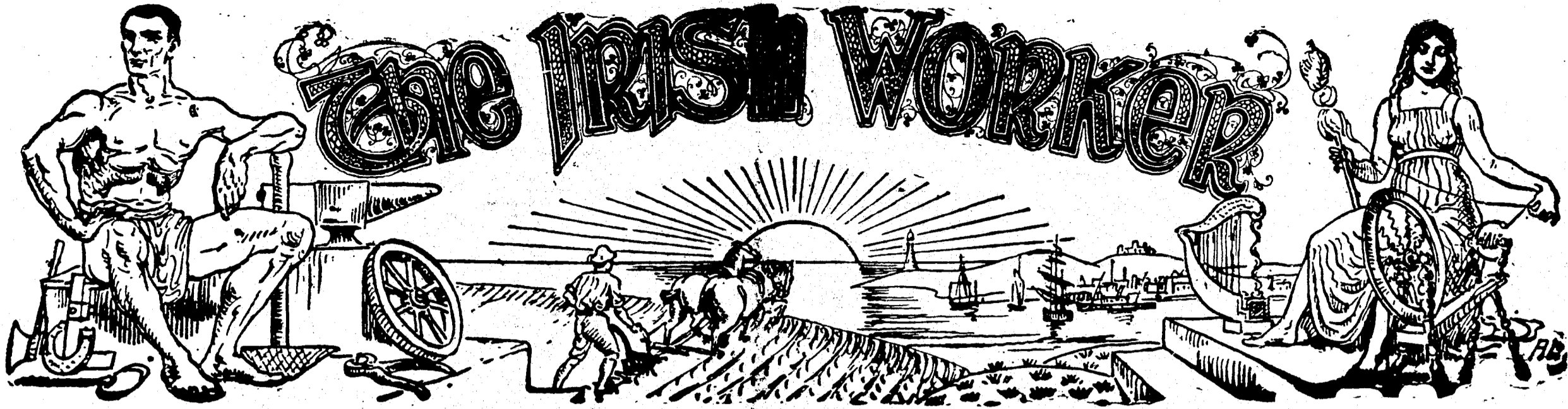


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland." James Finlay Laker.

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 12th, 1914.

ONE PENNY.]

What of the Future?

By FRED BOWER.

The past years have been strenuous 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. In 1915 to see a recurrence of strikes and bloody Sundays, mounted police and convoys? As a worker, a Socialist, and trade unionist I may say at the outset I am biased. An unbiased man is a nonentity, a misnomer, and a freak. Willy-nilly, a man's views must be tempered by the way he 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 succeeding years has been acted on and reacted on by strikes and lock-outs, 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 and his mates. He knows the shoe pinches because he feels it. For a theologian or college professor to "condescend" to talk to him of his "duty" is to him a sheer farce. He knows his duty better than they can tell him.

The common workman has had a belly full of humanity, of that condescension towards "our betters" that kept our grandfathers thralled. A nobler idea of whom "our betters" are, has seized upon the imagination of the wage-slaves of to-day. 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 him, but against the forces of nature: Now, it may be taken as an axiom that "nothing is settled, till it is settled right."

Is anyone as foolish as to think the railway men, the miner, 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 robbed, legally or illegally, of one pound per week, the return of one shilling or 10/11 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 workmen 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 sect's conference last year the cry went up, "Why don't the workmen come to the churches?"

And but blind theologians think because 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 section, small in number, of his flesh and blood prototypes, claim as their own this land, who through the cupi-

dity of their ancestors or the stupidity 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 is 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 Justice.

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 Psalm-singing, Lectures and Leaflets. Charity nor Courage, will stop 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."

Dublin Trades Council.

The fortnightly meeting of the Dublin Trades Council was held on Monday evening, Mr. William O'Brien, and subsequently Mr. P. T. Daly, in the chair.

Correspondence submitted included letters from the Local Government Board, Amalgamated Society of Dyers and Bleachers, Drapers' Assistants' Association, and Messrs. Arnott & Co. A communication was also read from Mr. E. A. Aston, Local Secretary National Relief Fund, requesting the Council to endorse the collection for the Fund, but no action was taken.

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.

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

he did not think this was desirable as the 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 call 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 occasion."

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. Metcalfe, 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 Mountjoy 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 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 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 retained 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 of 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 did not realise what they owed to the spreading of the knowledge of Co-operation and its value to working classes. Each one ought to constitute himself a sort of itinerant missionary 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 anticipated that the presence of hostile air craft hovering 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 quite 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 engines 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 ago the Dublin 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 "Zeppelins" 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 Zeppelins 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 adapted 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 cabins which house the tremendous engines and the crew. There are more cabins than one, and these cabins are so constructed that they can shift the centre of gravity of the whole machine and so tilt its nose up or down for lifting or depressing purposes.

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 aeroplane 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 necessities laid down in trench making was "invisibility." It is significant of the success of the aeroplane scout that the possibility of an invisible trench 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 demonstrated. It is significant that the air-craft have not yet attacked either feet. This merely bears out the opinions of Gen. von Bernhardi, the German general,

OLD SONGS FOR NEW TIMES.

"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 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 Field Notes, published in 1882, are amongst the most spirited of rebel poetry.—C. Ua S.]

