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 G.P.O. Transmissible through the post in United Kingdom at newspaper rate, and to Canada and Newfoundland at magazine rate of postage.

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 9.—Vol. III.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JULY 19th, 1913

ONE PENNY.

Women's Work and Wages.

A Glance at a Great Scandal.

By "EUCHAN."

The sub-heading to this article hath much virtue in it. In the space at my disposal I can do no more than glance at the great subject of women's work and wages, and yet I hope to make it quite clear that in this matter lies one of the greatest scandals found in the world to-day-if, indeed, it is not the greatest.

In this year of grace 1913 it is decreed that a vast army of women must be found in the competitive labour market. We may deplore the fact, but we cannot deny its existence. We may piously believe that woman's place is in the home, but we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that modern industrialism has created another place for her in the factory and workshop. We may love to talk of honouring our women folk, but that does not prevent the modern capitalist from sweating them.

In this question of women's work and wages we are faced with such a complex hotch-potch of pious ethical ideals and rotten economic actualities that the most clear-headed amongst us are apt to shrug our shoulders and leave it severely alone.

We dare not leave it alone. Something must be done and done speedily to end the scandalous conditions under which women work and suffer at present.

I say "work and suffer" advisedly. Charles Kingsley once wrote that-

Men must work and women must weep. If he were living now he would have to revise that, for women to-day both work

and weep. Modern capitalism has sucked women into the vortex of industrialism where it batters them and smashes them for profit, and all the time the capitalist apologists hold their hands over their hearts and say that they are doing a good and laudable

work in "providing work for girls at all." The damnable thing is that public opinion agrees to a large extent with these apologists. The public evidently think that employers of labour have done more than enough in "providing work for girls" without providing the girls with decent

wages for doing it.

The attitude of the mass of the public on this question is, I must makly confess, absolutely beyond me.

It is freely admitted that where an employer engages men he is doing so to consult his own interest and for the welfare of both himself and his business; and yet, where an employer engages women to do his work, we find it stated that he is not doing it for his own interest but because he is some sort of a benevolent philanthropist

I have yet to meet the employer who will carry his philanthropy on patriotism inio his business. That "there is no sentiment in business" is an old and universally accepted truism.

In the face of it, does anyone seriously believe that any employer of labour, say in Dublin, is running his business for the sake

Men have written songs for Ireland, men have fought for Ireland, men have died for Ireland, but the merchant is not born who will make chocolate or even

embroidery for the sake of Ireland. There is no sentiment in business. It was Wolfe Tone who said: "Merchants, I see, make bad revolutionaries," and Tone knew his men. A revolutionary is a sentimentalist, full of ideals, of hopes and ambitions for something he loves better than himself. A merchant on the other hand has no sentiment, neither has he any ideals. He may have hopes and ambitions, but they are for his own advance-

ment and aggrandisement. A revolutionary may make history, but a merchant wants to make nothing but "bawbees." Let the notion, then, that any merchant. of the City of Dublin is out trading for the good of his country be east out of your

mind as so much bluff and bunkum. He is out for the good of his own pocket and devil a ha'porth-else. This idea that employers providing labour for girls and women are public.

benefactors is the most fallacious piece of absurdity that ever afflicted the minds of man. The pregnant fact is that employers setting up a business that will employ women and girls exclusively are out for cheap labour and high profits and knows

that with girls he can obtain both. This fallacious reasoning regarding the employment of girls by alleged public beneficiaries is not by any means confined

to Ireland. Quite recently a large Leicester firm of woollen glove makers employing girls exclusively started opening branch factor es in the South of Scotland. In every little town where they went prospecting they were hailed as though they had been direct messengers from heaven They took care always to open in towns where women's labour could be had in abundance, and consequently, at a minimum of cost.

One town I know of went so far as to offer them temporary premises in the citizen's property practically rent free, and you may be sure the speculating firm snapped at the chance.

Now, does anyone imagine that this Leicester firm came prospecting into Scotland because they loved the mountains and the heather or the bonnie lassies that dwelt there? Rubbish! Banish the thought! They came to Scotland simply because they found that to extend their own factories in England would cost more than they cared to pay, and, besides, the English girls by organisation had forced the utmost farthing out of them in the way of wages. Smaller rents and lower wages to their employees are the reasons that took them to Scotland, and yet they have been accepted in the small Scottish towns where they have already penetrated as

philanthropists and as patriots.

Now take the case of Somerset's that we are hearing so much of in Dublin just now. This firm have large premises already in Belfast. They are not paying large wages in Belfast by any means, yet to accept the common jargon of the time, they "paying good wages for women."

This firm make up their minds to extend their business, and without the slightest regard for sentiment they decide to come to Dublin where they hope to find an abundance of girls willing and anxious to work for next to nothing. Take note, please, that Somerset did not come to Dublin for Dublin's good, but for their own profit. To achieve this profit more abundantly they pay those "fortuna'e" girls whom they employ in Dublin at a much lower rate than they are already paying in Belfast. A nice little scheme, you will agree, and quite a pretty stroke of business altogether untinged with sentiment, but There is Harold, with more money than there was one little matter they forgot. They forgot to reckon that the Dublin girls might not be so green as the firm would like to have them. The girls objected, and quite properly, to be sweated for next to nothing and they came out on strike of their own accord. The girls did not see why they should be martyred for the sake of Somerset's profits, because working girls, just like working men, have only their labour to sell and they must get the highest price for it.

Somerset's, out of chaprin at seeing their nice little kettle of fish upset, cry out that they were only doing a work of piety in opening the Dublin branch at all, and that if Dublin will not appreciate their charitable-intentions they must just go back to Belfast.

Personally I don't believe they will go back, and that they are playing this game of bluff knowing that the Dublin Press are blackguard enough to aid and abett them. But even if they did go back, what then? Certainly they dare not attempt to pay the Belfast girls the miserable apology for wages that they attempted to pay the Dub in girls, and the pleasant task of working for next to nothing is already well enough provided for in Dublin without the aid of Somerset's.

If a business firm want to further Irish industry it must surely look to the general welfare of its employees as well as to the holding capacity of its own pockets. An alleged Irish industry that can only pay its employees at the same rates as a Jewish sweater, may as well be established in Jerusalem as in Dublin for all the good it is going to do the Irish workers, and they after all are the backbone of the nation.

The whole modern outlook upon women's work and wages wants to be drastically altered. At present it is so oblique that it positively squints.

A good deal can be done by workingclass girls in organisation just as has been the case with men, but for a complete overhau'ing of the whole question we must depend on legislation.

This can only be done when we have women themselves exercising the legislalative rights of citizens.

May that day speedily arrively, 2

LIVERPOOL LANDING STAGE

WHERE MARGHING ARMIES HALT,

BY SHELLBACK. The Liverpool Landing Stage, at all times and all seasons of the year, presents a spectacle that to the average man or woman is much more interesting than the sensational or weird tableau of fiction or drama. Apart from those whose business takes them there, even on the coldest day of winter, there are always some who are treading its deck, always some one coursing along its length, bent on missions of love as often as of business, fleeing from justice as often as seeking pleasures, or satisfying an abnormal craving for sights or experiences foreign to the ordinary walk of Even in the teeth of a howling storm some are to be seen who, with hand on hat, or crouching under the lea of some sheltering bulwark, are bold enough to taunt the elements with its powerlessness to harm them, and so mighty is the stage that they can do this with impudent impunity, though the angry river may gather up its pigmy seas and hurl them in their thousands against its timbers and drench its deck with a smother of sprays.

The summer day, of course, attracts crowds of sightseers, of love makers, and those anxious to obtain the supposed benefits of the Mersey sample of fresh air, and in this connection there is quite a lot that can be said for it as an ideal place to spend an hour or two when the sun spreads its rays upon the river, whose yellow surface is smooth and actually pleasantly innocent looking, and when the sharp little steamboats engaged in the coasting and the ferry service fussily glide to and discharging and loading up crowds of people, among whom the various hued dresses and bright tints of colour makes all seem cheery and glad, and when the stately liner, all glorious in new paint and waving flags, in slow majesty comes alongside to receive the motley crowd of passengers who here step off Europe to face a passage across that belt of desolation to the unknown and mysterious culmination of their dreams, far beyond the setting sun. Of course there are others. There is the mob of first-classers, who arrive by a sumptuous train, and by an airy bridge that allows them to escape contamination, find their way to the steamer. sense, going for a season to the Rockies, and Algernon, heir to an encumbered estate and tired of the figure dancers of the metropo itan music halls, dutifully off to find a Chicago pork packer's daughter, with enough money to free him from his pressing liabilities in return for the very doubtful privilege of

becoming his wife. There is also the disappearing public official, whose absence will bring many anxious moments to his one-time colleagues, and the eloping parson, with his wayward chorister, besides many other spendthrifts and tricky speculators who are off to throw sand in Brother Jonathan's eye in his own house, or, incidentally, be plucked to the marrow on their own account, to say nothing of the lady cardsharpers and female blackmailers, who in these steamers find many opportunities of inveigling love sick old as well as new bloods into compromising tangles, in order to make an honest living. However, with this class of "our be ters" we are not concerned, neither will the State promenaders be much

troubled by them, Firmly held in position by the massive chains and the iron girders and bridges that serve the dual purpose, the State forms an artificial extension of the city boundaries of such vast importance to her present day life that one cannot help but wonder what Liverpool would

be like without her Landing Stage. Yet, it is not in her character as a monument to marine architecture that the stage appeals, as much as in the important part it plays in the transportation of the discarded and crushed out thousands of Europe's industrial population who, fed up with the dross-like value of a parochial patrioti m, pass through this narrow gateway to become citizens, and possibly true patriots, if not alien paupers, of a new and foreign country. There exists no spot in the whole world that witnesses the passing of such a flood of strange humanity as that which daily treads the planks of Liverpool's Landing Stage. No where in the whole world is there such a continual flow of hopes and dreams and ambitions as for ever rolle down the stage approaches

holds till they are crammed tight with a human cargo. No where can one find, within such narrow confines, a more representative trooping of the different types of Northern Europe, or observe the different characteristics of face form, dress, or civilisation of people so widely apart and so opposite in manner training and general acquirements, than is presented by the ever rushing torrent, fleeing from Russia, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Hungary, from the regions of snow, from the fertile plains from the forest lands, from the manufacturing centres, from the mountainous valleys and hills of the Old World, rushing in a tumbling, squeezing, officially directed, never resting army, away to the gildedleaden shore of a new land, where their dreams and hopes will be consumed in a struggle, that will bring them but little pleasure and a full stock of regretful memories of the old land they have left Here is the be-whiskered and worldwandering Jew with his Rachel and their young brood, from whose travelsoiled clothes and belongings a fishy scent exudes, that imparts quite a noticeable "tang" to the air about them. Here is the stolid-faced, fair-skinned, Scandinavian, the fur-capped, skinclothed peasant of Czar-ruled Russia, the top booted Hungarian, and many other types, each with their female complement and their young families, each exhibiting their different national characteristics, cheek by jowl with the assertive Britisher, who at last has consented to forget the National Anthem Ireland, of course, is always well represented among these flowing thousands, but true to that old trait of our countrymen that makes them appear to be never so much at home as when they are abroad, they generally succeed in adapt, ing themselves to their surroundings, fearfully strange though they may be True, there is one reason for this bright ness-to-morrow they will have an op portunity to feast their eyes once more upon the green glad hills of Ireland, a pleasure denied to their fellow voyagers, who have long since looked their last upon their native land.

