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

DUBLIN METROPOLITAN POLICE.

Detective Department,

Dublin, 25th June, 1915.

Secret

Subject, MOVEMENTS OF DUBLIN EXTREMISTS.

I beg to report that on the 24th inst. the undermentioned extremists were observed moving about and associating with each other as follows:

*The Under Secretary
Submitted.*

With Thomas J. Clarke, 75 Parnell Street, J.J. Farrelly for a quarter of an hour between 11 and 12 a.m.; D. Lynch, Cork, Wm. Shortall, and E. Daly together for ten minutes between 1 and 2 p.m.; William O'Leary Curtis for half an hour between 5 and 6 p.m.; and James Murray for two hours from 6 p.m.

*Lergus Quinn
Asst Comm. 25/6*

H. Mellows and M. O'Hanrahan in Volunteer Office 2 Dawson Street for an hour from 12 noon.

*Under Secretary
Submitted
WML
25/6/15*

P. O'Malley, who had been in Dublin since 19th inst., returned to Galway by 5 p.m. train yesterday. R.I.C. informed.

About 45 Sinn Fein Volunteers without rifles assembled at 41 Parnell Square at 8 p.m. and afterwards in command of F. Fahy went route marching in direction of Fairview. They returned at 10.30 p.m. and dismissed without further demonstration.

Ch. Sec.

Attached is a copy of this week's issue of "The Workers' Republic" which with the exception of a few paragraphs does not appear to contain anything deserving serious attention.

*July
26/6*

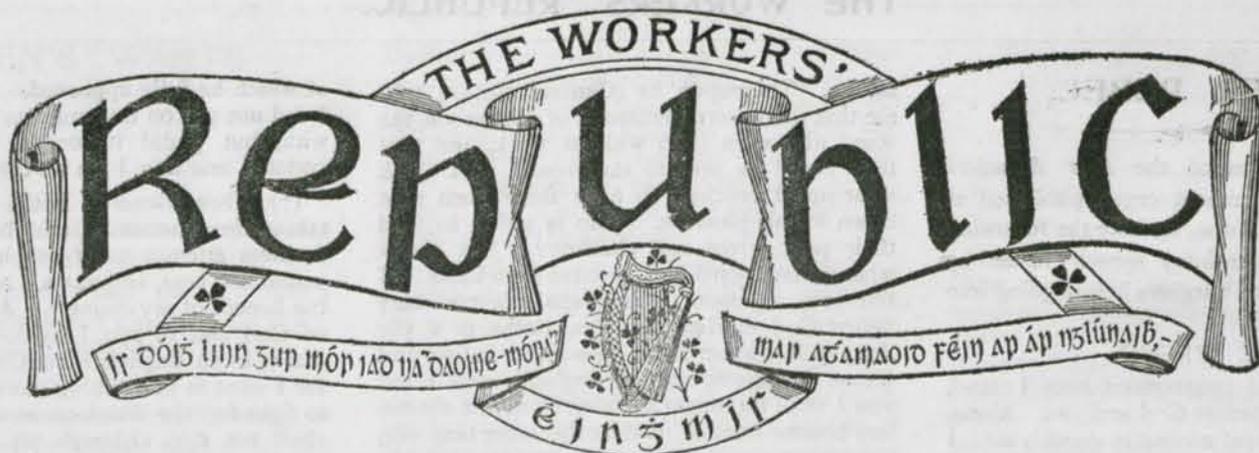
*Secy C. Sec.
26/6*

*OWEN Brien
Superintendent.*

*Ch.
July
26/6*

The Chief Commr.

PRICE ONE PENNY.



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

Vol. I., No. 5.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1915.

Weekly.

Notes on the Front

The war is still dragging its weary way along. On Saturday the Allies captured 3 yards, 2 feet and 7 inches, and on Sunday the Germans recaptured 3 yards, 1 foot and 11 inches. Thus it is easy to calculate how long it will take us to get to Berlin.

The war at home is also making great progress. Every Monday the landlords' forces make a successful dash upon the entrenchments of the enemy in the tenement houses of Dublin, and come away laden with spoil, leaving behind them a motley array of rent books and notices to quit.

On the same day mounted forces of the Shilling-a-Week Brigade descend in relentless raids upon the homes of the poor, and poor women and children can be seen rushing in droves to the pawnbrokers for ammunition to satisfy the raiders.

In addition to these continual charges upon the entrenchments of the poor large forces of the enemy are at all times busy in intercepting our convoys of food, and from their strategic positions in the bakery and provision shops are able by increasing prices to spread hunger and misery in the ranks of the workers. Up to the present all counter attacks have failed to dislodge them, although serious food riots are reported from England.

The Transport Union has successfully led several attacks upon the enemy, and has captured a large number of War Bonuses and other military material. But not being properly supported by others the attack was not carried further into the enemy's entrenchments, with the result that although the Transport Union kept the position it won, the other portions of the forces of Labour are still struggling in an attempt to secure the necessary supplies.

In addition to this great masses of the Workers, being unorganised and therefore undisciplined, are still lying helpless outside the Barbed Wire entanglements of the Food Pirates.

The workers in Cork are still lying around helpless waiting for some great leader to come along and save them. Generally in the past they sacrificed the leader after he had saved them, so in the present case there is no great desire on anybody's part to do the saving act.

The Dock Labourers of Cork like the Dock Labourers of Waterford and some other places have not yet risen to a realisation of the dignity of their class. Their one thought is to get some one to help them, to do something for them, and then when they have reaped that benefit they look for the first opportunity to find fault with the Organisation which secured the benefit for them.

They have not been able to realise that only in Organisation can men win rights, and only by still more Organisation can they keep those rights. They do not seem to grasp the fact

that better homes and better life, like all the good things of the world, must be paid for, and that organisation is the price that the labourer must pay.

The men who in each place have stood by the Union are the men who keep up the standard of wages for all, they are the men in the gap of danger. Upon their existence and courage rests the hope of Labour. To them is due the fact that the various hosts of the capitalist enemy have been prevented from swallowing up again all the hard-won gains of the Workers of Ireland.

Let them stand to their posts, stand undaunted and watching until the shameful deserters crawl back to the army and the fort they abandoned; until the workers throughout Ireland once more fall in behind the splendid hosts of the Dublin fighters in the battle for Industrial Freedom.

For Industrial Freedom; Aye, and the battle for Industrial Freedom breeds true and sterling fighters for the freedom of the nation. Should the red tide of battle ever flow in Ireland the first in Ireland's ranks will be those who knew how to build and organise for Labour.

Just as true as it is that they who will first desert Ireland for a foreign flag will be those who first deserted the flag of Labour.

In case the Germans should ever attempt to invade Ireland, it is just as well to inform them that our women workers in the shirtmaking trade are at present agitating for the Trade Board (Ireland) to fix a minimum rate of wages for female workers, other than learners, of 3½d. per hour, and that said Board has invited the employers to send in objections which may be lodged within three months from the 20th of May, 1915.

The hoardings are covered with recruiting posters appealing to the "Women of Ireland" to get their boys to enlist. We warn the Germans to beware of the deathless courage of the men who can look on undauntedly whilst these "Women of Ireland" are piteously agitating for a wage of 3½d. per hour.

The sufferings of the Belgian children also rise to our eyes when we learn that the same Board proposes to increase the wages of female learners to 3/6 per week of 50 hours.

Three months notice to oppose that is also given to the employers, and we are thus left in the dark as to the real rates paid at present. But when we see the rights of the poor employer to purchase Irish flesh and blood at a lower rate than 3/6 per week being thus interfered with, we at once scent the evil hand of the Alien Enemy. Surely nobody but a German spy would thus strike such a fell blow at our Irish Industries.

Where is the Irish Employer who would not die in defence of the glorious empire which allows him to make a profit out of the flesh and blood (and tears) of helpless Irish womanhood and girlhood!

Where is he? Why he is sitting snugly in his office, smoking a cigar, and talking of conscription to force the husbands, fathers and brothers of his female slaves to go out and fight for him!

