

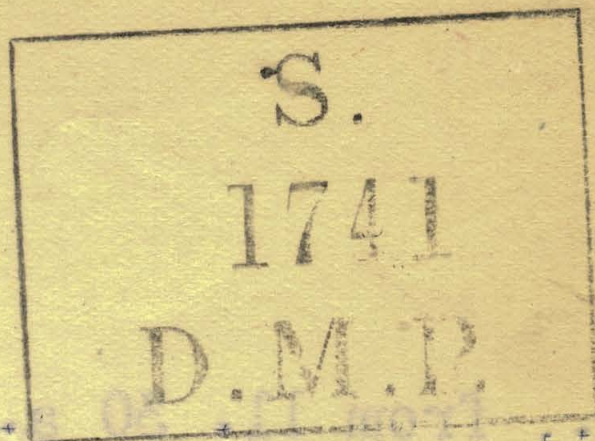


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9573



(1858.) Wt. 5333—66.4000.12/14. A.T. & Co., Ltd.  
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Telegrams: "DAMP, DUBLIN."  
Telephone No. 22.

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 1st. October 1915

*Secret*

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 30th. Ult.,  
the undermentioned extremists were observed  
moving about and associating with each other  
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,  
Major John McBride from 12. 30 to 12. 45 p.m.  
William Sheehan for a few minutes at 7. 30  
p. m. F. Fahy for a quarter of an hour  
Between 7 & 8 p. m. Thomas Byrne for half  
an hour between 9 & 10 p. m. George Irvine  
for twenty minutes from 10. 30 p. m., after  
which Clarke closed his premises for the night,

H. Mellows, passing along Dame St. towards  
College Green between 9 & 10 a. m.

J. J. Walsh and T. J. Clarke in 12 D'Olier  
St.

The Chief Commissioner.

*The Under Secretary*  
*Submitted*

*W. E. Johnstone*

*C. Connolly*

*Under Secretary*  
*Submitted*

*WML*  
*1/10*

*WML*  
*1/10*

*Chief Clerk*  
*WML*  
*2/10*



St., from 11. 30 a. m. to 12 noon.

John McDermott and J. McGarry, together

in Sackville St., between 12 & 1 p. m.

Close on 80 members of the Sinn Fein Vol-

unteers, 14 of whom carried rifles, assembled

at 41, Parnell Sqr., at 8. 30 p. m., and after-

wards went for a route march towards Cabra.

They returned at 10. 15 p. m., and dismissed

without further display.

Attached is a Copy of this week's issue

of The Workers Republic, which with the except-

ion of a few paragraphs, does not appear to

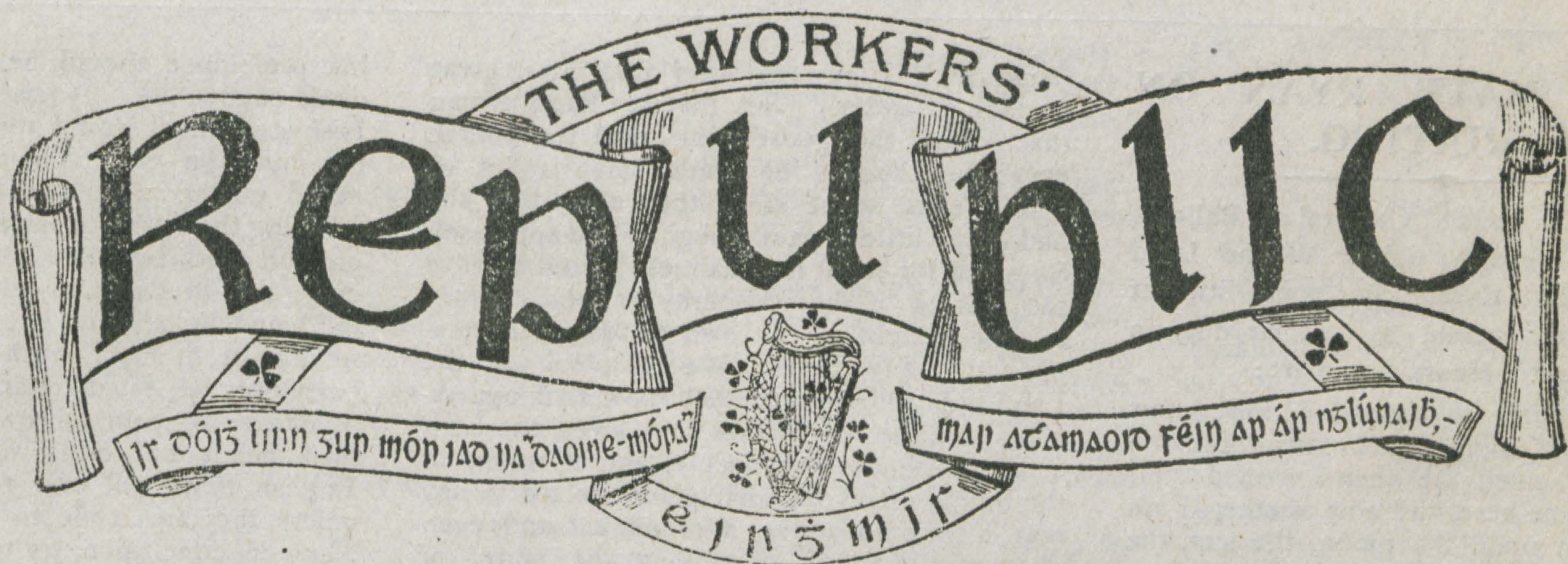
contain anything deserving special attention.

Owen'Brien

Superintendent.



PRICE ONE PENNY.



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

Vol. I., No. 19.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1915.

Weekly.

## Notes on the Front

Now, everyone has a chance to be happy! All we have to do in order to support the Government in its prosecution of the war for Civilisation and Small Nationalities is to continue eating, drinking and smoking as usual.

### THE BUDGET DOES IT.

The poor old mother, worn out by a lifetime of toil amid misery and wretchedness, need no longer weep bitter tears over her inability to help the war against the Huns. The kind British Government comes to her aid, and enables her to contribute to the successful prosecution of the war without moving from her seat in the corner at the fire. Every time her son or grandson, daughter or granddaughter, wish to give her a cup of tea the kind British Government steps in and forbids the Christian act until they have first paid over to that Government a tax to enable it to buy something to kill Germans.

### THE BUDGET DOES IT.

Your mother may be dying for want of a cup of tea to cheer her old age, your child may be in the last agonies of fever or ague, and fainting for a warm drink, your wife may long for a cheering cup to soothe her nerves after a day of trouble and sickness—no matter. The Government will forbid you doing your duty to these sufferers until you first enable it to push on the work of killing Germans—and pay the extra duty on the tea.

### THE BUDGET DOES IT!

Your old father may be passing away and longing for a smoke to ease his last days, but he cannot get a smoke of tobacco until you pay the Government the extra tax to enable it to carry on the war. You may hate the war, and believe it to be a product of hell—conceived in sin, and begotten in iniquity—but pay for it you must before you can get a smoke, or the old father "get a blast of the pipe."

### THE BUDGET DOES IT.

The food of the poor is taxed to pay for the wars of the rich. The tax that will be put upon the working man and woman will be equal to an increase of at least 6/8 in the £ in prices, and on many articles equal to 10/- in the £. This means that the wages of the working class will be reduced one third at least, and in some cases one half.

### THE BUDGET DOES IT.

How can we pay it? Already the working class is staggering under the heavy prices put on all the necessities of life since the beginning of the war; already the war has meant less food on our tables; less clothes on our backs; less coal on our fires; less boots on our own or our children's feet. More taxes on food means more starvation, more nakedness, more wretchedness and general misery. The working

class has seen its best blood driven into the army by the compulsion of hunger and the threat of hunger, now it is to see the miserable relatives of those recruits and reservists, and those defiant ones who refused to be either driven or fooled, alike compelled to pay for the war in hunger and suffering by a tax upon its necessities of life.

