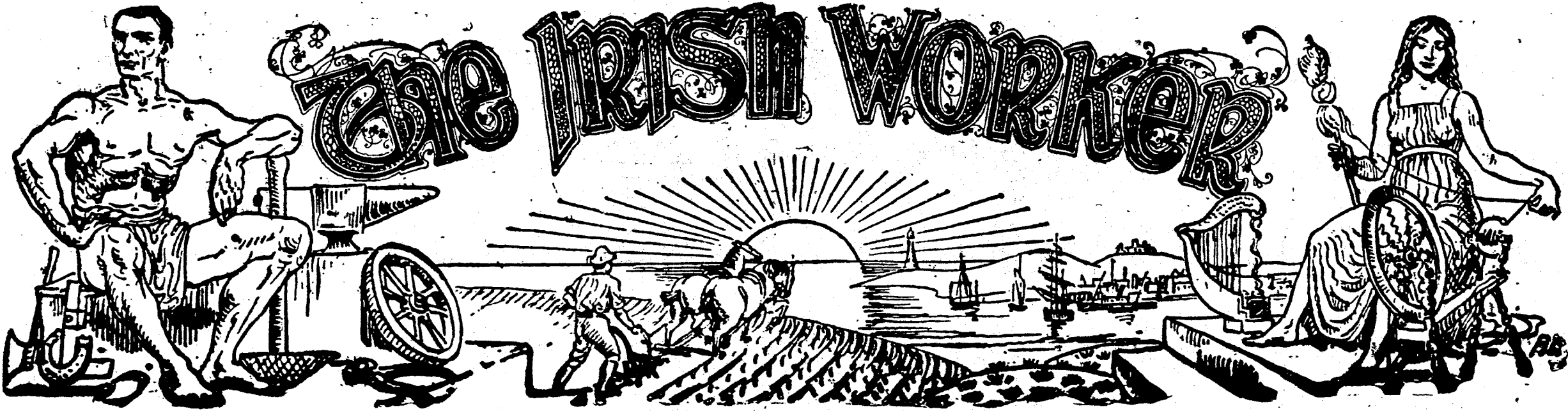


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James P. Lalor.



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!

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JULY, 27th, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

A SONG AND A SPEECH.

Some people like a good song, and other people a good speech. There are still others again who like both, and it is in this last category I may place the bulk of the huge crowd who welcomed the Prime Minister on his visit to Dublin last week. For when that visit is carefully and thoughtfully weighed up, and all the mere incidents such as illuminations, fireworks, processions, and even hatches, discounted, the sole remaining items of any importance are a song and a speech—the song by Thomas Davis, and the speech by Mr. Asquith.

Both of these, if we may judge by the lusty singing of the one and the lusty cheering of the other, were greatly enjoyed by the crowd, and this crowd was not merely an ordinary Dublin one, but one which may be quite fairly said to be representative of all Ireland.

Now as to Ireland's evident appreciation of a good song and a good speech, I have nothing to say. Ireland has ever been a land of great singers and great orators, and will remain so; therefore the love of singing and of speechmaking is a natural one. Nevertheless, though I can say nothing against this natural love, I still think that the song and speech on this occasion made a bad blend—a very bad blend, indeed; and I don't think that because I am a carping critic of this Home Rule Bill. Far from it! Indeed, it would give me the greatest earthly pleasure if this Bill could be placed upon the Statute Book at once and come into force, say upon the day following the August Bank Holiday. I imagine it would be good fun just to walk up to College Green and see the Bank furniture getting tossed out of the Old Parliament House on the Monday, and watch the gilt-edged bank clerks scurry home with their tools behind their ears instead of going across to Douglas, as they would in the ordinary course. That must be a delight reserved for another occasion, however, for Home Rule cannot come as speedily as that, but it is coming, inevitably coming, and I for one will welcome it.

In any case, whenever it does come, Asquith's speech will have had little to do with its coming, and the song of poor Davis nothing at all. That is why I think the twain made an abominable bad blend last week, and I will try to explain as clearly as possible the reason of my thinking so.

The words of the song are pretty well-known by this time, but perhaps it might be just as well if I quote at least the last four lines of the first verse.

Here they are—
"And then I prayed I yet might see
Our fetters rent in twain,
And Ireland, long a province, be
A Nation once again."

Now, that prayer has a merit that all prayers have not got, and that is its clearness of meaning or lack of all ambiguity; as clear indeed is its meaning that no person with even the slightest knowledge of Irish history could misunderstand it. Moreover, it is a prayer which has never been answered, for Ireland does not stand to-day as a Nation in the sense Davis prayed for, and with the passing of this Bill into law the chances of its ever doing so are practically ended.

It was with this unanswered prayer ringing in his ears, therefore, that Mr. Asquith made this statement in the course of his speech—

"I start then," he said, "in dealing with Home Rule for Ireland—I start with the proposition that Ireland is a Nation (cheers) and that a condition of the success of any scheme that statesman can devise is a recognition—a full and generous recognition—of Irish Nationality" (cheers).

Now in the course of that short passage it will be noted that the speaker was cheered twice—first of all for his proposition "that Ireland is a Nation," and in the second place for his recognition of Irish Nationality. If my sole purpose in writing this article were merely to criticize the Premier's speech, that sentence alone gives me sufficient text for a lengthy critical essay, but such is not my purpose. At the same time I must say that if this proposition of the Prime Minister's—"that Ireland is a Nation" is correct—and the cheering audience gathered together to hear him certainly gave it their assent—then Thomas Davis and all the Irish patriots who went before him have been wrong, for if you admit that Ireland is a Nation to-day, then at no time in its history has it ever been anything else than a Nation. I take it, however, that Mr. As-

quith based his proposition on his recognition of the strength of Irish Nationality. If so, then I submit that whether he did it intentionally or not he was merely indulging in verbal quibbling, for Nationality, no matter how strong, does not make a Nation. Take his own illustration of the case of Scotland. The Nationality of the Scotch is undoubted, but Scotland has long ceased to be a Nation, and is for all practical purposes better described as Northern Britain than by any other name. Scotchmen will always retain their characteristics, and would do so suppose every mother's son of them were transported to Timbuctoo; but that would not make Timbuctoo their Nation, and no more does it make Scotland anything more than a federal province of the British Empire.

There can be no real comparison of Ireland with Scotland for this reason. Scotland has never made any strong objection to its union with England, whereas Ireland has always objected. Scotland has used the union for the purpose of assimilating England—it has even swallowed Mr. Asquith, a Yorkshireman, and made him a more canny Fifer than any voter in the constituency he represents—but Ireland has always held aloof from England and the union. Mere National Characteristics or Nationality does not make a nation, otherwise the Jews, the strength of whose nationality cannot be doubted, would find their new Jerusalem to-morrow.

