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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 24th. December, 1915

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 23rd. Inst.,
the undermentioned extremists were observed
moving about and associating with each other
as follows :-

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75, Parnell St.,
Michael O'Hanrahan for a quarter of an hour
between 11 & 12 a. m. C. Colbert for half
an hour from 3-30 p. m. William O'Leary
Curtis for twenty minutes between 4 & 5 p. m.
James Stritch from 7-30 to 8 p. m. Joseph
Murray, John McDermott and John McGarry for
half an hour between 8 & 9 p. m.

Ernest Blythe, H. Mellows, M. O'Hanrahan
and James Whelan in 2, Dawson St. at 12 noon.

Edward Clithero and his wife arrived at
Broadstone at 7-12 p. m.

About

The Chief Commissioner.

10301

S.

2160

D.M.P.

Crime Special

Submitted

Forquidarius
24/12

Ass Under Secretary

To see

U.S. on return

10/11/12
28/12

Tha

29/12
Chief Com
10/11/12
29/12
15

10801

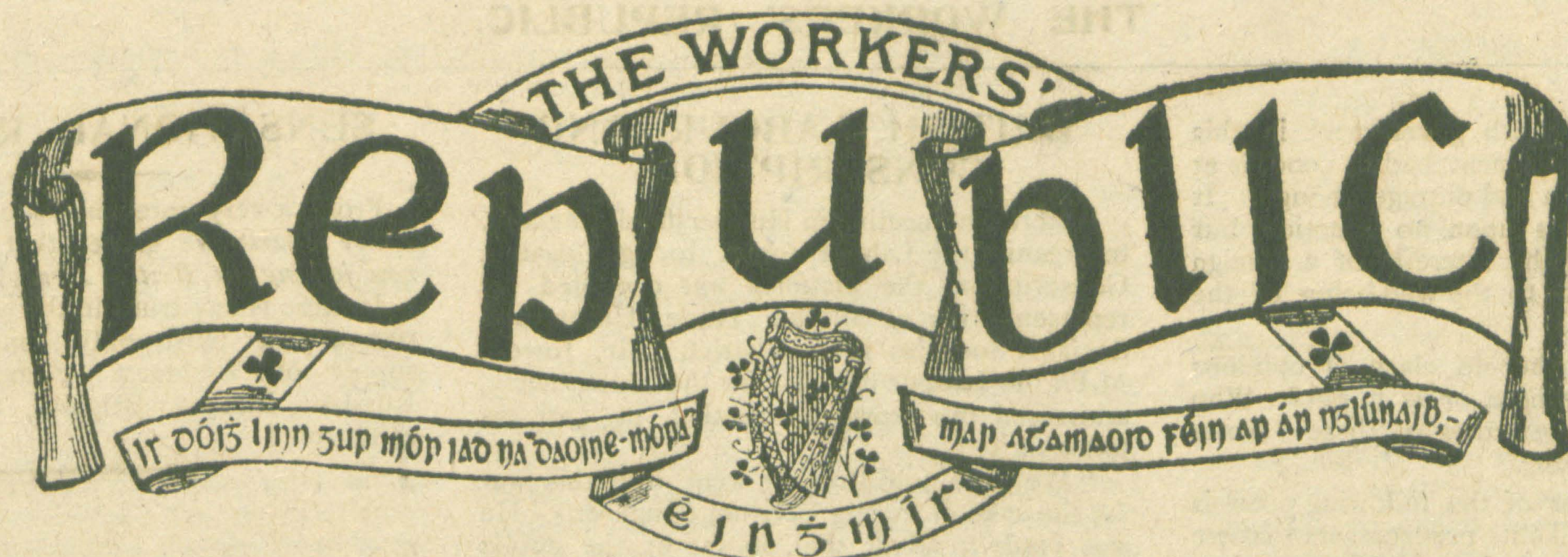
About thirty members of the Citizen
Army carrying rifles, in charge of James
Connolly, ~~xxxx~~ headed by a Pipers' Band,
left Liberty Hall at 9-25 p. m., and
marched via Eden Quay, O'Connell Bridge,
Westmoreland Street, College Green, Dame
St., Cork Hill, Capel St., Parnell St and
Gardiner Street, back to Beresford Place,
where they dispersed.

Attached are Copies of this week's
issue of The Workers Republic and The
Spark, both of which appear to contain
notes of an anti-British character.

Owen'Brien
Superintendent.

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. 31.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1915.

[Weekly.]

Notes on the Front

MORE POETRY.

"Watch and Wait, boys, watch and wait,
Let it be your motto, ever,
Foolish zeal, unguarded hate,
Often baulks a brave endeavour.
God ordains, boys, God ordains
That we pine a little longer,
Ere we burst the galling chains,
Ere we crush the brutal wronger."

Did ever you read and ponder over these lines of Gavan Duffy? They were written at a time in Irish history wonderfully similar to the present. At a time of unrest and longing for struggle, tempered by preachings of caution.

It was in the days of the Young Irelanders. Eloquent voices had been preaching of the glories of the sword and eulogising the rights of nations to take back their own with armed hand; sweet singers had been wedding the hope of Irish patriots to deathless verse in heroic measures; the hearts of the young men of the Irish race were swelling with the passions of hatred for oppression and ambition for freedom, and the Great Famine was lashing the most stolid into willingness to try any adventure that held out hope of food for the perishing millions.

Ireland seemed, even to the most cautious and calculating foreign observer, to be on the point of great endeavours.

Instead of the great adventure Ireland witnessed the most sordid, squalid, meanest fiasco in all her history. Fintan Lalor, in one of those biting sentences of his which seem to crystallise a whole volume of history, says:

"The soul of this country seems to sink where that of another would soar."

To tell how that fiasco took its place in Irish history instead of a great Adventure like unto that of Tone and Emmet, would be to give point and corroboration to the above analysis of the character of the soul of Ireland.

It is a hard tale to tell, and a harder one to understand, unless your own soul is attuned in harmony with the passions of the actors in that great squalid tragedy of our history.

As your soul is attuned in sympathy to one side or the other, so one side or the other is comprehensible to you—and the other an unsolved and insoluble problem.

As in all revolutionary movements there came a point when all agreed that force would have to settle the differences between Ireland and the British Empire. But immediately there arose a cleavage between the revolutionists who desired to strike, and the tacticians who counselled greater preparedness and the desirability of "putting the Government plainly in the wrong."

It was the clash between the outlook of revolutionists, and the outlook of politicians manoeuvring for a political advantage, and yet both sides were earnestly revolutionary.

You can grasp that fact if you study carefully the verse at the beginning of these notes. There is not a sentiment in them that at first glance would not be endorsed by every true nationalist, and yet practically every true nationalist deplors the fact that the counsel there given was taken by the Irish people at the time.

As a counsel of caution they ring true. As a historical fact it was such counsel that permitted John Mitchel to be carried off safely in chains, and stuck a dagger to the heart of the Irish insurrection of 1848.

The literature of the '48 Insurrection was beautiful; the story of the Insurrection itself reads like the book of a badly written burlesque.

Another poem of a similar character to that quoted above written at the same time and for the same purpose, viz: to restrain the revolutionary spirit of the people, is we think one of the finest revolutionary songs in the English language.

It breathes revolutionary feeling and democratic spirit in every line, yet the sum total of its effects at the time was to tighten the hold of the enemy upon this country, and to hold the people in leash until the opportune moment was passed.

Yet its author, M. J. Barry, with peculiar logic declared afterwards that as the Irish people had failed to make even a decent fight in 1848 he considered the cause of Ireland hopeless, and would thereafter accept the English connection with all its consequences.

The song in question is by its own intrinsic merits worthy of a place in any nationalist or Labour Concert programme, but we do not remember hearing it sung at any such in Ireland, although it is a favourite in revolutionary circles elsewhere. Here it is:

BIDE YOUR TIME.

I.

BIDE YOUR TIME, the morn is breaking,
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray—
Millions, from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in firm array.
Mau shall fetter man no longer,
Liberty shall march sublime;
Every moment makes you stronger,
Firm, unshrinking, BIDE YOUR TIME.

II.

BIDE YOUR TIME—one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done;
Undismayed, erect, unshaken—
Watch and wait, and all is won.
'Tis not by a rash endeavour
Men or states to greatness climb—
Would you win your rights forever
Calm and thoughtful, BIDE YOUR TIME.

III.

BIDE YOUR TIME—your worst transgression
Were to strike, and strike in vain;
He, whose arm would smite oppression,
Must not need to smite again!
Danger makes the brave man steady—
Rashness is the coward's crime—
Be for Freedom's battle ready,
When it comes—but, BIDE YOUR TIME.

You will perhaps wonder at our statement that a certain section of revolutionists of 1848 resolved not to strike, unless and until they saw an opportunity of "putting England in the wrong." The idea that this left it to the Government to choose the time, the place, and the circumstances for the fight doubtless did occur to them but was not allowed to alter their purpose. They grandly declared that they would not be driven before their time.

Eventually the Government having leisurely made all its preparations—and preparations made by a government with untold millions at its disposal can always outmatch a thousand to one the preparations made illegally by a few thousand poverty stricken men and women—having made all its preparations the Government issued orders for the arrest of the Young Ireland leaders. They took to the country, and issued the call for insurrection. Smith O'Brien was the chief, and in the course of his peregrinations he arrived at the village of Killenale. Here it was reported that a body of Dragoons were approaching with a warrant for his apprehension. Instantly the people prepared to fight. They barricaded one end of the village and as the dragoons rode in at the other end the people raised barricades behind them. The soldiers were trapped, and Stephens was about to fire upon the officer in command, when Smith O'Brien ordered him to lower his rifle. Then upon being assured by the English officer that he had no warrant for Smith O'Brien's arrest that gentleman ordered the people to clear a passage for the soldiers who thereupon rode safely away.

