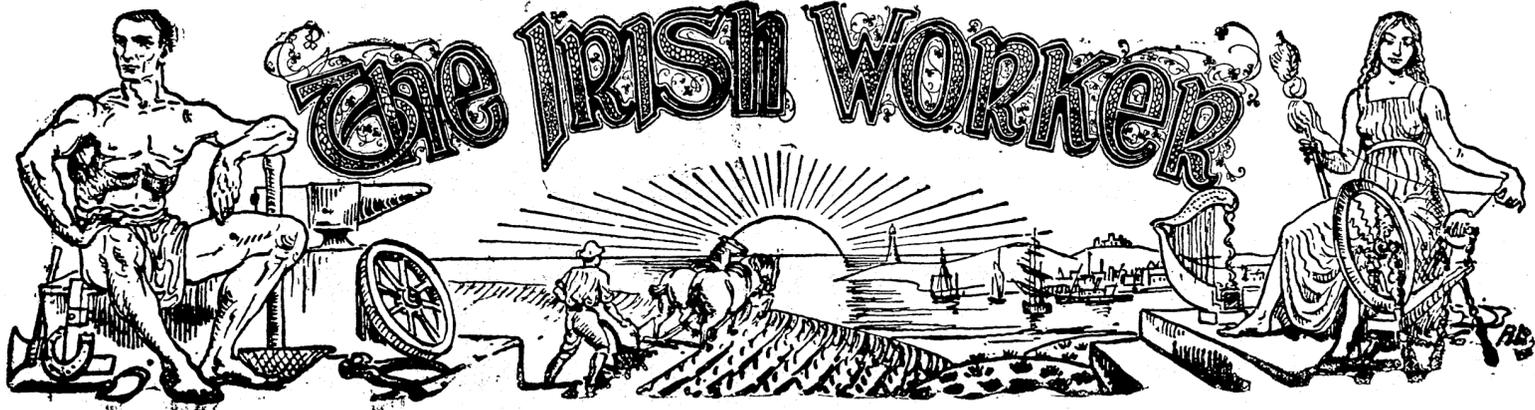


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Pintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Is greater than defeat can know—
It is the power of powers.
As surely as the earth rolls round
As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon wave,
Must our Cause be won!

Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MAY 25th, 1912.

[ONE PENNY.]

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By A. SPALPIN FANACH.

THE OFFICIAL MOUTH ORGAN.

We have received the following—

An Spailpin Fanach is mistaken if he considers the "Claydam Sluice" to be the official organ of the Gaelic League; it is not nor never has been anything of the kind; it is the megaphone of the old-womanish reactionary element, which like the Duke of Plaza Toro leads its army from the rear. The bombastic professors who think more of the jobs they have secured, by intruding with the Whig Government, than they do about the success of the language movement, are the people in whose interest the "Claydam" is run; the Una Ni Dhubhloichas and the rest of the small fry merely supplying the names to be written at the bottom of the articles extolling the splendid self-sacrifice of Henry, MacNeill & Co.

If anyone not of the faction happens to write to the "Claydam" the chances are that what one writes will be rendered into nonsense by the illiterate editor and you will get into the bargain a lecture on etiquette from that most unamiable person, Mr. Editor of the League publications, Joseph Lloyd, whose treatment of the author of "A Dialect of Donegal" ought to make any of us blush for our country's reputation for courtesy to the stranger.

Mitchel told us that if we ever saw a lie bolstering itself up in high places we should tear the mask from it at every possible risk to ourselves. The Gaelic League's Official Organ and the running of the League all along has been such a lie.

ON WHIGGERY.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JOHN MACNEILL.

"I should be greatly surprised if there are not some traces of Whiggery in the Gaelic League" (from Lecture by Eoin MacNeill, October, 1911.)

Why, indeed, a Eoin should you be greatly surprised? Don't you know that Whiggery never can recognize its own reflection in the looking-glass.

As a Gaelic Leaguer of some twelve years' standing, I wish to remind you that the Gaelic League has never satisfied me. It has been too strictly Whig in its manner of working to be capable of real, courageous action, its motto from the start has been the fine old Whig motto *Bi liag le borb agus Bi borb le liag.* (To bully the weak and fawn on the strong). Its official organ has been too obviously a kept organ to inspire either the confidences of friends or to merit honest hostility from enemies. And you whose names appear at the bottom of a circular letter calling on all and sundry to boycott Feinne an Ise, you come out to rebuke the child you have so effectually swaddled in Whiggery.

When a poor Dublin printer was enterprising enough to undertake the prime cost of casting a new font of Irish type and to accept the risk of publishing an Irish weekly, at a time when Irish readers were few, you gladly availed of his offer, because it gave a cheap means of advertising a movement which you wanted to keep always under your own control, and then, when the printer, exercising his right as owner of the paper, sought to have a say in the matter of whether it should be National in its tone or otherwise, you forsok that paper and succeeded in getting the Mullen bequest money dumped into the printing of the *Claidheamh Soluis*, with the result that the number of readers of Irish not being enough to support even one of the two weeklies, the better and more helpful of the two went to the wall, and the *Claidheamh* continued to live an artificial spoon-fed existence until a younger generation of readers, ignorant of the quarrels of the older people came along.

The expulsion of the whole membership of the Lee Branch was another piece of Whiggery, and has never been atoned for or apologized for, and now we talk of red-tape, Mo dhiochur.

Mitchel—whom you have recently discovered—said that nations are punished for their sins in this life, they have no future state. What is true of nations is also true of organisations, and the Lee Branch affair is a heavy blot on the conscience of the League to-day.

For though you made an attempt to make some amends to the printer, the Lee Branch affair remains unatoned for. You have sown the wind and are now going to reap the whirlwind.

The carefully prepared statement put into the hands of Douglas Hyde when he was deputed to give the views of the League at the Commission on Intermediate Education. "There is not even one separatist on the governing body of the Gaelic League" was another piece of Whiggery. If you had the sincerity or intellect of George Bermingham you would have never asked any man to make such a statement to save you from the sack.

The League has never had the courage to question the conduct of school managers or educational boards in anything like a fighting spirit, but it has never lost an opportunity of sitting on the National School teachers. The National School teacher being the most helpless defenceless individual in Ireland as an individual, is it any wonder then that he should utilise the only strength he is possessed of, his collective strength through his organisation, to hit back at those who hit him.

Though I am conscious of the thick incrustation of Whiggery in the Gaelic League, I do not despair of the possibility of its being made the healthiest organisation in Ireland; but that will entail not reform but revolution. We must, as you say so truly, get Whiggery on the run, and there are some who have been hammering away for some years now trying to get Whiggery on the run—some who have not waited to see things from the wide view-point of a University Chair, too!

Following your illustrious example, I wind up with a quotation—

"Ta Fuireann na cuirfar ar gual,

Is dimhin go planncefam Fuigeanna."

