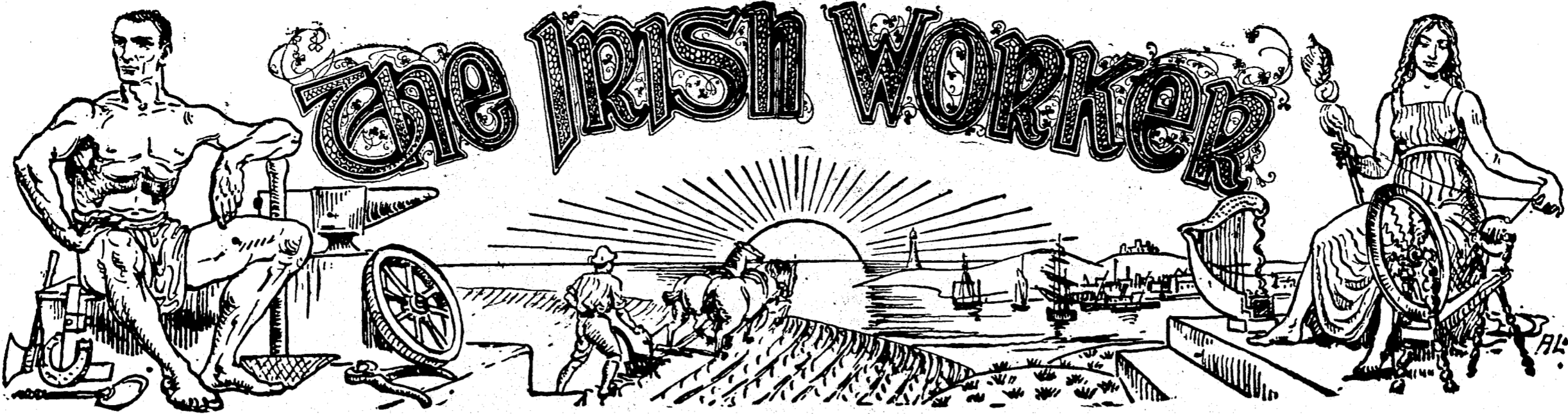


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."  
James Fintan Lalor.



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!

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

Edited by Jim Larkin.

1

No. 33.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3rd, 1912.

[ONE PENNY.]

### LOOKING BACKWARD.

To-day the sun shines; but it is cold, and I have lost hope.  
Long years of slavery have bent our backs, till we can no longer look upward. Our souls are shrunk through cowardice. We drag our weary feet along the muddy ruts of custom, and tremble at the dim vision of sunny fields that sometimes glisten as we pass, fearing them a snare of the devil. Shutting our eyes and ears, we stagger blindly on in the same old path, trampling on the fallen, and in turn being trampled on. This is our civilisation and the twentieth century. Evolution is certainly a slow process.  
Long time ago the world was not so thoroughly civilised, and man had not such mastery over the forces of Nature. The Antients had no motor cars, nor aeroplanes, nor steam engines, nor electric light. They had no machines capable of producing in a few hours clothing, boots, luxuries, and food enough for millions. Their work was tediously done by hand, and they knew nothing of the discoveries that science has made and turned to practical uses in later times. Formerly men, women, and little children were sold into slavery and became as much the property of their master as his ox or his ass. And like the ox and the ass the slave was fed, and housed, and protected by his master. He was not allowed to die of starvation or sickness if the master could prevent it, and if the slave was a useful one. All this took place in the "bad old times."

Let us sing the praise of our own times. Let us be thankful for our modern civilisation.  
Men and women are not now taken in droves to the market places—there to be bought and sold. The slave trade has been abolished, as you are aware, and we are no longer clubbed on the heads and carried off by slave-dealers. To-day we are free—we have votes; we are THE PEOPLE—and fight like hungry brutes outside the factory gates for the honour of being bought into the worst slavery that ever existed.

To-day the laws are not made by our masters. Not at all. Have we not "our representatives" whom we elect to guard our rights? Of course. And it is in our interest that all the laws are now made, as for instance, the Insurance Act, which reduces our wages; the Old Age Pensions Act, which promises us five shillings a week if we go on working for our masters and paying taxes until we are seventy; the Riot Act, which allows us to be shot down if we hold a public meeting, and refuse to go home when we are bid. And all the other beneficial Acts, including the one that sent P. T. Daly to three months' imprisonment because he objected to being beaten, or seeing others beaten by the drunken police in Wexford, who had already murdered a poor old man in one of the streets. Because he publicly objected to this sort of treatment, and because he advised his hearers to resist it, he has been sentenced to three months in jail, and all this has been done under the power of the laws that "our representatives" have made in OUR INTEREST. Really, it is very funny!

Somewhat or other "our representatives" do not seem to have made any law that can control the superior people for whom we work. Sir Edward Carson and others of his class in Belfast have not only "incited to riot," but have publicly threatened to murder those who hold different opinions on political subjects to them. Either Carson is above the law or he is a law unto himself and his class; anyhow he is still at large, and "our representatives," no doubt, are laughing at the joke and at us.

Oh! yes, I nearly forgot to remind you that "our representatives" allow "our masters" to use "our army" against ourselves whenever we show any signs of claiming our own.  
Is it any wonder a man would despair? After thousands of years of "progress" our last state is considerably worse than our first. Man, the lord of creation, has made a bad attempt at ruling the universe.

Same men, I am told, are responsible for our laws and law-makers. If this be true I am in favour of votes for lunatics, and lunatics only. They surely could do no worse than has been done.  
I wonder would those foolish Socialists be worth a trial—I wonder!

### WATERFORD.

Oh Paddy, dear! the tyrants say they're of you clear at last,  
And pray the gods, in danger dark, the law may hold you fast.  
Quite a sensation had been created in Waterford on Saturday evening when it became known that Mr. P. T. Daly had been lodged in prison. An attempt to get the Trades Council delegates together was the first step taken by those directly interested in the case, but as only some five or six could have been found it was decided to have a special meeting summoned for Sunday to consider the position which the labour movement in this country has come to find itself as against the freedom of inciters to murder and bloodshed on the part of those to whom the administration of law and justice and order is entrusted. A strong resolution of protest had been passed against Mr. Daly's arrest and incarceration while the Orange leaders are being actually given a free hand in their incitement to murder. The resolution also calls upon the Irish Nationalist Parliamentary Party, the professed friends of labour, to have inquiry made into what we consider culpable maladministration of justice, and I hope that party shall put its profession into practice on this occasion, both in the interests of the Irish workers and Irish Nationalists, and that they shall not shirk their duty to the Irish people in the administration of law and justice. (Here the word justice is a superfluity.)

I hear that some of my friends in Waterford are very anxious concerning my indenture, but the time has not yet arrived for such disclosure. So I should advise those curious people to content themselves with the non-de-plume for the present and to shun the exposures which my pen is liable to make, unless such exposures may be those which I can recommend for use by others regarding their treatment of the workers in their employ.  
I am pleased to be able to record an increase, although very small, in the wages of the men in the employment of the Harbour Board. They have been granted an increase of 1s. per week, which brings their weekly wages up to that princely sum of 15s. And those are some of the men who had been threatened with dismissal some months ago if they joined the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union by resolution of the Chamber of Commerce, proposed by a certain member of the Harbour Board who is also managing director of a large monopoly concern in Waterford. I think, however, that the day is not far distant when the oppression of these boards, such as the Harbour Board, shall be removed and the employees thereof shall become entitled to the exercise of the rights of citizenship as they deem fit. The once foisted intention of creating a popularly elected Harbour Board is again beginning to peep over the horizon of the near future, and when that sun of progress is sufficiently high in the heavens of the toilers perhaps those industrial tyrants and foci of retrogression shall be given an opportunity of calmly and meekly repenting for the error of their ways towards those who have the misfortune of eking out an existence under their ruling for so long. Alderman Maurice Quinan was the man who proposed that the labourers in the service of the Harbour Board be granted an increase of 1s., but how it was he did not propose they be placed on a par with the Corporate employees I can say. Surely he could not think 16s. per week for any workman in Waterford so too much.

Wasn't he a candidate for the Mayoral Chair? Well, I believe he was, but still he didn't see the line on January 23rd. But what had that to do with the proposal at the Harbour Board meeting. Oh, yes, I quite forgot for the moment that we had a couple direct labour representatives on the Municipal Council, and that previous calculations showed how those couple of votes would turn the scales. Alderman Whittle seconded the proposal. What about him? He was a strong,

public advocate for combination of the workers, but when the corporate employees combined and laid their claims collectively before the Council, Alderman Whittle opposed them and recommended individual applications. He was also the gentleman who was to revolutionise the Harbour Board according to his inaugural speech when first elected Mayor of the City, but who afterwards abandoned the idea, on what conditions, of course, I don't know. Neither do I know whether he has another axe to grind.

The coopers of Strangman's Brewery, I am informed, have been granted an increase also, but it is according to casks; and not being well up in coopersage, I cannot say by what amount the spending powers of that body have been increased. Suffice it to say I am very pleased to see organising bodies advancing, and the coopers of Waterford are second to none in the matter of organisation, combined with generosity towards any object promoted in connection with the Labour movement.

### DAWNING DAY.

#### More Light Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.  
I am sure all who are engaged at work along the quays of Dublin will be delighted that you have been elected on the Port and Docks Board, and that you will bring pressure to bear on that body, and have the quays properly lighted and chains erected, and thus prevent a similar occurrence from taking place as that which befel poor O'Toole on Sunday night, 21st January. Now, from the spot where the poor fellow lost his life to Ringsend Bridge is a regular death trap, and one often wonders that more lives are not lost, but who knows how many are drowned and are never heard of? Are we to wait for another "Dodder Mystery" before railings are erected from Ringsend Bridge to the Dock Master's House?

After the occurrence on the Dodder some years ago, the Pembroke Commissioners and those responsible were compelled to erect railings for a considerable distance along the upper portion of the Dodder. Why not compel those responsible to erect railings and have the place properly lighted from Ringsend Bridge to the crossing of the dock gates? Not very long ago a young man named Geoghagan fell into the Basin, and were it not for the timely assistance and plucky action of Laur. Redmond, the "Ringsend Hero," he would, like many others, have been drowned, and another added to the long list of those who lost their lives owing to the defective lighting and careless manner in which the Canal Company are allowed to keep their property, from which they collect many thousand pounds yearly.

Should a person fall into the water at the place mentioned there is nothing to save him, not even a life buoy that could be thrown to him, and unless there is a Redmond on the scene there is no chance of saving the life.