### THE BUDGET DOES IT.

Up and down Ireland on every Monday morning there is to be seen outside the Post Office the spectacle of Irish wives and mothers and children standing patiently in line like criminals, waiting for the receipt of the blood money which the British Government allows them in return for the limbs and lives of their husbands, sons or fathers. Some have given the limbs and lives of their nearest and dearest with sorrow and reluctance, some with bitter protests and unavailing tears, a few with willingness and drunken joy, but the Government now reaches out its hand and takes back from all alike half of its blood money by a tax upon the food these poor people must buy in order to live.

The tax upon the food of the poor is equal to an increased tax of fifty per cent. Yet what a howl would go up if it was proposed to tax the rich with a fifty per cent. tax. As it is the increased income tax will still not represent one tenth part of the income of a rich man, whilst the increased prices which will follow the tax on food will undoubtedly mean the loss to the worker of at least one half of his weekly income. In other words, it will soon take One Pound to buy the same necessities of life as could have been bought for ten shillings before the war.

The purchasing power of your wages will be cut in half.

### THE BUDGET DOES IT.

Hurrah for the Budget. I don't think. From the Huddersfield *Worker* we take the following parable written during the American Civil War by America's famous humorist, Artemus Ward. It reads as if it were written yesterday:

#### WILLIAM, A PATRIOT.

#### RE-DEDICATED TO WAR EXPLOITERS.

#### I.

"No, William Barker, you cannot have my daughter's hand in marriage until you are her equal in wealth and social position."

The speaker was a haughty old man of some sixty years, and the person whom he addressed was a fine looking young man of twenty-five.

With a sad aspect the young man withdrew from the stately mansion.

#### II.

Six months later the young man stood in the presence of the haughty old man.

"What! YOU here again" angrily cried the old man.

"Aye, old man," proudly exclaimed William Barker, "I am here, your daughter's equal and yours!"

The old man's lips curled with scorn. A derisive smile lit up his cold features; when, casting upon the marble centre table an enormous roll of dollar greenbacks, William Barker cried:

"See! Look on this wealth. And I've ten-fold more! Listen, old man! You spurned me from your door. But I did not despair. I secured a contract for furnishing the Army of the— with beef—"

"Yes, yes!" eagerly exclaimed the old man.

"—and I bought up all the disabled cavalry horses I could find—"

"I see, I see!" cried the old man. "And good beef they make, too."

"They do! they do! and the profits are immense."

"I should say so!"

"And now, sir, I claim your daughter's fair hand!"

"Boy, she is yours. But hold! Look me in the eye. Throughout all this have you been loyal?"

"To the core!" cried William Barker.

"And," continued the old man, in a voice husky with emotion, "are you in favour of a vigorous prosecution of the war?"

"I am! I am!"

"Then Boy, take her! Maria, child, come hither. Your William claims thee. Be happy, my children! And whatever our lot in life may be, LET US ALL SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT!"

That sounds home-like, does it not? We have a good many jingo patriots here (save the mark) who are making a fortune in the same way, and of course howling for the war as long as it pays them a good thumping profit.

The Americans coined the phrase to describe the Civil War that it was:

A RICH MAN'S WAR BUT A POOR MAN'S FIGHT.

It was a good phrase, terse and descriptive. But are all wars not rich men's wars, in the sense that they are made for the profit of the rich, and poor men's fights in the sense that it is the blood of the poor that is spilt in them all?

But some day the sons of the poor will determine to fight only in their own interest, and against All the Ruling Thieves of Civilisation.

#### And then—

The proud throne shall crumble,  
The diadem shall wave,  
The Tribes of Earth shall humble  
The pride of those who reign.  
And war shall lay its pomp away  
The fame which heroes cherish,  
And glory born in bloody fray  
Shall fade, decay and perish.



## FATHER MATT RYAN ON RECRUITING.

At a great Irish Ireland Carnival at Ballagh, Tipperary, the veteran fighter of the Land War, Father Matt Ryan, gave some straight advice to those present as to their duty in the present crisis. He said in part:

"Now I am here to-day and I don't know for what purpose (laughter). My friend Eamonn O'Dwyer, who helped me when I wanted him, asked me to come here, and now whether I am to address you upon the moon, the sun, the Irish Party, the English Party, the trenches or the Dardanelles (laughter) I do not know. But my services are here at your command. I come here as a recruiting sergeant. Yes I am a recruiting sergeant, but I do not recruit for carnage. I ask no man to put himself in the way of being slaughtered. I am not a recruiting sergeant in that sense. Others have £400 a year and they think it is their business to go recruiting. My mind does not impel me to go as a recruiting sergeant in that sense. I am a man of peace though you call me a General. I am a priest and bear in mind what was the sentiment of the Master of priests and Master of all of us when He said:—'My peace I leave you, My peace I give you,' full of these sentiments of peace which He commanded His followers to observe, I wish all peoples—whether Irish, English, German, French or Turk—should love one another and be disciples of the God of Peace (cheers). I hate carnage and I do not ask you to go mix up with carnage; all the same I am a recruiting sergeant here to-day. All the big Empires now tell us they are fighting for small Nationalities. Do you believe them? (cries of 'No.') I may tell you honestly I don't. What are they but the wreck and ruin of many small Nationalities (cheers). They proclaim to the world that they are fighting for small Nationalities. I also want you to fight for a small Nationality (cheers). You can fight for that small Nationality without bloodshed. You can fight; but all the time I am a man of peace (cheers). You will fight for Ireland by preserving the national spirit to make Ireland sooner or later a self-governing people not undivided or carved to bits, but one whole and entire inseparable—a nation governed by her own wise people with full control on Irish soil (cheers). Until that is done we cannot be a prosperous nation. We are as intelligent as any other nation, yet we do not enjoy the same opportunities. For the past seven hundred years since the villainous renegade—Dermot Mc Murrough—invited over the English to fight and conquer this land, the foreigners are governing Ireland, and why is it if they have such love for small nationalities why is it this country—a small nationality—inhabited by a race so enlightened is not as prosperous as other countries less favoured than ours? Until a few years ago there was eight and a half millions of people in Ireland; to-day our population is only half that. In the meantime how has England gone on? She has doubled her population or about that, her trade has increased tenfold and there is prosperity all round. Why is Ireland not supporting a larger population to-day? Why has she not prospered? Because on account of government by the foreigner who is using us and working this country as a draw farm. To-day these foreigners regret there is not a larger number running to the standard of the Union Jack in Ireland. The English *Times*, the criterion of the English nation once said when Ireland was thinned by famine, by oppression, by emigration, 'the Celt is gone with a vengeance.' Now they would like to have three millions of Irish soldiers to settle the question of the Dardanelles and the trenches in Flanders