PEADAR O'MAICIN.

Communications intended for this column to be addressed—An Spailpin Fanach, care of Editor IRISH WORKER.

The Strike.

The extraordinary prevalence of strikes all over England and France can only be set down to one thing, a rise in the cost of living. It is ridiculous to suppose that these strikes are due to agitators. Labour leaders are only what their name implies. They cannot possibly make the men give up work unless the men themselves are forced into the position by a rise in commodities. During the past three years the cost of living to a workman has risen at least 25 per cent., and wages have not risen in the like proportion. A rise of 25 per cent. in the cost of living to the middle class is disagreeable, but to the workman it means disaster. A man who ten years ago was well off with 25s. a week is to-day on the brink of starvation, especially if he has, as most workmen have, a wife and family to support. It is, of course, impossible in our present state of civilisation to mathematically arrange a fair division between the capitalist and the labourer, and, indeed, the only method that has yet been discovered is the strike. Many newspapers, and a still greater number of masters, complain of the lab or unions, but they are really of the greatest possible benefit both to masters and men, for they enable disputes to be settled rapidly, and the more the men are organised the less likely are they to strike, and the less likely is the strike to assume a dangerous character. The dock labourer is probably the least civilized section of the working classes. He has not to exert any brains, and all he gives is sheer brute strength. Therefore, a strike amongst such people is infinitely more dangerous than one amongst highly intelligent men like railway men or engineers. It is greatly to the credit of the strike leaders that so little harm should have been done. We read bitter complaints in the newspapers of waggons overturned and goods destroyed, but when we consider that a vast multitude of men now out of work for weeks, and that these men are amongst the roughest and most unthinking of our population, the sane person is astonished at their moderation. England has had a period of great prosperity and trade throughout the country is good. It is but fair that the workmen should benefit from this prosperity. The only method he has of obtaining his share is by a strike.

[Our friend the editor of "Illustrated Finance"—a capitalist organ from which we have quoted the above—may console himself. The docker is not civilized! It was a docker that taught the respectable unions how to fight.—Ed.]

CORK NOTES.

Lecture by Mrs. Despard.

DEAR SIR,—Some of the members of the "Manchester Women's Franchise League" must have received a severe shock, and got more than they bargained for, when they heard Mrs. Despard's lecture on Thursday, 16th inst., here at the City Hall. There were several members of well-known firms who are not too generous as regards wages paid to their employees, especially the women and girls. Long hours are plentiful, also fines, so they could not appreciate all that Mrs. Despard said.

In the City Hall on Thursday evening, under the auspices of the Committee of the Women's Franchise League, Mrs. Despard, President of the Women's Franchise League, delivered a lecture on Women's Suffrage. Professor Stoolley presided, and the hall was well filled with ladies.

Mrs. Despard was then introduced by the chairman. She said she was not going to speak from a political point of view, but she wanted to bring before them—all Irishmen and Irishwomen—whatever they might think about the present crisis, whether or not they agreed with the Home Rule Bill—she wanted to bring before them the fact, and have them to realise, that this was a critical moment in their history, and that the eyes of the world was upon them; and it might be that Ireland was to give the lead in the future as Ireland had had to give the lead in the past. It was for woman to reconstruct her own house. The Home Rule Bill had passed the second reading in the House of Commons, and she mentioned who were so keen about the liberties of Ireland, did not consider, as they should, the liberties of the English women. Perhaps they would consider it more in the future. Men were promised an Electoral Reform Bill to give the vote, as Mr. Asquith said, to a great many more men. Well, it was the women who made the men feel the terrible anomalies of their own electoral law; and some of the Labour members, some Liberal members, and some Conservative members, were going to bring in an amendment to include women on the same terms as men; and she hoped the Nationalist members would do as much for the women. There was, of course, the Conciliation Bill, but conciliation meant compromise, and compromise was dead. They (the women) were going strictly for the same rights—the rights of political equality (hear, hear). The great Labour party was with them in that. That was one of the signs of the times that they had been waiting for for many years—that Labour, which was now beginning to recognise its power and its responsibility—that Labour and women—these two great forces of humanity—were going together, and it was her privilege to stand on a great many Labour platforms where themes of political equality for men and women were discussed. She hoped there was no one in the country who was satisfied with things as they were; she hoped that there were very few in Britain who were satisfied with things as they were. The time had come when the cry had gone forth—the great human cry—that all should have an opportunity of leading a human life. She had received a letter from a citizen of Cork welcoming her, and signing himself "A Sympathiser." He assured her that things were no better in Cork than elsewhere, that women and girls were receiving a sum of 3s. for their week's labour; and he wondered how people should dare to turn girls out after their week's work with such a sum as that to keep body and soul together. She knew something of the conditions under which girls worked in London, and she marvelled at their virtue. The movement was not only a woman's movement—it was a man's movement (applause). They should never have a great country until they had a strong, well-developed, and a well-instructed woman. She referred to the payment of members of Parliament, and said that those salaries came out of women's pockets as well as men's. She was taxed herself, and for four years had absolutely declined to pay her Imperial taxes (applause). She paid her municipal taxes. They were asking for society for the recognition of the "human in all"; that woman's work inside as well as outside the home might be recognised; and they were asking that there might be recognised an equal moral standard for man and woman (applause). They thought it wrong and harmful to society; they knew it was harmful to the race that man should

be almost encouraged to do things that in a woman were reckoned as evil, wrong, and degrading. Talk about a woman going wrong—no woman went wrong except through a man, and the man got off scot free, while the woman suffered every conceivable way. Society must recognise that what was wrong in the woman was equally wrong in the man. It was that that was behind their great women's movement—the recognition of their citizenship—the spiritual force driving them onwards to the creation of a better society. In conclusion, she appealed to every woman to join a suffrage society, and join it now, when they had to work, to strive and to make it understood that they were in earnest. She asked the men to assist them. If they did she was perfectly certain they would not regret it, for the women would add interest to their lives. She was perfectly certain that the men would feel that the time had come to help the women, so that together they might build up a new world. The birth of the new era was to be a love-birth, and man and woman were to stand beside the cradle of the young world. She seconded the resolution.

The resolution was then put and declared carried by a majority.

Mrs. Despard, in replying to questions, also referred to the case of Miss Malecka, who in a Russian Court had been sentenced to four years' imprisonment and then into exile in Siberia. She said that in the Russian indictment she was referred to as a British subject, and at present in England an agitation was being started to bring home to the supine Government that England was not being respected as she used to be on the Continent of friends amongst the Polish revolutionaries, and she on one occasion made a remark in favour of Polish independence. The meeting ended.