I take this cutting from the pages of our bright contemporary, the *British Seafaring Journal*:

"We are told that in the United Kingdom there are close upon 17 million acres of waste land. I should have to tax my memory to recall a single acre of what might be fairly termed "waste land" in all the many visits I have paid to different parts of Germany. Also with regard to waste of human material the results visible to the naked eye cannot fail to strike the traveller. It is true that statistics disclose an ominously rising average of crime, but the wastrel, the do-nothing, the loafer, those with whose presence we are pestered at home, are rarely to be met with in Germany.

SIDNEY WHITMAN."

If the same could be said of Ireland what a rich country this could be made. For in Ireland the waste land and the waste human material alike exist in riotous profusion. A wise statesman, nay, a benefactor to the race would be he who could bring those two together that united they might by their co-operation enrich our common country. But in Ireland all the legislative and administrative forces seem to aim at increasing the quantity of both kinds of waste.

Think of it: No waste land, no waste human material in Germany; much waste land much waste human material in Ireland. What is the moral, the lesson? But I am getting too dangerously near to the Defense of the Realm Act.

The land of Ireland is well intersected with canals which in other countries provide the very cheapest kind of carriage for goods, but the railway companies of Ireland have bought up the canals to prevent them serving the Irish public. Thus the public lose the facilities which the canals would give, and the railways secure in their monopoly settle down into a state of slovenly inefficiency which makes them a national scandal. Irish railway companies make no attempt to develop Irish industry, or to develop Irish districts. Rather, they seem to regard themselves as alien enemies, holding a position over a conquered people which enables them to compel that people to go on forever paying a War Indemnity for the mere right to live.

Slovenly in their methods, contemptuous in their dealings with the general public, tyrannical and sweating in their treatment of their workers, the Irish railway companies make us long for the day when an Irish State will assume in the interest of Ireland, the power and ownership they have exploited so mercilessly for mean and sordid ends.

A BOER REBEL.

From the columns of the *Port Elizabeth Advertiser*, a Government organ published at the Cape of Good Hope, we take the following report of the extraordinary speech made by General Muritz to his burghers before going into rebellion:—

THE SPEECH.

(1) Burghers and countrymen, here I stand, and I stand alone before God and you. Alone, yes, alone, and I want no one to go with me. I ask none of you to side with me; but here I stand for the welfare of my country. I, what I have taken upon myself I am going to fight for; and if any of you think that my cause is not the right one, and that I am turning traitor to my country and to you, send a bullet through my head, for then I am not worthy to live, and may God Almighty send a flash of lightning and wipe me out, here where I stand, if my cause is not a right one. My cause is this: Ever since the late war I have intended to free my country of the English and capitalists who rule us for their own benefits, and pump from us and the poor of South Africa the little we have to suffice their own avarice and line their own pockets with, the little they take from the poor by means of tax which none of them pay. I don't see why we can't have our own Government and independent rule; why must we, an independent nation, be ruled by another nation and be trampled upon as if we were rubbish?

(2) See how men like General Hertzog and others have been treated, men who have done their utmost for our goodwill, see by what low means they (General Botha and party) have put General Hertzog out of the Ministry, the only man who acted and aimed toward the welfare of his nation. Yes, my burghers, see what has been done to the man who had the welfare of the African nationality at heart, see by what low means he was excluded from the Ministry! Where lives there an Afriander with a true Afriander heart whose blood does not boil at the mere thought of such underhand treatment? I tell you I shall fight as long as the sun shines over my head, and my God will help me; and Botha, low scandalous hound that he is, shall be brought to bay, and may God grant that I may meet him in a hand-to-hand fight, that I may just cool my burning heart. Yes. I call Botha a dog not worthy to be looked upon, not only has he deceived his country, but even you upon whom he is dependent for the vile work which he wants you to commit. He called you up, not for war, but for a special peace training camp, and now that he has got you away from your parents, he has given me orders to take you up to the border, there to die of hunger or thirst or (be) killed by the Germans.

(3) How can a man with common sense expect me to take you there, as unprovided as you all see we are here? The Germans are provided with numerous cannon and other big guns, and ammunition far superior to ours. How on earth can we expect (think) of fighting against such a Power, we not even having one cannon for defence? When I told him all this he had the flimsy excuse that we were not ordered over the border. One thing is certain though, if we go up to the border the Germans would demand an explanation, and a fight is certain. See what has happened at Zandfontein with General Lukin, he is one of those who fight for his own honour, yes, just for a little coloured stripe on his breast. What has happened there? He had 120 young South Africans shot, 70 wounded, and 200 captured, and what did he get for it? Absolutely nothing! He is the cause of the present crisis. I told Botha when he spoke to me about taking G.S.W. that it was impossible, and that he had better leave it, but he would not take my

advice. Thereupon he (General Botha) told me that there were thousands of miners on the Rand who were (are) without work, and that they could be sent to the front. Just think what sinful treachery to have those men shot down for his pleasure. Who is going to feed their poor wives and children? Just think what a blackguard he is to have such ideas! I tell you, my men, it is irreparable treachery before God in Heaven. Yes, Botha is a vile dog, no less a murderer, he wants to satisfy and please the honour-seeking England, and I tell you I shall no longer be ruled by such a shameless honour-hunting, and at the same time vile, Government as the Botha Government, and may God help me. It is more than a year I have corresponded with the German Governor, and now we have come to a conclusion and signed a contract by which I shall free my country. There are 6,000 German soldiers at my disposal, but I don't need them, because I depend upon South Africans to fight for their own independence.

(4) If America can have independence why can't we have it, too? And if the South Africans won't have it then I will say farewell to South Africa and take up my abode in some other country where I need not submit to the vile English Government. The English King speaks of God being on his side, but I say he has no right to use the name of God, for where will you find a more uncivilised nation than the English. They still speak of civilisation, you all know how matters stood in the last war. Just think of the 26,000 women and children. Can we ever forget that? You may, but I never shall. God can never forget such crime, though years have passed and grass grown over their graves. Therefore the English King has no right to use God's holy name. The German Kaiser has the most lawful right to use the name of God, for he is fighting to preserve right and peace, and on that account the German nation is the most civilised nation, and hold the greatest discipline of the world.

(5) Now, don't think that I build on the German nation, and that I side with the Germans, or that I am helping the Germans against my own people. Far from that. There are only two beings I shall never turn traitor to, and these I shall always obey wherever they send me or whatever they commit me to do, and these are my God and my nation, and they can send me through fire and I shall go, and I will do it too, but no other shall order me, and those who dare I will tell to go to Hell, or send them there with a bullet. Up to the present God has been guiding me, because ever since the idea struck me I asked God to guide me, and to kill me if I am wrong. I am not a man to go about with my religion printed on my forehead. Still, I live in daily, yes, hourly, communication with Him who grants me the right and time to speak this to you. Now, understand, I don't want to mislead you, because your parents are not here. I wish they were, then they themselves could judge and tell you what to do, but I know their feelings for I have fought with many of them, with many of your brothers, and therefore I know and can judge their feelings. So you need not fear, if they could only hear the right thing.

(6) Still you need not fear, the whole of the Free State and part of the Transvaal are ready to start up, they are just waiting for me to start the ball rolling. When I last saw General Beyers I told him and General De Wet my plans, and they quite sided with me, so did the ex-President, Steyn, and the late General De la Rey. To the latter, in fact to all of them, I most honourably disclosed all my plans, because they are men whose only aim is for the welfare of the African nation. They knew everything long before the war, for when I was appointed to go to Pretoria, to the Depot, I told General Hertzog my plans,

of which he fully approved. I can assure you. I did not put on this uniform to serve England with, but I did it for the goodwill of my country, and now I am on the point to act.

(7) When General Botha insisted on my taking the command, I told him it would be a fruitless attempt to try such a thing, but he would not hear, and again I took promotion for the benefit of my country. And now, in sight of God and of you, I lay down my distinctive marks as an English Lieut-Colonel and officer, for I want to be nothing more than a burgher, to fight for the freedom of my country, and I shall not stop although my blood may flow, and heaven knows I shall with honour shed my blood. As you all know I have a wife and two children, and I love them. Heaven knows I do, but my country comes before them.

