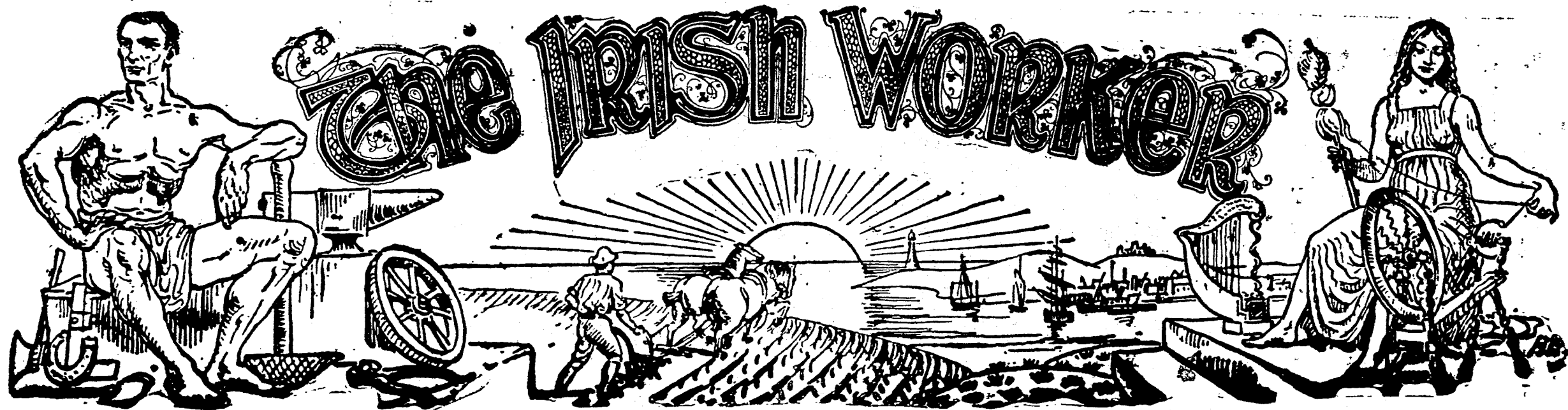


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Finian Lalor.



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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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14th, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

LABOUR AND FRUGALITY.

NO. V.—FRUGALITY AND THE CLASS WAR.

By "EUGEN."

In concluding my last article I said that the gospel of frugality had outlived its day. It is that fact that makes the preaching of it now such a foolish and a vain thing, so far as the modern problem of poverty goes.

To say that a universal practice of thrift would solve the social evils we have around us to day is not only foolish but lavish; but as I have already dealt at length with both the foolery and the levity of such a statement, I need not reiterate my arguments now.

At the same time it is perhaps useful to inquire into the reasons for this preaching of thrift, and if it ever had at any time a really useful purpose.

Once upon a time, as the story books say, there was a period when frugality was a virtue to be recommended to one and all. That was before the Industrial Revolution changed the whole industrial and commercial aspect of the world—at a time when industry was principally domestic, and each family produced its own necessities. She was indeed a prudent housewife who decreed in those times that, out of the twenty or thirty tallow candles made at a time, only one, or only half a candle, was to be burned in a day. An actual gain to the family was achieved when the small supply was made to last three or four times longer than they would have done if no frugal care had been keeping watch over their consumption.

Times are changed, however. Industry is no longer domestic, and families have long since ceased to produce their own necessities. Workers to-day are but single cogs in the universal grinding machine of industrialism, and if consumption of any portion of the output of that machine is retarded or restrained, then a corresponding number of human cogs hitherto employed in producing that output are laid aside as being unemployed and useless.

Frugality, even in the use of tallow dips, though at one time effective and useful, would, if exercised to-day, have the baneful result of compelling the factories who produced them to stand idle six months out of the twelve.

It just comes to this—that the rules of wisdom which can be applied in an isolated family, under a primitive social system with a primitive mode of production, do not pass in modern society, with a capitalist mode of production, and with large concentrated industries.

The incessant talk of frugality surviving till to-day is but a proof of how slowly an aboriginal view of things, a view which once was based on reality, gives way to a new conception of ideas, based on entirely changed conditions.

The frugality doctrine is the Alpha and Omega of the old school of liberals, because it so splendidly harmonises with their idea that everybody can be the architect of his own fortunes.

Frugality is indeed the last card which the stone age of liberalism has left to play, and those who hold it, either do not notice, or purposefully ignore the fact, that it has been trumped and beaten this very long time.

It is just because frugality has been knocked useless that the problem of poverty has become so keen and insistent for solution to-day.

Workingmen have tried to be frugal, and they have striven to be thrifty, but in spite of their most strenuous efforts, poverty still knocks as insistently on their very doors and overhangs them with the terror of its wing. The old school of liberalism with its blarney about frugality is in the very last ditch. Labour has begun to assert its right to be heard, and insists that the curse of poverty shall be made an end of. To make an end of poverty the workers are now beginning to see that capitalism and the capitalists must be fought, for they utilize and create poverty as one of their deadliest assets in gaining their power.

It is not the slightest use for the philanthropic old women without petticoats going about and holding up their silly hands against what they term "the awful class-war" which the labour movement creates. The labour movement did not create the class-war. The class-war has been going on since the dawn of the capitalist system, but it has been one-sided almost all the time, because labour did not realise they were being warred upon. The capitalist class have always been at war

with labour—stealing marches on them, trying to enslave them, undermining their every effort, and above all, trying to bulldoze them into a false sense of security by preaching the gospel of thrift to them. The class-war, as I say, has been going on a long time, but so long as the forces of labour were ignorant of it, it was never mentioned. Now, however, that labour realises that it has been getting badly man'ed and is starting to retaliate, we are told that the class-war is a fearful thing. Is it?

I am not prepared here to argue whether it is, or it isn't, but what I do know is that it is here, and it will be here for a long time to come.

Now what does this class war mean? It means that the capitalist class are fighting in one huge, combined, unrelenting mass to keep the working class enslaved in poverty's chains. It means further, that the working class are fighting spasmodically, and in small badly organised sections, against the capitalist slave owners. As far as I can see, the class war just now appears to me as if labour was a mere school-boy with a pop-gun going out to face an army with all the array of first-class modern murder appliances at its command. I cannot admire the hardihood of labour putting such a very puny David against such an enormous Goliath, for it is nothing short of down-right folly and suicide, especially when with organisation and concentration of forces labour could put an army into the field which would practically secure its own terms of peace from the other side with all its well fed and well paid officials of bloodshed and butchery.

I have no misconceptions as to the forces working against labour, still I am convinced that if labour took a leaf out of the enemy's no-e-book regarding combination and cohesion, I hesitate not to say that labour would secure a walk-over. Now, as to these forces against labour, perhaps in Ireland we can see them more clearly than any other place. Take Dublin alone. Out of seven daily papers, not to speak of a whole swarm of weekly ones, there is but one small four-page paper—THE IRISH WORKER—to say anything on behalf of labour. All those other Dublin papers, with their several controlling forces, may have their divergent policies and sham fights to conduct, but in their opposition to labour they form one cohesive whole. This was fully exemplified during last year's big strike and the Wexford lock-out. No lie was too base or foul or even silly, but all those papers would circulate it if it could in the slightest way throw or tend to throw discredit upon either the labour forces or the labour leaders. Why was that so? Simply because those papers are the paid and subsidised hacks of the capitalist class. They are quite openly out against labour, and they are quite ready at any time to indulge in the most disreputable tactics to prove that they are against it.

As to "The Worker," from its first number until now, its columns have been sought week by week by men who would almost give their souls' salvation if they could but find something to hang a calumny on. "The Irish Worker," we are told on every side, is a vile, immoral, bellicose rag, out for the propagation of Socialism. So far as the charges of "vile and immoral" are concerned, the columns of the paper speak for themselves week after week, and they are the best means of combating that lie.

Regarding the paper's bellicose nature, the charge is admitted. Personally I wouldn't be bothered writing two words for it if it wasn't. And now with regard to the propagation of Socialism, which brings me right again to my subject. There are a vast army of anti-socialists in Ireland, 80 per cent. of whom are chiefly remarkable for their blank ignorance of the rudiments of the subject. Imagine any writer in "The Irish Worker" seeking that means of conveying to underpaid labouring men the information that poverty is hard, and frugality is silly; but socialism will be here in another century or two, and you will be all right then.

Let the good critics of socialism who are hurrying their eyes, seeking for something to abuse in "The Worker" read this:—

The policy of "The Worker" is a living wage for all workers, men and women alike. A living wage that will secure an

ample supply of the comforts of life; that will save them from the degrading influence of charity; that will make it unnecessary for them to endanger their own lives and the lives of their children by practising that thrift which simply means the using of rotten food and clothes and houses, instead of obtaining the best.

If the critics of "The Worker" want a policy to denounce, let them denounce that one. Let them deny a living wage to all Irish workers, and let them freely state that they disapprove of it because "The Irish Worker" advocates it, if they dare!

The Trades Union Congress passed unanimously last week, a demand for a 30s. a week minimum wage for all adult workers.

That is not a large demand, still if that minimum was in existence the problem of poverty would almost be entirely wiped out, without any thanks to the dead and damned gospel of frugality.

A living wage of even thirty bob a week is not Socialism, but so far as the poor toilers are concerned it is better than

Socialism, for the living wage could be attained in six months, whereas Socialism might not be obtained for six thousand years.