It is quite time some one came to the rescue of Labour. In Cork both men and women labour. One of our noted laundries pays girls and women from 5s. for a week's work from 8 a.m. till any time up to 11 p.m., and then they have to pay a penny fine if they are five minutes late in the morning. The same laundry will not allow their employees to bring in a piece of food of any kind for lunch, but has provided a catch my pal business on the premises, where you can get a cup of tea and a bun for 1½d., and so on; and if the folk had their meals on the premises and paid for them at that rate, they not only would have no wages to take away, but would be in debt.

"Why Labour Kicks."

One does not, as a rule, go to the comic papers for information, but this week's "London Opinion" contains an article from the pen of James Douglas, which gets to the root of the Labour unrest with such clearness that we take the liberty of reprinting it.

The article runs as follows:—

"John Bull is a fat old gentleman. That is why I do not call the British workman John Bull, but simply Bill. My friend Bill has suddenly found himself famous. Everybody is taking an interest in Bill. Everybody is talking about Bill. He is the hero of the hour. Never before was Bill so thoroughly in the limelight. He is taking a front seat everywhere. The newspapers have discovered Bill. They are looking at his tongue and feeling his pulse and prescribing for him with frantic if somewhat hasty enthusiasm. I wonder what Bill thinks of it all.

The truth is that Bill has arrived. He has been trying to arrive for a good many years, but his arrival was postponed. However, he is here now, and it looks as if he means to stay. If you want to see how completely and extensively Bill has arrived, you have only to ponder over the significance of the fact that the "Daily Mail" has opened its arms to him by publishing a thunderingly explosive welcome in the shape of a series of articles on "The Labour Unrest," by Mr. H. G. Wells. Could you desire a better proof that Bill has arrived? Bill must be a very live chap to be worth pages on pages of the "Daily Mail." In fact, for the present Bill is the daily male in the "Daily Mail." He has no rival, no competitor.

Mr. Wells is a good family doctor, and his diagnosis of Bill's head, heart, lungs, and liver, not to mention less important organs, is as scientific as you could get anywhere in Harley street or Brook street or Wimpole street. He tells Bill precisely what is the matter with him, and I can

see the look of proud astonishment on Bill's honest face. It is a splendid thing to have your own described by the keenest brain in England—or Europe, or America, for that matter. Bill himself has only a hazy idea of the diseases he is suffering from, but he will be gratified to know that they are horribly and beautifully complicated. If you were to ask Bill he would tell you he is suffering from a sore head, a sick heart, and an empty stomach. But, bless you! he doesn't mind being told that he has a hundred other complaints. The main thing he is worrying about is whether anything is going to be done for him.

Bill has been trying to do things for himself. He has tried all sorts of patriotic dodges—railway strikes, transport strikes, coal strikes, and so on. Somehow or other he has not got very much out of them. He has spent a lot of his money and put up with a lot of common starvation in order to get a few more pence into his pocket, but when he counts his wages they do not come to much more than usual, and Mrs. Bill cannot make them buy much more than usual. He hears talk about all sorts of wonderful schemes for turning him into a contented chap like his grandfather, the old boy who is now drawing an old age pension. But he does not get much cheer out of them. They are all too like dodges for extracting sunbeams from cucumbers.

Bill cannot grapple with these dodges for making him richer without making anybody poorer, for raising his wages without lowering dividends, for blowing up alms without piling up rents, rates, and taxes, and for educating him out of his deplorable discontent. He looks at his dirty house in his dirty street, and he looks at his dirty wage, and he spits again. He looks at his rickety children, and spits once more. Bill is crude in his notions. All he says is this: "Give me as good wages as my cousin Bill earns in Canada, or America, or Australia, and I'll shift for myself." But Bill knows that it is easier to get butter out of a dog's mouth than a rise of a bob a week out of a foreman.

What bothers Bill is the fact that there appears to be plenty of money in these little islands, and yet he cannot detach any of it. Mr. Wells has hit on the mountainous platitude that I have been preaching for years, to wit, that "the spewels of luxury" is making Bill think hideously hard. There never has been at any period in the history of the world luxury so insane and so unwise. It positively invites revolution. Bill's own paper, the "Daily Herald," tells Bill all about it. When Lord St. Aldwyn decided that five bob a day is too much to ask coalowners to pay their human moles, the "Pall Mall Gazette" said this:

"The melocentists plead that his lordship should have added something on account of the increased cost of living and the dangerous nature of the miner's occupation, and so forth, but there is nothing in the Act providing for this sort of settlement."

Whereupon the "Daily Herald" retorted with a quotation from a "special" in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of May 3rd, headed "Plover's Eggs. Early Spring Delicacy in Danger." In this "special" it was stated that "Mr. Sol, the manager of the Savoy Restaurant, mentioned two distinguished guests to-day to a representative of the 'P. M. G.' one of whom is a very well known nobleman, who paid a guinea each, practically cost price for the first eggs this season." The mixer does not get for four days' work the price of one plover's egg, the glory of eating which is "something almost akin to winning the Derby." Bill reads that and thinks.

Here is another fact which makes Bill think. In the same "special" Mr. Astor's paper says: "After April 13th melons take the place of plover's eggs at luncheon, and the first melon is almost as expensive as the first egg, that which was served at the Savoy this season costing £2 10s, the size being no more than sufficient for four

or five persons." Ten shillings for a slice of melon is not too much for one man, while ten shillings for two days' work in a mine is too much for another. Are you surprised if that makes Bill think furiously? Let me state a fact that came to my knowledge the other day. The bill of a wealthy man who had been staying at a smart London hotel for a fortnight amounted to £400, and as he left he paid £50 in tip. When Bill hears that he will think harder than ever. Why does Bill kick? Because Bill thinks.

NO RIGHT TO "DOCK" HIS WAGES.

That a chauffeur is a workman has just been decided by the Manchester County Court judge, who ordered the Provincial Motor Cab Company to return to a taxicab driver £20 which had been deducted from his wages.

He received 25 per cent. of the gross takings of his cab, but from his wages the company took sixpence per day until his uniform was paid for, and sixpence per day to form a fund against accident.

He was further charged 3d. per day towards the rent of a stand at the Central Railway Station, and one penny per day towards the rent of a hut there in which he could have his meals if he wished.

Judge Mellor, K.C., ordered the whole of the money to be refunded, but granted a stay of fourteen days in order that the company might consider the question of an appeal.

DISGUSTING RICH.

The Hotel Vanderbilt (New York) was the scene of a novel freak dinner on Thursday night last, when Mrs. A. L. Holland, one of the leaders of the "Four Hundred," gave an entertainment in honour of her Pekinese dog. Seven of Mrs. Holland's friends, accompanied by seven Pekinese dogs, were the guests, and the affair is being described as one of the most expensive entertainments in the history of such freak dinners. Mistresses and dogs sat side by side at a table gorgeously decorated in the Chinese style, and attendants in Celestial robes waited on the pampered Pekinese, who sat up and ate prettily the expensive dishes placed before them.

