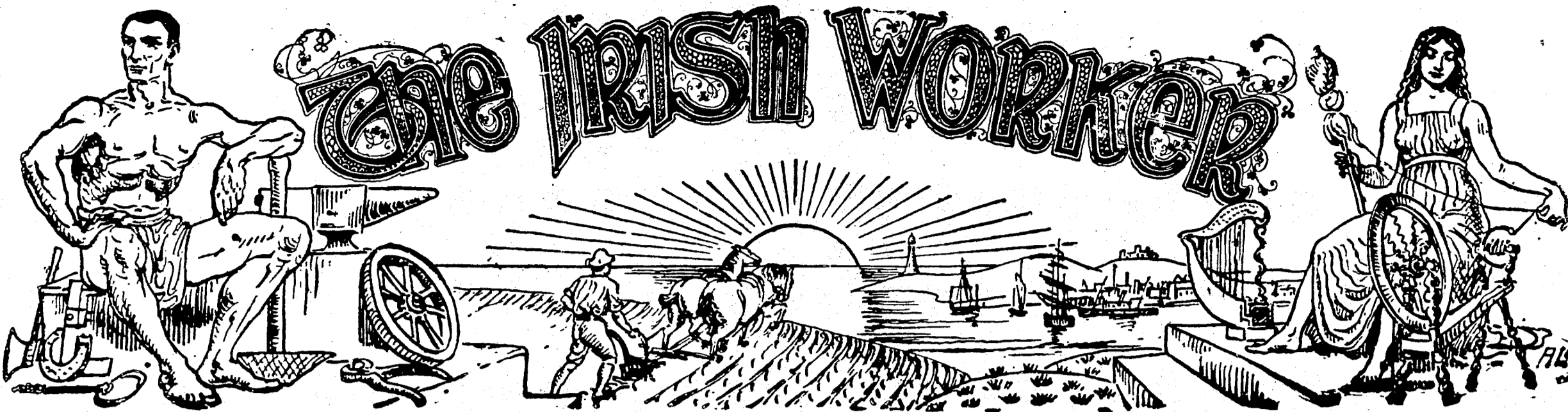


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Finian Larkin.



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, MARCH 21st, 1914

1

ONE PENNY.]

Jim Larkin, the "Irish Liberator" and His New Campaign.

By SHELLBACK.

I have another week of glorious success to record for the Irish Players at Liverpool. The people in the City don't seem to tire in the least of Jim Larkin or his sister, Delia, and her merry troupe of Players, and the latter's experience of Liverpool, particularly of the Garston district, must long remain a pleasant recollection.

materialise when Labour will have at last "got up from its knees, and claimed the whole world as its own."

Half way through each performance time has been given for a short speech from some local celebrity. This duty was attended to at Garston by Mr. J. O'Connell and Councillor Robinson respectively, who, in their usual vigorous style (the first as an exponent of literary Ireland, and the second as a stern fighter in the workers' cause), expressed the faith that is in them regarding the ultimate triumph of the people and the consequent downfall of all the Murphys of the earth.

It would not do to pass over one of the many instances of the hearty welcome that has been extended to the members of the troupe and at which I was present. This was on the Sunday following the Garston performance. By the great kindness of a lady (Mrs. McGarry) a hall was placed at the disposal of the local Committee to hold a real Irish night in honour of the visitors. The same lady provided everything requisite for the comfort and refreshment of those who attended, and a right lively time was the result.

To Mrs. McGarry, of Garston, I respectfully doff my caubeen. Long may she live to spread sunshine and pleasure around her and extend the hand of sympathy to the afflicted stranger within the gates.

Many sorts of people have seen the Irish Players since their arrival at Liverpool, and many can hardly realise that the happy-looking lads and lassies are a part of those people for whom they are appealing to the workers of England. The stolid Englishman who views their performance and laughs and laughs until the tears run down his cheeks at the Irish wit and rich humour of the actors, can scarcely believe that all this play-acting is to lessen, in some degree, the sufferings and the misery and the destitution of a whole people, of whom the merry company is part. He can scarcely believe that the laughter-provoking play is an earnest appeal to him, on the part of those actors, to stay the tears and the trials of their kindred at home in that Dublin that is so desperately oppressed.

That being so, one can only wonder—why only one troupe? Why not a hundred companies of Irish Players, all simultaneously playing in the different industrial centres of Great Britain, all reaping the same success, all the same time?

