Who is it speaks of

glorious sun

No. 31.—Vol. I.]

HOME RULE FORECAST. the which would please all parties). TWO CHAMBERS.

First to be composed of:—Deserving or in all walks of life without favour to ed, class, or intellect to be elected by present Irish Members of Parliament Westminster.

Second Chamber to be composed of:itive speakers and descendants of kings. ne of the latest need trace the pedigree riter back then the Firbolgs. Trese be elected by the Gael c League, Sina in and the Gaelic Atheltic Association.

MIL NEW OFFICES WHICH WILL PROBABLY BE CREATED.

Controller of Pipes, who shall have wer when pipe bands are er are not aying in tune, also whether the airs they ay are traditional or merely the vagaries an unmusical soul. He shall have ower to imprison or exile for life any erson or persons who disturbs the peace his fellow-citizens by practicing said ipes at Ceilidhe, Feisanna, or other public athering without a license. Bad tobacco ipes come within the meaning of the act, ad performers on these will be under the residiction of the controller of pipes, and able to such fines, imprisonment, or xi'e as he shall be pleased to impose.

Justices of Dress and Fashions, whose uty it shall be to decide on the suitability rotterwise for Ireland of the European shins There shall be a final Court of appeal on all questions of apparel which n le pronounce verdicts on the following ilts, narem skirts, the gaelic women's ostume (locally known as the "just out if bed gowns," because of the blanket nitched round the shoulder). Their juris. niction may even be extended to such questions as the legality of Irish girls rearing hair pads or using face powder. Any young men found guilty of wearing rish tweed hats during the close season for gasls, i.e. June the 1st to September. 30 h to be fined for the first offence, sentenced to six months O'Growney for the second.

A commissioner of cailidhe, who shall arbitrate on such questions of National importance as (a) whether waltzing is permissible among gaels (b) whether gaels must use a bi-lingual programme when

A Minister of Pitch-and-Toss, whose duty it should be to arbitrate by means of that well-known and traditional method on all labour disputes; the coin tossed to be stamped on one side with a portrait of his satanic majesty (to represent the employers), and on the reverse side with the effigy of an angel with its wings clipped (to represent the employees).

Parties in the Home Rule Parliament: (1) Playboyites — Policy, unmitigated praise of Synge and the Abbey as his producer The principal plank in their pregramme will be the propagation of the "Playboy" by means of moral, physical, and financial aid of every production in all quarters of the globe.

(2) Anti-Playboyites Policy, unflinching opposition to the "Playboy," to Synge as its writer, and the Abbey as its producer. Their policy will make itself felt by means of a wide propaganda in Ireland, England, and all Europe, even in America. It will be in xhaustible in its efforts to prevent by moral, physical, and financial opp sition the production or perpetuity of the "Playboy" anywhere in the world.

(3) Bi-linguists who are in favour of a bi-lingual programme for all Ireland.

(4) Purists who shall speak nothing but ancient Gaelic and write only in Ogham. All candidates for posts under the Home Ru'e Parliament will be compelled to answer satisfactorily the questions on the following paper:

(1) Tell what you know of the following historical characters. Why were they so named ?:-

The Coffee Cooler, Lady Microbe. Twist Farrell Ice-Cream.

(2a) What were the causes of the following internecine disputes in Ireland:—

"The Playboy" Row. The Newsboys' Strike. The R yal Visit Rows (of 1911).

(2b) Give a list of those wounded or imprisoned after each offence.

(3) What do you know af the literature of the Lucania and Ossianic cycles respectively? (4) Translate the following terms into

Gaelic: -

(a) Yip-i-addy-ia.

(b) Ritooralilooralilooral lay.

(5) Outline briefly the hist ry of the rises and falls of the Lord M-yor's salary. To what cause may these fluctuations be attribute 1?

(6) Answer the following questions:— (a) How would you use your salary if you were elected Lord Mayor of Dublin to-morrow on a teetotal ticket?

(b) What power was Mickey Swaine when he was elected to the Corpora-

(7) Recount the history of the main drainage from the days of Cuchallain to the present day.

(8) Sketch briefly the life and characters of Owen R e and Roe MacMahon. What was their influence on their times? (9) Write the correct incidental music for the following: -

(a) A girl wearing a bonnet.(b) A body of police, soldiers or civi-

lian, walking in step. (c) A man in kilts.

(10) Tell what you know of the incident known in history as "The Mystery of the Crown Jewels." Was anyone arrested in connection with the affair or 'did the thief g, "scot free"?

The candidate must present a letter of recommendation from a transport worker, a clergyman, or some other responsible

The following questions must be satisfactorily answered by some official of the Gaelic League :-

During the period you have known the candidate has he ever associated himself with or connived in any of the following: Sanday Newspapers

Taxi-cabs Foreign Dancing Music Halls

Rises in the Lord Mayor's Salary.

The "Playboy of the West"? Has he ever in your presence profaned the Irish Language by

(1) Trying to speak humorously in

(2) Degrading Irish traditional airs by terming them dirges or by failing to join heartily in the singing of "Go Mairhid ar n-Gaedilge Slan" whether

he can sing in tune or no? Has he ever been guilty of any of the following crimes, perishable by exile under the Library Crimes Act (Kelly,

vol. viii., page 32):— (1) Talking aloud

Unnecessary and violent coughing

(3) Shuffling feet (4) Using squesking quills

(5) Using squawky boots

(6) Reading aloud (7) Writing innane comments on the

margins of books (8) Carying names on tables and deaks? John Brennan.

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SWEETEST AND BEST.

THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

"Home Rule" on Cork Hill.

Lives have been sacrificed as well as fortunes realised in the "cause" for Home Rule. Let us now examine how that measure of Home Rule, which we already possess, is administered by our disinterested representatives in that training ground for our future statesmen, the City of Dublin Council Chamber.

It is admitted by all that Dublin abounds with postilential slums, and by none more readily or with more Pharisicial restitude than the members of the Corporation!

The existing sanitary laws, if enforced, would within three years wipe out the worst, if not all, of this unspeakable outrage now inflicted on that section of humanity patherically referred to as "Gcd's

Why are the sanitary laws not enforced? For the simple but all-sufficient reason that the men who have the administration of these laws are the sime men who own the slums, and derive a large profit therefrom, both directly and indirectly-Man's inhumanity to man."

Not so long ago some members of the Public Health Committee drove on an outside car from the sanivary offices, in the direction of Liberty Lane, to inspect, perhaps condemn—ah, n >!—some tenements there. They had on'y got off the car when it was discovered that this "property" was owned by Alderman N. Sacred BIGHTS of property! They drave off so fast they did not even wait to have a drink in the neighbouring pub. That day's inspection was over. These gentlemen must go home to at end to their own business. Of course they paid the jarvey? No, we did. He was paid out of the rates

-"Petty Cash," account.
Still later, the tenement of a genial and charitable T.C, by falling in South King Street, anticipated a demolition (?) order, but made the mistake of falling on a watchman and killing him! Is this corporator in jail? No. Only a few weeks ago he was a party to a very interesting lawsuit, one of these simply charming lawsuits, wherein the issue HANGSinstead of the DFFENDANT-on a tenhnical point—"Drain v. Sewer."

Now, simple citizen, would not any ordinary human being, residing say in Russia or in Ireland, cry out "merit where merit is due"; and vote another £100 a year increase of salary to this corporation official for possessing the moral courage, unctious rectitude, and legal acumen to summon one of his bases before a Dublin Police Magistrate in order to elucidate the difference between a "drain' and a "sewer"! The magistrate decidedafter referring to the case of Tweedledum v. Tweedledee-in favour of the City Father. Not, of course, because he was the secretary of a Masonic Lodge—"all men are equal before Justice"?—but on a technical law point. His drains and sewers were put right, and his law expenses paid out of the rates. Good old Cork Hill "Home Ru'e"! We can legis-

late as well as administer. The corporator who buys a lane, court, or alley—I mean the tenements situated therein-"not in charge of the corporation," in the months of August or September, and votes in the month of October an increase of salary to the right officials, in the right departments, will have a jolly

Chris mas. The storms which usually prevail at that season of the year will blow away that unsightly plate—"Not in charge of the Corporation"—and workmen—

"Their's not to reason why, Their's not to make reply, Their's but to do and sigh "!

will cleanse and relay the footpaths and pave if necessary. Ratepayers, are you not Home-Ruled

enough? Our professional and commercial representatives, by giving a lot of their time to the affairs of the citizens, must neglect their own business. So they 83y. They must RECOUP themselves in SOME way-logic, aye!

Sanitary man to his corporate pal-"I'm condemning six houses in Brickbrack Lane; they're owned by a police pensioner's widow. They are not in too bad repair, and never idle. I have frightened the gizard out of her. Told ... Best Work-Lowest Prices. her she must spend £60 on them before This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. of Lies will allow them to be passed. She hasn't Prices. See our Stall at all Bazans and Public Fates got 60 pence. I know she would sell? them for anything. In fact she told the other fellow that I send round af er me to give her a chance; she would sell. Now is your opportunity."

Corperator-"Ah! I don't know; but thank you all the same. I have a lot of these houses already." Sanitary Man-" That's the very reason

they would suit you; you know we won't

be too hard on you. Corporator-" Bedad, I think I will take your tip. The two 'handy' men I have already will be able to look after them along with the others."

A mutual shake hands, a mutual good day. More of this "Home Rule," you say? Gentle reader, Irish workers, note the "handy" man system by the "Irish Ink-Irish Card-Trades Union Labour" candidates!

Now, Irish workers, it is bad enough to walk ankle deep in muck, through the dimly lighted alley, climb the filthy, rickety stair, enter the smoke-laden atmosphere of your HOME, and not to be compelled to sit down to a meal of "impure" food! Your wife has paid for "pure" food, Just "weight" and "measure." Has she got either? No; the strong presumption, indeed the fact, in 75 per cent. of the cases, she has not got either pure food nor just weights nor measures.

