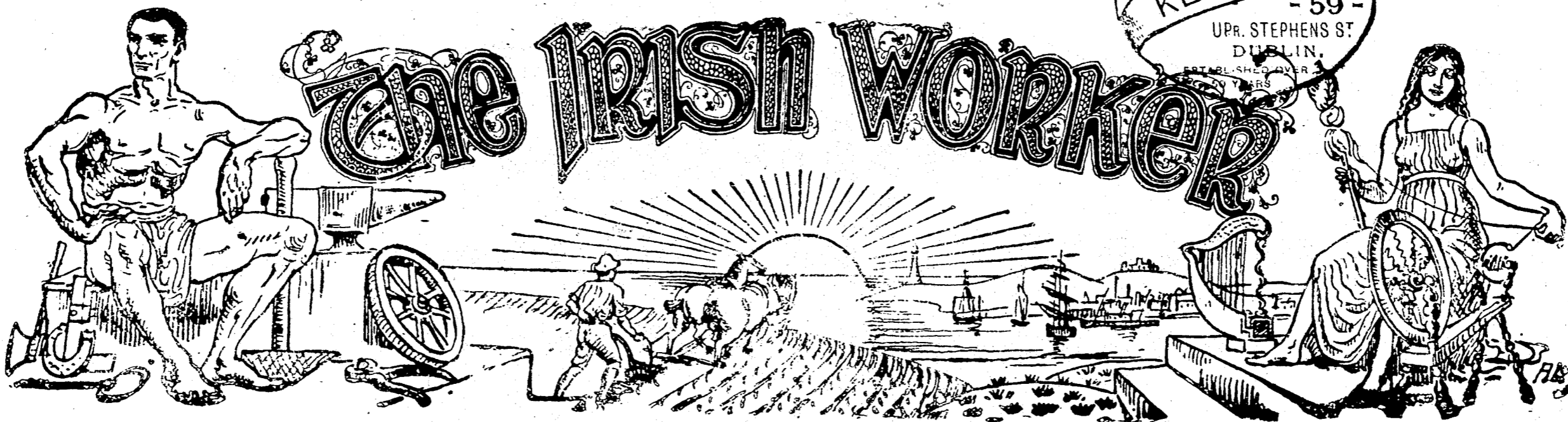


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like yours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers. As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon wave Must our Cause be won!



ALL LABOUR PAPERS & PAMPHLETS TO BE HAD AT KEARNEYS -59- UPR. STEPHENS ST. DUBLIN.

"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.

No. 26 Vol. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, NOV. 7th, 1914.

[ONE PENNY.]

WE SERVE NEITHER KING NOR KAISER.

What Africanders Owe the Empire.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

Perhaps the worst blow sustained by the British since during this war has been the revolt in South Africa. It was a blow not only to the military arrangements of the Allies, but a blow even more telling to that impalpable, but nevertheless highly important thing which cement together the policies of British Imperialism and British prestige.

Some of us doubted the story. Some of us wondered whether it was really possible for a nation in eleven or twelve years to so completely forget and forgive the destruction of all that had held sacred and to become in the same space of time an active accomplice in inflicting upon another people horrors such as it had suffered under so recently.

Ireland had not forgotten in 700 years. Could the Boers forget and forgive in a dozen? The revolt of De Wet has answered that question, as it is now clear De La Rey would have answered it had an English bullet not "accidentally" taken him on before his plans were matured.

Will they succeed? We know not. But we do know that with England at peace with all the world it strained all her resources to conquer the Boers, that she had to send against them a quarter of a million of men, and that now that her entire naval and military forces are engaged with the most formidable enemy England has ever encountered the chance for the British Empire becoming a reality looks more feasible than ever.

All Ireland Botha could not employ against the Boers now in revolt those tactics which the British so ruthlessly employed against him. Hence he is now made a skilful general who is faced with a situation entirely new proposition of a country where the enemy have the sympathy of a large portion of the population, and where the same population look upon him, General Botha, as one who has fallen by the wayside and is to be buried in his own people.

All Ireland Botha is striving to work up for General Botha will perhaps be as useful to him as the appreciation of John E. Redmond is to that gentleman in his campaign for recruits.

What is it that we are asked to believe the Boers have so readily forgot and forgiven? We have mentioned the Concentration Camps. What were they? After the fall of Pretoria and Bloemfontein, the capitals respectively of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State, the British forces found to their surprise that the Boer army still kept the field. The British soldiers outnumbered the Boers

by at least ten to one, but found that despite their numbers they were powerless against the enemy, and that the entire country was still Boer. British authority extended no further than the ground actually occupied by the British army.

In this extremity the gallant British Generals bethought them of a "brilliant move." They would make war upon the women and children. So orders were issued for the erection of huge concentration camps by the military and for the compulsory arrest and detention in them of all Boer women and children. Never in all history was such a razzia made. Everything was destroyed in the Boer farms, the furniture, and buildings were burned, the cattle and sheep slaughtered, and the food wantonly given over to senseless waste.

When the Boer women tried to escape they were hunted down and fired upon. General De Wet in his book, "Three Years' War," tells of seeing the British fire with rifle and cannon upon a laager containing only women, children and decrepit old men. He says:

"Proclamations were issued by Lord Roberts prescribing that any building within ten miles of the railway where the Boers had blown up or broken up the railway line, should be burnt down. This was also carried out, but not only within the specified radius, but also everywhere throughout the State. Everywhere houses were burnt down or destroyed with dynamite. And, worse still, the furniture, such as the grain were burnt, and the sheep, cattle and horses were carried off. Nor was it long before horses were shot down in heaps, and the sheep killed in thousands by the Kaffirs and the National Scouts, or run through by the troops with their bayonets. The devastation became worse and worse from day to day. And the Boer women—did they lose courage with this before their eyes?"

Any one knows that in war crimes more heinous than murder can take place, but that direct and unadvised murder should have been committed against defenceless women and children is a thing which I should have regarded as a war crime which never happened in a war waged by the civilised English Empire. And yet it happened. Laagers containing no one but women and children and decrepit old men were fired upon with cannon and rifles in order to compel them to stop. I could append here hundreds of declarations in proof of what I say."

The result of the concentration of the Boer women and children under the horrible conditions of these camps was that the enormous number of 20,000 (twenty thousand) women and children died of disease before the war was over whilst under the protecting care of the soldiers of Mother England. A clergyman, Rev. J. D. Kestell, chaplain to President Steyn, in his book "Through Shot and Flame," gives this picture as an eye witness of the frantic efforts of the Boer women to escape from the loathsome clutches of Kitchener's army.

"Some of these Transvaal women had been trekking about for a year, and, as may be expected, presented a very worn appearance. . . . Whatever I had gone through in night marches during this war, this night added what I had not experienced before. This was the most miserable of all accounts of the presence of weak women and tender babies. If anyone wishes to witness real misery let him go to a large woman's laager. In this laager were girls who rode on horse-back all through the night. . . . I saw a little maiden take the reins and lead the team of oxen before the waggon. And then the poor little child! They moaned and cried at the bitter cold of the winter nights—poor mites in their linen or cotton garments. Boys of ten and twelve had to drive on the cattle.