and overflows into the maws of yawning

Over the Stage they troop, this exodus of a continent. On the gangways to the steamer's decks, where they spread out on every hand, hauling begs and boxes, that contain all their worldly store, wherever they go. Wondering and fearful, as if in an enemy's country, guided by no regular methods of which they are acquainted; without any interest in anything beyond the fact that at last they are on board ship, at last the great decisive step has been taken, and they clamber on the rail or any point of vantage they may be able to secure, and look back on that stage, though with them it can have no ties, either of love or sorrow, as one looks on the coffin of a life-long acquaintance that is just about to be committed to the grave, while they may be experiencing in the back of their heads the first tingling doubts as to whether the next land they step on will prove in reality the golden land of peace and pleaty that till just now they were confident it would be.

At last, with a gruff mort from the whistle, the vessel backs off into the river, where for a moment she remains stationary, during which her engines commence their long task and she slowly gathers headway. Hats and hankerchiefs are waving an adieu to the thousands left on the Stage. Black strangers to the travellers as well as grief-stricken loved ones reply to what seems an eternal farewell, or an injunction to them to go and do likewise, and the lengthening black train of smoke leads away from the Stage to the point where the vessel fades from view as if to mark the road for the next one to follow.

Still all is brisk on the Stage. Lively crowds melt and accumulate. Individuals move up and along in an incessant worming in and out, going no where particular, just walking, and seeing, and breathing. The ferry boats continue to land their passengers, who dart off this way or that, through the crowd, col liding with others running to catch the boat, as if that particular steamer was the only one, in the world. Bright colours and fashionable attire elbowing evil-smelling rags and gaunt poverty; strong and fiery youth pushing aside cold and shrinking age. So it continues, till with the approach of night the busy steamers bank their fires and harg out the regulation lights. The arrivals and departures of ferry boats gradually diminish in number and the river assumes her black gown, bejewelled here 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30. and there with the twinkling red, green

and white lights of the moving vessels and crowned with a yellow coronet by the electricity and gas of the opposite shore. The crowd disappears from the Stage, that now sleeps in the silence of night, wth nothing to mark its utility but the forms of half-sleeping police-men and Stage officials, save occasionaly when the slouching figure of a man or woman silently returns through the shadows of one of its bridges, and, drawn by the calm silence of the black gem-decked waters, slips under the guard chains, to make a voyage that will end in eternity. But the Liverpool Landing Stage sleeps on to wake with the morning sun for the passing army of another

The Awakening of the Clerk.

After years of apathy and procrastination the Clerks of the City of Dublin have taken the first step towards their regeneration.

They are displaying commendable anxiety to shake off that fear and cowardice begotten of a long reign of tvranny and despotism, which has tapped their lifeblood and shrivelled up the nerves and tissues which constitute their mental organism.

The inhalation of new ideas and new methods is serving a; an antidote to the old and corrupt ag ncies that hitherto destroyed the power of thought and crushed the clerical element into an abject mass, inert and incapable of offering any opposition Yet the estinct of preservation would not be extinguished, and the hope which springs eternal even in the breast of the humblest clik, though dormant for a 'time, exultan y responded to the call to be up and doing.

The bigher attributes of the soul sium being for years had at length taken cognizance of the imperfections which had held the bodies enveloping them, so firmly enthralled. And the Clerk, the Rip Van Winkle of the masses, sleeps no more, but opens his eyes to a sense of

his responsibility.

Feebly at first, but with new born energy, he is endeavouring to eject the deplorable influences that had almost paralysed his better nature. He must seize the opportunity to work out his own salvation, and to prepare to take his place in the fighting line so that he may do a man's part in helping those who. like himself, have been subjected to innumerable humiliations.

For years he has suffered in silence stagnating while all the world progressed. He has realised during his w king hours the wonderful results achieved by the weapons of combination and organisation, wielded wisely and fearlessly, securing benefits long denied to his downtrodden brethren, and to which he himself is yet a stranger.

But he has not been forgotten in his isolation. The powerful sympathy of those who have combined and organised who have fought and won, and are still fighting the fight of the worker, has been extended to their clerical brother, and he, isolated no longer, despite his training and environments, gladly accepts the

proffered aid and becomes a man.
The Clerks' Union, founded under such favourable auspices, offers a haven which affords every facility for attack and defence. Fortified with all the strength and resources of Trades Unionism, it presents an impregnable front and, with right and justice on its side, it must necessarily appeal to every man plying his pen as a refuge and security against any force brought to play against it. Who would be free himself must strike the blow, and it is, therefore, the imperative duty of every man and woman engaged a clerical work in Dublin offices to take their place in the van of progress and liberty.

They labour under many grievances. Their wages are frequently lower than those of the men and women they are called upon to supervise, and the slightest deviation from the l'nes laid down

I.F. you have not the ready money convenient, there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on

Basy Payment System.

IT IS THE Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd.,

10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET. Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings Manager-Ald, T. Kelly,

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

812 HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

-IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE-Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workingman No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs A SPECIALITY.

by their employers means a severe reprimand or often dismissal; because, forsooth, the poor clerk is so easily replaced. The competent and incompetent become applicants for his post, for in the world of clerkdom there is no test of competency but that of experience.

Combination and organisation are essential to all, but to nobody do they appeal with such vital force as to the men and women who operate the typing machine and drive the pen.

These men and women work for a low rate of wages while performing onerous and important duties. They are obliged to dwell among what are commonly known as "respectable" surroundings, and are expected to dress themselves and their children in so called fashionable attire, thereby unfortunately propagating that deplorable tendency too apparent in Dublin life—the tendency to pose among neighbours and acquaintances as the occupants of distinguished and lucrative posts

But without combination and organisation, "there are none so poor as to do him reverence

An opportunity for their emancipation now presents itself. The Irish Clerks' Union has been started and pitiable, indeed, is the slave who will not with all his being assist in the noble effort to burst asunder the fetters that bind

THE IRISH CLERKS' UNION.

The above Union has opened spacious offices at 67 Middle Abbey Street, and has enrolled well over 200 members to date, and hope to have over 600 members in the books inside the first month

It is gratifying to find that the Clerks are so alive to their own interests and have overcome the apathy which has kept them outside the organised workers of Dublin for such a long time.

Any Clerk desiring information regarding the organisation can have same by calling at above address any evening between the hours of 8 and 10. Do 1T

THE BOOT & SHOE Co-Operative Society NO. 6 CORNMARKET, DUBLIN.

Fellow Citizens—We the members of the Boot and Shoe Trade Union in this city, have opened the above establishment for the manufacture and repairing of Boots and Shoes, with the object of improving our status as a Trade Union, and also to provide work for our members who are out of employment.

Now, Citizens, we, as Trade Unionists, earnestly solicit your Support.

The Way to Support Us is by having your footwear made or repaired with us, and in return for your

support we guarantee the fullest satisfaction possible. Our Prices Are-Men's, Soled and Heeled -

Women's " Boots made at a Reasonable Price. All Work done under Trade Union

> Conditions. Established 1851.

orien in the second

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGH'S, of Bishop St.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN. DISPUTE AT SAVOY CONFECTIONERY GO.

M'Murty Still Acting As Scab. Alas, poor M'Murty 1 Sad is his fate, and lower is his banking account getting each week He realises now to the full what a fool he was to attempt to pit his feeble strength against a powerful and strong organisation. He has found that it does not pay in these days to be a scab employer, and that scab employees are an expensive luxury. Employers in Dublin, stronger financially by far than M Murty, have proved this to be the cise, and know from experience that to pay a living wage to comp-tent workers is much cheaper than to employ inefficient scab labour.

However, M Murty has decided to become a blackleg, and to employ blackleg labour, and the results have been for his firm disastrous. The swell cafe in Grafton-street is left severely alone His orders of RATIFIED CHOCOLATE and RAT TRAMPLED COCOA are never despatched in time, and only under the greatest difficulties. There is practically no sale for the goods made in the Savoy, as the public these days are not mad enough to eat ratified chocolate, even although it is an Irish industry.

During the past week he has met with many mishaps, due to the incompetency of the scabs he has employed. The van which was driven by the two seasoned scabs, Gleeson, the ex-policeman's son, and Gore, who scabbed it during the City of Dublin strike, came to grief, and was smashed to bits in Parliament street. Andrews of Dame street, gave she'ter to the wreckage, not knowing the facts about the case. Upon being informed that the van belonged to M'Murty. the scab it was put out again on the road. He then went to Sheridan's, West Arran-street, and hired a van from him, at the rate of 25s. per week, for four weeks However, Sheridan's were informed to whom they had hired the van. and they, like wise people, have taken back their van Two chocolate mixers required repairing, and were sent to o Sophen street. We would like in kn anat the Society to which the Tables Union men in this firm belong, and who repaired the scab machinery, have the work for themselves. No matter, alt: ngs considered, M Murty is in just as nice a fix as it is possible for any employer to be

The scabs think they are doing great work by having the locked out girls arrested This morning Friday five of the looked out girls were arrested wrongfully on the information of one Cissie O Too'e, 2 Lower Dominick street. Well, Cissic O'foole, acting as scab and tool for M'Murty, may rest assured her actions will get full reward. Then Annie Clarke and Mary Brown had two innocent women arrested and charged on felse and perjurous information. Just imagine an Irish industry being allowed to exist in Irish Dublin when the employees engaged there are scabs and info: mers. But these forsaken and despised individuals will in a short time be looking for a job, and then we shall have something to say in the watter.

