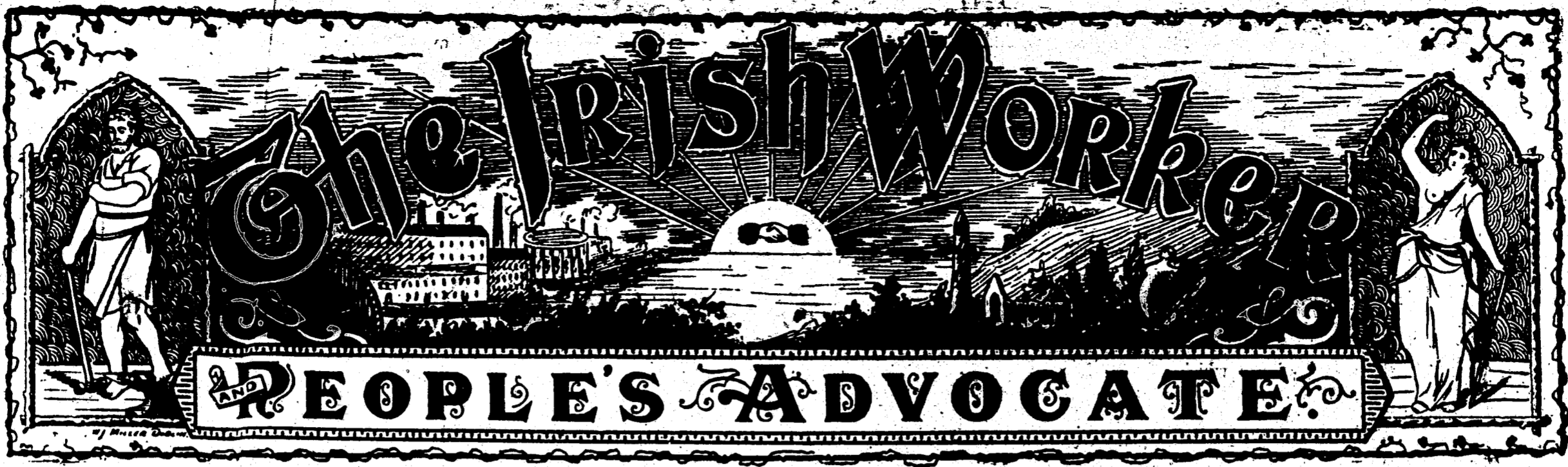


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



Edited by Jim Larkin.

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!

No. 1.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MAY 27th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

Our Platform and Principles

To the working class of Ireland the Editor of THE IRISH WORKER makes his bow—not in any humble manner, however, but as one who desires to speak to you and of you with honour and pride. Too long, ay! far too long, have we, the Irish working people, been humble and inarticulate. Yes, in the words of the old ballad—"Too long have we slumbered; but, now for the future, brave boys, do not fear." The Irish Working Class (capital letters, good Mr. Printer) are beginning to awaken: They are coming to realise the truth of the old saying, "He who would be free himself must strike the blow."

Agreed! But what do we mean by Freedom? Different individuals, various nations, and peoples have their own conception of the meaning of the word Freedom. The dictionaries, of course, give a definition of the word, and, after reading the dictionary or dictionaries, one has less understanding of the word and its application than before consulting the editorial oracle.

Let us, then, go to the prophets of the various political parties or cliques which we in Ireland are cursed with. Let us see what they mean by Freedom—let us take the latest bye-product of the political cauldron—the O'Brienites.

I take it their reading of the word means a country called Ireland, managed and controlled by William O'Brien, M.P.; Maurice Healy, M.P.; Duaraven, Lady Arnott, Lord Kenmare, Lord Barrymore, and last, but not least, Clanricarde! A land where the farmer or gombeen man, having, with the money or by pledging the credit of the Irish people, has been enabled to buy from the Kenmares, the Barrymores, and the other parasites—formerly known as the landlords—the land of the Irish people, the people will be allowed by the grace of, and with the permission of, the new landocracy to exist on the soil of Ireland, always keeping in mind, however, this fact: that permission to exist will only be continued so long as the people are willing to work for this new gang of parasites long hours for low wages, and under the most degrading conditions.

The word Freedom to the All-for-William League means a joining of hands with that party of scyophants, privilege-mongers, place-hunters, nation-levellers, blood-suckers, and carrion-crows that go to form the Unionist party in this country. And what do the Ardilauns, Dunravens, Moores and Campbells mean by Freedom?—that they, the privileged minority, shall continue to monopolise all places of profit and interest; that we, the common Irishry, as they call us, will continue in the future as in the past to allow them and the fell brood who have battered on us and our people for the last 800 years to keep "doing it" as the Cockney says. Freedom to exploit! Freedom to degrade—to insult, to ridicule the Nation which feeds and clothes them, and which too long has given them shelter! The day is coming fast when those vampires will find that this right-little-tight-little island is too circumscribed for such creatures, who mean by Freedom liberty to foul the nest in which they were too tenderly reared.

Then, what do the remanent known as the Sinn Fein Party mean by Freedom? Now, when I speak of the remanent I mean what is known as the Official Sinn Fein Party, of

which Griffith is the prophet. A party or rump, which, while pretending to be Irish of the Irish, insults the Nation by trying to foist on it not only imported economics, based on false principles, but which had the temerity to advocate the introduction of foreign capitalists into this sorely-exploited country. Their chief appeal to the foreign capitalists was that they (the imported capitalists) would have freedom to employ cheap Irish labour! No, friend, Arthur, the Irish capitalist already has too much Freedom to exploit the worker! of which more anon.

For eleven years these self-appointed prophets and seers have led their army up the hill and led them down again, and would continue to do so lead them, if allowed, until the leader was appointed king of Ireland under the Constitution of 1782. That "Constitution" was a rotten one. The men who formulated it a bad lot, who sold our country for their own material benefit, and whose only regret was that they had not another country to sell. We want neither imported economics nor imported capitalists. We have sufficient capital in the land of Ireland. We, Irish workers, have the mental and physical powers to utilise that capital, and the common-sense section—that is, the working class portion of the Sinn Fein Party, have realised that now, and will, I feel sure, be the backbone of the only party to which the Irish worker should belong—i.e., an Irish Labour Party.

And now, what of the definition given to the word Freedom by the party known as the Nationalist Party? Well, they admit honestly and openly that they do not believe in political Freedom, and they know nothing of economic Freedom! They state logically enough, I admit, that they are a party bound together for one purpose—namely, the accomplishment of a movement to achieve self-government for Ireland; and that, as far as is humanly possible, they are not going to allow Freedom to anybody, either to think or act in any shape or form—only as they, the leaders of the Nationalist Party, dictate. They have proved that they are not concerned in the material welfare of the Irish worker by the fact that every Act passed by the British Parliament that in any way minimised the hard conditions of the English worker, or in any way improved his condition, the Nationalist Party have agreed, nay, have insisted on Ireland being deleted from such legislation, always excepting the Old Age Pensions Act, which they dared not interfere with.

We will return to those matters in our next issue and quote Act after Act beneficial to the worker, which this party have deprived them of. Then what of ourselves? We Irish workers, what do we mean by the word Freedom? Does the word Freedom include Liberty? Yes and no! For it is paradoxical but true; that the less liberty a man or individual may exercise the more Freedom he or she may enjoy. But we are not going to play with words. Let us have a common-sense reading of the word.