You see it would not put the government in the wrong to fire upon the army unless the army fired first, and government outraged their own constitution.

Now do you understand what we have meant when we said that Irish rebels had a constitutional frame of mind—wanted to conduct revolutions according to constitutional procedure?

They wanted to establish it as a fact in history that they were driven into rebellion against their wills. And regarded it as a disgraceful thing that they should be accused of eagerly seeking revolution, and as longing for a chance to begin the fight for freedom.

We do not know if there are any such to-day amongst us. If there are they are a danger. Ireland needs no legal excuses for revolution.

The presence of English government in this country, be that government bad or good, is at all times provocation and outrage enough. It is not native, it rests upon no sanction but force, and it holds the interests of a foreign empire to be superior to the well-being of the Irish people.

But once again the old clash of opinions arises. Is the time here, or is it not? Who knows? Perhaps the writer of these "Notes on the Front" is wrong.

Perhaps the writer of the following poem is right. At any rate, like its predecessors that we have already quoted, it is beautifully written, and worthy of a place: Read:

THE WATCHING HOUR.

A steel grey dawn is in the sky,
Above the watchers on each hill;
And you who live and you who die
Shall *preach* a race unconquered still.

Tho' lingering wait may often tire,
And idle critic's words may gall;
Keep watch upon the signal fire,
Whose bursting blaze is Ireland's call.

A soldier knows how to obey,
To 'wait the word with arms girth;
Nor lag behind nor chide delay;
Disciplined strength gives Freedom birth.

And you whose ardent souls now chide
The hand that holds you from the fray,
Remember that a nation's pride
A nation's life hangs on *the day*.

Then watch beneath the steel grey sky,
Beside the watchers on each hill,
Till you who live and you who die,
May *prove* a race unconquered still.

PATRICK HOGAN.

So we have given the other side a look in this time. This being the blessed Christmas season we do this in order to show our kindly Christmas feelings to our erring brothers. We have been given to understand that some of them do not appreciate our suggestions at their proper value, and even a few, a very few, are a little irritated, and say that we are not playing the game fair.

Well, all we can say is that our allegiance is not to the game, nor to the players of the game, but to Ireland and the cause of Freedom. To some people the Game has become more important than the Cause, and they as the players of the Game more important than either. It is not a new frame of mind in Ireland, witness the incident of Smith O'Brien who made the question of "Insurrection or no Insurrection" turn upon whether an officer had or had not a warrant for his arrest, but there are few who share it. And these few can safely be ignored.

The needs of our time call for a frank recognition of the fact that our Slogan must be

All for the Cause
and

The Cause over All.

Shall we see another year and Ireland patiently bearing her Chains?

To all slaves in Revolt we wish A Merry Christmas!

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

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

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

BRITISH LABOUR AND CONSCRIPTION.

At a recent meeting in Huddersfield, England, to organise the Labour forces to fight against Conscription, the platform was occupied by representatives of all the Trade Union and Socialist Societies in the district. Mr. Jowett, M.P., the Labour member for the constituency, addressed the crowded meeting in part as follows:

"We were told that we went into this war for the sake of freeing Belgium (laughter.) He was ready to admit that, so far as the public opinion of this country was concerned; that opinion was reconciled to this war because of that object. Where was that object now? Who thought of it now? (A Voice—"It is there.") We were at war in Mesopotamia and in the Balkans, we had that awful disastrous campaign at Gallipoli. Were these Belgium? ("No.") They were not for Belgium. (A Voice—"They are for Germany.") If our real object had been adhered to, we should still have had enough on our hands. (A Voice—"What about the enemy?") And all these extra men seemed to have tempted our governors from one campaign to another. "War is a grim game," Churchill said. "The Dardanelles was a gamble." A gamble! A gamble in human life! (Cheers, and a Voice—"They knew it.") A Government that did not intend to gamble with human life would face the problem and say: "How much of this campaign can we carry on with the men we can spare? How can we husband our resources to maintain them and the people at home and the Allies?" And as soon as they asked that question they would come to one inexorable reply, the one reply they would not face—Conscription of Capital (loud and prolonged applause.)

"The gamble with human life was to prevent the conscription of capital (renewed applause.) To avoid that they were seeking at all costs an early military verdict, gambling with greater and higher stakes—all because the one plain simple thing that was necessary, if the war was to be won, was to put all into one pot, to pool the resources of the country—not to talk to working people about thrift (loud cheers). £800,000,000 went to wage-earners, representing 30,000,000 inhabitants; fancy preaching to them of thrift! ("Rot!") They were not against thrift, they did not want people to spend money recklessly, but it was a hard shell fact that when they had got all they could from the surplus of the workers in the present state of high prices, they could not conduct the war a fortnight. ("True, lad!") Where was the money, then? Why did they not go for money where money was? (loud cheers.)

Continuing, amid great enthusiasm, Mr. Jowett said—"We will tell them the way to get through the war. The war to get through the war is to confine its object to the original object. ("That's it!")—to pool the resources of the country, so that however long it should last, wealth should pay the cost and not lives. That is the way to win the war from the practical standpoint as well as from the standpoint of individual liberty. We are against conscription, and we will fight it to the very end."

WILL YOU HELP TO-DAY?

A friend in need is a friend indeed and anyone who will undertake to distribute Specimen Copies of the WORKERS' REPUBLIC to form a circle of readers is a friend to the cause. We are desirous that this paper be better known, so that it be more effective in its campaign. Send to-day for a parcel of Specimen Copies which will be sent 4d. post. free for distribution gratis.

Address—THE MANAGER.

SENSATIONAL RUMOUR.

From a very unreliable source (namely, *The Daily Liars*) we gather that *Englishmen are now joining the British Army!*

If there is any truth in the above sensational rumour we must only conclude that the supply of Irishmen, Frenchmen, Indians, Russians, Italians, Belgians, Serbians, etc., is exhausted!
(J. J. B.)

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

ANNUAL DRAWING OF PRIZES.

RESULT.

1st Prize, 3033. 2nd, 13710. 3rd, 10188.
4th, 568. 5th, 3123. 6th, 10171. 7th, 6030.
8th, 952. 9th, 1544. 10th, 10667. 11th, 10424.
12th, 10567. 13th, 12968. 14th, 10877. 15th, 743.
16th, 10733. 17th, 2983. 18th, 10537.
19th, 346. 20th, 3837. 21st, 624. 22nd, 12283.
23rd, 13870. 24th, 5166. 25th, 13514. 26th, 238.
27th, 3943. 28th, 4542. 29th, 14123.
30th, 6764.

EXTRA PRIZES.

Turkeys—2261, 3784, 10284, 12108, 14527,
15608, 15713, 15792, 16223, 16381.

Geese—974, 1069, 1159, 1319, 2309, 2356,
2500, 3274, 5275, 5861, 5466, 4433, 4486,
10207, 10331, 10377, 10653, 10727, 11130,
11290, 11553, 11573, 11623, 11931, 12750,
13426, 13759, 14414, 14406, 14511, 14540,
14719, 14738, 14989, 15026, 15114, 15345,
15481, 15677, 15742, 16097, 16166, 16238,
16515, 16544, 16846, 16986.

Hams—813, 2454, 4257, 5718, 6072, 13428,
14367, 14496, 15209, 15443, 16353, 16470,
16544, 16709, 16930.

Cakes—836, 11993, 14513, 15321, 16114,
16266, 16418, 16917.

Complimentary—1st Prize, 447;
2nd Prize, 548.

DON'T FORGET! Mr. Herbert Pim (A. Newman) will make a Statement of Gravest Importance and be supported by Mr. L. Ginnell. M.P.

Commandant T. McDonagh will preside.

GRAND CONCERT & IMPORTANT ADDRESS
By HERBERT PIM (A. Newman).

Foresters' Hall, 41 Parnell Square
On Monday 27th December at 7.30 p.m.

Tickets to be had at Irish Volunteers (Drill) Hall, principal Newsagents and at Hall on night of Concert.]

A MARTYR FOR LABOUR.

JIM LARKIN DELIVERS HIS FUNERAL ORATION.

Joe Hillstrom, or as he preferred to be known, Joe Hill, a leader of the Industrial Workers of the World (the I.W.W.) was recently shot in Utah by the State authorities in pursuance of a sentence of death passed upon him as a result of what his friends consider a faked up murder charge. Practically every Labour organisation in the United States pleaded for his life, and even President Wilson wrote to the Governor of the State urging clemency, but in vain. Hill was an energetic fighter, and his rhymes and songs were exceedingly popular along the Pacific coast; The Chicago *Tribune* says:

DEFIANT I. W. W. BURY 'MARTYR'

5,000 Sullen Mourners Hear Hillstrom Eulogies in Ten Tongues.

Red Flag Crowds Out Stars and Stripes As Followers Chant Songs Written By Slayer.

[By Telegraph to The *Tribune*.]

CHICAGO, Nov. 25.—Five thousand persons paid tribute in ten languages to-day to the memory of Joseph Hillstrom, shot to death in Utah for murder.