M Murty and his scabs can have all the locked-out girls arrested; that kind of thing does not frighten the girls, who are out fighting for a principle and a living wage; they are made of different stuff than that; and if they are all arrested the fight will still go on, and with greater force than ever. We are out to win, and win we will in spite of the scabs and perjurers.

As we go to Press we learn that the case against the Savoy strikers is remanded until next Thursday.

SOMER ET: SWEATER.

M'Keefry, the Untruthful,

M'Keefry, the untruthful, manager of Somerset's sweating den, who is out camping in Killiney, is the greatest poltroon and coward that ever breathed: One can only feel contempt for such a creature. He went out of his way to supply the delightfully truthful evening papers with a full column of deliberate lies, and then tried to act the game of bluff by giving out that they were taking their machinery to Belfast; but when he was told the truth he was too cowardly to make any reply. He is about the nicest sample of a manager that we have come across yet. He and his brother scab, M'Murty, are a nice

M'Keefry, the untruthful, was brave enough to go and make lying statements to [so I am informed] the riverside reporter, whoever that person may be. The other reporters, bad as they may be evidently have some little conscience left, and were adverse to reporting lies concerning the down-trodden women workers of Dublin; but when M'Keefry came out of the sweating den the other day and saw the girls doing picket duty, sooner than face them he scaled a wall and got into Chancery; lane. "A guilty conscience makes cowards of us all." How true this sentence is when applied to M'Keeiry, the untruthful.

The week the girls came out on strike this gentlemanly manager brutally told them "That they would soon have to go crying to him for their breakfast." Take care, M'Keefry, the untruthful. that you won't be the first to have to go and beg for your breakfast, even although you are camping out in Killiney. It will come hard on you if you fail to get 75 more slaves to be sweated so as to supply you with a good living. If the girl slaves in Somerset's were depending on their earning there to supply them with breakfast they would often go hungry. What they earned in that sweating den would not supply them with dry bread.

The Monday before the girls came out

o- strike three girls had earned for a full morning's work—from 8.30 a.m. to one o'clock $-\frac{1}{3}d$, id, and $1\frac{1}{4}d$. These are the kind of wages that were earned at Somerset's sweating den, and then when the poor girls came out because even those miserable earnings were to be reduced, there was wild and fearful hubbub raised that Irish industries were being ruined. Might we ask in the name of commonsense and humanity—" Are Irish industries or any other industries to flourish at the cost of human lives,' and particularly at the cost of the lives of women and girls?

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION. (Head Office-Liberty Hall.)

Entrance Fee - 6d. and 3d. Contributions - rd. & 2d. per week. Join now. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

All classes of workers are eligible to join this Union. Irish Dancing Wednesday and Friday

Don't forget the Sunday Evening Socials commencing at 7 p.m. Small charge for

All communications for this column to be addressed to-

" D.L," 18 Beresford place.

Farm Labourers!!

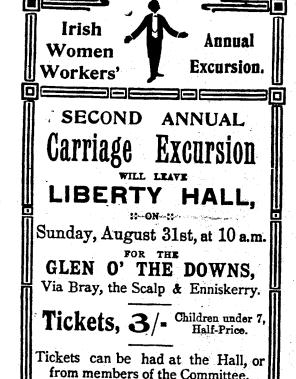
DON'T FORGET

Sunday, 20th July, 1913,

WILL BE HELD In LUCAN At I o'clock,

To forward campaign on behalf of the slaves of the countryside, the men and women labourers.

We invite you to attend.



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

The Irish Worker.

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly— price one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor,

18 Bereaford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, July 19th, 1913

HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

"HERE we are again," as the clown in the pantomime used to say, Like "Charlie's Aunt," we are still RUNNING in spite of the most frantic efforts on the part of Bill Richardson, the blackleg's hope and his legal friends to have us suppressed. We are sorry to disoblige any person on earth, but we cannot see our way to die just yet awhile. It may be that it is only the good that die young; but, even at the risk of losing our reputation for worthiness, we are going to live on for a long time, a very long time yet. The very fact that these efforts to suppress us have been and are being made, only breathes more vitalising energy into us. Were we not hated, we would have failed in our purpose. Did not the employers of labour in this city find it necessary to hire tools of the Richardson type to try and harm us, then we would have concluded that our mission had proved a futile one. As it is, however, we know that this paper has not failed in its purpose, neither has its mission proved an abortive one, simply because of the unceasing activity going on all around us to try and give the "WORKER" a knockout blow. We repeat that we are not going to be "counted out" for a long time yet, even though Bill has become a pugilist." The fact of the matter is that the WORKER has a mission, and we have just sufficient fatalism about us to believe that nothing

can stop our efforts until that mission is accomplished. Until the advent of this paper the workers of Ireland were voiceless. They had grievances-aye, and they had great evils, scandals, and disabilities, to labour and suffer under. Of all the papers in this Press-ridden city not one had a word of complaint to utter against the terrible conditions imposed on the workers of Ireland by their employers. Great as was the need for the emanci. pation of Irish Catholics at one time, just as great is the need for the emancipation of the Irish workers of to-day. We have strenuously endeavoured to do our utmost for this holy cause, and as strenuously will we hold on until the cause is won. That we are having a leavening effect upon some of the other papers in Dublin need not be insisted upon to those who have been carefully watching their progress during the last month or two. We admit that their progress has not been great; but still you will find such papers as the "Freeman" and "Irish Times" admitting in a half-hearted way now and then, in their editorial columns, that the lot of the workers is, perhaps, not what it ought to be. We recognise that these papers will not dare to offend their capitalistic directors and shareholders by saying anything that really matters; but they would not have done even the little they have done if it had not been for the leavening influence of "The Worker" in their midst. We, of course, absolve the Murphyite rags from even this little measure of progress. Nothing on earth could leaven any of these skunk journals for good. They are as rotten as the heart of their owner, and it is as rotten as hell We shall keep on voicing the wrongs of the workers until they are righted. Nothing shall deter us, and nothing shall ever make us swerve one inch from our purpose. We know it is a necessary one, and we believe it is a holy one. Like "Charlie's Aunt," we are still running, and the efforts of Bill and his pals to suppress us are enough

Through pressure on our space we have been reluctantly compelled to hold over report of Trades Council meeting until next issue also the report of the Aeproeact at Inchicore

to make a cat laugh.

The "Long List" will be out in the course of another week, and in another column we print a selection of the 'Stuffs" who are being resurrected, invented, and smuggled in for the North Dock Ward Prominent among the latter is the name of Lorcan Sherlock, LL.D. We seem to have heard that name before somewhere or other. Can it be that the Bailiffs are in the Mansion House, and that our own dear, dainty, little Lord Mayor has been compelled to take to this back parlour in 43 Richmond Place. In any case, whatever be the explanation, there is the name. We may have something more to say about this later on, however. In connection with the publication of the

Long List," we would specially ask all working men to call into either Liberty Hall or any of the Transport Union Branch Offices to see that their names are on it before August. Need we again point out the importance of this. Remember that every Labour vote will be wanted in January, so look to your vote

PEMBROKE NOTES.

Crushed out last week owing to pressure on our space, Pembroke notes were unavoidably held over.

Saturday, 5th July, was the healthiest day in Ringsend for some considerable time.

By command of "Herself," of microbe fame, all the "Beauties" of the Mother's Club assembled at 58 Irishtown road.

" Mary of the Curling Knott," being Inspector-in-Chief, certified that all present were presentable.

On arrival at the Viceregal the party were received by Charles I. of Pembroke and the "Importation from Blackrock," both of whom are professed Nationalists (moryah!).

Ordered by Mary of the Knott to "fall in," a short lecture on "How to conduct themselves" was delivered by Charles I. and supplemented by the "Importation from Blackrock." "Here she is" was whispered, and on her arrival each of the "Beauties" gave a salam to their idol.

After inspection and disinfection all were invited to the refreshment saloon. On arrival much disappointment was manifest, as nothing was seen but tea-cups.

The "Trunk" was heard to remark that the tea was very weak, and suggested that a "stick" be put in it. Of course she is a good judge of what makes a "stick." Tea being over, the party adjourned to the sports enclosure, where some of their husbands were waiting their turn for the refreshment saloon, but on being informed that there was nothing there but tea, said "Porter was more in their line," and the majority made tracks for the nearest

Mrs. "Dint" introduced her good man "Paddy of the Gray Locks" (who was half muzzy) to the company, and stated that he was the dark thing for the "Egg and spoon race.'

" Mary," Wearin(g) an anxious look, Saun(d)ters off towards the gate wondering what was delaying "Poor Richard," who on arrival received some "hot tongue."

" Dick," we thought your manhood could not be bought by cast-off clothing from the disinfecting chamber on Irishtown

Lovely was at his "Last," and could

not attend but sent his regrets with his "better half" who appeared to be waxy. The final scene was enacted late that night when a real (bun) fight took place at the cottages. "Big Ben" had a busy time in endeavouring to preserve "law and order." The early hours of the morning brought the conflict to a close and the sequel will take place in the Police Courts

in a few day's time. The "Brudders," on account of the good terms received from the "English Firm," have decided on naming the new structure the "Kathleen Mavourneen Hall." "It may be for years and probably never." Now, blow.

We are informed that this Patriotic Order did not even invite Irish firms to tender. For this we defy contradiction.

"Forbidden Fruit," oh, aye! who is responsible for the act of disobedience in connection with the order of Chief Brudder Best-all, that a noticee be posted on the door leading to the garden warning the brudders not to carry the fruit out in their

Was it you, Pat Joe? If it was there will be no arbitration. Oh, no! that would never do at all, at all.