(With this his tears overwhelmed him, and he ended his speech.)

IRON DRESSERS' SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

Inchicore.

DEAR SIR,—Kindly allow me space in your valuable journal to contradict the falsehoods which appeared in the Dublin evening papers of last week. *Re* iron dressers' strike there are none of our members gone away to look for work. The men are willing to resume work when their demands are conceded to, but the papers say that all places of the men that left off work are filled. Here is how they are filled. There are two of the Mr. Tonges, of Tonge and Taggart's, training five scabs. One of the scabs, whose name is Lacey, was formerly a member of the Transport Union. He scabbed in 1913. Hammond Lane Foundry Company are getting their work done by non-union labour. Also a fellow by the name of Nelson, a correspondent member of the Iron Dressers of Scotland, is scabbing it there. Also a scab, the name of Kavanagh, of Spence, of Cork Street, is doing likewise. His foreman and the foreman's son, also a fellow the name of McDonald, also scabbed in 1913.

Trusting you will find space for to expose those firms who are out to smash Trade Unionism,

I remain, dear sir, yours faithfully,
IRON DRESSER.

DUBLIN TRADES COUNCIL

The usual fortnightly meeting will be held on Monday next, 28th inst., at 8 o'clock, p.m. Miss Bennett and Miss Chenevix, of the Irish Women's Reform League, will address the Council on the Feeding of School Children. The President will deal with the recent College Green Election. The question of Conscriptio will also be referred to. A full and punctual attendance of Delegates is requested.

CROYDON PARK

:: GREAT ::

AERIDHEACHT

SUNDAY, JUNE 27th, 1915,

AT 3.30 P.M.

A good Programme has been arranged. All the Prize Winners at the recent Competitions will appear, along with a host of other Talent.

Distribution of Prizes at the close. Prize-Winners, please note!

ADMISSION:

Adults 3d. - - Children 1d.

REFRESHMENTS AT MODERATE PRICES.

WOMEN'S WANTS

By X. Y. Z.

Women are human beings. What is the first thing a human being needs? Air to breathe, we cannot live more than a few minutes without it! What next? Food, drink, clothes and shelter! We sometimes hear that a woman's first want is a husband and a baby! This is not so! A woman can live without husband or child; she cannot live without air or food. The woman's movement is essentially based on a desire to give every woman enough to eat, enough to wear and a good house to live in. Next it aims at health. No babies' funerals, no consumption, no fevers, no toothache! How can these things be! Mothers, do you like to see your children hungry? Do you like to see them ill! Do you like to be hungry and suffering yourself? How can you and your little ones be well fed and healthy? First of all we want proper meals for school children. A start has been made. An Act passed last year allows "local authorities" in Ireland to spend 1/2d. in the pound of the rates on feeding hungry children. Our beautiful Dublin Corporation has appointed a reactionary male committee to do as little as possible! We want a new Act, giving enough money and making the feeding compulsory. Women, is this worth fighting for? Would that we had some organisation of working-class mothers who would collect evidence as to the need for meals and press strenuously to get them! We know they are necessary; the teachers know it! We have got to show the City Hall that we know it.

But even with good food people get ill and delicate, teeth decay and ache, eyes don't see. Hearts are weak. We want "Medical Inspection and school clinics." This thing "Medical Inspection" exists in England. Our M.P.'s would not allow the Act establishing it to extend to Ireland. Mothers, if your children are sick and suffering—if their teeth, their eyes, their throats are giving trouble remember that John Redmond and his party are partly responsible for it! What does Medical Inspection do? A school doctor is appointed. He or she goes to a school in the district and carefully examines the young children of 3 to 5 who are entering school and the older ones of 12-14 who are leaving it! They are also examined when about 9 or 10. It is found in England that one in ten have weak eyes and about nine out of ten have bad teeth, some weak backs, some have weak hearts, some have weak chests, and some, alas, have weak heads. All this the doctor finds out.

He tells the father and mother. Under this scheme great care is taken to get in touch with the parents and get them to do their part. They may take the child to hospital, but that is not always satisfactory. So school clinics have sprung up. They are voluntary and run by various people. Labour women are running several. At the clinics teeth are attended to, eyes and throats cured. Really serious cases go to hospital, but under this system the children of the poor get the same benefits, the same advantages, and the same attention as are enjoyed by the children of the healthy with their trained nurses and family doctors to keep them fit. It is well to remember that the headmasters and mistresses of English middle and upper class schools are asking for the inspection of their pupils. Rugby school is quite one of the aristocratic institutions of England, yet its doctor has published a book telling how he examined a thousand English boys, the sons of wealthy men, and found that a very huge number had something the matter with them. Medical inspection exists in many countries—France, Germany, America, Belgium, etc., etc. All find it necessary. Why not Ireland? Is

Dublin a healthy place? Consumption! What on earth is the use of patching up consumptives? With medical inspection in our schools the doctors could tell us who was threatened, and so the disease could be prevented in time. School buildings are bad. Well, part of the doctors' duty is to say so. We want both good buildings and the doctoring.

But I hear some sensible mother saying that it is foolish to wait till the children are three before looking at them. So it is. You want "Baby Clinics." Some years ago there lived in England Margaret Ethel MacDonald, the wife of J. R. MacDonald, M.P. After her death her husband wrote her life—"A Memoir of Margaret Ethel MacDonald," and to some of us that book is the best expression of "the woman's movement" that exists. Mrs. MacDonald was a happy and devoted wife and mother. The unfailing friend of the workingwoman, she slaved on committees and collected all sorts of useful facts. She founded the "Women's Labour League" for the wives and daughters of Trade Unionists and for working women generally. As a memorial of her life and work was opened in London England's first "Baby Clinics." Here the mothers bring the wee ones for advice and cure. It was a Labour affair. The mothers are not snubbed and patronised. Now the English Local Government Board is willing to pay half the cost of any baby clinics or "school for mothers" in England. Remember that this may include free meals for nursing and expectant mothers. Places of this kind are springing up all over England. Ireland has no grant. Mothers, do you want it? Do you want food and milk for yourselves and your babies? The English Women's Labour League is busy starting new clinics and schools. Ought we to have an Irish League to do the same? One thing we have. Some thousands of pounds are given by Parliament to pay half the cost of school dentists in Ireland. But the greater part of the money is unspent, because no one troubles to start dental clinics. Is it not shocking? I have given no Irish figures—they don't exist, but I say to those who declare that Irish children are so healthy, so much stronger than the boys at Rugby, if you don't believe us prove us wrong. Let an impartial doctor examine a few schools and tell us what he finds. If our Dublin boys are more healthy than those Rugby chaps, well and good; we were wrong. But if not, if Irish children, like all others, need doctors to look after them, then give us doctors. I wonder do our opponents accept this challenge and let the children of even one school be inspected as a test. Then we will be able to unite in worrying Parliament. Mothers, don't leave the care of your children to the doctors to agitate for. Don't leave it to middle class women. Do it yourselves.

Talk of it. Find out about how many sick children are living near you. Later on, let us have meetings and come out to mind the babies. "Staying at home" to mind them has had mighty bad results.

ANOTHER WIN FOR LABOUR.

The employes of Messrs. Judd Bros., of Hendrick Street, Dublin, recently applied, through the Transport Union, for an increase of wages. After a lengthened period of waiting, as no satisfactory answer was forthcoming, the men withdrew their labour on Tuesday morning, June 22nd.

The matter was then taken up between one of the firm and Messrs. Bohan and Connolly, with the result that a satisfactory arrangement was come to by which the wages of the yard men and boys are to be increased One Penny per Hour, and the men on Piece Work had their rates increased One Penny per dozen of skins.

Another lesson in the value of Organisation.

WELCOME IN TRALEE.

NEW LABOUR PAPER.

At the last meeting of the Tralee Trades and Labour Council,

Mr. O'Connell, Secretary, said the Working Class had very few papers to voice their opinions or their sentiments. There was a weekly paper lately started in Dublin called the WORKERS' REPUBLIC—a very well got up paper—and from what he had read of the editorial policy, it was not going to enter into party politics of any description, but is to be devoted solely to the Workers' Cause. The paper represents the interest of the Workers, and it ought to be supported by workmen. He had great pleasure in welcoming THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC into the journalistic arena in Ireland, and hoped the Workers of the country would support it.