By Freedom we mean that we, Irishmen in Ireland, shall be free to govern this land called Ireland by Irish people in the interest of all the Irish people. That no other people or peoples, no matter what they call themselves, or from whence they come, now or in the future, have any claim to interfere with the common right of the common people of this land of Ireland to work out their own destiny! We owe no allegiance to any other

nation, nor the king, governors, or representatives of any other nation. That all such persons are interlopers and trespassers on this our land, and that we are determined to accomplish not only National Freedom, but a greater thing—Individual Freedom—Freedom from military and political slavery, such as we suffer under at present, but also from a more degraded slavery, economic or wage slavery! How, then, are we to achieve Freedom and Liberty?

To accomplish political and economic Freedom we must have our own party! There is no difficulty whatever about that. That party means the People—all men and women who are willing to work and build up an Irish Nation! That party must have principles! And, forget not, workers, that principles are greater than persons! It was persons who sold this Nation in the past! Put your trust in no man, you will therefore never be confounded. Stand by your principles!

Yes, true Freedom is to be in earnest to make others free! Such, then, is the policy of this paper. Such are its principles—broad—based upon the people's will!

- Bide your time, the morn'g is breaking
Bright with Freedom's blessed ray,
Millions from their trance awaking,
Soon shall stand in firm array.
Man shall fetter man no longer,
Liberty shall march sublime,
Every moment makes us stronger,
Calm and thoughtful, bide your time.
- Bide your time, one false step taken
Perils all you yet have done,
Undismayed, erect, unshaken,
Watch and wait and all is won.
'Tis not by a rash endeavour,
Man can e'er to greatness climb,
Would you win your rights for ever?
Firm, unshrinking, bide your time.
- Bide your time, your worst transgression
Were to strike and strike in vain,
He whose arm would smite oppression,
Must not need to strike again.
Danger makes the brave man steady,
Rashness is the coward's crime,
Be for Freedom's battle ready,
When it comes, but bide your time.

Police Intimidation.

The question arises right here—is there any connection between the publicans and the police in this city? Take a case: in point, we can quote other. In the course of a meeting held in Miles Hill (how appropriate for a Poor Law election meeting), presided over by the president of the Dublin Trades Council, one of the speakers, Jim Larkin, had occasion to criticise various public individuals and the administration of public boards. In a speech, covering some 80 minutes, many matters were dealt with. The speaker had occasion during his survey of the Poor Law and its working, to refer to the fact that the man who had worked for 40 or 50 years assumed civic responsibilities, paid his share of the State expenditure, brought up a family, and, in everything, acted as a loyal, honest member of the community; then, either through illness or incapacity, or some other mischance, was compelled to ask back from the State, in the shape of Poor Law relief, a portion of the wealth he had produced, was branded a pauper and became the despised and rejected of men. He was unliky in picking his father.

On the other hand, if he was named George Wotkin, and called king of England, he

need never work; and, instead of being called a pauper, would be pampered and feted. Civic receptions would be offered by Irish Nationalists, so-called; Unionists, place-hunters, and other disloyal Irishmen would actually fall down and lick his boots. The speaker also pointed out the publican element in the Nationalist life was responsible for a lot of the toadyism that was rampant in their midst. Men who were elected on the understanding that they would not present a loyal address, after election were falling over themselves to do so. Quote the case of the present Lord Mayor, the late Lord Mayor, and tried and true Nationalists, who even refused the king of England civic hospitality, because they dare not be men and act as they would like to act—go down to another public board and vote the address they had previously refused. And the same spirit of toadyism permeates all public life in this country.

He quoted a letter from a Dublin evening paper, written by a member of the police, wherein it was stated, a man could not get promoted in the B.M. unless he was a time-server or kicked off with the right foot; in fact, if a man changed his opinions, and, still better, his creed, to suit the parties in power, not only in the police, but in many other Government offices, as well as in private firms, it would be conducive to one's own advancement.

Just at this point in the address, whether the question of changing one's religion for promotion, or the statement that one required to kick off with the right foot seemed to affect the officer in charge of the police (Inspector Kiernan, I understand)—these statements had evidently touched him on the raw. He suddenly turned to his men, 12 or 14 in number, saying: "Come on, by God! I'll stop him; I'll pull him down!" And, rushing through the crowd, like a man who had lost his senses, he rushed up to the wagon whereon Larkin was speaking, and shouted out: "Say that again and I'll take you down; and you also attacked the king."

It was a touching sight. Here was the representative of Law and Order, the man who was responsible for the peace, actually trying to create a breach of the peace. Everyone in the crowd agreeing with the speaker, applauding his points; not a dissentient note, and yet the disciplined and trained official kept calling out like a parrot: "I'll take you down," looking like a man demented. On the wagon the speaker, absolutely unruffled, calm, as if speaking to a friend, spoke a few words to the crowd, in a moment calmed the excitement, and then, folding his arms, looked the Inspector straight in the face, and said: "You require me to repeat my previous remarks, now listen"; then slowly and distinctly, every word being heard outside the crowd, he repeated what he had said previously, and, turning to the Inspector, said: "Now, take me down." Seeing no move on the Inspector's part, he continued his remarks, thanked the audience, asked the bands to form up, and, getting down off the wagon, walked past the Inspector who, by this time, had realised what a ridiculous person he had made of himself, and the people headed, by the bands, marched off cheering.

SAVE MONEY!

The Ball of Blue

Gives the Best Value in Dublin in
BOOTS, SHOES and other Goods.

Come and see; you will be surprised.
ADDRESS—
Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.
Save your Money and think of "The Ball of Blue."

Questions We Would Like Answered.

To LADY ABERDEEN—Where were the posters advertising the Uí Breasail Industrial Exhibition printed? Would it be correct to say they were designed and printed in Harrow, near London?

To CAPTAIN CUFFE (or Captain Snuff), we forget which is right—How many Irishmen are working in the cabinet works, Kilkenny? How many imported blacklegs? How many imported Israelites? Is the lady known as The Countess of Dysart home manufacture?

Will Captain Snuff or Cuffe tell us how much of the investor's money was wasted in the Kilkenny Woodworks under the guidance of the late imported manager? Why Hunter resigned; and is the new manager an Irish product?

How many Trades Unionists are working in the Kilkenny Woodworks, and is the Chief of all the Kilkenny Trades Unions satisfied with his imported managers and imported blacklegs? And, please, Captain Otway Cuffe. Can we trade in the "Island of the Blue?" If we will not allow us to work in the "Island of the Blue"—may we ask, with due deference of course, being meek and lowly of birth, if it please the gentle knights and ladies who have organised (or who get the credit) this "Blessed" sweating exhibition—how many of the firms exhibiting pay the recognised rate of wages and employ Trades Union Labour?

Should this not be called the exhibition of the "pest"—the free-labour or scab pest? No, my genteels, the Irish workers do not want Irish industry built up on imported scab labour.

How many Trades Union workers does Alderman Cotton, M.P., employ in his capacity as managing-director of the Gas Works? How many of the stoves exhibited by that company are made in Ireland? How much machinery; how much imported bricks; how many imported bricklayers have the Gas Company imported, so as to deport Irish gas workers out of their employ? For answer see Gas Co's. last Balance Sheet.