By the way, Pat Joe, has the 3-14 turned up yet? We know "Soapy Jack" was sent for it some time ago, and did not re-

ceive a favourable reply. "Futty Luke" is back to the "old spot," close by the "Chamber of Horrors," as in days of yore, where he is giving free discourses on "Brudderly Love and True Christian Charity. Oh, boys! Oh, boys!

"Stuffs" for North Dock.

- 4 Beresford place—Corran, O'Brien, Stillwell, Playfair, Barry, Whelan.
- This is L.G.B. office. 5 Beresford place—Calneat, Marshall.
- Post Office department. I Beresford place-Price, Shersly, Drury, Cuthbert.

L.G.B. Office. Drury is the Auditor; Price is an Inspector and Souper Evangelist. 36c Talbot st.—Murphy, Furness, Downes,

Rooney, Mrs., Lane, Mrs.

Sir Joseph Downes is the owner of this house, and he is put down for shop and

r Talbot street—Linnane, Kelly, Kenny, Mrs, Kelly, Mrs.

30 Talbot street-Byrne, Farrell, Burns, Foley, Mrs. 48 Talbot street-Shaffrey, Greene, Naugh-

ter, Ball, Greene. 32 Lr Gardiner street-Goggins, Brennan,

Maher, Meaghan, O'Neill, Byrne, Walsh. This is the late T. J. O'Reilly's office, and Goggins is his clerk. 12 and 13 Beaver street - D. Donohoe.

V. Kavanagh. 43 Richmond place—Back PARLOUR— LORCAN SHERLOCK, LL.D.

McAuley is the landlord of this house. 37A Talbot street - Long, Doyle, Grimes. 38A Talbot street-Neiland, Tyrrell, Rod-(Butchers).

394 Talbot street-Noyse, Williams, Tracy, Kingsbury, Duggan. (Butchers). 40 Talbot street—Dalton, J. F., Burns,

Dalton is the head Hibernian of the Commercial Branch. He lives in Drumcondra and his office is in William street, the National Laundry.

47 Talbot street—Devin, Slater, O'Reilly (Bartletts).

60 Talbot street-Fitzpatrick, Horan, Brun, Mrs.

61 Talbot street-J. Mallon. 99 Talbot street-Winstanley, Egan, Latimer, Mrs., O'Connor, Mrs.

There are no Winstanley's in existence. The family of this firm is dead these twenty

years. He is now returned as a voter. We understand also that 18 names are in for O'Connell's Pub of New street. Where do they come from?

As announced in another column, Comrade Clark (Socialist Labour Party) will hold two meetings in Foster place next week, and deal with the present labour unrest. Comrades are requested to meet in Rathfarnham on Sunday, at 12.30, for

00000 000 00000 FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones or clinkers by purchasing your COALS

S. CLARKIN, COAL OFFICE-

TARA STREET.

Telephone No. 2760. Support the Trades Unionist and

secure a good fire!

Socialist Labour Party.

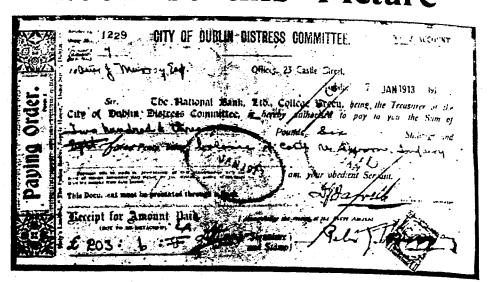
WORKERS! Remember to Attend Comrade Clark's Meetings

FOSTER PLACE, Tuesday, 22nd, and Friday, 25th, At 8 p.m.

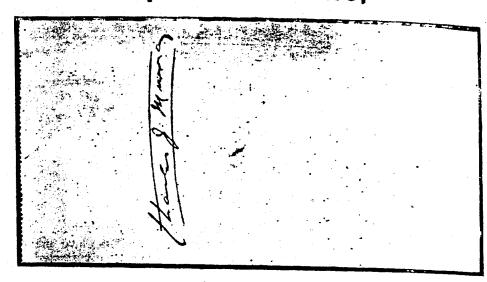
"Socialist" (1d. monthly), now on sale. Craddock, 17 Harcourt Road; Kearney, Upr. Stephen Street. Socialism is the only hope of the workers—all else is illusion.

Please Support EAT Our Advertiser

Look at this Picture



AND ON THIS



and realise how the work of the Distress Committee is "chequed" by some of our elected representatives. Councillor Charles Murray, of Drumcondra—the legal adviser to the City Council—may be taught a few lessons in law that will tend to make him take a "dis-interested" part in public affairs in future."

A bird is known by its song! A man by his language!

At the Supplies Committee Meeting on Thursday last Councillor Richardson stated that if he was elected Secretary of the Corporation Workmen's Trades Union he would smash up the Trade Union Movement at present in Dubiin. He subsequently declared that he would knock out every G—d d—d one of them himself, and challenged Councillor Bohan to fight him. Verily my remarks about a corner-boy elected to the City Council still remaining a corner-boy would seem verified by the

CORK HILL NOTES.

The Special Meeting of the City Council called to consider the report of the Committee of the Whole House in reference to the Municipal Art Gallery, and also Alderman Tom Kelly's notice of motion relative to Scholarship at the National University fell through for want of a quorum.

The following answered the roll:—The Lord Mayor, Alderman Maguire and Keegan, Councillors Murray, Kennedy, Thornton, Partridge, Brohoon, Richardson, Byrne, Miss Harrison, Hopkins, Cosgrove, and O'Reilly-14 all told; 8 of the Wm. Martin Murphy's worshippers waited outside and smiled as the House was counted

"William the Damned" was amongst the latter, but rushed in when he saw me taking the names. John Saturnus Kelly, "Futty" Jimmy Vaughan, the expert on swine, who goes to Abbey street to be shaved by the scab barber; the lineal descendant of the historic Mick McQuaid, St. David, of Drumcondra; Alderman Coffey, the Crooksling butcher; and Councillor Ireland, were prominent amongst the

"Artful Dodgers" outside the Barrier. The starving unemployed of Dublin may hunger and wait while the above so-called representatives play fast and loose with a movement that, apart from every other consideration, would give much-needed employment. Well, "everything comes to those who wait," and January will tell a

A study of William's face will move us at once to aquit Nature of any blame for our having been misled by this individual -for surely she exhausted all the means at

her disposal to indicate the capabilities of the creature. Judas, as he fled in vain from an accusing conscience while the shores shuddered beneath his guilty tread, and the hissing waters rushed torward to envelop him, yet receded as if loath to touch a thing so foul-may have seen such a face reflected in their glassy depths. No wonder Judas hanged himself.

The Public Hea.th Committee has now become also the Tuberculosis Committee. Mr. Hugh Doyle was elected chairman of the lalter on the motion of Councillor James, seconded by Councillor O'Brien, and then Conncillor O'Brien was elected vice-chairman. The Chairman and Vice-Chairman of the Public Health Committee should have been elected to the above positions in order to insure the smooth working between the two Committees, for when Chairmen, like doctors, differ, the patients may die.

On the motion of the writer, the doctors and nurses of the Charles street Dispensary were retained in their present position for a further period of three months, in order to ascertain if the Local Government Board will come to the rescue of the poor patients in the question of the chief Tuberculosis officer.

The Visiting Committee of the Housing Committee visited Inchicore on Tuesday last and inspected probable sites for workingmen's houses in the district. The ashpit in Golden Bridge was surveyed, but it is to be hoped that this open space will be allowed to remain as it is until it is, "converted" by the purifying influence of the air-in defiance of the foul contract of the

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE. -

Kenna Brothers, Provision Market,

50 Lower Sheriff Street, Best Quality Goods,

Lowest Prices. DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Notice to Correspondents.

Would correspondents kindly note that all matter intended for publication should be received by us on Wednesday morning at latest, and that only matters of immediate importance can be considerd after that. All communications concerning advertisements or purely business matters should be addressed to the Basiness Manager and not to the Editor

The City Printing Works

ঙ্গো Stafford Street, Dublin, SOLICIT YOUR ORDERS FOR ALL CLASSES OF PRINTING.

Real LIVE Printers-not Middlemen.

Printers of the "Irish Worker" since its birth. Estimates Free. 'Phone 3008. Special Terms to Trade Unions.

13 Stafford Street. No other address finds us. W. H. WEST,

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

FARRINGTON'S BREAU.

SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

Oh! Where's the Slave So Lowly

WHO WON'T BUY .

Pure Irish Butter At 10d., 11d., and 1/-perlb.

Not Foreign Rubbish.

Patk. J. Whelan. 82 Queen St DUBLIN.

- DUBLIN -**COAL FACTORS'** ASSOCIATION.

Registered 301, Liberty Hall, Berestord Place.

Current Price List.

Best Orrell ... 26/- per Ton Arley Wigan ... 24/-P. Wigan. ... 23/-Orrell Slack 20/-

Above Prices are for Cash on Delivery Only.

Trades Unionists! SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS.

Special General Meeting of above Association for amendment and alteratino of rules postponed until further notice.

To Enjoy Your Meals AND

STILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE CALL TO

MURPHY'S, 6 Church St., North Wall,

The Workers' House, where you will get all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

Twinem Brothers' MINERAL WATERS The Workingman's Beverage.

TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce The Workingman's Relish.

Factory-66 S.C.Road, and 31 Lower Clanbrassil Street.' Phone 2658.

INDUSTRIAL Co-operative Society

(DUBLIN), LTD., Bakers, Grocers & General Merchants.

Owned and controlled by the working classes, who divide the profits quarterly. Payment of is. Entitles you to Membership.

Grocery Branches-17 Turlough Terrace. Fairview; 82B Lower Dorset Street 165 Church Road. Bakery Branch-164 Church Road.

8888♦8888**8**♦**888** The Workers' Cycle KELLY SPECIAL AND ARIELS,

2/s WEEKLY. No Deposit:

Write or call for Order Forms-J. J. KELLY & CO.

