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(6559.) Wt. 3103—96.20,000.8/15.

Telegrams: "DAMP, DUBLIN."
Telephone No. 22.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE:

Detective Department,

Dublin, 4th. February, 1916

Crime Special

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 3rd. Inst., *The Under Secretary*
the undermentioned extremists were observed *Submitted.*
moving about and associating with each other
as follows:-

Thomas J. Clarke was again absent from
his shop yesterday. He is said to be unwell,
but inquiry is being made as to this. Those
however who visited 75, Parnell St. during
the day were John McDermott, William Mellows,
J. R. Reynolds, E. Daly, Joseph McGuinness,
Thomas Byrne, Pierce Beasley, C. J. Kickham,
D. Lynch, Henry Dixon, William O'Leary Curtis
and William Sheehan.

Herbert Mellows, M. J. O'Rahilly, and
L. Raul in 2, Dawson Street between 12 & 1 p.m.

William

The Chief Commissioner.

Wf - Minister
Comm 4/2/16
Under Secretary
Submitted
WML
4/2
Chaplin
WML
5/2

10593

William O'Leary Curtis, Arthur Griffith,

and Charles S. Power together in Sackville

Street between 10 & 11 p. m.

About 60 members of the Irish Volunteers
were drilled in the hall, 41, Parnell Square
from 8 p. m. to 10 p. m.; F. Fahy, D. Lynch
and C. J. Kickham being there at the time.

The adjourned Conference in the Mansion
House on 3rd. inst., respecting the dispute
on the Levin Estate has resulted in a satis-
factory settlement being arrived at.

Attached are Copies of this week's is-
sue of The Workers Republic and Honesty,
neither of which appears to contain anything
of a seditious nature.

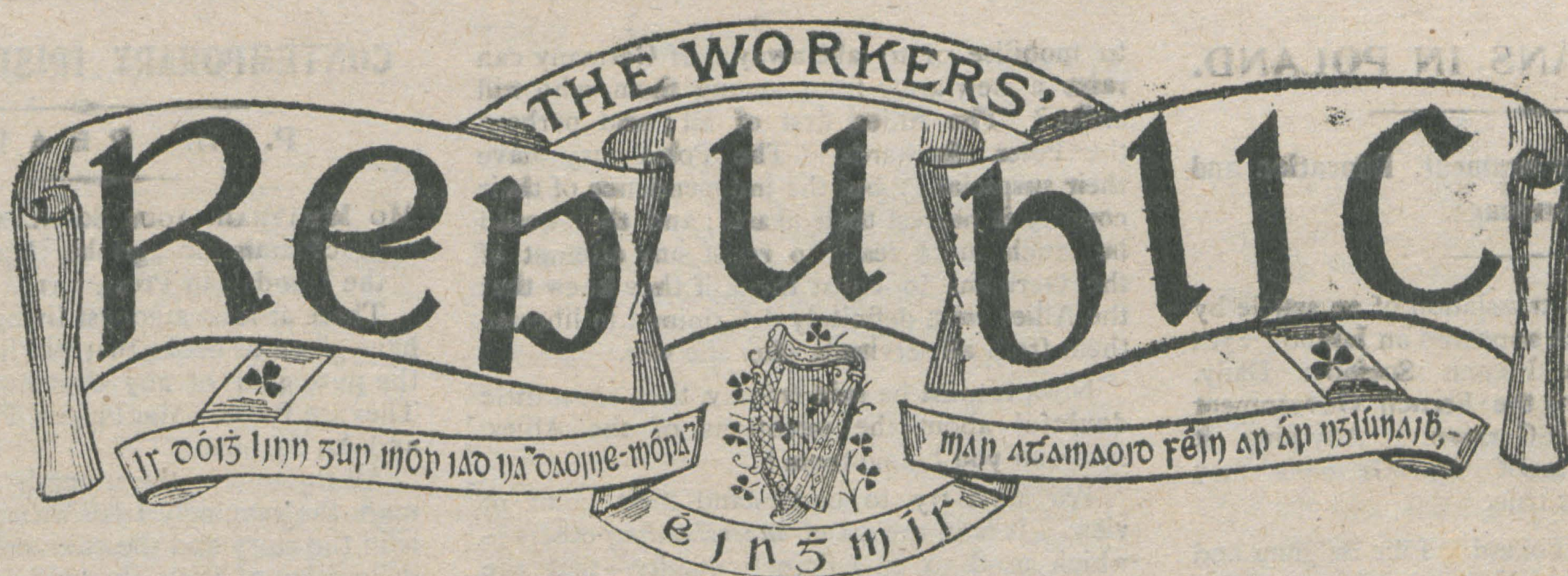
Owen Brien

Superintendent.

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FOR LATE NOTES SEE PAGE TWO.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



"The great only appear great because we are on our knees: let us rise."

Vol. I., No. 37.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916.

[Weekly

Notes on the Front

THE TIES THAT BIND.

Recently we have been pondering deeply over the ties that bind this country to England. It is not a new theme for our thoughts; for long years we have carried on propaganda in Ireland pointing out how the strings of self-interest bound the capitalist and landlord classes to the Empire, and how it thus became a waste of time to appeal to those classes in the name of Irish patriotism.

We have said that the Working Class was the only class to whom the word "Empire," and the things of which it was the symbol did not appeal. That to the propertied classes "Empire" meant high dividends and financial security, whereas to the Working Class that meant only the things it was in rebellion against.

Therefore from the intelligent working class could alone come the revolutionary impulse.

Recently we have seen the spread of those ties of self-interest binding certain classes and individuals to the Empire—we have seen it spread to a most astonishing degree until its ramifications cover the island, like the spread of a foul disease.

It would be almost impossible to name a single class or section of the population not evilly affected by this social, political, and moral leprosy.

Beginning with our parliamentary representatives, we see men so poisoned by the evil association of parliament and enervated with the unwonted luxury of a salary much greater than they could ever hope to enjoy in private life, that they have instantly and completely abandoned all the traditions of their political party, and become the mouthpieces and defenders of an Imperial system their greatest leaders had never ceased to hold up to the scorn of the world.

We see the ties of self-interest so poisoning those men that they become the foulest slanderers and enemies of all who stand for that unfettered Ireland to which they also once pledged their heartiest allegiance. For the sake of £400 a year they become Imperialists; for the sake of large travelling expenses and luxurious living they become lying recruiters.

Corporation after corporation elected to administer our towns and cities neglect their proper business, and make their city halls and town halls the scene of attempts to stampede the youth and manhood of Ireland out of the country to die inglorious deaths in foreign fields. And while those misguided young and middle-aged men perish afar off the mayors and councillors who sent them to their doom scramble for place and titles at the hands of a foreign tyrant. We hear of a Mayor in a Western city drawing £5 per week as a recruiter, and a Councillor in Dublin prostituting himself for a paltry 17/6 per week for the same dirty cause.

Between those two there are all sorts of grades and steps in infamy. The western Mayor is reckoned by his associates as having got a good price for his soul, whereas the Dublin councillor who sells himself for 17/6 per week is generally despised as having made a sorry trade.

One councillor gets one thing, his colleague gets another. One Dublin city councillor has hired a number of his derelict houses to the Government for munition factories at a tidy sum, another is assured of good contracts, another is promised a reversion of a good salaried position in a few months.

There is nobody in a representative position so mean that the British government will not pay some price for his Irish soul. Newspaper men sell their Irish souls for government advertisements paid for at a lavish rate, Professors sell their souls for salaries and expenses, clergymen sell their's for jobs for their relatives, business men sell their souls and become recruiters lest they lose the custom of government officials. In all the grades of Irish society the only section that has not furnished even one apostate to the cause it had worked for in times of peace is that of the much hated and traduced militant Labour Leaders.

But if the Militant Labour Leaders of Ireland have not apostatised the same can not be said of the working class as a whole. It is with shame and sorrow we say it, but the evil influence upon large sections of the Irish Working Class of the bribes and promises of the enemy cannot be denied.

We know all that can be said in extenuation of their mistakes, all that we ourselves have said and will say in condonation and excuse of their lapses from the path of true patriotism. But when all is said and done the facts remain horrible and shameful to the last degree.

For the sake of a few paltry shillings per week thousands of Irish workers have sold their country in the hour of their country's greatest

need and greatest hope. For the sake of a few paltry shillings Separation Allowance thousands of Irish women have made life miserable for their husbands with entreaties to join the British Army. For the sake of a few paltry shillings Separation Allowance thousands of young Irish girls have rushed into matrimony with young Irish traitors who in full knowledge of the hopes of Nationalist Ireland had enlisted in the Army that England keeps here to slaughter Irish patriots.

For what is the reason for the presence of the English army in this country? The sole reason for the presence of such soldiers in Dublin is that they may be used to cut the throats of Irish men and women should we dare demand for Ireland what the British Government is pretending to fight for in Belgium.

For the sake of the Separation Allowance thousands of Irish men, women, and young girls have become accomplices of the British Government in this threatened crime against the true men and women of Ireland.

Like a poisonous ulcer this tie of self-interest has spread over Ireland corrupting and destroying all classes, from the Lord Mayor in his Mansion House to the poor boy and girl in the slum. Corrupting all hearts, destroying all friendships, poisoning all minds.

The British Government stands in the Market Places and streets of Ireland buying, buying, buying the souls of the men and women, the boys and the girls, whom ambition, or greed, or passion, or vice, or poverty, or ignorance makes weak enough to listen to its seductions.

And yet the great heart of the nation remains true. Some day most of those deluded and misled brothers and sisters of our will learn the truth, some day we will welcome them back to our arms purified and repentant of their errors.

Perhaps in that day the same evil passions the enemy has stirred up in so many of our Irish people, will play havoc with his own hopes, and make more bitter and deadly the cup of his degradation and defeat.