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NATIONAL INSURANCE ACT.

MR. WILLIAM RICHARDSON AND THE HUMBUGGED WORKERS.

In your issue of last week, under the caption of "The Insurance 'Fake' and the Humbugged Workers," Mr. Richardson proceeds to knock spots off the writer. Let Mr. Richardson possess his soul in patience, and, above all, learn a little of the facts before he ventures to discuss the subject. It may be news for William, but it is known to the workers in the trades union world, that the leaders of the movement in Ireland have never ceased objecting to many of the provisions of the Act; that prior to its being enacted a deputation of representative trades unionists waited on the Chancellor of the Exchequer and told him so. That they have stated all through that in order to make the Act acceptable to the movement in this country it would have to be amended in the lines sketched by my article of the 11th inst., and more particularly that the medical benefits would have to be extended to Ireland.

Mr. Richardson tells us that Mr. John Redmond and his Party did not want the Act extended to Ireland; that it was some members of the Irish Party—some "powerful" members of the Irish Party "connected and bound up with certain sectarian and other societies in Ireland saw a chance of increasing their membership"—that that was why the Act was extended to Ireland; so that, according to him, the Party, of which he has lately become enamoured in the "Scabs' Shelter," was not influenced by the voice of Labour, whether voiced by "alleged" leaders or by the persons whom he would label "the genuine" article. This would tend to prove to me that in the councils of the Party every interest is voiced—except labour. But still because I wanted to prove that proposition, in which I have now got the assistance of the ubiquitous Willie, he holds that my contention is dead against the claim of the Irish workers having a distinctly Irish Labour Party. The socialist party are, indeed, well represented in the councils of the Party; the sectarian party, according to our critic, is well represented; the friendly societies are also represented; and the only interest that is not represented are people of the country.

Mr. Richardson a request—or is it demand?—that the men who have secured appointments under the Act should resign is a matter with which we have nothing to do. Our contention that the "Advisory" Committees were only humbug we stand by. We cannot control the action of Mr. M. J. O'Leahane, but we are informed that his colleagues put the position to him in the same way as Mr. Richardson, without any effect. We dealt with the Insurance Act as it appears to us it should be dealt with. A number of its provisions seems to us highly prejudicial to the interests we have to voice, but at the same time we recognise the possibilities of the measure. That the Bill was originally drafted on British conditions we do not for a moment doubt, otherwise the sickness allowance for some sections of workers would not have been fixed at a higher rate than the workers would get if they were at work. We hail that portion of the Act with satisfaction, because it will mean that in order to secure the services of these workers it will be necessary to increase their remuneration. This may seem a small point to Mr. Richardson, but to the vast body of the workers we think it will be eminently satisfactory. Mr. Richardson to the contrary notwithstanding. That the Act is unsatisfactory from many points of view, and with these we have already dealt, no person can attempt to deny; but when it tends to increase the prosperity of the worst-paid class, we know our people better than to believe that they will not suffer something in order that their poorer sisters and brothers may get better conditions.

We may say, too, that Mr. Richardson has opposed the measure all through. He seems to be of the same opinion that some other "leaders" of public opinion have shown; look to the prosperity of the classes rather than the masses. William is very sarcastic in his references to the alleged—in inverted commas—leaders who made the "alleged" demand. This is very severe, William—very severe, certainly. We wonder if we would have obtained the "genuine" article in the "scabs' shelter," with which Mr. Richardson has for some time been identified; the man who unseated one of the best of the recently-elected municipal Labour Party for instance, the great and only (thank God) E. W.; or the man who was hailed as the scab at the opening of the Jew's Picture Palace on Friday night last—"Sit down, you scab"—but perhaps the man who shouted were not in earnest, they were only "alleged" to be. Oh, Willie, astore, "show me your company and I'll tell you what you are" is as true to-day as it was on the day it was first penned.

Why not . . . other labour leaders, Socialists, etc., throw up their lectureships and inspectorships as a protest," saith the world-wide William. And then William throws off the mask; he answers "quite frankly" he does not think they will. We will now put a straight question to him. If he was appointed to any one of these posts would he resign? We may be wrong, but we gauge his answer by his assumed reply for the men who have been appointed. We have pointed out what are the defects in the Act as they appear to us. But we have to learn that it is not capable of amendment. And are we to cast away something that at the moment is going to do a little for the weak and the sickly because it is not perfect for those who do not come under that head?

The position we take up is: With an Independent Labour Party we can make it as we want it; without the Labour Party we get what we deserve. Look at Mr. Richardson himself. He stood for a seat in the Municipal Council; his platform was a democratic one. He was opposed by a reactionary, and Mr. Richardson was rejected. The voters got what they deserved, and they have had to put up with it. If they go on on the same lines in the future, then they deserve it, too. As a result of their action then Mr. Richardson has had to delegate the work to another member of the Municipal Council with about as much brains as are in the average members of his trade, and that is not very much. If they go on electing representatives in the same way they will only have themselves to blame if their interests are not looked after in matters like the Insurance Act, and they will be getting what they deserve and—no more.

FARGUE.

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

Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Boreford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY May 25, 1912.

Some Things We are Thinking.

That our lively, intelligent and much-needed contemporary, "The Daily Herald" (the only Labour Daily in Great Britain, one halfpenny; ask for it, and see you get it) is taking an undue share of the credit for getting Tom Mann's sentences reduced and Guy Bowman released. What we are thinking is—if Bowman or Mann were guilty why reduce the sentences? In either case either the Government were playing a game of bluff, and it is always a bad thing to expose your hand to your opponent, or what we have been saying is true, that the judges are callous, biased, jurists packed, and that there is no chance for an agitator from the working classes getting justice.

We are thinking "The Labour Leader" should hide its brazen head. One week denouncing Tom Mann and his propagandist, then, when forced by public opinion, pretending to sympathise with him—Ramsay MacDonald doing the jockey trick as usual, and then the whole circus trick when discovered. We are thinking that Tom Mann ought to thank THE IRISH WORKER for being in jail. And here we feel proud he was put in, for his incarceration has proved the rottenness of the Liberal principles of the Liberal Government. Two months in jail will mean a rest for Tom—he has been working so hard lately. Yet we would fain see him at liberty so that he might advise the leaders in London at the present critical moment, or maybe they will send for the Chinaman, Sexton, to advise them, and then you would get a strategic advance to the rear. One of the Labour leaders who believes he who runs away and lets the other fellow fight, can come back after the fight is over and rob the dead and wounded, and write an article about it for the capitalistic papers.

