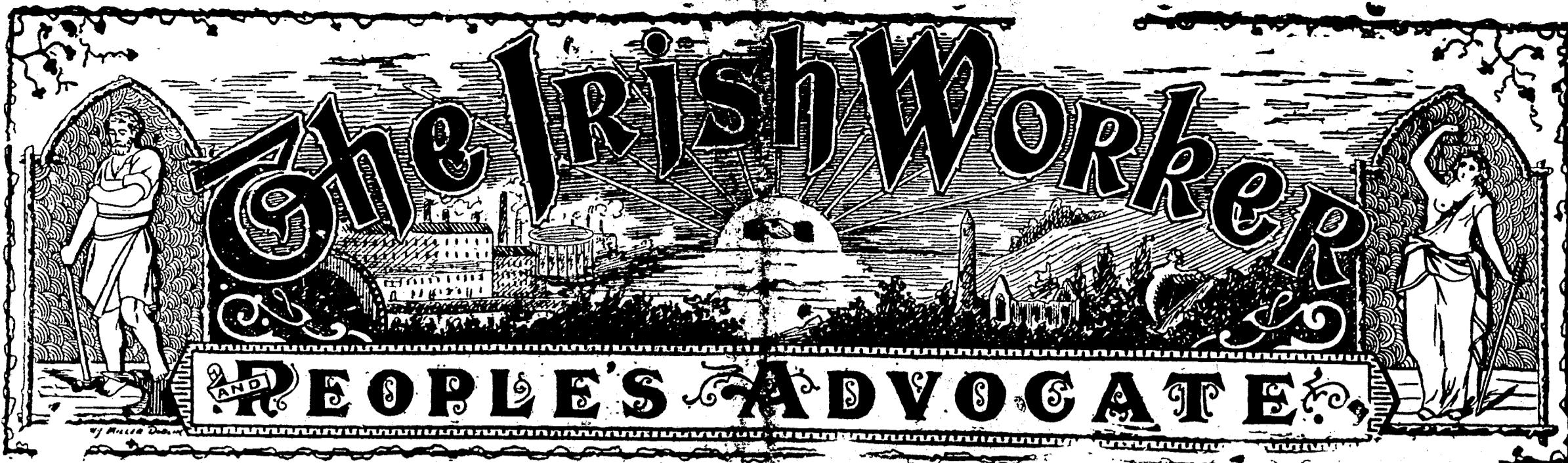


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Connolly.



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!

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by Jim Larkin.

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No. 1, 1911.]

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

THE IRISH RAILWAY DISPUTE.

The unfortunate aspects of the Railway Dispute has been the gross misrepresentation of facts in the Press on both sides of the question. It is with a view of putting the whole case up to the present before the working class and the public of Ireland that this statement is issued.

For some weeks past a dispute has been in progress between two or three firms of timber merchants and their employees in Dublin, resulting in the employees going on strike for recognition and better wages. The firms mentioned, carted their timber and was tendered to the Great Southern and Western Railway, which refused their employees to check such cartage. The employees were told that if they refused themselves dismissed. The result of the employees, on being informed of what had taken place, immediately struck work in sympathy with the two men dismissed.

A deputation was then appointed to see the men, accompanied with Mr. Rimmer, the Irish Secretary of the Society, who waited on Mr. Neale, the Goods Manager, with a view of coming to a settlement of the dispute, but the management would not, however, receive Mr. Rimmer with deputation, who were informed that they must handle any traffic no matter from what source it came.

A deputation met the management of the Great Northern Railway on Monday last, and they happened to be the two men who declined to handle the same kind of traffic as that which caused the trouble on the Great Southern and Western Railway, and were summarily dismissed. Mr. Rimmer accompanied the deputation and was not received.

It should be understood that this traffic had previously been refused by the Companies, and for some reason they altered their policy and tried to compel the men to do what they had declined to do themselves.

On Monday, the 18th inst., the dispute had assumed such serious proportions that it was deemed necessary to arrange a meeting of the Executive Committee for the purpose of investigation. Before leaving for Dublin the General Secretary, Mr. J. F. Williams, forwarded the following telegram to the whole of the general managers:—

"My Executive Committee are meeting in Dublin tomorrow with a view of effecting a settlement of the dispute: shall be glad to receive your co-operation to this end. Communications addressed to our Irish office, 7 Lr. Abbey street, will reach me; Williams, Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants."

The Executive Committee, on assembling at Dublin, after careful consideration, renewed their request made by the General Secretary in the following resolution:—

"That this Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants regret the Managers of the Irish Railways have not responded to the invitation of Mr. Williams, our Secretary, made in his wire of the 18th inst. to co-operate with this Committee to endeavour to effect a settlement. We desire to remind them our offer is open for their acceptance, and that they will do so at once, if they do not avoid further extension of the dispute that is so rapidly spreading."

This was forwarded to the whole of the general managers, also to the Under-Secretary for Ireland. The Under-Secretary then invited Mr. Larkin, Secretary of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, to meet him with a deputation of this Committee at the Castle for the purpose of ascertaining the position and endeavouring to arrange, if possible, a basis of settlement in connection with the dispute existing with the Builders' Merchants, as it was felt if this dispute could be settled it would considerably assist in a settlement of the Railway Dispute. Unfortunately the efforts were unsuccessful. The Committee re-assembled finding no reply had been received from the railway companies to the following resolution, which was adopted and forwarded to the railway companies on Tuesday evening:—

"That this Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants having carefully considered the cause and progress of the Irish railway dispute, and having wired the General Managers of the railways involved, that we were prepared to consider the matter with them with a view to arriving at a settlement; and not having had any response, we hereby decide that unless the railway com-

panies cease dismissing their men, or penalising in any form men who refuse to handle the traffic of firms where the employees are on strike and reinstate all men without penalty, we shall proceed to authorise all railway men to withdraw their labour and take such further action as may be necessary to protect our members."

After holding their hands, however, for a further period of two days, the Executive were compelled to put their previous resolution into effect and call out all the men of the railways in dispute. The Dublin and South Eastern Railway were exempted, as that company declined to compel our men to handle blackleg traffic.

Since the strike was declared it has become more evident than ever that railway men all over Ireland are rising in revolt against the treatment meted out to their comrades in Dublin. The South is grand, the West is in strong competition, and, but for an important Orange demonstration in Belfast on Saturday, the Northern road would have been in hot pursuit. Reports to-day (Monday) are very encouraging from Belfast and intermediate centres. The men are fast waking up to the object of the capitalistic Press, viz., to divide the men against themselves. It is the old game of capitalist employers to "divide and conquer." The railwaymen are wrongly advised to ignore the "English agitators," who, as the Executive Committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, came across to take such decisive and official action as was necessary to settle the dispute on honourable lines.

In these days it is not so easy as it was formerly to gull the workers by such rubbish as is specially manufactured by the employing class.

The workers have learned by bitter experience that it is to their own organisations as workers they must look for industrial and political emancipation. This truth is confirmed in the present dispute; and if the men will continue to stand firmly by each other on this occasion, the day is quite near when a great move forward will take place for higher wages, shorter hours, and better conditions generally for all railway men.

EXECUTIVE A.S.R.S.

TROUBLE!

All kinds o' trouble: you can pick and choose,
If you want a cause to kick; there is more than you can use.
You can hear the war-cry, any time you please,
Sometimes it's in Spanish, sometimes in Japanese.

All kinds o' trouble, anything you like,
The "bosses" are out for plunder; there has come about a strike.
And yet we are takin' notice, 'thout meanin' for to boast;
The things that never happen: Are the things that fret us most.

ANON.

TRADING STAMP FRAUD.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR—I read an account of this bubble in the Irish Times, and my opinion was that the Editor of THE IRISH WORKER was unjustly blamed for doing exactly what London Truth and John Bull are receiving the warmest gratitude and approbation from countless multitudes of readers.

JUSTITIA.

OUR LYING FRIENDS.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

7 Lower Abbey street, Dublin,
Sept. 25th, 1911.

DEAR SIR—My attention has been called to a published report in the Irish and English Press, of a statement I am reported to have made at a meeting of railway men in Dundalk, on Friday, September 22nd, as follows, "that before the men were beaten we would invade England and Ireland in civil war." I desire to say emphatically that the report is untrue. (Needless to say the lie did not appear in THE IRISH WORKER.)

A. LAW,

E. C. Representative A.S.R.S.

"It is not for man to rest in absolute contentment. He is born to hopes and aspirations, as the sparks fly upwards, unless he has brutified his nature and quenched the spirit of immortality which is his portion."—Robert Southey.

PARNELL.

The unveiling of the Parnell Monument on Sunday next, Oct. 1st, makes it opportune to consider from the point of view of Labour the influence wielded by Parnell and the movement which bore his name.

Within the past week we have heard the Unionist, Nationalist, and the ordinary God-fearing smug respectable individual who subscribes to charities, and fantasies he has done his duty, when as a visitor of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, he has reported in favour of giving an allowance to the professional cadger, while he has ignored the decent "cut of work" who would die before snivelling or begging; denounces the idea of the "sympathetic strike."

Yet, where did the sympathetic strike originate? Listen to Parnell at Ennis, Sept. 19th, 1880:—

"Now what are you to do to a tenant who licks for a farm from which another tenant has been evicted? (Several voices—"Shoot him.")

"I think I heard somebody say, 'shoot him,' I wish to point out to you a much more Christian and charitable way which will give the lost man an opportunity of repenting."

When a man takes a farm from which another man has been evicted, he must shun him on the road, and in the market-place, and even in the place of worship, by leaving him alone, by putting him into a moral Coventry, by isolating him from the rest of his country, as if he were the leper of old—you must show him your detestation of the crime he has committed." Could any finer headline be set for the men who are not now fighting in Ireland the battle of Labour against tyrannical Capitalism and the petty tyranny of the Dents' and Tallovs'.

In the same speech Parnell said:—

"I strongly advise men not to waste their breath too much in discussing how the Land Question is to be settled, but rather to help and encourage the people in making it, as I just said, ripe for settlement."

Railway and other workers mark that, "ripe for settlement."

Further on he said:—"When it is ripe for settlement you will probably HAVE YOUR CHOICE as to how it shall be settled, and I said a year ago that the Land Question would never be settled until the IRISH LANDLORDS WERE JUST AS ANXIOUS to have it settled as the Irish Tenants. . . . But I stand here to-day to express my opinion that no settlement can be satisfactory or permanent which does not ensure the uprooting of Landlordism, which has brought the country three times in a century to famine."

"We have been accused of preaching Communistic doctrines when he told the people not to pay an unjust rent—and the following out of that advice IN A FEW of the Irish Counties had shown the English Government the necessity for a radical alteration of the Land Laws."

Have we not all heard from the Nationalist and Unionist press, and from their followers within the last few days—fierce denunciations of the "Communistic" ideas already alluded to.

Have not our inspired mentors in the Press told us in the shelter of the "London Correspondence" that the Irish Railway Strike has gone beyond the "syndicalism" of the "FRENCH AGITATORS."

Listen to Parnell further:—

"But how would they like if we told the people some day or other not to pay any rent until the question is settled. If the 500,000 tenant farmers of Ireland struck against the 10,000 landlords, I should like to see where they would get police and soldiers enough to make them pay?"

Workers, substitute for tenant farmers workers, and for landlords timber merchants and railway magnates, ask yourselves if the workers of Ireland remain true to themselves are there enough police and soldiers to compel them to play the part of blacklegs.

