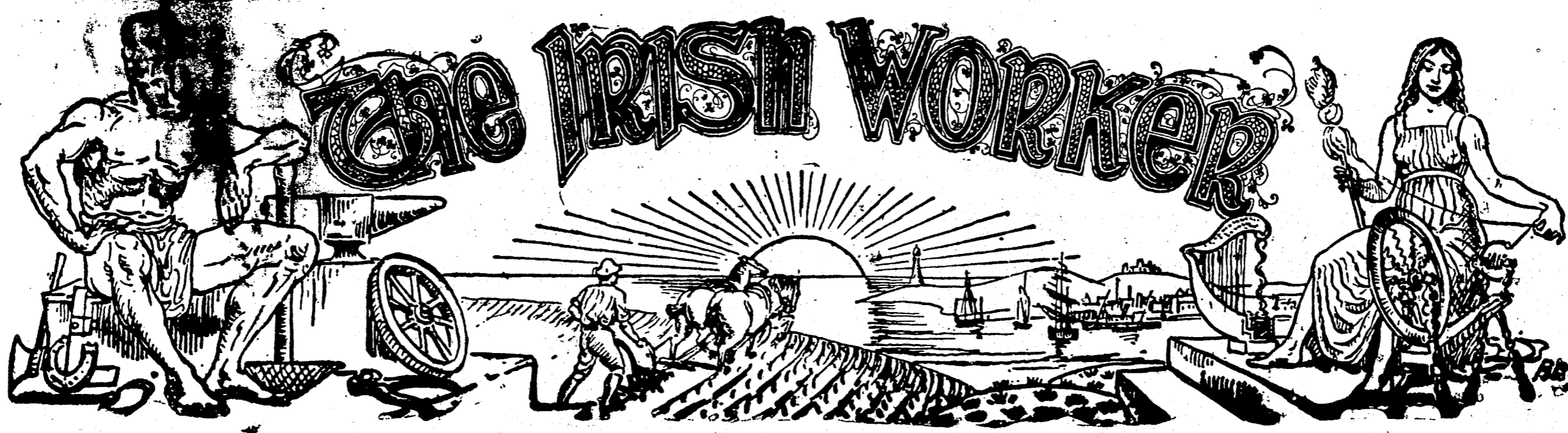


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Finlan Lalor.



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!

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 9.—VOL. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JULY, 20th, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

Peruvian Rubber and Red Dividend.