How many machines has Sir John Nutting imported to put Irish glass bottle makers out of work? We will return to this subject next week.

How much does ex-Alderman Irwin pay his work girls per week? How much per hour overcome? How much does he fine them per month?

How much did Councillor Crozier pay for the last lot of house property he bought from the Corporation?

How many loaves made by blackleg bakers did Councillor Scully, Chairman South Dublin Union, buy last month? Perhaps Mr. Patrick Lea, Secretary of the Bakers' Society, could tell us?

How much did the doctors in the North and South Dublin Unions get in vaccination fees since New Year's day, 1911? How much do they get per child vaccinated?

Lives of gombeen men remind us—
When they've got a grip secure,
When they've robbed and squeezed the people,
We make them—Guardians of the Poor!

As self-preservation is Nature's first law—
resistance to oppression is man's most sacred duty.

If you want Good Table Potatoes
—GO TO—
JOHN CARROLL
128 Upr. Dorset Street Dublin.
No such Value for the Money as we have
and save money!

The Poor Law Elections.

Labourers Fight in South Dock Ward.

READERS,—An opportunity is given to you on next Monday, May 29th, between the hours of 8 a.m. and 8 p.m., to do something to remove the indelible disgrace placed upon this great city—a disgrace which has been and is getting quoted throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, against the case of Ireland's claim to self-government. The disgrace I refer to is that the publicans run this city, govern this city; in fact monopolise all public boards: that everything is made subservient to the interest of the drink seller. If you want an old age pension, apply to Councillor publican. If you want a card for the Distress Committee to get work, apply to Councillor publican. If you want a Dispensary note, again, Poor-Law Guardian publican. If you want a job in the Corporation service, again apply to Councillor or Alderman publican. Let us admit for the sake of argument that the publican element have a right to representation on public boards. There are 300,000 persons or more in Dublin. The drink-shop owners and their assistants comprise something like one in 300, that is to say, about 3,000. What is their representation on the city Corporation? Well, those who sell liquor directly, and those interested in the sale of drink, number 47, or more than half of the total Council. And every board election in the city and county would bear out the same proportion.

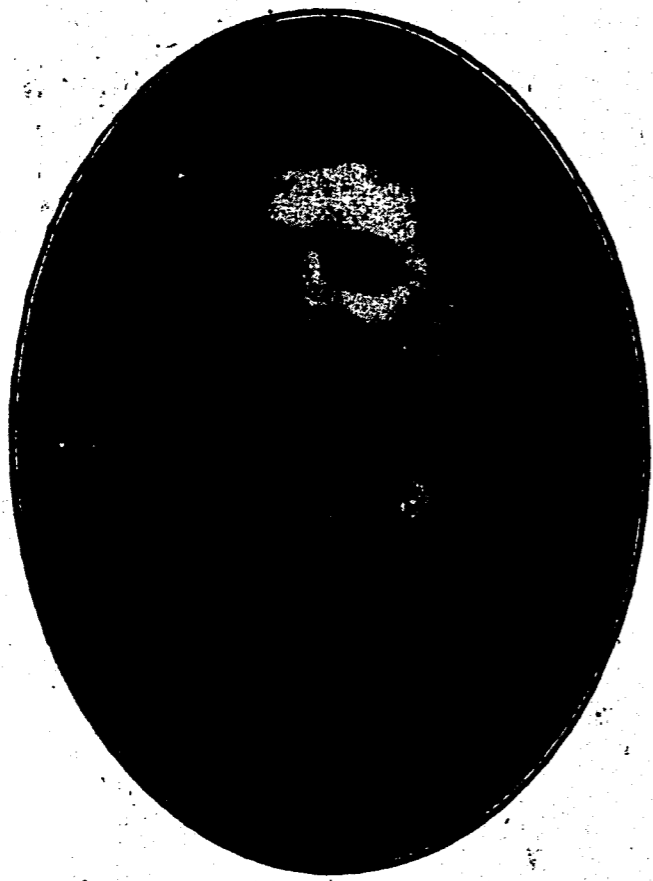
What of the present Poor Law election? In three wards all of the candidates are publicans. In Wood Quay three of the official candidates are publicans. In Rotunda, four out of five. Merchant's Quay, three elected out of four. But come to South Dock, a purely working-class ward. Out of five candidates no less than four are publicans, nominated by an alleged Branch of the

United Irish League, a Branch run and subsidised by these boycots. There are over 2,200 voters in the Ward. Seven out of ten are Nationalists, there are not fifty members of this so-called "Branch." Their annual contributions, which, apart from a few shillings subscribed by some honest but misguided workmen, and whose subscriptions were intended for the National Organisation, not for the use of the blique of place-hunters, sycophants and Ward heelers, who are running the Ward in their own and Bung's interest. I repeat—take away the hush-money subscribed by the Bungs in the ward, and they would not get enough to pay for the gas they consume.

Well, what of the man who has been selected to fight the combined forces of corruption and bungery? He is secretary of the No. 1 Branch of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. He has been endorsed by the Trades' Council. He is and has been a Nationalist, a consistent one all his life, unlike some of his traducers. Born in the Ward, worked all his life in or about the Ward, married, and reared all his family within the Ward; has known what poverty meant; knows the wants and grievances of the people in the Ward. Always accessible, he has no axe to grind, under the control of the Union which employs him. He has done his best in the past for the poor, and, given the opportunity, will do more. He is standing as a Labour candidate, and Labour candidate only. Nominated by his own Trade Union and endorsed by the United Trades of Dublin.

Greene is his name
Greene is your man.
Greene will be a Guardian of the Poor.
Here is Greene, the candidate.—

Vote for GREENE.



Vote for GREENE.

A meeting to support the candidature of Greene, and to protest against the gross intimidation of the police at last Sunday's meeting, will be held in Albert Place (off Grand Canal Street), on Sunday, May 28th, 1911, at one o'clock.

The candidate, supported by Jim Larkin and other prominent labour men, will speak.

In connection with the contest in South Dock Poor Law election, the bungs have received a bad blow. They had so fixed things up that, taking advantage of the Local Government regulations, they monopolised the right to appoint personating agents, and Greene, the Labour candidate, would thus have had no representation. The Town Clerk having ruled that Green had no right to appoint anybody, the candidate, accompanied by Jim Larkin, and fortified with advice of a prominent member of the temperance movement in this city—and a City Father to boot—waited on the Local Government Board. Although they were unable to see the secretary or vice-president, they were received by Mr. Leech, and having heard the complaint, put the matter before the Board. Another official of the Board advised Mr. Larkin to write, asking for a dispensation or exemption to be allowed. That advice was taken, and

the Board have admitted that exceptional circumstances entered into the case, and granted an order empowering the Town Clerk to allow Mr. Greene to appoint agents. So Bung, my boy, round one to the Transport Union!