Parnell found a country of slaves; his bold teaching and example shook them half-free. In a moment of mingled panic, treachery, and cowardice, they forgot his teaching and rent him asunder at the bidding of his enemies. Since then twenty years have rolled by. No man can now be found with hardihood enough to assert that Parnell's last fight was dictated by personal ambition.

No thinking man in Ireland now but recognises that Ireland in sacrificing Parnell twenty years ago buried her own hopes of the Home Rule Measure for which he was sold.

Parnell's life is full of inspiration for the Irish worker.

Against the odds of vested interests, Government, Whiggery, etc., he entered on apparently a hopeless task.

Within five years he had revolutionised Ireland, and found legislative sanction given to his demands, which a short time previous had been denounced as "COMMUNISTIC."

Workers of Ireland, to-day your "sympathetic" movement is denounced as revolutionary and anarchistic. Console yourselves with the thought that thirty years ago Parnell's ideas were denounced in the same terms! To-day they are accomplished facts legally recognised.

Parnell's body lies mouldering in Glasnevin, but his soul goes marching on!

May the lesson of his life be learned by the workers, for it can never be forgotten that when he was assailed he instinctively turned to the working-men in Dublin, Cork, Waterford, and Limerick, and he was not disappointed. "Proof against guile or gold," proof against promises of Home Rule, etc., the humble working-men of these cities remained faithful.

Time has justified them, and when on Sunday, October 1st, they muster in the procession to take part in the unveiling ceremony they can at least console themselves that the clouds of 1890-91 have rolled away, and that vindication has come to those who, despite the powerful influences arrayed against them, remained true to Parnell and Ireland twenty golden years ago.

TREATY STONE.

Parnell on Labour.

"I have to say another word about a question of great importance and moment to us all—a question of which I could not evade if I desired to. It is the question of the relations of Ireland with the labour population. I have told you I could not evade it if I could (hear). The men who made Ireland what she is to-day, and who will her course amongst the nations of the world in the future, are the labouring population of Ireland. For them I must have care; on them I must depend (cheers). So to them I look for the recruits in the grand army of Irish Nationality which I hope to lead in the near future (cheers). Without such men our strength would be nothing (hear, hear). Therefore I look to them (cheers), and that, acting in this fashion, I shall be able to see that nothing is omitted, however small, for the purpose of obtaining for labour, and the dignity of the labourer, a rightful and proper and overwhelming position in the Council of the nation (cheers)."

Arthur Griffith and 'Sinn Fein.'

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER

A CARA—I do not apologise for sending you this. I do not ask you to publish it. I only want to make it clear to you (possibly with the hope that it may influence your future criticism) what is the attitude of the Sinn Feinthe towards the industrial struggle.

First, let me say that Sinn Fein, not the paper nor the cult, endorse your remarks in last week's article as far as they apply to "Boysen of Kollund" and Mr. Griffith. But neither the one nor the other speaks for the Sinn Feinthe—they do not even speak for the official Sinn Feinthe. I know that it is quite understandable that you should be mistaken in accepting them as doing so, but I know also that while it is so it is scarcely just to use the time-honoured sneer of "Sinn Feigners" to the rank and file. After all, friend Larkin, I'm sure you believe that the noblest thing (after living for Ireland) would be to die for it, and I'm sure you would carry your principles into practice, and if, for want of better, you attached yourself to what you considered to be the organisation nearest your ideal, and some one else sneered at you as being a weakling or a hypocrite, you would think it unfair.

Let us be clear as to the paper "Sinn Fein." It at all events preached Irish industry. It attacked you. Now, on industrial grounds you say "Sinn Feigners" and the rest—the Freeman's Journal is the organ of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and the Halfpenny Royal Horrible, Independent, a semi-official organ—neither ever preached industrialism. Both have attacked you and the workers by misrepresentation, by lying, by open calumny, and concealed insuendo. On the same grounds should you not have attacked the rank and file of those who believe in Parliamentary agitation. The connection between the rank and file and the organs

is not one bit more intimate in one case than the other. I would go one step further and say that for their numbers the workers have 80 per cent. more friends amongst Sinn Feinthe than amongst Parliamentarians—that the former, the great prop of Parliamentarianism, the merchants in the towns, the priests who preside at U. I. L. branches are antagonistic to you and your cause, as well as the official and semi-official organs, and that in Wexford County the men who were condemned yesterday as belonging to the (defunct) Sinn Fein party are to-day condemned for collecting money for the wives and children that the capitalists seek to starve so as to bring their husbands and fathers into submission and starve them the more surely, physically and mentally in the future. Do you believe this? If you don't Arthur Griffith and Dublin's capitalist "Dailies" are wasting energy in attacking you personally. One word more and I'll close inflicting this upon you.

Arthur Griffith wants industrialism at any price, even if the capitalist is to make millions out of sweated labour.

Sinn Fein wants industrialism that the worker may add to the wealth of the country, not of a class.

Arthur Griffith says it does not matter if the labourer is sweated if he works in Ireland.

Sinn Fein believes that sweated labour is no good to Ireland or any other country.

Arthur Griffith says it's all right if the workman is not forced to emigrate for sheer lack of employment.

Sinn Fein believes that we want workmen who are paid, who will have the greatest purchasing power—you will not be forced of sheer necessity to take the cheapest English shoddy that comes their way, and whose wages will be spent in fostering a hundred other Irish industries. Arthur Griffith says the capitalist is supreme.

Sinn Fein believes he should not be, and that the wasted profits of the capitalist would be better distributed through the workman than invested abroad by the capitalist to compete with Irish industries at home.

Arthur Griffith pretended to believe in a race of independent thinking physically-fit Irishmen.

Sinn Fein believes that a little step towards independence of thought would be to allow them the right to organise, and a necessary step to physical well being, the right to insist on enough wages to feed their children.

Arthur Griffith says he wants a local union. Only fools do not know that the Pierces and Doyles would not crush it when it suited.

Arthur Griffith says Jim Larkin wants to be dictator.

Ireland knows that what Arthur and the capitalists fear is the Union and the Jim Larkin, who refuses to be a slave.

WEXFORD WORKER.

Drawing the Badger.

SHAM NATIONALISM AND POLITICAL HUMBBUG.

In the last issue of THE IRISH WORKER there appeared comments on the action of the alleged Nationalists who attended the Gresham Hotel gathering to honour the members of the Liberal Eighty Club, on the occasion of their visit to Ireland.

Certain names were mentioned, amongst whom was that of Mr. Lorcan Sherlock, T.C.

In the columns of the Evening Telegraph of Saturday last, September 23rd, appeared a letter from that gentleman denying that he had acted as stated.

May we refer him to the report in the Freeman's Journal of September 18th in which his name appears, and may we ask him why he did not think it worth while repudiating the report from Monday, September 18th, until Saturday, September 23rd.

Could it be that he did not think the Freeman worthy of notice, but knew that THE IRISH WORKER was read? Awful thought!

"The outworn rite, the old abuse,
The pious fraud transparent grown,
The good held captive in the use
Of wrong alone.

These wait their doom, from that great law,
Which makes the past time serve to-day;
And fresher life the world shall draw
From their decay."

—J. G. Whittier.

An Open Letter to the Clergy.

REVD. SIRS—According to the daily papers many of you are going about the railway men who are on strike advising them, in the interest of their wives and children, to return to work. Some of you are even reported to have said that they were injuring the cause of Home Rule and killing the industries of the country. So far as I have been able to ascertain none of you have taken the trouble to find out whether this strike is justified or not; but then, you know, you never do. However, we will admit that your advice to the men may be purely disinterested, and given them for their own good. The question then arises—Are you competent to give advice on such a subject as strikes? With all respect to you, and while admitting your authority in other directions, we say you are not. I think, before I have finished, you will agree with me.

In the days when we were boys, what a difference there was between your lives and ours. You were sent regularly to school, well clothed and cared for, while half of our school days were spent in selling newspapers or working in factories. You never knew want; we could never escape it. When you were leaving school for college we were already working and depending on ourselves. Your time was spent in studying books; while we were doing the world's work and making it possible for men and women to exist on the earth. Many of us were married, before you were ordained, and before you had any experience of the difficulties and dangers that surround men in the world, we had made our homes—such as they are—and our wives and children were depending on us for all they had or expected to have. You have never experienced as we have—how, then, can you expect us to take seriously your advice on a subject of which you must naturally know less than we? We know our own grievances better than any outsider can hope to know them, and outsiders will not help us to obtain any concessions—even if they could; we have learned this from experience.

You may, and do, quote St. Peter and St. Paul to us—no, you may even call to your aid the sayings of all the apostles, saints, and evangelists that ever spoke—and you will not succeed in eradicating discontent or abolishing strikes. It is not to us you should quote Scripture, but to the men and women who are grinding us down, day and night, without rest or recompense, so that they may retain the greater portion of the wealth we produce to divide it among themselves and their shareholders.

We have committed no crime that we should be compelled to slave incessantly all our lives for no reward beyond a crust of bread. We have not been created and put upon the earth for the purpose of being robbed of our earnings. At present our lives are not so pleasant that we should be content. When we go out on strike the newspapers cry out that the women and children are always starving. Even when there is no strike thousands of men, women, and children are homeless and hungry. Why don't the papers mention these? Why don't you do something for them? The men on strike get strike pay; what do the unemployed get? It is too late to advise us now. If you were sincere in your concern for the workers you would have intervened long ago. Our action is not hasty or ill-considered. We have tried every method of redress and find that a strike is the only means by which we can call attention to the way in which we are treated.

If you are really anxious to settle the strike, go read the Sermon on the Mount to the managers and shareholders of the railways and timber yards. Or, perhaps, you would, as shareholders yourselves, ask the Board of Directors whether 14s. per week is enough to support a man, his wife, and children; and if not, why they don't pay their employees more.

For good or ill, whether you like it or not, the working class have become conscious of their own power, and are determined to use it. All the soldiers in the world cannot make us work if we determine not to; and if we don't, what will happen?

You are all frightened at the power of the "sympathetic strike," but you do not know half the things the workers have learned and are determined to use. We do not want strikes; you do not want them. If you did your duty and did it in time there would be fewer strikes and less reason for them.

Notwithstanding your advice to the men, they are still on strike. What are you going to do about it?—Sincerely yours,
J.O.F.

THE HEROISM OF STRIKERS.

Now that the scribes of the capitalist rags, or alleged newspapers, have had their say, as regards the strikes that have occurred and are occurring throughout the length and breadth of the British Isles. Let me through the columns of your valuable working class organ of public opinion, have a word to say also. I have read both in the Irish and English newspapers (have mercy on me, if I have offended you by calling them newspapers), but to get down to some of the remarks they have stated, that there is a physical and infectious disease, floating in the atmosphere. Most definitely they have stated there must be a strike microbe. It is certainly true that a very large portion of the working class of the United Kingdom do suffer from a physical disease, it is a stomach disease according to the best medical experts. There is a peculiar aspect about this disease, it exhibits its symptoms in hollowness, but it certainly cannot be termed an infectious disease, for I have never yet known any of the capitalist or landlord class to be smitten with it, although I have known them to live quite near the infected area. I have also read letters in the same papers, saying, have not the working class got a better remedy than the strike, have they not got the vote. Parliament would surely remedy the complaint, and they have no need to revert to such revolutionary methods. But the toadies and cut-throat scribes, need not fear that there will be a revolution. The people are not intelligent enough yet, and the temperament of the majority of the workers of the British Isles is non-revolutionary. We must not base our hopes on the reasonableness of the intelligent rich, we may base them more upon the patience of the poor. It has been proved that the strike is really a powerful weapon in the hands of a robbed and oppressed multitude. But if we build our hopes upon the idea that the vote is a powerful weapon in our hands, we make one of the biggest blunders of modern times. Parliaments were created in medieval times, and the strike is a modern weapon, and the most powerful that was ever wielded by the plundered class.

