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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th, 1911.

THE IRISH RAILWAY DISPUTE.

One of the most unfortunate aspects of the Irish Railway Dispute has been the gress misrepresentation of facts in-dulged in by the Press on both sides of the Channel, and 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. Traffic from the firms mentioned, carted by non-union labour, was tendered to the Great Southern and Western Railway, who requested their employees to check sane, and on their refusal were told that they could consider themselves dismissed. The rest of the employees, on being ininfermed 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 Scuthern 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 them-

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. E. Williams, forwarded the following telegram to the whole of the general managers :-

"My Executive Committee are meeting in Dublin to-morrow with a view to 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-viz., to co-operate with this Committee to endeavour to effect a settlement. We desire to remind them our offer is still open for their acceptance, and trust they will do so at once, if they desire to avoid further extension of the dispute that is so rapidly spread-

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. Unforfortunately 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 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 social 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

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 involve 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 immorality 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 fancies 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 "out of work" who would die before snivelling or begging) denounces the idea of the "sympathetic

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 bids for a farm from which another tenant has been evicted? (Several voices— Shoot him.")

I think I heard semebody 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

When a n.n takes a farm from which another man has been evicted, you must shun him on the readside when you meet him; in the streets of the town; you must shun him in the fair-green 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 king 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 Tatlows'.

In the same speech Parnell said :--"I would 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 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 nation (cheers). the country three times in a century to

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 A CARA-I do not apologise for sending 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. of the Sinn Feinthe towards the industrial 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 hold teaching and example shook them halt-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 "com-MUNISTIC."

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 workingmen 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 these who, despite the powerful influences arrayed against them, remained

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 this question, and I should not wish to evade it if I could (hear). The men who made Ireland what she is to-day, and who will hew 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 LANDLORDS WERE JUST AS ANXIOUS to have 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

"We have been accused of preaching Arthur Griffith and 'Sinn Fein.'

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER

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

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" Boyesen 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 timehonoured 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 unfa r.

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 inuendo. 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 this 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 cut 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

the labourer is sweated if he works in Ireland. Sinn Fein believes that sweated labour

true to Parnell and Ireland twenty golden is no good to Ireland or any other Arthur Griffith says it's all right if the

workman is not forced to emigrate for sheer lack of employment.

Sinn Eein 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 had or expected to have. You have never way, and whose wages will be spent in worked as we have-how, then, can you fostering a hundred other Irish industries. Arthur Griffith says the capitalist is

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 physicallyfit 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 HUMBUG.

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,

In the columns of the Evening Telegraph of Saturday last, September 23rd, appeared a letter from that gentlman 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, Septem-

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

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

These wait their doom, from that great

Which makes the past time serve to-day; And fresher life the world shall draw From their decay."

-J. G. Whittier.

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!

[ONE PENNY.

An Open Letter to the Clergy.

REVD. SIRS-According to the daily papers many of you are going about to 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 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

You may, and do, quote St. Peter and St. Paul to us—nay, you may even call to your aid the sayings of all the apostles, saints, and evangelists that ever spokeand 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.

hope to know them, and outsiders will not

help us to obtain any concessions—even if

they could; experience has taught us this.

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 newpapers cry out that the women and children are starving. Would it surprise you to hear 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

of Kollund."

"Sinn Fein" and "Boyesen

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By An Spailpin Fanach.

Mr. John Sweetman and the Labourers of Meath. It will be remarked that Mr. John Sweetman, President of the Sinn Fein Organisation, never lectures the workmen of his own County Meath. Mr. Sweetman was some few years ago Chairman of the Meath County Council. His attitude while Chairman towards the labourers on the question of direct labour on the roads in County Meath "settled" him as far as a seat in that Council was concerned. Poor John got his walking papers when his time came "to face the music" at the Polls. Since then John evidently believes that in the case of labour in Meath silence is golden. We never find him quoting Scripture for the benefit of the workers of

MR. KEVIN J. KENNY AND LABOUR.

Yet another "Irish Irelander" has entered the lists against the workmen in the present railway trouble in the person of Mr. Kevin J. Kenny. We happen to know this gentleman. "For many years," writes Kevin in the Evening Telegraph of Saturday, 23rd September, "I have watched and aided the progress of Irish Industry, and now when brighter days had dawned, and a future of commercial and industrial promise seemed to be opening up before us, I cannot stand idly by and view, without protest. the wreckage of all our hopes," &c (Quite Grattanlike, watching by the cradle and weeping beside the bier-ch! Kevin. Mr. Kevin J. Kenny prided himself on being a Sinn Feiner at the time he supported the United Irish Leaguer, Mr. Joseph Hutchinson, for the Councillorship of the Merchant's Quay Ward against the official Sinn Fein candidate. We do not know whether Kevin still acknowledges Sinn Fein as his political creed—we hardly imagine so AFTER HY BRAZIL AND HERSELF. Yet when we consider Boyesen of Kollund," we should say that the Sinn Fein Organisation was quite a safe one for Mr. Kenny to continue loyal to.