Can the Council of the Pembroke Urban District do nothing to compel that autocratic body, the Canal Company, to have the place properly lighted if not properly guarded, so that one may cross the lock-gates without being solely at your "own risk," as the bye-laws say? So, are we to wait till another Jim Larkin is elected on the Board before anything definite is done to ensure the safety of those compelled to earn their living by discharging coal boats at night time?

Hoping that when the next election takes place in Pembroke we may have one of Jim Larkin's kind to champion the cause of ensuring the safety of the lives of those I have mentioned, I remain, Dear Editor, yours truly,  
RINGSEND WORKER.

JAMES (Irish)—3 lb. Jam, 9d.; Raspberry, Strawberry, Black Currant, BISCUITS—Jam Pudd., Butter Creams, Biscuits, 6d. per lb.  
LEYDEN'S, 89 Bride Street.

### WEXFORD NOTES.

P. T. Daly is in prison! What joy those words bring to the capitalists of not alone Wexford but Ireland. Wexford capitalists think their victory is assured. But wait and see. Never were they farther from victory. Their hirelings—the peelers—who are never content except when they are bludgeoning or jailing their fellow-countrymen, have added to their inglorious record by their latest tactics. Since the look-out they have displayed an over-anxiousness to do the dirty work of tyrannical employers. Under what code were they proceeding when they prevented what is law according to England—peaceful picketing? Or why do they assist in detaining blacklegs who wish to abandon their nefarious work?

By the way, where was gentle, "humane" (ahem) Sir William on Saturday? Was he afraid to face the music? I observe he crossed to England a few days before, and an ex-soldier from Wicklow was brought down to send to jail an honest man, who had committed no crime. Boys, draw your own conclusions. What about Ceraos, Campbell, and Londenderry? No fear of their being popped into quod. Jails are for the democracy solely, not the aristocracy.

What a change in public opinion! Poor Josie Murphy was left severely alone at the meeting of the Wexford Guardians on Saturday. No one would second his nonsensical resolution censuring the Government for allowing the Transport Union organisers to be at large in Wexford. The members of the Board told Josie he had got the wrong end of the stick; it was the police should be condemned for smashing the heads of the people, and the authorities should be condemned for sending them to a peaceful town. Further, the Board seemed unanimous outside Josie that the men were entitled to organisation. Hurrah!

Up in Gorey Yankee Fanning is in a blue sweat over the lock-out. This wretch crawled to the authorities to get his J.P. ship, and now sng and comfortable with his American dollars, it is, "down with the workers." What about vaccination, your pet hobby, friend Fanning? Perhaps you ought to suggest inoculating the locked-out men? What authority have you to speak for Labour? Your work for them is represented in a scheme of cottages which is on hands five years, and the representations have not been inquired into yet. You have great effect in the Trade and Labour League. What way have you treated their resolutions in the past? And was it not self-interest and prejudice induced you to make such absurdly false statements about the Wexford workers? Mind your chair, P.J.

Yankee Fanning suggests arbitration, and proposed a resolution to this effect. He led off his diatribe by taking sides with the masters. Nice arbitrator he would make! Evidently he does not know what arbitration is.

The Wexford Guardians, who refused to pass the Fair Wages Resolution, have granted handsome increases in their salaries to their medical officers to enable them to live like gentlemen, and attend to the poor as it pleases themselves. Very "humane" some of these doctors are! Listen to this: On Monday morning a respectable woman travelled 14 miles to see a certain Co. Wexford doctor about her little boy, who suffered from a serious disease. She arrived at the M.D.'s house about midday, and when Dr. came to her he terrified the poor creature by his utterance. In a very unkind manner she was ordered away, the doctor stating he saw no one until after 2 o'clock; and this was no ticket case either. What way then are the very poor treated by those "overworked gentlemen"?

### STOP PRESS!

NOW OPEN  
No. 8 MOORE STREET  
(THE FLAG) with a High-Class Stock of  
Hams, Bacon, Butter and Eggs  
At the Lowest Prices in the City. Call and see for yours-elf

JOHN SHEIL,  
6 & 8 MOORE STREET,  
Also at 15 & 45 Manor St., and  
13 & 14 Lower Exchange St.; DUBLIN.  
TELEGRAMS—SIFX and SIFZ.

### The Candidate from Kilmainham

A licence to attack with impunity the representatives of Labour and to deliberately and maliciously misinterpret their actions is given to no man, therefore, the friends and relations of Councillor John Saturnus Kelly must understand that under the protection of their friendship he shall no longer be permitted to carry on a career which for the worker means false friendship and deceit.

If this modern Grahame Hunter persists in trying to undermine the work of legitimate trade unions, both he and his free labour allies may rest assured that the world shall learn both the calibre and the character of our assailants; and while I offer no apology for discharging a disagreeable duty, I cannot but express my sympathy with those of his friends and relations who are respectable and my sincere regret at the callousness of this creature, who, unworthy of such relationship, and in possession of such a record, should challenge public scrutiny of his conduct, and make such exposures inevitable. It would be an unpardonable crime and a scandal to publish the wrongdoings of a private individual, but when a man becomes a candidate for public honours, dons the white robe of purity, and parades his virtues, real or assumed, he invites our inspection and challenges contradiction; and what would be a crime in one case becomes a duty in the other. And should Councillor John Saturnus Kelly persist in his present attitude, I shall be compelled—reluctantly I admit—but nevertheless, it will be my duty to add still more to the long list of misdeeds already published.

On last Sunday this Free Labour representative of the New Kilmainham Ward, John Saturnus Kelly, held a meeting in Inchicore. The chair was appropriately occupied by an ex-warder from Kilmainham—evidently John "Set-turnips" does not forget old acquaintances—and the proceedings terminated by John thanking his friends the police. His statements from start to finish were one tissue of falsehoods. Partridge did not say that the respectable people of the Ranch, Islandbridge, Chapelizod, Inchicore, and Kilmainham were drunkards; it was John Saturnus Kelly who made that statement. What Partridge did say was—"that a few drunken bullies in Chapelizod would not permit him to speak there on last Sunday week." And Partridge stands by every word he ever wrote or spoke; Partridge does not attend meetings for the sake of creating disorder like some of the "Kelly Gang" and, therefore, John's invitation for me to ascend his platform on Sunday last was mock heroism; for Saturnus knew at the time that I was presiding at a much larger meeting in James's street. If John really wants me on his platform, let him send me an invitation to attend his next meeting held in public, and I shall be only too happy to respond to such an invitation and give him every satisfaction. His threat to whip me out of the works would effect nothing; although his influence with the Board might secure my dismissal. A sparrow beating a partridge would indeed be a rare sight. I must keep an eye out for the man with the lash; but if John wishes to stop my criticism, he must either change his conduct or kill me. His reference to the recent strike and my good job were both unfortunate; for I would to-day occupy a better position had not one of John Saturnus Kelly's own brothers scabbed during the strike and was given the job that I then held. He had two brothers and other relations that scabbed on that occasion; and they may all thank John S. now for opening up old sores. The trade unionists who are backing this Free Labour organiser had better examine their conscience, or I may have to assist them in that operation in a later issue of THE WORKER. In conclusion, I merely wish to add that it affords me no pleasure to dig up a man's misdeeds; I would rather bury them deep if his present conduct showed repentance and conversion; but when he persists in a wrong course, then the past comes up in judgment against him. And by what will a man be judged if not by his own record?  
WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

[The Workers' Catechism on National Insurance, which I had hoped to have ready this week, is unavoidably held over, as I was too busy to complete it. I shall send it on for next Saturday week.—W.P.P.]

M. SULLIVAN, Boot Maker and Repairer, 62 1/2 Lower Sandwith Street, Hand-Sewn Work a Speciality. Best Leather and Workmanship Guaranteed.

### ANTI-VACCINATION—A WORD TO THE WORKERS.

It is desirable that readers of THE IRISH WORKER should be made aware that no man or woman can be prosecuted in Dublin for refusing to have their children's lives endangered by submitting them to the repulsive operation of vaccination.  
Let every reader of THE WORKER make this fact known as widely as possible, for officials of the Dublin Poor Law Unions are sending out threatening notices in defiance of the orders of those Boards.  
Will any person within the area of Dublin receiving one of those notices kindly forward it to "Treaty Stone," WORKER Office, who will undertake to deal with it.  
TREATY STONE.

### CAUTION.

The Pillar House,  
31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,  
—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—  
BARGAINS BY POST.

We do cater for the Working Man. No fancy prices; honest value only.  
Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs  
A SPECIALITY.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD  
Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer  
Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.  
Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.  
LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS  
19 North Earl Street and 24 Henry Street Dublin.

WORLD'S FAIR  
6 1/2d. BAZAAR,  
30 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.  
Established over 20 years. Everything possible for 6 1/2d.; Cheap and Good.

Comfortable Lodgings for  
Respectable Men  
3/- WEEKLY,  
7 Marlborough Place, City.

CORK DAIRY, 117 St. Britain St.  
Branches—1 York street, 11 Queen street, 19 High st., 213 St. Britain st., 62 Charlemont st., where you can get Best Value in BUTTER, EGGS and Milk at Lowest Prices.  
Proprietor: MICHAEL GASTLAND.

HORAN & SONS,  
85 & 88 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET,  
58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET,  
6 SOUTH Lotts ROAD, BEGGAN'S BUSH,  
AND  
1, 2 & 3 SEAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT,  
Give Best Value ever Offered.  
Quality, Full Weight & Best Competition.

Encourage Irish Work.

GET PHOTOGRAPHED  
AT  
Finnerly's, ESTD. 1903,  
Studios:  
46 HENRY ST. and 77 AUNGIER ST.,  
DUBLIN.  
Best Work—Lowest Prices.  
This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. off Retail Prices. See our Stall at all Bazaar and Public Fairs.

BOOTS FOR MEN, Best Oak & Chrome Boots at  
6/11 as sold elsewhere at 8/11.  
Hand-Made Bluchers at 4/10  
AS SOLD ELSEWHERE, 6s.  
THE SMALL PROFIT STORE,  
78b Talbot Street.

**CURTIS,** **PRINTER,**  
LETTERPRESS & LITHOGRAPHIC  
12 TEMPLE LANE, DUBLIN.  
High-Class Work. Moderate Prices. Telephone 2462.

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

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Goulding's and their Women Workers.

Some time ago a letter was published in THE IRISH WORKER giving a description of the conditions under which the women had to work there and the wages they received. It is pleasing to note that since the insertion of the letter conditions have been greatly improved. Now we find that the buildings where the women work is heated throughout with hot-water pipes, which greatly adds to the comfort of the workers. Again, the three old women who have worked in Goulding's for many years and who had according to rule, to be in at work at 6 o'clock in the morning, now have not to be there until 9.30 a.m. What is still more pleasing both to those interested in the women workers and to the women themselves, is that although their hours have been shortened their wages have not, they still receive the 8s. per week.