There never was a strike yet that did not teach the producing class a lesson, and everything that will teach workers is surely most useful, for all they need is educating, and once they are educated up to that standpoint which will determine a complete reversal of the present order of things, instead of coming out on strike, they will stop in the factory, mill, mine, and workshop, take and hold the tools, and manipulate them for the benefit of the whole community, and not as they use them to-day for the glutony of the few. But let us get back to the power of the vote. Suppose the owner of an ironworks locked out their men, just because they wanted to join some particular organisation, for their better social advancement and education. They (the owners) might starve them all to death before a bye-election would take place in the country. It is a million to one of it occurring in that particular district or in any other working-class area where ironworkers are likely to live. It might occur in some fashionable seaside resort where nobody ever goes but the blood-sucking rich and their toadies, and then the result would most likely be a rebuke to the working class, to the men locked out. Suppose they do by some miracle or muddle get the right men in, would the Government of the day dislocate its existing programme and disturb all its supporters by listening to one representative of the working class. Suppose you wait for a general election, which is a long while to wait if you have nothing else but Adam's ale to live on, and they put up their own independent candidates in a number of places, even then they must draw up a bill, get time for it from the Government, debate it a first time, debate it a second time, have it pelted with all sorts of rubbish, shifted and shunted to suit all sorts, sent up to the butcher's shop, the House of Lords, which the Liberal Party has tried to abolish by making more Lords (good old liars), I mean Liberal Party, it is sure to be rejected, sent up again, rejected again, and if it is near the end of Parliament it is sure to be dashed. That is how the mere vote machine moves in the National Game House, and the locked out ironworkers in the meantime are suffering from that interesting gastric complaint, hunger.

Then there is the question why does not Parliament put a stop to strikers by putting them into prison for a certain period, and make it treason for a workman to ask another to lay down tools with him; but never a word against the unscrupulous employer, who locks his men out because they join a trade union. No, he only knows that there is one side to take, and that is the side of the plundering class. Let me say a word of advice—one who writes with one eye shut, let him understand this. I do not deny that Parliament might, very likely Parliament will, pass some permanent and general rules about lock-outs and strikes which may effect them in the long run, not necessarily for good. But I am not speaking of the industrial status generally, but of men (or employers for that matter) confronted with what they consider to be an instant and menacing wrong. Such blows can be given, such blows can be defeated, long before legislation could possibly ward them off. An economic crisis may easily arise, which has not been even contemplated in the Parliamentary schemes and generalisation. If the barricade is hopeless, and the vote useless there is nothing left but the strike. Let my prudent writer take note that it is understood that prudence is a cloak for cowardice, but I ask him if he does not want a revolution, bear in mind the following, if there was

no such thing as the strike, if there was no weapon but the vote, then I think there would be a revolution, and I think there should be.

It is amusing to note the way in which many people who call themselves progressive and are only too willing to help the working class talk about a strike when once it appears possible that it may delay their summer holidays. Some of them talk about a strike as if it were a picnic for the great unwashed, the submerged tenth, the working class love to engage in, and an indulgence which my class will snatch at, every now and then, out of pure cussedness. It does not seem to occur to them that every one who joins a strike is inviting the worst tragedy of his time—the tragedy of losing his last job. I will not criticise the present claims in detail; I will only express my own mild opinion—that the dullest and most bewildered casual who could perform the final act of downing tools, who takes the risk and abides by the result, who chances being starved by a blackleg, or goes to an untimely grave at the hands of a hired assassin, be he soldier or policeman, as in that act showing himself to be more of a man and to have more of those qualities which will go to better the human race than most of the upper class can produce by locking out the men who produce the wealth for them. If the great Wellington, the victor of Waterloo, had been asked to endure such sacrifices he would not have damned the consequences.

In my opinion the striker who goes without his meals and suffers the acute pangs of hunger is much more of a hero than ever the Duke of Wellington was on the field of Waterloo. For this reason alone strikers should be spoken of rather more respectfully, for if ever there was true manhood it is to be found in the man who asks not the reason why, who without stopping to divest himself of his rags dives into the running tide to save a fellow-creature, and the one who shares his last crust with his starving brother. Let the scribes of the Yellow Press write their lying articles, let the would-be peacemakers trot out their twaddle, but the pen of the working class will advocate the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Let me state here and now that there can be no peace, fellow-countrymen, until you have charge of the whole of Ireland. I would repeat the words of the real rebel of '48, James Pintan Lalor—"From the sod to the sky is vested of right in the people of Ireland," and in my opinion there is only one way that the common people can come into their just rights, and that is by organising in one working-class organisation from Malin Head to Cape Clear, and from Dublin to Galway. PEADAR.

It's Murphy's.

I came to a mill by the river side, A half-mile long and nearly as wide, With a forest of stacks and an army of men
Toiling at furnace and shovel and pan,
"What a most magnificent plant," I cried,
And a man with a smudge on his face replied:
"It's Murphy's."

I entered a tram and rode all day On a regal coach and a right-of-way Which reached its arms all over the land In a system too large to understand.
"A splendid property this," I cried,
And the man with a plate on his hat replied:
"It's Murphy's."

I sailed on a great ship, trim and true, From pennant to keel and cabin to crew, And the ship was one of a monster fleet; A first-class navy could scarce compete.
"What a beautiful craft she is," I cried,
And a man with akimbo legs replied:
"It's Murphy's."

I dwell in a nation filled with pride; Her people were many, her lands were wide; Her record in war and science and art Proved greatness of muscle and mind and heart.
"What a grand old country it is," I cried,
And a man with his chest in the air replied:
"It's Murphy's."

I went to heaven. The jasper walls Towered high and wide, and the golden halls Shone bright beyond. But a strange new mark Was over the gate, viz.: "Private Park."
"What, what is the meaning of this?" I cried,
And a saint with a livery on replied:
"It's Murphy's."

I went to the only place left. "I'll take A chance in the boat on the brimstone lake, Or perhaps I may be allowed to sit On the griddled floor of the bottomless pit."
But a jeering tout with horns on his face Cried as he forked me out of the place:
"It's Murphy's."

IRISH NATIONAL FORESTERS.

BRANCH SUNDBURST, No. 128—DUBLIN DISTRICT.
September 25th, 1911.
The quarterly meeting of the members of above branch was held on above date at 9 Merchants Quay, Bro. Joseph Poyed, C.R., presiding; Bro. Jno. Kelly, S.C.R., in the vice-chair; also present Bros. Thos. McCormack, S.W., Richard McCormack, S.B., Peter Keena, Treasurer, and Jno. J. Traynor, Secretary. Correspondence received from Branch Bishop Kelly, Omagh, also from General Secretary, Mr. Luke O'Neill was duly initiated a member of this branch.
During the past week the branch has been visited by Bro. Stephen Devoy, District Organizer. The ordinary business having been transacted the C.R. closed the meeting.
JOHN J. TRAYNOR, Sec.

PARNELL DAY, OCTOBER 1st, 1911.

AIR—"Wearing of the Green."
Now, lift the Shamrock from the dust
Where trampled it has lain,
Unfurl the banner of the free
To kiss the breeze again,
And swear by all the blood and tears
In Freedom's battle shed,
That we'll ne'er forget the noble work
Of Ireland's honoured dead.

Come gather round the hearth to-night
And drink a "cruiskeen lawn,"
For Erin's night is nearly past,
We see the coming dawn;
Toast all who lent a helping hand
To make our fetters fall,
But first of all we'll toast Parnell
The truest of them all.

Oh! then Paddy, dear, you never were
An ingrate base and low!
You never turned your back upon
A friend nor on a foe,
Then take Glasnevin's ivy leaf
O'er Parnell's grave that's seen,
And twine it with the Shamrock
When you're wearing of the green.

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

Irish Worker

AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.
Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and send that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 27, 1911.

TIMBER TRADE LOCK-OUT.

It is necessary to put before our readers, in no uncertain language, the real position with reference to the present crisis. On August 19th, 1911, the timber importers locked out their workers—carters and labourers. Some of these labourers had been receiving on an average 14s. per week. The reason given by the Dublin timber importers (who by the way are not all Dublin firms) was the railway dispute and other causes. Well, the dispute on the railways was settled on the evening of the 19th August, and all men affected returned to their work. The timber employees also offered themselves for work on Monday, August 21st, but were met by closed doors, on which was posted a notice: "Closed until further notice." The men, union and non-union (some of whom had been employed by these firms for close on forty years), were grieved at the manner in which they had been treated, and they unanimously decided to send a letter to each firm affected, stating they were willing to resume work if they were granted an increase of 2s. per week on former rates, and in no case would this bring these men up to the standard rates paid.

That lock-out continued for four weeks, and still continues; during that period neither the Lord Mayor of Dublin nor Mr. Simcox, of Cork, member of the Cork Employers' Federation, nor Mr. Hackett, manager of Murphy Brothers, Waterford, seab employers. Mr. Alderman Cotton, M.P., the alleged friend of the workers, who would be better employed in enquiring into the conditions of his own employees, Mr. P. J. Brady, who, while professing sympathy with the men in dispute, went down to Blackrock, and in a hole-and-corner meeting, advised the railwaymen to desert the standard and scab on their comrades; none of these eminent gentlemen thought it worth one hour of their time to try and persuade the timber importers to grant their employees the concession asked and withdraw the lock-out notices.

We had no howling then from the unscrupulous, lying Press; no appeals from the pulpits to these Christian gentlemen. No! It was only a few hundred workers being starved into submission. After the lock-out had been carried on some three weeks, Messrs. Archer (non-union employers, importers of foreign-made joinery) took a load of tiles under police escort to the Kingsbridge Railway Station, the men of the Great Southern and Western Railway objected to handle same, the inspector ordered Archer to take it away, and the Goods Manager gave instructions to the gateman not to allow any police-protected traffic in. This was six days before the railway men came out. And a similar incident occurred on the Great Northern Railway, with this difference: Mr. Moore, Superintendent, checked and handled the traffic himself. Then the timber importers called their friends into council (and as a few reactionary, idle rich men practically control this city and the railways—nay, they go even further, they own and control the people, for the man or men who control the means whereby you live control you), this council decided to force the quarrel, and bring into the arena other sections of workers. Unfortunately at present the working class of this country are in the same position as the tenant-farmers were forty years ago—badly organised, deluded and misled by the foulest and most unscrupulous Press the world has ever known.

No matter what the outcome of the present struggle may be, all the venom and mendacious lying of the William Martin Murphy ring will not stop the ultimate victory of the working class. It

may be possible that the workers will get a temporary set-back. What of it? Think of the forces arrayed against us; Press, Government, politicians, every little pettyfogging shopkeeper, and that glorious army of patriots, the farmers—the men we have fought and suffered for, to get them the land which we own and will control sooner than some of them realise. The farmers and shopkeepers, in taking the side of the idle rich landlord and capitalist, are cutting a rod to beat themselves. What a combination—Government, landlord, capitalist, farmers, shopkeepers, politicians, Press, and in a few cases the pulpit, all against the unfortunate, overworked, underpaid, sweated son of toil. Where were all these gentlemen that they would not raise their voices in the interest and for the betterment of the down-trodden. Well, the down-trodden will have to teach these people the lesson that the people are all powerful—the Transport Union is a terrible eyesore, and as for Larkin, Hell is too good for him. Well, we know the parable of Dives and Lazarus.