Mr. Conroy—I had pleasure in reading a few copies of the paper, and I think it is a really genuine Workinman's paper.

CROYDON PARK CARNIVAL.

The Prizes won at the Musical and Athletic Carnival last Sunday week will be distributed at an Aeridheacht to be held on to-morrow (Sunday), 27th, in Croydon Park, Fairview. Prize Winners will please note. Several well-known artistes will contribute songs, recitations, and dances. The proceedings will commence at 4 p.m., and the prices of admission have been fixed at 3d. for adults and 1d. for children. In addition to the Musical Programme, some Athletic Events have also been arranged, and those who wish to spend a pleasant Sunday afternoon should make it a point to attend.

The Carnival Committee would again ask all those who have not as yet returned Tickets for Carnival to do so as soon as possible. The Committee are anxious to get accounts audited immediately, and ticket holders will facilitate matters by returning monies and unsold tickets to Mr. John O'Neill, Secretary, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, Dublin.

SUPPRESSION.

In Great Britain the Press has much greater freedom at present than we enjoy in Ireland, and as a consequence papers are allowed to publish and printers to print things that we in Ireland would be imprisoned for publishing, and have our machinery broken up for printing.

But we can still sell the things the Britishers can print. Hence if you wish to read pamphlets dealing with the War you can call at

31 EDEN QUAY,

and the girl in charge will sell you for a few pence any of the publications of the Labour Party or kindred societies upon that or similar subjects.

BACHELORS' WALK SHOOTING.

MEMORIAL TABLET ON VIEW.

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

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

SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.**THE RE-CONQUEST OF IRELAND.**

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.

PRESS OPINIONS:

Catholic Times: "We can heartily commend Mr. Connolly's pamphlet."

Forward: "'The Re-Conquest of Ireland.' By James Connolly. Published at Liberty Hall, Dublin. Sixpence. Sixty-four pages, brilliantly written as Connolly's work usually is, of modern Landlordism and Capitalism in Ireland, and the struggles of the working class for freedom. It ought to have a wide sale among Irishmen."

Irish Citizen: "'The Re-Conquest of Ireland' is an unpretentious little brochure, far less ambitious in scope than Mr. Connolly's other well-known book 'Labour in Irish History', but it bears in every way the stamp of a clear and fearless thinker, and is an exceedingly valuable contribution to contemporary Irish thought."

"This courageous little book should be read and pondered by every progressive spirit who desires to get a clear grasp of the various forces which are at work to-day, making slowly but surely for the regeneration of our common country."

Irish Times: "Mr. James Connolly . . . has written a pamphlet which is on the same high level of lucid thinking and vigorous diction as his earlier book. Whatever may be the merits of his industrial and political gospel, he at least expresses it forcefully and well. . . . Mr. Connolly's review of the more recent history of Ireland, though not always impartial is interesting, and gives food for thought, which revolving in the minds of practical men, may result in some desirable reforms in industry."

Wholesale Agents: Messrs. EASON & SONS,
or Direct from LIBERTY HALL. Price 6d.

TWINEM BROTHERS'**MINERAL WATERS**

The Workingman's Beverage.

TWINEM BROTHERS'**DOLPHIN SAUCE**

The Workingman's Relish.

Factory--66 S. C. ROAD, and 31 LOWER
CLANBRASSIL STREET. 'PHONE 2658.

THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

EDITED BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

The "Workers' Republic" will be published weekly, price one penny, and may be had of all respectable news-agents. **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, JUNE 26, 1915.

A RAILWAY THIEF.

THERE is a strike of shopmen and other workers on in the Midland and Great Western and Dublin and South Eastern Railways in Dublin. The employes are out on strike because no answer has been given to their repeated requests for an increase of wages to meet the abnormal increase of prices resulting from the great war. That is the central fact of the situation. But arising out of that fact there comes that inevitable touch of humour, such as never fails in Ireland to light up the most serious situation. The General Manager at the Broadstone is a gentleman named Keogh. That gentleman writes to the Press and with the most owl gravity informs all and sundry that there is no dispute between the railway company and their employes, that he does not recognise the Transport Union, and that he never heard of any complaint on the part of the men now on strike. Then he adds, as if it were an unimportant matter, that he had received two communications from the Union, one of them three months ago, and another a week before the strike, but this notwithstanding the men left work without giving notice. After tying himself up in a black knot in this fashion Mr. Keogh sent out the Chief Engineer to tell the strike pickets that if they would send in a deputation on the following day he would arrange for them to meet a body of the directors. The men reported this to their Union, and at a mass meeting of all the men on our advice a deputation was appointed to hear what the directors had to say and to lay the facts before them. When the deputation attended on the following day they were ushered into the Board Room where they met—Mr. Keogh and the Chief Engineer. Not a director was present. Seeing they had thus been inveigled in by a lying promise the men stood on their dignity and retired. In chagrin at this the Management stopped the Week's Pay due to the men, in the hope that the unexpected loss would lead to demoralisation. To put it more plainly,

Mr. Keogh Stole the Wages of the Men just as truly as does the less respectable but more honest thief who picks a pocket in the street.

The Transport Union immediately paid the men a week's strike pay, and ordered the stoppage of all coal destined for the Midland. Three boats were held up on Sunday night.

Is it not a humorous situation to hear an incompetent jack-in-office, on a railway notorious for its muddling inefficiency and rotten service, say that he will not recognise the right of the men to negotiate through a Union of their own choosing? At the present moment the Government of Great Britain has recognised the right of its working class citizens to speak through their unions, and at every crisis the responsible minister calls together the heads of Unions to consult with them and profit by their advice. In every European country it has been recognised that national organisation on an effective scale is only possible through the co-operation of organised Labour, but this poor derelict manager of an almost derelict railway, a railway made more derelict by his poor managership, with his head full of eighteenth century ideas refuses to recognise the rights of his fellow countrymen to organise in an Irish Union.

Imagining he is another William Martin Murphy he swells his chest to repeat the war cries of the employers during the great lock-out; swells himself like the ox in the fable—and will either burst himself, or cause others to die laughing.

He need not imagine that the world to-day in 1915, is interested in his attempt to restart a conflict like that of 1913-14, or in his attempt to become another disrupter of the public peace. The men must get their increase. That is the vital point, and all squirmings and dodgings about recognition do not affect the issue. Through their Union they have put in a request that their wages be so advanced that they may maintain the same standard of life as heretofore. That modest request must be acceded to, and all the rest of the palaver from Mr. Keogh may be dispensed with.

As serious men we cannot afford to turn back in our march to consider the babblings of another age even from the lips of a General Manager.

TO THE CITIZEN ARMY

Hitch your waggon to a star,
To the light in Erin's eyes,
To the ruby glow of a passionate hope
That flames in the Eastern skies.
To the Sunburst rising from out a sea
Of tragedy, blood, and tears
We will hitch our waggon, and trust to luck
With a faith that knows no fears.
Then keep your powder dry, my boys,
And cheer for the coming fight,
We're the sons of a race of heroes, boys,
And we'll rise or fall with the right.
Then put your trust in God, and pray
That your sword will have proved steel
When comrade by comrade we stand on the day
That we flog the Bulldog to heel.
When the enemy scattered and down and out
Bows low to our crowned Queen,
When our bloodstained swords have set Ireland
free
And hoisted the flag of green.

MACA.

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:: :: OUR ADVERTISERS.**

RAILWAY STRIKE IN DUBLIN.

SOME FACTS FROM THE LABOUR GAZETTE.

From the information of those worthy but misguided souls who think that "in this great national crisis" nothing in the way of a fight for better conditions should be allowed to mar our national unity, and who are therefore inclined to believe that the shopmen who are out on strike on the railway lines are unreasonable, we collate from the *Board of Trade Labour Gazette* for June some facts giving the increases granted in Great Britain by firms who are quite as "loyal," if not so hoggish, as the railways affected in Dublin:—

In Cardiff—Bricklayers, masons, carpenters, joiners, plumbers, plasterers, painters, labourers, obtained an increase of ½d. per hour, making the rates for the six trades first mentioned 10d., for painters, 9d., for labourers 7d. and 7½d.