(Kelly for Bikes),

2 LR. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

LABOUR CAMPAIGN.

THE "WEEKLY FREEMAN" AND THE LABOUR QUESTION,

By ' IRELAND'S EYE." A paragraph culled from the "Weekly Freeman" has been sent to me by one of my "Scouts."

This paper, week after week, in notes headed "Irish Agriculturist," deals with a great many matters pertaining to farming, giving hints of a very useful nature, such as "Make hay while the sun shines" and "Plant cabbage while it rains," hints which I am certain are read by farmers with a great relish.

I would not deal or refer to the "Weekly Freeman" in these columns if it confined its efforts to offering advice to farmers to how to "save hay" or to "grow cabbage;" but when it makes a covert attack upon the labourers of the country I join issue with the "old Mother Hubbard" of the Dublin Press at once. She ("Weekly Freeman") undoubtedly espouses the cause of the farmers. The "Irish Worker" undoubtedly espouses the cause of the labourers. Therefore, the issue is clear, and we know where we stand.

The paragraph in question reads as follows :--

"The labour troubles that have been worrying people have latterly been extending to the country, and we hear of demands for fresh conditions of rural labour that will inevitably kill the goose with the golden egg, if made imperative. Already the decline of tillage has become very notable; but what has occurred will be only a trifle compared with what will occur if farmers are not met by their men in a reasonable spirit. There are difficulties on both sides. It is only on large farms that continuous employment can be found. Work on the average farms of this country is only seasonal. We hear just now of a demand for a weekly half-holiday for rural workers made by those who have neither the knowledge nor the wish to appreciate the rural situation Unfortunately, as it is, our rural workers have too many compulsory holidays, weeks at a time, when they would be glad of something to keep the pot boiling The rural problem is not going to be settled by arbitrary methods. The labourer is entitled to periods of ease, like any other class, but to pass one rule over all, town and country, in view of the conditions of rural work, would simply mean ultimate extinction of the whole class of farm labourers, with the exception of a few herds and handy men. While one section of the community appears to think that the farm labourer is overworked, there is another section full of the idea that the proper way to improve rural conditions is to introduce new practices and rew crops in order to give more employment.'

We are told in this precious paragraph that if the labourers look for their just rights from the farmers they " will kill the goose with the golden egg." I have yet to learn that the farmers have ever striven to give the labourers a share of the "golden egg" which the labourers helped the farmers to secure from the landlords in the days gone by. That being the case, the leaders of the Labour Movement think the time has come when the farmer should be made to disgorge some of the spoil.

We are told also that "the decline of tillage has become very notable. but what has occurred will be nothing to what will occur if farmers are not met by their men in a reasonable spirit."

Take note of the insult and the threat contained in the foregoing sentence. One reading it would think that the labourers of the country were accountable for all Ireland's ills, and we are threatened if the labourer tries to better his position all the tillage land will be turned into grass

No, gentle scribe of the "Weekly Freeman," the decline of tillage is not due! to the labourers, but is due to the "greed," "jealousy," and "laziness" of the owners of land It is now as it has always been in Ireland. What has been said and written about landlords in the past can now be said and written with absolute truth of the farmers of to day. One only master wishes to grasp the whole domain, and, indeed, in the County Dublin there are many vivid

illustrations of what I mean. Compare the County Dublin of a quarter of a century ago, to go back no further, with the County Dublin of to day. At that time there were dotted here and there throughout the county hundreds of comfortable farmers' homes, employ-

BELTON & CO.'S

the County Dublin now. Go through the highways and the bye-ways and notice the once comfortable homesteads dilapidated and the out-offices going to ruin and decay; and the population, alas! where are they? And what is the cause of all this? Greed, the land sharks being allowed by an obliging government to step in and grab and buy these holdings over the heads of the rightful owners to enlarge their farms, and so doing with less labour and turning most of the lands into grass.

It may be asked what is the remedy? Have a law passed the same as exists in other countries. Let the State decide the amount of land a man should hold with a proviso that a certain portion of it should be tilled each year. "Oh," I can hear some farmers say, "what a revolutionary doctrine! A law to compel us to till. Why, such a suggestion is simply monstrous.

But I would remind them that the conditions pertaining to land in Ireland have undergone a great many revolutions during the past century, and even in our own time a great many revolutionary methods have been adopted. What about the "No Rent Manifesto"? What about the reduction of the landlords' rent roll, in very many cases more than half? And, in view of these cases, it would be nothing extraordinary to insist on the farmers tilling a percentage of their land; and, if such a system is not put into force, talk about the landlords of old, why they would be looked up to as angels in comparison with what the generality of farmers will be in the days to come.

Therefore, I would offer a few words of advice to the labourers of the country. Organise and get your forces together at once. Dispense with the services of those who have mismanaged your affairs so long. Elect men of your own class, who know your wants and who have shared your poverty; and when the time comes, when we have themanagement of our own affairs, have your army in reapiness to defend your interest, and demand your rights.

We also find in the above paragraph the following-

" lust now a demand for a weekly half holiday for rural workers is made by those who have neither the knowledge nor the wish to appreciate the rural situation," and further on it is stated—"The labourer is entitled to periods of ease like any other class."

When the "Irish Worker" suggests a half holiday for the labourer of the country its action is looked upon by the " Weekly Freeman" as rank blasphemy, but when the "Weekly Freeman" itself suggests that the labourers are entitled to periods of ease like any other class, well, I suppose, it is alright.

The "Weekly Freeman" would have it that the advocates of the half holiday have neither the "knowledge nor the wish" to appreciate the rural situation. If I might humbly say so, it is because of their knowledge and their wish to improve the conditions of the agricultutural labourers-men and women-that they work. They are alive to the miserable wages paid; they are well aware of the treatment received by the women workers of the county and of the Crumlin and Cabra women in particular. That being so, the "Irish Worker" has set itself the task of remedying the many grievances under which the workers exist.

Every portion of the community has had some one to look up to and to leed them, but the agricultural workers, who up to the present seem to have been nobody's children. Landlords and farmers have their leaders and newspapers to support their cause, and at last, thank goodness, "Ireland's Eye" gladly welcomes the advent of the Labour Campaign (and its powerful organ, the 'Irish Worker") which has been started in the County Dublin, and sincerely wishes it every success, and under such able leaders this is assured.

That the meeting at which Larkin's letter is to be considered is not to be held until 31st July; even then they are biding their time. The workers of the county have made up their minds that they will stand no nonsense, so the farmers better then make up their minds at once what they are going to do, as Larkin and those acting with him have made up their minds as to what they are going to do. Amen.

THINGS "EYE" HAVE OBSERVED. That Clondalkin was the venue for the Labour meeting on Sunday last, the Chief, Partridge, T.C., Lawlor, T.C., P. T. Daly, ex T.C., being present. Bradshaw ing many men and women. Look at Belfast, was in the chair.

That the meeting was a very large and enthusiastic one, and the speeches were listened to with the greatest attention, and the workers present had every appearance of being glad that at length the time was at hand for the betterment of their condition, as in no part of the county are workers paid so badly as around Clondalkin and Lucan, the men, I am informed, receiving 11s. to 12s. per week and the women 1od. to Is. per day.

That Larkin, in the course of his speech, referred to these facts, and instanced the case of a man named Healy living in the district, a publican and farmer combined who paid wretched

That Larkin warned the workers at the meeting to give this man's publichouse a wide berth; that poor Healy, who had made arrangements for a big "sale," special barmen being ! rought down from Dublin for the occasion, was greatly incensed at Larkin's remarks, which left his house and staff idle for the day-a victory for organisation and tem-

That Larkin was far from well on Sunday at Cloudalkin, and had been warned by his doctor not to go there; but the grim determination of the man asserted itself, and he would not be put off.

That the workers of the County and the City also should not expect too much from him, as no one except those who come into direct contact with Larkin, can realise the vast amount of work he has to go through and the exigencies he has to contend against.

That a farmer in the Clondalkin district named Woodroofe has already realised what organisation can do. A few Saturdays ago his men, after giving due notice, left off at one o'clock. I can bear you ask-What did the farmer say or do? In his own words I answer—He

had to grin and bear it." That the moral in this case points to what the labourers are capable of doing by organisation. They can practically dictate their own terms, and "Eye" would suggest that on a given Saturday fixed by the Labour Leaders the workers of the County Dublin down tools at one o'clock on that day, and. like our Clondalkin friend, the farmers will have "to grin and bear it."

That the visits of Larkin to Baldoyle, Ciumlin, Swords, and Baldoyle, are bearing excellent fruit.

That strange as it may appear Larkin has become a great favourite with many County Dublin farmers. I wonder is it due to fear or affection?

That by degrees I am hearing of the great success of the Swords meeting and the consternation it has carried into the camps of the "powers that be."

I was informed it was under consideration at the Castle to have the meeting proclaimed," as the "powers that be" looked upon the holding of a meeting at Swords as desecrating a spot which for years had been made sacred (sacred!, by the politicians.

That in fact it was conveyed to me that an attack was to be made on the meeting, but the attempt fizzled out completely, and many who went to scoff remained to pray.

That a certain reverend gentleman was neither ashamed or afraid to be seen at the meeting and to take notes of the proceedings; that is what the Labour leaders like — that everyone should hear the two sides of the question and judge accordingly.

That the only note of discord at the Swords meeting was raised by Maurice Farnham, stewart of Squire O'Neill's Feltrim farm Larkin in his speech referred to the Squire's horses and the Squire's men delivering hay and straw to Cullen Allen & Co. during the strike. Farnham becoming very indignant, endeavoured to refute the statement, but Larkin, ever ready, bad his ammunition at hand in the shape of the worker who had seen the stuff delivered into Cullen Allen & Co.'s yard, and this worker got on to the platform to prove it. Farnham went home a sadder and, I hope, a wiser

That the wages paid about the Hill of Feitrim and Swords are a scandal—12s. per week to carters; 2d. stopped for insurance. What have the Kettles, Longs, and Wilsons to say to this?

That the "Weekly Freeman" in face of this has the audacity to tell the public that we have " neither the wish nor the knowledge to appreciate the rural situation"; but we may remind these "chirruppers" from the Prince's street aviary that we are out to emancipate the agricultural workers, men and women, and we mean to succeed.

