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Who is it speaks of defeat?

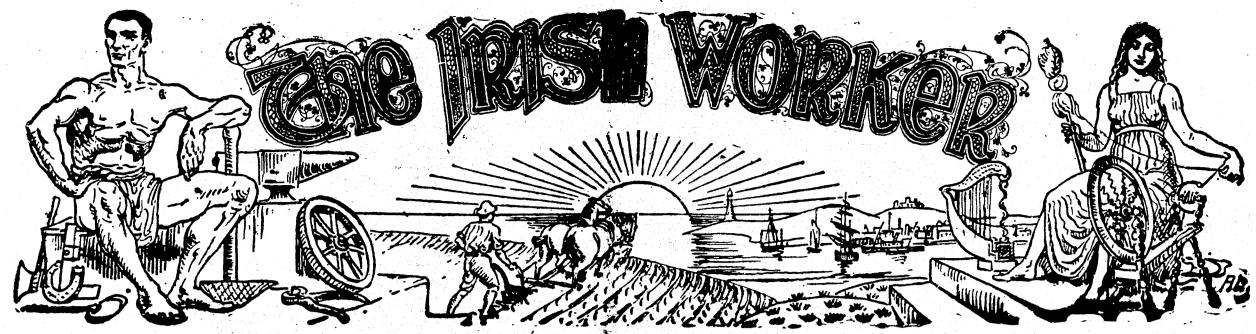
I tell you a cause

like ours; Is greater than defeat

can know---It is the power of powers.

As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the

glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be



Edited by JIM LARKIS.

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 Fintan Lalor.

No. 18 -Vol. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATUREAY, SEPT. 12th, 1914.

ORE SERES.

By FRED BOWER.

What of the Future?

The past years have been strengous ones in more ways than one but leaving out of consideration the mass of legislation that has been "carried through" or "rushed through," according to one's political tenets, the industrial upheaval has been the factor that must give all thoughtful people pause. Is 1915 to see a recrudence of strikes and bloody Sundays, mounted police and convoys? As a worker, a Socialist, and trade unionist I may say at the cutset I am biassed. An unbissed man is a nonertity, a miscower, and a freak. Willy-nilly, a man's views must be tempered by the way be and his friends earn, or get, their daily bread.

Amongst the mass of speechmaking and written stuff on unionism and strikes few have been the opinions in our daily Press of the actual worker. As one whose birth, boyhood and all sucreeding years has been acted on and reacted on by strikes and lockouts, I may claim to have some little knowledge of industrial controversies. Masses of figures count nothing with the ordinary workman-the man that matters. He sees every moment of his life the grim struggle for existence of him self and bis mates. He knows the shoe pinches because he feels it. For a theologian or college professor to "condes-cend" to talk to him of his "duty" is to him a sheer farce. He knows his

full of humanity, of that condescension towards "our betters" that kept our grandsires thralled. A nobler idea of whom "our betters" are, has seized upon the imagination of the wage-slaves of tc-lay. The American and French revolutions, and Cromwell in our own country, smashed for good and all the divine right of Kings theory. No longer is the "common" man satisfied to believe that his misery in this world is of divine dispensation. No longer is he believing that a bounteous Creator ordains that he and his are to be drawers of water and hewers of wood for a weekly wage to an idle rich man, landlord or capitalist class until old age; makes him further live unprofitable, and the workhouse, and eventually the grave claims him for its own, Man, history shows, has been ever engaged in struggle, and always will be. But the struggle of the future will be, not against his fellows, who owning his means of life, own bim, but against the forces of nature: Now, it may be taken as an axiom that "nothing is settled, till it is settled

Is anyone as foolish as to think the railwayn en's, the miner's, the cotton operatives strikes or lock-outs are going to be settled right by a lessening of hours or a few shillings a week more wages. If I am being rebbed, legally or illegally, of one pound per week, the return of one shilling or 19/11 of that pound cannot settle my claims righteously. Nothing but the return of the whole twenty shillings (leaving out of the question my further right to interest for which I might make out a good case) Can possibly be a right settlement. Whether all worken understand it which I am sorry to say they don't] or capitalists understand and hate it,

matters not. This is the fundamental principle of Socialism, the absolute justice of which is seizing hold of the workers all over the so called civilised world (Of course We are not civilised whilst we murder each other in war). From every religious sects' conference last year the cry went up, "Why don't the workmen come to

the churches ?" And bat blind theologians think be cause Bill Smith or Pat Kelly does not order themselves reverently before these self-styled men of God that the nation is rushing headlong to the fiery furnace.

.. But the reverse is the truth. The "common" man (God bless him) is realising the nobility of life, the grandeur of his God in a pure and more truly uplifting manner than our college-fed pastors and masters can ever dream of.

He sees a land capable of supplying all the necessities and many of the luxuries of all the people. He sees a ection, small in number, of his fiesh own this land, who through the cupi-

of his own, have acquired and retain it. He hears of bonds held by others interest on which comes out of the national exchequer. Bonds imply bondage, and he realises he is a bond slave to the bondholders. He realises that the army. navy, police forces, clergy, and idle rich are kept by someone, that none can live without someone works; that if some are living without working then others must be working without really living, and he realises that he himself, the "common" man, is the someone that are doing all the work which makes it possible for all the people to live or exist. And he sees further that union is strength. And if a union is good a union of unions is better So Bill Smith and Pat Kelly are uniting. For what? Revenge. No. Our aristocracy can

thank their God that the great heart of the "common" man can forget and forgive. He will not talk of Revenge unless the pampered rich drive him to it. All he wants, all he is fighting for, is simple

And the future. What of it? Is it to be all calm and serene? Ah no. If the past years have been ones of alarms, the future are to be ones of real war. When education has reached that point at which the intelligent workers see themselves ever the robbed and despised class, if there is no road of advance apparent then will come the revolt, Prayers and Psalmsinging. Lectures and Leaflets. Charity nor Courage, will stod it He will say, "'Tis better to die fighting for Heaven than live, fighting in hell." And he will win, because he is fighting for Truth, for Justice, for Life."

tion was also read from Mr. E. A. Aston, Local Secretary National Relief Fund, requesting the Council to endorse the col-

On the motion of Councillor R O'Carroll, seconded by Mr. J. Farren, a vote of condolence with the relatives of the late Mr. James Lyons, of the Bricklayers' Society, on the occasion of his demise was passed in the usual manner.

Dublin Trades Council.

The fortnightly meeting of the Dublin

Trades Council was held on Monday

evening, Mr. William O'Brien, and sub-

sequently Mr. P. T. Daly, in the chair. Correspondence submitted included let-

ters from the Local Government Board,

Amalgamated Society of Dyers and Bleachers, Drapers' Assistants' Association,

and Messrs. Arnott & Co. A communica-

THE WAR AND DISTRESS.

The Chairman (Mr. O'Brien) explained that he had attended a number of meetings of the Local Distress Committee but very little had been done at these meetings in the way of relieving distress. He had placed the case of the Painters before the Committee, as he believed it was one of extreme hardship, and they promised to communicate with the various public bodies with a view to have the painting work given out. He wished to point out that the Committee proposed to operate by requiring all persons in distress to be Committee had not conducted itself in a way calculated to inspire the confidence of the workers (hear, hear).

Councillor O'Carroll (Bricklayers) said his members would not go near the Committee. The machinery of the trades unions ought to be sufficient to meet the circumstances. If the Committee wanted any information it could get it through the different trade societies.

Mr. Foran, P.L.G, agreed with Councillor O'Carroll, and thought the trade unions should have a register of their own for distress purposes.

Mr. Grogan (Painters) submitted a draft resolution adopted by the special Sub-Committee formed at the previous Council meeting, urging the Council to issue circulars to the various trade societies calling for weekly returns giving full information as to the amount of distress prevailing amongst workers, skilled and unskilled. He thought the Relief Committee should be satisfied with figures supplied by the trade unions or the Council.

Councillor O'Carroll thought the Relief Committee inadequate and incapable of dealing with the matter.

The resolution submitted by Mr. Grogan was endorsed.

BACHELORS WALK OUTRAGE.

Mr. Foran, referring to the recent shooting outrage at Bachelor's walk, said that a number of members of the Transport Union were amongst the victims, and some of them were married men with families. He thought the Government should be pressed to compensate those who had been victims of the outrage, and accordingly moved :-

"That this Trades Council calls upon the Government responsible for the horrible outrage that was committed on Sunday, July 26th, to make adequate compensation to the relatives of those who were killed and injured on that

Mr. Grogan remarked that the Lord Mayor had opened a fund for the purpose but it did not seem to have been supported. The Government was bound to compensate these people but the public ought to subscribe too.

The motion, seconded by Mr. J. Met-

calfe, was unanimously adopted

RELEASE OF LABOUR PRISONERS.

Mr. P. T. Daly explained that the three labour prisoners of last year, Messrs. Daly, Montgomery and Hastings, had been released. This was something the Council should congratulate itself upon. He understood that these men when being released were asked by the Governor of Mountiny Jail if they would volunteer for the front; but they refused (applause). The Governor further advised them that

in the future they ought to be "wise men" and give up trade unionism.

Mr. J. Farren (Tinsmiths) thought the action of the Council had something to do with their release. He moved that their Secretary be instructed to write to the Chief Secretary drawing attention to the action of the Governor of Mountjoy on the occasion of the prisoners' release.

Mr. Farren's motion was subsequently agreed upon.

CO-OPERATION AND THE FOOD SUPPLIES.