We see our comrade, Fred Bowers, the man who wrote the appeal to the soldiers, for which Mann got six months, has been defeated again in the West Toxteth Division of Liverpool. Fred is one of the men who for fifteen years has been doing the collar work in the shafts, all the time unweaned, night and day, in doing his duty, practically revolutionised his own trade, the stonemasons; was one of the two men who started the strike in Liverpool last year—aye, before Mann arrived—and all throughout the strike worked night and day; one of the men who never came in the limelight—he did not run away like almy Sexton, who when the fight was on cried out, "I told you so, I, the great I-am Sexton, did it all."

We are thinking that if Sexton was to try and tell the truth for once in his life it would be a welcome change. He had less than six thousand financial members this time last year. It was the alleged non-Union Dockers of the North End of Liverpool who won the Strike. He, Sexton, ran away to London the night before the Strike was declared. When the thing was won, the men had perforce to join the Union controlled by Sexton and his clique. He states that there are 53,000 in the National Union of Dock Labourers at present. If he lives to next year and manages to hood-wink the Liverpool Dockers into accepting the Ship Owners and Labour Exchange Scheme, he will have less than 6,000. The presumption of this trickster in giving advice to men how to organise and fight—a creature who never yet convinced one man of the benefits of combination—who has played the game of compromise all his life, never had any principles, any morals, any manners, but like the vulture, follows the flight from afar off, and when it is safe comes down to enjoy the spoil. What about Glasgow, Jimmy? What about Hull, eh! Shall we ask Tillet his opinion? Advice from such as you is an insult. Why not come down to O'Connell and advise us? You were ill when Limerick Congress was on. Well our challenge holds good: We will meet you on any platform in any town in the British Isles, and prove you to be an unprincipled

lying thing, a creature of the employers, and an enemy of the working class; and at the present moment you are engaged in a movement in Liverpool to hand over the finest material in the world, from a trades union standpoint, to the employers to manipulate as they will. That you do this for an ulterior motive, and if we cannot prove our contention we will set the George's Hall—plateau and all. Jimmy, slimy Jimmy, will you accept the challenge—That we will meet you in the Rotunda Lecture Hall, or outside, on the plateau, George's Hall, within a week or a month and prove our charges.

We're thinking the doctors are playing into our hands. We see visions of a State Medical Service right in the foreground. So you are going on strike, and you are going to boycott any of your honourable Profession who black-leg. For fear we may be biased we quote the "Daily News and Leader," which quotes two paragraphs from the British Medical Assoc. circular.

"THE DOCTORS' 'STRIKE'."

HOW PRESSURE IS TO BE ENFORCED?—AMAZING ADVISOR.

DEFEAT OF THE ACT AN ILLUSION.

In view of a Press agency statement that the Government has decided to offer 8/- to the doctors as capitation grant for medical benefit (our Parliamentary Correspondent writes), I have confirmed by further inquiry the disclaimer which has appeared in your columns. The talk about the 8/- grant seems to emanate from quarters where it is hoped that the doctors may be induced by totally delusive hopes to sign the strike paper which, as regards club practice, is a document to which no doctor will, if prudent, put his hand.

In the Form D 49 issued by the British Medical Association paragraph (9) clause (F) reads thus:

The central office will be willing to assist in any way possible in their efforts (to collect signatures) either by providing someone to speak at meetings or to assist large divisions in their organisation or, if need be, to visit those who have proved refractory to local persuasion and may be thought amenable to outside pressure.

This amazing paragraph would not be quoted here if I had not before me an authentic copy of the said circular signed "Alfred Cox, acting medical secretary of the British Medical Association."

"Refractory" doctors are to be compelled by "outside pressure" to sign what they do not believe to be in their interest, the threat being "but thinly veiled."

The gravely misleading statement is added:

The determination with which the Association can persist in its demands on the Government and on the Commissioners depends entirely on the success of the present campaign.

The truth is the precise opposite. Every doctor who heads a power committee is practically a power of attorney over his income, to be used without consulting him and by authorities whose political bias has been revealed in the Press, should realize that he is cutting himself off from the Government by such action, and that "the success of the present campaign" will simply mean the handing back of medical benefit unconditionally to the insured members.

In addition general practitioners should recognize that there are many thousands of salaried doctors in so-called partnership with their employers, whose incomes will be doubled at a stroke under the Act if the older men sign themselves out.

Every effort has been made by the Government to warn the doctors that they are playing a game which will recoil heavily on the senior men."

We are thinking we will have great fun in Dublin. Dr. M'Walter is going to lead the strike. The newboys' strike will not be in it. "The Sketoh" will have great opportunities. Just as you are pulled from under the imported taxi-cab up comes Dr. Seymour Stritch to dress your wounds, and down comes Dr. M'Walter and the picket; out with their scapel and off with Dr. Stritch's head. And then we will have the D.M.P. beating the flies off the dead body with their batons, and Dr. Laffan, of O'Connell, will bring the gun he was going to shoot the railway strikers with, and pot the black-leg. Sarboones what are you "laffan" at?

But doctors, dear, just a word wid ye—where do we come in—we, the common people? Never mind your friend the Government. We believe doctors must eat and drink, and you know it is really too bad. We fed you, educated you, educated you, provided you with bodies to operate on. Hide your failures and mistakes under the sod. Don't go on strike, doctor dear. We might live longer, and you might die of starvation.

A gentleman named Brownstein, a Jewish sweater whose sweating den is in Capel street, where he formerly kept a dance house, which was closed—the details we don't care to print—and who is now part owner of a picture house in Mountjoy Ward, where the Lord Mayors come from and O'Connell, the scab, adorns, writes under the name of Robert Kelly, of 96 Dorset street, denying the facts as set out in a letter which appeared in our columns last week; and (singular coincidence) Mr. Robert Kelly Brownstein writes on foreign-made paper and the letter is enclosed in an envelope that was made in Germany. Underneath Brownstein was a Russian Jew, and let us be understood, we have no objection to any man of any nation, creed, or race; but we object to any Jew or Gentile trading on the sentiment of the Irish race. Brownstein's sweating den is the worst in Dublin—we are prepared to prove it—that is in the tailoring trade. I admit it

is not as bad as the Christian (!) sweating den of Keogh's, Burch quay; for a Jewish sweater dare not do what a Christian sweater like Keogh can boast of. But we want to put a few pointed questions to Mr. Brownstein. Why did you not sign the letter of protest yourself? Why try to hoodwink us that Kelly could draft such a letter? Why, the olive oil is oozing through every line. And why compel—compel, mark you—the poor women wage slaves to sign it? Will you tell our readers how many members of any trade union work in your den? What union foreman Robert Kelly, of 96 Dorset street is a member of? He does not belong to the International Pressers and Machinists, and I won't insult the Amalgamated Tailors in suggesting he belongs to them. And will Mr. Brownstein tell us what wages he pays? How much per garment? How many garments he made for Dwyer, blackleg employer? In fact, what right has he to masquerade as a patriot and philanthropist, when all that he is out for is to exploit the unorganised women and men in the cheap shoddy tailoring trade and pile up the shakels they make for him?