Another Case of Victimising.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.
SIR—I would like to draw attention to the following—In a large city firm not 100 miles from Henry street—the storeman against whom there was not any fault of conduct or ability, was recently dismissed, the reason given him by the employer was, that owing to alterations in the working of the stores, a storeman would not in future be required. Still two days afterwards the vacancy was filled. On dismissing the man he was given a first-rate discharge in the end, and the wish was expressed that he would soon get a suitable position. Now, the true reason of dismissal was this. The man in question was, and is, a member of the I.T.W.U., he was suspended for organising the workers in the firm—perhaps he did, and more luck to him. Why did not the employer say like a man, we dispense with you, because you belong to the Transport Union? Simply, being a tyrant, and tyrants are always cowards, he was afraid to do so. Now this firm is a family concern, the partners being two uncles and a nephew. One of the partners is a saintly person who expounds the Scriptures, a seeker of souls. Still he pays some of his vanmen the princely sum of 12s. 6d. per week. These men may be out until 11 or 12 o'clock at night—no overtime allowed. Well, if he preaches holy poverty he takes good care that his employees practice it. Now, sir, surely it is time that this state of affairs be inquired into, and a remedy applied that will teach such employers as H. L. & Co., that they will not be allowed to continue grinding their employees as they are at present doing.
Apologising for trespassing on your space—I remain yours faithfully,
FIAT JUSTITIA QUAT CÆLUM.

RAILWAY TYRANNY IN AMERICA.

Since the first of the year it is officially reported 81,000 men have been "laid off" by the railroads of the country. At the present time there is a probability of strikes that shall involve more than 100,000 workers, forced by the masters. In the south the timber bosses have closed down many mills with the avowed purpose of crushing the timber workers' union, and the railroads are openly aiding them in the nefarious work. A financial panic may be precipitated any day in an effort to scare the workers to a cessation of agitation.

We are up against a fight that is real this time, and it is either meet it like men or lie down and be licked. This is what Debs meant when he called for men that were not afraid to die, if it were necessary to win.
[The same old game—Ed]

FIVE AND FIFTY!

If fifty men did all the work
And gave the price to five,
And let those five make all the rules,
You'd say the fifty me were fools—
Unfit to be alive.

And if you heard complaining cries
From fifty brawny men,
Blaming the five for graft and greed,
Injustice, cruelty, indeed—
What would you call them then?

Not by their own superior force
Do five on fifty live,
But by election and assent
And privilege of government—
Powers that the fifty give.

If fifty men are really fools,
And five have all the brains,
The five must rule as now, we find,
But if the fifty have the mind—
Why don't they take the reins?
CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Timber Lock-Out and Railway STRIKE!

Mass Meeting OF ALL WORKERS

WILL BE HELD IN
ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS

Wednesday, 27th Sept., at 1 o'clock.
Members of Executive A.S.R.S. will speak.
President of Dublin Trades Council in the chair.



Sirs, when you pity us, I say You waste your pity. Let it stay, Well cooked and stored upon your shelves, Until you need it for yourselves.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Sympathy and acute sorrow is at the present state of affairs being extended to the wives and children of the men in dispute. It is truly miraculous how easily sympathy is manufactured. At certain stages. Now, I beg of you, do not at this important crisis be fooled and misled. As women of the Irish Nation remember your own honour and welfare, as well as the honour and well-being of the men now at stake. Do not, therefore, waver, grumble, or become disheartened during this struggle for liberty of action. These people who express their sympathy in words—and words are only watchful, wary creatures—imagine that they know the nature of the Irish women, and that all they have to do is to appeal to the sympathetic hearts of the women and that in this way they will reach the men. It is a despicable action on their part; they would, with their false words of pity and sorrow—words as false as their hearts are—try to make you cowardly enough to be a drawback to the men. As true women despise such methods. You have not only the present to think of but the future—a future which, from the outcome of this present struggle, means either slavery and degradation, or freedom of action, thought, and better conditions for you, the men, and the future generation of the Irish Nation. Realise now, once and for all, that this is a mighty question of greater importance to us all than you at the moment imagine. These people who, now that they see a future of brightness is to be attained for the working classes, will endeavour to break down the prevailing spirit of good feeling and determination, will bring their imaginations to bear upon the matter by presenting a picture of themselves filled to overflowing with intense pity for the women and children—their hearts torn with anguish at the thought of the sufferings they will have to endure. Take no heed of them. These protestations are but the outward sign of inward hypocrisy. They have not the slightest interest in your welfare—if they had the present state of affairs would never have happened.
Tell me where does their boasted sympathy vanish to when the poor, hungry, starved little children of Dublin sit huddled together on the steps of that prominent statue of Nelson in the cold bitter days of winter, their hands and feet numbed with cold, their teeth chattering, their tongues too paralysed with the cold to even ask for a copper to buy food, while these same people who are now pitying the wives and children of the locked out men pass by in their motor cars, wrapped up in furs, their well-fed, well-clothed bodies protected from every blast, where then is their sympathy? Then is the time to show it in a practical manner. But they present their picture of their hypocritical sorrow in vain.
The women of Ireland are as much awake as the men; they are tired and weary of being white slaves, who pass their lives away toiling to fill the pockets of the unscrupulous employers, receiving for their labours not sufficient to enable them to exist. The wages and conditions of the working women of this city of Dublin are a rebuke to any country. I appeal to you, women, although I feel sure I have no need to do so, be strong, faithful, and true to the cause of the working class, help the men, encourage and inspire them with the right spirit that they need in this present time. Be what the women of Ireland have always been—brave, noble, and self-sacrificing when expected of them in a true cause. Let your actions speak.
All communications for this column to be addressed
"D. L.,
The Women-workers' Column,
THE IRISH WORKER,
10 Beresford Place, Dublin.

"Come forth from the valley, come forth from the hill,
Come forth from the workshop, the mine,
and the mill;
From pleasure or slumber, from study or play,
Come forth in your myriads to aid us today;
There's a word to be spoken, a deed to be done,
A truth to be utter'd, a cause to be won.
Come forth in your myriads! come forth every one!"

Come, youths, in your vigour, come, men in your prime,
Come, age, with experience fresh gathered from time;
Come, workers, your welcome; come, thinkers, you must
Come thick as the clouds in the mid-summer dust,
Or the waves of the sea gleaming bright in the sun;
There's a truth to be told and a cause to be won.
Come forth in your myriads! come forth every one!"
—CHARLES MACKEY.

Mutual Window Cleaning Co.
59 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

Amalgamated Society of Tailors.

TO THE TRADE UNIONISTS AND CITIZENS OF DUBLIN AND COUNTY.

The following is a Complete List of all the Tailoring Establishments in Dublin who observe Fair Conditions and Employ Trade Union Labour:—

- Robinson & Steele, Dawson street.
- P. Shawe & Son, Dawson street.
- Walter Conan, Kildare street.
- C. H. Walkey, Stephen's Green, N.
- S. M'Clure, Grafton street.
- E. & W. Seale, Grafton street.
- Alex. Conan, Dawson street.
- Wharton, Dawson street.
- J. B. Johnstone, Molesworth street.
- Phillips & Lane, Nassau street.
- R. Gall, Suffolk street.
- Switzer & Co., Grafton street.
- J. Deane, Wicklow street.
- J. Jones, Stephen's green.
- Pim Brothers, George's street.
- Connor, St. Andrew street.
- Healy, Dame street.
- Conway & Swan, Dame street.
- Callaghan & Co., Dame street.
- Kenny & Owens, Dame street.
- Jones & Son, Brunswick street.
- Boyd & Dixon, Wicklow street.
- Michael Meers, Pembroke street.
- T. G. Phillips, Dame street.
- S. M'Comas & Son, Sackville street.
- Scott & Co., Sackville street.
- Junior Army & Navy Stores, D'Olier st.
- Thompson, Westmoreland street.
- Wright & Son, Westmoreland street.
- Pearson, Westmoreland street.
- P. Brown, Bachelor's Walk.
- D. Moran, Arran quay.
- Todd, Burns & Co., Mary street.
- Henry Street Warehouse, Henry street.
- Arnott & Co., Henry street.
- Dallas, Henry street.
- Callaghan, North Earl street.
- R. Allen, Lower Sackville street.
- Cleary & Co., Sackville street.
- Harvey & Co., Sackville street.

BECKER BROS.

est. Purest and Cheapest
TEAS.
PRICES—2/6, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10,
1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.

8 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET
And 17 NORTH EARL STREET,
DUBLIN.

WORKERS when spending their hard-earned wage cannot do better than call at

LAWLER & CO., 98 Summerhill,
WHERE THEY CAN BUY
Best Quality Groceries and Provisions
At Reasonable Prices.
:: All available Irish Goods stored ::

HUGH KENNY,

General Provision Merchant,
46 GREAT BRITAIN STREET.
IRISH PRODUCE A SPECIALITY.
•• Our Teas for the Workers are the Best Value in Dublin.

IRISH GOODS ONLY.

Hello Boys! Look Out! Now we know where we are.
GLEESON & CO.,
Are Opening 1st week in September a
General Drapery and Tailoring
STORE
FOR THE SALE OF
Irish Goods Only.

Note Address—IRISH GOODS ONLY.
11 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

TELEPHONE No. 1777.

Cranston & Co., Wholesale Stationers
Paper Merchants & Paper Bag Manufacturers,
18 & 19 TEMPLE LANE (Off Dame St.),
DUBLIN.
IRISH MANUFACTURE A SPECIALITY.

TOM CLARKE,

TOBACCONIST AND NEWSAGENT,
75 Great Britain St. and 55 Aniens St.
Keeps a full line of Tobacco and Cigarettes manufactured at home in Ireland by Irishmen.
THE IRISH WORKER and all other newspapers on sale.

Support RUSSELL'S,

The Family Bakers,
Trade Union Employers,
RATHMINES BAKERY.

If you have not the ready money convenient there is an IRISH ESTABLISHMENT which supplies Goods on the Easy Payment System. It is THE

Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd.,
10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.
OFFICE HOURS—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 8. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.
MANAGER—ALDERMAN T. KELLY.

THE EIGHTY CLUB.

TRADES COUNCIL.

A FIGHTING RACE.

beaten in the end. And yet they were still unconquered and unconquerable. They were born fighters; you could see it in their faces.

Timber Trade Lock-out & Railway Strike.

MR. LARKIN'S SPEECH—contd.