Mr. Grogan reported that the three lection for the Fund, but no action was public meetings held in conjunction with the Dublin Co-operative Society had been successful. He considered they had borne good fruit as numbers of new members

had joined the Society. He appealed to all who were still outside to come into the movement as they would reap the benefit themselves. Mr. Clinton (Cabinetmakers) referred to a certain firm of drapers in the city

whose name he thought should not be re-

tained on the Society's list of traders. Mr. O'Lehane said that the firm in question was carrying on business on the same lines as the other houses. They

were employing the members o' his society. Mr. Flanagan (Stationary Engine-Drivers) pointed out that if there were any unfair firms on the list the fault lay with the workers. They should come into the movement and help to revolutionise it.

Mr. Daly thought the workers of Dublin he did not think this was desirable as the spreading of the knowledge of Co-opera- to shift the centre of gravity of the tion and its value to working classes. Each one ought to constitute himself a sort of itinerent missioner on the question.

Aircraft in Modern Warfare.

One of the most important lessons of the present war has been that learned with regard to the possibilities of the present day air craft. A lot, that from a military point of view, is important has been learned with regard to the possibilities of both the aeroplane and the dirigible balloon, and what is equally important with regard to their limitations.

Two months ago their potentialities were highly problematical since, with the solitary exception of a little experimenting in the Balkan wars, none of the Powers had experience in their use under actual war conditions.

From one point of view they have been to a very great extent a failure that is with regard to their effect upon the morale of the enemies' troops. It was rather auticipated that the presence of hostile air craft bovering over troops would have a highly demoralising effect, possibly stampede men entirely. Up to the present that does not appear to have happened. Apart from our own Press, nobody seems to have been quita demoralised. Probably the one big reason for this is the great height at which an aeroplane or balloon must fly to be safe from rifle fire or from the specially designed guns. An aeroplane whizzing by at eighty miles an hour, driven by an enormous two hundred horse power motor, exhausting directly into the air with the tremendous din air ensines make, flying low at two hundred feet, is a very different problem to one hovering at, say, four thousand feet, just purring like a pleased cat. And—from the airman's point of view—unfortunately much nearer than that will probably bring him down along with the bomb.

Perhaps it is as well, considering the appalling ignorance of the Dublin Press, to emphasize the differences between the various types of aircraft. A few days sgo the Dublia papers shrieked about Japanese "Zeppelins" attacking a German fort in the east, and returning with shots through its "planes." Of course, it transpired that the "Zeppelin" was an aeroplane.

The Zeppelin belongs to a class of dirigible balloons air craft depending upon the fact that they are lighter than air. The aeroplanes belong to the heavier than air class. Dirigibles, or lighter than air class, consist essentially of a balloon, of a long pointed shape, a propelling unit and steering apparatus. These again are divided into two classes -the rigid and the non-rigid. The Zeppelius belong to the rigid type. In these the balloon proper is so constructed as to consist of a series of

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drums with a very light aluminium frame work on which is stretched the usual rubbered silk envelope which is filled with a very light gas, usually hydrogen. This method is adopted because it so divides the balloon that the destruction of one portion of the envelope will not materially affect the buoyancy of the whole, and also as securing the engine apartment and cabins as part of the whole structural unit. Underneath the balloon is suspended an enormous open work girder, upon which are built the cabine which house the tremendous engines and the crew. There are more cabins than one, and these did not realise what they owed to the cabins are so constructed that they can whole machine and so tilt its nose up or down for lifting or depressing pur-

> Apart from the Zeppelin there are the non-rigid and the semi-rigid type favoured by England and France. These are for structural reasons necessarily smaller than the rigid type and are not capable of carrying the same heavy loads as the Zeppelin has been proved to do; but many of them have performed at least equally well in point of view of distance, and have been shown to be more easily manoeuvred, notably the City of Cardiff, in which Willows made such sensational journeys. The Japanese have a very small, active type of this class, which admits of carriage upon a warship, from which much has been expected.

The heavier than air class has as yet produced only one type—namely, the aeroplane. Up to the present the other types have been a complete failure. The aeroplane is essentially a self-propelled kite. Its power of suspense being due as in the case of the kite solely to the pressure of moving air on its under surface, which is always tilted at an angle opposed to the motion of the air. In a kite the motion is obtained either by running with it on a calm day or by holding it against a wind. In an aero. plane the running is simply replaced by a motor-driven propeller which pulls the aeroplane forward when the air resistance against the tilted surface of the enormous planes forces it to rise,

In the early days of aeroplanes engines were small, plane surfaces were large, and speeds were slow, and lifting power was comparatively small. To-day the engines used go up to three hundred horse-power, the plane surfaces have diminished, and speeds have increased enormously, and lifting power has greatly increased.

In warfare none of the air-crafts have performed quite up to expectations. in one branch alone they are conspicuous, that is as scouts and range finders. Up till this war, one of the necessaries laid down in trench making was "invisibility." It is significant of the success of the aeropiane scout that the possibility of an invisibletrench has been denied. However the front of a trench may be disguised the little dot humming through the sky will discover it. Soon a little shower of paper flutters feebly down, then comes the hail of shrapnel, and the shower of howitzer fire. That little innocent paper glittering in the sky gave the gunners the range.

As actual engines of destruction the air craft has comparatively been a failure. The percentage of hits has been small, and the destructive powers of the bomb has not been very successfully demon-strated. It is significant that the ar craft have not yet attacked either fleet. This merely bears out the opinions of Gen, von Bernherdi, the German general,

OLD SONGS FOR NEW "HOLD THE HARVEST."

FANNY PARNELL.

[Parnell's sister, Fanny, was the moving spirit of the Ladies' Land League, and it was to the ladies and the Fenian sections were due the most daring and militant phases of the Land War. Pressure from the time-serving respectable Parliamentaries of the Land War. able Parliamentarians persuaded Parnell to suppress the Ladies Land League. The suppression created an estrangement between Parnell and his sister, and on her part at least the breach was maintained until her death in 1882, at the early age of 28. Fanny Parnell visited America in 1881, and her poetry was as popular there as at home. In these countries no collection of her verse has been, made though her "Hold the Hand the popular of rebel poetry.—C. Ua S.]

Now, are you men or are you kine, ye tillers of the soil? Would you be free or evermore the rich man's cattle toil? The shadow on the dial hangs that points the fated hour-Now hold your own! or, branded slaves, for ever cringe and cower.

The serpent's curse upon you lies—ye writhe within the dust, Ye fill your mouths with beggar's swill, ye grovel for a crust, Your lords have set their blood-stained heels upon your shameful heads, Yet they are kind—they leave you still their ditches for your beds!

Oh, by the God who made us all—the seignior and the serf— Rise up! and swear this day to hold your own green Irish turf; Rise up! and plant your feet as men where now you crawl as slaves, And make your harvest fields your camps, or make of them your graves.

The birds of prey are hovering near, the vultures wheel and swoops— They come, the coronetted ghouls, with drumbest and with troop! They come to fatten on your flesh, your children's and your wives', Ye die but once-hold fast your lands and, if ye can, your lives!

Let go the trembling emigrant—not such as he ye need; Let go the lucre-loving wretch that flies his land for greed; Let not one coward stay to clog your manhood's waking power; Let not one sordid churl pollute the Nation's natal hour!

Yes, let them go !—the caitiff rout, that shirk the struggle now— The light that crowns your victory shall scorch each recreant brow, And in the annals of your race, black parallels in shame, Shall stand by traitor's and by spy's the base deserter's name.

Three hundred years your crops have sprung, by murdered corpses fed-Your famished sires, your butchered sires, for ghastly conquest spread; Their bones have fertilised your fields, their blood has fallen like rain; They died that ye might cut and live-God! Have they died in vain?

The yellow corn starts blithely up—each fibre from a grave; Alone, forgot, in grinding pangs, their lives your fathers gave-They died that you, their sons, might know there is no helper nigh Except for him who, save in fight, has sworn he will not die.

The hour has struck, Fate holds the dice, we stand with bated breath; Now who shall have our harvests fair ?—'tis Life that plays with Death; Now who shall have our Mother and ?—'tis Right that plays with Might; The peasant's arm were weak, indeed, in such unequal fight.

But God is on the peasant's side—the God that loves the poor; His angels stand with flaming swords on every mount and moor; They guard the poor man's flocks and herds, they guard the ripening grain, The robber sinks beneath their curse, beside his ill-got gain.

O, pallid serfs, whose groans and prayers have wearied heaven full long, Look up! there is a Law above, beyond all legal wrong; Rise up! the answer to your prayer shall come, tornado-borne, And ye shall hold your homesteads dear, and ye shall reap the corn.

But your own hands upraised to guard shall draw the answer down, And bold and stern the deeds must be, that oath and prayer shall crown; God only fights for them who fight—then hush the useless moan, And set your faces as a flint, and swear to Hold Your Own.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

WHIT AND REEL WIE TIME VOLUME TAKEL

who said, that whilst it was well to bear in mind their possible use as a means of attack upon battleships, they were rendered of little value because of two facts-the necessity for keeping high rendering aim a matter of difficulty, and the general presence of armoured decks which are proof against bombs.

The piercing power of a projectile varies with the square of velocity. That is to say, a shell moving twice as fast as another has four times its penetrating power; if the speeds are three to one the penetrating power is nine to one. In the case of a dropping bomb the speed is seriously diminished by air resistance, so that the velocity at which they strike rarely exceeds two miles a minute, that is one hundred and seventy six feet per second. The muzzle velocity of a shell is somewhere about three thousand feet a second, so that the relative penetrating powers are about two-hundred-and-fifty to one in favour of the shell. So that a successful aerial attack upon battleships is not likely.

