Edited by Jim Larkin.

I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know-It is the power of powers.

Who is it speaks of

defeat?

As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the glorious sun

Brings the great world moon-wave, Must our Cause be WOD

No. 27.—Vol. I.]

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.

DUNDALK.

The Dundalk Democrat in its issue of Saturday last contains the following:-

"Mr. Malcolm Brown Murray, the head of the Dundalk Distillery, who has the reputation of being one of the best of our local employees, has just given his men. unsolicited, an increase of pay which works out in most grades of service at 2s. per week. The fact that it has been given unsolicited is all the more creditable to Mr. Murray. The old-established business of which he is the head has vastly improved in trade since Mr. Allan Swan took over the management some years ago, and with the improvement in trade has come an increase in the employment given and now an increase in the wages of the staff. The day of war to the knife between employers and workers has not yet come in Ireland for all the rant we

Hypocrisy, Mr. Democrat, as you know by this time, if you never knew it before the advent of the Irish Transport Workers' Union to Dundalk, is even worse than rant, for the hypocritical pretences of the Democrat to friendship for the cause of labour has been blown skyhigh. For our part we look upon your abuse of us as the clearest index that we are on the right track. And if it should ever happen that you drop a word in praise of us we will deem it expedient to examine our conscience to see how far we have strayed from the path of rectitude. We join with the Democrat in its felicitations of the head and the manager of the Dundalk Distillery, and we congratulate them on their cound commonsense as well as on their generous treatment of their workers; and we doubly congratulate them on the fact that they did not take a lead from the Democrat, for they have raised the standard of wages in Dundalk above the figure which that organ of shoddy principles would fix as the standard, and which for the time being the Urban Council, led by its chairman, who is editor of the Democrat, has fixed for its labourers.

The wages of the distillery men will henceforward be 18s. a week; the wages of the Urban Council's labourers will only be 17s. a week for the PRESENT. The purpose of the Democrat, h wever, was not to point out the generosity of the heads of the Dundalk Distillery and the niggardliness of the Urban Council and its DEMOCRATIC chairman, but to show that the presence of the Irish Transport Union in Dundalk had no influence on the action of the heads of the distillery. We would be delighted if every concern in Dandalk employing workers would follow the example of Mr. Murray. Our fear is that some of them, at least, will not. But we have no fear that the union would lose its hold on the esteem which its members have for it if every employer in Dundalk who have not up to the present given any advance in wages would do so before the end of the present week.

On Sunday next (Nov. 19th) there will be a meeting of the distillery men at five o'clock in the O'Mahony bandroom. The meeting has been called at the instance of distillery men for the purpose of taking stock. If the editor of the Democrat has any doubt of the fidelity of the distillery men to the union, we invite him w that weeking, and if he accepts our invitation we venture to prophesy that he will not thereafter be a "doubting Thomas." The time has not yet arrived for reckoning the gains of the Transport Union's efforts in Dundalk; for although it has gained something, it has something more yet to gain. There are some dark places where the full light of publicity has not yet been shed. We hear of women working for 4s. a week. One case was quoted in our hearing on Tuesday last of a girl who was employed in the tobacco factory after she left school at 4s. a week; she is now 21 years of age and still has 4s. a week. This seems to be the average paid to girls in the tobacco factory. The laundries are said to be very little better. But how do workers with such wages ive? In hovels, packed together like

sheep in a pen. Talk of three, four, five, or six human beings huddled together in one room. I have it from the lips of a respectable lady

that there are fourteen souls housed together in one room, almost within hearing distance of the Town Hall. Males and females, old and young, to the number of fourteen human beings, all compelled to live in that one apartment.

Assuredly, there is room for reform where such a gross state of things exists. But how could it be otherwise when workers are chea'ed out of the means of providing themselves with decent housing accommodation? Rev. N. Lawless, the esteemed P.P. of Faughart, who was for several years statione I in Dundalk, made, I am informed, strenuous efforts to improve the housing accommodation of the poor. He seems to have got little, if any, support in his laudable efforts.

The house-lords, who ruled the Town Boards in his day, gave short shrift to schemes which he is said to have brought forward to wipe out slums and replace them by decent habitable dwellings. If he had the 1,000 odd organised workers at his back that Dundalk now has, as members of the Transport Union, the slums might not be in evidence to-day; but they are in evidence, and they will be in evidence until all wage earners in Dundalk are paid a living wage, and the organised workers of Dundalk sei d intelligent men of their own order to represent them on the Town Board.

An attempt in the first place to get decent houses to live in for men and women who do not get sufficient wages for their labour to buy food and clothing must fail, because it is attempting the impossible; and, in the second place, an attempt to get a body that is dominated by slum owners to wipe out the slums and provide decent houses in their place must also fail. Therefore, friends and fellow workers, do not waste your time attempting the imposeible, but go to work with a will and keep at it by methods that are possible until you have achieved what is possible, viz., good wages and honest representation on your Town Board, which will enable you to wipe out slums and get decent houses to live in.

MICHAEL M KEOWN.

Women's Franchise League.

A Paper will be read by MAIRE NI CINNEIDE, on Nov. 21st, at 8 p.m., in the rooms of the Lesgue, Antient Concert Buildings. The Paper will treat of four great Irishwomen: Maeve, Deirdre, Brigid and Grannaile. Admission free.

Another Martyr: or was he Larking?

Farmer Hayreed-This Larkin is making no end of trouble. He is rising the mind of all our labourers. We will have to do now what we never did before—pay them a decent wage.

Farmer Aftergrass—Don't bother about Larkin. Sure I came across a piece of an ould newspaper at home and I read in it where Larkin was hanged in Manchester, and it must be the same Larkin, or why did they hang him?

[The Editor of this paper gets the credit for everything done by a Larkin on this side of the globe]

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DUBLIN. IRME MANUFACTURE A SPECIALITY. THE

Forty-four long years ago there stood upon the scaffold at Manchester three Irishmen who were about to die, and right over against them the whole power of Britain. Their names were Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. The odds were infinite. Theirs was an unjust doom.

"LEST WE FORGET."

Like the Jews of old who cried out against Him above "Crucify Him,"
"crucify Him," so with this howling rabble of Manchester English, who, thirsting with vengeance for the blood of those three young Irishmen, called aloud for it—and at any price—and this was the infuriated mob, the scum of the city, who heard the prison bell (on that cold, grey morning of the 23rd of November) toll out their death. All England cried out for "blood." Mighty England would wreck her remorseless will, unmoved by any rebuke, undisturbed by all intervention, and unshaken by any appeal.

She thirsted for their blood-yes, the blood of these three innocent young men. She perpetrated the dreadful deed-aye, took the lives of those three men wilfully and knowing them to be innocent; those whom living she had defamed, and dishonoured when dead by trampling on the loathsome prison grave into which their bodies had been flung, and, raising aloud her voice, exclaimed, "I have triumphed." Surely England had triumphed. Branded as felons, with the shadow of the jail upon their lives and of the gallows on their deaths, indeed England had conquered. The very cause which they had advecated was destined to go under, like them, being over-burdened by the weight of their disgrace, tainted, banned, infamous for ever. Really England had won, but "Dent! just like those who down in their hearts declare "there is no God."

Over the whole earth went the rumour of her dastardly deed, and from every corner of the globe arose the cry of condemnation of her vengeance and a cry of incommemoration of her victims.

The names of these "noble-hearted three," rescued from oblivion, were raised aloft in high henour on banners, &c., in many a distant land.

To that lonely grave of these three felons (?), and to which no man may ever gain access, passed through studded iron doors, bolts and bars the countless prayers of millions of their fellow-countrymen.

A nation has become their monument. Tombs and monuments have been raised to them in America and even at the far Antipodes.

Ireland to perpetuate their memory has done her part. In the market-square of Larkin's native Birr is a memorial facing his one-time residence, and Allen's name is not, or never will, slip into obscurity so long as there breathes a Dundalk man on our planet. Truly their death has been sanctified. Patriots have time out of time praised them; poets have sung of them, and children have learned to lisp their names in petitions to the Throne of Eternal Justice.

"Honour to whom honour is due," and honour like to their honour no man has ever won. Honour greater than theirs no man need ever desire.

The victims have prevailed against the executioner. For years after, throughout the sliding sessions of time, ministers have been moved and troops despatcheds to and fro, uneasy guardians of the voiceful tomb.

Undoubtedly the dead have triumphed over the living. So also shall their dying aspiration prevail over existing wreng, and the Almighty Father, the Redeemer of Israel, remember in His own good time the faithful people of that poor, overtaxed, down-trodden, depopulated, and unfortunate country, for whom upon the scaffold they uttered that memorable and immortal prayer "God save Ireland."

"Onward still the fight must go, Amidst joy or weal or woe, 'Till we make our Isle a Nation Free and grand."

J. J. DEERING.

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How Great Southern "Dent" "Encourages" Irish Industry.

In the Daily Independent of Nov. 8th appeared a screech commentary of the railway men in connection with past (and possibly future) strikes.

Much stress was laid on the fearful injury likely to be caused to Irish trade and industry, and the railway magnates were exhorted to combine and crush the villians (from England and elsewhere) who were strangling Irish industry despite the watchful care of the Dents, Tatlows, and Plews.

If we are not very much mistaken, we encounter in our Evening Telegraph items concerning the importation of engines, which we find on further examination are intended for the Great Northern or the Great Southern Railway. Rather a peculiar way of ENCOURAGING Irish industry.

But to return to the original point. In the issue of the Independent of Nov. 9th appeared a letter from Mr. Robert Gibson, butter merchant, of Limerick-and what had Mr. Gibson to say?

He fully agreed with the Independent article of the previous day, but suggested (sarcastically) that a little consideration ought to be given to the traders BEFORE THE STRIKE COMES OFF.

