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

Jim Larkin.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1911.

Who is it speaks of defeat?

I tell you a cause like ours :

Is greater than defeat

can know-It is the power of powers.

As surely as the earth rolls round As surely as the

glorious sun Brings the great world

moon-wave. Must our Cause be won!

[ONE PENNY.

No. 30.--Vol. I.]

is penance for Original Sin.

A Son of Rest on "Work."

Oft have I heard many a horny-handed son of toil express the wish to make the acquaintance of "the man who invented it "-a remark which, by the way, evinces a lamentable ignorance of Scripture his-

tory, for work is not an invention-work

Ever since the time when some prehistoric savage invented the sling to save him elf the trouble of chasing his dinner. man has been busy devising ways and means of dodging work. How far he has succeeded in achieving his laudable ambition is shown by the series of laboursaving inventions that has marked the progress of the past century.

The "Riddle of the Universe" is therefore not the cosmological speculations that are at present engaging the attention of the scientific world, but "How to live without work.'

The writer, in common with the rest of humanity, has devoted his mighty intellect to the solution of that vital problem, and the result of his investigations is that there are only three possible ways of making a living-working, begging, and stealing.

This conclusion has been arrived at through hearing a man say that the master class are a pack of thieves, as they never work, they never beg, therefore they-But that man was a Socialist.

It has been further said that most of us work because we cannot get anything to steal, and the whole d—n lot of us work because we haven't brains enough to do anything else; and the man who made that statement claimed to be a logician.

The most reliable authority on this allabsorbing topic is Bart Kennedy, whose dictum "There is no man in his senses who can avoid work and wont," has yet to be disproved.

In view of the facts already stated, it is difficult to understand the universal outcry against the scarcity of work that makes itself heard at every constantly recurring economic crisis.

What a surprise it would be to those poets and philosophers, whom, at the advent of the steam-engine, predicted a work-free millennium could they but hear that cry? What a rude shock their hopes would receive could they but witness the fierce struggle that is being waged against their noble ideal of a Utopia wherein work by the aid of mechanical invention was to be reduced to the irreducible minimum? Alas! that it should

The scarcity of werk due to the introduction of machinery has reacted in bringing forth a whole host of political parties whose avowed object is to, in some unexplainable manner further increase

the supply of work. Industrial Developers, Sinn Feiners, Home Rulers, Free Traders, Tariff Reformers, all have adopted as their battlecry "More Work." All, with the notable exception of "The Sons of Rest," whose object is identical, but whom on the contrary have adopted the cry of "Down

Strange, though it may seem, those political parties are mostly composed of "gentlemen of independent means," who do not work, have no need to work, and rather than deprive any man of an honest day's labour, never intend to work. Verily such noble self-sacrifice is beyond comprehension—so busily engaged as they are in endeavouring to provide us with work that they haven't time to perform any useful labour themselves. What a blessing that it is so! Imagine what a calamity it would be were our bosses to suddenly pretend they were mad, take off their coats and commit suicide by attempting to perform an honest day's graft! Surely work is scarce enough without contemplating anything that would tend to make it scarcer. Of course, not being used to it, the amount they could do would in no way variously diminish the supply. But, then, every little helps; besides, it were far better that their efforts should be directed towards increasing, rather than diminishing, the amount, for "What we want is work." On all occasions and under all circumstances the one and only shibboleth that never fails to evoke applause is "What we want is work."

Breathes there a man whose soul is not thrilled by the transport of ecstatic joy experienced shovelling coal into a furnace on a swelting, hot summer's day, perspiration teeming down our bodies, sticking our shirts to our backs, whilst the sun in the open bakes the earth red-hot and withers the leaves off the trees?

Lives there a man incapable of appre-

ciating the heavenly bliss, the ethereal felicity, the celestial beattitude of working as scavengers in the slums, up to our necks in filth and muck, and semiasphyziated by the peslitential effluvium exuded from unsanitary drains? What ideal amusement it is "muling" bicks up a ladder till our backs ache, "humping about" sacks of coal saturated with rain and sleet, or "walking round the bl ck" carrying sandwich boards in the freezing winter advertising the fact that Mr. Stickyback has gone off to Monte Carlo on his holidays! Yes, it is undeniable, undisputable, uncontrovertable, "What we want is work," I don't think! We build palaces and live in slums. We spin fine raiment and go naked. We produce food in abundance and go hungry. We build colleges and remain in ignorance. In short, we produce all the good things of life and enjoy none of them. Whilst our bosses are enjoying themselves in pleasure yachts that WE made; racing through the country in motor cars that WE made; smoking choice cigars and drinking champagne that WE made; sitting in the most comfortable portions of the theatres that we made, we are idling away our time in the factories, the workshops, and the mines in return for a princely salary that enables us to regale ourselves with such luxuries as fish and chips, with an occasional postprandial wild woodbine thrown in.

blessing is Liberty, for, thank heavens, there is no slavery now-a-days.

If you have no boots you are free to walk about in your bare feet. If you have no work you are free to starve, and if you are too old for work you are free to go into the workhouse or chuck yourself into the Liffey, wherein if you are not drowned you are tolerably certain of being poisoned.

Such, my friends, is the extent of your boasted freedom. Those of us who are discontented with the existing state of affairs often wonder what we are made of to have so long and patiently tolerated it. Shakespeare wrote "We are such stuff as dreams are made of"; but I guess Shakespeare wasn't much of an authority on organic chemistry. Leastwise I don't agree with him. I am rather inclined to pin my faith to the old antedeluvian theory that we are made of earth, or, in other words, we are such stuff as MUGS are

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

Sir.—It seems to be a common fallacy with poorly-paid workers that they are not ratepayers. Is the fellow with the thick gold watch-guard who draws a cheque payable to the City Treasurer the only real ratepayer? The shop-keeping and villa-dwelling class would have us believe that it is so, and, in their ignorance, sometimes really think that they are paying for the upkeep of the city. Now, sir, is it not a fact that every humble worker who purchases a loaf or a pennyworth of tobacco has by that act contributed his mite towards the rates? Where does the shopkeeper or the landlord get the meney to pay the rates? Why, of course, from the worker, who buys his goods or pays him rent. Every worker is a ratepayer. That he is often without a vote is, of course, part of the conspiracy on the part of the rich to rob the poor, which is such a prominent feature of our modern civilisation. I was informed lately by a sleek shopkeeper that I was not a ratepayer, and promptly covered him with confusion by informing him that there was part of the city rates in the money I was handing him just as there was part for the wholesaler who supplied him. I pay no rates direct to the Corporation; but I do not escape taxation, as I think I have shown.—Fraternally yours,

To the Irish Worker Buy your Shirts, Collars, Braces, Caps, &c., &c. (All made by

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Why I am a Patriot.

I am a patriot. I work for Ireland to the best of my ability. I speak Irish every day in the week and I am learning to shoot. But do not imagine, dear OF, that I am a noodle, a bawler, or the son of a shopkeeper. On the contrary, I am a person of intelligence, imagination, and character-much like yourself. I have lived in England. I admire the English in many things—their great literature, their good sense and character. I hate their city civilisation, their detestable Jingoism, and their cherished notion that the Lord God is invariably on their side. I despise the foolish rant concerning them propagated by our clique Napoleons and would-be Cromwells. These folks' muddle-headed aggressiveness towards all things English is merely ignorant and impertinent. Their assertions that the English workers are foul, beer-sodden brutes, who hate us blindly and brutishly, and are incapable ever of helping us, is a clumsy compound of falsehood and half-

A fortnight ago I went to a Manchester Martyrs memorial meeting. It proved excellent in many ways. Fitting tribute was paid to the brave doers of a noble deed. But the fervid orators smuggled in the old legende under the guise of the sacred gospel of Patriotism, to the ringing applause of the audience, the majority of whose proficiency in Irish speaking, straight shooting, or common logic I have the gravest doubts of. You would have been disgus'ed had you been there, O'F. Patriot as I am, I merely smiled. When my countrymen become liars and fcols in my presence I do not object aloud. I am too young and too she. Such thoughts make us feel what a But, O'F, I heard other things. A middleaged man arose—an old Fenian. though halting, tones he told his faith. The noblest of the Irish in every generation since the "Conquest" have given up their lives deliberately that the nation might retain its life, soul, and very identity. It would be always so till Ireland should be free. Such was the wisdom of God. I sat in my corner, applauding for one of few times that night.

He was no fool, O'F. But for faith such as his and men such as him, you and I might straight resign ourselves to his lordship, the devil. The world is bad and dirty and mean in many ways, yet hope remains. The police, it's true, are police; the bishops, the bishops; the politicians, the politicians, and the helots. the helots still. But of honest, courageous, and thinking people we possess

Not a few are patriots. During the last twenty years they have worked, regard-Who are the Ratepayers?

less of their personal lives, hopes, and ambitions, to make Ireland a country worth fighting for—a lard with a rational civilisation, grand enough and magnification grand enough and magnification. less of their personal lives, hopes, and worth fighting for—a lard with a rational civilisation, grand enough and magnificent enough to reconcile us to the defeats, blunders, and sacrifices of the past. They know the faults of their countrymen; they know the true nation we all desire cannot be built in a day or a generation.

> Many of them are ardent Socialists, but ever careful to point out that Irish Socialism grows surely from the every-day struggles and the hopes of the people. Others, again, hold that when a selfrespecting, educated, and alert Ireland arises the present day herror will be removed expeditiously and permanently.

They have not formulated philosophies or policies, however. Perhaps, this is the fault you would find with them. Such is hardly their business. They believe, too, that important as the belly may be, the soul has its claims. They see a beautiful language, not long since spoken by the greater section of our ancestors, well suited to our needs, and capable of much development, nearly done to death by brutal unnatural force. They admire its ancient, unique, and wonderful literature. They feel what its less as a spoken tongue would be to us and to all the world, Their souls revolt. They rightly try to save it. They have the courage to say persistently and openly that Iteland has

Encourage Irish Work,

46 HENRY ST, and 77 AUNGIER ST.

get to the fighting together-all of us who are weary of the stench and hypocrisy and disgrace of this present life. Let us get to the fighting, O'F. The powers of hell and noodledom should not discourage or destroy us.

a higher destiny than that of an imperial

province or a modern commercial state

and that foreign government must go.