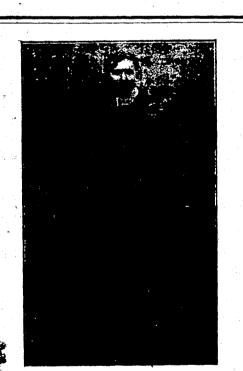
Who is to blame? Directly of course the grocer, the purveyor, the dairyman. But indirectly it is the crime of your "Home Rule "Corporation. They possess the powers to enforce the sanitary laws, to see that traders sell you pure, unadulterated fixd, and that you get correct weight and

Why don't they do it? There is very little use in asking the question. You know many of them are directly and many indirectly interested in this immoral traffic These are matters for which they cannot blame "the base, brutal, and bloody Saxon." No, the crime cannot by any subterfuge be removed from their heads: on their heads let it lie-for they have neither conscience nor heart.

Dear reader, though you may weary of scading, I shall not weary of pointing out the renedy. "Cast them into exterior darkness"

Remember the 15th January, 1912. "Well begun is half done." Make a good beginging, then. Vote for LABOUR thus securing an instalment of GENUINE Home

GARRYOWEN.



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On Patriotism.

" Breathe's there a man with soul so dead. Who to himself hath never said. This is my own, my native land."

If we are justified in guaging by results, no virtue so highly deserves the admiration of men as patriotism. Not even religious fervour has had the same ennobling influence on the human race; nor has any other virtue had less crim; committed in its name by its apostles. Proud as the devotees of christianity may be of the heroic virtues of the martyrs who suffered torture and death in defence of the faith, patriotism may safely be claimed to have inspired more noble and heroic deeds, to have enriched the history of human progress with more great and truly good men-great in every sease of the word as applied to men-great in deeds of physical prowess, great in intellectual powers, great in moral aspirations: good in qualities of mind and heart.

And this virtue which has played so important a part in mouldig the life history of the race—what means it?

It is not one of the tardinal virtues: it finds no place in the teachings of the churches: and yet in all ages and in all nations it has been a purifying fire in the hearts of men: their strength to achieve mighty victories, their fortification under oppression; the sunlight of their prisons; their bestification at the Stake.

What means it? This: that no nobler thing can man do than die for his fellowmen. Patriotism is the fairest blossoming of love; a holy passion unspotted by hope of earthly gain, immsculate, eternal. It is the abnegation of self, the sacrifice of self for others; denial of self-gratification as the end of living; assertion of the divine principles which make Christ the most beautiful human creation—the principles of Truth and Justice. The giving of everything—even life itself—out of pure love in the assertion of these principles

A less lofty faith could never have achieved so much and be still so distant from its fulfilment. Created with Evilthe parent of Tyranny—in the infancy of the world, it will still be the inspiration of men to noble efforts towards the realisation of their higher self when the mighty monuments of empires have crambled and been lost in the sands of time; when reforms have swept the world of poverty and of wealth, and the bireling turns in nausea from the feasting of kings.

The patriot stands apart from all other teachers of mankind; his gospel is the life of the soul here in this world. He is the highest expression of man's divinity. The liberty of the individual, the right to develop to the full the soul, the mentality which his body clothes, is his aim. A certain standard of social well-being may be, is, indeed, an essential c nition to this; but social well being as an end in itself is repugnant to him, as corruption must always be to the pure. Pure reason has long since created a world wherein evil has no being and peace and happiness are the common lot; but the animal in man turns a paradise into a hell.

And who shall say that the Irish race has not played a noble part in a noble struggle? Who shall asperse the memory of the O Neil's, the O'I) mnells, the Fitzgeralds, Tone, Emmet, Mitchel, and their followers? What though they failed, they kept the flame aglow; they held in check the tide of tyranny and oppression, and preserved the Irish race to perpetuate the struggle. Acd their faith is still strong in the Irish people. A race which for eight hundred years of slavery and persecution has never once lost faith in the inobility of its mission can never be untrue to its-lf --can never accept the pleasures of the world for the joys of the soul. Such a faith as theirs will outlest the mightiest empires and light the world to its salvation.

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Too Rich on a Pound a Week.

There is a wisdom in simple things more beautiful and enjoyable than that of our most complex inventions. It is pleasanter to be dreaming among the wild flowers on a summer's day than to whirl around on wooden horses in a smoky circus to the inharmonious shrickings of a steam organ; but because the first costs us nothing we prefer the latter.

Go through every item, everything we do, or wear, or eat, or wish for, and you will see that the more artificial a thing is the more we desire it. Bread is cheap and wholesome, so we struggle for cakes and pies that will make us sick and sallow. Water and milk are ideal drinks, so we drink tes, or wine, or beer. Great tragedies, dramas, comedies and farces are happening every day among the birds, beasts, insects, and human beings with whom we live; yet we pay to sit for hours in stuffy theatres, watching and laughing or crying in turn at the artificial sorrows or triumphs of imaginary people. Clothing, that is beneficial, comfortable, simple, inexpensive, we despise, and dress ourselves in steels and skins, and feathers, making carricatures of our bodies.

Love and beauty are trampled under foot or forgotten, while we sacrifice ourselves, our friends our happines to fin false gods of convention and wealth.

We are poor through want of wisdom not through scarcity of cash. The little money we already possess is ill-spent or

wasted. A tradesman earning two pounds a week knows as little of happiness, and is really as poor as the labourer who lives on fifteen shillings. Give the labourer and the tradesman more money and they will waste more. They will be no richer, no happier. I do not say they do not earn more than they are paid; should not get more. I am only writing now of the way they spend the money they are receiving

at present. I cannot understand why men should complain of being poor who are wasting the little they have. When a man spends three or four shillings in a week on things he does not need, he must be either very rich or very foolish. When people grumble about the difficulty of living on the wages they receive, and yet breed eight or ten children to share their poverty they have only themselves to blame for the resulting starvation and wretched-

The rich strive to distinguish themselves from the poor by their dress, their amusements and their food; and the poor try to copy the rich in everything, leaving themselves poorer. The wealthy, not having to work, can we r stiff collars and cuffs, feathery hats, hobble skirts, and lace blou-es. To prove our equality, we also take to starch and feathers and imitation lace. The people who have money in ple ity buy tea and coffee, eat meat and go to theatres and balls.

The poor buy cheap tea, margarine, block ornaments, and pawn the bedclothes to see a melodrama. We try to make one pound a week look thirty shillings; two pounds like unlimited wealth; and succeed in actually becoming poorer

by pretending to be rich. We have not enough to live on, yet we waste the little we have. We may be poor, but, heavens! we MUST be respectable. We pose as authorities on political economy; while we are totally ignorant of even the rudiments of the domestic variety. We buy what we cannot afford and do not need; then gramble because we have no fire on a winter's night. We put feathers in our hats when our boots want soles. We send our clothing to the laundry because we are too poor to buy soap. We bring children into the world knowing that we cannot support our-selves. We pay fourpance for an ounce of tobacco; then complain that we have not the price of a threepenny loaf.

We want more leisure, more wages; but above all, we want a little common sense. If we could only be as indignant over our own folly as we are ever the crimes of the rich things would soon come right. Before we cry out for control of the country let us learn to manage our own homes.

O'F.

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Messrs. Goulding's Women Employees.

. The fact that under the present system women are compelled to labour as they do, is lamentable, but when we find that women well over sixty years have to turn out in the early hours of the morning to labourious toil, we say the system is more than wrong-it is inhuman. In Meesrs. Goulding's, manure manufacturers, who employ a number of women workers, we find that these women have to be in the works at 6.30 If but one minute late the door is shut on them, and so they lose a day's work. Their work, apart from being exceedingly hard, is horribly dirty. The room where they perform their work has three doors, these doors always being kept open, we can quite understand how intensely cold it must be. Then for all this discomfort, hard work, and long hours, these women are paid the magnificent sum of Ss. 61. per week. Thie is all quite bad enough, but among the employees is a woman who has been working in this firm for 33 years, and is now an old woman well over sixty years of age. Just imagine a woman toiling in a firm for 33 years—from early in life until old age-have these employers no sense of fairness whatever—no human feelings. This woman would only be receiving what is her due if Mesers. Goulding's pensioned her off with a small sum per week. This woman has no right to be working. She has d no more than her share of hard work; her place is by a warm fireside, and in a position to enjoy at least some of the comforts of old age. More of these women employed in Messrs. Goulding's are widows with families, who being compelled to go to work so early in the morning, have absolutely no means of enjoying any home comforts. There is nothing but hard work and misery for the women and for the children—what a life—a scrambled rush for meals, and nothing but discomfort. A week or two ago, at the anti-Suffragettes' meeting, one of the members, among the rest of the twaddle talked, said how would we like "A Lady Policeman," Well, I do not think any women are desirous of becoming members of the "noble force," but taking all into consideration I am quite convinced that the policeman's job is heaven compared to the life the working women of Dublin are compelled to live. When do we find women being pensioned off.

Just word or two, of advice to the working women and girls. They must remember that although they cannot very well do without working, neither can the employers do without their labour, why therefore will they persist in underselling it as they are doing. It is no uncommon thing to hear of girls and women upon learning that some other employee is either leaving the work or being dismissed to offer to do that employee's work for two or three shillings less than she was receiving. Now, no words are strong enough to condemn such actions. It is no use whining and lamenting your wretched condition when deliberately and with your eyes open you place yourselves in the position of slaves.

A fortnight ago a case of this kind was brought under my notice. The girl bartender in Jacob's firm (with whose case I will deal next week) was dismissed: her wages were 11s. 2d. per week. Another girl actually offered and is doing the same work for 6s. 6d.—4s. 8d. per week less than the dismissed girl was receiving. This is the kind of action we find women workers doing. Is it any wonder that they are tyrannised over and paid so badly? Let us hope that this is the last we will hear of such actions.

All communications for this column to be addressed

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

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Irish-Ireland Notes.

By AN SPAILFIN FAVACE.