In spite of Mr. Asquith's proposition, therefore, Ireland is not a nation, and the real purpose underlying this Home Rule Bill is to pacify the strong national characteristics of the Irish people and make Ireland a willing instead of an unwilling federal province of the British Empire, just as Scotland is to-day without any Home Rule.

That is why I can say that the song and speech last week made a bad blend, and, in spite of representative Ireland's love for them we have, as a people, come to a point where we must either drop Davis or Asquith for we can't have both, nor need we waste much time over our decision for it is made for us. We must drop Davis, for we cannot drop Asquith, and I speak of the Premier now, not as an individual but as the official spokesman of the British Government.

Gladstone failed to get Home Rule for Ireland, yet there is every likelihood of Asquith succeeding. Is that because Asquith is a more capable man? Not by any means! The real reason is that things changed in the political sphere in the interval. What would have been political generosity in Gladstone's time has become political expediency in Asquith's time. Home Rule is to be given, not because Ireland wants it, but because it has become a matter of Imperial expediency to give it. If the Irish people were to say next week that they did not want Home Rule the British Government would be as insistent in offering it, as they have in the past in refusing it. That is why I can say that Asquith's speech last week is of little consequence to the passing of the Bill, because Home Rule is coming and will come suppose the Premier had spent the evening playing croquet instead of speaking in the Theatre Royal.

As a matter of hard fact the Premier practically admitted the expediency of the measure when he said:—

"I have always, from the point of view of Imperial statesmanship, regarded it as the first step in the new Constitutional development for the Empire at large. Imperial organisation is on its trial.

There we have the case in a nutshell. The British Government for a long time have done nothing but grab territory. Now, however, they are trying to organise and consolidate what they have grabbed. The granting of Home Rule to Ireland is but a pawn in the Imperial organisation game, but it is a pawn which must be quickly and skillfully played if the rest of the game is to be successful. It may be asked—What about the strenuous opposition which the Bill is experiencing? Mr. Asquith was quite clear upon that point.

"The opposition," he said "with which they were dealing was an opposition in his experience unique in the case of a measure such as the present which they knew was going to pass into law."

Why, in heaven's name, if they know it is going to become law, do they oppose it? The answer is simple. It is the old game expected in party politics; damp squibs and all the smokes of a sham fight got up for the benefit of the parties' supporters. Such is the pitiful plight of the Ulster

rank and file. They are being deluded by leaders who know perfectly well that if they succeeded in killing this Bill and scrambled into power, they would have to draft a Home Rule Bill practically on the same lines just so soon as they were in, and then in all probability the Liberals in opposition would denounce the Tories' Bill just as heartily as the Liberal Bill is now being denounced.

Home Rule is certainly coming in spite of all the talk, and it is coming, not because Ireland demands it, but because the British Empire needs it. Why I personally will welcome Home Rule is quickly told. It is not because of Home Rule itself—for that is an abstract thing which means very little—but it is the formation of parties which will take place after the Irish Parliament is opened. We will have a new era of political activity in Ireland, and it is just possible that politicians may be selected in future, not for the strength of their Nationalism, but for their usefulness. The Irish workers may realize then that a member of Parliament's duties comprise many things besides blindly following their leaders. The workers may realize also that their interests will be much better safeguarded in an Irish Parliament, just as they are in other Parliaments, by men of their own class. It is in the hope that these things will be realized that I am looking forward to the passing of this Home Rule Bill with interest and satisfaction. The only safeguard I would have liked to see in the Bill is one that would have assured the Irish workers of their full share of all Imperial labour legislation, for I fear that the predominating party in the new Parliament will be largely Conservative owing to the huge agricultural vote. However, the best safeguard the workers can have, in any case, is through a strong and effective organisation of their own forces and that is a thing they must start now in order to have an adequate representation of Labour from the very opening of the new Parliament.

It is up to the workers' then, especially those who cheered the Premier so heartily and sing "A Nation once again" so lustily, to work as heartily and lustily for a proper organisation of their own forces in preparation for that Home Rule which they have so long anticipated.

Then instead of mixing a National song with an Imperial speech we may expect to hear a mething more consistent and good and those will be Labour song and Labour speeches.

"EUGHAN."

WEXFORD NOTES.

The Mogul is angry! Very angry! He even approached one of the officials of the Irish Foundry Workers' Union—rather forcibly, too—with the query: "What are you interfering with my men for?"

And still there are people who are of the opinion that the Mogul does not own the Folly! Simple people! If he did not own the foundry why his men?

Of course there are some of the people who say and who suggest that it was the references to the railings "manufactured on the nod" that made him lose his "goat"

What a difference! Salmon fined one penny for assault. Mrs. Doyle sentenced to two months in jail in default of giving bail, and Mrs. Kehoe bound to the peace. John Mullally sent to jail for one month's hard labour, and Martin Duggan for a trivial assault. The same law for the rich as for the poor, moryah.

We must congratulate Mr. Thomas J. Healy upon the magnificent fight he put up. What a difference—between this one and the one put up at the inquest upon poor Mike L'ary! We hope the workers and their friends will remember it in the future.

The youths at Pierce's have struck work for an increase of pay. Out of their meagre wage a full 5d. was stopped for insurance last Saturday. And when one remembers the wage they get one does not wonder!

Bobby is in his element here! He has secured the services of Big Will, "Leslie Lea," and a few more. But we hear that "Dilly" has not gone to work for some portion of the week.

We have seen a testimonial given to one of the workers in the Folly, who was

told his services were dispensed with, in order to reduce expenses. It is as follows:—

"X—Y— has worked with us "almost continuously for 46 years as "Carpenter and Joiner, and we have "found him a thoroughly capable man. "He has been a good time-keeper, "honest and industrious

"Per pro Philip Pierce & Co.
"T. W. SALMON."

For 46 years "a good time-keeper, honest and industrious," and yet a man who was, and is, a thoroughly capable man, has been remunerated for his faithful services with—THE SACK. If he had been a peeler he would have a different kind of pension, and he might also be manager of an Irish industry in some part of Ireland!

Just imagine the chances of securing employment left to a man who has been in the employment of one firm for forty-six years continuously!

On dit that Jimmy Stafford has had a heart-breaking leave-taking of Paddy on last Monday. It would appear that Paddy took out the Alderman's trap on Sunday during the boss's absence and tried the paces of the horse and the patience of the people!

For all of which Jimmy is reported to have given Paddy the order of the boot!

"Who skimmed the metal?" Ask Dick, the local Nimrod.

"Certainly not," said Dick, in the olden days, when he was asked would he work with the imported scabs. But Dick's memory was bad and he forgot his promises.

"First it died and then they killed it." Afterwards "Prime Beef—first quality," in the shop. Answers received at the "Worker" office. Prizes of steaks off the beasts they held up with ropes while they were "knocking her down" with an axe. "Come in over dat; do you want to have me in the "Worker"?"