In Newport the same bodies got the same increases, and in addition engine drivers and drainers were increased to 7½d. per hour.

In Glasgow and district slaters got an increase of ½d. per hour, and hewers got a War Bonus of 15 per cent., making wages 63 per cent. above standard.

In Durham coal mining district the hewers and other underground workers got an increase of 15 per cent. In Cumberland 15½ per cent.; in the Federated Districts 15½ per cent.; in South Staffordshire and Worcester 15½ per cent.; in South Wales and Monmouthshire 17½ per cent.; and in Scotland 18½ per cent.

In the Ironstone Mining Districts of Cleveland, South and West Durham, the increase was 15 per cent., and in North Lincolnshire 23½ per cent.

In the Engineering and Shipbuilding Trades the increases were of 7 and 10 per cent.

In the textile trade hosiery workers got a War Bonus of 7½ per cent. to males, and 5 per cent. to females.

In the Boot and Shoe Trade at Leicester a War Bonus of 1/6 per week was given to female operatives of 18 and over and to youths of 18 and under 21; of 3/- to males over 21 earning under 35/-; of 2/6 to those earning 35/- and under 45/-; and of 2/- to those earning 45/- and upwards.

In Birmingham an increase of 3d. per week on night work, and of 2/- on day work, was given to the bakers.

RAILWAYMEN'S STRIKE.

The following letter appeared in some of the Dublin daily papers on Saturday, June 19th:—

DEAR SIR, —

As the General Manager of the Midland Great Western Railway has made public a letter addressed to his friend, Mr. John D. Nugent, M.P., on the above subject, will you allow me the courtesy of your columns to point out some of the truly extraordinary statements and inferences contained therein. First is the statement that no dispute has arisen between the Company and their own employees, and that the strike "has been brought about solely by the action of the Irish Transport Workers' Union." Permit me to inform Mr. Keogh that the Irish Transport Workers' Union has the same right to speak on behalf of the men as Mr. Keogh has to speak on behalf of the shareholders of the Midland and Great Western Railway. The Union is the executive power of the one, duly elected for that purpose, as Mr. Keogh and his Board is the executive power of

the other. If there is any distinction in this case it must be made in favour of the Union, because no step in this dispute has been taken without consulting the men, and it is quite certain that before involving their railway in a strike through his refusal to recognise the right of the men to collective bargaining, by the medium of a Union of their own choosing, Mr. Keogh never held a meeting of his shareholders, nor ever consulted either their wishes or their interests.

The ideas of Mr. Keogh upon the rights of trade unions are a hundred years out of date, and wherever they are re-introduced in the modern world have led to conflict and disaster.

The right of the Transport Union officials to represent their members is as strongly rooted in the law of the land as the right of the Board of Guardians to represent the ratepayers. Both were elected and endowed with their rights and powers in agreement with legal forms made and provided for that purpose.

This strike, which is supposed to have been declared without notice, is elsewhere admitted to be the culmination of efforts commencing with correspondence with the Company in the last week of February—more than three months ago.

Thanking you in anticipation,

I am, yours truly,

JAMES CONNOLLY,

ACTING GENERAL SECRETARY.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

[By "J. J. B."]

God made Ireland a Nation, but England thought she knew better, and took possession of the country.

Ireland has made gallant attempts to wipe away from her bosom the blasphemous stain of an unnatural and unholy serfdom, to remove the withering shadow that loomed across her fair form, to steel her heart against the blighting influence of foreign rule. . . . The story is a long one. . . .

England kindly condescended to reconsider the matter, and has by a "Home Rule" Measure (*Imperial measure, by the way*) made Ireland a Nation once again!

On the 25th September, 1914, the Irish Parliament was opened at the Mansion House, Dawson Street, Dublin. A few hundred soldiers of England were stationed nearby to prevent the Irish members being squashed by the madly enthusiastic spectators. Letters were received from Messrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, McDermott, Milroy, Hegarty, Bolger, De Lacey (no address), Captain Monteith, Mr. James Larkin, Sir Roger Casement, and numerous others, apologising for their absence. Hundreds of cablegrams from thousands of the Irish in the *Barbadoes* and the rest of the civilized world, including Dartmouth, Old Kilmainham, and New Mountjoy, were also received.

The proceedings were proclaimed by the people present, a brilliant assembly of the best brain and brawn left in the country. A vote of sympathy with the relatives of the King's Own Scottish Borderers who were murdered by the dirty Huns, was carried unanimously. An application to put down a tablet commemorating their great feat on Bachelor's Walk, was ruled out of order. Ireland's Foreign Policy was discussed, and many people were disgusted at the treatment of a small nationality at the hands of the Germans. Speakers prophesied great futures for "Eligibles," and after the meeting six *inspired* individuals adjourned to a depot in Grafton Street to have their fortunes *tolled*!

To celebrate the dawn of the new era, the whole of Ireland was decorated with *attractive* extracts from the "Home Rule Bill," the "Statute Book," etc., etc. A particularly

interesting clause, no doubt referring to any one who was foolish enough not to take advantage of the benefits conferred by the Irish Mansion House Parliament (the free gift of a free people) was headed, "The man to be pitied." Also ran—"What will your children say," and "What have you done Ireland for?" A band which resounds to the credit of the givers was thrown in to make weight and not have the Irish growling.

Not to show any ill-feeling in the country the new Irish Executive visited every town, village, and hamlet (as Shakespeare says), and were everywhere welcomed with open arms in open mouthed astonishment by the "natives" (as the *Irish Times* says).

Since the inception of the Mansion House Parliament, Ireland has found new markets on the Continent of Europe. *Emigration to America has almost ceased.* The miners are at work again. New industries are coming to life every day around the coast. *Shells* are being turned out at Sandymount, the Model Dairy, etc., and the Dublin Alliance and General Consumers Gas Company is *making* Cotton for South County Dublin. *Hops* are coming in every day from Flanders, in spite of the attacks on a tax on beer.

For the moment the Mansionists (the party in power) are too *busy organising the resources of the country*, to do anything else, but when they have a second to spare Bills Amending the "Freedom of Speech," "Freedom of the Press," and the "Freedom of the Subjects" Acts, will be introduced.

At the present time, all things considered, the State of Ireland is in a — — state!

GUINNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

14/6/15.

DEAR SIR,—Eight hundred men from Guinness's Brewery were called to the colours at the outbreak of the present war. The vacancies were filled with men over 40 years of age. No references were required. Ragmen and ex-convicts were engaged. Any type over 40 years were accepted. Young men were told to go and enlist. Dr. Lumsden requested the young employes to learn first aid, etc. He succeeded, and those who joined and learned first aid, etc., got a certificate. Then the first aid men were sent to join the R.A.M.C. Dr. Lumsden is still trying to entrap the young employes, but without success. thank God. I do not see why young men should drink the beer brewed by such a firm as Guinness's. When are the young men of Ireland going to wake up? Guinness endeavoured to force conscription on the workmen of Ireland.

Yours truly, ANTI-CONSCRIPT.

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

EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM.

IT IS THE

DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD.,

10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET

Office Hours—10.30 to 5.50 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday Evenings to 9. Saturday Evening, 7 to 10.30.

Manager—ALD. T. KELLY.

CORK NOTES.

An American once described Cork as the birth-place of intellectuals and the home of snobs. Another, whose nationality we cannot discover, said: "Cork Society reminded him of two pence half-penny looking down on two-pence." We admit it, with regret, but think it nearly time to set about remedying the evil. To do this it is necessary to appeal to the common sense of all classes. In this democratic age, is it not high time we realised that wealth does not make the man, nor want of it the fellow. To the poorer classes we would say were you always poor. Are there not some amongst you who ought to hold higher positions and command respect. Some there are the victims of birth and environment, and because their fathers were hewers of wood and drawers of water, and had not the will nor the way to make them any better, never think of a brighter period for their own children. Starved in body and mind, with no ambition; content to spend their early days in the pub. and their last moments in the poorhouse, with an occasional holiday as the guest of his Majesty, they eke out a miserable existence, despised even by those who are fortunate enough to save a few shillings more in the week, and who perhaps have no other claims to superiority. To such we would say: be men, and women, too. Give over your cringing and cap-lifting. 'Tis what you are counts, not what you were. If you could only get a peep into the lawyers' strongrooms on the South Mall you would learn something of the life histories of your so-called superiors; but as that is impossible we recommend you to purchase "Our Old Nobility," price 6d. One is on a par with the other. We shall deal with class No. 2 next week.