The force of their example has made me

What is a patriot after all? Is it not

one who is strong, earnest, and ready to

do battle against the surrounding evils

and existing wrongs which crush and de-

cognise that nothing divides you and us,

patriots, except phrases and an intense

perception of two distinct phases of one

great oppression. Cast away the phrases

and look steadily at the facts. Let us

Some day, perhaps, O'F, you will re-

what I am—a patriot.

grade us all?

[Your father's son will always be afforded room around our board.—ED ]

### LULLABY.

Go to sleep, you dear old worker, (So the politician sings When election day is over, And he has his grip on things). Go to sleep o'er public measures, We will burn the midnight oil. Like our own we'll guard your treasures. Sweetly sleep, sweet son of toil.

Whilst you slumber ear give never To those wild and evil dreams Promising on earth a heaven-He who offers such blasphemes Listen not and we will pet you, If you dare to listen—hist! Bogie union men will get you And the wicked Socialist.

What if spoilers wreck the nation, Wives despair and children weep. Keep in your allotted station, Do your work and go to sleep. All your labours have a number-Time will ease your aching head-You'll enjoy a sounder slumber

When you're numbered with the dead. -WM. R. Fox.

Civilisation! Evolution! Progress! How beautiful and how true! A couple of thousand years ago and great, healthy men and women roamed uneducated, uncivilised in this our happy land. They never paid rent—we do. They lived in a cave—we have slums. They had no Parliament, no church—thank God we HAVE; they had no cannon, no swords, no cordite, no dynamite—thank God we have; they had no 12 millions starving—thank God we have; they had no factories, mills, bakeries, half timers, whole timers, and gaol-timers-thank God we have; they had no honest rulers, Asquith's Balfours, Churchills-thank God we have; they had whatever they wanted—we have to bow and cringe for the privilege to be the slaves of our robbers. Progressed! of course we have, and thank God we are—civilised.

### South Dublin Union.

Alderman O'Connor proposed and Mr. Thomas Greene seconded the following resolution :-

"That in consequence of the late dispute in the bakery trade, which has thrown many workers out of employment, and which is calculated to put an additional burden on this and the North Union, this Board of Guardians is of opinion that the establishing of municipal bakeries, such as in Manches er and other English cities, would be of immense benefit to Dublin citizens engaged in the bakery trade, and, at the same time, be a great relief to the already overtaxed ratepayer."

P. ROCHE. The Workers' Hairdresser.

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### STILL UNCONVINCED.

### A Reply.

My young friend tells me he is shy; but, after all, he has nor told us why he is, or we should be, patriotic. What has shooting got to do with the subject? Who is he going to shoot? Maybe he has a farm or an estate and intends to wipe out cattle-drivers and poschers; or, perhaps, he owns a factory or houses and intends to defend them; this would explain the gun practice. But suppose he is like myself—propertyless—does he think it is possible to win an estate now, as others did long ago, with powder and shot? My young friend must be very young, indeed, if he harbours such thoughts as this. He says he does not hate the English; therefore it cannot be against them he is arming, for there is no sense in killing our friends. I confess I am at a loss to understand his warlike attitude.

I do not like murder—yet I am not a coward; and given anything worth fighting for and a chance of success, I would take my place in the firing line; but I would not take part in even a snow fight for what is popularly called Home Rule or Irish Independence, because neither of these things would give us anything except a change of masters. Ireland would no more belong to the Irish people under Home Rule than England at present belongs to the English. The poor would still be poor and God on the side of the Government. The arms with which you think to win Ireland from the English Government would, if you were successful, be afterwards confiscated and turned against yourselves, to make you plough and sow and weave and work for-others, as you do at present.

I am not opposed to armed rebellion; I approve of it when the cause is good. But let there be no half measures or unworthy ideals. We have had too much skirmishing; too many lives sacrificed in vain. The man who would fight for a country, intending if he were successful to hand it over to others and return to slavery himself, would not be a patriot but a fool. What do you intend to make of Ireland when you get control of it? Until we know this we cannot promise to help you. If you are content to have hunger and dirt and nakedness and ignorance and slavery in your Irish Republic, I, for one, will not fight with, but against, you. Nothing less than the whole of Ireland, from the centre to the sun, owned and controlled in their own interest by the whole people of Ireland, is worth fighting for. If you stand for less than this you stand alone.

You ask me whether a patriot is not one who is strong, earnest, and ready to do battle against the surrounding evils and existing wrongs whi 's crush and degrade us? I answer No! Not the man who is READY to do battle against these things, but the man who is ALREADY battling. How many of our professing and professional patriots are fighting against surrounding evils? Not one. It is so much easier to denounce and threaten the British Government than to attack and fight the causes of our poverty that we continue to rail at England.

Are we to blame the British Government for the attempt that is being made to reduce several hundred Wexford men and their families to slavery? Is it English or Irish patriots that pay girls 2s. 6d. per week for working in our Dublin factories? Is it not the Irish shareholders and directors who expect men on the railways to live and rear families on 13s. or 14s. per week? What are the patriots doing? Protesting against the tax on whiskey

So much, at present, for the fighting.
My friend, "Crimal," talks about the Gaelic language, and says the soul has its claims as well as the belly. I don't deny it—I insist, perhaps more than he does on the rights of both soul and body-but the body first. We can live without Gaelic, not without bread. We can dispense with shamrocks better than with shelter. Feed us first; afterwards teach us to play the harp.

A beggarman is but a beggarman, though he knows a dezen languages. It

is so much easier to teach people Irish than to feed them that we that them Irish.

It is so much easier to talk than to fight that we go on talking.

Perhaps "Crimal" or someone else will tell me what they mean to make of Ireland—by e-and-bye, and I may be able in turn to show them what they could make of it now.

The more the rich spend the more work the poor will have. That is to say, if Peter works and Paul does not, the more Paul spends the longer and harder Peter has to work to supply Paul with more 'prosperity."

The ethics of Socialism are IDENTICAL with the eth cs of Christianity.—Encyclorælia Britannica.

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### THE MOTHER OF THE MAN.

An Answer to Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

"The Female of the Species." When the Lord of the Creation gave the Woman to the Man, In that biest but brief existence ere the rule of ill

Then He knew, whate'er her conduct, whether innecent or frail, That the female of the species would be scapegoat to the male.

When He banished them from Eden for the sin that each had wrought,
And the flaming sword of vengeance sealed the fate that both had sought,

Then ile knew throughout the ages, long as man should tell the tale, There the female of the species would be temptress to the male

When He cast His children from Him, and by primal earthly yow

Doomed their seed to eat their life-bread in the sweat of blood and brow, Then He knew where paths were reddest down the

line of Labour's trail, There the female of the species would be slave-mate to the male.

When He dowered the Man with passions, when He formed him from the dust,

With its wilderness of instincts, with its lava-streams Then He knew that in the whirlwind of his manhood's

Still the female of the species would be subject to the male.

wasteful gale

When He ordered that the Woman, both as mother and as wife, Should obey her law of being as the vechicle of

Then He suffered it to happen, lest the generations That the female of the species might be "deadlier"

than the male. But when the Lord of the Creation gave the Woman to the Man.

In that blest but brief existence ere the rule of ill Then He willed it that if sharing in man's faults and in his fate

She should, therefore, be his equal, and the partner in his state. Not to govern or cajole him, not to court or speak

him smooth, Not to snare or to enslave him, but to cheer, inspire, and soothe. Not his temptress, not his slave-mate, not his subject,

not his squaw, But his helpmeet and his angel by the right of God's

If He cursed the Man with labour as the human lot's alloy, He provided that for Woman his work should be his joy.

If He dowered the Man with passions which the grosser instincts move, He reserved it to the Woman to uplift his lust to

If He ordered that the mother for the children of her womb. Should dare her death by travail and fight till crack of doom,

He ordsined that by that impulse, still the purest and the best, She should gather all that suffer in her pity to her

Nurturing, nursing, guarding, guiding, giving strength with heart and hand, Paying toll in pangs to Nature which no man may

understand. Dauntless from the God who made her without fear to draw her breath, Savious of the weak and helpless, first at birth and

Since—the Lord creating Woman—she became a living soul Hers has been the old Earth's burthen, age on age.

from pole to pole, Hers the conflict, hers the conquest, hers the flag of life unfurl'd.

Hers the sorrow, hers the suffering, hers the love that moves the world.

Therefore, why should Man, the Ingrate, when he chooses to confer, Welcome every fool and coward, only close the door on her? Room, Sirs, room within your Councils, bare your

foreheads if you can, For, behold, without your portal, stands the MOTHER OF THE MAN! HALL CAINE.

### Irish-Ireland Notes.

By An Spailpin Fanace.

THE PASSING OF A GAEL. Death has removed from amongst us one of the most brilliant of Irish writers in the person of Micheal O'Maille who passed to his reward on Saturday last, 2nd December, at his residence, Corr na Mona, Co. Galway. Micheal was one of the earliest workers in the Gaelic League Movement in Connacht, and was a tower of strength to the Language Cause in his native district. His best known works in Irish are "Eochaidh Mac Ri 'n Eirinn," and "Amhrain Cholinne Gaedheal" (a collection of Irish sengs and poems edited by him in conjunction with his brother, Professor O'Maille). To his sorrowful relatives the heartfelt sympathy of Irish Ireland is extended.

Solas siorraidhe ins na bh-flaithis da anam.

OUR "IRISH-IRELAND" BOOKS. Vere Foster's No. 9 Penny Copy Book (medium series) at present in use in some of our city schools contains some interesting information most valuable to children, whom, it is

intended should grow up "happy Irish Children." This country is now supposed to be West-Britain, thanks to the "National" Board, and why should one wonder at all the things told about "our" kings and queens' past, present and to come.