THE GALWAY COLLEGE QUESTION. There are in Ireland seven Colleges exclusively devoted to the training of National Teachers. Last year these Colleges turned out 567 teachers, of whom only 32 were certificated to teach Irish. Of the 32 Marlberough Street College produced 4; Drumcondra 12; Our Lady of Mercy, Blackrock, 3; Church of Ireland College, Kildare street, nil Waterford 3; Belfast 8, and Limerick 2. Each of these Colleges is maintained by Irish taxes, and yet 17 teachers left the Colleges without Irish for every one who knew something of the Language! Who is responsible for this state of things? The "National" Board is principally responsible. The Board frames the programme for all the Colleges. The programme contains 12 or 13 obligatory subjects, and Irish is not one of them. Practically the whole time of the students is occupied with the obligatory subjects, and no time is left for the study of Irish, which finds a place on the programme as an opticnal subfinds a place on the programme as an optional sub ject. What is the remedy for this state of things?
Obviously it is to make Irish compulsory in the Colleges. That, however, was not the remedy which the Coiste Gnoths of the Gaelic League wanted. Neither the Coiste Gnoths nor the Official Organ ever asked for compulsory Irish in these Colleges. It merely asked for "a second language," which second language might be Turkish or Chinese instead of Iriah! At its meetings last June and July we understand that Diarmuid Us Crusdhlaoich urged on the Coiste Gnoths to manfully demand Irish instead of "a second language," but most of the members were too pusillanimous to do so. Then, at Diarmuid's suggestion, the Fermoy Branch put the following motion on the Agenda for the Ard

any Training College under the National Board unless he or she possesses a good knowledge of Irish, and that none but those qualified to teach Irish well shall in future receive a National Teacher's Certificate."

the existing Colleges—not compulsory. And still notwithstanding the demand of the Ard Fheis for compulsory Irish, Dr. Henry and his colleagues go on begging for this College—begging of the British in the Press that Dr Henry and his colleagues forbade any whisper of the matter to be communicatad to the Ard Pheis, or to anybody else outside of the Coiste Gnoths. Evidently certain members of the Coiste Gnoths like to keep that body a very close comportion, and it is equally evident that they do not represent Gaelic League opinion throughout the

Executive it was decided that the Gaslic League have no official connection with this project. They would however, be glad to see some outside Body push the matter. It will tax the ingenuity of the wet nurse" to find any Body as gullible as the Executive of the Gaelic League.

The above is by way of reply to Padraig O Seaghdha whose lettter appeared in our last issue. As to the salaries paid at Rutland square, were Padraig living here in Dublin, and in a position to examine matters for himself we think he would be inclined to take our view. If he reads these notes from week to week he will find some interesting para about the

The Dublin Feis of last year marked a large stride in advance as compared with previous Feiseanna. Up to then the idea seemed to be to bring the Feis in touch with the public, but to a very limited extent. Last year's Committee boldly broke away from this custom, and held many of the competitions in the open, with the result that their efforts were largely patronised, and many became acquainted with the purpose of the Feis, who up to then had only the haziest notions regarding it.

Nation its future is assured.

been lately visiting the Vice-regal Lodge. Having:

Communications intended for this column should be addressed AM SPAILPIM FAMACH, c/e Editor, INIM

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pipe of Irish twist?

air-holes in the sky.

WORKER on the list?

of fun you've missed!

tree-tops full of song-

ncons were long.

pipe in your fist?

of fun you've missed.

of fun you've miseed!

mcuntains reared so high

That it seemed the gorse is poking little

With a paper full of vittals, and THE

Didn't you? Well, goodness, what a lot

Did you ever go and listen when the after-

And the valleys full of dreaming, and the

Just lying back so peaceful, with a clay-

Didn't you? Well, goodness, what a lot

"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-

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor,

10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months,

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous

Dublin, Saturday, Dec. 16th, 1911.

Peace on Earth; Good Will to

all Men.

We are constrained to call the attention

of our readers to certain manifestations of

the spirit of good will to all men that have

come under our notice during the past

week. We do so more readily because of

the fact that day in and day out pulpit,

Press, and politician are continually din-

ning into our ears the harmony and good-

will existing between the capitalist and

the worker—the wolf and the lamb. Day

in and day out we are sickened with

platitudes about the deep interest the

employer takes in providing a living for

that philanthropic firm of Jacobs. Here,

on the eve of Christmas, so to speak, a

large number of men, boys and girls have

been dismissed, and a still larger number

under notice of dismissal this week. The

excuse is slackness of trade and shutting

down of plant, the night shift having been

dispensed with. One would nrturally

expect that the last persons employed

would be dispensed with first. Not so, in

Jacobs. Men and youths, with from 6 to

12 years' service, have been discharged at

a few minutes' notice (but, of course, there

will be a sequel to that story.) One

youth who was dismissed actually had the

temerity to whistle at his work. And who

is responsible for these wholesale dia-

missals? A hero named Hayes, who has

lately been appointed a boss or drivere-

This hero of South African fame has been

appointed, we feel sure, because of his

encyclopedic knowledge of biscuit making.

We are informed that he masquaraded

along with others in the late South

African Exhibition, as one of Lindsay's

Horse-or was it Lindsay's Ass. Their

chief claim to noteriety was that the Boers

depended on Lindsay's Horse to provide

them with food and clothing-the method

was worthy of the slim Boers. They

told Lindsay's Horse to hold their hands up

(what are you laughing at)—the B ers then

undressed them, took their arms, clothing,

rations, and horses, and to'd Lindsay's

Horse to tramp back to the nearest English

camp and the bould Boers watched Lind-

say's Horse, and as soon as they wandered

again from camp they played the same

game on Lindsay's Horse. Well, one of

Linds v's Horse being now provided with

kick off with the right foot, is now placed

over the workers who were feeding and

clothing him whilst he was disgracing

himself in S.uth Africa. We wonder if

Mr. George Jacob who very kindly ex-

his workers as he called them. is aware of

of these dismissals, is Mr. Jacob aware of

the fact that a Mr. McEvoy is supposed to

be a secretary of a trades union, calling

itself Jacob's Employees, and which

meets in Corry's public-house. One of

the shining lights of this alleged Union

is Patrick Cushion, scab bricklayer and

temperance hypocrita. We remember

another gentleman we met when we had

Well, now for a few facts. Let us take

agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

payable in advance.

the worker.

price One Penny-and may be had of any news-

"That henceforth no candidate be admitted to

That resolution was passed unanimously by the Ard Fheis. But with the exception of Dr. Hyde and members of the Keating Branch this resolution has not been advocated by speakers at public meetings held in and around Dublin or in Galway since the Ard Fheis. There was a reason for this. Those members of the Coiste Gnoths who wanted only "a second language" were all the time secretly negotiating with the "National" Board to establish another Training College in Galway. A deputation of them, consisting of Dr. Henry and a few others, arranged a private interview with Dr. Starkie last June on the matter. According to the official report of that interview the British Treasury was to provide the money, the Board of Works would build the College, and the "National" Board would own and control it, as it owns and controls Marlborough Street College and the Model Schools. But what position would Irish have in this new College? The report states it would be optional for candidates to be examined bi-lingually at the entrance examination. Be it noted that Irish would only be optional as in Treasury to plant another anglicising institution in the Gaedhealtacht! It was the duty of the General Secretary of the League to give an account of this College project in his annual report to the Ard Fheis, but he failed to do so; and it has been stated

We understand that at the last meeting of the

Salary question and other questions as well.

. . .

DUBLIN FRIS, 1912.

This year's Committee seem bent on the same mission as last year's. The new blood is asserting itself, and point to the 1912 Feis being even more successful than 1911. The Committee are meeting regularly and already the Programme is in the printer's hands. The scope of the Competitions has been enlarged and efforts are being made to getevery Branch in Dublin City and County to compete. In this way the Feis will afford an index of the work being done in the different Branches. All Grades are being catered for, from the tiny child to the adult. Considering that many are now pursuing the study of the Language with assiduity, the different Competitions should be very keenly contested. All interested in Irish-Ireland work should see to it that the Feis is made as representative as possible.

In addition to Language Competitions, Competitions will also be held in Irish History, Singing, and Dancing. This affords a sufficiently wide field for all, and it is hoped, that the response will be such asto encourage its promoters to still further extend the scope of the Feis in future years.

It is intended to hold the Public Competitions: early in May. Due notice of the date and place will be given. In the meantime it would be well if those readers interested in the event would help to make it more widely known Its purpose is such as should appeal to all having the welfare of their native land at heart. The efforts of the individual may be very little, but when the efforts of numerous individuals: are to alled together they assume large proportions. Let each in his own way help forward the movementto the best of his ability and the result will surprise him. When each unit recognises his duty to the

We hear that prominent Gaelic Leaguers have

Christmas after slaving all the year piling up profits for the Jacobs, the Bewleys, the Newsoms. We worder did Mr. George Jacob ever read Charles Dickens' Christmas Carols—we wonder. We have just heard that the British and Irish Steamship Company have given notice to the crew of one of their steamers that they will not require them after next With a bright blue sky above you, and a Thursday, December 21st. They might have waited until December 23rd. Then Didn't you? Well, goodness, what a lot we have the master-bakers, all good Christians, some of them like Mooney, Kennedy, Downes, Galbraith, Sexton, ex-Did you ever go and linger where the M.P., pillars of their respective Churches, keeping 300 families subjected to starvation and want. Peace on Earth, ay, and Good Will to all men.

Jacob & Co., who kept her and her family

in affluence and luxury and who provided

her wedding dowry—aye, even the clock

that ticked—are now sacked on the eve of

And then, down in Wexford, the Federated Employers, finding that they cannot beat the men who formerly worked in the foundries of Wexford-that all the lies promulgated by the lying, vicious Press of Dubin, especially the Independent, Herald, Telegraph and Freeman, have had no effect. That all the creatures who were supposed to have arrived in Wexford to take the men's plac s vide, Crusoe Brien, Editor Free Press, Moryah! have not materialised. So now, the shipping ring have decided to withdraw all shipping from Wexford. Every foul and mendacious rag of a newspaper in the country blared their scur.llity at the railway workers for striking; yet, not a line of condemnation of the Federated Employers when they lock out, as they have done, the workers of Wexford, who have again proved themselves worthy sons of those who died at Drisogue, Ballyboughal,

We see that "Our Larry," to quote our Gerald, has been rampaging in Rutland Square. Who is Larry? you say. Why, our future Lord Mayor, of course. Larry is wrath again his critics of course. Larry is the Dublin Corporation. Whenever we hear of Larry lecturing, save the mark, it always reminds us of the leather-lunged Salvationist by the Custom House, who keeps shouting cut, "Count your bless ings one by one." So Larry keeps informiug us of our blessings and I suppose he is one. Larry kindly places THE IRISH WORKER in an honoured position. We are classed with the Independent, Irish Times, and Express. Larry, you have missed your vocation. It is a funny man, or the hind legs of an elephant in a pantomime you should have been. But, Larry, you were in gold company, the Scab Cullen, a number of other Scabs, Blackleg Employers, Jobbers, Bungers, Place-hunters, and members of the Citizens Association, and to them "Our Larry " painted a picture of Civic Government, purity, of administration, of civic patriotism, that we begin to think that Sherlock is a political Peter Pan. And, mind ye, now if you don't vote for our Larry for Lord Mayor at £3,675 a year you can't have Home Rule. Larry says so, and Larry never gave e'er a screech about Sinn Fein and cocialism; that is for the posters, I suppose, Larry; but tell me this, My Lord Mayor Sherlock; but we anticipate. Why not take a public hall, Larry? Your humble servant and admirer, the writer, would be glad to meet vou there and debate the question of civic administration. Make a charge at the do r; the proceeds to go to the funds of Sherlock branches of the U.I.L. or the Dublin Labour Party, according to the votes of the audience. What say, Larry? You are a sportsman. You won't need to run out of the gallery then like you did out of the Antient Concert Rooms; and Brother Gerald will provide you with the necessary figures (cooked to a turn). I'll provide the facts. Nugent the batons, and you'll get the salary. M'Walter I suggest for chairman: that stout supporter of yours, Canty, can act as a barman. Anyhow, Councillor Lorcan Sherlock, there is an old saying when the citizen ass and the U.I.L python. fall out the simple voter may get a chance to govern himself.