We notice that Matty McGrath took our tip for last Sunday. As a result Wickham's trade was seriously interfered with during closing hours, and some of the scabs and their friends had to go without their beer. This was hard lines, as we hear that their condition on Saturday night went to show the great need there was on Sunday for a "curer."

Why not Wickham approach the ONLY and ORIGINAL insurance man to cover his losses. Of course he might afterwards be like the others who insured with Leslie: Pay the premiums and so end the matter. Leslie is one of those chaps who believes "it is more blessed to receive than to pay." At any rate in the insurance business.

"Come back with the post bag?" We heard this shouted after a strange worker in Pierce's on Monday. What does it mean?

We hear—
That Peeler D. has not paid for the fowl yet. This is a very foul transaction. That the Sergeant is doing penance for his earlier transgressions, and wishes there were gates on Cooloo's in the long ago.

That Scab Johnnie is tutoring Scab Tommy—the great Mogul!
That Weary Willie does not know there is a strike at Pierce's forge, moryah!
That the cabbage man is thinking of "consulting his creditors—and not for the first time!

That the farmers are charging 10s. per week for the board and lodgings of their labourers! Honest men!
That Joe Scallan has been excluded from the handball committee on a charge of Scabbing—whatever that may mean. Poor Joe, the coalporter. Is his hands sore?

That George Furlong's son has been told "to do what his da-da tells him and never mind the Union." George Rex—perhaps?

That curious people want to know where and at whose expense O'Connor's, of Newry, railings were made.
That we would like to know who put them up "on their holidays." Ooh home!

That we would like to know who ordered the old forge-roof to come back to the Folly? And who brought it back?

That "young Truck" is going to be married and so is his future wife(!)
That the delegate of the Union has been entertained at the expense of the Mogul's brother-in-law.

That the Harbour Master, who is paid by deductions from the pensions of the old servants, has been absent from the port.

That Peter O'Connor has acted in at least one case of necessity.

That Spread-the-Light, T.C., M.C.C., P.L.G., is a "labour man"

That he showed it at a recent meeting of the Corporation—by condemning Councillor Clancy and his "clique" for a remission of arrears during the lock-out.

That one of the scabs in Pierce's has a farm—what about the genuineness of the cry "The Land for the People?"

That this "land-for-the-people" man could tell something about the time that the Mogul is alleged to have nearly kicked a man to death up at the mountains.

That the man who refused to shake hands with Mickie on the grounds that Mickie was a scab, has now justified. That the man in question had just come from jail, on a charge of larceny.

That young Truck's uncle has got "macintyred." He wants the Irish Foundry-Men's balance sheet, although he is not and never was a member of the Union.

That people are saying "what about the stand-house at Drinagh?"

That Billy Byrne's advent to Wickham's was caused by a "stranger" asking him in!

That the "stranger" lives in Allen street and is a brother of a young scab, and the son of a man who is a "labour" man (sic) who is very easily got and very cheap.

That we are likely to get a list of the persons who attended the peelers' stave in the militia barracks.

That Lanky Jim is very angry.

That Paul Carroll, the white-washed Yank, is a very intelligent man and a very ardent supporter of Irish manufacture.

That somebody has painted up the words "Fleet-the-bird" at the railway end of the Star Works.

That we would like to know the meaning of the words.

That a scabs' conversation is held in Pierce's store every morning under the presidency of Siste-face.

That George Stafford is indulging in scab coal.

That Jimmy Bolger does not wear a wire fence round his head—at present.

That Miley's leg is not getting any better. That Erther Joe was not a bigoted re-totaller on Saturday night.

That Joe Vise went away on Saturday last to Glasgow amidst the good wishes of all his fellow-workers.

That Davieson went away some time ago without any goodwill from anybody.

That the Star Engineering Company has won first prize at the Cork Show—and more of that to them.

That Doolan has joined in working the "No-Rent" manifestoes.

That Wexford residents are expected to wear a blindman's buff costume when passing the Millroad Works.

That Micksey, of wheelbarrow clerk notoriety, is a magnificent whistler and a splendid example of the left handed twist.

That the Hooker is reported to have a great admiration for the "News of the World."

That it is very cheap to furnish stables in or about Hayestown—particularly with racks.

ALL WORKERS should support The Workers' Benefit Stores, 67a New Street, Greenway, Vigan, Butcher and Tom of the best at Lowest Prices.

That Dolan's speciality is scab-protecting That "blood's thicker than water." And that the ex-peeler shows his genius in purveying stimulants to the worthy D. under cover of a sheet of the "Free Press."

That although the Beautiful Fiend may charm all and sundry in "Come back to Wexford," Neddy wouldn't come back to the corner. Oh, the old leg!

That we are anxious to know what Dilly did with the bags. "A glaws of pleine, please, Owen; and a few cakes for Cathleen, a bit of twine, and a lend of the paper."

That Siste-face's sister-in-law, better known as Cotton-face, does not like the "Worker."

That neither does Siste-face, nor Daggan, the scabs' provider.

NOTE.
Iron-workers, please note that there is a dispute on a question of victimisation on at present in Messrs. Pierce & Co.'s forge in Wexford. Don't blackleg.

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,
81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,
—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—
BARGAINS BY POST.

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Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALITY.

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New Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.

PRICES, 3d., 4d., 6d.
Change of Picture—Monday, Thursday and Sunday.

MEN'S BOOTS,
Special Purchase of Manufacturers' Stock.
— We will clear the lot at —

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Now, Men, here's a chance, as they are honestly worth 2/- a pair more.

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

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When You Get on a Good Thing Stick to it.

Get in and Stick to Irish-Made Boots.

JOHN MALONE, Irish Boot Manufacturer,

67 NORTH KING STREET, DUBLIN

STRONG BOOTS FOR WORKINGMEN.

Amy Bluchers—Sprigged or Nailed, 5/- Whole-back Bluchers—Hand-Pegged, 6/-



NOTE.—These Bluchers are solid leather throughout and will stand plenty of hard wear.

BARCLAY & COOK, 104/105 Talbot St., 5 St. George's St., Dublin.

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54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Established more than Half-a-Century. Coffins, Hearses, Coaches, and every Funeral Requisite. Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House. Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12

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BOOTS FOR MEN, Box Calf & 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.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

THE USUAL Public Meeting

Will be held in the PHOENIX PARK, near Bandstand, on SUNDAY, at 12.30. Speakers James Connolly and F. Sheehy-Skeffington

MACHINE WORKERS' SECTION Irish Transport & General Workers' Union A Special Meeting will be held on Thursday, 1st August, in Liberty Hall, at 8 o'clock. All members earnestly requested to attend. Business of importance. Absent members will be fined.

