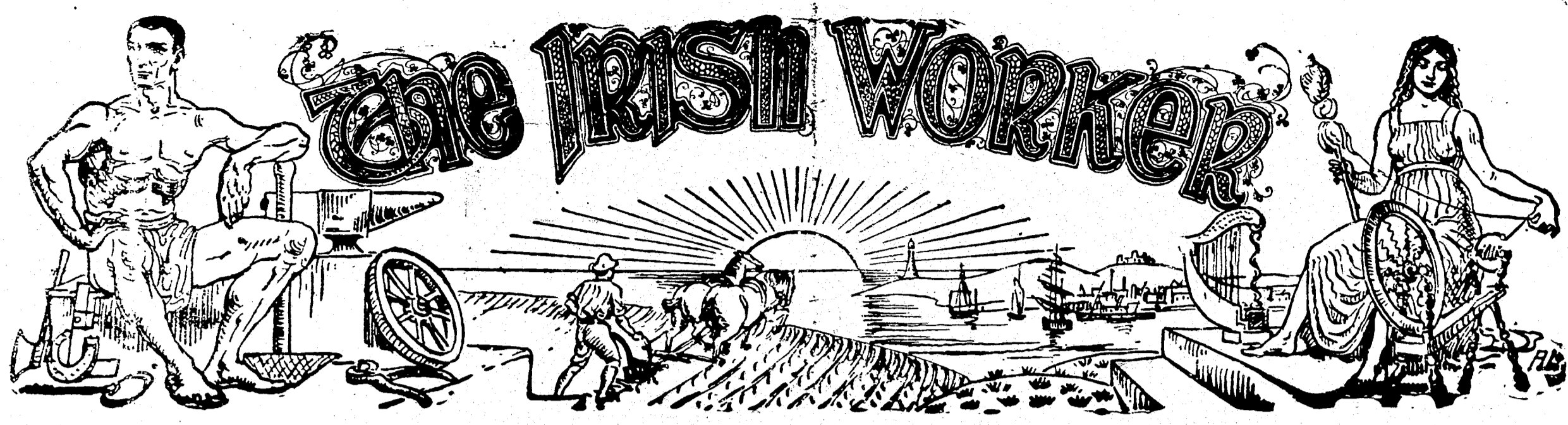


Tobaccoist NEWSAGENT
 59, UPPER STEPHEN ST., DUBLIN.
 The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
 James Fintan Lalor.

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.
 As surely as the earth rolls round
 As surely as the glorious sun
 Bring the great world in on wave
 Must our Cause be won!



Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 16 - VOL. IV.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29th, 1914.

ONE PENNY.

The War upon the German Nation.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

At the first drunkenness of the war, and the contending forces engaged in deadly combat upon the battle-field, we may expect that the... of the reports from the front... to rest to greater safety to the... of the people. There are thousands of homes to-day from which... of Mr. Larkin... Ireland was at one with the... of this struggle, and the still more... and of the war whoops of the... the Daily Press, there went forth... and fathers to recruit the... of England. If to those thousands of Irish homes from which the call of Mr. Larkin... young Irishmen we add the tens of thousands of homes from which reservists were drawn, we have a vast number of Irish homes in which this... forward gibbering fear and heart-breaking anxiety will be constantly present—forever present at the fireside, unbidden guests at the table, loathsome spectres in the darkness grinning from the pillows and the coverlet.

commercial life of the world. Her large coal supply helped her to this at a time when the coal supply of other countries had not yet been discovered or exploited. Added to this was the fact that the ruling class of England by a judicious mixing in European struggles, by a dexterous system of alliances, and a thoroughly unscrupulous use of her sea power was able to keep the Continent continually embroiled in war whilst her own shores were safe. Whilst the cities and towns of other countries were constantly the prey of rival armies, their social life crushed under the cannon wheels of contending forces, and their brightest young men compelled to give to warfare the intellect that might have enriched their countries by industrial achievements, England was able peacefully to build up her industries, to spread her wings of commerce, and to become the purveyor-general of manufactured goods to the civilised and uncivilised nations of the world. In her own pet phrase she was "the workshop of the world," and other nations were but as so many agricultural consumers of the products of England's factories and workshops.

Obviously such a state of matters was grossly artificial and unnatural. It could not be supported by reasonable men that the civilised nations would be content to remain for ever in such a condition of tutelage or dependence. Rather was it certain that self-respecting nations would begin to realise that the industrial overlordship by England of Europe meant the continued dependence of Europe upon England—a most humiliating condition of affairs.

So other nations began quietly to challenge the unquestioned supremacy of England in the markets. They began first to produce for themselves what they had hitherto relied upon England to produce for them, and passed on from that to enter into competition with English goods in the markets of the world. Foremost and most successful European nation in this endeavour to escape from the thralldom of dependence upon England's manufactures stands the German nation. To this contest in the industrial world it brought all the resources of science and systematised effort. Early learning that an uneducated people is necessarily an inferior people, the German nation attacked the work of educating its children with such success that it is now universally admitted that the Germans are the best educated people in Europe. Basing its industrial effort upon an educated working class, it accomplished in the workshop results that this half-educated working-class of England could only wonder at. That English working class trained to a slavish subservience to rule-of-thumb methods, and under managers welded to traditional processes saw themselves gradually outclassed by a new rival in whose service were enrolled the most learned scientists co-operating with the most educated workers in mastering each new problem as it arose, and unhampered by old traditions, old processes, or old equipment. In this fruitful marriage of science and industry the Germans were pioneers, and if it seemed that in starting both they became unduly handicapped it was soon realised that if they had much to learn they had at least nothing to unlearn, whereas the British remained hampered at every step by the accumulated and obsolete survivals of past industrial competitions.

Despite the long hold that England had upon industry, despite their pre-emption of the market, despite the influence of their far-flung empire, German competition became more and more a menace to England's industrial supremacy; more and more German goods took the place of English. Some few years ago the cry of "Protection" was raised in England in the hopes that English trade would be thus saved by a heavy customs duty against imported commodities. But it was soon realised that as England was chiefly an exporting country a tax upon imported goods would not save her industrial supremacy. From the moment that realisation entered into the minds of the British capitalists we may date the inception of this war.

It was determined that since Germany could not be beaten in fair competition industrially, it must be beaten unfairly by organising a military and naval conspiracy against her. British methods and British capitalism might be inferior to German methods and German capitalism; German scientists aided by German workers might be superior to British workers and tardy British science but the British fleet was still superior to the German in point of numbers and weight of artillery. Hence it was felt that if the German nation could be ringed round with armed foes upon its every frontier until the British fleet could strike at its ocean-going commerce, then German competition would be crushed and the supremacy of England in commerce ensured for another generation. The conception meant calling up the forces of barbaric power to crush and hinder the development of the peaceful powers of industry. It was a conception worthy of fiends, but what do you expect? You surely do not expect the roses of honour and civilisation to grow on the thorn tree of capitalist competition—and that tree planted in the soil of a British ruling class.

But what about the independence of Belgium? Aye, what about it? Remember that the war found England thoroughly prepared, Germany totally unprepared. That the British fleet was already mobilised on a scale never attempted in times of peace, and the German fleet was scattered, isolated, and all over the seven seas. That all the leading British commanders were at home ready for the emergency, and many German and Austrian officers, such as Slatin Pasha, have not been able to get home yet. Remember all this and realise how it reveals that the whole plan was ready prepared; and hence that the cry of "Belgium" was a mere subterfuge to hide the determination to crush in blood the peaceful industrial development of the German nation. Already the British Press is chuckling with joy over the capture of German trade. All capitalist journals in England boast that the Hamburg-American Line will lose all its steamers, valued at twenty millions sterling. You know what that means! It means that a peaceful trade, built up by peaceful methods is to be struck out of the hands of its owners by the sword of an armed pirate. You remember the words of John Mitchell descriptive of the British Empire, as "a pirate empire, robbing and plundering upon the high seas."

Understand the game that is afoot, the game that Christian England is playing, and when next you hear apologists for capitalism tell of the wickedness of Socialists in proposing to "confiscate" property remember the plans of British and Irish capitalists to steal German trade—the fruits of German industry and German science.

Yes, friends, governments in capitalist society are but committees of the rich to manage the affairs of the capitalist class. The British capitalist class have planned this colossal crime in order to ensure its uninterrupted domination of the commerce of the world. To achieve that end it is prepared to bathe a continent in blood, to kill off the flower of the manhood of the three most civilised great nations of Europe, to place the iron heel of the Russian tyrant upon the throat of all liberty-loving races and peoples from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and to invite the blessing of God upon the spectacle of the savage Cossack ravishing the daughters of a race at the head of Christian civilisation.

