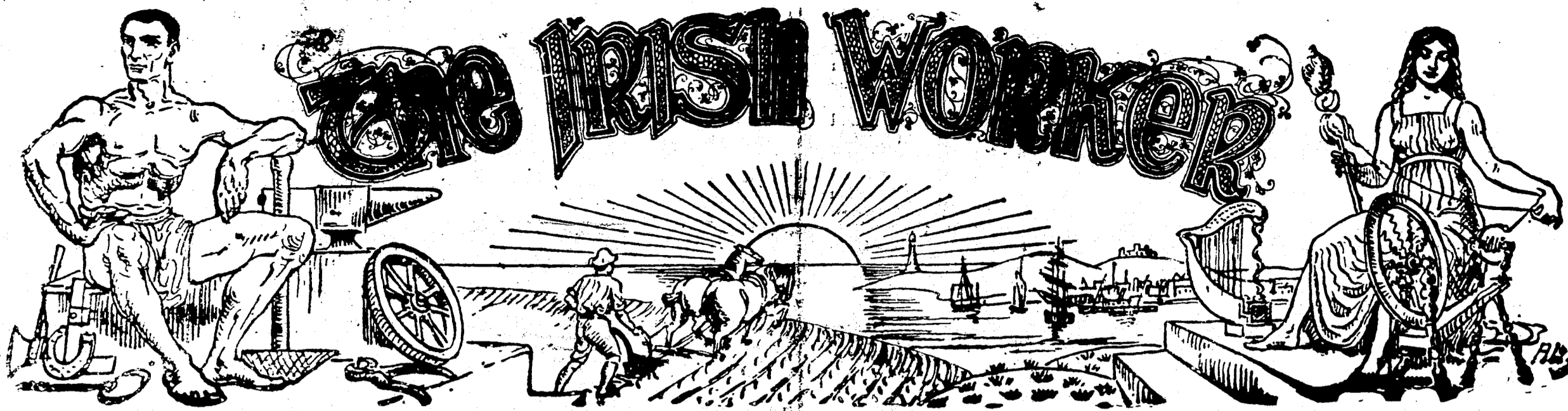


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat—can know— It is the power of powers.



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, SATURDAY, AUGUST 8th, 1914.

ONE PENNY.]

An Irish Socialist's Estimate of Mother Jones.

BY CORNELIUS LEHANE.

When little Mary Harris left her home in Cork to "cross the briny ocean," it took the sailing vessel six months to reach the American coast.

She is now 53 years of age, and, at this time of life, is without question, the most extraordinary woman in the United States, for who in the whole English-speaking world has not heard of "Mother Jones," the affectionate title which has been given by the coal miners of America to Mary Jones, whose maiden name was Mary Harris?

Mother Jones at once took a liking to me when first we were brought together by "General" John W. Brown, the man who organised the battalion of 500 armed miners that marched from Trinidad, Colo., to the rescue of the Ludlow tent colony, fired on by machine guns and burned with ruthless savagery by the Colorado State militia.

She comes of a fighting Irish stock, for her uncle Cotter, on her mother's side, was sent away for taking part in Emmet's insurrection in 1803.

Her husband and children are dead, but there is no trace of loneliness in this Corkwoman, who is to-day as full of activity as she was twenty years ago in the cause of the miners of America.

In 1912, when the strike was on in West Virginia, the Governor of the State appointed a commission to investigate the conditions of the coal mines.

Mother Jones has endeared herself to the working class of America. T. A. Bradley, of Lancaster, Ohio, in these touching lines, shows the love for her found expression when she was imprisoned in Virginia:

"Mother Mary." Those two sweet names, Just linked with a common one; No better name, for one whose love The love of our class has won.

Some love her for their dear ones clothed, For the tears shed o'er their dead; All, for her heed to the plaintive cry Of little blue lips for "bread."

But—for that mother's love, outpoured, She earned her master's hate; For that, alone, they hold her fast, In that proud Virginia State.

Mother Jones' personal history is the history of the American working class. She educated and organised at a time when there were no working class newspapers.

Back in the 80's she walked fifty miles along the railroad sleepers, with the present United States Secretary of Labour, to attend a miners' meeting in 1912 at Cabin Creek, W. Va., she walked up to the mouths of the galling guns and demanded of the birling that turned the cranks that she be allowed to see her boys.

The works were all fortified by galling guns in Cabin Creek. This creek was a kind of channel between two mountainous ridges, the usual formation of the country in this part of America, and along this channel ran the stream, at its side the railroad and the county road.

Mother Jones waded into the river, walked right up to the galling guns—the gun birling of the coal barons dared not shoot the grey-headed old woman, so she got in and organised the miners. The coal barons would rather see the devil than mother Jones.