But deep in the heart of Ireland has sunk the sense of the degradation wrought upon its people—our lost brothers and sisters—so deep and humiliating that no agency less potent than the red tide of war on Irish soil will ever be able to enable the Irish race to recover its self-respect, or establish its national dignity in the face of a world horrified and scandalised by what must seem to them our national apostasy.

Without the slightest trace of irreverence but in all due humility and awe we recognise that of us as of mankind before Calvary it may truly be said:

"Without the Shedding of Blood there is no Redemption."

THE GERMANS IN POLAND.

Freedom in Local Government, Education and Language.

The following is a translation of an article by M. P. Dorange, which appeared on January 27th in *L'Humanité*, the French Socialist Daily. *L'Humanité* supports the French Government and is strongly anti-German. Anything it publishes in favour of the Germans may therefore be taken as true.

Let us not forget Poland. Like Belgium and Serbia, she deserves deliverance after so much suffering. The future of Europe depends in great part on what is done with Poland after the war. Should we wait until that moment to speak about it? No, for two reasons.

The first is that the Allies are fighting for the right of nations to their existence, and none must be allowed to forget this fact.

The second is, that a great danger threatens us in Poland at this very moment. It is high time to point it out.

The Germans occupy the entire country. That they were received with coldness in Warsaw, that they abused the people and committed the kind of injustices to which they are accustomed,—this we learned immediately from our papers, with the fullest details. But that they have since changed their system and are now acting in a really skilful manner in Poland, upon this our great newspapers have preserved a complete silence, as they always do when any danger threatens us.

The new tactics of the German in Poland are clever from their point of view. In appointing the first governor by a very able man named Von Hefel, they have showered upon the Poles one concession after another.

They have given the Poles freedom to organise their own municipal government. They have officially recognised the Polish civic committees, and have entrusted to them the task of re-opening the public schools and instituting therein a system of education in their own language. They have invited them to reconstitute their ancient national university and to restore to it its historic seal. And they have accorded to them many other favours.

The Duchy of Posen (Prussian Poland) is still under the Prussian Regime, and the Poles cannot forget it. Accordingly they preserve, in spite of everything, their reserve and suspicion towards the Germans. But it would be ridiculous to deny the enormous impression which these immediate concessions have produced upon the population.

The Poles have aspired to these liberties for nearly a century, in vain. Their fathers and grandfathers have been killed in the streets or exiled to Siberia for trying to obtain them. Since the war began, neither the manifesto of the Grand Duke Nicholas nor the devotion with which Polish women have tended the Russian wounded, has been able to persuade the bureaucracy to carry out—even in the smallest detail—the noble intention of the Tsar. Now, all at once, these liberties are granted, one after the other. How can we expect the Poles to remain indifferent to this fact? It is certain that the Polish families must experience a profound joy, if it were only to see their children receiving education in Polish in the public schools, from which their mother-tongue had been banished so long in favour of Russian.

It is infinitely regrettable that the Germans have been the first to take an initiative of this kind, especially as they are acting with a well-defined political end in view.

There still remain in Poland several hundreds of thousands of young men of military age, whom Russia had not time either

to mobilise or to take away. If Germany can raise a new army from among them, who will suffer? The Allies, first of all; and perhaps the Poles afterwards. The Poles may have their suspicions; but the independence of their country is nearest their hearts; and they would be much more ready to resist any attempt of the Germans to enlist them, if they knew that the Allies were definitely determined to liberate them from all servitude after the war.

Now, it must be said frankly, they are a little doubtful about the intentions of the Allies. And can you blame them?

We must try to understand their point of view. It is in the art of *understanding* others—which used to be a French quality—that the diplomacy of the Allies seems to have failed most notably in the Balkans.

The Poles have a great sympathy, which goes back far into history, for France. They have confidence in her word and in England's word. Now, neither one nor the other says a word to them. Both France and England seem utterly to ignore Poland.

The Poles fear that their fate will be treated as the internal concern of a single Empire, whereas the future of Poland is essentially a European question. They are troubled and disillusioned by what happened in Galicia last winter.

They fear that autonomy under Russian rule is impracticable, and that they will be reduced again to the status of Finland.

They ardently desire to live on good terms with Russia and to have no more conflicts with her. They believe that the only possible means of attaining this end is to secure the independence of their country.

It is important to prevent Germany from imposing on Poland one of those petty Kings with which she infests Europe. The Poles themselves would a thousand times rather have a Russian or English monarch; but a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, and the Germans continually remind them of the practical value of this old proverb.

Prince Joachim, the Kaiser's son, presided the other day, at a ball in Warsaw, in order to make the acquaintance of Polish society.

Whenever Polish distrust shows itself, the Germans retire into the background and speak through the medium of Austria, whose fairly liberal regime in Galicia (Austrian Poland) is appreciated by the Poles.

The nation of Poniatowski and Kosciuszko must resist the advances of the Austro-Germans, and await patiently the hour of deliverance. But then the Allies must give Poland some encouragement, some guarantee; without that they will assuredly not have the right to demand from her any more sacrifices.

The policy of silence is the worst of all; for the Germans are inspiring comment upon this silence in the Warsaw papers. Germany is trying to convince the Poles "that they have nothing to hope for from the Allies; that the Allies have decided to place them once more under the Russian yoke; that the censorship at Paris, just as much as at Petrograd, prevents any mention of Poland;" and they spread a thousand other rumours of the same character, which the *Tribuna Polska*, the other day, reported with irony.

It is urgent that the Allies encourage Polish resistance, by making a categorical declaration in favour of this noble nation. The Italian Parliament has set the example, by a resolution passed on the 8th December,—of which I shall speak at more length in another article.

The solution proposed in this resolution is Polish independence,—a solution which accords with the real interests of Russia and which is increasingly agreeable to Russian public opinion. Then why delay, since the Germans are pressing on? This offensive will help the other.

CONTEMPORARY IRISH WRITERS.

P. H. PEARSE.

MO MHATHAIR AGUS SGEALTA EILE.—Padraic MacPiarais do sgriobh, Dundalk; Tempest, the Dundalgan Press, 1916.

Three at least amongst living writers of Irish have given us books that will live and rank with the pure gold of any contemporary literature. They are Padraic MacPiarais, Padraig O'Conaire and An Seabhac.

All three have the strength and quality that mark the genuinely Irish writer. Their strength is in the story and the character study; in their delineation of Irish life and Irish types; in that deep and personal note of nature that rings true as steel. With them as in all Irish literature mingles sorrow, profound and passionate, with joy wild and exuberant, the link between Irish life and Irish literature. All three are, if the name means anything, realists, for they picture the people, their loves and hates, their life and labours, their pleasures and passions, their humours and hungerings as they feel and see and know them. They work in different material, with different methods and with different but complementary outlook. But their work has in common, depth, and sincerity and truth. No artificiality, no obvious and naked straining after effect mars their work. They write as they have lived, and their work, different and original as it is, is the expression of real emotions and the picture of real people who have had life and being.

Of the three, Padraic MacPiarais has given us least, but all he has given is stamped with his genius, rich with his human sympathy, lighted with his child-like faith and mellowed with his generous and kindly religious spirit. This week another little volume of his collected studies comes from his pen. In "Mo Mhathair agus Sgealta Eile," as ever and always he is the poet who sings in prose of the dear, sweet, secret things, the elemental mysteries, the wonders of life and nature. Sympathy, understanding, insight, are here at every turn and in every word. That simple faith that believes without questioning and is almost pathetic in its innocence, and simplicity is his gift as it is Ireland's both in youth and in manhood. His is the broad, open, noble, religious spirit, not the letter of dogmatic creeds, nor the convention of unconventionality, but the inborn, instinctive religion of the soul beautiful, the Christ-like in man. His love is the love of the child, unspoiled and unsullied, a pure, white thing, without blemish, drinking in great draughts of beauty, joy and sorrow from the well spring of youth. For the child in the Gael never quite outgrows his childhood. Within him is a perennial fount of wonder, of mysticism, of spirituality that is never exhausted. In his soul there is a strain of sorrow, of suffering, of mourning and of emotion that is as Irish as the low crooning of the wind. It is of the Gael to-day in his serfdom as it was in the days of his freedom, the sigh of the exile, and the cry of the heart that is never stilled, because its thirst for the eternal verity, its hunger for greater life, is never satisfied. It is the poetry of life, the mystery of birth and death, and it is nowhere in literature more present than in Pearse.

In these as in all his stories and studies Padraic MacPiarais goes straight to the people, simple and poor in material goods, but great and rich in soul. For the people are the nation, this nation Ireland. Theirs the history and tradition, the only civilisation that is in Ireland or was of Ireland. Theirs, too, the sorrows and mysteries, the labours and longings, the joys and the pleasures that their rich, full nature has enshrined in the Irish character. Of their spirit he has tasted, and with every draught has come a new experience and spiritual adventure.

His language is their language. It is the melodious, yet simple and direct, speech of the

people. To him as to them it comes easily, naturally, without strain, and therefore powerful, strong and sonorous. You get in it the scent of the turf in the bog, you see in it the blue smoke curling up in spirals from the hearth, you hear in it the *bläss binn* of Connacht, and the sound is good to hear. This is no language worn threadbare and tattered but a stout warm garment to clothe the dearest of thoughts and adorn the greatest of ideas. It is like a breath of fresh air in a close and foetid room, and it has the grace and freedom of the wind in the hills in it. Yet he bends it to his will and moulds it for his service. Right well it serves, too, whether for a mother's sorrow or a child's prattle or a man's passion.