By 8.30 o'clock in the morning 2,000 men and women had filled the West Side Auditorium, where the body of the I.W.W. poet lay, the casket piled high with flowers bearing polyglot inscriptions of defiance from labour unions, anarchist clubs, syndicalists and the like.

By noon the sidewalks outside the building were jammed solidly for three blocks. Police in uniform and plain clothes were everywhere, but there was no disorder. Along the street there was a low and continuous murmur, chiefly from whitefaced young men and girls.

COUNSEL CALLS IT MURDER.

Inside, after the funeral had begun, an inarticulate growl of appreciation greeted Judge O. N. Hilton, of Denver, Hillstrom's attorney, when he characterized his client's execution by the State of Utah as "the brutal murder of a martyr to the cause of revolution."

But for the most part, the spoken expressions of discontent, though bitter, were short. Other expressions were to be seen in the huge red flag that draped the casket, in the red streamers worn by almost everybody, in the buttons bearing the inscription "He died a Martyr," and in the conspicuous absence of the American flag.

The crowd had a chance to vent its feelings when the services were opened with the singing of several songs written by Joe Hill, as the dead man preferred to call himself. These are characteristic bits of I. W. W. sentiment—"The Rebel Girl," "Stung Right," "The Preacher and the Slave"—and they are set to lusty, popular tunes that make strange dirges.

"Bill" Haywood, founder and head of the I. W. W., made a short speech of eulogy, and then Judge Hilton, who was one of the defenders of Haywood, Moyer and Pettibone, in the famous Steunenberg case, launched into his two hour funeral oration. The Mormon Church came in for a generous share of his denunciation.

SING SOCIALIST HYMN.

As the casket was taken from the building 1,000 or more marchers fell in and followed it to Harrison and Halsted streets, where it was placed on an elevated train to be taken to Graceland Cemetery. The red flag headed the procession, and the marchers sang the refrain of the British Socialist hymn:

Then raise the scarlet standard high:
Beneath its folds we'll live and die.
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the red flag flying here.

At the cemetery another long service was held, with speeches in Swedish, Russian, Hungarian, Polish, Spanish, Italian, German, Yiddish, Lithuanian and English. Jim Larkin, of Dublin, who led the British dock workers' strike, spoke in English.

"Joe Hill's last words," he said, "were 'Don't mourn for me; organize!'" The I.W.W. movement has been sealed in the sweet blood of the poet radical. His callous, cold-blooded murder will do more to solidify the sentiment of the workers of the world than any other crime of the master class."

In accordance with Hillstrom's will, which he wrote in the form of an eight-line poem in his death cell at Salt Lake City, his body will be cremated at noon to-morrow and his ashes will be scattered among the flowers at the cemetery

CROOKSLING SANATORIUM.

Brittas, County Dublin,

12/12/1915.

TO EDITOR WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

DEAR SIR,—

I, a patient in the Sanatorium and a member of the Transport Union Society, wish to have this place shown up in your paper for the cruelty to the poor patients. To say that there is a foot of snow on the ground for the past week! We have heaters in the wards and the doctor will not allow us to get them heated, or even have a fire lit. All the patients—men, women, and children—are crving with the cold since the winter came in. He has the patients' hearts broken instead of curing them. He is killing them with the cold. All the patients went to him to-day asking him to light a fire which is in a ward where there are 16 patients in bed. He said—"How the hell can I warm you." He is a hard brute of a man. He does not forget to have his own fire lit, and when it rains here we have it coming in on top of us in bed. He is after stopping every little comfort we had. Patients can be in bed for weeks and he never comes near them, and when patients take bad during the night he is not to be found, as he is always up in the men's building.

Visitors came last Sunday and were turned away like dogs from the gate because the tram was late, which was not the visitors' fault, and the parcels were all scattered around the road.

All he is good for is out shooting poor birds. First he locked up a piano which was for the use of the patients. Then he broke it up altogether.

We don't mind the patients in bed, but those who are going about have no amusement only misery. From all the patients in Crooksling Sanatorium.

(Signed)

A MEMBER OF T.W.U.

SAY ENGLISH MISUSE RED CROSS FLAGS.

(UNITED PRESS STAFF CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN (via Sayville Wireless), Nov. 20.

That English transports are using Red Cross flags to get troops and munitions to the Balkans is charged in wireless messages from German submarines operating in the vicinity of Salonica.

Proof from general sources near Gibraltar is also claimed that 70 English transports have passed the Straits, heavy laden and painted like hospital ships, on their way to Greek waters. These statements were made by an Admiralty official in closest touch with German submarine activities.

A NEW VIEW.

(From the *Cambridge Magazine*.)

The following letter has just reached us from the trenches as we go to press. It is scrawled in almost illegible pencil on squared paper, but we have deciphered its contents, and now present it to our readers—as one good turn deserves another. The writer, we may mention, was not General French, but another member of Trinity, whose style many of his friends will recollect. "The papers make me mad," he says. "Processions of Generals go round here, and after a rotten night you have to get out and go grinning round your trench with them. . . . The reason why Europe is in a mess is because all the nibs are in little States and have no power. Just think and you will see that the little States have all the sensible men, like King Albert or Ferdinand. In the big ones is nothing but huge Kaisers and Kitcheners, with millions of Bethmann-Hollwegs talking bilge for them. A lance-corporal could finish their war in five minutes, but they are all so stupid they don't see that the rest are just as stupid as they are, all horribly frightened of being found out, because the Kaisers and Kitcheners all think they are the only ones with no brains, and daren't do anything for fear of giving themselves away. Think of these fat solemn men, with gold braid all over, thinking huge thoughts about Kitchener's mission, and wondering what he is doing—not seeing that he has just done it to make everyone believe he has huge schemes, and knows theirs; whereas, really, he has none whatever, or they either.

The reason why Churchill or anyone doesn't finish it up is that the Percy Scotts and Tirpitz tell nobody anything, because if they did everyone would kick them out, and war would end of itself.

The Romain Rollands are all wrong, too, with all the talk about national interests and 'this European disaster' at lunch. There is no disaster or hugeness at all. But everyone is so muddled up they don't see if they stopped rushing about, and getting in rags about nothing, and thinking they are high-minded and patriotic, and marching to attention past old bores the war would fizzle out. But stupid men (like Derby) get impressed by red tape and everyone taring about in cars, and they impress everyone else. Imagine Derby saying at lunch, 'It is a very grave crisis.'

As for the Kaiser, he is just another old bore, without enough brains to see that the fuss is about nothing. So we all await a huge solution which can never be found, because there is no difficulty to solve; except, metaphorically, *open a door and show people there is nothing inside*, instead of putting a guard on, knitting socks for the guard, sending dressed up people to have a good look at them, and then going away and inventing elaborate and meaningless phrases about 'vital interests,' 'rights of small nationalities,' 'policy of encirclement,' 'Kultur,' 'the defence of the Fatherland,' 'Holy War,' until all Europe is so set by the ears they think they are heroes with all at stake.

J. J. WALSH (Cork),

26 BLESSINGTON ST. } DUBLIN,
19 BERKELEY ST. }

For Tobacco, Confectionery, News, Hairdressing.

News Parcel—"Nationality," "Spark,"
"Republic," "Volunteer" and "Hibernian,"
post free, 6d. Weekly.

Support A Victim of British Militarism.

CORK NOTES.

At the last meeting of the Cork United Trades and Labour Council letters were read from the City Members of Parliament and Mr. J. E. Redmond with reference to the Rent Bill. The Council at a previous meeting decided to ask the Irish representatives to have certain alterations made in the Bill which would benefit this country, and from the tone of the replies it appears their efforts have been successful. Later on we shall have some members of our public bodies claiming the credit.

During the week we were handed a circular supposed to be printed in America, though it is very doubtful if it did not originate in London. This production—quoting extracts from the *Cork Free Press* of October 23rd, 1915—proceeded to slander the fair name of our city and our womenfolk in a most wanton and deliberate fashion, and ended by asking: "Is Cork Hell?" Cork is not hell, and we have no hesitation in saying it would compare favourably with any City or Town in Ireland, but self-respect would prevent us going outside Ireland for a comparison. We admit there are large number of public-houses in Cork, and the only charges brought against the owners by the police seems to be selling drink during prohibited hours. We have breweries and distilleries, too many we admit. It seems to be the only industry left us by the British Government. And why? We would gladly get rid of them if we could find some other employment for those at present engaged in those places. We take no heed of the remarks about our womenfolk except to say that if there is any little irregularity now it is due to the fact that the greatest criminals and scoundrels have only to don khaki to be proclaimed heroes, and no efforts are made in the churches or elsewhere to disabuse the minds of our young girls of this idea.

At a meeting of the Consumers' League on Wednesday some startling revelations were made. The amount of extortion practised on the poor is appalling. The coal to the very poorest costs £2 10s. per ton, and the Milk Ring are playing Shuttlecock with the Infant Life of the City. We appeal, and strongly appeal, to the Board of Guardians to fight them to the bitter end, even though some of them do not think we are aware of their frequent visits to some of the milk establishments of the city. Gentlemen, "Play the Game!"

We would like to know something of the inner workings of the local Munition Factories. We have reason to suspect that if some men are well paid they shut their eyes to many things.