Now that the doctors have resigned the Panel would it not be well if the Government were to adopt the system of the Great Southern and Western Railway Sick Fund. Surely the doctors won't object seeing that they are doing the work since the Insurance Act was passed, and that the Society was not in existence prior to the passing of the Act. From Dublin to Cork and in the most remote districts the members of this Society and their families receive medical attendance and medicine. We cannot state exactly what the doctors are paid, but considering the payments of sick and mortality benefits and the members' subscriptions of from 4d. to 8d. per week, we think it ought to be easy to meet the doctors on their own ground. Now we are not saying anything about the occasional turns they might do for the company, and on which they could charge a decent figure if employed by the State.

The war seems to be striking the poor farmers in the Dublin District (not Isle of Man) very hard. Not content with charging winter prices for their milk, they can now sell it deficient in fat, and if prosecuted pack the Bench with their own cronies. These are cases which we think ought to be tried by an R.M. We hope an appeal will be lodged against the decision given on Monday last, and we congratulate Mr. Starkie on his attitude on that occasion.

Being of a rather inquisitive turn of mind, we should like to ask some questions concerning the management of the workhouse. We know it is anything at all but that to some people, not the poor. Do each and every inmate get their share, and rightful share, of the food supplied? Does any of it leave the institution by what is known as the smuggling process? Is there a water tap over the soup boiler for thickening the soup after certain people have been supplied? Is there a dining hall connected with a lavatory and wash house having no door to keep out the smell? Come now, Mr. Goggin, thou Prince of Financiers, what have you got to say. You can rest easy; the Peacock is dead, and suburbia sleeps the sleep of the righteous. Nervous swank is a very dangerous disease and

very contagious. There is but one cure for such people. Send them to the front.

The Sanitary Authorities are very busy, just now quite right; but will anybody explain, why they never visit the premises of the G. S. & W. Railway, or if they do, why no action is taken. The whole length of the yard running parallel to the quay is one mass of filth, want of proper accommodation. The present arrangement is a death trap and a positive disgrace; a little light and lime wash would do no harm, and might yet save the city from a plague, nor is this all. We invite inspection of the workmen's dining hall a commodious structure of corrugated iron, that might have been used in Noah's Ark; now rapidly falling to decay.

This palatial establishment is used for the accommodation of some two hundred men, where they cook, eat and talk politics whenever they are permitted to take a full hour to their meals. The stove only permits of one meal being cooked at a time, so what it was put there for is a mystery. The furniture is—ah, well! once seen never forgotten; in fact, it only differs from the yard in that that it is inhabited as is the whole structure by creeping vermin. We wonder do the people who come on the annual tour of inspection at their own expense ever see those things. We can assure them we shall not let the matter drop.

DEMOCRAT.

TRALEE NOTES.

(BY ROBAL.)

COLLEGE GREEN ELECTION.

Regret is expressed in Tralee at the election of John Dillon Nugent, and congratulations extended to Mr. Farren on his plucky stand on behalf of labour. We hope that the large number of votes polled for the workers' cause is an index of victory next time.

DRAPERY DISPUTE.

Birds of a feather flock together—Bill Sullivan the arch blackleg in the Munster Warehouse is a member of Nugent's Board of Erin A.O.H., and by letters in the local Press and sneering offensive conduct towards the Assistants on strike is a loyal tool of Dan Murphy and his fellow-Directors who have broken their written agreement. The five tailors employed in the Munster Warehouse have now come out. Their action deserves high and hearty commendation. The Listowel Drapers' Assistants have passed a resolution pledging their Tralee brethren support.

LOCAL AMAZONS.

What with Red Cross Fetes, Recruiting Meetings, etc., Tralee has been suffering from an overdose of flag-waving recently. Following on the Recruiting Meetings the latest addition to the ranks takes the form of a Ladies' Battalion of soldiers' dependents from historic Mary Street, the home of many battles, fistic and otherwise, which have their sequel in the Petty Sessions Court. They paraded the streets a few nights last week in fighting attitude, cheering for John Redmond (happy man!) and waving sundry Union Jacks and Royal Standards. They were followed by some stalwart R.I.C. men who smiled acquiescence in their disgraceful conduct, and who with eagle eye looked out to arrest anybody whom they insulted and struck and who would be so daring as to defend himself. As a matter of fact they made an arrest—a youth who was assaulted by these viragoes and who sought to defend himself from their onslaught. The local Redmondite Lady Corps was noticeable by its absence. The disgraceful scenes came in for severe criticism on all sides, as did also the action of those Merchants who supplied the free flags and the money to provide liquid refreshment to keep up the spirit of the daring dames. As usual the police, who are supposed to be the servants of the people and custodians of the peace, did nothing to stop these brawling, drunken specimens of womanhood and the riotous, unlawful conduct of which they were

guilty. It is only, it is said, at the intervention of the Catholic Clergy that the R.I.C. were forced to do their duty. The usual quiet of the town once more prevails—thanks to the clergy and some Tralee boys who, when things were becoming unbearable, made preparations to give the disorderly paraders a hot reception in one particular part of the town. If there is recurrence of such disgraceful conduct the manhood of the town will only have to take matters in their own hands, and beat these unsexed females back to their dens.

A CAPITALIST'S ATTACK.

Mr. Maurice Kelliher, J.P., is on the warpath again, attacking the workers. Some months ago he wanted people to believe that there was no distress caused by unemployment in Tralee. At the last meeting of the Harbour Board of which he is Chairman, he attacked Trades Unionists wholesale and bored the Board with his tirade against the workman, denying him, as far as he was concerned, to unite with his fellow-workers to redress his grievances. This opulent employer in a veiled attack condemned the Trades Council and compared them to the "rowdies" who caused the strike in Wexford. When he was finished Jerh. O'Keefe, J.P., M.D.S., who voted against the M.D.S. employees wages being increased, followed in the same strain and when the meeting was over it is stated they fell on each other's necks and executed a Bunny Hug round the Board room. The crushing rejoinder by the Trades Council will keep them in their place for some time, and will warn them that they cannot walk on the workers as they like. Much weight will not be attached to their opinions. When Maurice Kelliher last sought Municipal honours he was left in the "also ran" lot. At last election a forged letter purporting to come from a trade-man backing up O'Keefe was published by O'Keefe in a local paper the night before the polling. Nice public men!!

NORTHERN NOTES.

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

The Third Annual Wolfe Tone commemoration on McArt's Fort, Cayehill, was held on Sunday 20th inst, the anniversary of the birth of the great Irish Revolutionist. In spite of the gloriously fine weather there was but a small attendance owing to indifferent organisation. A short address on Tone and songs and recitations of '98 were given. Protest was made against the treatment meted out to Seaghan MacDermott, Sheehy Skeffington and Seaghan Milroy. ET TU, BRUTE!

It will be remembered that recently the daily press published the declaration of the Railway Clerks' Association against conscription. Through the branches this resolution was brought before other unions including Trade and Labour Councils. I understand that the local branch endeavoured to get the declaration at least discussed by the Belfast Trades Council. Will it be believed that so far the matter has been practically ignored? Now it is not suggested that the Council is shirking the issue and it is with no pleasure indeed that reference is made here to the Council's indifference. But whatever the Council's view may be it should deal plainly and straightly with the question. Any other course leaves the Council open to criticism and in a matter of such moment, absolute silence cannot but injure the prestige and influence of the Council itself. Will some member of the Council see to it that something definite is done one way or the other?

WITHIN THE PALE.