Yes, this war is the war of a pirate upon the German Nation. And up from the blood-stained graves of the Belgian frontiers the spirits of murdered Irish soldiers of England call to Heaven for vengeance upon the Parliamentary tricksters who seduced them into the armies of the oppressor of their country.

DUBLIN TRADES COUNCIL

The adjourned fortnightly meeting of the Dublin Trades Council was held on Monday evening, Mr. William O'Brien, President, in the chair.

Correspondence was submitted from the National Relief Fund Committee, Bohemian Picture House, Amalgamated Union of Cabinetmakers, Irish Transport Workers' Union, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin, etc.

On the motion of Mr. Larkin it was decided that the Home Secretary, Mr. McKenna, be written to requesting the release of Daly, Montgomery and Hastings, who had been imprisoned during the lock-out troubles of last year.

Referring to the proposed labour demonstration in commemoration of the deaths of Nolan and Byrne, Mr. Larkin said he deprecated the statement made at a previous meeting of the Council that this matter should be left in the hands of the Transport Union.

Mr. MacPartlin (Carpenters) explained that the reason he took this view was because he did not believe that the time was opportune for a display by the trade unions in Dublin. He thought the Transport Union should have charge of the demonstration, as he did not think the trade union bodies would be able to show their strength after the fight they put up last year.

Mr. Larkin said he wanted to ascertain the feelings of the other trades and see what sincerity existed amongst trade unionists generally. He moved that the proposed demonstration be held on Sunday next under the auspices of the Council.

The motion was seconded by Councillor Bohan and carried on a division.

NATIONAL RELIEF FUND.

Arising out of letters received in reference to the National Relief Fund and the Dublin Distress Committee,

Councillor Partridge related his experience at the meeting, held in the Mansion House in connection with the Prince of Wales' Fund. The function for which the Dublin Committee existed was to disburse the moneys coming from the Prince of Wales' Fund and other sources. He had been informed by the Lord Mayor that the money collected would not go entirely to soldiers and their relatives but to people thrown out of employment or otherwise affected by the outbreak of war. Accordingly he had thought well to sit on the Distress Committee.

The Chairman explained that he had taken Councillor Partridge's view and had acted on the Dublin Committee. With regard to the National Relief Fund Committee he had taken no step until the matter came before the Council.

After further discussion the action of Messrs. O'Brien and Partridge in consenting to sit on the Dublin Distress Committee was approved.

Mr. Larkin pointed out that the invitation to co-operate with National Relief Fund came from Mr. E. A. Aston who, he thought, should be ignored altogether. The trade unions in England had been written to by the Secretary of the fund in London, and they in Ireland should have been treated similarly. As a matter of fact they were shown very little courtesy; Ireland was always ignored by the English trade unionists when it suited them. Lord Mayor Sherlock had no right to appoint their representatives on any committee without first obtaining the consent of the Council. With regard to collecting for the fund, he had been informed that several of the Dublin employers were forcing their employees to contribute. He understood that the Port and Docks employees had actually had contributions stopped out of their wages. He believed that useful work could be done by means of this fund if they had proper representatives of their own on the Committee. He there ore moved that the secretary in London be communicated with direct, with a view to obtain representation on the Executive Committee.

Mr. MacPartlin thought they should have nothing to do with the Collecting Committee. They ought to take some action of their own to cope with the distress which was certain to prevail later on in the year.

The Chairman said it seemed unreasonable to refuse to endorse the collection of funds and then to ask for

CAUTION

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 —IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—
Bargains by Post.

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
 A SPECIALITY.

representation on the Committee supervising their distribution.

Mr. P. Macken (painters) thought that if they asked for representation they expressed their approval of the fund and indirectly endorsed the war. They should not do anything that might look like supporting England during her present difficulties. If England wanted war, she ought to be made pay her own expenses.

Councillor Partridge did not think they would compromise themselves by seeking to be represented on the Committee, as it would enable them to secure something for the victims of the war here in Ireland.

Mr. Foran, P.L.G., endorsed Councillor Partridge's remarks. There were people in Dublin who were entitled to a share of the money which was being collected and they should see that this share was obtained.

Mr. T. Farren (stonecutters) thought that to ask to be represented on the committee of a fund which they declined to support was absurd.

Mr. Larkin pointed out that all this money was the money of the workers. The working class had got to live during the war and consequently they should have a representative in London to see that a proper share of the fund was allocated to Ireland, because there were people here in great need of it. Ireland had never obtained her proper share of any public fund that had been organised in the past because she had no labour representative to see that the moneys were properly distributed.

On a vote being taken Mr. Larkin's motion was adopted.

PROPOSED LABOUR DEMONSTRATION.

It was decided to hold a public meeting in the Antient Concert Rooms on Thursday, August 27th, to deal with the position of the workers of Dublin having regard to the present European war.

REPORT OF ASYLUM GOVERNORS.

Mr. J. Farren (Tinsmiths) reported that at a meeting of the Richmond Asylum Board a complaint was received from the Carpenters that men had been sent from the asylum to do work after hours on Dallymount Football Ground. After discussion the Chairman of the Board decided to make "no rule" on the matter.

Mr. J. Lawler said he had also attended the meeting in question. The manner in which labour representatives were treated on these public boards was very humiliating.

Mr. MacPartlin said that this practice of having carpenters sent from the asylum to carry out work at Dallymount Park was going on for the last five or six years and it was right that the workers should know of it.

BALANCE SHEET OF THE COUNCIL.

The Balance Sheet as printed and circulated having been adopted without discussion.

Mr. Larkin said he intended to ask for a balance sheet of the lock-out fund. He wished to find out what moneys had been received and how they had been expended.

It was subsequently decided to have the balance sheet prepared as asked for by Mr. Larkin and audited by a chartered accountant.

FOODS SUPPLIES & Co-OPERATION.
 The Chairman, referring to the question of the food supplies during the present war, outlined the steps he hoped (Continued on page 2).

The Volunteers' Temptation.



Road to Liberty, Fraternity, Equality. Road to Dishonour, Sweating Dens, Workhouse, the Asylum and the Gaol.

AT THE CROSS-ROADS.

Whilst a craven England struggles for life
 And Continents lock in the throes of war—
 The roar of the tumult to Ireland comes
 As the voice of Freedom's ambassador.

And many a boundry line may fade
 And ancient standards be lowered for aye—
 Will Ireland alone stand effortless, bound
 When the war dust, at last, has cleared away?

Nay—hark to the call of Ireland ringing
 Over her cities and yellowing plains
 You who would free her strike now and quickly
 Ere forever the one great moment wanes.

The call and the moment has come at last
 As we hoped and prayed—did we mean that prayer
 Would you traitor prove to the creed of Tone—
 Who daily and halt at the cross-roads there?

Your answer Ireland impatiently waits
 Beware of the traitorous council now
 History shall tell of the choice you made,
 Of the perjured oath, or the rebel's vow.

MAEVE CAVANAGH.

Dublin Trades Council—Continued.

would be taken by the Dublin Industrial Co-operative Society to meet the situation. He referred to the conference held last week between the representatives of the Council and the Co-operative Society. Meetings had been arranged for various districts in the city to have the benefits of the co-operative movement made known to all.

Mr. T. Murphy hoped that the Co-operative Society's intentions would be successful and new branches opened throughout the city.

ADDRESS TO EX-CHAIRMAN.

An illuminated address was presented by the Chairman on behalf of the Council to Mr. MacPartlin in recognition of his services as President of Council during the year 1913.

In presenting the address Mr. O'Brien said that they all agreed it was a pleasing function. Mr. MacPartlin had acted as Chairman of the Council during a memorable year. In the history of that year Mr. Larkin's name, of course, would stand out as that of the man responsible for the great labour upheaval.

Mr. MacPartlin, who was cordially received suitably returned thanks, and said he was glad to have the good wishes of his fellow-workers.

Mr. Larkin said he wished, on behalf of the union he represented, to join in the eulogy of Mr. MacPartlin, although on more than one occasion he felt urged to give him a verbal chastisement—if not a physical one (laughter). If every man in the labour movement in Dublin had been as honest and as loyal as MacPartlin the result of the recent great struggle would have been different.