The Censor is busy in Cork, though we have not seen him. We are informed that a very large number of military gentlemen have been appointed to open our letters and read our correspondence, and then paste a big piece of paper over it, with the words, "Open by Censor." This new method of Grahamizing seems to be very clumsy, and what they hoped to gain by it no one can understand, as everybody here knew it was to be a month before it came off. If the authorities did it to get information we wish them success, and hope it won't injure the Christmas Card Trade.

JOSEPH DEVLIN, ESQ.: M.P.

I.

'Twas badly done by you, Wee Joe,
Ah! yes! 'twas badly done.
To set the Blood Hounds of the foe
On Ireland's gallant son.
The British Secret Service pack, their Quarry
sure should know,
Without being shown the felons' track, by
Pointers like Wee Joe.

II.

We know your spineless Leader John, our
country's cause had sold,

We know the Keady Bailiff's son had whispered
"German Gold."

Forsooth, John E., uncouth John D., both helped
the Saxon foe,

Like reptiles base, their foul disgrace, is shared
by you, Wee Joe.

III.

We thought you loathed England's red, and
longed to drag it down,

We thought you loved the Green instead, the
"Harp without the Crown."

You fooled us well, and good, Wee Joe, you
earned the Traitors' fee,

The price of Irish blood, Wee Joe, but Joseph
"wait and see."

IV.

You've coats of many colours, Joe, the green
one got too thin,

And like a poison snake, I trow, you had to
shed that skin.

The Khaki now is what you prize, that Colour's
more enduring,

To fly-boys, and to dung-hill flies, it always
proves alluring.

V.

Don't shout too loud a while, Wee Joe, until the
War is over,

You're going ahead in style, Wee Joe, a regular
"pig in clover."

You sold the North East Corner, Joe, you sold
Old Ireland, too,

With Talbot and Jack Warner, Joe, we'll still
remember you.

TRALEE NOTES.

[BY ROBAL.]

MORE MEN DISMISSED.

J. M. Slattery & Sons have dismissed two more men, both members of the Tralee Workers' Union, and one of whom was with Slattery's for ten years. Mr. Partridge arrived in Tralee last week and had an interview with J. M. Slattery who assured him it was not because the men were in the Union they were dismissed, but because there was no work for them. If this was so, why was it that the men with the least service were not dismissed instead of those who had a larger number of year's service with Slattery's? It seems strange and will be hard to explain away. And then again the two men discharged on Friday night are also Union men. Slackness of work is all very well, but the Bacon Factory was working overtime on Friday night, and new men have been taken on since the sacking began. So we think J. M. Slattery & Sons will find it hard to convince the public of the truth of their statements. Mr. Partridge succeeded in getting a promise that Jerh. Quirke, who is an ex-army man with a wife and helpless family, would be taken back after Xmas. The remaining five men are still idle. At this festive season when the whole world commemorates the birth of our Saviour, it looks very much as if His holy message "Peace on earth, good will to men" is to have but little effect with those whom He has endowed with the riches of this world. Messrs. Slattery have shown little of the Xmas spirit. The men they have turned adrift are Catholics like themselves, but possessed of none of the goods of the world. Unemployment stares them in the face, and they are forcibly reminded that "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." When J. M. Slattery and his sons are enjoying Christmastide amongst sumptuous surroundings which their employes have helped to place them in they will, we hope, cast a thought to their less favoured brethren who, in the sight of the Bible of Bethlehem, are men just as much as themselves.

RECRUITING.

We were convinced last week that the Allies were fighting for Christianity and religion when we saw Posters announcing the visit to Tralee of Lieutenant Michael O'Leary, V.G. The

gallant hero spoke at a recruiting meeting in Denny Street, and the number of recruits that responded is so large that the officials have not had time to tot it up. This recruiting business is becoming a huge farce. Eligibles like T. O'Donnell, M.P., J. J. McCarthy, J. Slattery, Latchford, D. J. Reidy, etc., exhort others to go out and fight while they stay at home; Mike O'Leary, V.C., went to Castleisland on Sunday but met with a chilly response.

ORGANIZING.

Councillor Partridge addressed a magnificent public meeting in Killarney on Friday and spoke to the Fenit Branch on Sunday. On the latter occasion he was followed by the local G-man (German) Neazer, two other police and a Castle Notetaker, and met by two police at Kilfenora where the meeting was held in the Hall, much to the disappointment of the police. We would suggest to Matthew Nathan that economy might be effected in getting the police to do much more needed work in other directions—the conduct of drunken soldiers, etc.

NEW READERS.

The *Republic* has got some new local readers of late, some from the capitalist class. To those and all who scan these Notes as well as all workers in the cause we offer best wishes for a Happy Xmas and Prosperous New Year.

NORTHERN NOTES.

THE FREE BORN ENGLISHMAN.

A Greek steamer discharging in Belfast is under arrest, and both entrance and exit to the vessel are forbidden ordinary mortals. That in itself does not call for more than ordinary comment, but there is something more that does. The mate, who is a Welshman and not a mere "treacherous" Greek, had arranged that his wife should leave her home in Wales and visit him when his vessel should put into Belfast. When she had come from Wales the authorities prevented her visiting her husband, and prohibited the mate himself from coming ashore to see his wife. But Britons, they say, never, never shall be slaves. Yet Britain is a Servile State.

IRELAND AT THE I.L.P.

Seosamh O Conghaile was the speaker at the North Belfast I.L.P. on Sunday night. I understand that he gave an excellent summary of the treatment of Ireland by England since the Union. The discussion was good, the lecturer defending his position without difficulty and with conspicuous success.

THE DYING YEAR.

By the time the next issue of the *Workers' Republic* is read this year of grace shall have passed and a New Year shall have begun. The year has been the most stirring and memorable in the life-time of Irish-minded people in Belfast. It has had for all of us its victories and defeats, its joys and sorrows, and its re-birth of noble and inspiring ideas and its destruction—so at least we hope—of old influences and evils. Amongst its triumphs are to be reckoned some victories to the credit of the workers, foremost amongst them the Belfast Branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, the great swinging back of national opinion to nationalist ideals and the great public meetings and commemorations held by the Irish Volunteers and Cumann na mBan, etc., the defiance of British government by the Belfast deportees, and the widespread awakening and revival in the Gaelic League. Amongst its sorrows and failures were the strangling of public opinion by the Realm and Munition Acts and by the far more deadly poison of a bribed, corrupt and contemptible daily press, the continued robbery of the workers and the plunder of the people under cover of the war, and more horrible still the slaughter of thousands of men on far foreign fields in a cause not only not their own but indeed their very enemy's service, and the

FRENCH SOCIALISTS AND PEACE.

[Recently an attempt was made in Switzerland to hold a Congress of all the Labour Unions and Socialists of the belligerent countries. A goodly number attended, although many others, including all the English delegates, were not allowed by their governments to be present. Amongst the number present were two representatives of the French Socialist Party—two Trade Union Leaders. These later issued a Manifesto in France giving the text of the resolutions adopted at the Congress, along with a preface by themselves. From that preface we take the following extracts, characteristic of the spirit of the whole:]

"Who in the working classes can take a stand against this action? Which of the Labour and Socialistic papers can condemn our conduct and our initiative? After all that we have witnessed who would dare to oppose to us the plea of the party truce (l'union sacrée)? Under the discipline of the truce, the workers and their class organisation have already been silent too long. The 'truce' has been made an excuse to lay upon them all burdens and duties without giving them any rights but to suffer morally and materially, to be crippled or killed. The truce justifies the chicanery, the attacks on liberty of conscience, even the crimes which our comrades endure up to the point of madness, our comrades on whom the whole weight of war presses in their homes as well as in the trenches. The 'truce' serves to veil the shameless exploitation of women, children and generally all workers, whether working for war purposes or otherwise. The 'truce' is used to cloak the lavishing, the carelessness, the speculation, which is one, if not the main cause of the constantly increasing cost of living. It is the 'truce' which enables the Jingoists to let loose the spirit of hatred and conquest; and to declare the impossibility of resuscitating the Workers' International . . . in order to prepare the way for the suppression, if not the total abolition, after the war, of all liberty, every joint action, which expresses the class demands of Labour. Some years ago, a few million pounds were refused for old age insurances—seventeen months of war will have devoured with unchecked lavishment, more than £1,200,000,000 and the lives of millions of our comrades will have been sacrificed. And that is not all! After Italy . . . the Balkan States have been drawn into the war. We are told of new efforts next spring. Others are to follow during the summer—and peace perhaps in the autumn of 1916 (!) The total expenses of the belligerent nations will reach then—if they do not surpass it, the sum of £560,000,000 per month. That is seven to eight milliards of pounds will have been spent by the end of 1915. Tens and hundreds of milliards more will follow. Millions of human beings have already been destroyed and other millions of blind, cripples, lunatics and dead will follow. The number of widows and orphans in all nations will be added to immeasurably. Should we remain silent, with this horrible prospect before us? Are we to be forced into silence? It is required of us to absolutely renounce all sense of human solidarity, and the deep-rooted sentiment of brotherhood so as to prevent us reaching a hand across the fields of battle to our brothers in Germany and Austria and other belligerent nations? If during hours of rest and exhaustion the fighters want to show love and esteem to each other, can anyone wish to hinder us from feeling and thinking with them and from talking of peace? Should hate be the only permissible feeling? Should we leave it to our rulers and to their diplomats who led us into this war, to arrange the conditions of peace before even the working classes have expressed their opinions and their wishes? To put it shortly, are we to ask for permission

of our rulers to speak of Peace? . . . The working classes generally, but especially those who sacrifice their lives on the fields of battle, would call such proceedings a denial and surrender of their historical mission. . . . Only by international, common and simultaneous action of the working classes in all countries can we prevent the ruling classes from taking decisions as to conditions of peace, which would be fatal to the interests of all workers. Only thus can we secure the continuation of our international action after the war. That was always the opinion which we expressed and that is why we went to Zimmerwald! To all who agree with the resolutions when they have read and understood them, we address this appeal. May they join us! With them we shall attain our aims for the establishment of peace amongst the peoples. May they send us their approval directly or through friends in Paris. We await it with confidence and with the firm resolution to act. We count upon the Labour Exchanges, Trade Unions, on the National, Industrial, and Professional Unions, and on the Departmental Socialist Organisations, to bring this appeal to the knowledge of their Sections and Unions.