He stated that he consigned a package of butter to Nenagh on October 30th. which package was delivered on Nov. 6th. Fancy "encouraging ' Irish industry by taking seven days to carry a package of butter from Limerick to Nenagh-twenty

"Encouraging Irish industry." Bravo,

AUGHRIM.

WHY IRELAND IS KEPT POOR. Everybody must have noticed how shop

fronts in the principal thoroughfares have been improved. Some of them have cost enormous sums before being completed, and the work is carried out by some eminent firm across the water. At present Messrs. Kellett, South Great George's street, are spending a large sum in a new front and extending premises to Exchequer street. Some firm from across the water are doing the job; they de not put up their sign. Oh, no; that would give the game away; but when all is finished you will see a glowing advertisement of the splendid warerooms of Messrs. Kellett inviting the simple Irish to see their bargains and to induce them to make further purchases. Might we ask-who is Kellett? Is he an Irishman? Is it English girls that pay him large fees to build shop fronts? Is it the English middle class who buy his goods? Oh, dear, no. Irish builders never get any chance with such as Kellett; but they can turn out just as good work as any foreign firm, and in many cases better.

This is only one case out of hundreds.

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Dublin Workers) at LOUGHLIN'S Irish Outfitting 19 Parliament St., Dublin.

Wolfe Tone and Humbug. MR. FRED J. ALLAN'S WAR DANCE.

There is a small society in Dublin that calls itself the Wolfe Tone Clubs. The

name is put in the plural in order to impress a simple public. It is made up of a few ultra-Nationalists of the best quality, and was represented some time back on the United National Societies' Committee that werked to prevent the King of England getting a reception in Dublin. Lord Mayor Farrell is not a member.

Oh, dear, no!-his crawl is too recentwe have not had time to forget it yet. Besides he did not succeed in his little games, and having failed he has earned the contempt of everybody. But if he had been a howling success—which he wasn't-and if a decent time had been allowed to pass, he might preside at a meeting of the Wolfe Tone Clubs and be as fierce a Nationalist as ever he liked and nobody would mind.

The Wolfe Tone Clubs were—so they say-started to spread the republican principles of Wolfe Tene, and in order to carry out their programme they had a lecture on October 24th from a real live Irish imperialist -Mr. E. A. Aston. Mr. Aston is the sole survivor of the Imperial Home Rule Association, and is on that account, of course, quite the fittest person in Dublin to expound the principles of the United Irishmen.

The chairman at Aston's Imperial lecture was Mr. F. J. Allan, who in his spare time acts as secretary to the Lighting and Cleansing Committees of the Dublin Corporation. Now, don't imagine that Mr. Allan has no qualifications for presiding at an Imperial lecture of the Wolfe Tone Clubs; he has, indeed, qualifications that would entitle him to shake hands with

Wolfe Tone himself.

He was the man who went out with Lord Mayor Pile to welcome Queen Victoria, thus proving his unalterable attachment to the republican principles of Wolfe Tone and of the Wolfe Tone Clubs. He is the man who played successfully the game that Lord Mayor Farrell tried to play and failed, and his success took the form of his present job under the Dublin Corporation. After giving such proofs of his ability, it is only natural that the ultra-National and Republican Wolfe Tone Clubs should have him to preside at their Imperial lecture.

But that isn't the whole of the humbug. Oh, dear, no! There is more still to follow. One of the orators at the Imperial lecture of the republican club was the ubiquitous Lorcan Sherlock. He made a great speech, did Lorcan, for he is another true blue follower of Wolfe Tone (seats in Parliament are scarce), and he's just panting to get dying for Ireland.

Well, maybe, gentle reader, you don't see the connection between Lorcan and Allan and Imperialism and Republicanism and a whole lot of other "isms," not to mention increases of salary and municipal elections; still it's pretty plain. Allan, who is stiff after his crawling to Queen Victoria, has that great, uncompromising ultra-National organisationthe Welfe Tone Clubs—at his back, or in his pockets, or wherever he keeps it. Allan wants a rise in his pay and Lorcan wants votes at the coming elections, so Lorcan assures the public that there never was so wonderful an official as Allan, and Allan brings Lorcan along by the hand to "die for Ireland" at a meeting of the Wolfe Tone Clubs; of course, the ordinary members don't mind-they are simple, trusting people—and when their Queen's-Address president introduces the vote-hunting Councillor to speak at the

Imperial lecture in the republican clubwhat are you laughing at?-isn't it Wolfe Tone's memory and uncompromising nationality they're propagating-these pure-souled heroes of a hundred (election) fights and notorious crawls to English royalty.

Poor Wolfe Tone! you've suffered a lot, and it isn't quite fair to prolong the agony a hundred years after you are dead. They ought to leave your name out and call their club after Lord Mayor Pile or John Joseph Farrell (no, he was a dead failure); or, better still, why not call it Allan's club-which, of course, it is his own pet lever for raising his "screw"and obliging his friends?

Some of your readers, Mr. Editor, ought to go to a meeting of the Wolfe Tone Clubs just to see if there are any more real patriots there like Allan. It's a pity that such faithful followers of Tone should be allewed to languish in obscurity. Besides I am certain a curious public would like to know more about the Wolfe Tone Clubs. It's not every day that a Corporation official manages to own a rebel society wherewith to work on the stony hearts of the City Fathers and impress them with the necessity of raising his pay. Is there any connection between Mr. Allan's clubs and the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee? Perhaps some one can tell us.

ANTI-CANT.

[At the lecture referred to by our correspondent a prominent leader of the Sinn Fein Party-The O'Rahilly-was also present. A real union-of-hearts meeting.]

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THE VOICES OF THE PEOPLE.

Oh! I hear the people calling through the day time They are calling, they are crying for the coming of

the night time: It behaves you, men and women—it behaves you to

For there lurks a note of menace underneath their plaintive pleading.

Let the land usurpers listen, let the greedy-hearted On the meaning of the murmur, rising here and swelling vonder-

Swelling louder, waxing stronger, like a storm-fed stream that courses Through the valleys down abysses growing, gaining with new forces.

Day by day, the river widens, that great river of opinion,
And it torrent beats and plunges at the base of

greed's dominion : Though you damn it by oppression and fling golden bridges o'er it Yet the hour and day advances when in fright you'll

Yes, I hear the people calling through the night and through the day time, Wretched toilers in life's Autumn, weary young

ones in life's May time-You are heaping high your coffers while you give them scanty measure, You have stolen God's wide acres just to glut your

swollen purses --Oh! restore them to his children ere their pleading turns to curses.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

WOMEN WORKERS.

These two words of really great importance have various meanings to the different sections of society. To the wealthy unemployed class they convey very little, and if at any time they are forced to face the fact that there is such a community as women workers, it is only to think of them as an entirely different kind of human species to themselves, as a part of the population placed in the position of toilers and drudges, whose only right on the earth is to work and create the wealth that they, the idle class, may indulge in every extravagant folly, in studying their own comforts, and in trying to extract from life as much pleasure as they possibly can. Never do they think of these workers as human beings with a capacity for enjoying the good things of life; they are never credited with having noble aims and ambitions, so they must live the sordid, stunted life mapped out for them by the two powerful allies—the wealthy class and the employing class. You will find the pet cats and dogs belonging to the women folk of this wealthy section of scciety sleeping on down pillows covered by satin coverlets, while the human beings who are the means by which these women acquire their wealth are sleeping on straw covered by a few tattered rage, and living on the verge of starvation, and it is this cruelly-wronged class who are told to be

Then we have the employing class, to whom the words, women-workers, has a sweet sound. They know that in these workers they have an extraordinary cheap means of producing wealth; they know that this particular section of white slaves are in their power, that they can extract an immense amount of labour out of them for a mere pittance. While these women-workers are the willing tools of this unscrupulous class, they are simply looked upon as so many machines; but should these workers presume to ask for a little more of the wealth which they are producing, and to which they are justly entitled, then what a different aspect of affairs. The employers now find that they still have another duty to perform and in their own interests, these workers must not be allowed to get an increase no matter how dearly they deserve it, and in this laudable desire they are backed up by their allies, the wealthy class. Should the workers go further, and demand the extra few dimes, what do we find then? Simply that these two combined forces see to it that these workers are immediately reduced to subjection again, and it is here that the workers are at fault and are to blame for their own defeat. Were they an organised combined body of women workers they could demand and receive that demand. Then to the women workers themselves the words are full of meaning. They mean that they are out in the great arena of the work-a-day world; they are fighting the battle of life, struggling against many drawbacks, working to earn sufficient to feed, house, and clothe themselves. What a terrific struggle it is they know from bitter experience. As children at school they are eagerly looking forward to the time when they will be able to earn something towards keeping themselves and helping their toil-worn parents. But not until they start as workers do they really know what they are going to, WHITE SLAVERY.

They have no one to look to for help only themselves and their co-workers, who are willing to help them. It is, therefore, their duty to themselves and to the future community of women workers to break down these bonds of slavery and demand something more from life than misery, starvation, and lack of proper education. To secure at least a just return for service rendered they must become one powerful body; they must all join together for the good of all. It is only in this way that they can compel what is justly theirs.

All communications for this column must be addressed to

"D. L.,"

The Women-workers' Column, THE IRISH WORKER. 10 Beresford Place, Dublin,

Don't forget to support our Advertisers—they support us,

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By An Spailpin Fanach.

Was PADRAIG O'ROIGHIN THE WRITER OF THE LETTERS?

It will be in the recollection of those of our readers who read Murphy's rag - the Independent, that amongst the contributors to the discussion on Larkin and Language Day" was one Padraig O'Roighin, whose references to the Editor of this Paper were anything but complimentary. It will further be remembered that reference was made by him to a resolution passed last year by the Coisde Gnotha on the subject of the Irish Programme in

Galway College.

We have received during the week a copy of the Sligo Champion for April 1st, in which we find the following editorial comment :-

"METHODS OF CONTROVERSY."

"DR. O'ROIGHIN AND OURSELVES."