They Say

That as a protest against the use of machinery in the Printing trade, the Irish Trades Union Congress are having the agenda, &c., got up on the Lino!
That of course the hundreds of idle comps in Dublin are not to be considered.
That the Asylum attendants who have been refused the right to combine are not inclined to take their beating lying down.
That the conditions of employment in the Richmond and other asylums spell slavery.
That instant dismissals are the rule.
That hundreds have been victimised under the "regulations."
That a fossil who was placed on the Asylum Board by the Trades Council voted against allowing the employes organising!
That although not nominated by the Trades Council, the presiding genius of the Sheriff's back parlour succeeded in keeping the said humbug on the Board.
That THE IRISH WORKER is up to time.
That the grievances of those who work will not remain unredressed if we can help it.
That the People's cause—our cause—is advancing.

A Loyal Ditty.

By KAIGKEN.

[Dedicated to the West-British knaves and slaves who are preparing to belie their country and debase themselves before the King of England.]

Air—"Casey's Christening."

Arrah, boys, alanna! clear your throattles,
Shout and sing—hip, hip, hurrah!
The Sassenach-king is coming over,
The same as did his Pa and Ma.

Now's the time to seek concessions;
Now's the time to crawl and cringe,
Don't you see some "Honours" (?) coming,
On your claque Home Rule must hinge!

Think no more of brave Lord Edward,
Don't remember Emmet's grave;
Play the hypocrite and liar,
Act the poltroon and the slave.

Down before this sign of Empire!
Let the world see your shame—
Down before the power of Mammon!
Other "natives" did the same.

Betray the good old land that bore you—
Land of Owen and Feach MacHugh,
Kiss the tyrant rod that smote you,
As tamed traitors always do.

Yes! despise the land of Patrick,
Of Brigid, Kevin, and Columbkille!
Aye, and of the brave St. Laurence,
Whose spirit hovers o'er us still.

Go, present your cheap addresses;
Keep up well the wretched show,
Buy that hobble shirt for Polly,
Though in rags yourselves may go.

Stand condemned before the Nations;
Bow your necks to foreign thrall,
Play the knavish, base West-Briton;
Fawn and crouch at England's call!

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

—THE—
Irish Worker
AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.
Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.
All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10, Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

Dublin, Saturday, 27th May, 1911.

We had intended to begin in this number a history of the Belfast Strike (illustrated by photos taken during the course of the dispute), giving the causes which led up to same, its developments, some of the actors, and their actions, also the moral. This we shall commence at an early date.

In our next issue we open a Legal Column, in which we will answer any questions through our Legal Editor.

We hope our readers will make use of these columns, in which ventilation will be given to any and every grievance.

Correspondents need not waste their time by writing anonymous communications. All letters sent in must be signed, not necessarily for publication, but as a proof of the writer's bona-fides. Don't forget, reader, whether you agree or not with the editorial point of view, you will get your say, subject to the limitations of space. We want this paper to become your paper. We want you to understand also that at all times anyone reading an advertisement in THE IRISH WORKER can depend on it that there is no humbug about what they see advertised; for if the people and goods are not right—out they go!

Singer Sewing Machine Co. and the Kilbowie Strike.

Trade Unionists, and all readers of this paper, we have been requested to bring under your notice the action of the manager of the Singer Company in Scotland, who has had to acknowledge defeat as a result of the late dispute at the works in Kilbowie, consequent upon the unjust dismissal of some women workers whose wages had been reduced 20 per cent., and for whose reinstatement no less than eleven thousand workers ceased work. Since the close of the dispute and the forced reinstatement of the women referred to, this company, like all capitalist concerns, has only been awaiting the opportunity to deal with the agitators, and we are now informed that every person who took a prominent part in the strike, either as a speaker or as a member of the strike committee, have been dismissed on some pretext or another. Men who have had 10 and 15 years service, and especially those

with large families, have been sacked. The most prominent men, the chairman and secretary of the strike committee were first to go. Now the company's cavassers are going around this city trying to force Singer's Sewing Machines on to you. You are not compelled to buy a sewing machine. If you want a sewing machine there are plenty such as Jones's, the Live Pool, and other cities. Tell your respectable gentlemanly cavasser that your objection to the company's action is the fact that you have had bread! You need not buy a sewing machine. Next week we will give a few facts concerning the system under which the cavassers work and their remuneration. Remember the victimisation of our fellow-workers in Glasgow and act accordingly.

What Labour is Doing.

DUBLIN BAKERS' LOCK-OUT

Comrades! What are you doing to help the bakers? Are you aware that the firms of Johnston, Mooney & O'Brien; Galbraith, Campbell, of Ringsend; and Landy, B.L.G., of Rathfarmham, have locked out the Trade Union bakers and are employing imported blacklegs. Are you aware that a creature called Synnott is masquerading as a trades unionist, and with some others, who once were men, banded together under the title of the Metropolitan Bakers' Society, are assisting the blackleg employers, in this dispute? Are you aware that men calling themselves trade unionists, members of Trade Unions, affiliated not only to Dublin Trades Council, but also to the English Labour Party, are buying bread made by blacklegs and worse—some of them supplying other people, through their little shops, with scab-made bread.

Look here, boys, this thing is up to you on one side—the master bakers are determined to crush out trades unionism, backed up by the dominant governing class, the middle class, and by traitors from our own class, who speak of their special organ in the Press, published in Belfast. How then, to help the bakers? Lock out the employers and their employees who have locked out the members of the Dublin Operative Bakers Trade Union. Ask, and see to it, that the vanman who supplies your home is a member of a trade union. Tell your wife that if the vanman bringing bread—no matter what firm they may work for—has not got a trade union card and badge, to refuse the bread and let it go to the shop direct. Watch the shops in the neighbourhood. See what vans supply them, and act accordingly. Keep on asking the shopkeeper is the bread made by the Dublin Trade Union Bakers?

It is their fight to-day—and may be yours to-morrow!

Lost: Reward Given!

Anyone bringing information which will lead to the discovery of the Irish Temperance Movement, or any result of their VIRILE and ENERGETIC work will receive a Catch-My-Pal Button.

We had occasion to ring up Mr. Wigham, of the Irish Temperance League, on Thursday, to ask him if the Temperance Party were doing anything in the Poor Law Elections. He expressed his regret that they could not take part—in fact they never took part in politics. The foregoing is not a joke. Looking after the poor is politics! Of course, the Irish Temperance League is too respectable to take the side of a common worker in fighting organised drink monopoly in South Dock Ward or other wards.

Coming through the town I met a friend. I told him what occurred. This man is a life-long teetotaler like myself. He said "This is a pity; it is too bad to allow the Bungs to boss the show without an objection," and passing on said, "Oh, by the way, do you know if Mr. Wigham, Secretary of the Irish Temperance League, is a shareholder in the Gas Company?" I don't know, but I am going to find out, friend!

The People's Claim.

Runs there no breath of sweet liberty's fire,
In the blood of our boasted free,
And must we be ever the slaves of a class,
That laugh at the labourer's plea for life,
In vain then, our fathers shed their life's blood,
To throw off the monarchial yoke,
And life's but a nightmare, a vision, a curse,
A soul devastating grim joke.
But no! there breathes still in the race,
Tho' oft hid to view,
A spark of the noble divine,
Which, gathering strength at each turn of the screw,
Each groan of the works,
Each anguish, each bruise shall define,
The law of the people to be justice for all.

Wise Workers v. Pagan Pride.

By WILLIAM FIELD, M.P.