Dublin United Trades Council and Labour League.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Trades Hall, Capel Street, December, 1911.

DEAR SIR—The members of one of the oldest of Dublin's Trade Union have now been engaged in a struggle for the maintenance of their rights for three months. In the month of September the Executive a g'ass eye, and a cork leg, to enable him to of the Bakers and Confectioners' Society sent into the Master Bakers a request for a revision of an agreement regarding the question of time work. To this request the answer was a non-possumus, on the part of eight of the masters, who closed plained to us the deep interest he took in , their establishments. Negotiations were centered into by the Trades Council, with the view to a settlement with these employers, and amongst the suggestions made towards that end by us were :-

1.—The withdrawal of the demands of the men, with a view to the resumption of employment.

2.—The recognition of the Old Bridge Street

Society.

S.—All other matters in dispute to be decided by Arbitration.

These suggestions were not acceded to occasion to call upon Mr. George Jacob with the result that 300 men are left walk-

ing the streets with their families unsome time back, i.e., a Mr. Jones, who told us he was "most interested in the provided for. This to a body of men who whenever morals of the employees engaged in our firm, don't you know?" We wender appealed to never turned a deaf ear to the what the firm thinks of Mr. Jones's cause of their fellow labourers in difficulties, whose funds where always open morals now; and we ask Mr. George to the claims of philanthrophy and who Jacob has his daughter's clock ticked; always upheld the banner of trade unionfor if so she surely must be reminded ism seems, and is, a hardship. that a number of the employees of

We, therefore, think the time now opportune to appeal to you on behalf of the members of the fine old society of Bridge Street Bakers to come to their rescue and afford them that monetary assistance which in the days of their prosperity, they never refused.

THOMAS MURPHY, President. JOHN SIMMONS, Secretary.

All remittances to be made to Mr. JOHN FARREN, Treasurer, Trades Hall, Capel

Result of Drawing of Prizes in Aid of a Friend-1st Prize, 1649; 2nd Prize, 518; 3rd Prize, 1500; Fourth Prize, 1492. Prizes at Whelan's, 95 Talbot Street.

THE AONACH.

By the time this appears the Aonach will be nearly over; but there will just be time for those who have not yet visited it

It has been said that one sees nothing new at an exhibition of this kind, and while this statement may be true in a sense, we at least get a glance at the New Ireland, or the Old Ireland in a new

Owing to the little space at our disposal we cannot deal at length with the individual exhibits, much though we would like to. Besides other journals have already done this, and we would be only covering old ground.

At our stall forms can be obtained on which all who visit the Aonach are invited to write their idea of what Ireland should be. Several thousands of them have been distributed up to the time of writing, and we are anxious that they would be returned as early as possible, so that we may be able to publish some of them in our Christmas Number, which will be on sale early next week.

Two of the most important items which all our readers should make special note of are the Art Exhibition and Cathal O'Broin singing. You cannot truly say you were at the Aonach until you have heard Cathal's ballads, and seen the wellchosen display of paintings and drawings which const tute the most enjoyable part of programme.

Another Open Letter to Councillor Bradley, J.P.

My DEAR BOB,—You don't mind me calling you so familiarly as Bob, do you? I use "Bob" because I know you so long and so well (oh, so very well, Bob!). I see that you made a speech last week in which you endeavoured to justify yourself as a trade unionist in not voting for another trade unionist because he was "narrow-minded," that is because your broad mind was not broad enough to allow the right of existence to a better man than yourself. I hold no brief for O'Carroll, Bob, but I venture to state he has won for himself more respect than you would know what to do with. Your broad mind," Bob, and your lively conscience will allow you to take in Dublin Castle and the "Old House" at a glance. but into its purview there must not enter the man who is neither an Aberdeen toady nor a follower of the Irish Liberal Party. You vote "according to your conscience" and you "always spake your mind," moryah. Man, you never had a mind of your

O'Carroll was too narrow-minded to go on the Port and Docks Board. Any man who does not spend his time humbugging you is narrow-minded any man who through your little game is narrowminded. Three years ago you were faced with opposition and you were getting ready to fight, and three years ago you would have been smashed into enginegrease only for a "fluke." At that time the noblest man that ever represented Trinity Ward was too narrow-minded for you. But no flukes next month, Bob. You are going. Make up your mind to that. You may put up a fight. We hope you will, but it will make your defeat all the more glorious if you do. You have done your share in the organised attempt to rob the citizens of £2,000, that one man may cut a dash in Dawson Street. You have betrayed trade-unionism by your action against O'Carroll, and you must pay the penalty.

In a way you are a great man, Bob. You are a J.P., Bob, and you have a lively conscience, Bob, and you have a broad mind, and you have a genial smile, Bob. Some people say that same genial smile is only a fatuous grin that indicates the vacant space behind. & But such people are narrow-minded, aud don't appreciate a good thing when they see it. And you ARE a good thing. Aren't you-Your WORSHIP?

My last word is a word of caution. You have been receiving a good deal of public notice lately, and might in conse. quence get a swelled head, and have more room for the broad mind.—Read up the fable of the Frog and the Ass's Skinthere's a moral in it. If the mind tried to keep pace with the head, it might burst. and then—then ! alas ! my poor Robert !--

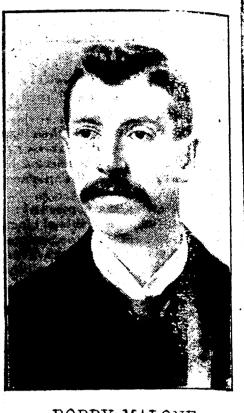
JOSEPH DARDIS.

WEXFORD NOTES.

A young woman was summoned in Wednesday last, as were John Marphy Thomas Scallan, and Patrick Saunders for being, as alleged, "guilty of conduction directly calculated to lead to a breach of the peace," whilst Richard Corish was sun. moned for "persistently following," under the Act of '75.

However, a flood-tide intervened_ whether for the intention of rearing ord cleaning the Bench, we know not. And the court had to be adjourned.

Some few weeks ago at a meeting of Pierce's men, the foremen were in atten. dance and promised their so; nort to the men—"morally" at least Since then however, Robert Malone -later known a "Bobbie"—swallowed his venit, and is assisted by "Slate-face." We give Bobbie's phiz in the present issue dressed 'in his Sunday best."



BOBBY MALONE, Foreman Smith, Traitor, Renegada Blackleg!

Some three years ago in Craughwell in the Co. Galway, a peeler named McGoldrick was shot. Immediately after the event some men residents in the neighbourhood were arrested. A man, Tom Kenny, a prominent gaelic athlete, wa detained in custody on a charge of willul murder. The policeman in charge of the case was alleged by Mr. Daly to have kent Tom Kenny for two months, although he had evidence in his possession at the time Tom was conversing with a local sergeant of constabulary at the very moment McGoldrick was shot.

Mr. Daly said he had communicated with Mr. Wm. Kenny, advising him of the man who had charge of his prosecution in with Mr. Wm. Kenny, advising him of the Wexford, and he read the following win in reply at his meeting on Tuesday:"Craughwell, December 12:h, 1911, "Craughwell, December 1231, 1814, 5.5. p.m. P. T. Daly, Morris's Hotel, Wexford. 'Yes; the very man.'-Kenny."

So that "Blind Justice" has now a aide-de-camp, Mr. Head-Constable Momen -formerly Sergeant Mooney, of Craugh well, the truthful peeler who gets the credit of having "drilled" Bark Norton, the "travelling tinker," in his evidence against Dermody and Hynes, and incarcerated Tom Kenny on a charge h KNEW to be false. What a valuable "peace" officer!

Mr. John Belton was summoned for Wednesday, too, to answer another charge of assault. He is alleged to have street Patrick Meyler, of Monck street, on the head with a motor wrench. And we have been informed that Meyler was approached to settle the case for a monetary consider tion by one Cowman, a publican in the North Main street, and purveyor extrordinary to the "scabs" by special appointment of his Gracious Majesty to Selskar King, otherwise known as "Sweet William."

There was once upon a time, and a very good time it was, and a railway scab, who chartised a bull with a poker, had presented to him a son, whose mother baked him a cake and boiled him a hen, and so he went away on his travels, and he cams back in the fulness of time covered with scabs, and he went to work on a lock-out for great are the workings of the here ditary instinct. And he lived happy ever afterwards—unless "sometimes, generally

Oh, if I were a patriot, How happy then would be my lot, No further need would I have then Te earn my bread-my countrymen Would furnish me with gold galore, Oh, had I known this before, Say, when I was thinking, at twenty-two About what calling I'd pursue; And now I feel extremely sorry I did not practise oratory, What sums have been collected by The Irish people to testify Their firm faith in those whose jaws Have done such service to the "cause," While idle factories, foreign marts, Proclaim that even the commonest arts Of civilised life have reached a state Of decadance sad to contemplate; And many a sturdy labouring man, And many a skilful artisan, Is now left with an empty larder, Thanks to the "patriotic" ardour
Of those who glibly claim to lead them, But certainly don't do much to feed these W. G. B.

DUNDALK.