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse, NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street. The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin. Irish-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

"M'INTYRE AT HOME."

There is a man named M'Intyre who lives in Dublin. Now, Dublin is a pretty large place to look for a man, even a big man, and this man M'Intyre is a small man, a very small man. Indeed, the largest thing about M'Intyre—and this is a thing which must be quite palpable to anyone who meets him—is his self-conceit, but more of that anon. In spite of the scant information I had of this little-large man, however, I made up my mind to find out more about him, and I have done so. Before telling you how I did so let me first of all explain how I became interested in this wee-big fellow. M'Intyre has a disease. It is a disease I suffered from myself when I was a very young youth, and I am always interested in watching its development in other people. The principal symptom of this disease, which at present holds M'Intyre in its grip, takes the form of an inveterate desire to write letters to the papers, particularly about matters which the diseased person has nothing to do with, and about which he usually knows as little. The next symptom of note is the very much inflated idea of his own importance which the "letter to the editor" man acquires through his first childish literary attempt to poke his nose into other people's business. These two symptoms are very much apparent in the attack which M'Intyre is suffering from. Indeed, it was the very obviousness of them which called my attention to the fact that there was such a person as P. J. M'Intyre living in Dublin at all and it is in that delightful Dublin morning paper, "The Independent," the most independent thing about which is its total lack of dependence upon anything that is honourable—that M'Intyre has lately taken to publishing a series of letters upon the egregious topic of "Larkin's Balance Sheet."

Personally, I am not interested in the balance sheet, because I happen to know that the officials of the Transport Union are quite capable of looking after it, but I am interested in Larkin, and when I read in one of M'Intyre's letters that he was going to make Jim "squirm under his lashes," then I became interested in M'Intyre also. I would really like to see Jim squirm; it would be something novel and unique, and I at once took the notion into my head that I would like to see the man who was going to perform this miracle. Well, as P said at the beginning, I have seen this man, and I am disappointed, for M'Intyre will never be able to make Jim squirm, not even if he had all the resources of Dublin's greatest financier at his back—which, of course, he may have for anything I know. I do think that when M'Intyre started this righteous investigation into the Transport Union Balance Sheet, which he is conducting, I suppose, for the public weal and not for any monetary consideration, he might have appended his full address to his letters, so that any grateful member of the community could have written and thanked him if they desired. Perhaps he only omitted to do so by accident, and if this is the case then I give it here, for I strongly hold that no man should be deprived of his rightful share of the public thanks. This is the full address— P. J. M'Intyre, Barman, Hillal Men's Shelter, Swift's Alley, Off Francis Street, Dublin.

I admit that it is a lengthy address, but I don't suppose M'Intyre is ashamed of it, for in spite of the fact that the district is not just exactly a garden of Eden, still the Men's Shelter isn't such a dreadful place after all. I know what I am talking about, I assure you, for I've sheltered there. In other words, I've had some. The first day I enquired about M'Intyre I was told he kept a "doss-house" off Francis Street. I thought he would be comparatively easily hunted out, so off I set to the loo-lit. Sundry enquiries addressed to various people secured me the information that there was a "doss-house" in that district owned by M'Intyre. It was at this juncture I had recourse to a policeman, and I regret that I did not take his number, otherwise I might have given him a little tuff here for his intelligence. It was in Thomas Street I met the policeman. "M'Intyre?" said he in answer to my question. "Not round here, sir!" "That's funny," I said, "because I heard for a fact that he had a place off Francis Street!" "Does he do anything else?" asked Robert.

"Well, I believe he is interested in Trade Unions and their affairs," I suggested.

"Now, I know the man," said the peeler, jocosely. "That's the Johnny who writes to the papers! Go up Francis Street, and about 160 yards up, on your right turn up Swift's Alley and you'll find him in the Barrack!"

I thanked the policeman, and made my way to the "barrack." Having arrived there I worded how I would proceed to "codd" M'Intyre into granting me an interview, but when I saw my man I knew my task was much easier than I anticipated. For his self-conceit made him an easy victim. I take this opportunity of warning M'Intyre that this falling of his may prove his absolute undoing if he does not try to control it.

It was too silly to be altogether amusing to see him swell out his chest and spread himself around while he gave me out his views upon the Insurance Act. "Tell your readers," said he, "on my authority, that the Irish Worker, as a whole, is a badly organized, and that they lost the medical benefits under the Insurance Act practically for that reason."

In view of the fact that M'Intyre is doing his dirty best to make the only man who has done any practical labour organization work in Ireland "squirm under his lashes," that opinion of his is distinctly interesting; therefore, I pass it on to my readers with the hope that they will see to it that they lose no more benefits, medical or otherwise, through lack of organized effort. Needless to say, I did not tell M'Intyre I was interviewing him for the benefit of THE IRISH WORKER, or, I guess, he would have said more upon that subject than he did. As a matter of fact, I had to ask him directly upon the matter before he said the little he did say.

"Is THE IRISH WORKER a Labour paper," I asked? "Oh," said he, in reply, "it's a little paper without much of a circulation, and what it has is leaving it."

"How's that?" I said. "Well, you see, it's like this. THE WORKER is run by a man named Larkin, and I don't think his methods have been too straight. He has got into bad repute over one thing and another, and to tell the truth, I believe his day's done."

I am at a loss to know what M'Intyre's wish is in regard to the thought in this case, but I did not say so to him, and, instead, I prepared to take my departure. "If you could come later," he said, when I was leaving. "I would introduce you to a man who could give you a lot of information on Labour matters."

I inquired who that might be. "He's a man named Stewart," he replied, and then explained what Stewart had been in the Labour world. I could only remember Stewart in one role, and, though I have had to meet some unpleasant people in my time, I think I will draw the line at common informers.

I left M'Intyre's then, but I felt a trifle aggrieved, for never once during our conversation did he ask me into the house. Having a distinct trait of curiosity in my nature I made up my mind then and there that I would enter that house without being invited by M'Intyre, so on Tuesday evening of this week I wended my way back to Swift's Alley looking a little fiercer than I did on my previous visit. I struck the "barrack" this time about 7.30 in the evening with the full intention of staying the night, and I did so.

When I crossed the threshold I found myself in a sort of reception room, about ten feet long by eight feet wide, with a bit of a fire burning in the grate at one corner. At the other corner for heat from the door was a small hole in the wall like a railway booking office. At this hole I presented myself, and asked for a bed for the night. A lady in a blue overall with white spots was sitting inside over a book, in what appeared to be the kitchen. To my request she vouchsafed the information that all the twopenny beds were engaged, but that I could have a threepenny one. I closed with the offer, for after all when a person goes a-visiting it shows a certain amount of honour to be offered the best bed on. Then the lady asked me my name, and just for a moment I hesitated until I found one which I gave. In return for my name and my threepenny I got a small card assigning me bed 63 for the night.