Of the six studies in this book four are studies of tragedy, of the quiet, dignified, calm tragedy that children and women know. In all of them there is sorrow, and in three of them it is sorrow without joy. Children and women the people are, the children of Connacht of the sorrows every one of them. If man can understand children and women Padraic Mac Piarais is that man, and it is no little or mean gift.

The title story "An Mhathair" (The Mother) is a study of the longing of a childless woman for motherhood. Four years she had longed for the child that never came, and in a stroke or two of his pen Pearse paints her for us with reverence, her heart-burning, her penances, her prayers. No words of mine can tell how at last on Christmas Eve she puts her candle in the window and gives roof and rest to the Mother and Child of Sorrows, and has her reward. To attempt it would be to desecrate what only a Pearse could paint without irreverence. "God would rather have women than men," he says. "It is to them He sends the greatest sorrows, and on them bestows the greatest joy."

The tragedy of a woman, too, is "An Dearg-Daol" (The Red Leech), the tragedy of a woman who had sinned in her youth and carried the curse of the Church with her through a life she lived alone, feared and shunned by the people: a moral leper damned by man for a sin she had long outlived. The "Dearg-Daol" the people called her, and her touch and very presence blasted all who came in contact with her, even the child she saved from drowning, and the mother of that child. A powerful, moving picture this, drawn with sympathy and strength comparable only to the picture of Sonia in Dostoevsky's "Crime and Banishment."

"Brigid na nAmhran," the old traditional singer, is of other make and mould. With her it is neither child-hunger nor sin but a naive pride in her gift of song that makes her story. She is the best singer in the countryside, and her pride is hurt when she fails to carry off the Feis Prize. All the way to Dublin the old woman tramps unknown to the neighbours and reaches the Oireachtas footsore, weary and hungry. There she sings as never before "Conndac Mhuigheo" (hadn't Raftery himself praised her, and didn't Colm Wallace make a song about her, and wasn't it with "Conndac Mhuigheo" she had drawn the tears from Archbishop MacHale?) but at "Sal Og Ruadh" she breaks down and falls in a faint on the platform and is dead as her victory is won.

Pearse tells the stories of these with tenderness and with sorrow at heart, and you could die with grief, so moving is his telling, along with Brigid or the Dearg-Daol. But there is relief in "An Gadaidhe." "The Thief" is one of those lovable youngsters he gave us before in "Tosagan agus Sgealta Eile." He steals a doll because his sister is lying sick and "the doll will cure her." Cure her it does, and if the theft torments the little thief of the world by night and by day he doesn't care anyway for it has brightened the little girl's life. Antoine is a wee rascal you feel his Creator loves.

Another wayward and lovable little character is Nora in "The Roads." She is the donkey of

the family who gets none of the outings of the others. Even when the Man-from-Dublin arranges a big night in the schoolhouse Nora is left at home. A dreamer of dreams and a seer of visions here is her longed-for opportunity to travel the roads and see the strange sights and places the travelling people see. It is the vision of the child that is ever young that helps Pearse to give life and reality to this character. It is a great and a holy gift. With intimate knowledge and understanding, as if he himself had become a child, he tells of Nora's wanderings on her short journey, every yard of it, with its visions and adventures.

The last sketch in the book is "An Bhean Chaointe." "The Keening Woman" is in ways the most powerful story Pearse has yet written. It lacks the grace and delicacy of "The Mother" and the humanity of "Tosagan" and "The Red Leech," but it grips you with its intense feeling and its passion and tragedy. The demented woman crooning in her doorway the *caoineadh* she made for her imprisoned son who will never come, though she watches and waits and asks for him day after day, will live in the memory for ever. It is a new-titled field for Pearse, and concentrates in itself all the sorrow, the passion, and the pathos of the Gael. I know nothing in Irish like the *caoineadh* in this story except "Donnchadh Ban," and Muirne of the Keens is own sister to Caitlin Ni Uallachain.

"Mo Mhathair agus Sgealta Eile" is published by Tempest, of Dundalk, and the publisher has given it a shrine full worthy of it. It is a pleasure and a delight and an enlargement of the soul to read this book. When Ireland appreciates fine writing without cant, personality without egotism, and beautiful language without artifice, Ireland will put this book amongst her treasures.

I have often felt, and the same thought is with me as I put aside these stories, that Irish readers ought to begrudge Padraic MacPiarais to politics. We have so few who can write what is worth writing and can write it well that it seems sacrilege to waste his genius on the temporary dross of politics. But his is one life that binds expression and noble expression both in literature and in an unfree Ireland in politics. In the one he is a Master, in the other an Apostle. And yet—and yet—high as many of us appreciate his writing, is it not to-day as one of the Apostles of Revolution, Insurrection Incarnate itself, that we love him best and need him most?

CATHAL UA SEANAIN.

MINIMUM WAGES.

At a meeting held recently in Belfast, the Trade Board established for the Paper Box Trade in Ireland decided to issue a Notice proposing to vary the minimum rate fixed by them in November, 1912 for female workers other than learners.

The rate at present in force is 2½ an hour and the Trade Board proposal is to vary the rate to 3d. an hour.

The Trade Board also propose to vary certain of the minimum rates fixed by them for female learners.

Notices giving full particulars of the proposed variations will be issued shortly to all employers in the trade.

AMONGST PIGS.

Great indignation prevails in Kildare at the publication in a Cheshire paper of a letter from "Hyde Boys at Curragh Camp," belonging to the 3rd Cheshire Yeomanry, stating that they spent Christmas "at a little village called Kildare, where the houses are just like stables," and adding:—"Talk about being amongst pigs! We are amongst them."

OUR ANSWER.

You talk of peace and brotherhood
With England and her pirate race;
Who wallowed long in Irish blood,
And gloried in our dark disgrace;
You tell us now the past is dead,
When England's sun is well nigh set;
But by the blood that she has shed,
We'll hold no peace with England yet.

You tell us at the final hour
That she repents the evil past;
That when we break the German's power
She'll right our country's wrongs at last;
We've heard that story oft before,
'Tis but a trick of England's trade;
Our fathers trusted it of yore,
And when the time came were betrayed.

What cares the Saxon for his word
To those who once have crossed his path?
The blood of freemen on his sword
Can but appease his tyrant's wrath;
Scant mercy doth his hatred show
To those who strive to thwart his aim;
His power is built on pain and woe,
His glory is the nation's shame.

Where'er his gory standard flies
The pulse of freedom throbs no more,
Her voice in painful anguish dies,
And patriots perish in their gore;
But shame and sorrow there abide,
And desolation stalks around,
Red rapine reigns on every side,
And cravens walk th' unhallowed ground.

The traitor there may seek renown
And refuge from an outraged race,
The coward trembling 'neath its frown
May rise to power and to place;
But those who cling to Fatherland,
Who seek the guerdon of the brave,
Like criminals are ever banned
And sent despairing to the grave.

You talk of peace and honour now
When England totters to her fall,
But what of every broken vow
Through all the years of Ireland's thrall?
Think you the past we'll thus forget
When Fate her last stern word has said,
And th' hour has come to pay the debt
We owe to Ireland's Martyred dead?

'Tis vain to think we'll thus betray
The sacred cause for which we stand,
That men will ever see the day
For England's sake we'll raise a hand;
'Tis vain of friendship now to speak
When Retribution's hour has come,
Not peace, but vengeance do we seek
On her who wrought our martyrdom.

Then be the watchword of our race,
"Not peace, but war with England yet,
Till we avenge our land's disgrace,
Till we pay back the ancient debt";
The hatred born of Ireland's woe
No partial triumph may appease;
We'll talk of peace when Ireland's foe
At last is beaten to her knees.

SEUMAS MACGOWAN (Galway.)

WORKERS' REPUBLIC

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F. C. Hanratty, 18 Wallace Street, Paisley.
P. Bonnar, 55 Caledonia Street, Paisley.
James Mitchel Frame, 114 Muir Street, Motherwell.
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All communications intended for publication must be delivered here on Tuesday morning. This rule will be strictly adhered to.

Subscription 6/6 per year. Six months 3/3. Payable in advance.

Office, LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

"An injury to one is the concern of all."

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916

TWO KINDS OF "DILUTION" OF LABOUR IN IRELAND:

IN Great Britain there is in progress at present a vigorous controversy raging around the question of what is called the "Dilution" of Labour. This dilution consists in the introduction of the labour of unskilled men, and even of women and girls, into occupations formerly restricted solely to skilled artisans. It may be noted in passing that this practice of so employing unskilled or partly skilled men and women in the engineering industry is already the rule in America, where the skilled artisans employed in any engineering works bear but a small proportion to the whole. This is accomplished by a minute sub-division of labour, so that each person works at a very small part of the entire process, and thus needs no very long training to be able to do their task. The combination of all those small parts into one is generally the work of a semi-skilled person who can get through an immense amount of work, as it consists merely in assembling certain pieces of metal duly numbered and fitting them into the places allotted to such numbers. Thus long training becomes unnecessary. All that is required is a certain deftness of fingers and alertness of intelligence—a deftness and alertness possessed by nine persons out of every ten.

War or no war this dilution of labour was a certainty of the near future. It is an inevitable accompaniment of the capitalist system in its most advanced stages of development. America has built its vast industries upon it, and the competition of those industries was certain to drive the British capitalist to organise along the same lines—the lines that make for quick production. But without the war the introduction

of this system would have been gradual, and would have been bitterly contested by the trade unions at every stage. As it is the British capitalist has with true capitalist patriotism taken advantage of the war to take an unfair advantage of the workpeople, and compel them to accept a system that will infallibly reduce the wages of the skilled artisan.