"Then my soul rose up with indignation at the merciless force that had caused such scenes of misery, that expelled babies to the long winter nights, and drove women who refused to be captured into the wilderness. The Basutos in our war with them robbed our cattle, burnt our houses, and killed our men, but they left our women and children unmolested. It was left for the British Empire, at the height of its power, its civilisation, and its enlightenment, to make war upon women and children."

THE ONE BRIGHT SPOT!



ASQUITH: Like all Scabs, Redmond, you are a failure from a business standpoint.

These were some of the things the Africanders were supposed to have forgotten. For the power that conceived and ordered this hellish scheme the Africanders were ordered out to fight under a species of conscription. That they have refused to obey this summons is all to their honour; that many of them have once more taken up arms to restore and enlarge the Africander Republic is not to be wondered at. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, M.P., who visited South Africa immediately after the war tells of a Boer woman who, when asked about the future of the Africander race said that when her little boy grew up he would ask after his father and little sisters, and she would tell him that the father had died fighting for freedom, and his little sisters' graves were marked by some of the little crosses which in thousands marked the resting places of the children done to death in the concentration camps.

Perhaps somewhere in the Transvaal that Boer woman's little boy, now grown to manhood, is glancing along the barrel of a Lee-Method or Mauser rifle, and as he presses the trigger is hoping that the bullet he sends on its way will pay off some of the debt he owes to the Empire that robbed him of a father, slew his sisters, and broke his mother's heart.

Into his head, and the head of such as he must be entering continually recollections of stories heard from lips of fathers and mothers describing scenes like this we find in the book of the clergyman we have already quoted:

"Other troops arrived, this time from Platrand Station, Transvaal, following the track of the columns that had already traversed the country. They destroyed over again what had already been destroyed. Large flocks of sheep had been collected everywhere and stabbed to death at different centres, in heaps of thousands upon thousands. In the town of Vrede there was great slaughter, and in order to make it impossible for our people to live there, the dead sheep were carried into the houses and left to rot. . . . The destroyers also frequently drove large herds of young horses or such as were unfit for service into kraals, or crowded them into ditches, and shot them there by tens, fifties, or hundreds, and the air was charged with pestilential odours.

"The troops completely destroyed the houses. Where the stables and waggon houses were not burnt down, the dwelling houses were devoted to the flames; and when these were not burnt down they were so utterly ruined as to become wholly uninhabitable. The floors were broken up, the panes of glass smashed, the sashes and all, the eaves broken to pieces, the door-posts and the window sills torn out. . . . To escape from the troops the women sometimes took refuge in the mountainous parts of the country, in caves and grottos. Often they escaped, but on other occasions the soldiers discovered them in their places of refuge."

In 1902 the gallant English officer Colonel Rimington (all English officers are gallant gentlemen) entered the districts of Bethlehem and Harrismith, in the neighbourhood of Reitz. They visited every farm, and demanded that each woman should tell the whereabouts of the Boers in arms. The scene when the women could not tell them is thus described:

"While the conversation was still going on, she was summarily ordered to carry out her bedding. The soldiers would then with loaded guns and fixed bayonets storm into the house to seek for Boers under the beds and in clothes presses. They then smashed the looking-glasses, so that the Boers should not make heliograph of them. Further, they took everything away they wanted to: sheet-cases to serve as bags for fruit, etc.; pillows, knives and forks, even when these had already been carried out along with the bedding. Pots and pans the housewife might in no case retain; even all the dishes and plates were smashed. Worse still, the woman was robbed of all her food. What the soldiers could not eat, such as flour, was thrown out upon the ground and trodden under foot in the mud and dirt. Bread was never spared; out of the bin, from the table, or hot from the oven, it was taken and not a crumb left behind. If there was any meat in the pot and pan on the fire, then it was carried off, pot and pan and all. And thus the soldiers took the food out of the children's mouths. The mother remained behind with nothing. . . . It often happened that the soldiers broke into a house late at night, and forced their way even into the bedrooms where the women lay in bed, under pretext of hunting for hidden Boers."

Oh no dear reader, this was not in the 18th century; this was done 12 years ago by the British champion of small nationalities.

And lest you think that perhaps the witnesses I have cited may be hot-headed enthusiasts straining a point against British Imperialism, permit me to quote part of the summing-up of the tactics pursued by the British, as set forth at Vereeniging by the representatives of the two Africander nations who signed the peace agreement with Great Britain:

"That the military tactics pursued by the British military authorities has led to the entire ruin of the territory of both the Republics, with burning of farms and towns, destruction of all means of subsistence, and exhaustion of all sources necessary for the support of our families, for the maintenance of our forces in the field, and for the continuation of the war.

"That the placing of our captured families in the concentration camps has led to an unprecedented condition of suffering and disease, so that within a comparatively short time about 20,000 of those dear to us have perished there, and the horrible prospect has arisen that by continuing this war our entire race might be exterminated.

"That the Kaffir tribes within and without the border of the territories of both Republics are almost all armed and take part in the struggle against us, and by perpetrating murders and committing all kinds of horrors, an impossible state of affairs has been brought about in many districts of both Republics, an instance of which took place lately in Vrijheid, where fifty-six burghers were murdered and mutilated in a shocking manner at the same time."

Nations, said John Mitchell, have no future state, therefore their punishment must come in this. The British Empire cannot, it is unthinkable that it could, be punished in proportion to its crimes. No civilized power would inflict upon the people of England what their rulers have inflicted upon other people, and none but a civilized power could conquer England. Therefore, the Africanders cannot exact an eye for an eye nor a tooth for a tooth, nor make the punishment fit the crime. Neither can the Irish.

But if in its extremity England finds that the people whom they have wronged are eager to assist at the destruction of the Empire built up by such wrong doing, who will dare to say that she is not reaping whereof she has sown.

Irish Women Workers' Co-operative Society, Liberty Hall.

The Workers' Own Industry. OWNED AND CONTROLLED BY THE WOMEN WORKERS.

WORKERS!

By supporting this industry you support yourselves. Come and order at once. We make for Children, Women and Men. Delia Larkin, Manageress.

India and the War.

Guiddhall Speech.—Mr. Asquith in his Guiddhall speech welcoming the 70,000 Indian troops called it a "proffered aid." It is a lie. These troops are neither volunteers nor recruits, but a part of the standing army. The people did not even know of the despatch of the troops till they actually left India.

In the same speech he styled Indians as "joint and equal custodians of our (British) common interests and fortunes," and, continuing, said that "the empire is one which knows no distinction of race or caste, where all are alike, and so on." Do the Indians enjoy the same rights and privileges as the English, the Canadians, the Australians, the Boers, or the New Zealanders? Have they got any voice in the administration of their country, representation in Parliament, or even a right to settle in any part of the British Empire as peaceful citizens? They are held as if not slaves in their own country. The English Premier thought he could deceive us by such platitudes characteristic of his race and place. We have too much experience of English hypocrisy to be deluded by the rhetoric of an English politician.