Clery's, and the tramways in Dublin—if you would know the history of that man as regards employees—go and ask the tramway slaves. He states in his paper that the railwaymen's officials are imported, but he has not one line about Dent, the imported manager of the Great Southern Company, who is as great a curse as his brother is in South Wales, or Plews or Tatlow. I suppose they are all good Irishmen like William Martin. John Redmond had warned the Irish people against reading William Martin Murphy's organs, the Independent and Herald and the so-called Irish Catholic, which is edited for him by Dennehy—all organs that are trying to create dissension. On this platform are men of different religions, all workers. While these persons are carrying on their lying unscrupulous conduct in the newspapers you are making history. You have been forced out to fight—by whom? Is it by Dent, and Plews, and Tatlow? Not at all, you are out by a greater force than these miserable creatures. What is it? It is the force of economic circumstances—a driving force that some of you don't understand. I only wished you did. The laws of economics are the salvation of the working classes, when worked out in their ultimate results. You come out on strike in obedience to these laws, and not in obedience to Larkin, whom Frank Martin will not meet (laughter and applause). The Transport Union must not be acknowledged (laughter). The Transport Union, though weak financially, has made more than Martin toe the line. It has made mightier men toe the line. Mr. Watson, a man who before its time would not allow a trades unionist on his premises, and would not knock down to any living force, knuckled down on Saturday last when Jim Larkin sent word down that the timber was to go back (applause). You had all the heroes of the D.M.P. and the soldiers, but the timber went back (cheers). I did not think it worth while to go over there at all. Mr. Watson, wise man—Solomon come to Judgment—took the horse, and said, "Come on, men! out with it." Four years ago would he have done that? Up at the Grand Canal Company before one package is received Larkin is asked is it to go forward? Where is your British Government? Why does not the Earl of Aberdeen come down and say, "Never mind Larkin. Let the traffic go!" No, it is not Larkin. It is you that have the power, only you do not think. You do not know your power. If you did Canon Fee would have been told, "Go back to your pulpit. Go back, and do your duty." When did Canon Fee go down to the railway men at Inchicore and tell them, "You are being sweated and degraded." Did he go before the Board of Directors and try to get better wages for you? When did he go to the Canal men, who were getting 16s. a week, and were fined 10s. and 12s. out of their wages? Why didn't he go down to the Grand Canal Directors, like Jim Larkin, and say, "Mr. Hazelhatch, you have a roof over a stable. There is a horse kept below, and above are housed human beings made to the image of God." Where was Canon Fee then? This man never went to Greenmount Factory, where a girl at 4s. 1d. a week had only eightpence handed out to her. I am a deeply religious man. Some of you may not know it. I have a great respect for the clergy in certain matters, but, as O'Connell said, while we will take our religion from Rome, we will take our politics from our country. We will take our religion from Mother Church, not from gentlemen who speak because they have shares in the railway. The present Pope had told the clergy and bishops that they had no right to take part in business. I have known men to go out of their way in the pulpit to try and use their power to get men to go blacklegging. They did the same thing against the people in the Fenian struggle. Some of them did so. But the great mass of the clergy were men who would not do such. The "soggarth aroon" does count for something yet, but if one or two try to cause injury, I say they cannot be allowed to do it. Is it any wonder that the Orangemen of the North have been saying, or that the argument has been put forward in Unionist papers that this great strike was a Home Rule agitation engineered for the purpose of spoiling the demonstration in Belfast. And again, we had Mr. Brady saying it was got up for the purpose of injuring the Home Rule cause. We have men on this platform who did more for Home Rule than Mr. Brady ever did—men who have done much in England, Scotland and Wales, to convince the English worker, and to see justice done to Ireland. Mr. Brady and five more M.P.'s invited me and others to go and meet them. Alderman Cotton—this would be the first time I ever spoke to him—E. J. Kelly, Wicklow, Kelly, Donegal, and William Field. They went to the timber merchants—they went to Frank Martin, Mr. William Crowe, Mr. Archer (the foreign importer of prison-made joinery) but they told them to go about their business. Mr. Brady went amongst the poor workers in Blackrock and insulted them. To try and save his face, Mr. Brady now writes a letter of invitation to us to go and see him. No, P. J. Brady, "you are found out. We will not see you. So far as I am concerned our organisation will not see you. You came in last here—you are trying to tie our hands, but you will not do it." The Government tells us—"We will bring out the soldiers and police—we will keep the line going." I say to the Government get ready all your soldiers and police—I don't care a straw for the lot of you. The first time a soldier goes on an engine the Government can do the work of this coun-

At the meeting of the Dublin Trades Council held on Monday night, Mr. Thos. Murphy, President, in the chair, Mr. John Simmons read the following letter:— Parnell Monument Committee, 39 Upper O'Connell street, Dublin, 19th September, 1911.

DEAR SIR—I am directed by my committee to forward you enclosed copy of decision arrived at by the representatives of the trades bodies present at a meeting held in connection with the Parnell Memorial Unveiling Demonstration at 39 Upper O'Connell street, on last Saturday evening, 16th inst., and to request the views of your Council on the subject.— Yours faithfully, C. E. REDMOND, Secretary.

The resolution referred to was as follows:— "This meeting of the representatives of the Dublin Trades Bodies protests unanimously against any invitation being given to the Lord Mayor of Dublin to attend the Parnell Memorial Unveiling Procession, and requests that a letter be sent from the Parnell Memorial Committee to the Lord Mayor asking him to abstain from taking part in the demonstration, as it is their belief that his presence will lead to disorder and breach of the peace."

Mr. Rochford—I move that we proceed to the next business. This is a political matter and should be left outside the Council.

Mr. W. J. Murphy—Leave it to his common sense if he has any. The Council took no action in the matter.

IMPORTED DOORS. Mr. John Simmons, Secretary, read a letter from Mr. J. P. Delaney, of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners, stating that on Friday last he visited Drumcondra, where houses are being built, the external and internal doors, of which to the total number of twenty-seven are of foreign manufacture.

Mr. Simmons and other members of the Council strongly criticised the importation of the doors, and testimony was paid to the action of Alderman Keegan, who also represents the Glasnevin Ward, in supporting the lath makers by using Irish-made laths in his building operations.

MINERAL WATERS.

Mr. J. Leahy proposed— "That in view of the fact that the wages paid to operatives in some of the mineral water firms do not nearly approach a living wage, and as an outcome of this fact the penny minerals are produced and largely patronised in certain workingmen's institutions to the detriment of the mineral water operatives, this Trades Council urges the discontinuance of such patronage, and the support of only such firms which employ the Mineral Water Operatives' Society, and pay a fair rate of wages."

Mr. P. Mackin seconded the resolution. Mr. James Larkin moved as an amendment that the resolution be referred back to the Executive Council to inquire into the facts. He believed the circumstances were not exactly stated, and asserted that one of the manufacturers of penny mineral waters who had been criticised was paying the standard rate of wages, whereas the Mineral Waters Operatives' Society was confined to one firm. The way to break down monopoly was to bring in free competition.

Mr. Hackett seconded the amendment. A long discussion followed, in the course of which the relative merits of two-penny and penny mineral waters were discussed.

A division on the amendment resulted in a tie, and the President gave his casting vote in favour of the amendment, which was therefore carried.

TRADES SPORTS.

On the motion of Mr. J. Farren, seconded by Mr. McCormick, the following resolution was proposed:— "That this Trades Council calls on the workers of Dublin to show by their presence at the forthcoming Trades Sports, to be held at Jones's road on Sunday, October 8th, that they will not allow those people who take the place of Trades Unionists when on strike to be the means of proving that they can prevent the Sports from being a success."

THE SOLDIER'S CREED.

By ERNEST CROSBY. "Captain, what do you think," I asked, "Of the part your soldiers play?" But the captain answered, "I do not think; I do not think, I obey!" "Do you think you should shoot a patriot down, Or help a tyrant slay?" But the captain answered, "I do not think; I do not think, I obey!" "Do you think your conscience was made to die, And your brain to rot away?" But the captain answered, "I do not think; I do not think, I obey!" "Then if this is your soldier's creed," I cried, "You're a mean, unmanly crew; And for all your feathers and gilt and braid, I am more of a man than you!" "For whatever my place in life may be, And whether I swim or sink, I can say with pride, 'I do not obey; I do not obey, I think!'"

"Progress can only start by one or two individuals shooting ahead of their species."—Henry Drummond.

Take heed of your Civilisation, ye, On your pyramids built of quivering hearts; There are stages like Paris in '93 When the commonest men play most terrible parts.

Somehow or other my pen would refuse to do my bidding until I had set down before me those ominous words of John Boyle O'Reilly. I had ever looked on this great Irishman as something more than the mere embodiment of that imperishable aspiration for Irish nationhood that John Mitchel predicted would outlive the British Empire, for in him do I see those ennobling motives that characterised him as one of the populace, one of the workers, one of the mob, if you will. And those lines of his that are so grimly significant had recurred to me once more under a circumstance that was not inappropriate.

I had been inwardly commenting on the rigid monotony of my railway journey when eventually the train in which I was seated steamed into the little town of Wexford—Loch Garraun they call it in the Irish. Of course I had been travelling third-class (not being of a fastidious disposition), and third class railway carriages on the Dublin and South Eastern line do not exactly constitute the acme of luxury. It was, therefore, with a deep feeling of satisfaction that I quitted the compartment and hurried into the open, being anxious to acquaint myself with my new surroundings; for, in truth, I had never been in Wexford before, and knew but little of this town of which I had read so much. When I emerged into the street adjoining the railway station I at once took notice of several knots of men scattered here and there who seemed to be absorbed in their discourse. I knew at the same time, from the heated manner of their conversation and the intelligent, animated expression in their eyes, that they were up against the all-important topic of the hour, and one vital subject that for the moment was affecting the lives of these men—a subject the solution of which meant in the end; Wexford, America, or the Poorhouse.

I sauntered along at my ease, and at odd intervals I came across similar groups of men talking eagerly among themselves. Some of them turned towards me with inquiring glances as if they were wondering who I could be and what I was doing there—for I was really doing nothing—and it must be remembered that I was a complete stranger to the town. If you happen to be in Wexford and are a stranger to the place, the fact is apt to become public knowledge with surprising rapidity; and this, I suppose, is due to that vague sense of aloofness that the man from Dublin invariably brings with him on his first excursion into a country town.

Anyhow, it was not long till I had struck up an acquaintance with a burly, good-humoured individual at the corner of—I think it was—John street. I opened up by making some trivial remark on the position of the strike, when he straightaway interrupted me and pointed out that there was no question of a strike at all. It was a lock-out of course, and that was a very different thing. I hastened to correct myself, and had hardly succeeded in doing so when he fired at me point blank a most disconcerting question—and these Wexfordmen, I have learned, have a commendable frankness of manner. He wanted to know if it was in the interest of "the Bosses" that I had come into the town. Having assured him on this most important point, I could see that he was satisfied, and we at once became the best of friends.

He went on to tell me of the progress that had been made towards a settlement of the dispute between the masters and the men, but which seemed to me to have been nil. And no wonder, for the masters had shown themselves to be impervious to reason; they had closed their ears to the one just demand of the men: the right to federate in the common weal—that right which is born of the unalterable desire to create a union of brotherhood in the world of industrial activity where the grinding unfairness of a one-sided system of social administration is all too apparent. But the handful of employers had closed down the factories when the men had begun to show fight. They would not concede the right of federation; they refused to recognise the union of the men.

But the employees would fight to the end. Of this I had the assurance of the man with whom I was holding converse. He himself had been employed at the leading foundry in the town, and he explained to me that the crisis had been arrived at in consequence of the dictatorial attitude of his employer. This employer was a man who had amassed a goodly fortune out of a Wexford industry which had sprung up and gradually developed as the practical outcome of an Irish industrial revival. And this man was one of the pioneers of Irish industry—moryah. He was a conscientious man, a christian, and a good Samaritan. In short, he was one who would have his less fortunate fellow-men sup of the milk of human kindness. These milk-of-human-kindness people are the devil!

I parted from my friend and strolled idly about the town, thinking over what he had told me, for I knew that he had gone away with the vague but certain premonition of the momentous struggle that was yet before the men to whose class he belonged—that struggle of which this present lock-out was but the mere foreshadowing. But these men, I would have you know, are born fighters; they are the unconquered remnant of a fighting race. In the olden days they had fought with the supreme courage of heroes against the tyranny of an alien Government which had embarked on the final conquest of Ireland. They had battled fiercely for their liberty, but were

The few short hours which had been at my disposal were soon at an end, and on the evening of the following day I was obliged to take my departure. Before leaving the town, however, there were certain other matters in connection with the lock-out that came under my notice. An inquest was being held on the body of a man—one of the workers—who had been killed in a recent street disturbance. It appeared that he had been done to death by the batons of the police. Then there was the case of an old man who, after a lifetime spent in the service of his employer, had been cast out on the roadway to starve when he tried to assert his individual independence. This was the reward at the hands of one of the Wexford humanitarians.

