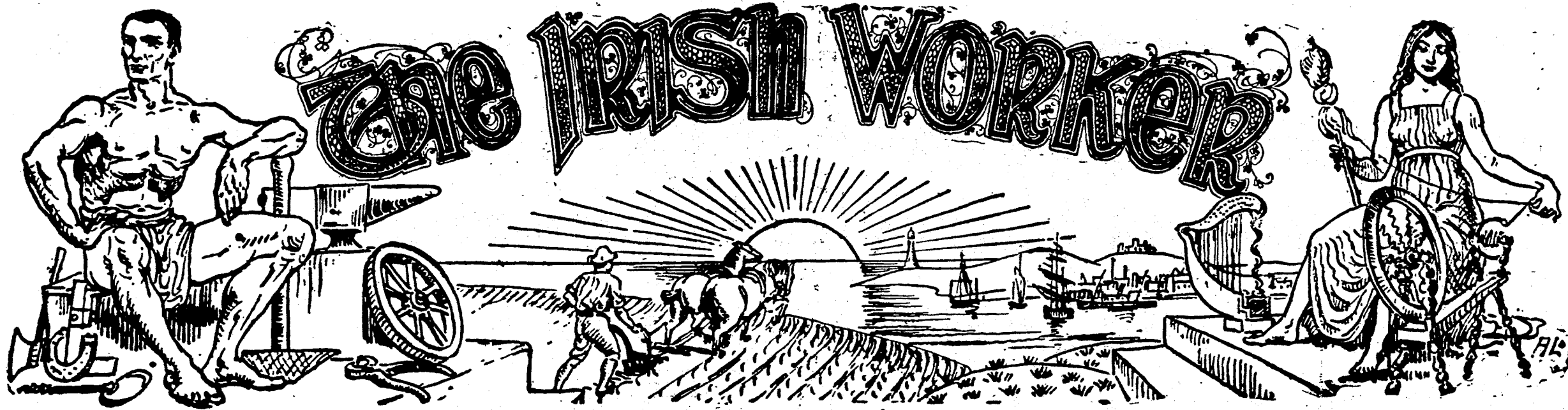


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan 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.

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

Reprinted from THE IRISH TIMES, Tuesday, October 7th, 1913.

TO THE MASTERS OF DUBLIN. AN OPEN LETTER.

(By "A. E.")

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH TIMES.

SIRS—I address this warning to you, the aristocracy of industry in this city, because, like all aristocracies, you tend to grow blind in long authority, and to be unaware that you and your class and its every action are being considered and judged day by day by those who have power to shake or overturn the whole social order, and whose restlessness in poverty to-day is making our industrial civilisation stir like a quaking bog.

decided on such a step, knowing how many thousands of men, women and children, nearly one-third of the population of this city, would be affected, you should not have let one day have passed without unremitting endeavours to find a solution of the problem.

What did you do? The representatives of labour unions in Great Britain met you, and you made of them a preposterous, an impossible demand, and because they would not accede to it you closed the Conference: you refused to meet them further: you assumed that no other guarantees than those you asked were possible, and you determined deliberately, in cold anger, to starve out one-third of the population of this city, to break the manhood of the men by the sight of the suffering of their wives and the hunger of their children.

You do not seem to read history so as to learn its lessons. That you are an uncultivated class was obvious from recent utterances of some of you upon art. That you are incompetent men in the sphere in which you arrogate imperial powers is certain, because for many years, long before the present uprising of labour, your enterprises have been dwindling in the regard of investors, and this while you have carried them on in the cheapest labour market in these islands, with a labour reserve always hungry and ready to accept any pittance.

Your insolence and ignorance of the rights conceded to workers universally in the modern world were incredible, and as great as your inhumanity. If you had between you collectively a portion of human soul as large as a threepenny bit, you would have sat night and day with the representatives of labour, trying this or that solution of the trouble, mindful of the women and children, who at least were innocent of wrong against you.

The conception of yourselves as altogether virtuous and wronged is, I assure you, not at all the one which onlookers hold of you. No doubt, you have rights on your side. No doubt, some of you suffered without just cause. But nothing which has been done to you cries aloud to Heaven for condemnation as your own actions. Let me show you how it seems to those who have followed critically the dispute, trying to weigh in a balance the rights and wrongs.

You may succeed in your policy and ensure your own damnation by your victory. The men whose manhood you have broken will loathe you, and will always be brooding and scheming to strike a fresh blow. The children will be taught to curse you. The infant being moulded in the womb will have breathed into its starved body the vitality of hate.

Dublin, October 6th, 1913.

"A. E."

The Inevitability of the Labour War.

In strenuous times like the present I suppose most people believe they have found a panacea which will settle for ever and aye all matters in contention, and I am sure the Editor is inundated with contributions more worthy than mine.