When, in consequence of disobedience, our First Parents were driven out of Paradise it was ordained that they should earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Thou sands of years later, when Our Lord the Redeemer came on earth to Christianise the suffering proletariat, His disciple, St. Paul said, "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," but in the process of time those maxims have become, perhaps, more honoured in the breach than the observance, so to-day there exists more Pagan pride in Ireland than probably is in evidence in any other country. This lamentable condition of public opinion has arisen from an unfortunate combination of many causes. During centuries of alien misrule and plunder, habits of industry were discouraged, if not absolutely prevented, by successive confiscations of landed property from the original tribal owners, and subsequently by a system of legal felonious groundholdism, commonly called landlordism, which enabled the ground holder to absorb all the profit by rack-renting and eviction, although God created land for the sustenance of the human race and not for the production of rent.

As a natural consequence, the custom of tillage was destroyed, which was aided by system of free imports protected by cheaper preferential through rates. Except in the North, where the Ulster Tenant Right and the long lease in the principal cities secured agricultural and town tenants in their tenur and improvements, all the rest of Ireland town and country alike, was plundered by the groundholders. Foreign legislation ruth lessly interfered with Irish industries. The terminable leasehold system enabled ground holders to appropriate improvements and destroy the business created by tenants. It also encouraged the creation and perpetuation of slums. The Poor Law system, likewise, has been a main factor in the degradation of our workers and voluntarily created immediate reform.

It may be objected that those arguments are not connected with the subject of war. Nevertheless, in my opinion they are the main causes, taken in conjunction with what is called a National System of Education, the peculiar position occupied by the business men and workers of Ireland in our time.

As I wrote some years ago in my article "Impediments to Irish Industry," at the Cork Industrial Exhibition:—

SOCIAL CUSTOM.

Unfortunately, in Ireland when a considerable sum of money is made in a business it very often given up, so the personality a continuity is lost. The sons of the principal may enter professions, or obtain official appointments, or be reared in idleness; the daughters marry officials or professionals. But connection with trade is sternly avoided. As a rule, in competing countries the commercial captains and their lieutenants are appreciated in Society and the State; or firms established for generations would more abandon their business than an aristocrat would give up his estate and title, but in this country it is a common occurrence snub the manufacturer, trader, and worker. So industry is regarded as unworthy of an ambitious intellect, or university education.

In Great Britain, the Colonies, America, France (where business men were chosen Presidents), and in Germany, the brightest and best educated men go into business, and are recognised as leaders in every sphere in Ireland almost exactly the reverse is the rule. This social ostracism acts as a serious deterrent to commercial progress, for the honest business man who gives employment and pays his way, is simply tolerated, while the trifler and the idler, if they have any money to waste, are observed as objects of admiration and respect.

Under this fashionable fantasy it sometimes happens that the genteel superior person who can do nothing for himself, anybody else is termed a gentleman, while the commercialists and workers are many times socially boycotted. Personally I agree with the philosopher who said, "Life would be more endurable only for what is known as Society;" yet it has occurred that commercialists have sought another country where industrial occupation is scarcely taken notice of as a disqualification for social distinction.

This view is corroborated by the statement recently made by the Lord Bishop of Ross at a meeting of the Catholic Truth Conference in Dublin, in his able paper, "The Practical Application of Christianity to the Lives of the Irish People to-day," he says—"There can, I think, be no doubt that there is in Ireland a growing disinclination to do manual work, and a feverish desire to secure some clerical post, even at a starvation wage. This unhappy disposition has grown up partly from false systems of education imported here from England, partly from national helplessness and apathy, and partly from

The Fair Wages Resolution in Public Contracts.

By the Late HUGH M'MANUS, Belfast.

Unquestionably there is no subject of more importance to the Irish worker—as a skilled artisan, citizen, and tradesman—than the adoption and legitimate administration of the Fair Wages Clause in Public Contracts. The considered judgment of the Lord Chief Baron in the Richmond Asylum case, and the vexed points which were involved, so lucidly set at rest by the preface by Mr. Jones, the chairman of the Board, in the pamphlet issued by Mr. E. L. Richardson, J.P., the late secretary of the Irish Trades Congress Parliamentary Committee, and by their authority, dispels most of the misty doubts which had hitherto surrounded the discussion and interpretation of this question.

Unfortunately we in Ireland, the provinces particularly, have no "living" public opinion amongst the majority of the workers (outside political issues) that has been fully concentrated upon this important matter at election times to squeeze so-called "popular" candidates for public positions. In the chief cities this educational pressure may be exercised well enough up to the day of election; but the "administration" of the Fair Contracts Clause is even more important than the mere passing of the resolution and inserting it in the standing orders or the minutes of the Council. Public officials will not go further or faster in this matter than they are compelled to do by the Board. Public boards will not go further or faster than they are compelled to do by their constituents. This clause protects fair employers as well as competent workers. This is why the sweater hates it.

One of the most valuable clauses in the original Local Government Act (1897) was subsequently neutralised and bastardised through the instrumentality of Mr. Jasper Tully, then M.P. for Roscommon, who turned up at the Autumn Session of Parliament for the first time during 1903, when the English Education Bill was under discussion, and the Irish members not interested, nor present, when this gem of Old Ireland sprung an amendment to a short codifying Bill of Mr. Wyndham's, making the lowest tender (in Jasper's amendment) imperative upon being accepted by public boards. The decision of the Lord Chief Baron (referred to elsewhere) has upset this idea.

THE DUTY OF THE CITIZEN.

I have had a fairly large experience in connection with the development of the Fair Wages Clause in Ireland, particularly in respect to public printing contracts—my own trade. I had interviews with Mr. G. Balfour (when Chief Secretary for Ireland) in Dublin and Westminster, when the Irish Local Government Bill was before Parliament, my purpose being to have the Fair Wages Clause inserted in the Bill; but Mr. Balfour imperatively refused—it not being in any previous Act elsewhere, and emphatically replied "that we were getting vast additional voting power for public board elections, and the workers should utilise that power upon the candidates before election."

Now, let me again ask, do the Irish workers make use of this valuable weapon and intrinsic asset to them for work and wages? I unhesitatingly answer "No." Thousands of pounds annually are lost to the fair employer and workers through this negligence. Then comes the important question of the insane competition at cut-throat prices (sometimes) between the employers when tendering for contracts, in which the workers have no choice or voice. I could quote examples in my own business *ad infinitum*. Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Derry, Clonmel, Kilkenny, Ennis, Armagh (see *Irish Printer* for December), in all of which places the variety of the quotations for public printing work was, like Sam Weller's experience, "extensive and peculiar."



The same experience came under my notice during the sittings of the Irish Technical Congress in Sligo this year. The printing of the agenda and report in England caused Mr. P. T. Daly to enliven the meeting with a rather sententious oration anent the enormity of the offence and the terrible loss to Irish industry. I have made it my business to get the quotations. But the president of the Congress (Mr. Forth, principal of the Belfast Technical Institute) and the Rev. P. J. Dowling, C.M., secretary of the Congress, felt justified in placing the work elsewhere under the circumstances. On the 1st. Several Irish firms in Dublin, Belfast, Cork, &c., were asked for tenders. In every instance the Irish tenders sent in for executing the work were at least 100 per cent. higher than the tender accepted, which was from a fair house, employing all trade union labour,

and paying wages equal to or higher than the firms in Ireland! This is a sorry admission for an Irishman—and an Irish official to boot—to make public. How can Irish industries be developed under such a regime? Remember, the workman has no voice in such circumstances, but he loses the work in Ireland. Surely to goodness, after all our speechifying regarding the development of Irish industries in Ireland—where the work is wanted—we ought to have a good business man at the head of our commercial departments as exists across the Channel!