It will reduce his wages because it will reduce the demand for men of specially skilled labour, and substitute for them semi-skilled men and women at much lower wages. For the period of the war the needs of the Government will prevent the capitalist too hastily enforcing reductions of wages, but with the advent of peace, and the closing down of munition works subsisting now upon Government orders, there will come a terrible period of unemployment, and during that period the British capitalist will use his new weapon of diluted labour with terrible effect upon the engineering and kindred industries.

Here in Ireland we have another kind of dilution of Labour. Everywhere since the Conscription Act was first mooted there has been a rush of Englishmen and Scotsmen to Ireland to escape the military net. These Englishmen and Scotsmen—let us call them Brit Huns for short—are appearing as if by magic in every sort of job hitherto held by Irishmen. There is not a week, and scarcely a day, that goes by without some poor unfortunate Irishman being told by his employer that the firm is going to reduce its staff, and his services are therefore no longer required. He goes, and in a day or two a Brit Hun appears in his place.

We are informed that Clery and Co. have two of these Brit Huns, the Gas Works at Bray have been weeding out all the Irish and engaging Brit Huns, the Gas Works at Dublin is preparing its street and office staff for the same course of treatment, all up and down the city the loyal capitalists are weeding out Irishmen and slyly substituting English and Scots—Brit Huns—in their places. The Irish are wanted to fight the battles of the tottering British Empire—to set the "glorious example" of dying for the Empire that denies their country the merest shadow of national freedom—and as the Irish will not go willingly they must be starved into going. So places of employment in Ireland are being "diluted" by Brit Huns, Irishmen are set adrift, and English and Scots kindly consent to take their jobs till the war is over. It is a new plantation, this time with the blessing and connivance of the Parliamentary Leaders of the Irish Race at Home and Abroad.

And as the Brit Huns come in the Irish boys march out in khaki, puzzled, misled, betrayed, the wonder of the world for stupidity, and the despair of their country.

Unlike the first mentioned this last dilution was not inevitable. It is the product of crime and folly—of British crime and Irish folly.

Watch how it develops.

SUNDAY "REEDS."

We notice that the practice of making up gangs on Sunday is again creeping in along the docks. The stevedores and others responsible for this detestable practice are hereby warned that the Transport Union will not tolerate it, and our members are warned also that drastic steps will soon be taken to hold up any vessel for which the men were taken on at a Sunday "Reed."

WAR AND DEMOCRACY.

BY MEYRICK CRAMB.

CHAPTER III.

RACIAL DIFFERENCES AND THE DEMOCRATIC IDEA.

It is inherent in human nature to associate with people of one's own race and to dislike the ways of foreigners. This quality in man's soul is like a dull fire; the writers of newspapers and those having the gift of oratory hold it in their power either to fan this glow into a ravening flame of war or to let it smoulder and almost die out.

Those who stir up race hatred must be hardy of conscience and wholly devoid of imagination or else they would become insane before the visions of mutilated, agonized men, and women deprived of their husbands, and children without fathers of which they have been the prime cause. For the journalist and the public speaker and the modern possessors of the power of life and death. If they say to a people, "Those neighbours of yours beyond the frontier or across the sea are a savage, ferocious race; they are even now preparing to conquer and enslave you," the people believe it and there is war. If they said, "That other people is friendly and only desires your good," they would be believed also and there would be peace.

The public of every country needs educating out of the notion that their country is in some intangible way superior to other countries. Individuals of all nationalities hold fast to this idea, which is harmless in times of undisturbed peace, but which in moments of crisis when cool and impartial judgment is necessary may turn the scale towards war. It is a primal, brute instinct, this hard instinct, without logic or reason or rhyme. No one in any European state can read a sincere, un hypocritical history of his own country without turning from it in disgust as a record of crime and treachery and chicane committed by persons in high places. Yet there are men in every nation who appeal to a "glorious past" (though heaven knows where the glory came in) and hold up for admiration and example heroes whose lives (both private and public) do not bear too close an examination.

The substitution of impartial, *European* history for the national, partizan history which is taught almost universally in schools of the primary and secondary classes would be a great step in the right direction.

Children brought up to regard themselves as Europeans rather than as Britons, Russians or Germans, would be more likely to make pacifist men and women than those who are taught to revere one particular flag and the achievements of one race only while disregarding whatever of greatness or of good is to be found in other races and their history.

The histories of England written for children are especial sinners in this respect. Some deliberately try to give the impression that such wars as those of Marlborough and Napoleon were wars between France and England only, and that such battles as Blenheim and Waterloo were won by armies composed entirely of Englishmen. The student who has access to impartial sources of knowledge and to the works of foreign historians can afford to smile at such naive braggadocio; but it must be remembered that with the average working or business man or woman the educational impressions gained at school remain through life, and that there is seldom time or opportunity for them to be corrected by after reading and reflection. A new type of school history appealing to the intellect rather than to the imagination, to hard facts rather than to patriotism needs to be introduced. It should be made clear that battles are not won by courage or as a result of the men of a

new so-called "Superior" race (hateful expression!) meeting in fair fight with those of an "inferior" race, but by a complex variety of means among which food-supply and ammunition-supply, both governed ultimately by the geographical and economic position of the state to whom the army belongs count for far more than that *morale* which is so much talked of by soldiers who wish to make an impression on civilians, and which, according to the above-mentioned histories, is the sole factor of victory or defeat.

The proportionate parts played by England and her allies in each of their great general European wars should also be taught and the territorial and economic results gained by each ally should be shewn. It will be found in most instances that England's gains were unfair; if it had not been for the assistance of Austria, Russia, the German States and Spain we could never have obtained Egypt, India and Australia all of which were claimed by Napoleon; but the allies received no share of this stupendous booty. Indeed, it was partly through the machinations of England that Spain lost South America in 1818. Spanish colonies had been a closed monopoly; the independent republics were open to British commerce and exploitation; hence the motive. But it was scarcely a generous treatment of our comrades in arms of the peninsular war. Historical teaching of this kind, laying little or no stress upon supposed racial differences but showing rather that the morals of a nation are formed by its geographical situation, economic and strategic, the mineral or agricultural value of its soil, and the rate of increase of its population by which the need for expansion is determined.

A fascinating volume might be written upon the psychology of hate,—that strange madness which from time to time seizes the peoples and which is, as I have said before, sedulously kept alive and fanned by the classes who profit by strife.

It seems clear that the nearer the kinship between two races the more bitter and venomous will be their animosity towards one another should they chance to be drawn into conflict. History is crowded with illustrations of this theory—the family vendettas of mediæval Italy and the clan-wars of Scotland being instances which come readily to mind. There was no possible or conceivable difference in race between the Campbells and MacDonalds, for example, and yet the people of these two clans once hated each other quite as bitterly as the English and the Germans hate each other to-day.

"Our very sins and follies teach
Our kindred, frail and human;
We carp at faults with bitter speech
The while for one unshared by each,
We have a score in common."

Whittier wrote thus about the British and the Americans 50 years ago at the time of the North and South War; the lines apply just as well to the Germans and ourselves at the present hour. There are no two races in Europe possessing more in common than the English and the Germans.

The very name of Saxon of which so many of us are proud is a German name. We talk of an alliance with the U.S.A. as "an Anglo-(Saxon) Alliance." It would be fitter and more true to describe our war with Germany as "an Anglo-Saxon-Civil-War." The Americans of the twentieth century are a composite race having in their blood a strain from almost every country in Europe. There is more real racial affinity between England and Northern Germany than there is between England and the United States. It is even possible to say that there is a greater likeness between the inhabitants of such German provinces as Hanover and Brunswick and the inhabitants of East Anglia and

the Midlands than there is between the East Anglians and the Cornish people or the Welsh.

And, indeed, it is no mere idle fancy that discerns in this conflict something of the character of a civil war. The very extravagance of hate,* the "Gott Strafe England," on the one side and the constant use of meaningless, insulting epithets such as "barbarian" and "Hun" on the other, does it not recall to the mind the bitterness and the ancient rancours of the Stuart period, the taunts of "Roundhead" and "Malignant" flung at one another by the allegiants of Cromwell and Charles I.?

There were many of us who thought that these old hates were dead and that racial differences had in these times no more power than differences of religion to rouse men to mutual slaughter. But clearly that stage of human development lies beyond the horizon of the future, and the dawn thereof is not yet.

Still, even to-day, there is hope.

The International is beaten, but not vanquished utterly. In every nation there is a small minority of men and women who have remained true to their principles in spite of all. It is upon their courage and upon their steadfastness that the future rests. They are makers of history in a greater and a higher sense than are the men fighting on the battlefield. They know this, and are content to submit to persecution now, leaving their cause to the judgment of the unborn ages, to the tribunal of a more enlightened generation of men. And already pacifism has its martyr. Jean Jaures was assassinated in Paris by a fanatical patriot at the outset of the war. But the manner of his death will not be forgotten, nor shall his martyrdom have been in vain. Like Christianity after Calvary and like the principle of religious liberty after the execution of Huss, the cause for which Jaures died will conquer most assuredly. It is for each one of us to do our part to bring the day of triumph near.

* It has been noted by neutral observers in Germany that there is far more animosity of feeling against England than there is against France or Russia. Certainly the majority of English people reciprocate by hating Germany more than they hate Austria-Hungary or Turkey, and this in spite of the disasters at the Dardanelles and in front of Baghdad.

CONCLUDING NOTE.

This is the last chapter of "War and Democracy" to appear in these columns. The author hopes to issue the completed work in book form before the end of the year.

Since the writing of these chapters the publication of the details of the "Baralong" incident has added one more item to the black and bloody record of England's crimes,—the expedition to Ireland under the orders of Cromwell, the treacherous massacre of the MacDonalds at Glencoe, the murder of wounded prisoners by "butcher Cumberland" at Culloden, the bombardment of Copenhagen by the Fleet in a time of peace, the shelling of undefended Finnish villages by that same British fleet 50 years later, and the rest.