"Last week we invited the attention of our

"Who Corrects the 'Copy'?"

readers to certain strange points in connection with a letter written to us for publication assailing our attitude on the question of the Irish l'rogramme in Galway. We asked the person whose signature the letter bore to explain the curious circumstance that while the address and signature were in one handwriting the corrections on the typewritten copy were in a different hand. We have received a two column tirade in reply, which we have not the remotest idea of printing. In this instance the corrections on the typewritten copy "are not written but printed in with a p-n" if we may use the phrase. The writer in question makes no attempt

to explain the phenomenon to which we drew attention, and the explanation of which would alone justify us in giving more of our space to this controversy. We admit the fallibility of typists-of printers also -but what we should like to know is how the corrections happened to be in a different hand from the signature, and why it has been necessary for the corrector of the copy this week to have recourse to the labourious method of printing the characters which is what people do who wish to disguise their writing. However we shall not ask Padraig O'Roighin to write us any more, etc. We wonder did Padraig O'Roighin requisition the

same individual to correct his letters to Murphy's Independent. We have a shrewd suspicion as to whom the individual is, and no doubt he would consider that the intervals between his visits to Tyrone House on begging missions would be profitably spent in the correction or dictation of letters which assail parties with whom he does not agree. It is rumoured that the aforesaid begging missions, via the back-stairs of Tyrone House, resulted in additional books being placed on the Board's Programme. We trust that certain grants will be obtained as * * *

MISDIRECTED ZEAL.

We admire all those who try to secure Irishspeaking teachers for schools in the Irish-speaking districts, but when it is a question of trying to secure the appointment of an outsider when the people of the district want a native, whose qualifications according to all accounts cannot be questioned. we think that zeal has overbalanced itself. It were far better employed in other directions, fighting the National Board for instance. Furthermore the fact of prominent Gaelic Leaguers opposing the wishes of the inhabitants of any locality for purely personal reasons—as was the case in the above instance, which happened not 12 miles from the City of Galway—can only result in turning people against the Gaelic League.

CON MACSWEENEY AGAIN!

It will be remembered that at the October meeting of the Central Executive of the Gaelic League, Mr. Con MacSweeney proposed a resolution dissociating the Executive from the issuing of invitations to certain speakers at the Annual Irish Demonstration, in Smithfield. When asked to explain what his resolution was all about—we quote from one who was present at the meeting—"after some display of re-luctance he consented, but first sought and received permission to speak in English that he might be the better able to do justice to his subject" (this. Oh, reader from a Gaelic scholar). The resolution was defeated.

At the November meeting of the Executive those present were treated to another "outburst" from r. Con of the Hundred (wordy) fights—MacSweeney who seems to have "Larkinism" and The Irish Worker on the brain. We would respectfully suggest that Mr. MacSweeney would consult some of his medical friends who graced the platform of his Aughrim Feis.

WEXFORD FEIS.

Next year's Wexford Feis will be held on 26th and 27th May. We have received a copy of the Syllabus to which we will refer next week.

Communications intended for this column should be addressed An Spailpin Fanach, c/o Editor, Irish

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OUR FREEDOM; OR WE GET WHAT WE **VOTE FOR.**

We boast of our "independence," We call ourselves "brave and free," And we sing and shout till our jobs play out,

"My Country it is of Thee" But when we have lost our masters, No matter how brave and stout We must hunt around "till another's found:"

There's few who can live without.

We wonder why corporations Their servants more work deny; Yet the men have made for the marts of trade,

More goods than their wages buy. And they who possess the surplus, Can't squander it, use nor sell; So the wheels in the mill and the shops are still,

Though we're ragged and hungry as

We starve for the crime of making Too much; and we humbly bow; Yet be it noted, for this we voted, So why should we grumble now? We vote that our sons and brothers Be mangled in mines and wrecks: We vote, alas, for a master class, And we've got them—on our necks.

But what if the toiling masses, Grown wise by their toil and shame, Should vote en-masse for the working class?

The masters for theirs the same. Imagine the ballots sorted; Ours, piled up to heaven would be; But you'd have to grope with a microscope, Or the masters you'd never see.

Say! then would we still petition Kneel down to the haughty drone, To beg and plead for the laws we need? Not much, for we'd make our own. But what would we do with judges And drones who prefer to shirk? "God only knows," but we do suppose, We'd give them some useful work. J. E. NASH.

"An injury to One is the concern of All." ---THE---

Irish Worker

AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly price One Penny-and may be had of any news-

agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or tak

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, NOV. 18TH, 1911.

Place-Hunting and Trade Unionists.

At a special meeting of the Rotunda Ward Branch U.I.L., held November 7th, under the chairmanship of that fervent patriot and Trades' Union employer, Mr. P. Shortall, T.C., and attended by the following patriots, publicans, and placehunters :- Peter O'Hars, James Leech, T. M'Auley, T. Gilligan, Joseph Clarke, ex-T.C. - a Bayard of Trades Unionism-a Mr. P. Duffy, employer (and true Trades Unionist), was proposed by McLoughlin, the pratie man, and seconded by Peter O'Hara, the bunger, that Duffy be jobbed into the vacancy for Councillor in Rotunda Ward, caused by the retirement of Mr. Nannetti, M.P., who, in the words of Joseph (of the coat of many colours) Clarke, represented true labour. Joe, why did you not put it straight-wellpaid labour? And Mr. Clarke went on to say—He would guarantee the support of the (true) Labour Party to Mr. Duffy. We opine Joe must mean E. W. Stewart, pimp and beachcomber; Patrick J. McIntyre, scab and renegade; and last but not least, the U.I.L. candidate for Kilmainham, one-eyed Kelly, the 1d. per week Trade Unionist!

The Secretary of the Dublin Labour Party had occasion to point out that Joseph Clarke, ex-T.C., was not connected with the Labour Party formed under the auspices of the Trades' Council of Dublin. Mr. Clarke, in his righteous anger, wrote to a Mr. Murphy, another Trades' Unionist, we suppose, but we had better print Joe's letter :-

28 Belvedere road, Nov. 8th, 1911.

Dear Mr. Murphy-I was rather surprised to find by report of last meeting that I was quoted as saying-"I could promise the support of the Labour Party in re the candidature of Mr. P. Duffy." I do not remember ever saying any such thing, as I do not know of the existence of any "Labour Party" at present in Dublin, and so could not promise the support of a party that did not exist. I see by to-day's paper that a party is about being formed, but if one is to judge by the names at present

be registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies' Act.

Name...... Address...... Address.....

connected with it, I am perfectly sure all self-respecting trades unionists will give it a wide berth.—Yours faithfully. Jos. CLARKE.

Yes, Joe, give the Labour Party a wide berth, and we hope all trades unionists of your kidney will do the same; but, Joe, have you not used a wrong term, selfrespecting is a mistake, is not the correct term, "place-hunting" Joe, and surely there is no better authority on that question than yourself. What about the master mechanic's job in the new technical schools, Bolton street, at £150 a year? You did not fail to pass that test, but, Joe, when you had to pass an honest examination as a teacher you were not so successful, were you, Joe? and don't forget, Joe, the men, men, mark you, Joe! not crawlers and place-hunters, were elected as delegates to the Trades Council and to the Labour Party, not like unto Jeseph when the Kingstown Branch of the Carpenters' Society could get no other delegate you volunteered. Am I correct, Joe? and yet, according to the rules of the Society you honour by your membership, you are not elegible to sit for any office, to say nothing about fitness, Joe. On next Thursday, in the Carpenters' Hall, Gloucester street, by permission of the governing body of that Hall, the Dublin Labour Party are to hold a public meeting-public, Joe, open to every dog and devil. We hope you will be there, deign to cast the light of your countenance on us and grace the meeting with your illuminating eloquence, Joe. Au revoir until then, and remember there is still a Local Government Board and January elections.

LEST WE FORGET OUR DUTY.

Some years ago a number of men in Dublin connected with the Trades Hall formed a labour electoral association. They ran a number of candidates under the guise of labour candidates. Unfortunately for labour, a number of these boys were returned It is just as well if we take a retrospective view of things. What, you will ask, became of them? Well, the President of the Council at that time is now Alderman William Doyle, builder and contractor. We have recollections of him at one meeting of the Council in his (Doyle's) capacity as Chairman, reading out a long homily from type written sheets as to the urgent need of drinking porter manufactured by the Phœnix Brewery. We have since found out that the said Brewery gave £20 to certain delegates to advocate that the only solution of the unemployed problemn was to drink Phoenix porter. Well, as the song says, they dare not do it now. Then we have Alderman Dowd, who was stupid enough to become an alderman, and not cunning enough to make anything out of it. Then Alderman Fleming, well, he thought a foreman painter's job in the Corporation was more secure than an alderman's job. so he is now foreman painter in the Cor-

Mr. Effingham Richardson was quickly found out and thrown out by the Inn's Quay Ward electors, but, like a wise general, took another course, and is now. thanks to the political milch cow, Mr. Nannetti, M.P., J.P., T.C., and M.P. & D.B., a manager of the Labour Exchange at £5 a week. Mr. Joseph Clarke, who we refer to in another place, retired from the Council in the blessed hope of getting a Clerk of Works job, leaving behind some relations in the service of the Corporation. Mr. Leahy, ex T.C., graces the Bench of the Court of Conscience. We understand Leahy's full title is Keeper of the Lord Mayor's Conscience. Heaven help poor Leahy. There is not a cooper in Dublin could make a cask tight enough for that conscience. Then of our Michael Canty, ex-T.C. Of course, he got the "saxe," ha! ha! through electric currents. though we understand Michael has seen the error of his ways, and will, D.V., to quote one of Ireland's eminent sons-Lord Mayor Farrell-" give the citizens another opportunity of casting at least 28 votes for him." Others of them have returned to that obscurity which they so ably adorn.