We have been told time and again that Larkin and his Transport Union are responsible for the labour fight in Dublin. Now, this is very far from the truth; in fact it contains less truth than would the statement that William Martin Murphy is responsible for the Capitalistic system and all its attendant horrors.

No, my friends, this social unrest is a sign of the times; it is the outward and visible evidence of a psychological struggle—the endeavour of the inner consciousness—the soul of labour to find expression and assert itself, and is a result not of slavery and sweating, but of the education and enlightenment being slowly acquired by the workers.

I want to impress upon you, the workers of Dublin, that this fight is inevitable, and that it has only just commenced and that it will go on relentlessly in spite of the Murphys, the Jacobs, and the Aberdeens; in spite of the Press, the politicians and the police; in spite even of yourselves.

Remember this then. This fight is inevitable, and Labour must win. It may be a long fight, the victory may come soon; it may come by evolution—it may come by revolution—but come it must. But whether it come sooner or later, it will be a hard and a strenuous struggle; many brave hearts will have been broken, many martyrs will have been left by the wayside, many children and wives will have felt the gnawing pangs of starvation.

The question of the movement is:— Shall we select our own weapons, or shall we use only those which our employers in their wisdom have chosen for us? Now, this is war—war to the knife—a fight to the death, and we will—we must—use any and every weapon which comes to our hand and which we find effective.

We are asked to abandon—nay, we are told we must abandon the "sympathetic" strike. This is the most effective weapon in our armoury, and we cannot, we could not abandon it. If our employers tried a new piece of machinery and found it so efficient that it could do the work of ten men would any of them hesitate a moment as to whether he would discard the machine and keep the men, or use the machine and throw them on the street?

Now, we are in precisely the same position; we have given a fair trial to the "sympathetic" strike, and found it so effective as to create a panic amongst our friends, the enemy; shall we then, at their request, throw it aside? Why, we have not used it yet—we have only given it a trial—but we have found it so useful that we shall cherish it, and hand it down to our children if the necessity for its use has not passed away before us.

It has also been suggested, and I believe seriously, that we should give notice of our intention to strike. Now, as I have stated, we are engaged in a fight, we are not playing, and any person who suggests that in such a time we should go cap in hand to the enemy and say, "Please, Sir, we are going to make an attack in a month," must be a fool, or think we are fools.

out of this fight triumphantly, and that the ranks of Trades Unionism are swelling every week, we must not lose sight of the constructive work which must precede the final struggle. We must have every worker in the country under the banner of Trade Unionism. We shall have to overcome the snobbishness and respectability of that large army of underpaid and overworked creatures who go to "business" instead of to work, and who consider us who "work" to provide the "business" for them of inferior clay, but who are too "respectable" to blackleg and do the work of the docker and the coalporter when there is a strike.

The employers of Dublin set out to starve us, the fight has lasted over a month and there are none of us dead from starvation. The capitalists combined have found that they cannot starve us, nor could we conveniently starve them; but if we cannot starve the capitalists we can starve capital. We are starving capital in this city and the capitalists are getting tired of it because their capital cannot stand starvation.

When Wm. Martin Murphy stated some weeks ago that he would spend £100,000 to crush us he probably meant it, but he has probably changed his mind by this time. It would have been worth more than £100,000 to Mr. Murphy to crush us because he could then have more effectively exploited us and recouped himself handsomely. I daresay he looked upon it as a rather good investment. If he still wishes to spend the remainder of that £100,000 (or is there any left?) he may do so, but he cannot smash the Transport Union, and I am sure it will have been the first time in his life that one of his investments did not bring grist to the mill.

"Who Fears to Wear the Blood Red Badge?"

Who fears to wear the blood red badge Upon his manly breast? What scab obeys the vile command Of Murphy and the rest; He's all a knave, and half a slave Who slights his Union thus, But true men, like you men, Will show the badge with us.

They dared to fling a manly brick, They wrecked a blackleg tram, They dared give Harvey Duff a kick, They didn't care a damn. They lie in gaol and can't get bail, Who fought their corner thus, But you men, with sticks men, Must make the Feilers "cuss."

We rise in sad and weary days To fight the workers' cause, We found in Jim, a heart ablaze, To break down unjust laws. But 'tis a sin to follow him: Says Murphy and his crew, Though true men, like you men, Will stick to him like glue.

Good luck be with him. He is here To win for us the fight; To suffer for us without fear, To champion the right. So stick to Jim, let nothing dim Our ardour in the fray, And true Jim, our own Jim, Will win our fight to-day.

William Beckett & Sons, builders, locked out a man 36 years in their employment

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN, —IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—

Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workingman, No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairing A SPECIALITY.

Labour's Revolt.

By "Shellback."

AIR—"Donald Abu."