We are not aware that Kevin J. claims a knowledge of the Irish Language as one of his accomplishments. We suppose that in the early days of the Gaelic League he bought his first O'Growney like the rest, and framed his "Ta se asal" sentences until, perhaps, his watching care over the progress of Irish Industry left him little leisure for aught else. But nowadays a knowledge of Irish is not necessary to qualify for the "position" of Irish patriot. Just wear a one-and-sixpenny Irish manufactured tie, and there you are-a full-fledged Irish National Patriot "brimmin' over and burning with love for your native land." Talk about your work for the Gaelic League and the Irish-Ireland movement, and don't forget to occasionally point to your tie and remark, "That's Irish manufacture, remember," and you're one of the chosen band. Why, man, Ireland could never get on without you.

Another Irish-Irelander (the Lord save us!)

"Sir James O'Dougherty is the man in charge of the affairs of the Government at present, and people are complaining that the Government is rather slow in protecting the people-i.e. railway clerks and such ilk, who want to work at any cost. O'Dougherty says they are protecting the people; but there was a large quantity of fruit coming up from the quays on Friday to a merchant in Dublin and it was thrown in the mud. One would not understand from this that everything is as it ought to be."

The above is a translation of a paragraph extracted from the Irish Article on "Railway Strike," written by Mr. Eoghan O'Neachtain, which appeared in last Tuesday's Daily Independent. Everything is not as it ought to be, according to Mr. O'Neach tain, until British soldiers are placed in the streets of our city to shoot down men, women and children like dogs. And this is the man who translated the "Jail Journal" into Irish. Oh, shade of John

THE G.A.A.

The manly action of the Parnell Gaelic Football Club will be heartily endorsed by all true Gaels. Their action is in sharp contrast to the apparent uneasiness of some of the leading lights in the Gaelic athletic world, that the attitude of the G.A.A. should be misrepresented in the Dublin Press over the Trades Sports affair. There was a time when the Gaels didn't care a brass farthing what Press scribes thought or wrote about them.

THE LANGUAGE PROCESSION.

There was more than a certain young lady distressed because not alone the women workers but any workers at all took part in the procession. Amongst the distressed ones we find Mr. Con Mac-Sweeney, a member of the Central Executive of the Gaelic League. This Mr: MacSweeney is a National teacher in Aughrim, Co. Wicklow. Mr. Con Mac-Sweeney being a National teacher is, of course, too aristocratic an individual to even acknowledge the right of the workers to even live, not to mention participating in the Language Procession. Now, might we inquire what is Mr. Con MacSweeney doing for the Gaelic League in Wicklow? County Wicklow is, as far as we can learn, one of the worst organised counties in the Gaelic movement.

> * * * THE WORKERS AND THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

We hear individuals talk every other day of the indifference of the workers to anything connected with the Gaelic Revival; yet when any attempt is made to draw the workers towards the movement these self-same individuals set themselves up as judges as to who is and who is not to assist in the work of reviving the National Language to their entire satisfaction. Do these individuals really mean it when they talk of a National movement, or do they merely wish to ape the attitude of the three tailors of Tooley street, or do they imagine that the workers are roots? If the revival of the language depended upon the example shown by some of the aforesaid individuals, then God help the language. We know some of them over ten years in the Gaelic League who cannot frame a dozen sentences correctly in Irish.

IRISH CLASSES AND OTHER MATTERS.

And right here let us remark that the custom prevailing in some quarters of making pets and pushing forward children in Irish classes because their parents happen to belong to the well-to-do, and leaving other children behind because they bear the marks of poverty, because they happen to be meanly clad, meets with emphatic disapproval. This may be indignantly denied, but we know it HAS BEEN DONE. The worst sin that a man, woman, or child can be guilty of in this world is that of being poor.

The total number of professors and teachers (Irish, Secondary, and National) on last year's non-Resident Executive of the League was 13, making with the number on the Resident Executive a total of 20. The number on the non-Resident list is 12: Resident, 8; total, 20. Not a bad representation for one class on the Central Executive, which consists of 45 members. Where does the "running the teachers out of the movement" come in, we wonder? We imagine it would be the other way about had individuals of the Mr. Con MacSweeney type their own sweet way.

Another Irish Irelander who pushes himself in on the scene with his advice to the workers in the railway dispute is Mr. L. P. Carolan M'Quaid. Who is he, we wonder? Any relation to the famous

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We are obliged to hold over several other matters fill next week.

All Communications for this column should be addressed An Spailpin Fanach, care of Editor, IRISH WORKER.

THE LESSON OF THE STRIKE.

Nationalist Treachery.