This does not preclude the possible extension of the use of air-craft bombthrowing as a means of attacks upon towns. There it has been shown that extensive damage can be done, though that damage has not been so great as was generally anticipated. A bomb which fails to pierce the armoured decks of a battleship or the steel cupolas of a fortress may succeed in doing enormous dan age to house property or to body of tioops. Against troops their possible siccess will be kept liw because of the vulnerability of all types to rifle fire.

Nevertheless the air-craft as a factor in warfare has came to stop.

Jim Larkin in Cork.

Two remarkable meetings were held in Cork last week. One was a recruiting meeting called by William O Brien and Maurice Healy to persuade their followers that the Germans were worthy of all the execration heretofore reserved for the Redmondites. The result was William's own followers as well as his opponents have come suddenly to recognise where the pro-British "Free Press" and "Cork Examiner" were leading them. So William's expletives have had, thank God, a negative effect on the recruiting crusade, and even in Blackpool the old women are removing William's picture off the wall,

William's meeting was on Wednesday and was held in the City Hali, the "National" bands of Cork let so much for the night helped to draw a crowd. A meeting was announced for the same hall on Friday, but on the motion of a drunken little tobacco siph named Buckley, who is a J.P.—save the mark—seconded by the ex-American but now English citizen, Lord Mayor O'Shea, the hall was refused to the workers. O Shea was too full of loyalty to give the hall for fear someone would tell that he was selling short weight bread to the working people. The meeting was then changed to Parnell Place, and as a result fully 6,000 people filled the spacious thoroughfare. Jack Good, Sec. of the Trades Council, presided, and

briefly introduced Mr. Larkin. Mr. Larkin, who was cordially received by those present, explained the duty of the Irish people during the war, It was not their war, and they should take no part in it. The employers, like Newson, who raised the price of sugar to 6d. a pound [hooting] should be left to do the fighting. John Redmond had got a chance to secure a good bargain, but had sold the people. William O'Brien had told them they should all join the army which shot down the people in Dublin four weeks before. The Irish people had shouted for vengeance on the Scottish Borderers, and the days papers showed their prayers were heard loud cheers;] William O Brien said he and his wife would not be far away when the fighting started. They could feel assured that William O'Brien would be with his wife while his dupes would be fighting for the enemy of their race [hear, hear.] The enemy of Ireland was and is England [cheers], and they were asked to fight for her and for France, where nuns and priests were hunted out; for Russia where Catholics were persecuted; and for Servia whose king murdered with his own hand the king and queen who reigned before him [hear, hear.) Germany never did anything to Ireland. The Germans were the most educated race in Europe, though the lying English and Irish Press tried to make them believe that they were everything bad just as they did about the Boers. They were asked to fight for their king and country. Who was their king? [Voices-"we have none."] Which was their country, Ireland or England? [Shouts of Ireland.] He asked all present who would be ready to fight for their country to hold up their hands. An unard mous answer saw a sea of hands raised. All who were ready to fight for their king were then asked to raise their hands, but not even the police who were plentiful on the outskirts of the crowd refused to support the vote. In conclusion Mr. Larkin warned the Volunteers to beware of the ex-army officers who were trying to control the Volunteers and get them to fight for England; and said that Captain Talbot Crosbie sho ld be told to go to hell. They should start a branch of the Citizen Army in Cork that would be for the protection of the workers.

Mr. Larkin, who speke for an hom and a half, was listened to by a constantly increasing crowd, who included many of William O'Brien's late suppor-

Loud cheers were raised repeatedly for Mr. Larkin many who came out of curiosity as well as others who came in opposition mood shaking hands with him and congratulating him on his statesmanlike exposition of the national

position. The visit of Mr. Larkin has had a splendid effect on the opinions of the people, and the pro-British feeling is fast dying as a result. People seem to be returning to their senses, and it only needs another visit from Mr. Larkin to convince the people that Ireland is the country they are to fight for and not England.

A demonstration in celebration of Robert Emmet Day is being arranged for September 20, at which Mr. Larkin has consented to attend and speak. As it will be Mr. Larkin's last visit to Cork before his American tour, a hearty welcome is sure to await him.

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Irish Transport & General Workers' Union

General MEETING Of all Members of No. I Branch (Head Office)

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EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Sept. 12th, 1914.

WHINE. KITCHENER'S

IRISH MANHOOD STILL SOUND A HEART.

THANK God for the youth of Ireland. They cannot be betrayed, nor will they betray the Motherland. So the truth is out. Our policy, our preaching, our gospel, has justified itself out of the mouth of the Butcher of Omdurman. We have been justified. England has awakened to the fact that the Irish working class cannot be sold. The Irish working class Leaders are not the same type of leaders as the backboneless, tinchapel, bell-ringing, or beer swilling money-grubbers and placeseekers that curse the British Labour Movement. We remember some of these Nonconformist go to meeting, P.S.A. gentlemen, who were always talking brotherhood, internationalism, and other canting phrases during the past years. We knew what kind of industrial and political tripehound the Thomas's, Hendersons, Parkers, Hodges, and Will Thornes. the humorist, the author of the "Send one to the Kaiser joke," were. We suggest they send Thorne with the copy to the Kaiser of what India intends to do for the Empire that murdered the best of her races, starved millions of her workers. Thorne would laugh the other side of his big, foolish mouth then, Well, what the one-eyed Labour Leaders are doing in England in the way of chloroforming the workers there concerns themselves. If the working class slaves who were locked out and starved by the Capitalist Class of England are willing to turn and lick their enemies' boots, that the men in the building trades of London, whose women and children were starved by the London building contractors [not the Germans] are willing to lick up their own vomit on the advice of Crooks, Hendersons, and the other sauffing hypocrites who are betray. ing the working class, well it is their picand political thimbleriggers to watch at home and in the days to come. The 'Irish Worker,' its writers, with one exception, have trumpeted forth the truth. With one exception, every weekly paper in Ireland played Ireland false at the beginning of this foul crime. We pride ourselves on the fact that it was given to us to stop the stampede which Redmond thought he could accomplish. When the Volunteers were wavering, their leaders unable or unwilling to lead, we step into the breach and faced England's garrison and all its works, pomps, and pimps. When Ireland's political leaders were arranging the price of Ireland's dishonour we exposed their tactics. We cannot be

false to you, dear land. When the night

of darkness and gloom had enveloped our

land, when cowardice raised its ungodly head in our midst, we were given the honour of lighting the terch of truth, knowledge, and honour. To us was given the glorious task of destroying the foul monster of cowardice. To-day we are strengthened in our work and effort by the encouragement and support of other papers and their writers who may not see eye to eye with us, but who at least have still a spark of the divine fire of discontent alive in their souls. Yes, Kitchener, we spiked your recruiting guns stopped John E. Redmond from de-livering the goods. To-day the 200,000 sons of reland who were to be handed over to England's garrison. 200,000 Volunteers are still on Irish soil, and England's foul garrison find their game is discovered. They call you cowards, Volunteers; the Meaths', the Barrymores', the Bandons', the Powerscourts', and their kept women, talk about your disloyalty to the Empire. Cowards, aye, and forsworn curs, and cowards ye would have been if ye had deigned to sell your bodies and souls to do England's dir'y work. Let the garrison, let Carson and his Covenanters, let William O'Brien and his pals, Barrymore, Bandon, Colthurst, Dobbin, etc., let them and all like them go and save the Empire. If John Redmond thinks the Empire is of some concern to him and his immediate friends let him go and join. What a sight for the gods if not the Kaiser; to see Carson, O'Brien, and Redmond-Faith, Hope, and Charity, the three musketeers-leaving home and booty to save the Empire. We repeat, they thought they had stampeded the Nation. Beware: a foul conspiracy is afoot; you are to be hoodwinked if pos-They are to pass this Bastard Home Rule Bill, called the Government of Ireland Bill. The King George Wettin of England is to sign it, subject to it not becoming operative until the conclusion of the war, and then only subject to an agreement re the Amending Bill. Carson got his price now what about our price? England s difficulty is now our opportunity. Demand the same rights as the peoples of Canada, Australia or South Africa, nothing less, anything less would be an insult. Stop at home, this is the spot on which to fight for our rights. Sarsfield knew that too late. We must have our own again. Better to die fighting on Irish soil for Ireland's rights than die as a hired assassin to destroy the rights of other peoples. If they attempt, to what old Meath, the blood-sucking vampire, suggests, discharge all men under forty, remember the man who would starve in a country overflowing with food would be a knave and a cur. If Meath wants to fight let him fight. If his property's in danger let him and his like defend their property, the robbers. We have no property, no land, nothing but a name and a tradition, Don't diagrace that same ponder over your traditions and if you are true to your name and mindful of your traditions you will have a Land, your own Land, the Land your fathers fought for and died to save We must have our own again. Out of every hundred English recruits offering for the war more than fifty are rejected. No wonder Kitchener sess the writing on

THE LATE JAMES LYONS.

We regret to chronicle the death of "Jimmy" Lyons of the Dublin Brick and Stonelayers' Union, which sad event took place last week. The deceased was a member of his trades union for over forty years and during the whole of that time he was always "in benefit," A good father and a kind husband, he was a genuine Irishman. He was a member of the P.W. Nally club and died in the beliefs he had lived in. To his relatives and friends our deepest sympathy is extended. Dia trocaire ar a h.anam.

REVISION COURTS.—Important No ice.

The Revision Courts are now open. and all persons who have made claims to have their names inserted on the Register are urged upon to attend without delay. The Courts are open from II am, to 2 p.m. All further information can be had at Liberty Hall. Unless claims are proved in Court same will be disallowed in all cases.

Irish Women's Franchise League.