That could be done. There is plenty of material at Liberty Hall, and there are plenty of Liverpools in Great Britain. We have just been informed of the recommencing of the boston argument in Dublin, and we all regret very much to hear that Captain White, who has done more for England than all the police in Ireland has done, has been so brutally treated by those alleged to be serving the Crown. We are also just informed that one section of workers in Dublin have completed arrangements by which all the building operations in the new Dublin, about to be undertaken, may be not only affected but may be carried on by the workers themselves who, in that case,

will reverse the present position and look-out the employing middleman. The Irish Transport Union will appear in the future as a competitor with the bosses, and owing to the less need for private profit that exists in the case of the Union, the building boss bids fair to become a rapidly disappearing body. Altogether the prospects seem so bright in connection with the whole of the co-operative schemes of the Irish Transport Union that one need not be surprised when I tell the Dublin workers that, in spite of labour leaders, a committee is already being embodied to manage the affairs of the Liverpool and District Branch of that Union, and to which membership is now open to all workers, male or female, no matter what their calling or profession may be.

On Tuesday evening the 17th of March, St. Patrick's day, the Irish Players were in possession of Liverpool's most important building—St. George's Hall. The gaoled, police-batoned, locked-out Transport workers of Dublin exhibited their qualifications as actors in the same building that, on one day in August two short years ago, was packed with British soldiers armed to the teeth with rifle, bayonet and ball cartridge that was to be used against the Transport Workers of Liverpool and every one of those locked-out and persecuted Transport Workers on this great occasion proudly wore and exhibited along with their sprig of Irish Shamrock the emblem of their Union—the Red Hand of Jim Larkin.

The Irish Party and the Betrayal of Ulster.

Ireland is again seething in one of those periodical political crises that requires the master-mind and skilful guidance of a Parnell. Instead, however, of the immortal Parliamentarian, the Irish Nation is at present favoured with a set of pigmy statesmen who strut the political stage after the manner of the fabled jackdaw in peacock's feathers. These sagacious leaders have asked us to chorus the "Ireland a Nation" anthem in return for an alleged Home Rule Bill that is an insult to the memory of Ireland's martyred dead as well as to every living Nationalist. They have asked us, in addition, to acquiesce in the determination of the British Government to stereotype, by Act of Parliament, two distinct Irelands. They are encouraging a spirit of political mendacity in the form of seeking Government jobs that is a violent departure from recognised National tradition. Their speeches are couched in language of loathsome flattery of a British political party, under whose table they appear to lie, Lazarus like, awaiting any political crumb that may be offered. To those of us who can recall the spirit of militant Nationality displayed by the old National League, a glance over some of the speeches of its great Chiefstain will serve as a refreshing tonic in these days of decadence.

Speaking at Cork on 21st January, 1885, Mr. Parnell said: "We cannot ask for less than the restitution of Grattan's Parliament with its important privileges and wide and far-reaching constitution. We cannot under the British Constitution ask for more, but no man has a right to fix the boundary of the march of a nation. No man has a right to say, 'thus far shalt thou go and no further,' and we have never attempted to fix the *ne plus ultra* to the progress of Ireland's nationhood, and we never shall."

Contrast this declaration with speeches of men who accept as a final settlement of Ireland's claim to freedom a Bill containing Clause 41.

This infamous Clause reduces the proposed Irish Parliament to the helplessness of a mere debating society. It gives absolute power to the English Parliament to destroy, by a single Act, the work of Sessions of the Irish Parliament. The working effect of this Clause will be that, after the Irish Parliament has passed an Act the English Parliament can come along and legislate on the same question, and, in the words of the Clause, "the Act of the Irish Parliament shall be read subject to the Act of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and so far as it is repugnant to that Act shall be void." In other words, the English Act cancels the Irish Act. The Irish Parliament being, therefore, unable to force English legislation, can never assure itself that its work will remain permanent. It has been

stated of Grattan's Parliament that it had a limited franchise, was exclusively Protestant, and had a House of Lords. Quite true of that time, but it possessed powers of legislation for Ireland absolutely equivalent to the powers possessed by the Westminster Parliament for England and reforms of its composition need only occupy a few hours.