It may be necessary to remind our readers that on the 23rd November, 1867, three men named William Philip Alles, Michael O'Brien, and Michael Larkin, in the City of Manchester, County of Lancasbire, England, went forth to meet their Creater. The law of England, in the persons of two special picked judges and a packed jury, found Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin guilty of murder. The judges sentenced them to be hanged by the necks until they were dead. They were so hanged and their bodies desecrated, their souls are in heaven, we trust.

And yet those three humble workingmen, who gave their all for the Irish nation, live on in the hearts of all true men, though dead they truly liveth. In these days of selfishness and place-hunting, of mouthings of patriotism by professional politicians, we should ask ourselves the question-Were Allen, O'Brien, and Larkin justified in protesting against the butal power of the English Government; were they right in trying to break the chains that shackled and still shackle their beloved county—those three men with others, let them be few or many, refused to recognise the right of England to enslave the Irish people, and to make good their assertion gave up their lives

Of course we object, and have objected. to the contributory basis of the Bill, but

Please allot to me......Shares in IRISH CO-OPERATIVE LABOUR PRESS, LTD., at 5s. per Share, for which I enclose 1s. per share on account, and agree to pay balance on.......Shares at the rate of 1s. per month. I further agree that the said Company, THE IRILE CO-OPERATIVE LABOUR PRESS, LTD., should

as proof of the sincerity of the motives; they spoke not of loyalty to the Empire, they muched not of expediency, they did not hesitate to make public their opinion that they stood for complete separation between the Government of England and a Government which they hoped to see in Ireland. They pointed out in a clear and emphatic manner that no country, be who it may, had the right to govern or misgovern another country; they had to acknowledge that for a time the British Government were powerful enough to overawe and misgovern Ireland, but they determined by the power of their minhood to alter that wrong and to take into their own hands the Government of this the Irish nation in the interest of the Irish nation. Were they jus-

We say emphatically, Yes. Then, if so, that being admitted, the persons who are at present entrusted with the destiny of the people who inhabit this land, are not justified in their present line of action. They are not working in consonance with the ideas of those who have gone before. There can be no dubiety in any thinking man's mind. Either Allen, O'Brien and Larkin were right or the present Heroes are wrong-fundamentally wrong-you can't have it both ways, either England has the right to control our destinies or we ourselves should accept the responsibility. Accepting that responsibility, we must rause not for an instant,

But on the fight must go, 'Midst joy, or weal, or woe, 'Till we make this isle a nation free and grand.

Remember, if Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage it is not necessary for us to repeat that foolishness. Better the roadside, starvation, and Freedom. Nay, better a death such as was meted out to those whose memories we cherish, than to abate one jot of our demand and our rights. Again we repeat, no law, divine or otherwise, gave to England the right to misrule the Irish people. Better far to struggle for a thousand years in serrow, suffering, and privation than forego our

birthright. No, to you, our dead, lying in the cold clay of England, your bodies burned by the cursed quicklime, if it be our own fate to go through the furnace, we repeat our vow as true as you were to Kathleen Na Houlihan, so to we, bone of your bone as we are, will never disgrace you nor forget you. Remember, this is a brave month for Ireland. She gave to the cause of Liberty Wolfe Tone on the 19th of November. 1798; and on the 23rd of November, 1867, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien. Tomorrow it may be she will call on you. Will you fail her? It is for you to reply when called upon.

PARLIAMENTARY TRICKERY.

Fellow-workers, what are you going to do about the way you are treated by the men who are supposed to represent you in the British Parliament? With reference to what is called the National Insurance Bill it is not necessary for us to print the pages of irrevelant matter which have appeared in the daily papers. What you must understand is the position you are in under this alleged Insurance Bill. According to statesmen whose hearts

are panting in sympathy with the workers, we are much better off applying in case of sickness to the dispensary for advice and medicine than our fellowworkers in England, Scotland, and Wales -who are enabled when sick to choose their own doctors and are guaranteed medicine of the purest quality-to work under the scheme at the same rates as offered in England. What about the sympathetic strike? Dr. Laffan and some of the other fossils will be writing again to the papers condemning trades unions. I only wish the workers had sense enough to organise in as compact and loyal bodies as the doctors and lawyers or M.P.'s. And why are we debarred from receiving medical benefits here in Ireland on the same basis and under the same conditions as our fellows in the countries adjacent? Why, because 480 doctors, patriots, and philanthropists—as they pretend to be refuse to accept the same rate of remuneration as the doctors in Great Britain-the gentlemen who we read cf canvassing and buttonholing public representatives to pitchfork them into jobs as medical doctors of health. These are the men who, for their own selfish ends, would debar over 300,000 workers of getting decent medical attention when ill; these are they who are put down as public opinion! and mark any number of respectable, hardworking doctors are prepared to work he scheme. Lloyd George, M.P., (Dr.) John Dillon, M.P.; Mr. Lardner, M.P.; Mr. Tim Healy, M.P.; all agreed that the Irish worker should be entitled to the same benefits as the British worker. Then why don't we get them, why, because we are too supine, too quiet; public opinion forsooth when every trades council in Ireland have sent resolution after resolution, deputation after deputation, to tell those who are humbugging over this matter that the Irish workers want the same rights and privileges under the Bill as extended to our fellows across the channel.

the Bill, being compulsory, we claim all the benefits to be got from the Bill. And we state emphatically that not one of the Irish members can defend their action over this gross betrayal of the workers in connection with the deletion of Ireland from the medical benefits. And we challenge any one of them to meet a representative appointed by the Dublin Trades' Council in open meeting in this city, or, if they choose, Belfast or Cork, and defend their action.

Now, then, let one of the two protagonists on this matter, Mr. Devlin or Mr. Lardner. M.P., or either of the Dublin Six respond. An early reply will oblige. We will pay the expenses of the hall.

DON'T FORGET the Great Torchlight **PROCESSION**

and Band Parade to-night in Aid of the Boys of Wexford. Before the Banks class draw some of your surplus money.

NEXT WEEK'S MEETINGS.

A MASS MEETING OF RAILWAY SERVANTS will be held in the ABBEY THEATRE on Sunday next (19th) at 5 o'clock.

NEXT TUESDAY, 21st., a MASS MEETING of all Sections of THE IRISH TRANSPORT & GENERAL WORKERS UNION - Carters, Dockers, Grainmen. Coalporters, &c., will be held in the ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS at 8 p.m. Business important.

A JOINT MEETING, under the auspices of The Irish Transport Workers' Union and the Sailors' and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland, will be held on Wednesday night at 8 o'clock in the ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS TOM MANN will speak.

LOOK OUT FOR POSTERS OF BOTH MEETINGS.

Admission only by Card or Badge.

Respectability and Trade Unions in Dublin. As one who has taken a little interest

in what is going on in labour circles for

some time past, and also to the way in

which some strikes have been conducted, I have come to the conclusion that in Dublin, at all events, the words respectable and trades unionist have got strangely mixed. In the first place, we have it on the authority of our clergy that latter day strikes have not been conducted on "respectable" lines. Our National Press. particularly Murphy's mouthpiece and its offspring, the green "Lyre," tell us that the new movement which they call "Larkinism" is Hooliganism, and calls on all the merchants and traders to combine together to fight this force and smash it. In the same breath they tell us that if we submit our grievances in a "respectable" manner to those merchants and traders, they have no doubt but our conditions will be bettered. The definition of this advice means to my mind that a section of us get desperate when we look at our 14 or 15 bob a week and demand an increase of 9d. per month. Such increase been refused us, we then take the only course open to us, that is, to ask our employers may we strike. Now, sir, anyone who has taken the slightest interest in labour matters in Dublin will have to admit that, whatever else we have been, we have always been "respectable." Who will doubt the "respectability" of the Trades Council, under whose auspices some years ago a great labour party got together in the Dublin Corporation? All of them or nearly all were "respectable" men. By a strange coincidence the majority of them have become employees of the corrupt body that they were sent to

The only one who has kept his head clear is Alderman Tom Kelly, and I don't think that he worries whether we consider him respectable or not. The present Lord Mayor was one of that original lot, he must have been at that time a "respectable" man or that "respectable" body known as the Society for the Prevention of Intemperance would not have spent their money making a corporator of him. He is still "respectable," for has not King George, on his own words, shaken hands with him? Now, Sir, I would submit to your readers that "respectability" has got its trial and failed. If our conditions are to be bettered give other methods a trial. Larkinism if you will, if not, any other "ism." But keep

The French Revolution would never have succeeded had it been conducted on respectable lines. It was mostly respectable people of that period who lost their heads. Trades Unions, when electing their officials, should not be too particular as to the respectability of those whom they elect, rather make honesty the te-t-that is honesty of purpose. In this connection, if you don't mind, I will make an notation from an English journal, which says, that "Trades Unions, in electing their officials, make a mistake in electing clever men to positions, because they use their own cleverness, backed up by the power you place in their hands, to advocate their own interests." Look for honest

off "respectability."

Now, Sir, in my opinion, your paper has a future in store for it as long as you don't let it fall into "respectable" hands and adopt "respectable" methods As for yourself, don't try and become the least bit more "respectable" than

Thos. Livin.

The Miners' Conference.

RESULT OF VOTING.

The Conference of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain at the ('ax on Hall, Westminster, on Wednesday, voted on 8 resolution for an immediate iallot in favour of a national stoppage or alternatively in favour of postponement of ballot till after December 20. The result was as follows:--

For immediate ballot ... For postponement till after

366,000 December 20th

CORK HILL CONSPIRINGS.