National Relief Fund and Dublin Trades Council.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR—Your report of the discussion which took place at the Trades Council regarding the above Fund, does not correctly convey the views I expressed, and as the matter is of some importance, I would like to have an opportunity of stating that I expressed the opinion that the Council should not have anything to do with the local committee in Dublin, or the central body in London, I felt that we had adopted the right course in deciding that our representatives should not act on the Dublin Committee having charge of the collection locally, and that having done so it was inconsistent with that decision, and in addition a mistaken policy, to ask for representation on the Central body in London. However, the majority thought otherwise, and time will show who was right.—Fraternally yours,

WM. O'BRIEN, President, Dublin Trades Council.

War at Home and Abroad.

With the declaration of the present war came the appeal to the people of Great Britain and Ireland to cease internal disputes and to stand shoulder to shoulder in face of the common foe. That appeal did not come from the working classes, but from those who exploit them, and who now want their industrial victims to shed their blood and give their lives so that the parasitic profits may continue. On Thursday last, Councillor Partridge tested the sincerity of that appeal as far as the class who made it are concerned, by proposing the following motion at the weekly meeting of the Dublin Port and Docks Board:—

"As further proof of the friendly relations existing between all parties in Ireland during the present crisis, it be an instruction to all officials of this Board that where the employment of men becomes necessary either to replace those gone to join the Colours or otherwise, a preference is to be given to former employees of this Board who were victimised in the recent Labour troubles."

Many of the men victimised had long service with the Board therefore find it difficult to obtain suitable employment. They are too old for active service are members of the Irish Transport Union, more than 2,000 of whom have gone to the Front. The sweaters of the Port and Docks Board call off the dogs—the wages the workers must go on. Long John Cancy, the Freemason candidate for the Mayoralty next year says so by his vote on Thursday last. Alderman Alfred Byrne and Councillor Partridge were the only two to vote in favour of the above motion. Fifteen voted against. Next week we will give the names of the sweeteners who wage war on the workers, and the workers of Dublin will perceive that list for future reference.

LET US NOT FORGET.

A MASS MEETING

To commemorate the batoning to death of James Nolan and John Byrne on Eden Quay, August 29th, 1913, and the shooting to death of Alice Brady by Traynor, the Scab, on December, 1913,

WILL BE HELD ON

To-morrow, Sunday, AUGUST 30th, 1914, at 1 o'clock, IN O'CONNELL STREET.

All workers are earnestly appealed to attend and show by their presence their abhorrence of the dastardly crime, and their determination to stand fast to the principles they died to uphold.

"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 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, 18 Beroersford Place, Dublin. Telephone 2421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Sat., Aug. 29th, 1914.

ENGLAND IN A FUNK.

At last we are getting a modicum of truth. The Allies are getting run over instead of the Germans being defeated and disheartened. The truth is, as we pointed out three weeks ago, when we explained in words what the German forces meant to do—capture Liege, overrun Brussels, besiege and take Antwerp, turn back, capture Namur, outflank the Allies, get between them and the sea, cutting the British lines of communication, force their way via Lille, Roubaix, and Amiens to the streets of Paris.

The lying, Capitalist Press of this city were issuing their "Stop Press" editions, filled with the most mendacious misstatements—the heroic Belgians, the stolid Englishman, and exuberant Frenchman was simply mowing the German down like one would cut down corn. The German could not shoot straight. He would not face the bayonet. He was surrendering in thousands, killing and outraging women, slaughtering children, shooting unarmed civilians, every crime that England had carried out in Ireland not once or twice but a hundred times the Germans were charged with. Well, if the charges are as true as the editor's statements about the progress of the war we know what reliance to place on them. We do know the Scottish Borderers in Dublin city a few weeks ago murdered two men and a wife and mother. This was not done in war but in a peaceful city on a Sabbath evening. We wonder what those heroes would do in war if they were blod thirsty and cowardly enough to shoot unarmed men, women and children. Only last Saturday night in the Canteen of the Royal Barracks in this city a number of the same regiment—the K.O.S.B. we are informed—attacked a Wexford man named Duggan serving in the Royal Irish Rifles, and broke his jaw. That is but an incident. Well, the truth is—England is in a blue funk. She cannot get men. She daie not institute the Militia Ballot Act. The employing class they will not fight. They never fight. All they do is stop at home and rob both combatant and non combatant. We wonder how many Dublin employers have gone to the front. We wonder Master Ernest Robinson, of the firm of W. W. Robinson, Westland Row, the hero who supplied the scab Traynor with a revolver to shoot Alice Brady dead. We wonder if he has volunteered. He was one of the heroes of the Irish Horse in the Boer War. We wonder if the gentlemen who have been robbing the nation in supplying horses (buying longtails at £12 a horse), bringing them up to Dublin, putting them in harness for a day, and pulling them the following day for £30 and £40 volunteered? It would be interesting to know how many of the gentlemen of the Port and Docks Board gang have volunteered. We wonder if Goodbody, Martin Hewett, or Holloway have volunteered or no. Friends, they can get the mugs to go promising them half wages and their jobs back when they return. Mark, when they return go down to Brunswick street recruiting station, see how many employers are crowding around the door to volunteer? Anyhow Kitchener has let the cat out of the bag. Johnny Bull does not want to fight, will not fight, but the Pat Murphy must be humbugged into doing the dirty work. Well, Pat, my lad, take heed; think of the past; remember poor blind Sheehan and the Glen of Aherlow. Stop at home! Take Asquith's advice—Right for freedom. Read what he said of the Belgians:—

The Belgians have won for themselves the immortal glory which belongs to a people who prefer freedom to ease, to security, and even to life itself—(hear, hear)—and we are proud of their alliance and their friendship. (Cheers.) We salute them with respect and with honour. We are with them heart and soul, because by their side and in their company we are defending at the same time two great causes—the independence of small States and the sanctity of international obligations.

When our fathers fought for Freedom in this land we were Papish rebels. It was not euoly in the British House of Commons but the pitch-cap, the triangle, the dungeon, and the scaffold; our women ravished, outraged and burned to death in caves. Irishmen of the working class, stop at home; don't be humbugged by Stop Press editions or lying editors. If the editors, leader-writers and garbage-mongers want to fight for the Empire, wish them God-speed. Buy, my lads, you will wait many a weary day before the editors of the "Times," "Express" and "Mail," "Freeman" and "Telegraph," "Independent" and "Herald" will be found shouldering a rifle. No, they will stop at home to publish their foul mischievous lies. Let those who claim to own the land fight for it. When they have finished then it is time for us to fight them for it. Comrades, the enemy is not the Germans; it is the same enemy your fathers fought. Don't forget if you fail to keep together what will happen. The Government of hypocrites and false promises will put the Militia Ballot Act in force or declare a levy en masse to compel you to fight their battles. Keep together—even the unarmed—and they dare not attempt it. Let Carson send his thirty-five thousand Orange heroes out to the front. It will be time enough for you to volunteer then. And if you wait until they go our work is accomplished. Because they will never go. Listen how our boys are treated. The Connaughts left Aldershot on Saturday last at eight o'clock for Crosshaven, Co. Cork. They received no rations until two o'clock the following afternoon. This is the treatment for being a hero! Stop at home, like the employers and editors; act the coward! Like them, you will be better fed and you will be at home when the hour comes to strike a blow for Freedom. Remember, heaven helps those who help themselves.

We congratulate our able contemporary, the "Irish National Volunteer," that at long last they have spoken out. We hope they will continue. It is men and the truth we want. Now's the day and now's the hour. In the words of Barry: "Let us step together."

We have a letter from our comrade Spring Rice, R.N., complaining about our remarks with reference to the English troops and their conduct. If he had been in Dublin during the past weeks, maybe, he would have written in stronger terms than we allowed ourselves. Language was inadequate to describe the scenes. We were treated to a saturnalia of debauchery, and no protest, not even from the Vigilance Committee.

The War and its Concomitants.

STIRRING SPEECH BY JIM LARKIN.

At a public meeting held in the Ancient Concert Rooms on Thursday evening under the Chairmanship of Mr. William O'Brien, President of the Dublin Trades Council, Mr. Jim Larkin delivered a stirring address on the subject of "The War and its Concomitants."