Speaking at Waterford on 28th January, 1891, Mr. Parnell said: "There can be no mistake about it that we want a Parliament with full power to manage the affairs of Ireland—a Parliament we must have that will be supreme with regard to Irish questions. We will have no English Veto; an English Veto on the laws that you shall make would break down and destroy that Parliament before it had been two years in existence." The presence of Clause 41 in the present Bill would undoubtedly have forced Mr. Parnell to reject it as a cunningly-devised Veto, more deadly in its underhand working than even Poyning's Law. The great source of Parnell's influence consisted in the lofty grandeur and noble sublimity of his spirit of independence. He always maintained as a fundamental dogma of his National propaganda, that his Party should hold sternly aloof from all English influences. Speaking at Burslem, in Staffordshire, he said—"It was a matter of history that Irishmen were not valued until they learned to betray. The Irish members (the followers of Mr. Butt) said we must behave as the English members behave; in fact, we must be English; we must go into English society and make ourselves agreeable and not cause a ruffle on the smooth sea of Parliamentary life, lest we forget our position as gentlemen and as members of the British House of Commons. Mr. Biggar and himself, however, thought that that was a wrong view to take, and that it would be better for them always to remember that they were Irish representatives." At a later period, speaking in the Rotunda, Dublin, he stated: "The air of Westminster would demoralise anyone, no matter how imperceptibly. As the air of London would eat away the stone walls of the House of Commons so would the atmosphere of the House eat away the honour and the honesty of the Irish members." Replying after having received the Freedom of Limerick on November 1st, 1880, he said—"I am not one of those who believe in the permanence of an Irish Party in the English Parliament. I feel convinced that sooner or later the influence which every English Government has at its command—the powerful and demoralising influence—sooner or later will sap the best party you can return to the House of Commons." Speaking at Ennis on September 19th 1880, he declared—"I have seen that the more independence the Irish Party showed, the more respect it gained for itself and for Ireland."

Year after year we find recurring in his speeches the remarkable warning that—"The Irish people should closely watch the conduct of their representatives in the House of Commons." Again speaking in the Rotunda, he said—"There can be no doubt that the more every Irish member keeps aloof from private communication with English Ministers the better."

What do old National Campaigners who followed the National League banner for years think of the present leaders of the alleged National Party dining in their official residences with Cabinet Ministers and, over walnuts and wine bartering away an historic area of Irish soil? In Antrim, our National Apostle spent the days of his youth, in Armagh he established his episcopal See, and in Down his saintly remains are interred.

Yet, men who claim political descent from O'Neill of Benburb, the Chiefstain of Tyrconnell, not to mention the hero of Clontarf, are calmly assuming that the Irish people will silently acquiesce in one of the grossest attempts at betrayal in Irish history. Were Parnell alive to-day he would hurl back with scorn any such suggested mutilation of the Irish Nation. His observant eye would have penetrated to the depths of the crafty English Premier's mind and would have, long since exposed the fiendish delight of the Ministry as they encouraged their English settlers in Ulster to organise and arm, in order to thwart the grant of any concession to the "mere Irish." Speaking at Cardiff on 28th June, '85, Mr. Parnell said—"In fact, you will find that when you have conceded to Ireland the right of self-

government, a great many troubles and dangers which appear to you now to be difficult will vanish into thin air. It is intolerable that our nation should remain any longer the football for unscrupulous English politicians; at the mercy of the deliberate incitements to violence of ex-Ministers of the Crown who are protected by their political position and their position in the English world from the justice of the law."

As illustrating the spirit in which Mr. Parnell approached any discussion of the Irish question or relations with any English Party, the following quotation from a speech delivered by him at a banquet in Cork on St. Patrick's Day, '91, is appropriate:—"There is one thing, ladies and gentlemen, that you may be assured of, you will not get any English Party to help you and to save you unless you first show that you are sufficiently powerful to help and to save yourselves, and above all things you will not get any English Party to help or to stand by you if you run cringing to them, or allow your representatives to cringe to them, and to attempt to think you can do nothing without the alliance of the Liberal Party."

The last trace of the old spirit of the National struggle in Parnell's days seems to have disappeared with the acceptance of a Crown salary of £400 per annum from the Liberal Party. It is questionable if this ingenious method of the Whig Ministry to purchase Irish attendance and votes would have ever received Parnell's sanction. In a speech at Kildare he used the following remarkable words: "I claim for Ireland, as I have always claimed for her, the right of deciding her own destinies and of electing her own members. Surrender your free choice of your own members to no Englishman and keep your members, as long as you have members at Westminster free from contamination from English parties, from English politicians, and from English clubs. Guard them if they are weak, for there is always danger of weakness, and I have never concealed it from you that there is danger to your cause and to your representation in the powerful engines of contamination which these English parties have ready at hand. Keep your heads straight to the enemy and make your members keep their heads straight to the enemy."