But to readers of this journal who know ought of their country's tragic story these outstanding incidents will seem but of a piece with all that they know of the English—a race which is ever the same and whose infamy changes not with the centuries.—MEYRICK CRAMB.

January 5th, 1916

GO TO . . .

MURRAY'S

SHERIFF STREET,

FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS
— AND GROCERIES. —

CORK NOTES.

A few weeks ago we called attention to the fact that a sworn inquiry was demanded by all the members present at a meeting of the Cork Board of Guardians concerning the milk question. The purpose of the inquiry was to find out how and in what way were certain Guardians interested in or benefitting by the contract, a contract which was rushed and illegally signed. We could not understand why some of those gentlemen were so anxious to have their misdeeds exposed and their double dealing laid bare. The secret is out. Our suspicions are justified. The Local Government Board has refused to grant the inquiry. We are not saying they knew what the L.G.B. would do. We do not for a moment ask the public to believe the L.G.B. would try to cloak such conduct. The officials of the British Government in Ireland are above that kind of thing. The Cork Ratepayers' Association are right. That small but gallant and shall we say honest band of thrifties are demanding paid Guardians. For what? If the L.G.B. can flout the opinions of 36 free and independent Guardians what could they not do with three paid ones.

The Cork United Trades and Labour Council evidently mean business. Like all thinking Irishmen, they are beginning to realize the mistake of trusting their interests to any gang of politicians. This war has proved a great eye-opener, and the workers of Cork have learned a lesson they are not likely to forget. The formation of an Independent Labour Party is now assured, and considering the urgent need for labour organisation it is to be hoped all trade and labour bodies will give their earnest support financially and otherwise.

Mr. P. Lynch was unanimously elected President of the Council, and whether we agree with his political opinions in the past or not we can safely say no one can accuse him of want of fealty to the Trade Union movement. We all regret losing the late President, Mr. T. Walsh, who was compelled, through lack of employment, to seek a livelihood in England. The other officers were re-elected unanimously, a compliment richly deserved. Judging by the flourishing condition of the Council's finances, the Executive have work to do to combat the gang who are preaching thrift and hoarding up their ill-got profits, who seem to disregard every law, human and divine, in their crusade of wholesale robbery and who try to justify their actions by stating everybody else is doing the same. What good is our present day education if we permit such conduct? Now is the time for the Labour Party and their friends on the public boards to get the money included in the Estimates. Some of our public buildings require renovating and re-decorating. We will be told the Government has not the money. They said the same about the education grants at a time when they were giving enormous sums for that purpose to England.

Ireland has lost one of her soldier sons in the person of Jeremiah O'Sullivan, whose remains were laid to rest in St. Joseph's Cemetery on Sunday last with full military honours.

The Cork Corps under Captain O'Connell, of Dublin, attended the funeral parade in full strength. Large numbers attended the funeral, and dense crowds thronged the streets to pay a tribute of respect to one who believed in the national emancipation of his country. The Pipers' Band played the "Dead March," and a firing party of the Volunteers fired the last salute. May his soul rest in peace. Others there are to fill his place, but not for a shilling.

The Conferences on Economics opened at the University on Tuesday night. There were two reporters present, but what paper they represented it would be hard to say. Silence is significant as well as golden. Perhaps the workers would know too much. We are informed the

paper read by Professor Smiddy is to be published in pamphlet form. If the same could be done with all the papers which are to be read during the course it would be a great boon for the working classes of Cork. The attendance was very large. There was room for more. Workers specially invited. Tickets of admission can be had on application. For the first time we can say—

Where Finbarr taught
All Munster can learn.

WEXFORD NOTES.

We understand that the old Military Barracks here is being got ready to accommodate John J. Kehoe's soldiers who, as we explained some time ago, is anxious that a band and some soldiers should be brought here to stimulate recruiting. Recruit who might we ask? Wexford town is at present without sufficient men to carry on the various works. As we have asked before, why does not some of John J. Kehoe's three eligible sons go?

Will John J. take any responsibility for the immorality which generally follows in the wake of the military. Will he regret his action when the curses of the mothers of the girls who may be led astray in the near future will fall upon him as they are in other towns where English garrisons are established? We hope the necessity will not arise for a question to be raised such as Councillor Daly raised in the Dublin Corporation about the conduct of soldiers on the quays of Dublin.

Some people say that the advent of soldiers into Wexford will benefit the town financially, but we would prefer the virtue of old to the blood money of England.

Murphy has refused to give any concessions to the girls on strike, and we understand that he is looking for lodgings for girls he is about to bring here. If he does he will have to pay more to them than the girls that are on strike.

The Transport Union here has won still another victory. The wheelers employed by the various merchants having demanded one half-penny increase per ton through their Union have been granted same. This ought to show the value of organisation. Everything was done without any trouble by the secretary, who wrote the men's terms to the employers.

"When Rogues fall out Honest men get their due" is an old saying and a true one. Staples and Richards have been at law about money matters, and it was proved on oath that there was some double dealing with regard to the anthrax cases. We could say more, but we will let the dead rest.

There is yet no sign of the Admiralty sending the cargo boat back, nor is there any sign of John Redmond moving in that direction, although it is in the interest of his beloved Wexford, the stones of whose streets he is alleged to love(?) unless Waterford stands behind with its Clyde Shipping Company Combine.

SLIGO NOTES.

A meeting of the County Sligo Recruiting Committee was held in the Town Hall, Sligo, on Tuesday last, Major C. K. O'Hara, H.M.L., in the chair. There was also present the Mayor of Sligo (Alderman J. Jinks) and several other men of notoriety. The members present welcomed Private McSharry, T.C., and Private Keeley, T.C., who are home on short leave. Private McSharry thanked the members for their kind welcome, and said every man of military age (if they took his advice) should join the Colours. David, bear in mind, all the men in Sligo will pay their bills before they leave.

Private Keeley expressed the belief that the employers generally should only employ men who were unfit for military service. Good man, Peter; you will get to be Station Master when you come back from Cork.

Two members of the Town Tenants' League

—James Young and Michael Harte—were charged at the Borough Court for intimidating a lady who takes milk from a man named Foley who is boycotted. The case stands adjourned until next court day.

TRALEE NOTES.

[BY ROBAL.]

Lack of space prevented us last week from dealing with the meanderings of Mr. Mike Aherne and his latest escapade. At the Tralee R.D. Council meeting this "six feet of gross ignorance" (vide Councillor O'Carroll, Dublin) said he was against the teaching of Irish—there was no bread and butter in it. He also made a lot of interjections in favour of Redmond and said he preferred the "Irish" Party to the Irish Bishops when the latter's opinion on the stoppage of the education grants was mentioned. We are growing tired of all this arrant hypocrisy from individuals such as Aherne who do not practise what they preach. If he wants to prove his loyalty to Redmond why not he follow Redmond's advice and fight for his king and country? He has been prominent at Recruiting meetings at which the farmers were threatened with all kinds of pains and penalties if the Germans came. Aherne is a fine strapping farmer; he should go out and fight. Surely he does not expect to beat the Germans with stones out of his quarry when they arrive?

Tralee U.D.C. have unanimously re-elected their chairman, the one and only Mr. Jerh. M. Slattery. There was quite a lot of praise and self-praise indulged in. Mr. Thos. Kelliher was put forward only to withdraw. His sponsor, Mr. Dennehy, seems to have changed his attitude towards Slattery whom he described as "their worthy chairman" and complimented on his efficiency, also expressing his gladness at knowing that Slattery's elaborate private business was developing and would develop more. There was no mention whatever of Slattery's unjust dismissal of almost a score of his staff on account of their Trades Unionism and National principles from any one of the Councillors, not even from the self-styled "friends of labour." Mr. Kelliher even went so far as to apologise almost for contesting the Chairmanship last year, assuring Mr. Slattery that he had the greatest admiration for him. In his speech of thanks Mr. Slattery said "if he could be of any service to his people in the town he was at their beck and call in these trying times." Of course "his people" did not include his wage slaves and those he turned adrift without any cause during Xmas time. To the accompaniment of Mr. Kelliher's "hear, hear" he announced that the Council was at his back in the recruiting stand he had taken with regard to the war and wound up amidst applause: "They were at one with England in this war and the man who was not prepared to fight for his country was not worthy of having it." Joe Slattery and the Chairman's other sons of military age and fitness as well as D. J. Reidy, J. Savage, Tom O'Donnell, Michael Aherne, etc., please note. Obey that impulse now! No shirking!!

At a recent U.D.C. meeting it was stated there was a loss on the sale of coke owing to the low price charged for it to the poor. But do the poor solely get it? A load of coke passing through the streets at a late hour is not an uncommon sight. A cart with J. M. Slattery's name on it was seen outside a railway house at the far side of the Edward Street Railway crossing quite lately. Passers by wondered why the occupant—an employee and shareholder in the G. S. W. R.—should be having delivered a load of bacon. One inquisitive cyclist got off his bike and felt the bags only to find they contained coke. No doubt the consignee was a friend of the Slatterys and must have been getting a supply in before the

contemplated rise in the price comes off. What have our U.D.C.'s to say to this?

We understand a "lady" member of the Drapers' Assistants' Association has been expelled for "trading with the enemy" (the Warehouse.) This looks like business, but what about the Assistants who are united in the bonds of brotherhood with Blackleg Bill Sullivan in the notorious Board of Erin. The same remark applies to Blacklegs Nagle and Fitzgerald of the Liberal Registration Club. If they are not fit to associate with on the Dance Committee, neither should they be associated with in the Club, and Clubmen should, without doubt, have been expelled. Blacklegs should not be allowed in any respectable society.

KILLARNEY NOTES.