I could not help pondering on these and similar incidents as the homeward train passed Arklow station, where I chanced into conversation with a quiet, inoffensive-looking young man, who was my only fellow-traveller. Of course we launched forth on the subject of the Wexford crisis, and I listened with the utmost patience to the fierce invective he brought down on the heads of those "misguided men" who had dared to flout the authority of the masters, and who threatened ruin to a peaceful and prosperous town! He then asked me if I had read a letter from somebody or other in the morning newspapers. I am afraid I did not answer him at once, for I had transferred my attention to the open window of the carriage and was noting the black stretches of grass-land that went whizzing by in quick succession. When I again looked round my companion was buried in the pages of the Irish Times.

I once more betook my gaze to the barrenness of the green fields, and—only I cannot be sure of the air—I might have found myself humming that admirable cross-channel melody "God Save the King."

CATHAL LALLY.

Job Carriage-Drivers.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

September 25th, 1911.

SIR,—Might I trespass upon the hospitality of your columns to request my brother job carriage drivers to agitate in form a society of their own, or to unite themselves under the auspices of the Irish Transport Union, under which body they would receive protection and advancement, and be always sure of a just advocacy of their claims, for at present the job carriage drivers are entirely helpless owing to their own indifference and want of spirit or of pluck. One job carriage establishment only in the city pays weekly wages to their men, the rest pay their drivers per job, with what is termed "yard-money," namely, six shillings per week; and if a man either through illness or other causes is obliged or compelled to absent himself his day's yard-money is stopped. And yet he is required to give faithful and constant attendance, Sunday and week-day, at the establishment, and look after his horses and clean his harness, etc., whether there is work in or whether there is not. You can imagine, sir, what a mockery this yard-money is when a man is unable to give attention to his business for a day or for days, and finds that out of this precious six shillings every day's absence is stopped! His so-called yard money when Saturday comes is but a mere humbug. Excepting that he has had a fair amount of jobs during the week his family won't have much meat in the pot for Sunday. Well, sir, that is their condition, their position, in several of the job yards. But, thank God, there are a couple of the employers more kind, more generous, more Christian-hearted towards the men who work for them late and early and in all weathers and at all hours. Surely, sir, it is more than time that the job carriage-drivers looked for their rights. I now call upon them to do so. Let them form themselves into a body once again, and join the Transport Union, and a much better future will be theirs. Will they make the effort, or do they prefer to remain contented slaves always?—Yours truly, A JOB CARRIAGE-DRIVER.

P.S.—In a further letter, sir, I will enlighten your readers further upon the munificent fees (drivers' fees) paid in some of the job carriage establishments in Dublin.

LEST WE FORGET.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

September, 1911.

SIR,—Mr. Tierney, cab No. 562, drew slates and cement this morning from T. & C. Martin's. Martin's clerks are drawing timber to a cabinet factory with a horse and waggon. Their names are:—T. P. Cullen, President of the Mountjoy Ward U.I.L. (patriot); J. Reardon, clerk; Martin Lyncham, clerk; Joseph Kelly, manager of factory; P. Carroll, clerk; T. Cairne, ex-R.I.C., with a glass eye and a pension; the dead eye is, we believe, in Belfast, where he left it; and Michael Fitzgerald, Irish Irelander, tin piker, and all-round patriot. Last, but not least, Charles Martin O'Kelly, champion lightweight boxer of Ireland. All the above (gentlemen, not emergency men) are blacklegging on a lot of poor hardworking men, who are locked out and are seeking a miserable 2s. per week increase on their former miserable wages. We had nearly forgotten the Dodger Dillon, who above anybody else is responsible for the present difficulty.—Yours truly, J.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Dublin, Sept. 26th, 1911. DEAR SIR—As a matter of common justice and ordinary fair play I am sure you will afford me space to briefly refer to a letter appearing in your last issue signed "Joan."

I consider the letter of your correspondent appearing under the caption "The Eighty Club" and signed by an anonymous writer who calls himself "Joan" is no more than a venomous and spiteful attack on Councillor Lorcan G. Sherlock, and whose honour as a public man no man dare say nay.

The attack of your "too previous" correspondent is based on the false assumption that Councillor Sherlock was present at the Eighty Club Banquet in the Grand Hotel, at which the toast of "The King" was duly honoured, said toast being organised and promoted by a party styled the National Club of Ireland. I have already given public expression to my opinion of this so-called National Club, and Councillor Sherlock has previously stated he was not present at the banquet or at any of the proceedings in connection with same.

The malicious attack of your anonymous correspondent was, therefore, as unjustified as it was maliciously false and cowardly—anonymous attacks are invariably cowardly.

The methods of your correspondent Jean are those of a person anxious for the public weal; they are rather those of the assassin and the thug. They savour very much of the Black Gang and call to mind the stiletto and the dagger. When your correspondent Jean read Councillor Sherlock's public disclaimer in Saturday night's Evening Telegraph how small he must have felt that is, providing he has any sense of decency or honour in his composition. The poor fellow must have realised his miserable position very keenly when he found he had overshoot the mark so much. Had he been possessed of the smallest sense of honour, or even a medium of ordinary common decency, he would immediately have made the "amende honorable."

I hold no brief for Councillor Sherlock (he is well able to look after himself), and I would not have trespassed on your hospitality were it not for the fact that your correspondent referred to me, and asked what I thought of the Sherlock.

My answer is to be gathered from the foregoing supplemented by this fact, that Councillor Sherlock is a public man, a representative citizen, who by his high personal character and great and proved capacity for public business, has won for himself a very high position in the estimation of the done his constituents in the Mountjoy Ward, but in the estimation of the citizens generally. Councillor Sherlock, like any another public man, is not immune from public criticism; but I respectfully submit to your readers that he has a right to complain of criticisms based on wrong data, and which are the outcome of a malignant and malevolent hostility, inspired by the usual and sordid motives which characterise every line of the precious epistle appearing under the pen-name of your correspondent "Joan."

Thanking you in anticipation, and wishing your efforts on behalf of those who work in contradistinction to those who loaf the most unqualified success,—I am, dear sir, yours, etc., MICHAEL BYRNE, Hon. Sec. Mountjoy Ward Branch, U.I.L.

According to the Freeman Councillor Sherlock was present at the "Eighty Club" banquet, and surely the Freeman should know. It is not likely that they would be misled in "a venomous, spiteful attack" on him. Anyhow why did Councillor Sherlock not deny "the soft impeachment" until after our article? And why has he not sent an official denial to us? One would think he would only be too glad to avail of our space for the purpose. We think it is our friend Byrne who is the premature. Why not have a word to say in defence of J. P. Cullen, Martin's blackleg?—THE WRITER.]

At the South Dublin Guardians meeting on Wednesday last a resolution by Councillor R. O'Carroll to grant two foremen tradesmen—a carpenter and bricklayer—the standard rate of wages paid to foremen outside, was defeated by 14 votes to 13. The Clerk of Works made an unfavourable report against both men. Councillor O'Carroll stated it was not the men he was supporting but the principle. At the same meeting a resolution was passed on the motion of the Chairman granting all tradesmen with one year's service one week's annual holiday with pay, and all tradesmen with five year's service two week's annual holiday with pay.

RUTLAND SQUARE FLUNKYS.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. SIR—On Sunday next, October 1st large numbers of visitors will be in Dublin for the unveiling of the memorial to the great Irish Leader, Parnell. I trust that none of them will insult the ultra-loyalist lodging house (sometimes called hotels) keepers of Rutland square by tendering them any "rebel" money. The Rutland square people are a bit "class" and have successfully objected to the changing of the name to Parnell square. A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.—Yours, ANTI-HUMBAG. May I mention that the opposition to Parnell's name was engineered by a gentleman who flies a flag with the "Red Hand" of Ulster over his model lodging-house. A. H.

Locked-out!

They will not let my daddy work—that's what my mammy said, Then how am I to get my milk—or mammy get the bread? Must I lie in vain with hunger cry, and famish too with cold? Is it with little children's tears, that rich men make their gold? The Carters' men my daddy said were locked-out without cause And sent to hanger on the streets by men who fear no laws; Then when they sought a rise of pay to clear the debt they owed, The masters turned them away—and others drove the load. I 'posse the Carters' little ones were cold and hungry then, But daddy says Jim Larkin came and stood by all the men. He dried up all their mammy's tears, and stopped the children's cries, I 'spect Jim is a Santa Claus to little girls and boys. And daddy said the Railway men refused to touch the load, Which Blacklegs drove o'er human hearts to swell the miser's hoard. These gallant men were then dismissed—and others left their work, Protest against the action of an imported British Turk. The papers all my daddy says misrepresents the case, And says these English managers to crush the Irish race, The police have come and soldiers too with baton and with gun, To bludgeon and to murder all too weak to fight or run. Yes, daddy is shut out from work—next week there is no rent, And all because false knaves exist, and tyrants won't repent, I wonder if the Saviour died for men as base as they Who mock the sacrifice God made, by actions every day. The papers have no word of blame for tyrants, cruel and cold, Who crush the helpless and the weak to build up piles of gold; What matter if we children cry, and mammy's cheeks grow pale, And homes are wrecked and families weak are cast out in the gale. 'Tis God alone who loves the poor—and that's what mammy said, A pity God's not with us now to give us milk and bread, I wonder when He's looking down from Heaven in the sky, He sees us trample with the cold—and hears our hungry cry? But there are men in Ireland still who dare defend the weak, Who heed not taunt, or sneer or frown, and trembles not to speak; And who, despite the lying Press, will still uphold the right, And yet, undaunted by big odds, will carry on the fight. W. P. P.

TIMBER TRADE LOCK-OUT AND THE RAILWAY STRIKE.

Great Mass Meeting.

Addresses by Messrs. THOS. MURPHY, President Dublin Trades Council; J. E. WILLIAMS, General Secretary Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants; BELLAMY, General President; W. J. PARTRIDGE, NAT RIMMER, BERNARD FINNEGAN, JAMES LARKIN, General Secretary Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and JAMES CONNOLLY, Northern Organiser Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

A great public meeting was held on Sunday last in Beresford place, Dublin, in connection with the lock-out in the Timber Trade and the Railway Workers Strike. The demonstration was announced in THE IRISH WORKER to take place at 1 o'clock, and by that time an immense number of workers and sympathisers had assembled. A considerable force of the D.M.P. was also present though, considering that Sir James Dougherty has described the strike as of the most peaceful character, the object of concentrating such a large force was not quite apparent.

Mr. Thomas Murphy, President of the Dublin Trades Council, in his address, said:—Fellow-workers, in view of the contest that has been forced on the railway workers through the obstinate disposition and selfish motives of a few timber merchants, we found it necessary to hold this meeting for the purpose of giving the leaders of the railway men and the Transport Workers' Union an opportunity of explaining the true state of affairs. We notice that the Mayors of Ireland have been telegraphing to each other in connection with the appeals to try and settle this deplorable dispute, but we find that the Mayor of Belfast described it as a "mad enterprise." Well, if you consider the attitude of a few timber merchants in Dublin, will you not say that their attitude is a mad enterprise, as we are in the position of a few men being allowed by law to dislocate the business of the whole nation? No law tells us, if we can believe what we see in the papers, that the railway companies are bound by Act of Parliament to take anything sent on to them for delivery (a voice—To ship blacklegs (laughter)). But if that is the case a few men at any time can come forward and, locking out their employees, can force the railway companies to take goods, and by so doing upset the whole of the business in Ireland—and not alone in Ireland but the United Kingdom at large. He would leave the other speakers to dwell on that point, and with these introductory remarks introduced Mr. Williams, the General Secretary of the A.S.R.S.