(laughter). They are sorry for their great mistake (laughter.) But they are like the man that killed the goose that layed the golden eggs; he thought he would have a lot of golden eggs, so he killed the goose but she had only a little bugaun (laughter and applause). So much for small nationalities. Now we have the making of the prosperity of our country to some extent in our own hands. We complain of many things. We complain of the Landlords who derived their power of oppression from the only nation that loved the Irish small nationality so deeply, and it is one of the things in my life that gladdens me to say that I took an active, a prominent and even dangerous part in destroying the power of Landlordism which for many years sent thousands and thousands out of Ireland to eke out a livelihood in foreign lands. We condemned their cruel evictions. We condemn a man for evicting a family. For the same cause or want of cause should not people be condemned who evict not one family, but so many thousands of families every year? Who are these people who evict thousands of families every year? I say we, the Irish people, are now in the main responsible for that great crime through thoughtlessness, indifference or other cause. We would be doing a great act of practical patriotism if we supported our own industries, buy nothing but home manufactured goods. You are purchasing goods made in Germany, England and elsewhere helping to maintain the working man of these countries; you are sending out millions of pounds every year to make foreign homes happy and comfortable which could be kept within the shores of Ireland and produce great results on the prosperity and happiness of the country. You go into the shopkeeper and don't care what matches you buy; some buy 'take me up' (laughter): some buy the Imperial twist tobacco. I don't say all are guilty of this crime in Ireland; but the fact cannot be denied there are millions of money sent out of Ireland every year for foreign goods and it is we, the foolish Irish people, who are now evicting thirty or forty thousand of our population every year. That is my charge against my fellow-countrymen and women, and women are more to blame than men. Buy nothing but the home-made article; keep the bone and sinew at home and after a time, please God, our country will improve. Our members of Parliament could have done a great deal more for our country when they held the balance of power. Now they have no influence worth talking of; Whig or Tory are combined; they are in power; Carson is in the Cabinet holding the reins of power over his opponents. But Carson is a wise man and knows how to play his game and I don't blame him. This country is overtaxed; a niggardly allowance is given to education; they would keep the people ignorant if they could conveniently do so. Compared with Scottish and English education grants our primary education is receiving a paltry sum and this is how we are treated with 103 members in Parliament. What were they doing all these years? Take my advice. Buy Irish goods only, and if the shopkeeper does not give you them—say good day sir, and walk away. I remember once in Limerick—about 33 years ago, long before the Gaelic League and the Irish Ireland movement—I walked into a certain shop. I wanted a suit of clothes as I do now—my best are on me (laughter.) Anyhow I said to this Limerick man—'I want a suit of clothes, sir, have you any Blarney serge?' 'No, sir,' said he. 'Have you any serge made in Ireland, sir?' 'No sir,' said he. 'Good day, sir,' said I walking out the door (laughter). You can treat the shopkeeper that fails to stock the home made article in that way, and if he has not what you require of Irish manufacture say to him 'Good day, sir.' By all means purchase what is suitable and valuable,

but preference should be given to the home-made commodity. If possible buy nothing but Irish stuff, but I would advise you don't spend too much on the home-manufactured article called porter. Spend a half hour every day studying the Irish language. be determined to urge on our members of Parliament to do their duty, not to stand by while Ireland is overburdened by taxation, not to be tools of any section, or of any English Party. No English party ever respected Ireland unless they stood in danger of being thrown out on the top of their heads by voting against them, and no English Party will ever respect an Irish Party unless they are made to fear an Irish Party. Then in conclusion, try to encourage by purchase, the home-made article; keep the money and the men in the country and the country will prosper and will be a great nation (prolonged applause).

## "SEE THE CONQUERING HEROES COME."

### MARCH ON TO VICTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.  
SIR,—

I formed part of a large crowd in Shaftesbury Square, Belfast, some time ago. We were awaiting the arrival of one of "Carson's Warrior Regiments" coming home for a brief holiday from the great foreign city of Holywood (almost four miles from Belfast). When the "Heroes" appeared, with bugles blaring and banners waving, the vast loyal crowd became absolutely delirious. Enthusiastic cheers rent the air. Hats, sticks, handkerchiefs, etc., were waved. Loud cries were raised. *A certain gentleman in Rome was remembered.* It was really terrific. Why, if the Warriors had captured Berlin and "Orange Billy" they could not have got a better reception.

Yours respectfully,

"VIDE."

## SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

This excellent little book containing the speech made in his own defense by Mr. F. Sheehy-Skeffington should be bought up rapidly, as it will become more increasingly valuable as time goes on.

The speech is a quiet, well-reasoned, yet fearless statement of the position of Ireland, and hence of the rights of Irishmen and women in the war.

Can be had at 31 Eden Quay, or at any respectable newsagent. Price One Penny.

Remember. All Members of the Citizen Army who are in earnest will attend General Muster on Sunday in Liberty Hall. One p.m.

IF you have not the ready money convenient here is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on

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## THE FOLLY OF TRUST.

(By X. Y. Z.)

A recent writer in the WORKERS' REPUBLIC raised certain objections to both sides in the present Devil-born War calling upon God to give them Victory, and announcing that their respective causes are each alone right. One certainly wonders why the combatants bring God into it at all as they do not seem at all to believe in Him. At least the English steadily refuse to take any risks in order to fulfil His Commandments.

People who believe in God believe that they may safely take risks for the sake of the Right, and that God will see them through, but this old-time trust has vanished from a world at war. One simple proof will suffice. Offers of Peace have been made to the Allies and rejected. Why? I have before me an English religious journal which obligingly gives us the answer, "Why? Because Peace signed before the Allies had achieved their object would be worse than war itself. It would mean that all our sacrifice hitherto had been squandered without due return. It would mean that Peace itself would only be a patched up, makeshift affair, with the largest possible opening for another even more terrible conflagration. It would mean that in default of being able to punish the disturber of European Peace we were willing to condone his treachery to the comity of nations. It would mean that having set our hand to the plough and looking back, we were found not fit instruments for advancing the Kingdom of God!" "Instruments for advancing the Kingdom of God!" I like the phrase. Contrast it with the following:

"Render to no man evil for evil. If it is possible, as far as in you lieth, be at peace with all men. Avenge not yourselves, beloved, but give place unto wrath; for it is written: Vengeance belongeth unto Me; I will recompense, saith the Lord. But if thine enemy hunger feed him; if he thirst give him drink, for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head. Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good."

The words are seditious, written by one Paul, of Tarsus, who, with his companions, set himself to teach and preach against the express command of his lawful authorities. The two quotations express two utterly different ideals.

First, we have the plain English, common-sense view of Peace. We must crush down our enemies, leaving as few as possible alive. We must take away their possessions. If we do not do these things, unfailingly and inevitably, they will fight against us and destroy us. We must murder or be murdered!

The second view, the view of Paul, who advocated "Peace with all men as far as in you lieth," is totally different.

Here is a possibility of Peace. Take it. Treat your enemies kindly and generously, and leave the rest to God. God will see to it that you are not murdered, that there will be no second war. He will change the heart of your enemies as he changed the heart of the Boers in South Africa! We are told that this is folly. The Germans may land in Ireland and work havoc in the land. We dare not trust them. Fight to protect your families. Do we believe in God? Do we believe that Paul, of Tarsus, was inspired to utter His Will? Then can we not believe that if we seek Peace, believing that we are obeying God, God will Himself protect us and keep us from harm.

Better trust wholly or not at all. Why fear Germany only. May not Spain, Denmark, Japan, Norway, China, or Holland, attack and destroy Ireland! Ought we not to fight to destroy all other countries? Who knows what Greece may be plotting? Dare we trust Sweden? Protect our women!

An ex-Sergeant of the Connaught Rangers was sentenced in January last for a criminal assault on a Dublin child. Why trust Connaught? Why not exterminate its men?

An employee of Messrs. Brown and Nolan's was sentenced in August for a like offence on two little girls.

Why not declare war on all the shops in Nassau Street and shoot all the men there employed? Is it safe for more than one man to be alive on earth at the same time? Nations within the same Empire do not war with each other. Four European Powers can make alliances with each other, bargaining for their mutual advantage.

Why cannot all Powers come to an agreement and abolish war? All could agree to unite against any aggressor. Why is not this done? Simply because it would require trust. Confidence might be betrayed. And just because there is a loophole left for fear. Men will not trust each other. They prefer arms and ships to keep them safe. They refuse to say this thing is right, it is God's will, we will do it, and confidently leave the result in His hands. There are many kinds of courage, and not the least is to obey God and to leave our enemies for Him to deal with!

## AFTER DINNER.

BY UNCLE WALT.

When I have consumed a goodly dinner, I've charity for every sinner upon this mundane stage; I'm full of love for all creation, for folk of every tribe and station, of every sex and age. This life seems finer, nobler, sweeter, to every earnest, zealous eater, just following a meal; the music of the birds seems grander, when he is full of roasted gander, or porterhouse or teal. The skies seem lovelier and bluer, the girls seem niftier and truer, all things are fair to see; there is no sign of grief or sorrow, and any man can come and borrow two bob or more from me. If there's on earth a sour curmudgeon, who views his fellow men with dudgeon, be sure he cannot eat; he does not know the joy of gnawing a slice of switzerkase or chawing the pickled porker's feet. The sour man is, without a question, knocked out by active indigestion, his works won't come across; the pulses of his heart would quicken if he could eat a goose or chicken, or roasted albatross. I dread no ill, I fear no foeman, when I have in my large abdomen eight pounds of sirloin steak; and all the pessimistic bleating must come from fellows to whom eating imparts a stomach ache.