"A. BOURDERON,
"Member of the Socialist Party,
"12 Section Paris.
"Union of Coopers,
"182 Rue de Charentan,
"Paris XII.

"A. MERRHEIM,
"Union of Metalworkers,
"33 Rue Grange-aux Belles,
"Paris X."

A JINGO NEWSPAPER AND PEACE.

TO EDITOR WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

SIR,—

The *Morning Post*—the organ of militarism and reaction—opens a leading article in its issue of November 29th as follows:

"This country has suffered terrible things because in time of peace its Government did not prepare for war; it will suffer worse things if in time of war it does not prepare for peace. There are two main lines of preparation. One is to consider the terms on which peace can be made. *Some people will say that it is time enough to think about the terms of Peace when we have beaten the enemy. We disagree. On the contrary, it seems to us of the utmost importance that this country should have a definite idea of what it is fighting for and an irreducible minimum of what it can accept.*"

The italicised sentences express views which both the Union of Democratic Control and the Independent Labour Party have been steadily urging upon the country for months past.

For doing so they have been misrepresented with rare malignity by this very same *Morning Post* and newspapers of a similar character, and a meeting at the Memorial Hall, London, where those views would have been set forth was stormed by a lawless crowd organised for the purpose.

Yours faithfully,

E. D. MOREL.

N. J. Byrne's TOBACCO STORE,
39 AUNGIER STREET,
(Opposite Jacob's),
FOR IRISH ROLL & PLUG.

TO OUR SEAMEN BROTHERS!

We wish to ask our brothers of the Seamen and Firemen's Union in Dublin what they are paying their money into that Union for. Our reason for asking this question is to be found in the attitude of that Union to the crews of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company.

These crews, as our Dublin readers are aware, were ordered to take to sea certain ships belonging to that company which had their cargo put on board by scabs, and clerks of the company acting as scabs. Like the true men they are these crews refused, and handed in their notices.

The local secretary of the N. S. and F. U., acting upon instructions from his head office in London, ordered these members of his Union to scab upon their fellows ashore. To a man they refused. Then the Liverpool men who were on the boats were refused their fares home, and the Transport Union had to pay their way, which it did gladly in recognition of their splendid stand for Trade Union principles.

There are nearly eighty members of the N. S. and F. U. now left idle because of their fidelity to the right, and the Union to which they have been paying 6d. per week, and heavy levies, refuses to give them strike pay or in any way to recognise them. Again we ask what were they paying for?

It seems to be the policy of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union to play a lone hand in Ireland against every Irish organization, and to be prepared at all times to sacrifice shore workers everywhere in order to serve its own interests. The membership in Dublin and in most Irish ports recognise that the interests of dock labourers and seamen are alike, that one cannot thrive if the other is defeated, and recognising this they wish to preserve the bonds of friendship between the Seamen's and the Transport Unions. But the officials of the N. S. and F. U. act as if they were prepared to sacrifice the interests of their own members in order to vent their spite upon what ought to be a friendly organisation, an organisation to which they owe their very existence in Dublin, Sligo, Belfast and Waterford.

With a Labour Organisation the Irish Transport Workers' Union is always inclined to be patient and forbearing. But there are limits. Our answer to this latest attempt to compel Trade Unionists to scab upon us may be of such a character that our "friends" in Maritime Hall may long remember.

Meanwhile, just as something to exercise their wits upon, we ask our brothers, the Dublin members of the N. S. and F. U., the simple question. If they cannot get recognition from their Union when they are fighting for a Trade Union principle, what were they paying in for?

GRAND XMAS ATTRACTION!

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IRISH PLAY AND CONCERT

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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."

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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, DECEMBER 25, 1915.

Two Fateful Christmas Weeks.

ON the 21st of December, 1796, a French Fleet entered Bantry Bay bearing on board arms, ammunition, and an army of fifteen thousand men for the liberation of Ireland. The French army commander had been separated from the fleet in a storm, and his successor hesitated about taking the responsibility of landing his troops. For days the fleet rocked in perfect security in the bay, until another storm arising caused the French commander to raise his anchors and put again to sea, headed for France—and the Empire's Danger was over.

Consider it, friends! One hundred and nineteen years ago the freedom of Ireland lay in the power of one man to grasp, had he but had the decision of character necessary to cause him to act. Two years afterwards it took over thirty thousand English soldiers to conquer the one county of Wexford, and that county was one of those which had been most foolish in surrendering its arms at the demand of a government proclamation. Had Wexford risen, had any part of Ireland risen in December, 1796, even Grouchy could not have refused to land, and with the diversion his force would have caused the success of the insurrection must have been certain.

But the French Commander would not risk his troops amongst and for a people who were apparently risking nothing for themselves. The leaders of the United Irishmen hesitated—

their arrangements were not complete. The French commander hesitated, everybody hesitated, except the English Government.

One hundred and nineteen years ago. And again Ireland looks across the sea, and perhaps those across the sea look over to Ireland, and wonder.

The doubters asked Christ in his day for a sign. In our day they still ask for a sign. And in both cases it is the same answer.

"The Kingdom of Heaven (Freedom) is within you."

"The Kingdom of Heaven can only be taken by violence."

Heavenly words with an earthly meaning.

Christmas week, 1796.

Christmas week, 1915.

Still Hesitating.

SIR ROGER CASEMENT.

Honour and justice ever had he known,
And mercy's noble art,
Deep in his gen'rous heart
The sacred trio builded high their throne;
He walked upright serene,
'Midst scheming men and mean,
In life's great mart where worldly lures
are strown.

Yet him they could not tempt—he kept his soul
From all unworthy thrall,
Like one who waits a call
And lets life's stream unheeded past him roll;
It came in war's fierce gale,
That clear insistent "Hail!"
That kindled Irish blood from pole to pole.

The dream of Ireland free allured his sight,
Doubt's wearing time had passed,
He knew his own at last,
And hailed his mission with a proud delight;
And like another Tone,
Went fearless and alone
In Ireland's cause to combat England's might.

Whom England cannot bribe she villifies;
She loosed her motley tribe,
Each servile purchased scribe,
To taint his honour with their puerile lies;
But he gave all and Won,
Since Ireland cries, "Well Done!"
Oh, what to him the venom of their cries.

MAEVE CAVANAGH.

ENGLAND—AT BAY!

Unto the end—through a thousand Rages!
A thousand Torrents of roaring Shell!
A thousand Volcanoes of thundering Ages!
A thousand Damnings of Souls to Hell!

Don't Forget LARKIN'S

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economic conscription of thousands of others by military, employers, and sleek, fat jobbers of all sorts. Memorable as was 1915 in many ways, it should be eclipsed by 1916; for 1916 should be historic.

NODLAIG.

Congratulations to the *Workers' Republic* and the other journals that came into existence during the past year, on their weathering the storm of the last six or seven months without hauling down the flag. Greetings of the season to one and all of our Belfast readers, a loyal band growing in numbers month by month. And a thought and a memory for that other reader, friend and comrade, who will spend his Christmas, not with his people nor with us, but in the depths of Crumlin Road Jail—yet Alf Ua Muineachain will spend it merrily as is his wont Nodlaig sona, seanmar agaibh go h-uilig. This includes the Editor and his devil's printers.

The year of trial is past; now for the year of fight.

CROBH-DEARG.

WEXFORD NOTES.

As we wrote last week, valiant efforts are being made to restart the Redmondite Volunteers in Wexford again, and whatever chance the promoters had of doing so up to last week, things are looking pretty bad for them now, as in consequence of Coffey, the Municipal Dummy, being elected a Captain, there is a strike on amongst the few of the rank and file who turned up, who say that they are not going to submit to be drilled by an imported pawnbroker, who knows more about dealing with women than armed men.

We are sure that Coffey is very much knocked about by this state of affairs, as the man is actually full of himself, and thinks that he has the town of Wexford at his feet.

The girls' strike is still dragging along, their attitude being that Murphy must put away his manageress, who tried to make so little of them when she came, while he says she will not go. It seems to remind us of the lock-out, with the difference that it was the employers said "Daly must go."

Some of the girls have gone to a factory of the same sort in Dublin where they are getting over one hundred per cent. more wages for the same class of work. We regret, however, that the girls had to leave Wexford, as we would prefer to see them stop at home if they could manage it at all, and put some sense and Christian feeling into Murphy's black heart.

The Mayor has interested himself in the matter, but so far with no effect.

There is every hope that the question brought forward by Alderman Corish at the Corporation with reference to the Admiralty sending back the cargo boat to Wexford, will shortly bear fruit as they have sent word to the effect that they can understand the position of Wexford and are prepared to release the boat, and commandeer another from the same company in its stead.