How can the living wage be obtained? It can be obtained by the workers themselves without thanks to anyone. Let the workers stand firmly together, shoulder to shoulder, just as the masters do. Let the demand come from all—one union for all workers, and the capitalist class could not resist. When the masters are grinding their employees the men are all on the same footing; when they set out to grind the employers they can only hope to do so successfully if again they are all on the same footing. One union—one demand!

The workers are not making the class-war, for the class war has been forced upon them. Let the workers learn from the masters how to engage in the fight. Federation! Consolidation! Organisation! These are the watchwords for the workers—the three-leaved Shamrock of Labour growing from the one stalk—the one great union for all workers.

G. S. & W. Railway Works, Inchicore, from Within.

It is indeed surprising what brazen hypocrisy exists in our midst, for all men profess to champion the cause of justice and fair play, and nowhere will be found an individual (honest) enough to admit that he is intolerant and bigotted. Yet when I point to indisputable evidence of the existence of injustice, and quote facts to prove the practice of intolerance, instead of these champions coming forward to assist in establishing or sustaining that of which they propose to approve, they merely stand back and glare at me, and if looks could kill, I would be an "Egyptian mummy" by this. Now, I want to assure my fierce looking friends—and goodness knows Nature would seem to have already exhausted all her efforts in spoiling the beauty of most of them—that I am not at all affected by their fierce looks no more than I am disturbed by their ugly ones. And I would point out to this "loyal minority" that it would be more consistent with honesty and justice if, instead of "looking fierce," they joined with me in my effort to secure a proper investigation of the complaints contained in my letter to the G.S. & W. Railway Board, as set out in my pamphlet; and to another section of my worthy "friends" who assume a superior air, and smile knowingly when mention is made of my "case," I would suggest that they likewise endorse my demand for a proper investigation as referred to above, and that they kindly postpone the smiling until they learn the decision—not of an official who is personally concerned—but a decision founded alone upon the evidence of witnesses. The attitude of these people puts me in mind of a story I once heard of a little child who from the nursery complained to his mother, "Mammie," he said, "speak to baby, everytime I hit him on the head with the mallet he hollers." These people would seem to say: "Do not listen to Partridge; everytime we do anything that is not right he complains." And I add he will keep complaining. But to resume our narrative.

As the calendar will not reveal the secret, I may as well state here the fact that I first worked in Inchicore on Friday, the 6th of January, 1899, and my diary records my entire satisfaction with my conditions of employment and my new shopmates. I was assigned a place in the "whirlgang," and although the work was heavy and laborious, still there was plenty of it to be done, and consequently the time sped rapidly.

When I became accustomed to my new surroundings, and more acquainted with my new friends, I began to realize that the mechanics employed were very well educated and possessed of a good practical and theoretical knowledge of their business.

My charge-hand was a man representative of the old Dublin style of mechanic—now unhappily becoming only too rare—who never seemed to experience any difficulty in mastering every machine that came his way. He used to also, always act in the absence of the foreman, and it was a matter of much surprise and considerable comment when eventually this position in the machine shop became vacant, a charge-hand out of the erecting shops, who practically possessed no knowledge whatever of the working of machines, was brought down and foisted into this position.

Mr. Maunsell, in defending this appointment before the Committee, appointed by the Board to pretend to investigate my complaints, stated that the person referred to from the erecting shop was appointed foreman of the machine shop chiefly because he knew the requirements of the former shops. Comment on this explanation would be superfluous. Mr. Dent himself could not display greater incompetency in the management of the works. But I have a distinct recollection of hearing at the time this appointment was made of a special meeting being held in the

CAUTION.

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local "Tin Hut" on a Saturday night. At this meeting it was alleged that a certain very influential deputation was formed to wait on Mr. Maunsell—who was then manager—at his private residence, and when that deputation returned and the meeting broke up after learning the results, a person with whom I am acquainted happened to pass by at that moment and collided with an enthusiastic member of the audience as he rushed bare-headed and bald-headed from the "Hut," and who, evidently mistaking my acquaintance for another of the "favoured few," joyfully exclaimed—"The victory is won!"

What the victory was my friend did not realise until the following Monday morning, when the new foreman put on his coat, and my charge-hand, who up to that had acted in the capacity of foreman, took off his coat and went back to his work. If I am so fortunate as to have this case investigated in open Court, I hope to be able to place in the witness box the members of that influential deputation, and then we shall learn if there are other reasons why this particular appointment was made.

My charge-hand was strongly urged at the time to resign his position as a protest against this unjust treatment, and as already explained in my pamphlet, I was strongly opposed to this course. About this period I had the misfortune to experience one of these domestic trials that penetrate the heart and almost warp the soul of a human being. During my trouble Mr. Maunsell was exceedingly kind in facilitating me in making the funeral arrangements, and on occasions he displayed that fascinating manner that renders it so difficult for one to disagree with him—even when you are fully conscious of him doing you wrong. I remember I felt very grateful then—and now, twelve years afterwards, even when smarting under the pains of an unjust dismissal, followed on treatment that was decidedly unfair—I still want to express my gratitude for the kindness then received, and to express also regret that the occasion should ever arise that not alone made it necessary to write such articles as these, but that they should even become possible.

In my article last week I treated on some traits which my judgment attributed to Mr. Maunsell. I recollect when first starting in Inchicore, he struck me as being decidedly an "army man"; and the manner in which each foreman received and escorted him through their various shops, lacked only the hand-to-the-head to make you believe that you were engaged in some military depot. And in passing, I may remark that a considerable portion of the foremen's time was spent in such official parades. If they were not playing "blind-man's bluff" with Mr. Maunsell himself, they were hanking Chief Detective Hicks, or some other official around the place—and it is most unfair that the valuable time of the foremen should be thus wasted in such fool-acting—instead of being devoted to superintending the work for which they are to be held responsible.

I remember some years ago reading of a lecture given by Mr. Maunsell at a gathering of engineers, and quoting from memory, he was reported as stating, "that foremen were invariably very bad clerks, and that they wasted valuable time in the office in doing badly, what a junior clerk with half their salary would do accurately and well." I do not know whether my readers will consider it gentlemanly or not, for a person occupying Mr. Maunsell's position to publicly speak so disrespectfully of those employed under him. But I do know that I gave my foreman a copy of the paper containing a report of that lecture, and if I occupied

(Continued on page 3.)

"The Assinine Law."



'Tis said that that the Law is an Ass,
So I hear!
That it is a most vicious Ass
Is most clear!
If careers around madly
And bites the poor badly
While kicking them gladly
In the rear.

Hee Haw!
Hurrah!
The Law!
Hee Haw!
The Assinine Law!

Its the Classes who furnish the Law,
Do you see?
And the Masses just suffer that Law,
Oh dear me!
If the rich rob the poor,
Its quite (L) awful, I'm sure,
But it's Ass Law as pure
As can be.

Hee Haw!
Hurrah!
The Law!
Hee Haw!
The Assinine Law!

A theft by the poor is a criminal act;
That's quite plain!
A rich thief is only a kleptomaniac,
Not the same.
The poor steal in the'r need,
But the rich rob for greed,
Though the Jew says, "indeed!"
That's no shame!"

Hee Haw!
Hurrah!
The Law!
Hee Haw!
The Assinine Law!

"YAG."

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Cardboard Boxmakers,

TRADES BOARD ACT.

A meeting of the Trades Board for cardboard boxmakers was held in the City Hall, Dublin, on Thursday, September 12th, 1912, to fix the date on which the Act is to come into force in Ireland. The minimum rate of wage to be paid female workers in Ireland has already been settled—namely, 2 1/4 per hour, this being 1/2 per hour less than the rate paid to English workers engaged in the same industry. This is one of many injustices which are forced on the Irish workers, and for which they themselves are responsible. There is no justification whatever for this vast difference in the minimum rates between the workers of the two countries. If there was to be a difference at all it should certainly be a higher rate for the Irish workers, for the reason that the cost of living is higher in Ireland, particularly in Dublin, than it is in England. However, the workers of this country are mainly responsible for the grievances they suffer, and they have the power in their own hands to remedy these grievances. They will have to wake up and take a more lively interest in their own welfare, and see that they stand the right people to represent them on the different Boards.

The fixing of the minimum rate of 2 1/4 per hour for Irish workers and 3d. per hour for English workers has been the means of making the employers of the two countries come as near to quarrelling as their policy allows them. Letters of protest have been sent to the Irish Trades Board from the Papers' Box Manufacturers Federation from Glasgow and Manchester strongly objecting to the rate fixed for female employees engaged in the trade in Ireland. Of course, we must at once understand that these protests are not made in the interests of the workers, and if any worker is of the opinion that they are they must disabuse themselves of such an idea. The employers never, under any circumstances, consider the interests of the employees. These protests are simply based on the fact that the Irish employer paying 1/2 per hour less than the English employer is therefore able to enter into a keener competition than hitherto existed, and consequently English employers will be badly hit.

These letters of protest were received with great indignation by the representatives of the Irish employers. They were instantly roused to a sense of their responsibility, objected to these letters, and decided to allow no interference whatever from the English Board. All this because they were asked to reconsider their decision in regard to the minimum rate, and see if they could see their way to fix the rate at 3d. per hour. How very different would have been their attitude towards the English Board if they had been asked to reduce the rate.

After these letters had been disposed of, the business of fixing the date when this Act is to come into force was next discussed. The workers' representatives demanded that the date be as early as possible, and suggested October 1st as a suitable term. The employers immediately objected to this arrangement, their suggestion being January 1st, 1913. This at once raised a discussion, and the workers' side pointed out very forcibly, how in the first instance, that the Board had been meeting for close upon twelve months in connection with the Act, and that it was time that the Act was in working order. Also as every trade has a busy season, and the cardboard boxmakers are undoubtedly busy at this time of the year with the Christmas trade, it would therefore be advisable to give the increased rate at once. After some time a compromise was arrived at and the date was fixed for November 14th, 1912.