In our notes last week we omitted referring to the action of several of the Home Rule Party in walking out of the Council Chamber of the City Hall when the vote was about being taken en Alderman Kelly's motion to have legal proceedings it stituted against the Commissioner of Paice regarding the action of the poli e in removing the poles and streamers erected by the National Societies advertising the Ind-pendence Demonstration on the creasion of the King's visit. The motion was simply to maintain the rights of the Municipal Council to complete control of the streets of the city. When the Town Clerk commenced to call the roll the first man to go outside the barrier was the Nationa'ist J.P. of Trinity Ward, Councillor "Bob" Bradley, and close at his heels was the loyalist U.I. Leaguer of the Retunda Ward, Councillor Shortall. We remember listening from the gallery of the ('hamber on one occasion to Counciller Bradley giving an exposition of his Nationalist principles. It was the time the Lord Lieutenant selected him as Chief Hangman of the city. On that occasion Mr. Bradley declared that "he was a lifelong Nationalist, that he followed Parnell ail his life, and followed him to the grave." There are Mr. Bradley's exact words. Might we ask where was Mr. Bradley's Nati nality last Monday week when he had net the courage of his convictions to vote on a motion which affects the rights of the Municipal Council to control the streets?

Mr. Bradley retires in rotation in January next. He will "stump" the Trinity Ward after Christmas and tell the voters there that "he is a life-long Nationalist," yet when his Nationalist principles were put to the test, he clears out and is afraid to vote. We do not mind Mr. "Paddy" Shortall very much, as it was only what should be expected of a man who voted with Lord Mayor Farrell to present an address of welcome to the King. Mr. Shortall is a prominent member of "that sterling band of patriots," the U.I. Leaguers of Rotunda Ward, which is mainly composed of publicans. We notice that at a recent meeting of that branch these patriots passed a vote of confidence in Mr. Shortall, and eulogised him to the extent of a column of Telegraph space. This sort of thing may go down with some electors in the Rotunda Ward in January next, but the Rotunda Leaguers should know that "you can't fool all the people all the time," and the workers of the Retunda Ward will have something to say to Mr. Shortall in January, just the same as the workers of the Trinity Ward will with Mr. Bradley.

We remember hearing Alderman Coffey once stating at a Council meeting that he represented the "prymeer" ward of the city: but recent events go to show that Alderman Coffey represents more than the Arran Quay Ward; but, then. "blood is thicker than water" they say. It has come to our ears that a few days ago the position of Weigh Clerk at the Corporation weigh scales at Blackhall place became vacant as a result of the young man who held the position having qualified as a member of the medical profession. This young gentleman, whose name is Harrington, having passed his examination, handed his resignation to the Lord Mayor, who, by virtue of his position, has the power of appointing the Weigh Clerks without consulting the Corporation.

Our "good and true" Lord Mayor, anxious to do a friendly turn, immediately appointed a son of Alderman Coffey's to the vacant position, and this makes the eighth or ninth relative that the wise Coffey has shoved into the Corporation service. As showing the dodgery adopted in this case we may mention that the Corporation some months ago, acting on a report of the Markets Committee, decided to abolish this particular weigh scales from the 23rd February next on the grounds that it was not paying, as it showed a loss of between £80 and £90 a year. Of course the Corporation are powerless to do anything in the matter until the present Lord Mayor's term of office expires on February 23rd next. We hope the members of the Council will not lose sight of this piece of jobbery when Mayor Farrell steps down from the Mayoral chair.

A well-known frequenter of the City Hall steps in the person of one T. D. Fitzgerald has at last been provided with a soft job by some of his friends in the Corporation. At a recent meeting of the Dublin Joint Hospitals Board-which is charged with the control of the British Sanatorium—Fitzgerald was appointed Secretary to that body at a salary of £100 a year. Of course we are told that the appointment is from year to year, or, in other words, it is a "temporary-permanent" appointment. This Fitzgerald has been looking for a soft job in the Corporation and he has got it at last. Now, we would like to know how it was that the late Mr. Nally, Assistant Secretary to the Public Health Committee, performed this work along with his ordinary duties, or why the Committee rushed the matter before M'Nally's successor was appointed. Was it to make an easy job for Fitzgerald? Perhaps some of the members of the Public Health Commtttee would explain.

One of the T.C.'s for the Ushers Quay Ward, Mr. Mendal Altman, has sent in his resignation as a member of the Corporation. We are not aware of the reasons why Mr. Altman has resigned, but perhaps "pressure of business" is the cause. In any case Mr. Altman, who was a member of the "Home Rule Party" in the Council, did not do too bed during his

term as Councillor. We notice he has a son in the Electric Light Department, in a good "sit" there, who is at present looking for an increase in his salary. We learn on pretty good authority that he has some other relatives in the service. Councillors who want to get good jobs for their sons and relatives need only join the "Official Nationalist Party" and the thing

There is one Councillor who represents Drumcondra Ward who has no less than three of his sons in the Corporate service as Clerks of Works or some such title, while he has a fourth one at some other job. Another Councillor, who lives out Drumcondra way, but who represents a City Ward, has one or two of his sons in fat jobs on Cork Hill. We will be told bye-and-bye that if this gentleman is not re-elected in January next it will mean putting back Home Rule for another ten years, or perhaps will be told that the National Insurance Bill will not become law if he is not returned to the Municipal Council. Such is the way the werkers of Dublin are fooled each succeeding

A list of the members of the Dublin Corporation who have sons and other relations in the service would be interesting information for readers of THE IRISH WORKER. Such a list is badly needed, as it would open the eves of the electors in the city to those members who are "feathering their nests" by providing soft jobs for their relations. We have heard of one man, the son-in-law of an ex-Councillor, who has £3 a week in one of the Corporation workshops, and who, a few weeks ago, at a committee meeting, got a pound a week extra tacked on to his starvation wage. A couple of weeks previous an attempt was made to rush the matter through the Council, but Mayor Farrell had the good sense to rule it out of order. We understand the matter has to come before the Council again, when we hope the recommendation of the Committee will be unanimously re-

Mr. John "Sparrow" Kelly is an ambitious man. Not content with being the self-styled "General Secretary and Organiser" of a so-called trades union, he has solemnly announced in the columns of the Green Herald that he intends to stand as candidate for municipal honours for the New Kilmainham Ward at the elections in January next. We have no desire to dishearten the "Sparrow" in the least, but we will say that the electors, or at least the majority of them, will take him at his proper valuation by placing him last on the list.

A Lay of Labour.

Starve, starve, starve, with spirit mild and meek; Starve, starve, on fourteen bob

per week. Laugh, laugh, laugh, and banish discontent—

You have seven bob to feed eight kids When your landlord gets his rent.

Smile, smile, smile, though the days are cold and long, When you hear your kiddies cry for food

whistle a comic song. Work, work, work, you are only a common clod:

It is only men like your masters were made in the image of God.

Toil, toil, toil, though your eyes be heavy and dull; Your stomach may be empty, but your master's stomach full:

Stoop, stoop, stoop, and never straighten

your backs-You are doing a public duty, you are pleasing Castle hacks.

Work, work, work, with hands and shovel and pick; Work, work, work, though mind and body

be sick: Sweat, sweat, sweat, while your masters take their ease: Be wretched, ragged, and hungry-a rep-

tile Press to please. Don't strike, strike, strike, nor throw off

your galling chains, Or you will wring from your master's coffers

The worth of your muscle and brains; Don't rise in your mighty numbers and enter into the fight,

But trust a rotten and cowardly Press your burning wrongs to right. -EDDIE DOYLE.

T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Hairdresser,

84 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN. An Up-to-Date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanlinese, Comfort. Anti-septics used. Success to the Workers' Cause!

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J. SINEY, Potate and Forage Merchant, 25 GOLDEN LANE.

CORK ECHOES.

Last week we announced that a relief fund had just been started on behalf of the locked-out workers of Wexford. This week we are glad to announce that £4 has been forwarded to P. T. Daly per the following: - Cumannact Na hEirinn, £1 1s. 6d.: Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, £1; Carmen and Storemen's Society, £1; and a few sympathisers, 18s. 6d.

In the Queenstown Steam Laundry little girls fresh from school are allowed the privilege of working up to 11 o'clock at night for half-a crown per week.

The O'Growney Branch of the Gaelic League opened its classes in the Dun last Saturday, and was largely attended by enthusiastic Gaels. This branch bids fair to be the premier branch of the League in Cork, and under such able teachers as Sean Toibin and Tomas Mac-Curtain a good winter's work may be ex-

Apropos of our criticism of the Cork I.D.A., John Sweetman writes to "Murphy's dirty rag" accusing us of "preaching pure anarchy," and makes a most miserable apology for his plundering and blundering class. Finding himself unable to answer our arguments or justify the present chaotic and un-Christian state of society, this capitalistic wolf in sheep's clothing masquerades as a champion of 'Christian (?) civilisation," and with irrevelant quotations from two papers, seeks to discredit us in the eyes of the public by the odium theologium. But Sweetman quoting the papers is like the devil quoting Scripture—just to suit his purpose. Quotation is quite a simple game to play at, and now let us quote right here a text which capitalists find very hard to remember—" It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." It was Schopenhauer who advised the young debater with ambitions to weigh his opponent up. He said, "If you have no case, find out that thing which your people most hate, accuse him of it and then you have got him." This is precisely what Mr. Sweetman seems to have done.

As far as we can gather the Irish mind most hates anti-Christianity, that is, the academic expression of anti-Christianity; and has he not by false inference endeavoured to make it appear that Christianity and Socialism were opposed? If he could only create sufficient moral and religious prejudice against Socialism it would prevent people from inquiring into its principles, and thus keep them bound by the shackles of ignorance to the present system of economic slavery, which he blasphemously calls "Christian" civilisation." But it is a compliment to Socialism when its principles have to be garbled and misrepresented before it can be answered. Christianity teaches that Almighty God created the world for us all, and yet how few of us enjoy it? The earth, of His bounty, yields more than enough to satisfy every one of us, and yet how many millions are starving? We in Ireland are taught that this is our native land, and yet, outside a fraction of the population, we don't own as much as a square inch of it. Consider the birds, the beasts, and the fishes, all God's creatures. They all have their homes and live as God intended them. Man is the only creature who pays his rent, and thus begs his fellow-man to let him live, because armed thieves and rich men, violating God's law, have robbed us of our inheritance and compel us to live in slums and pay rent while they live in castles and mansions. We are compelled to work very hard and often go hungry and wear the poorest and scantiest clothing, while they who do not work wear the finest and costliest garments and enjoy all the good things of life.