We have, however, heard since the above came to hand that the office staff have got notice to clear out, but let us hope that circumstances will arise in the meantime to cancel them.

Wexford is in a very bad way at present owing to that boat being taken off, and the Admiralty ought to consider the people of Ireland to some little extent, or do they want to starve the Irish people out altogether.

GO TO . . .

MURRAY'S

SHERIFF STREET, 2

FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS
— AND GROCERIES. —

THE DARDANELLES FIASCO.

The Press Bureau issued the following on Monday, December 20

The War Office make the following announcement:—

All the troops at Suvla and Anzac, together with their guns and stores, have been successfully transferred with insignificant casualties to another sphere of operations.

The Irish families who have lost sons, brothers and fathers in the Dardanelles campaign now so ingloriously ended will not derive much comfort from the statement that the British troops escaped with "insignificant casualties" from a position which they occupied eleven months ago amidst the vainglorious boasting of the whole Irish and English daily press. We ask them to remember the lying reports of the *Freeman's Journal*, the *Independent*, the *Evening Telegraph*, the *Evening Herald*, the *Irish Times*, and the *Daily Express*, to remember all the funny stories and cartoons about the panic at Constantinople, the Turk flying out of Europe, and all the other products of a diseased imagination with which the Capitalist press lured thousands of Irishmen to their destruction. Read this from an English correspondent on the spot, and then try and imagine what punishment is suitable for the prostitute journalists and foresworn leaders who sent our unfortunate brothers to their miserable ending:

"Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, writing in the *Sunday Times* of the past year, lays especial emphasis on the unsatisfactory state of things in relation to the Dardanelles. He says:—

"There have been three cardinal mistakes in 1915: (1) Always allowing the enemy to think ahead of us and thus obtain the strategical defensive; (2) failure to strike simultaneously on both fronts; and (3) allowing ourselves to be led away into subsidiary enterprises of extreme danger and difficulty which could have little or no effect on the main theatre of war.

"The most glaring example of the latter is, of course, the Dardanelles expedition. I do not know exactly how many men and what percentage of our available munitions were drawn into that unfortunate enterprise during 1915, but the fact remains that our casualties in killed, wounded, missing and sick amount to 200,000 men."

The blood of those unfortunate Irish men cries aloud to Heaven for vengeance upon the leaders who betrayed them and the journalists who deceived them.

Will it cry in vain!

WORKERS' REPUBLIC

Can be had every Friday Afternoon in Scotland at—

Wm. Gribbin, Saltmarket, Glasgow.

Herald League Rooms, 94 George's Street, Glasgow.

J. O'Connor, Dundyan Road, Coatbridge.

J. Wilson, The Bookstall, Graham's Road, Falkirk.

F. C. Hanratty, 18 Wallace Street, Paisley.

P. O'Connor, 55 Caledonia Street, Paisley.

P. Murphy, Scotland Place, Liverpool.

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DUBLIN.

MR. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Sheehy Skeffington has arrived safely in Dublin. He was taken to the Bridewell in Liverpool and his effects searched. After four hours' detention he was released, but all his correspondence was retained for examination. He is in first class form, and got a warm welcome from all who saw him when he called at Liberty Hall.

CORRESPONDENTS.

O'ROURKE (London).—Thanks, comrade. We are more proud of the comradeship of toilers like yourself than you can well imagine. It is such loyalty as yours that keeps us hopeful of our class and country.

CUCHULIN (Dundalk).—No! We do not believe that war is glorious, inspiring, or regenerating. We believe it to be hateful, damnable, and damning. And the present war upon Germany we believe to be a hell-inspired outrage. Any person, whether English, German, or Irish, who sings the praises of war is, in our opinion, a blithering idiot. But when a nation has been robbed it should strike back to recover her lost property. Ireland has been robbed of her freedom, and to recover it should strike swiftly and relentlessly, and in such a fashion as will put the fear of God in the hearts of all who connived at the robbery or its continuance. But do not let us have any more maudlin trash about the "glories of war," or the "regenerative influence of war," or the "sacred mission of the soldier," or the "fertilising of all earth with the heroic blood of her children," etc., etc. We are sick of it, the world is sick of it. And when combined with the cant about "patience," and "waiting," and the "folly of rashness," and the "wisdom of caution," and all the other phrases that are to be heard from the Irish eulogists of war we confess it gives us a feeling like sea-sickness—nausea.

No, friend! War is hell, but if freedom is on the farther side shall even hell be allowed to daunt us.

St. Stephen's Night

(SUNDAY NIGHT)

IN

LIBERTY HALL.

By Special Request the Workers' Dramatic Company will produce:—

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Irish Citizen Army

Headquarters: LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

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

WHAT THE "EXPERTS" SAY!

[Condensed by "J. J. B."]

"As far as the Western Front is concerned Germany is beaten."—General Redmond.

"Tell Redmond he is a ———."—The man on the spot.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms and we shall shock them."—Horatio Bottomley.

"Shocking! He forgot the Central Powers."—The Kaiser.

"If we continue *advancing* at our present rate we will be home before Christmas."—Tommy's letter 1914.

"If we continue *advancing* at our present rate we will be still here at Christmas 1920."—Tommy's letter 1915.

"The Germans are afraid of the bayonet."—British officer 1914.

"The Germans rush upon our bayonets with the most reckless bravery."—British officer 1915.

"As I pointed out at the beginning of the war the Germans cannot last much longer."—Belloc.

"If the Germans run short of men, munitions, and money before we do, we will win."—*Irish Independent*.

"The German Armies are living on the land they have captured, hence the war is not costing them anything like what it is costing the Allies."—*Daily Mail*.

"If the Workers of the country do not give up their motor-cars, champagne suppers, cigars, and other luxuries, we will be bankrupt in a very short time."—McKenna.

"If we only knew what the Germans were up to next we might be able to do something to upset their calculations."—*Evening Mail*.

"Only for the German Dollars every Irishman would have turned Britisher like myself, and the British Empire would have been saved."—Lieut. O'Leary, V.C.

"If the 500,000 Irish eligibles will only go out and die for their glorious Empire, the Home Rule Bill will never come into force."—*Irish Times*.

"We will be in Berlin before Christmas 1914."—Mr. Meade of the "Pink Hun" in a lecture he delivered in "The Ship" in October of that year.

"In the spring of 1916 we hope to drive the Germans out of France, Russia, Belgium, and any other places they may have occupied in the interval."—Mr. Meade of the "Pink Hun" when he was sober.

"We could easily mobilise ten million savages to finish off the Huns."—R. A. Hales.

"The Indians and the Zulus, like the Natives of Ireland, would object to act on the suggestion of A. G. Hales. I am afraid, therefore, there is no chance of finishing off the Germans."—"J. J. B."

"The Irish Volunteers are 'agin the Government' but we are afraid to suppress them."—Birrell.

"The only thing that is keeping us from moving forward in Flanders is the fact that we are too busy moving backwards."—Doig, the *Evening Mail* Strategist.

"The Irish soldiers on foreign service must never know the truth about Ireland."—*The Slaveman's Journal*.

"Ireland is peaceful and happy under the Defence of the Realm Act."—*The Competent Military Politicians*.

"The views they (the so-called Experts) hold are all right, only they seem to have got hold of the wrong end of them."—One "Expert" about the others.

"Not till the French, Russian, and English Forces are exhausted, will the Irish Party come to terms with the Hun."—T. P. O'Connor.

"Victory is in sight."—*Optimists or Optimists*.

"We cannot advance on the Western Front till the French are able to push the Germans back a bit."—*Eye-witness*.

"We will lose the war if we keep on expecting our Allies to save us. The Irish are not all gone yet, and there are still two or three million Englishmen who are not engaged on War work of any description! I command the Government to attend to these matters at once."—Lord Northcliffe.

THE NEW LAW OR—THE OLD?

As the fifteenth hundredth anniversary of the coming of the Man-God upon our little planet draws nigh once more, naturally our thoughts are drawn towards a contemplation of that code which has survived throughout all these centuries, and still is, or is at least supposed to be, the dominating religion of the civilized world—Christianity.

Of recent years there has been a sort of government subsidized revolt against this ancient code. The pleasure seeking "bourgeois" of certain European nations were beginning to find the restrictions it imposed rather irksome. For instance the injunction "Though shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife," was not at all agreeable to them, especially if the woman in question was the wife of a poor man, and foolish or wicked enough to be bought over by the rich man's money.

At the present moment it looks like as if all the great nations of Europe had spontaneously thrown up the New Law of Christianity and gone back to the old code of blood and vengeance. Any man who dares to raise his voice at the moment in favour of Peace on Earth is immediately branded as a "Crank," a "Pro-Hun," a "Sinn Feiner," or by some other equally obnoxious appellation. And yet we have men frequenting the churches with a great show of religious fervour, and professing to love their neighbours and all mankind like the Pharisees of old.

Anon, they come out into the wicked world and the war fervour is upon them. They feel that they must "do their bit for the Empire" somehow. Then it is that they give expression to the noble, patriotic sentiment which animates their souls: "Send ye the boys to the front that we may eat our Christmas turkey in peace and security!"

I sometimes wonder why our bishops and clergy of the different religions of Christendom do not raise their voices in unanimous protest against this meaningless and gigantic slaughter. I mentioned this matter casually to a friend a few days ago, and the answer he made me was, I fear, somewhat caustic: "They are afraid that they would lose caste with the ruling classes."