**J. J. WALSH (Of Cork),**

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## AN APPEAL TO GALLANT IRISHMEN.

By "J. J. B."

(With apologies to Shakespeare).

Friends, cranks, and countrymen, lend me your conscience, if you have one; I come to bury Nationality not to revive it. The evil that Irishmen do dies on the battlefields of Flanders or the Dardanelles—the good is oft invested in the Empire. For Asquith is an *honourable* man; so are they all, all *honourable* men. When poor mothers, wives and children have cried for all they hold most dear, Redmond did sing "God Save King Lear." O, men of Ireland, thou hath lost thy reason, and everything thou touchest turns to treason. But yesterday the word of Redmond might have stood against the world, now lies he there, and none can lie so well. If you have blood, prepare to shed it now, to save a bastard Bull Dog, O, bow, bow, this was the most unkindest cut of all—the Kaiser lived, the *dog* it was that died. O, what a fall was there, my countrymen! Thou foremost man of all the Irish Race, I'd rather be a dog, and bay the moon, than lead a Nation into such disgrace. There was a tide in the affairs of Ireland, which, taken at the flood, led on to Freedom; but now, all hope of Freedom having gone, we're happy in a Nation's wrong. For ever, and for ever, never fear, we'll all be loyal to England—and more beer. Rossa, the *last* of all the Irish, fare thee well, we'd gladly go with Redmond down to Hell. *Shakespeare on the Situation.*

"Britons never shall be Slaves," as long as "G—man's lies can save them from their graves, the *Independent* never, never, will retreat unless it see in it a gallant feat. "Rule Britannia" is the *Irish Times* motto, for we must keep the "dirty Irish" in their place, you know! To save her in her peril is England's call, for conscience does make cowards of us all, and she can see at no far distant date her own downfall. Now is the greatness of an Empire's might, bit by bit being blown out of sight; and that *once* proud Navy, Mistress of the *very deep*, should make even Sinn Feiners weep. Now are our papers full of "Victorious Retreats"—Our Russian Ally held-up; no defeats. No matter if our Stop-pressed victories turn into reverses the next minute; we're winning—as a Derby will be a genet! No more shall Germany dare a cross-word say, the *Daily Mail* has two *real victories* to-day! The Germans never did know how to fight, they run away (after us!) and then they bite. Afraid to face us in a bayonet-charge, the Huns surround us and take us in charge. They evacuate some trenches now and then, and when we have them *cleaned-up* they re-capture them again! We are *gaining ground* in Flanders and elsewhere, but some of us don't like being buried over there!

Remember. All Members of the Citizen Army who are in earnest will attend General Muster on Sunday in Liberty Hall. One p.m.

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:: UNDERCLOTHING, ::  
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## THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

EDITED BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

THE "WORKERS' REPUBLIC" will be published weekly, price one penny, and may be had of all respectable newsagents. **ASK FOR IT AND SEE THAT YOU GET IT.**

All communications relating to matter for publication should be addressed to the Editor; all business matter to the Manager.

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, OCTOBER 2, 1915

## OBITUARY.

### J. KEIR-HARDIE, M.P.

By the death of Comrade J. Keir-Hardie Labour has lost one of its most fearless and incorruptible champions, and the world one of its highest minded and purest souls.

It is not easy for us who knew him long and personally to convey to the reader how much of a loss his taking away is to the Labour Movement. We feel it with the keenness of a personal loss.

Keir-Hardie was to the Labour Movement a prophetic anticipation of its own possibilities. He was a worker, with all the limitations from which no worker ever completely escapes, and with potentialities and achievements such as few workers aspire after, but of which each worker may be the embodiment.

Keir-Hardie himself was ever too modest to say, but we who were his comrades often thought, that he was a living proof of the truth of the idea that Labour could furnish in its own ranks all that was needed to achieve its own emancipation. The proof that Labour needed no heaven-sent saviour from the ranks

of other classes. He had been denied the ordinary chances of education, he was sent to earn his living at the age of seven, he had to educate himself in the few hours he could snatch from work and sleep, he was blacklisted by the employers as soon as he gave vent to the voice of Labour in his district, he had to face unemployment and starvation in his early manhood, and when he began to champion politically the rights of his class he found every prostitute journalist in these islands throwing mud at his character, and defaming his associates.

Yet he rose through it all, and above it all, never faltered in the fight, never failed to stand up for truth and justice as he saw it, and as the world will yet see it.

When the vultures of capital descended upon Dublin, resolved to make Dublin the grave of the new unionism, Keir-Hardie was one of the first to take his stand in the gap of danger by our sides. And when many of our friends weakened or were led astray, in the midst of the clamour of reviling tongues, and rising above it, we could always catch the encouraging accents of Keir-Hardie bidding the Dublin fighters to stand fast.

And when the latest great iniquity was being rushed upon the world, and the contending hosts of Europe were being marshalled by their masters for the work of murder, Keir-Hardie stood resolutely for peace and brotherhood among the nations—refusing to sanction the claim of the capitalist class of any nation to be the voice of the best interests of that nation.

May the earth rest lightly over his bosom.

## ARMS FOR IRISH REVOLUTION.

### ASTONISHING CIRCULAR.

American papers to hand report that the following circular is being distributed broadcast by the "Geraldine Club," of 203 East Sixty Seventh St., New York:

"England has decided to enforce Conscription in Ireland, and the Irish people have resolved to resist it. If they must die, they prefer to die defending their rights in Ireland. They refuse to be slaughtered for England's benefit on the battlefields of Europe. American munition factories are now busily engaged in making RIOT SHRAPNEL for the British Government, and large quantities have already been sent over. It is to be used in slaughtering the manhood of Ireland.

"Riot shrapnel is used only on civilians, never by one army against another army. England's purpose is to drench Ireland in blood. Will the Irish-Americans permit it? If they do, the blood of their slaughtered kindred will be on their own heads. The men of Ireland have SOME arms and will sell their lives dearly. But they have not enough. This fund is for the purpose of supplying them.

"Every Irishman worthy of the name will subscribe to it. He that is not FOR Ireland in this supreme hour is AGAINST HER. Inscribe your name on the Roll of Honor. DO IT NOW.

"September 1st, 1915.

"Mr. Michael J. Sinnott is duly authorised by the Geraldine Club to collect subscriptions for the Defense of Ireland Fund.

"P. J. GRIFFIN, President."

## LABOUR VICTORIES IN DUBLIN.

On Friday, September 24th, the boatmen engaged in the discharge of coal boats for a number of Dublin firms came out on strike, demanding an increase of 2d. per ton, or a rate of 9d. per ton instead of the 7d. secured at the time of our advance movement in the spring. All these men are members of the Transport Union.

The movement spread to the men employed ashore, but on Monday morning work was resumed upon the concession to the boatmen of an advance of 1d. per ton, or an 8d. rate, and to the others the concessions as detailed in the following communication to the Press:

The following arrangement arrived at by the Coal Masters' Association has had the effect of putting an end to the strike of coal labourers: The members of the Association say that owing to the increase in the cost of living it has been decided to grant an increase of 2d. per ton over present rates to draymen, 1½d. per ton over present rates to waggonmen, and ½d. per ton per man over present rates to fillers in the yard, and to abolish present war bonus. Firms paying weekly wages to carters and fillers will increase the present war bonus from 2/- to 4/- per week. As a result of this arrangement the men have all returned to work.

If you are a member of the Citizen Army and mean business you will attend General Muster in Liberty Hall, Sunday, at One p.m. If not please hand in your gun.