Indoor meetings re-open Tuesday, 15th September, at 8 p.m., and will be held in Westmoreland Chamders, 34 West moreland Street. The first meeting is for members and associates only. These meetings will be held every Tuesday throughout the winter at the same time and place, and after next Tuesday will be free to all.

YOUR KIDDIES NEED YOU

To attend DEMONSTRATION to-morrow (Sunday) at Beresford Place, 12.30. o'c. under the auspices of the Independent Labour Party of Ireland), to demand that the Corporation at once put into force the Provision of Meals Ireland Act. Many prominent men and women who count in the re-modelling of the Irish Nation have promised to speak.

All Labour Bands are invited. Come and do your little bit [and

This IS OUR Opportunity! Arise!

"If to wish to be free were sufficient to attain Freedom, what Nation would be enslaved? If to fail in an effort for liberty justified its abandonment, what Nation would be use?"

Is this not the hour long prayed for? ye prayerful, ye tearful, who plighted Your faith at the altar of Freedom, that her manifold wrongs should be righted; Her honour redeemed at your hands, when the legions of tyranny grappled; That her torch ye would bear when the earth with grim victims of conflict was dappled. Rise! see ye you glare in the sky, it will light ye to Vengeance, Redemption! List! hear ye that hum in the night in this hour no man seeks exemption! For the Angel of Wrath long restrained is hasting from ocean to coesn-Casting brands upon fortress and plain-grey-visaged and steeled to emotion. And behold! fair Freedom apart, with fixed eyes stands by her altar, Blessing her lovers who rise; scorning the faithless who falter.
With sword all unsheathed, her hopes are set in the swift meeting masses.
She relaxes her gaze in a smile, as each hand of her worshippers passes! We have weaned Mankind with our prayers, our tears, and our vain protestations, Let us up, and undauntedly stand in this morn of the embattled nations! For this day shall Freedom conceive, give birth amidst carnage and fire, To a new-born race of free men—this day he redeemed—or expire— Till a purified earth shall renew 'neath the kindling Eye of High Heaven Her courage in Manhood again, and till then shall our chains be unriven! And our brow with this stigms be signed—"A self conscious slave of a Nation," False to our vows and our prayers, and unfit for our high-ordained station ! To linger 'midst hovels and graves, with eyes fireless and souls ever sunken, Insibject, unending despair, hearts fearsome and bloodless and shrunken... The breath of the ocean no balm shall bring to each fever-parched temple, O'er the tenderest dreams of our race the faut of subjection shall trample. Then, as Now on your suppliant knee your centuried fre shall despise ye! Now helots elect to remain; or, heirs of your Martyr Dead, rise ye!

The Friends of Small Nationalities.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

As we go to press the "war upon behalf of small nationalities" is still going merrily on in the newspapers. That great champion of oppressed races, Russia, is pouring her armies into East Prussia and Austria and offering freedom and deliverance to all and sundry if they will only take up arms on her behalfwithout undue delay. She to be the judge after the war as to whether they did or did not delay unduly. Up to the present it is impossible to find out whether the oppressed races in Europe have or have not risen to the bait.

In our issue of August 22nd, I ventured to suggest the probable attitude of the Jews in America towards the appeal of the Russian Czar, that Russian Czar who now styles them, "My beloved Jews," and but the other day instructed his agents to organise Jew-hunts and outrages. The correctness of my forecast is now borne out by extracts which the "Gaelic American" reprints from Jewish papers in New York. To help in the good work of educating the people of this country to a correct understanding of the issues at stake in this war, and of the character of the principal actors, I take the liberty of quoting from these reprints, all the more readily as they so amply confirm my own estimate of probabilities.

In the midst of the hustling life of the United States they still remain keenly alive to the struggles of the old countries, and actively interested in their struggles. Though it may be said that the Jews have no real country, yet it is well to recollect that Austro-Hungary and Russia contain the great majority of the Jews of the world, and that, therefore, they are such a numerically influential portion of the populations of these countries that their attitude in the event of war cannot but be a serious factor. What that attitude is in Russia can be only guessed at from the attitude of those who, living in America, have a freedom of speech impossible to those living under the iron rule of the Czar and his minis-

The leading Jewish paper in New York, and New York is the greatest Jewish city in the world, is the "Tageblatt." In its issue of August 5, it says:—

"What have the Russians, Poles, Bulgarians or Servians ever done for civilisation? They have devised neither political systems or new ideas. They have simply been imitators. They are experts in fomenting massacres upon unarmed and innocent people. We are all well acquainted with Russia's inhumanity. The Servians murdered their own King and Queen. The barbarity of the Bulgarians is proved by the report of the Peace Commission. It is quite evident, therefore, that the parasites and assassins of civilisation have declared war upon a more en-lightened and civilised people. No greater calamity could befall the civilised world than the success of these nations in the present war. A Slavic victory would be a death-blow to progressiveness, democracy, idealism, and free thought; it would destroy the progress of the world in the last hundred years and, in addition, the progress of civilisation would be retarded for a long time in the future."

Let the reader remember that the new world, whilst it unites all its immigrants in loyalty to America, does not divest them of the racial antipathies which form part of their European inheritance.

advanced Jewish element, as well as upon made for the sport of British officers. the working class Jews of all the eastern States, puts the question thus:-

"The question is, on what side must interests lie? The very question suggests the answer. At the present time, there are only three nations in the whole of Enrope whose people are not entirely antagonistic to the Jews. These countries are Austria-Hungary, Germany, and Italy. Never have they been so much hated, persecuted, and despoiled

in any countries as in Russia, Roumania, and Greece. It is unfortunate that the Jews in Russia are tied down. Those responsible for the war should be punished, but as long as the war exists it ceases to be a war of monarchs, but one of people, and in that conflict, as Austria-Hungary and Germany have been friendly with the Jews in the past, gratitude requires that they should sympathise with them in the present crisis. Russia has and always will be anti-Semitic. Roumania has treated the Jews like dogs. The Jews have been persecuted in Greece, and even the English have lately begun to hate and persecute the Jews, while in France even their household life is made unbearable. All these considerations naturally incline us to one side. Cursing those who have now compelled Jew to fight Jew, and war in general, we hope and pray that the Austrian and German arms will be victorious in the struggle."

Add to this testimony the fact that the Russian Socialists have issued a strong manifesto denouncing the war, and pour ing contempt upon the professions of the Czar in favour of oppressed races, point- spread every paper, circular, leaflet, or ing out his suppression of the liberties manifesto which in those dark days dares of Finland, his continued martyrdom of Poland, his atrocious tortures and massacres in the Baltic provinces, and his withdrawal of the recently granted parliamentary liberties of Russia, and to that again add the fact that the Polish Nationalists have warned the Poles against putting any faith in a man who has proven himself incapable of keeping his solemnly pledged faith with his own people; and you will begin to get a saner AIR-"It's a Wrong Thing to Crush view of the great game that is being played than you can ever acquire from the lying press of Ireland and England. Of course, that should not blind you

to the splendid stand which the British Government we are assured is making against German outrages and brutality and in favour of small nationalities. The Russian Government is admitted by every publicist in England to be a foul blot upon civilisation. It was but the other day that when the Russian Duma was suppressed by force and many of its elected representatives imprisoned and exiled, an English Cabinet Minister defiantly declared in public, in spite of international courtesies:

"The Duma is dead! Long live the Duma!"

But all that is forgotten now, and the Russian Government and the British Government stand solidly together in favour of small nationalities everywhere except in countries now under Russian and British rule.

Yes, I seem to remember a small country called Egypt, a country that through ages of servitude have painfully evolved to a conception of national freedom, and under leaders of its own choosing essayed to make that conception a reality. And I think I remember how this British friend of small nationalities Egypt, bombarded its chief seaport, invaded and laid waste its territory, slaughtered its armies, imprisoned its citizens, led its chosen leaders away in chains, and reduced the new-born Egyptian nation into a conquered, servile British province.

And I think I remember how, having murdered this new-born soul of nationality amongst the Egyptian people, it signal. The "Warheit," a Jewish daily paper, ised its victory by the ruthless hanging at published in the Yiddish jargon, and ex-henshawai of a few helpless peasants who ised its victory by the ruthless hanging at ercising an enormous influence upon the dared to think their pigeons were not

Also, if my memory is not playing me strange tricks, I remember reading of a large number of small nationalities in India, whose evolution towards a more we Jews sympathise? Where do our perfect civilisation in harmony with the genius of their race, was ruthlessly crushed in blood, whose lands were stolen, whose education was blighted, whose women were left to the bratal lusts of the degenerate soldiery of the British Rag. Over my vision comes also grim remem-brances of two infant republics in South Africa, and I look on the map in vain for

them to-day. I remember that the friend of small nationalities waged war upon them-a war of insolent aggression at the instance of financial bloodsuckers. Britain sent her troops to subjugate them, to wipe them off the map; and although they resisted until the veldt ran red with British and Boer blood, the end of the war saw two small nationalities less in the world.

When I read the attempts of the prize Irish Press to work up feeling against the Germans by talk of German outrages at the front, I wonder if those who swallow such yarns ever remember the facts about the exploits of the British generals in South Africa. When we are told of the horrors of Louvain, when the only damage that was done was the result of civilians firing upon German troops from buildings which those troops had in consequence to attack, I remember that in South Africa Lord Roberts issued an order that whenever there was an attack upon the railways in his line of communication every Boer house and farmstead within a radius of ten square miles had to be destroyed.

When I hear of the unavoidable killing of civilians in a line of battle 100 miles long in a densely populated country, being of, as it were, part of the German plan of campaign, I remember how the British swept up the whole non-combatant Boer population into concentration camps, and kept it there until the little children died in thousands of fever and cholera; so that the final argument in causing the Boers to make peace was the fear that at the rate of infant mortality in those concentration camps there would be no new generation left to inherit the republic for which their elders were fighting.