The biggest publicity force in the possession of the United Mine Workers is Mother Jones. She has a lot of friends in official circles at Washington. She has been active in American labour movements for the last quarter of a century, and in their home States has come into personal contact with many of the Washington officials.

Not even the outward semblance of law is now maintained in America. The capitalists simply declare martial law and deprive the proletarian citizen of all civil rights. For ten years there have been no civil rights in Colorado.

Mother Jones is truly loved by her "boys," as she calls the members of the coal miners' union, of all nationalities. Most of the Colorado miners are foreigners, Greeks, Montenegrins, Slavonians, and other Balkan nationalities.

More than likely, too, he has a nice trim little moustache sharp cut at the lips, they affect that style at present. If the weather is fine in summer time they may turn out in the very latest thing in straw hats or a nice tweed cap; if by chance it is a bowler, be sure it is as respectable as that of any flunkey; no indoor footman can surpass our G men in the art of brushing a bowler.

Until recently, the G division of detective division consisted of one superintendent, one chief inspector, three inspectors, sixteen sergeants, ten detective officers and thirteen constables.

Bodenstown Day, 1914.

[There is much hollow mockery yet in the Bodenstown Celebration, which should be inspired with sincerity, and reverence or abandoned until Tone's principles are understood, and appreciated.]

Bring hither no flags in resplendent array, Nor conscience-sheathed swords, fit alone for the clay; Let the calm of this wilderness unbroken remain; By the tread of a serf, or the clank of a chain;

Then silence—not sorrow, but reverent awe His tomb is our temple, his life is our law, Bear near him no trappings of state-craft or art But with purposeful calm in each resolute heart;

SEAGHAN.

[We must express regret that our comrade's contribution was mislaid, but we think it appropriate at the present juncture.—ED.]

The Red Men of the D.M.P.

One of the most characteristic and most objectionable features of Dublin public life is the large number of plain-clothes police officers. There are no public affairs into which they do not poke their official noses, and no matters, of great or small moment into which they do not thrust their clumsy feet.

You will recognise them very easily. Their most striking characteristic is their oozing, overpowering respectability. Respectability! 'tis almost too feeble a term, but it has got to serve; you could not describe a G-man as anything if not as the height of respectability.

More than likely, too, he has a nice trim little moustache sharp cut at the lips, they affect that style at present. If the weather is fine in summer time they may turn out in the very latest thing in straw hats or a nice tweed cap; if by chance it is a bowler, be sure it is as respectable as that of any flunkey; no indoor footman can surpass our G men in the art of brushing a bowler.

Until recently, the G division of detective division consisted of one superintendent, one chief inspector, three inspectors, sixteen sergeants, ten detective officers and thirteen constables. Added to this was an army of supernumeraries, pedlars, corner-boys, newsvendors, etc., who were not regularly of the force.

upon the activities of all bodies whose policy seems in any way inimical to the authorities—socialists, sinu feiners, suffragettes, etc. These men, whose numbers on special occasions seem to be illimitable, attend meetings as note-takers or as spies amongst the audience, or watch the houses of suspects or follow them continually through the streets.

There is one other striking characteristic of theirs—the intelligent eye. The look of intelligence a G man can assume when anyone is looking is a thing to wonder at. Conscious, deliberate, sprightly—it is not a glad eye or a googoo eye, nor a fishy eye—simply an eye brimful of intelligence.

Have you ever been followed by a G-man? No? Then you have missed something. He generally begins to stalk you after a political meeting. If you are with a friend he loafs around, as near as may be, trying to hear what you are saying; when you move off, he moves after you. No boy scout out to capture broom-sticks ever showed such marvellous powers in taking cover.

You and your friend determine on a walk. Kingstown is only seven miles away, so you go to Kingstown, and the G man goes, too; Dublin is only seven miles from Kingstown so you walk back, and the G man walks back, too. Perhaps he is pleased with himself—perhaps he is not. To make sure about it, you walk towards your home, he follows; then you remember an appointment you have not got in Drumcondra, and you hurry off to miss it. The G man goes, too. Having missed it, you walk home again, the G man following. When you

get home, you, if you are well brought up, bid him good morning, he bids you a smiling good morning in return—perhaps. You have had a night's amusement, and he has earned his wages—so you are both satisfied—again, perhaps.

There were four G-men, once upon a time, who followed suffragettes to one house. Patiently they waited outside. The lights went out, then at nearly two o'clock, a.m., the door was stealthily opened and the occupants crept out to the number of fourteen. Our four friends hugged themselves in ecstasy, and also hugging the shadows.

The Coming Labour War.

DUBLIN LEADS THE VAN.

In Rochester, New York, at a State Convention of the Socialist Party held in the Working Peoples' Lyceum, C. Lehane speaking on behalf of the Socialists of Ireland and Great Britain, prophesied a tremendous labour war for this autumn in the British Isles.