The Irish Trade Mark has been boomed for all it is worth—and more. It is an absolute decoy or fraud as a protection or preventive of the material or work it covers being produced under fair conditions of labour, or not produced by sweated labour. That is a strong, if not the strongest, incentive for each trade union to have a registered and protected trade mark of their own—so advantageously adopted in the Colonies and America. It would be an admirable safeguard to the Kilkenny Woodworkers.

A Tragedy!

I see our friend, Mangan, of the Pembroke U.I.L., and Mulligan, late Sinn Feinner, now U.I.L. Ward Boss, got their fingers burnt trying to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for Major M'Bride.

It seems the Major sent a communication to the cabal suggesting a conference on national questions and the old saying became new—"fools rush in where angels angels fear to tread." Mangan, thinking for a moment he was County Councillor, rose in his dignity and moved—"We accept." The accomplished ward heeler and political turncoat, Mulligan, seconded. Then he who must be obeyed, stretched forth his mit, seized the unoffending sheet of Irish newspaper, stained with Irish-made ink, crushed it as he would crush the Trades Council—and, casting the crushed and torn missive into the receptacle, to be burnt along with the East-Cork election cheques and receipts.

He, rising then in all his majesty of person, the light of genius shining in his beautiful iridescent eyes, said, "Mulligan, I thought you were an intelligent man." And Mulligan passed into the outer darkness to seek consolation from Councillor Thomas O'Beirne, ex-Sinn Feinner, ex-Anti-Cottonite, and the only Looney.

Vide! Vide! Vide! Again has Ireland lost an opportunity!

Answers to Questions.

Result of the alleged National Education Commissioners' System.

Women's suffrage is the state of suffering to which they were born.

The earth is an obsolete spheroid.

Lord Raleigh was the first man to see the Invisible Armada.

Shakespeare founded "As you like it" on a book previously written by Sir Oliver Lodge.

Tennyson wrote "In Memorandum."

King Edward IV. has no claim by geological right to the English Throne.

George Eliot left a wife and children to mourn his genii.

The capital of Russia is St. Petersburg on the Duma.

The Test Act of 1673 was passed to keep Roman Catholics out of public houses.

Henry I. died of eating palfreys.

Louis XVI. was gelatined during the French Revolution.

The Rhine is bordered by wooden mountains.

Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter.

James I. died from argue.

The whale is an amphibious animal, because it lives on land and dies in the water.

Horsepower: is the distance one horse can carry a pound of water in an hour.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. carbolic acid it is injurious to health.

The Press to-day is the mouth organ of the people.

A vacuum is a large empty space where the Pope lives.

Martin Harvey invented the circulation of the blood.

A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian.

The Isles of Greece were always quarrelling as to which was the birth-place of Homer. Chaos has the most right to claim him.

Salt is the thing that makes the potato taste so bad when you don't put it on.

A Goak.

"Look here, Brown," said Jones, "I want you to lend me some money."

"Very good," replied Brown. "What's your security?"

"Would the word of an honest man not do?" asked Jones.

"It might," replied Brown. "Bring him with you the next time you call."

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Excursion to Cork,

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(CHILDREN HALF PRICE)

Then visit sweet Cork, where your Soggarth was born,
I am sure many new things have come into vogue;
But there is one thing you'll find both night, noon and morn,
That for centuries back there's no change in the brogue.

The Irish Transport & General Workers' Union Band and Pipers Band will accompany the Excursion.

Arrangements made for trip by Steamer to Queenstown, and also Cheap Fares to Blarney Castle.

The Bells of Shandon are calling you. **BE IN TIME! BE IN TIME! BE IN TIME!**

Train leaves Kingsbridge at 8 a.m., arrives Cork 12 noon; leaves Cork 8 p.m., arriving home at 12 p.m.

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FULL PARTICULARS, including Guide to Cork Refreshment Rooms and all details in our Next Issue out on **FRIDAY, JUNE 2nd, 1911.**

The Irish Worker.

[When the idea of the establishment of THE IRISH WORKER took tangible shape some months ago, the following article was received from that steadfast trade-unionist and honest Irishman, the late Hugh M'Manus, whose work in the cause of labour proved beneficial to his own trade and many other branches of industry. In printing this letter—the last written by our dead comrade—we do so as a tribute to one whose words and actions were always characterised by a blunt honesty of purpose worthy of the cause to which he devoted his best days and energies. Peace to his ashes.—Ed.]

THE NECESSITY FOR THE IRISH WORKER.

The advent of the publication of a new journal to be devoted to the interests of the Irish workers would, under any circumstances, be a matter for congratulation; but viewing our present position in our own country from a labour standpoint, those who have any real or superficial knowledge of the Irish tradesman and labourer, would assert that the urgency for such a journal is imperative.

Yes, yes, yes! say we all in chorus! But, and this is an important "but," unless we buy the journal regularly the publisher and the printer cannot be satisfied with a chorus of approval—even an "Anvil Chorus"—whereby to pay the intelligent compositor, the paper merchant, the landlord, and the Lord knows what other incidental charges, that must be met by spot cash—or the subscriber.

One of the greatest difficulties experienced in the pushing forward of a Labour journal is the important item of "distribution" of each publication in a rapid and inexpensive manner. I know something of the inner and outer working of previous Labour papers in Dublin and Ireland—North, South and centre have tried and retired, under rich and rosy auspices at the commencement, yet in each case the venture has ended in failure. The members of the Dublin Trades Council and their friends; the members of the Belfast Trades Council and their friends; the members of the Cork Trades Council (there are two now) and their friends, have each and all a sorry retrospect to cheer the auditing of a final balance-sheet.

WHAT THE WORKERS MUST DO.

Now, why should this be? There are no people more clamorous for an independent Press to voice their views than the ordinary type of our Irish working classes—tradesman or the so-called unskilled labourer. Yet, when they have the commodity supplied them they will neither make an effort to control its policy nor support its circulation.

The weekly hotch-potch for some time past issued each Saturday, on the pretence of being "Labour Notes," would alone warrant the establishment and support of THE IRISH WORKER by Irish workers. Some of the lucubrations in these weekly columns of Labour News are scandalously partisan, where not mendaciously bigoted and untrue. The padding of stale and inane "news" and statistics, to brighten up by scissors and paste brilliancy the gloomy originality of the views of the writer, is the usual sop to Cerberus to allow the editor to point out the Pontius Pilate top-note at head of the usual column, that he is not responsible for the opinions of his "Labour" Scribe and Pharisee.

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE PAST.

Of course I am no advocate for "a one-horse show" in the name of collective Labour—he it a graveyard policy or the super-high egotistical and wobbling vagaries of a super-man and aspirant to "the seats of the mighty" in the local bench of majestic magistrates, municipal chamber, or the Parliamentary Legislature. It would be, in my opinion, one of the chief purposes of a Labour journal to voice and help forward the choice of a duly nominated candidate for all or any of these positions. But, alas! that has not always been the case in the past. Jealousy, cliquery, and sycophancy are too often vile factors. Self-aggrandisement is also a potent force towards the sorry end. The aftermath of unsuccessful and undesirable candidates usually leaves a seething crowd of self-canonised martyrs, loudly shrieking, in altruistic tones, they have been immolated on the altar of Jealousy for their pure adherence to the principles of Labour! Wait and watch!