The Railway Strike has torn the veil from the eves of the Irish workers. As the light flashes suddenly upon men emerging from the darkness of prison, the truth has come home to them of how they have been gulled and bewildered; of how their finest feelings have been twisted and turned to help and bind them

In the first flush of their anger at the fearless action of the strikers the Nationalist employers and the Nationalist Press revealed all their cards. What did it matter to them that there were men on the Irish railways each trying to live and keep a wife and children on 12s. or 13. a week? Irish industries! What did it matter to them that the timber merchants sweated their men? Irish industries! What did it matter to them if Pierce's and the other Wexford firms had revived the feudal laws? Irish industries! Above all, before all, against all-Irish industries! "What does it matter, oh, ye Irish workers-though ye live in filthy slums; though ye be half-starved and naked; though your children rot and die, and your wives rot and die, and you yourselves (when we have done with you) rot and die? What does it matter, so that ye build up our industries and swell our bank accounts, and enable us to send our sons to be doctors, or lawyers, or priests, or perhaps members of Parliament? Bye and bye, oh, ye Irish workers, we shall get Home Rule and the green flag will wave over Dublin Castle and the Bank of Ireland, and we shall make laws for you, oh, ye Irish workers, and work you harder and pay you less; and always, when ve grumble, we shall wave the green Mag and bid you remember Ireland and her industries."

Thus spoke, or might have spoken, the Irish Press. The ultra-Unionist Express, the Unionist Irish Times, the Unionist-Nationalist Independent, the Nationalist Freeman, and the Sinn Fein oracle all joined to denounce the Irish worker. The Freeman, forgetting its boycotting days, called for "intervention." Sinn Fein sobbed for soldiers almost as loudly as the Irish Times.

But all had the same tale and all were followed by the ragged Press of the country. As in Germany, as in France, as in England, the worker found he had no friend but in his own ranks—that his only hope lay in solidarity. He had learnt the lesson, and some day he will teach the pseudo Nationalists by what a frail tenure they hold their seats. What would Brady (who has done so much to increase the hours of hotel employees) do if a labour candidate made his safe seat a three-cornered battle-field? And what would Cotton do, or Devlin do, or the great new member, T. W. Russell, do, if a third man appeared on the scene?

Let the Nationalists ask themselves these questions before they shout again for "convoys" and "intervention."

MARCUS KAVANAGH.

The Irish Women's Franchise League.

DEAR SIE, - In view of the fact that the above League is preparing a strenuous campaign during the coming winter, the committee wish once again to make clear to the general public the non-party nature of its constitution and policy.

(1) Most people are aware that our aim is to obtain the Parliamentary vote for women who possess the same qualifications for it as men must have, but as the first practical step to this end we are accepting the Conciliation Bill which will give the vote to overy woman householder. This is the most democratic of all the franchises and accounts for about 90 per cent. of all the voters in the country. It will entitle any woman who occupies a mansion, or a house, or the smallest country cabin, or even one room in a house, provided she has full control of it. the right to choose her representative in Parliament just as a man similarly placed has power to do.

(2) To attain this end our League is composed of women of all classes, creeds, and political opinions, who feel that the stigma of sex disqualification can no longer be tolerated, and that the power of the vote is absolutely necessary in order to express their political views, or enable them to effect desired economic and social reforms. We women are therefore fighting for the vote before all other things, and we view the present system of government, or any proposed Home Rule Government which does not guarantee qualified Irish women the right to share in its elections as not conducive to the true interests of the whole people of the country. This League works for the suffrage only and has never taken part in demonstrations for any other purpose. It is an independent Society, unaffiliated with any other Suffrage organisations in England or Ireland, but

working in friendly co-operation with all. (3) Our policy is to get every Irish M. P. on our side. Where we could not effect this by education and persuasion we used more militant methods. We favour neither Nationalist nor Unionist, but are prepared to fight the members of each party alike who oppose our claim to justice. We hold ourselves free to approach both parties, and in any future contested elections we shall use our influence against any candidate who is against our Bill. We deeply resent the action of the following Irish members who signed the recent Anti-Suffrage Memorial to the Prime Minister: - Haviland Burke (N.), Sir E. Carson (U.), John Gordon (U.), Sir J. Lonsdale (U.), W. J. M'Caw (U.), R. J. M'Mordie (U.), G. Fetherstonhaugh (U.), M. Reddy (N.), J. Roche, (N), Samuel Young (N) Yours faithfully, M. E. COUSINS, Hon. Sec.

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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.

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.

Oh! then Paddy, dear, you never were

"An injury to One is the concern of All." —_THE---

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 newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 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

Dublin, Saturday, Sept. 30, 1911.

DEFEAT? PERHAPS!