When speaking of warfare between the nations of the world, said Mr. Larkin, one had to be very careful of what one said; one could not afford to take things for granted nor to make misstatements or exaggerations. They would have to realise the gravity of the question he was about to touch upon, because the present was no time for rhetoric. He intended, as had been announced, to deal with the subject of "War and its Concomitants"; what it meant, what it would bring forth and what its effect would be on the lives and the future of the people. The present was the most hellish war that had ever been thrust upon the world. Friends of his in England, who were more concerned with this war than were they here in Ireland, were unanimous in condemning it, and people in France, Belgium, Germany and other countries who had had an opportunity of expressing their feelings were all against it.

The working classes never wanted war. Any man who really wished to participate in it was a criminal lunatic, because war was a brutal and a hellish thing. But they had men who professed to be Christians, followers of Confucius and followers of Buddha and more who were called Pagans participating in it—all because it was desired by that vicious and debauched Emperor, Francis Joseph—who was believed to be next to death's door—together with Wilhelm of Germany, and that foul despot, Nicholas of Russia, who was known to have had helpless women subjected to inhuman tortures. He (the speaker) knew there were people in Russia who could tell them the truth concerning that country, for under God's sun there was not a fonder empire on the face of the earth (cheers). Its ruler could not go through the streets unless when guarded by a circle of bayonets. And it was he, along with Wilhelm of Prussia, George Wettin of England, instigated and driven by the capitalist classes of the various countries implicated, who was responsible for this war.

Germany was one of the greatest of all the nations. In Germany one had the highest forms of intellect and culture and industrial organisation. It was a country that produced scientists and chemists of noted ability. In Germany there were no barefooted children and no hungry women. In short, she was a highly educated country; she had taught the whole world, and, as a trader, supplied the world with almost everything. And yet they in Ireland were told they should rise in their wrath and curse them and shoot them! He (Mr. Larkin) wondered did they believe all that was told them about the Germans by the lying Press of Dublin? Did they remember the things the lying Press said about themselves only a year ago? (loud applause) Did they recall the "Daddy's on Strike" yarn? But there was more than this to recall. Did they remember their two brothers who were murdered in the streets of the city? They were being told of the "atrocities" of German soldiers, but what atrocities could outdo those of Hemptstal who, in '08, hanged men on his back? (cheers) The men who were now publishing these lies were the descendants of Hemptstal.

What they were told was being done to the Belgians now had been done here in Ireland a thousand times over. Their men had been murdered and their women ravished. It was said that the present war arose because of Belgium. That was a lie. England wanted Germany's markets; that was the reason for this war.

The London "Daily Mail"—the organ of the Government—was crying out that German waiters should not be allowed to work in England. It had suddenly found out that the German was a wretched and an incompetent creature, while a few months ago the same paper refused to employ an Englishman, an Irishman, or a Scotsman. If they were so much against the Germans let them be against them all, and then they would have to sweep out the British Royal Family (cheers).

They were told they had got to defend the Empire. Let those who love the Empire defend it. When the casualties list came to be read out to-morrow or the next day they would find the most prominent names would be Kelly and Burke and then again they were supposed to be concerned for the trade of Europe! But what did the trade of Europe mean to them? Whenever they had attempted to run industries of their own England was sure to step in and crush them. The real reason of this war was because Germany was becoming too strong. Even the "Irish Times"—which was a "Nationalist" paper now (laughter) because they were all defenders of the Empire—had to admit that England and France would not be able to overthrow Germany, but would have to wait till the Russians came up behind to beat her.

The "Daily Mail" was telling employers not to employ single men in order that these men might be compelled to volunteer for the "Front." Consequently the men were "volunteering" against their will. Even in his (the speaker's) Union men were called upon by the Government and forced to go. He would appeal to the workers to stay at home and do their own work. They had no need to fight; they had nothing to fight for. Let the people who wanted the fighting do it themselves. It was the duty of every one to stop at home and hold on to every blade of grass in Ireland, and perhaps in twelve months hence they would get the chance of something worth fighting for (loud applause).

Germany, repeated the speaker, was getting too strong an empire and so she had to be struck at. This was what started the war of the profiteers. England, on the other hand, was the most diplomatic and most dishonest country in the world. She had never beaten Ireland; it was always the Irish who had fought and won her battles for her. They had seen the same thing take place in the Boer war. England was too clever to do her own fighting. She would have been crushed like an orange by Napoleon had she not done what she was doing now—getting other nations to do the fighting for her. She did not care a snap of the fingers for Belgium or its neutrality. Germany, in a face to face fight, would walk over England as one would walk over a pasture land (cheers).

If all they had been told during the past few weeks by the lying Press about Germany's "defeats" were true, the German nation would have been annihilated; and if all the ships were sunk that were supposed to have been, her Navy must have been swept off the seas. They were told foul lies about the assaulting of nuns and priests, but he, the speaker, could say that the people of Bohemia and Saxony—with whom he worked—were religious people and would not stoop to these things. Foul lies of this description were being told for the purpose of rousing the feelings of the people in Ireland and making them want to go out to slay those who committed such outrages. Did they believe the Austrians, who belonged to a Catholic country, would do these things? The Austrians were a highly educated people, gentlemen of gentlemen, but they suffered under a despotic government. Yet they never would be guilty of such acts.

Germany was one of the greatest of all the nations. In Germany one had the highest forms of intellect and culture and industrial organisation. It was a country that produced scientists and chemists of noted ability. In Germany there were no barefooted children and no hungry women. In short, she was a highly educated country; she had taught the whole world, and, as a trader, supplied the world with almost everything. And yet they in Ireland were told they should rise in their wrath and curse them and shoot them! He (Mr. Larkin) wondered did they believe all that was told them about the Germans by the lying Press of Dublin? Did they remember the things the lying Press said about themselves only a year ago? (loud applause) Did they recall the "Daddy's on Strike" yarn? But there was more than this to recall. Did they remember their two brothers who were murdered in the streets of the city? They were being told of the "atrocities" of German soldiers, but what atrocities could outdo those of Hemptstal who, in '08, hanged men on his back? (cheers) The men who were now publishing these lies were the descendants of Hemptstal.

What they were told was being done to the Belgians now had been done here in Ireland a thousand times over. Their men had been murdered and their women ravished. It was said that the present war arose because of Belgium. That was a lie. England wanted Germany's markets; that was the reason for this war.

The London "Daily Mail"—the organ of the Government—was crying out that German waiters should not be allowed to work in England. It had suddenly found out that the German was a wretched and an incompetent creature, while a few months ago the same paper refused to employ an Englishman, an Irishman, or a Scotsman. If they were so much against the Germans let them be against them all, and then they would have to sweep out the British Royal Family (cheers).

They were told they had got to defend the Empire. Let those who love the Empire defend it. When the casualties list came to be read out to-morrow or the next day they would find the most prominent names would be Kelly and Burke and then again they were supposed to be concerned for the trade of Europe! But what did the trade of Europe mean to them? Whenever they had attempted to run industries of their own England was sure to step in and crush them. The real reason of this war was because Germany was becoming too strong. Even the "Irish Times"—which was a "Nationalist" paper now (laughter) because they were all defenders of the Empire—had to admit that England and France would not be able to overthrow Germany, but would have to wait till the Russians came up behind to beat her.

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would do, where they would march, and what towns they would take, and they were doing it. When the Germans intended to do a thing they did it. He (the speaker) believed that if there was one man in Ireland who could be relied on to tell the truth, Ireland would realise that she had now the finest chance she had had for centuries, but as far as he was concerned he had never given, and never would give, his support to that foul rag which was the foulest that ever floated over any country (loud applause).

At the close of the meeting the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Larkin and seconded by Councillor Partridge, was enthusiastically and unanimously adopted:

That this mass meeting of Dublin workers sends fraternal greeting and deepest sympathy to our comrades of the working class of the countries of Europe, who are engaged in this fratricidal war the outcome of the devilish work of the profit-monger. The capitalist classes, who through their titled tools, have engineered this foul crime. We hasten to assure them that the Irish workers, as a class, are taking no part in this hellish crime. We earnestly hope that the outcome of the struggle will result in the downfall of the present governing classes in Europe, and the total abolition of the monarchial system which makes for national and international corruption and dishonour, and we further hope that we will see before the end of 1915 the birth of the confederated nations of Europe, under the title of the United States of Europe. The abolition of the present militarist system and full and complete democratic control by the peoples of Europe.

The Wretched Germans Again!

On Tuesday last we were confronted in the streets with a placard of the "Evening Telegraph" bearing the startling inscription:—

GERMANY MOWED DOWN— BUT STILL MARCH ON.