Here are a few examples of the "headlines". "Juluis Cæser first invaded Britain BC. 55." "The Saxon Rule in Britain commenced 449." "Henry I annexed Normandy to England 1106." Henry II (first Plantagenet) 1154-1189. (We shouldn't forget that gentleman. He came over here to civilize and educate our poor benighted forefathers, and since his day all the Henrys who have come here from that happy land seem to have been imbued with the self same object, to educate the Irish). "The First Parliament met at Westminster, 1265." "English Language used in Law Courts, 1362." "The Commonwealth existed from 1649 till 1660." "Cromwell died 1658." (Very interesting for Irish boys). "The Union of Great Britain and Ireland 1801." (The only mention of Ireland in the whole book). "Napoleon I. defeated at Waterloo, June 18th, 1815." "Queen Victoria succeeded to the throne, 1837." (Note the definite article). "The Battle of Omdurman was fought 1898." (The British Army distinguished itself by shooting unarmed savages).

Is it any wonder that so many of our Irish girls and boys grow up, ignorant of the very fact that they have even a country of their own, not to mention country's history or language. Though much has been said and written against the rules of the "National" Board regarding Irish and Irish history, we have yet to learn that there is any rule com-pelling teachers to use the Vere Foster No. 9 Penny Copy Book in the "National" schools. The blame lies entirely with the teacher for having such copy

books, and with no one else. We would strongly advise the girls and boys who may be given such copy books, to either tear or burn them. And, indeed, it is about time that even the teachers recognised that there is now a spirit abroad

that wants to know little of Henry or any other English king or queen. Teachers' Associations may pass congratulatory votes to kings and adjourn their meetings as a mark of respect, if they so desire, but we, who represent the manhood of Ireland will see to it that our children are educated on Irish lines. This country is Ireland—not West Britain—yet.

> \* \* \* THE COISTE GNOTHA.

We very often hear of the long winded meaningless orations of some of the City Fathers at the monthly meetings of the Municipal Council. We are inclined to think that some members of the Central Executive of the Gaelic League would give the City Fathers tons in this respect. The last meeting of the Coiste Gnotha held on Saturday last did not adjourn till 2 a.m. on Sunday morning, and a great portion of that time was wasted in discussing the Galway College Project which is, as far as the Official Gaelic League is concerned, as dead as Queen Anne, thanks to the "wreckers," who have this time saved the League. The report of the Sub Committee recommending increases of salaries was carried by a majority (28 we feretold). We shall have some-

thing to say on this question next week. Might we suggest to the Standing Committee of the Executive the desirability of limiting "Orators' at the Executive meetings to ten minutes, and embodying a rule to this effect in the Standing Orders. It would have the great advantage of saving time and enabling the Executive to get through items on the agenda which concern the welfare of the League more than do the Galway College Project and the increases of salaries to officials.

Although we had "our ear to the ground" and had heard a lot we must defer further comment till later when we promise our readers some news.

\* \* \*

THE DUBLIN FEIS. The Syllabus for the 1912 Dublin Feis will shortly be issued to the public. Some new competitions are added this year:-Two competitions open to youngsters under 15 years of age, and a Special Competition for those entering for the Eibhlin Ni liocaill Scholarships. It is proposed to hold the Public Competitions in the open, in or about the second week in May. The officers elected at a recent meeting of the Feis Committee are:—President, Micheal Smidic, B.E., B.L.; Tr asurer, Micheal O. Caomhanaigh; Secretary, Michael O. Maolain. Full particulars regarding the Feis may be had on application to the Secretary, Dublin Feis, 25, Rutland

THE 1912 OIREACHTAS. The date of the 1912 Oireachtas has been fixed for the week commencing 29th June. We understand that it is the intention of the Committee to open the Festival with the Gaelic League Athletic Carnival, which will be a two-day event this year. The present Committee seem to have gone about things in a real, downright mat'er-of-fact fashion, and the happy go-lucky methods, which had been in vogue up to this, appear to have been altogether abandoned. This, no doubt, is due to the presence this year of the Coiste Ceanntair contingent on the Oireachtas Committee. The Secretaries, Domhnall O Murchadha and Michael O Foghludha, have already given proofs of their earnestness and organising abilities in the matter of the Gaelic League Athletic Carnival, and we have no doubt that with the experience gained in this venture, and the ready zeal displayed by them in many other Gaelic League projects, they will succeed in making the 1912 Oireachtas what it could have, and should have been years ago, a record Festival, worthy of Irish-Ireland.

> Revidge Mount, Blackburn, Lancs.,

4th Dec., 1911. An Spailpin Fanach. A CHARA-I have become a subscriber to the "IRISH WORKER," and I am delighted that the Irish working classes have at last an organ of their own, and one which will, I hope, he true to their interests. But it is in connection with your own department in the paper that I am troubling you with this letter. As a member of the Gaelic League, I take a great deal of interest in all questions relating to the Irish language, and I read your article in last Saturday's sue with a good deal of satisfaction. Pray give us information about the doings of our own organisation. We get very little in our official organ, and what we do get is carefully cooked. For instance, you make reference to an Irish College in Galway. low, I know nothing about that, and I should like to know something about it. We are told very little in the Claidheamh except the hostility of the National Board.

I do not agree with the spirit of your criticism of the salaries paid at Rutland Square. Gaelic Leaguers generally would be pleased, in my opinion that the staff should be well paid, and the standard of commercial houses is hardly a fair test. In conclusion I have two things to impress on

(1). Give us reliable information. (2). In your criticism do not be swayed by un worthy motives or any personal consid" eration.-In great haste,

Mise, PADRAIG O SEAGHDA.

[We shall reply in our next issue]. \* \* \* Communications intended for this column should be addressed Am Spailpin Fanach, c/o Editor, Iriam

### THE PATRIOT'S ALPHABET.

Commended to the Officers of the Wolfe Tone Club.

A stands for Allan who pulls all the wires, B for the Bosses and Bullying Liars; C is the Crow that's as 'cute as you like. And always gets ill when he hears of

a strike; D stands for Doyle. Oh! a dark brother

E is for Erin in dire miserie: F stands for Freedom—and Foolery, too, G for the Good they're pretending to do; H is for Honesty—scarcity this,

is for Ignorance, otherwise bliss; for the Jobs that fetch many a quid, K stands for Kearney, the Patriot Kid; L for the Lies that are whispered aloud When sonething goes wrong in the

Dare-devil Crowd; M is for Motherland, Money and Mud (The last is more lavish than patriot

blood); N for the Noise of the Rutland Square O stands for Oratory—new tin-pike brand;

P f r Purity—sacred hall mark! O for the Quill-driving Government Clerk;

R for the Railway that rises our pay, When matches are fixed far from Dublin away; S for the Square and the Compass com-

bined. T for Testimonial from Masons so kind; U stands for Unity-much-abused name! V is for Vice and for Villianous Game;

W stands for Wolfe Tone, who of must arise, And gaze from his grave with admonishing eyes;

X for the 'Xcellence not to be found Wherever the back-parlour rebels abound;

Y for the lying Yarns the boys always hear, Z makes our Zeal worth six hundred a

OSCIAR.

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None but the Best at Lowest Prices. Talbot St. Meat Co., 36b Talbot St.

"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 weeklyprice One Penny-and may be had of any newsagent. 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 Bereaford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

Dublin, Saturday, Dec. 9th, 1911.

**Dublin Labour Party Meeting.** 

A motting of the Delegates was held in Trades Hall, Capel street, on Wedesday night, December 6th, 1911, Mr. Thomas Murphy presided. Upon the minutes being read, Delegate Larkin asked had Mr. John Lawler replied to the letter sent from Executive, with reference to an announcement that Mr. Lawler had presided at a meeting in favour of Mr. O'Brien, the candidate who opposed Mr. Duffy in the Rotunda Ward. The Secretary said no... reply had been published.

Delegate Larkin then demanded. through the Chairman, an explanation from Delegate Lawler.

Delegate Lawler, in reply, stated that he did not attend the meeting referred to, and the report in the Evening Telegraph was untrue, and the reason why he did not repudiate the report was that four months ago he had given a promise to Mr. O'Brien to support him and could not break his word. He would support anybody who would fight the clique in Rotunda Ward which was backing up Shortall, "the King's Address man," and no matter what action the Party took he would always continue to be a labour man.

Delegate P. J. Lea thought they should overlook the matter.

Delegate Farren thought that the same rule should apply to all parties.

Delegate Canty pointed out that this was the first offence and should be for-(Someone here ejaculated it will be your

turn next.) Delegate McPartland said he, a few

months ago, thought that where no labour astic manner. candidate was running, it would not be against principles of labour to support what he considered the best man, but, after considering the position, he had come to the conclusion, in the interests of Labour, that no member of the Labour Party should identify himself with any other party or parties.

He would vote for the resolution moved by delegate Larkin to expel delegate John Lawler. Delegate Farren said he would vote for the constitution. Delegate Larkin in closing the debate said it was not on personal grounds he moved to expel. but delegate Lawler was one of the persons responsible for the constitution. He deliberately broke that constitution simply because O'Brien was a member of the A.O.H. We were not out to buttress any corrupt clique—whether they be U.I.L., Sinn Feiner, Hibernian, Sherlockers. M'Walterites, or any other section. We were out to convince the workers that we could be depended on, and if the delegates created a precedent on this occasion they would be classed as men of the same

type as those who betrayed the workers in 1889. The Chairman thought we should overlook the matter; that he himself would not on the eve of an election desert his friend. Delegate Larkin pointed out it was not a case of deserting a friend, but a party. On a vote being taken 13 voted for expulsion, and 5 against. Delegate Canty rose and pointed out that two of his men voted and they were not delegates. Delegate Larkin said it was a singular thing that Mr. Canty never took objection until the two strangers voted against Canty, and ventured to suggest, knowing Mr. Canty, they would have heard no objection but for the fact that these two men had voted honestly. After some discussion the vote was again taken-11 voting for; 4 against. Mr. John Lawler then withdrew after stating he would still continue to be a supporter of the Labour Party. On the application for the endersement of Mr. Michael Canty being read, delegate Larkin moved that they write the Corporation Labourers' Union pointing out that we were unable to endorse Mr. Canty owing to the fact that Mr. Canty had broken the constitution; but we would be glad to endorse any man or men sent forward by them who would sign and abide by the constitution. Delegate Murphy, Tailor's Society, seconded the resolution. Delegate Canty made a statement. Delegate Drum asked him who presided at the meeting at which he was adopted. Canty replied-"The chairman, Mr. Tarleton." He was asked if it was not true that Micky Fox, C.C., was chairman of a meeting in support of Canty, held at 32 Danmark street, and did he (Canty) think he would play the game he played in 1899? Delegate O'Brien said-"I not only object to endorse on account of Canty breaking

the constitution, but because I object to

this party countenancing such a man as

Canty." Surely his record in connection with the Sixe syndicate was sufficient for any decent man. It was a public record that Canty was responsible for the meeting held in the Antient Concert Rooms to give to an imported financier the people's property. Mr. Canty sat ten months too long in the City Council. Let the Corperation Labourers send forward a man who would be a credit to them.