We are glad to see that some of the employers in Dublin are blest with a small share of humane feelings. A little more kindness of heart and consideration on the employers' part would be the means of lessening the friction which exists between employer and employee.

On Monday night, January 29th, 1912, a meeting was held in the Labour Exchange for the purpose of nominating a delegate to represent the women workers of Dublin on the Irish Trades Board. Miss D. Larkin was unanimously elected as the Dublin representative. The first official meeting under this Act is to be held in Belfast, on Wednesday, Feb. 7th, 1912. This is certainly a step in the right direction to help the women workers.

Notice to all Women Workers.

It is most important that all the women workers of Ireland should make it their duty to join the Irish Women Workers' Union. Under the Insurance Act this union will become an approved society, and through this means all women workers will receive the full benefits of the Act.

All sections of women workers are eligible to join the Women Workers' Union. Entrance fee, 6d.; subscription, 2d. per week.

The first practice of the Irish Workers' Choir was held in the Antient Concert Room, on Thursday, February 1st, 1912. There was a large attendance, and the choir master was exceedingly pleased at the earnestness and ability of those present. The committee have decided to hold practices for the present, every Thursday evening at 8.30 sharp.

All communications for this column to be addressed

"D.L."

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

We notice the following poster in every street in the City:—

DANGER.

The frequenters of Cinematograph Theatres are warned against the danger of attending these places when unskilled or inferior employees are in charge. In the Grafton, the Sackville, and the Volta Cinema Theatres scabs are taking the places of the men who were locked-out, for asking for the wages they had earned in working overtime during Coronation and Christmas weeks.

Mr. Huisk, the imported manager of these places, objects to paying men for the work they do. Until the dismissed men are reinstated and paid the wages due to them, it is your duty to keep away from these places. There are other Picture Theatres in Dublin, and you cannot be compelled to support any that employs scabs. Show Mr. Huisk what you think of his action by deciding to keep away from the Volta Sackville, and Grafton Picture Houses.

"No Dublin Employes," says Mr. Huisk! "No Dublin Audience," say the Workers!

HONOUR WHERE HONOUR IS DUE.

In the "Evening Telegraph" of Wednesday, January 31st, 1912, appeared a paragraph animadverting on the alleged rescue of a young lad, on Monday, by Councillor Hopkins' son. Now for the facts:—

The boy, Thomas Hutchinsan, was rescued on Sunday from the death trap and open sewer Broadstone Canal, by young William Deegan and Mat Hutchinsan, brother of the boy rescued. This is the second life saved by Deegan, whose meritorious action should receive a fitting reward. The "Telegraph," as usual, in the scamp.

MANLEY'S,

The Workers' Provision Stores,

37 Great Britain St. and 3 Stonybatton,

The Houses for Quality and Value.

Best Mild Cured Bacon, 6 1/2d. and 7 1/2d. per lb., by the side. Choice Dairy Butter, 1s. 2d. per lb.; the talk of the town. Our Eggs are the finest in the district, and can always be depended upon—large and fresh.

All our Goods are sure to please the most fastidious.

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By AN SPAILLIN FANACH.

THE LANGUAGE DEMONSTRATION.

The advisability of continuing the Language Demonstration as an Annual Event was considered at a recent meeting of the Delegates of the City Branches of the Gaelic League held at 25 Rutland square. Mr. Padraig O'Daigh, General Secretary, who was present at the meeting, stated that the Executive were of opinion that the Demonstration should be held every second year, and that instead a public meeting to inaugurate the Annual Collection throughout the country should be held in or about St. Patrick's Day. On a division it was decided to hold the Procession and Demonstration next September as usual. During the discussion Michael O'Loaigh is reported as having said that the Demonstration was freely criticised by people who gave no assistance whatever to the Committee. What about appointing those who were loudest in their denunciations of last year's Language Procession on this year's Language Demonstration Committee, with Harrington, the Editor of "The Independent," thrown in? As there is hardly a likelihood, for some time at least, of jobs going in the Dublin Corporation that energy might be expended upon behalf of brothers or other relations, such latent energy might be, with advantage, applied to making the Demonstration a success, and getting, say, the poorer classes to take a more active part in it than they have done up to this.

THE DUBLIN FEIS.

The Dublin Feis Committee is to be congratulated upon their work in connection with this year's Feis. It was decided at a recent meeting of the Committee to hold the Annual Feis Cahill on Saturday, the 16th of March. The Inter-Branch Competitions will be held on the week commencing the 22nd of April; School Competitions on Saturday, the 27th of April. The open-air public competitions in singing, dancing, language, &c., will take place on Sunday, the 6th of May.

A special feature of this year's Feis is the Eire Og Competition, which are open to all children under 15 years of age attending Irish Classes in Branches of the Gaelic League, Boy Scouts, A.O.H., Daughters of Erin, &c. It is hoped that the Classes of the various Societies will enter for these competitions. Full particulars will be found in the Syllabus, which will be ready in the course of next week.

LEISURE IN THE DUBLIN SCHOOLS.

At the last meeting of the Dublin Coiste Ceannair (District Committee) a long discussion took place with reference to this question of Irish in the Dublin schools, and the feeling generally prevailed that the Dublin Gaelic League should enter upon a determined crusade in the matter. It was suggested that the parents be interviewed and be asked to express their opinion. We have no doubt that the parents are in thorough sympathy with the work of the Irish Revival Movement, and we would suggest that an open-air public meeting be held, which will convince those who may require proof of the wishes of the parents as to the teaching of Irish to their children.

FEILIRE NA GAERHUIOIR.

The Gaelic League Almanac for 1912 contains much useful information for Gaelic Leagueurs. The List of Notable Events in Irish History, which forms a special feature of this year's edition, could be improved upon, however. The Almanac is published at 3d., and may be obtained from the Gaelic League, 25 Rutland square.

ARTHUR'S LATEST.

"We take it that according to last Mr. Daly's comital to prison is right," says Arthur in this week's issue of his paper "Sin Féin". What law, might we inquire? Arthur has been telling us for years that no laws not sanctioned by the "King," Lords and Commons of Ireland can be binding, &c., &c. Or is Arthur beginning to acknowledge British law at last? But we are forgetting. Arthur is now a man of property. What do the Sinn Féiners think of this latest outburst of their President?

We have been requested by the Secretaries of the Oireachtas Committee to publish the following:—

AN T-OIREACHTAS.

THE GREAT ANNUAL GAELIC FESTIVAL.

There are new rays of light in Ireland which have not some idea what the Oireachtas is. A Gaelic League Festival would probably be the definition of a large number. And this definition, though vague, is true, so far as it goes. The Oireachtas may be regarded as the summing up of the work of the Gaelic League for the year. To it come members of the organisation from all corners of the country to compete in story-telling and recitation, in singing dancing and instrumental music. At it the southern, western and northern meet in friendly rivalry, each doing his utmost to enhance the fame of his native district. The scene is sufficient reward for the energetic teller. Here he sees the fruition of his labours, and if many have had been occasionally dependent, the glances of the Oireachtas fill him with hope, and he resumes his good work with redoubled energy. Since its inception in 1897 the Oireachtas has grown by leaps and bounds. That first Oireachtas was no doubt, a rather unpretentious gathering; still it was the shoot of the tree which was to spread its branches all over the land, and its expansion since must have been a surprise to its promoters. Every year it has increased in usefulness, and new features have been added. Oireachtas week is at present something to which the Gaelic League looks with pleasant anticipation. The Committee in charge of this year's Oireachtas have been meeting regularily since September last, and have already accomplished a large amount of work in connection with it. The syllabus of competitions will be ready for issue in the course of a few days. Special care has been taken in its compilation so that opportunities are being offered to all to show their talents. It is hoped that the number of competitors will show a marked increase on that of previous years. The lack of confidence in themselves seems to be the cause of many would-be competitors not interesting themselves in the struggle for supremacy. Once this is shaken off the road becomes easy. An August has been found to be an unsuitable date for the Oireachtas it has been decided to hold this year's one during the first week of July. It has further been arranged to hold the Sagradh Gaedheil or Gaelic League Carnival—which has proved so successful in the two years it has been held—in connection with the Oireachtas.

The union of the athletic and intellectual phases of the Irish Ireland movement will appeal to all. In the days of Ireland's glory her great fairs were meeting places for her athletes, bards and scholars. It is hoped to emulate this splendid idea of our forefathers, and the attempt should be productive of much good. The organising of this year's Oireachtas and Carnival will entail a large amount of energy. The idea seems to prevail that once a capable committee is in charge of a fixture everything goes well. No doubt this is true to a great extent, but a committee, however capable, never spreads help. On the contrary it welcomes it. One of the fascinations of the Irish-Ireland Movement in general is the fact that there is room in the ranks for all. Everybody can lend a hand in the splendid work. It is in the Oireachtas. No matter how capable and how energetic the committee in charge may be, there is still room for outside help. The possibilities of the Oireachtas have not a fully realised as yet, though every year we see a stride forward. The Oireachtas has not yet become the mighty National gathering it should be, and no doubt will be one day. In the hastening of that time each unit of the Nation can take a part, and are requested to do so. No matter in what part of Ireland one resides he can forward and help the work of the Oireachtas. Much might be done all over the country in stimulating likely competitors. If this were done the Oireachtas would be conducted more keenly than at present, and many promising writers, singers and story-tellers enticed to the fair. Much could likewise be done in the matter of explaining the nature of the Oireachtas to all and sundry. It is an institution of our

own creation, and one of which we may justly feel proud. The more that is known about it, and the more who become interested in it, the greater will be its success and its beneficial powers in the uplifting of the Nation. It is our bounden duty to zealously guard our old-time institutions, as also these new ones which are a source of strength and hope to us. They are the property of us all, and on all devolves the duty. Let then each one do his share in making the forthcoming Oireachtas a success. The labour will be a labour of love. If this be done we may rest assured the results will surprise even the most sanguine.

All Communications for this column to be addressed "An Spaillin Fanach," care of Editor, IRISH WORKER.

"An injury to One is the concern of All"

THE IRISH WORKER AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, FEB. 3RD, 1912.

Farce or Tragedy—Which?

