dublin "Independent" and "Evening Herald" are as much responsible for the murderous conduct of the soldiers of the empire as they were for the murderous conduct of the brutal thugs, the police. Don't forget that Murphy's cars conveyed the assassins to the scene of attack on the Volunteers. Had it not been for the facilities offered by Murphy neither Harrel, the police, or soldiers would have had the opportunity of interfering with the Volunteers and their work. And Murphy gloats over the crime and boasts that the circulation of his foul, putrid papers has got a boom. Keep off the cars driven by scabs. Refuse to buy the papers of a creature who traffics in the destruction of human life, and remember the soldier is but a tool of the capitalist thugs who run the empire. Join the army that will work for human betterment and will put a stop to destruction of life. Join the Citizen Army—the army of the working class. Be true to your class and yourselves and you will be true to the country you belong to. Don't be humbugged by the action of one or two of the police. They, too, like the Scottish Borderers would have done the dirty, foul work if the opportunity had been offered them only they were too cowardly and were over-awed by the fact that instead of batoning unarmed men in 1913, they had to face men armed with guns—that is the real reason of their funk. Again let us repeat, don't be humbugged; give every credit to those police who have objected, but let it be understood that the majority of them were only too willing to disarm the Volunteers. And don't forget—NO Exclusion of Ulster!

What are you going to do about those two men who have "disobeyed" the blunderers and lost their jobs? Rugby.

Give them our best respects and let them though we are neither party boss or Catholics we love fair play and we love those who dare "disobey" for justice.

O'Neill and Gleeson must not go underground. Why weren't the police there to protect the military from stones and the workers and girls from bullets? Why the difference between Belfast and Dublin? Years.

HODGE, and friends, Our informant is the "Citizen."

[Our comrade, Hodge, appears to forget that Nolan and Byrne, members of our Union, were murdered by the police who he and his friends seemed so concerned about. We are more concerned about the victims of Birrell's brutality. The difference Belfast and Dublin is that the corrupt oligarchy who runs this unfortunate country are the boss of the sweating employers, and it is they who are financing and financing the trouble in Belfast.—Ed.]

CITIZEN ARMY NOTES.

Events have been passing since our last issue.

The first and most important event was the successful gun running by the Citizen Army on Sunday last, but such a success was an error of judgment to say the least. Ammunition without a doubt is a necessary part of a few rounds to pick up the spectacle of men marching in the streets with rifles and no ammunition was a disaster and if the officers had considered that the men should not have been seen in the city the rank and file, as a rule, surprised that some of them in the excitement of the moment threw away their rifles and even hand-guns and shot-guns.

But we are unable to account for the uniform coming home on "Murder" Murphy's scab trams after discharging their rifles. These same trams were seen a few hours previous to being sent to Howth the military and police by Dublin Castle to disarm the men.

Surely we Irish workers have short memories. Only a few months ago several of our comrades were brutally murdered by Murphy's police, and we now expect the hooligans because two of them refused to obey orders, whether from funk or otherwise.

Bravo Boy Scouts, you, at least, give a good account of yourselves. It was grand to see several wounded boys being assisted home by their comrades, and not on Murphy's trams, or on the ambulance which was offered and refused, because it was contaminated by one of the military.

Oh, brave young men, our hope, our pride, our promise.

"Tis on your hopes are set. In manliness, in kindness, in justice, To make Ireland a Nation yet.

Now is the time to realise the aspirations of Wolfe Tone. Europe is in a flame, and England is likely to be embroiled at any moment. Ireland is armed from north to south, and if our manly but mistaken brothers in the north would only join with us there would be an end of foreign rule in our dear land.

May that good time come soon and sudden.

While we see in the volunteer movement great possibilities, the "Irish Citizen Army" is the only armed force in Ireland to-day standing for the rights of the worker and the complete independence of our country. ALL WHO BELIEVE IN THESE PRINCIPLES COME AND JOIN. In the meantime we advise all Irishmen to arm, rifles may not be available, but revolvers are cheap, handy and effective and very suitable in sudden emergencies. At any rate get arms, anyhow or anywhere, BUT GET THEM.

