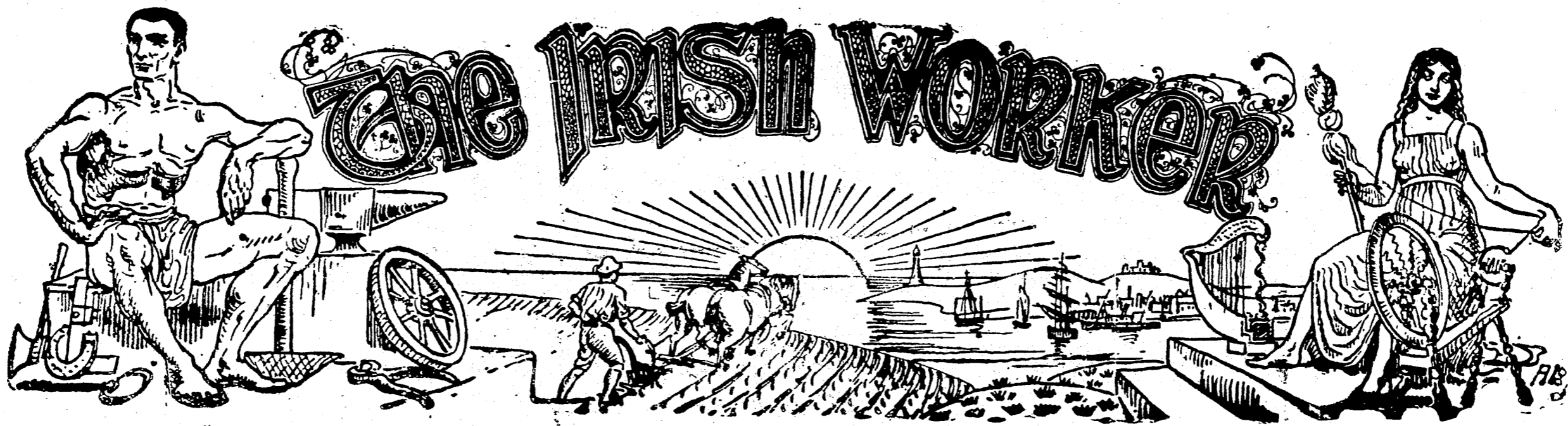


Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause...



'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 Finlayson, Editor.

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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[ONE PENNY.]

WE SERVE NEITHER KING NOR KAISER.

THE GLORIES OF WAR.

By JAMES CONNOLLY.

Through the claptrap of passing orators the bombast of our Kiplings, despite the bathos of our Bottomleys...

minds, or fire them to great achievements.

The death of Lord Roberts makes timely this cutting from Cotton's Weekly, a Canadian Labour paper...

'A short time ago Lord Roberts journeyed to Manchester to undrape a monument to the brave-Manchesters' who did something or other in South Africa...

The following from an Australian paper, the Melbourne Socialist, should appeal to every woman:-

'Mother, your boy is a recruit; he is nineteen years of age. Nineteen years ago you carried him in your arms...

'So he is going. On the battlefield of Europe they will blow his head off and scatter his brains on the ground...

'Mothers, fathers and young men, before you let Death into your family circle as an honoured guest, let THE LAWYERS SETTLE THE QUARREL FIRST...