With what contempt and indignation Mr. Parnell would denounce the revellers and the money-changers who have now possession of the Irish temple of Nationality, and who, under the cloak of religion, scramble with unblinking effrontery for all the Government jobs that an English Chancellor, at the expense of the Irish taxpayer, can create in Ireland. Then, again, the unseemly rush of a section of Irish Catholics to organise a sectarian society, bound by secret sign and password, on what they called the "eve of Home Rule" to grab all Government and other positions of emolument, brings into relief the need for some such guiding mind as that of Parnell. While steadily refusing to be influenced by the noisy threats of a section in Ulster he constantly counselled, as he did in Tralee, in '90, the Irish people to abstain from any action tending to show that any section of the Irish electors allow any religious body to influence their political opinions. Even the most intimate friend of Parnell could hardly imagine his feelings if he had lived to see anyone galvanise into life the decayed fabric of Orangeism by the establishment of a society pompously styled the Ancient Order of Hibernians (Board of Erin). Were it not for the existence of the Board of Erin the Orange Society would have long since ceased to exist. The existence of the one justifies the existence of the other, and to Brother Devlin and not to Brother Carson is mainly due the progress of the Covenantant movement in Ulster. English Ministers must feel deeply indebted to the Hibernian President for placing such an effective check upon the fusion of Orange and Green that was rapidly taking place amongst the workers of Ulster. In resurrecting the old religious quarrels, new opportunities were given to English statesmen, and the result is to-day beheld in the lopping off of sufficient territory as will ensure for generations to come that Irish energy, wit and enterprise will be spent in faction-fighting between two avaricious bodies in Ireland rather than in a combined effort, to lift the toilers of all creeds to a position of affluence in the land of their birth.

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Irish Trades Union Congress, PARLIAMENTARY COMMITTEE.

A meeting of the Parliamentary Committee of the Irish Trades Congress was held on Tuesday in the Library of the Trades Hall, Mr. Thomas Johnson, Vice-Chairman of the Committee, presiding; also present—Messrs. D. R. Campbell, Belfast, Treasurer; Richard O'Carroll, T.C., P.L.G., Dublin; John O'Sullivan, Cork; W. O'Brien, Dublin; Thomas McPartlin, Dublin; M. J. O'Leahane, Dublin, and P. T. Daly, Secretary. Mr. M. J. Egan, T.C., J.P., was absent through illness and Mr. J. Larkin through absence in England.

Correspondence was submitted from Mr. A. Henderson, M.P.; Mr. Augustine Birrell, M.P., Chief Secretary for Ireland; J. E. Redmond, M.P., J. S. Middleton, Asst. Sec. Labour Party, &c.

PROPOSED EXCLUSION OF ULSTER IN THE HOME RULE BILL.

Mr. Thos. Johnson (Belfast) proposed, Mr. John O'Sullivan (Cork) seconded, and it unanimously resolved:—

"That this Committee, representing the Trade Union and Labour Movement of all Ireland, views with dismay and anger the attempt to divide Ulster from the rest of Ireland under the proposed amendments to the Home Rule Bill. We declare our belief that the suggested exclusion of Ulster (or any part thereof) will intensify the divisions at present existing and destroy all our hopes of uniting the workers of Ulster with those of Munster, Leinster and Connaught on the basis of their industrial and economic interests.

"We call upon all those who profess to have the well-being of the workers of Ireland at heart to vigorously oppose any form of 'exclusion,' either temporary or permanent, and to insist that whatever measures may be enacted concerning Ireland's political future must apply to the country as a whole."

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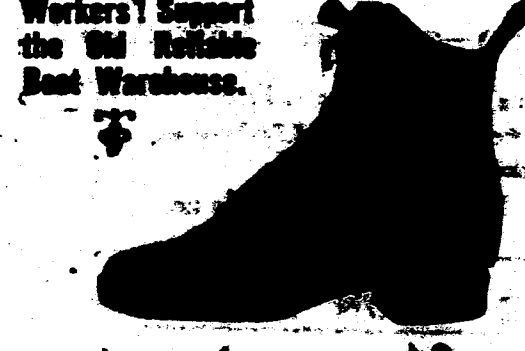
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Clondalkin Notes.