Yes, I grant that they would undoubtedly lose the good will of the militarists and Empire smashers at the present juncture. But is this mad dog business to go on for ever?

Take the grief stricken mother who has already lost two sons in this most "just war." Think you she will feel the less respect for her pastor in years to come because he raised his hand to save the third? And in any case what even if a whole mad world should clamour for war. Is it not the mission of the disciples of

Christ to suffer persecution and calumny for the sake of Truth?

Are we going to allow the principles for which the Master gave His Life to be branded as "treason" or "cowardice," and not raise a solitary voice in protest?

Let the churches adopt the safer or more prudent course of silence if they think fit. I for one will not shrink to appeal to fellow Irishmen to stand by those teachings which have come down through 15 centuries from the Master whose advent we are so soon to celebrate. We will not give our sanction to militarism in any shape or form, nor will we be driven like dogs or Roman Gladiators to fight our fellowmen. We will not give up the New Law and go back to the Old!

"Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will!"
In spite of the Censor.

W. K. MACDONNELL.

CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

We wish to congratulate our little contemporary, the *Spark*, upon its Christmas number. It is a joy, and the Souvenir which accompanies it will, we prophesy, long occupy an honoured place in Irish homes.

Here's to the *Spark*; May it soon become a flame!

All our readers with young hearts in them, whatever be the age of their bodies, should get the Christmas number of the *Fianna*. It is full of clean and bright matter for Irish readers. Our own editor writes in it upon the very unconventional theme of "An Irish Blackguard," and offers some suggestions to the novelists of the future.

CORRESPONDENT.

IRISH VOLUNTEER (Belfast)—We have never expressed, publicly or privately, any opinion as to the attitude of the Irish Volunteers in your city towards the subject discussed in our "Notes on the Front." If anyone tells you that we have, please ask them to tell you when and where it was done. They cannot. Any one who states that we have must have some sinister purpose in view which we would like your assistance to understand.

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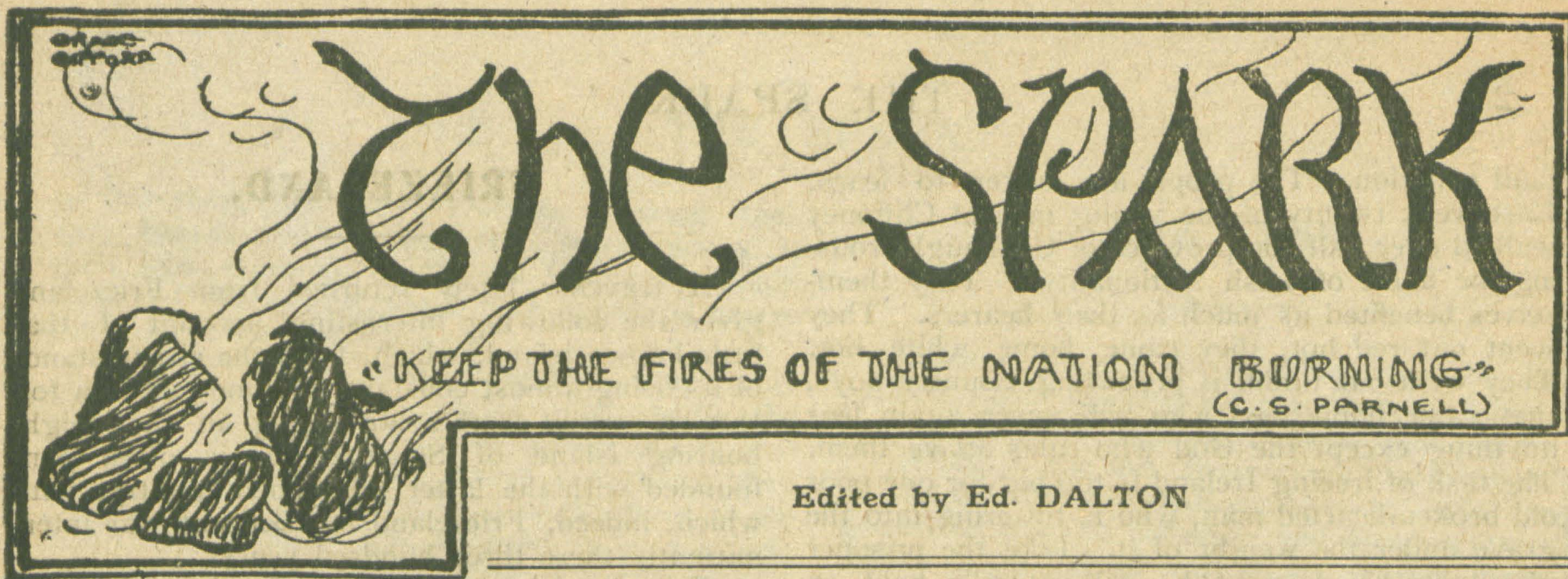
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Edited by Ed. DALTON

VOL. II. No 47.

DUBLIN, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1915.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY

IRELAND, WAKE UP!

Last July Mrs. O'Donovan Rossa told me a story. For over a year before his death the great Fenian lay in a state of almost complete mental as well as physical collapse. When an Irish-speaking person came to him and spoke in the language of his childhood, he was able for a short time to follow the conversation, but only once when addressed in English did he show any sign that he understood. This was when the American papers announced the first Zeppelin raid on London. When Mrs. Rossa read the news she rushed to her husband's bedside and shouted: "Rossa, Rossa, wake up, wake up, the Germans are in London and London is on fire. What are you doing here?" The soul that was asleep flashed back into his eyes, and his whole face for a few seconds was lighted up with enthusiasm and joy.

Rossa died that his country might live. Rossa fell asleep that his country might awake. Ireland showed her first strong signs of awakening at the Rossa funeral. Since then the process of reviving consciousness has proceeded apace. Her hands are moving feebly indeed, but with the promise of great strength when circulation has been restored. Her eyes are open, but they are dazzled yet by the light of freedom that is streaming through her prison bars. We must shout to her. Ireland, Ireland, wake up, wake up. The walls of your prison are tottering. The chains that bind you are eaten through with rust. Your gaoler is weak and distracted, and bleeding at every pore. Wake up, wake up, what are you doing here?

To call meetings for the purpose of resisting conscription is in itself a sign that we are not fully

awake. Resistance to conscription cannot be made the goal of a movement. The men whose ultimate aim is to avoid conscription will never be able to accomplish even that much. Opposition to conscription is only an incident on the march to national freedom. The man who is an Irish Nationalist, and who is prepared to give his life for the freedom of Ireland, will not be troubled much about conscription. Why don't they conscribe the German prisoners? They are veterans, and they could do wonders to stiffen the limp regiments of the English army. They have them under their thumb in the concentration camps, whereas our concentration camp is three hundred miles long. They can catch them all alive without any trouble, whereas they will catch many of our men dead after a great deal of trouble. Why don't the Germans conscribe the Russian prisoners? Because you may conscribe a man's body, but you cannot conscribe his soul. Because you cannot make people love you if they don't want to do it. A man who resists conscription merely because he does not like to fight, can be made fight. But the man who resists conscription because he does not want to desert his own country, and fight for her enemies, can be a far greater danger to the army that holds him, than if he were in the opposing trenches. The English are not likely to put rifles and hand grenades into the hands of the Germans, and place them in the hour of danger in the midst of their troops. And yet the Germans have had only one year to learn how to hate England. How slow we are to learn the lesson after 700 years.

If we would effectively resist conscription we must spread with all rapidity the gospel of Ire-

land a nation. The people are eager to learn. Last week twenty of the young men of Cliffoney walked over half the province of Connaught rousing the flame of Irish Nationality. They themselves benefited as much as their hearers. They went out red hot, they came home white hot. They went out timid, if promising, country boys, they came home men who will never again fear anything except the God who rules above them. The task of freeing Ireland is too big for one poor old broken-hearted man, who is tottering into the grave under the weight of it. Like the prisoner who loves his dugeon, he will naturally hold on to it as long as he can. Let us gently but firmly lift it from his shoulders and place it upon the broad back of the young men of Ireland. Let us not be hard on him. If any of us were subjected to a stream of votes of confidence for twenty-five years, if we had to do all the thinking for an Ireland that refused to think for itself, we should by this time have been reduced to a state of imbecility quite as abject as he has.

Let the unbought and uncorrupted intelligence of the young men of Ireland do the thinking for Ireland. Every parish in Ireland has got half a dozen intelligent Nationalists who can talk to the people in a language they understand. Let them do once or twice a month on a small scale what the young men of Cliffoney did last week on a big scale. Let them take their bicycles and go to Mass to some place ten or twelve miles away from home and speak to the people.

Let nationality be taught to the people in a language they can understand. Nationality is composed of two things, love and hate. Love of Ireland, and hatred of England. Not love alone, but love and hate. Love without hate is mollycoddle love. Love can build, but it takes hate to tear down. And we cannot build anything in Ireland until we tear down first.

We must speak to the people of every class and of every part of the country in a language which they can understand. England in Ireland is a many headed monster. Every head has a different face. Many people see only one face, and they are unable to see that it is the face of England.—(Rev.) M. O'Flanagan, C.C.

The Charlie Chaplain Volunteers.

Charlie Chaplin is coming again on Sunday night to pay a return visit to the Volunteer Hall. Children half price.—"Evening Telegraph," 2nd December, 1915. Advertisement for concert held by 1st Battalion, Redmondite "Volunteers."