ORDERS FOR THE WEEK.

Drill in Croydon Park on Saturday evening at 6 o'clock. Camp as usual at 8 o'clock. Comrades to hand in names on Friday evening.

Parade in uniform at 12.30 on Sunday at Liberty Hall to march AS DIRECTED. General meeting to discuss very important matters will be held on early date, for time and place see notice board.

Headquarters—Room 5, Liberty Hall

Port and Docks Board Refuses to Express Sympathy w/ib the Murdered Citizens of Dublin.

Mr. Hollway, Chairman of the Dublin Port and Docks Board, at their weekly meeting on Thursday last, ruled out of order the following resolution handed in by Councillor Partridge:—

"That this Port and Docks Board of the City of Dublin express its horror at the savage crime of Sunday, 26th July, and its profound sympathy with the relatives of those who were killed, and also with the victims injured in this wanton attack by an armed, uniformed mob, upon a crowd of defenceless citizens."

Mr. Partridge said in submitting this resolution, that he had frequently seen the Board accept resolutions on matters of importance and urgency, and no matter could be more important or more urgent than the lives of the people taken in broad daylight by soldiers whose officer claimed fired without orders, and were therefore but a cowardly uniformed mob.

The Chairman said the matter was a political one, and he would rule it out of order, and persisted in doing so despite the indignant protest of the proposer.

Mr. Hollway is the employer who was accidentally wounded during the recent Lock out by a revolver bullet fired by one of his own drunken scabs, and no doubt his responsibility as an employer, for the murders of that time influenced his decision as given above. However, most of the members of this Board are sworn to wade knee deep in such blood as was shed on Sunday last, and it is high time the citizens cleared them out.



YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland, LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, 19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street DUBLIN.

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse.



NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street.

The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin. Irish-made Bluchers a Speciality.

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Boot and Shoe Maker, 19 Guild Street.

All Repairs neatly executed at moderate prices. Gents' Boots Soled and Heeled from 2/9; Gents' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 3/6; Ladies' Boots Soled and Heeled, from 1/9; Ladies' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 2/6; Children's Boots Soled and Heeled from 1/4.

Read! Read! Read! "Labour in Irish History."

JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book. Published at 2s. 6d. New Edition, 1s. post free, 1s. 3d.

Wholesale and retail from "Irish Worker" Office, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

No Irish worker should be without reading this great story of the aspirations and struggles of the Irish working class in the past. No Irish Nationalist understands advanced Nationalism until it is studied.

A large quantity of the 1/- edition is now to hand, and can be obtained at Liberty Hall. The 1/- edition differs from the 2/6 edition in the binding only.

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IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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An Open Letter to Lady Aberdeen.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY—

I have paid a visit to the Civic Exhibition over which I believe your Excellency presides. It cost me sixpence, and perhaps it was worth it. There are very many things in life which are capable of rousing my anger, but a fit of righteous fury is a luxury that does not often come my way. So that amongst other things I have to thank your Excellency for an opportunity of expanding in a burst of wrath that was both intense and prolonged.

Possibly your Excellency means well, I don't doubt it, but your Excellency achieves badly. The hurdy-gurdies, the ramshackle motor roundabout, the shooting gallery, are not worthy of serious comment. I passed them by with a little pharisaical scorn. They are cheap, and I have no doubt rake in money, so they'll pass.

I had gone with one object in view—the Child's Welfare Section, so I made my way thither as quickly as I could. I have had time to overcome the indignation and disgust with which it filled me, but a nasty taste still remains in my mouth. Your Excellency—to sum it all up in a few words—it is vulgar, it is brutal, it is flippant, it is evasive, it is misleading. Those are serious things to say of any institution aiming ostensibly at public betterment, but they are true things, and in their truth, your Excellency, lies your own shame. I say "shame" deliberately—I mean shame. If I, who am no highborn body who hold no high office, am unknown and plebeian; if I were responsible for such a pitiable, cheap and heartless show of unctuous self-conceit I should be dreadfully ashamed.