Delegate Canty, in a heated reply, said he never got any money from Saxe; and Councillor Kelly produced a receipt for the rent of the Antient Concert Rooms. He was an innecent man. On a vote taken, the resolution was carried unanimously. Mr. Canty then rose and left the room, stating "My society will withdraw."

The Amalgamated Tailors wrote asking for the endorsement of Thomas Lawlor. P.L.G., as Councillor for Wood Quay Ward. Delegate M'Partland moved, and Drum seconded, that Thos. Lawlor be endorsed. Mr. Lawlor was sent for and asked would he be prepared to sign and abide by the constitution. Mr. Lawlor, after reading, agreed and signed. Resolution to endorse carried unanimously. Motion to endorse Councillor Rd. O'Carroll was then moved and seconded. Motion carried unanimously subject to Councillor O'Carroll signing constitution in presence of Executive.

Irish Transport Union wrote asking for the endorsement of John Boham. New Kilmainham Ward, but the Executive had already suggested that John Farren be the candidate. Both Farren and Bohan were prepared to withdraw in favour of each other. So it was decided to leave matter over pending meeting to be held Workmen's Club, Inchicore, Tuesday, December 12th, at eight o'clock.

It was agreed to fight South Dock, Trinity, North Dock, Merchant's Quay, The question of Rotunda Ward was left

Meeting adjourned to December 12th. We are informed that Mr. Canty is going to run for the North City Ward. Seeing that eminent solicitor, Mr. Gleesen. gave his opinion to the effect it would be illegal to send any money to the Boys of Wexford, we wender who is going to pay Canty's expenses. Not the Lord Mayor we opine.

The Labour Party held a propaganda meeting in the Corporation Hall on Tuesday, December 5th, by kind permission of the Committee of the Corporation Labourers' Union. Mr. Canty in the course of his speech was subject to continued interruption from a member, and finally had to give up. We lent rather a dramatic touch to the proceedings by reading a letter sent him just before the meeting, which read as follows:-

"LARKIN,-Mind your bludy life tonight. You insult our lord Mare. Will tell your beads to night, your coward. Mind death. — CORPORATION LABOURER."

Meeting wound up in a most enthusi-

### AONACH Na NODLAGH.

Aonach Na Nodlagh was opened in the

Rotunda buildings on Thursday night last, the 8th December. The opening address was delivered by Mr. Charles J. Dolan, ex-M.P. for Leitrim, who gave some facts, a statement, and a lot of unnecessary talk about Grattan's Parliament. Commend me to Alderman Kelly's way of doing things—a few, brief, pointed words and then to business. Gathered around the platform we saw all the wit, brawn, and beauty of the Sinn Fein movement; and a number of outsiders, like myself. Having occasion to move around the building, we noticed that a number of our advertisers have prominent positions in the exhibition. Just as you enter the building we noticed a fine display on Gleeson & Co.'s stand. Our readers must pause here.

Then on a little further we came across T. J. Loughlin, of Parliament street. This is a very brightly displayed stand. Everything seems reasonable in price and most suitable for Christmas presents. And our old friend, Seamus Whelan, demands our attention with his Noah's Ark Stand, containing everything necessary for mental and physical exercise. I've my eye on one or two articles myself, so you chaps go easy; and then in the Pillar Room we find the Dublin Workmen's Association of 10 William street, have a really business-like display. Anyone married, or intending to get married, must visit this stand. You can either pay ready cash or make arrangements with the manager for deferred payments. I am told the manager's name is genial Tom. We notice Miss Maloney and Miss Laird, who are in charge of the Kiddies Stall, buzzing about getting everybody interested in their most deserving work, namely, to get funds to provide dinners for hungry school children. Our readers must not pass this stall. Remember, 4d. feeds a hungry child for one week at school; and don't forget your own stall, THE IRISH WORKER.

We want to interest you in our work. Don't forget the Orange and Green stand. We were near forget ing to give our meed of praise to the courteous and ever-obliging officials, Soumas Duffy and Peadar Kelly. Daffy seems to be the mainepring of the watch. We want everyone of our readers to visit the Fair. Bring the youngsters; they will enjoy themselves: and it follows you must enjoy yourself. Don't forget the best present for Christmas is a copy of Seumas Connolly's " Labour in Irish History," 2s. 6d. Ask at THE IRISH WORKER stand for it.

### How the Poor are Robbed.

One Month's Imprisonment for a Girl, 14 years old, for jeering at a Scab; £5 fine Room and sak for an "Ideal Ireland" for murdering infants by adulterating form. We want everyone who is in-

milk, apart from robbing the poor

parents.

MILK PROSECUTIONS. In the Northern Police Court, recently, before Mr. Macinerney, K.C.. John Moran, of the Convent View Dairy, Glasnevin, was prosecuted by Mr. N. Cloney, a Food Inspector of the Dublin Corporation, for having sold to him, on the 1st November last, one penny-worth of milk which was found, on analaysis, to contain 32 per cent.

of added water. Defendant, who did not appear, was stated to be a poor man, and this was his first offence.

Mr. Macinerney said he would only fine the defendant £5, as it was his first offence and he was a poor man.

Agnes Duffy, 141 Drumcondra road, was presecuted by the same Inspector for selling him milk which was proved to be adulterated with 51 per cent. of added

In reply to Mr. Scott, Solicitor, who defended, the Impector stated that this was the first case against the defendant. When he went there recently there was another woman in the dairy, who told him she had taken over the business.

Mr. Scott said what really happened was that at this time Miss Duffy was arranging to dispose of the business, and she was away from the place a lot in making these arrangements. The place had now been given ever, and Miss Duffy was retiring to the Co. Galway.

Mr. Bonass, solicitor, who prosecuted on behalf of the Corporation, said he was instructed that the person who occupied the place previous to Miss Duffy was fined several times, and she also gave up the premises. He pointed out that there was 51 per cent. adulteration.

Mr. Macinerney said it was adulteration of water by milk, not of milk by water. He would adjourn the case for a fortnight to see if the business had been really given up by this lady.

When will a magistrate carry out the law and give these scoundrels jail? Immoral literature forsooth! Why does not some of the reverend gentlemen who are leading the crusade against imported poison turn their attention to these alleged Christians who rob the poor?

We have been requested to publish the following letter. The same complaints applies to all the towns between Belfast and Dublin in connection with the Great Northern Railway system—imported railway managers, imported carting contractors.

Peter Wordie, the Scotchman, died a short time back leaving close on £200,000 accumulated at the expence of the underpaid Irish carter. Wordie's firm imported their horses, waggons, food-stuffs, and managers, and would have imported carters but no Scotch carter would work for the wages paid by Wordie's firm. Why don't the men of Drogheda get into a Union, and do the same as the men of Dundalk, Belfast, Dublin, and Wexford-since your unopposed reourn, as I underorganise to better your conditions. Our friends complain that local Nationalist papers would not publish their complaints. We wuld like to know what are local Nationalist papers? You must mean the local employers and farmers papers. Get the only paper in Ireland voicing the workers' cause—The IRISH WORKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

Drogheda, Dec. 6th, 1911. SIR,—We beg space in your valuable columns to state our grievances, as our Drogheda National papers would not print it. We are all natives of the town and carters. We may lie by the corners getting no work, while Wordie's waggons get all the work—the carting from the railway to shopkeepers, drawing of bricks to the new houses building, etc. Peter Lyens, the prize medal baker, has two of Wordie's waggon's working at present for him. He would not give a backer a job. Wordie's do not leave one penny in the town. We would thank you to publish this.— Yours truly,

T. PENDER. T. MONAGHAN. G. Monaghan. F. BINDLAM. J. Hamilton.

W. FARRELL.

P. M'CABE.

### A Glance at the Aonach.

Last night (Thursday) the Fourth Annual Aonach was opened in the Rotunda by Mr. P. J. Dolan. Every available inch of space has been taken by exhibitors and is used to the best advantage.

Next week we hope to give a full account of the most noticeable features, and will content ourselves now with advising all our readers who can possibly manage, to personally visit it and see for themselves what is being done in Ireland by the hands and brains of Irish workers. We would especially direct attention to

the wicker work exhibited in the Pillar Room by the widew of the late Hugh Holohan. It is a wonder people do not consider the merits of wicker goods when purchasing furniture. In every way it is superior to the heavy, awkward wooden articles with which we so frequently fill our homes. It is cheaper, lighter, more comfortable and artistic.

An exhibition of cottage industries, which is in charge of Miss Maloney (Inginide na h-Eireann), will be well worthy the support of any reader who wishes to make purchases of small articles for Christmas presents, as the proceeds will be devoted to the School Dinner Fund.

When you are passing through don't forget to call at THE IRISH WORKER stand on the right hand side of the Round "ATE

terested in Ireland or who has any idea of what it should or could be to write down his opinion on one of those forms and post it to this office. We want to

know if you know what you want. The Ac oplane and the Art section are hoth worth a visit; while the music is so good that we are lifted out of our usual prosaic mood and go tripping gaily from stall to stall as if we had never grown old

### Open Letter to Councillor Bradley, J.P.

DEAR COUNCILLOR BRADLEY-I WAS Prosent in the gallery of the City Hall Conn. cil Chamber on Monday last when you trotted out that "hoary old chestnut" of yours that you "always voted according to your conscience." My Dear Councillor, I have often heard you say that you "reprepresent the people." Do you seriously think that "the people" believe you?

If so, you must have a very elastic conscience indeed. I will not weary you by examining your conscience for the past four and a half years since you hacame a member of that much-abused body. the Corporation. Were I to do so, I am afraid that chestnut of yours would have long since been consumed by the flame. I will only ask you to go back for a couple of months, and I put it to you straight-Did you vote according to your conscience less than two months ago when you voted to increase the salary of Mr. Fred Allan, the Secretary of the Lighting and Cleansing Committee, from £400 to £600 per year? I await your answer to this question, but while I am waiting I will ask you another-Did you vote according to your conscience some weeks ago when you voted to give next year's Lord Mayor an increase of £2,000 in his salary, the very same day that you voted for the increase of £200 to Allan? There is no need to examine your conscience to give straight answers to these two straight questions.