## MORE TERRORISM.

On Saturday evening, September 25th, as a young man belonging to the Union was standing at the corner of Talbot Street he was approached by a recruiting sergeant who in a most insulting manner told him he ought to be in khaki. As the sergeant was well known to our young man as one of the worst characters in the district—a most notorious scoundrel who in civil life lives upon the earnings of unfortunate women—the answer given was not such as pleased the recruiter. The sergeant then called upon the civil police and demanded the arrest of the young man whom he had insulted. This was done, and now the unfortunate victim is under remand for a week, and his solicitor or relatives cannot learn whether he is to be tried by the military or civil authorities.

How long are we going to tolerate such terrorism?

## A JUDGE WHO "WASN'T FAR OUT."

During the hearing of a case at Dungarvan Quarter Sessions a circus band passed outside the Courthouse playing loudly. "I WILL STOP," said Judge Fitzgerald, "UNTIL THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEERS are PASSED." "That is a CIRCUS BAND, your Honor," exclaimed Mr. Ryan, Solicitor. "Well, I wasn't far out," said his Honor.

## GRAND CONCERT & DRAMA AT LIBERTY HALL, On Sunday Next at 8 p.m.

ADMISSION - - - THREEPENCE.



## LABOUR AND THE BUDGET.

### DUBLIN TRANSPORT WORKERS' PROTEST.

A meeting to "call upon all sections of labour to oppose the attempt of the British Government to heavily tax the food of the people to pay war expenses" was held in Beresford Place on Sunday September 26, under the auspices of the Transport Workers' Union.

Mr. W. O'Brien, who presided, asserted that the lowest paid and sweated would have to pay the same tea tax as the millionaire. The taxes were levied for the purpose of paying the expenses of "everybody's" war, but they denied that it was everybody's war. It was not the worker's war, but the rich man's war—(hear, hear)—the financier's, the diplomat's and that of the shareholders in armament firms, who alone would profit by it. The workers were going to suffer by it, and were apparently to pay for it as well. After paying super-tax, the £100,000 a year man would have £66,000 to spend, or £1,250 a week, an amount which it would take twenty years to earn at £1 2s. 6d. a week. The taxes were imposed for carrying on a war they did not ask for nor did not want. The working classes were already spending their most precious possessions, risking their lives and shedding their blood, and were, in addition, being asked to pay through the nose (applause).

Mr. W. P. Partridge, after describing Mr. James Larkin's efforts as wasted, men leaving the union except when they wanted something, asked if they had not a party in parliament and Mr. John E. Redmond (booing.) Ireland could be betrayed and the Irish people sold, but it would be an act of treachery to protest; but the moment the tax on beer was threatened, the supporters of the Irish Party were prepared to pull down Mr. Redmond, showing that the party existed, not for the benefit of Ireland, but for the benefit of the publicans; it was the publicans' porter party (hear, hear.) He did not hear of the candidates for the Harbour Division speaking about taxation, and neither was the friend of the working classes (cheers.) The poorly fed child and starving woman who lived on tea and bread were the people who were taxed to pay for the war. That was why some of them did not care for the Germans or the devil. He believed the Government would tax the air before they had done. To make their protest felt they must organise and come into their unions.

Mr. Thomas Lawlor said that there was a good old saying that those who called the tune should pay the piper. They had not been consulted about the tune, but had to pay the piper. It was time that a protest should make itself felt in every constituency throughout Ireland. The commodities most consumed by the poorest classes were now taxes to pay the price of the gigantic European struggle. They found the children with red eyes and blue cheeks instead of blue eyes and red cheeks. The great British Government, which made the great boast that they could beat the world—(laughter)—was the first to tax the most unfortunate to pay the price of a war about which they were never consulted. The food of the working class had been taxed, but not beer. There was a strong reason. They were told by some they were not to have conscription, but there was conscription to-day in the industrial classes. The reason food was to be taxed was to compel them to join in order to get separation allowances to live, and beer was not taxed in order that they might not know what they were doing (cheers). There was a strong necessity for a vigorous protest against the taxation. Wages had gone down, prices had gone up, and the children must suffer.

Miss Molony, of the Women Workers' Union, said that the task of feeding a family on a small wage rested with the woman of the house. Although bread and butter had not been taxed by the Government, their prices had been raised by demands for the Army, and £1 a week would not buy half the amount of food it would two years ago. The Government enticed their men by lying posters to be soldiers, and offered them 12/6 a week instead of a man worth 25/- a week, and from the 12/6 about 6/- was filched in taxes. The Government expected them to be loyal and advise their men to go into the Army, which no Irish woman with any sense in her would do. They were asked to remember Belgium, but let them remember Ireland and Irishwomen first. The remedy would come to their minds in their own time. Miss Molony advised her hearers to boycott or reduce the consumption of taxed articles, and frustrate also the tax on the flesh and blood of their own men (cheers.)

Mr. P. T. Daly, in a humorous and sarcastic speech, asked for justice for Mr. Redmond and his colleagues, who were too busy considering "our" possessions in India and Egypt and all the world to be Little Irelanders. Mr. Redmond—(booing)—had evidently no time to consider Ireland. While the man from Corporation St., had the honour of paying 4d. a pound more for his tea, he knew that Mr. Redmond was guarding "our" possessions in Ireland and the devil knows where. Not having the Imperial mind, the speaker was surprised to hear Miss Molony talk about the men who had gone to the war. They were fighting for freedom, for small nationalities, and religion—whatever religion it was. (Laughter.) Whilst the income tax had been raised 40 per cent., Mr. Asquith, a week after Home Rule was to have become operative, placed a tax of 50 per cent. on the food of the poor, "the free gift of a free people"—(laughter)—without a "by your leave." Mr. Redmond was brought to heel by the publicans and licensed vintners, and there was a lesson in that for them. (Cheers.)

Mr. James Connolly, remarked that before they were asked to pay the blood tax of the war it was surely right that the Irish race should have been asked to consent to waging war at all. Their representatives should have come to Ireland and laid before them a full and accurate statement of what led to it. Why were they asked to make war upon the German people, and believe that the Germans were their natural enemies—that it was a high and holy and righteous thing and pleasing in the sight of God that they should arm themselves and go out to slaughter men who never did them any harm—(hear, hear)—brothers of theirs in toil and labour, to kill them to manure their soil with their corpses, and offer up their own lives in the attempt to do so (cheers).

Some had said that Labour should send a candidate forward in the Harbour Division as a protest against this Budget. Who cared about such a protest and what should it avail? One man's voice against that of 600 and more in the great House of Thieves in Westminster. He could tell them a more effective way of protesting. In the time of war Labour was weak politically, but strong industrially. Let them protest where they were strong. The Government was a rich man's Government, the Employers controlled it in their own interest. Then let them tell the employers that every increase of taxation upon the necessities of life must mean an increase of wages, and when the employers learned that then they would bring pressure to bear upon the Government to reduce the taxes upon the food of the poor. More taxes must mean more wages.

They were prepared to fight industrially or any other way that became necessary (cheers).

## IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

On Next Sunday Evening, the second Concert of the season will be held, and we hope it will be as well supported as the last.

New Artistes have been secured, and New Songs and Choruses arranged. "Spreading the News," by Lady Gregory, will be presented, and a good night's amusement is certain.

The usual activities of the Union are progressing favourably. The Cooking and Ambulance Classes have been well attended, Dr. Lynn has been well pleased with the progress made by those who attended her course of lectures. The final lecture will take place on next Tuesday Night. Most of our Members have a good general knowledge of Ambulance work and First-Aid, and we have decided to pick a limited number who will specialise in this work, and be attached to the Citizen Army as a trained and skilled Medical Corps. The Girls selected will begin a special course of instructions under Dr. Lynn, which will enable them to deal with wounds and accidents in a skilled and scientific manner.

They are also expected to qualify in Home Nursing and Invalid Cookery, special courses are being arranged by the Committee in these subjects, and in the course of a few months, we hope to have a body of women, who will be as efficient in their particular subjects, as the Citizen Army are in theirs.