It seems but yesterday since the eyes of the world were directed upon Africa in the Congo district, now public attention is focussed upon South America away at the other side of the Southern Atlantic, in Peru, and the worst crime the Congo had to chronicle seems to be entirely eclipsed by what has been happening in the Putumayo district of that country. The immediate cause of this attention has been the report, issued in blue book form, of Sir R. Casement, the British Consul-General, who left Lisbon, for the Amazon on July 29th, 1910. According to this report, "the condition of things revealed is entirely disgraceful, and fully warrants the worst charges brought against the agents of the Peruvian Amazon Company and its methods of administration," and some of these charges are sufficiently startling, to say the least of them. For instance, it is stated that among the agents were some of the worst criminals on the Putumayo, and one of these, a Colombian, after being kept in chains in prison for a year, was released on condition that he joined the others, and undertook the work of flogging Indians. By way of proving his gratitude for his happy release, he eventually excelled even his masters, clever as they were, in perpetrating acts of cruelty. This artist, it is alleged, has killed scores of Indians, and his especial hobby was cutting ears off, besides doing other things that even his worst companions could scarcely tolerate, so it is said. Then again it is said that another man in charge of a station took a particular and ghastly delight in turning Kerosene oil over men and women and then setting fire to them. He also specialised in dashing the brains out of children, and cutting the legs and arms of Indians, leaving them to die like that in their agony. I have no desire to appear callous in writing thus, but the list of atrocities is so appalling that it almost passes comprehension and certainly begs description. Imagine if you can what this means. It is said that some men, after being flogged, were confined by the legs in heavy wooden stocks, the ankle holes of which were so small that men had sometimes to sit on the top beam in order to press the stocks sufficiently down to enable them to be locked. Thus the men had to remain often for weeks, sometimes for months, turned face downwards. Now it may be asked, was all this barbarism and fiendish cruelty exercised merely for the love of being cruel? Most assuredly it was not. It had a cause, and quite a fashionable, though a utilitarian one. The cause was commercial gain, or in other words, the love of pounds, shillings and pence, and that this is so seems to be quite well appreciated by Sir Robert Casement, for, according to him, we discover that in many cases the Indian rubber worker, who knew roughly what quantity of rubber was expected of him, when he weighed and saw that the balance would not touch the required spot, would throw himself face downwards on the ground, and in that position await the inevitable blows. That at once takes away any mystery that might exist as to the cause of the atrocities. These poor Indian slaves and victims of modern commerce had to be driven and flogged into getting the most possible value out of the least possible outlay, and when they failed to do that they had to pay the penalty with their lives in order to terrorise those taking their places in the blood-stained quest for rubber. And that this method of getting an increased output was successful the Consul-General clearly proves, for he states that though the yield of rubber shipped to England from Putumayo in 1900 was 15,863 kilograms, yet in 1910 it had increased to 316,913 kilograms or practically twenty times more, and that had been done in spite of the tremendous fact that the population of the district had fallen from 50,000 in 1906 to not more than 8,000 in 1911. So that with less than a sixth of the population they were getting roughly twenty times more produce. If that does not give a good commercial and utilitarian reason for these fearful atrocities which I do not intend to describe further—then I can only think that words have lost their meaning and henceforth there is no relation between cause and effect. Being anxious to see what the leaders of public opinion had to say on the matter I turned to some of the Dublin daily papers on Monday last. There was a

statement of the facts, of course, but comments were vague. However, on turning to that respectable family journal, the "Evening Mail," I found that the humourist who sits in its editorial chair had something to say on the matter. "What," he asked, "should be done with the wretched tin-pot Peruvian Government that allows such atrocities and cannot stop them? It should be swept away. No state should be permitted to flourish on the murder and torture of its own subjects. Nor would there be any great difficulty about suppressing Peru and the Peruvian Government. We cannot proceed to blow Peru out of the water, however, without infringing the Munroe Doctrine. And we cannot infringe the Munroe Doctrine without coming into collision with the United States. To that extent the U.S.A. is throwing its shield over the bully, the oppressor, the murderer. . . . Having thus boldly stepped up and shaken his puny, childish fist in the face of the American Eagle, the editorial comedian of the "Mail" quickly apologises and tapers off into a futile and simpering peroration. Now, what on earth has the Munroe Doctrine or the U.S.A. got to do with this question of Peruvian rubber? Absolutely nothing! It is merely the editor's journalistic way of thimble-rigging the question, and at that he is an adept. He is trying to get his readers to overlook the first pregnant fact that the rubber which has cost so much blood and butchery was being secured for the English market. Why, in the very same issue of the paper which contained his editorial the cryptic information was given in the Stock Exchange column that "Rubbers steady." Of course, rubber is steady. Three Indians were butchered that rubber should remain steady. The "tin-pot Peruvian Government" has to be blown into the sea for allowing these atrocities—that is to say if the Munroe Doctrine can by any chance be evaded—but the English Government, ever ready to champion the cause of all badly-treated workers other than its own, will calmly and hypocritically allow the British Stock Exchange to create fresh rubber booms which inevitably must arouse the lust for gain in every slave driver in every rubber plantation in the world, just as they have done in the case of these criminal agents and their bosses in Peru. I wonder if those amiable old ladies—male and female—who discuss the inequities of the editor of this paper over their teacups in the suburban groves of this city, will pause to consider that that little lot of rubber shares which they speculated in, through their agents, was one of the causes of the flogging and maiming and murdering of those poor Indian slaves. It is idle to wonder any such thing, however, for I may be quite certain that they will not consider such a thing. They will read their "Mails" instead, and they will go into ecstasies of polite anger at the "tin-pot Peruvian Government," so elegantly described therein; and the old women without petticoats will discuss to-morrow learnedly in their clubs about the Munroe Doctrine, and figure out in their elegantly appointed offices how many "Dreadnoughts" it would take to blow Peru off the map—if Uncle Sam will give his permission. And at home in their drawingrooms the old women with petticoats will sanctimoniously turn their eyes to the ceiling and thank God they live in a civilised country "where every prospect pleases, and only labour agitators are vile." I deplore and detest this catalogue of horror that comes from Peru, as every man who values freedom must, but I could wish that the people who will possibly make the worst noise about it would look the matter straight in the face and not in the oblique fashion the worthy editor already mentioned has done. Gunboats can do nothing to solve the difficulty, for it is not a case of shooting a few savages merely, but of controlling and ending that love of gain—that lust of something for nothing—of reaping where they have not sown. It is not "Red Rubber" that is the trouble, but it is RED DIVIDEND. It is the worker who has to suffer. It is he—be he black, yellow, brown or white—that has to bear the brunt of the greed of profit. In Peru they have mangled, tortured and killed him. In Dublin they harass, sack and starve him. It is a difference of degree, but they are both savage.