It is also the duty of this Board to see that the rate for female workers is arranged, to try and come to an understanding and fix the minimum rate for male workers engaged in the trade. Apparently there are very few men engaged in the cardboard boxmaking in Ireland, and it was certainly enlightening if disgusting to hear the manner in which the employers' representatives discussed these workers. In Belfast boys are taken for to work at this trade at the age of 14 years, and are kept until 16 years or thereabouts, when they are sent about their business, or, as the employers state, they go to the shipyard; of this I have my doubts. The probability is that they go to swell the ranks of the unemployed. During the discussing of the rate for male workers it was decided that only those directly engaged in the trade, such as cutters, etc., are entitled to come under the Act; that men engaged in such work as carting the boxes, etc., would not be affected by it.

"I should think not," said one of the Belfast employers. "I'm now paying 1 1/2 per week for knocking round the yard."

I quit, agree with him; they are duffers where they are fools enough to slave for such a man at starvation wages. It is time the workers realised the contempt the employers have for them when they allow themselves to be made slaves of.

The English Trades Board has already fixed the minimum rate for male workers engaged in the trade at 6s. per hour. This is an exceedingly low rate, and has raised a storm of protest from Labour bodies and others. However, it has already been fixed; we can do nothing else but insist on getting this rate for the Irish worker, and accept nothing less.

The meeting was adjourned until November 14th.

Male workers engaged in the cardboard boxmaking trade are asked to interest themselves in this Act, which so closely concerns themselves, and to lodge all the information they can concerning the trade with the Secretary, Irish Women Workers' Union, Liberty Hall.

IRISH WORKERS' CHOIR.

Choir practice will be as usual on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 8 p.m. Irish Dancing Thursday and Friday evenings.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.L." Women Workers' Column, Liberty Hall, 18 Beresford Place.

Who is the man is deserving a Monument?

38B TALBOT ST. Which side is it on? Left side from Nelson's Pillar (same as Electric Theatre). See new sign, "McHugh Himself"; no connection with shops of same name.

38B1 Make no mistake. New Hudson, Hobart B.S.A., and Taxi Bicycles; Also Second-hand leading makes, from 20s.; greatest variety in Dublin, all guaranteed; Special line 1912 Models, clearing at £3 5s.

38B1 TALBOT ST. Irish Industry supreme. Vulcanising motor and cycle tyres as new; no more repair bands; Motor bicycles and cars supplied, monthly payments arranged; leading makes.

38B1 High Class and Cheapness the keynote. Lucas and Miller's Lamps, motor tyres and accessories, clearance prices; Michelin clearance covers, 6s. 9d.; Dunlop, Palmer, Max stocked; covers, from 2s. 11d.; tubes, 1s. 11d.

38B1 WINDUP PRICES; Conservation. Bikes 30 needles, 4jd.; pumps, 8d.; Bowden brakes, 3s. 11d.; mudguards, with fittings, 8d.; outfits, 2jd. enamel, 3d.; connections, 2d.; splashers, 1jd.; lower prices mean rubbish.

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"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 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 2421. 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, Sept. 14th, 1912.

Of Many Things and Mitey Men

We must humbly apologise to our readers this week for being compelled to worry them with the antics of our worthy and mitey Lord Mayor over a question of coals. Dark and devious is the way of the Chinaman we have—the gentleman who presides over the destinies of this city, who could give a ton and a beating to any Chinaman in our part of China.

We have had special interviews, special letters, and special extracts printed in the Muldoon Pictorial sheet, "The Telly!" We have had the Trinity graduates declaiming that Larkin and the Transport Union were insisting upon a stevedore being employed; that we were opposed to direct labour; and if the matters were submitted to arbitration of the Trades Organisation Loran would be in the right. Fight! Loran; but which Loran?—Susman O'Loran, or Trinity College Loran? Echo answers Susman. No, Loran, we are not fighting the middleman's fight. We want direct labour—not only at the Pigeon House, but throughout the Corporation service. And we will see to it that the next Agenda submitted to the City Council will test your soundness on the question. Who gave McKee and M'Nally the Roundwood job? Who gave Moran & Son the Drainage job? Who gave all the jobs—the gang led by yourself! Jobs! Why, it is all jobbery! Ask Scully, one of your prominent swab-backlers. And we wanted certain men to get the job, eh? We, or was it You? We wanted! demanded! and got the principle recognised that the men who formerly got their living at the discharging of coal at the Pigeon House should be employed. We are not out to get jobs. We challenge any person to say we ever asked for a job for any person—male or female. Would you dare to say as much, Loran, T.O.D.? And you were going to Glasgow to consult with prominent trades officials. We smile! Fanny Georgie Carson, Alec Fromer, John Burgess, or George Howden receiving H's Lordship! First question "Where is your card?" Ah! what would His Lordship say then, poor thing! Eh? "My credentials are signed by T. P. Cullen, who scabbed in Martins; by E. W. Stewart, who was expelled from the Irish Trades Union Congress, Trades Hall, Dublin; and last, but not least, by that good, clean, honest Irishman, supporter of the official party, John S. Kelly, scab," or maybe M'Intyre would sign them, or maybe the Scab Shelter Committee would call a special meeting in Alfie's pub, and issue a card. If the card got the same reception as Alfie's cheque got in O'Connell street, it would look bad for your Lordship. And, further, when your Lordship is dictating these special interviews get a special reporter, for the exuberant gentleman who writes the North Wall notes is generally half-sane ever owing to the

weather he experiences off the Ship Inn. Ship ahoy! We understand that his first salutation on meeting a possible, or even a probable, is: Can you throw out a life-line? Oh, he is a merry brow this North Wall reporter! And if your Lordship permits that naughty salt to write your special interviews you will be all at sea. Heaven help the sea!

But joking apart, is it not time your Lordship realised that the game is up. You can fool some of the people all the time, some people part of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time. Drop these heroics change your company, get into a cleaner and sweeter atmosphere; to use a vulgarism, chuck the scab shelter, Mountjoy; give up this wire-pulling, get rid of your tools; play the man; try to realise you have only a short period to spend on this earth. Therefore make good while you are. You will have less trouble, a cleaner conscience, and a more restful time. These place hunters and job-seekers will use you, and when you are no longer useful they will seek other pastures. Look at poor T. P. Cullen who scabbed for Martins. Martins kicked him out—they all go the same way home—Cullen was one of your pals. He now leaves the country for his country's good and his own safety. No danger that Cullen will be arrested, but Canada is not too far away. We will send the kindly word that will cook his goose. You see, your Lordship, we are discovering them one by one. Take our advice to heart—we mean you well—repeat while there is yet time. Come and take your place on the side of Civic Purity and clean administration. Come, join the Labour Party, and by penance and good works retrieve your past. Give back your L.I.D. Cease learning to sing "God Save the King." Back to old days—the good days—when you had no robes, no salary, no jobs—back to the days when fire ran in your blood—when kings, lieutenants, lord mayors' robes seemed a figment of the imagination. Back to the days when you boxed the fox. Give up the idea that you are worth £3,000 a year, and a coal porter is not worth 18s. 9d. per day. Oh, what an imagination you have. A Napoleon was lost in you. Yet a coal porter is a useful sort of person, while a lord mayor is neither useful, and sometimes not even ornamental, to conclude. We still believe you mean well; but your environment—well there, leave it at that, good on, your Lordship.

We are given to understand the patriots of the Catholic Young Men's Society, South Circular road, would not employ an Irishman nor Irish firm to remove their billiard tables from the old to the new premises, but had to send to England for an Englishman to remove them. And when they wanted chairs they had also to cross the Channel. No Irishman of course could box billiard tables to suit the shoneens who frequent the rooms of the C.Y.M.S., South Circular road. They are not class enough!

Kelly Tighe, the boss of the alleged North Dock Branch of the United Irish League, says the Irish Party is betraying Ireland. That it is not Home Rule Kelly Tighe wants. Hy! tie! wants to ship his cattle. Kelly Tighe says Home Rule—let us ship our cattle. Hy! tie! the patriot, the boss of North Dock Ward U.I.L. Hy! tie! says the Irish Party are responsible for cattle embargo. What does Alfie say? Mutiny! Hy! tie, don't join Carson's army; wait for Alfie! We notice Alfie has plenty of time on his hands to write letters, or to lick the stamps on the letters.

May we remind all machinists who work in engineering shops that the Machinists' Section of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union meets every Thursday night in Liberty Hall; that those who slave in the Inchicore, Broadstone and Canal street erecting shops should join at once. Join a union—a real union—not a scab organisation, cudging union; a free labour union like the Irish Railway employees, or Kelly's Railway Workers, Union of Scabs.

A meeting of those who are friends of William Partridge will be held on Tuesday night next, September 17th, 1912, in 122 Enamelt road, Inchicore. Counsellor E. O'Connell will preside. All prominent labour men attend. Rally round Partridge and show the G.S. & W. Railway bigots the stuff the workers are made of.

Jacob's Penitentiary.