We regret Jim Connelly's matter, "Labour and the Re-Conquest of Ireland" arrived too late for this issue. We regret this because the perusal of same would enlighten some of the delegates to the Irish Trades Congress.

We want to make our position clear to William Richardson on the Insurance Act, and incidentally to enlighten those of our readers who may not understand our position on the matter. We were engaged for years demanding that all workers should be insured against unemployment and sickness, and to provide for burial through the State. We hold no brief for the present emasculated measure which Lloyd George has admitted was pushed through to dish the Socialists and to take the wind out of our sails. We want, and must get, insurance through the State. We want no trade union, sectarian, Aberdeen microbe, or any other clique to be making kudos out of the people's poverty. We want the right to demand work for every person willing to work. Failing work, that they be fed, clothed and housed the same as those working, aye, the same as Lady Aberdeen. When sick they get the best medical and surgical treatment, best of attention, instead of a 30s. maternity grant our women get the same treatment and attention as Lady Aberdeen would, and did get. And in case of death, instead of the Prudential and other combinations of legalised robbers exploiting the workers, that the dead body would be respectably and decently interred; that the living body be treated as human, no matter what name it bear, and when dead buried, and that the same channel as the King of England through the State, and on a non-contributory basis, and so do away with the alleged 9d. for 4d.; do away with approved society, whether it be the Transport Union, A.O.H., Irish National Foresters, Protestant or Catholic Benefit Society, or last, and worst, the Slainthe scyophants—rub my back and I'll rub yours. That briefly, William, is our position—no leaders, no fakery, no jobs; no parties, simply the people doing their own work.

We have to express the thanks of the labourers in Messrs. Ross & Walpole for the firm's ready acceptance of the men's claim for an increase of 2s. per week on their present rate. The attitude of Messrs. Ross & Walpole should be a headline for some of the other firms in Dublin—say Keogh's, for instance.

We have also received as we go to press a letter from Messrs. Thomas Hanlon—a letter which we publish. To all other firms we say "go thou and do likewise."

Sir,—In further reference to your letter, I beg to inform you that our Board has agreed, without any hesitation, to give the wages asked (viz.—24s. per week) to our men.

JOSEPH P. NOLAN, Secretary. (For Thos. Hanlon & Co., Ltd.)

GENERAL STRIKE.

To those gentlemen who know everything may we say that the General Strike is not coming off. When things are ready for a General Strike there will be no need for a General Strike. There is a partial or local strike in London, and, in the words of Aquith, "wait and see." At least, Murphy's lying organ will know nothing but what we want it to know.

"Oh, Listen to the Band."

In reply to our application for the inclusion of the Irish Transport Workers' Union Band amongst those chosen to play in the people's parks during the summer, we received the following:—

"Public Health Committee, Municipal Buildings, Dublin, May 23rd, 1912.

"DEAR SIR—I regret to say that before the receipt of your letter all the arrangements in reference to the band had been made. The sum at the Committee's disposal is strictly limited and cannot be legally exceeded. The arrangements made have disposed of the funds available for bands this year.

"Next year you might apply earlier. Yours faithfully, CHARLES CAMERON, Executive Sanitary Officer.

"W. G. Mathers, Esq., Irish Transport Band, Boreford Place."

We understand that when the application of the Irish Transport Band came

up before the Public Health Committee Mickey Swaine moved that the application be refused. Matters went to a vote and Mickey won by one. But, Mickey, we have not finished with this matter. We beat you out of Wood Quay with the help of the Transport Band, and you will find we will beat you on the matter. This is a nice gentleman to be Chairman of a Health Committee—moral Health Committee is wanted in Dublin.

Mickey had the impudence to send us a writ for £1,000 for libelling him, but had the good sense to withdraw. Fancy a Corporation with creatures like this acting as Chairmen of Committees! And we would like Sir Charles Cameron, Fly Crusader, to explain his letter. If we were too late Mickey must be too early.

Dublin Operative Bakers & Confectioners.

A deputation, accompanied by Mr. John Barry, waited on Mr. Farrington, Wexford street, on Thursday, and in the course of a long interview put the case of the Bakers' Society to him. He explained that, as they knew, he was very desirous of doing everything he could to assist the Bridge street men. Mr. Farrington promised to send to the rooms for whatever men he required, as in the past, and would not put on men unless they came through the Union.

Mr. Farrington said he was only too willing to fall in line with the request of the deputation, and it would be a big assistance to him in carrying on his trade. The deputation having thanked Mr. Farrington withdrew.

Our readers will be glad to know that owing to the assistance which their fellow-trades unionists have given and promised to the Bridge street Bakers, hope before long to bid fair to be the Bridge street Society of old. And if the trades unionists give them the moral support they are entitled to—day will be in the near future. No. 3 Branch Irish Transport Union granted the Bridge street Bakers £10 to assist them.

SAILORS' AND FIREMEN'S UNION. (DUBLIN FRANCH.)

A Warning.

Rumour has it that in some of the steamship companies an application to the sailors and firemen aboard their ships has been made that all sailors and firemen should procure for the benefit of the companies certificates of their birth. I warn all and every sailor and fireman coming in or going out of the port that their is no compulsion upon them to do anything of the kind. This is one of the many backsliding schemes that are being done to try and inveigle the men to join the employers' approved society under that section of the Insurance Act (Sec. 48) dealing with sailors and firemen. Any man who joins such a society is bound up with the Federated Employers' National Insurance Society will be doing so at his peril and without the sanction of the branch official.

Sailors and Firemen have a union of their own, which is out to protect their members under the Insurance Act, and they have no need to be dictated or hoodwinked by the captains of their ships, the letters of whom think they are doing a service to their employer by playing upon the ignorance of some of these poor men.

Finally, men, take no notice of these overtures; but if in doubt come to the Union Rooms, or send for your Secretary, when your grievance will be attended to at once.

Titanic Recklessness in a Dublin Slum.

The following letter appeared in the "Freeman's Journal of Friday:—

Lower Exchange street, May 23rd. Sir—A short time ago I called attention to the scandalous overloading of dray horses in Dublin. I pointed out that it was only necessary to stand at Essex Gate any day of the week to verify my statement. Fortunately no one was standing there this afternoon (6.30 p.m.). A dray with a huge load of timber—drawn by one horse—and with the ends of the timber protruding some six or eight feet behind the plane of the waggon—crashed into No 10 Upper Exchange street, which is actually next door to Essex Gate. Had anyone been on the footpath at the time, the coroner's jury would probably have found the usual verdict and paid the doctor the usual fee. But those of us that love animals, as well as having a Christian regard for the poor made us, would like to see some effort made in the interest of both.—Yours, L. J. STAFFORD.