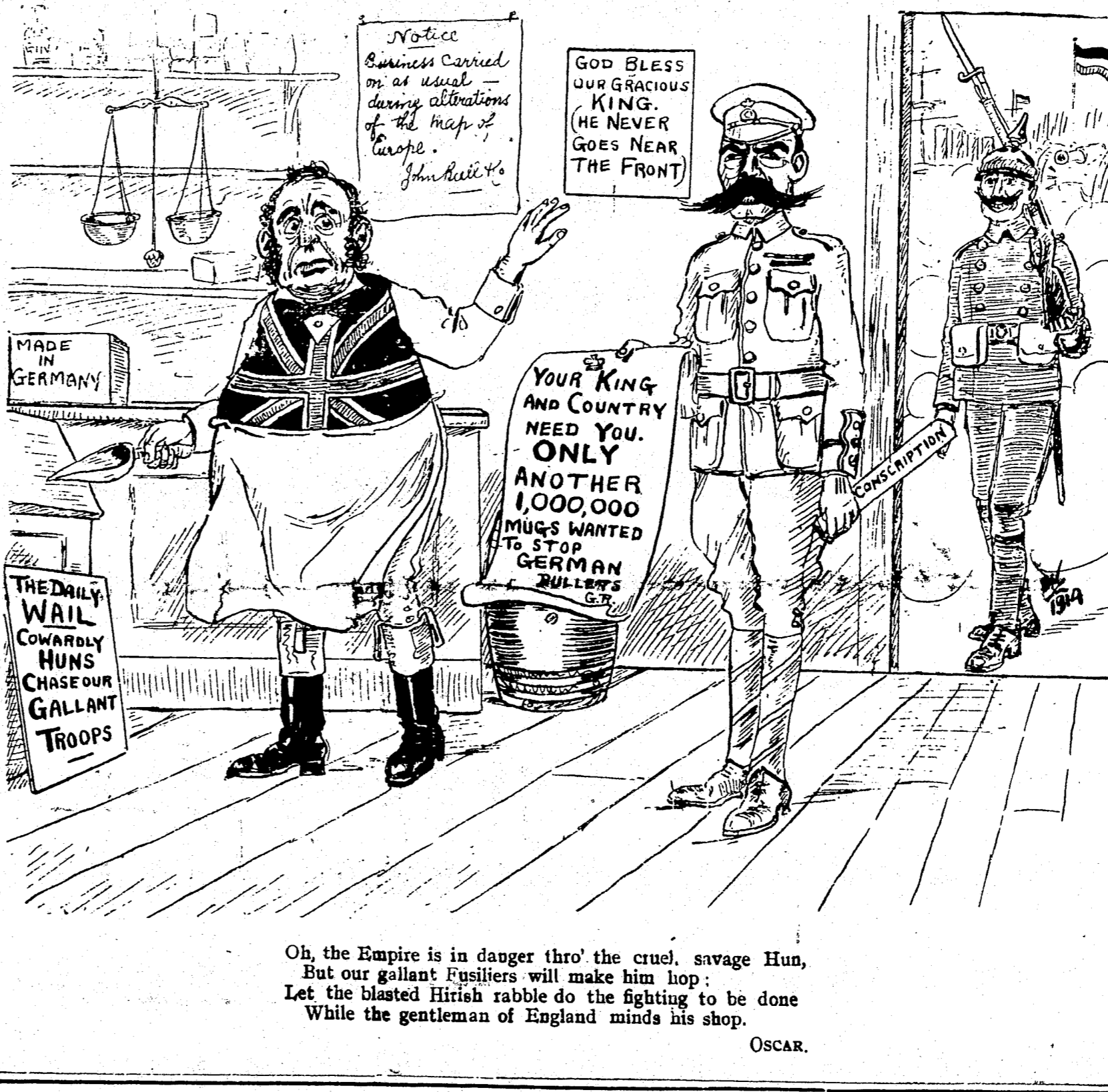
The Press Bureau at work in these countries systematically tries to suppress every kind of news that would convey to the minds of the general public any conception of the truth about the scenes at the real front of battle...

Here is one that sickens, and yet fascinates in its awful belief-compelling horror:-

'The most awful carnage in the world's history has strewn the battle region East and north-east of Paris with countless thousands of rotting French, English and German corpses, and disembowelled carcasses of horses...

'So unspeakably horrible is the scene that it is probably principally with the object of preventing descriptions becoming public and making the whole world shudder that the French military chiefs so rigorously exclude war correspondents from the region...

THE COMING OF THE HUN.



Oh, the Empire is in danger thro' the cruel, savage Hun, But our gallant Fusiliers will make him hop: Let the blasted Hittish rabble do the fighting to be done While the gentleman of England minds his shop.

OSCAR.

'The air of these fields is overpowering. The dead is being buried as hastily as possible but the battle carnage is so terrific it is impossible to keep time with the continuous slaughter.'

'Near Compeigne I saw pickets feverishly packing their comrades' bodies beneath the ground. Packing is the only word for it. Trenches one hundred and fifty yards long are dug in meadows. The bodies, each resting on its side, are then tightly packed like sardines throughout the length...

'The grave diggers make a long ditch in the middle of the meadow, then collect all the dead soldiers lying within two or three hundred yards, then move four or five hundred yards away making a new ditch. Each long ditch, therefore, contains those killed within a circle radiating from three to four hundred yards from the common grave...

'The dead soldier is only a number but his name is thus ascertained, and in the official reports of casualties the distinction made between the dead and 'missing'...

'Then we have another American press correspondent, Raymond Swing, describes some of the conditions of this war:-

'The soldiers in the trenches for days and nights have had a terrible experience. Recently they were lying in water under the exploding shrapnel and receiving food at night, when black bread, wine, and sometimes soup was passed to them under cover of the darkness...

'Now the weather has improved and conditions are better. About three miles behind the trenches artillery is stationed, dropping shells and shrapnel upon the opponents.'

'Such fighting can continue unremittingly, and here at least the Germans will perhaps only attempt to hold the lines while some other portions of the German army break through either on the far right wing, or at Verdun.'

'The British troops made several attempts at night charges two nights ago. They left their trenches and advanced on the German positions, but the movement was suddenly revealed by a German flashlight, machine guns were quickly brought into position, and an entire regiment of Englishmen was mowed down by the deadly fire.'