Are you listening to the whistling, Mr. Purdy? Is your eye screwed to the spy-hole, Mr. Stronach? If so, pay attention, and answer, if the truth is in you, are the persons employed in Jacob's criminals, or are they persons paid to do certain work in or in and under certain conditions? If what we have been informed takes place in Jacob's is partly true, then it is full time action of a drastic nature should be undertaken, if a boy or girl's future welfare in life is to be at the mercy of such creatures as Purdy and Stronach and the other bloodsuckers, who are paid to tyrannise, drive, and sweat unfortunate creatures who find themselves under the supervision of these GENTLEMEN, who graduate, as a rule, from some proselytising institution, such as the George's-street Home of joy and jobs. We ask Messrs. Jacob is it true that out of thirteen foremen there is but one Catholic, and he but an under foreman. That in one of the marriage of the marriage of an employee Mr. Jacob himself presents to the woman or man, as the case may be, a copy of the revised version of the Bible, printed at Oxford. So, not content with

swearing your employees while in your employ, you seek to proselytise them. What have these who enslave you to say to the following letter—

RE WHISTLING.

This is an incident I witnessed one day. The supposed gentleman, Mr. Purdy, was passing by a machine at which there was employed a boy of about 18 years. He (the supposed) came to the lad and accused him of whistling. The lad said he was not. Mr. Purdy sent him home for a week; whereupon the lad that was really whistling came to Mr. Purdy and said, "Mr. Purdy, I am the culprit, and if you want to punish anyone, I am the one to punish." He (Mr. Purdy) said he did not care whether he was or not; but he would have to punish the boy he first accused, as he did not tell the real culprit when asked—a matter of impossibility to the accused boy, as both lads were fully occupied with their work. The accused lad had to take a week's enforced idleness.

Also any person with even a rudimentary knowledge of biscuit-making machinery will know that from the beginning of the biscuit until it is finished the whole production of the finished article is simply automatic. From the mixing of the material to the taking out of the ovens each hand of a machine staff is absolutely dependent on the other, be they boys or men; so much so, that if they have to absent themselves even for a minute they have to be replaced. These are the workers this man is victimising for whistling.

Also all men and boys working in this factory are working at machinery of some kind, both boys and men. Take for instance a man working at a dough mixer, one of the most dangerous types of machines in the biscuit manufacturing lines, when a man puts in his mix he has to watch every revolution of the knives to see that every atom of his mix gets its proper share of mixing, which requires all his attention. These are the men who are victimised for whistling.

NORTH DUBLIN UNION.

We wonder what the Guardians of the Poor are doing to protect the poor, on the above Union Board? We print below

[Copy.]

NORTH DUBLIN UNION.

NORTH CITY DISPENSARY.

No. Name, Kelly.]

Date, 2/9 Nam, Kelly.]

Fit Case, M.I.A.

Keep this Prescription clear, and present it open at your next visit.

An admission order signed by a doctor (a Christian!), who, I suppose, got his job by canvassing the intelligent Guardians who were open to persuasion. And this learned doctor and gentleman had not the common decency to sign the applicant's name—Kelly (either Mary nor Joseph, Patrick nor Michael)—just Kelly. Of course, if someone called the estimable doctor's and gentleman's mother Kelly! he would feel offended—that is, of course, if he had a mother, which I doubt, for this note was given to a woman over seventy years of age, and the learned Christian doctor could not afford the time nor material, apart from the courtesy, of giving this humble woman her full name as christened.

Aye! rattle their bones over the stones, They are only paupers who nobody owns!

Death of a Prominent Trades Unionist.

We regret to have to announce the death of Mr. John Condon, President of the Stonecutters' Union of Ireland. The deceased gentleman, who died suddenly on Thursday, the 12th inst., was a lifelong Trades Unionist.

At a meeting of the Central Branch of the Stonecutters' Union of Ireland the following resolution was passed in silence, all members standing:—

"That we have learned with deep regret of the demise of our respected President, Bro. John Condon, and we tender our deepest sympathy to Mr. Condon and family in their bereavement, and that this meeting adjourn as a mark of respect."

All members of No. 1, Branch Irish Transport Workers' Union, must attend Special General Meeting on Tuesday Night, September 17th, 1912, at Eight o'clock, in Liberty Hall, Beresford Place. Business—Nominations for Delegate and Assistant Secretary. Important every member should attend. Admission by card.

Irish Stationary and Firemen's Society (Office, Trades Hall) is an Approved Society under the Insurance Act. All members must be transferred to their own society. We also invite all men connected with engines and boilers, all types—steam, electricity, motor, or gas—to enroll in the above Approved Society. Write or call, Secretary, Trades Hall, Capel street.

TAKE NOTICE.—If Thomas Henderson or his wife, Jane Larkin, or any of their children—all natives of Dublin—will communicate with P. O'Reilly, 14 Wolsley street, S.C. Road, Dublin, they will hear of something to their benefit.

General Union of Operative Carpenters and Joiners.—Dublin, 1st Lodge.

General Union of Carpenters and Joiners, No. 1 Lodge. Change of meetings and rooms. Next meeting of above society will be held at 28 Fleet street, on Tuesday, 17th September, 1912.

D. Reynolds, Secretary.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

More Law.

We also noticed where an B.M. driving to a Petty Sessions in a Dublin district, just missed killing a child with his motor. Over conscious of his importance, he summoned the parent for not safeguarding the child, and the parent was fined for not keeping the child locked up in the house. Remember, this means that the streets are only for the use of people who own motor cars. It is against the law for your child to go out on the street. Remember these little things when men in their own motor cars come looking for your votes.

Two months ago a gouty old colonel got right in the track of a bicycle coming out of the Park on to the Phibsboro' road. The lad was thrown off the bike, and he was arrested immediately. We did not notice what sentence he received, but as he was a working-class lad he must have been sentenced. We may conclude the magistrates did not order that all old colonels crippled with gout be forbidden to endanger the lives of cyclists.

W. P. Partridge.

Every worker should buy a copy of "My Crime," in which W. P. Partridge reviews his recent dismissal from Inchicore Works. Partridge is the type of fearless man that capitalists dread having in a large work, particularly in times of labour unrest. They availed of the first opportunity and sacked Partridge. We know our Inchicore friend has made many sacrifices, and that he is a man of principle. It was his activity on behalf of his fellow-workers that caused his dismissal, and in view of this the least every workman in Dublin could do would be to purchase this pamphlet.

Insurance.

It should be remembered that the Transport Workers' Union is a fully approved society. If you took out cards with another society, you are not bound to continue in that society. Up till the first Saturday in October you can change your society. Therefore if your employer or an interfering neighbour inveigled you into a society other than the I.T.W.U., send in your card to Liberty Hall, or any of the branches at the end of this month. Your employer will not know you have changed your society. There will be nothing on the card to indicate that you are in the I.T.W.U. It will be an official insurance card, and no one will know what society you are in. Don't forget to send us in your cards. All women workers send in your cards also.

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union FIFE AND DRUM BAND.

Sea Trip to Drogheda

ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1912.

—RIDE—

ARIEL CYCLES,

2/3 Weekly;

TOTAL PRICE £6 15s.

Kelly for Bikes,

2 LR. ABBEY ST., DUBLIN.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store,

89 AUGHER STREET

(OPPOSITE JACOB'S)

FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

WORKING MEN!

For every description

Boots

AT 4/11, 5/11, 6/11 and 8/11,

YOU NEED NOT PASS

Garrick's Boot Stores

81a TALBOT ST. (under Railway Arch),

AND

22 ELI'S QUAY, DUBLIN.

—

The Stores that are Noted for

Honest Value.

Irish Labour Representation.

PUBLIC MEETING

Under the joint auspices of the Irish

Trades Congress and the Dublin

Trades Council will be held on

Monday Evg. Next,

IN THE

ANTIENT CONCERT ROOMS,

—DUBLIN,—

To inaugurate a movement to secure that

Labour shall obtain independent repre-

sentation at all future elections in Ireland.

Workers! attend and show your

determination to safeguard the interests

of your class.

Prominent Labour men, including

representatives of the Irish Trades Coun-

cil will attend and speak.

Chair at 8 o'clock.

The Labour Party in the City Council.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

22 FITZROY AVENUE, DUBLIN.

DEAR SIR,—I notice in your issue of last week a letter over the non-de-jure—"Idolator," in which a number of statements are made about recent votes of the Labour Party in the Municipal Council. Not having been present on the occasion I cannot say whether your correspondent's statements are accurate or not, and how the members of the Labour Party are well able to look after their own defence. But your correspondent goes on to say: "In the earlier and clearer days of the Sinn Fein Party six of them were able to hold the Council absolutely up." I was a member of the Sinn Fein Party in the Municipal Council from its initiation, and I have no knowledge of what "Idolator"—whose Roman head I seem to know—means by the "clearer" days. I defy him or any of the crowd with whom he was or is connected to point to any act of the Sinn Fein Party in the Municipal Council that was not clean. Amongst the officials in the City Hall there were very few who were of our opinions, but there were some. I remember that on every occasion where these few endeavoured to get increase of salary, to put them on a par with the rest of the official crowd, we consistently opposed them as we did the men who had got the increase if in our judgment they were unfair. But the strange thing about it was that the official crowd voted with us on these occasions—"Idolator," if I am right in assuming his identity, as well as the rest—because they were sympathisers with our movement, and always towards the officials to point out to them that as long as they were connected with the Sinn Fein movement they could never get anything. It was foolish, able in those days to denounce the Sinn Fein Party. They were condemned in all the moods and tenses; they were the enemies of the church and anti-clerical, they were the enemies of the theologist and patriotic book-maker, Mickey Swaine, they were the enemies of proper housing for the workers, they were a yam landlord in the city; they were the rump of the Tory Party, vide Jimmy McWalter; they were opposed to the honest traders of the city, vide Scully, now known to fame as the "light-weight champion," and to notorious as the Distress champion; they were the Socialist bugbear, according to Alderman Farrell, the ex-member of the I.L.P.; they were the opponents of the honest milk vendors, according to the epistle of John of the tribe of Dofey; they were everything that was bad, according to the officials. But while all the charges were made at the time that is now used as stock-in-trade against the Labour Party, I defy "Idolator" to point to one act of theirs that was not clean in the municipal life of the city. There are always mistakes made by every party in public life, and I suppose the Sinn Fein Party was no exception; but I think it will not be denied that no other party in the Council of the City of Dublin did more for the workers of the city than they did. They went down, but they went down fighting—fighting against a crusade of calumny and misrepresentation. They made enemies, but the enemies they made were the enemies of the class for whom they fought. They may have been made extremists, but extremists men are always the best men. Their policy may have been mistaken; time alone will tell that. That their actions were actuated by honesty of purpose, even their opponents cannot deny. All the catch-cries that are used to-day against the Labour men were used against them—aye, even by the "Idolators" of those days.