In the industrial field the most significant combination in the history of the working-class has been consummated in a triple alliance of the coal miners, one million strong; the railway men, who number half-a-million, and the dockers, whose federation musters another half million.

THE GREAT FIGHT IN HISTORY. These three unions have formed a joint committee to take combined action this fall and the most titanic battle in the whole industrial history of Britain will be fought, probably, before the year 1914 expires.

In Ireland, largely as the result of the great Dublin transport strike, the workers are amalgamating all their unions so as to present a united front. After twenty years, the Irish Socialists are absolutely dominating the whole labour movement in Ireland.

Scotland Repudiates Aberdeen. The following is an extract from the "Glasgow Times":—"BIRRELL MUST GO. A short time back, when Dublin was in a ferment over the Larkin trouble, Mr. Birrell wanted to resign. It seems a pity now, if not, indeed, a grave error of judgment that he was not allowed to go, for Mr. Birrell is one of the crowd of amiable drifters who inevitably tumble into any trouble that is going, and whose incapacity reduces an executive to impotence at a time of crisis.

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Leon Meredith has lost the world's cycling championship. A little while ago Grubb was over here after the Irish fifty miles road record—which he got. Grubb was the one man of all the cycling cracks for whom I can summon up any sort of respect. In the big dispute that raged round him, he came out with credit. Grubb only adopted an attitude that you will respect. He refused point-blank to take part in the systematic swindle of so-called amateur cycling; He refused to sail under false colours and turned pro. He declared that the others violated the spirit of amateurism. It was obvious that poor men cannot travel half over the globe to cycling meetings without some pecuniary benefit. Grubb honestly declared it all a fake. Professional badly needs an apologist. It is so more bad sport to play a game for pay than it is bad art to sell a picture or be paid for playing a violin. Paderewski is not considered a danger to music because he draws hundreds for a few minutes, nor was Whistler altogether wrong when he said he honoured a buyer by taking money for a picture. The man who gets paid for bodily ability in the field is the equal of the man who gets paid for bodily ability in the drawingroom or studio—only he does not get paid as much.

CAUTION

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repair A SPECIALITY.

THE SPORT WORLD.

At this time of the year about the best form of sport is tramping. It is a matter for wonder to me that so few in Dublin seem to enjoy pedestrianism. South Co. Dublin offers as beautiful walking as anywhere in Ireland. I have seen a great deal of Irish scenery. I have walked and cycled through some of the best known Irish beauty spots, and though in many respects they may surpass South Dublin in others they lag behind.

There are dozens of such places within a day's walk of the city. A decent tramp is to Glendhu, the Pine Forest, then along the military road to Glencree with a visit to Lough Bray; then down the south road through the valley on to Glencullen, whence you have a choice of walks home, either by the direct road home or by the Scalp to Enniskerry and Bray. It may sound a long way, and it is a good journey, but the road is easy except for the occasional climb, and if you do not suffer with your feet, you should not feel much distress after it. There is not a mile of road that has not a few real beauties. The Pine Forest is a delight, Lough Bray comes with a rush of discovery, and the climb out of the valley back to Glencullen when the sun is sinking is a joy in itself. The shoulder of the mountain stretching up to the Sugar Loaf, with its purple scar of heather, is a glory of changing colour.

The other day I turned up a little photo I got on Ireland's Eye last year. Three of us were nearly lost in getting it owing to my bad seamanship, but it is a beautiful little picture. Ireland's Eye is a delightful little place; a little gem in itself. Go and see it. It is a very much neglected place—one of those beauty spots that are so near at hand that they are overlooked. Leon Meredith has lost the world's cycling championship. A little while ago Grubb was over here after the Irish fifty miles road record—which he got. Grubb was the one man of all the cycling cracks for whom I can summon up any sort of respect. In the big dispute that raged round him, he came out with credit. Grubb only adopted an attitude that you will respect. He refused point-blank to take part in the systematic swindle of so-called amateur cycling; He refused to sail under false colours and turned pro. He declared that the others violated the spirit of amateurism. It was obvious that poor men cannot travel half over the globe to cycling meetings without some pecuniary benefit. Grubb honestly declared it all a fake. Professional badly needs an apologist. It is so more bad sport to play a game for pay than it is bad art to sell a picture or be paid for playing a violin. Paderewski is not considered a danger to music because he draws hundreds for a few minutes, nor was Whistler altogether wrong when he said he honoured a buyer by taking money for a picture. The man who gets paid for bodily ability in the field is the equal of the man who gets paid for bodily ability in the drawingroom or studio—only he does not get paid as much.



Irish Trades Union Congress and Labour Party, NATIONAL EXECUTIVE.