When we seek to regain our stolen inheritance they whine about the "rights of property," and tell us that we cannot blame the descendants of the robbers for the sins of their fathers: but we answer that neither can they blame us or expect us to suffer for the weakness of our fathers.

The savage wealth on the one hand and the chronic poverty on the other, is only the natural outcome of this abominable system that permits a few capitalists. slum-owners, and sweaters, to possess all the instruments of labour or means of wealth. In every country, especially in ours, these gentry talk loudly of patriotism, and tell us to support home industry while they keep us in misery and deny us a living wage on the plea that they are unable to pay us owing to competition. But when we strip them of this excuse by inviting their co-operation to achieve public ownership and control of the means of living, and thus to end this degradation for ever, Mr. Sweetman and the disciples of Dives accuse us of "preaching pure anarchy" and snivel about "our civilisation." Civilisation, forsooth! This capitalistic regime which creates misery, squalor and filth, robs the child, fills the madhouses and prisons, infests our streets with beggars, and drives hundreds of poor girls, through insufficient wages, to sell their bodies and damn their souls to try and live, this "civilisation" is worthy of the defender and his class.

But is not this hackneyed cry of anarchy rather common-place even for a Sinn 'Feign" statesman? Was there ever an attempt made to better the condition of the workers, and to serve our country in any way that was not accused of "pure anarchy" or "irreligion"? Bishop Moriarty said that "Hell was not hot enough or eternity long enough" to punish the Fenians, Parnell and the Land

Leaguers were denounced for "preaching pure anarchy," so we needn't care.

Mr. Sweetman, without the slightest shadow of reason says "Catholics cannot aim at a socialistic state," etc. Well, we as Catholics say we can, we are aiming at a socialistic state and wont be happy till we get it. If anyone doubts this let him read the pamphlets of Fr. T. J. Hegarty, or the Catholic Socialist Society of Glasgow, and more particularly the writings of James Connolly, Thomas Brady, Liam P. O'Rian, and numerous others of our own countrymen at home and abroad. Among the greatest thinkers and workers for Socialism to-day there are numerous catholics, not only in Ireland but all over the world, Mr Sweetman's cant and nonsense notwithstanding.

Socialism will feed the child, educate the workman, organise Labour, abolish cut-throat competition and make life worth living.

ARGUS.

CORPORATION WORKMEN.

The paper called the Dublin Evening Telegraph on last Saturday evening printed the following inspired para-

> "CORPORATION WORKMEN. AN INCREASE OF £500 A YEAR

A cynical correspondent writes-

It may interest the ratepayers of Dublin to learn that the Paving Committee, at a special meeting yesterday, decided to grant increases to its labour staff aggregating about £500 a year.

The various applicants for increases of wages were numerous, and all based their claims upon the onerous nature of their duties. One man demanded a rise in his pay because he had been promoted to the position of "watchman of paving setts"; another, because he had charge of another man who was breaking up an asphalte pavement; a third on the ground that he was the senior ripper of macadam; and yet another who performs such duties as the inspecting of brooms in a stable, also required increased remuneration.

The men who obtained the required increment to their wages are all men of importance in their respective wards. Municipal elections take place a few

months hence."

The letter printed below, from the pen of the Vice-Chairman of the Paving Committee, should prove to the labouring classes of this town, at least, what a friend the Evening Telegraph is :-

LETTER FROM COUNCILLOR J. P. FARRELLY.

8 and 9 Lr. Sheriff st..

Nov. 13th, 1911. SIR—Referring to the communication in your issue of Saturday from "Our Cynical Correspondent" re increases in Paving Committee Department, I beg to state that said report is inaccurate, and likely to lead the general public to think that the affairs of the Corporation are treated in a careless and high-handed fashion by the elected representatives of the people. Such is not the case in the Paving Department. We in that department have held two special meetings to consider and settle applications coming from our working staff for increases. The true facts of the case of Friday's special meeting are that out of applications from 128 workingmen for increases, after considering all cases separately, the Committee decided to recommend 50 workingmen for increases varying from 1s., 2s., and 2s. 6d., according to merit. The total amount of said increases is about £3 13s. per week, or £189 16s. per year. Of this amount there are the cases of two men on light labour with 15s. per week, who were recommended to be put back to their usual employment if the doctor certified that they were fit, which would mean 10s. per week on the sum above-mentioned. which would mean £163 16s. It is rather strange for this comment to appear before the public when the case of 50 workingmen comes up, whose wages in the majority of cases is 21s. per week. When increases of £100 per annum were granted to other officials your "Cynical" correspondent was silent. Strange, isn't it?

Faithfully yours, JOHN P. FARRELLY." What immoral literature! Yes: but what about the lying Press?

On the Pig's Back. DEAR SIR-In perusing your paper, THE

IRISH WORKER. I find you have omitted

one firm—the most downtrodden and illused body of men in the British Isles—and that firm is Lipton, Ltd. Here is an example in a branch of this firm, to commence with. The cash boy, he must have very good education, be smart in manner, and good appearance, get references from very prominent people, who are good customers. Before he gets this position, for which he gets 5s, per week. his duties are to clean brasses, counters, scrub and wash all butter and bacon slabs and counters, and the floor very often. Then attend to the cash. If the business is brisk, and a mistake be made by any person in giving change this boy is called a pig-headed dunce, a fool, and so on. until all the customers feel shocked. Then the manager commences to think he is doing harm to the trade, not to the boy, and occasionally turns it into a joke, until later on; then when the fuss is not so much the cash-boy gets a lead of parcels, which the messenger is not able to attend to and carries them sometimes a distance of one mile. He gets a certain time to the parcels, and if one minute do late it is a repetition of the foregoing, and told he will be sent home. If any of the assistants are out of sorts it is the cash boy who is sure to get the benefit—sometimes by a few slaps in

occurs—he cannot please both, and so on. Then he puts in twelve months, and perhaps more, at cash boy before he gets a rise, as the manager terms it; then he gets 1s., which brings him up to 6s. per week, and has to supply white jacket and apron and food and decent clothing out of that at the age of 17 years and older. Now he gets promotion and sent to the despatch room, which is at the back of the shop and badly ventilated and no window, the gas having to be lighted all day. He has to pack all orders, make them up, check weights of orders for agents in minor towns, and is responsible for breakage of bottles, which will be deducted from his 6s, and if he murmurs is sent home. You can see the effect of this change in his face in a short timethe ill-emelling, badly-ventilated storeroom sometimes sows the seed of consumption. This goes on for, perhaps, two years er, perhaps, four years if he is giving satisfaction he will be kept and, perhaps, given 1s. more, which will bring him up to 7s., then he gets another step in promotion and is sent to the counter; his time is just as when cash boy, if late will be sent home; he is supposed to have medical treatment free if he is ill, and instead he is terrorised into paying a doctor under a threat of being dismissed for getting ill and causing inconvenience, therefore they are afraid to beg off until they feel too ill to stand; then he is another year at the counter, then he will ask an increase, when he will be told that he is living at home, and if he gets it he will have to be transferred and gets 15s; this great increase is a temptation, and he agrees to go, when he has 12s. per week paid for board and lodgings, he has 3s. left with which he cannot keep himself clad; he has to apply to his parents to supply him with funds in the hope of being able to pay it back; but in eleven cases out of every twelve they are eight years in the firm before they get 18s per week. Then the cash girl commences at 6s. per week, and starts at 8 o'clock a.m., and sits in a cold desk all day, no certain time for meals, only when there is a slack at the counters, then one of the assistants is spared to take her place, if any mistakes are found to have occurred during the day when making up the cash at night, the amount of cash missing is put down to her account, which will be deducted out of her 6s. on pay-day, no matter whose mistake it may be, even if the mistake occurred while she was absent at dinner-time. This goes on for a long time, and perhaps with an increase of 1s. occasionally she reaches up to the sum of 10s., perhaps not more after 8 or 9 years in the firm. I knew one girl, 25 years of age, with 7s. 6d. per week after 8 years in the firm. Then the manager has from £3 to £3 10s. per week, with the chance of making more in various ways of dealing, such as buying fowl, &c. He sets the business going, and then can take a stroll and an occasional day's holiday; when in his absence the second manager, who he leaves in charge, tyrannises over the counter hands, and if they murmur when the manager comes back there is an invention of lies told to cover up the manager's absence, as he does not get leave. It is a great pity that these men would not be in some union that they could bring about a certain wage to correspond with their grade and service. If the men were approached on the subject they would gladly join, as they are powerless at present — if they made any demand they would be dismused. Trusting you will turn your attention in this course for a short time, and use your wise judgment as what ought to be done.—Yours, **Encouraging Irish Industry Again.**

the face or a few kicks. His meal hours

should be one hour for dinner, but instead

he gets sometimes half that time, and

very often ten minutes; market day

he gets no food from 8 a.m. to 7 p.m.

and if he murmurs he is told he will be

sent home; then he has first to please

the mavager, then the second manager:

and if these two are not friends—as often

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

Clonmel, 15th Nov.

SIR-Just to-night I received a bill of carriage from G.S. & W.R.—12 large bexes, to Milford, in Wales, 3 cwt.; charges, 2s.; 16 boxes, half-size, to Bantry, 6 cwt., 4s., which were sent to station 1st October. I have sent bill to Agricultural Boardto-night for investigation.

I hope you will ask the Gaelic League Organiser, who has been around here collecting last week, what they are doing. -Yours respectfully,

LECTURE BY MAJOR JOHN M'BRIDE.

"The Manchester Martyrs."