CORK NOTES.

Not even the sweltering heat could wake up Cork—we fear it would need an earthquake just now. What between one set of hoodlums telling the people that the millennium has arrived somewhere about the "Strand," and may be expected in Cork by easy stages; and the others just as authoritatively affirming that poor Cork—which seems to be the whole of Ireland in their eyes—is on the verge of bankruptcy and the bosses splitting themselves up into different political camps in order that they may give the poor benighted workers "a lead" into the promised land; the people are at sixes and sevens. "Up with the Mollies" on the one hand and "All-for-Ireland"—which being freely translated means "All-for-William-and-myself with the Cork farmer—on the other. The bosses look on in wonder and delight—wonder at how easy it is to "codd" the Cork worker, and delight at the result of their machinations. Recriminations are in the air. One crowd shout "traitor" deep-toned at the other one. The next night the opposition hold their pow-wow and repeat the charge with added epithets about the pure-souled patriots of the night before. It is the workers who supply the chorus and the men to do the fighting. The bosses, you know, are too respectable for that. It is the workers, as usual, who go to jail because of the distaff dances. The bosses are too busy and could not be spared. Ah, the pity of it all! workers of Cork, the traitors are not on the platforms of either party, unless they be workers. They are in the body of the hall. It is you who are the traitors—traitors to your brethren in Cork; traitors to your fellows in Ireland; and the worst kind of traitors—fools! You split yourselves up into different camps even at your uni-n meetings. You refuse to combine because of your political differences. Ask yourselves. However strongly the employers differ as outside matters—and anything that does not spell "tr-a-d-e" is an outside matter to them—they never allow these differences to retard them when they want to fight you. Whether they wear emblems of green-and-white, or green-and-gold, or stand for the flag whose crosses show its mongrel strain, do they ever allow their white or golden views to dominate their action or inaction at their Federation. Yes, they should keep the white and gold and give you the green—all green—it should be your colours, fellow-workers, in Cork—for God knows you are green enough for anything. Just imagine, if you can, a meeting where men who were "leaders" of labour in Cork were banqueting, and where an M.P. condemned the Insurance Bill because it was pushed forward in place of Land Purchase. This gentleman called it the Insurance Tax. And as he represents a constituency of Urban workers, might we ask—What sort of a tax does he call Land Purchase? Some few years ago the workers in the towns had to make up £17 10s in every £100 paid to the landlord for land purchase. That money had to be paid by men who didn't hold as much land as would sod a lark. Mr William O'Brien didn't do much lamenting over that. But when it comes to providing something for the poor, invalidated worker—ah! that's another question. When the railway workers went on strike to better their condition, they were terrible people. Strikes were wicked things then. But the farmers in our County of Cork have never gone on strike