I was asked if I wanted to go to bed then. Possibly I looked as if I needed it; but I declined, and proceeded to fill my pipe and make myself comfortable in the reception room instead. In this room were gathered from 14 to 20 men at different times during the evening, and I found it was not only the reception room, but that it was the dining room, smoke room, and library, besides being for the time my study, to speak. Having an idea that it was in its function of dining room that friend M'Intyre had most interest, I turned my attention to those who were eating. One man was very much engrossed over a steaming but unsavoury dish of what looked like odd's and ends of bacon rind. This, however, I afterwards

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found out had been cooked by himself. From time to time a man would approach the toilet hole and obtain a pot of tea and chunk of bread. One old chap offered to share his pot with me, and, though I declined with real thanks, I entered into conversation with him in search of information. I discovered that for the sum of one ha'penny you could obtain a small jam-pot of tea and piece of bread, and for a penny one could get a large jam-pot (2-lb. size) of tea, piece of bread, and piece of plain currant cake. Having seen M'Intyre hand out some of the pots, I asked my charitable acquaintance who he was.

"Ah," said he "that's the barman." "It's not the proprietor?" I asked. "Ah, not at all; he only makes what he can on the 'lay!'" "Do you know his name?" "Ah, it's M'Intosh, I think, or it's MacInerney."

"Not at all," said a man on the other side of the table, "his name's MacPherson." "Ah, glong out o' that; that's the woman's name." "That's his name, too, or I'm a liar." "Ah, excuse ver a liar. Anyway we all call 'im 'Mac'."

I'm a half-resolve to change my pen name in future, but on second thoughts I think I will stick to it, for my name's certainly not M.I.Tyre. Much amusement was caused at this point by a little chap reading an advertisement out of the "Evening Mail."

"Wanted a rag-gatherer, must be Irish, approved society. Apply Golden Lane." "They don't want meeb," said the man on the other side of the table. "Ah, some damned old Jew-man," ejaculated the man sitting next to me.

"Is there any word of the market being open o' Thursday?" resumed the man on the other side of the table. "Nothing but sheep, lamb, and pigs," answered the lad with the vapor. "Ah, that's no use at all for a workin' man," said my first friend. "Is there no word o' that disease being cured yet, and it only in the wan place? Ah, it's makin' off it they are up there!"

During all this time men had been disappearing one by one through the door which led, I supposed, to the bedrooms, and as M'Intyre had only stalked through the room where we were sitting without once deigning to look at any of us, I thought I might as well knock off to my doss.

On going through the Corridor I found myself in a large room about 60 feet by 40 feet, and in this were laid out 50 beds—twopenny ones. Bed 63, I was informed by the night watchman, who took my ticket, was upstairs, and he kindly showed me the way up, the stair being erected in a corner of this lower apartment. Arrived in the upper room, I found it lit by one solitary stable lantern placed at the head of the stairs. My bed was over at the far side, and as the head of it ran into a sort of alcove in the wall, I thought myself pretty lucky, as I could see everything without being much seen. This upper chamber was the same size as the one below, and seemed to be tolerably well ventilated. The threepenny beds were ranged round the wall, while in the centre stood a further quantity of twopenny ones. The exact difference between these beds seemed to my unaccustomed mind to warrant the outlay of the extra penny. For threepenny you got a bed 3 feet wide, with straw mattress or "bisouit," as a soldier would call it, pillow, two sheets, and two army blankets, whereas for twopenny you only got a 2 ft. wide bed, and minus the sheets. There was a time in this house, so I was informed by an old resident in the reception room, when you did not get a bed for twopenny, but had to make yourself comfortable on the floor with the aid of a blanket.

"But now," he said, "fine upstairin' beds every wan' of this, and not like some places, mind, but clean and well kept and no fuss."

This last piece of information was comforting to me, because I was more afraid of those brook-biting little devils than I was of M'Intyre, though he is of the same breed.

When at length I got to my own bed, I sat down on the side and ate a banana and some biscuits which I had in my pocket by way of supper, for I had not risked M'Intyre's tea. Incidentally I left the banana skin at the head of Bed 63, and as these are good for cleaning brown boots, I give and bequeath this one to M'Intyre as a useful souvenir of the occasion.

There were a good many men already in bed when I arrived, and there were others preparing. I found that it seemed to be regarded as the proper thing to do in going to bed to strip off everything, including your shirt, if you had one, and slip into your doss in a state of naked innocence, at least, if the innocence may be questioned, in a state of unshamed

nakedness. One thing I was glad to discover was that Rule 4, forbidding smoking in the bedrooms (save the mark) was more honoured in the breach than in the observance, therefore, I lay and sucked cheerfully with the others. It was a most grotesque thing to watch the naked body of a man suddenly sit up in bed in the dim light and, striking a match, light his pipe. The lights and shades if properly set forth on a canvas would make a remarkable picture.

Towards eleven o'clock a raging storm of rain, thunder, and lightning broke over the place, which caused some little commotion.

"Holy Father," said one man as he was getting into bed, "tha's lightning!" "Aye, it's forked lightning, maybe." "No, it's sheet lightning." "Aye, it's sheet lightning, maybe." "That's a 'oun' crack o' thunder."

"There's more lightning." "Aye, that's more forked lightning, maybe." "Not at all, it's sheet lightning." "Aye, it's sheet lightning, maybe." "Damn you and your 'maybes,' and your forked lightning and your sheet lightning and your 'tander'" roared an angry scion from a twopenny bed. "Will ye stop yer blatherin' and let a man go to sleep?" "Ah, never mind goin' asleep; go to hell!"

I think the saltry air, outside and in, must have made me fall asleep, for the next thing I remember hearing were the six o'clock chimes in some adjacent church, possibly St. Patrick's Cathedral, on Wednesday morning. There can be no legiards in a doss house, I discovered, for you must be all cut and the place cleaned by nine o'clock. At eight I knocked down stairs and found M'Intyre dealing out more ha'penny and penny jam-pots of tea and chunks of bread by way of breakfast, but I just glanced once at his long, ragged, red mouse-sache, hanging unattended over his mouth, and it struck me at that moment that if I was a woman I would refuse to marry M'Intyre if for no other reason than his mouse-sache; then I went into the alley.

Coming down town I was thinking over several things. The principal thought that arose, and arises even now, is one of wonder at this dose-house barman manager's conceit and audacity in banking at a man whose shoes he is unfit to blacken. Another thought has reference to finance, M'Intyre's.