The following Programme has been arranged for the coming week:—Friday night, 8 p.m., Irish Dancing only. Sunday night at 8 p.m., Concert and Three Short Plays, Tickets 3d. Monday night, 8 p.m., General Dancing, and Cookery Class under the direction of Miss Gifford. Tuesday, First Aid and Ambulance Lectures by Dr. Kathleen Lynn, F.R.C.S.I. Wednesday, General Dancing. Thursday, Debating Society, from 8 to 9. Thursday, 9 to 10, Squad Drill. Instructor, Mr. Jackson. A Special Class for Writing and Composition has been formed. Members wishing to become Pupils will kindly give their names to Secretary.

Remember. All Members of the Citizen Army who are in earnest will attend General Muster on Sunday in Liberty Hall. One p.m.

## A MEETING OF SOCIALISTS

Will be held on Sunday Next, October 3rd in the Council Chamber, Trades Hall, at 8 o'clock, p.m. To consider the best means for the future propagation of Socialism in Ireland, and to inaugurate an Anti-Conscription Campaign.

All Socialists are invited to Attend.

## Irish Transport & General Workers' Union.

80 OLD GEORGE'S STREET, CORK.

Quarterly Meeting of above will be held on Sunday, October 2nd, at 12.30.

Important Business to be Transacted.

All Members earnestly requested to attend.

D. CAREY, Secretary.

**PLEASE SUPPORT  
OUR ADVERTISERS**



## CORK NOTES.

The cry of the Conscriptonists has grown weaker, due, we have no doubt, to the voice of public opinion. Some of us seem to think that was why the war started, and when that object was secured the war would cease. A case which came under our notice during the past week helps to confirm our susoicions; it evidently goes to prove the army does not require trained soldiers. A man with 17 years' service belonging to the second reserve, the son of an old Cork citizen—we did not see his picture in the *Examiner*—has been discharged as a time-expired. We wonder are there any more Irishmen treated in this fashion. What is the game? A few months more and he would be entitled to a pension for life, unless he succeeded in losing it, in the glorious cause of Small Nationalities. The man is about 35 years of age, physically fit, and of good character. It is quite possible when he is idle at home for a few months, and maybe hungry, he will rejoin, and then, of course, the question of pension will depend entirely on the nature of the injuries received. We would like to know are Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Welshmen treated in this fashion, or does it only apply to Irishmen?

The latest, according to the *Tablet*: Lord Kitchener is to be asked to get General Joffre to requisition the churches, because the bishops would not permit them to be used for Protestant services. The lights of heaven are disappearing fast, and this is what we are asked to fight for.

## CORK AND THE BUDGET.

Hopeless resignation seems to be the order of the day locally as to the Budget blister. For most of the necessities of life Cork is certainly the most expensive town in Ireland, and was so before the war. In fact the Cork people were so used to the high prices of the Rings that, despite the agitation by the two Trades Councils and the Consumers' League, the man in the street here still pays and tries to smile. If employment were plentiful and wages high the burden of the war taxation would be still severe but not unbearable, but employment is always scarce in Cork, and it lacks in the best of times capable business men to develop industry, and sweating is the ordinary rule in many of its industries. The result is chronic poverty generally and a low standard of housing and of living. Food prices are now locally up an average of 45 per cent since the war began, and the local food sharks in combination intend to drive the cost of living higher. The result will be to bring the general mass of the working classes to the verge of absolute starvation, though, be it noted, many are on the hunger line already.

The local self-appointed Munitions Committee, under the ægis of Sir Stanley Harrington, the Big Pot of the local Employers' Grind the Faces of the Poor Federation, has got the same fare as Mother Hubbard's dog for the Cork workmen. It is a good kick to the importance of that gentleman(?) who thought his individual influence was omnipotent, but he has got a nasty fall. The Munitions Committee is now reinforced by representatives of the C.I.W.A. and the trade, and may now, with the introduction of a little brains, bring a little work and hope to the starving workers of Cork. Unfortunately many have gone further afield for work in the meantime.

Our recent remarks with reference to the Workmen's Dining Hall G. S. & W. R. has borne fruit. The old structure has been renovated, and though there is room for improvement, still it is well to know there has been a beginning. The new structure, or portions of it, has been in use before. We cannot imagine why all the loopholes were left in it except they were expecting the Germans. It will help the

boys to keep an eye on the gaffer. Let us hope the store and other fittings will be put in serviceable condition something like what they have in the Loco. Department. We also trust the other complaints will be attended to in due time. The Company can rest assured they will never make the place attractive enough to induce men to remain there after their time. A little consideration goes a long way to making men contented, and a contented staff is equal to one man doing two men's work, and worth two men's wages.

The Cork United Trades and Labour Council are to be congratulated on their efforts to form an Independent Labour Party. Several societies have now promised financial support, and if those who foolishly lent their support to the politicians in the past will come forward and do their part the future is safe.

The National Union of Life Assurance Agents, the only body of agents affiliated to the Trades Council, decided at their last meeting to ask the Trades Unionists of Cork to insist on all their agents being members of their Union, and to give no new business to those agents who cannot produce their cards of membership.

We had some great recruiting meetings during last week. Lieutenant W. E. Redmond, M.P., presided. He told us we now had all that Irishmen fought and died for for the last six hundred years. He spoke about "King and Country" and "Small Nationalities" and "Scraps of Paper" till we felt sick, and thought of the day when we blindly followed the family Will-o'-the-Wisp. If Mr. Redmond could only hear the mutterings of the crowd he would know all was not well in Cork. How could it be otherwise in view of the statements of the Ulster Council, when their brave boys come back from England to resume their old position to defend their rights and liberties, even to kicking the King's Crown into the washtub. When Ned is tired of prosecuting his enemies he will try his hand at persecuting them.

The very reasonable request of the National Union of Life Assurance Agents to give all new business to members of the Union will be loyally responded to by all Trades Unionists. The game being played by some Agents will receive our attention in due course.

We fight 'gainst Might for Truth and Right, we stand for Civilization.  
We're known thro' all the ages, as a Justice-loving Nation  
We never blew with dynamite, the Zulus from their caves.  
We never paid for Massacres of Yanks by Indian braves.  
Our Cousins 'neath the Stars and Stripes revere and love us greatly.  
For whenever we got half a chance we cozened them completely.  
In 1812 our sympathy for them was quite amazing.  
Ere we could tear ourselves away their Capitol was blazing.  
And after when their fields were red with brother's life-blood flowing,  
'Twas we supplied the weaker side to keep the struggle going.  
The Fellaheens of Egypt our conduct will forgive,  
For though we took their surplus wealth, we showed them how to live.  
By shelling Alexandria we simply taught those slaves  
That then as now the British Fleet was built to rule the waves.  
In Freedom's Cause at Omdurman our Mercy was made plain,  
When we killed the wounded Arabs, just to put them out of pain.

We saved the Danes some trouble once, just outside Copenhagen;  
Before they knew *we* were at war their blooming fleet was taken.  
And when the sands of India drank the blood of India's sons,  
We taught them rapid transit by blowing Sepoys from our guns.  
We kept the Turk upon our side as long as he was wanted,  
Till Cyprus Island we secured, then from his cause Levanted.  
The Boers once thought we were their foes, we cured them of their blindness  
By catering for their wives and kids, and killing them with kindness.  
The Treaty Stone of Limerick remains a faithful token  
Beside the Lordly Shannon of our plighted word unbroken.  
At Drogheda and Wexford town, with gun and pike and rapier,  
We proved the Sanctity we had for little scraps of paper.  
The Wild Geese Ireland once produced are now domestic ganders.  
They're highly prized and utilized upon the fields of Flanders.  
When victory crowns our banners and we take the Dardanelles  
High over all the warring notes, will ring with brave Irish yells.  
But when they claim the price—Home Rule—we'll give them a Refusal—  
Perhaps, Coercion we'll apply—Our Motto:  
*Trade as Usual.*

## NORTHERN NOTES.

## WAR ON PRUSSIANISM.

While the military forces of the Government are supposed to be fighting a life and death struggle against the Germans some light-hearted officials of that same Government are having a high time of it. Thus some bright and brilliant genius in a military office "somewhere in Ireland"—it isn't General Friend this time—has sworn to wage war to the death against Prussianism in Government departments. Now the most Prussian institution under the Government is, of course, the late Lloyd-George's Insurance Act. Here ready to hand is a victim for that brilliant genius! He has given an order to prevent the distribution of Insurance arrears cards, the property of a Government department, to men working on the Belfast Low Docks. But the "bulky" who attempted to carry out the order, although he said he based his authority on martial law, didn't succeed in preventing the distribution. The Insurance Act is still in force and the cards were distributed. The howling success of this military official's methods is so great that we suggest he be sent to the front when he has finished slaying the Insurance Commission. The war would not last twenty-four hours longer than his arrival in the trenches.