—against a tax to keep their workers during illness. Oh, Willie, what has changed you? Now a strike seems a magnificent thing! And then what philanthropists the Irish farmers were and are! In the olden days they paid 10d. per day—they were then the rack-rented farmers; now they own their own land, or have it for about 55 per cent. off what they were paying then, and they pay 9s. per week to their agricultural labourers for working all the hours that God will give them. What generous! We wonder what Willie would say if the labourers went on strike. Oh, yes, Willie, they have votes, but both sides of ye take damn good care that they won't learn how to use them! "Up, Gilhooly!" "Go on the Mollies!" is sweeter music to your Cork "patriot." We wonder was it to provide cries that poor Molly Maguire suffered her agonies in the time of trouble and tribulation? Was it to supply a catch-cry that poor Dya: Dillon and Tim Daly went through their travail and trouble? Was it to give a text to set one crowd of workers in Cork to beat another that Captain Mackey went out in the night with his gallant band of men—workers every one? Was it for this Lomassey suffered; that Burke died? Was it for this that poor Fleming burned the midnight oil? Oh! God, no. But in order that those who came after them might be free men and women. We had a couple of meetings here during the week—one, which was addressed by Mr. Johnson on general labour matters; another, which was addressed by Mr P. T. Daly on the Insurance Act and the Irish Labour Movement, and another which was addressed by Mr. M. A. O'Sullivan, of the Drapers' Assistants' Association, on the Insurance Act. But what a difference! At none of the meetings was there any enthusiasm displayed. And yet the same men attending one of the meetings of their patriots would be nearly wild with excitement. The only distinguishing mark in common was the ease with which the workers showed their earnest desire to shout now and again. Query—Is it legal to pay a man to sign a form for State Insurance purposes? Here it is said to be done broadcast. I have just heard it alleged that a grievance exists against the Land and Labour Association on because they only paid sixpence a head for signatures. Mr. Bradley is a member of the Joint Advisory Board and is sec. of the L. and L. Association. Perhaps he would inquire into the matter and see what constitutes a member of the L. and L. A. Mr. M. J. Egan, J.P., T.C., has been elected Chairman of the Cork Trade and Labour Council. We understand that the Council secured a pledge from him that he would not appear upon any political platform during his term of office. This would tend to show that the Trades Council is beginning to show signs of being awake. All the trades have federated for the purposes of the Insurance Act, with a central E.C. in Grattan street. We regret however that the number who have joined does not come up to what it should. However, the men who have been coaxed into the other societies—diocesan county, Liver, Prudential, Mollies, &c.—have plenty of time to reconsider their position. We would like to know if Councillor Murphy, J.P. is still a member of the Cork Trade and Labour Council. If so, how does it come that he should go out of his way when speaking at Bartleary to advise the people "to enrol themselves in the County Council Insurance Society in preference to any other?" Is it because Ald. Kelleher and some more of his friends are on the E.C. of the Federated Trades which meets in Murphy's own hall? Or is it because he must earn his salary? By the way, Paddy has turned out a great land purchase man. He is alleged to know all about that very interesting subject. Would he in his next oration tell us of the working class what became of the Irish Church Fund surplus? This was money earmarked for Irish primary education—for the education of the children of the toilers. Perhaps Patrick, J.P., would tell us if it was diverted into the pockets of the landlords in the interests of the tenant farmers, or if the story is