Green, White, and Orange Celluloid Badges—One Penny each.—WHELAN & SON, 17 Upper Ormond Quay, Dublin.

FRIEZELAND.

A traveller lately returned from FriezeLand gives the following interesting account of that little-known island, which, from the circumstance of its being almost constantly submerged in a fog thrown over it from a hot spring in the neighbouring island of Squeezeland, is often confounded with the latter mentioned country, with which, indeed, FriezeLand has been at war intermittently these three hundred years.

FriezeLand is peopled by a hardy and industrious race who, before their subjection by their barbarous neighbours, were known far and wide for their learning and piety. They have never acquiesced in the conquest and have made many attempts to cast off the yoke of their ancient enemies. When I visited the island some months ago I found much excitement everywhere. A distant monarch, of whom little was known, had declared war on Squeezeland, and the King of the latter country straightaway sent emissaries to FriezeLand to procure mercenaries for his army. But wise men said, do not fight for Squeezeland. Remember our ancient wrongs. Trust not the fair words of those sent from that land to beguile our youths into her rotten army. Stay at home, build up a force for your own defence, and who knows but a chance may come during the war to repay the debt of centuries and set FriezeLand free.

But others arose who with foreign bribes in their pockets and false words in their mouths sought to confound the Patriots. Then a struggle began between the False Friends and the Patriots. And although many of the False Friends wore the grey beard of age, and spoke in mellow tones of the friendship, newly discovered, of the people of Squeezeland; and although by their false teachings some were deceived; and many others were cast into prison for opposing these False Friends; nevertheless, in the end truth and sense prevailed.

Then the youth, led by the Patriots, began to arm and engage in military exercises. And the old who had been in despair began to hope again. And the youth despising comfort were gay even in the knowledge that to-morrow might bring imprisonment or death itself.

But those who had enslaved the land poured out gold freely and many leaders of public opinion were purchased for a price. But few were deceived, for the Patriots plotted and conspired to outmanoeuvre their wily foe, a task hard to encompass. Because in addition to soldiers in red and disguised soldiers in black and blue, the Squeezelanders let loose an invisible army who mingled with the people spying upon them. So that no man could leave his home or visit a distant friend without that invisible creature following him. And during this time of espionage and

of terrorism, the False Friends, stroking their grey beards and crinkling the paper money in their fobs, cried out loudly lest men might doubt them:—"We in Frieze-land enjoy profound peace. Let Squeezeland be thanked."

A great many petty tyrannies were daily practised against those who adhered to the Patriots. But the young men armed and prayed for the Day. For in the midst of darkness they saw ever the shimmering light of the dawn of the Day. So privation was endured in silence; the sneers of the kept Press were suffered with a smile. Ancient prophecies were recalled which foretold the driving out of the foreigner and the rebirth of the nation.

Then the cowards and the weak of heart counselled prudence and moderation, saying, we have suffered much in the past, why bring the scourge of fire and sword about our homes. The devil we know is better than him whom we do not know. We have to eat and we have to drink. What more do ye desire? Take care that ye do not bring upon yourselves the wrath of our ancient enemy, who has now become our protector. At which the youth laughed immoderately, saying jeeringly: "Behold, the leopard has changed his spots. The toothless lion's roar no longer alarms us. Let us give his tail a twist." Whereat they again laughed loudly and toasted The Day. But in secret they prepared for the fight and steeled their hearts to meet the enemy.

And so time has gone until this very day, when all over the island armed bands are roaming in defiance of the law which their oppressors dare not enforce against them.

A strange thing, too, has come about. The fog which hung over the land has lightened, and far-off peoples have been made to see its separate identity. In fact, it is the One Bright Spot.

Any day now I expect to hear that the manhood of the island has uprisen, and that Frieze-land has been renamed, in blood and fire, "Free-land." May it be so, for I have a great love for its green fields and running waters; its autumn skies, its lovely coasts; its simple folk and its big heart. Some day I hope to return to salute the flag of the new Nation born into the world during the Great War.

Death.

Death has claimed another old Fenian in the person of Thomas Brennan, who passed away recently at his home in New York. Deceased was a Dublin man. He left Ireland after the rising in '67, and in 1876 took part with John Breslin in the "Catalpa" rescue. Go ndeanaidh Dia trócaire ar a anam.

THE TASK.

What is the use of moaning over the inas-sailable rights of other nations when we have not yet succeeded in securing those of our own?

What is the use harrowing ourselves with details of suffering nationalities, we who have grown so used to suffering and disappointment? What is the use of protesting against Belgian and Armenian massacres if we are content to watch unmoved the yearly decimation of our own small population, cut down by the relentless hand of circumstance and conditions that still obtain in our Ireland to-day? Surely the first law is to fight for our own, and "who lives if Ireland dies" is as real for us in Ireland as "who dies if Eng-land lives" is for Englishmen.

What is the use, I ask our common sense folk, of asking us to thrill to the call of Empire, while all the time deep down in our Irish hearts there is a cruel consciousness of a dying Ireland in the very heart of that Empire, and how in God's name can we be expected to glory in success abroad while our own Motherland bleeds to death at home? When Ireland has taken her rightful place amongst the nations of the earth, it will be time enough to prate of Empire and the glory thereof.

Meanwhile we see our task, our duty, lies plainly before us. The ground work and foundation of all our ultimate success is the planting of this real conviction in our own and every Irish heart and soul. We must sing it to the cradled baby, we must teach it in the church and school, we must preach it to the growing manhood, that True Patriotism is the steel resolve and profound Will within us that God's absolute Right, Justice, and Truth must prevail in our land. And they will not prevail till we are a free people. This is a cause to sacrifice all for, to die for, and perhaps, hardest of all, to live nobly and proudly for. To live for such a cause, to consciously die for it, who can doubt that God crowns gloriously such immortal fidelity. We have a gallant example to encourage us in this, our generation, in the fidelity of the Belgian nation to the elements of real patriotism. If we were permitted to watch for one hundred years the untiring resistance of this brave people to an unjustifiable invasion, if we could know that it would continue so for three hundred years, even if in seven centuries we were still to find Belgium clinging to the principle of Nationality, still opposing the bribery and corruption, the threats and irritations of her oppressor, still overcoming every effort to submerge her a mere soulless province of a ruthless Empire, would we not stand amazed at such endurance, would we not marvel

at the moral force of such a brave unconquerable spirit, and we could not but feel certain that such undying loyalty to a high principle, such divine endurance in a God-given cause, must finally result in sweeping and enduring Victory.

After all, it is our lesson. That is precisely what has happened in Ireland. The moral right has been with us from the beginning, passed down from generation to generation a holy heritage through stress and storm. We must still bear up a little longer, we must shake ourselves from these bewildering circumstances and situations, these political trickeries that would trap us in a ruinous compromise. We must renounce those who would tamper with our inviolate principles, principles the conviction of whose truth and sacredness must be our greater driving force, our rock foundation of indestructibility.

If we are the generation who compromised our rights away, if we are the generation who abandoned all that our fathers died for, then we have betrayed the trust of our noble dead, we have robbed generations of Irish yet unborn of their rightful heritage, we have covered ourselves with ignominy.

No mere brute force of a materialistic Empire can break down the moral force of a united determined people. The raging seas of a mighty ocean rush furiously on the immovable rock, they rise up and sweep over and around it, but when the storm is over and the tide goes out, the rock is still there, unconquerable and unmoved. Let us fix our eyes determinedly on the single vision of what God meant us to be, and we will be so. Free men in a free land.

(REV.) JAMES CAMPBELL.

THE AONACH.

The Aonach, I am pleased to learn, was a gratifying success, a success not alone from the attendance standpoint, but also from the standpoint of sales, which is, when all is said and done, the really vital concern of the Aonach. Unless sales are good, the Aonach fails in its main object, to obtain a proper measure of support for Irish-made goods during the "spending" days preceding Christmas.

The orchestra was excellent, and the programme, arranged by Miss O'Dwyer and performed each night, tempted patrons of the Aonach to outstay the time necessary for their shopping. Of the tea-room, I can speak in highest praise and from personal experience, and I congratulate the caterers, Miss Gifford and Miss Ffrench Mullen on the happy results of their efforts. Why

the cafe was called merely a "tea-room" I cannot understand, as the menu card contained a variety of things more acceptable than tea. I hope that the "Aonach habit" of buying Irish goods only will outlast the period of the Aonach, and be rigorously practised throughout the coming year.

SEANCHUS.

On account of Christmas Day falling on Saturday next, and of Friday being a half working-day, I am obliged to go to press earlier this week than usual. It is too early yet to measure the sales' success of my Christmas Number. In remoter days before their "indigestibility" was discovered the superlative in selling power was expressed in the phrase "selling like hot cakes," but the hot cakes were never yet baked which sold as quickly as "hot Spark's" Christmas Number, and this despite the inconvenience caused me by some disorganisation in my wholesale arrangements. I am taking precautions to ensure that there will be no shortage in supplies, and readers requiring copies can obtain them through any newsagent without delay. Whilst I am on this topic, might I ask readers to request their newsagents to display my contents bill each week? I feel I can consider the great majority of "Spark" readers as almost my personal friends, consequently I am in no way reluctant to ask this little service from them. Newsagents mustn't think that I am making complaints against them, it is only natural that they should sometimes overlook a poster. If their attention is called to it I am sure they will welcome the service also.—Yours,

ED. DALTON, Editor.

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