On Thursday night next, the date of the anniversary of the deaths of the martyrs, Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, a lecture by the above-named gentleman will be delivered, under the auspices of the Croke Gaelic Club, at 113 Capel street. The general public are cordially invited to attend. The chair will be taken at 8.15 p.m. and a punctual attendance is desirable.

SEAN O'DUFFY, Runaire.

The Workers' Benefit Stores, 47A New St. is now opened with a good selection of Groceries and Previsions unsurpassed for Quality and Price.

Insurance Bill Debate.

Mr. George Lansbury said the assumption behind the proposals of the Bill seemed to be that the present Public Health Authorities were in some way responsible for bad housing and bad health conditions. It was hoped that the voluntary health committees would galvanise them into action. He spoke as a member of the L.C.C. and of a local authority in a very poor district in London, and he asserted that if these authorities were to carry out their regulations in respect of housing 100,000 people would be on the streets to-night. The law was not carried cut because the people could not pay more rent then they were paying, and they never could do so until they got very much larger wages.

ACTION NOT STATISTICS. They were establishing committees to harry the poor instead of spending money to help the peor. He would invite Mr. Lloyd George to investigate the conditions of the rich for a change, and let the nation know how it was they were in the position they occupied. Once the House understood that, they would realise that the poor were in the slums because the rich were in the palaces.

Mr. France (Liberal) said he failed to see what poverty and riches had to do with the Insurance Bill.

Mr. Lansbury-You cannot get rid of the sickness due to poverty until you get rid of the unearned riches that cause the

The National Insurance and the Poor Law Medical Relief System.

DEAR SIR-Almost immediately following the introduction into Parliament of the great National Insurance scheme came a strong and influential movement for the purpose of excluding Ireland from the beneficient operations of this measure. This, of course, was carrying the matter a little too far, consequently it failed, but its failure was only partial, for arising out of the movement came many suggestions, some good, some bad.

It is to one of the latter kind that I wish to direct your readers' attention, namely—that the medical benefits acruing from this scheme of insurance should not be applied to Ireland, as the system of Poor Law medical relief is quite efficient for the working of this bill.

Now, Mr. Editor, I cannot understand why the red ticket system should be considered a proper method whereby to carry out one of the most important provisions of this great scheme.

Royal Commission after Royal Commission has condemned it. And Mr. Burns, President of the Local Government Board, stated in Parliament last year that a sum of twenty millions would be required to carry out his far-reaching and badlyneeded scheme of poor-law reform, and are we going to retain as a legacy a portion of that rotten poor law to remind us of the degradation of our unfortunate though respectable poor?

And are thousands of respectable and honest workers to be added to the list of those who bear the brand of pauperism?

In a few weeks' time it will be too late to take any step towards recifying the matter; but now that the scheme is in course of construction I trust you will use all your power and influence to have the matter settled in the proper way while there is yet time to do so.

I have taken the liberty of bringing this matter under your notice for the purpose of helping, even though a little, in the great work which you have set yourself to accomplish. Therefore I trust you will find space for it in your valuable columns. Begging to be excused for having thus far trespassed up in your busily occupied time.

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D.M.P. and People.

"DODD'S JUSTICE."

The Case of F. W. Cleary.

Within the past week there has been placed before the public in Dublin and in Wexford examples of the way in which the thing called "Law" is administered in Ireland.

In the one instance we had the case of Belton, who was charge I with committing a murderous assault on P. T. Daly in Wexford, and who was as a consequence fined £1.

On November 7th, in the King's Bench Division, before Mr. Justice Dodd, a respectable citizen, a wholesale and retail dealer, carrying on business in Bridge street, Mr. F. W. Cleary, appealed against a decision of the police court magistrate, Mr. Swifte, K.C., fining him 20s. for resisting the police.

Mr. Cleary had already brought actions in the Recorder's Court against the policemen concerned, and as a result secured verdicts in one case carrying damages £1, in the second case a farthing damages, and the others were dismissed.

When the cases came before Mr. Justice Dodd on appeal one would naturally conclude that he would have taken steps to ascertain whether the police had exceeded their powers or not.

But what did this Castle hack do? He heard the evidence of the policemen concerned. He heard the following "gem" in the course of cross examination by Mr. O'Connor, K.C., of Sergeant O'Donnell:

Serieant O'Cennor-You charged him with loitering. If he had not been running you would not have charged him with loitering?

Sergeant O'Donnell-We would not. Now, we ask our readers in all seriousness to consider the position created by the latest police "dictum"

In our ignorance we had always concluded that "loitering with intent to commit a felony" meant that the "polisman" has previously watched some unfortunate individual hovering around some building or buildings with suspicious intent, and finally arrested him on the presupposition that "prevention is better than crime." That was (though bound to occassionally be an error) an understandable idea, but that the liberty of the citizen should be placed so completely at the mercy of any thick-headed policeman as the latest definition of "loitering" would permit, is unbearable.

In the further hearing of the case, Inspector Kiernan stated that he ascertained at 3 p.m. on the morning of the arrest of Mr. Cleary who he was, and immediately released him on his own bail; yet nevertheless he was hauled up in the police court the following morning and prosecuted as a person "loitering" with intent to commit a felony.

Mr. Justice Dodd, Castle Hack and erst while panderer for "Nationalist" votes. was indignant, at the action of the "polis" having been called in question. and to mark his sense of the enormity he reversed the previous decrees in Mr. Cleary's favour, with costs against that gentleman, so that, to use his own words. there might be no mistake about his view of the case."

We leave the Right Hon. Mr. Justice Dodd, Castle place-hunter, and the Recorder, Mr. Thomas Lopdell O'Shaughnessy, to settle their differences in points of law and equity as concern the case of Mr. Cleary.

For ourselves, we have no hesitation in declaring that if any "polisman" of the O'Donnell or Malcomson type attempts to arrest us any night when we are "hurrying home" on the charge of "loitering while "hurrying," not alone will we refuse to give our name, but we will use all the physical means (which an all-wise Providence has placed at our disposal) to damage the "Thug," in the shape of a peace officer," who attempts to stop us, and to our readers we tender the Scriptural advice-"Go and do likewise."

If this thing goes any further are we to expect, on opening our Telegraph, to

POLICE COURT.

An elderly man of respectable appearance was charged by Constable Woodenhead Al with "loitering" in the vicinity of Cork Hill on the previous evening.

Magistrate—How was he loitering? Woodenhead-Please, your Worship, he was running toward the back gate of

Prisoner-May I explain, your Worship,

that I am Mr. Justice "Codd." "TABLEAU!"

TREATY STONE.

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og Save your Menoy and think of se The Ball of Blue."

Open Letter to J. P. Nannetti, M.P., J.P., T.C.

My DEAR NAN,—The announcement of your resignation of the positions of Councillor for the Rotunda Ward (and, as a necessary consequence, your resignation of your membership of the Port and Docks Board) sets me thinking of the days "when we were boys," shall I say, like poor Clarence Mangan,

"Twenty golden years ago." Ah, my dear Nan, to think how the "Work-a-Day Worker" climbed by the aid of the Capel street ladder to the giddy heights of the Mansion House and the Westminster "Gas House" reads like a

fairy romance. You were a member of the Trades Council which in the closing years of the last century vigorously denounced the Dublin Cemeteries Committee for their inhuman treatment of the dead of the working class, to which you claimed to belong.

A few years after you stepped into the Dublin Cemeteries Committee office as a member.

You denounced the Dublin Port and Docks Board as a non-elective and unrepresentative body, and clamoured for the lewering of the franchise for elections to that select assembly; all the while you. M'Walter deny the following :remained a member of and drew emoluments from the Dublin Cemeteries Committee, which is entirely non-elective.

You have now crowned all by resigning (on the ground of ill health) your membership of the Dublin Corporation and the Port and Docks Board. I am now, my dear Nan, waiting to see announced your resignation of the position of M.P. (salary, £400 per year); Director of Guardian Bank (how much?); Trustee of Royal Liver Friendly Society (how much?); member of Dublin Cemeteries Committee (fces, 10s. 6d. per meeting; free plots and monuments). In conclusion, I cannot quite know which to be congratulated most cn-your Municipal resignation for the Rotunda Ward or yourself.—Believe me to be, my dear Nan, yours faithfully,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

ARTHUR'S CHEEK.

In the issue of "Sinn Fein" for 14th October the following interesting paragraph appears. We quote it for the benfit of the readers of THE IRISH WORKER :-

"If the ironworkers of Wexford, who have now seen whither the lightning genius of the Transport Union conducts his followers, will adopt the suggestion we made them some time ago and form a union of their own they will be doing a wise thing. Some feeling of loyalty to the Transport Union, which they joined under the belief that it was an ordinary trades union, induces them. we think, still to hold by it in the hour of its broken fortunes, even though it has broken their own. If such a feeling be the stumbling-block, let the men undertake to repay to its coffers the money it paid them during the lockout, form their own union, and end the wretched business."

We once heard Arthur Griffith declare at a public meeting of Sinn Fein, held in the Mansion House, Dublin, that he believed Moses was one of the greatest patriots that ever lived; for in the quarrel between the Hebrew and Egyptian Moses didn't inquire as to the rights or wrongs of the case, but immediately sided with his countryman. Arthur, in his eager desire to stand well with the employers, seems to have forgotten the attitude of Moses when he found two Hebrews quarrelling. Any whisper of repaying will be sure to interest the "shareholders" of the defunct daily "Sinn Fein."

We call to mind some, three years ago, the boast of the then vigorous Sinn Fein party that the Parliamentarians were obliged to have recource to the admission-

by-ticket meeting. Why don't the Sinn Fein party now themselves come into the open, hold openair meetings (say at Beresford place for a start) with Arthur Griffith as principal speaker.

"A few months hence," says Arthur, .. would relieve Sinn Fein from the selfdenying ordinance it had imposed upon itself." (Who said Coffey?)

If Mr. Arthur Griffith requires proof of the opinions entertained by the workingmen of Dublin of him and his policy, let him offer himself as a candidate for municipal honours in any of the Labour wards of the city.