Dear Council or Bradley, do not my that I am a "narrow-minded creature" in putting those questions to you. They will be asked of you by many a voter in the Trinity Ward ere the New Year is far advanced, and it is better answer them here and now than to be called to account for them later on. .

Dear Councillor, in January, 1909, you were opposed by a candidate whose nomination paper was declared invalid, and you were returned unopposed. Previous to your return, you had the dead walls of the ward decorated with posters telling us that you were "the only genuine labour candidate" before the electors. Have you changed since then, or was it your "conscience "that compelled you to attack s labour colleague of yours in such a scurrilous manaer last Monday? But I must make allowance for your change of frort, for have you not moved in "high society' stand that you were "Chief Hangman" of the city for one year-1910. You had your eye on the Mansion House last year, and I believe you fully expected to be made Lord Mayor in January last, when you made the famous declaration, which will live in history, that you were

"a long-lifed Nationalist." Dear Councillor, you brought tears to my eyes on 23rd February last, when handing over the chain of office to your successor. You made that pathetic appeal that your colleagues should have elected you Lord Mayor for 1911, instead of

Alderman Farrell.

Dear Councillor, you are, I believe, & member of the A. S. E. (Inchicore.) You recollect that when the manning of the Clontarf Pumping Station was before a Committee of the Corporation, some months ago, your society branches expected you to look after their interests, and see that one of their class would have been put in charge of the station Was the matter not before the Committee many times, and was it not finally left to an Arbitration Committee, who decided that a fitter should be appointed to take charge of the machinery. Did not the Improvements Committee ignore the findings of the Arbitration Committee, and appoint an electrician instead of a fitter? Where was your conscience, then, Councillor Bradley, that you did not carry out the orders of your society? Is the reason not due to the fact that at the time you were a member of the A.O. H., and you took your orders from them, instead of from your own society? Is it, or is it not a fact, that since then, some branches of your society have refused to pay the lavy of one shilling per man to defray your expenses for attending Council and Committee Meetings of the Corporation?

Dear Councillor, there are many other questions I would like to ask you, but I have asked you enough this week to put that conscience of yours into a thinking mood. I will humbly apologise if any of the statements made herein are wrong. am a "blunt men," like yourself, even although I may be "narrow-minded," but I am "broad-minded" enough to give you a piece of friendly advice by telling you to keep on voting "according to your conscience" until the workers of Trinity Ward have voted "according to THEIR CON-science" on the 15th January, 1912. Your esteemed admirer,

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### DUNDALK.

The Great Northern Railway and Irish Industries.

Whatever doubts may be in the public mind as to the validity of the charges made against Irish railways of bandicap. ping Irish industries by giving preferen find rates to the foreigner, there cannot be any doubt in the mind of anyone who has winesed the importation of waggons for the GNR that that Company is not doing all might to for the industry which is gried en a: the G.N.R. works at Dundalk,

And while there may be a reasonable, or apparately reas nable, excuse for giving preferential rates to the foreigner, there is 1 ta shadow of excuse for the G.N R. impring foreign built waggons. Now, lest any reader of THE WORKER should conelide from what I wrate regarding this case, tast I am tainted with Protectionist ites. I beg to here state that I am now, slways have been, and always will be, a Free Trader.

The abnormal industrial conditions of I cland, h wever, make it eccumbent on ne as an Iris man to give preference to uits produced in Ireland, to urge my fellow countrymen to do likewise, and to acticate the production of everything that a possible to produce at home But I say that they should be produced under fair conditions; and I hold that if there is mything that we cannot produce in Ireland with us sweating the workers engage d in 118 production, we ought to leave its production to countries and peoples who on produce it under fair conditions; and then if we want it we need not be guilty of the folly of taxing it before we buy it. But to return to the purpose of this proque ion, v z , the importation of foreignbuilt waggens by the GNR. The question is one that is of special

interest, firstly, to the workers employed in the G.N R. works, Dundalk; secondly. to the shareholders in the Company; and. thirdly, to that section of the public which favours the production of things possible of production in Ireland. To the workers of Dundalk, and of Ireland generally, the question of employment is of more engrossing interest than to the workers of Great Britain, for the chances of employment are much fewer in Ireland. When, therefore, Irish workers see things brought into Ireland from other countries which they believe they could produce as WELL and as CHEAPLY at home, they are very naturally anxious to have an opportunity of proving that the necessity for importing them has not arisen.

Everything so imported lessens the chances of employment and increases the empetition of workers at home, or compels them to seek work elsewhere. Now. the workers in the G.N.R. works, Dundalk, are satisfied that the necessity for importing waggons has not arisen, for they knew that more waggons than are being built could be built in Dundalk, they know TOO well that waggon builders in Dundalk are paid a much lower rate of wages than are paid where the imported waggons were built; and they are at a loss to know why things are imported by the G.N.R. Company, which they believe costs more than the home product and lessens the chances of employment for home workers; and they think that this is a question into which the shareholders should make a very merching inquiry.

A comparison of the rates—which, I believe, are piece rates—paid to the waggon-builders in Dundalk and the waggonbuilders where the imported waggons are built, would show the shareholders at the beginning of their inquiry that a waggon on be built for much less in Dundalk than in any part of G. Britain, no matter what part of it the imported waggons come from.

Then there is the cost of finishing, Minting, &c., which will show by comparison that the work is done much chesper in Dundalk than where the imported waggons come from. And last of all there is the cost of the material. With the exception of iron, it would, I think, be Mie to say that material—that is to say imber-can be got as cheap in Dundalk, ad perhaps cheaper, than in some of the raggon building places in Gt. Britain, for nome of them are so far inland that the cut of transport from the nearest seaport b them must be considerable. But to mile a comparison under the head of imber, they should ascertain what it cost trimber to build a waggon in Dandalk when it was supplied to the company by loal firm of timber merchants.

To compare what the timber will cost is the present day when it is supplied though a store that has to maintain a mall army of clerks, which is more ornaestal than useful, will not be a fair comparison.

The comparison to be fair should be hile on the cost of timber supplied by mines men who live by their business, and keep no animated ornaments to eat profits, and increase the cost of their Berchandise.

If the shareholders go to work as men the inow the value of a good dividend be expected to do, I believe they

will find that the workers' contention that, on the basis of cost of building at all events, the necessity of importing waggons for the G.N.R. has not arisen. They will find that the cost of the homemade article is less, while superior to the imported article. I say the home made article is superior because when it leaves the works at Dundalk it is a finished article, not as the imported article; for I an informed that some, if not all, of the recently imported waggons required the skill and the labour of Dundalk workingman to finish them for service on the lire. It is due to Irish workers and to the interested Irish public that the shareholders of the G.N.R. should force an inquity as to why the present managers import wagg ns from Great Britain while they have such facilities for building and finishing them, ready for service on the line, at the Dandalk works. It is due to the shareholders themselves to find out if their property-viz., those Dandalk works—are being used to the best advantage. The evidence here adduced grea to prove that it is not being used to the best advantage; but if inquiry should prove that the contrary is the fact, it will then be incumbent on the shareholders, through the directors and managers, to provide the facilities necessary to turn out all the rolling stock required for the G.N.R. So lorg as the G.N.R. Co. import, ready-male, the things they can produce at home, so long will they be reckoned among the opponents of Irish

Though I do not include in the importations the managers, superintendents, etc., which the G.N.R. imports, there is a very deep-rosted suspicion that these importations have more than an ordinary share cf interest in the importation cf other things which could be produced at heme, with greater advantage to the shareholders, the Irish workers, and the interested Irish public.

MICHAEL M'KEOWN.

### Tara Street Baths.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR—Your readers may be interested to learn some facts regarding the Dublin Physical Culture Society, which has for President Sir Charles A. Cameron, C.B., M.D., and for Vice-Presidents Alderman J. C. M'Walter, Councillor M. O'Beirne, Counciller J. Dickson, and Councillor Michael Doyle, Ex-Lord Mayor.

Instructions a given in the Sandow, Swedish and Jap mese systems, combining a complete course of physical culture by one, Sergeant J. F. Gillespie, Gym. Staff, who is paid at the rate of 7s. 6d. an hour

In the summer time this HERO acts as swimming instructor to the R.I.C., and also gives private lessons in Tara street Baths. He conducted a ladies' swimming class during the summer evenings, as did Sergeant H. Case, ex-champion swimmer of the army, navy and police forces.

This Sergeant Case, and another of his, Acting-Sargeant "Andy" Cunningham, were amongst the "heroes" who batoned the locked-out men in Wexford. Andy is another swimming "instructor (when not engaged in eracking

Why these fellows are allowed the run of the Corporation Baths is altogether bevend comprehension, especially as the attendants are quite qualified to teach swimming. One attendant has worked nearly all his life at the baths, and trained some of the leading swimmers. Has the worthy Alderman M Walter nothing to say to the preferment given to the police in this matter, nor the United Irish Leaguers, O'Beirne and Mickey Doyle?

### Lord Mayor's Salary and the **Labour Party.**

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Dublin, December 5th, 1911.

My DEAR SIR, -Your correspondent, Treaty Stone," is angry with me because I suggested that an honest Labour Party would make for purity in Dablin civic

You stated that Mr. Sherlock is not really the writer of those letters. Obviously an admirer of his is. Apparently the gentleman is under a personal obligation to him-in fact, I would wager a trifle that Mr. Sharlock, seeing that "Treaty Stone" would be a good man to be on his side in a fight, found a job for his son.

Thus have angels fallen. May I give you my experience of what must be done to make a Labour Party effective in the Dublin Corporation? They must take a pledge never to accept a job, either for themselves, their sons, or any other rela-

Labour Parties hitherto have fallen into contempt because the bosses know how to buy individual members-by giving a little job to the son of one or to another when his party found him out. So long as the Sinn Fein Party did not look for places for their friends they were a power in the Council.—Yours truly,

J. C. M'WALTER.

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### CORK HILL CONSPIRINGS.