Saturday, 16th Dec., 1911.]

In a short time the people of Dundalk will be in the possession and enjoyment of a boon and a blessing that no syndicate or company will be able to control or use for the purpose of extorting large dividends for shareholders from them. Light is a great blessing to people who are in darkness, and the possession of the means of supplying themselves with light by that people is also a boon. Such will he the boon and the blessing that the people of Dandalk will enjoy when the new electric lighting works which are in course of construction are completed; and, judging from appearances, they will be completed "at no very distant date." Then Dandalk will itself be the owner of a good light supply as well as of a good and pure water supply.

I chronicle this fact for two ressons. My first reason is that while I am delighted to find Dandalk following in the wake of progressive Belfast—of which city I am a first citizen—I am also surprised that some of the people who cry out "Socialism" when the underpaid workers make an earnest effort to get a little better pay are not up in arms against this Socialistic innovation on industrial rights.

My second reason is that the hand of the individualist is, if I am correctly informed, endeavouring to make this Socialist electric supply work of less benefit to the labourers engaged in laying down the conduits and erecting lamps, etc, than if it was being promoted by a body of capitalists bent on the one purpose of makinglarge profits in their outlay. Dundalk is peculiar in this—that the rate of pay for casual labourers is in most instances less than for labourers in constant employment. In all my previous experiences I have found that the rate per day for men casually employed was higher than the rate for men constantly employed, and frequently as much as 1s. per day in favour of the casual labourer. And it always appeared to me to be not only a commonsense, but a just arrangement that the man who had to be satisfied with a few days' work in the week, a few weeks' work in the month, or a few months' work in the year, should get a higher rate of wages for the short time his services were required than the man whose services were required all the time.

How, besides, could a casual labourer ever get anything like a living wage unless he were paid above the standard of the constant living wage, or supposed living wage? It is bad enough to be a cesual labourer, even where the remuneration is higher than for the constant labourer. Yet the casual labourer is a necessity of our present day social system, and instead of diminishing, the number of casuals is increasing. It is not always spring, nor is it always harvest time; two other seasons come in between when fewer men are required. A similar rule applies to the manufacture and the transport of goods. Sessons of slackness, fewer hands required in the workshop and the factory, and fewer also on quays, docks and railways. Dandalk, for the first time in its history, is providing itself with an electric lighting station. It wants men it may never want again to lay mains and erect lamps in its streets. Why should not these men, which will only be required for a short period, get a wage proportionate to the wages paid, say, to the casual workers emplayed by the Dandalk and Newry Steampacket Company, as compared to the wages paid to constant men?

The ratepayers of Dundalk can surely afford to pay their casual labourers as well as the Steampacket Company can; and I believe that when they are appealed c. as they will be, if the report as to the ate of wages intended to be paid is true, any will insist on a decent rate being aid. The trick played on the street-wrepers and ashpit cleaners will not tork in the present case. The work is let y contract, and the contractor I believe an Englishman.

He will not be asked for as high a rate the pays in England, but he will be hisd to pay a rate of at least 21s. a week, hich rate will, with broken weather in is season of the year, make the weekly mings of the men he employs much less an the standard for men in constant emovement.

The casual workers of Dandalk must ake a standard for themselves.

If 3s. a day is not an unreasonable ge for a man who gets 6 days' work in a week and 52 weeks' work in the year, rely 3s. 61. a day is not an unreasonable ge for a man, who, if he does get six ys' work in a week, will, perhaps, not more than 26. or certainly not more in, from 30 to 40 weeks' work in the r. The men who work in grain res. when the season comes round again, ald not carry a sack of grain, or do other manner of work connected with business, until they are assured a wage is 61. a day.

ormerly, in some parts of Ireland, the aers used to pay a penny a sack to the two carried their grain into the store them. It was possible then for a sal grain store labourer to make a fidential.'

due to the fact that he is not so wise or so plucky as his predecessor was.

The lion's share of the reward, which his predecessor claimed and got for his labour, goes nowadays into the pocket of a middleman, who contributes nothing to help on the work, except impudence, and if not impudence, nothing. But we have constant workers in Dundalk who have less than one fourth of 18s. a week.

I often wonder, when I think of them, if the men who delight to smoke Carroll's Dundalk Tobaccos—Mick McQuaid Plug, &c, know or care how the poor girls employed in the manufacture of them are paid.

Time and space will not permit me to do any more than introduce the subject in this contribution. All I will say now is that the great bulk of the girls employed in Carroll's get less than One Penny an Hour for the time, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the evening. After 6 o'clock in the evening they get One Penny for the Hour until 7 o'clock; and, with Five Pence for overtime, they get, at the end of a week of 56 hours, the ENORMOUS sum of 4s. 5d. An effort is being made to raise them a wee bit, and I hope it will succeed, and that I will have the pleasure of recording the fact next week.

MICHAEL MCKEOWN.

Electric Lighting of South Dublin Union.

In answer to a letter published in the Saturday Post with a head-line in large print, "Satisfactory Report," I would respectfully ask you, Mr Editor, in justice to the ratepayers and all concerned, to publish the following in your popular paper, and the paper that tells the truth—The Irish Worker:—

There has been a lot of controversy lately between members of the South Dablin Union Guardians and a German firm of electrical contractors styled A.E.G. Company. This German firm secured the contract of electric light installation of above Union, although local firms tendered for same, knowing well at the time, and signing the bond, that all materials were to be local manufacture as far as possible—not carried out. Trade Union labour only and local labour to be employed—not carried out. The signing of the bond strictly enforced a penalty for breaking any of the foregoing items, which, in justice to the citizens, should be strictly enforced. We are in an age when everybody are asking for Irish manufacture. Here we have a firm from Germany lighting our premier workhouse with imported labour, non-unionists, and foreign materials. This German firm secured the contract, of course being the lowest tender. I say wait and see. The work in many cases is anything but well done, but then we have the report of the Clerk of Works that it is an excellent job. I do not know where he got his electrical knowledge, but he mentions transformers, &c which I challenge him to know if he could tell whether they were connected right or wrong. He also takes it on himself to say the men have joined "the union" Electrical Trade Union I mean-which sounds all right in print for the public. but it is a lie direct. This Cox and Box business between Clerk of Works, Mr. Moore, the Chairman, and Mr. Crimmins, is becoming a scandal Now the gist of the whole report is false, and Mr. Crim-

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for trespassing so much on your valuable space,

he is there to represent.

mins seems to take more interest in this

German firm than in the ratepayers whom

все, J. J. Т.

Threatened Strike of Belfast Tramwaymen.

Czar Nance—Trembling!

The wee Czar, as Belfast's heaven-sent tramway manager is called by those who serve his majesty, is evidently shaking in his shoes. He fears that his system of petry tyranny and espinage is going to drive his men into revolt. Witness the following notice posted up in the Tramway sheds:—

"I am informed (I don't know whether it is true or not), that certain individuals have it in their minds to bring about a strike of motormen and conductors of the undertaking on the question of wages, hours, recognition, or something. When a similar agitation was started by similar individuals in the year 1906, a majority of you wrote to me on your initative, saying that you did not intend to leave your employment. I now invite every motorman and conductors who intends to have nothing to do with any strike, and be true to his salt, and remain at his duty and thereby maintain his situation-instead of permanently losing it—to write to me, addressed Tramway Office, Sandy Row, stating that he intends to maintain his free right to work. The correspondence will be treated by me as strictly con-

(Signed) ANDREW NANCE.

JURTIS,

:: TRADE :: UNION SHOP.

LETTERPRESS & PRINTER,

Bookbinder and Stationer,
12 TEMPLE LANE, DUBLIN

OFF DAME STREET, DUBLIN

igh-Class Work. Moderate Prices. Telephone 3492

ONCE AGAIN.

I slightly anticipated O.F. in his new points, but have not vet convinced him.

I am not surprised, but I expected more cogent argument and less withicism.

I do not own or evea likely to own estates, farms, or houses. I respect all men of action, whether poachers, cattle-drivers, or what not. I can feed neither O'F. nor the people of Ireland. My shooting is intended for the day when a clean vigorous attack is directed against the foreign bureaucracy which emasculate or destroys all sincere, determined, national, and social effort to make Ireland what her noblest thinkers and workers have ever striven to do-as far as they understood their times—a living self-reliant entity playing a generous part in the spiritual, intellectual, and material affairs of the world. This, I repeat will not be done in a day or in a generation.

Those who now work for advance—Socialists, Nationalists, or Reformers—cannot hope to see the end of their work during their own lifetime. "Two-thirds at least of popular revolutions," said Joseph Mazzini, the great Italian patriot, "only benefit the succeeding generation. The generation that made them is nearly always condemned to mark along with its own dead the road of progress for its successor. Itself can never enjoy the result of its travail."

Whether we employ swift or tardy means, this is relevant to our own struggle. We may never come to actual bloodshed. In the present stage of inep i ude, personalities, and small talk, the prospect is remote indeed. But we must endeavour to cultivate the right spirit, to be prepared to go to any length to do the right.

Thoughts and deeds are abroad. We have to adhere to plans of action and ideals which may appear limited and narrow to other nations.

In the present muddle it is inevitable. The English are our friends, but friends in the wrong place. Their Government won that place by treachery, corruption, cutrage, murder and assassination; that Government retains our land by vile though gentle methods. To morrow, it would resort to many of its old ways, if we showed any serious signs of doing our duty. Look at India and Egypt. You may say the National spirit is in reality dead beyond hope of resurrection, that rebellion would be only foolish skirmishing and needless sacrifice. At present, perhaps, yes. We are in a loyal and slavish sleep.

Rut, is this good and as it should be?

If the Irish people made up its mind on the question, English rule c u'd not last three months; at the next foreign war England would not dare to hold us, if we showed system and energy. Bluntly, we patriots work to arouse the needful made spirit. If every patriot in Ireland were proved a knave and a self-seeker, this workers should be indifferent to such attempts, that the removal of English c introl brings but a change of mas ers, leaving the workers starving servile, and held in subjection by the power they have created. You are wrong, O'F.