In the long and strenuous struggle of the working class-from the days of strife between the plebian and the patrician in Rome, right along the ages up to the present hour—there has never been witnessed such a foul, mean, mendacious campaign carried on by the employing classes in this dispute as we are now passing through; and in addition to the exploiters of labour, we have the spectacle of all those parasitic growths in the body politic who live and have their being in the shelter of the dominating class. I now refer to those sycophantic sections such as the Press, the officials of the governing. class, publicans, shopkeepers, &c., though each and all of the above sections exist on the products of the working class. We are wearied listening to the mouthings of these over-paid apologists, whose sole aim in life is to bask in the smiles of the privileged few who are misgoverning this country. Those who have eyes to see and brains to understand must have learnt more within the past few days of the gulf that divides he who works and he who lives without working—or, in the words of Mr. Edward H. Andrews (Dublin Chamber of Commerce)-"How far the extravagances of the few have tended to the present condition of affairs." "Gentlemen," he went on to say, "their (that is, our) efforts must fail if we are not united and determined, and as true Irishmen recognise the danger to which we are exposed. The country, the press, all religious denominations are with us: we must not falter in our duty nor stand at ease until full liberty is restored to us," and then this true Irishman continues: "We must be united with those who think with us in the sister country." Yes, friend Andrews, you have a complete and intelligent grasp of the position. Again, thanks! For you and Sir Wm. Goulding. W. M. Murphy, "England's faithful garrison in Ireland" are doing more to educate our class—the working class, as to the true position than a thousand Larkins. A few weeks ago Sir William Goulding stated in the Press that the Irish labourer received 11s. per week, English labourers 17s. 4d. per week, Scottish labourers 18s. 7d. per week, on an average. Shall I be permitted to ask. these gentlemen, the Press governing class and clergy of all denominations, did the Creator order that an Irish labourer was 6s. per week an inferior man to the Englishman? Well, I leave the Irish labourer to answer. Upon his answer will depend whether the Gouldings, the Andrews, the Murphys, will continue to sweat and degrade the working class in this country. Now, what of the position on the railways? Keeping in mind all the time the proposition I have at all times advanced, namely, the working class have never been defeated; they may have to withdraw to their entrenchments for a time, as in this engagement, but, like the incoming tide, they but retire to advance; and it's strangely true that the more severe the engagement and the more vindictive our opponents act the quicker our rally and more surely do we advance. All are crying out this movement is a social revolution. Yes, my friends the enemy, it is! What are you going to do to stop it? The men who refused to handle blackleg traffic have stated bluntly and plainly, we chose the wrong time, and for the moment we are prepared to acknowledge our mistake, we are willing they say to resume

work on the same conditions as we came

out on, with this proviso, we are now will-

you to return, we will victimise whatever men we choose as a warning to the rest, nay, we will go further, we have some men and boys working at Inchicore who are not in dispute, we will lock them out and starve them as well as you, for they also belong to the working class. Thanks Sir William Goulding, the indictment grows apace-11s. per week for Irishmen, 18s. per week for Scotchmen. We have a lot of lee-way to make up Sir—England's faithful garrison, you have had a fairly long innings, have you not, Sirs, but what do you Irish workers mean to do about it? Your oppressors have combined and decided to crush you still lower in the dirt of your own degradation. We are denounced by creatures who live at our expense, in the most mean, despicable, and vindictive manner. The men whom you have chosen to accept responsibility on your behalf are libelled and vilified from all quarters. We are told St. Patrick drove all the snakes out of this land, well I opine, and you will agree that a large number have managed to wriggle back, not snakes alone but worms of the most foul and hideous description (for example see the columns of the Herald and alleged Independent for their slime), and then Arthur is spitting out his usual weekly dose of vemon, well I have no time to spare on a paper or Editor of a paper that has neither circulation, morals, nor influence, thanks to Arthur. Then some men, Gaelic men, want to know was I invited to speak at the language demonstration. Well my Christian friends, when you have absorbed a little of the true Christian charity you so glibly talk of, you may realise something of the character of the man you are trying to assassinate, for remember to take away a man's life is murder, yet that kills but the body, but the person who will lie knowing he lies for the purpose of taking away a man's character, and will impute thoughts and actions to a man whom they have not sufficient honesty to understand-Is worse than any murderer.

I have been in gaol charged with having robbed some Cork labourers of 1s. 3d. entrance money. A judge (Boyd) and a jury found me "guilty." I was sentence i to twelve months' impri o ment, of which I did three months and fourteen days. The prosecution was organised and the tools who swore my liberty away were paid by the Cork Employers' Federation to perjure themselves. The men whom I am supposed to have robbed are the men who now employ me. The men who received the money and disbursed it swore affidavits that I had never handled the money. Employers of labour and other public men made representation and demanded my release. Owing to the law I cannot get an opportunity of wiping out the verdict of a partisan jury and a vindictive judge. Am I the first man in this country to have been falsely accused and sentenced? And then I am given to understand that I till the bakers to go on strike. Any more charges, my good Christian friends? I begin to believe I blew up the Maine, also the French warship Liberte, spanked the King of Spain, and toasted the King of England at the Gresham Hotel. I am told I am in the pay of the Government, a spy, getting paid by the Unionist Party to stop Ireland getting Home Rule. The Orangemen say I am organising a new Fenian Movement. The police say I am a d---d nuisance! But you, workers, what do you say?

Unveiling Parnell Monument.

BRIGADE ORDERS.

MEN OF THE IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

Every member must attend in Beresford place on Sunday, 1st October, 1911, at 12 o'clock. It is essential that, whatever other organisation you may belong to, you must join your Union on Sunday. After the Unveiling Ceremony is over all sections must return to Beresford place, where a meeting will be held to decide what our action will be on Monday, 2nd October, 1911. Remember the man you are going to honour, and let his life be an example to you. Act the man!

Our Corrupt and Lying Press.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Imperial Hotel, Cork, 27th Sept., 1911.

DEAR SIR—As a commercial man, I find it is necessary to write to the Editor of THE IRISH WORKER to place before the Irish public a grievance, that the commercial travellers working this island has been suffering from since the present strike has been in existence. That grievance is, namely, the Irish Press, in apparently their intense desire to serve the railway company, have entirely misled that portion of the community that has found it necessary to use the railways.