The lock-out in the South County is practically over and there are several different men in the different districts victimised. These men had too much spirit to bow to any employer or to sign any humiliating form to keep them in subjection. It is now the farmers are feeling the effects of their wanton and dishonourable lock-out. William the Great, otherwise known as Bill Masterson of Ballyowen, farmer of 150 acres, had to sell his farm some time ago to a Mr. Bewley, and when Bill was paying his men last week, he remarked to one of his men this is the last money you will ever get from me. This is what Larkin has done for you. The labourer replied, I can work anywhere Bill, and if you can't pay me someone else will, and now you are practically a beggar. That's what Jem Larkin done for you when you broke the terms you made with the Union. Now, Bill Masterson is one of the biggest farmers in the South County, if not the biggest, now in what position must the smaller upstart farmers be in? It will take them years to recover and they will remember with aching hearts the day they tried to fight the Transport Union, that is if the factors don't sell them out before the convalescent stage is gone through. There was a ploughing match at Rathcoole lately, and Laurence Meehan, a Transport Union man one of the best ploughmen in the County was appointed one of the judges of the event. Jem Callaghan of Kingswood, sent Larry ward by one of his henchman (Bill Keogh to wit), that Percy Lawlor of Irishtown would not act with a Transport man and course Larry must go and they could not offend Sanatoria Lawlor's son, a budding J.P., and one of the "Girl's from the Park" pageboys. What a lot of dastards and ill bred curs to insult a man because he is a staunch Transport worker? Arrah what does Percy know about ploughing or farm work he would not know how to yoke horses in a plough; he knows more about taking orders for the interment of stiff in the office at the North Strand road (O'Neill and Sons.) Pat Hart (Swanky) took one of his scabs I suppose it was one of the bunch supplied by John Sweetman, a Director of Irish industries, Sinn Feiner and strike breaker. This scab told Pat (Swanky) that he could beat all newcomers. Pat had to take the plough out of his hands for he made a show of him, and he threatened to take his life going home for making a laughing stock of him before all the farmers entered. Tod Dowling is going around lamenting the men's action for leaving him when he presented them with the form to sign. Sure my mother used to give the cobbler his dinner sometimes and now she gives it to Phil Doran who wants it worse and he deserves it for he helped us during the lock-out to dig out the spuds for the Market when the cobbler left.

Poor Tod was heartbroken, but mamma had not many dinners when Colonel Finlay and Jem Tully of Baggot street helped to make her a respectable farmeress, but dirt the same as water will always find its own level.

The Bird Flanagan of Walkerstown, Crumlin, a gentleman with a past has been going around his district telling the farmers to stop the half-holiday off the men, and he had not the pluck to do it himself and wanted someone else to start the racket and he'd back them up, but it did not come off, Birdie. We are ever watchful and can hear the grass growing. So give up your tricks, or we might pull aside the curtain and reveal your past which to say the least of it is as filthy a one as we have ever heard, and we have heard a few belonging to farmers in the County Dublin.

Sanatoria Lawlor C.C., U.D.C. J.P., won't give his men a Catholic holiday. Now this is a very religious gentleman and is interested in sanatoriums because he supplies funeral requisites to the said sanatoriums. Now Canon Baxter is a great friend of Sanatoria's, as he visits him regularly and he might bring the erring one to book and let his workmen spend the holiday in a manner fitting and as God intended it should be spent.

Random Thoughts.

It is the 17th of March, 1914. The day is typical of the month, being cold and blustery. I sit by the window with an open book upon my knees, but my eyes are fixed upon the group of children playing in the street opposite. Not one of those little ones display even a "taste" of green in their apparel. And I think of the days when I was of such an age, and sported a Patrick's Cross as large as a saucer. But that was away down in the heart of Connaught. Now I reside in an aristocratic portion of the Capital of Ireland, known in the guide as Brookfield Avenue, but ever recollected by the old inhabitants as Watery Lane. And the people who call it by the former name do not regard you as respectable unless you go to business on a week day and grow orange lillies in the front garden.