Factory owners, landlords, food adulterators, sweaters, humbugs who defile religion in the name of might and plunder, rogues and sharpers would certainly remain much as at present. There would be also a livening of spirit and an increase of opportunity. The Irish workers, not being sheep but men, could use their brains and hands to make Ireland a better place. In democratic states, where wealth and privilege are powerful, but where the people have at least political liberty and well-organised trade unions, the task of bringing social peace and justice proves slow and hard. In Ireland, where there is little real political liberty, where efficient labour organisation is held to be instigated by foreign agitators and the devil, where the wrong and chaos and cowardices of ages have to be righted, the task is longer and greater. Again I repeat you perceive but a phase--important as it may be of one great oppression. I admit that events elsewhere may free us from the painful and horrible necessity of using violence, but let us not flinch if need be.

As to patriots and the language question, I shall not try to refute the absurd charge that patriots occupy themselves solely with the repeal of the whiskey tax. The spirit of Emmet and Rooney is alive in our midst to-day. Go among the workers in the national organisations, keep your eyes and ears open, then if you dare make such statements the words will stick in your throat for very shame. I wish I had time to tell you the truth about our patriots, and the strong, silent, earnest, exhausting work they accomplish against disagreeable and disheartening odds. Some day I shall try.

You want bread before Gaelic and shamrocks. A beggarman, you think, is a beggarman though he speak a dezen languages. Again you err. I ermmend Blatchford to your attention. He is a grand example, though sometimes a nerve stricken Jingo. He seeks his inspiration from the English character and language. The stress of city life, of poverty in a lean and sharp school, the books of Dickens, Thackeray, Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, and other such plainspoken authors, led him, he says, towards Socialism. I am sure he would laugh at your beggarman.

Before now he has insisted that dreams in a garret are better than either superfluity in a castle or heavy brutal toil in dismal England. Still he tries to open England's larders to her children, to make her a fair and merry land. Let the Irish workers take a leaf from his book, cherish their language, and catch some of the heroism of the old-time Ireland.

Let them cultivate Ossian's vigorous

daring spirit and stir themselves with the Gaelic sounds. We shall see then who will play the devil with them. Now and ever will they find the profound truth of the sayings, "Not by bread alone doth man live" and that "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

Then they recognise that a little cultivation is proper and even pleasant.

Lastly, O'F, tell us what you will make of Ireland without the language, without the spirit of the Irish Ireland movement, without the removal of foreign control.

Tell us; we are anxious to hear. So much for the present.

Crimaț.

THE ARMY OF DESPAIR.

The winter sun is paling,
The ways are dark and drear,
The weary winds are wailing
In the evening of the year.

The paths are sere and sodden,
The skies are grey and cold,
The yellow leaf swims on the pool,
The year is growing old.

The mist is on the meadow,
The fog hangs o'er the town,
And the weary hosts of Labour
Are tramping up and down.

Where the grey missmas cheeping
In the valleys, dull and dank;
Where the starving wife is weeping,
By the reeking river bank.

By the foul and fog-choked dwellings
Of the sooty mammon-towns,
Where the huckster chea's for sordid
pence,

And the merchant lies for pounds.

Where the soulless pampered hordes
Still gather in splendid fanes,
And mock the Christ they worship,
With their blood-sweat loathsome gains.

Where the glutted rogue and schemer,
Who runs the sweater's den,
Still worships a Redeemer
Who died for the sons of mcn.

Where smoke smears smirch the akies, And poison the cheerful air— Up and down, through many a town, Tramps the Army of Despair.

E. F. FAY.

CORRESPONDENCE

December 10th, 1911.

DEAR SIR—Just a few observations made by a working man, who, by reading your paper, has learned to keep his eyes

First one affects your men's lives very often. I see very often that the trams have both lines blocked by cars between Dawson street and Grafton street, stopping all ether traffic, as there is only room at one side for any other traffic; same at Dame street end of George's street.

If a railway time table clerk blocked any of his side stations like this he would be sacked; but, of course, the Tram Company cares nothing about other traffic in Doblin—they are not paying for it, and if a carter does harm or gets into dauger, so long as its not their car actually does the harm, they are not responsible. All the same it is caused at those places and many others through the city. If other men would learn to send you notice of things they see wrong it would be better for them, as you could take it up,

J. Kavanagh.

TO THE EDITOR IBISH WORKER.

SIR,—It is recorded that "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning." Is it not appalling to witness the Neros of our Dublin Corporation fiddling, babbling, and scheming over paltry matters of self-interest while the destitution and misery rampant in the city increases by leaps and bounds? Have our city fathers—I mean Neros neither eyes to see nor ears to hear, nor hearts to feel? The pitiful cases of misery and destitution to be witnessed in the streets of this great city night and day in all quarters is heartrending. Des Nero, who "represents" — Ward, think there will be no day of reckoning? Has he never read of what occurred in Pavis during the Revolution, when the bandage fell off the eyes of the citizens and they were able to distinguish their friends from their foes?

As surely as Nero bit the dust for his madeeds, and as surely as many tyrants have bitten the dust since, a day of reckoning will come here. When that day comes it will take a fleet foot and a nimble mind to escape the wrath and fury of a robbed and crucified working class, and little will the excuses of our representatives, which serves them so well now, avail them on that day.—Fraternally yours,

LIBERTY.

Blacklion, Inchicore,
Dec. 14th, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—In the last paragraph of a letter from Dr. J. C. M'Walter, appearing in your issue of last Saturday, 9th inst., he states that "so long as the Sinn Fein Party did not look for places for their friends they were a power in the Council." That statement, as he knows, is untrue; but some members who were elected to the Council on the Sinn Fein ticket were so rewarded for their desertion of the Sinn Fein principle.—Yours very faithfully,

PATRICK O'CARROLL, T.C.

INSURANGE BILL

The Regulations.

The question of immediate and vital importance to the workers regarding the Insurance Bill is the regulations which are about being drawn up by the Insurance Commissioners. We understand that an Advisory Committee has been selec ed, or at least is in course of formation, to assist the Commissioners in this matter, and we are not aware that, so far, any representative of the organised workers of this country has been placed upon that Committee. We, therefore, strongly urge the workers to take immediate action on th.s question, as otherwise there is grave fear that they will be so hedged round with rules and regulations, owing to the enormous powers granted to the Commissioners, that their energies as a fighting force will be maimed for ever. Recently the workers were considering seriously, and indeed are still considering, the advisability of refusing in a body to submit to the deduction from their wages owing to the elimination of medical benefits, but there are now very grave fears that they will have something even more serious to protest against in the near future, unless their special claims are considered and safeguarded in the regulations which are in course of preparation. In a future issue we will have more to say on this. matter. For the present we think it sufficient to sound this note of warning, and to call upon all Trades Councils and Labour Bodies to demand at once that the necessary steps be taken to safeguard their interests, and indeed not alone their interests but probably their very existence.

Irish Freedom and the Wolfe-Toney Clubs.

Something unusual has happened our contemporary, Irish Freedom. There are two issues published, each bearing the number "14" on the front page. Apparently there has been a dispute—a split—and each section claims the paper as its own.

About the cause of the quarrel, if quarrel there be, we know nothing; but we do know that of the two issues the one bearing the name of Dr. McCartan is con-

siderably the better.

So far as we can ascertain, Dr. McCartan has edited Irish Freedom for some time past—probably from the first issue. The men who made the paper, nay, who are the paper, have not deserted, as is evident from a glance at what it contains. How, then, comes it that others have issued a paper bearing the same name, containing the same advertisements, set in the same style, and in other ways duplicating the genuine and original one? For we take it, the paper that is under the same editor, written by the same men who started it, and published from the same address as previous issues must be the original.

Taking the two papers on their merits, we unhesitatingly say that the Central Executive of the Wolfe Tone Clubs cannot hold a candle to Dr. McCartan's and his staff when it comes to producing a National paper.

The leading article in Fred Allan's

Free dim ("published by the Central Executive of the Wolfe Toney Clubs,") is about the greatest piece of rubbish we have ever been unfortunate enough to read. It purports to deal with "Labour and Nationality," and the writer of it obviously knows nothing of labour; but less of nationality: Apart from this we find a few sentences in it, that would fit Fred Allan, and other members of the Wolfe Toney Clubs to a "T." The second sentence reads:-" But as time goes on it (labour) is less Nationalist in practice, while not less Nationalist in profession." If we substitute ALLAN for IT in above, see how true it reads! Further on in the same article we come across this gem :- "Ireland wants all her sons and daughters, aristocrat and democrat. The door is shut upon none. But, if they are necessary to her, she is absolutely indispensable to them." Notice the words I have put in italics, and remember that but for his politics, Allan would not now be so well off-he would not have got such soft. well-paid jobs. She was absolutely indispensable to him! Poor old Granusile! We would advise all our readers when

purchasing Irish Freedom to see that the name of Dr. M'Cartan appears as editor on the front page—otherwise they will be getting something they do not want.

It is time we were rid of bogus patriots

and second-hand rebels of the Fred Allan type. This last act of the Wolf-Toney Clubs is the fitting culmination to their past record.

O'F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

49 Leinster Road, Rathmines, Dublin.

Dear Sir,—May I congratulate you on your exposing the sham patriotism that tolerates men of the type of Mr. Fred Allan amongst them. Mr. Allan's soiled record is well known to every Nationalist in Dublin. There is nothing more dangerous in this country than our readiness to whitewash the backslidings and conceal the faults of anyone who happens to belong to our own particular party.

The fact that Mr. Fred Allan can continue to pass himself off as a patrict with the principles of Wolfe Tone, is a good instance of this propensity.

Although I do not agree with "North Wall's" opinion of Seeghan Uah Uaidhaigh (for I have known him for years as a sincere Nationalist), I still think he owes

somes explanation for the strange political company he keeps. But there are others besides Senghan Ua hUadhaigh; there is Bulmer Holson, Seaghan MacDermott, Dr. Pat M Cartan, Major John MacBride, Seaghan O'Hanlon, and a number of others whose names would

take up too much space to set forth. We know that Dr. M'Cartan is editor of Irish Freedom, and that journal states in its present issue that it is published by the Central Executive of the Wolfe Tone Clubs—whoever they may be. All we know definitely about this body is that Mr. Allan seems to be its most prominent member. It is all very strange, and certainly your paper is to be thanked for its effort to clear the air. However, I know enough of the men whose names I have mentioned to feel confident that their explanations will speedily clear away the suspicion which their unhappy association with Mr. Fred Allan subjects them to.

HELENA MOLONK.