But why tabulate and catalogue these errors and evils? Cannot the dead past bury its dead? Certainly; but let there be no resurrection. It is with these fond hopes, in the morning month of the year 1911, that I heartily wish long life, vitality, and real prosperity in every way to THE IRISH WORKER.

Man, poor and feeble when alone,
The sport of every passing wind,
In war, in trade, hath ever shown,
He's all-resistless when combined.

Women Workers should look out for next week's WORKER. We will have something to say about the way you are treated in some of the model establishments of Dublin.

Trades Council Echoes.

There was a large attendance of delegates on Monday night in the Trades Hall, Capel Street, when the Chairman of the Council, Mr. Thomas Murphy, opened the proceedings by expressing his regret that the condition of the secretary, Mr. John Simmons, had not improved, and it was possible that Mr. Simmons would be unable to go to Galway to represent the Council on June 5th. After several delegates had expressed their sympathy with Mr. Simmons, it was suggested to appoint a substitute, but Mr. Rochford suggested that course might be adopted if the matter was left to the special meeting fixed for Wednesday night, May 31st, when the new Insurance Bill would be discussed. Mr. J. Larkin seconded the motion, which was agreed to.

After the reading of the minutes of previous meeting, also executive meetings, by Mr. William O'Brien, acting secretary, reports from various delegates were adopted, and it was agreed to fix a day for a most important conference that has been arranged between representatives of the Council, the Glass Bottle Manufacturers Secretary, the Glass Bottle Manufacturers, the Irish Industrial Development Association, and the Licensed Grocers and Vintners' Association. The purpose of the conference is to see if something can be done to stop the importation of foreign bottles into this country. Millions of these foreign bottles are imported every year. At least £100,000 is lost to the Irish manufacturers and Irish bottlemakers by this importation, which is nothing less than a crime. For a crime it is, to think that men who can make bottles equal to any others, are compelled to walk about idle whilst this deplorable business is allowed to continue.

Personally, I think that if some such action took place as the people of Boston took a century ago, when one of the silly Georges who was king of England at that time, was forcing imported goods on them; but they had the grit of men. They first threw the imported goods out of their country and the importers after the goods—they have neither goods nor kings forced on them now. "Go thou and do likewise."

While you are thinking over that historical fact what can you do here and now? The next bottle of beer, intoxicating or otherwise, and I fervently hope it will be otherwise, that you buy, look for the Irish Marks on the bottom, A. E. R. K. B., or D. B. C., and then you will know you are drinking out of a home manufactured bottle. Make a note of this fact—some of the imported bottles are second-hand, gathered from the middens or dirt-heaps and refuse destructors of England and Scotland. A word to the wise, &c.

Delegate Bartley, of the Telephone Operatives' Union, raised the question of the status of the employes when taken over by the State. His Society were becoming alarmed at the trend of things in the Telegraph Department in this country, and quoted figures to prove that practically all men working in a civil capacity had been wiped out by the introduction of military men from the corps of engineers, and the military monopolised all the positions worth having in this portion of Ireland; and they, as Telephone Operatives and business men, were afraid that the same conditions of things would be introduced into their department. He asked for the support of the Council in any action they, the Telephone Workers, would decide to take.

Delegate Larkin, in rising to support the Telephone Operatives, pointed out that a few months ago, when the then Chairman of the Council moved a resolution condemning the Government for displacing civil by military labour, the then delegate for the Telephone Workers, protested against their inclusion in the resolution. He said they were able to look after themselves. Now, the chickens had come home to roost, and the men who were able to look after their own hen-roost wanted the assistance of the Council to "shoo" these interlopers from the perch. This question of military displacing civilian labour was becoming acute, not in one department of industry, but in all. The soldier with the colours must not be allowed to become a blackleg, and the soldier on discharge, coming into the industrial market, must demand the market value for his labour, and not allow the employing class to deduct from his wages the equivalent of his pension, if any. He felt he was voicing the feelings of the Council on the matter.

Delegate Rochford concurred, and said he felt justified in the action he took some months ago in this regard.

Upon the report of the Labour Representation Committee, a heated discussion took place.

Delegate Canty, Corporation Labourers, raised the question of the bona-fides of Delegate Patrick Lea, of the Bakers' Society, to call himself a labour representative, seeing that he (Mr. Lea) had actually compromised with the man whom he had been nominated to fight Mr. Scully, Chairman of the South Dublin Union, and who, according to Lea's statement at a former Council meeting, was

buying bread from the firms who had locked his society's members out. And so the man who was buying blackleg bread and supplying it to his customers, was now running on the same ticket as the trade union secretary, Lea!

Delegate Lea, in reply said he made no compromise. He was not a member of the Vaughan-O'Connor-Scully Branch of the United Irish League. He was a member of no league or association outside his own Union. He considered he was a labour member, and he was never nominated by the Trades Council.

Delegate Larkin pointed out that Delegate Lea had not answered the charge made by Delegate Canty, and he (Larkin) was the person who had moved the resolution at the previous Council meeting, adopting Delegate Lea as their nominee to fight Councillor Scully on the question whether Scully should be allowed to masquerade as a friend of the worker, while according to Delegate Lea he (Scully) was worse than a blackleg. Neither Lea nor any other delegate should be allowed to play fast and loose with this Council, and if the Bakers were satisfied he felt sure the society he represented would not be satisfied.

Delegate Lea again repeated his denial of having made any arrangements with the Scully-Vaughan combination, or that he was on the same ticket.

It was then moved by Delegate Rochford, seconded by Delegate Larkin, that we withdraw our endorsement of W. J. Lawlor, for the Rotunda Ward, on the ground that we have been deceived.

Delegate Clarke quoted a leaflet, showing that Lawlor was running with two other candidates.

The resolution was carried unanimously. Council adjourned until Wednesday, May 31st, when a special meeting to deal with the Government Insurance Scheme will be held.

A Tale of the Bogland.

This poem is taken from a small compilation called "Gleanings from a Navy's Scrap-book," written by an Irish worker called P. McGill, and sold for sixpence by the Derry Printing Co., Ship Quay Street, Derry. The book contains some 50 poems, some wise sayings, and enough philosophy to make a man discontented; and this boy McGill, who is a philosopher, a poet, and a navy or common labourer, could not get even bread and butter in his own land, and was, perforce, compelled to tramp Scotland that he might exist. We can find room, food, luxuries and receptions, civic and otherwise, for all kinds of loafers and paupers, but no room for a McGill. Reader, you must buy this book—it is good business, 6d. only, from the author; P. McGill, 8 Jamaica Street, Greenock, Scotland:—

'Tis meself that hates the city, an' the hurry
an' the din—
An' I wish that I was out of it, its worry an'
its sin.

For me mind is on the bogland, when the day
is drear an' dim.
I could be happy all my life: if I was back
with him.

But the wurl is up agin' me an' so bitter is
me heart,
For he is on the bogland yet, an' I am far
apart.