This vicious and rebellious memory of mine will also recur to the recent attempt of Persia to form a constitutional government, and it regalls how, when that ancient nation shook off the fetters of its ancient despotism, and set to work to elaborate the laws and forms in the spirit of a modern civilised representative state, Russia, which in solemn treaty with England had guaranteed its independence, at once invaded it, and slaughtering all its patriots, pillaging its towns and villages, annexed part of its territories, and made the rest a mere Russian dependency. I remember how Sir Edward Grey, who now gushes over the sanctity of treaties, when appealed to to stand by and make Russia stand by the treaty guaranteeing the independence of Persia, coolly refused to

Oh, yes, they are great fighters for small nationalities, great upholders of the sanctity of treaties!

And the Irish Home Rule Press knows this, knows all these things that a poor workman like myself remembers, knows them all, and are cowardly and guiltily silent, and viciously and fiendishly evil

Let us hope that all Ireland will not some day have to pay an awful price for the lying attacks of the Home Rule Press upon the noble German nation.

Let our readers encourage and actively to tell the truth.

Thus our honour may be saved; thus the world may learn that the Home Rule Press is but a sewer-pipe for the pouring of English filth upon the shores of Ireland.

"It's a Wrong Thing to Fight for England."

the Worker."

"Your King and Country need you," Is Britain's cry to day, Appealing to all Lishmen To help her in the fray, Can we forget the wrongs of years

When she our fathers bled? Oh no, my friends, we'll stay at home, And be you not misled.

Chorus—

It's a wrong thing to fight for England, It's a wrong thing to do; It's the right time to prove to Ireland That you are staunch and true. Take not the Saxon Shilling, Be not England's slave, Your Country, Erin, needs you, Act not the knave.

Here in Dubiin City a little time ago, The way that England loves us Her troops did truly show: They shot down helpless women And children in the streets, And now they ask us to forget And with loving arms her greet,

Chorus.

Written by "Stoneybatter."

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS UNION. Liberty Hall, Dublin.

All sections of women workers are sligible to join the above union. Entrance fees, 6d, and 3d.; contributions, 2d. and ld. per week.
Irish Daneing, Wednesday and Friday Social on every Sunday Night, on meaning at 7,30 Admission 2d

Please Support our Advertisers,

Northern Notes.

The Campaign.

The second meeting of Feed the Children campaign was held at Alma street, Falls road, last week. There was again a very large gathering and the crowd was both attentive and interested. Replies from Mr. Redmond. Mr. Arthur Henderson and the Prime Minister were read. Nora Connolly spoke on the cases of hardships caused by the war, and Mrs. Gordon dealt with the sacrifices the workers are compelled to make in times of unemployment. In another rousing speech James Connolly appealed to the people to back up the agitation and support the movement for feeding the children and keeping their homes from breaking up. Hunger was a greater enemy than the Cermans. Let the people see to it that they did not starve and let the young nen fight only for food and for Ireland.

This Won't Do.

Last week Mr. Deviin questioned Mr. Lloyd George about a Homestead Act, but the Chancellor's reply was unsatisfactory. According to the new emergency bill the consent of the courts must be obtained before a landlord or creditor can evict or seize household effects for debt. In practice this simply means a short delay since the courts will of course give the necessary order without any pressure. The peelers' unsympathetic magistrates" assured y see to that. The agitation must continue until a more satisfactory arrangement is come to.

The City Council.

On Saturday the Public Health Committee of the Belfast Corporation discussed the application of the new Provision of Meals to Children (Ireland) Act, It was decided that the School Attendance Committee take the matter in hands and report as to the necessity for putting the act in force. So far, so good, but the act is only a voluntary one and pressure must be brought to bear to have it put into force at once. The first stage of the battle has thus been lought and won. Much more is to be fought for yet. Meanwhile the meetings will serve to direct the workers what to do, how to urge the City Council to act, and what steps will be necessary to take advantage of the Act. As distress spreads and intensifies the measures and organised effort necessary to cope with it will grow in urgency and area. Thus the ultimate objective of the campaign must, from the outset, be the systematic education and organisation of public opinion to dealwith a very big problem. And yet with the exception of the I.T.W.U. there Isn't a Socialist or Labour body in the city so far as we know, willing to take to street meetings as a help in organising that opinion.

But There Were None!

On Sunday last, two plain clothes p elers took up their stand outside each Catholic church in the city. They were sent to look out for bill distributors. But there were neither bills nor distributors to oblige. Now had the peelers been good enough to state their wants through the channels they have made so much use of lately some "divarshun" might easily have been arranged for last Sunday! But this is by no means the best of the story. I have excellent authority for stating that this Dublin Castle order is general and applied to the whole country. If the Government has no better use for the peelers than this couldn't the butcher of Omdurman send them to the front where men are so badly needed? But never fear for Ireland, boys, for she has bill-servers still.

Food for Cannon.

The most strenuous efforts are being made to get men to join the army. Loyal Belfast is not responding to the call and trantic appeals are being made in the Catholic quarters to get men to enlist. Stories of Prostestant Germany's atrocities in Catholic Belgium are being used for all they are worth and the Orange "Evening Telegraph" is lending a hand in the game. The Volunteers are being approached, but in the I.N.V. as well as the U.V.F. there is nothing going. By the way the National element in the Irish Volunteers has succeeded in baulking the soccer-publican combination that attempted to change the general parades from Saturdays to Sundays. Meanwhile the most harrowing reports of bad feeding comes from the recruits in barracks at Holywood and Belfast, and the defence forces on the lough shore, and as far away as Donegal. Kitchener seems to find it as difficult to get food for men as food for cannon. All of which is eminently satisfactory so CROBH-DEARG.

Twinem Brothers' WATERS . The Workingmen's Beverage.

TWINEH BROTHERS' Delphia Sauce The Workingman's Relian.

Pactory-66 S.C.Road, and Si Lower Ciambrassii Street. Phone 2658.

Established 1851

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGHS, of Bisher St. STIBL LEAD.

Wexford Notes.

What is this unfortunate country of ours coming to anyhow when the 'Wexford People" is allowed to contaminate its columns with Kitchener's rec'uiting advertisement. Has Eddie O'Culien lost all sense of shame, or has he forgotten that he is an Irishman? One week he tells us about the atrocities committed by England in our county in the dark days of '08, and some time after he publishes this damnable recruiting advertisement. Does he realise that he is responsible before heaven for every man that may be killed who will answer the call of his publication? Does he realise that the moneys sent by the War Office to the dependents of any poor unfortunate who does join are not sufficient to feed one adult, and that be will be responsible for the cries of the little children for food.

Did any of us ever think that things would come to this in rebel Wexford? We can imagine what Eddie would say if he were asked to publish a manifesto calling on men to strike for better conditions. He would feel highly disgusted, and explain to us the hardships that the men would be subject to, but what would the hardships involved in a strike be compared to what Eddie's publication would lead to. There will be plenty of widows and orphans, alas, the most of whom will be compelled to live on charity after the war is over, as they will get nothing from the Government but the usual vote of sympathy from Georgie.

We had an id-a that the Labour Exchange in Wexford was an institution for negotiating for jobs for workingmen and for administering benefits under Part II, of the Insurance Act, but from what we hear the only business being done now in that establishment-at least the only business the clerks are taking any interest in is that of recruiting for the British Army. Every voung fellow who has to go in is pertered by them to volunteer to fight for England. Surely Colour Sergeant Donohoe is able to look after this, but then these people who so often supply scabs like to do a bit of it themselves sometimes

Speaking of scabs, we understand that Tracey, Pierce's scab smith, was nearly shooting a few youngsters in Marystreet one morning last week. It appears that a revolver went off in his pocket, and tore up the street a few feet from where a crowd of youngsters were standing. Children and fools apply in this case.

Phil Keating, we understand, is get ting his shop enlarged (probably so that it may be able to hold more biscuits to give to the boys for nothing, we don't think). It is being done by the Wicklow man who was at the picture house next door. What does the barber, McGrath, think about this after all his tion? "You deserve it, John." There's a public representative for you giving employment to carpenters from Wicklow while Wexford men are idle, but probably they work cheaper, and Phil was always very miserable. We have noticed also that since he went into the County Council he is remarkably

We are glad to notice that Dr. Pierse has taken our tip, and ordered Lambert to do away with the pigs. "We'll make something out of you yet, Tommie."

By the way, it is only right to men-tion the fact that the same publication that was in the "People" was sent to the "Free Press," who sent it back, refueleg to put it in. We have many times differed with this paper, but always like to give credit where due.

Citizen Army.

In view of the big display arranged for the evening of the 27th of this month, the Council are making great efforts to get through as much of the preliminary work as possible during the next few days, and are relying upon the active co-operation of every member. There are innumerable ways in which every one can give some assistance in making it a success. One thing is certain, that if every member did ever so little it would be a triumph. Remember, that any little thing done on these occasions towards making them smoo h running is so much done for the Army and the cause for which the Army

A GENERAL MEETING will be held on Saturday, 12th inst., at 8 p.m. in Liberty Hall, for the purpose of arranging for the display. It is hoped that every membra will attend.

On Sunday a General Drill will be held in Croydon Park. at 5 p.m., so that sections can be formed and new members allotted to their various

During the last couple of weeks members of the Council have paid several visits to Kingstown. The men's company has been organised afresh, and bids fair to go ahead very successfully, A boys' company has been formed and has already made considerable headway. We have every reason to be pleased with the kinemass of the Kingstown boys and anticipate a thoroughly efficient and very enthusiastic contingent being

Inchieore Items.