I presume you care for the babies of the poor. When the Editor of the "Irish Worker," who cares intensely for the babies of the poor, sent me to the Civic Exhibition, he tacitly assumed that I care for those babies. I do care—I care passionately; it is one of the few things in life that stir me right down to the depth of my soul. I care, too, for the babies who have grown up and have babies of their own; I care for ALL the people of the slums. That, I think, is why you and I differ so bitterly and so totally. To you it is impersonal and a theory—to me it is personal and of heartrending experience. Your Excellency, I am going to tell you a story of the babies of the poor, a propos of one of the very silly, very vulgar, very useless placards with which you have covered the walls of this Section.

Firstly, this is the legend on the placard—

Birth is not the beginning of life. Our duty to the baby begins before birth. Take care of the Mother.

This, Madam, is the story:—

One day, during that period known to us as the Lock-out, and to your friend, Mr. W. Martin Murphy, as the Strike, I was talking to Mr. James Larkin in Liberty Hall when a lady, who has given much devotion and much care to doing that which you talk of doing—namely, looking after mother and child of the poor—came in to see him and ask his instructions. In giving them he asked her to see that one woman got some milk for her child. She was anaemic, he said, and could not feed it herself. For a second that woman looked at him.

"My God!" she said, "they are ALL that way. They CANNOT feed their children, they are too starved."

Madam, I can be callous and rough and heedless, but that made me physically ill. Hundreds of women with children to feed at their breasts, are so starved that those breasts must be denied to the baby mouths gaping for food. Do you understand me? I'd like to tell you that story over and over and over again till it sickened you. I'd like to have dragged you down here to Liberty Hall what time that scene from Inferno was being enacted, so that you might see those mothers crowding here in thousands, all starving, all gripped with hunger; and so that you might see those hundreds of children crying for food, and see the little baby faces pinched with want and cold, with their hollow cheeks and eyes sunken.

"When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and washed his hands before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person."

You have caused it to be written on another of those placards that two thirds of the deaths in 1913 of babies under one year were from preventable causes. You, madam, who with much unctuousness wash your hands before the multitude; you, madam, were in a position to prevent many of those deaths. Your high place in the land gave you power to have intervened and to have saved those children. Starvation is a preventable cause, and starvation was very rife that year, madam. Do you remember that that year saw your dear friend, William Martin Murphy, introduce that dreadful weapon—starvation? You cry out now, "I am innocent of the blood of this just person." But when your friend starved the children and the wives of the locked out men, your philosophy seemed to fail you; and you stood by and said nothing. Did you ever see the mile long queue at the foodshops? Those people, madam, were fighting the preventable cause. Would it not have been simple

to have prevented those deaths then? Quite simple. Can it be that you did not want to? Can it be that you showed where your sympathies lay, that love of Murphy triumphed over love of the babies?

Madam, there's one dreadful thing of which you have been guilty. There is a drawing of a tombstone with these words written on it—

If so early I was done for, I wonder what I was begun for.

I have said many vulgar things in my life, I have no doubt. I have no doubt I have said some things that were blasphemous; but if I said a thing so vulgar, so low, so brutally flippant and so blasphemous, I shall richly deserve lynchings. What you deserve, God knows. A few words more and I am done with you.

One and all of us, we are sick and tired of you and your cant, and we heartily wish we had heard the last of it. Pottering and fooling with the most obvious of the symptoms, whilst ignoring the big ugly festering wounds that are the roots of the disease, can do nothing but mischief. To prate to the middle and upper classes of the improvidence and ignorance of the poor can do no good. To tell us in times of peace what should be done to save the children, whilst in times of war you aid the deadly enemies of those children are the acts of hypocrites and humbugs. The mischief has been too long afoot for you or your class to remedy; the disease has passed for ever from your hands. The cries of hungry children are no more bitter to-day than in the long ages past, the starving and exploiting of motherhood no more pitiful to-day than a hundred years ago. The cure of them cannot be attained by paid officials of middle class or aristocratic societies; your ignorance is too great, your inspiration too mean; and besides the parents of those children are wakening, they are beginning to realise their strength. Soon they will take what they and their families want, they will not humbly beg for permission to live.