This total accommodation in the Hillal Men's Shelter is for 108 men. Though every one of these took a penny pot of tea every night and a halfpenny one every morning for a week—which they don't do—and you allow a profit of 33 1/2 per cent. on each pot—an extortionate amount—his income would be under 32s. per week. I don't believe he has anything like that at his present job, and I am just wondering where he is going to get the money for all the legal actions he is so lavishly promising the "Independent" readers. 32s. per week won't buy much law. He and his pal Stewart standing in, and when he next writes to the "Independent" will he tell us who with? Also, when he is sending letters to the Press will he not gain a wider publicity by sending copies to the "Express," the "Times," and "Freeman"? If he sends the letter to my care of THE IRISH WORKER, I will be glad to type him copies for nothing. It seems to me a pity that the "Independent" should have a monopoly of such excellently condensed examples of Trade Union Law such as his letters contain, especially when the "Independent" so far as I know, does not pay for letters to the Editor.

I am not quite sure, either, that that job as caterer in the Iveagh Markets, which I believe M'Intyre has applied for, will yield him sufficient money to go galivanting into a law court upon a goose-chase.

What does M'Intyre think? I said I would send you a copy of the paper, M'Intyre! This is it! What do you think of it? If it's a goose chase you want, M'Intyre, chase yourself off the earth. Your Home is discovered, and you were discovered at Home!

As the fellow said to the man in the twopenny bed, "Ye can go to Hell, maybe!"

MAC.

Will all parents living in Dublin Danderstan? You need not bother about those repeated notifications sent you by the Medical Officers of the different Unions to get your children vaccinated; they are trying to bluff you. It is in the fee they want, they have no intention from the Guardians to enforce the tyrannical vaccination law, throw their notifications in the fire where their putrid lymph should be consigned.

United Trades Union Insurance Society (Approved.)

A special meeting of above was held last evening, Mr. J. Irwin presiding. He stated the object of the meeting was to elect a provisional committee and officers. After several remarks and questions answered, it was unanimously decided that the chairman and secretary be elected. The election of other officers to be held over until next meeting. Mr. W. J. Murphy was elected president, and Mr. E. Dignam secretary. Several matters were discussed relative to the working of the Act.

It was then proposed by Mr. Hackett, seconded by Mr. J. Doyle, and supported by Messrs Barry, Liggins, Moran, Keogh, and Byrne— "That the best thanks of the Affiliated Trades be tendered to Mr. J. Irwin and Councillor O'Carroll for the valuable assistance given by them since the formation of the above motion."

Mr. Murphy, resigned, is putting the proposition joined in the minutes of the previous speakers as to the great assistance given by the two gentlemen. The vote was carried with acclamation. Mr. Irwin and Councillor O'Carroll, in replying, promised to give any assistance requested for the advancement of the United Trades Union Approved Society.

The President in bringing the meeting to a close, requested a delegate to attend next Tuesday evening, when the election of Committee of Management will take place.

Everybody who can afford the reasonable fare charged about not make the enjoyable outing on the pleasure steamer "Audrey." Music is provided free, refreshments at a most reasonable price, and those of you who are occupied in factories, shops, or workrooms, will get a new outlook on life instead of being confined to a public house bar. Take your wives, your wives, your children, take somebody else and spend a pleasant few hours snuffing ozone, listening to strains of harmony, and delighting the eye with panorama of the most beautiful Bay in the World. Go and live a few hours. Don't forget a pleasure cruise, pleasure is the word on the S.S. Audrey. This is not an advertisement.

Look Out, Citizens!

An organized attempt to disfranchise all women and men who are known to have voted for Labour is being engineered by the corrupt gang who are manipulating the business of the city for their own re-election. It is by no means the return of women and men pledged to civic reform, because their undoing; therefore, controlling the machinery of corruption, they are determined to hang on as long as possible.

We appeal to all earnest women and men who are determined to bring this Tammany misgovernment to an end and to look after their votes now. See the register for your votes now, see you on, then call into any branch of the Transport Union. You will be advised what to do. Do it now, and then you will not be weaponless in the struggle.

SPECIAL NOTICE

Half-Yearly Meeting

OF NO. 1 BRANCH Irish Transport & General Workers' Union Will be held in Liberty Hall, On Sunday, 28th July, 1912. IMPORTANT BUSINESS. Entrance to meeting will be by Old Abbey street. Cards must be shown on entering. Stewards will examine each card.

Ringsend Aeridheacht,

SUNDAY, 28th JULY. MISS ANNIE GORE (Queen of the Father Matthew Feis), MISS SADIE DUFFY (Violinist), Irish Workers' Choir, JACOB'S OCTETTE, And a host of Irish-Ireland Artists.

Irish Transport Workers' Band will attend

Admission, 3d. Commencing at 3.30. Proceeds for New Church, Irish Stationary Engine Drivers' Trades Union, Trades Hall, Capel Street. The adjourned Quarterly Meeting will be held on Sunday. Election of Committee, Insurance and other important business. JAMES COFFEY, Secretary.

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No time like the present! Come To-Day!

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EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

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convenient there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on EAST PAYMENT SYSTEM. It is THE Dublin Workmen's INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.
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National Sailors' and Firemen's Union

(DUBLIN BRANCH).

We are informed that the Shipping Master of this and other ports are attempting to interfere with the rights of the members and their freedom to join any approved society for the purposes of the Insurance Act. It would appear from the information to hand, that when the men are signing on in the offices that they endeavour to persuade the men that the "Insurance Cards" which they hold are of no use to them, and at the same time ask each man what society for the purpose of the Act does he belong to. The Shipping Master, nor any other "master," has no right whatever to question the men in this respect, and the men are not bound to tell them. So long as each man has an Insurance Card when signing on or being paid off, that card will suffice for the purpose of the Act, to be stamped; and if the "master" refuses to stamp, well, he can be made pay the penalty, £10. Of course, if captains are dictated to by shipping masters in this matter, and are ill-advised by them for ulterior motives, then the captain will suffer the penalties under the Act. We further warn these shipping masters that if there are any more complaints of this kind made here, they will be dealt in no small manner of severity. We Dublin members of the Sailors' and Firemen's Union are not to be trifled with.

Members who have Insurance Cards should not answer any of these questions about their insurance society, and the shipping master has no right to put such questions, nor has he any right to see their cards until after they have been paid.

UNSEAWORTHY.

Damages for Ruined Health.

A moving story of hardship in the Arctic seas was told in Whitechapel County Court when Judge Cluer heard a claim by John Albert King, an able seaman, against the owners of the Brankson China.

Mr. H. Houston said that the plaintiff asked for damages for ruined health. In September last he booked for a voyage to Newcastle and Archangel. When the vessel started he found that in the fore-castle the glasses in the portholes were either broken or defective. The captain said that these things would be put right at Newcastle. When there stores were taken in, but the workmen did not arrive to repair the portholes or the stove funnel, and the vessel started for Archangel without the work having been done. When returning from Archangel the crew plugged up the holes, but with the heavy sea in the Arctic Ocean all the plugs were swept away. While some sleepers were being slung the plaintiff was knocked down and injured, and in respect of that the plaintiff was receiving 10s. weekly under the Workmen's Compensation Act. The plaintiff was carried to his bunk, and while there the heavy sea poured through the port hole and stove funnel, and there were two or three feet of water splashing or whirling on the floor. A cargo of timber shifted, and falling against the fore-castle door imprisoned the plaintiff there. Unable to move through his injury, he was partly immersed for two days and two nights in ice-cold Arctic water. He had to crawl up to the corner of the bunk to get away from the water.