At 430 a.m. on Sunday last the local section of the Volunteers marched out in full strength under sealed orders. The men presented a fine appearance, and marched in splendid order. And it is surprising how men so intelligent are so easily fooled by place hunting politicians.

At 4.30 pm. the same day a section of the Citizen Army marched out to Inchicore under the command of Mr J. Larkin. The men were fully equipped, and won the admiration of all

A very successful public meeting was held at the tram terminus, and speeches were delivered that educated many, and dispelled the delusions existing in the minds of some men regarding the Citizen Army and its objects.

On next Sunday and each succeeding Sunday collections will be made outside the local churches for the fund to arm and equip the "The Emmets," the Inchicore section of the Citizen Army.'

All true Irishmen auxious to subscribe for arms and ammunition that will be solely used in the service of Ireland alone are requested to send in their contributions to W. P. Partridge, Emmet Hall, Inchicore, who will acknowledge same privately or publicly as requested.

We are concerned with Ireland and Irishmen, and make no apology for fefusing to meddle in the affairs of other people Too long have we laboured for others with no pay but empty praise. The time has arrived to do something for our country and ourselves.

The Emmet Dance Class is about to open for the coming session, and those desiring to join are invited to write or call and see the secretary at the Hall any evening after six o'clock. All members must be elected by the Committee.

The Emmet band, under the able trition of Mr. Mallin, is progressing very favourably. Some vacancies exist for young men who are willing to study music and anxious to become musicians. The secretary will be pleased to give all information on the matter.

More than 2,000 members of the City Branches of the Irish Transport Workers' Union have been called to the colours. and the best way to help our brothers who are being butchered for Britain is to sustain the Union that looks after the interests of such men and those depending on them.

All members ex members, and intending members of the local branch are requested to call and interview the secretary any evening during the week relative to their position.

A special meeting of members of the National Health Insurance Section will be held in the Emmet Hall at 5 o'clock on Sunday, September 20th, when the question of arrears will be fully explained and new books distributed

W. P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

Way for the Leader.

A cry goes forth from the soul of our

Drowning the babble of creed or clan, Like a trumpet's blare rings the loud demand—

"Tis Ireland's call for a strong, true man

The Summoner calls with a faith supreme, Her hosts are gathered their Chief to

The destined one of her long, brave dream--Leader and lover who shall not fail

He will raise her banner up from the dust 'Till its stainless folds above her sweep And wake in her children the Freedom

That knavish leaders had lulled to sleep.

Too long has a Judas our land mislead-Ireland is waiting her Chief to hail; Tone's creed he'll preach—in his footsteps tread-

Way for the Leader who shall not fail. MARVE CAVANAGH.

Alfy Byrne Gets the Bull's-Eye!

Alderman Alfred Byrne, of the City of Dublin, has suddenly leaped into fame, inasmuch as he has just carried off a "consolation" prize of twenty shillings in the "Bullets" Competition in "John Bull," one of the papers not approved of by the Vigilance Committee. Public meetings of sym-beg pardon!-congratulation—have probably been held throughout North Dock with votes of confidence and general jubilation We should expect to see the following messages amongst the numerous telegrams that were no doubt received by the lucky recipient of the Jimmy-o-goblin :-

"Any use?"—Councillor Higgins.
"Twas the 'Alderman' that did it"— George Guelph.

"Suggest investment of quid in Summerhill Picture Palace"-Briscoe, From Bullet to Ballot. Now you can fee Counsel at the Revision"-Michael

Speculate ten bob each way on Bill Richardson for North Dock Stakes in January"-, Cherlook. Now then, young man there "-Bottom-

Notice you are weful with Bullets. Could do with you at the front "-Kitchener.

A huge crowd attended the Inchicore meeting summoned by Councillor Parts a great ridge. It was in all respects a great success, and about go a long way known that the Bullet which secured towards putting the Inchicore branch him the prize was not "Verdon Barupou a sound footing,

The usual Weekly Drills will be Bottomley's chaque will shortly be on held in Assence street. High street, wiew in the window of the Islant street Kingstown and Baldoyle. Don't hother about Prince of Walen

The Failure of Relief.

A " 'imes " Acknowledgment.

The London "Times," in a leading article: on Wednesday, 9th inst., makes a very plain statement with regard to the increase of distress amongst the families of the men taken to the war.

"We still receive well-authenticated details of cases in which the breadwinner has gone on service and his family are left in a penniless condition, waiting for money which does not come. We do not know how numerous such cases may be, or what proportion they bear to the whole number of soldiers' and sailors' families. But there ought to be none, and it is a scandal that they should continue to occur five or six weeks after the beginning of the war, when millions of money have been collected for the 'relief of distress' and innumerable committees' have been formed all over the country for relieving it. There are cases of distress due to the war which can be and ought to be prevented. But it is of no use to cry that the State sught to prevent them, that the families of men fighting for the country ought to be supported by the country, and so on, and then to sit down and do nothing. There is a practical problem to be solved, and when it is understood the solution is not difficult. Why do these cases occur? It is not because either the State or the public deny responsibility; both acknowledge it and are ready and eager to fulfil it. They do fulfil it when they know. These cases of failure occur for the absurdly simple but entirely sufficient reason that nobody knows of them. The authorities cannot tell by the light of nature that a man has left a wife and children or an aged grandmother at home without any money. The wife or the grandmother for her part stops at home expecting the money to come from somewhere, but doing nothing to get it. Eventually her condition is discovered by somebody and there is an outcry.

"The remedy is just as simple as the cause: it is to discover these cases sooner, to discover them, in fact, before they occur, and to prevent them from occurring by anticipating the distress. The State cannot do it, because there is not sufficient time. A family may be in distress within a day or two of the departure of the breadwinner; but no public Department can be expected to ascertain and verify the home conditions of all the men on active service when many thousands are joining every day There is only one way by which all genuine cases of need arising from the war can be promptly ascertained, and that is by systematic inquiry."

"There is much in the "Times" article with which we can agree: but there are some statements with which we thoroughly disagree. Por instance we believe that the "State" should know whether or a soldier has left "a wife and children or an aged grandmother at home without any money." It is not a matter of such insurmountable difficulty to ascertain such details as are necessary. If as the "Times' suggests local committees can be formed to divide districts up into beats, and make a s, stematic inquiry, let the poor hard worked authorities do a little more engage a few of the multitude of out-of-work clerks to do the clerical work, out ofwork girls and women to do the visiting, In fact relieve some of the distress by paying some of the victims to seek out

Then there is the question of the State's responsibility for relief. We don t quite agree. It is the duty of the State to secure the means of relief, right enough; but whence is a different question. By taxing the food-stuffs, clothes stuffs, etc., of the poor is not the way. Let those whose interests are being secured by this war, those merchant princes whose commerce is so dreadfully menaced by German "aggression pay for it. It is in their interest that thousands of lives are thrown into the hateful holocaust.

Rothschild's name appears at the head of a "Times" subscription list. Rothschild begging aid for the poor! It has now reached £200,000. Surely Rothschild would not have been beggared by subscribing all that £200,000 instead of begging it from Tom, Dick and Harry. The Rothschild millions are most decidedly in the balance; then let Rothschild (Jew or Gentile Rothschilds, the Cassells, the Liptons, etc.,) pay for the relief of the distress that is brought about for their sakes. The "Times'" attitude is right it is

their point of view that is wrong,

All-for-England League.

Headquarters-All-against Ireland Club. Robert Emmet (sic) Place, Cork.

Recruits wanted to join the British Army, or what's left of it at the front. Cork Volunteers, under Captain Talbot Ososbie, specially invited (under Military Ballot Act), to be resurrected for Ireland by the Friendly Liberal Government with the aid of Unionist County and Deputy Licetements.

Soft hearted, British loving Irish dupes willing and suzious to take the Saxon Shilling should apply at the City Hell, Cock on Wednesday Night, September and (Ambivementy of the Execution of Robert E-most by the Pritish), to the Chief Recruiting Sergeants for Rebal Cock [R.I.P.], William O Brien, M.P., and Matteice Healy, M.P.

God Save King Mily & the Beatry Band,

The Twilight of the Kings.

Before establishing hell on earth the pietistic kings commend their subjects to God. Seek the Lord's sanction for the devil's work.

"And now I commend you to God," said the Kaiser from his balcony to the people in the street. "Go to church and kneel before God and pray for His help for our gallant army."

Pray that a farmer dragged from a Saxon field shall be speedier with a bayonet thrust than a winemaker taken from his vines in the Aube; that a Berlin lawyer shall be steadier with the rifle than a Moscow merchant; that a machine gun manned by Heidelburg students shall not jam and that one worked by Paris carpenters shall.

Pray that a Bavarian hop grower, armed in a quarrel in which he has no heat, shall outmarch a wheat grower from Poltava: that Cossacks from the Don shall be lured into barbed wire entanglements and caught by masked guns; that an innkeeper of Salzburg shall blow the head off a baker from the Loire.

"Go to church and pray for helpthat the hell shall be hotter in innocent Ardennes than it is in equally innocent Hessen; that it shall be hotter in innocent Kevno than in equally innocent Posen'

And the pietistic Czar commends his subjects to God that they may have strength of arm in a quarrel they do not understand; that they may inflict more sufferings than they are required to endure and the name of Romanoff be greater than the name of Hohenzollein. that it may be greater than the name of Hapsburg, that its territories shall be wider and the territories of Hohenzollern and the territories of Hapsburg

The pietistic Emperor of Austria commends his subjects to God, to seek Divine assistance to crush the peasants of Servia, dragged from the wheat field when it was ready for the scythe and given to the scythe themselves.