Last week a Belfast ship worker named William Adams was charged under the Defence of the Realm Act with using seditious language. The police evidence was to the effect that Adams, when put out of a public house, had shouted, "God help us; Germany will rule the world, and we should be fighting for her. To

hell with England and King George. The people of Ulster would be better fighting for the Kaiser than for the King." Last Monday Adams was brought up on remand and charged simply with being disorderly and using language calculated to lead to a breach of the peace, the usual formula when a drunk curses the Pope or King William. The military had dropped the original charge. Defendant's solicitor pleaded on his behalf that "he and his connections were the most patriotic people that could be found in Belfast." Adams was fined 40/- for disorderly conduct, and bound over to keep the peace! Now if this had happened on the Falls or in Dublin! But certain areas in Belfast are within the Carsonite Pale, and that makes all the difference in the world. The above particulars have been taken from the columns of two loyal journals—*Irish News* and *Belfast Evening Telegraph*.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Under the heading, "Huns Across the Lagan," another correspondent of the *Irish News* says:—

"At the present time we hear a lot about the barbarity of the Germans, but after what I experienced on Sunday I think, as I am sure many more do, that we don't need to go to Germany to find Huns; we have some here at home in Belfast, who would do credit to the Kaiser. St. Matthew's Church had an excursion to Ardglass on Sunday, 20th. On the return journey, as we passed Dee Street, Ballymacarett, the train was stoned. The door of the carriage I was in was hit by one stone; and three others hit the woodwork round the glass. If any of those stones had hit the glass, some of us might have got a severe injury. However, as it happened, no one was hurt. Well, if this is not a miserable, cowardly act, I don't know what is. These are some of the men who are going out to fight for Belgium, or who have friends fighting for the same cause, who nearly overflowed the Lagan with tears when the Lusitania was sunk, and some other vile German deeds were perpetrated. Some people will find this hard to believe, but nevertheless it is a fact. It proves that, war or no war, the bigots of Belfast are as bigoted as ever."

Say, are the new loyalists of the green imperialism as loyal and as green as ever? What did these folk call the Ballymacarett clergyman who said nine months ago that we had worse "Huns" in Belfast than any Belgium had experience of? And were any of the Italian demonstrators on that excursion? Where, oh where, was the Devlinite Union Jack?

CONSCRIPTION OF CLERKS.

It is rumoured—and the rumour is all but authenticated—that a number of the clerical staff of the G.N.R. in Belfast are to be "released," presumably for war service, at the end of the month. The same sauce is being dished out to clerks in distilleries and bond stores. This is quite in accord with the object of the Business Mens' Committee which is enforcing military service by despicable and crooked methods that are not resorted to in the most militarist of Continental States. Yet, so far as can be learned, none of the political parties, and but few of the Trade Unions in Belfast, are protesting much less taking steps to expose and prevent this coercion of individuals and infliction of injustice upon family interests and labour organisations.

OGLACHAS.

A very large recruiting meeting of the Irish Volunteers was addressed by Messrs. D. MacCullough and A. Newman at Clonard Street, last week. The Monday night parade showed good results. On Sunday, Newman, in spite of the organised opposition of the A.O.H., led by the local P.P., addressed the people of Camlough on the Volunteer and Political situations, and succeeded in turning a hostile into a friendly crowd. Upwards of twenty dozen pamphlets were sold.

CROBH-DEARG.

G A S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — THE WORKERS' REPUBLIC sold like hot cakes in D'Olier St. a week or two ago. The general criticism of the letter dealing with the conditions of work in the Gas Office was that it was too mild, and that it understated the facts.

I must plead guilty, but I am an amateur letter writer, and can only say I did my best. The slot collectors state that the bag of coppers they have to carry often weigh near 100lbs. if there is no bank convenient, and that their clerical work after 5 p.m. has been largely increased during the last ten days.

One important fact I did not mention last week is that a certain portion of the clerical staff have to work in a cellar, which is in a most insanitary condition. Before the arrival of Mr. Grey this cellar was used as a store room for rubbish of all kinds. The economic soul of Mr. Grey was disturbed by the waste of room, and he got it fitted up as an office.

Even in those glorious June days it has to be lit by gas, and the health of the clerks working in it is endangered very much. The Dublin Gas Company have a large number of consumers in Bray, and there is a branch office in that town. The only qualified plumber or gas fitter in the employment of the Bray Office was dismissed lately, and the gas consumers of that town in case of a serious escape or an explosion that requires immediate attention are at the mercy of a labourer, who is, I understand, attempting to do the work of the plumber. This fact may interest the Plumbers' Trade Union. Of course the possibility of Irish lives being lost through a gas explosion is of minor importance compared with the swelling of dividends for English Directors and Shareholders.

The Inspectors of ordinary meters are another body of men who have received the full benefit of Mr. Grey's unequalled ability as a sweater. In wages and commission they have been reduced about 16/- per week, and their work has been increased almost threefold.

The clerical work they have to get through after 5 p.m. often lasts till 10.30, and all Saturday evening is spent by them not on half day excursions but in D'Olier Street at their desks, or out in their districts.

Now, Mr. Editor, I have taken up a lot of your space stating the grievances of Mr. Grey's slaves, and with your permission I would point out to the said slaves the remedy. The first advice I would give them is to read, not alone the letter dealing with their own troubles in last week's WORKERS' REPUBLIC, but the paper from start to finish. Read it slowly and carefully, and if you can escape from Mr. Grey's clutches for but one hour out of the week devote it to thinking over what you have read. Ask yourselves why Dockers and other people mentioned in the paper are not sweated, while your lives are made miserable by Mr. Grey. Be honest with yourselves, and you will be forced to admit you have yourselves alone to blame.

Before the arrival of Messrs. Bond, Davis, etc., the English Directors, as things went, you had not much to complain of in your treatment. You were moderately well paid, and your working hours were not unreasonable.

Cases of individual hardship might arise from time to time, but a visit to Mr. Connolly, the then Superintendent, made things right. In passing, I might say of Mr. Connolly that he was a real man and a real Superintendent, not like the contemptible caricature who now fills his office. It never struck you in those days that it was your duty to yourselves and your fellow-workers to become members of a Trades' Union. You said to yourselves, I am alright. My future is assured. Why should I bother about Trade Unionism. Mr. Grey arrived, found you unorganised and helpless, and of course took full advantage of your weakness.

You have now endured 12 months of hell on earth, and with the exception of the feeble attempt made by the slot collectors you have made no effort to defend yourselves. I would ask the young men especially have you no pride, no self-respect. Is the good red blood turned to water in your veins.

Some of your comrades are at present seriously ill through overwork. It may be your turn next, and remember Grey will not pay you one cent. during your illness. You are fined 1/- for being late one minute in the morning, even though you left the office at midnight. Remember you are full grown men, not babes, and determined men can always end sweating when they really try. Join a Trades Union, a good fighting Union, like the one in Abbey Street, and Mr. Grey and his truculent understrapper, Lowery, will soon be on their knees begging for mercy. Now, Mr. Editor, I will conclude by asking you to give me my pen name of a week ago.

A SWEATED GAS CLERK.

P.S.—Grey has not yet enlisted. If he only would I can promise him, on behalf of the staff, a good send off from North Wall. We will not, however, guarantee to sing "Come Back to Erin."

DAVITT AND LABOUR

Listen to the enunciation of the demand of labour made by a leader, some twenty-five years ago:—

"Now, what is it that we want? What does the progressive labour movement demand? Its claim may, perhaps, be summed up under three heads: (1) It asks for the better and more democratic organization of labour: (2) It demands that to the community, not to the landlord, shall accrue that immense annual increment which is due to general industry and enterprise, and (3) It calls for an extension of State and municipal control and ownership of such monopolies as can be managed by public bodies in the public interests."

Who was it that spoke in such preposterous terms, denoting the possession of a mind, teeming with ideas of the greatest danger to the public? Who was this agitator propounding doctrines so perilous that James Larkin seems a Conservative reactionary in comparison! It was no less a person than Michael Davitt.