Has the local Distress Committee ceased to exist, and if not, perhaps they might tell the public, what has happened the grant they got for the improvement of the streets of the town last year, and why it was not expended? Perhaps they have it invested in the War Loan, but all such things are put aside for the present, the Chairman, Mr. Eugene O'Sullivan, ex-M.P., being too busy over the election of Town Clerk. I believe he is now rather disappointed that the Clerk has suddenly withdrawn his resignation. Hard luck, Eugie, after all the trouble you went to to have your nomination "Let." And yet this gentleman had the presumption to stand up in public and say he never yet voted for an increase of wages to a workingman, but perhaps he thinks that the workers will forget. Repent, Pray, as soon as possible, and start to pay your own employes—I mean the men of the Killarney Mineral Water Factory, a living wage.

What has happened Councillor Ahearn's motion re the feeding of the poor, which he had before the Council lately? No doubt, Bill, but as a Philanthropist you take the biscuit!

Already the "dumb" Councillor Shea is out to sneer at the local branch of the Irish Transport Union. Considering the short time you have to live as an Urban Councillor, I think we will treat you with contempt for the present, but I warn you to be prepared for the "worst" on the 15th January, 1917. LOUGH LEIN.

DUBLIN SADDLERS' AND HARNESS MAKERS' SOCIETY.

Secretary, Transport Union.

DEAR SIR,—

I am directed by the above society to notify you that Messrs. Smith, Saddlers, Marlborough Street, are not now on our list of fair employers, and that six men formerly employed there are now on strike. Trusting that the members of your Union who are in any way connected with horses will use their endeavour to get their harness work done only in society houses.

Yours truly,

J. SLEVIN, Secretary.

"DO WE WANT PEACE NOW?"

The debate on the above question between Countess Markievicz and Mr. Francis Sheehy-Skeffington will take place on February 18th, in the Foresters' Hall, Parnell Square. Mr. Skeffington takes the affirmative side in the debate, and Madame Markievicz the negative. The audience will be afforded an opportunity to take part in the debate after the principals. Further details next week.

ESTABLISHED 1852.

FOR RELIABLE PROVISIONS!
LEIGHS, OF BISHOP STREET
STILL LEADS.

HIGH FINANCE?

After the outbreak of the present war, in a fever of fervent Patriotism, the Dublin Port and Docks Board disposed of a large amount of Foreign Securities, and with the money thus realised purchased War Loan Stock. Quite recently the captains of industry who control this Board were forced to sell their War Loan Stock for the same reason that a common mortal pawns his shirt. And Councillor Partridge's efforts to obtain the exact figure representing the loss sustained through the above transaction did not succeed. Evidently the War Loan is not regarded by even their Board as gilt edge security (however "guilt" edge it may be) as will be observed from the following extract taken from the Report of the Finance Committee's Minutes of the 19th January, since adopted by the Board:

"Recommend that £4,000 be invested in Exchequer Bonds, and the balance, after payment of Bonds falling due, to be placed on deposit. Insurance account of balance of £1,000 to be invested as above. 'C. H. D. Workmen's Insurance Account,' £35 10s. 4d., to be invested in War Loan 4½ per cent."

Is the Patriotism(?) of the Board declining that only £35 10s. 4d. is now invested in War Loan and the other £5,000 is not, or is it the Board's idea that the workman should not only have to fight in the war but they must also provide the money to prolong the slaughter. The present financial condition of the Dublin Port and Docks Board indicates what would be the true condition of many business concerns in the city if their alleged Heads were not supported by the brains of their despised employes. A Committee of members who are as yet without titles was quite recently formed to consider the question of the manufacture of munitions at the Board's Works. Although Sir John Griffiths, the past Engineer of the Board, declared that the works were suited for such operations, and were needed to execute the work of the Port. But Sir John is not a munitions expert like Phil Hynes, the ex-publican of Kingstown, who is now at Kingsbridge Munition Factory as instructor, and besides Sir John has already got a title.

SWEDEN AND AMERICA.

Since our Government seems to be either unable or unwilling to protect American mails in transit to foreign countries, we should perhaps be glad that one of these countries has the courage to protect our mails for us.

British cruisers having overhauled, searched and taken from Swedish ships American mail matter intended for Sweden, that brave little country has promptly retaliated by stopping British mails in transit across Sweden to Russia. Sweden has also notified England that British mails will be held up until American mails are given free voyage to Sweden.

It is humiliating to think that the sea rights of a nation of 100,000,000 population have to be maintained by a nation of 5,000,000 population. But we are getting used to humiliations at the hands of the British Admiralty. And we suppose that we ought to be thankful that the Swedish Government affords our postal communications the protection which our own Department of State does not.

Take it all in all, we certainly have cut a contemptible figure in the world under the pusillanimous and partisan foreign policy of the present Administration.

New York Evening Journal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BRIAN FAGAN.—The fact that it was published in a local contemporary so recently makes it undesirable that we should republish it now.

PROGRAMME OF LABOUR.—A criticism of this article is held over till next week.

"VINDICATED."

Parnell, speaking at Limerick in November, 1880, on the occasion of his receiving the Freedom of that city, foretold the corruption and demoralisation which a prolonged stay at Westminster would effect in the ranks of the Parliamentary Party in the following memorable words:

"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."

Parnell saw his prophecy partly realised before his death. It was reserved, however, for our day to witness how deep that demoralisation could become. Formerly "the Party" justified its acts in Parliament and its policy generally by pointing to the approval of the country as shown in votes of confidence.

Later, when such "votes of confidence" showed no signs of their forthcoming, spontaneously it was considered advisable to have same manufactured by the wirepulling of the Party's henchmen.

Now, however, all such pretence is thrown to the winds, and we behold "the party" openly and shamelessly boasting of its political prostitution, while at the same time displaying its utter contempt for the opinions of its dupes by declaring by way of justification that its policy has the approval of "the common enemy."

The Sham Squire's organ of the 21st inst., in a leading article dealing with "the party" and its policy relative to the Conscription Question, stated:

"Mr. Bonar Law vindicated the position of Nationalist leaders and of the overwhelming majority of the Irish people in support of the War."

Could there be a more convincing proof of the realisation of Parnell's prophecy?

BARR AN CNUIC.

LIBERTY HALL
SUNDAY, 6th FEBRUARY, at 8 p.m.

THE IRISH WORKERS' DRAMATIC COMPANY
will produce

The Irish Play "UNCLE PAT"
FOLLOWED BY FIRST-CLASS CONCERT
ADMISSION - THREEPENCE.

THE RED HAND SHIRT
Made on the premises, in all sizes and patterns,
Better Value than any Shirt in Dublin.
Price 2/6

To be had only at
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FIRST-AID ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

How to save a comrade's life on the battlefield should be part of every soldiers' training. Many a poor fellow has bled to death because those around him did not know the first simple rules of First Aid.

If the blood is of a bright scarlet colour you will know that an artery has been severed, and that there is no time to be lost in stopping the flow.

If the wound is not very deep the blood will spurt out in jets, keeping time with the pulse and the beating of the heart.

Arterial bleeding is generally stopped by pressure.

Pressure is applied on the bleeding spot itself for small wounds.

For large wounds the pressure must be applied on what is called the pressure point. That may be described as the most convenient spot to tackle on the artery between the wound and the heart.

Hæmorrhage from Wounds in the Head and Neck.—Hæmorrhage from wounds to the back of the head may be stopped by digital pressure, i.e., pressure with the thumb or finger, till the P. and Bandage are securely in place. The pressure point is rather difficult to find; it is situated four fingers breadth behind the ear. You will feel the artery beating with your finger; press on the spot and the bleeding will cease. For head wounds it is often sufficient to apply pad to wound and bandage firmly round head.

Hæmorrhage from the scalp or forehead can be stopped by placing a small firm pad on the wound, and fixing it in its place by a bandage. Place the centre of the bandage on the pad, pass the two ends of the bandage round the head and tie them tightly over the pad.

Hæmorrhage from the temple may be stopped by pressing the pressure point just in front of them.

Hæmorrhage from the face below the eyes may be stopped by holding the thumb on the pressure point situated on the bone a finger breadth in front of the angle of the jaw. If this is not successful you must put your finger or thumb inside the mouth and grasp the wounded lip or cheek firmly from the inside and outside.

If the artery in the throat is severed, as in a "cut throat," you will find it very difficult to handle. You must press the artery backwards against the backbone at the level of Adam's apple with your thumb. Take great care not to press on the windpipe or you will throttle your patient. It may be necessary to apply pressure with your other hand to the top end of the artery in this case, or to the end of the jugular vein if that is also pierced. This is done by placing one hand above the other and with your other thumb pressing artery and vein against the back bone just above the wounded spot, in precisely the same way as you are doing below it. This pressure must be kept up till the doctor arrives, and you will require relays of assistants. Great care must be taken when your assistant takes your place not to relax the pressure. He should place his thumbs over yours, and you must then slip yours away very carefully from under his.

Hæmorrhage from Wounds in the Upper Limbs.—For hæmorrhage from wounds in the arm you can apply pressure at several points.

You will have to use your own judgment and common sense. As a general rule when you have compressed the artery it is best to apply pressure as near to the bleeding spot as possible. Feel the pulse at the wrist, and when it stops you will know that the artery is properly compressed.

From the root of the neck the artery passes under the collar bone into the armpit and down the arm. You will find the first pressure point in the hollow behind the collar bone. Stand opposite the patient, using your right hand for the patient's left side, and vice versa. Bare the neck, place the patient's arm against his side, and make him lean his head over towards the wounded side. Grasp the top of the shoulder, your fingers behind, your thumb above the centre of the collar bone.

Press your thumb downwards and backwards between the muscles till you are able to press the artery against the first rib. This must be held till the arm is bandaged, or the doctor comes and releases you.