The German Steel.—Every English paper has to say something about the bravery and chivalry of the Indian soldier. Lord Curzon, Lord Curzon, and Lord Lansdowne paid a tribute to the untold antiquity of Indian civilisation, remarkable in arms and in the science of government. Two months ago India had no civilisation, no chivalry, and any form of civilised government was to her an English introduction. According to the English accounts of 1857 an English soldier could kill a dozen or two Indian Sepoys, but now they can meet Germans on equal terms. How powerful is German steel! It could transform even the tone of the Imperialist and the loudest of the English papers.

A Royal Appeal.—The King of England addressed a letter to the Indians. It begins as follows:—"Paramount regard for treaty, faith and the pledged word of rulers and peoples, is the common heritage of England and of India." India's reply is:—"We know from history how far your nation was and has been faithful with regard to the treaties she made and words she pledged. There was not a single treaty your people made with Indian kings which they did not break maliciously. Bad faith is, of course, the secret of your nation's success not only in India, but in some other unhappy lands. Charity begins at home" is a simple axiom we all know. Let us first see that every treaty your nation made with us and every word pledged, respected, and fulfilled. Then we shall consider your appeal."

Lord Curzon and Civilisation.—The worst type of the Anglo-Indian is to be found in the person of Lord Curzon. He had passed such remarks about India and its people that he had incurred the contempt of even the loathsome loyalist C. I. E. or K. C. I. E. At a recruiting meeting at Hull, he said that the East

was sending out a civilised soldiery to save Europe from the modern Huns. If Indian soldiers are better civilised than the German, one wonders how much more must they be so than those of the English, who are the most immoral creatures on the face of the earth.

Justice, Uprightness, etc.—Addressing a recruiting meeting at Glasgow, the same Imperialist said that Indian troops were coming because the British in India stood for justice, uprightiness, good government, mercy and truth. Is it justice and good government prohibits freedom of Press, freedom of speech, and free use of arms? Is it the good British Government which imprisons, deports, and even executes the children of the soil for the simple reason they cannot drink to the health of England? Is it uprightiness that induces the British to maliciously break treaty obligations and to make every independent king in India a vassal? Is it the British mercy that killed national institutions, destroyed industries, created a never-ending famine which carries off millions of people every year?

If Germany Ruled India?—The English politician and his obedient servant the holder of A.B.C.D. titles tells us that if the British Rule is overthrown, we shall have to be subject to the "rule of the German Jack boot." It is not a divine ordinance that India should always be ruled by a foreigner, and if one is turned out another should come in. If India can get rid of the foreign yoke she can maintain her independence against a world of enemies.

A Criticism.—General Von Bernhardi is criticised bitterly by the English Press for his prophecy of a revolution in India when England is at war. The Press is intentionally mistaken, for Bernhardi only said that in the event of Turkey taking sides with Germany the Mahomedans in India will join the Hindus in a general revolt. As a matter of fact, Turkey has not yet abandoned her neutrality, and, according to him, India at this stage of affairs cannot have her opportunity for a united action. The Press will do well to hold up its criticism for the present, and wait and see till the appointed time.

Loyalty and Patriotism.—Addressing a meeting of the Orangemen in Belfast, Mr. Bonar Law said that the outbreak of war was a signal for an outbreak of "Loyalty" to the Empire and patriotism to the Empire of which the English have more reason to be proud even than of the "Conquest" of India itself. Evidently the Leader of the Opposition misunderstood the expressions loyalty and patriotism. For an Englishman or a German to be loyal is to be patriotic and vice versa. But in a dependent country like India, where the interests of the rulers and the ruled are diametrically opposite, a man cannot both be a patriot and a loyalist. To be loyal is to rob, plunder, and murder the people of the country, to be patriotic is to do the opposite. So the outbreak of war must be a signal either for an outbreak of loyalty or patriotism, but not both. Again, Mr. Law chose to call the British occupation of India a conquest, perhaps not willingly; it was quite possible for an English Leader of the opposition to be ignorant of the history of India.

The Indian Students' Volunteer Corps in London are learning cooking, boot-polishing, scavengery, and such other work. Their leader, Mr. Gaudhi, once a sensible man with strong Indian feeling, now preaches "duty" to the British Empire, while admitting at the same time the treachery and bad faith of English people. Long separation from mother country, poor health, and, above all, age, perverted his reasoning faculties so much so that many take him for a lunatic. Most of the members of the committee are not Indians, at least not thoroughbred, but Indo-Persian, Indo-English, pro-English, naturalised English, and semi-English.

Aga Khan the Priest.—Much romance is exhibited by the English Press as to the person of Aga Khan. In the Press he is made an "Eastern Potentate," and his dwelling a "palace," but, as a matter of fact, he is a Mahomedan priest. At times he is a Persian. He has neither interest nor name either in India or Persia. Little though his influence be in the Mahomedan community in India, he is very useful to the Government in assisting in its policy of "divide and rule." Hence his titles, estates, and royal luncheons. He tries to convince the Indian Moslems that "Germany is the most dangerous enemy of Turkey and other Moslem countries," admitting, though he does not believe in its sincerity, that "Germany has been passing for years past as a sort of protector of Islam." The history of the Balkan War, the Anglo-Russian policy in Persia, and the English policy in Egypt and Arabia are too fresh in the memory of the Indian Moslem to need a repetition. He can decide for himself whether Germany or England has been and is the real enemy of Islam.

Rogery.—It has always been the policy of the Times to paint Indian people and their institutions in the blackest colours the meanest Anglo-Indian could provide her with. Now she proposes some "Concessions," perhaps, when she says "it will be our part, when we have settled our affairs with Germany, to see to it that as years pass she (India) takes an ampler place in the Councils of the Empire."

This kind of writing is more insulting to us than any of her foulest estimate of us, for we can understand the enemy, but not the blackguard. This writing is endorsed by another hypocrite, the Daily News, and both of them are praised for their "sincerity" and "goodwill" towards us by India, edited by the son of an Anglo-Indian pensioner. It is not strange that one can surpass another in roguery.

India's Aspirations.—An Anglo-Indian paper is pleased to differ from another Anglo-Indian paper which complained that "the British are treating the war as a means of meeting the aspirations of Indian people." When two sanyasins meet we know the result, but we do not know the result when two rogues meet. The aspiration of the people of India is plainly to get complete independence. If the British really mean "treating the war as a means of meeting the aspirations of the Indian people" they cannot do better than packing off, bag and baggage to their own country.

Sir Valentine Chirol publishes a letter on the "Empire and the War," in which he gives out the aspirations of the Indian Nationalist in the following words:—"Under the British Raj, there is nothing to forbid the most fervid Indian Nationalist from dreaming of an ideal future in which India might take her place as a self-governing dominion amongst the States of the British Empire, however incalculably distant that goal may look to the more practical eye of the Englishman." The noble Sir has hopelessly mistaken or misunderstood the Indian Nationalist. For a true knowledge of the subject he will do well to refer to the speeches and doings of the noble sons of Bharatavarsha, who have suffered imprisonment, torture, exile, and martyrdom for the cause of their Motherland.