It is twelve midnight by the clock, and a clear, frosty night. We light our pipe stir up the coals, and sit down to put our thoughts concerning the week's doings on paper. There is little need, we think, to make any further apology for the abrupt manner in which we took leave of you last week, suffice it to say that nobody but a madman—well, at least, according to the present standard of development—would attempt to run a weekly sheet under the conditions we have had to endure since the appearance of our first number. The worst punishment we would mete out to our enemies—and they are many—would be to compel them to undergo the tortures we experience and still keep smiling. Their punishment would not fit their crime—still one cannot have everything even in this world. All those who agree that forgiveness be extended even to ourselves, poor sinners, or as Celestine Edwards, the intemperate coloured Protestant evangelist, used to pray: "Save all souls, Lord; save even the Irishman. Yes, Lord, for even the poor Irishman has a soul." I have often thought, by the way, that there was a deep meaning in that nigger's prayer. You see how he qualifies his supplication about the Irishman—"even the poor Irishman has a soul." In fact, I believe there are too many alleged-Christians in this country would subscribe to the coloured blasphemer's statement—nay, would go farther, and they would say that the poor Irishman has neither a body to be kicked nor a soul to be saved. Well, some day the riddle will be explained. In the meantime all those who agree with motion to forgive say "aye." The Lord Mayor declares the "ayes" have it—not the salary, of course, which we come to without further delay. Yes, which we come to but never get. They call what we get wages—we call it fasting and abstinence, for one half of the week we have to abstain, and the remainder of the week we are fasting, whether we like it or not. Then, readers, think of the feelings of your humble scribe to hear those intellectual gentlemen who control our civic destinies talking hour after hour about the need—dire need—of a Lord Mayor with his £3,687 per year; or, as the resolution reads, from the 23rd day of February to the 23rd day of February one man gets £3,687 to play fast and loose with. Or to put it another way, Councillor Sherlock, Lord Mayor Elect, who accepted the job (I say job advisedly) with a salary attached, now condescends to tell the 300,000 odd people in Dublin that he will allow the people who pay the salary (they ought to be damned if they do) to audit £2,000 of the £3,687; but the honourable gentleman, Councillor Sherlock, said he would not allow his wife's accounts to be gone into by anybody. If he received the £3,687 as salary he would not object to an audit in respect of £2,000 of that sum, but he would not allow his wife's accounts to be gone into. Oh, wise young judge!—another suffragette Lord Mayor. We hope we may be honoured in subscribing to another christening mug in the coming year. Why should Lord Mayor Farrell monopolise all the good things in life? But pause a moment. Why divide the salary thus—£1,687 for the better half, £2,000 for the lesser half? What hath the Women's Franchise League to say? This is sex disqualification with a vengeance. When we get our wages and venture home and timidly tender nine-tenths to her who must be obeyed, we know if we dared to suggest that the honoured lady who deigns to suffer our presence should submit her accounts to audit there is no rock big enough, pit deep enough, to hide us from her just vengeance. Friend Sherlock—we drop the Councillor—in this we are as one. Our deepest sympathy goes out to you. Man may propose, but not this year if he hath sense; but woman, the mighty auditor, disposes—aye, even of the £1,687. Audit or no audit, we begin to see some meaning in the presence of Councillor Miss Harrison. What were 79 mere men in the hands of one woman Councillor? And what were a high, mighty and valiant Lord Mayor, Captain of His Majesty's Foot, in the hands of his better half? (The preceding sentence seems to have something to do with feet and mouth disease arguing from the con-

duct of the present Lord Mayor). And then to relieve the dull monotony of life and increase the gaiety of the citizens, our critics have ascended to high places, platforms, &c., descended to low places—the columns of the evening lyres and daily dustbins—and beat their breasts, tore their hair, and howled like the Pharisees of old. We are not like unto these Labour men—we are democrats. There is John Saturnus Kelly, friend; Councillor P. Mahon, trade unionist friend of T. P. Cullen, scab, Chairman Mountjoy U.I.L.; W. E. Stewart, skunk; and our friend (moyrah) William Richardson. What a galaxy of talent! Richardson, a man is known by the company he keeps. You don't like our action on the salary's question. You don't like our action on the election of Lord Mayor. You don't like our action in laughing your motion standing in the name of Councillor A. Byrne, with reference to the Glasnevin scandal, into oblivion. In fact, William Richardson, we begin to believe you don't like and won't like anything we do; and maybe your connection with the scabs' shelter—Mountjoy Branch of the U.I.L.—explains your dislike. Anyhow, William, you are not the earth. You take yourself too seriously.

The Labour Party is not out to put silly, futile resolutions on agenda papers. They are out to emancipate the working class, and William, it is always well to quote correctly. The Town Clerk did not say he would not attack vested interest. The Town Clerk stated what is obvious to the meanest intelligence—aye, even to Councillor A. Byrne's intelligence, supported as it is by the ind fatigable William Richardson—that he, the Town Clerk, would not make an ass of himself and the Council by attacking a vested interest by a Private Bill; that he would not allow himself to be surcharged one penny stamp; nor would he lose one hour in attending a manual admiration society meeting to draft a Bill which would never see the light. The Town Clerk further said—"If this Council means business let them introduce a Bill into Parliament establishing a Municipal Cemetery, as they have the power to do, and I (the Town Clerk) will take their instructions and advise them to the best of my ability, for which I am paid."

The idea of a private member introducing a Bill, when we know that private members of the British House of Commons during the life of the present Government have had allocated to them to date ten days; when you know further that the Government themselves have had to throw overboard no less than 150 bills, and when you realise that this suggested Bill of Richardson's was to be a heresy by William Field, M.P., who could not persuade his own Party to grant the same benefits under the Insurance Act extended to Ireland as enjoyed by England, Scotland, and Wales. Well, time is short and space is valuable; but if William or any of his friends desire further enlightenment upon these and other matters, we will be glad to meet them either indoors or outdoors and let the democracy judge; or this is what the Labour Party have done. They have exposed the trickery, and shown the way the Corporation is manipulated. They have carried a resolution that all tradesmen must be employed from the society governing that particular trade. They have carried a resolution that the balance of £2,000 remaining from the sum allocated in estimates last year to pay the present Lord Mayor £3,687, which was reduced to £1,687, be expended immediately in cleaning the streets, and that 100 men be employed during the coming week, they to be kept on for twelve continuous weeks. They have gained not only the confidence but the respect of thousands who were opposed to them—an honest party, a clean party, an independent party.

As for the other honest gentlemen, our critics, we leave them where we found them, still wallowing in the mire. They are no use to God nor man, however useful they may be in voting salaries for their confederates.

CANTY'S CORNUCOPIA.

We have been somewhat amused at a cutting from the "Evening Telegraph" professing to be a report of an annual meeting of the Corporation Labourers' Trade Union (moyrah!), which required the services of no less than two chairmen, one of whom is of no small account in his own estimation—I refer to that useful and adaptable gentleman known as the Lord Mayor of Dublin, Alderman Farrell. This truthful report states that 900 members attended. Well, all I can say is that the walls of the Corporation Hall must be elastic as the Lord Mayor's principles or ex-Councillor Canty's consciences. The report goes on to say that Jim Larkin was nominated in opposition to the Honorary (!) President and only got one vote; if it were true that Jim Larkin was nominated it was without his knowledge and consent; and, further, if the nomination was valid, why did not the gentleman who was to be opposed and who was acting as chairman of the meeting let the matter be decided by a ballot vote? No; Jim Larkin holds a position into which he was elected by a ballot vote of the members of a Trade Union—mark, friend Farrell and Canty, a Trade Union.

And then came the piece de resistance, the nomination of Secretary, in opposition to the present person who abuses that office. Mr. F. T. Daly was duly nominated and seconded by two financial members of the Union. The seceder of the motion was immediately attacked in a most brutal manner by an organised gang. Instead of the Lord Mayor carrying out the rules of the Union and appointing tellers, he decided his tool was elected; and then

when the nominator and seceder of Mr. F. T. Daly demanded, as according to rule, a ballot vote, pandemonium broke loose all sorts of charges were bandied about, and when the decent members saw that there was no utility in saying any longer retired. Then the boys thought they had it all their own way, and the intelligent chairman, Mr. Tarleton, then moved that friend Canty be elected for five years—why not for fifty years.

Of course, the Chairman, who is an authority on standing orders, rules, etc., accepted the motion, notwithstanding the fact that the rule states definitely to hold office for one year, abouted out, all these who agree say aye. Some foolish fellow shouted 'No,' and then a rush was made at him, hands and feet tried to impress their view on him.

The Lord Mayor cried out, "Don't forget I am Lord Mayor of Dublin." We don't forget; in fact the universe is cognizant of the fact, and the knowledge is not flattering to Dublin. Well, the secret to this pleasant little function will be known later, the men who are out to see this matter through will not be bulldozed by any gang or clique. Last night a Mr. Condron, B.L., was in close consultation with the committee. Mr. Canty wants a libel action taken. Mr. Canty will get a fall and proper opportunity to explain things, and the explanation will not conduce to his comfort.

We also want to know things. Mr. Canty, we are informed, made certain statements anent our position in this matter. During the last five years deputation after deputation from the Corporation Labourers waited on us with reference to the way they had been treated. My advice on all occasions is the same as now. Stop in your society and change it. Last week again our advice was asked. Again we advised constitutional matters. Mr. Canty wants a libel action. Well, if to tell the truth is libel, Mr. Canty will have opportunities GALORE during the next few weeks.

BALANCE SHEET FOR YEAR ENDING 31st DECEMBER, 1912.

Table with columns for Balance to credit December 31st, 1910, Contributions, Quarterly Levies and Amusements, Interest on funds invested, Interest on Bank Deposits, Repaid by Band, Restitution, Rent from Benefit Society, Refunded by late Ald. Dowling, half cost of painting front. Total Expenditure, Balance to credit of Union.

Table with columns for In Corporation Stock, Deposits in Savings Bank, Cash in hands of Treasurer, Total.

EXPENDITURE.

Table with columns for Mortality Claims, Accident Claims, Discount, Deputations and Delegates, Secretary's Salary, Caretaker's Salary, Doctor's Salary, Assistant Secretary's Salary, Treasurer's Salary, Chairman's Salary, Auditors' Salary, Trustees' Expenses, Printing, Stationery, and Stamps, Expenses re Amusements, Light and Fittings, Bakes to Meetings, Carriages and Wreaths, Funerals, Repairs to Hall, Repainting Hall, Newspapers and Periodicals, Telephone Charges, Advertisements, Preparing Reprieve Petition, Delegates to Trades Congress, Election of Trades Congress Delegates, Election of Committees, Uniform for Caretaker, Substitute for Caretaker while on leave, Affiliates Fees Trades Council and Trades Congress, Parochial Dues, Trades Council Banquet, Meetings in Mansion House and Trades Hall, Ducors Bills re Messrs. Dowd and Gallagher, Tickets for Banquet, Presentation to Bro. Doran, Grants from Body to Band re Manchester, etc., Expenses re obtaining Annual Leave for Workmen, Grants to Sick Members, Grant to Schools giving Breakfasts, Grant to Secretary re Council Canvass, Grant to Workmen's Temperance Committee, Grant to Irish Language Committee, Grant by Body re Waterford Meeting, Grant by Body of Legal Expenses (Secretary).