The next pressure point is in the armpit. You will feel the artery pulsating if you press your fingers in firmly. It is very difficult to apply pressure here, especially if the patient is fat, and digital pressure is not often satisfactory.

Roll up a hard pad, about the size of a billiard ball, and be sure you get it high enough up into armpit. Place the center of your bandage on the pad, cross the bandage on the top of the shoulder, then bring the two ends down across the chest and back and tie tightly under the other arm. Do not allow the arm to hang straight down, but bend it across the body and hold it there with a broad bandage passed around the body.

The artery now runs down on the inside of the arm. Roughly speaking, it follows the line of the inside seam of the coat sleeve.

Make the patient hold his arm out straight, at right angles to the body. Stand behind the limb. You may pass your hand either over or under the arm about half way between the elbow and shoulder. Press the artery firmly against the bone with your fingers. But it is usually more satisfactory to put on a tourniquet. Make a pad about the size of a hazel nut, with a stone or something hard inside. Place the pad on the pressure point. The centre of the bandage must be placed over the pad, the two ends passed round the arm and tied in a half knot to hold the pad in place. Then lay a small stick across the half knot, and tie another half knot over the stick. Turn the stick slowly till it lies parallel with the arm; then tie the stick to the arm at each end with two other ties.

The next pressure point is at the bend of the elbow. This you can compress by flexion. Roll up the shirt sleeve to form a pad. Bend the arm up to the shoulder. Place the centre of the bandage against the back of the arm, pass it once round the arm, cross it in between the arm and forearm, pass it over the forearm and back round both arm and forearm, and tie firmly with a reef knot.

Just below the elbow the artery divides in two, and you will find the two pressure points about one inch above the wrist one half an inch from the outer, the other half an inch from the inner side of the front of the forearm.

Half a cork should be placed in each pad, and the pad laid on the wrist with the rounded side of the cork next the arm, and the bandage bound firmly over it.

It is very difficult to arrest hæmorrhage in the palm of the hand. The arteries run in an arch called the Palmer Arch. You must make a graduated compress of ten or twelve pieces of lint, place it with the point in the centre of the hand, and make the patient grasp it firmly. Lay the back of the patient's hand in the centre of a triangular bandage, bring down the point over the knuckles and wrist, bind the two ends tightly round the wrist over the point and round the hand, knuckles and fingers. Tie the two

ends firmly together and bring up the point and pin it over the knuckles.

Hæmorrhage from Wounds in the Lower Limbs.—If the artery is severed high up on the leg the patient is in immediate danger of bleeding to death, and no time must be wasted in removing the trousers. The pressure point is in the middle of the fold of the thigh.

Lay the patient on his back and raise his leg up high. Put one thumb above the other on the pressure point, and press the artery against the thigh bone. You will have to have relays of helpers here, as on no account must pressure be relaxed till the doctor comes. Great care must be taken by each fresh assistant to slip his thumb neatly over that of his predecessor, so as not to allow the blood to gush out.

The artery now passes down from the centre of the thigh to the inside of the knee. Here you can use a Tourniquet. The pad should be about the size of a tennis ball. Place the pad as close to the body as possible, leaving only enough room to pass the bandage round the leg, and fix as before described.

The next spot that pressure can be applied to the artery is in the hollow under the knee. This is treated similarly to the artery on the inside of the elbow. Either use a pad or roll up the leg of the trousers to form one. Bend the knee, and keep the limb in position by a bandage passed round the thigh, crossed, and then passed round the shin and tied firmly with a reef knot.

Hæmorrhage from a wound in the foot may be stopped at two pressure points, one low down a trifle on the outside of the front of the ankle; the other on the inner side of the heel.

You can use either digital pressure or pads and bandages. The centre of the bandage is placed at the back of the heel, bring it round and cross it over the instep, pass the ends under the sole of the foot and cross it again on the instep, bring it up behind the ankle and tie it. It will be in the form of a figure of 8.

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650/50/2/202 (11)

HONESTY

An Outspoken Scrap of Paper.

Edited by **GILBERT GALBRAITH.**

VOL. I. No. 17.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1916

ONE HALFPENNY

"HONESTY."

PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY.

All communications and remittances to **GILBERT GALBRAITH**, c/o. Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin.

Terms of Subscription—13 weeks, 1/1 ; 26 weeks, 2/2 ; 52 weeks, 4/4.

THE PRIVILEGES OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Not so very long ago Dublin's evening green paper for green people descanted at some length on the want of interest and "patriotism" displayed by young Irishmen who preferred emigrating to fighting for the British Empire, and in the course of its comment went on to say that such persons, if they did succeed in leaving the country, should not be allowed to return when the war was over, and should thus be made to forfeit their claim to the rights and privileges of the British Constitution. Let us hope that the poor slum dwellers of Dublin will not fail to appreciate their real good fortune in not having the ways and means to escape from the blessed auspices of a constitution which, in the noonday of the twentieth century, bestows upon them the privilege of living like vermin in a rotten cheese. Let us hope that the Irish people, as a whole, are truly thankful for the privilege of been almost taxed out of existence by this heaven-sent Constitution of many privileges.

At this moment there are two Irishmen in Cork prison enjoying the privileges of British Constitution at the instance of "the competent military authority" that is now dragooning Irish public opinion, without as much as a solitary

protest from "Ireland's army and navy on the floor of the House." Neither Mr. MacSweeney nor Mr. Kent were informed of the nature of the charges made against them; and when Mr. L. Ginnell, one of the very few freelances at present in the British Parliament, asked for what cause they were arrested, or what charge was to be made against them, and why they were not told when they were asked what it was, "the competent authority," who stands at the head of British-made "law and order" in Ireland, curtly told the mere Irish member that the prisoners knew the charge well enough. So much for the precious privileges of the Constitution in Ireland. In England, the Northcliffe party has bullied a backboneless Liberal Government out of the realm of English party politics, and it has kicked the Coalition Government along the path mapped out at a small caucus meeting held at the Carlton Club. Both the caucus and the Northcliffe papers have been denounced as "wreckers of the Constitution"; but the Constitution and those at present responsible for its preservation never thinks of locking up the Northcliffes. With arrogant audacity these British war lords called out in Monday's "Daily Dispatch" for the arrest of every man and woman daring to hold an opinion contrary to what is expounded by the "Associated Newspapers, Limited"; and at the same time other organs of the vendetta accused the Government of every kind of blundering and incompetence, but the "privileges of the Constitution" are not withdrawn. When a question was asked in the British Parliament on Wednesday night as to why the same Constitution differentiated in the treatment of the organ of the I.L.P. and those of the Northcliffes, an evasive answer was given. Whereupon a Mr. Pringle told the Government that the real reason was because they dare not suppress anything with which Lord Northcliffe was connected. In

England the "privileges of the Constitution" hold good, at least, if the opponents of the Constitution are of the "classes," and in "keeping" the "masses" in their places a semblance of the Constitution is kept up. In Ireland, where our Constitution has been suspended, and where we are held on to the "predominant partner" by force of her bullets and bayonets, the British Constitution throttles and claps into prison every man attempting to exercise the right of expressing the thing he thinks; but the green reptile of Abbey Street, assuaged by the argument of fat recruiting advertisements, it sees nothing but privileges in the British Constitution that governs Ireland to-day.

J. K. W.

A PLOT THAT FAILED.

We wonder does the country fully realise the crafty cunning way in which Mr. John Redmond tried to trap the Volunteer movement for the services of England. Mr. Redmond is very hard pressed for instances to justify him as the friend of all parties in the Coalition Government as well as being the foremost friend and defender of Ireland. However, truth, like murder, will out.

Speaking on the Conscription Bill, in stating his "first he would and then he wouldn't" policy, he went on to say that he had pointed out to the Government that Ireland never had the Territorial Army system in force, or the Registration Act, or the Derby recruiting scheme, and then he went on to castigate British apathy thus: "From the very first day of the war I urged that there should be enlistment in Ireland for home defence on similar lines to the Territorial system. If that had been done immediately then in the course of a few weeks they would have obtained tens of thousands of men. They would have been able to release the regular men of the Army from defence work, and before long 75 per cent. of the men would have volunteered for active service abroad. But that was refused and from that day to this I have been unable to carry my view into effect." Poor Mr. Redmond! He came to his own and his own received him not. Just after the outbreak of the war we read in our morning and evening papers "Messrs. Redmond and Devlin visits the War Office." "Mr. Redmond and Lord Kitchener had a long conversation," etc., etc. Now Mr. Redmond confesses in very candid fashion that in relation to Ireland he disapproved of the open methods of recruiting which the English Government employed for the procuring of men. The crafty "Nationalist leader" favoured sinister methods. "Get them in as sworn British soldiers for home defence, if you will, and the remainder of the business will be easy enough" seemed to be his policy. To give credit where credit is due, Eng-

land preferred to appeal openly to men to enlist for foreign service in place of hoodwinking them into a false position such as Mr. Redmond insisted upon.

PAT TOOMEY.

"BOUNDER BOTTOMLEY."

THE MAN AND HIS WORK.

Coming up to the city the other morning by rail, there was some conversation about the war and the prospects of the British Empire when the "settling day" arrives.

"Personally, I don't want any stronger evidence of how hard this Empire of ours has been hit than I see in the fact of gentlemen and Cabinet Ministers having to requisition the services of and associate with Horatio Bottomley," said a Cork Stockbroker.

"Oh, Horatio, is it?" said an English Lieutenant, on his way to Newbridge.

"And it is the limit," rejoined the man of stock and share concerns.

"You know, in England, Horatio is generally referred to as 'Bounder Bottomley,' and I know of no other man whose personality is so expressively summed up in an alliterative phrase," said a semi-military gentleman, who had been supervising or inspecting the erecting of some military huts around Cork and Tipperary.