VAUDE MATHARUM.

NOTICE.

Until the return of Jim Larkin the editorial control of the "Irish Worker" is in the hands of James Connolly. All literary matter should be addressed to Editor, "Irish Worker," and reach our office not later than Tuesday of each week.

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

The Irish Worker

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER is published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 2431. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Nov. 7th, 1914.

Shall the Children Starve?

DAY by day evidence accumulates of the bias shown against this country by the present British Government, and also of the tame cowardice with which our public representatives tolerate the practical consequences of that bias. The latest as well as the meanest that comes to hand is furnished by the pitiful and shameful attitude of the Dublin Corporation and its Committee towards the Feeding of Necessitous School Children.

As everyone knows there is in operation in England an Act which empowers the public authorities in each school area to levy rates for the purpose of feeding children attending school. This Act was the result of a long agitation which eventually succeeded in teaching the British public that the duty of the Government to ensure the education of its future citizens also involved the duty of seeing that they were in a fit physical condition to benefit mentally by the teaching given. That in short it is impossible to educate a child whilst its stomach is crying aloud for food. Impossible and a refinement of torture. Hence these agitators taught that education must proceed upon the basis of a satisfied stomach, and that the child had a right to be fed as well as to be educated. When they were told that this would pauperise the children these agitators answered that the children of the poor workers were in no more danger of losing their moral stamina by being fed at public expense than were the children of royal idlers, all of whom live at the expense of the public from the cradle to the grave. And when they were met with the argument (?) that to feed the child would encourage the worthless and vicious parent, the agitators answered that it was not right to punish the innocent child for the crimes of its parents. The mere fact of such parentage was punishment and handicap enough; we have no right to add the torture of hunger.

As a result of this agitation England now enjoys an Act by virtue of which all English children are fed at school, not as a charity, but as a right. Hence in England the child does not suffer so acutely, even when the bread winner of the family is unemployed. Even during holidays the children by going to the school building can get a good meal once a day, as a right.

Ireland was left out of this Act by the direct wish of the Parliamentary Party. Other agencies in Ireland, the I.L.P., the Inghidhe na h-Eireann—the Trades Council, the Trades Congress and many unaffiliated individuals took the matter up, and as a result of a long continued agitation compelled the Government and the Irish Party to consent to its enactment for Ireland. But incapable as they are of acting towards Ireland in any manner savouring of fair dealing the Act, when applied to Ireland, was hedged around with all the restrictions which had already been found to be unworkable and prejudicial to its success in England. Thus the Corporation cannot strike a rate of more than one-halfpenny in the pound for the purpose, no matter how great may be the need, nor how many little Irish stomachs may be lingering for food. The application of the Act is also left an open question. So we have now in Dublin a Committee appointed to look after this Act from which the Trades Council and all the bodies who worked for the Act are excluded, and the working of the Act is left in the hands of men who are resolved that it shall not be put in operation. The children of the Irish workers are to be defrauded of the benefits which are given generally on an ample scale to "happy English children."

It is our business as workers to strain every nerve to defeat this conspiracy against the welfare of Irish children. We must arouse the public mind to the iniquity being perpetrated. Every day orphans are being made by this accursed war, and these poor ones must be fed at school, as the niggardly English Government robs the family of its allowance as soon as the father has fallen fighting for England. Every day the wave of unemployment spreads, every day the loyal employers cut down wages on one pretext or another. Destitution is all around us—destitution caused by the greed and incompetence of the employing and governing classes. We must meet that destitution by wise and careful public provision against it. The provision of meals for the children at school is one of the easiest as well as the most far-reaching measures to our hand. Let us demand that it be applied at once or

As well might it be said that as all the Irish Home Rule M.P.'s, and all the Irish daily press have gone jingo it proves that Irish nationalism is a humbug and a fraud. The facts about the English Socialists are, too little is known in connection with the war. How many know that the biggest and most influential Socialist body in Great Britain—the Independent Labour Party—is solidly against the war, and carries on an active campaign against it all the time? Their organs in the weekly Press, the "Labour Leader" and the "Forward" of Glasgow, as well as about a dozen local papers controlled by the Party or run in the Party interest have done giants' work against the war, and are as unyielding as ever. Be it remembered also that to take up and maintain such an attitude requires much more physical and moral courage for English organisations and editors than is required by anyone in Ireland. At least a thousands times more than is required for the writer of an anonymous attack upon them.

We observe that owing to the general drunkenness and immorality of the British soldier in Dublin, as testified to by the Solicitor-General and the Chief Commissioner of Police, there is to be a restriction of the hours for the sale of intoxicating drinks. It is surely forgotten that these soldiers are the agents of civilisation against the Germans. Thus there are two great disasters to record this week, viz—the closing of the North Sea, and the closing of Dublin public houses. Another sweet gift to which we are indebted to the Army for is indicated in the following notice of the Irish Women's Franchise League.—

IRISH WOMEN'S FRANCHISE LEAGUE.—Next Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8 p.m. in Westmoreland Chambers, an interesting discussion will take place on the "State Regulation of Vice," in connection with the proposed revival, for the sake of the soldiers in training, of the notorious C.P. Acts. Mrs. Conery will be the principal speaker, and will put the case against the Acts. Other speakers will deal with the opposite view. All those interested are invited to attend and bring their friend.

Let us call upon the workers of Dublin to keep their children from school until Irish boys and girls are given the same rights as those of Great Britain.

FEEDING OF SCHOOL CHILDREN. Under the auspices of the Dublin Trades Council, a Conference will be held at the Trades Hall, Capel st., on Monday, at 8 p.m., of all bodies interested in enforcing the proper application of this Act. Do not wait for another invitation.

We regret to announce the death of Jack MacNamara, of the Dublin Tinplate and Sheet Metal Workers' Union. The deceased was an old and very respected trades unionist. He acted in the capacity of delegate to the Irish Trades Congress on several occasions. He was an Irish Nationalist of the old school—one of the "Old Guard." To his bereaved relatives we tender our sincere condolences.

We also tender to Mr. P. J. Walsh, a member of the Committee of the Trades Club, and of the Dublin Typographical Society, and to Mrs. Walsh and their relatives our sincere sympathy in their affliction caused by the accidental death of their son, Patrick J. Walsh.

It appears that we have offended somebody. The London "Times" of Saturday, October 31st, had a special leading article demanding our arrest and calling upon Lord Kitchener to take the matter in hand at once; the "Morning Post," of London, also devotes itself to a similar demand that we should be "interned" in case we should hurt the poor, dear, British Empire, and the Dublin "Daily Express" of October 27th printed quite a pitiful wail about the foolishness and iniquity of the pro-Germans who have killed Mr. Redmond's Recruiting campaign.

It is very significant that all those ultra Tory papers are expressing their admiration for Mr. Redmond. The London "Times" has ever been the implacable and unscrupulous enemy of Ireland: loving whatever Ireland hated, hating whatever Ireland loved. That it should now be attempting to protect Mr. Redmond from the displeasure of the Irish people is quite enough to prove the depth to which that gentleman has sunk.