Table with columns for Grant to Dominick street Boys' Sodality, Grant to Moran Testimonial, Grant to Wexford Strikers, Grant to Bakers' Society, Grant (Special) to Holy Faith Schools, Christmas Boxes—Dustmen, 10s.; Carvtaker, £2; Postmen, 7s. 6d., Trimming for Banner, Stewards' Badges, Parnell Demonstration, Telegram to Limerick, Office Furniture, Registration of Revised Rules.

FRANCIS O'HANLON, Treasurer. MICHAEL CANTY, Secretary. We have examined all Books and Vouchers in reference to the foregoing and found them correct.

JOHN KANE, Auditor. PATRICK MOKEON, Auditor.

Question 1. Seeing that you paid £210s. per week, what do you do with the 31 per cent quarter charged on each member according to quarterly bill? Question 2. What is the explanation of item expenses re obtaining annual leave for workmen, £10? Question 3. Delegates to Trades Congress, £18 16s. Question 4. Deputation and delegates, £45 18s? Question 5. How much do you and your fellow-delegates receive for attending Trades Council meetings, seeing that on Monday last you spent exactly twenty minutes in the Trades Hall? Question 6. How much did Councillor Fox get from the society during the last financial year and what had he done for it? Question 7. How much did your election cost in North City Ward? How much per vote? When you have answered these we will ask a few more.

Corporation Labourers.

The report of the general meeting of above, held at 24 Winetavern street, on Sunday, the 28th ult., and chronicled in the "Evening Telegraph," on the 30th ult., contained the significant expressions "noisy," "howls," "deafening," "booms," and a threat of "proceedings," presumably legal ones, against somebody. The hon. gentleman who prepared the report did not quote or misquote Shakespeare, this time. Fancy, 900 men packed into the west hall in Winetavern street, to the accompaniment of howling, booing, and a continuous, and by no means amiable, cross fire of such epithets as bloody fool, damned rogue, grabber, liar, "bogus balance sheet," etc., etc. There was no legal or bona-fide election of officers, and but for the presence of the duplex-President, the meeting would be as impossible as it was illegal. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor (Alderman J. J. Farrell) is an ordinary member of the Union. His name appears with six others on page 14 of the rule book for the registration of rules, notwithstanding Mr. Canty's declaration to the contrary, in a letter to the "Evening Telegraph" some time ago. Lord Mayor Farrell is also Hon. President of the Union. This will obviate the necessity of keeping his card clear, or is he ashamed to acknowledge being an ordinary member. I was within arms' length of where the Lord Mayor stood on Sunday, and beyond his partisan addresses to meeting, after and before each proposition, absolutely nothing could be heard of what was taking place. There was no free discussion. There was no free voting. Both were impossible. About a quarter of an hour after the Lord Mayor's entry, a member, who dared to express his own opinion, was howled down, and an unsuccessful attempt, accompanied by a free fight, the only free affair in the whole proceedings, made to eject him. He must have been "winded" in the melee, for I did not hear his voice afterwards. Yes, Mr. Jim Larkin was proposed for the Presidency, against Lord Mayor Farrell. But the "Telegraph's" report says there was no seceder. No, nor would there be a proposer, but the Canty-Farrell clique did not know what he was up to until his proposition was made. If Winston Churchill would only get this clique pecked in a hall in Belfast of the same compass as 24 Winetavern street, they certainly would howl down the most dauntless Orange mob—provided he could secure a good chairman. If there were 900 men at the meeting certainly 600 were in favour of P. T. Daly; but there was no vote taken. It could not be taken, owing to the pre-arranged rowdiness. There were not six members present who knew what was taking place, and repeated inquiries from members standing around you, as to what was happening, brought the unvarying reply—"I don't know."

Paradoxical, as it may appear, the meeting and balance sheet contributed two items of hope for the future of the society, one was the FREE FIGHT, the other an item of RESTRICTION. A petition will be lodged with Dr. O'G. Miley, Assistant Registrar for Ireland, to nullify the whole of Sunday's very regrettable proceedings. As the contemplated inquiry will cover more than Sunday's proceedings, it is not necessary to point out here the complete disregard of rules revealed by a study of the balance sheet Sunday's victory is surely a Phrynic one.

Nelson Pillar Standholders.

We were amused on passing the Nelson Column on Thursday morning to see a poor creature of a man who, we afterwards were informed, was a Mr. Bartholomew Healy, fruit dealer, of 83 Parnell street, trying to oust the poor, hardworking standholders who for years in all sorts of weather, under the most trying conditions, have been trying to eke out an honest living by selling fruits at the Column.

The John Carroll Fund.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Irish Worker £1 1 0, Cab Aird £1 0 0, etc.

DUBLIN CINEMA THEATRE STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER. Sir—The following letter was sent to the "Evening Telegraph," in reply to one from Mr. R. T. Jupp, but was refused insertion:—

DEAR SIR—A letter appears in your columns of last evening, dealing with the above subject, written by the Managing Director of the Company owning the theatres that are in dispute with their men.

It is written from London, and the writer complains that his Company is called a rich English Company. He admits it is registered in England, therefore I take it he means that instead of it being a rich Company, it must be a very poor one.

He makes a great point that all the work has been done by Dublin firms, i.e., the buildings, electrical fittings, uniforms, etc. It matters not who built the houses, or whether the clothes were made in Dublin or not, but what does matter is that the men who build the houses and made the clothes should be paid Trades Union wages a matter that I have very grave doubts about; also that the men on strike worked for a considerable number of hours overtime for which they were promised extra pay, the same, when asked for, being refused, leaving the men no option but to strike till their demands were acceded to.

Mr. R. T. Jupp complains that the men did not write to him about the matter. If they had done so I guess the result would have been the same. These things are left in the hands of the local managers.

It is quite probable that the men in dispute had never heard of Mr. Jupp before. In conclusion, let me state that I consider it the duty of every Trades Unionist to keep away from the halls in dispute until the men are reinstated.—Yours faithfully, VERITAS.

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Re-Housing the Workers of Liverpool.

Liverpool spent something like £900,000 since 1890 in re-housing the people and clearing out the slums. Average rent of houses erected by Liverpool Corporation:— 1st floor. 2nd floor. 2rd floor. 4th floor 4s. 6d. 4s. 3s. 9d. 3s. 6d. Three rooms to each floor.

This is not 1s. per room, but they are getting very close. The average room gives close on 1,200 cubic feet of space. They also have done something to get at the end of the drink course. EVOLUTION OF THE TAVERN

Now for the public-house. I need not enter at length into the history of the licensing affairs in Liverpool. The policy of free trade in licences, which resulted in the addition of 424 public-houses, has been followed by a vigorous crusade redudancy, more particularly within the last 16 years. During this period 612 licences have been wiped out, chiefly from the poor districts. At the close of 1906, 20 existing licences ceased to exist, reducing the total to 1,979 for an estimated population of 750,000, an average of one licence for every 375 people, compared with one for every 235 in 1890. Thus the reduction of drinking facilities proceeds apace.

A GAIN TO HUMANITY. The gain to the city by the improvement of the conditions under which the people live cannot, however, be estimated in coin of the realm. It is already producing a magnificent return in the saving of life. The rate of mortality in the transformed areas has fallen from 60 to 25 per 1,000, and the tendency is bound to be downward. A healthier race is springing up, and just as surely as the sun now shines upon, and fresh air now circulates freely through, these 2,000 new dwellings, so surely are the morals of the people being elevated, and their aspirations for a high standard of living stimulated.

Just a word relative to the measures that have been adopted for the protection of the health of the city. In 1867 it was a custom for about 64,000 tons of filthy refuse stored in ashbins and middens to be awaiting removal. To-day nearly 32,000 sanitary ashbins are in use, and six huge mechanical destructors are engaged daily burning the refuse. Within the last ten years between 500 and 600 cellars have been bricked up by the City Engineer's department. Since 1901 over 10,000 infants have been fed on supplies from the Corporation's sterilised milk depots. These varied activities in the demolition of insanitary areas, the supervision against overcrowding and other conditions of living detrimental to health, and the precautions taken to lessen the infantile death-rate have resulted in a great diminution in the loss of life. The annual rate per 100,000 of the population of deaths from scarlet fever since 1896 has been 291; in the preceding decades it stood at 479, 761, 1,599, and 1,350. Typhus has fallen from 7,482 deaths 50 years ago to 251 last year; and the rate per 100,000 of deaths from measles in the same period has dropped from 724 to 475; whooping cough from 1,076 to 487, smallpox from 376 to 28, and phthisis from 3,507 per 100,000 to 1,827. Meanwhile the population has increased from 444,000 to over 690,000.

Despite all that has been done there is great scope for improvements. The very fact that the medical officer feels justified in declaring that squalor unequalled in all Europe exists in our city, whatever may be the cause, coupled with the revelations I have endeavoured to describe, ought to rouse the whole community to a clarion call for enhanced social betterment.

Some of the causes of poverty in Liverpool, compiled by a society called the Food and Betterment Association, Rowntree and Sherwell, give practically the same figures:—

Table with 2 columns: Cause and Percentage. Includes Lack of and irregular work, low wages 45, Drink 15, etc.

It is significant that the figures of Prof. Amos G. Warner, analysing poverty in the leading cities and towns of the United States, entirely bear out the above findings.

At Wexford Quarter Sessions on Friday, during the hearing of a workman's compensation claim, Judge Barry made this scandalous statement—"MY DEFINITION OF A WORKINGMAN IS A MAN WHO DOES THE LEAST AMOUNT OF WORK IN THE WORST POSSIBLE MANNER." Was not this outrageous allegation more applicable to the Government hack who uttered it? The Irish worker is the most conscientious being on the face of the earth, and receives the worst recompense. It was the same Judge who dealt with honest Wexfordmen for no other charge than watching "scabs" assisting tyrannical foundry owners to break the spirit of the men who made their wealth. It is unnecessary to give his decision in view of the above.

Stamp out the Stamp.

Dublin Shopkeepers' Protection Association, 84 Camden street, January 30th, 1912.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR,—The members of this association desire me to convey to you their congratulations for the success you have attained in exposing in its true colours the pernicious system of stamp trading, which has deceived alike the public who obtained them and the shopkeeper who gave them out. It mattered little to the proprietor who paid the piper; he was winning all the time.