Up from grimy dockland, the dark dismal foundry; In from the country-side, the mere and the fell, From out every factory, within the City's wide boundary Loud on the morning sounds of marching armies swell. Men grey and grimy, women brave and lithesome, Youthful lads and lassies, never asking to halt; Marching in solid ranks, gladly and lithesome, Gathering to the rendezvous for Labour's Revolt!

Chorus— On! with ever quickening pace— On! to the mustering place To join with Labour Legions, and to take up our stand. On! the tyrants powers to break— On! for dead comrades sake To follow Jim Larkin and the workers' "Red Hand."

Proudly our banners fly, as trusting in Him on High, Who stood by His children in the days that are past, When out of their bondage He led them to freedom, In triumph, to enter the Promised Land at last.

We follow with heart and will, the pipers' music loud and shrill, Who will lead the workers' legions in that final assault, When, by their might and skill, men from the mine and mill Will put an end to slavery with Labour's Revolt! Chorus—Oa! etc.

Now, look glints the sun in the fortress of Mungion, Its gaol and its bayonets, its batons and its chains, With its army of hi-ellogs and black-muzzed cannon— The death dealing weapons that oppression retains. But freedom defies them, and free men can despise them, As hand in hand in unity with never a fault, We'll march to their citadel, and rout out their powers of hell And found a new Ireland, built on Labour's Revolt! Chorus—Oa! etc.

NOTICE.

All members of the Transport Union are to keep away from

T. BYRNE'S BUNGERY, Summerhill.

He ordered a Collector out of his Shop.

L. Doyle, Publican, BRUNSWICK ST.

Kenna Brothers, Provision Market, 58 Lower Sheriff Street, Best Quality Goods.

James Larkin, PLAIN AND FANCY BAKER, 72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN.

The Up-to-Date Paper Shop.

KEARNEY'S

Has the best stock of working-class papers in Ireland. Come to us for the "Irish Worker," "The Labour Leader," "Forward," and all progressive Irish and English papers. All on sale.

Pure Wholesome and Butter-milk Squares a speciality

Write for our Address

Our Individual Liberty.

By R. J. P. M.

Workers of Dublin! You have justified yourselves. Press and pulpit have vilified and anathematised you for the sins of Larkinism, Socialism, Syndicalism, Anarchism, but you have bravely gone your way helping each other and appealing for help to the British Labour Movement on the ground that, apart from any "ism" which might or might not be the foundation of your faith, you were in the end defending from concerted attack the elementary liberty of combination which is the basis of trade unionism.

captain. So now we shall demand for every Dublin man and woman the right to the best that Nature will allow a sturdy body, educated senses and a cultured mind, exercised in reasonable labour and recreated in rational amusement, a full life lived in a city as fair as the bay on whose shore it stands.

When we have organised ourselves into powerful unions that we may regulate the industries we carry on; when we have combined into co-operative societies that we may provide ourselves with good food and clothing; when we have organised our voting power so that the people will indeed govern themselves—then shall we begin to grasp the fulness of that liberty of which we now demand the tiny seed.

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

The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER is published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, should be addressed to the Editor, 18 Boreford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

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We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Saturday, Oct. 11th, 1913.

WONDER OF WONDERS.

THE LONDON "TIMES" TELLS THE TRUTH.

"It is impossible to destroy the Transport Workers' Union."—London "Times."

Six weeks ago the employers of Dublin set out light-heartedly to destroy the Transport Workers' Union in Dublin.

from the least conception of responsibility to public opinion—a plant and concealed tool in the hands of an insolent bureaucracy, loathing and hating the spirit of the age, and a magistracy consisting for the most part of men whose elevation to the bench is the result of a proved capacity for crawling and pre-judging of the knes, these troops ready to baton, bludgeon, and imprison whosoever the masters desired to remove, whenever the time was thought appropriate for such actions!

Well, they have shot their bolt! Twenty thousand Dublin men and women have been condemned to semi-starvation, at least a thousand have been beaten and maimed, hundreds have had their liberty sworn away by men to whom an oath is of as little value as the dust upon their boots, two of our brothers have been foully murdered, and even at the end of six weeks of this capital list reign of terror the London "Times" the chief organ of the capitalist class of these islands (for generations the accredited spokesman of the master class), confesses in sorrow that "it is impossible to destroy the Transport Workers' Union."

What is the reason of this ghastly failure of this, the best planned and most gigantic conspiracy against human rights that Ireland has ever seen in our day and generation?

And touched by that spectacle of patient suffering for a great principle we have seen the intellectual elements of the capital at last taking their proper place by our side, and putting their abilities gladly at the service of the labourers, whom they have deserted so long.

Brooks, Thomas's Scabs.

It is in no apologetic manner that I make haste to lay before the readers notice the names of a few scabs. So evil smelling is a scab that his presence, though it be far removed, stinks in one's nostrils.