That Larkin has been in communication with the Farmers' Association; "bearding the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall."

That the Farmers' Association has decided to call a special meeting to conaider the situation.

"Eye" shall anxiously wait and see the development.

TRAMWAY JOTTINGS.

Tramwaymen in general will regret to hear of the death of Mr. Pat Byrne. The remains were entrained at Kings-

bridge terminus, on 14th inst, for interment at Gorey, Co. Wexford—his native place. About one hundred motormen and conductors attended, which of course caused no surprise. But what did create astonishment, not to say amusement, notwithstanding the sadness of the occasion, was the presence at the head of the cortege of no less than five of Mickey's satellites.—men. any one of whom would stop up all night when Pat was alive in order to "make a case on him."

But, Mickey, me bhoy, the time's close at hand when those hypocrites will have to give the men a fair hunt or else clear out. More later on.

SADYK DOST.

CORK CITY NOTES.

"Still they come!" Every week shows an increase in the membership of the Transport Union here.

A great meeting was feld on Sunday night, July 13th, at Daunt's Square: Close on 2,000 nersons were present. Mr. J. Lynch presided, and the meeting was addressed by J. Dowling, Queenstown, and Pete Larkin.

Each speaker received a great ovation, and the different points raised pointing out the advantage of organisation received well merited applause. This meeting was undoubtedly the most successful yet held, judging by the number present, as well as the enthusiasm that prevailed.

Pete Larkin deserves the thanks of the workers of Cork. For the few weeks he has been with us he has done yeoman service for the cause of labour. As an old Corkonian I can certainly say, that since his coming among t us labour has received a stimulus that it seemed almost impossible to attain. The Transport Union has now 900 members on its books. Amongst them are included skilled workers, such as engineers, bodymakers, masons, etc. The "Red Hand" is now a familiar sight in our streets.

Every member is enquiring when we will start a band. Plenty of talent here. All we want is the instruments. So I trust our good friend Jim, if he has time to spare, will see that the Cork Branch of the I.T.W U. will be catered for.

The vapourings of some of the socalled friends of the workers at the City Council meetings make amusing reading. Take for instance that prince of humbugs, Alderman Sir E Fitzgerald, Bart, J.P., etc. At a special meeting summoned to consider the question of providing money for working class dwellings, Sir Edward is reported as saying "He was not a John Redmond man, he was not a William O'Brien man; he was for the workers." This old hypocrite has done more

twisting for the last ten years than any fakir" could do in the course of a lifetime. The last time W O'Brien retired from public life this man took the side of Maurice Healy in the contest between him and George Crosbie (Redmondite), with the hope of going forward himself with Healy at the next General Election. William O'Brien again returned, and Fitz's little game was spoiled. His next move was to nominate himself and O'Brien at a convention summoned by himself and a few friends O'Brien, of course, would not touch him, so he went forward independent of all parties, and was beaten Next we find him Chairman of the South Ward Branch of the United Irish League, and some time later he withdrew from politics. In three years he has been a HEALYITE an O'BRIENITE, an Independent, a Redmondite, and a NOTHING; and after all this quibbling he comes along once again to tell us that he is "all for the workers." I opine he has told us this once too often, as he will find to his cost at the January elections. At the meeting of the Harbour Board

a few weeks ago the Engineers applied for an advance of pay, got it, and Fitzy voted for it. At a subsequent meeting a motion was on that the labourers get a minimum wage of fr per week. Fitzy voted against it. To use his own words, if the "labouring men get an increase, the builders' labourers will be looking for an increase also, and there might be a strike in the city." Fitzy has a son an engineer in the employment of the Harbour Board, and he himself is a builder; yet some people in Cork will tell you that Fitzy is a friend of the working

I will deal with some more of the Labour "fakirs" in your next issue. To the employees in the printing trade. The Compositors Letterpress, and Litho-

graphic Printers, Bookbinders, and Machine Rulers, have got their Unions. Why not the Feeders, Stone Polishers, Paper Cutters, Stereotypers, Mono Casters, and Lino Attendants, Warehousemen and Despatch Clerks, have theirs? Let all those who have not yet joined their brethren in the Printing Section of the Irish Transport Workers Union JOIN AT ONCE, and have their own society conducted by themselves, and supported in all their movements by the I.T.W.U. for better wages, shorter hours, the stopping of all fines, and of the paying for so called spoiled work, and all other pettifogging tyranny by skulking manag rs and their pimps who fatten on such illegal and blood sucking practices. Because you are NOT ORGANISED you are unable to claim what you have earned under the lash of slavery and the threat of instant dismissal.

Fellow-sufferers, come and join our Section at once, and give us a helping hand to crush those slave-drivers, and raise ourselves to a position belitting the term 'man" that we may and must get a living wage, and our labour value recognised. You can be enrolled by calling any

evening to Liberty Hall, 4 Merchants' Quay. Secure for yourself protection from unscrupulous employers, and take advantage of all the other benefits accruing from being a member of the Union.

WEXFORD NOTES.

Ireland's Labour Leader, Jim Latkin, and his able lieutenant, P. T Dalv, were in Wexford on Monday night last, and got a most enthusiastic reception, considering the fact that hardly anybody knew they were coming.

They arrived at Wexford at 10 o'clock and left again at half-past ten by the Wexford South for London with business in connection with the Insurance and other matters of importance.

At the South Station they addressed a large meeting from the top of a railway truck, to the chagrin of Mr. Hayes, station master, who, we have no doubt loves Larkin and every other body connected with the Labour movement. He tried to shove back the crowd, but it was no use; he was met by that now familiar cant, "Hould that fellah."

The train steamed out of the station amidst the deafening cheers of the huge crowd of Wexford workers, which shows that Jim undoubtedly has Wexford at his back, whatever the lying Press may say; and why wouldn't he? Has he not lifted them from a system of slavery and injustice which they had been living under for years?

They are expected back at the end of the week when they will have meetings of the Union

We were glad to notice the Salmon-Donohoe clique down. We wonder were they satisfied at the proceedings? They were pimping round the crowd to see if there were any foundry men there whom they could victimise.

At the July meeting of the Corpora-tion, held last week, the matter of housing the workers came up for discussion A sum of £275 was offered for a plot of ground in Hill street, which was

The Labour Party strongly opposed it, as the Town Clerk had stated definitely that if this amount were paid for it, the consequent rent of the houses would be 3s 6d. per week "Spread the Light" joined the big fellows, of course, and thwarted the Labour members with wanting to block the scheme which he was told was a d--- lie, as it was the rents they were fighting. Imagine a labouring man paying 3s. 6d. per week for house rent out of a wage of 12s.

We hope the workingmen will keep this before their minds in January next.

Wexford port did not look as if the Transport Union had ruined it. These last few weeks there was so much work that there could not be men enough got to do it. The men constantly employed by the Bacon Line had to turn in, or some of the coal boats would have had to be left unloaded for a few days, and there is every prospect of it continuing.

We notice by the Harbour Board meetings that they are playing draughts with the pilots once again. If they don't move Prendergast will be HUFFED. We would like to know have the Har-

bour Board power to fill in the Crescent without consulting the citizens. They sent the Dredger Slaney to Dublin to have her repaired, and everybody

who has the interest of the Port at heart thought that she was going to be put to work in the harbour as it is in a scandalous state. It is laughable to see small vessels being lightened before they can get in to the quay side.

WE HEAR-

That Wickham has definitely announced his intention of giving a lecture on the "REARING OF ROSES," instead of what was formerly suggested, the advantage of Crosstown sand. That Nuckser Potts can get no time to

dig his garden but on Sundays.

Wolfe Tone Committee.

The following amounts have been received in aid of the Wolfe Tone Memorial-Collected on Cards, 2/6 per card— T. Shine, J. MaGrath, E. Cicham, Madame Marie, T. Kelly, G. Irvine, F. Fahy, Sean Murphy. W. Murray (subscription per T. Clarke), 2/6.

Collections-Jones's Road, July 6th, 8/6; Dolphin's Barn Aeridheacht, 10/9; Swords, 3/41/2; Kilkenny, 14/8; Ballymore Feis, 7/-; Mullingar Feis, 9/8.

Both (per Leo Casey Hurling Club), July 13th.—Carlow Feis, £1 8s. 91d.; Dolphins Barn 6/21. Interest on Corporation Stock, £3 16s. 6d.; Robert Emmet Literary Club, Bute, Montana, U.S.A. (per J. J. MacCarthy), £10.

All delegates to attend Quarterly Meeting to be held on Friday, July 25th Any delegate who may have received no notification is asked to forward his address to S. O. Cathasaigh, 18 Abercorn Road.

All monies for Bodenstown Pilgrimage is to be handed in at once to allow the account to be closed.

When You Want Anything, Don't forget to go for it to the

WIDOW RIELLY'S

LITTLE SHOP. 24 Lr. Sheriff Street.

CURTIS,

TRADE :: UNION SHOP.

LITHOGRAPHIC " PRINTER,

12 TEMPLE LANE,

High-Class Work Moderate Prices.

Great Summer SALE NOW ON. BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT. Join the crowd and see for yourself. No one pressed to buy. We want your business, and

if you appreciate value, civility and attention, we must get it. No time like the present! Come to-day and you won't regret it. Remember—The Cheapest People in the Trade are holding Dublin's Biggest ----Bargain Sale,----BELTON & CO., DRAPERS,

THOMAS ST. AND GT. BRUNSWICK ST.

Every Workingman

SHOULD JOIN St. Brigid's Christian Burial Society. RINGSEND.

Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality Benefits. Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'c. One Penny per Week. Estd. 52 Years.

TELEPHONES 1266 AND 59%.

PAT KAVANAGH. Provisions,

Beef, Mutton and Pork. GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.

74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street: 71 and 72 New Street; 1 Dean Street, DUBLIN.

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, AT CONWAY'S.

31 Exchequer Street and 10a Aungier St [Opposite Jacob's Branch I.T.U.] Established 1894.

Good Value and Courtesy our motto.

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 38 Henry Street DUBLIN.



NOLWN'S, Little Mary Street.