In answer to Mr Houston, the plaintiff said that if the imprisonment had lasted any longer he should have become a lunatic. After a time a mef food was passed through to him, and when the storm abated he was lifted up and taken to the engine-room and placed on the bars. Then the chief engineer brought him his bedding and was kind to him. All his kit was spoiled. Since then a serious cough had developed, and his health was impaired. In reply to Mr. Gansoni, for the Shipping Federation, the plaintiff said that he was formerly in the Navy. He had previously sailed in the Baltic, but not to Archangel. None of the glass was put in the portholes, because it was too big. He was alone in the fore-castle. If anyone had tried to come he would have been killed by the timber. No one slept in the fore-castle with him in the White Sea, and the fire was put out. The head lights could not be lowered because they were rusty. If that could have been done there would have been darkness, but they would have kept out a lot of water. At night time the lamp was smoky, and all the light there was came from the moon.

After hearing the defence, the jury found that the vessel was unseaworthy when it started on the voyage, that the plaintiff's health had been impaired through the sufferings he endured, and they awarded him £40 as damages.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

59 Cadogan road,
22nd July, 1912.

MR. EDITOR.—Attached is a copy of a letter I addressed to the Editor of the "Irish Times" the day before the Prime Minister's visit. My epistle has not appeared in print yet, but it may be that the gentleman who presides over the Westmoreland street organ is searching the city to see whether he can discover any "filthy tenement houses," "under-pays," or "ragged children" in it. If he cannot find any, I would respectfully suggest that he might consult the Recorder of Dublin.

J. H. WOODHEAD.

[Copy.]

TO THE EDITOR IRISH TIMES.

Clontarf, 18th July, 1912.

DEAR SIR.—Now that we are on the advent of Home Rule, may I be allowed to state my position on the matter. I have been 25 years in Dublin, but as I have never drawn a penny from any commercial concern, I do not think anybody can say "He has an axe to grind."

Here you have what should be a fine commercial city, with a lovely seaboard and beautiful surroundings; but you are not a business people, everybody's idea seem to be to get everybody for as little as possible, consequently everybody does as little as possible. The filthy tenement houses and swarms of ragged children meet, even in the leading thoroughfares support this.

The underpaid labourers and women workers (and they are legion) attribute their condition to what is termed the mis-government of the English. Then, again, you all say Ireland is overtaxed, or in plain English, that England is robbing poor Paddy.

Lord Charles Beresford recently stated in the House of Commons that Home Rule is an economic question, and I don't think he is far out.

"When the flag is seen aloft on College Green" I hope you will do better, but I have my doubts about it; anyhow, I will be in a position to say "I told you so."

I am still voting "Ireland a Nation," but it cannot be done on starvation wages.

(Signed) LONDONER.

Name and address enclosed.

Irish Transport Union.

(SLIGO BRANCH).

The usual weekly meeting of above Union was held on the 18th inst., Mr. J. Lynch presiding. A discussion arose in relation to Verdons' summons, where he paid the money which he retained from the men who discharged the ss. Pearl before he would be subjected to a thorough investigation of the charges by Mr. J. Howley, solicitor. It seems that he was afraid to "face the music" that his confederate, Garvey, danced to in the Sligo Courthouse; but if it is any information to these men who now stand publicly convicted, our musicians have a few more tunes left to play, and they will prove themselves experts in the art if they manage to keep time to their tuner. There are three more cases listed for Monday's hearing; so if you have no particular engagement you should call to the seat of justice and you will have a treat.

Mr. J. H. Bennett, District Secretary, National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, arrived in Sligo on Thursday and attended our meeting, where he congratulated our members on their splendid victory, and during the course of a lengthy address told the suffering he saw in London during the strike which is at present declared in that port. I may say in passing that the members of this Union are opening a subscription for the dockers' children, and the poor man's penny will be as thankfully received as the millionaire's pound. Prior to his departure for Dublin, he installed in office Mr. John Lynch, President of the Branch, as delegate and secretary for the Sailors' and Firemen's Union for the port of Sligo.

A committee was appointed to carry out the duties of superintending the games which we are now starting for the amusement of the members.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That we, the members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union of Sligo, hereby call on our members' wives, daughters, and sisters, in future to purchase the necessaries of their households from the employers of Sligo, who, by their action in increasing the workers' rate of wages, have shown that they are their friends, and it is to them, and them only, that the workers of Sligo return their unstinting gratitude, and not to employers who persist in paying boys' wages for men's labour."

Proposed by J. Maughan, seconded by Michael Feekey. Copies to be sent to the Press.

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Food Adulterators, Beware!

RECORDER'S WARNING.

At the Right Hon. the Recorder's Court on the 15th inst., a case of more than usual interest to the workers and their families came on for hearing. It was an appeal by Philip Byrne, 31 St. Augustine-st., dairyman, against the decision of Mr. Drury, Police Magistrate, sentencing him to two months' imprisonment for selling to a Corporation Inspector new milk to which 30 per cent. of its weight of water had been added. The Right Hon. the Recorder, in confirming the decision of the magistrate, said he was glad to see imprisonment being imposed for that class of offence, as in his opinion it was a fraud of a particularly cruel kind, the sufferers in the majority of cases being the helpless poor and their children. He would not interfere with the decision of the magistrate. Further, he wished it to go forth that food adulterators who should happen to be punished in a similar manner by the police magistrates need not have any hope that in appealing to him he would let them off lightly. He would do nothing of the kind.

[We wonder why the daily and evening papers (garbage vendors) did not report this appeal judgment personally. We are glad to see the Recorder doing the man, a difficult task these times.—Ed.]

English Bishops on Strikes and Agitators.

The Representative Church Council in London have adopted a resolution expressing belief that the industrial unrest was due to a right desire on the part of the workers to secure greater stability of employment and a fuller and richer human life, and calling on Churchmen to aid the fulfilment of that desire consistently with Christian principles.

The Bishop of Birmingham said that democracy was the power of the future. Archbishop Eusebius said there were not so many scamps among agitators as among members of Parliament. Agitators voiced real trouble and unrest.

The Bishop of Winchester said there was too much of a tendency to condemn strikes, and the Archbishop of York believed the Church had a right to say it was in the interest of the whole community that no large section of working people should be employed at a wage on which it was impossible for a decent life to be lived.