Mr. Williams, who was received with cheers, said—Mr. Chairman and friends, I am exceedingly pleased to see such a large assembly of respectable and intelligent workmen. It is quite a demonstration that in the struggle that we are passing through we evidently have your co-operation and support. I have an idea that few of you have come here through mere curiosity. You have come here because you have sympathy with the movement that is now taking place. Let me at the outset say that we endeavoured to commence our negotiations with the railway companies with the greatest courtesy imaginable. Before the meeting of the Executive had assembled in Dublin I sent a telegram to the whole of the managers asking them to kindly co-operate with the Executive Committee in assisting to come to a settlement of the dispute. But the most surprising feature in the whole business is that, although that invitation was repeated on the resolution of the full Executive, up to the present moment we have had no reply or acknowledgment either to my communication or to the communication from the collective body of the committee. I think you will agree that that does not display the spirit or disposition that one would expect from gentlemen entrusted with the destinies of large systems like the railways. I think the refusal of the managers to reply to our communications is a clear indication of the despotic exactors who have controlled them in connection with this dispute. And I feel sure when the whole history of this big war is recorded that we shall figure prominently as the only body that displayed any real statesmanship or any real disposition to discuss the question. I want to make that perfectly clear; because it would appear that in nearly all the records of the Press we are the people who are being assailed. We have been accused as being the cause of this dispute; but, as I said before, we are the only body that has put forward any desire to negotiate on peaceful lines (applause). It is most unfortunate—but, nevertheless, I will courageously face the issue—it is unfortunate that nearly the whole of the Press in this city have been against us (A voice—Except THE IRISH WORKER.). I never saw a more wicked desire to divide the great democracies of these countries than the attempt that has been set up to divide us on national lines. I take it that you agree with me that the only one thing that prompted my Executive Committee to come to Dublin was for the purpose of imparting to you the best service possible in the dispute that they found had already commenced in Dublin. We did not as an executive create the difficulty; but the railway companies took up the position that might have resulted in the sacrifices of several of your fellow-workers; and we, as the government of the organisation, would be absolute cowards if we did not

come here to help our friends in Ireland. I hope you will not be deceived or drawn away by the plea put up from the national standpoint, which is intended to thwart the efforts we are putting forward on your behalf. The sooner the democracies of these countries recognise that the people who put forward these pleas are animated with the selfish purpose of defeating the industrial classes in this country—the sooner you recognise that the sooner you will use your collective powers to defeat them. You are to be deluded. I say the dispute is yours. It is not so much the dispute of the Executive. Therefore, we have been wickedly accused, and efforts have been put forward to try to poison the minds of the community on this selfish, narrow basis. You are practically aware of the whole history of this dispute—you know what caused the dismissal of your men. Immediately your men were dismissed the Executive recognized we must come to their succour, and ever since we have been in Dublin we have been making efforts of the most conciliatory character for the purpose of meeting the position of your dismissed members. The organisation would not be worth its salt if it allowed its members to be dismissed without making an effort to restore them to the position they previously occupied, and the Executive will not give up its efforts until every means has been exhausted to get the men reinstated in the position they occupied before this dispute commenced. One is pleased to find there has been such a demonstration of resolution amongst the railway workers in Dublin. But there are some that are holding back, and I am also sorry to say they have been influenced in holding back by a section that should be helping us instead of opposing us. This whole dispute will have to be written up some time and the people that have put themselves against us, and are unfortunately helping the employers to beat us will have to account for the attitude they have assumed. It is not individuals that should dictate and control this movement. It is the collective wisdom of the men themselves—I trust if there are any individuals in this meeting to-day, in regard to whom an attempt is made to influence them not to toe the line with their fellows that they will not be led away—they should recognise that it is not individuals that is to be considered. From the national standpoint we are fighting as a united body to accomplish a great principle on behalf of those whom we represent. We have been encouraged by the large meetings we have held since we commenced, and this meeting to-day eclipses all the others. It gives one great encouragement to see the younger members coming forward, and I hope every man coming into the movement will recognise his personal responsibility, and recognise that something is expected from him. If the movement is approached from that standpoint we will be able to meet the opposition of the opposing forces, and we will be able to come out of the tussle with honour to ourselves. I feel in this, great dispute that the working classes of Dublin are not going to disgrace the history of the city which has so many monuments to great men. I feel sure that you will recognise your personal responsibility and endeavour to maintain the old historical record this city has maintained in the struggle for the down-trodden people of this country. Don't forget that it is not only by assembling in numbers that the movement is to be won. It is by everyone doing his individual best to help his fellows. If he knows one who is falling back go to him and encourage him, and maintain him. In these days of battle there is immense responsibility attaching to the leaders of the men. Don't do anything that would give the opposing force a justification for charging that you have not conducted this movement manfully and straightforwardly. You doubtless are aware that you are permitted to carry on peaceful picketing. I am sorry that several of our friends have been intimidated by the authorities who ought to assist them, in carrying on their lawful procedure. I am forced to say that many of our men have been placed in a jeopardising position, even when carrying on picketing lawfully. Never mind, the battle will be carried on to success. Carry on your picketing vigorously—keep yourselves within the limits of the law, and when the day comes—when we can take a retrospective view of our efforts—we will feel delighted at the way we carried on this campaign (applause).

Mr. James Connolly, Organising Secretary Irish Transport Workers' Union, Belfast, said—I am glad to see such a large meeting gathered here to-day. As you know, I come from the Black North (laughter and applause), and in the course of this fight and the fight that immediately preceded it I have been doing all I could to enrol the men of the North, irrespective of party or religion, or race, in one great arm of labour. Now, in the North I have been told, and especially in Belfast, that this fight was being carried on by a Fenian Lodge. I come down to Dublin and I hear that the fight is being carried on by imported English agitators (laughter). The difficulty is to know which of the statements is right—perhaps the imported agitators have joined the Fenian Lodge. If they have it must make a good fusion. Now, I am going to say a few words relative to the cause of the present dispute, and in dealing with it I am going to refresh your memory and the memory of others on some facts of Irish history—the more we know of it the better we can fight. The more we know how our fathers fought and endured the more it will be possible for us to fight and to suffer and to endure also. Through the fight to-day I find one recurrent note in the newspapers. It is that the demand of the railway men that they shall not be required to handle goods contaminated

by blackleg labour is absolutely new—in a word, it is revolutionary to a degree and was never dreamt of before. Now, in the first place, I am going to point out that that demand is reasonable, and, what is more, it is of the last consequence to the working classes. Not only in this country but in all countries history has been marked by certain well developed stages. It has come to be recognised that what was an injury to one was an injury to all. Until that one idea entered into the minds of men there was no place for human progress. We were savages—each man fighting his own battle; but when that idea came into men's minds they formed the clan, and from that developed to the nation. We of the working class have had our individual period, when the employer could do with us as he liked, when he took us on or dismissed us, and robbed us at his will. Some of us have been in the clan stage. We have our little unions, and there are yet some who can't see outside the fences of their own little union. But we are developing on to something broader, and we have begun to realise that while the interest of the individual and the little union is great, the interest of the working class is greater still, and to-day that is where we stand. The railway men see that what injures the transport workers injures them, and the transport workers see that when the railway men are in dispute what injures them injures the transport workers also. We are thus all together, and we stand or fall together; and we feel that if one class loses the loss is not to the working classes but to the whole of Ireland. Let me recall the struggle of the tenant farmers and take as my witness the Freeman's Journal, or the Independent or so-called Nationalist newspapers in Ireland. At one time or another they backed up the tenant farmers in doing what the railway workers are doing to-day. Do you remember what gave that magnificent word "boycott" to the English language? As we have enriched the English nation we have also enriched the English language. Michael Davitt (applause) and men like him had told them that when one tenant farmer was struck that blow went home to every man in Ireland; and when a land-grabber, or a "scab" in tradesmen's language, took the place of a tenant farmer the whole of the tenants struck against him. Those newspapers which to-day have such short memories had declared that the man who took a farm from which another was evicted was not only a traitor to his class, but a traitor to the whole of Ireland. Irish patriotism came to be synonymous with the interest of the tenant farmers, and consequently all Ireland was turned against the scab—the butcher nor the grocer would not supply him, the doctor would not visit him, nor the schoolmaster teach his children; and even the clergy did not favour him. But, to-day, up in James's st., they had a clergyman telling the railwaymen to go back to work. It was hard to say whether he spoke as a clergyman or a shareholder, when it was driven home to the conscience of the people that the man who took a farm from which another was evicted was doing an injury to all, how could these men have the hardihood to tell us that the demand of the railwaymen was an unheard-of demand. For years and years the Freeman's Journal and all the politicians had advised the tenant farmers to do what the railway men were beginning to do now for the tenant farmers. It is a good thing to imitate your superiors—all these men say they are your superiors (laughter). They are the upper classes (laughter). Well, we will imitate them, and as they required security and economic independence for tenant farmers we will see that we get it also for the working classes (cheers). No matter how the present dispute goes it is not the end. It is in fact only the beginning. We are resolved that from that vantage point the working class is going to advance steadily—we are going to advance, bit by bit, inch by inch, until we plant the flag of labour on the fortress of the enemy (cheers). And when that is done we will solve not only this little problem, but Ireland, from Cape Clear to Malin Head, will be for the benefit of the working classes (applause).

Mr. Bellamy, president of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, said—You are now going to have one of the imported Englishmen that is going to upset the whole of the Irish working classes to address you. I don't know, I am sure, whether you believe that it is the imported Englishmen that are doing it, but I really believe that the newspapers think it so when they said that it is the imported Englishmen that are at the bottom of this trouble. Well, it is not those who came last Monday night. It is those who have been here for years, trying to get all they could for themselves and their classes. These are the imported Englishmen that are at the bottom of this trouble. We have been warned to clear out of the country. I have received a threatening letter. It is written on foreign paper, telling us to clear out of the country, because they say they are sick of us. What I want the Irish people to understand is if you believe we are the cause of this trouble say so? Say you are sick of us, and let us get out of Ireland. That is a fair proposal. We have come here in order to help the working classes; to join hands with those fighting for their existence, in order to help those that are paid miserable wages, and that are obliged to work under disgraceful conditions, and to try and improve their lot. I say to those people who have written this letter to come on this platform and let them see what you think of them? What is the cause of this railway trouble? As you know directly the last dispute ended,

the timber merchants put up a notice that those men who had been working for them, and whom they had locked out, would not be required to resume work immediately. When that went on for a week or two these merchants sent consignments of timber to the railway companies, which the latter refused. The merchants saw they were beaten, but they wanted to play the legal game, and they told the railway companies that they were responsible, and they sent back the consignments. The railwaymen said "It is blackleg traffic, we are not going to handle it." They were dismissed. That is where we came in. We told the railway companies, "We have nothing to do with your legal obligations, you may be obliged to take this, you are not obliged to dismiss the men for not doing what they consider they are not obliged to do, and that they believe would have disastrous consequences to themselves." It is not right to say that a workman must do what he is required to do irrespective of the consequences. Those who are responsible for the present trouble are the railway managers who came to the help of the timber merchants, and if you want to know who these managers are, buy THE IRISH WORKER (cheers). Only one out of the managers in Dublin had the courage to say "No" to these timber merchants. He said, "I am not going to compel my men to handle this traffic. I am not going to have a dispute. He took courage in his own hands and did his duty faithfully. When we came here we found the strike spreading in other parts of Ireland. I ask you who know the position of the working classes, when you found a number of men who vested their livelihood in support of their fellows, should we have been men if we did anything less than we are doing to-day (applause). We are bound to stick by those men and to see that their interests are safeguarded, no matter at what cost. Since that time we have had any amount of advice, were they going to take their advice from the Irish press (A voice, I don't think so). They are going to help us to conduct this campaign and tell us how we are to carry it on. Well, all I have to say is "mind your own business." In this dispute we are out to win. The papers have ranged themselves on the side of the capitalists against us—we are ranged on the side of the worker, no matter what class they belong to; our side is the side of the workers, their battle is our battle, and will be, until victory is assured (cheers).