When the workers of other lands would have come to the succour of those babes of the slums and have removed them from those sources of contamination you so deeply deplore, you saw unremoved the streets filled with the armies of ignorance and bigotry prepared to resist by force the movement of those children. They did resist by force, and when the parents of the children and others accompanying them were violently beaten and sought the aid of the law you with your great love of the babes of the poor played the Levite in the parable.

There is one last charge against you, madam—a dreadfully grave charge. On one of your placards you ask if we can send children to the parks alone. No, madam. At present the man who lets his girl child go alone through Dublin is a criminal. Since the Recorder has seen fit to treat as light matters criminal assaults upon baby girls, it is not safe for the children to frequent the streets.

The Divine Companion

They who tread the path of labour follow where my feet have trod; They who work without complaining do the holy will of God. Where the many toil together, there am I among my own; Where the tired workman sleepeth, there am I with him alone. I, the peace that passeth knowledge, dwell amid the daily strife; I, the bread of heaven, am broken in the sacrament of life. Every task, however simple, sets the soul that does it free; Every deed of love and mercy, done to man, is done to me. Nevermore thou needest seek me; I am with thee everywhere; Raise the stone and thou shalt find me; cleave the wood, and I am there.

(Henry Van Dyke, in "The Telling of Felix.")

T. P. ROCHE,

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An up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, comfort. Antiseptics used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

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Store, 39 AUNGIER STREET (Opposite Jacob's).

For Irish Roll and Plug.

Answers to Correspondents.

SWIFT WILLIAM—Not being on good terms with the directors of the Dublin United Tramways Company, we fear we are not in a position to procure you a season ticket at half-price on the Ballybough line.

BUNKEY HILL—We note your refusal to be dictated by Liberty Hall. Kindly announce the fact in the prepaid advertisement of the evening "Pink," as otherwise the bourgeois of Mountjoy Ward may remain unaware of your epoch making decision.

THE SPARROW—We are happy to appreciate your efforts on behalf of the downtrodden slaves of the G.S. & W.R. No doubt they will acclaim you a "rail" gentleman.

DOUBLE X—We are unable to tell you how many publicans in Parnell street and vicinity were summoned by the Police authorities for selling liquor after the legal closing time on Temperance Sunday.

BLACKBROOK—So it is true that your local Commissioners have appointed a billiard-marker to the position of Clerk of Works. Perhaps if you were to write to the management of one or other of the Dublin newspapers on the subject they would issue a special placard inscribed "must the 'cannons' speak?"

ACQUA—The prospect of a water famine moves us deeply. The situation now seems to be: water, water everywhere, but not a drop at Roundwood. With Lady Aberdeen on the rampage we suppose we'll be reduced to sterilised milk.

LIBERATOR—You seem to know more than we do about the prominent City Father who is said to be "travelling for cork." This, we assure you, is an occupation at once "light" and profitable. At the same time there is something identified with the trade more important than cork—or even the bottle!

VENUS—Yes, we believe the controllers of the Civic Exhibition are starting a Beauty Competition for the benefit of the female inhabitants of Henrietta street. Even if Isabel is an entrant she certainly won't jeopardise the chances of her fellow-competitors.

NUMSKULL—"When will all the streets of Dublin be paved with wood?" you ask us. Our answer is that if some of the people who misgovern this city were brought forth and beheaded, the Corporation Paving Committee could then be supplied with sufficient material to go on with that much desired reform.