P.S.—B. 57 and B. 94 were both on the scene.

PAVING COMMITTEE. TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. May 21st, 1912.

Councillor Farran moved that extra flagging work be proceeded with, and that 20 men with the largest service be employed. Motion carried.

Mr. Lawless gave an order for men to start on Thursday morning. When the men presented themselves for work they were told there was no work for them by the order of Mr. O'Sullivan, engineer. We wonder if Mr. O'Sullivan is trying to save the money he wasted on buying coal at 29s. per ton when at they had coal in stock at 10s. per ton, and depriving 20 deserving men of a few loaves of bread? Do the Committee rule the Corporation or the officials? [I think our correspondent is hardly correct about the coal.—Ed.]

ALL WORKERS should support the Workers' Benefit Stores, 47A New Street, Grosvenor, 24s. Butter and Tea all at the best and Lowest Prices

Don't Forget OUR EXCURSION TO WEXFORD, On WHIT SUNDAY, Return Fare, 4/- Return Fare, 2/- Train leaves Harcourt street at 8 a.m., returning at 7.47 p.m. from Wexford. Re in time The Excursion of the year. Weekly Deposits received at Office. Tickets can be had at Liberty Hall, Boreford place; 17 High street, 77 Augustine street; 35 George's street, 100 West Gate, Castle, Bray; and at Harcourt Street Railway Station on morning of excursion.

Something of Interest to Women Workers, Garrick's Boot Stores, 81a TALBOT ST. (under Railway Arch), AND 22 ELLIS'S QUAY, DUBLIN. Are now showing a Grand Variety of Shoes in all the Latest Shapes and Colours at 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, 4/6 and 4/11 to 7/11. Ladies' Boots, 2/11, 3/11, 4/6, 4/11 to 10/6. Value Extraordinary. Comments unnecessary where our Men's Boots are concerned.

EXTRA VALUE WITHOUT Extra Price. Men's Sound, Solid Hard-Wearing Goods—the goods that have made our name a byword throughout the Country for the greatest value in Boots. Men's Whole-Back Bluchers, hand-pegged or nailed, 6/-; Men's S.P. Bluchers, sprigged or nailed, 5/-; also light at 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11.

BARCLAY & COOK, 104/105 Talbot St.; 5 Sth. Gt. George's St. DUBLIN. ENCOURAGE IRISH WORK GET PHOTOGRAPHED AT STUDIOS: 46 HENRY ST., and 77 AUNGIER ST., DUBLIN. BEST WORK—LOWEST PRICES. This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. off List Prices. See our Stall at all Bazaars and Public Fairs.

Call to W. FURNISS, For Good Value in IRISH BEEF AND MUTTON. None but the best at lowest prices. Talbot St. Meat Co., 36b Talbot Street. Comfortable Lodgings for Respectable Men 8/- WEEKLY, 7 Marlborough Place, City. BUY YOUR DAILY BREAD AT THE WORKERS' BAKERY, CORNMARKEET. COAL. For best qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices. ORDER FROM P. O'CARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

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P. O'CARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

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

JAMS (Irish) 2lb Jars, 6d.; Raspberry, Strawberry, Black Currant. DISCOUNT—Jam Puffs, Battered Creams, Bermuda, 6d. per lb. LEYDEN'S, 89 BRIDE STREET.

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

IRISH-MADE BOOTS.
JOHN MALONE,
 Boot Manufacturer,
 67 NORTH KING STREET, DUBLIN.

HORAN & SONS,
 95 & 96 Great Brunswick St.,
 58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET,
 6 SOFT LOTTIS ROAD, BEGGAN'S BUSH,
 AND
 1, 2 & 3 SEAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT,
 Give Best Value ever Offered.
 Quality, Full Weight & Best Competition!

GALLAGHER'S
MINERALS.



Insist on getting your
 Drinks supplied in bottle
 like the above.

STOP PRESS!
 NOW OPEN
No. 8 MOORE ST.
 ("The Flag") with a High-Class Stock of
 Hams, Bacon, Butter and Eggs
 At the Lowest Prices in the City. Call and
 see for yourself.

JOHN SHEIL,
 6 & 8 Moore Street,
 Also at 45 & 46 Manor St., and 13 & 14
 Lower Exchange Street, DUBLIN.
 Phone 272x and 273.

—RIDE—
ARIEL CYCLES,
 2/3 Weekly;
TOTAL PRICE £6 15s.
 Kelly for Bikes,
 2 LR. ABBEY ST., DUBLIN.

BECKER BROS.
 FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST
TEAS.
 PRICES—2/5, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6,
 1/4 and 1/2.

8 South Great George's Street
 and 17 North Earl Street.
 DUBLIN.

Irish Workers should support an Irish
 House by bringing their Watch Repairs
 to
P. J. KAVANAGH,
 Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller,
 28 UPPER ORMOND QUAY. Estd. 1887.
 Good Work. Prices Moderate.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

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

**A New Political Force in
 Ireland.**

The Home Rule Labour Party.

A Short Way with any Ulster
 "Government."

Belfast, Friday Night.

A meeting in support of Home Rule was held in Belfast to night under the auspices of the Independent Labour Party of Ireland, St. Mary's Hall, which holds about 1,500 people, was well filled. Practically the entire audience consisted of working men and women. It was unanimous and enthusiastic.

Mr. Thomas Johnston, who presided, explained that the Independent Labour Party of Ireland was a new body formed by the amalgamation of the Irish branches of the I. L. P. with the Socialist party of Ireland. It was appropriate that the first meeting under the auspices of the new party should be to assert their belief in the right of Ireland to self government. Home Rule would not bring the millennium; it was not the end, but the beginning of the fight; but Irish working men must work out their own salvation in their own land. As a Protestant he did not believe in the alleged tyranny of the Catholic majority. Existing parties would break up under Home Rule. Catholics and Protestants, manufacturers and agriculturists, would unite. They would work for a similar union of the working class of Ulster with the workers of Leinster, Munster, and Connaught. They would oppose any attempt by any politician or group to organise the working class on sectarian lines. They demanded amendments to the Bill designed to secure a full share in the government of Ireland for Irish workers. They would continue their educational work, and would support every industrial movement and every revolt against oppression. Ridiculing the fears that the Protestants of Ulster would be under the seal of the Pope, he said that when that happened the I. L. P. would be the first to help them.

Meantime, said Mr. Johnston, the threats of the Ulster Unionist Council suggested to him that on the day when the Provincial Government took office Belfast workers should combine to pay no rent, no gas bills, no debts to anyone adhering to that Provincial Government. No decrees, he declared amid laughter, could be issued against them, for that would be a recognition of the Irish Parliament and law.