Possibly their object has been to take the heart out of the men, and they have daily printed reports that everything was going on satisfactorily on the railways, while, as a matter of fact, things have been getting worse day by day.

This has created not only serious inconvenience to the commercial men, but serious financial loss, and it is a disgrace to the Irish Press.

In England the Press, with all its vices, at any rate told the public the truth as regards the English strike, and arrangements were made accordingly. In Ireland, by its action, the Irish Press proves itself self-interested, corrupt and false, also it is unreliable from a public standpoint.

ing to handle all traffic offered. What I was taken from my hotel in Dublin on say the men who own and control our Monday last to catch the 3.55 train to railways at present? No, we will not allow Cork. It was unable to run. It cost me

4s. for cab-hire. I was compelled to catch the Tuesday morning mail, starting late, BUN BY THE ROYAL ENGINEERS (apparently an armed camp along the line). Arrived in Cork nearly three hours late. The whole service from Cork to England was disorganised, and yet your beautiful Irish Press lead the public to believe the strike

is dving out. The sooner the Irish people wake up and recognise they are being made fools of the better. Bad as the Englishman is, I honestly believe it would be IMPOSSIBLE for papers to be sold in England that proved their extreme partiality and corraption in such a way. If your paper is going to bring a little truth to such a Press of lies, then I say, with a few commercial friends-Good luck to you.

Yours sincerely, A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

A. S. R. S. (Limerick Branch).

27th September, 1911. TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

At a meeting of the above, held on Thursday evening, 21st September, it was unanimously resolved :- "That it was due to the Irish Independent that public feeling was turned against the railway men during the present railway strike.' All present decided that no more railway men support that paper; it was also recommended that all branches of the ASRS be acquainted of the fact and that all local trade unions be informed that this paper is governed by a director of the Great Southern and Western Railway. The paper was then publicly burned before the men, who decided not to patronise any newsagent who stocked such a despicable, lying rag.

[The lying reports that have been pub-

lished in the daily papers in Irelandparticularly in the Independent and Evening Herald-during the past few weeks, were so transparently false, that we consider the action taken by the Limerick Branch A S.R.S. was quite justified, and we would be glad to see their example followed by all the working men and women in this country. Both these papers depend for support on the halfpence of the workers, and while they are owned and controlled by Wm. Martin Murphy, Director, G. S. & W. Railway, they will continue to circulate lying statements ab ut the working class, collectively and individually. The scare headings and posters of these two papers last week are enough to show their untruthfulness, "Strike Fizzling Out," one day, "Move-ment Growing Weaker" the next. Then, Men Petition to be Allowed to Return, "Back of the Strike Broken," "Strike on its Last Lecs," and still the strike is on. To mention only one other case for the present-in every issue appeared scores of letters from anonymous correspondents and one of the few that were signed with a man's name was proved by the man himself to be a forgery. The Independent, of course, made no apology and gave no excuse. It is quite obvious to everybody that most of the letters were—if not written in the Independent Office-at least, written to order. The men or women who buy either of these paper in future, will be wasting their money by purchasing lies, wasting their time by reading them, and injuring themselves and their class by strengthening the hands of a clique that is avowedly antagonistic to them, The Herald and Independent are not newspapers, they are simply scurrilous rags run in the interest of the employing class, and the whole ambition of those who are responsible for them is to crush down the workers, body and soul, until they are reduced to a lower and more degraded position than any slave who ever died in chains.

Despite their pretended sympathy with the Irish Parliamentary Party and Home Rule, they have been publicly condemned by the responsible members of that Party. Therefore, our advice is-If you want the truth, if you want fair play, you won't I 'spects Jim is a Santa Claus to little girls and find them in either of the Murphy rags. —ED.]

Practical Sympathy.

TO THE EDITOR IBISH WORKER. Drumcondra Upper, September 27th, 1911.

Mr. Jim Larkin, 10 Beresford place, Dublin.

DEAR SIR,-I am fully aware of the in-

veterate hostility which you and your Irish union have attracted from those noxious parasites to which our rotten social and political systems has given birth; and in the firm belief that should you get that support from the Irish workers to which you are so justly entitled, you will finally succeed in purifying and introducing common honesty and practical Christianity into those systems. Therefore, I have great pleasure in contributing my mite, viz., one guinea, to be used as you think fit, for the uplifting of those who, although down-trodden to-day, will yet come into their own and be the principal architects in the rebuilding of this grand old nation of ours.

Wishing you every success in the performance of the noble task that you have cut out for yourself and the height of confusion to your cowardly, selfish, and unscrupulous enemies.-Yours sincerely, United Irish Leaguer.

ADVERTISING Done at Reasonable Rates.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER 174 James' Street. Sept. 27th, 1911.

DEAR SIR-I do not think it fair for any person to say that the sentiments expressed in a letter from an unknown correspindent in Sinn Fein last week, regarding the present strike, are the sentiments of Sin Feinidhthe—They are not, and no member of the Sinn Fein Party in Dublin or else where approves of them.

Faithfully yours, W. T. COSGRAVE.