From the wearing of the green my mind travels to our promised Home Rule Bill, with the most prosperous portion of the country left out. And I wonder how long we shall remain out of bankruptcy under such conditions? I can imagine the over-taxed people clamouring for relief, and the loyal minority calling for the restoration of the "Union." And it strikes me that this is after all but a constitutional method of accomplishing the last conquest of Ireland. The Parliamentary agitation has killed the National spirit in Ireland. The Bailiff who has evicted the tenants at the command of the rackrenting landlord—now that the landlord is bought out at the expense of the inhabitants in Ireland, farmers and workers alike—finds his occupation gone, comes to Dublin, becomes a Nationalist Leader, and founds a sectarian organisation that would banish from Ireland Emmet, Wolfe Tone and Grattan, had they but lived in our time. And then the "Freeman's Journal" allows itself to become the medium of advertising for the British Army. But are not our Crown Prosecutors and our judges recruited from the staff of that venerable rag? And are not most of the officials in the United Irish League ex-police men drawing their comfortable pension from the Crown? And is not the self same inconsistency existing right throughout the whole Parliamentary movement?

Taking up the book that has so long been neglected on my knees my eyes fall on the following passage:—

There are no titles inherited there. No hoard or hope for the brainless heir; No gilded dullard native born To stare at his fellow with leaden scorn; Ephemera has none but adopted sons; Its limits, where Fancy's bright stream runs; Its honours, not garnered for thrift or trade, But for beauty and truth man's souls have made; To the empty heart in a jewelled braag There is value, maybe, in a purchased crest; But the thirsty of soul soon learn to know The moistureless froth of the social show; The vulgar sham of the pompous feast; Where the heaviest purse is the highest priest; The organised charity, scrimped and iced, In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ; The smile restrained, the respectable cant, When a friend in need is a friend in want; Where the only aim is to keep afloat, And a brother may drown with a cry in his throat.

victims of his spleen walk idle through the streets of Dublin, Murphy will learn that the Tramway strike is not over. William Martin Murphy may prohibit the men he seeks to starve from getting work elsewhere, but he will live to learn that Larkin and Labour cannot be defeated, even though Labour members in Parliament may sell their principles for their salaries and their seats, for the near future will pay them in full their treachery.

Dublin would never hear tell of the Civic Exhibition or the housing problem but for Jim Larkin's exposures. Mr. Eason may now approve of higher wages for the workers since the claim in our Bishops' Pastoral has gone forth; but it was Jim who stirred up them all, and this is but portion of what they must concede.

"If all this is righteous, then why prolong the pain for a thing that must be endured?
We can never have palaces built without slaves, nor luxuries served without ill-paid toil.
Society flourishes only on graves, the moral graves in the lowly soil."

These lines by O'Reilly might also be written by Larkin, so faithfully do they portray his mind, and the movement Larkin leads rests on education.
What the untinking call his failure has been more fruitful than he ever dared to hope. Many now have learned what Jim might have striven in vain for a lifetime to teach. They have realised what class distinction is, how it is sustained, and who their real friends are; and, fortified by that knowledge, they are moving forward on safer ground towards that goal that ultimately must be reached, even though many labour to divide.

"What are these things to Heaven—
Races or places of men?
The world through Christ was forgiven.
No question of races then."

W. P. PARTIDGE.

Paterson's Slave-Drivers.

We are informed that the conditions of re-employment at Patersons are much the same as at Jacobs. The persons in authority there continually exhibit the same smallness of soul and the same cowardly meanness of spirit towards the girls as disgrace the former firm.
In the case of Patersons the chief offenders against public decency of business relations are the manager, Mr. Pentony, a forewoman, Rose Byrne, and an engineer, Mr. Gallagher, of Bath Avenue, who, it is alleged, by virtue of having recruited scabs during the strike, now declares that only those of whom he approves will get their situations back. We wonder if this wretch is a member of the A.S.E. or the Stationary Engine Drivers' Society? It ought to be inquired into, and, if he is a member of either we trust that the officials will see that their books are purged of his name and the Union of his presence.
All girls applying for re-employment are brought by the forewoman before the manager, and the scabs are given an opportunity to look at them and encouraged to insult them. Mr. Pentony at the same time indulges his heavy wit and expresses his vileness of soul by such remarks as:
"Oh, you are there? Larkin is tired of you, is he?"
"Have you torn up your Union card yet?"
"No work here until you tear up your Union card."
At the same time the forewoman (Rose Byrne), who is of course bound to imitate the manager, and who in this case delights in being meaner and nastier than her superior, being naturally made that way, makes the life of the girls employed as miserable as she can.
She hops around the workrooms, and if she sees any of the girls bending towards each other as if they were talking she snarls out:—
"No more secret societies here."
"None of your Larkin-Carey business in this place."
This nice lady (save the mark!) slept, ate and worked for three months in the factory while she was training the scabs to sell their sisters. This training and recruiting of scabs brought to light a nice collection of reptiles in Dublin. Another of Paterson's creatures in that direction— one Jem Waldron—declares he got 1s. a head for the scabs he recruited during the strike; he speaks of getting scabs as a rat-catcher would talk of snaring rats. In addition to the 1s. a head which is a poor price to receive for selling your title to respect of decent people he got a job for his brother, Pat, who now works in Patersons, though he never worked before in his life when he could get out of it.
In addition, he got a job for his niece, who was a professional children's nurse