A few of the Scabs who are Doing Service for Bewley & Draper's, Ltd.

1. Tom Davis, the white-livered cur, late of the G.N.R.I., and one of the spokesmen for the A.S.R.S. at their annual meetings. This so-called Trade Unionist is now scabbing it on decent men. I hope the A.S.R.S. will deal with this creature at their next meeting.

2. Mr. Stivecen Clarke, another gay thing. This man is delivery clerk, and takes delight in driving to the railway in Thompson's motor lorry, under police protection.

3. Johnny Dillon, the would-be traveller. This man reneged the Church he belonged to stick to his job. He poses as a Catholic to the customers in the city and suburbs, and when he goes to the military barracks he shows off his Freeman badge.

4. Mr. Watt, another clerk, and a "Hielan' laddie" also. I suppose you can get the snuff of the Hielands from the top of the motor lorry. You do make a nice picture, indeed I hear that Davis is giving Jock a hand at washing bottles in the factory.

5. There is another crawl, a so-called carpenter named Delany. This creature was locked out along with the other men; but, like a good many of the scabs, he went back to scab it. I wonder does he like the job of washing bottles with that arch traitor, Tom Davis Birds of a feather, eh Davis?

6. Miss H. Kelly, Mollie Fitzpatrick, and Jessie Brannagan. This girl Brannagan is one of a family of scabs; her two brothers are scabbing it in the "Independent."

Bridie Kearney, of Drumcondra, is also giving a hand at washing bottles. I wonder, Bridie what will your Fifth Lancer say to you when he hears what you are doing?

Now, I am giving those girls, timely warning that if they persist in scabbing it on the men that are locked out it will not be well for them. I wonder what is the Factory Inspector doing?

Dublin Paviors' Socie'y.

A special meeting of above Socie'y will be held in Trades Hall, Capel street, on Tuesday night, at 8 o'clock for the election of officers and other important business. It is necessary that all members attend punctually, wearing the badge of the trade.

BOCK, WHARF, RIVERSIDE, AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

425 Mile End road, London, E., October 13, 1913.

Mr. James Larkin and Strike Committee, Irish Transport Workers' Union, Liberty Hall, Dublin.

DEAR SRS AND BROTHERS.—My Executive desire me to express their sincerest gratitude to your Committee and the men and women and children who are making such a fight against Boss Murphyism. You are not only fighting for the hundred thousand starving, but you are fighting for every one of us.

I can only reiterate that my heart goes out to the men and women who have to suffer in this battle of the class. I can only hope that the men will realise that, after all, theirs is the fight of a slave class against the slave masters, and that without economic freedom political freedom does not count.

I wish to pay our tribute to the valour and courage of all who are making this fight. We are proud to know that even such an exacting inquiry as conducted by Sir George Arkwith has more than justified your protest against the harsh, inhuman, and unchristian violence and sordidness of men like Jacob, Eason, and Murphy.

DEAR MISS LARKIN.—Again I write to you to ask you to accept the P.O. enclosed. So happy to know that the plucky leader of the Workers is again at liberty to encourage and lead his staunch comrades to victory.

Murphy's "Independent" placard makes a "big show"; but "Larkinism" is neither "crushed nor smashed," and never will be.

The cowardly belly slaves, they! They smash p'e crusts, and boast over their Benedictines, their Hocks, and their Mosels, while the brave spirits that can never be crushed sit and sterve within prison walls.

DEAR MISS LARKIN.—Just a few facts I would wish to make known to the public, with reference to a dirty mean scab, James Grolan, Julianstown, Nobber, Co. Meath.

MONSTER DEMONSTRATION

Leaves Beresford Place THIS (Saturday) NIGHT After 8 O'Clock.

Signal—Red Rocket. Lock Out! and Look Up!

Murtagh Bryan, Marshal.

Bray Notes.

Jemmy Heey, the great "I am" of the A.O.H., tells the fools who visit the premises where he works and drink on the cheap that all Transport men are unbelievers and the Branch Secretary is an Atheist.

Workers, January is coming, and don't be taken in as you always have been. Support the men of your own class and make no mistake.

The Mollies are getting ready for January and so are the workers preparing for the fight.

James Tools, ex-asylum keeper, scabbing on trams.

Cockney Stone, Hutton's famous scab, came to Bray on Saturday to lock about an' try to get more dirty scab; but he failed to get any, and I don't think he will try again.

Bye the way, Cockney, why were you scabbed when working as yardman at Bray? I believe there was an earthquake in the coal yard.

SMALL PROFIT STORE FOR MEN'S BOOTS. Real Hand-pegged Bluchers, nailed and un-nailed 4/11.

Workers who are Thinkers MUST READ The First Labour Paper PUBLISHED IN THE HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN.