But this is a war to free us from German militarism. We have already had in Ireland some evidence of how militarism dominates our lives under the Union Jack; in the annexed cutting from an Australian paper we see how British militarism is being established under pretext of dis-establishing the German Variety:-

'There is a military censor in Melbourne, and there is in this same city a journal known as the Woman Voter, conducted by Miss Vida Goldstein and associated friends. That journal has said that war is horrible; that it hopes this will be the last war; that perhaps its awfulness will stir the masses to make 'civilisation' a fact as well as a name; that the processes of international courts of arbitration are less brutal, more economical than war, and other like sentiments. There has not appeared in the Woman Voter one seditious, treasonable, or anti-British article. Yet the military authorities go through the screaming farce

of sending down a squad of soldiers with fixed bayonets to blockade a printing office and intimidate women citizens of high repute.'

Thus we learn that our rulers are in the last stages of panic and funk, and that military domination is the only thing that is sure to emerge from this war. Or, as an American writer says:-

'Not a wage slave will be free from his slavery by the shattering of German militarism. The cotton mills of Lancashire, the coal pits of Wales and the Department du Nord will still be operated by slaves.'

'The cry of freedom and liberation raised in this war is the old, old cry that the capitalists have ever raised when they wanted the proletarians to fight. The wars of liberation fought by slaves left the masters liberated from the trammels of feudalism and the slaves in slavery to the lords of rent, interest and profit.'

'This war will bring no freedom to the working classes save such as they may wrest by organizing themselves against their capitalist taskmasters who are now shouting so loudly and hypocritically about freedom.'

It is fitting now to close this article with one other evidence of 'our united stand against the common enemy.' It is from the London Times of November 12:-

'PATRIOTISM FOR PAUPER CHILDREN.—The Lambeth Guardians yesterday decided that in order that the Poor-law school children may have an opportunity of appreciating the position of national affairs the usual practice of allowing each child an egg for breakfast on Christmas morning be suspended this year. The chairman of the board (Mr. Frank Briant) remarked that it was better to let the children go without eggs than to give them cheap shop eggs.'

We will now sing 'Rule Britannia.'

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

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.

THE MURDERED THREE!

Their Story and a Curse.

[By John J. Scollan, A.O.H., I.A.A.]

'Mighty' England is in a panic to-day through the covetous greed of her ruling powers for fresh land and more treasure. Three months ago the light-heartedly entered into a war with one of the greatest nations the world has ever seen. Great in science, great in trade, great in arms, Germany has put more of the fear of the omnipotent into the hearts of the English Oligarchy, who in the name of Democracy misrule these islands, than any nation, or combination of nations, since France under Napoleon Bonaparte threatened her invasion. Notwithstanding what we are taught by a degenerate Press, and from 'other' English sources, as to the Briton being a man of phlegmatic temperament, he is really a creature of impulses, and generally, effeminate and hysterical. This is proved by the panic into which the whole nation was thrown when they were beaten by the Boers at Majuba in the first Boer war; by the defeat and capture of Dr. Jameson's bandits; by the defeats and surrenders at Dundee, Colenso, Spion Kop; Tweedfontein, Stormberg and Magerfontein during the second Boer war, and of the hysterical outbursts in England that followed the relief of Ladysmith, Kimberly and Mafeking; in fact, so outrageous was the Briton's 'phlegmatic' temper shown to be on the latter occasion, that 'to Maffie' is now a well-known phrase incorporated in the English language for the wildest excesses of 'hooliganism.'

All the foregoing happenings are well within the memory of most of the present day readers of the 'Irish Worker,' and they can imagine for themselves what must have been the consternation, panic, and rank cowardice, which drove the 'phlegmatic' Briton to convene a Special Commission of Assize at Manchester to formally and judicially murder three Irishmen who had temerity to rescue from their custody two of their countrymen whom they had safely, as the Briton thought, under lock and key—and that, too, in the heart of England itself. The Fenian men had struck such terror into the English people, as never was known since the days of the ill-fated Spanish Armada.

Coming shortly after the Fenians failure in Ireland, and when the Government were beginning to feel somewhat secure in the fact that they had completely squashed the Irish Republican Brotherhood it was somewhat of a shock to them to find the organisation operating successfully right in the heart of the Empire. The story is briefly told.

A number of Irish officers who had served in the American Civil War, and had taken a part in the Fenian Invasion of Canada, seeing the helplessness of doing anything further to organize the Brotherhood there for a fresh attempt at freeing their native land from the Saxon bondage. Amongst them were Colonel Kelly, who was head of the I.R.B.; Capt. James Murphy, 20th Massachusetts Regt., who was in charge of the Scottish Circle; Col R. O'S. Burke, commanding South of England; Capt. Edward O'Meara, Capt. Deasey, 9th Massachusetts Regt., who was living in Manchester, and Capt. O'Rourke, of the Corcoran Legion, who had the North of England men under