The few intelligent shopkeepers that met at 41 Rutland square found it a hard task to convince their brother shopkeepers of the evil of such a mean device; but long live THE IRISH WORKER and all honour to its editor, Jim Larkin. When the matter was brought to his notice the stamp men (save one mark) were warned off, and, if I remember rightly, THE IRISH WORKER'S last word was they must clear out.—Yours faithfully, C. LEYDEN, Hon. Sec. Shopkeepers' Association.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER. 30th January, 1912.

SIR,—Mr. Birrell desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 29th instant asking him to receive a deputation from the Parliamentary Committee of the Irish Trades Union Congress with reference to certain matters in connection with the labour dispute in Wexford. In reply, I am bound to inform you that Mr. Birrell's visit to Dublin is necessarily very brief, and that his time is too fully occupied to admit of his receiving the proposed deputation.—Yours faithfully, T. P. LE FANU.

Anonymous Criticism.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR—I should not have taken any more notice of your many references to me in your issue of last week than of those in previous issues, but for two reasons not directly concerning myself. First, my father was not an Englishman. Though a Conservative in politics, he was a true Irishman, in his own way as proud of his country as any Nationalist could be, and I shall thank you to drop any further references to him. Unless, indeed, it is to become a new article of political faith, that the son of an Irish Conservative CANNOT be an Irish Nationalist—in which case it would be well to strike out of our history the names of a good many illustrious men, whose example we are at present enjoined to follow.

I am quite indifferent to what is said about myself. There seems to be a few small minds in Dublin who find amusement in inventing stories about me, and as they cannot injure or annoy me, it would perhaps be a pity to deprive them of that amusement.

But all these stories about my drafting loyal addresses, drinking loyal toasts, taking, or even being offered jobs in connection with children's treats, being turned against by John O'Leary (whose friendship I was proud to enjoy to the day of his death), and so on, are not alone untrue, but their want of originality makes them wearisome.

They were invented a few years ago, in a time of some political strain, were inquired into at my request, and shown not to have one word of truth in them. They are revived now for less worthy because more personal motives.

I was at the Leeson street Bridge at the entry of the late Queen of England, for reasons which would bring me there again to-morrow if the circumstances were similar, regardless of what might be said by thoughtless or spiteful people. I have been over thirty years working in Irish National life without playing to the gallery, and I am not going to alter that course because of any of that form of shooting from behind a hedge—anonymous criticism.

But though careless as to what is said about myself, will you permit me (for this brings me to the second reason for my writing to you), to strongly deprecate the uncalculated references in your columns to a number of your men who are doing their best for Ireland's cause in their own way.

I know you have been misled into publishing these, for some of the references run dangerously near (having regard to recent articles in the London Press) that most despicable of offences—felon-setting; and your most prejudiced opponents would, I am sure, admit that you would never knowingly countenance that degrading work. As you know it now, I need say no more.

Yours faithfully, FRED. ALLAN.

The above letter was forwarded on December 13th. Owing to some error it was not opened until last Saturday. Personally we regret that any reply should be held over. This paper will always give both sides of the question whatever our own personal views.—Ed.

Usher's Quay Ward Election.

FARREN'S (Labour Candidate) Committee Rooms:

51 JAMES'S STREET.



A MASS MEETING

In support of the Labour Candidate, THOS. FARREN, will be held on SUNDAY, 4th FEBRUARY, 1912, at 5 o'clock, in RIALTO.

All Labour Councillors will attend.

DANIEL HANNON, Chairman.

His Majesty King Muck

After a glorious and dignified struggle Noodleland had submitted to the rule of King Muck. A few aliens and irresponsible who still protested, had been conveyed to the frontier amid the acclamations of the people. The Great Folk and Leaders and Teachers of the nation greeted His Majesty's first speech from the Palace on the Hilltop with cautious favour and pallid gratitude.

"Noodles," he began, "here I am, my army in your chief city, my fleet in your greatest harbour, and I myself upon your venerable throne. Your greetings have touched me sincerely. The late unrest, thank God, has subsided, and fitting recognition must and shall be shown to the spirit of a people which by the dispensation of rightly-ordered circumstances has changed the form of government. Your ancient banner of Simplicity shall fit from the topmost turret of our common palace. A council of watchful ones, judiciously selected by and from the wisest amongst you, shall control the affairs of our kingdom. I think that no sensible and really educated man or woman can object. During the late and trouble your wisest opposed me. I deplore the fact, but pay tribute to the noble means.

They rejected your traditional keensmiting swords, your rapid long-headed spears, your magic sheltering shields, because a traitor in our own camp had forged a small quantity of similar weapons and conveyed them in person to the army which so lately resisted us. I am aware a few aliens and irresponsibles hailed him as a hero and raised a monument above his grave after the last great struggle in the west. But your wisest upbraided them, and ordered all swords and spears and shields to be flung aside, saying, 'May we perish before we accept aid from an enemy. There is certain contamination in such a thing.'

"Much bloodshed, sorrow, and suffering have been averted in this way. 'My subjects, I shall prove not only grateful but generous also.' The applause of the listening crowds, the sound of drum and trumpet, the restrained approbation of the watchful ones made the heavens ring.

"Now," said his Majesty, waving his royal rale, "let the standard of this sagacious race be hoisted in the eyes of all." But, alas! some knave had deamped with the flag-staff—an alien or irresponsible, doubtless—and every noodle knew that his banner could not float from any other flag-staff in the world.

"I shall never force my own standard upon these merry and whimsical folk," exclaimed the King when the watchful ones told him how matters stood. "Happily, my brother, King Slime, possesses a rather similar banner, the standard of Servile Segacity. My brother would gladly surrender it in admiration of your good deserving traits. Accept it, my subjects! After all, there is but a slight difference between the two. Is there not?"

"There is something to be said in favour of your Majesty's proposal," assented the watchful and wisest. "Ye y well," cried the people, and a messenger set off post haste to King Slime with his Majesty's request, which, of course, received a brotherly and expeditious assent.

In the meantime several aliens and irresponsibles had strayed amongst the crowd assembled before the Palace on the hilltop, murmuring seditious things as such wretches are wont to do.

The watchful ones, having no intention to be hasty, seized them and did justice to his Majesty's good qualities and premises. "Better any flag than no flag," they urged on the captives, hanging the "nose" and commending the "eyes."

At this stage, an old man near the gallows, remarked aloud, "Sirely, you are all mad! The flag of Sir Percy does not belong to true noodles. Before the watchful ones and King Muck himself were heard of, our ancestors proudly flaunted the banner of Sunny Wisdom. You have all become either lunatics or liars!"

General consternation ensued. "Hang the rascal!" cried the watchful ones. "Imprison him!" suggested the mildest of the wisest. "Tut, tut!" interposed his Majesty, "let the old boy be. I do not war against age." "Magnanimity," "Friend of Freedom," "Comfort of dotards," barked through the admiring throng.

In due time the flag of Servile Segacity floated over the Palace on the Hilltop and King Muck reigned in Noodleland for long golden years.

But the old man crossed the frontier and reasoned at length in a most eloquent manner with the surviving aliens and irresponsibles upon the duty of invading Noodleland and dislodging King Muck. His counsels prevailed.

One fine morning the Noodles awoke to find the invaders marching upon the capital, bearing the once-discarded keensmiting swords, the rapid, long-headed spears, and the magic, sheltering shields. Above their weapons floated the banner of Sunny Wisdom. King Muck's army appeared in full flight before them. "Let us wait and see," said the watchful ones, as they climbed to the top of his Majesty's Palace.

King Muck's forces rallied in vain beneath the city walls. Victory belonged to the banner of Sunny Wisdom, and King Muck received an order to leave the country within two hours. "We fear your Majesty must go," said the watchful ones. "The gate is up. Farewell! A safe voyage." "You are right," answered his Majesty. My sojourn here shall be always one of my happiest memories." And he departed, followed by a strong body of attached citizens.

"You should not have inconvenienced yourselves on our behalf," murmured the needles to the victors. "You are the salt of the earth," cried the watchful and wisest. "How our vision was darkened!" The noodles lived peacefully ever afterwards.

Irish Bacon, Butter and Eggs. Customers can always rely on the quality of our Goods at a moderate price, careful attention to orders and prompt delivery. NOTE ADDRESS—TIM CORCORAN, Capital T House, 27 North Strand Road.

WANTED ESTIMATES For the making of 50 New Band Uniforms, to consist of Tunic and Trousers, Dark Blue Irish Serge; Green Piping; Trade Union Labour. Reply to Secretary, St. James's Band, 7 B. defect St-ec.

WORKMEN'S CLUB, 41 YORK ST. Grand Annual Pantomime: 'Ye Merry Robbers;' or, 'The Bottle Imp.' WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th February. Admission, 3d., 6d. and 1s. (Reserved).

IRISH Stationary Engine Drivers' Trades Union. All members of the above are requested to attend a Special General Meeting on Thursday next, 8th February, in Trades Hall, Capel Street, at 8 o'clock, for important business. Absentees fined. JOSEPH FINEGGAN, Secretary.

FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment 54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Established more than Half-a-Century. Office, Hearers, Coaches, and every Funeral Requisite. Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House. Personality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

STRIKE AGAINST BIG PROFIT!! Try R. W. SHOLEDICE For Watch and Clock Repairs. Cheapest and most reliable House in the trade, 37 HIGH STREET (OPPOSITE CHAPEL). Special Low Terms to Workingmen.

EVERY WORKINGMAN SHOULD JOIN St. Brigid's Christian Burial Society, RINGSEND. Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality Benefit. Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'clock. One Penny per Week. Estd. 50 Years.

ward. Nor did they quite forget their former monarch. Amongst the ruins of the Palace on the hilltop one may still see his Majesty's statue and read below the inscription:—"In Memory of KING MUCK. Here he rested a while. Once we were fools; now we are noodles." Overhead flaunts triumphantly the banner of Sunny Wisdom. CRIMINAL.

Can Law be Law when based on wrong? Can Law be Law when for the strong? Can Law be Law when landlords stand Rack-renting mankind off the land? By "Law" a landlord can become The ghost of every worker's home; By "Law" their little bits can be Dark dens of dirt and misery; By "Law" the tax upon their toil Is squandered on an alien soil; By "Law" their daughters, sons, and wives, Are doomed to slavish drudgery's lives; By "Law" Evictions, dreadful crimes, Are possible in Christian times; By "Law" a spendthrift Lord's intents Are met by drawing higher rents; By "Law" all food-producing glens Are changed from farms to cattle pens; This is your "Law" when by a few Are shielded in the deeds they do.