Let the workers of Dublin be not led again. They have now a party which they can control directly—an independent party; let them support them and not mind the Alfie Byrne—the Alfie who alleged he was "educated" at St. Laurence O'Toole's! Shades of Paddy Strain and Jack Flood!—and the Mackey Strain and he rest of them. Let them be conscious men; let them recognize that the best way to get their work done is to do it themselves, and vote for that men to do their own work. "A way with the food adulterator and the slum-owners, and up with Labour!" That must be the word and that must be the work of the future in Dublin-of-the-Wine-Ocean.

Yours truly,

P. T. DUFFY

—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—Your contribution, "Idolator," makes a number of rather wild statements under the above heading in last week's IRISH WORKER. Perhaps he would kindly state:—

1. The name of the "Labour man" who was proposed for the Richmond Division Board against Counsellor Duffy.

2. The name of the "Labour man" who was proposed for the Board against Counsellor Duffy put out of the Board.

3. The names of the "30 members of the O'Connell" who would vote with the Labour Party "on most lines of policy," and what that line of policy would require to be to command this support.

4. On what evidence does he base his statement that it was "madness" for the Labour Party to vote against a proposition that Corporation employees should come under the Insurance Act, and that "if passed every employer in the city would soon be forced to pay his men's medical

benefits."

Yours, &c.,

WATSON

[We have been compelled to hold several interesting articles.—Ed.]

G. S. A. W. P. WORKS, INCHICORE.

(Continued from page 1.) his position, Mr. Maunsell would both withdraw that statement, and apologise for the insult. As it was, Mr. Maunsell but emphasized the latter still more, by having the telephone bell of this particular foreman's office placed on the outside, probably as an indication that he, at all events, was to waste no more of his valuable time inside. To my mind, the wasted portion of the foreman's time was spent in the official parades referred to, which were also responsible for obstructing the work of the entire shops, for I have often had to wait hours before my foreman would have leisure to sign the necessary working orders. So the next time Mr. Maunsell goes lecturing, it will be necessary for him to revise this particular portion of his discourse. The then superintendent, Mr. Robert Coey, was a gentleman possessed of a record for work and ability, perfectly in keeping with his high position. He seemingly was a man who believed in keeping strictly within the limits of his own sphere, and unless circumstances invited it he never interfered in the work of any official under him—a fact I have frequently heard deplored. As Secretary of the Strike Committee of 1902 I both wrote and spoke in very harsh terms of Mr. Coey. Well, we have both since retired—Mr. Coey on a pension of £300 a year—I on the rocks—and I want to take this opportunity of withdrawing unreservedly every hard word I ever wrote or spoke concerning Mr. Robert Coey. These statements were written and spoken in error, for at the time I attributed to Mr. Coey actions which I have lived to learn a minor official was responsible for, and I now seek to correct that error. There was nothing bad about Mr. Coey—except his signature—and that was about the worst attempt at penmanship I ever saw. It was stated on one occasion that a local musician was playing a piece of music to which Mr. Coey had attached his name, and this worthy individual blew the keys off the cornet in trying to play the signature. However, be that as it may, Mr. Coey is both remembered and regretted in Inchicore. And the new shops at present in course of erection will stand as a monument to his retiring effort to provide employment and promote home manufacture for the benefit of the company and the country. My charge-hand, being promoted to a new position in another shop, I was unexpectedly elevated into the position vacated by him. I say "unexpectedly," because I was scarcely two years in their employment at the time and had no expectation of promotion and made no application for the position. A shopmate who had spent in this particular gang more years than I had devoted to my trade altogether naturally felt much annoyed at not receiving this appointment, and took no pains to conceal his displeasure. I gave him permission to state to the manager that I did not wish to retain my unsought promotion and advised him to apply again for the post I then held. Whether he did so or not I do not know, beyond the fact that I was left in the position, and he resigned as a protest against the unfair treatment in this matter of promotion. My new foreman then brought down from the erecting shop a young man who was a particular personal friend of his own, and this young hopeful was placed under my charge. After the strike he was promoted to the position of charge-hand of the motion bench, and took the place of one of the worst treated and best qualified mechanics that ever stood in Inchicore. While in this position the foreman's friend absorbed the positions left vacant by the death of two other charge-hands, and for a paltry two shillings per week of an advance in each case he undertook to do the work for which these two men were formerly paid thirty-six shillings a week each. Whether he did the work or not is another question. And before my dismissal I had the doubtful pleasure of obeying as a foreman one who but a few years previous carried out my instructions as charge-hand. A contrast of my wages-sheet with the wages paid to this individual for the past six years would afford matter for interesting investigation by the Board, and might also enlighten them as to why workmen grow discontent. I now come to the unfortunate strike of 1902—unfortunate only because it did not succeed. The men who took part in that strike were men. For fully twenty-five weeks they stood one solid mass, battling against the most disheartening circumstances and conditions that ever beset men similarly engaged. The men in Dublin on strike—the men of the country stations of all the railways, most of them members of our own society, working night and day in doing the work, for performing which the men in Dublin were called blacklegs and scabs. I was personally opposed to that strike taking place and fought bitterly against it. But when the majority vote decided in its favour I was the first man to write my name on the notice list in my foreman's office, and a week later I was the first charge-hand to hand up my keys. That I did my best to make that strike a success I am conscientiously satisfied. Although some of the men (?) who to-day are afraid to be seen speaking to me less they might displease some of the officials of the company, persist in saying that I sold it. A vote by ballot settled that strike. It was not possible for any individual to sell it, and the manner in which I was treated in the Inchicore Works proves how faithfully and how loyally was my work discharged during that dispute. I will finish this week's contribution by killing for ever one irritating old lie. If I had only myself to consider I would not bother or waste your valuable space in so vindicating myself, but there is standing at my knee as I write a child not yet three years old. He is dearer to me than "the ruddy drops that warm my heart," and that child shall never hang his head because of any action of mine, and for his sake I record the following facts:— When the strike of 1902 was in progress, the late Father McEntyre, O.M.I., called on me and expressed his eagerness to have matters satisfactorily settled. In his office as peace-maker, he ridiculed our demand for three shillings of an advance, and asked me would we not accept 1s. 6d. I replied that I was appointed to fight the strike and that the terms of settlement would have to be dictated by our Dublin District Committee of the A.S.E. I understood from Father McEntyre, at the time that he had authority to make an offer of 1s. 6d., and I intimated to him my willingness to arrange an interview between himself and the members of the Dublin District Committee. To this he consented—and the interview took place in the Oblate House, Inchicore. I was engaged in the Courts that day, and consequently was not present at the interview, and was surprised to learn later that Father McEntyre had failed to repeat his offer to them; and I got into some trouble for bringing the Committee to Inchicore on a fool's errand. Happily some of the men who were present at that interview are still in Dublin doing valuable work for our Society, and, if required, would, I am sure prove the accuracy of my statement. Father McEntyre is in heaven. In a short space of time I, too, shall appear before my Creator to render an account of my actions and my statements, and I declare that the statements attributing to me deception or dishonesty during the conduct of the Engineers' Strike of 1902, are absolutely false; and I stake my soul's salvation upon that declaration. WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE. (To be continued.)