A monthly meeting of the Municipal Council was held on Monday last in the City Hall. One of the first items on the Agenda was the election of a C rporate representative on the Port and Docks Board in place of Mr. Nannetti, who resigned. The matter was reached as soon as a deputation from the School Children's Dinner Fund had been held. Immediately the Town Clerk had read out the item, Councill or O'Toole jumped up and proposed that Councillor Richard O Carroll be appointed. Alderman Coffey at the other side of the house rose as if he had got an electric shock, and proposed Alderman J. J. Kelly. Mr. Coffey claimed that he was first up, and we had a wordy argument for some minutes. However. O' l'oole held his ground, and although the Lord Mayor favoured Coffey, O'Toole got first. But this was not all. The Lord Mayor then winted Councillor O'Toole to move the suspension of the Standing Orders in order to propose the motion which he lad on the agenda dealing with the matter, knowing full well that the suspension of the Standing Orders would be defeated, and this would have knecked out Cancil'or O'Carrell, but Mr. O'Toole insisted on moving the resolution, and let his motion go by the

The resolution having been seconded, Mr. P. J. Dwyer, the Wood Quay Councillor who retires in January next, seconded Mr. Coffey's amendment, and made use of a lot of ridiculous "raimeis" in doing so. Then we had that stalwart patriot, "Mickey" Swaine, another Wood Quay representative, supporting Alderman Kelly in a "brilliant speech." It was really amusing to watch "Mickey's" movements as he emphasised his remarks with his p inted finger, reminding one of "conjuror." Our old friend, Dr. M'Walter, came next, and let out on the "Home Rule Party" right, left and centre. In fact, we accually saw some of the official Nationalist Party winging as the Doctor drove home his attacks on them for opposing Mr. O'Carroll's election. There was a tumplious scene when Dr. M'Walter stated "that the member of the Council who had the smallest chance of getting into heaven was Councillor Swaine." This got Mickey's back up, and the epithet "blackguard" was used by him to Dr. M'Walter. Considerable commotion ensued at this remark being used, and at the request of the Lord Mayor, Swaine created considerable laughter by stating "that he would withdraw the remark just for the sake of argument." Wood Quay Ward may well feel proud of its civic representative—but the less said the better.

After some more warm interchanges between Swaine and Dr. M'Walter, the next speaker was Mr. "Bob." Bradley. "Bob" commenced by telling us that he was a past member of the Dublin Trades Council, that he always voted according to his conscience, and that his conscience would not allow him to vote for Mr. O'Carroll, as he was not a genuine labour candidate, but a "narrow-minded creature," and belonged to a clique that attempted to break up the Home Rule Party. No wonder the people in the gallery laughed at this statement. Mr. Bradley created more laughter when he told us that "he would vote for a properly qualified, bread-minded trades unionist." Having said several other nonsensical things, Mr. Bradley cleared out into the Hall, and when the voting was taking place he refused to answer his name, although it was twice called loud enough to be heard in the street.

No honest man can have other but feelings of contempt for Mr. Bradley after his action on Monday last. After attacking a colleague in such a scandalous manner he had not the moral courage to vote either for or against him. He can have no excuse to off-r for his conduct, as after attacking Mr. O'Carroll in such a scurrilous manner he walked out of the Council Chamber. The Lord Mayor also took advantage of his position to attack Mr. O'Carroll, but it is a good job nobody cares what Mr. Farrell says or does nowadays. It came badly, too, from Mr. Sherleck, with his interjections regarding Mr. O'Carroll's salary as Secretary of the Brick and Stonelayers' Society. We thought Mr. Sherlock, with his three or four well-paid jobs, was more of a gentleman than to insult one who has to earn his salary as Mr. O'Carroll does, Mr. Sherlock got the better of one of the O'Carroll's in the law courts—a favourite resort of his-but we think after the rebuke he got from Richard O'Carroll last Monday he will be a little more careful in his remarks in future. It wasn't Paddy O'Carrell he was dealing with then.

Some of our readers may not understand the motive behind all this. When Mr. Namnetti resigned his position on the Port and Docks Board some weeks ago the Trades Council asked the Corporation te elect Richard O Carroll to the position, and, acting on that, Mr. O'Toole placed a motion to that effect on the agenda paper. The official National party held one of their caucus meetings last week and selected Alderman James J. Kelly for the varancy. Why? Simply because as Alderman M'Walter stated on Monday last-Mr. Kelly ratted on the Lord Mayor's salary question. When the Mayoral salary question was before the Council some months ago Mr. Kelly voted for the reduced figure, but since it became known that Mr. Sherl ck was a candidate for the Mayoral chair, Alderman Kelly changed his mind and voted for the increased sum, with the result

that Sherlock's party "threw him a sop" in the share of a seat on the Port and Docks B ard by way of solatium for his defeat some months ago when he sought election as a Visiting Justice of Mountjoy

Six members of the Council, including Mr. Bradley, that voted against the Labour candidate on Monday last retire in January next. Their names are-Maher (Glasnevin), O'Meara (South Dock), Dwyer (Wood Quay), Lennon (Fitzwilliam), Hutchins n (Merchants' Quay), and Bradley (Trinity). Let the workers of the wards that these men represent mark well the names. The first shot has been fired by the enemy, and it rests with the werkers to take up the challenge in no half-hearted manner. Let them "keep their powder dry" until the 15th January, when they can bombard the polling b oths with votes and rout the enemy "I ck, stock, and barrel."

We bear-That the official Nationalist Party played a deep game on Monday last by having the unfinished business of last Monday's meeting adjourned until January 8th.—That the reason why they did so was that some motions on the agenda are not to their liking and they want to get them postp: ned until after the elections.—That Dr. M'Walter challenged Alderman Coffey to resign his seat in the Arran Quay Ward and he would fight, him for it.-That the "ward bosses" in several wards have begon the old game of starting bogus branches of the U.I L. for elec ion purposes.—That a new party, known as the "Commercial Party," is being formed in the Corporation.-That the new party will be "a thorn in the side of the Sherlock clique.

### Next Week at the Gaiety Theatre.

It is not often that Dublin has the experience of seeing the stage of one of our principal theatres occupied by an entirely Irish production—the joint work of authors, players, and scenic artists residing in Ireland, and intent to submit their efforts to the approval or disapproval of an Irish audience without worrying to get the hall-mark of English literary or dramatic criticism or a gracious permit from England's amazingly erratic censor. Two plays will be presented—"Eleanor's Enterprise," by the well-known Irish noveliet, George Bermingham, and "Rival Stars," by Casimir Quinn Markievicz. The first is the story, told in a gracefully light comic vein, of a well-meaning, kindhearted, but "superior" young lady, who, having had a very English educa-tion, decided that her noblest life work should be the "elevating" of Ireland to an English (and, therefore, higher) standard of life and morals. Finding herself in the West of Ireland she descends upon a family named Finnigan, which Mr. Bomingham endows with all the reputed rices of the Irish peasant, but with some of their virtues peeping through nevertheless. Her adventures with this family and her failure to elevate them make a very pleasing comedy. Although George Bermingham is well known as a writer of stories, this is his first play, and it is bound to cause a flutter of interest amongst book-lovers and playgoers alike. The second play-"Rival Stars"-is

by Casimir Quinn Markievicz, who is al-

ready well known in Ireland as a play-

wright, as one of his best works has been

produced here. "Seymour's Redemption," Mary," and "The Dilettante" were successfully produced in Dublin within recent years; but, perhaps, Count Markievicz will be remembered best by "The Memory of the Dead," which is one of the most successful Irish dramas on any stage. His latest play, "Rival Stars," deals mainly with student life in Paris. and in an interesting study of the conflicting temperaments of an idealist and a materialist. A man who, talking lofsily about Art, really only cared for gold medals and wordly success through his pictures; and his wife, whose heart was wrong by semi-starvation and misery of the mere labourers everywhere, and who agrees with her proletarian friend, Goldberg, that the greatest masterpieces of poetry, sculpture, and painting have entirely failed to inspire any considerable nobility of thought in the world, since hundreds of thousands of homeless women and starving children exist on this beautiful and fruitful earth, and exist in the greatest numbers in these communities where art and literature are most greatly admired. Such sentiments as there do not appeal to the obtuse English intellect of the commercial picture painter, Robert Ellis, neither does the person of the Socialist, Goldberg, inspire him with affection exactly, and so there are complications and some wrangling; but when Digna tells Bob a few straight truths about himself, she settles down dutifully with him, as women often will with the most impossible companions, and they live happily ever after. The play is lightened by merry scenes with students and models and a sort of French playboy named Dupuis runs through it like a thread of laughter. "Eleanor's Enterprise" will be played on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday matinee, and "Rival Stars" Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at

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### ARE YOU A SLAVE-MAKER?

Thomas Davis panned a ve y significant phra e when he wrote of the "Cymric Nation;':-

"Freedom is the scul's creation, Not the work of hands."

This is not a contraction of the fine phrase quoted by "Garryowen' last week: "Who would be free themselves must strike the blow.'

Men do not strike blows for Fr. edem who have not freedom in their hearts, whose souls are not already free. In this sense there are men in dungeons who are free and highly respectable cit zers who are slaves The price of Freedom or the meanness of Slavery is in the soul, and the temper of the soul decides whether we walk with the progressive legions of liberty or take any of the various wave of telling our brothers and sisters to "keep on s'arving.

This is the point to which I wish to call the attention of wo kingmen, that in the every-day course of their lives the; are making liberty or slavery dominate in the souls of those they have it fluence with, their friends, comrades, but especially their children.