We have always felt that Wilhelm's soldiers are a rascally rabble, but when we learn that they have deliberately and callously marched on after having been mowed down we confess to being rendered dumfounded.

But perhaps the "Evening Telegraph" should be given some credit in this matter, although it, too, is suffering considerably from a process of "mowing down." Indeed, it is this "mowing down" process continues, the Punk "Un may soon have to swap its title for the more picturesque one of "The Evening Postage Stamp," or—

[Here is our plan of campaign, seeing that these bally Germans will not stop their cowardly and un-English method of advancing and capturing cities and towns after having been defeated and annihilated—that is by the lying Press: We suggest the only way to stop them is to call upon all United Irish Leagues and Board of Erin (Hibernian) Divisions to meet and pass the usual resolution congratulating J. E. Redmond and the Irish Party and condemning the German and Austrian Armies for daring to interfere with the Empire and the Flag.]

To the writer of the Article, "To Exterminate Blood Suckers and Money Lenders." The man who desires to expose the blood suckers and money lenders ought to have the moral courage to append his name, and if we receive the name and address of the writer before our next issue we will undertake to publish his article.

Would all contributors and letter writers to this paper understand that no letter nor articles will be published in this paper without the writer giving his full name and address in addition to nom-de-plume or pen name.

Co-operation and Labour.

A Public Meeting to secure the establishment of a Co-operative Shop in the neighbourhood of Capel street, will be held in the Trades Hall, on this (Friday) evening, at eight o'clock. All workers residing in the vicinity are earnestly urged to attend. Representatives of the Co-operative and Labour movement will attend and speak.

MAN AND BEAST.

The statistics published by the Department of Agriculture give returns of the exportation of animals from Ireland for the three months ended 30th June, as cattle 165,104; sheep, 129,451; swine 15,988; horses 11,300. The number of men and women exported in the six months ending 30th June, 12,909. One human being to every twenty-five beasts.

Waterford, August 28th, 1914.

Dear Jim— Enclosed please find cutting from "Evening News," where you will see that the Volunteers have done their first piece of scabbing for the Government. The lot that did it consisted of the local Secretary of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union (George Hayes), and there-by did some poor fellow out of a job, as there were seventeen men employed and ten were sacked immediately. Yours, &c., ANTI-WAR.

[We find that the Waterford Volunteers, under the command of Councillor Kelly, scab organiser for Pierce, of Wexford, went out and scabbed on the poor drovers in Waterford, and took charge of the horses of the Government, depriving over twenty men of a job. One of the Volunteers was one Hayes, Secretary of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union. We wonder do the Provisional Committee condone this dirty blacklegging to save the Government a few shillings?]

Northern Notes.

Save the Children.

On Wednesday night week the Irish Textile Workers' Union held a meeting at King street. D. R. Campbell, Belfast Trades Council president, and explained that the meeting was called to demand the compulsory application to Ireland of the Feeding of Children Act and the passing of a Homestead Act to prevent the seizure or distraint for debt of household effects up to the value of £20.

Throughout the meeting the greatest interest was shown and the speeches listened to more attentively than demonstrated. The whole square was almost filled, and the resolution was carried unanimously and ordered to be sent to the city M.P.'s, etc.

The Peelers and the Bills.

On Sunday the Belfast police, evidently acting on orders, interfered with the distribution of the bill, "War: What It Means to You." Names and addresses of the distributors were taken. In no instance were the plain clothes peelers on this special duty able to state the object of these inquiries—"orders" was the only explanation given.

Petty Persecution.

The Chairman of the Irish I.L.P. has been solemnly warned by the police about expressions he has used in recent speeches. Here again the peelers are unable to answer definitely what the nature of the alleged offence is.

The Valour of Discretion.

On Friday night the Belfast branch of the I.L.P. of Ireland came to the astounding decision to abandon the Sunday night open-air meetings. The reasons put forward for this course are, it is understood, that some of the speakers run the risk of personal injury and that here again the police have been bringing pressure to bear.

The Moral Injury.

Now, the alleged opposition from whom physical violence is feared is insignificant, consists of only a dozen "irresponsible" youths, and, as Sunday week showed, is neither dangerous nor worth consideration. The police objection is of no more weight since what might have revolutionaries—and if the Labour and Socialist movement in Ireland is not revolutionary it is nothing and of no consequence—to take their cue from the police? This legalism is suicide.

Back to Re-action.

The whole affair savours too much of the traditional British attitude. Social revolution in Berlin or Dublin is an glorious thing but it is not to be thought of in Belfast, that's too near home. For all practical purposes Friday night's decision has cut off the Belfast I.L.P. from the main stream of Irish Socialist action, and Belfast reverts to the old, respectable, inconsequential position of the years before 1910. What a fall!

Faillte.

The welcome announcement is made that a Belfast branch of the Irish Women's Franchise League is being established. The field is now clear for the Irish organisation, and it is to be hoped the Suffrage people will show the old women of the local labour bodies what women can do.

CROBH-DEAPG.

Nursery Rhymes Refreshed.

Wee Lorcan Sherlock bought a gun, bedad And went out one fine day a-shooting grouse, Alas! poor Lorcan's aim was very bad— He smashed twelve windows in the Mansion House; "I've put them out," he murmured with a grin, "We now must get some chap to put them in, Or shall we swear that every bloomin' pane Was shattered by some German aeroplane?"

I know the Kaiser has his knife in me Since I was towed to "Her Excellency," So I had best don my mayoral robe And follow Britain's fleet around the globe I'll hire the Corporation mud-boat, too, And try and keep the Goeben well in view, For 'im an Empire builder as you see— The Kaiser's not a titled bloke like me; I may not be a fightin' man at all, But I can keep down fightin' in "the Hall."

Woe Alf sat inside his "Snug" 'Twas long past ten o'clock, Quoth he "I'll make more claims than there Are houses in North Dock!" Then o'er his features came a smile so bland As he began to write with his left hand, Why with his left hand?—you'll be asking that— Because 'twas "women's" claims that he was at! The lodger claimants they were merely two, But Alf sent in one hundred odd 'tis true! His right hand wrote the body of the form; His left hand took the signatures by storm. The Leaguers gazed, and some were forced to ask, How one left hand could manage such a task? While standing at the door with visage grim Was Mr. Enright—you have heard of him— A pewter pot he brandished in his fist And called on Alf for the Town Clerk's List. He then perused, it with a scowling face And shouted—"Twenty-wan for Elliott place!" "My name has been omitted—what a shame! Now Alf, you had better make me claim Election time finds me a useful gent When all your beer is so much cash well spent." But Alfred muttered as he mopped his brow—"I would that Richardson was with us now."

One Cullen hadn't got a "rag"— And this was what got out his "rag"— And made him vexed as vexed could be For he was sick of smoking tea. A friendly clerk lent him a "wing," And Cullen cried "The very thing!" The messenger he quickly sought And said "Some Woodbines must be bought." But Stephen Hand was standing by And to the messenger did cry—"Here, take this letter to Rathmines, And Mac will get the Wild Woodbines." The Porter seated in his chair Cried "Here's a chance I do declare. Give me the penny—I'll not stop Until I make that Cullen hop!" Full soon he came back to "the Hall" And shared the "fags" with one and all, And then—O, most ironic cut!— We hear that Cullen got—a butt." While someone cried across the way, "Don't smoke it all at once, Jay, Jay." Then, when he tried to raise a racket They handed him the empty packet. Next day—so all his pals allege— He signed the Anti-Smoking Pledge!

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Wexford Notes.

The country districts are beginning to waken up to the fact that politics is a dirty game; that it is nearly played out, and that the men who are playing at it are a dirty crew.

Early last week Peter French, member for South Wexford, had posters posted in and around the district of Rathangan announcing that he was to address a meeting there. On Friday night last to explain the aims and objects of the Irish National Volunteers (whatever he'd know about them). But the boys down there, knowing all about these things, before Peter came along, were not having any of his prate. It appears that the branch there are entirely against John Redmond's offer to the Government for the Volunteers to protect British interests in Ireland, and are led by a worthy sogharr of the right sort in the person of Father Pat Walsh, who does not believe in politics either, or the gang that have to do with them—hence; Peter's meeting he wanted to try to convert them—and he certainly could not do it with his eloquence—as he is a dummy so far as platform work is concerned. It was painful to be looking at him on the occasion of his contest with Johnnie Cummins a few years ago, when he had to bring Mr. M. J. O'Connor, solicitor, around with him to prompt him at the different meetings. And it is commonly known here that any questions the learned Peter asks in the House of Humbug are framed in Mr. O'Connor's office. As a matter of fact, Mr. O'Connor is called here the member for South Wexford and it certainly looks like it.