The gates shall burst asunder,
The hinges shricking spin,
When Time, whose voice is thunder,
Lays hand upon the pin

And ahoots the bolts reluctant

Bidding all men come in.

Swinburne, Songs before Sunrise.

LOOK OUT FOR OUR

XMAS NUMBER,

EARLY NEXT WEEK.

STRIKE AT CHRISTMAS

AGAINST PAYING MORE FOR YOUR

HAMS, TURKEYS, GEESE, And Groceries, when you can purchase them for Lowest Prices at the

CHEAPEST HOUSES IN THE TRADE

JOHN SHELL, 6 & 8 MOORE, STREET, Also at 45 & 46 Manor St., and 13 & 14 Lower Exchange St. DUBLIN.

STRIKE AGAINST BIG PROFIT!

'PHONES-272x and 273,

Try R. W. SHOLEDICE For Watch and Clock Repairs.

Chespest and most reliable House in the trade, 37 HIGH STREET

(OPPOSITE CHAPEL.)

Special Low Terms to Working Men. THE NOTED HOUSE ~ Phone 28co.

FOR BUTTER, HAMS AND BACON, PATRICK DOYLE & SONS,

Provision Merchants, 29 THOMAS ST., DUBLIN,

A matter for the Worker to remember!

Mrs. HENRY, of 221 Gt. Britain St.,

Serves all with accommodation of Beds and Food of the Best Quality, at prices to suit the Worker.

FOR HIGH-CLASS PROVISIONS I JAMES KENNY

(Successor to Mueray & Co.),

THE CELEBRATED HOUSE FOR TEAS, BUTTERS, BACON & HAMS.

Note Address-3 LOWER SUMMERHILL.

Buy your BOOTS AND SHOES

FARREN'S, 41 Nth. King St.

Our Men's Strong Working Boots at 4s. 6d. cannot be besten in the city! Children's Strong School Boots a speciality. Men's Box Calf, 7s. 6d.; Men's Glace Kid, 6s. 6d.

Call to W. FURNISS,

FOR GOOD VALUE IN

Irish Beef & Mutton;

None but the Best at Lowest Prices,

Talbot St. Meat Co., 36b Talbot St.

HALAHAN & MESKELL
2 Charlotte St. and 48 Camden St.,

Butchers and Purveyors.

Best Value in the City in both Departments. The Workers' Providers.

Double Number

THE IRISH WORKER

will be on sale early in Xmas Week. Original and Unique Features.

PRICE ONE PENNY.

EVERYTHING DOUBLE BUT THE PRICE,

BECKER BROS.

Finest, Parest and Cheapest

TEAS.

PRICES-2/5, 2/2, 2/s, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.

8 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET And 17 NORTH EARL STREET,

P DUBLIN.

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

Study your own & your Children's Health :: SEE THEY ::

Drink Pure Mineral Waters AS MADE BY

CALLACHER & CO., LTD., DUBLIN.

To preserve life the next most important factor to the air we breathe is the water we drink.



LEMASS'S,

:: AT ::

· Hatters and Outfitters, 2 and 3 CAPEL STREET.

"Let's All go Down the Strand"

TIM CORCORAN. Provision Merchant.

BEST FRANDS OF

Irish Bacon & Creamery Butter ALWAYS IN STOCK.

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. Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.

• Save your Money and think of ** The Ball of Blue:"

RUSSELL'S,

The Family Bakers, Trade Union Employers, RATHMINES BAKERY.

COAL.

For Best Qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quautities, at CITY PRICES, .. CRDER FROM ..

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

JAMES LARKIN, Plain and Faney Baker. 72 MEATH ST., DUBLIN. Pure Wholemeal and Buttermilk Squares a speciality.

THE WORKERS' BAKER. Ask for LARKIN'S LOAF.

HORAN & SONS, 95 & 96 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET,

58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET,

6 South Lotts Road, Beggar's Bush, 1, 2 & 3 SPAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT,

Give Best Value ever Offered.

Quality, Full Weight & Defy Competition.

Established 1851.

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

BUY YOUR LAILY BREAD at

THE WORKERS' BAKERY CORNMARKET.

Patriotism by Proxy.

The ideal form of Government, we are toll, is "Government of the people, for the people, and by the people." This formula does not obtain in Ireland. It is Government of the people, for the classes, by the police!

Approximately the population of Ireland is $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions. These are represented in the Imperial Parliament by 103 Irish members. The two or two-and a-half million Irish workers are not represented by one of their own class amongst those 103 Irish Members! True, it is, our Italian-Irish friend, J. P. Nanretti, J.P., started his public career as a Nationalist-

Labour representative. But a three years' sojourn in the Dawson street Mansion, coupled with a Castle J.P. ship, and an unenviable notoriety with that purgatory of the Irish worker-Glasnevin Pit—together with a job for his s'n in the Corporati n, and a few presentations, and directorships, not unnaturally, while making the capacity of his pocket looser made his hat tighter. A lesson not

sentativos. But, even assuming that Joseph was atill with us, is it a fair proportion? One in 103! If so, one swallow does make a

to be forgotten by our new Labour repre-

summer, as well as a fortune! Manathe Trish workers be the only men in Ireland to lead a Scriptural life: eara their bread in sweat of their brow, and when buffetted on one cheek, turn the other, and still have no voice in the framing or administration of the law? One would think, at first thought, that all human beings were sharers alike in the consequences of "original sin," but, apparently, this is not so.

The Army, the Navy, the Masonic, and Hibernian Lodges, the Knights of Columbus, the Companions of Saint Patrick ! the Medical and Legal Professions, the Agriculturist, the Shopkeeper, and "THE Trade" bung, all are largely represented in Parliament and in Local Councils—all, except the Irish worker!

To free themselves from seridom, the Irish farmers combined, shot landlords and agents, demanded the abolition of dual-ownership, insisted on a first claim to the fruits of their toil, struck against paying exorbitant rents They used these unlawful" methods to force the Legislature to step in and remove the night-mare of absentee landlordism, afford them security of tenure, and fix a fair rent. Thus securing the God-given right of living as free men, not existing as serfs, in the land of their nativity.

Thus, the farmers STRUCK; the workers may not, must not STRIKE No matter what their grievances may be! No, You must not strike-it would destroy the trade of the country! You must not seek direct representation in Parliament or on the Councils or Public Boards of Your country. It would injure the prospects of Home Rule! Oh, you hypocrite! Lazarus did not ask to change places with Dives. Neither did he ASK to take the crumbs that fell from that rich man's table. He

We do not ASK for the right to representation, no more than we ask for the right to live. God has implanted the "vital spark" in our breast. It is our duty to prevent it being extinguished.

We have the right to representation and will take it. We have a right to work and must have it; we have a right to a fair proportion of the fruit of our toil and will insist on getting it; we have a right to strike, and, if compelled, will enforce it. Let our "friends" mind their own business. We will look after ours. We have been doing it too long by

The Dublin Worker is in receipt of a modest wage, out of which he has to pay a high rent for the most wretched accommodation. He has to subscribe to his trades union, provide for himself and family. He must, further, subscribe to. and join the Foresters or Hibernian Organisations, or the United Irish League, Sinn Fein, or Conservative Association, if he desires the support of the representatives of these bodies in the Municipal

C uncil. Can he afford these contributions out of his meagre wage? Then think of the effects on character, making him a pimp, a sneak, and an intriguer. Subscription wasted, character lost, and end not secured. True if he lives in an important ward, and is a consumate intriguer, he will get an increase of wages and a soft job. But at what price! Oh, y u nation-builders, morvah!

What of the army of workers, who are not employed in the Corporation? What representation have they? None whatever! They are mere tools, to be used in the name of the professional politician.

Irish workers your duty is obvious. Your task an easy one. Pay your small weekly contribution to your respective unions Vote solid on the 15th of January for your LABOUR candidates. That ends You need not canvas them, afterwards when you want their support, THEY know

your wants. If you wish to speak to them; you can do so in your union. It will cost you nothing. You need purchase no porter! Keep your money for your family, and better still preserve your manhood and independence,

IF YOU WANT A GOOD DINNER AT MODERATE CHARGES, GO TO

Henry's Restaurant 16 & 17 GREAT BRITAIN ST. Good Beds. Terms Moderate. Cleanliness a speciality

BOOT REPAIRS.—If you want good value and reasonable prices, go to M. SULLIVAN, 621 Sandwith street. Best Leather used.

It is well to bear in mind, that the workers are not the only class who stand to gain by the return to the Municipal Council next January of a strong LABOUR representation, pledged to enforcing sanitary laws; securing a pure food

supply, and a HONEST system of weights

and measures! We believe there are enough of humane conscientious citizens, who if they knew how these vital matters are dealt with by their present representatives, would rise in their just indignation, and drive them out of rublic life.

Well, we consider it part of our duty and a very difficult part, to educate public opinion, and arouse the public conscience to a sense of the enormities, perpetrated by their civic representatives.

We have frequently heard it said, that RESPECTABLE people won't go into the Corporation. The Irish workers will do better and send HONEST people. Now is the time to Do it.

" Freedom's battle once begun, Bequesthed from bleeding sire to son; Though baffled oft, is ever won."

GABRYOWEN.

" Vigilance " Committee.

Some Those his and Suggestions.
Vigilance Committees have broken out

all over Ireland within the past two weeks like messles. Every mewspaper we open informs us of the establishment of still another. And the cry is "still they come"-North, South, East and West, they spring up, and declare their determination to do certain things—to wit, stamp out the circulation in Ireland of certain English weekly newspapers.

We do not recollect yet seeing that Benmore, Co. Galway, has formed a "Vigilance" Committee, but we would respectfully suggest that if Benmore has any sense of humour it will hesitate about doing so; and, may we add, the same advice might be given to Galway.

In the Independent of November 29th we read an account of the Presentation of the "Colours" of a British Regiment to the Catholic Church at Benmore.

We read with disgust and indignation, of the proceedings at Galway, when some of the wretched "bosthoons" who call themselves Members of the Urban Council, actually presented an address of welcome to the "Colonel," and put in the usual whine to his "honor" to try and induce the War Office to send them a Battalion topromote the cause of PURITY AND MORALITY

amongst the Galway girls—no doubt?

And Benmere. Oh, the shame of it to read of these blood-stained rags, dripping with the blood of the Boers, the Afghan, the Hindoo—of every people rightly struggling to be free," being placed on each side of the altar.

the irony of it. To give the poor faithful people this object lesson of the power and strength of England, to unconsciously make the minds of the simple people of Galway band as to a superior race English wards.