We can assure the "Times" that neither the threat of imprisonment nor imprisonment itself will induce us to condone or excuse the attempt to drag this country at the chariot wheels of the Irish Working Class we are out against all that tends to the degradation or destruction of that class; hence we are against this war and all that this war is intended to preserve.

A writer in "Irish Freedom" this month goes out of his way to make an indirect attack upon the international affiliations of the Irish Labour Movement under cover of an attack upon Carthage (England). The gist of the attack is that as certain English Labour men have gone jingo this proves that all propaganda by Englishmen in favour of internationalism was merely an insidious move to weaken Irish national sentiment.

As well might it be said that as all the Irish Home Rule M.P.'s, and all the Irish daily press have gone jingo it proves that Irish nationalism is a humbug and a fraud.

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We observe that owing to the general drunkenness and immorality of the British soldier in Dublin, as testified to by the Solicitor-General and the Chief Commissioner of Police, there is to be a restriction of the hours for the sale of intoxicating drinks. It is surely forgotten that these soldiers are the agents of civilisation against the Germans.

Thus there are two great disasters to record this week, viz—the closing of the North Sea, and the closing of Dublin public houses. Another sweet gift to which we are indebted to the Army for is indicated in the following notice of the Irish Women's Franchise League.—

IRISH WOMEN'S FRANCHISE LEAGUE.—Next Tuesday, Nov. 10, at 8 p.m. in Westmoreland Chambers, an interesting discussion will take place on the "State Regulation of Vice," in connection with the proposed revival, for the sake of the soldiers in training, of the notorious C.P. Acts. Mrs. Conery will be the principal speaker, and will put the case against the Acts. Other speakers will deal with the opposite view. All those interested are invited to attend and bring their friend.

The Irish servant girls who have been looking forward to their night out in order to meet Tommy Atkins, and the other Irish girls who have honoured that sweet individual with their company will please note the opinion of Tommy held by the agents of the Government. If we owned a dog that deserved that opinion we would poison it.

Talking of disasters, it is freely asserted round Dublin that two British Dreadnoughts have met disaster on our Western coast. One of these—the "Audacious," 22,000 tons, 1913 class—is said to have been sunk, and another, the "Colossus," 1911 class, so badly injured that it had to be beached. It is said that the passengers on the "Olympic" saw the sinking of the "Audacious" and that they were detained for a week in Lough Swilly to prevent them prematurely spreading the news.

As the loyal press would say the Government need not fear to tell us if this sad news is true. We at least could stand it.

"The Recruiters Are Out in Tipperary, Boys."

THE GLEN OF AHERLOW.

I wonder if any of you remember Patrick Sheehan? Charlie Kichham placed me in the Glen. People are told to forget the past, so I must tumble if like poor Charlie I, too, am forgotten. A wild lad, with the heart crushed small in me by the sight of our burning house, and my poor aged parents dying in the snow on the roadside, reckless, hopeless and desperate I wouldn't go to the Poorhouse—I listed. It was the day that I took the shilling. They used me in the army. They praised us when they needed us, but one cold day in the snow-covered trenches I could no longer see, and "a dirty Irish hound" was shipped home and cast aside, useless rubbish. Charlie lived near me and often gave me the good, kind word and helped me when things were darker than usual through want. I told him my sad story, and he began as an anti-recruiter. He worked for Ireland, for no other country but his own, for no people but his own. For payment he didn't get a salary of £400 per year, but he did get penal servitude. For years he lived in hell—yes, hell, that was the word for English prisons when the prisoner was an Irish Nationalist. God rest you, Charlie, and keep your name as a pure unsullied Nationalist—ever before a people who are familiar nowadays with a type of "Nationalist" that old people like myself cannot understand, do not like, and reject.

Charlie, O'Leary, and more of the boys thought a lot of poor old Ireland. For her they worked and suffered. Devil a word they ever said to us of the "German enemy" or of Belgium. They only spoke of England that oppressed us and of our independence to be won. They didn't feather their nests. Maybe they were fools. Judged by the modern standard, fools they were but knaves, traitors, frauds. No, by heavens, no! They were men, good men, patriots. They didn't get jobs, they were given no patronage to dispense, they got the prison-cell and they were not down-hearted. They thought, poor

fellows, that future generations would remember and avenge them would wipe the old fight for complete independence, and never cease until Ireland was a nation. Ireland isn't a Nation, but we will fight, not for Ireland, but for some country we know not, and incidentally for—England. At least we are told to fight I am very old, and am dark. My days are over for work, and I wait here in the Union until the longed-for hour when I'll close my sightless eyes here in this terrible place to open them, through God's mercy, in the happy light of heaven.

Time is very long here, and my mind is ever on the past. Well do I remember, as if it were yesterday, when along the long roads that led to Tipperary the English soldiers marched with peelers and bailiffs to clear the land, burn our houses, break our heads if we resisted, and jail us. They were sent to do this dirty work by the Government in England, for landlords lived in England. And the English papers and people told the world that we were a dirty thrifless people, and that we should go. No one helped us; no distress committees were formed in Belgium; no one had a good word for us, a shelter or a bite or sup but our own poor people who had enough to do for themselves. Everywhere we weren't wanted. The bullock was needed, we weren't.

I remember when there was fun at the cross-roads, singing and dancing, light-hearted boys and girls, and when the towns were busy and prosperous. Now 'tis all changed. The people are gone, the towns are all of them, dismal decayed places. The good old customs are forgotten and laughter and innocent fun is rare. A few people got up in the world and it is bad for them. They are gentility and are too respectable to be natural and unselfish. The people as I knew them, in my young days, kind, good-hearted, open-minded and hospitable, they are all gone. Don't think I've England on the brain, but I know it was England and even though it's not fashionable, I remember, and the iron in my heart is too deep to make me forget. Young and thoughtless, I listed. Old and broken, I sorrow. Much has happened since, but the people and industries still diminish. Good men struggled and paid the penalty. The reward was always the evil that England could do them. And oh, the foul things the English papers used to say to them and the Irish people, too, who had not the patriotism to make the same sacrifices were hard and bitter to the men who did try in their own way to help the old land. 'Tis the same way now as in the Fenian days—Felon setting and abuse from cowardly paid agents, knaves, and the fools. I am told there are people bringing over the Belgians and having their philanthropy advertised for housing them. Charity should begin at home, and there are many families of our own people who, by death of their parents, have nothing before them but the awful poorhouse. Sure our own are nearer and dearer than foreigners, but we'd lose the advertisement and maybe it is that they want cheap servants. There is so much that is crooked now-a-days. I am told young fellows are going around wearing Union Jacks. The wearing of the Green isn't so fashionable and there is a competition for the wearing of the English, French, Russian, Belgian, and Jap flags. Well, Ireland will outlive all this. It is a great change since my young days. If we were poor, well, we were religious and national. Faith, I am thinking that prosperity of the few does away with genuine religion or patriotism. I hear the people laughing at Redmond and saying he went too far to talk of recruiting, and though they have no notion of listening for him, still because they're afraid they cheer him and vote confidence in him. We are not what we seem, and insincerity is a modern characteristic of Irishmen. Emigration still continues, and the people here say that the townspeople should emigrate to France in khaki suits. The M.P.'s say, "emigrate all of you"; the farmers say, "tra'demen and town labourers, emigrate," and they in turn say, "go yourself." That's the way it is, and this Redmond will get no one—not even one of his fellow-paid agents of the English Government. Some time I'll write you of the changes in Tipperary since poor Charlie was buried in Mullinahone. Ours is a great county—premier, gallant, magnificent, and all the rest of it; and where we lead all Ireland follow. Of course all this is known because our people are always saying so. Maybe we are. Even if we are not Ireland won't have to follow us to France because the Tipps are not going there even if Johnny Cullane, Jack Hackett, Tommy Condon, and poor Esmond led the way. Frank Moloney, with military strain in him, Tommy Dawson, and others tried and true of the brotherhood are not going. They are too cute to risk getting irregular meals in the trench cafes, and as for bullets, speeching is easier. No flies on them.