'Tis meself that loved the bogland stretchin'
out agin' the sky,
With the summer flowers blowin' an' the
peatstacks getting dry:

There was dew upon the heather at the
dawnin' of the day,
An' the rushes in the marshes ever sung their
sleepy lay.

An' he told me in the gloamin' that I won
his manly heart,
But he is on the bogland yet, an' I am far
apart.

'Tis meself that loved to linger when the big
red sun went down,
An' the purple heavens rested on the bogland
long an' brown;

I told him when I met him that I loved the
evenin' air,
Tho' glorious the evenin' well I knew he
would be there,

An' he loved me with devotion an' he pressed
me to his heart,
But he is on the bogland yet, an' I am far
apart.

'Tis meself regrets the hour that I met the
stranger there,
But he had got a manner fine an' such a
pleasant air;

He told me of the wonder sights an' glories
of the town
Until me eyes grew weary of the boglands
waste of brown,

But though the strangers' halls are fine, mine
is a broken heart,
For he is on the bogland yet, an' I am far
apart.

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The Mayor of Ballymore.

There never were such times; never such a Mayor. All Ballymore wondered. The respectables stood amazed, indignant. The common people marvelled greatly. 'Twas the very last thing that one might expect of a man of such outward seeming as Alderman Goodheart, and yet so it was. One never knows.

Possessed of wealth and to spare, Alderman Goodheart was, as appearance went, true to the municipal cloth. He took the good things that came in his way easily and with freedom. When he spoke it was with plausible, comfortable tongue, and he never bored. Generous of purse, too. So in the fullness of time his brethren asked him, with formal, unanimous requisition, to become Mayor of Ballymore. He consented, and the election day came round, bringing with it the re-birth of chaos. Members and strangers crowded the Council Chamber, and at the proper moment the momentous business of the day was proceeded with. There were speeches, of course, by the picked men of the municipal assembly about the prosperity, commercial greatness, integrity, honesty and goodness of the town. By easy, natural transition the speakers eulogised the worth and probity of one of the noblest, most successful sons of Ballymore, than whom no one was more worthy to take and uphold the dignity of the Mayoral Chair. (Whirlwind of applause.) They alluded, of course, to their esteemed colleague, Alderman Goodheart. That gentleman had given his time and labour unstintedly for the good of his native town, for more years than the speakers cared to specify, and now he was going to add to the debt which the citizens of this no mean city owed him by accepting the office of chief magistrate for one year. This was the highest honour the Town Fathers had in their gift, and they handed it over to him gladly. His very name, Goodheart, carried with it the promise of good things for the people, even the poorest of them, during his term of office.

Whilst all this and more to the like purpose was being said, Alderman Goodheart was waiting in the next room, but you may be sure that he knew perfectly well what was going forward. The scene had been well rehearsed beforehand, and he had been told what would happen. He did not take them into his confidence till repentance came too late. The election was agreed to with much shouting and clapping of hands, and then enters his Worship. The gold chain with magnificent diamond pendant was placed across his broad shoulders, and he cleared his throat for the onslaught. His colleagues, he might say his friends, had made him proud in conferring this high honour upon him. Words were inadequate to express his gratitude and all he felt. Since he had been amongst them he had done his best. He could do no more. Had the Council complete confidence in him? Were they of full belief that he would do the best for the poorest of the citizens? (Cries of "Yes" to both questions.)

The like of what followed had never been heard before in the Council Chamber. The Council, to a man, felt that it was undone. "Thousands of people in this thriving town are weary and heavy laden, and during my year of office they shall be my chief concern. For the regular corporation motto, 'Respectability and Self-Help,' I will substitute 'Humanity.' I have almost trod the round of the circle of life, and before I pass hence I want to do something for the people, not by way of charity (a word which I have long banished from my vocabulary), but in bare justice to them. Having successfully passed along the shady by-ways of trade, my purse is no light one, and be it known to you that it is my intention to well-nigh empty it in an effort to brighten the dark lot, for a time anyway, of those who are struggling hard with adversity. In this I don't want the doubtful aid of the professional philanthropist. I know him. He's a delusion and a snare. I shall in my own fashion get in personal touch with the people, and I wish the local press to make known the fact that I shall be at home, here in this Municipal Palace, at all times during my year of office, to those who need advice and practical help. The usual 'charitable' organisations will get no aid from me, and the well-to-do must look

elsewhere for means to continue their nefarious philanthropic monstrosities. I'll none of them! You gentlemen, are you gentlemen? Thus you have said, wherefore I will join with me in my task. What a pitiful comfort 'tis to have so many like brooding over one another's fortunes."

This was too much. 'Twas intolérable and not to be endured. There must be conclusions. The goodmen baldpates fidgeted in their chairs, and each looked askance at his neighbour. Some of them left the room to discuss the crisis, but soon returned to know the worst.

"The usual mayoral entertainments will be given," his Worship went on to say, "but they shall be reserved for the poor. I will start to-night with a grand feed in their honour in the blue and gold banqueting room in the Palace. There will be no turtle soup, calipash, or calipee, for you, gentlemen, this year at my expense. You don't mind the trifling change? (Groans.) In accordance with custom, I'll go to church in state on Sunday next, but instead of the usual polished address from the pulpit, I shall specially request your own good Bishop to read to the congregation Christ's Sermon on the Mount. That will do us all good, Bishop included. People who may need my aid and advice will come to me in the Municipal Palace by the grand entrance, and the respectables by the back staircase."

This was topsy-turvydom with a vengeance. The Mayor kept his word. He gave entertainments worthy in every way of the people. He was their humble servant, and he looked to and learned from them. He put a streak of crimson into their dull grey lives, and they loved him for his many deeds of kindness. He was here, there, and everywhere amongst them just when wanted, and never a word was said to them about the sacredness of labour, nor the blessing of thrift. What they wanted, he remarked, was recreation, and true sympathy, and he gave them both. He saw and heard much that was foul and sickening, but he also got a glimmering of heroic deeds quietly and modestly done one to another. The good times came to an end all too soon, and the old order of things was resumed.

[We commend the perusal of this little sketch to Citizen John J. Farrell, the present occupant of the Civic Chair, and also to the attention of others, who may be looking for the position and the perquisites. What a howl of disappointment and execration would go up from the horde of male and female spongers who loaf for invitations to the Mansion House if Lord Mayor Farrell threw open the municipal headquarters to the poor, the homeless, the wretched, and starving waifs of humanity who crowd our thoroughfares, and entertained them to a good dinner on Christmas Day!—Ed.]

St. Peter and the Scab.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate,
With solemn mein and air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair,
A shrouded figure ascended there,
Applied for admission. He came and stood,
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hope the city of peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let him in.

St. Peter said, with a gleam in his eye,
Who is tending this gate, Sir, you or I?
I have heard of you, and your gift of gab,
You are what is known on earth as a scab,
Thereupon he rose in his stature tall
And pressed a button upon a wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
Escort this fellow around to L.

Tell Satan to give him a seat alone,
On a red hot griddle up near the throne;
But even the devil couldn't stand the smell
Of a cooking scab on a griddle in L.
It would cause a revolt—a strike I know,
If I sent you down to the imps below,
Go back to your masters on earth and tell
Them that they don't even want a scab in L.

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Secretary Tailors' Society,

THE LABOUR CANDIDATE.

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