in Bray, and left that beautiful seaside resort to come at his solicitation to scab in Dublin and take the bread from the mouth of a woman who had served the firm faithfully and well for 22 years. This woman had sold her labour to Patersons, but because she also refused to sell her liberty, she has to give way to a scab.
It is worthy of note that the manager, Mr. Pentony, who now vents his cheap sarcasm and his unmanly bullying upon the poor girls, was very glad some years ago to accept a marriage present from their hands, and in accepting it, to tell them how much he valued them and their appreciation. The cowardly cad now insults and starves all of them whose spirits were noble enough to refuse to allow him to rob them of their right to organise in the union of their choice.

"A Larkinite" in the U.I.L.

It is not often that Jim Larkin is referred to in terms of admiration at meetings of the United Irish League, or as we used to say, the Benighted Irish League, therefore when such a phenomenon does occur it ought to be chronicled forthwith.
At a meeting advertised as the "Annual Demonstration of the United Irish League of Victoria," held on the 25th of January, with Dr. O'Donnell, President of the United Irish League, in the chair, and attended by a great concourse of priests, members of the Australian Parliament, National Irish Clubs, and an audience of over 2,000 people, Dr. T. P. M'Inerney, Warden of the University, is reported by the "Advocate," the recognised organ of the Catholics of Victoria, as having said—
They rejoiced with all their hearts that the veteran Irish Nationalist, Dr. Nicholas O'Donnell, had been selected as their delegate to attend the opening of the Irish Parliament (applause). Ireland's cause was a living force, and she was to become a nation once again (applause). She is not dead (applause). Let him quote from "Romeo and Juliet"—

Beauty's ensign yet is,
Crimsoned on her lips,
And on her cheeks, and
Death's pale flag is
Not advanced there.

(Applause.)

Dr. M'Inerney made passing reference to Jim Larkin, who, he said, was helping to get bread and a decent living for the sweated workers of Ireland. He had much pleasure in moving a hearty vote of thanks to Dr. O'Donnell.

Queenstown Notes.

I have in my previous Notes shown how, generally speaking, the Trade Union movement in Queenstown has become almost dead or defunct by putting its administrative control in B.O.E. hands, and the subsequent driving out of its higher offices men of all shades of progressive thought who had truly and properly interpreted the industrial upheavals of the present day, and who had tried to apply the education emanating from these upheavals to local affairs.
That the local Labour movement should now be stagnated is a logical sequence, for the lack of ideals and imagery on the part of those now in control is the outcome of B.O.E. education, with its identity of interests between employers and employed and its appeal to brotherhood as between master and man.
This education, therefore, carried over from B.O.E. lodges into Trade Union branches and councils, being the negation or denial of real working class advancement, renders nugatory the forces of Labour by its confusion of thought, which secures the supremacy of employers' interests by this misleading teaching and careful shepherding of employers in B.O.E. lodges.
This sinister and insidious method of employers in exploiting the National political movement to their industrial advantage, causing the workers to forsake their Trade Union interests and commit the most ridiculous and reactionary acts on their own organisations, believing in the vain delusion they are serving "their" country and immortalising themselves in the cause of Ireland.
Hence by denouncing and vilifying those who endeavour to lead the Labour movement out of the labyrinth of political muddle and middle-class thought the B.O.E. hopes to retain its hold on the workers' minds and deter at all costs their class-conscious education, for the day the workers realise that they must organise as a class that day the B.O.L., with its identity of class interests, the most subtle and binding of mental shackles, resolves itself into its natural state, a middle organisation, and the Irish working class movement will spring upward as it is relieved of the medieval-like and mind-trammelling incubus.

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