Craobh Drumcondra.

At the last meeting of above branch held in the rooms St. Joseph's Avenue Mr. M. Stafford, P.L.G., in the chair, a number of correspondence having been dealt with, Messrs. J. J. Buggy and Mr. Stafford were appointed delegates to Sinn Fein Convention. The following resolu-tion was passed—"That this branch of Sinn Fein take this opportunity of die associating ourselves from the attitude taken up by a paper called Sinn Fein in the present Labour crisis, as that attituce makes it impossible for a workingman to remain a member of Sinn Fein.

After transacting other important busin ness, the meeting adjourned to Monday 2nd prox.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER

A CHARA-I wish to disassociate myself with the sentiments expressed by "Boyesen of Kollund," in his article published in Sinn Fein last week. I think I am in a better position to judge of the sentiments of most Sinn Feinidhthe than this UNKNOWN correspondent, and I can assure you that their sympathies are entirely with the

Yours truly, P. O'CARROLL, T.C., New Kilmainham Ward.

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 in vain with hunger cry, and famish too with

Is it with little children's tears, that rich men mais their gold? The Carters' men my daddy said were locked out without cause

And sent to hunger on the streets by men who fer no laws: Then when they sought a rise of pay to clear the debt they owed, The masters turned them away—and others drong

I 'spose 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,

And daddy said the Railway men refused to tout Which Blacklegs drove o'er human hearts to swell the miser's hoard. These gallant men were then dismissed - and other

left their work. Protest against the action of an imported Britis The papers all my daddy says misrepresents the

And aids these English managers to crush the list The police have come and soldiers too with bate and with gun, To bludgeon and to murder all too weak to fight of

Yes, daddy is shut out from work-next week then is no rent. won't repent.

And all because false knaves exist, and tyrant I wonder if the Saviour died for men as base as the Who mock the sacrifice God made, by actions ever

The papers have no word of blame for tyrants, crus and cold, Who crush the helpless and the weak to build of

piles of gold; What matter if we children cry, and mammy's cheek grow Pale, And homes are wrecked and families weak are cas 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 tremble with the cold -and hears our

hungry cry? But there are men in Ireland still who dare delect Who heed not taunt, or sneer or frown, and the weak.

And who, despite the lying Press, will still upholi trembles not to speak; the right,
And yet, undaunted by big odds, will carry on the

McCLADE'S THE MAN 42 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET,

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER

A Note to Lord Mayor Farrell.

ALDERMAN FAUREIL-Because the workers of Du din have not yet punished your treachery you sem to believe that they have fire tien it. Do not deceive yourself with such fallacious hopes. The werkers have not forgotten you; your claims to their remembrance are too strong to be overlooked. The only reason why you have not yet heard from them is that when men are engaged in a struggle for social liberty they are apt to postpone the consideration of how to deal with a human cipher.

Alderman Farrell, all chance of a knighth and has long since vanished: the hope of the inspectorship under the Insurance Bill grows more and more remote as the fallacies of Lloyd George's vote-mongering scheme are exposed to view; and the Coronation medal has already begun to rust. And so, Alderman Farrell, you seek to rehabilitate yourself in the eyes of the workers; seek to gull them again by offering yourself as an arbitrator. Do you forget, Alderman Farrell, when you were asked to act as arbitrator? Do you remember when an appeal was made to you to try and help some poor dock labourers who were locked out through a mistake? And do you remember that you refused to do so? Perhaps you remember this, but forget why you refused. I will tell you the reason. It was because his Gracious Majesty King George V., King, Defender of the Faith (?), Emperor of the British Dominions, etc., was coming to Ireland, and you wanted to show your gratitude to him for not calling some of his subjects names; also because you feared that if his Majesty heard you were mixed up in a low-down labour dispute he wouldn't give you the knighthood. Well, he gave you a bronze medal. It is a pity he didn't give you thirty shillings

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind, Thou art not so unkind As king's ingratitude.'

Do you remember these lines, Alderman Farrell? Do you remember, Alderman Farrell, how, when you came to the Dublin workers with a cock-and-bull story of the way an English Insurance Co. had reated you, they believed you and made up a subscription, and started you in business? And do you know what ingratitude is? Do you remember that, still believing your story, they put you into the Corporation? And do you know what ingratitude is? Do you remember, Alderman Farrell, how, relying on your solemn ple ige, that you would never propose a "loyal" address; on your fervent statement that it was flunkeyism the workers permitted you to be made Lord Mayor? And do you know what ingravitatie is? Do you know what is is, you sycophant?—you who fawned upon and licked the feet of the king; who crawled after him, following him from place to place, till even the royal flunkeys hunted you away in disgust. Because, if you don't know what ingratitude is, we do, and we will teach you and the Sherlocks and the Vaughans what it is

Alderman Farrell, tell Sherlock, who is to succeed you, and who is to get £3,600 "salary" (the same amount as is divided between 100 Corporation workmen every year, that he will be the last of his tribe. The workers have seen through the miserable freachery of you and your fellows, and they are going to end it. This year we are forging our weapons: next year we will strike, and then-Dublin will be ours! Dublin will be ours! DUBLIN WILL BE OURS!