Mr. James Connolly, Organizer of the Irish Transport Union and the Women Textile Workers, who was received with uproarious applause by the mill girls, moved:—

That this meeting of working men and women of Belfast welcomes the prospect of the opening of the way for much-needed social reform and the reunion of the Irish democracy, hitherto divided upon antiquated sectarian lines, but considers that in the interests of the democracy in this country more facilities should be offered for securing a full and proper representation of the people of Ireland, and therefore demands that provision be made in the Bill for the payment of members' election expenses, proportional representation, and the enfranchisement of women, and that the proposed Senate be dropped from the bill, as experience has proven double Chambers of legislation to be useless and dangerous.

Mr. Connolly's able speech was particularly well received.

A REVOLUTION IN IRISH POLITICS.
 Mr. Connolly said that his new Party was destined to revolutionise Irish politics. It was significant that this new Party, composed of Catholics and Protestants, prepared to fight either of the older Parties, or both together if necessary, should declare in favour of Home Rule as a necessary weapon in the emancipation of the Irish working class. They were tired of Loyalists threatening rebellion and rebels professing loyalty. They wanted safeguards not for Ulster or the Empire, but for the lives, limbs, and labour of the working class, for sweated women workers and slum tenants. The opposition to legislative independence for Ireland came from those interested in maintaining the economic and industrial enslavement of the Ulster working class, perpetuating the political quarrel in the hope of the workers forgetting their role as employees. In Belfast these men shouted loudly about the glory of the Empire to make them forget the shame of the slum. Home Rule was absolutely necessary for the development of democratic opinion and the progress of social reform.

Sketching Irish history, Mr. Connolly said that the Catholic worker had been dispossessed by force, the Protestant worker by fraud. They could admire the fighters of both Derry and Limerick without continuing their quarrels. The old rallying cries had lost their power, and they were joined in one holy crusade for the reconquest of Ireland after 700 years of martyrdom such as no other white people endured. The Irish people could not give up the ideal of freedom at the demand of the insolent minority, who opposed not only national liberty, but every measure of social reform. It would be poor national Government that left out women.

Mr. F. Sheehy Skeffington supported the resolution on behalf of the Dublin branch of the new party, from which a telegram was also read. He said that the meeting showed Belfast's determination to be the democratic capital of Ireland. They must make the new Parliament a genuine instrument of the people's will. To this end he dwelt in detail on the suggested amendments, laying special stress on votes for women. Adult suffrage was the ideal, but the new Parliament should be set up with a minimum of friction, and therefore an existing register must be adopted. There were two registers in operation in Ireland, and it was just as easy to select the local government register, which included women, as the Parliamentary register of men only. He quoted Mr. Devlin's declaration during the second reading debate as to the strength of the Home Rule argument from the success of local government, and pointed out that practically all the important Irish city councils had declared in favour of votes for women except the Belfast Corporation, where the Lord Mayor had ruled the question out of order. The resolution was put and carried with unanimity, except for one "No" to the women's suffrage clause.



White Slavery in Dublin!

Mr. R. Braithwaite, a former Orangeman, seconded the resolution in a racy speech. He and his friends had been opposed to Home Rule's cause; they were told it meant Rome Rule, and they had been opposed to Labour representation because the Labour Party in Parliament were all Home Rulers. There would be no Unionists but for the fear that "when the Pope came to Ireland under Home Rule every Protestant would wake up one morning with his throat cut." It was high time he and his friends did their own thinking. They would fight not for creeds and dogmas, but for bread and butter. The Tory alternative to self-government was violent opposition to every social reform.

Mr. D. B. Campbell, president of the Belfast Council, supported the resolution, dwelling on the absurdity of the religious intolerance bogey.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

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You Can't Afford to Look Old!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.
 Skilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.

LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS
 19 North Earl Street and 28 Henry Street, Dublin.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR JIM,—In reading your plucky paper on Saturday night last as I generally do every week, I endorse Footsore's remarks in his letter to you re Tivoli and a clerk in Corporation. I consider it's nothing less than a scandal. I have known employers in Dublin and can give you the names of some who here soaked men for doing work on their own account in their own time. Is it possible the Corporation can't do the same. There is plenty of work for all if men were true to each other. "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." One Master, one job, one living wage. I know of a fireman carpenter in the employment of the Board of Works, stationed at the Museum of Science and Art, Kildare Street, at a weekly wage of £2 10s. at least. He is employed and has been for some years at the Gaiety Theatre and also men who are employed with Messrs. T. & C. Martins, Wood Yard, North Wall. This game ought to be put down. There are a lot of evils in existence, but I think this one of taking your neighbour's bite out of his mouth is the most dastardly one could be accused of and the sooner it's put down the better. Public feeling should be aroused against those who practice this shameful conduct and stamp them for ever unworthy the name of men.

I trust Jim you may see your way to give this a corner in your paper as a first instalment of some eye openers to follow. I have enclosed my name and address but not for publication.—Yours truly,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

Wexford Harbour Board and Jobbery.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me through the medium of your columns to bring under the notice of the public, a glaring piece of Jobbery, on the part of the Wexford Harbour Commissioners. The office of Harbour-Master recently became vacant through the death of Captain Brady. This gentleman held the position at a salary of £72 per annum. This was fair

remuneration for the work to be done, though the duties were responsible. Contrary to custom the Commissioners did not advertise the vacancy, but what did we find them doing within closed doors? We find them giving away this job to a crony, to wit, Captain Basher of the Tug, at a salary of £15 per year. Basher, who knows how to pull the ropes with the Commissioners, undertakes to do a job at £15, for which his predecessor got £72. I have no doubt that Basher is well able to do it for this money, for he already has a nice "surew" out of the Tug, and of course he can rely on getting an increase on the quiet any time like Pat Horan, who has now £200 to £40 for his predecessor. Jimmy Stafford is boss of this Board, and we cannot expect anything good from such a tainted source. The poor men who were in receipt of Passions from the Board for years of faithful service, had them clipped by 2/6 a week to pay big salaries to the "hail fellow well met" type, and to make up for mismanagement.

Yours faithfully,

A HATER OF JOBBERY.

P.S.—Name and Address enclosed but not for publication.

Kingstown, Bray, and Deansgrange.

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT)

At Kingstown the election of a secretary to the branch took place last Friday night and resulted in Mr. Andrew Kettle being returned for the post.

It is hoped that Mr. Kettle will be afforded every assistance from the members in carrying out the duties appertaining to his office, and that the business of the Union will be conducted as heretofore in the interest of all concerned. We wish Mr. Kettle good luck in his new undertaking, and trust that he will, as in the past, be zealous, discreet, and painstaking in the performance of his duties. All members who have not already signed the forms for the Insurance Scheme should do so at once in order to help the officials in the onerous duties which the Bill places on their shoulders. Whenever a doubt exists in this matter in any of the branches along the line, the secretary should at once communicate with the head office; the same applies to all branches of the Union.

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