## BELFAST PROTEST MEETING.

I understand that at a special meeting of the Belfast Committee of the Irish Volunteers it has been decided to hold a protest against the prosecutions under the Defence of the Realm Act. Belfast will thus follow the fine headline set by Dublin. The meeting will be held at Clonard Street on Tuesday, October 5 at the same pitch from which the deportees spoke. It is to be hoped the Volunteer Committee will invite speakers who will represent, not only the Volunteer body, but as far as possible the general body of citizens and that a Dublin speaker will come North and bring with him some of the fire and spirit of the Capital. Perhaps, too, one of the felons may be available To Clonard Street, then on Tuesday night next.



### DOCKERS STRIKE IN DERRY.

On Thursday of last week the dockers working the Derry-Liverpool Steamers (B. S. S. Co.) put in a demand for an increase of twopence an hour day rate and threepence an hour night rate for all men. The Company made no reply until Saturday when the announcement was published that after the 29 September the sailings would be suspended. Eighty men were engaged discharging the steamers on Saturday morning and as soon as the notice was posted they stopped work and came out on strike. The notice stated that the suspension of sailing was due to "the unreasonable demands" of the men. To be sure the demand was "unreasonable." It is neither rational nor reasonable for workers to want an increase. Only capitalists and Chancellors of the Exchequer have the right to raise the price of anything. The workers must not dare to raise the price of their commodity, their labour. The only right they have these times is the right to die for trade-grabbing European Powers.

The men offered to continue working until their demand would be considered if the notice of suspension was withdrawn. This offer was refused (the men might have known as much) and the dockers remained out leaving the steamer to sail with half-cargo undischarged.

CROBH-DEARG.

### TRALEE NOTES.

[BY ROBAL.]

When the regrettable Munster Warehouse Strike (which still continues) started it was stated that the matter at stake appeared to be trivial, but the Assistants soon showed that, though small in itself, if the firm's action was agreed to, it would mean the thin end of the wedge which would break up the living-out system and reintroduce the nefarious living-in arrangement. The Drapers' Assistants have a good organisation behind them, and their brothers, the Grocers' Assistants are up and doing latterly and have a good Branch of their organisation in Tralee which is doing its best to get the living-in system abolished for its members. Some of the active members have won the enmity of their employers, so much so that a full-blown spirit man, Tom Healy, The Mall, has shown his teeth lately. From what we have learned, two of his assistants, when they arrived at his house the other night at about 11-5 p.m. were refused admittance, the door being locked and bolted. The result is that they are idle just now. It appears the usual hour for Healy's clerks to arrive "home" was ten past eleven or so, and they being locked out on this particular night can only be explained as a bit of tyranny because they are Trades Unionists. One of them, Mr. J. Moloney, is a most respected and honourable man and has done much for his fellow-workers since his arrival in Tralee. He spoke at the public Protest Meeting in the square lately and most likely was then marked out for victimisation. But Healy who was disqualified for seven years on account of corrupt practices at a County Council election wherein he was the successful candidate, had better beware. The Grocers' Assistants, we believe, have the matter under consideration and we feel sure they will do the needful.

### PRACTICAL LOYALTY.

Some local males eligible for military service, prove their devotion to King and Country by staying at home and applauding recruiting songs. The thing is getting a bit monotonous, and the Theatre Royal people should get their artistes to give this class of song a miss in baulk, as it does nothing practical for the Empire. And the irony of it all is that some of the singers are of military age themselves! The audience would be quite justified in hunting these slackers off the stage to the nearest Recruiting Office and treating the applauders likewise.

### THE U.D.C. EMPLOYEES.

The Trades Council's further reply to Mr. T. Kelliher's criticism has put him out of action altogether. People are wondering why he persists in attacking the Trades Council, especially as he purports to be a labour representative. Mr. Kelliher was the defeated candidate for the U.D.C. Chairmanship last time, and it is freely stated he will "run" again, and with this view is trimming his sails and currying the capitalists' favour, and incidentally their votes.

### CARNEGIE LIBRARY.

Towns of far smaller size than Tralee, such as Caherciveen, Killorglin and Castleisland, possess splendid Carnegie Halls in which are fine libraries and recreation rooms, all to the advantage of those towns. We heard a lot of talk about the Carnegie Library for Tralee, but now that the Hall, which is attached to the Technical School is built we are surprised that there are no books for the Library. The whole matter requires some explanation. We wonder does the responsibility rest on some of our publican public men. Of course it is the workingman who would benefit by the library and being individuals who are only of consequence once in three years when elections are on, they do not count. Let us hope something will soon be done. We suppose our "member" Thomas O'Donnell is too busy begging an address of welcome for Redmond to bother his head about it.

### WEXFORD NOTES.

We were amazed here in town to hear on Friday last that the Admiralty had taken Powell and Hough's cargo boat which plies between Liverpool and Wexford weekly for war work in the Dardanelles, more especially when it is known that we are entirely dependant on this boat for supplies of foodstuffs, such as sugar, &c. At the present time there is almost a famine here for sugar owing to there being no boat here from Liverpool for almost a fortnight, but of course those people care nothing about food supplies. They are too much concerned at present providing food for machine guns. Surely they could have taken a boat from some other port instead of Wexford, where there is only one general cargo boat running. Speaking of this boat reminds us that the Wexford Harbour Commissioners at their last meeting were unanimous in their condemnation of the unsuitability of this boat for the Port of Wexford, and while we agree that a more suitable boat could have been built for cargo and cattle, we are of opinion that these people who were most prominent in their attacks ought to get their stuff via Wexford and not Waterford and Dublin, thereby encouraging Powell and Hough to put on a larger boat, which would increase the Port dues, and possibly prevent the heads of that august body of theirs from being placed in such a humiliating position as to have their cheques dishonoured.

Our report with relevance to the Corporation Rate Collector, following in the footsteps of Viviani Nugent, came as a bombshell last week, and has opened some of the people's eyes to the true character of one of the inner circle of Wexford Hibernianism. Poor Tom! Has Hibernianism got tame in Wexford lately. It certainly looks like it. We know that nearly all the working men who were inveigled into it at the beginning have fallen away. Even the Bosses of the Order here are not sticking to one another like they should.

We have heard that Brother John J. Keogh, J.P., is very much annoyed. That Brother Halligan's furniture should be auctioned by Taylor after he going to the trouble of sacking Dr. Tom, his family doctor, to bring in Halligan.

## SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME

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By JAMES CONNOLLY.

(Author of "LABOUR IN IRISH HISTORY").

The book is indispensable to all who wish to understand the many forces making for a regenerated Ireland. It deals with: The Conquest of Ireland, Ulster and the Conquest, Dublin in the Twentieth Century. Labour in Dublin, Belfast and its Problems, Woman, Schools and Scholars of Erin, Labour and Co-operation in Ireland, Re-Conquest, The Appendix contains: Mr. George Russell's "Letter to the Masters of Dublin," and an exhaustive quotation from the "Report of the Inquiry into the Housing of the Working Classes of Dublin."