CORPORATION COMMITTEE. A Special Meeting of Council was called for this day, Friday, at 1 o'clock, to deal with two resolutions, one by Alderman Dr. M'Walter condemning the rancous system of choosing Lord Mayors, &c. and the other, in our opinion, one of the most important resolutions that could be discussed, namely—alteration of the hour of meetings and committee from noon until evening. This question of evening sittings has been approved of by the majority of the members of the council, in their election and other speeches. Only 15 members attended, and meeting was counted out. Seeing that it is necessary to have 56 members to agree, our friends are congratulating themselves on again disposing of this awkward question. Wait and see.

BELTON & Co.'s After-Stock taking Sale

Gathers force daily. A complete "wreck" of prices and profits. Tremendous Reductions all round. A gallant rescue will be made by keen buyers from far and near in Ready-to-Wear Clothing, Shirts, Socks, and all classes of General Drapery. All Shop Soiled Goods nearly given away.

BELTON & CO., Drapers, 48 and 49 Thomas Street; 35 and 36 Great Brunswick Street. We are the Cheapest People in the Trade.

**Chr. FARREN,** Boot and Shoe  
FACTOR,  
41 NORTH KING STREET.  
*Cheapest House in the City for Boots and  
Shoes of every kind.*

Men's Superior Quality Chrome Boots, Solid Leather,  
at 8s. 6d.; and Men's Solid Leather Working  
Boots at 6s. 6d. a Speciality.

**P. KAVANAGH & SONS,**  
7 & 37 WEXFORD STREET,  
New Street, Dean Street, Coombe, and Silverside  
Mill, Rathbarney.

Wholesale and Retail  
Provisioners, Grocers, Beef and Pork  
Butchers,

Manufacturers of Sausages and Fancy Meats.  
Office and Factory—74 to 78 COOMBE, DUBLIN.  
All classes of Grain for Feeding Purpose ground  
at the Mill. Best Quality Goods, and after that  
Prices as Low as possible. That is our idea of  
successful trading.

IF YOU WANT  
A GOOD DINNER  
AT MODERATE CHARGES, GO TO  
**Henry's Restaurant**  
15 & 17 GREAT BRITAIN ST.  
Good Beds. Terms Moderate. Cleanliness a speciality.

**TOM CLARKE,**  
TOBACCONIST AND NEWSAGENT,  
75 Parnell Street and 77 Amiens Street.

Keeps a full line of Tobacco and Cigarettes  
manufactured at home in Ireland by Irishmen.  
THE LUXE WOMAN and all other newspapers  
on sale.

**N. J. BYRNE'S** Tobacco Store,  
39 AUNGIER STREET  
(OPPOSITE JACOBS'),  
FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

**PROVISIONS!**  
For the Best Quality at the Lowest  
Prices in Town, GO TO

**KAVANAGH'S**  
180 Nth. King Street, 41 Summerhill  
and 9 Blackhall Place.

**COAL.**  
For Best Qualities of House Coals delivered  
in large or small quantities, at CURT PASCOE,

ORDER FROM ..

**P. O'CARROLL,**  
BLACK LION,  
INCHICORE.

**WE SELL  
FOOTWEAR.**

Honest Boots for the man who works—  
Boots that will give Good Hard Wear.  
Army Bluchers, 5s. Superior Whole-  
Back Bluchers, wood pegged, 6s. Strong  
Lease and Derby Boots, from 4s. 11d.

**BARCLAY & COOK,**  
5 South Great George's Street, and  
104/105 Talbot Street, Dublin.

If you have not the ready money con-  
venient there is an IRISH ESTABLISH-  
MENT which supplies Goods on the Easy  
Payment System. It is THE

**Dublin Workmen's Industrial  
Association, Ltd.,**

10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.  
OFFICE HOURS—10.30 to 5.30 each day, Mon-  
day, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9.  
Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.

MANAGER—ALBEMAN T. KELLY.

"AT"  
**LEMASS'S,**  
Hatters and Outfitters,  
2 and 3 CAPEL STREET.

Support **RUSSELL'S,**  
The Family Bakers,  
Trade Union Employers,  
RATHMINES BAKERY.

**ALL TRADE UNIONISTS**  
Deal with **McQUILLAN** For Tools,  
36, CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN.

THE HAUNT OF TRADESMEN AND FRETFWORKERS.

**The Insurance Act Swindle.**

Are the Irish Workers Asleep?

A special meeting of the Dublin Trades  
Council was held on Monday, January  
22nd, to consider the "advisability" of  
forming an approved society [under the  
Insurance Act.

In the absence of the President, who is  
presumably in London (being instructed in  
the duties of an Inspector under this  
precious Act), the chair was taken by  
Mr. Christopher Timmons.

Mr. O'Lehane is reported as saying  
that "It was futile now to attempt to  
oppose the Act even if they wished to do  
so."

Mr. Larkin is reported as saying that  
"The newly-appointed Commissioners  
would shortly be back in Ireland. They  
were now over in London being taught  
by men who really did not know anything  
about themselves."

Truly "the blind leading the blind."  
Here we have it confessed that this  
Insurance Act is at best a doubtful ex-  
periment, and the only consolation we get  
is that we might as well make the best of  
a bad bargain.

Now, speaking frankly and fully, with-  
out evasion or reservation, I, as an in-  
dividual worker, refuse to accept this as a  
satisfactory answer.

I fail to see why my "leaders" should,  
in the name of trade unionists, accept as  
a "boon and a blessing" an Act which  
strikes at a vital principle in trades  
unionism.

The Truck Act has always been re-  
garded as a most important one by the  
trades unionist. One of the principal  
provisions in the Insurance Act that will  
"give the power" to an employer to  
"make deductions from the employees'  
wages destroys at one stroke the freedom  
of the employer, for, mark it, the employer  
is the person held responsible under  
penalty of £10 for seeing that the em-  
ployee pays the contribution under this  
Act.

In other words, the employee is not  
given the opportunity of putting into  
force the much-boomed policy of passive  
resistance, which received the tacit ap-  
proval of Mr. Lloyd George when the  
Nonconformist Conscience objected to  
paying the School Board Rates in Eng-  
land before the accession of the present  
Government to power.

This has been cleverly provided against  
by making the "employer" responsible  
for the payment of the workers' con-  
tribution, and by so framing the clause  
dealing with the matter that he can re-  
cover the amount, or failing that, dismiss  
his employee without being liable to an  
action for wrongful dismissal.

And what are we given in exchange—a  
miserable few shillings per week in case  
we are obliged enough to stay sick longer  
than four days, and 5s. per week for life  
"when we are dead"—to all intents and  
purposes.

The time has come for plain speaking  
on this question. The workers of Ireland  
have been humbugged by men, trades  
union officials, Foresters and Hibernians  
into accepting this bastard measure, so  
that the aforesaid officials of all three  
sections might get "jobs," "jobs,"  
"jobs."

Were I, as one worker, to follow my  
direct inclination I would fight this  
out by refusing to pay the contribution,  
but there I am faced by the difficulty  
that my "employer" is forced to deduct  
from me, or be "muled." The ingenu-  
ity displayed in this clause is on a par  
with the action of the Government—the  
"liberal" (God bless the mark) Govern-  
ment, which prosecutes and imprisons  
P. T. Daly in Wexford, because he is  
fighting there the battle of trade unionism,  
while running away from a few titled  
corner boys in Belfast. Of course it  
must be remembered that our trades  
union leaders are too busily engaged in  
touting for jobs under the Insurance Act  
to be concerned with the attack on the  
elementary rights of freedom and trades  
unionism in Wexford.

In the words of "O.F."—"Our shep-  
herds have become our shearers."

"May the Lord put sense into our  
woolly heads."  
WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

**WEDDING RINGS,**  
Engagement and Keeper Rings  
IN GREAT VARIETY.

Ladies' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gents'  
Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gents' Silver  
Watches in Hunting Cases, 22s. 6d.  
Warranted 3 Years. English Lever  
Watches, 8 holes jewelled, compensation  
balance, Hall-Marked Silver Cases,  
£2 2s. 6d. Warranted 7 Years.

Best House for all kinds of Watch Repairs  
Double Bell ALARM CLOCKS, 2/6.

**ALFRED ROCK,** Watchmaker and  
Jeweller,  
141 Capel street & 38 Mary street,  
DUBLIN.

**BRAY DOINGS.**

Bray possesses so many unique features  
in its physical beauty, in its political and  
social status, that it would require one of  
more than ordinary literary acumen to  
do full justice to its many-sidedness. It  
stands pre-eminent for its Pagan pride  
and its huge debt; in the number and  
variety of its organisations; in its deplora-  
ble poverty and its outward boast of  
wealth; in its social grades into which it  
is divided, wherein twopence-halfpenny  
disdains even a bowing acquaintance with  
twopence, and twopence would feel its  
dignity irretrievably lost by having to  
acknowledge three-halfpence as an equal.  
And so it comes to pass, despite the  
genius of its officials, who in theory are  
subordinate, but in practice are the masters  
of still greater geniuses, the councillors,  
and its many other advantages, poverty,  
deep and widespread grows apace in the  
congenial ground of its respectability.  
Nor is this to be wondered at. The chief  
aim of its middle class, the one dominant  
idea which obsesses those people, is to  
make Civil Service clerks of their sons,  
and their efforts fail in fifty per cent. of  
cases through lack of brains, and the  
other fifty per cent. succeed through the  
influence of Freemasonry.

The workman has been rarely  
thought of except at election time, and  
he is then discovered to possess a virtues  
and efficiencies that at other times he  
thought he never could lay claim to; but  
he soon discovers it was only a temporary  
hallucination of his would-be benefactors.  
The one absorbing problem of the  
moment is unemployment, and in a place  
where, at the best of times, it is spasm-  
dic, presses with particular severity in  
the present condition of the labour market.  
The building trade, the only one in the  
district, has been at a stand-still for years,  
and the only reason that can be assigned  
for this state of affairs, with any regard  
for truth, is the high rates which prevail  
in the township. He needs to be no acute  
observer or deep student of sociology to  
find out Bray's weak point. Men are  
compelled to stand idle at the corners,  
pregnant women faint in the festid atmo-  
sphere of slumdom, children run hungry  
and barefooted on the streets, laying the  
sure foundation for future disease, and  
the latest creation to succour the helpless,  
to find employment for the employable, to  
in any way ameliorate the lot of our less-  
favoured fellows, dazzling us with the  
splendour of its illuminosity, and aving  
as with the divine-like inspiration which  
prompted it, is a committee to guard us  
against the seductive charms of a certain  
class of literature, in a word, to act as  
censors of our public morals. A com-  
mittee self-elected, ignorant, and pre-  
sumptions, without even the saving grace  
of disinterestedness, piped its little tune  
in view of the elections, but has since  
remained discreetly silent; and though  
no one regarded it in any other light than  
an electioneering move, many were sur-  
prised they could hoodwink two clergy-  
men. The present Council boast of its  
great achievements in the interest of Bray,  
but poverty, want and grim, outpaces  
even the hypocritical superlatives of our  
Councillors, who ask us to believe that  
Bray is progressing by leaps and bounds.  
It is not a congenial task to be for ever  
pointing out the follies, absurdities, and  
mistakes of one's countrymen, but if a  
man's enemies are of his own household,  
then we have no option but to "scotch"  
the enemy at the first available opportunity.  
What the workman most needs now is  
unity and organisation. With these two  
weapons there is no abuse he cannot re-  
dress, no reform he cannot achieve, and  
while bettering his own condition, do jus-  
tice to all. The need for organisation is  
every day becoming more apparent, and  
if he fails to avail himself of this all-  
powerful weapon he possesses less sense  
than one usually attributes to him. The  
parable of the man and the bundle of  
sticks is simply illustrated in every-day  
life. I shall return to the consideration  
of Bray affairs next week.  
IRISHMAN.