Now, are you man 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 orange 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 swoop— They come, the coronated ghoul, with drumbeat 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 caiffit rout, that shirk the struggle now— The light that crowns yr ur 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 eat 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 halper 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 Motherland?—'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.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

NEAREST AND BEST FOR THE WORKING MAN.



Northern Notes.

The Campaign. The second meeting of Feed the Children campaign was held at Alma street, Falls road, last week.

This Won't Do. Last week Mr. Devlin questioned Mr. Lloyd George about a Homestead Act, but the Chancellor's reply was unsatisfactory.

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.

But There Were None! On Sunday last, two plain clothes clerks took up their stand outside each Catholic church in the city.

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 frantic appeals are being made in the Catholic quarters to get men to enlist.

Twinem Brothers. The Workingman's Beverage. TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce. The Workingman's Relief. Factory—86 S.C. Road, and 31 Lower Clanbrassill Street. Phone 2658.

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGHS, of Bishop St. 571th BARR.

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 recruiting advertisement.

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.

We had an id-a that the Labour Exchange in Wexford was an institution for negotiating jobs for workmen and for administering benefits under Part II. of the Insurance Act.

Speaking of scabs, we understand that Tracy, Pierce's scab smith, was nearly shooting a few youngsters in Mary-street 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.

Phil Keating, we understand, is getting 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).

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.

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.

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 sections.

A huge crowd attended the Inchicore meeting summoned by Councillor Partridge. It was in all respects a great success, and should go a long way towards putting the Inchicore branch upon a sound footing.

Inchicore Items.

At 4.30 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.

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 anxious 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 refusing to meddle in the affairs of other people. Too long have we laboured for others with no pay but empty praise.

The Emmet Dance Class is about to open for the coming season, and those desiring to join are invited to write or call and see the secretary at the Hall any evening after six o'clock.

The Emmet band, under the able direction of Mr. Mallin, is progressing very favourably. Some vacancies exist for young men who are willing to study music and anxious to become musicians.

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 land,

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 hail

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 lust

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.

Ally 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.

"Any use?"—Councillor Higgins.

"'Twas the 'Alderman' that did it!"—George Gualph.

"Suggest investment of quid in Summer-hill Picture Palace"—Briscoe.

"From Bullet to Ballot. Now you can see Counsel at the Revision!"—Michael Mullan.

"Speculate ten bob each way on Bill Richardson for North Dock Stakes in January"—Sherlock.

"Now then, young man there"—Bottomley.

"Notice you are useful with 'Bullets.' Could do with you at the front!"—Kitchener.

"Don't bother about Princes of Wales Fund. Send potnd on here. Have made you president!"—Hearts F.C.

Alderman Byrne wishes to have it made known that the "Bullets" which secured him the prize was not a 'Verdon Bar'—Magin's 'Edgemoor'—Briscoe.

Bottomley's charge will shortly be on view in the window of the Talbot street saloon.

The Failure of Relief.

A "Times" 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 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 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. For instance we believe that the "State" should know whether or no 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 systematic 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-of-work girls and women to do the visiting. In fact relieve some of the distress by paying some of the victims to seek out others.

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 so glib 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 Gentle Rothschild, 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 Crosbie, specially invited (under Military Ballot Act), to be recruited for Ireland by the Friendly Liberal Government with the aid of Unionist County and Deputy Lieutenants.

Soft hearted, British-loving Irish dupes willing and anxious to take the Saxon Shilling should apply at the City Hall, Cork on Wednesday Night, September 2nd (Anniversary of the Execution of Robert Emmet by the British), to the Chief Recruiting Sergeants for Rebel Cork (R.I.P.) William O'Brien, M.P., and Maurice Healy, M.P.

God Save King Billy & the Bantay 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 speedier with the rifle than a Moscow merchant; that a machine gun manned by Heidelberg 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 outmatch 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 help—that the hell shall be hotter in innocent Ardenne than it is in equally innocent Hesse; that it shall be hotter in innocent Kevo 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 Hohenzollern, 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 less.

The pietistic Emperor of Austria commends his subjects to God, to seek Divine assistance to crush the peasants of Serbia, 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, artisans 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 shall not give grace to 100 square miles of broken bodies.

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

It is the twilight of the kings. The republic marches east in Europe.—Chicago Tribune.

Daily Herald League.

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

Dear Sir—I shall be glad if you would 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 Herald 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 Movement in Dublin during the past twelve months has been very gratifying. The Dublin Industrial Society has more than doubled its membership in that time and in every day adding to its power and influence for good. The Builders' Co-operative Society is also making steady progress in its propaganda amongst the building 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 workers where dinners can be eaten on the premises or taken away to the home, 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 September, in the Council Room, Trades Hall, Capel street, at 8 o'clock, when Mr. George Russell ("A.E."), Miss Louie Bennett (Irish Women's Reform League), Mr. R. J. P. Mortimer (Dublin Industrial Co-operative Society), Mr. Wm. O'Brien (President 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 Irish Women's Reform League, 29 St. Ann's Street; Liberty Hall, Fawcett Place, or the Trades Hall, Capel 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 Ailceach '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, An O'Connell Dub.

CITIZEN ARMY TOURNAMENT

Croydon Park, SUNDAY, 27th SEPT.

Night Assault upon a Fortified Position by Citizen Army. Aeroplane Demonstration against Croydon Park. Illuminated Display of Physical Drill. Trooping the Colours. March Past with Fintan Lalor Pipers.

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