The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin, Irish-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

Workers ! Support the Only Picture House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman.

THE IRISH CINEMA Capel Street (next to Trades Hall),

Now Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.

Prices, 3d., 4d., 6d.

Change of Pictures—Monday, Thursday, and Sunday.

Go to

MURRAY'S Sheriff Street,

FOR GOOD VALUE in PROVISIONS = AND GROCERIES. =

Don't forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c., 36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN. IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY. -



MacKenzie & Macken.

War Pipe Makers

54 Bolton Street. Dublin.

Every Instrument guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Everything relating to the War Pipe kept in stock. Save the Middleman's Profit by purchasing direct from our Workshop.

All information necessary for starting

Bands, &c., free on application. Note Address.

T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Hairdresser,

34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN. An Up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort. Antiseptics used. Buccess to the Workers' Cause.

N. J. BYRNE'S . Tobacco tion. The only workers in Ireland at the present time who are not eligible (Opposite Jacob's),

ORGANISATION OF FARM

Speeches by Messrs. Bradshaw, Partridge, T.C., Daly, Lawler, T.C., and

in connection with the organisation of the farm labourers of Ireland proceeds apace. On Sunday another great meeting was held in the village of Clondalkin where a branch of the Irish Transport Union was established.

On arrival at the meeting place, Mr. Richard Bradshaw, of Belfast, was appointed Chairman. on the proposition of Mr. Partridge, TC., seconded by Mr. Daly, who referred to the fact that Mr. Bradshaw came from the North.

to try and organise the agricultural labourers. I don't know that there is any class of men in the country who need organisation more than the farm labourers. I am sure you know that all classes of workers in all parts of Ireland are becoming organised. You know that nothing can be done in the bettering of not for the L.O.L. or A.O.H., and I think all you men should be out for the

same thing, and to try and better your conditions. That is the reason I am here to-day [hear, hear]. He then intro-Councillor Partridge said-Mr. Chairman and fellow countrymen, I believe on one historic occasion the late Michael Davitt addressed a meeting from the very place we stand in. This occasion will also be a historic one, for we have come here today to ask the farm workers of Clondalkin and the surrounding districts to join hands with their fellow-workers throughout the whole of Ireland (hear, hear). You took your share in the struggle, and your share in the punishment and imprisonment of that struggle. When the farmer was fighting for bis land you helped him and fought for him, and when he got

applause]. Now, we are convinced that the proposition is a good one, and we ask the farm labourers of Clondalkin to carefully consider and ask themselves if it is not to their interest to join this organisation. You pay a small entrance fee and a small weekly contribution, and we offer in return better conditions of employment, better wages, and permanency of employment, and the goodwill of the organised Labour movement of Ireland and the organised Labour movement the world over. We have come to recognise that the workingman has no friend but the workingmen. We are not out to injure any man. We are out to demand our rights, and we mean to get them [hear, hear]. By joining this Organisation you will hasten on that day. You have that opportunity offered to you, and I want you all here now to do your part in this great work. We are on the eve of Home Rule, and people are telling us we are doing wrong by linking up the labour movement in this country Where would Home Rule be if not for the organised labour of England, Scotland, and Wales. And who was it made them Home Rulers but the emigrants from Ireland—the men who were driven out of Ireland by the miserably low wages given by the farmers. These men it was who made the democracy of England take up Home Rule. These people say the working classes are against Home Rule. That is not so. Every man on this platform is a Home Ruler, and we are more anxious to get Home Rule than some of the politicians who make their living from it, because if we had Home Rule to-morrow many of these professional gas-bags would have to join the ranks of the unemployed [laughter and applause] The affairs will be absolutely in the bands of the farmers of Ireland, and there is great need to organise yourselves to champion the cause of the working classes. If you take the advice of the politicians and don't organise now, when you get Home Rule you will find it too late to organise. The laws will be framed to crush you down more than before. I know what the farmer is. I was born and reared in Connaught, and I know what it is when it comes to paying wages to men. In conclusion, the speaker made a final appeal to them to consider the proposition carefully, and to join in their organisation. If so they would see they would get them justice and fair play, and help

them to do their own share in the work of the Nation [prolonged cheers]. The Chairman then called on Mr. P. Mr. Daly, who was well received, said -Mr. Chairman and friends, there are some men here at this meeting who were here also 32 years ago, and they will remember that on this spot Michael Davitt, Parnell, and the late Matt Harris addressed a monster meeting in connection with the land question [hear, hear]. At that meeting there were men from Lucan and Curzon Stream, or, as I used to call it, cursed stream [laughter], and men from Palmerstown, Chapelizod, and Bluebell, from all round the North County Dublin, in order that they would hear propounded a new gospel, and that gospel was preached there by Davitt. At that meeting Davitt said the future of

ber that in '98 the men from Lucan and Rathfarnham marched along this road. In '48 they had their little coterie in the village of Clondalkin, and in glorious '67 they had their str nghold in this little village. Do you think that Tone died in order that you should be willing slaves? Do you think that Emmet died in Dublin for Ireland's sake in order that you should be willing slaves? No, my friends, they died that you should be free men. Come with us on the road to freedom. The sun is shining on that road. Come out to meet it. [Prolonged applause.]

Councillor Lawlor, who spoke next, asked them if Michael Davitt intended that a few men might hold the land. No, he never intended that such should be the case. There could only be one principle, and that was the emancipation of the workers of Ireland generally. [Hear, hear.] They were reminded that they were on the eve of Home Rule, and it was hardly necessary to tell them that no one required Home Rule more than the unfortunate workers. When they got Home Rule the decks must be cleared for action. There was going to be a fight that would stretch through the length and breadth of Ireland, and they were going to be linked up with the democracy of England, Scotland, and Wales, and the world over. He saw women in the crowd that day, with their babies in tueir arms, some of them boys and some of them girls; but from the very day they were born they had a load on their head, and that was because their fathers were labourers. It was up to them, therefore, to see that better conditions prevailed when these little ones became men and women. That was why they were there that day, and they should be failing in their duties to their wives and families if they did not make that start for the emancipation of the working classes. They were not satisfied so long as one man or one woman was trodden down. He believed they were the bone and sinew of the country. In conclusion he said they knew no particular religious belief. They might belong to any organisation they liked, political or sectarian; but he made bold to say at that moment that no organisation required their fidelity more than the Labour movement. [Hear, hear]

The Chairman than introduced Mr.

Larkin. Mr. Larkin, who was received with great applause, said-Friends, I am talking under difficulties, but there are many things I want to say to you, and I want you to go from this meeting convinced that the things you and I are interested in are the only things worth living for and dying for. My friend Daly reminded you of the historic districts in this part of the country, of the great man who had his being here, and who spoke from this very spot [hear, hear]. Michael Davitt was a great man, but Michael Davitt's work is not accomplished yet; and, my friends, you and I have got to carry on his work. Michael Davitt was a IS IRELAND FREE. abouring man like myself. He came to emancipate the workers of Ireland, but he got men attached to his movement who divorced the idea from his mind that all sections should be looked after, and who said the wisest and best course to adopt was that of expediency, and that the easiest way to get over a ditch was to go round by the bridge. These are the men you fought for and what about the work you accomplished for them? What is your reward? Ten to twelve shillings a week. Ten shillings a week for a man built in God's own image, and to rent half an acre of ground out of that. You have gentlemen like your friend Healy, who is cursing you every day of your lives. Fancy that man going to speak for the labourers! Proceeding, he asked—Do you think I am out to get a shilling or two a week more for you to spend in a publichouse? I wish you would take me away now if I thought this work would be to enhance the value of publichouses and the distilling industry. We are fighting for the women and the little children. You don't know the great work that is being accomplished. We have on this platform to-day an ex-Orangeman a man who went to jail for his opinions, and because we have convinced him and those like him that there is only one platform for him he is with us to-day. An Orangeman by birth, he is now a Home Ruler, a Gael and an Irish speaker [hear, hear]. Mr. Larkin went on to re'er to the good work done in 1907 in Belfast, and proceeded—But, my friends, we are out to accomplish greater work. That is only part of our mission. Take the man Dowling. He told his friends the other day that if Larkin went on organising the labourers he would lay his land down in grass. His land! Who ever gave him land? I always understood God gave the land to the people. When Dowling lays down his land in grass we will have a word to say. He will have to run down to the city of Dublin to sell his cattle or take them across the water. If he wants a market he must get the English or Scotch market. How is he going to get them across? Having referred to the possibility of bringing in Cattle into England from Canada and the Argentine, he asked where would Dowling and his cattle be then. Supposing, he continued, next year, God giving us strength, we have Home Rule, and we are bound to have it—you are getting it, because England has got to give it to you whether she likes it or They can no longer resist you. Why you are the right arm of England, and if the right arm fails in battle she will go down. England is giving you Home Rule as a bribe.

England always bribed you, but there are men living and there are men to be

born in Ireland whom England can never

bribe [hear, hear]. I had to starve in England, and I had to work in England.

mother that bore me died in England. but I brought her home. And there is no man going to force me to believe that England ever gave us anything except when the grip was on her throat: We are going to have the land for ourselves. Michael Davitt was a land nationaliser. He was not a compulsory purchaser. We used to have about 11,000 landlords. Now we have about 200,000. And if these fellows get free land and free houses why should we not get them, too? If we had free land and free houses we could crack our fingers at the farmers. That is what we are out for. Politics have some concern for every man, but your politics are bread and butter. Your po ities are fi a week, a farm of five acres, and a free house [loud applause]. We should go on by right for 30s. per week, because I say that no man who is married can live under 30s. per week. The farm labourer is the most skilled man in the world. The farm labourer can't be done without. All men live on the farm labourer, and knowing that, why don't you demand a living wage? You ought to be the proudest men in this country. Ireland can't do without you. I tell you-and any man who knows anything of physiology knows this-that any town would

My father died in England, and the

whole social question is a land question. Concluding, he said this is a historic meeting, and when you pass away your children's children will tell the story of the great meeting that was held at Clondalkin. This was a town when Dublin was only a village, and it is going to be a great town again [applause].

die out in four generations if not for

the strong men and women of the

country. I myself come from the land.