WEXFORD NOTES. Jack Curly is not content with scabbing on the corn porters. He is now scabbing on the house painters. Mahoney had a great meeting in his boarding house the other night when he heard about Peter O'Connor going to put a shore winchman on incoming coal boats. He advised the men to stand by him, that he would beat Peter O'Connor the same as Stafford was doing. Intelligent man is Jemmy. The Gas House manager is now on the warpath, and says he won't allow the delegate of the Seaman and Firemen's Union to cross his jetty to board a boat. Is Johnnie Lyne aware that in the agreement come to last year after the great shipping strike all scabbers wearing uniform were to be allowed to go on any company's premises, and if anyone tries to stop them of course the men refuse to work. A certain man went to Johnnie Connors this week and asked him for a ticket for the County Infirmary, to which Johnnie replied, "Go to Jim Larkin and he'll give you one." Good man "Spread." We hear— That Brennan, Stafford's scab, got a bit of a hammering on Saturday night last. That Tom Cullen, of High-street, got dined. That Jim Moneghan admitted Peter Dolan and some other peeler into Morris's shop at 11.10 on Thursday night week. More law. That Dolan hasn't yet paid Micky Byrne for cleaning his chimney. That "ROCK BROWN" (the alleged contractor), the man alleged to have sold the match on the volunteers in Ennis-coorthy a few years ago, got very vexed on the quay on Sunday last. That Farrall, the stationmaster, does not like the delegate. That Leslie Harris is going to take an action against THE WORKERS. That his cross-examination in the witness-box would be a treat. That the musicians in Wexford are about to organize. That it is on account of the "IMITATION MUSICOONER" scabbing on the real one. That they made up their minds to do so. That Owen the Digger is on the beer. That he was boozing Stafford's scabs on Thursday evening last. That Connolly was going to leave because of the boozing. That "Big Wins" goat is dead. That scab Keating is going on his holidays, and has to go work at a fire when he comes back. "Good reward, eh, John." That P. J. Hayes, the stationmaster, has lost his ass. "Brotherly love does not seem to be mutual in this case." That the Wexford Men's Club in America are about writing to the white-washed Yeak FOR THEIR CHANGE. That people are anxious to know why did Spite Richards send people to America some years ago. That Robert Hughes, Stafford's scab cotman, was in a collision in the cot safe this week. That the Clarence House Auction was overrun with scabs. That the furniture Stafford could not sell in the shop was auctioned there. That Peter O'Connor is anxious to know who is captain of the tug boat. That the man supposed to be captain does be on the quay while she is out in charge of the mate. That Peter is also anxious to know if the mate has as much wages as the captain. That if two men are seen speaking to one another in Pierce's now they will be discharged at a minute's notice.

A Thing of Air. How I got there I had certainly no clear idea. Not only that, but I was more than surprised to find that the chief official of the flying meeting approached me the moment I entered the Balowna Aerodrome as if I was a person of some importance. "It's a heavenly day for flying," said he. "Quite angelic," I remarked. "Very good, sir; very good, indeed. The special reporters will be glad to get that joke, sir; very glad, indeed. What was it again? Oh, yes, 'heavenly flying, angelic.' Very good, indeed; exceptionally good, I must say." "If you put it this way," I suggested. "You'll remember it more easily, 'heavenly, angelic flying.' Isn't that better?" "It could not be improved upon, my dear sir," said he, slapping my back so boisterously that I almost cursed myself for having made the pun at all. "Mr. Con Houlihan is waiting for you, and is quite ready to start," proceeded the official. "And who may he be, now?" I asked. "Gloxy be! but aren't you the funny fellow," he chuckled. "Upon my word, now, as if you didn't know that Con was the only Irishman entered in the race. Of course, I do hope that the best man will win, and I would like that man to be an Irishman; but I have no preference at all in the matter; none at all, I assure you." "That is quite obvious," I murmured. Then, my curiosity getting the better of me, I asked in an off-hand fashion: "Ah, by the way, what is Mr. Con Houlihan waiting upon my arrival for, may I ask?" "Gee, but you are the joker!" he answered with a laugh. "You'll be telling me next that you don't know that you are going up with him on his monoplane as a passenger." I turned on my heel and made a bolt for it, but the chief official neatly falded me. "Excuse me," said he, "but you are going the wrong way." "Sorry," I answered, "but I think I have forgotten my pocket knife, and I want to sharpen my pencil. I'll have to skip back for it." "Here, you can use mine. We mustn't keep the crowd waiting any longer, you know. They are impatient already, I'm afraid." A loud murmur from the crowd just then about wanting their money back showed me that they were, indeed, impatient for the sacrifice, and with my knees shaking under me, I tottered to where Houlihan was—as the evening papers afterwards said—tossing nonchalantly with a cigarette, (the while he watched his mechanics putting the final touches to his craft. "Hello!" said Con with a smile. Are you ready?" "I am ready and willing," I answered humbly. "Then we will get a start made at once," he said, getting into his place. In a moment I was bundled up into the seat beside him and Con hollered out, "Clear!" Things evidently were clear, for with a buzz of the propeller and a hop, skip, and jump, we were off. When I say "we" were off I am referring to the monoplane and myself—it was off the ground and I was nearly off the seat. "Steady!" hissed Con. "Ye-s," I stammered. "We'll be all right in a minute, once we are up a thousand feet or so." "How—how many did you say?" I asked with a shiver. "Oh, a few thousand feet," he answered sooly. "An odd thousand or two doesn't make much difference once you are up." "But—but if we should fall?" "Well," laughed Con, "it's better to fall five thousand feet than a mere five hundred feet." "Why?" I said, horror-stricken. "Well, it's like this," he said, "aerial disasters are so common now-a-days, that one has to do something big before you can make a decent splash in the papers at all." "But I don't want to make a splash in the papers," I said almost angrily. "Ah, be easy now. If you do fall out and get your name into the papers, it won't worry you one little bit, for you'll be past knowing anything about it." I thought this over, even verging upon downright barefaced callous affront, and was just going to tell Con so, when all of a sudden the monoplane gave a sort of a little jump and then we seemed to be falling. "Is this the end?" I gasped through my clenched teeth. "No, it's only the beginning," yelled Con, with his hand jammed tight on one of the numerous levers. After a second or two the machine seemed to right itself again, and we were careering onward. "What happened, Con?" I asked nervously. "Nothing," said he. "Eh, what?" I ejaculated. "Nothing, didn't I tell you." We struck a pocket full of nothing, and nothing happened. "A pocket full of nothing, Con. I don't understand what you mean." "If you were a working man you would." "But was it serious, Con?" "Not very." "But I might have fallen out?" "You wouldn't call that serious, would you?" said Con, with a laugh. "You're a cold-hearted ruffian, Mr. Houlihan," I retorted quite vexed by this, "and if I had known the type of man you were

I wouldn't have come sky-larking with you at all." "Ah, now, don't be letting us have a falling out up here," said Con. "I gripped the side of the seat nervously. "Look here, Con Houlihan, I call it highly mean to be making such idiotic jokes about falling out at this height from the ground. We can do all that when we are back to earth." "We could do it much better here," said Con. "Do what?" "Fall out!" "Drop it!" "Drop yourself!" "I didn't drop myself, but I dropped the conversation, and turned my attention to other things." "That's a nice place we're passing over," I said after a while. "What is it?" "Oh, that's Dublin," answered Con. "Now, look here, Con, I don't believe that the circumstances warrant joking, and in any case I've had about enough. That's not Dublin!" "Possibly you know all about it then," said Con, sarcastically, "but will you just take three long sniffs and tell me what you feel?" I took three sniffs and was satisfied. Even at that height above the small of poster. "Now do you believe it's Dublin?" asked Con. "I am content; still I don't understand why it looks so well," I answered. "That is because you are not used to this flying business. Everything looks well at a height. Even the stumps look their hideousness because you only see the sides of the houses. You have to be down among them to realize what devilish holes they are. From a great height even a dealer in dung, who lives on the sale of poison and luxuriates on human wretchedness, appears only a little round dot, because the shining top of his silk hat is the one thing visible. Even a Justice of the Peace who robs the poor, loses his complacent look of prrny, smug hypocrisy, when viewed from aloft, and may be mistaken for a post or even a man with a soul." "It is an elevating thing to fly," I said. "That's a rotten pun, but it's a fact, nevertheless. Flying men are akin to the angels. They see things from above as they might be, not as they are. It is that that makes them want to fly, not science. Why, do you think the angels could go on airing if they saw the world as it is? I tell you what, if they saw Dublin or any of the world's cities as they really are, there would be revolt in heaven. Sky-larks can sing joyously when they get up aloft. Sparrows only chirp, poor devils, because their time is spent in the streets. Flying is grand, it is great, it is optimism visualised. I tell you, sir, it is more, it is—" "But whatever more Mr. Houlihan was going to claim for flying, I will never know, for just then an imperative knock was given at my bedroom door and my landlady asked me in no uncertain manner, "If I was coming down to my breakfast before it was ruined?" I got out of my bed with a sigh and flew downstairs. "MAC."

SIMPSON & WALLACE, MEAT PROVIDERS, The Workingman's Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb. NORTH ADDRESSES—57, 139 and 113 Great Britain St.; 5 Wexford St.; 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'; 26 Nth. Strand; 28 Bolton St.; and 15 Francis St.