This is we think, the last call of monarchy upon Divinity when Asmodeus walks in armour. The kings worship Baal and call it God, but out of the sacrifice will come, we think, a resolution firmly taken to have no more wheat growers and growers of corn, makers of wine, miners and fishers, artesians and traders, sailors and storekeepers offered up with prayer to the Almighty in a feudal slaughter, armed against each other without hate and without cause they know, or if they knew, would give a penny which way it was determined,

This is the twilight of the kings. Western Europe of the people may be caught in this debacle, but never again. Eastern Europe of the kings will be remade and the name of God school and give grace to 100 square miles of broken bodies.

If Divinity enters here it comes with a sword to deliver the people from the

It is the twilight of the kings. The republic marches east in Europe.—" Chi-

Daily Herald League.

9 Windsor Avenue, Fairview, Dublin, 9th Sept., 1914.

Dear Sir-I shall be glad if you wou'd allow me to inform our inquiring friends that whilst we have been compelled to make a few alterations through circumstances over which we had no control, the Dublin Branch of the "Daily H rald League " is still in existence, and that arrangements are being made for an active propaganda during the coming autumn and winter

The usual weekly meeting will be held every Wednesday night in No. 2 Room Liberty Hall.—Yours fraternally,

R. L. WIGZELL, Hon. Sec. Mr. J. Larkin, Editor "Irish Worker,"

Another Co-operative Enterprise

The spread of the Co-operative Move-

ment in Oublin during the past twelve months has been very gratifying. The Dublin industrial Society has more than doubled its membership in that time and is every day adding to its power and influence for god. The Puilders' Cooperative Society is also making steady progress in its propaganda amongst the huilding and other trades. Now we are informed of yet another development of the same principle. It is a scheme to establish a co-operative restaurant in a district convenient for the w rkers where dinners can be eaten on the premises or taken away to the homes, the object being to secure for the workers good meals at the lowest possible prices With this object in view a meeting will be held on Tuesday next, 15th 8-ptember, in the Council Reom, Trades Hall, Capel street, at 8 o'clock, when Mr. George Russell ("AE"), Miss Louis Bannett (Irish Women's Peform League), Mr. R. J. P. Mortished (Dublin Industrial Co-operative Society), Mr. Wm. O'Brien (Precident Dublin Trades Council), and others will speak and explain the lines on which it is proposed to establish the Society. Admission will be by ticket, which can be had free on applying to the frish Wemen's Reform l'eague, 29 Scu h Anne Street; Liberty Hall, Perseford Place, or the Trades Hall, Capal Street.

Readers will assist us materially by mentioning the "Irish Worker" to our Advertisers.

CAITLIN'S CALL.

Oh I hear a calling, calling, Down from Aileach 'cross the mountain. Like the wind when night is falling, Like the soft splash of a fountain; Sweet and plaintive yet commanding, All my soul and strength demanding.

And from Tara yet that calling, Now a wild and wistful wailing, Sometimes rising, sometimes falling: Like a voice whose strength is failing. Yet I know not what 'tis seeking, For I feel, not hear, it speaking.

Hark from Thomond, sterner, stronger, Like the Shannon's glorious sweeping; Yet that call still louder, longer, But with, now, no notes of weeping, Comes - my soul and heart to burn

For it calls where e'er I turn.

List; from Cruachan, now 'tis rolling, Fierce and fervent in its pleading, Sometimes like a bell that's tolling; Sometimes like a blast that's leading In the fray where men are falling, Hark I know—'tis mother's calling.

Mother Caitlin, wailing, weeping, Calling from the mountain's heather, Where she lay whilst I was sleeping; Lay through wild and wintry weather. Calling in the midnight dreary, In the darkness, lone and weary.

Yet that calling, calling, calling, (Oh, she still thinks I am sleeping), On my soul and brain is falling; Till my heart is wildly leaping; Till my blood is madly humming; Mother Caitlin, I am coming, In Claipin Tub.

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Croydon Park, SUNDAY, 27th SEPT.

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ILLUMINATED GROUNDS. Admission, 3d.; Children, 1d.

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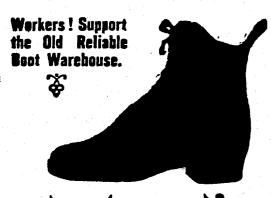
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Read! Read! Read! "Labour in Irish History."

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T. CORCORAN, Capital T House, North Strand Road

To Lovers of Antiques.

I have spent a good deal of time of late wandering through mean streets in Dublin. I have started sometimes with a purpose and sometimes without. However that may have been, it was always a return with a new lesson learned or an old one relearned. Mostly when the long tramp on hard pavements and the setts, the thick foul air and the smells have tired me out, it was to go to bed half despairing of any hope for humanity; sometimes a little incident, a glimpse of revolt, sent me home with a little more patience to

There are phases in the literature of the day, wherein it is the thing to sneer at the 'dingy, monotonous' rows of small houses in some of the English cities. The hundreds of little houses, all monotonously alike, that seem to stretch out in miles of little squares; street after street drearily alike. Little things plain fronted, just doors and windows in a red brick wall a hundred yards long, or perhaps the red brick gives place to some ugly drab local easily worked stone. Perhaps the streets are narrow and drear. Altogether their monotony and want of beauty are not inspiring. Watch them at the hour when the shipyards or the factories are pouring out their thousands of drab clad, black faced hands; all monotonously alike. It is like some human beehive; each little human insect seeking its little human cell. See them at night; so many little cells with its sleeping human worker. No, it is not inspiring.

Turn to Dublin streets. Wide, wellplanned streets (albeit dirty streets) of high, old mansions. Books of sketches and photographs are published of those houses; sketches of the beautiful old Georgian doors with their lovely old fanlights and well balanced panels photos of splendid fireplaces of Italian marble and Georgian English brass, magnificent plaster ceilings that claimed the artist soul of some dead and gone master. Artists come from Great Britain to gaze at the beautiful work of their dead predecessors; architects, master craftsmen and designers. A world famous architect comes to say of Dublin that after Edinburgh, it is the best planned city in these islands, delighting in ite broad streets and co-ordinated squares, its architecture and its vistas. An artist revelling in Georgian master-

That is how the artist living in cities of 'dingy, monotonous" streets sees it. With the purblind eyes of an artist he sees only those things. We see differently.

To us these houses are the hateful heritage of an age that is filled with bideous memory; when into the laps of a few was poured all the treasure of the land wrung from a starved, benighted peasantry. They were the hateful monument of starving men, women and children, ruined farms, dishonoured women and butchered men. The monument of past infamy, the vaults of a living degradation.

When the teeming factories pour out their human hordes, for them are no miles of monotonous cottages; not for them is the human all for each human mite. For them there is not the home, which, drab and ugly as its exterior may be, at least has the virtue of privacy and the possibility of wholesome, cleanly, decent home life. The little house with its windows and its doors abutting on the footway, its narrow hallway and cramped stairs, at least is a house; where a man and a woman can by dint of industry and self-sacrifice bring up their young in some semblance of decency and self-respect.

But the human insects of the Dublin hive—for them there is the broad, dirty street. For them the high, narrow, ruinous mansion of the age that knew no sanitation; for them the room off a dirty landing in a dirty, crumbling stairway, off a dirty, open hall; or the cellar in a vile, stinking basement, where one wades through the garbage of past generations. For them a miserable attic, up four floors high, where the last vestage of plaster hangs threateningly from a few strands of hair, and where the rotten boards reek of generations of crawling human brats and the grease of long past decades of falling human food, and the walls a century old teems with

the germs of disease of four generations. For them, not the little cell, ugly and unrelieved, where each human insect hides itself from the rest; for them the stinking human hive where four families occupy a landing, and three families fester in the basement, where the hallway and the stairs are but recesses off the public street, cesspools for the foul contaminated air that stagnates round the nailed up windows. For them the palace of the past where they can lie abed in their one-room tenement and watch the masterpiece in ceilings crumbling away as the tenant up above stamps about on the rotten, sagging joists. For them there is not the narrow seclusion of the self-satisfied Saxon; theirs the hearty human communion of the teeming hive where fifty human bodies breathe the air that filters through their common doorway; theirs not the narrowing influence of silent privacy, for them the hum of a dozen neighbours' children, the repartee of their neighbours' wives, the quick wit of a drunkard wife-beater.

One might write "dirty" as an adjective to every noun. But of what avail would striving for cleanliness be? How could one be clean when at the touch of a broom more plaster falls from the rotten walls, or water but serves to swell the rotten floors and socks down deeper with multitudes of disage bearing germe? Cleanliness?

Hygeia, the goddess of health, would fly in terror from such places. There is thick semi-liquid mud in the streets on the roads and pathways, there is dirt in the air; when the weather is dry there is dust of the roadways and dust from the garbage floating in the air, and at night when the busy stir has ceased there is the rotary broom to send it whirling into the air to fill the bedrooms of sleeping thousands. Who was the fool who first ordered out the rotaries at night? A woman might slave her soul away, wear her knees to the bone, and tear the last shred of flesh from her fingers trying to keep those staircases clean; and still have her toil in vain. Think of what it is to go on your knees to clean so filthy a thing, where the boots of fifty have tramped up and down for a week coated with the pestiferous muck of streets and laneways, and in every corner men have spit from chewing tobacco or a choking. consumptive throat. Think of that ye devotees of cleanliness.

There is one thing to win cleanliness, permanent cleanliness. That is the way London won free from the vile plague, smitten hovels of her past, when every home had belched out her dead and every home bore the flourishing bacilli colonies of plague. That way is by way of Fire. Burn it en masse. From canal to canal, from east to west. Burn every reeking alley, every foul court, every great street of high gaunt tenements; every fever pit and plague spot. Then shall Dublin be free from the evil heritage of the past.