only a canard. Perhaps the erudite councillor would give us the necessary information. *** Another far-seeing man! And of all places to discover him—a Lunatic Asylum. He is a member of the Board. His name, O'Neill. *** O'Neill has discovered that the payment of the Insurance Tax will kill all the paternal feelings between the farmer and the labourer. Paternal feelings between the wolf and the lamb. That is the best thing that has been said of the Insurance Act. And just imagine O'Neill and Murphy, J.P., in the one stable. We hear that "poor" Billeen is getting it very hard these times. Ah well, Conell! you saw the two days, didn't you? The stevedores do not seem to be a happy family just now. We hear rumours of cutting prices—and by a stranger. You know "Doyle" is the English for "black stranger," don't you, Rocky? My! my! my! In our day the only prices we ever cut were the wages we "docked" off the dockers! Eh, Billeen! Don't thou remember? Ah, those were the days when we were young and frisky. More anon, Bill! More anon, Billeen! FIBROG. RESPECTABILITY! Respectability! blast the name! A plague on the man who used it first! May his joyless soul know the blush of shame. That shadows the world the word has cursed! This word that never was found among the wisdom lore of a noble race; This word that never shall soil the tongue Of men who scoff at its loathsome grace Good God! to think that there still are men Who never have known one touch of pride; Who dream of an age that tells again Of the lives they lived and the deaths they died. And those who have never a tale to tell, Who pass from the world without a moan; With nothing to mark the place they fell, But a trampled sod or a nameless stone. Respectability's stamp had put It's hellish taint on their craven souls; Enslaved they lay in the sodden rut, And poured out thanks for the miser's dolts. Oh, these were some of the men who saw The struggle that still goes grimly on; Who stood in the dark in fearful awe, With powerless hands and faces wan. Respectability! That was all, That was the sum of their own boast; Whether we rise or whether we fall— Respectability damn the rest! They have shirked the stripes and stripes, The god they worship is worldly dress; They only know they have lived a life, That bore society's gilded gloss. Respectability! Curse the word! O Lord will never the blush of shame— Will never the heart of man be stirred To scorn and spit on the hateful name! OSCAR BUTTER: Pure Farmers' Butter, 9d., 10d. and 1s. per lbs. Patk. J. Whelan, 82 QUEEN STREET. CURTIS, LETTERPRESS AND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTER, BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER, 12 TEMPLE LANE, DUBLIN. High-Class Work. Moderate Prices. Telephone 3492.

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ALL WORKERS should support The Workers' Benefit Stores, 47, New Street, Greenin, Eggs, Butter and Tea all of the best at Lowest Prices. BRANCHES—32 Capel street; 18 Talbot street; 80 and 81 Thomas street. TELEPHONE NO. 981. Telegraphic Address—"Sugarstick, Dublin." ENCOURAGE HOME TRADE. S. ROBINSON & SONS, Manufacturing Confectioners, 53 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

PEMBROKE LAUNDRY STRIKE.

Poor Li Soroh Han is suffering from a very bad attack of ill temper. This poor bewitched creature dislikes Trade Unionism...

they are able to cry about at all must go to work either in factory, workshop, or to a private house as charwomen, and in this way the disease spreads.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

All sections of women workers are eligible to join the above Union— Entrance Fee ... 6d. Contributions ... 2d. per week

IRISH WORKERS' CHOIR.

Choir practice will be as usual on Monday and Wednesday evening at 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to— "D.L." Women Workers' Column, Liberty Hall, 18 Beresford Place.

IRISH-IRELAND NOTES.

BY AN SPHILPIN FANAOCH

THE IRISH SPEAKING DISTRICTS. Special provision was made at this year's Ard Fheis for the Irish speaking districts. It was decided on the recommendation of the committee...

THE OIRIOCHTAS. The general opinion prevailing amongst the delegates and delegates' substitutes—of whom by the way there was a goodly number—more we imagine than at any previous Ard Fheis—with regard to the Oiriochtas was that a change from the Capital to some other town bordering on the Irish speaking districts would have the effect of stimulating interest in the Festival.

With the election of a new Executive we expect to see a change for the better. Many of the older members made way for newer blood at this Ard Fheis.