When Friday night came quite a large crowd encircled Peter's platform. Canon Lennon took the chair, and got a good hearing, but the minute Peter started there was a regular storm of hisses, boos and cat-calls which prevented him from being heard, and eventually he had to sit down, a sader but very much wiser man.

Well done, men of Rathangan, you have shown the rest of the people of Ireland the duty they owe to their country in this crisis; that this is the time for them to stand up and say to Redmond and his crowd that they have been too long slaves, and will no longer submit to be made pawns in the game that is being played in the British House of Commons. Wexford was delighted with the leading article by Jim Larkin last week in the "Irish Worker," which was written on the death of our late Holy Father the Pope. It was the talk of the town on Saturday and Sunday, and many were heard to say, is this the man (meaning Larkin) that is maligning in the Press of Ireland as being a non-Catholic and an anti-cleric? It was a better article than any that was written in any paper in Ireland.

Eddie O'Callen, of the "People," who is always chattering about religion, could not afford to give the announcement of the death of the Pope a few lines in one corner of the paper, while he could give a page and a half to news from the infamous war now being waged in Europe which had killed our Holy Father.

We noticed by the way, that some of the alleged "pillars" had no shutters up for his death. Some of them we may mention, were Nick Lambert, the baker, Charlie Lennon, the draper; and Rochford, the publican. Perhaps it was because he was so fond of the poor. Anthony Kehoe is kicking up a bit of a shine in King street this last few days, trying to evict a man named Pat Murphy from the Repe Walk who has been caretaker there for the last forty years. He sent Pat a letter commanding him to clear out, but Pat refused to stir. Anthony then got some furniture brought down for himself to live in the house, but still refused to move and kicked up "holy murder" at the audacity of the pup. The police were shortly on the scene and removed Anthony from his own yard (good man, Pat, we compliment you). We then heard that Anthony was so vexed that he went down to 'st but did not pass the doctor. Poor fellow!

BIRTH.
Congratulations to Alderman and Mrs. Corish, of Wexford, on the birth of their son, which happy event, we learn, took place on Sunday last.

Dublin Trades Council.
A Special meeting of the Council will be held on Monday next, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into account the unemployment and distress caused through the war and suggesting the best means of combating same. All delegates are urged to attend and bring particulars of the numbers unemployed in their respective Societies.

The Late William Gannon.
The following resolution was passed by the Fintan Lator Pipers [I.L.P.W.U.] on Tuesday last, all members standing:—
"That we the members of the Fintan Lator Band send our deepest sympathy to the Transport Union and the relatives of the late William Gannon, Quays porter, who met his death while discharging his duty, and that, in him, the Union has lost one of its best workers, and that copies of this resolution be sent to the IRISH WORKER."

A LOYAL COME-ALL-YE.

[Reprinted from "Irish Freedom," March 15th, 1911.]

(To those who already are preparing loyal addresses to the English King.)

Come all you loyal Irish slaves and listen to my song;
This from a loyal Irish heart and won't detain you long,
The Union Jack is high to-day, the Green is in the mud,
So clear your throats and shout "Hurrah!" as loyal slavings should!

What matter tho' your kith and kin are exiled o'er the wave!
What matter tho' no stone is raised o'er Emmet's lonely grave!
No thought you hold for those who fought in Freedom's holy name—
Raise up your loyal voices now and glory in your shame.

You're loyal to the English Throne, to gen'rous George you're true,
His tender heart is brimming o'er with burning love for you;
He loves your mountains and your plains—for stolen goods are sweet—
He loves the taxes that you lay so humbly at his feet!

Just think! it was another George that reigned in '08,
When hot blood flowed and pitch-caps flamed—as offerings to "the State";
When "rebel dogs" were run to earth, because they loved this land,
And ropes encircled rebel necks at George's proud command!

Another George is on the throne, another day has dawned,
The sons of rebels fawn and cringe where other slaves have fawned;
The elden wounds are open still on Ireland's tear-stained face,
But let them bleed: we're loyal now—a proud, Imperial race!

Then raise the Union Jack on high, the Green is low, God knows,
Bow down before the English king, forget your country's woes,
Forget the torture of the past, the plunder of to-day,
Forget the kingly hearts that sleep in holy Irish clay!

MAYRA, 1912. Orian na Danban.
[We wonder what has become of the author and the band of determined rebels? Are they emulating Rip Van Winkle?—Ed.]

INCHICORE ITEMS.

A meeting was held in the Emmet Hall on Tuesday evening last to discuss the best methods of dealing with distress arising out of unemployment occasioned by the present war.

The functions of the Dublin Committee for the prevention and relief of distress were fully explained, and many interesting suggestions were made as to how assistance might be given by the Committee to workmen seeking to make provision for dark days to come.

The acquisition of land for cultivation by the people was much favoured, and it was pointed out that good results were gained by the Corporation tenants of the district who, by a system of co-operative labour, had tilled the land leased to them by the City Council and provided their own vegetables and potatoes.

It was also suggested that the people might be assisted in getting poultry and reasonable provision should be made for those wishing to keep pigs as it was felt that the efforts of the people in the directions indicated ought to be encouraged and assisted.

The Education (Provision of Meals) (Ireland) Act, 1914, was also explained, and it was pointed out how this Act might be utilised to relieve distress caused by the war, and how beneficial it could be made even under ordinary circumstances to the most helpless of the community, namely—the children.

All present were strongly advised to join the co-operative movement, and by having co-operative shops opened in their district become assured of a supply of provisions at reasonable prices.

It was suggested that ward meetings ought to be called by the aldermen of each ward of the city and committees elected to deal with local affairs, as the policy of preparing for the worst is the wisest policy to pursue in this present crisis; for then if everything turns out all right we shall only be so much the better off.

A meeting of members and intending members of the local branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union will be held in the Emmet Hall, on Thursday evening, next, at 8.30. Members of the Executive Committee will be in attendance, and it is of vital importance that all interested should attend.

In this critical time it is up to every individual to do his or her best to not alone preserve their own interests but to protect those of others as much as possible in order to present or relieve any distress calculated to arise owing to this deplorable war—a war caused by useless and brainless crowned heads in which hundreds of thousands of helpless and innocent workmen of all countries concerned will be mowed down and millions of people made destitute.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

HOW DID YOU FIGHT?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's not against you to fall down flat,
But to lie there—that's the disgrace.

The harder you throw, why the higher you bounce.
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how DID you fight—and WHY?

Readers will assist us materially by mentioning the "Irish Worker" to our Advertisers.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

BEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

Billy Deane and Frank Dillon are going to give a six-round show—it was billed for four rounds, but they want to take it out of each other, and have insisted on six. Frank will show with Whit Nicholson, a pupil of Frank's. Nicholson wants matches with any amateur lightweights. So you will have an opportunity of seeing one of our best amateurs in action. Another class amateur who is going to appear is Sam Brown, who had real bad luck in the last two amateur championships. There is little doubt the last two bantam title holders owe him a fight. He is to box Mickie Gill.

J. Maher is due for a ten-round show with Boxer Kennedy.

Cotter Brogan and Young Parsons are to go six rounds. This should be worth going a long way to see.

Driver Donnelly is billed for a show with an Unknown.

Young Paul and Young M'Farland are down for six rounds, and Patrick Fanning and Young Dwyer for six.

The Show is being staged in Liberty Hall, where the big room has been lent by the Irish Transport Union.

Irish Citizen Army.

The publication of the Irish Citizen Army Constitution last week has had a very salutary effect upon the present situation. Already we have received several indications of impending events in the various different bodies outside our own movement. In spite of every secretive precaution it is obvious that throughout Nationalist Ireland there is a deep spirit of unrest. Amongst the rank of the Volunteers there is a very evident uneasiness; the failure to distribute the [supposed] hauls of rifles and the non-appearance of the promised fresh supplies, and the very questionable detention of those landed at North Wall are very naturally a source of disquiet. There was such a theatrical display at the Howth affair, and such extravagant statements with regard to numbers, and such a boasting and fuss, such marvellous plans for landing, that the guns got a false importance; and at their non-appearance an inevitable reaction is setting in. Furthermore, there is a feeling that if guns were landed at North Wall and held up by the Customs, such a method of introducing them was tantamount to a request for a seizure. We have watched detachments of Volunteers on parade, and without wishing to crow or feeling any cheap desire to criticise unnecessarily, we think our own I.C.A. lads make a far, far better show. Sometimes it has been pitiable to watch the hesitating, unworkmanlike manoeuvring. If men knew so little of elementary drill in the I.C.A. they would not be permitted to line up publicly carrying rifles.