MARCUS KAVANAGH.

"Socialists and Home Rule."

Mr. F. Sheeby-Skeffington, M.A., lectures under the auspices of the Socialist Party of Ireland in the Antient Concert Buildings on Sunday, October 1st, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion invited. Admission free.

-THE

Mutual Window Cleaning Co. 59 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

A Demand for an Immediate Inquiry. GREAT MASS MEETING IN GLASGOW. Grades Determined.

Labour world generally.

Undoubtedly thoughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom there was general unrest in the Labour world. There were some people who were wicked enough to be glad that such unrest existed among the working classes. He for one hoped that that unrest would continue and that it would grow, and he was prepared to do his part, as also were his colleagues prepared to do their part, to help it to spread not only in the Post Office but outside; they would do their best to accelerate it, in order that the workers should realise their position and enforce their rightful and just claims. What was at the bottom of it? The most remarkable thing in connection with the recent upheaval had been that it was the revolt of the bottom dog-the revolt of the man who had felt more keenly the rise in the cost of living.

DUBLIN TELEGRAPHISTS.

twenty years.—Postmen's Gazette.

RAILWAY TYRANNY IN AMERICA.

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.

[The same old game—ED.]

BOOT REPAIRS.—If you want good value and reasonable prices, go to M. SULLIVAN, 621 Sandwith street

MOLLOY & CO., Butchers, Purveyors, and Dairy, 121 Lower CLANBRASSIL STREET None but reliable goods stocked.

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26 North Strand. 28 Bolton Screet, and 15 Francis Street.



Unmistakable Signs of Unrest—All

Mr. C. G. Ammon moved:—"That this meeting of postal, telegraph, and telephone employees of Glasgow and District asks the Postmaster-General to immediately appoint a Select Committee of the House of Commons to inquire into the grievances and claims of all servants of the Postmaster-General." He believed that they were now entering upon a campaign which would run like prairie fire throughout the whole length and breadth of the postal service, and that was synonymous with the United Kingdom. While Post Office employees could not be classed with the bottom dog, simply because they were in the position of State servants with fixed wages, that was no reason why their sense of loyalty and duty to the public should prevent their taking advantage of the present unrest to emphasise their claims. They had their grievances, and they were feeling them in exactly the same way as their colleagues outside, and they wished the Postmaster General and the Government to realise that there was the same feeling of unrest and dissatisfaction among them as was existent in the

There is a limit to human endurance, and that of the Dublin telegraphists, in common with their colleagues at Glasgow and throughout the service, is at the breaking point. Position here intolerable. We demand immediate abolition of sweating, and advance in wages that have remained at a standstill for over

Since the first of the year it is officially

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

and 8 Lombard street.

Amalgamated Society of Tailors.

A FIGHTING RACE.

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 im-

perishable 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 sig-

nificant had recurred to me once more

under a circumstance that was not in-

rigid monotony of my railway journey

when eventually the train in which I was

seated steamed into the little town of

Wexford—Loch Garmain they call it in

the Irish. Of course I had been travelling

third-class (not being of a fastidious dis-

position), and third class railway carriages

on the Dublin and South Eastern line do

not exactly constitute the acme of luxuri-

ance. 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,

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 in-

quiring 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 be-

come 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

struck up an acquaintance with a burly,

good-humoured individual at the corner

of-I think it was-John street. I opened

out by making some trivial remark on the

position of the strike, when he straight-

away 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 cor-

rect 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 com-

mendable 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

Anyhow, it was not long till I had

America, or the Poorhouse.

I had been inwardly commenting on the

Take heed of your Civilisation, ye,
On your pyramids built of quivering hearts;

There are stages like Paris in '93

Members are requested to assemble at TRADES HALL, Sunday Morning, 12 o'clock sharp, for Parnell Demonstration. No absentees.

HENRY THORPE, Hon. Sec.

names appended who have publicly denied they had written on the matter. And this is one of the creatures, who denounces through the pen of his hired tools, any and every man who tries to improve the condition of the workers. satisfied, and we at once became the best utmost patience to the fierce invective h

Comrades! the above speaks for itself—the man, Wm. Martin Murphy, who owns and controls the Herald and Independent is the most unscrupious sweater of human life in this country. He is a director on the Great Southern and Western Rail-

way, owns the trams of Cork, Dublin and Galway, Clery's in O'Connell street, a large shareholder in many other public

concerns—one of the men who hounded Parnell to his grave. John Redmond, M.P., warned the Irish people some

months ago not to buy or read the Murphy papers, that they were the dangerous force against Home Rule, Joseph Devlin,

M.P. concurred. Well, these papers since this dispute opened have been printing one continuous tissue of falsehoods of

the vilest and most medacious character; it has been proved that they were publishing letters that were forged-men's

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

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 batens 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 belp 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

GAELIC LEAGUE-OLD CITY BRANCH.

Result of Oireachtas Prize Drawing

postponed from Oireachtas to Language Week-1st, 15; 2nd, 140; 3rd, 1,187; 4th, 868; 5th, 1,183; 6th, 910.

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 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

I once more betook my gaze to the barreness 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

companion was buried in the pages of

the Irish Times.