In this "disthressful country" of ours, blighted by foreign rule and our own imitation tyrants, it is hard to find a man of free habit of mind, one who can think and talk independently of the common prejudices, and who does not desire to replace one tyranny by another. Many of our countrymen have learned freedom of soul in other countries where it is common; comparatively few o' our people at home have succeeded in raising their heads above the fogs of prejudice (made and fostered by our rulers) that obscure every public issue in Ireland. Fewer still have learned the precious lesson of charity and politeness towards those of our countrymen who do not think and act as they do themselves, and the urg-nt necessity of keeping out blows of the common enemy: that is, freedom for others

as well as themselves. There is Tyranny with its attentant slavery in the air all through Ireland; one of the numerous historical legacies with which we can profitably part. Those who have never lived outside our atmosphere of cant, cringe, and mutual disrespect seldom realise to what extent our liberty as individuals is invaded and our common rights as God's creatures denied or cornered by petty tyrants, and retailed at a profit From early childhood the children of the monopolists are pampered and spoiled; these of the working man are shouted at, kicked, and beaten by parents, guardians, and neighbours. In schools matters are frequently worse. The writer of this article (though of average behaviour) was brutally flogged in presence of the school by a strong adult male for having skipped two pages in his exc: cise book; and in seven years of school life his nerves were so ruined by besting and over-work (with result-fees for object) that more than ten years steady treatment barely sufficed to bring them back to normal. In some schools a monitor cannot teach long multiplication without mimicking the German Emperor, and persecuting the pupils who do not pander to his miniature majesty; none dare ask the reason why, or question the utility of what they are taught. To ensure an unhealthy meekness of manner, which the teacher says is "being good, all initiative is discouraged, and personal opinions are punished as impertinence. Hypocrites and tell-tales are frequently installed as favourities. The head-teacher, or manager, leads the way in fawning on any one of place or title who comes near the school. Thus are "good" citizens

trained for the "battle of life." In business, his fellow-workers continue the same slave-making process. Everyone tries to sit on the newcomer, and his senior, at the bench or in the office, copies the antics of the monitor in the class. Slaves have no respect for their fellowslaves, and their employers, being of the tyrant persuasion, premote those that are most slavish. The tone of a clergyman's sermon here is much more imperious in general than what we hear in England or

America, though the doctrine be the same. Let the working man be no party to this slave-making. Remember the words of Lazare Hoche (Napoleon's brilliant rival) to his wife-"Do not best our boy. but correct him with gentleness. I do not wish that he should be degraded by having to endure physical violence." Do not connive with the slave-makers at school by telling your child "If you did not deserve the punishment you would not get it." Inquire at the school. Don't lend your flesh and blood to school teachers for alavish displays. If the school books are unmanly and un Irish in tone, be man enough to object to get them. Get others to object and you will change them. If you want liberty for yourself, don't be harsh with men under you, treat them as men If you believe that the salvation of Ireland can only come from Westminster, per Mr. John Redmond, don't hate Sinn Fein because it doubts the first article of your political faith. Sinn Feinidte don't imagine Nationality began to exist ten years ago; or think it if you like, but don't despise the man of longer memory, and let him see it Allow the other man the liberty to think for himself, and voice his thought. A free exchange of opinion brings out the truth; batred and disrespect give brawlers their chance and the enemy their laugh. You, workers, can, if you choose, rear a generation of men whose souls will be free. A generation of free men would lose no time in gaining free institutions; they could not be SEUMAS. .

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### MARCARINE AS BUTTER.

The following advertisement appeared in several previous issues of this paper :-Why Buy Porter?

When you can buy Pure Rich New

Milk at 11d. per Pint; also daily arrivals of New Laid Eggs and Finest Irish Butter at :: :: ::

#### The Hollywood Dairles, 88 Summerhill and 33 Mesth Street.

But last week in the Northern Police Court, before Mr. Macinerney, K.C., James Lawlor, trading as the Hollywood Dairy, 88 Summer Hill, was summoned for having sold to Patrick Duignan, an officer of the Department of Agriculture, a substance as butter which on analysis was found to contain at least 87 per cent. of fats foreign to butter.

Mr. Burke, Assistant Law Agent to the Corporation, appeared for the presecution; and Mr. Gerald Byrne for the defeneant.

James M. Kelly, an Inspector of the Department of Agriculture, stated that he accompanied Mr. Duignan on a visit to the defendant's shop on the 26th September. Mr. Duignan asked the assistant in the shop for a half pound of butter at 10d. and afterwards for  $\frac{3}{4}$ ib., for which he paid  $7\frac{1}{2}$ 1. The substance was labelled "Guaranteed Pure, 10d." There was no margarine latel on it, and no margarine wrapper was put on the part given to Mr. Duignan.

Mr. Byrne said his client admitted that margarine had been sold but not with his knowledge. It was sold by the assistant while the defendant was absent at another shop, and the assistant who sold it had been d'smissed.

A fine of £10 was imposed.

In the Southern Police Court, before Mr. Swifte, K.C., the same defendant was summoned for having refused to sell butter to Mr. Duignam, the Department's Mr. Duignam stated that he visited the

defendant's shop at 35 Meath street, and asked the assistant for a round of butter Lt 1s. 2d. There were two pieces together. alm at touching each other, and the assistant put the kaife in one to cat it. Witness said he would take the other butter. and the assistant refused to give it to him. He did not wee the defendant at all. The defendant, in reply to Mr. Byrne,

said the assistant had been with him only a week at the time the offence was committed. He gave no satisfactory explanation of his refusal to sell the but er to the officer and witness dismissed him.

Mr. Swifte—It seems a little hard to dismiss the man for acting in your in-

Witness-My instructions to him always were to sell every article for what it is. Mr. Swifte-It would not put money

into his pocket to sell mergarine as butter. It might put money into yours. Mr. Byrne said the assistant may have

acted in a temper.

Mr. Swifte said that, having regard to the circumstances of the case, he did net think he could say less than £5 fine.

So to prevent any of our readers running the risk of paying butter prices for margarine we draw their attention to the above convictions. If shopkeepers cannot, or will not, keep straight they deserve no support, and this paper will not allow them to advertise. We would be glad if our readers would co-operate with us in our effort to allow none but honest advertisers to use our space.—ED

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### Wolfe Tone and Humbug.

Another Correspondent on the Subject.

Your correspondent, "Anti-Cant," has thrown a bombshell into the "National" camp by the article headed as above, which appeared in your issue of the 18th November. The keepers of National thought and opinion fondly imagined that the dead past had buried its dead, and thought themselves secure. But "Anti-Cant" has rudely awakened them.

As to your correspondent's query re the Wolfe Tone Clubs and the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee, it is pretty evident that there is some connection between these two bodies, for in the Evening Telegraph of Saturday, November 18th, Mr. Seaghan O hUadhaighis mentioned as being President of the Central Wolfe Tone Club. Now, Mr. Seaghan O hUadhaigh is Hon. Secretary of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Association—a position, by the way, this gentleman never tires of advancing as proof of the fact that with him and in him lie the true and uncompromising principles of Irish Nationality when conversing on any National subject with those who know him as Seaghan OhUadhaigh. A give-me-liberty or giveme-death chap—a Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, John Mitchel, and James Stephens rolled into one is this Seaghan.

But like our present day Parliamentarians, Seaghan has many sides. This "blood-and-thunder" fellow is quite another personage in respectable pro-Unionist company. There he is known as the nice, quiet, gentlemanly, embryo lawyer, Mr. John Woods, whose only worry is that some despicable ruffian well known in "Nationalist gangs" closely resembles

This President of the Central Wolfe Tone Club (whose spare "National" moments, by the way, could be more profitably spent than in concecting lying reports) would appear to be a fitting ornament for the "National" Society, whose membership roll contains the illustrious name of Mr. Fred J. Allan.

There are many who will say that the action of this Mr. Allan in going out hat in hand with Lord Mayor Pile to welcome the late English Queen to the Capital City of Ireland was at variance with Irish National sentiment, but if one is allowed the question, what right has Mr. Fred J. Allan to parade as an Irish Nationalist. or even as an Irishman? Is it not a fact that this gentleman's parents came of a "good old English stock"? and, after all, considering that human nature is what it is, there can be no great fault found with a man for doing homage to

his papa's lawful Sovereign.

The latest person to adopt the role of apologist for Mr. Fred J. Allan is Mr. Shaun T. Kelly, T.C., who presided at a meeting of this Central Wolfe Tone Club on Tuesday evening, November 21st. Mr. Kelly in his speech laboured the "all and all classes" racket. THE IRISH WORKER wasn't mentioned, but everybody in the room understood why Mr. Kelly spoke so. Shaun T. Kelly endeavouring to whitewash Fred J. Allan is indeed a sight for gods and men. It won't wash, Shaun. Some of us can call to mind the time "when principles were above any class or creed, and when the platform of the Wolfe Tone Clubs would never be open to any person to preach lesser principles than those for which Wolfe Tone died."

Shaun! notwithstanding your six years of public (Municipal) life, there are yet things you have to learn. As you would wish all and sundry to imagine that you are a gentleman of wide experience, and that nothing in the National line has passed unobserved by you, perhaps you might be kind enough to answer the following questions:-

1. Was it not Mr. Fred J. Allan who drafted that famous speech of Lord Mayor Pile delivered in the Council Chamber on the occasion of the "loyal address" motion to the late Queen Victoria?

2. Is it not a fact that at that time Mr. Fred J. Allan was offered a sum of money to act as Secretary of the Children's Treat in honour of Queen Victoria Committee, which Mr. Allan would have accepted but that some hitch occurred in the arrangements?

3. Did the veteran patriot, John O'Leary, approve of Mr. Fred J. Allan's "patriotism" in acting as he did in connection with the loyal address?

4. Has not Mr. Allan been present at dinners, &c., where the toast of the King was drunk-notably, at the Electrical Contractors, held some two years ago?

Shaun, don't for goodness sake, give the excuse, as some of Mr. Allan's "boys" give, that his social position brings him to these places—that a great deal depends on circumstances, etc. That won't wash, John. Either a man is a Nationalist or he is a humbug. Circumstances won't alter that.

The O'Rahilly, whom you mentioned in your editorial comment, Mr. Editor—notwithstanding his dreams of the chieftaincy of Breffny-plays but a very minor part in the game and is hardly worth considering.

There are others of far more importance than he. The ill-omened bird that tries to make National bodies respectable and tries to keep workingmen of the councils of these bodies is another friend of Mr. Allan's. The future of National life in this city looks black, indeed, if men such as these are allowed to play their games to their own mutual advantage, and it is time that the working Gaels should cry out and refused to be bossed by such a clique. It behaves the workingman to see to it that he will not be represented or spoken on behalf of every Tom, Dick, and Harry that comes along, When all is said and done, the

werkingman pays the rates of the city,

and the Dublin Corporation seems to be the happy hunting ground for these interesting individuals who make rebel speeches to (in the words of your correspondent) "impress the City Fathers with the necessity of rising their pay." Followers of Wolfe Tone, bah! Some of them wouldn't give a halfpenny for Ire-

NORTH WALL.