PATRICK SHEEHAN.

Irish Citizen Army Notes.

Six short months ago, one could not believe that one man, however powerful would have been capable, with a move of his hand as it were, to shatter such a movement as the "National Volunteers." But so it is. From Antrim to Cork; from Dublin to Galway, the old cursed dissensions which have ever been the bane of our National life is again in full swing. A movement which held out such hopes for Ireland's future; an opportunity going to waste that possibly never will occur again, at least for generations; the chance for which "Wolfe Tone" prayed; of which "Emmet" dreamed; and all through the ambition and treachery of one man. Truly we are a funny people. Take any aspect. Political, Industrial, Religious, Educational, all seem to be in the same chaotic state.

In Industry, we are a hundred years behind the rest of the world. Let any Irishman show ability of any kind, inventive or otherwise, and he may buy his passage to any other country under God's sun—that is if he wishes to reap a reward for his labours—but, he may expect little encouragement in his own.

The worker must teach the world, not by speech, but by example. To do unto others as he would wish to be done by, that is the keynote of all true progress. On that principle is founded the Irish Citizen Army. That we will endeavor to carry through and will hand it down unstained by deceit to those who come after us.

Our ranks are open to all who have a love for Ireland. If men have made mistakes—as we all sometimes do—we are ever ready with friendship hand when Ireland is at stake. Arrangements are being made to organise all Ireland. On Sunday next, a public meeting will be held at Leixlip, at one o'clock, to form a Company of the Citizen Army. All members to attend at Liberty Hall, at 10.30 to march to Parkgate street to catch the a.m. tram for Lucan, march from thence to Leixlip. Pipers' Band to attend.

A meeting of No. 1. Company to attend Hall, on Monday, the 9th inst. to appoint Committee of Management.

We have pleasure in acknowledging £1 from "Libertus" for Citizen Army, also £5. from a few dressmakers, Harold's Cross. We send our deepest gratitude to them. As the Citizen Army is self-supporting and entirely depends on the subscriptions of its members, and as we claim it is the only thoroughly National armed force in Ireland which can neither be bought or bullied, we appeal to those who can afford it to subscribe to its aims.

Those willing to form Companies of the Army in Ireland, England, Scotland or America, will, by applying to Secy: 5.5 Room, Liberty Hall, receive all particulars. God Save the People!

A musketry competition will be held in Crovdon Park on Sunday, November 29th, for members of the Citizen Army. 200 yards range. Gold cross guns will be given to the member who qualifies as the best shot in the army and plain cross guns to other members who qualify as the best shot in their companies. Competitors can use either the Service gun or any military arm they habitually drill with. Fancy sight barred. On the same date a revolver competition will be held, for which suitable prizes will be given.

JIM LARKIN LANDED.

Our members and their friends will be glad to hear that the steamer conveying Jim to America reached its port safely.

Irish Neutrality League.

A Public Meeting of this body will be held at 27 Parliament street, on Friday night, when a lecture will be delivered on "Lessons from the Germans." All welcome. Meeting starts 8.30 p.m.

NOTICE.

High Street Branch.

A General Meeting of past and present members of the above branch will be held in No. 74 Thomas street, on Wednesday, November 11th, at 8 p.m. James Connolly will address the meeting.

As this is intended to be a rally and gathering of the Clans of Labour, all who desire to renew their standing with the old flag are invited to attend and hear how it can be done.

ANNUAL GOOSE CLUB.

Tickets - 3d. Each. To be had at all the Branch Offices of the Union.

Twinnem Brothers' MINERAL WATER.

The Workmen's Beverage.

TWINNEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sancerre

The Workmen's Refreshment.

Factory—66 S.C. Road, and 31 Lower Clanbrassil Street. Phone 2655.

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BEST AND CHEAPEST FOR THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKERY

P. QUINN & CO., Makers of Beautiful Enamel and TRADE UNION BADGES. CHURCH STREET, BELFAST.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD! Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer. Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland. LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, 19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street DUBLIN.

Kenna Brothers PROVISION MARKET, 58 Lower Sheriff St. Best Quality Goods, Lowest Prices. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Read! Read! Read! "Labour in Irish History." JAMES CONNOLLY'S Great Book. Published at 2s. 6d. New Edition, 1s. post free, 1s. 3d. Wholesale and retail from "Irish Worker" Office, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

Call to W. FURNISS For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON. None but the Best at Lowest Prices. Talbot St. Meat Co., 36b Talbot St.

For First-Class Provisions AT MODERATE PRICES. CALL TO T. CORCORAN, Capital T House, 27 North Strand Road.

Go to MURRAY'S Sheriff Street, FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

Don't forget LARKIN'S LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c., 38 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.

Pat KAVANAGH, Provisions, Beef, Mutton and Pork. GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES. 74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street; 71 and 72 New Street; 1 Dean Street, DUBLIN.

Established 1851 For Reliable Provisions! LEIKHS, of Bishop St.

The Workers' Cycle! Kelly Special and Ariels. 2/- WEEKLY. No Deposit. Write or call for Order Forms—J. J. KELLY & CO. (Kelly for Bikas), 2 LB, ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

LETTERS.

The "Poor" Refugees.

To Editor "Irish Worker." Sandymount, October 29th, '14. Dear Sir,—If you can spare a few minutes will you please come out incognito and just stand at the gate of Sandymount Castle to listen to the person who calls herself Lady Moloney, insulting respectable boys and girls as well as other people who dare to look through the gate at the Belgian Refugees.

The smell from the kitchen makes the mouths of the poor little Irish children simply water. Please come and see for yourself. It looks as if England were bent on another plantation of Ireland. What with the murder of her sons in France and Belgium and the importation of others to take their place, it looks curious.

Yours truly, A MERE IRISHMAN.