Small wonder our misguided people take to dirty English Sunday papers. They are shown that the altar of God is the fit resting place for England's "bloody" rags. They are told that a poor, weak Engilshman, sitting on a throne in London is the divinely-appointed one to govern them. Oh, for a twelvementh of clear thinking on the part of our people.

But we are wandering. We set out to offer some suggestions with regard to Vigilance Committees.

Here are a few—We want to see the following announcement in one of our morning papers shortly:-

'Last evening a meeting was held at the 'Red Hand Hotel,' Parnell Square, for the purpose of forming a committee to be known as 'The Committee for the prevention of the Exposing of Dead Childrenoutside Glasnevin Cemetery Gates'";

"We understand that a meeting will be held in the Rotunda this evening for the purpose of forming a Vigilance Committee which shall have for its title 'The Prevention of Desecration of Irish Catholic Churches by the placing in them of British. Military Colours, which to the mind of any thinking Irishman symbolises only Rapine, Rape, Robbery, and Plunder'"; or,

"The usual weekly meeting was held last night of 'The Vigilance Society for exposing the inhumanity of sending starved children to school'"; or,

"In view of the near approach of the municipal elections a special meeting was held of the Vigilance Society for the suppression of 'alleged' Nationalists who are

loyal addressers," &c, &c. Let us hope that it will not be very long until we see the above announcements,

meantime we will "wait and see." Anti-Humbug."

Irish Workers should support an Irish House by bringing their Watch Repairs - TO -

P. J. KAVANAGH, Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller, UPPER ORMO D QUAY. Estd 1887. Prices Moderate

MOLLOY & CO., Butchers, Purveyors, and Dairy, 121 LOWER CLANBRASSIL STREET. None but reliable goods stocked

"Hera'd Boot Fund.

"PHILANTHROPY" and BUSINESS.

The Lifeboat "Fake."

This is the season of the year when our green" contemporary sheds the dirty and soiled "Diverce Court" garments M'Walter "approval"; and, crowning stroke of all, you say: "So long as the an I done the garb of Philanthropy.

The awful condition of the children of the poor is depicted in the most harrowing fashion, and the charitable of both sexes are requested to contribute to the "Herald" Boot Fund.

We are not out for picking holes, though we have our own idea as to how the distribution is made. Perhaps we will have something to say to that later

fund for 1910-11. The "philanthropic" proprietor of the "Herald" actually makes a charge of £4 14s. 11d. for printing in connection with the administration of this "charity." If we might alter the old lines we w uld

What we are immediately concerned

with is the balance sheet of this boot

"Though he is on charity bent, He has a frugal mind.'

Fancy weeping bucketfuls of "green' tears day after day at the woes of the poor barefooted children and then collaring £4 14s. 11d. for printing, etc., out of A City of Palaces! Yes, that's true—a city of the money subscribed by a generous public to alleviate their sufferings.

Not content with the huge advertisement given by the "charity," he actually charges the public for work done in connection with what is assumed to be dictated by a feeling of sympathy and compassion for the hard lot of numbers of Dublin's unfortunate children of both sexes. Was there ever such humbug, even in this city, where it is impossible to walk ten yards without knocking up against so many "humbuga"?

We would suggest that future subscribers to the boot fund should accompany their subscriptions with a note stating that they wish their money expended on LEATHER, NOT ON printing

This reminds us strongly of the Lifeboat fake which paraded our streets last Saturday week cadging for money. This Jingoistic military display is also, bye theway, labelled "charitable." Truly charity covers a multitude of size."

"John Bull's" recent exposure shows that it is in reality a "fakement" for providing nice little jobs at big salaries for a favoured few.

Fancy a secretary of a "charitable" organisation drawing a salary of £1,000 per year. We wonder if we made our appearance on the stree's of Dublin last Saturday week with a "sandwich" board bearing the announcement that the Secretary of the National Lifeboat Institution The shame and the disgrace, and, the receives a calary of £1,000 per year how many would have thrown money into the hat. Not many we fancy.

It is time the "alleged these countries was forced to step in and provide proper lifebat services round the coasts of the countries which they allege they govern. In any case we are sick of the "Union Jeckery" and glorification of militarism which goes on in connection with this "cadging" for coppers every year. It is time it was done away with. Aughrim.

Labour Members and the Lord Mayor's Salary.

Open Letter to Alderman Dr. M'Walter.

DEAR DOCTOR-The "Doctor's Mexture" which you have offered to the public in THE IRISH WORKER of December 9th will not "go down," no matter how "well shaken before taking."

In my previous communications I accused you (amongst other things) of having refused the request of the Trades Council to allow a Labour representative to be returned for the North City Ward in succession to John M loney.

Have you replied to that charge? May I remind you, my dear Doctor, that not content with that action, you have since "added insult to injury" by writing in the Evening Telegraph of July 2nd that the workers could probably "not return one for the North City Ward."

Where was your consideration then for the "honest Labour Party which would make for purity in Dublin civic life"? Eh, doctor?

Doctor, I told you of the number of Labour representatives returned in '98 and I told you, doctor, t at they were "nobbled" and that "we, the workers, knew it to our cost"; and I asked you did you think you were going to nobble the coming Labour Party? You haven't answered that nor several other questions asked you.

Instead you resort to your old and wellknown practice of throwing mud (on the principle, I suppose, that some of it must atick)

You say that "Treaty Stone" is obviously an "admirer" of Mr. Sherlock; and you go on to say: "In fact I would wager a triff; that Mr. Sherlock seeing that 'Treaty Stone' w. uld be a good man to be ON HIS SIDE in a fight, found a JOB FOR HIS SON."

I will pass over the obvious implication that Councillor Sherleck uses his position CORRUPTLY. That is not my affair, but I

Don't Forget LARKIN'S LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE

in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,

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THE HAUNT OF TRADESMEN AND FRETWORKERS.

ALL TRADE UNIONISTS

reason why I have been for weeks back protesting in the columns of THE IRISH WORKER against allowing you to discharge a debt of PRIVATE SPLEEN AND ILL-WILL under the name of the PUBLIC GOOD. I remain, dear dector, yours faithfully,

TREATY STONE. THE CITY STREETS.

Sinn Fein Party did not look for places

for their friends they were a power in the

Council." Does this mean that the Sinn

Fein Party have ceased to be a "power" because they are looking for "places" for

I have left the personal note for the

last. Your reference to my humble self

being a "good man" to have on one's side in a fight naturally has brought

blushes to my modest cheek; but, doctor,

I hate SHAM AND HUMBUG, which is the

I am proof against flattery.

their friends?

palaces built for trade; Look down that street—what a splendid view of the temples where fabulous gains are made. Just glance at the wealth of a single pile, the marble pillars, the miles of glass,

show of the polished brass; And think of the acres of inner floors, where the wealth of the world is spread for sale; Why, the treasures enclosed by these ponderous doors are richer than ever a fairy tale. Pass on to the next, it is still the same, another

Aladdin the scene repeats; The silks are unrolled and the jewels flame for

leagues and leagues of the city streets!

sings;

The carving of cornice in gaudy style, the massive

Now turn away from the teeming town, and pass to the homes of the merchant kings, Wide squares where the stately porches frown, where the flowers are bright and the fountain

Look up at the light in that brilliant room, with its chandelier of a hundred flames! See the carpeted street where the ladies come whose husbands have millions or famous pames For whom are the jewels and silks? Behold—on those exquisite bosoms and throats they burn; Art challenges nature in colour and gold and the

summers bring marvellous cool retreats; These are civilised wonders we're finding out as we walk through the beautiful city streets. A City of Palaces !- Hush ! not quite-a city where palac s are, is best:

gracious presence of every turn. So the winters fly past in a joyous rout, and the

what is pleasant, and leave the rest: The men of the city who travel and write, whose fame and credit are known abroad. The people who move in the ranks polite, the cultured women whom all applaud.

No need to speak of what's out of sight-let us take

other half million are vulgar clod; And a soul well-bred is eternally dear-it counts so much more on the books of God. The others have use in their place, no doubt; but why speak of a class one never meets?

common lives of the city streets.

It is true, there are only ten thousand here, but the

Well, then, if you will, let us look at both: let us weigh the pleasure against the pain, The gentleman's smile with the bar-room oath, the luminous square with the tenement lane. Look round you now; 'tis another sphere, of thinclad women and grimy men;

There are over ten thousand huddled here, where a

hundred would live of our upper ten. Take care of that child: here, look at her face, a baby who carries a baby brother; They are early helpers in this poor place, and the infant must often nurse the mother. Come up those stairs where the little ones went;

five flights they grop dand climbed in the dark; There are dozens of homes on the steep ascent, and homes that are filled with children-hark! Did you hear that laugh, with its manly tones, and the joyous ring of the baby voice? 'Tis the father who gathers his little ones, the nurse

and her brother, and all rejoice.

Yes, human nature is much the same when you come to the heart and count its beats; The workman is proud of his home's dear name as the richest man on the city streets. God pity them all! God pity the worst! for the worst are reckless, and need it most:

When we trace the causes why lives are curst with

The race is not run with an equal chance: the poor man's son carries double weight; Who have not, are tempted; inheritance is a blightor a blessing of man's estate. No matter that poor men sometimes sweep the prize

the criminal taint, let no man boast:

from the sons of the mil ionaire:

virtue dies on the topmost stair; When the winners can keep their golden prize, still darker the day of the labouring poor: The strong and the selfish are sure to rise, while the simple and generous die obscure.

And these are the virtues and social gifts by which

What is good to win must be good to keep, else the

Progress and Property rank over Man! Look there, O woe! where a lost soul drifts on the stream where such virtues overran: Stand close let her pass! from a tenement room and a reeking workshop graduate: If a man were to break the iron loom or the press

she tended, he knows his fate; But her life may be broken, she stands alone, her poverty stings, and her guideless feet, Not long since kiesed as a 'ather's own, are dragged in the mire of the city street.

Come back to the light, for my brain goes wrong, when I see the sorrows that can't be cured. If this is all righteous, then why prolong the pain for a thing that must be endured? We can never have palaces built without slaves, nor luxur'es served without ill-paid toil; Society flourishes only on graves, the moral graves

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