#### - Custer The Crime and Its Punishment.

Some labourers "homes" in the country that I have seen within the last five years on the side of a bleak mountain or almost inaccessible bog consisted of four walls made out of wet "scraws," which, when they had set and dried a bit, a door was cut out with a hay-knife or with a spade. This door served as a chimney as well. A hole was bored through for a window, and is filled with an old sack to keep out the cold winter's wind. The house consisted of one apartment, with a damp clay floor and a few bundles of straw or hay borrowed from a neighbouring farm-house constituted the family bed. This is the house—the environment—for from seven to nine human beings! The children's clothes a few indescribable rags. The parents get the "dead clothes" of some man or woman that died in the district. Their food consisted of potatoes and salt. a crust of dry bread, with a drop of milk from a goat grazed on the roadside.

Aye, stop emigration! Don't join the army, the navy, or the police! Cheap clap-trap! Embryo politicians and pseudo philanthropists, who know not Ireland and who don't want to!

Now for the boon of a free State education (?) Boys and girls off to school on a winter's day, with hungry stomachs, bare feet and heads and a shivering back. Into badly-ventilated, badly-heated, ungainly rooms, with walls white-washed sometimes, now pie-bald.

Memorise for six hours the rivers of China, the mountains of America, the deserts of Africa, and the steppes of Russia. Rule Britannia! Splendid training for the future men and women of the Irish nation. Many of these schools are not provided with the most elementary sanitary arrangements. Indeed, I know of one school with windows opening into the graveyard and the graveyard itself used as a convenience! This is not Russia, mark you; this is Ireland-

"Great, glorious and free, First flower of the earth and first gem

The members of this family, who were not drowned in a bog hole, or who escaped the ravages of the "white scourge" without the aid of Lady Aberdeen's microbe hunters, got casual labour in the country, but not being able to earn enough money to carry them to the United States, and the coffin ships having ceased to ply their trade, these people finally reach Dublin. A top back room in the Coombe or Cumberland street they—not unnaturally regard as a palace compared with the hovels in which they were condemned to spend their earlier years. They are now passing rich on £40 a year" or less.

Dublin workers, there is no need to describe the tenement "dwelling" to you. Too many of you unfortunately are painfully familiar with the rickety, unwashed, unlighted staircase, the bare warped floor, the unglazed window, or, when glazed, muffed with pestilential dust; the smoky chimney, the damp, filthy walls and ceiling; the bed, that couch of rest after a hard day's toil—well, we won't describe it! Three or four illnourished little children, with grimy features, gazing at a grimier ceiling, from a fistful of rags placed around the floor in as many boxes, once containing soap of foreign manufacture, purchased from the local grocer.

Little ones, is Glasnevin "pit" your only release? Are your attenuated bodies not the "living temples of the Holy Ghost"? Is this God's will—God's work? Who dares affirm the blaschemy? Is it a crime to ask the railway magnates. the captains of industry, the bloodsuckers, who have hardened their hearts and stopped their ears against the cry of the "holy innocents"? "They ask for bread and you hand them a stone." Is it a crime? Is it Socialism? Is it Anarchy? To ask for their fathers an additional shilling or two per week! And, if compelled, to support that demand by a strike. God alone is the only arbiter of life and death. You owe a duty to your God, to yourself, and to your children, as well as to your country. Do you think you are discharging these duties by acquiescing in the undermining of your own and your children's health and passively contemplating their waning life? Retribution is already following in the wake of this criminal apathy, a depopulated country-side, turning into a huge grazing ranch, impoverished towns and cities, overcrowded poorhouses and asylums, disease and immorality.

Men have caused these evils. It will take MEN to remove them. Irish workers. you be the MEN. You are entitled to a share of your inheritance from mother Erin. Demand it. Take it. GARRYOWEN.

**'Let's All go Down the Strand** 

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### "THE DUBLIN BOSS."

How the Town Clerk Bosses the Corporation and Runs Dublin.

At the monthly meeting of the Corporation, held on May 8th, a resolution was adopted on the motion of Councillor Alfred Byrne, seconded by Councillor M Kee, calling upon the city and county M.P.'s to INTRODUCE a Bill for the purpose of taking over Glasnevin and Goldenbridge Cemeteries from the control of the present unrepresentative and autocratic committee and vesting them in a popularly elected body.

Being keenly interested in the matter, I watched the agendas of the Corporation meetings in June and July to see what replies would be sent by the gentlemen to whom the resolution was conveyed. The agendas appeared in due course-no re-

On July 19th I wrote a letter to the Town Clerk (intended for the August meeting of the Council) drawing attention to the fact that the city and county members of Parliament evidently considered Dablin's Municipal body unworthy cf

On July 19th I received a reply from "King Henry" that the matter was receiving his "best attention."

The August meeting of the Council came off—no mention of my letter and no replies from the M.P's.

On August 13th I wrote to the "Boss" asking why he had not brought my letter before the Council, and in reply he sent me the following:-

[COPY]. Town Clerk's Office, City Hall, Dublin,

16th Aug., 1911.
Dear Sir—In reply to your further letter of the 13th inst. I beg to state that the whole question of the Dublin Cemeteries was exhaustively treated in the Council a few years ago. The Council considered their powers then, and the Law Agent was of opinion that the Council were powerless to spend any money for the purpose of promoting a Bill on the subject. I do not think there is any good in encumbering the proceedings of the Corporation with correspondence to which the Council CAN GIVE NO EFFECT. If you consider it would serve any useful purpose I shall be pleased to put your two letters on the agenda. You must not assume that there is any unfriendliness on my behalf to your views on the subject. I am, yours faithfully.

HENRY CAMPBELL, Town Clerk.

To W. Richardson, Esq. To this I sent the following reply:-

[COPY]. 4 Foster Place, Charleville Avenue. 23rd August, 1911.

Cemeteries Reference No. 185 4/11. SIR—Yours of the 16th inst. to hand. I regret that I have been unable to reply sooner. I need hardly say that I (of course) accept your statement that you have no unfriendliness to me on above question."

Permit me, however, to point out that you have fallen into some errors in connection with this matter.

You say "the whole question of the Dublin Cemeteries was exhaustively treated in the Council a few years ago, and you go on to say "the Law Agent was of opinion that the Council were powerless to spend any money on promoting a Bill for the purpose."

I am afraid it will be necessary to ask: you to refer to the ACTUAL Report of the Law Agent dated August 4th, 1909, and presented to the meeting of the Council on September 9th, 1909, to convince you that this statement is absolutely unfounded.

That report only dealt with the powers possessed by the Dublin Cemeteries Committee under the Act of 1846, and ADDED NOTHING to the information which I had already gained by a perusal of that Act in the Library of Kings Inns. The Law Agent has "never expressed" (nor has he 'ever been asked" to express) an opinion on the question of your Council's powers to promote a Bill to take over Glasnevin and Goldenbridge Cemeteries.

I would not have touched upon this: subject at all but for the fact that you seem to have arrived at an entirely erroneous idea as to what has actually taken place.

The motion proposed by Councillor A. Byrne, seconded by Councillor M'Kee, and carried at the May meeting, was one calling upon the city and county M.P.'s to introduce a Bill for the purpose of transferring these cemeteries to the control of a popularly elected body—nor one WORD about asking the Council to promote a Bill at the PUBLIC EXPENSE.

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DUBLIN.

. If you refer to my letter of July 19th you will find that my complaint was that the gentlemen who (by favour of the people) represent Dublin City and County should have so contemptuously ignored our premier representative body, as not to even spend a halfpenny in acknowledging on a post card the receipt of the resolution; and I certainly think that, as

a citizen interested in this question, I am entitled to direct attention to it. Under the circumstances I trust you will place my letters on the agenda for the next meeting of the Council.-I beg

to reman, yours faithfully, WILLIAM RICHARDSON. To Henry Campbell, Esq., Town Clerk.

Now, people of Dublin, I ask you to note the sequence.

On November 27th, 1911, Councillor Alfred Byrne wrote to the Town Clerk asking what had become of his resolution of May last, and received on November 29th a letter from the Town Clerk stating that the resolution "had been duly conveyed to the Parliamentary representatives for Dublin City and County, and replies received from Mr. Field and Mr. Nannetti." In response to a further request the Town Clerk forwarded copies of the

gentlemen. The letter from Mr. Field, M.P., was as fellows :-

communications received from those

[COPY]. Blackrock,

13th May, 1910. DEAR SIR-With reference to the Cemeteries I will do ANYTHING that is necessary TO END the UNSATISFACTORY MANNER in which they are managed. If you draft a Bill I shall have much pleasure in introducing it and getting my colleagues to back it up. With best wishes.—Truly

WILLIAM FIELD.

Mr. Nannetti's communication certainly deserved a better fate than to be left languish in obscurity from May to Decem-[COPY].

Scarborough, 13th May, 1911.

DEAR TOWN CLERK-I beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 10th re the Cemeteries question. The matter will have my serious consideration.-I am, yours faithfully.

J. P. NANNETTI. To sum up the whole proceedings-

(1). On May 8th the Municipal Council passed a resolution requesting certain public representatives to do a certain (2). On May 10th the Town Clerk for-

warded that resolution to each of those (3). A few days after he received replies from two of those persons.

meeting of the Municipal Council and DID NOT PLACE the replies which he had received on it. (5). He has since withheld from the

(4). He prepared an agenda for the June

Council letters which only passed through his hands as a salaried official of that Council.

Question—Are the members of the Municipal Council prepared to allow Mr. Campbell to choose what communication shall be placed before them? If so, why should Dublin be put to a lot of expense electing members year after year? Why not have a short Act of Parliament

passed creating Mr. Henry Campbell "Lord High Everything," and conferring statutory powers on him to run Dublin as he likes. I have no doubt Mr. Nannetti, M.P. would introduce a Bill to give effect to

this proposal, and have it carried immediately. "Campbell's" used to be The

coming." Our "Campbell" has "arrived."

"God save the King" (Harry of Cork

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.



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