The War and Vaccination.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER, 11 Appian Way, Dublin, 27.10.1914

Dear Sir,—The English Government, ever on the look out for an opportunity of exercising its prerogative of compulsion in Ireland, has seized upon one which appears easy of accomplishment owing to the existence of war. The L.G.B. have written certain Boards of Guardians warning them of an imminent danger of an epidemic of small pox similar to that which followed the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, and urging that vaccination and re-vaccination, being the precautionary measures, should be enforced.

If vaccination and re-vaccination are "precautionary measures," as claimed by the L.G.B., or a "certain and universal preventative," as claimed by Jenner, then we have nothing to fear from the war because the combatants are among the most thoroughly vaccinated and re-vaccinated people in the world.

But from the horrible conditions caused by this unholy war there is a terrible risk of small pox in spite of vaccination and re-vaccination, and this is the best evidence obtainable that vaccination is useless as a preventative of small pox.

It is therefore up to every Irish parent to see that he shall not be compelled to vaccinate his child when he is convinced that it is a wrong and unnecessary thing to do.

If any parents are threatened with notices and will communicate with me I will do everything in my power to assist them in resisting.

I have two children unvaccinated and I have written to the Board of Guardians to that effect, and to defy them to put this obsolete and tyrannical law into effect.

Yours faithfully, ERNEST A. BANNISTER, Anti Vaccination League.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." 28.10.1914.

Dear Sir,—On the advertisements for recruiting in the first instance 1s. 3d per day was offered. Now they only mention "at Army Rates." Army Rates for an efficient soldier should be—Privates 1s. 9d. CLEAR per day. An ex-soldier re-joining is accepted as an efficient soldier. In the Inniskilling Fusiliers at Londonderry a man of 35, though accepted, is looked upon more or less as a pauper who is lucky to get there at all. If married, though the Government profess to make ample provision for his wife and children, and after cutting his pay down to one shilling a day (single or married) they then dock the married man 6d. per day for wife and 1d. per day for each child. So a man with a wife and six children gets six, though the Government provision for the women and children probably exceeds what his small wages would amount to at home. The woman is in comparative luxury, and the mug in tent or barracks is without beer, bacca, or supper. They say this is voluntary, but that statement, generally speaking, is misleading, for he must contribute. On pay days an unmarried private ought to receive about 12s. per seven days. He is lucky if he gets 5s., and a married man is passing rich on 2s. for he might only get one shilling for his week's pay. Very often—and I am glad to say again—very often he has a good wife at home who sends two ounces of tobacco and some postage stamps. But think of the man who has not seen his wife for years. What are his feelings when his few pence are cut down to go to (mildly)—a woman he cannot respect. If a man's pay is 1s. 9d. let him get it. If a 1s. 1d. let him get it, but don't say it is 3s.

much, and then cut it down to nothing. This same plan has caused a lot of dissatisfaction, and means that a good deal of the 100,000 men who have enlisted twice or three times, and of course every time on paper counts a man, though one bullet will knock out the two or three enlistments. I have just come back from camp and barracks. I was a mug, but my ardour has cooled. I was asked to have the matter looked into. "Tell Jim Larkin," was my parting salute. There is a tale of twenty-two men, good characters, sent out the gate in uniform, destitute, to go long journeys home without even the shilling which would have been given to an iguonimny man (3rd Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Londonderry, 10.10.14). And why was this? The Colonel did not want them because they had previously belonged to other corps. So, on the word of some old military crank, men can be put to such hardship by a man who owed them at least 20s. a piece of their pay at the time, and owes it yet. Well, in a way it served them right, but it would serve anyone jolly well right who goes after being warned, and he would well deserve being made little of and despised, and shot down by a poor fellow who is only shooting him to try and put an end to his own hardship and misery by trying to hurry up the end of the war. The kits are only given out as if people were saving up to get another article. Like a poor man buying clothes, a coat now, and a shirt next week and so on. It is common talk that a towel now-a-days is a great luxury, and the very greatest luxury one could send the single men in barracks or camp is a 3d. tin of Keating's powder. [This is not as an advertisement] As for the pay offered I will say no more, but in twenty-one days I received five shillings twice and nothing since.

Hoping you will think this worth publicity, as every word is true.

I am yours faithfully,

YOUNG GILES.

I enclose my name and address though not for publication.

Make Room for the Belgian.

Mi na Samina an papa LA, 1914.

Writing recently to a friend, a remark of mine called forth the following reply, which to my mind deserves circulation: "The Belgian Colonisation of Ireland, 1914." Yes, that is precisely what is happening at present. And our overfed, under-bred, beefy Guarians directors, and aristocracy, have no more in telligence than to ask the mere Irish to subscribe handsomely to their own undoing.

The other day I saw an advertisement in the "Irish (?) Times"—"Wanted a watchmaker, Belgian Refugee; tools supplied to a first class man." To hell with the mere Irish! What does one of them know about watches? In several towns these same refugees are to be accommodated in artisan's dwellings about to be completed or just ready for occupation. Again, to hell with the Irish working man! What does he want a house for? Isn't any pig sty good enough for him to live in? If not, let him join Kitchener's Army. We want the houses for the Belgian Refugees!

Irish workhouses are not such abodes of bliss that the heart of man would hanker after them. Still they are the only places of refuge for our unfortunate poor. True, too, they are abodes of misery and wretchedness and semi starvation (scientific dietary scales this last is dignified by the title of)—but yet life is sweet, and even in misery these poor wretches cling to their wretched hold on this world. Damn them! Why do they live so long? Why don't they betake themselves off to hell out of this? Can't they understand we want the workhouses for the Belgian Refugees? Up and down the country maid servant and servant boys are being given excellent characters, and the requisite notice to quit their employment. The boys can join the all conquering and glorious British Army. The girls can go to Chicago, where the term "Irish girl" is equivalent to the term "French girl" in Leicester Square. In either case they will get an easier living and a quicker death than they would in Ireland, and they will have the consolation of knowing that they are practising Christian Charity by making room for Belgian Refugees.

It is pitiful, but 'tis all on a line and in keeping with that damnable, vicious, blasphemous balderdash about the Irish Race having been scattered to the ends of the earth in order to spread the Faith. It is a doctrine hard to be spoken of in Parliamentary language. What of the "faith-spreaders" of the Murraygate and Lochee! What of the same genus in South Lancs! Of the Liverpoolians down Dingle way! The Mancunians

round Silford and Oldham and the Oxford Road; and further afield, the charming Christians of Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne, or New York. Of the origin and present state of the "Peaky Blinder" of Birmingham; the coster of Walworth Road, S.E.; the cut-throat of Commercial Road, E. Pretty results of spreading the Faith! Substitute Faith for Liberte, and we can cry with Madame Roland 'O, Faith, comme on t'a juree.' Hoping you will agree with me that this is worth giving to the public.

Mipe le meap mót, "An Duacall Rua"

Cork United Trades and Labour Council.

To Editor "Irish Worker." 47 Grattan street, October 28th, 1914

Dear Sir,—At our last meeting the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Patrick Lynch, Tailors' Society, and seconded by Mr. M. Egan, T.O., and carried:—

Resolved—"That this Council condemn the recent article in the Irish Worker" attacking Alderman Kelleher, who, in the opinion of this Council, has been always true to the Trades Union Movement."