The party then proceeded to discuss Horatio's past, present and probable future, and strange were the things that I learned regarding "the most popular and effective of England's recruiting officers." Now, I know that to call a man a "bounder" is not a nice way to refer to him, and I know that when Mr. T. W. Russell—who is now the pet and spoiled child of the Irish Parliamentary Party—called the Irish priests "bounders in broadcloth," and "Ireland's black militia," during his anti-Home Rule campaign through England in 1886 and 1887, that he did not mean to be in the least complimentary to the gentlemen whom he has since used with good effect to serve his various purposes in more ways than one.

From what I learned from my travelling companions, Horatio is, indeed, a bit of a "nut," and as he grew from boy to man he further qualified to deserve the title of "Bounder." This typical John Bull of the bounder brand had one strong defender in the company, and it was well to have him there, for his interruptions and questions only helped to develop the picture.

The Cork critic may have had a personal prejudice against Bottomley—burned children are not fond of fires—but he gave chapter and verse for all his statements, thus:

"In the year 1909, a man named Murray was

HONESTY.

3

defrauded by Horatio, and by way of reprisal for the injury done him, he sued Bottomley, M.P., and The John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd., for rescission of a contract to take 1,000 shares in the defendant company; or, in the alternative, damages on the ground that the contract was induced by fraud. The hearing of this action began on the 25th March, in the year just stated, before Mr. Justice Laurance, and a special jury, in the King's Bench Division of the London Law Courts. Sir J. A. Simon, K.C. (who has just disagreed with the conscription policy and withdrawn from the English Home Secretaryship) represented the plaintiff. Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C. ("galloper") appeared for the defendant company, and Horatio defended himself. A long and patient investigation followed, but eventually a verdict was returned for the plaintiff, the jury having answered the following questions:

Q.—Did Mr. Bottomley, on the 21st February, make any of the fraudulent representations or concealments alleged to the plaintiff?

A.—The jury find that Mr. Bottomley made on the 21st February intentional misrepresentations.

Q.—Was the plaintiff thereby induced to buy John Bull Investment Trust and Agency shares?

A.—The plaintiff was thereby induced to buy John Bull Investment Trust and Agency shares.

Q.—Did Mr. Bottomley, on 27th February, make any of the fraudulent representations or concealments alleged to the plaintiff?

A.—On 27th February Mr. Bottomley made representations.

Mr. Justice Lawson pointed out to the jury that their findings did not cover the whole of the questions left to them. In question four there was fraudulent misrepresentation. The foreman said that their finding was intended to cover the words fraudulent misrepresentation, within the meaning of the question. On these findings, judgment was entered for the plaintiff against both defendants for £875, and against the defendant, Bottomley, alone, for £936 5s. A stay of execution was granted with a view to an appeal, but Horatio fled from any further light on his contemptible transaction.

"In July, 1911, the late Lord Alverstone, who was then Lord Chief Justice of England, with a special jury, investigated the famous case in which Mrs. Curtis sued Mr. Horatio Bottomley for the recovery of £57,000 for fraudulent misrepresentation. The plaintiff sued as the executrix of her father, Mr. Master, who had died the previous year at the age of 84 years. The old man had been inveigled into share transactions with Mr. Hooley and Mr. Bottomley. In the 'Times' report of the case we read:

"The plaintiff alleged that, since a serious illness in 1904, the deceased man had not been in full possession of his faculties, and, in the

circumstances, she came to the conclusion that the old man had been robbed. She accordingly started proceedings against both Mr. Hooley and the defendant, Bottomley. The Hooley claim was compromised, and the present action was continued against the defendant Bottomley alone, the sum claimed from him amounting to over £57,000. The ground of action alleged was that the defendant persuaded the deceased to buy large numbers of shares in various Bottomley companies by making false and fraudulent representations as to their value—the shares, in fact, being quite worthless in every case."

In spite of the gravity of the charges made against him, and the magnitude of the sum involved, Horatio refused to go into the witness box, and the case ended in a verdict for the plaintiff with a sum of £50,000.

Mr. Bottomley appealed against this verdict, and asked for a new trial; but he only fared worse as he went on, and Lord Justice Moulton, in delivering judgment, went on to say:

"I am stating these things in order to show that the case was against Mr. Bottomley. It was a case of false and fraudulent representations of a very grave kind, followed by an abuse of the confidence obtained on an extraordinary scale. . . . I cannot conceive of any jury coming to any other conclusion than that this company (the John Bull Investment Trust and Agency, Ltd.) was from the first a sham. Every penny that was paid into it is admitted to have gone to Mr. Bottomley."

Lord Justice Buckley, in reviewing the facts of the case, did not conceal his opinions in this delivering himself:

"I mention all that for the purpose of leading up to the last and most dramatic detail of this horrible story. We have got this gentleman involved in these meshes, and then this comes. . . . Now I confess that such a series of transactions as it has been my duty to travel through in detail in this case, I have never seen before. In the course of what has become a somewhat long professional life, I have known many company promoters and many dealers in shares, but I confess I have never seen a transaction which has impressed me more deeply than this one. To say that upon this evidence there was no evidence to go to the jury to find that the intention expressed in the letters of the 9th and 18th of February to benefit Mr. Master was untrue, a fact, fills me with astonishment. It appears to me to be absolutely plain that, on the 9th and 18th February, there was a false and fraudulent statement made by Mr. Bottomley to Mr. Master, which I may summarise in some such words as these: 'I was sorry you have been a loser by me. I want to make it up to you. I am your friend. I can give you an opportunity of recouping your losses, and I will

HONESTY

do so. It seems to me that the transactions which I was detailing show that that was an absolutely false statement, and that Bottomley's intention on the 9th and 18th February was an intention to get money, as he did get money, out of this unfortunate man. I ought to add that it is not in contest that the whole of this £57,000 reached Mr. Bottomley. . . . Mr. Bottomley could have told us all about these transactions, but Mr. Bottomley did not go into the box. Why Mr. Bottomley did not go into the box he knows best. I doubt whether the true enormity of these transactions ever reached the jury."

In applying for an appeal to the House of Lords, Mr. Bottomley was the Bounder out and out; but Lord Justice Buckley knew his man, and thus delivered himself on Horatio's conduct:

"You drive me to say this. At a late stage in the case, for the purpose of endeavouring to escape the observations of the Court on the facts of the case, you said that you withdrew your claim for judgment. I myself was not prepared to allow you to enjoy that immunity. I deliberately went into the facts because I thought it right to do so."

Mr. Bottomley—That is my complaint.

Lord Justice Buckley—So I understand. It was astute."

These, dear reader, are only scraps from what Lord Justice Vaughan Williams described as "revolting gambling transactions" of the man who is to-day one of the "pillars of the Empire." The rottenness and vulgarity of English public life is at once manifest in the prominence which this graduate from the Criminal Courts has now attained.

STATESMANSHIP.

£17,000,000 may be exacted from Ireland by British tax-collectors, but what does that matter. There may be appalling poverty in the towns and cities of Ireland, but it is a matter of no consequence. The one dominating idea overshadowing everything else in the minds of "our Irish Parliamentary statesmen" is the importance of procuring an annual blood levy of 52,000 men to satisfy England's needs in the European shambles. John Cullinan, M.P., who hails from the spot famed in Darby Ryan's "Peeler and the Goat," was speaking the other day at the South Tipperary Recruiting meeting, where he said, among a good many other things, "Their country at present was happy and prosperous," and "he did not think they would have any difficulty in getting the requisite number of young men."

A friend of John Cullinan relates that on the evening of the day on which John came out of Clonmel Jail, he swore a mighty oath, and said: "May I be strangled with my own shirt if I

ever do anything for England but hate her. Do you remember that night at the hotel, John, and poor Tom Walsh of "The Cashel Sentinel"?

KIERAN.

PERPLEXING QUESTIONS

Why some patriotic persons in the Nottingham lace trade should anxiously urge that lace makers should be regarded as munition workers.

Why Mr. A. J. Balfour should be offended and write a blistering epistle to a "Dear Mr. Warwick Brookes," Coalition candidate for Mile End, because a Mr. Billing said that the papers "under Government orders" were suppressing mention of the damage done by German Zeppelin raids in London Why not write to Billing?

Why [Mr. Ernest Anserment, the conductor of a Russian Ballet at New York, should "express the conviction that the music of Wagner and Richard Strauss was primarily responsible for the world war."

Why "The Wicklow People" gives a three column report to a special meeting of the Lever Soap Works Company, and not a line to show why Irish people should support Irish soaps.

Why some people over in Galway should discredit Mr. John Redmond's "Miracle of Ireland" article by pressing people to come into a recruiting conference.

Why "The Wicklow People" in its boom of foreign made soap quotes—

"Be it written
That all I thought
Was for Briton
In deed and thought."

Why Ballaghaderreen, which is so much associated with "a great leader," should "be" in a state of acute regret at the rumoured departure of Head O'Toole."

Why a performance of a mere imitator of one Harry Lauder, of English music hall notoriety, is to be looked to as "a Night of Nights in Sligo." Poor Sligo.

STORIES BY P. H. PEARSE

Mr. W. Tempest of the Dundalgan Press, Dundalk, has just published a new book of short stories in Irish by P. H. Pearse. They are described as "Studies of Iar-Connacht interiors," and include all the short stories written by Mr. Pearse since the publication of his "Iosagán" in 1907. The new volume, which takes its name of "An Mháthair" from the opening story, is published at one shilling net, postage two pence.

Printed for the Proprietor at the Gaelic Press, 30 Upper Liffey Street, Dublin. Trade Union Labour. Irish Paper and Ink.