Trades Hall, Dublin, DEAR COMRADES, After a long and sustained agitation Ireland is about to enter upon a new life...

The Need for a Clinic.

Last week we made no mention of Dr. E. H. Murphy with regard to the meeting in Liberty Hall to form the Clinic for school children...

In Dublin the difficulties in the way are very great, and those difficulties have to be cleared out of the way.

Lady Microbe and the Farce Exhibition satellites are apparently satisfied to talk of the need for school inspection...

In the figures submitted by Dr. Murphy three-quarters of the children examined (7,000 in all) show grave defects in their teeth...

It is time—more than time—that the workers of Dublin wakened up to the big truth in Larkin's oft repeated statement...

The Inquest on the Murdered Three.

The inquest on the bodies of the three Dublin citizens, who were shot down by the soldiery of the King's Own Scottish Borderers has come to an end.

From the point of view of the Press, no doubt, the affair has ceased to be of any pecuniary value.

We have no desire to recapitulate the mass of damning evidence that was given at the Coroner's inquiry.

Our representative attended at the City Morgue in his capacity as Press-man throughout the entire course of the inquest.

The newspaper men owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Byrne, the Registrar, and to Inspector Purcell for their aid in connection with a very difficult work...

This is all very well, but we have something of our own to say. On three distinct occasions during the course of the proceedings in the Morgue...

This is one of those cases where comment would be an abuse of space.

The Soldier "Man."

By OSCAR.

He's a scapegoat, he's a cat's paw, he's a mere machine at best, And the very air is tainted by his breath;

He's the product of the underworld that breeds so many slaves, He is snatched from out the gutter and the mire;

He is helpless in the shackles of the potentates that rule, But he knows the value placed upon his life;

He was born for something nobler, for a more exalted role Than a paricide who cannot own a friend;

Oh, he knows no God to worship save the gods that vice has reared, And they lure him on in every age and clime,

Searchlight Flashes. Skunk Middlemen and Funk Buyers.

"When the devil was sick The devil a monk would be;

The rapid conversion of foes to friends within the past few weeks has been remarkable.

A power as great as they has come upon the scene, and the bully is now the coward.

Should the Volunteers push on, where Mr. Redmond halted, and actually undertake to protect the coast...

In an editorial in the "Irish Worker" of May the 9th all that has happened in connection with the Volunteers was predicted...

The inquest on the bodies of the three Dublin citizens, who were shot down by the soldiery of the King's Own Scottish Borderers has come to an end.

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Citizen Army Notes.

WAR! BLOODY WAR!!!

As we write these notes several of our best comrades are leaving the North Wall to fight for the glory of England.

It will be a great day, and one worth living to see, when the North Wall is crowded with our exiles from across the seas...

But, after witnessing the street scenes in Dublin during the past week, it seems almost hopeless to expect that such a day will ever dawn.

There is a danger of a German invasion, and if any foreign power landed a force in Ireland with hostile intentions...

Thank God for our noble oppressors. The workers are always the victims: Irish, British, French, Russian, and German.

The Citizen Army is out to change that state of affairs. Will you come and help us?

The visit to Kingstown on Sunday was a great success. Good turn-out, fine meeting, and interesting speeches...

The first section, from Baldoyle, paid us a visit on Wednesday evening. The men are drilling regularly and will give a good account of themselves...

ORDERS FOR THE WEEK.

Drill in Croydon Park on Saturday, 8th inst., at six o'clock. Camp at Croydon Park on Saturday night at eight o'clock.

THE CLASH OF ARMS.

On to the battlements, men of Ireland. Let the flag of Liberty float again above the blue hills of Eirinn.

We wish to point out that this selfish, cowardly policy of hoarding can scarcely be accounted less contemptibly criminal than that of the middleman who would take advantage of the war to artificially raise his prices.

In Dublin, of course, the middleman is not without his precedent. He can truthfully say that in the 1913 lock-out starvation was used as a thumbscrew to extort a confession of slavery from the lips of Labour.

Because of their avarice, Europe to-day is a charnel house, and the men who are doing this fell work of Hell are the men who have nothing to gain by victory.

Alsace is on fire again with the patriotic fervour of a free and rejuvenated land, while Denmark sharpens the sword that shall cut the tie that binds her fair provinces to Germany.

SEUMAS MACGOWAN, Pound Street, Sligo.

LADY MICROBE'S CIVIL FARCE.

To Editor "Irish Worker." Dear Sir—Lady Aberdeen's Farce Exhibition is a complete failure.

Some of the green window boxes taken away a fortnight ago for clay and flowers have not yet been returned.

Yours, etc., DWELLER IN HENRIETTA STREET.

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.

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Finest Farmers' Butter, 1s. Fresh Irish Eggs, 9d., 10d. & 1/- doz.

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