E.K.—"The Doctor" may not be a regular Byron when it comes to vers-making, but we understand he is an authority on Sickness Claims and "Clearing Off" notes. With regard to your other query, see "muddle on lodgers" which is recognised as a standard legal work. (If you worry us with any more ridiculous questions we shall only have to introduce you to our Fighting Editor.)

EMANCIPATION.

For a hundred years or more the workers have been struggling for what they called "Emancipation," which means "freedom from bondage."

It has been a platform word for all propagandists. It is time long since that it was something more. It is time we considered what the bonds generally is that we wish to free ourselves from.

The limits of our efforts as organised workers have been almost entirely confined to "wages and conditions," and the methods used have been the strike and political action.

We undoubtedly now have better conditions and higher wages than a century ago, but still "emancipation" is as far off as ever.

The Worker still is a commodity to be bought and sold to create profit for his employer. THAT is the bondage. Why can not we Workers once and for all realise the true point of attack.

The State may be our employer, but so long as we are compelled to bargain our labour so long are we in bondage vile. It matters not how well paid we may be, the time must come when, in order that some may fatten, we must starve.

When we Workers have produced enough to satisfy "demand" we are set aside to starve until a shortage of "supply" brought about by the starvation of the Workers, their wives and their little helpless children, creates a new "demand."

This is what is called the economic law of demand and supply, and is based on the present wage system—namely, the system of buying and selling Labour. So it is the wage system we must abolish. Where? When? And how? We can do it here and now by co-operation.

Let us remember that all capital is and has been produced by labour, every penny of it. Capital does not produce Capital. Labour produces ALL, every penny. Capital of itself produces nothing under any circumstances.

Every Worker has his quota of Capital in his own body, too small no doubt to stand alone, but let a thousand bodies and souls co-operate for their own and each other's benefit and—Lo! Behold! they are free no longer in Bondage. No longer owned by Capital but owning Capital, their own Capital, stolen Capital.

Dublin Workers, don't forget you have your own Co-operative Society already started, and the opportunity has come to free yourselves from wage slavery.

The Irish Builders' Co-operative Society, Limited, has been organised to undertake building contracts and retain the profits for the Workers.

As soon as the membership is large enough other industries can under the rules be undertaken as the members may decide upon from time to time. All Trade Unionists of all trades are eligible.

Application forms can be had and subscriptions received at Brick and Stone Layers' Hall, 49 Cuffe street; Trades Hall, Capel-street; and at Liberty Hall. The Office of the Society, 24 Duke-street, is open for applications, etc., on every Wednesday and Friday Nights from 8 o'clock to 10 p.m.

Mountjoy Ward.

Registration of Voters.

Residents of the above Ward who desire to make claims to have their names inserted on the Register of Voters now being framed are reminded that the latest date for lodging such claims is

TUESDAY, 4th AUGUST.

Full information and facilities for this purpose can be had at No. 6 Room, Liberty Hall (end of first passage) from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

North Dock Ward Registration.

At a public meeting of the Burgesses and Residents of the North Dock Ward held on Sunday last at Spencer Dock Bridge, Mr. William O'Brien, President Trades Council presiding, the following resolution, proposed by Councillor Wm. P. Partridge, seconded by Councillor Richard O'Carroll, spoken to by Mr. P. T. Daly, the Chairman, and other speakers, was unanimously adopted, and a copy ordered to be sent to Town Clerk and Press:—

"That this mass meeting of Dublin Workers resident in the North Dock Ward desire to call the attention of the Town Clerk to the importance of the Register now being framed, and upon which we expect the first members to the new Irish Parliament will be elected, and we call upon him to take action as provided against landlords or other persons who have failed to carry out the provisions of the Representation of the People Act making it compulsory to return the Requisition Forms to the Returning Officer."

Residents in the North Dock and other Wards are reminded that the 4th of August is the last day for making claims.

As several residents in the North Dock Ward are officially objected to it will be necessary for them to inspect the Long List, and make claims if they wish to have a vote in January next. Registration Room open in Liberty Hall from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m.

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