Every member of the Army will rejoice at Mr. Larkin's statement that he intends taking over active command. Nothing could have a healthier effect upon the morale of the Army than the personal leadership of "Jim." We have heard members of outside corps breathe a regretful "I wish to heaven we'd got him."

The outlying companies of the Army are in a vigorous, active state. Baldoyle has been the last to fall in line, and Captain Fitzpatrick brought back a very gratifying report of smartness and keenness. We have had several more requests for instructors to form other companies. Before very long our first thousand will be enrolled.

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The Workingman's Relish.

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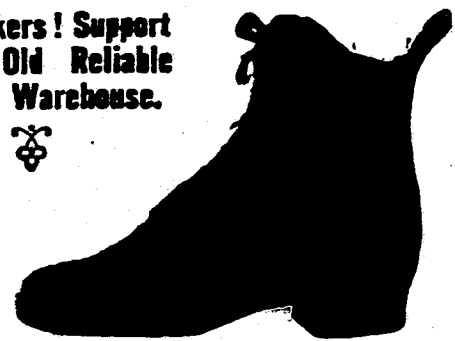
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All Repairs neatly executed at moderate prices. Gents' Boots Soled and Heeled from 2/9; Gents' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 3/6; Ladies' Boots Soled and Heeled, from 1/9; Ladies' Boots, Hand-sewn, from 2/6; Children's Boots Soled and Heeled from 1/4.

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ON THE REVOLUTION.

The great European War, the gigantic conflict which was to stagger the world and in which the robber empires were to cripple or annihilate each other, the mighty conflagration that was to give Ireland an opportunity to achieve her redemption and become a political and intellectual force in the circle of nations, is now at hand, and the men who from the Editor's desk and the platform have emphasised its inevitability, who bade us prepare and organise so as to be in a position to ensure the political salvation of our country, when England as a world-power is eternally damned, have vanished as completely as though the earth opened its capacious maw and swallowed them.

This opportunity is now within our grasp. It may soon pass away and in all probability it may never return. Therefore, we of the rank and file, we who have adhered to the principles of Stephens and O'Leary with an unwavering faith in their ultimate triumph, want to know what is being done to prevent us being involved in overwhelming and irremediable disaster. Where are the men who have so bombastically harangued the multitude with empty platitudes about the coming day, when the glorious dawn of Irish Freedom would be heralded by the Kaiser's guns thundering across the North Sea? Where are the men who commanded us to learn the lessons that history so infallibly teaches, the lessons that would enable us to profit from the pardonable errors of Ireland's mighty dead? Where are the men who beckoned to us to follow along the thorny road that leads to the most venerated of our national shrines, the little churchyard in Bodenstown that holds within its silent precincts the sacred dust of Ireland's greatest son, the immortal Wolfe Tone.

The Irish nation after withstanding the storm and stress of centuries—the historic Irish nation that has morally triumphed over its conquerors again and again, the nation that has survived until to-day through the chivalrous sacrifices of many an heroic generation, is now drifting rapidly along the high road to perdition thanks to our own incomprehensible apathy and the all-too-apparent apathy of our leaders. Hell opens its portals to receive us and we dash recklessly along, unheeding and uncaring for the awful doom that awaits us. We barter away our inheritance like Esau, but unlike him we have not even insisted on the miserable mess of pottage. We seem to regard it as a heaven-sent privilege to have a country to sell and an eternal soul to damn.

What is the real state of affairs to which all Ireland has suddenly closed its eyes? The Irish Volunteer movement was established for the ostensible purpose of securing and maintaining the freedom of Ireland by men who in the main were schooled in the philosophy of John Mitchell. But now suddenly and without warning the whole situation has been transformed. The movement has been diverted from its original object and is becoming more and more a mob of mercenaries. A horde of Tory aristocrats are monopolising all the official positions while men of the finer stamp are passed over as undesirables. Bryan Cooper, the notorious libeller of his countrymen, the man that staid at Colchester, that here in Connaught we buried our dead in sacks, has assumed command of a Co. Sligo Corps. Treachery is rampant all over the land yet public opinion seems to have gone to sleep, or else has been chloroformed through the sinister influence of that political thimblebagger, John Redmond. A few days ago we were supposed to be soldiers of freedom, drilling and arming, to strike a blow for Ireland, and for Ireland only. To-morrow it may be we become the hired assassins of the English Crown, taking our orders from the bloody butcher of Omdurman, the infamous Kitchener. And the men who were supposed to be the most concerned are as silent as the tomb!

Are these developments, I ask, to proceed without a solitary protest from the men who profess belief in the political creed of the Fenians? Is the finest movement of our generation to be smashed by the intrigues of a gang of self-seeking politicians in alliance with the hereditary enemies of our race? Is our country to be given in twain again by this English-manufactured truce, this so-called Union of all the Irish people which—Oh shade of Davis!—the blasphemers say is the culmination of your efforts, the fruition of your hopes, the realisation of your dreams, but which in reality is the very perversion of your life work? It is the precursor of still greater disunity than ever prevailed before.

To those of my countrymen who joined the Volunteers, as I did, out of irreconcilable hostility to English rule and for the purpose of building up an Irish Republic on the ruins of English domination, I appeal to come forward and endeavour to save the people from the stupendous crime of matricide which threatens to stain them for ever. England sought for centuries to annihilate our mother of the "dear dark head," but to-day that awful consummation gives promise of achievement at the hands of her own degenerate sons. Desperate diseases require desperate remedies, therefore something desperate must be done if Dark Rosaleen is to come out of the present turmoil unscathed. Many of you have arms and ammunition, what are they for? Surely they were not given you as toys to amuse you while your country lies a struggling in her death agony? Remember Bachelor's walk must be avenged. The nation must be snatched from the gulf of destruction. Tone's spirit calls to us from Bodenstown. The people here of England and her

colonies where the men of '48 and '67 pined and died are eloquent in their mute appeal for vengeance. From the ends of the earth and up from the unfathomable depths where the bones of our expatriated kindred lie bleaching on the ocean bed the cry comes. We must be avenged, Emmet's epitaph must be written. The cause for which Allen, Larkin and O'Brien died must be indemnified in the blood of their murderers.

On with the revolution!

SEAMAS MACGOWAN.

ALL FOR BELGIUM.

[Nothing is more characteristic of the British than the hypocritical encouragement, seldom amounting to material help, which the English Press and governing class give to the struggles of subject and small nationalities outside the British Empire—provided always that they threaten no British interests—what time a heavy hand and the sugar-coated pill of oppression are vigorously applied within the Empire to people's "rightly struggling to be free." Contrast the attitude of Press and public to social revolution—an admirable thing in itself in any country at any time—in Germany on the one hand and in South Africa and Dublin on the other. The late T. D. Sullivan hit off this characteristic right happily in April, 1863, when he wrote "All for Poland." In the last Polish insurrection the revolutionists got any amount of laudation and encouragement from Britain before the rising, but as soon as they rose British ardour for Polish liberty cooled remarkably fast and the gallant Poles were deserted by their freedom-loving English friends. Lately the papers are full of sympathy and advice for Poland and the laudation of Belgium is positively sickening. So appropriate to British friendship for Belgium are T.D.'s verses that I give them, without alteration, substituting only "Belgium" for "Poland" of the original.—C. Ua S.]

Oh, Freedom is a glorious thing!

Ever so our gracious rulers say; And what they say I sure may sing In quite a legal proper way. They praise it up with all their might, And praise the men who seek it, too, Provided all the row and fight Are out in Belgium: Thiggin thu?

And here is what my song shall be— Success to all the bold and brave Who war for rightful liberty, Who will not have their land a slave. Success to all who rise to strike Down to the dust the tyrant crew. With sword and musket, scythe and pike, That is—in Belgium: Thiggin thu?

The men whose spirit never yields— Whose faithful hearts will not resign Their memories valleys, hills, and fields, And give the place to foreign swine. Who, scattered over all the earth, Hold to one purpose firm and true— To free the land that gave them birth, Their own dear Belgium: Thiggin thu?