We can't live without the land. The

INCHICORE ITEMS.

Last Sunday the RED HAND BAND marched on Clondalkin. A long procession of outside cars, intermingled with the popular long cars or "drags." triumphantly entered the village. The men and women of Clondalkin may be relied upon to take their proper place in the great National Movement.

The reception given to Jim was wholehearted and sincere. The spirit of Davitt may have hovered over the spot, where, after 31 years, his words were truthfully repeated and interpreted. The "Publican and the Sinner" was taught a wholesome lesson. The enemies of the workers will have to fight all along the line. Many a thirsty soul was "dis-a-pinted" on Sunday, for Jim shut the pub. An Orangeman took the chair. He spoke as an Irishman and a worker, and the reception he received from the tolerant Catholics of Clondalkin ought not to be lost on the wooden-headed gunners of the Black North. Jim is the only man in Ireland who can successfully mix the Orange and Green, and IREAND UNITED

Jim's temporary indisposition made a visit to Chapelizod impossible, and we were once more compelled to postpone that pleasure. In the immediate future we shall carry the flag into Lucan-and "The Lisard" as was in my mind last week, where I mixed—if I did not make —history.

The local members of the U.K.S. are to be congratulated on the hospitality displayed by the entertainment of their brothers "on strike" with their wives and families at Emmett Hall on Sunday last. The men in the firing line showed a spirit that spells victory, and that spirit was reflected in the women and children. The battle of the U.K.S. is ours. It

is a fight for the standard of the working classes. Rally round their flag. "Up the U.K S. is now the cry. Upward and onward is the pass word of the men in the ranks of the Labour Movement. Larkin stands for Labour, and Labour stands by Larkin." "MORE POWER. Jim! The latter words are still ringing in

my ears as I write. From 12 o'clock on Saturday night until 4 o clock on Sunday morning I have listened to them from the lips of the liberated slaves of the Dublin United Tramway Company. I have heard them shouted all along the route of our triumphant march on Sunday by the wives and children of the farm labourers of Clondalkin and surrounding districts. It came straight from their hearts-" More power, Jim !" Some Judas has got the thirty "bob." The hope of worldly gain has often succeeded in bribing unthinking men to sell

their high ideals and pure principles. Life is short—too short of duration, too uncertain in its termination to make it worth any man's while to act the traitor or the coward. Be just and fear not. The advice is intended for my readers who are called on to decide matters

affecting not merely themselves but their class. Let them recollect that our life actions but record the epitaph on our tomb, and the only one by which we are JUDGED in a place where even Lorcan and Long John will be powerless to pack the jury.

The women workers of Inchicore were given a fortnight wherein to join the Union. Ine male members of the local branch of the Irish Transport Workers'

'Phone 3562

For First-Class Provisions AT MODERATE PRICES. CALL TO

CORCORAN. Capital T House, 27 North Strand Road.

Union are earnestly requested to assist in this very necessary work of organisa-DON'T HAVE THESE FEMALE WORKERS TOILING FOR STARVATION WAGES, AND THEREBY SCABBING ON THEIR SISTERS IN THE CITY.

Shop stewards are to hand in the names of non-unionists in their shops, whether they be skilled or not. The DAY OF THE NON-UNIONIST HAS PASSED. and the time is rapidly approaching when he must either GET IN OF GET OUT. The scab is no longer in fashion.

Tramwaymen of all grades are reminded that No. 3 Room, Emmet Hall. Inchicore, is specially reserved for their use every Friday night. They can there meet their fellow-workers and discuss with them matters affecting their wellbeing. Don't forget every Friday night, from 8 to II o'clock.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

COUGH CURE

The New Scientific Remedy for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and : all Chest and Lung Troubles. Acts like Magic. Price 6d. & 1/- Per Bettle · Breaks up the Cough immediately.

DOMINICK A. DOLAN, M.P.S.I. Wholesale & Retail Chemist, 58 BOLTON STREET, DUBLIN.

James Larkin.

PLAIN AND FANCY BAKER. 72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN. Pure Wholemeal and Buttermilk Squares a speciality

ASK FOR LARKIN'S LOAF

THE WORKERS' BAKER.

FANAGAN'S FUNERAL Establishment,

54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Established more than Half-a-Century.

Funeral Requisite. Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

Coffins, Hearses, Coaches, and every

COMP

For best qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices. .. ORDER FROM ..

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

BECKER Bros.

FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST

※ TEXS. ♠ PRICES-2/5, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6.

1/4 and 1/2. 8 South Great George's Street,

17 North Earl Street, ----> DUBLIN

Support RUSSELL'S. The Family Bakers,

TRADE UNION EMPLOYERS, RATHMINES BAKERY.

BOOTS for the WORKERS

Men's Bluchers, 3/11t, and 4/11; as sold electrical Men's Box Calf and Chrome, Stitched and Screwel

6s. 11d.; worth 8s. 11d. Women's Box Calf and Glace Kid Boots 4a. 11d; worth 6s. 6d.

The Best Range of Children's Boots in Dublin. 78 TALBOT STREET.



Agent for Lucania, Ariel and Fleet Cycles. Easy Payments from 2/- Weekly.

All Accessories kept in stock. Repairs & Speciality by Skilled Mechanics.

Hote Address-174 NTH. STRAND ROAD.

Printed for the Proprietor at the City Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and published by him at 18 Beresford Place, in the City of Dublin.

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

39 AUNGIER STREET FOR IRISH PLUG & ROLL

LABOURERS. GREAT MEETING IN CLONNDALKIN.

The great work that is being done

Mr. Bradshaw, in opening the proceedings, sai -We have come here to-day

your condition unless you have a proper organisation. That is the first step you must take, and we are here to-day to enable you to take that step. We are quite sure you will get into line and get in touch with the organised workers in all parts of Ireland. Now, my friend Daly told you I come from the North. Well, I am not ashamed of the fact (hear, hear), and I may tell you that until a few years ago I was not only living in the North but I was a member of an Orange Lodge. Proceeding, he said that the A.O.H. and the L.O.L. should be drowned in the same river. What could any of them do for the good of the country or what good could they do for the workers? None! "For that reason," he continued, "I have just told you what I used to be. Nowa-days I am out for bread and butter,

duced Councillor Partridge.

the land how did he treat you? How did he recognise your efforts? How did he recompense your sufferings? We know that in many cases when men went to seek to have cottages erected the farmers bitterly opposed it. Now we are out to help the labourers in order to obtain their own rights. The labourer has a right to a fa.r wage and reasonable treatment, and he has a right to be permitted to enjoy life. The farm labourers throughout the country are now bei g linked up, and we ask you to join in In the Irish Transport Workers' Union you have got an organisation that is stretching out throughout the whole length and breadth of Ireland, from Belfast to Cork, and you have in it an organisation that makes the Orangeman of the North shake hands with the Nationalist of the South (hear, hear); an organisation that makes them sink all differences and makes them recegnise in one another fellowcountrymen and fellow-workmen. Jim Larkin united Catholic and Protestant in Belfast in 1907, and on the 12th July he addressed a mass meeting there, and it was the only "Twelfth" in the recent history of Belfast that there were no struggles. But the professional politicians divided that bond of friendship. The professional politicians tore it asunder, and yesterday, I understand, they had the usual difference in Belfast. The men who raise political differences are men who seek to weaken you so that the employer may crush you, and so we raise your demand for better wages and conditions and shorter hours (hear, hear). Many of the farmers are already seeking to forestall us by giving you advances of wages and shorter hours, but I want to point out to you to-day that if you accept the bribe you

will live to regret it hear, hear). If you do get shorter hours and an increase of wages without being organised, then these conditions won't continue very long to exist. Unity is strength, and in this Labour movement we don't ask a single man to surrender any

opinion he may hold religiously or politically. But what we ask you to do is to join with us in the Labour movement. In the Transport Workers' Union you have, as I said, a national movement, composed of many sections, the

farm labourers' section, the tramway section, and the various other sections all looking after their own affairs, and in any move they may make they will have the entire sympathy and support of the whole organisation behind them (hear,

hear. For that reason, I say, it is to the interest of every worker in Ireland to be united with us, and be a member of the Irish Transport Union organisa.

been doing that too long. Think it out for yourselves, and if in the silent watches of the night you should realise that what we say is true, be sensible men and get together. Remember your to join that organisation are the members of the R.I.C. [laughter and historic past here in Cloudalkin, Remem-

Ireland meant that the land of Ireland should be the property of the people of Ireland. Thirty-two years have rolled over, and I notice that the land of Ireland has become the property of some of the gentlemen who were on the platform on that occasion, but none of the land of Ireland has become the property of the men who stood around that meeting to be bludgeoned by the peelers [hear, hear]. They could attend and they could talk, but the only thing that you have got is the right to starve in your own country. They will let you do that as long as you like. I generally notice that many of the farmers in the County Dublin come to these meetings in motor cars. Now, you can take it from me that motor cars don't grow on gooseberrybushes. They come from some place, and they are preated somehow but how are they created? I remember in the little village of Palmerstown men working during the land war for some of the men in the land war, and who were receiving 8s, a week. To day they had bettered their condition; they have ten shillings now [laughter]. Some of them a shilling a week for every child in the house, and out of that they have to pay rent to the patriotic Rural District Council, who don't take the necessary steps to have their gardens marked out for them [hear, hear]. At Davitt's meeting there was a platform and chairs and tables ad libitum, and the Press was here. Do you notice all the journalists here to-day? Except the reports in the "Irish Worker" and the "Daily Citizen" there will not be a line about this meeting. Continuing, the speaker said if they were in earnest in that fight they would show their earnestness by the strength of their combination. Did they think the farmers had secured the amelioration of their condition to the extent they had by just meeting and passing pious resolutions? No, no. They met and formed their combinations, and brought them into it; and when there was hard labour they [the labourers] had the hard labour. The farmers were the patriots. They had their chicken and port wine, and the labourers got the skilly. He referred to the military who attended Davitt's meeting, and said he was not sure if they were the Scots Guards; but, at any rate, the labourers were the blackguards. [Laughter.] In conclusion he said-We want you to be sensible men. Don't take everything we say for granted. You have