It was Davitt, the revolutionary notions of whom were mellowed by years of experience, hardship and suffering. The little Mayo boy of seven, who saw his father's homestead blazing, and who shared, in his childish fashion, in his parents' despair, had graduated in the school of Adversity. After losing his right hand in a Lancashire cotton mill at an early age, Davitt qualified for 15 years residence in Portland Prison on account of loving his native land. On his release, when he had spent some eight years of his imprisonment, he started on his "socialistic" career by founding the Land League and compelling the Government to expropriate the landlords and to transfer the farms throughout the country to their occupiers and rightful owners. This was an application of the principle of State interference with individuals, which as every respectable citizen knows, is "socialism," pure and simple. It was the carrying into effect of the doctrine of James Fintan Lalor—taught many years previously—and Fintan Lalor was an intellectual giant of the purest patriotism and undoubted integrity.

Trade Liberator.

Don't Forget LARKIN'S

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Irish Citizen Army

Headquarters: LIBERTY HALL, DUBLIN.

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

We propose to give under this heading, from time to time, accounts of such military happenings in the past as may serve to enlighten and instruct our members, in the work they are banded together to perform. A close study of these articles will, we hope, be valuable to all those who desire to acquire a knowledge of how brave men and women have at other times and in other places, overcome difficulties and achieved something for a cause held to be sacred. It is not our place to pass a verdict upon the sacredness or worth of the cause for which they contended; our function is to discuss their achievements from the standpoint of their value to those who desire to see perfected a Citizen Army able to perform whatever duty may be thrust upon it.

We would suggest that these articles be preserved for reference purposes.

WOLFE TONE DAY.

The commemoration procession and pilgrimage to the grave of Wolfe Tone from Dublin last Sunday was in every way worthy of the occasion.

The arrangements were in the hands of the Wolfe Tone Association, with the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army co-operating, and was carried out without a hitch of any kind. The Railway Company provided special trains, and an enormous crowd accompanied the demonstration.

Notably amongst the processionists an exceptionally good show was made by the Nationalist women—the Cuman na mBan, the Fianna, led by Countess de Markievicz, Girl Guides, and the Boy Scouts of Liberty Hall.

The Guard of Honour was provided by an equal number of armed men from the Irish Volunteers and the Citizen Army. The latter body also deposited a Memorial Wreath upon the grave.

The Military arrangements were in charge of Eamonn Ceannt who carried them out to everybody's satisfaction. On the arrival home at Kingsbridge the united bodies marched together to Blackhall Place, where they were dismissed.

Mr. Mallin, as Chief of Staff of the Citizen Army, carried out his duties in a manner that earned the praise of all, while the splendid bearing and drill of the Citizen Army rank and file was the subject of universal commendation. All the boys were a credit to their class.

Altogether the proceedings of the day were a revelation to those who remember the old undignified mob processions, accompanied too often by drunkenness and gambling, which once marked Wolfe Tone's day in Bodenstown.

A remarkable feature of the affair was the appearance of several corps of local National Volunteers. They came in at first rather shamefacedly, but when they saw that they were welcome soon fraternised with those present. On the return to the station they lined up on one side of the road, and were saluted by each corps in turn as it passed.

The whole commemoration was an inspiration to all concerned. Not the least inspiring feature of which was the appearance at the grave side, full of fight and faith as ever, of our friend Tom Clarke.

We of the Citizen Army felt proud to be there. We remembered that the man whom we honoured was the man who expressed his faith in the workers of Ireland when he said:—

"Our independence must be won at all hazards; if the men of property fail us we shall win it ourselves by the aid of that large and respectable class of the community—the men of no property."

The railway strike and other things has prevented us from preparing our usual military article this week, but we present instead a most instructive letter from an old friend and comrade fighter, Madam Maud Gonne:—

CONSCRIPTION

By MADAM MAUD GONNE

Conscription was one of the fruits of the French Revolution. Every man a citizen, every citizen a soldier, sounds well, but in reality it means every man a slave! It is one of those formulas that went wrong:—

A few years ago there was a railway strike in France caused by long hours and small pay. The Directors of the railway companies were powerful. The French Government mobilised the men as conscripts or reservists. As soldiers they were obliged to do the work of the great railway companies which as members of their labor organisation they had refused to do. There is no trifling with Courtmartial for the free citizen soldier! Soldiers may be ordered to do anything.

For a nation like Ireland, which is not free and who practically has no voice in foreign policy and is not consulted about the making of secret treaties which bring war—conscription is doubly dangerous, for men may be forced to fight, to kill against their conscience in wars of which they disapprove, against nations with whom they have no quarrel.

This horrible European War means ruin for all conscription countries, for from the day of mobilisation their industrial and economic life came to a standstill and their trade and markets were all captured by neutral or non-conscript countries and no race is strong enough to afford such slaughter and maiming of the male population, as is taking place to-day.

The first duty of a nation is to exist, and Ireland's existence is precarious because to-day she has not men enough left at home to till her soil and keep her harvest. She cannot afford the waste of conscription.

She has poured blood enough into the red cup of sacrifice of this war, which is in no way her war.

Believing as we do, that Ireland has a great spiritual existence in the world, it is plainly the duty of Irishmen to ensure her national existence and to arm and organise as the Irish Volunteers for her defence, and perhaps to prevent in a day of need the food being shipped from her shores and the remnant of the people destroyed by famine.

Nations whose children are not willing to voluntarily give their time and risk their lives for their defence forfeit their right to existence. In Ireland there is no need for conscription.

WORKERS' CO-OPERATIVE STORES. NOW OPEN

Our Dublin readers will be glad to learn that we have established a Co-operative Store

At 31 EDEN QUAY

for the Sale of the Products of the Women's Co-operative Work Rooms, as well as for other articles of Women's Wear and Men's Under-clothing.

For the Reading Public also there will be a News' Counter for Labour and General Literature. As there are two distinct rooms in the shop, both large and commodious, the business of each will be kept distinct.

We will welcome all to visit and inspect the Store in question.

GLORIOUS WAR

(From the *Labour Leader*.)

The following is part of an interview with a soldier invalided home from the front:

"The more imaginative you are and the better educated you are, the worse it is for you. The temperament you have got is what matters for you to be a good soldier. If you're imaginative and sensitive you might as well not go. You've got to be quite fatalistic about dead men and being shot. I thought I didn't much mind being shot, but the noise is terrifying and the shells coming nearer and nearer. The more of animal you are, the better soldier."

"The lice are fearful. My stockings were eaten to pieces weeks before I got near the trenches. The blankets are full of them, your shirt is full of them. You wash in paraffin and that kills them, but it doesn't kill the eggs. You see them, great, big, fat things, all over you, and great bunches of eggs like grapes in your shirt, on your blankets, everywhere."

"One fellow in our trenches stripped himself naked and stayed all one day, saying he'd rather freeze than be eaten alive. I didn't see him myself."

"I couldn't get rid of them. I had to keep my kilt because I couldn't get another one, and that was full of them."

I asked him if he had seen any Germans.

"A few—one would pop up his head to have a shot at you and you had a shot at him. But it's very difficult to shoot. After about ten shots my rifle was so clogged with mud I couldn't use it until I had scraped it and wiped it clean."

"Is that from putting it through the loopholes?" I asked.

"No—we hadn't loopholes, we had to lean over the edge. You've no idea of the trenches. I had to sit up, curled up in a filthy hole, standing on a dead man. I endured agonies of cramp and you can't put your head out."

"I was lucky. Where I was the mud only came over my ankles. At one end of the trench there were men who stood all day in water up to their shoulders. You know how cold it was—how they did it I can't think."

"The trench is so narrow you stick in it. We couldn't get our own dead out. They set stiff as boards. We couldn't get them round the corners, so we took their identification discs and papers."

"The earth at La Bassee is full of bits of dead bodies. Wherever you scratch you find a hand or arm."

"At one place in our trench there was a communication with the German trench, only it had been stopped up with clay and stuff. We used to listen there every night, but they never came along it."

"One can stand the lice and the stench and standing on a dead all the time, but one can't get used to seeing one's friend killed and their brains running over their faces, and living beside their dead bodies till they rot. And one can't stand the shells coming nearer and nearer and blowing everything to bits. The noise is like pandemonium. London seems so quiet."

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