As regards the composition of this year's Ard Fheis the excellent organization in the case of substitutes deserves particular attention. The services of even non-members of the Gaelic League who were ignorant of the simplest phrases in the language were brought into requisition.

We are rather anxious to know in what particular district of the Gaelic world is the Irish—which appears on the leaflets of Cumann an Urradhais (Irish-Ireland Benefit Society)—spoken.

The first meeting of the Insurance Committee was held on Wednesday, July 17th, in the City Hall.

Mr. Kinnear, one of the Irish Insurance Commissioners, presided at the opening of the meeting, and gave an outline of the duties and powers of the Committee.

During the course of his remarks he stated that the money placed at the disposal of the Committee was totally inadequate. The sum available was only £2,300 for the coming six months.

All communications for this column to be addressed to "An Spailpin Fanach," c/o Editor IRISH WORKER.

JAMES (Irish) 21b. Jars, 61d; Raspberry, Strawberry, Black Currant, BISQUITTS—Jam Puffs, Water, Orange, Buns, 6d. per lb.

HEYER'S 20 BRIDE STREET.

Ringsend Heridheacht,

SUNDAY, 28th JULY.

MISS ANNIE GORE (Queen of the Father Mathew Feis), MISS SADIE DUFFY (Violinist), Irish Workers' Choir, JACOB'S OCTETTE, And a host of Irish-Ireland Artists.

Irish Transport Workers' Band will attend Admission, 3d. Commencing at 3.30. Proceeds for New Church.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers' Trades Union, Trades Hall, Capel Street. The adjourned Quarterly Meeting will be held on Sunday. Election of Committee, Insurance and other important business.

"An injury to One" is the concern of All. THE Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly— price one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY July 20th, 1912.

Open Letter to Mr. Asquith.

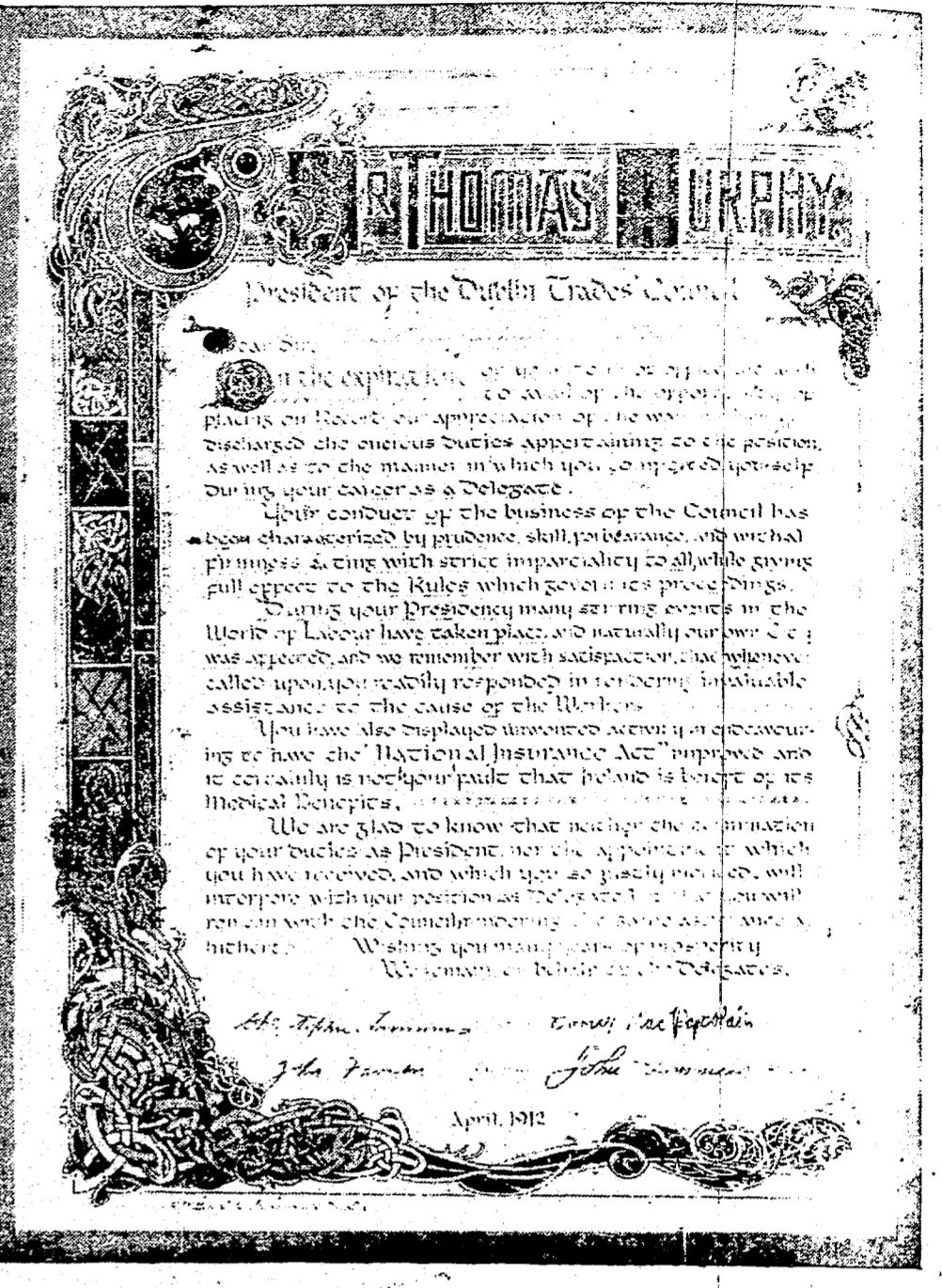
Sir—You have deigned to visit this country in the capacity of chief administrator and official spokesman for the British Government. You have been good enough to say you come as a friend, and a peacemaker desirous of ending a struggle which has dragged its sometimes heroic, sometimes disgraceful, but at all times determined course through 800 years of our history.