Great Open-Air Entertainment To-morrow at Ringsend

The programme for the great aeridheacht at Cambridge Road, to-morrow is now complete, and should the weather be of good behaviour, promises to be one of the most successful yet held in Dublin. The Irish Transport Workers' Band will lead the way from Liberty Hall at 3 o'clock. The Irish Workers' Choir will attend their first aeridheacht and render some choice choruses under the conductorship of Mr. J. Rogan. Miss M. McMahon (Irish Women Workers' Union) will also appear for the first time at an aeridheacht, possesses a fine voice and is sure to render a good account of herself. Rousing national songs will be contributed by members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, including Messrs. J. Hogan (Baltimore) and P. McEneaney (Tenor), winner First Prize Father Matthew Feis. Messrs. J. Cushion, B. Bulger, T. Harrington, P. Hogan and J. Maguire will render choice solos. Miss A. Gore Queen of the Father Matthew Feis, 1912, will also sing and recite. The Jigs, Reels and Hornpipes will be contributed by the Misses Josephine Kennedy, Brigid Maguire, and Messrs. Murtagh, Davenport, Keogh, Lawless and the Sandymount Trio. Humorous recitations by Messrs. Bob Harding and Joe Connolly. Such a programme has rarely, if ever, been brought together, and a "record gate" is expected on the occasion. The proceedings will commence at 3 o'clock sharp.

The following Appeal has been issued to all Ports in the British Isles:

TO THE DOCK LABOURERS, SEALORS AND FIREMEN, STEVEDORES, LIGHTER MEN AND OTHER TRANSPORT WORKERS IN THE PORTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

FELLOW WORKMEN.—On Monday last I arrived in the United Kingdom and I regret to say that I found a sad state of affairs in the Port of London. The men engaged in the transport trade of this port have for nine weeks maintained a gallant struggle for what they believe is the principle of Trade Unionism. I have been told on many hands that mistakes have been made. How far this is true I do not know, and what is more I am not concerned. After gleaning all the information I can, I have honestly come to the conclusion that as long as the employers in the Port of London maintain their present attitude, there is danger, not only to the trade union movement in the Port of London, but also grave danger to the movement in every port in the United Kingdom.

I want you to remember what took place 22 years ago. The same position occurred then that there is now. The employers set to work to divide our ranks. On the one hand they praised certain unions whilst they were fighting the others. Thus in course of time, they succeeded in destroying the Unions. After succeeding in this, they then brought all sections of the transport workers to a state of abject slavery. There can be

no denying this. Those of you who have been employed at the docks know this to be a perfectly true statement, and it was only on the 14th June of last year that we succeeded in silencing the intolerable conditions that existed. I want you to remember that I have seen with my own eyes 400 and 500 men struggling round a small box in some parts of London, fighting and tearing the clothes off each others' backs in the endeavour to get a ticket giving them the right to obtain some employment, not constant employment, but very often only for two hours labour.

The men of London during this nine weeks, and their wives and families have suffered the pangs of hunger. They are suffering to day because they believe they are maintaining the principles of the right of organisation. My immediate object in appealing to you now is for financial support for the men in their struggle. They must not be allowed to be defeated. Do not forget that there are thousands of kiddies and women hungry in the Port of London. They are your own flesh and blood. HOW CAN YOU HELP THEM? By immediately putting your hands into your pockets and sending to London without any delay as much of your earnings as you can afford without injuring yourself. HOW CAN YOU SET ABOUT THIS? Not by talking about it only. Prompt action is what is required. I am issuing this manifesto to day, Wednesday. We must have money for the women and children by Saturday at the latest. I, therefore, advise each and everyone of you in your gauge, where you can collect, to get out subscription sheets. Let each and every man put his name down for the amount he can afford to give. Appoint one of your number to be responsible for the collecting of the money on Friday or Saturday when you are paid. Let the money be handed over to the Secretaries of the branches of the Union, with instructions that this money must be wired to Mr. Robert William, Secretary of the National Transport Workers' Federation, Maritime Hall, West India Dock road, London, E. Let us see what can be done by the transport workers in this crisis. Do not forget that your turn may come speedily when you will require the help of your mates. If it should ever be your misfortune to have to resort to an appeal to your fellow-workers, they will remember what you have done for them in this crisis.

It is my intention at the earliest opportunity, along with others of my colleagues, to visit your ports to place before you the exact position of the London dispute; to appeal to you for financial assistance, and further, to appeal to you that in the event of a satisfactory arrangement being made to bring this dispute to a close, to consider what further action we shall take in order to defend the right of combination.—I am, yours fraternally,

J. HAYBLOCK WILSON.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

(DUBLIN BRANCH).

Over 1,000 people assembled at the meeting of the Dublin Branch in the Phoenix Park last Sunday. Towards 2 o'clock it seemed as though a demonstration rather than a propagandist meeting was being held, attracted by the eloquent and forcible speech of Mr. Henry Hopkins, A.S.E., President of the Govan Trades Council. Mr. Hopkins is spending his holidays in Dublin. In a masterly manner he dealt with the objects of the Labour Movement and some of the objections urged against it. From various sources he quoted details for examples, and those too numerous to be taken seriously he disposed of with anecdotes, which often drew the laughter and applause of the audience. He referred to the supply and demand philosophy which some people thought governed the universe of Capitalism. Like most other sly objections, "it died of its own too much." The Socialist ideal of equality with some other people never got beyond the pale of an equal share for all. The present Lord Devonport had a story in this connection which was synonymous with Devonport himself. Having some leisure time on hands, Barnaby Devonport, who is a member of the Anti-Socialist League, took a walk in the country one day. He was accompanied by a tramp, who asked him for alms. In the course of a conversation he found the tramp was a Socialist. "What is the meaning of Socialism?" said Devonport to the tramp? "It means," said the tramp, "a blooming big dividend of all the wealth of the country." "What would you do with your share if all the wealth were divided to-morrow?" "I would have the time of my life," said the man of the road. "And when you had spent all your share, what would you do then?" said Devonport. "Why," quoth the tramp, "we'd have another blooming big divide up." There are many people whose idea of Socialism is on a par with that of the tramp.

Another objection was that Socialism is anti-religious. Well, speaking as a high churchman, I say if I thought Socialism was opposed to religion, I would have none of it. Socialism championed the cause of the poverty stricken and the oppressed, and endeavoured to bring

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about the principle of common brotherhood preached by the lowly Nazirine twenty centuries ago. He appealed to Irishmen to join the Independent Labour Party. Once they became conversant with its principles they became its fiercest advocates. The Socialist movement in England and Scotland numbered Irishmen amongst its ablest leaders, notably J. B. S. & W. Connell, St. John Ervine, Mrs. Dwyer, &c.

The Chairman, Mr. W. O'Brien, announced another meeting for next Sunday.

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