J. Good, Sec

[Note—Our contributor, the writer of the note in question, has already in last week's issue, acknowledged his mistake.—Ed.]

To Editor "Irish Worker." Waterford, 2-11-14

Dear Sir,—Some time ago you did us a lot of good here in Waterford when Mr. R. A. Kelly scab organiser for Wexford, got the Waterford Battalion of the Volunteers to take the Army horses eight miles and back to blacking on the workmen of Waterford. Kelly did his dirty work well, but the local Committee suspended him. When the Redmondite split came on he sneaked back on the re-committee, and was proposed by George Hayes (Wilson) Life Boat Secretary. Kelly in turn proposed the election of Penrose and Mosley, two Carsonite Volunteers. Penrose is the individual who became notorious as a proselytising agent in Waterford where the priests had to strain every nerve to save the five little children of Mr. Hendrick. This is the man who was elected by the aid of Kelly, of the A.O.H.

Redmond may have something to be thankful for with Kelly, slum owner and Union Jack Home Ruler, whose shop is stocked with German manufactured goods, while he goes around spouting about recruiting, although he has seven sons at home looking for soft jobs. The only chance of exposing the Freeman clique identified with the Redmondite Volunteers here is through the medium of your valuable paper.

Yours, etc, A VOLUNTEER.

Facts and Fancies from the Front.

With the Troops at Clontarf. By "J. J. B."

Last week a recruiting sergeant, or a prospective recruit (I don't know which), handed me a paper called the "National Volunteer." In it was an article entitled "Constructive and Destructive Patriotism." This curiously-worded title aroused my curiosity, because I was always under the impression that patriotism meant nothing if it did not mean constructive Nationality, and I was at a loss to know what was the meaning of this new phrase—"Destructive Patriotism." I thought it might have been coined specially in connection with Sergeant Redmond's Recruiting Scheme—in pity, by some sympathisers of Redmond's greatness, before his fall. However, I read the article. Result—"Constructive Patriotism" (according to the "National Volunteer") consists in upholding the British Empire in her hour of need. "Destructive Patriotism" (according to the "National Volunteer") means placing the cause of Ireland before that of England.

We are "destructive patriots" because we want to keep Irishman from destruction in a foreign land.

H G Wells, an English novelist, has also the bump of "destructive patriotism" (according to the "National Volunteer"). But it is not developed to such an extent as ours, as he places business before the cause of England. The following is an extract from a "Times" letter, by Mr. Wells, which was reproduced in the "Sunday Chronicle" (1st Nov.)—

"It is very satisfactory to send troops to France, but in France there are still great numbers of able-bodied

trained Frenchmen not fully equipped. It is our national duty and privilege to be the storehouse and arsenal of the Allies. Our factories for clothing and material of all sorts should be working day and night. There is the point to which enthusiasm should be turned. It is just as heroic and just as useful to the country to kill yourself making belts and boots as it is to die in a trench."

This information, or advice, or whatever it is, was not intended for Irish consumption, but with a few alterations it will meet our case all right—

It is very satisfactory to send Irish troops to France, but in England and Ireland there are still great numbers of able-bodied trained Englishmen fully equipped. It is our national duty to no longer be the recruiting depot and arsenal of the English. Our factories for clothing and material of all sorts should be working from morning till night. It is more heroic to die in Ireland fighting for the right of a small nationality than to die in a trench—"made in Germany," perhaps.

To illustrate fully the difference between "constructive" and "destructive" patriotism, I append headlines from the "Sunday Chronicle" and Dublin "Evening Telegraph" respectively. The first three are from the "Sunday Chronicle" of November 1st.—

BEST VICTORY YET—MANCHESTER-CITY'S TRIUMPH AT SUNDERLAND.

STILL MAKING PROGRESS—HUDDESFIELD JUST WIN IN A KEEN GAME—PENALTY KICK DECIDES.

EWART'S BRILLIANCE—SAVES BRADFORD FROM HEAVY DEFEAT AT OLDHAM.

The following are from the "Pick 'n' Mix" of the 24th October—

IRISH GUARDS STAND—BATTLE FIELD LIKE SHAMBLES—DEAD MEN IN GRIPS.

FATE OF LEINSTER—SURROUNDED BY 10,000 FOES—TALES OF HEROISM.

The first three are (according to the "National Volunteer") evidence of "destructive patriotism," applied presumably to both England and Ireland; as the "N.V." (I don't "N.V." it) speaks, for the British Empire; while the other two are symbolic of "constructive patriotism." "Our" footballers were no doubt surrounded by 100,000, whereas the Leinster had only an audience of 10,000. Such is the price of popularity—I was going to say patriotism.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones or plinths by purchasing your COALS FROM ANDREW S. CLARKIN, COAL OFFICE—7 TARA STREET. Telephone No. 2760.

Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire.

If you have not the ready money convenient, there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on Easy Payment System.

IT IS THE Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET. Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30. Manager—Ald. T. Kelly.

FANIGAN'S FUNERAL Establishment, 4 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Established more than Half-a-Century.

Coffins, Hearses, Caskets, and every Funeral Requisite. Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House. Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

COALS

For best quality of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices. ORDER FROM P. O'GARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

A Word to the Worker, his Wife and Family.

Your old friend, John Gardiner, has retired from amongst you after a successful business career of over 40 years. We have taken over the business and are meeting with even greater success than our predecessor. We are building up a big trade, and shall always remember that no solid structure was ever raised on rubbish; we are therefore selling only reliable goods which are bought in the keenest markets for cash and marked by us at prices slightly above those paid for rubbish. OUR AIM is to make "GOT AT BRETT'S" sufficient guarantee that the article is right. TAKE A WALK through our Wareroom, inspect our goods, and if not better than you are in the habit of getting elsewhere, we are not entitled to your order—we know merit alone will tell.

This Week we are Showing—For Men—Harvard, Flannel Shirts, 1s. 3d. to 6s. 11d., including a manufacturer's stock of the famous double warp Grandmill Shirts, which we are clearing at 2s. 6d. each, 2 for 4s. 9d.; usually sold at 3s. 6d. each. Fleeced and Wool Vests and Pants, 1s. to 4s. 11d. Dangarees, 1s. 11d., 2s. 6d. and 2s. 11d. Caps, Socks, Mullers, &c., in great variety. For Women—Blouses, Corsets, Aprons, Stockings, &c., quality and price right. For Children—We specialise for the little ones, and have in stock a lovely selection of Pinafiores, Frocks, Kiltier, Wool Shawls, Teddy Bear Hats and Coats, Jerseys, &c., all combining durability and finish, and all at tempting prices. Generations have come and gone, streets have been named and re-named, but the corner of Mabbot Street still remains the workers' favourite shop, and we are determined to keep it so. OUR MOTTO—Reliable Goods, Quick Sales, Small Profits; Cash.

BRETT & CO., 27 TALBOT STREET, DUBLIN.

Printed for the Proprietor at the City Printing Works, 13 Bedford Street, and published by him at 10 Bedford Place, in the City of Dublin.