lawyer like yourself, assisted by men who at least have passed the first book, and some of whom to my own knowledge at least got a board school education...

No Senate as you love us. And then those two insults—the Veto and the safeguards—why, if we are getting Home Rule why a Veto? Can you not trust us? safeguards for who? the Protestant inhabitants of this country? Are we living, sir, in the twentieth century? Surely not, when a responsible statesman suggests religious disabilities or safeguards for minorities.

Mr. Asquith replied— Mr. Chairman and fellow-delegates, I have listened with rapt attention to the beautiful lines just read by Mr. Simmons, and I may say that they speak far too highly both of my work in the labour movement and the manner in which I conducted the business while President of the Council.

Mr. James Connolly, Chairman of the Birkenhead (No. 5) Branch of the Dockers' Union, presided. The Press representatives were excluded from the meeting at the outset. The conference, which was entirely abortive, lasted a little over an hour.



In a reference to my appointment as Organising Lecturer under the Insurance Commissioners, I look upon it as the outcome of the influence and prominence given to me by occupying the position of President of this Council.



STRIKE OF DOCKERS AT LIVERPOOL & BIRKENHEAD.

A NEW COMBINATION AGAINST THE WORKERS. Shipping Federation, Dockers' Officials, and Board of Trade.

If you do not sign your freedom away no work. The Labour Exchanges, not content with supplying blacklegs during disputes, actually engineer a strike.

After the shipowners had left the following resolution, proposed by Mr. John Grece, seconded by Mr. E. Rogers, was carried with enthusiasm:—"That we, the members of the No. 6 Branch of the National Union of Dock Labourers, do hereby ignore all agreements signed on behalf of us by the General Secretary without first submitting the proposals of the agreement to the branch for their approval, and do hereby call upon Mr. Sixton to vacate the false position that he holds as General Secretary and leader of the men."