Correspondence.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." Dear Comrade,—

In these days of madness when those whom some workers have looked to as leaders sent from Heaven have gone war mad, it cheers the heart of a rebel first and last to see that the mists have not obscured your vision and ideal of the better time a-coming. Let me state at the outset that like all those who were ses Concern is ruled and controlled by born in England, I cannot know how you Irishmen love Ireland, but I do know and understand what it means to set out to reach an ideal, and to let nothing stand in the pathway of that purpose, so that will compensate for my not being Irish, yet still can extend the hand of comradeship to you Irish fighters in these dark days.

The whole of the Capitalist Press in this country is going like wildfire in order to get more targets—aye, and they are being helped in their purpose by the same treacherous Labour Party that sold you men in Dublin only a year Surely, Comrades of the Irish ago. working class, you see now where all the so-called love of the people lies. These foul creatures who have lived and battened on us, blind English workers, are not worthy of the name of men. But 'twas ever thus remove a man from the workers and the workshop, give him a soft job, a big house and a better wage than you have, and in due time it shall bear fruit that will not succour you and vours. In this hour of trial, when you stand to win for Ireland the land that robbers have taken from you, let nothing, not even death, stand in your way. Stand shoulder to shoulder as one man against them who have lived and grown fat on your misery and exploitation, and when the historian of the future takes up his pen to write of the only class that matters, the working class, your name shall have a place that is not given to them who, in their country's need, turned and tunked the fight for Ireland's freedom.

Accept this short epistle, my Irish comrades, who have not hauled the Red Flag of Liberty down in the dark and treacherous days of 1914.

Good luck to the boys. Yours for the Social Revolution,

Will Lawther.

Labour and the War.

To the Editor "Irish Worker:"

Dear Sir-I agree fully with the wellreasoned letter by "Shellback" in your last edition, and admire your action in printing it, though it differs from the Editor's opinion. There is nothing like letting both sides of a question be heard and let your readers draw their own conclusions. The trouble is, so many people and so many newspapers hear only one side of a question and get fossilised in it. In all things we must aim at having a proper sense of proportion. In most wars it often happens that both sides are partly to blame. Very seldom all the fault is on one side. There is little to choose between the civilisation of Servia and Austria on the one hand, and Russia and Germany on the other The ruthless invasion of

Belgium by Germany was nothing worse than the way the Belgians treated the poor natives in the Congo recently. In the present war, however, I consider the German Kaiser the arch-fiend. Imperfect and all as English rule may be, it is certainly better than the cast-iron rule of Germany. For that reason my sympathy leans with the Allies. We see again the churches (generally speaking) playing at their usual hypocritical, hobnobbing, flunkeying, anti-Christian game with the powers that be in the present crisis. God, however, will bring good out of evil; nothing great was ever gained without sacrifice. This war will pave the way for the confederation of nations on democratic lines and blot out for ever such excrescences as Kaisers, Czars, Emperors and Kings anp others not elected by the people.

P.S.-We must cultivate the international spirit. The world is my country, to do good my religion.

September 3rd, 1914. DEAR JOHN,-Tell Jim I am in Naas, and when we arrived we got no food nor won't till 8 30 on Friday morning, and then we get one dry loaf and bowl of tea between two-that does our breakfast and tea. For dinner we get one potato and bit of meat. We get no money while we are here, We have to sleep on the bare boards with one blanket over us. or if no room there, we sleep in the Square. Tell Jim to put this in the "Worker" as I can prove it, so can some others. Will send all the news I can get. Tell Mrs. N- I was asking for her. I hope you are well.—Yours

Private Mick Win,

Dublin Fusiliers.

8th September, 1914 Dear sir-In your issue of the 5th inst. you state that the crew of the W. M. Barclay were all Orangemen from Belfast. Do not be surprised. Guinnes-Orangemen and ex-Militia Captains. I notice that the Patriot, a New Managing Director (Colonel H. Remey Tailyour) is afraid of the Germans, because he will not go on active service. When you get to the land of the Stars and Stripes tell the people there what Guinness's concern is like with the Malthouse, Brewhouse, and Cooperage Department. The New Managing Director is working the Concern now with less men including builders' labourers. No Red Hand men need

Yours truly, Black Malt.

Tralee Topics.

(Specially Contributed).

The few copies of the "Irish Worker" on sale in Tralee last week were eagerly sought for and quickly snapped up. Many were disappointed, but let us hope there will be sufficient in future to supply all comers.

Its fine, self-reliant, vigorous and manly tone will infuse more backbone into the local "knights of labour" and make them realise that in themselves lies their own salvation—that it is only by brotherhood and unity can they gain their ends and save themselves from the rapacious maw of the wide-awake capitalist whose riches are made out of their sweat and labour. If there is one place more than another

where the workers are badly treated, surely it is Tralee. What think you of 18s. a week for printers (compositors)? Why, even the local carters and labourers get that wage, while the Corporation scavengers receive £1 weekly. This is a matter to which the Typographical Society must devote its energies. I am glad to know a branch has been started in Tralee, and I hope to see every local printer within its fold, so that their starvation wage may be speedily brought up to the standard.

I would suggest that the Tralee Trades Council (recently formed) look into this question. They have their work cut out for them, as there are many trying cases in other trades also.

There are semi-skilled workers (men) earning only 15s, a week, with long hours and hard work thrown in, and if they go to mass on a Catholic holiday their already low wages will be lower still the week in which the holiday falls. Fancy getting 15s a week, paying 3s. or so for a house, which in many instances is insanitary, keeping a wife and five or six children on the balance, 12s. a week, more especially now since food-stuffs are obtainable only at inflated war prices! And all this while the employers who are subscribing to send unfortunate workers to fight for England's empire tell us that till the war broke out all classes had been living in peace in Tralee! Peace-perfect peace-for the employer, but for the worker -- ?

Well, speaking of war, we workers have suffered untold tortures under English rule, and if German invasion would mean even a slight betterment we should gladly welcome it.

There are many more matters of which I fain would write, but as space is valuable I must only hold over until next

In the meantime, to Tralee readers I would say, "push the sale of the 'frish Worker' and make it known to every worker in Tralee.'

THE MALL.

A WARKING.

England at last is at war with a European Power, an inevitable result of the mad race in armament production, and her War Minister is making frantic appeals and holding out alluring inducements for young stalwart men to join the army, all in the interest of English capitalism.

Kitchener, "hero' of Khartoum, has only accepted Secretary of State for War on the condition that the Cabinet agreed to sanction a policy with Conscription as its goal. To this object the Press has begun to prepare the public mind. The present 100,000 instalment of re-

cruits are to be drilled for six months and sent to the front, and so on, addition after addition is to be made up until 500.000 have been trained. Kitchener makes it quite clear if the present voluntary system is not sufficient, compulsion will have to be applied. Hence we may prepare for Conscription in some shape or form; and we need not expect that England will confine her Conscription Act to herself as she does her social legislation, ie., the "Medical Benefits" but will look to this country to levy a quato of Concripts. How are we prepared to resist this fiendish design of putting arms in our hands and sending us to fight the battles of the only country who has degraded us in the dust? How are we to resist being sent out to destroy cultured Germany in the interest of Downing street and Russian Czarism? We are not prepared at all. We have not yet realised the danger. We are to be taken un-

To look to the majority of the Volunteers to avert the crime and calamity, we are afraid is useless, led and directed as they are by half-pay officers of the English army receiving the plaudits of the English landlord garrison in this country. "They are to hold Ireland secure for England until she is over her present crisis and has time to devote to the scientific mutilation of the country" by giving Carson his demand—the cutting off of Ulster-which will put up an almost insurmountable barrier to the unity and advancement of the North and South. The breaking down of the religious and political barriers entaus sumcient work without having it butressed by a Governmental one. This cave in to Carson is the Remondite

position in which so many Volunteers have acquiesced, to which Carson has answered he is prepared to recognise a political truce; which means when European peace is restored he will return to his former position of ferocious adamant antagonism to the National demand, backed up by the power of the ballot box. which is much more persuasive than John E's ballot box. Thus, Redmond's cra. 1 before the English Government will avail nothing except proclaim him a coward in the eyes of the world. And his cringe to Carson will be spurned with all the repulsive feeling one has when some loathsome creature touches you. Better have fought like a man standing, as all true men of Ireland have stood by the time-honoured principle of "England's need being Ireland's opportunity." Therefore in the immediate and ulti-

mate future the people of Ireland have two problems to face, and we say with matured conviction the only effective way to face them is to arm. To resist and fight against empressment by England were a laudable thing; to avenge all the crimes which her Press is alleging against the German soldiers, but which she carried out in this country, is a duty to those who have gone before us; to resist her in robbing us and to prevent her abbetors the conservative (not in a political sense) farmers from exporting the produce of the country, which will be badly needed by the people if this war should continue, were a salutary and self-preserving act. This will be the lot of Ireland. Her remedy alone is in being ready and armed to resist and by taking advantage of the dire distress of her oppressor, set up a Provisional Government in Dublin and confiscate the foodstuff of the country in the name of the people of Ireland.

To an armed and educated people the present moment would be a propitious one, and Ireland again might have been a leading light to struggling subject

nationalities. Let us hope the attempt to levy Conscription will fire a magazine not alone in Ireland, but India and Egypt, which shall blow the hated Empire to fragments and for ever put a stop to Downing street intriguing which has invaded nationality and neutrality; perpetrated vandalism and butchery on the sensitive people of India and Egypt, all in the interest of profit, besides bathing many another country in the blood of its

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