CATHAL LALLY.

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

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."

went to heaven. The jasper walls Towered high and wide, and the golden halls

Shone bright beyond. But a strange new

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 Or perhaps I may be allowed to sit

On the griddled floor of the bottomless

But a jeering tout with horns on his face Cried as he forked me out of the place: "It's Murphy's."

A matter for the Worker to remember! IS THAT Mrs. HENRY, of 221 Gt. Britain St.,

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Don't Forget the Trades Sports, Jones's Road, Sunday, 8th October, 1911. No Scabs allowed to compete. Every Trade Unionist

must attend.

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Clerks Refuse to "Scab."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER,

A CHARA-Permit me to draw your readers attention to the petty tyranny exercised by the Local Great Sourface Railway Goods Agent, Wilson, on those who refused to do his "scab labour." Yesterday morning a number of clerks employed in the goods store, were approached by Wilson to act as above, which they emphatically refused to do, and were in consequence suspended immediately. The Limerick Chamber of Commerce

has sent a resolution to the Press (they had not the moral courage to give either the name of the proposer or seconder) condemning the strikers and &c. Now, it will be interesting to hear that the same Chamber" refused a miserable subscription to the Limerick I.D.A. as well as ignoring the request of the same association to supply a return of the imports and exports into the city.

It may not be generally known that the mere mention of Mr. P. T. Daly's visit to organise the workers got the carters employed by J. Ellis Goodbody an increase

of 2s. per week. A word about the "Improved Train Service" mentioned in William Martin Murphy's "Moral Sink,"—the ½d. duster. The outward mails have to be got ready before 1 p.m., which formerly did not depart until 10 p.m.; so much for Murphy's lies. Success to your efforts.

Do chara. Limerick. "TREATY STONE."

ANCIENT GUILD OF

Incorporated Brick and Stonelayers, Head Office-49 Cuffe Street, Dublin. Members are requested to attend at the Hall on Sunday next for the purpose of taking part in the

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THE EIGHTY CLUB.

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 scribe yelept "Joan" is nothing more or less than a venomous and spiteful attack on Councillor Lorcan G. Sherlock, against 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 Gresham Hotel, at which the toast of "The King" was duly honoured, said banquet being organised and promoted by a body self-styled the National Club of Ireland. I have already given public expression regarding my opinion of this so-called National Club, and Councillor Sherlock has publicly stated he was not present at the banquet or at any of the proceedings in connection with same.

The rancorous attack of your anonymous correspondent was, therefore, as unjustifiable as it was maliciously false and cowardly-anonymous attacks are invari-

The methods of your correspondent Joan are not 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 Joan 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 overshot the mark so much. Had he been possessed of the smallest sense of honour, or even a modicum 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 Sherlocks.

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, not alone his constituents in the Mountjoy Ward, but in the estimation of the citizens generally. Councillor Sherlock. like many another public man, is not immure 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 venal and sordid motives which characterise every line of the precious epistle appearing under the penname of your correspondent "Joan."

Thanking you in anticipation, and wishing your efforts on behalf of those whe work in contradistinction to those who loaf, the most unqualified success,-I am, dear sir, yours, etc.,

MICHAEL BYRNE, Hon. Sec. Mountjoy Ward Branch,

[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 indulge in "a venemous, 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 too premature. Why not have a word to say in defence of J. P. Cullen, Martin's blackleg? —— THE WRITER.]

RUTLAND SQUARE FLUNKEYS.

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 hotel) 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-Humbüg.

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-

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

LAWLER & CO., 98 Summerhill, WHERE THEY CAN BUY Best Quality Groceries and Provisions At Ressonable Prices.

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Our Tees for the Workers are the Best



Sirs, when you pity us, I say You waste your pity. Let it stay, Well corked 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 auguish 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

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 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.

they had the present state of affairs would

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.

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 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 "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 shead of their product - Han, Drummond.

THE HEROISM OF STRIKERS.

Now that the scribes of the capitalist

rage, 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 There never was a strike yet that did not teach the producing class a lesson,

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 gluttony 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 advancemen numbed with cold, their teeth chattering, and education. They (the owners) might starve them all to death before a bycelection 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 be near the end of Parliament it is sure to be dished. That is how the mere vote machine moves in the National Gass House, and the locked out ironworkers in the

and everything that will teach workers

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 trades 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 closk for cowardice, but I ask him if he does not want a revolution, bear in mind the following, if there was no send thing as the strike, if there was

meantime are suffering from that interest-

Then there is the question why does not

ing gastric complaint, hunger.

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 loosing 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, f-llow-countrymen, until you have charge of the whole of Ireland. I would repeat the words of the real rebel of '48, James Fintan 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.

Another Case of Victimising.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR-I would like to draw attention to 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 firmperhaps 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.

Apoligising for trespassing on your space—I remain yours faithfully, FIAT JUSTITIA QUAT CŒLUM.

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 Lynham, clerk; Joseph Kelly, manager of factory; P. Carroll, clerk; T. Caine, 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,

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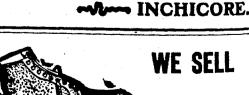
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