Indispensable alike to the Social Reformer and the true Patriot.

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or Direct from LIBERTY HALL. Price 6d.

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Under the Management of a First Class Barber we have Opened the Premises

29 EDEN QUAY,

(Late Shipping Federation Office)

As a Co-operative Enterprise of The Transport Union, for our Members and the General Public.

### NOW OPEN

USUAL HOURS. CLEANLINESS A SPECIALITY.

### RAZORS CAREFULLY GROUND & SET

Pay your Contributions at Liberty Hall, and then come around the corner and get a Shave or Hair-cut from your Union Barber.

## Don't Forget LARKIN'S

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### NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

Any Agent not receiving their proper supply of this paper, please communicate with:

Head Office, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place  
'Phones: 3421 and 4199.

If you are a Member of the Citizen Army and mean business you will attend General Muster in Liberty Hall, Sunday, at One p.m. If not, please hand in your gun.



## Irish Citizen Army

Headquarters: LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

COMMANDANT: CHIEF OF STAFF:  
JAMES CONNOLLY. M. MALLIN.

### DRILL FOR RESERVES

The Army Council have set aside Monday evenings for Drill for our newly enrolled reserves. All members of same are urged to attend on that evening, and help forward the work of preparing for the efficient performance of their special duties. Members of No. 1 Company are notified to leave the Drill Room on that night free to the members of the Reserve Force.

### UNIFORMS.

The Army Council of the Citizen Army desire to place an order for a New Batch of Uniforms. Any Member desiring to secure a Uniform and willing to pay a Substantial Deposit is invited to leave his name with the Secretary.

### IRISH CITIZEN ARMY BOYS' CORPS.

All Members of A Company, Liberty Hall, to attend as follows:—Tuesday Nights—First Aid Class. Thursday Nights—Drill in Liberty Hall. Saturday at 4 o'clock—Rifle Practice.

By Order,  
COMMANDANT.

A Company has been formed in the District of Church Road. Recruits wishing to join may do so by applying to Lieutenant Williams at No. 19 Sydney Terrace, West Road. Come and help us to win Ireland for the Irish.

Remember. All Members of the Citizen Army who are in earnest will attend General Muster on Sunday in Liberty Hall. One p.m.

### GIRLS' AMBULANCE CLASS.

This Class meets every Tuesday Evening at Eight p.m., and all Members of the Irish Women Workers' Union are cordially invited to attend. A competent doctor is in attendance, and the lessons are bright and interesting. Names of intending members should be handed in to Miss Molony, Sec., at Liberty Hall, or at 31 Eden Quay.

If you are a member of the Citizen Army and mean business you will attend General Muster in Liberty Hall, Sunday, at One p.m. If not please hand in your gun.

### BACHELORS' WALK SHOOTING.

### MEMORIAL TABLET ON VIEW.

Visitors to Headquarters Irish Volunteers, 2 Dawson Street, will be given an opportunity of viewing the above which is now ready for laying.

## ROOMS TO LET

LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.  
TO SOCIETIES.—Rooms to Let.  
Apply to Caretaker on Premises.

## RUSSIA.

[Last week we published an account of the state of Russia from the standpoint of one familiar with Russian life, language and history. This week we give from the *Saturday Evening Post* of Philadelphia the impressions of an American visitor who confesses to his ignorance of the language, but is an acute observer of men and things.—EDITOR.]

So far as the temperance of the Empire comes into the question, the prohibition of vodka struck at the root of the matter. The Russian beer saloon was an innocuous affair, and wine drinking was confined to the upper classes, who can still get wine if they want it. Vodka was the curse. That is familiar enough to need no exploitation here. The Russian factory worker and many of the Russian villagers, both men and women, were sodden, drunken, besotted. Men who know Russia tell me that the scenes in the factory towns, and in some of the villages—to say nothing of the mews of the cities—on Saturdays, holidays and Sundays, were frightful in their drunkenness. They drank this raw alcohol and suffered in every way from its effects. Now all this is changed. Even the beer saloons are closed, and there is no vodka to be had by the great mass of former vodka consumers. Drink is a luxury in Russia now. It costs money. The former consumer cannot get it because he has not the money. Wherefore he is going without it; and even into the dull mind of the Russian peasant and factory worker there is coming a glimmer of understanding that he is the gainer in many ways.

I am not ascribing any virtues to the former vodka drinkers they do not possess. They do not drink vodka because they cannot get vodka. It is quite probable that if the old system was restored the old conditions would prevail. The Russian vodka drinker has not been—in the mass—alcoholically regenerated. Not a bit of it. The regeneration part of it came to the government, and the vodka drinkers have been obliged to take their share of the beneficial results, willy-nilly. Vodka formerly was cheap—cheaper than the cheapest whiskey in our country. Also, it was quicker in its effects and more lasting. A few drinks of vodka made either a maniac or a mummy out of a Russian—the vodka of the peasant variety, I mean.

Now there was some excuse for this. The Russian peasant or factory worker lives a pretty drab life. He has no amusements and no recreations. Mostly he cannot even read. There was nothing for him to do on Sunday, or a holiday, or on a day when he was not working—or on any day when he did not want to work—but get drunk. That summed up the one painful pleasure of his existence. That made him forget. Inasmuch as the Russian holidays are so numerous that, counting in Sundays, there remain but two hundred and sixty—or thereabouts—working days in a year, the Russian who had any forgetting to do had ample opportunity for numbing himself with this fiery stuff; days when religion and custom and predisposition would not allow him to work even if he had been industrious.

Hence most of his money went for vodka. "Most of his money" does not mean much from a dollar view, but it means a heap from a kopeck view. The revenue of the government from the vodka monopoly was almost five hundred million dollars a year in our money. Most of that came from the peasants and the labourers and the factory workers—not all, but most of it from the lower or working class in the Empire. The country and factory people were not the only consumers, by any means; but the large proportion of vodka drinkers came from those classes. Wherefore it follows that if the government made half a billion dollars a year from the sale of vodka, that half a billion

came from the earnings of the people who could least afford to spend the money that way. Also, it follows that if those people who spent almost half a billion dollars for vodka were suddenly deprived of that opportunity, they must do something else with their money instead of using it for buying stuff to get them drunk.

Here is exactly where the big financial benefit came in. They did do something else with it. They bought more clothes and better food; but, more than that, they began to save it. When vodka was on sale the average savings-bank deposits in Russia were in the neighbourhood of from sixteen to twenty million dollars a year—a year, not a month. In the thirty-one days of January, 1915, five months after the sale of vodka was prohibited—in one month—the former vodka drinkers put thirty million dollars into the savings banks in the Empire. They saved nearly twice as much in one month as they formerly saved in a year.

This proportion has continued since January. That is one thing the prohibition of vodka has done for Russia and the Russians. It has brought prosperity as well as sobriety; and the government has had no difficulty in making up the deficit by means of stamp and other taxes that are not burdensome.

That is all to be worked out in the future. The present fact is that, after almost a year of no vodka—at the time this is written—Russia is regenerated. Crime has decreased to a great degree. Savings have increased tremendously. Prosperity exists in many places where there were bitter poverty and debauchery before. In spite of the tax of the war, its heavy drain on the manhood of the country and its enormous expense, Russia at war—as Russia is—is a far stronger Russia, a far more prosperous Russia, a far more livable Russia, a far more civilised Russia, than before the war began, and before the prohibition of vodka.

### DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT.

Committee for Public Safety,  
41 York Street,  
Dublin, 25th Sept., 1915.

A CHARA,

I have been instructed by my Committee to convey to the members of the Irish Citizen Army their very grateful thanks for their kindness in parading on the occasion of the Protest Meeting in the Phoenix Park on the 12th. Their presence on the occasion added greatly to the numerical strength of the Meeting.

I shall thank you to convey this expression of thanks to your members.

Is mise,

Do cara sa chuis,  
SEAN P. CAMPBELL,  
Hon. Sec.

Commandant James Connolly,  
Liberty Hall.

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