The Mooney Pub Scandal! DISGUSTING DETAILS. Treachery of the Grocers' Committee. To James Larkin. I trust you will pardon me for the liberty I take in making another intrusion on your generosity, and ask you to publish the following disgusting details:— I was astounded to see in Monday evening's issue of the "Telegraph" a report of the meeting of the Grocers' Assistants' Committee, in which it was stated they had received three complaints as to the working of the new Shop Hours Act, and in one case wherein a manager and a member of their own executive committee had kept in his six or seven assistants during Horse Show Week; and also mark you, the committee had noticed that only two of those assistants were members of their association. I shall now deal with this matter from three standpoints—the Mooney Pub Scandal, its legal aspect, and finally the Grocers' Assistants' Association as it now stands. I have selected the Mooney houses as a test case, because they are the wealthiest. This "Nationalist" firm is run by a Scotch Freemason, and daily Freemason clerk. This Scotch Freemason denies food to the assistants, some of whom are under sixteen, from five o'clock in the afternoon to 9 o'clock the next day, although they are worked until a quarter to twelve almost every night. On the Home Rule Demonstration Day, the assistants of the four houses were worked from 11.30, which time they had dinner, until 7.30. The managers of Britain street and Eden quay promised they would be paid, but they never got a penny from that day to this, although Mr. Johnnie Farrelly, of Britain street, gave the men who sweep the floor 5s. How is it that this firm can still defy the law and keep a child under 16 at work over 60 hours? and this is being done this week by the pro tem. manager, a worthy successor of Mr. Jimmy Heaver. It is quite obvious this gentleman's intellect is not quite so brilliant or illuminating as the texture of his hair. This incident reminds me of a furious remark made by Lord Randolph Churchill when he was trying to crush Parnell and ruin Gladstone's Home Rule Bill, "That they must always remember that there was one dominant factor in the Irish character that would never be eliminated, and that was their innate treachery to each other." I shall now take up the legal aspect of this notorious scandal. When the Shop Inspector informed Mr. Jimmy Heaver, that king of tricksters, he defied, because he knew he could, or would have, only others stepped in, as I shall now prove. The inspector in the course of his duty informed the Local Authority, which in this case is the Dublin Health Committee, and they should then instruct the Law Agent to take proceedings. Who were the Public Health Committee in this instance?—Mickey Swaine, bookie, Chairman, and how many publicans? Mr. Jimmy Heaver was to go away on holidays on a Monday, but he did not; he was waiting for a summons that never came. Know ask the Law Agent of the Dublin Corporation. Was Mr. J. Heaver told on Wednesday, the 4th inst., at 4.45 o'clock, that he would not advise the Corporation to proceed in this case, that he had no right to keep them in, and he would not be summoned unless he wished? This clause in the Act must be abolished, and the power to prosecute must be vested in the inspector. Why, the incongruity and absurdity of the whole thing must now appeal to the public. Mickey Swaine, Chairman! Why, it is the same of humour. This now is a matter of national importance and not personal, or in any sense local, because it affects the lives of thousands of people. When this Act was before Parliament and the Irish portion of it was being discussed, why was it left to Mr. Clency to settle the disgraceful compromise between publicans and assistants? Why did not Mr. Joseph Devlin take an interest in the assistants when he was one time a grocer's assistant himself? It is no wonder Mr. Snowdon charged Mr. Clency with having his hand greased, which Mr. Clency indignantly repudiated, although he afterwards received a very handsome sum of money. I shall now deal with the Grocers' Assistants' Association and their energetic Secretary, Mr. P. Hughes, when this disgraceful scandal was brought to his notice by "The Irish Worker" and not by any member of Mooney's firms—which by the way is a deliberate lie for Mr. Hughes to publish. Will Mr. Hughes give us a return of the number of assistants he got employment for since January? If he is such an energetic secretary, why is it that Mr. White, of Johnston's Court, charges 2s. 6d. to an assistant for his name, and if he gets him employment, two-and-a-half per cent on his salary, and is doing a good business? If the assistants had any confidence in Mr. Hughes would this be the case? Some time ago Mr. Hughes wrote an insulting letter to the Press, asking the assistants to join his club and not have the people of Dublin saying they had no sense of independence. And this week he has the colossal impudence to sneer because only two of the Mooney assistants were members of his club. How could they have any sense of independence when they are fired out in the street for breaking a glass, as Mr. Jimmy Heaver did a month ago? How can they have any sense of independence when their managers crush, insult and tyrannise over them before customers? Bad food, no air, artificial light, standing all day at the beck and call of every ruffian in the city. Will Mr. P. Hughes give me a return of the number of young lives reined? How many went home to die of consumption? How many left for America? How many are there this very moment in bad health behind the bars, and cannot better themselves. No wonder their sense of independence is dulled; no wonder their sense of honour and equity clouded; no wonder there is many a bright happy life lying low to-day. What was in your club, Mr. Hughes, to the ASSISTANTS—no more than any other in the city? Take the Drapers' Assistants' Association and their Secretary—a man who would not tolerate a disgraceful scandal like this for a moment. Summon a meeting and discuss this wretched business, and find out the three tricksters. Surely Mr. J. J. Healy, of Earl street, who has tried to do some good for the assistants, will put his shoulder to the wheel now. Answer me, Mr. Hughes, in this "low, vulgar paper," "The Irish Worker," and don't be writing lies to the "Halfpenny Screech." I thank you, Mr. Larkin, for your courtesy. It's a pitiable thing that you had to do another association's work.—Yours, DISGUSTED. TELEPHONES 1266 AND 507.

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INCHEICORE,

Testimonial to Mr. Thomas P. Cullen.

Chairman—Thomas W. Lecky, 1 Colliemore Villas, Dalkey. Honorary Treasurers—Joseph P. McO'Neil, 3 Margaret Place, N.O.B.; Alfred Burgess, 9 Windsor Avenue, Fairview. Committee—J. J. Lawlor, E. Lawless, M. Byrne, F. Doyle, J. Tyndall, C. Caldwell, J. M. Paterson, J. Beardon, J. Goodwin, J. D. Hozier.

Dublin, 31st August, 1912.
DEAR SIR,—At a hurriedly convened meeting a few of his best friends in our city resolved to mark their sense of his many good and kindly qualities by presenting Mr. J. P. Cullen with some fitting mark of the esteem and regard in which he is held, on the occasion of his leaving Ireland to make his home in a distant land.

It was decided that the Presentation should take the form of a purse of sovereigns, Mr. and Mrs. Cullen having before them a long and expensive journey.

Feeling assured of your sympathy and co-operation, we take the opportunity of bringing the matter under your notice, and beg to say Subscriptions may be sent to the Hon. Treasurers as above, to the undersigned, or may be handed to any member of the Committee, and same shall be duly acknowledged.

Believe us, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

J. J. CULLEN, 42 Rutland Street, Upper, Honorary Secretary.
MICHAEL J. DILLON, 145 Upper Sheriff Street, Honorary Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Right Hon. Lord Mayor, 25s.
See Cartoon and Poem of last week.

T. W. Lecky, Dalkey, £2.
The owner of the site, which was very near being purchased for the building of the Technical Schools at a fancy price, and which was strongly supported by a body of the "patriots."

Alderman J. J. Farrell, £2
The first-he-would-and-then-he-wouldn't Lord Mayor; better known as "The Twister."

J. D. H. 'er, £.
A somewhat athlete, who is alleged to have been suspended for "roping."

W. H. Buller, 10s.
Cannot identify.

J. Menton, 10s.
A chum of the recipient who worked in the Duke Line during the strike.

P. Moran, 5s.
One of the proteges in the Corporation of the Shelter.

E. Byrne, 10s.
Ditto. Night clerk in Whitehorse Yard at 35s. per week.

Joseph Goodwin, 5s.
Ditto, ditto.

Charles Caldwell, 5s.
Another protege; messenger in Stanley street workshops, £1 per week; but has another job at the City "Haul," which brings his wages up to 30s.

Alfred Burgess, 10s.
Ditto. Clerk in Engineer's Office without examination.

George McEroy, 5s.
Hall Porter at the City "Haul" candidate for the position of Mace Bearer. Another of the proteges.

Martin Breen, 5s.
Another protege of the Scab Shelter in the Corporation.

J. J. Cullen, 10s.
Porter in the Town Clerk's Office at 30s. weekly. Another of the hangers-on of Mounjoey Ward; Secretary of the Scab Shelter.

J. P. McO'Neil, £1.
One of Martin's clerks. Is this the man who declared he would not be responsible for his wife's debts?

J. J. Lawlor, £1.
Fined two sums of money for selling adulterated food.

J. S. W. Windsor, 10s.
From 173 Rathgar road (another sturdy "democrat.")

James Carroll, 5s.
Corporation employe.

P. Kinisell, 10s.
Porter in the Lighting and Cleansing Committee; acts as clerk; entered without examination.

John Henry, 10s.
Another protege of the Shelter; formerly timekeeper; now classified without examination as clerk in charge of the Corporation Labour Bureau; salary rising to £200 per year.

Pat Doyle, 5s.
Another Corporation employe; formerly a coachbuilder.

Stanley Clarke, 5s.
Nephew of the recipient; son of Joe; employed in the Corporation.

Garret Byrne, 10s.
Clerk in Martin's, where Cullen was treasurer of the sick fund.

J. Wheeler, 10s.
Clerk in Martin's, where Cullen was treasurer of the sick fund.

James Cullen, 10s.
P. J. Hexey, £1.
Should this be Hexey—another provision man?

E. D. Stephens, 10s.
J. P. Kelly, 10s.
M. Lynam, 5s.
A betting-man; friend of the Swain who "also ran."

W. Brennan, 5s.
W. J. Stewart, 5s.
We wonder is this the "common informer," E.W.?

E. Walsh, £1.
Mrs. Parker, 10s.
P. Bodley, 10s.
Another of the "patriots"; clerk in the Duke Line.

M. J. Seery, 5s.
James Moylan, £1.
The small "ghou"; publican from Summer-hill.

J. Tyndall, £1.
Edward Lawless, £1.
Christopher Burke, 10s.
Caretaker of the Technical Schools in Bolton street. The man about whose appointment we have already had something to say; formerly bookmaker's runner; protege of Mickey Swaine and the Scab's Shelter.

Frank Doyle, 10s.
Sometime clerk of works in the Corporation; another of the proteges.

George Franklin, 10s.
John Byrne, 10s.
J. Beardon, 10s.

Michael Byrne, 10s.
Better known as "Doggie." Ramoured to be also employed in the Corporation; one of the pillars of the Shelter; members of the City of Dublin boozing den in the old days will remember him with various degrees of appreciation.

Joseph Clarke, £1.
Cullen's brother-in-law; at present employed as "monarch of all he surveys" in Bolton street; formerly a member of the Corporation; sometime clerk of works at Inchicore and Bolton street; another patriotic supporter of the Scab Shelter.