McHUCH HIMSELF!

Never heard of him (I don't think)-38b Talbot Street is his address. But, be careful! "38b" is on the Verdon Hotel Bide, few doors from New Electric Theatre. THE WORKERS' CYCLE AGENT.

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LORD MAYOR'S SALARY.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

For several weeks past the columns of the Evening Telegraph have been filled with communications on above subject. From every point of view (for and against) arguments have been advanced, some in favour of adhering to the reduced salary, which has been in operation during the year of our Lord, 1911, others advocating restoration to the old figure, £3,000 and

Recognising, like "Sir Roger," that much can be said on both sides," there are a few things which might (we think) be with advantage set before the people, who are after all the ultimate arbiters.

The advocate of (that blessed word!) "economy" in this connection has been and is Alderman Dr. M'Walter, and we must confess that our knowledge of the doctor (gained by a pretty close and analytical watching of his public career) has made us rather sceptical. In fact, to put it plainly, we believe that the gratification of personal aims and the achievement of a victory over an opponent count more with him than do any consideration of the public good. Now, what are the actual facts in connection with this Mayoral Salary question? Will Alderman Dr.

1. That the A.O.H. Board of Erin were running Mr. Michael Doyle for the Mayoral Chair in 1911?

2. That "Mickey" put his two feet in by attending the funeral of King Edward VII of England?

3. That the B.O.E. (controlled by Bre. Nugent) recognising that "the game was and that even though "Brother Doyle" had spent several hundred pounds in connection with the Hibernian Bazaar. any attempt to support him would end in disaster, decided on supporting "Brother Gallagher" for the job?

4. Was it because the "caucus" meeting in Wynn's Hotel (previous to the election of Farrell as Lord Mayor) refused to place the name of M'Walter first on the list for the Shrievalty that he suddenly developed a taste for advocating what the Leader would call "Tolerance?

5. Was it fitting that the man who a few years ago assaulted the sitting Alderman in the North City Ward on the grounds that he was a Protestant, should himself have since proposed a member of the Guinness family as Lord Mayor?

6. Is it right that Dr. M'Walter, who a few years ago denounced Alderman Thos. Kelly as an enemy of the people, should now hypocritically stand shoulder to shoulder with the aforesaid "enemy" in order to pay off a grudge against some of his (one-time) colleagues?

For ourselves we say that the question of the Mayoral Salary is one about which there may be legitimately difference of opinion, but we want to see it argued by men with clean hands; we do not wish to see reduction of that salary advocated by one whose sole reason is that his colleagues would not give him the opportunity of figuring as Lord Mayor at any price.

We do not wish finally to see a man coming forward as advocate of this reduction whom the whole city recognises as but a tool in the hands of a sectarian organisation—the A.O.H. (Board of Erin) -which expelled or suspended one of its best known members, Mr. Lorcan Sherlock, T.C, because he voted for a Protestant in connection with a certain Corporation appointment.

Brothers Nugent and M'Walter have

overshot the mark. When M'Walter appeals to the workers again; when he talks (with tears in his eyes) of the privations endured by the poor; when he appeals to THE WORKERS to rise against the men who are robbing them in the Corporation, let the workingmen of Dublin ask him did he ever seek to alter the Corporation meeting hours so as to afford them an opportunity of attending Corporation meetings and looking after their own interests. Doctor, you can fool some of the people for a time, you can fool all the people for a time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time."

TREATY STONE.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

"Man, and everything that appertains to man, passeth away, and its liberty, like a shadow, flieth; so to shall slavery, for 'tis not immortal."

SIR,-Doubtless you have either read or heard the above-mentioned lines before, if not they will now, with the following, come as a "very valuable piece of information" both to you and the working public in general :-

The General Electric Co, situated in 13 Trinity street, Dublin, is as far as one can find out an English firm, having its chief works in Wilton, Birmingham, and its head offices in London.

Well, this well-known and wholesale electrical firm (which is needless almost to mention controlled by an Englishman in Dublin) cannot evidently afford to pay its hardworking staff overtime, but each and everyone (with the exception of the counting house which receives the magnificient sum of 9d. !) the staff receive 6d. tea money and the pleasure of halfan-hour off in which to increase the profits of some first-class restaurant, and then to return for threeand-a-half or four hours hard work, just for the love of the thing!
Now I ask in the name of common human endur-

ance is this fair, is it honest, and does it go down to the credit of almost the largest electrical wholesale firm in the Three Kingdoms?

No, I think it does not, and I also think that it is in or about time to abolish white slavery in Dublin at all events. "Britons, Britons never shall be slaves," so the old ballad says, and we who undoubtedly distinguished ourselves and proved ourselves Britons in every sense of the word on the 8th July,

are not acting up to our new reputation which we

oh, Irishmen! if Irishmen you are employed in this establishment, when will you have the sense and pluck to object to the present state of affairs at present existing in the G.E.C. Do you think that you will get overtime without asking? Would the Seamen have get it? Woold the Railwaymen have got it? I think not-no, your employer will give you nothing but hard work, so be a man, and remember that the "labourer is worthy of his hire," and don't for God's sake continue to do the scab, as you are undoubtedly doing when you work for nothingyou're worse in fact-you're cowards, a disgrace to your ancestors, who would not be trodden under

foot. Awake! Awake! and have a bit of pluck.

ONE WHO KNOWS. A RAILWAYMAN'S GRIEVANCE,

DEAR SIR,—Are you aware that there are employed in Cork G. S. & W. Railway Stations, in Limerick, Galway, Waterford and other places on the Railway Police Pensioners, (about 12 in Cark) drawing from £50 to £80 per annum, besides getting about £1 per week from the Railway Co., thereby getting Two Salaries per year. Now is this justice? Why don't someone speak about the above. Is it not time; other men on the line getting only 15s. per week? Besides, these railway station masters all along the line getting a fat salary, house rent free and fire, these are the ones that should be cut down in their wages, and given to those getting only 15s. per week. Kindly see to those policemen (expeelers) drawing two salaries.

NOT FAIR.

WHY I SYMPATHISE WITH LARKIN.

An Explanation—Not an Apology.

For the information of my inquisitive "friends" and for the benefit of all whom it may concern, I venture to record my reasons for sympathising with "Jim Larkin" and wishing to aid the movement founded by him.

It will not be amiss to explain that I am a skilled worker actually employed at my trace, and although a life-long total abstainer and a non-smoker and keeping a most economical home, I have sad personal experience of the difficulties besetting a workingman in the city who wished to live respectably and avoid debt.

My present rent represents one-fourth my entire wages. Quite recently I was informed that owing to an increase of a shilling in the pound in the rates I would have to pay an additional shilling per week rent. The alleged rise in the rates represented seven and six per annum. The attempted increase of my rent figured out at two pound twelve shillings. Needlessly to say, I paid no incresse.

In like manner the price of all commodities go up upon the slightest pretence, the extravagant increase being out of all proportion to the actual requirements in every case. The unfortunate consumer has to pay for all, and in the case of a worker he has to meet all expenses with a salary that never rises.

Now Larkin espouses the cause of men whose weekly wage is less than half of mine, whose circumstances are less favourable, the members of whose families in comparison with my own are in proportion of five to one, but who nevertheless possess the same feelings, have the same desires, and have to face the difficulties of city life already referred to.

The Irish Transport and General Workers' Trade Union is a legitimate properly constituted combination of so-called unskilled labourers It was founded by Jim Larkin, its present organiser and general secretary, and is governed by committee of respectable and intelligent workers, and is such an organisation as that approved of by our Archbishops and Bishops, being a purely Irish society, governed by Irishmen, with its headquarters in Dublin.

This society sims at the uplifting of the severely handicapped classes referred to, and although Larkin is a professed socialist, he does not attempt to force his political beliefs upon the members of his organisation, and his society is no more socialistic than any other trade union I know of. Its objects are similar to all. Most of Larkin's members are good Nationalists. They allow their general secretary the same liberty of opinions as they claim for them-selves. The society belonging to both is purely labour.

The charges made against Larkin are either gross misrepresentation of facts, or pure unadulterated falsehoods, and are made either by those who have a selfish motive in trying to secure Larkin's downfall, or others who do not know Larkin and whose statements are based upon the wilful misrepresentation of such individuals as are already referred to. Those who know Larkin stand by him, which is proof of his honesty, and the secret of his strength.

Strikes are bad and much more hurtful to the workingman than to the employer. They affect the stomach and constitution of the former, while they only reduce the latter's pile in the Bank by so much. Strikes also cause a hurtful strain upon Trade Union funds, and means for Larkin more work, more worry and probably less money, as salaries are sacrificed to supply the necessary sinews of war. But it takes two to make a fight and before Larkin is condemned for strikes in which he was involved it would be well to inquire if he really caused the strike, how much the other fellow was to blame, and if the strike was justifiable. I have heard Larkin in public disdain responsibility for strikes for which he was blamed, and personally I have known him to be blamed for strikes he was powerless to prevent.

Larkin is not unreasonable—but employers are unjust. A pound per week is not an extravagant wage for adult labour in the City of Dublin, and Larkin guarantees the man worthy of his hire. But employers have refused to recognise Larkin. Well it's for the men to choose their own representative. A man who wishes to deal fair with his men need have no fear in meeting Larkin.

While the weary seamstress in her garret home, the youthful maiden in the steaming laundries and foul-smelling factories of our city; and while illclad, ill-fed labourers wear away their lives-all toiling for a grossly inadequate wage—the man who strives to aid them in their unequal struggle who seeks to improve their condition - will command my best assistance and support. And while I make this explanation, I offer no apology for doing my plain duty as a Catholic and an Irishman.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

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Printed for the Proprietor at the City Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and published by him at 10 Beresford Place, in the City of Dublin.

[This Journal is exclusively set up by hand labour and printed on Irish Paper.