**DUNDALK.**

By the time THE WORKER will be in the  
hands of its readers Carroll's tobacco  
workers will have completed their fourth  
week of enforced idleness.

According to Carroll they were idlers  
when at work, and not worth more than  
one shilling a week though he paid them  
four shillings a week. If it is true that  
Carroll could do this and grow rich, there  
must be a very large percentage of some  
very cheap material used along with the  
tobacco leaf in the manufacture of twists,  
plugs, &c.

A Carnegie might spend some of his  
ill-gotten millions by paying wages to  
workers, one-fourth of which they did not  
earn, and still be a millionaire; but his  
habit of exporting workers would prevent  
him making the experiment.

Carroll could not do this and turn out  
manufactured tobacco from pure tobacco  
leaf. Every one who hears the yarn smiles  
broadly. His yarn about the wages that  
the scabs can earn on piece-work rates will  
by this time at all events be placed on a  
level with the former. At the meeting  
which was held in the Market Square on  
Tuesday night the crowd was reminded  
how men in such circumstances as Mr.  
Carroll endeavoured to make the public  
believe that the scabs have given them the  
greatest amount of satisfaction in the

quantity and the quality of the work they  
were doing. During the great dock  
strike in Liverpool and Glasgow the  
owners of the big American liners told the  
public that they were getting their work  
done satisfactorily, while their ships were  
carrying backward and forward the same  
cargoes, and the goods, such as flour, bacon,  
&c., discharged into the sheds and not  
delivered before the strike broke out were  
ready to walk out without assistance. But  
the employers were perfectly satisfied with  
the work they were getting done. Carroll  
has imitated the shipowners in more ways  
than this—he is housing the scabs inside  
on his premises.

Some of them come out occasionally  
to see their friends. I believe that last  
week one came out to see her sweetheart,  
and with a police escort this brave young  
fellow conducted his lady love back to her  
scabby retreat. Well, there is one thing  
I feel will not happen, and that is, the  
evil the scabs have done will not be for-  
gotten in Dundalk. They have long  
memories, especially of crimes committed  
against popular movements.

The "stag" is a name I have never  
heard anywhere else. In Dundalk it is  
the name given to an informer, and the  
great-grandchildren of the informer are  
sometimes spoken of as the descendants  
of the stag so-and-so. It is an ugly name,  
and so is scab. But the thing the scab  
does is uglier than the name indicates.

I have not met anyone, and I have  
spoken to intimate acquaintances of  
Carroll's, who have a word to say in de-  
fence of his treatment of his workers.  
Everyone admits that 4s. a week is not  
wages for the youngest girl he employed,  
and it is also admitted that if all his  
workers had acted together he could not  
resist the just claim made on him for an  
increase in wages, and that if he did resist  
he would have to do like Pierce the per-  
vert—shut down altogether. But he has  
so far been assented to resist his workers'  
claim by the assistance of some of their  
fellow workers.

The scabs have helped him, as scabs  
have helped many others like him; the  
scab is, therefore, the aider and abettor  
of the oppressor of the poor and the de-  
fruder of the labourer. What greater  
crime than against a popular movement  
could anyone be guilty of? And is not  
the aider and abettor of sin as guilty as  
the sinner himself? And, oh! the mean-  
ness, the unspeakable depths of meanness,  
to which they who scab descend.

At the meeting already referred to the  
resolution of the Dublin Trades Council  
re the prosecution of Mr. P. T. Daly was  
adopted by acclamation. When a call was  
made for all who were against it to signify  
the same there wasn't a solitary voice  
raised, even the members of the R.I.O.  
who were present letting it go forth that  
they favoured it.  
MICHAEL M'KEOWN.

**KINGSTOWN, BRAY, and DEANSGRANGE.**  
(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.)

At Kingstown, since the new rates  
regulating the tonnages have been arrived  
at, there appears to be a far better feeling  
prevailing amongst all concerned. It is  
common property at Bray and Kingstown  
that the cost of living is greater than at  
other places where the conditions are  
better, the wages higher, and the rents  
below those at this port. Coal has gone  
up to an alarming price.

Men with 17s. to 18s. per week, paying  
3s. 9d. to 4s. rent weekly, coal 1s. 9d. a  
bag at your door, expected to keep a  
family of five or six on such a wage is  
deplorable to think of. Is it any wonder  
they appeal for an increase of wages to  
help them in their endeavour to eke out  
a miserable livelihood.

Coming on to Deansgrange, I find the  
branch there doing well since its removal  
to the Upper Grange, where the members  
have games to amuse, when the other  
business of the Union is not in progress.  
Bray Branch continues to do good work  
and is steadily increasing in member-  
ship.

Petty questions are invariably cropping  
up along the line, but are soon set to right  
again immediately the matters in doubt  
are brought under the notice of the  
various officials.

Several meetings have been held with  
members in the various branches, and  
their grievances brought under the notice  
of their District Secretary, and the ques-  
tions are being attended to and negotia-  
tions pending in relation to same.

**A MASS MEETING**

WILL BE HELD IN  
Beresford Place, on Sunday Next,  
A 1 O'CLOCK,  
TO PROTEST

Against the action of the Government  
in connection with Wexford Lock-out  
and arrest of P. T. Daly.  
It is the duty of every Worker to attend.

BUY YOUR DAILY BREAD AT  
**THE WORKERS' BAKERY**  
CORNMARKET.  
Made by Trade Union Bakers.

**EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.**  
SWEETEST AND BEST.  
THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

**Correspondence.**

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.  
SIR—Were you ever out of work and  
hungry? I am. As I wander about I  
notice the names of the traders over their  
shop doors in Irish. I have no money to  
enter and buy the food my stomach craves,  
and without money I don't suppose they  
would serve me—even if I asked for what  
I need in the Irish tongue. I am not  
complaining of Irish characters over the  
shops. I am not complaining that the  
patriotic traders won't give me what I am  
unable to pay for for nothing. They—  
poor devils—have the landlords and the  
bank usurers to contend with. I am com-  
plaining of cant and humbug.

I know dozens situated like myself—  
no doubt there are hundreds, perhaps  
thousands, in Dublin. Our natural right  
as men is to be allowed to work to live—  
the right to work. Well, I complain that  
our leaders will about themselves hearse  
on the subject of changing the name of a  
street from an English-sounding one to  
an Irish name, but when the change is  
made, and when it rains the mud on that  
street gets into my broken old boots just  
the same and makes my feet feel as un-  
comfortable as ever. I am an Irishman  
born, but I do not know a word of my  
mother tongue. When I am working I  
have no time for anything but my master's  
work and the necessary sleep. When I  
am not working I am too busy looking for  
work and too hungry to laze. If you  
want to make patriots of men like me,  
sir, you must secure for us the right to  
live like men first. To me nothing mat-  
ters until a Right to Work Bill becomes  
the law of the land.

Well, excuse me, sir, for trespassing on  
you. I fear you will think me an un-  
patriotic creature for writing as I do, but  
I am weary and disheartened, and I want  
the right to work—the right to live.  
Good-night, I will retire to my luxurious  
bed to dream of plenty of work and plenty  
to eat.—Yours truly,  
UNEMPLOYED.

**LAND AGITATORS.**

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.  
SIR—Our friends the capitalists profess  
in their varying moods a dread of or con-  
tempt for the paid agitator. They would  
have the workers believe that an agitator  
is a very dangerous person, but if the  
agitator adds to the crime of agitating,  
that of receiving payment, then he is quite  
beyond redemption. When my life of  
dividend earning for capitalists comes to  
a close if I had the chance of returning to  
this terrestrial ball and selecting a career  
for myself, I should unhesitatingly select  
that of an agitator—a paid agitator.

The capitalist neither understands the  
paid agitator nor their paymasters of the  
working class. The capitalist fancies the  
few metal discs, called money, paid  
periodically to the agitator is his regard.  
What a mistake. The agitator can win  
the dirty discs aforesaid at almost any  
calling he chooses, because he is in-  
variably a man of ability and energy. No,  
the agitator's real reward is in the hearty  
hand-shake and the grateful good-will of  
workers he leads and whose rights he  
agitates to obtain and retain.

The agitator's reward is the esteem and  
affection of the common people.

The agitator's reward and greatest  
happiness is the knowledge that his  
Creator has given him the power and the  
inclination to wage incessant war against  
injustice and wrong.

The wretched huxtering capitalist is  
always ready to financially ruin an op-  
posing capitalist—it is smart, it is playing  
the game. The capitalist will and does  
without compunction pay men and women  
insufficient to keep body and soul to-  
gether. The workers have a better  
system—they set an example to the capi-  
talist by paying a living wage to those  
whose services they require, such as paid  
agitators. Ah, my dear capitalists, if you  
had no Jim Larkin, no Tom Mann, no  
Ben Tillett—all paid agitators—to contend  
with, what a happy world this would be  
for you. Alas, for you, the paid agitator  
has come to stay—to stay until the capi-  
talists' fangs are extracted and until his  
claws are properly pared and rendered  
harmless. The workers have discovered  
among other things that it pays them to  
pay their agitators and advocates.

You pay thousands of scribbles to  
write lies in your newspapers to mislead  
and confuse the uneducated worker.

We, the workers, cannot pay one of our  
own class to represent and speak for us  
without you, with your tongue in your  
cheek, trying to make him appear an in-  
terloper and a fraud. You can cajole us  
no longer. We are proud of our paid  
agitators in victory; we console and cheer  
them in defeat. This old threadbare  
taunt of "paid agitator" is played out.  
The capitalists are welcome to their  
heroes—the Rockefeller's, Carnegies and  
Pierpont Morgans. The heroes of the  
working classes are their paid agitators.  
QUIXOT MARCH.

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