M. J. Dillon, 10s.
Better known by the pseudonym of "The Young Dodger." One of Cullen's assistants at scabbing during Martin's strike.

John Magrane, 10s.
Registration agent.

Frank McGuire, 10s.
Another protege.

Joseph Gethins, 10s.
Publican's foreman.

And now who is the recipient? He has acted as chairman of the shelter of scabbery for some years past. During the timber strike of last year he worked as a scab; he was employed as a clerk in T. and J. Martin's, of the North Wall, but during the strike he went out as a driver, taking the place of a striker, and so earned for himself the unenviable appellation of scab. His friends in the shelter asked that in weighing up his guilt it should not be forgotten that he was getting old, that if he did not do as he was told he would be dismissed and would lose his pension. May we say if he has a pension from the firm whose dirty work he did last summer? If he has not, what becomes of the reasons underlying their appeal of last year? Or, can it be that there are other reasons which occasioned his dismissal? We have heard some strange stories from time to time. We have been told that there was a shortage of nearly £100 in the funds of the sick fund, and that Cullen was not wholly guiltless in the matter. We have heard that some of Martin's employees who had paid into the fund for over twenty years, and who were entitled to receive two-thirds of their contributions back, only got 17s. 3d., and that in other cases where the men were entitled to over £8 they only received 8s. 1d. We have got this information from a source we have no reason to doubt. But when we see a testimonial promoted to a man who is secretly accused of being responsible it makes us wonder can it be true; more especially as we notice the first name on the list that of the Chief Magistrate of the City of Dublin, whose sources of information on the point are equal to if not superior than any man in Dublin. Or is something behind it all that passeth our understanding. Will Lorcan G., of T.O.D., let in the light? Will he tell the citizens of Dublin if he is supporting a man who has been falsely accused in private, or if he is supporting a man who takes to himself moneys subscribed by underpaid workers in pursuance of that policy of thrift so frequently preached by the employers of Ireland? We wonder!

SACRIFICE.

They kissed their wives and their babes adieu,
To go into the mines to toil for the few.
The winds descended and the floods came down,
While the miners were toiling underneath the ground.

A pit-mouth below the bed of a creek,
The water rushed over, its victims to seek;
No place to escape from their watery graves—
They must die like rats, these modern wage-slaves.

Not even a prayer, no sigh of a tear,
No time for a thought of those babies so dear—
Their wives at home with the children to care,
To-day they are widows with the burden to bear.

The bread-winners went to their wat'ry grave,
Their widows must toil, their children must slave,
To fill the hands that clutch the gold—
The husbands are dead and their families are sold.

One ounce of discretion and money well spent
Would have saved all the tears and disaster prevent;
But the capitalist mongrels that worship their gold
Live from our life's blood and then curse our soul.

Individual ownership demands that a slave,
To create surplus value, gets a premature grave;
If we commonly owned what we collectively used—
We would all toil together and no one be abused.

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.

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

Some Definitions.

No. 5.—Profit.

The Income which the master class is enabled to keep after being forced to pay back to society a certain amount of socially created wealth, which the master did not create, but which was created by the workers through the use of machinery.

Webster says profit means many things. In his dictionary he says it is an "advance in the price of things sold," or it is "a gain," or "an advantage."

He also says that it is to "gain advantage," or it is "to benefit," or "to improve." Webster is right. Profit is a gain and an advantage; it does benefit and improve and gain advantage, but it only gains an advantage for one class,—the master class,—and that is the thing Webster forgot to say.

His omission to say so is serious for although profit does gain an advantage to the master class, who have no right to it, it gains the very reverse of an advantage for the workers, who have a right to it owing to the fact that it is their labour which makes profit possible.

It is profit which enables the wealthy employers to tour the country in their motor cars, or to sail the Mediterranean on their yachts. That is an advantage for the employers.

It is profit also which compels the workers to live in slums, eat adulterated food, and clothe themselves in rags. That is the disadvantage of profit for the workers.

A living wage is denied the workers because the employers will not have their profits interfered with or disturbed.

Wages must be kept down that profits may be kept up. A minimum wage of 30s. per week for all workers would a tremendous advantage gained for the workers and would be immensely profitable to them.

The employers must indulge in a little less profit, in order that the workers may obtain a little more. Employers will not do this unless they are forced. Solidarity in our Trade Unions will force them. Let the watchword of the workers therefore be **SOLIDARITY!**

(Next week's definition. The Capitalist Press.)

"FLYERS AND LIARS!"

Aerial Flights and Flights of Imagination.

I don't take any stock of aerial flight as a rule. For one thing it is too expensive to participate in, and as a spectacle it is decidedly disappointing.

As for flights of imagination, I rather like to listen to one or read the tales of a good liar. That is the only reason I can give for reading the Dublin evening papers. For solid, downright perversion of the truth they take a bit of beating. The author of "Deadwood Dick" would turn green or buff or pink with envy did he but chance to glance through them.

Although I do rather admire the dexterity and nimbleness of the average maker of "terminological inexactitudes," I must admit I feel wroth when those same jokers want me to believe their yarns.

However, the several "Evening Liars" of Dublin are such transparent prevaricators that nobody with a modicum of common sense could possibly believe them, and when they start to lie against each other the fat is completely in the fire.

Take the case of the flying fiasco of last Saturday. On Monday evening of this week the "Mail" and the "Herald," not content with merely telling the tale, started to brag.

Listen to the "Mail":—
"THE IRISH FLYING RACE.

'EVENING MAIL' AEROPLANE EDITION EXCLUSIVELY CARRIED BY BOTH ARMEN.

FIRST IRISH NEWSPAPER DISTRIBUTED BY AIRBORAF.

(Evening Mail Special)

"By the kindness of Mr. Harry Deacombe, Mr. Astley's manager, the 'Evening Mail' was privileged to arrange that copies of a special aeroplane edition of this newspaper should be exclusively carried by each aviator in the great aerial race from Dublin to Belfast. Two of the competitors, Mr. Porte and Mr. Arthur, failed to get away, but both Mr. Astley and Mr. Valentine, when they soared away from the ground at Leopardstown, carried a bundle of 'Evening Mails' securely

LASHED IN THE FUSILAGE.

"A representative of the 'Evening Mail' was sent to the landing place of both aviators and saw to the distribution of the aeroplane edition, copies of which were highly prized by the fortunate members of the crowd at Drogheda and Newry, some of them cheerfully paying sixpence a copy for the interesting trophy of

ENTERPRISE AND PROGRESS

"The aeroplane edition contained on its leading page the following announcement, which was scrutinized with great interest:—

"This copy of the 'Dublin Evening Mail' has been carried by aeroplane from Dublin to Belfast, and is the first newspaper in Ireland to be distributed by aircraft."

It was true that the distribution did not reach as far as Belfast, but those who clamoured for copies at Drogheda and Newry made no complaint of that."

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse,

NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street.

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

From Chicago "Evening Herald."

And now listen to the "Herald":—
"EVENING HERALD" CARRIED BY MONOPLANE TO DROGHEDA.

A RECORD IN TRANSIT.

"On Saturday last a parcel of 'Heralds' was taken by aeroplane from Dublin to Drogheda.

"We had arrangements made with several of the airmen to take parcels to Belfast, but as the afternoon wore on it became apparent that the prospects of reaching the Northern capital were more and more remote.

"Mr. Astley, however, with great kindness, allowed a parcel to be attached to his machine, and it was this parcel which reached Drogheda, where the daring aviator descended.

"We understand it was intended by some official or other to remove the parcel in favour of one belonging to another Dublin paper, but however things happened, the parcels of 'Heralds' reached Drogheda all right, and were duly carried by Mr. Astley, as he very kindly undertook to do.

"The parcel was found, our Drogheda correspondent wires, in Mr. Astley's aeroplane at the garage.

"Lieutenant Porte, the Irish aviator, also kindly took up a parcel, but, owing to the weather, he was not able to proceed on his Belfast flight.

"HOWEVER, the 'HERALD' HOLDS THE RECORD OF BEING THE FIRST PAPER TO BE CARRIED IN AN AEROPLANE AND TO REACH SAFELY GROUND AGAIN.

"To Mr. Astley and to Lieut. Porte many thanks are due for their kindness in responding to a request to create a record in Irish journalism."

There you are!

When next you read some of the startling statements in the Dublin evening press about the evil agitators and the good employers, remember the aerial race from Dublin to Belfast, WHICH DID NOT COME OFF, and the claims made by TWO PAPERS to be the ONLY ONE which sent their lying sheets a-flying.

I would commend the editors of the "TWO RECORD MAKERS" to change their ways and remember the fate of Ananias. He, poor man, was struck dead for less.

CAIBAN.

WANDERLUST.

By TEX O'RHILLY.

Sing me a song of the starlit sea,
And the salt spray's sting like frost,
The shuddering bow, the sloping deck,
And the snore of the waves upst.

Spin me a yarn of the deep sea life,
As told by the foc'syl light
By the men who have lived the tales they tell,
And have fought the oft-told fights.

Tell me a tale of the tropic isles,
Of battle and galling marob,
Of the death-tipped hail from jungle hill
Of hunger, and lips run parched.

A picture draw of the great grey plains,
And the herd where long horns nod.
The lopping cow-horse following on,
And the rope, and the branding rod.

For the song of the starlit, windswept sea,
And the picture of hoofed dust,
And the tale of the fight by the foc'syl light,
Awakens the wanderlust.

And I hunger to ride, by steed or tide,
Wherever the trail may lead,
Match hands with fate, and love, and hate,
With luck as my only creed.

From Chicago "Evening Herald."

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