Oh, may I see from tower and town, Before the flash of patriot steel, The foreign flag go tumbling down, The foreign squadrons backward reel; And lifted in its rightful place, High into heaven's dazzling blue, The banner of the brave old race— But all—in Belgium: Thiggin thu?

And when the bloody strife is o'er, And rest succeeds to glorious toil, May peace be theirs for evermore Who'll have and hold their native soil. The world will bless and praise their name, But men of Ireland what say you? Would you be proud to do the same— I mean in Belgium: Thiggin thu?

Thiggin thu?—properly dThiggin thu?—is an Irish phrase meaning "Do you understand?"

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Keep the Harvest.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Sir,—Just a month ago I came here to spend a holiday; to divorce myself from the nauseous influence of the morning dreadfuls and the evening liars; to be far removed from Lady Microbe's Civic Conservatory and its myriads of flunkies and office seekers. My injunctions were direct:—Send me once a week the "Irish Worker." Alas! the best laid plans go often wrong. One day or two of suspense, then the news leaked through somehow to this remote quiet region: Dreadful happenings in Dublin; several people shot down. My resolution to be allowed the privilege of complete immunity from newspapers forsook me, I should see who were shot; where did it happen; and the cause? The rest is easily told; it has been told in many ways. All are agreed it was England's soldiers who aimed and fired the fatal charge. There is a time to be silent. But truth must be spoken, especially now when to speak the truth is dangerous. What a significant coincidence! But a few days elapsed when they (the Scottish Borderers) went on bended knee to shoot straight; and the time had come, my masters, when the city which you reddened with the blood of its people were soon to be of much account; the years of industrial upheaval when British law and British civilization, as it is understood, were entirely on the side of the slave-driver and against the slave. The picture is reversed to-day; but only for the while till your order is served. Then what? Betrayal!

Shall tongues be mute when deeds are wrought Which well might shame extremest hell? Shall freemen lock the indignant thought? Shall mercy's bosom cease to swell? Shall honour bleed? Shall Truth succumb? Shall pen, and Press, and soul be dumb?

The knave, the time-server and the liar are on top to-day. Men are wanted—sturdy men with strong arms who can shoot straight—men who will conserve the scanty harvest and keep the remnant of the population from ruin and starvation.

I presume this is what your Citizen Army is enrolled for. This, perhaps, the Irish Volunteers think they are enrolled for, too. God grant! Though John Redmond's "present" is significant, There is fine weather, great crops—an abundant gift from heaven—if rightly used for the upkeep of our people.

Yours sincerely, J. COCKE, Delvin, Westmeath.

24th August, 1914.

High Jinks in North Dock.

On Saturday night last a mass meeting of the bourgeois, ex-bourgeois, and would-be bourgeois, of North Dock Ward, was held in Ardee House to consider the critical situation which has arisen out of the German occupation of Brussels, and the alarming number of objections sent out to voters in Alderman Alf Byrne's constituency by one Michael Mullin.

The first question to be decided was: Who should fill the chair. Mr. Lar Keating, when asked if he had any objection, replied by pulling one from his coat pocket. After a short tussle with Commodore Enright, he took the chair, there being nothing else of any value adjacent.

Alderman Byrne delivered a rousing oration—rousing in the sense that it awakened several of his audience who were dozing in their seats. He said that it was a deplorable thing that an attempt had been made by a notorious Syndicalist to disfranchise his (Alderman Byrne's) faithful followers of Faithful Place. As far as he was concerned he was determined to overcome all such opposition, no matter whether it came from Michael Mullin or from the Kaiser Wilhelm (about of "Rule Britannia!"). He would take his stand like the Roman of old on the ramparts of Elliott Place, and there keep the enemy at bay, and even though it meant the sacrifice of his nose too pottly carcass and the contents of his wine cellars, he would meet the fat of the fates with that philosophic calm with which he awaited the decision of the Revising Barrister (roof-raising cheers). He had no doubt that there was a certain amount of racial hostility underlying the plot to deprive him of that elementary right of a free citizen: his vote. He had it on reliable authority that the above-mentioned Michael Mullin had engineered his notorious designs, acting on the instructions and with the connivance, collusion and co-operation of the German Ambassador in London prior to his

departure for his native shores at the outbreak of hostilities. But he (Alderman Byrne) would have it shouted from the house tops that he refused to be bulldozed or intimidated into a serf like acquiescence in these evil machinations for he had at his back a redoubtable regiment of beer-shifting desperadoes—to wit, the North Dock Volunteers—who were ready to defend his name and fame against the inroads of any gang of Continental conspirators (unparalleled enthusiasm, in the midst of which the refreshment supplies in the corner were in imminent danger owing to the Chairman having temporarily vacated his seat). He (Alderman Byrne) had given express instructions to his doughty lieutenants, Commodore Enright and Captain Whit-taker, to see that the local food supplies—meaning, of course, the liquid species—were not endangered during the grave crisis that had arisen. They would have to see that a few decent sized kegs of Guinness were reserved for the firing line in January (loud applause and anticipatory grunts). He would now conclude by wishing them a very good night, and reminding them, incidentally, that his hospitable tavern was situated only a few doors higher up. He hurriedly added that he merely mentioned this in case anyone wished to inspect the Town Clerk's list! [This latter remark was greeted with the chorus, "Now, we shan't be long!"]

The Chairman next addressed the meeting, and explained that he, too, was a victim of the Teutonic conspiracy. Last year his premises in Leinster Avenue boasted four solid votes—three inhabitant householders and one lodger, which he considered a marvel of "Registration" dexterity, and showed the "stuff" he was made of. With him, in fact, it was a case of building additional rooms while you wait. This year, however, he was faced with the black prospect of a voteless household (cries of "shame" and loud sobs). The chance that the German fleet would be sent to the bottom of the sea by "Aunt Polly" of "The Weekly Independent," was the only bright promise of the future (cries of "My dear chicks!" In concluding, he would like to drop the hint to Alderman Byrne that if a suitable candidate was required at the forthcoming Municipal Elections he (Mr. Keating) would not be slow in coming forward to uphold the banner of the League, and the "Cosy Corner" of the "Weekly Independent" would glow with adulation of the boy publican of North Dock (clinking of tumblers, clattering of pewter pots and general commotion, during which John Kavanagh, the village blacksmith, slipped out for a—small lemon soda).

Councillor Higgins then rose, but before he had time to address the gathering the door of the room burst violently open, to admit ex-Councillor Ryan with wrath writ large upon his visage and brandishing aloft in one hand three objection notices and in the other the duplicates of three lodger claimant forms of a deep blueish tint. Seeing the latter Councillor Higgins paled visibly; bolted through the back window, and scaled the adjacent walls with the agility of a man faced baboon from East Africa, shouting as he went, "Down with the Court Receiver!"

When the echoing footsteps of the vanishing Councillor had died away, the Chairman tactfully explained that it was a horrible thing to be a protegee of the Bankruptcy Court, and he was sure they all sympathised with Brother Higgins in his tragic dilemma. To flaunt a red rag before a bull was as nothing compared to the effect created by the exposure of a blue document in the presence of the compounding Councillor, and he thought that Mr. Ryan should have displayed a little more judgment. No doubt, his action was accounted for by the fact that he was a barber by profession, and was anxious to create a hair raising incident.

Mr. John Kavanagh, P.L.G., essayed to address the meeting in German, but the Chairman ruled him out of order on the ground that Irish was a dead language, now spoken only by the inhabitants of Beaver Sweet and other salubrious districts which still harbour the remnants of the Celtic Clam. Mr. Kavanagh displayed his choler thereat and made a business-like stride in the direction of the chair, while he raised his historic war whoop, "Say that again and ye'll be et."

Commodore Enright tugged at his coat-tails, and finally succeeded in pacifying the irate sledge-swinger, while ex-Councillor Ryan reminded him of his never-be-forgotten written apology to Mr. Doyle in the Board Room of the North Dublin Union, after a similar scene to that which was now so nearly enacted.

The Chairman, deeming discretion the better part of valour, quickly made himself familiar with the stair-case, and so the meeting ended.

The assemblage dispersed after a song from Pat O'Shea entitled, "Down amongst the Dead Men." Whether or not this contribution referred to Alderman Byrne's one hundred and forty nine former vote claimants no one can tell.

We cannot be sure that the meeting, of which the foregoing purports to be a report, was actually held; but at least there is no confirmation by Gal'per Smith's Press Bureau—Ed.

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