Mr. William Partridge, Inchicore, who was received with applause said—As one employee in the service of the Great Southern Railway, I came to this meeting in the interests of the shareholders to protest against their company being made a battering ram to knock down the buttress of trades unionism (applause). Mr. Dent seems to think more about his imaginary legal obligations than about his duty to the shareholders or the country out of which he is drawing a large salary. I tell Mr. Dent that the law of England asks no man in the courts to give evidence that would incriminate himself. Mr. Dent has not the slightest reason for not acting as the manager of the Dublin South Eastern Company did, and who deserved all credit for his action. Mr. Dent has thought nothing of inconveniencing the majority of his customers and destroying the trade of the country, all for the sake of trying to make the timber merchants lock-out a success. I stand here to-day conscious of the fact that I am discharging my duty in the interests of the company when I say the shareholders have every right to demand of Mr. Dent why he did not act the same as Mr. Reid did—if you get Mr. Larkin's paper you will see why Mr. Dent acted as he did—the conspiracy is exposed there—Mr. Dent gave the men three days' blood money to buy them over, but Irishmen have refused bribes before, and this strike proves that they were not to be bribed now by this man; but, instead, they have gone out rather than assist at work that would be injurious to them as workmen. Mr. Dent has no right to ask workmen to do anything injurious to them as a class. He has no right to ask honest workers to be scabs, and they won't be scabs. As regards the rotten Press of Dublin—the Independent, owned by William Martin Murphy, is doing its duty by the man who owns it, but the liberty loving Freeman that publishes letters against you, refuses to publish a line in your defence. I left home at Inchicore and tramped into the Freeman's Journal at half-past twelve at night, to find next morning that my letter was not inserted. I say I never witnessed anything more assassin like than the manner in which it put the knife into the railwaymen's case. It calls for all the English railway men to be brought out. You know that the English, Scotch and Welsh men are supporting the funds of your society, and were they to cease putting their hands in their pockets and take the advice of the Freeman's Journal and come out, the funds should be used to support them, and would thus all the quicker become exhausted, and you would be, as the Freeman would wish it, at the mercy of the employers. We tell the Freeman this, when the men in Ireland have done their duty as men, if it is necessary for the men in England and Wales to come out, out they will come (applause). I saw in the Independent that the trains in England were allowed to run while the Inchicore men are on strike. The trains on the Dublin and South Eastern are running, and there is no reason why the other Irish trains should not be running also only that the imported managers are so pigheaded. All that is required in this strike is for the men to recognise their duty to one another. Mr. Dent refuses the men's officials recognition, but the law of the land allows the greatest criminal to obtain the ablest ad-

vocate to plead his cause, but Mr. Dent won't allow the officials of the society to plead the men's cause. Collectively, there was no more honourable body than the workingmen. The Recorder of Dublin had borne his testimony to that fact. But Mr. Dent would have it otherwise. Let, however, there be no mistake about it that it is by standing together we shall win. Don't mind the rumours in the rotten papers. The men who stopped the railways can stop the Press. When my friends the newsboys see the rotten stuff they are selling they will refuse to sell it. I am sure our organised friends, the printers and compositors, when they see the cowardly manner in which the working classes are being treated, will refuse to assist in it. We are only at the beginning of all this. Like the snowball we will gather strength as we go along. You remember when his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin went to plead your case before the directors. They left him standing on the lobby two hours before meeting him. If he went to-day they would meet him at O'Connell Bridge, because the position is reversed now (applause). I have endeavoured through the Press to point out that the men primarily responsible for the lock-out at Kelly & Co, Thomas street, which is Crowe, Bros.—it is a question now of the partridge attacking the Crows (much laughter). The advance claimed by the carters in this firm would not come to 12s. a week, and yet for that paltry sum the whole country is turned upside down. The Press hadn't a word to say against these men, but on the contrary when there is a strike they say, "Blame the men," and when there is a lock out, "Blame the men," and you will be right (shame). But we are living in a new age. Our friend Mr. James Larkin has broken down the foolish barriers that divided working men. He has shown us that we are all brothers, and that an attack on one is an attack on all. Down at Kingsbridge there are a few widows, the wives of men who got killed in the Company's service, and because these poor women with families had refused to assist the blacklegs, Mr. Dent had dismissed them (shame), but I tell Mr. Dent that these women will be working for that Company when he is kicked out of the country. We as Irishmen are bound to see no one suffer in this dispute. I don't blame some workers through the country if they show weakness owing to the channels through which they receive their information—the reptile Press has misled them. There is one paper, THE IRISH WORKER, that I wish you would make a success. It is a weekly paper—why not make it a daily instead of a weekly (applause)? In conclusion Mr. Partridge entered a protest against the scandal given to little children by the blackguardly conduct of the troops at Inchicore, and the degraded women, I tell Mr. Dent that not only is he injuring the people, but he is destroying morals. The Connaught Rangers and the Leinsters had refused to do strike duty, and they were very glad of the spirit thus shown by these men. Mr. Dent had shown a telegram saying that the men in Waterford had given in, but these men had given an indignant denial to that statement. Finally, Mr. Partridge appealed to the workers to stand together. He was sure that when the shareholders realised the conspiracy that brought this dispute about, and realised how their money is squandered by the men imported to manage the railways, they will do their duty and bring this dispute to a close. (Applause).

Mr. Rimmer, General Secretary A.S.R.S., said certain members of the Press in Dublin wished to know on what authority I made the statement in the Abbey Theatre that this dispute was deliberately planned. I think all that has transpired proves conclusively the correctness of that statement. We know it is a deliberately planned attack. The Press has attempted to libel us by stating that we were refusing to give permits for people to get out necessary delicacies required for hospitals. These statements are inventions, pure and simple. Whenever we are satisfied, and satisfied absolutely we must be, that anyone requires a permit, that permit is given. But we have all kinds of appeals. We had a woman coming with tears in her eyes, who made some appeal that was not well founded. We had a deaf and dumb person who was sent for a permit, and we had even a gentleman who wanted a permit for a dress-piece for his intended bride (laughter). These are the kind of excuses that have been given. But these people never stop to consider the excuses on our side. They never take into consideration when they want these things what are the worker's sacrifices. He is never looked to. You are looked upon as inflicting injustice upon the public, while the public stand by and see injustice heaped upon your head for years, and have never come to your assistance. As stated by Mr. Partridge, it is hardly possible to get a correct impression of our position from the people running the Press in Dublin at the present time.

One pleasing feature, however, is the action of Mr. Watson on Saturday last. I don't want to claim credit for that, but in making reference to that company at one of our recent meetings, I felt obliged to mention a paragraph that appeared in the Press, which conveyed that some official of this company had advised the railway companies to keep their backs to the wall and they would soon win. I then incidentally remarked that the City of Dublin Company might yet find itself with its back to the wall, and it would be well that its representatives should keep their mouths closed. Well, while we could not attach too much importance to what Mr. Watson has done to strengthen our case, we don't want to claim credit for the advice I gave at the Abbey Theatre. Mr. Partridge had said that the employers

were trying to destroy the morals of the workers in Ireland, undoubtedly that is the root cause of this trouble. It is difficult to destroy the morality of men who declined to do blackleg work—that is the position, that is the principle, that gave rise to this dispute. The men at Kingsbridge were asked to degrade their manhood. They were asked to do it in the name of morals. When a man does an act that is ashamed of he is in a great moral sense ruined morally, and it is on that principle that this fight is based. It is a healthy sign for the workers to find that in England the employees on one railway had stood out for workers that were injured, and in Ireland things had gone much better, because, not only the employees of one company, but the men all over Ireland had struck in support of the goods workers. My advice to the workers is that if you don't fight now and win, you will have to fight another day. That is the position you should take up. I advise, it is now or never. If you lose now, well, the whole thing will have to be fought another time. Be determined and thus show that you are going not to lose but to win. Let us hope that the spirit will support you. We know there are certain superior workers who claim they should not be asked to come out in support of two goods workers. That spirit, if it spreads, mean defeat, and we must stop it. Let these people be given to understand that if these are two goods workers they are at least men. Men who get bigger wages are no more nor are better, and in this instance not so good. I appeal to you all to stand together (applause).

Mr. Finnegan next addressed the meeting. Our comrades on the railway, he said, have been dismissed—thrown out on the wayside—because they refused to handle blackleg traffic, in regard to which their fellow-workers have been out on the roadside, and for trying to get better conditions we are trying to assist them. The manner in which our men were dismissed appealed to railway men as a whole to come out and see that these men would not be victimised. The railway men's Executive was the first to make overtures to the companies, but the companies did not respond. There was not even a formal acknowledgment to the communications from the Executive. You must realise that this is a fight between capital and labour; and, so far as I can see, so far as the capitalists are concerned they are in the last ditch. Our Executive has been warned by an individual who did not put his name to the letter he sent us, but signed himself "Tar." This individual had not the courage to come out into the light. He charges that the Executive Committee are imported, and had come here to raise a new disturbance. I, as one of that body, say we did not come here until necessity required it. We came here to give the best and sincerest support in getting over this difficulty; and when I see this large meeting welcoming my colleagues to Ireland I think you have given the best answer to the writer of this letter. Your biggest enemies in this struggle are the men that are not along with you. We have been doing our part by you, and by standing together we believe victory is within your grasp.

Mr. James Larkin, who was received with continuous applause, said—All the previous speakers have been bringing in the word "failure." Well, I never had that word in my dictionary (applause). I want you to drop it out of your mind altogether. There is no failure in the labour movement (applause). You may have a set back, but you only fall back to reform again. Don't blame the fellows who have remained in. You are responsible if there is going to be any falling back. The great mass of you have been playing the game of those inside. You have been thinking yourselves superior to ordinary men because you got something extra a week. I hear even good trade unionists saying, "Oh, they are going to beat us. It is stated in the papers." Well, I never take notice of what appears in the papers. Though I have the honour to be the editor of one, I take no notice of what appears in them (laughter). I am told by a friend here I should repudiate one or two statements that appeared in the evening papers. No, I won't trouble about them. They are the outcome of the unscrupulous tricksters who live and move under the control of William Martin Murphy—men who would write lying leaders and short paragraphs—specious lying paragraphs in the Independent and Herald. Surely there is no railway man or worker going to take a line of truth from the Independent or Evening Herald. They wrote a leading article last Thursday in which they gathered together all the lies they could about the humble dock labourer like myself; and the man who is making them lie—William Martin Murphy—what is he doing? He has got a hot-bed of illness and consumption in Clerly's hosiery factory—managed by another Englishman. He has got the West Clare railway under his control, which was built by the money of the people. What did he do to the men on the West Clare? He did what he will do to you if he is allowed. He evicted them, and they knew what the evictor stood for in Irish history. He evicted the men, women, and children in West Clare. He starved them on the roadside, and would not allow them to be taken in by their fellow neighbours. This man, this industrial octopus, who owns the Galway tramways, the West and South Clare railways, the Cork tramways,

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