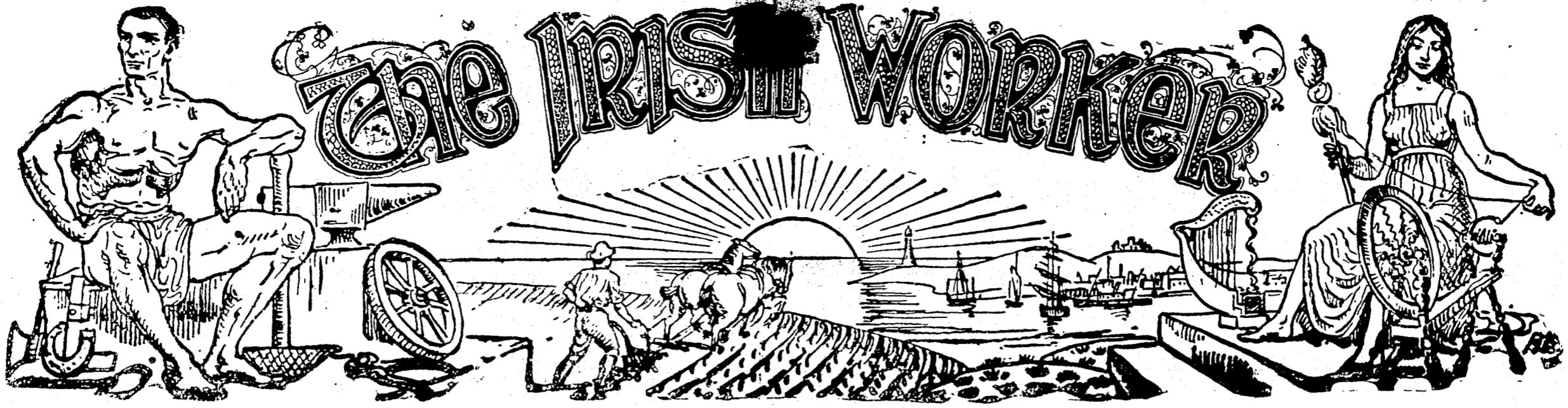


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre of the globe is the vested right in the people of Ireland."
James P. Linton.



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

Registered at G.P.O. Transmissible through the post in United Kingdom at newspaper rate, and to Canada and Newfoundland at magazine rate of postage.

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 23.—VOL. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26th, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

"PROFIT!"

A Modern Commercial Drama in Three Acts.

By "EUCHEAN."

ACT III.—MISERY.

Scene I.—The living room of John Brown's house. It is three days after his dismissal from Messrs. Divi, Dend, Snatcher & Co., Ltd., and his wife is lying on a sofa, reading a book. John comes in while she is doing so, looking very dejected.

John—"Why, have you seen the manager yet?"

John—"No, I haven't. I called twice to-day at his office and he sent word out both times that he was too busy to see me. It seems a funny thing!"

John—"Maybe he doesn't want to see you at all!"

John—"Why wouldn't he want to see me? Am I not as good a workman as ever I was, and better? It's my belief that Smith, the foreman, has told him some glibbed-up story to shield himself; but if I could only see Mr. Gaul, the manager, I'd very soon tell him the truth."

John—"I think he knows the truth better than any of us!"

John—"Ah, what are you talking about, woman. How could he know the truth, and he not there when the thing took place?"

John—"Perhaps he knew all about it before it took place at all!"

John—"Now, for heaven's sake don't be talking nonsense, woman. You women don't understand business, and never will. Would you try to make me think that the whole thing was a put-up job to get rid of me? Why, I'm the oldest employee in the works. I was fifteen years there before Smith had finished his apprenticeship; and I was recognised as one of the most faithful employees long years before Gaul even knew there was such a place. Why would they be wanting to get rid of an old employee like me?"

John—"They might want to get rid of you, John, just because you are an old employee."

John—"Did ever mortal man hear such d—d nonsense? Want to get rid of me because I am an old employee! What do you mean?"

John—"Just what I say, John. Old employees aren't wanted to-day, I'm thinking, just because they're old!"

John—"But, glory be to God, woman, you talk as if I were an old man tottering into the grave. A man like me—just hardly past the prime of life! Do you remember that I'm not fifty yet?"

John—"Fifty or sixty makes no difference nowadays, John. A man is old now when he is past forty. He is not so quick as he was and the employers think he is not so useful. Times have changed—changed for the worse, I fear. An old employee used to be considered as a valuable asset to a firm, but modern competition and greed of gain has made him only a nuisance that must be got rid of."

John—"You're talking a lot of d—d nonsense, woman. Where in the world did you get all your information, anyway? If Divi, Dend, Snatcher won't hire me, I can get a job elsewhere. They must give me a first-rate reference."

John—"A thirty years' testimonial is of no use, John. It is less use than a thirty months' one would be, for every employer would think when you handed it to them that your usefulness was exhausted when your last firm got rid of you, or if not that, they would think you must have done something awful, and they gave you a good character to try and shield you a little. It's the way of the modern commercial world, John. It's a hard way and a sore way, but there it is and we must just face it as bravely as we can."

John—"You're talking a lot of rubbish! What do you know about it, anyhow?"

John—"Maybe, John, we women know more than some of you men give us credit for. There are some things we can see much clearer than men, and this may be one of them. Smith had no reason to quarrel with you the way he did, unless he was being forced to do it in some way. I knew that as soon as you told me you and he had quarrelled."

John—"How did you know any such thing?"

John—"Oh, I know Smith well enough

to know that he would not do anyone an injury. The time you men were calling him names for keeping Tom Greig out of a job, he was getting his missus to take soup and things up to Tom's wife. I met Mrs. Smith on her way up to Greig's house one day, and she seemed ashamed that I had seen her."

John—"And if Smith could let his wife do that why wouldn't he give Tom a job?"

John—"Perhaps he can't give Tom a job for the same reason that he is not giving you a job!"

John—"What reason is that?"

John—"I'm thinking it's because he is not allowed."

John—"Not allowed! Do you think, then, that he is acting on Mr. Gaul's instructions?"

John—"I do; but it is not the manager's fault any more than it is the foreman's. When you went to see Mr. Gaul and couldn't manage to get the chance, I went up to see his wife at her own house."

John—"Why did you do that?"

John—"I don't know, except that I had an idea that I might get at the real truth, much easier away from the civilities which businessmen adopt when they are hiding something."

John—"And what did Mrs. Gaul say to you?"

John—"She said that she was very sorry to hear that you were dismissed. She told me that her husband had spoken of the matter to her, and had said how sorry he was that you had been put away, but that the thing had been forced upon him by the directors, who are complaining bitterly of the smallness of the profits."

John—"Then the whole secret of my dismissal is that they want more profits and they think I am too old to make them?"

John—"I'm afraid that's the truth, John. It's not Smith's fault and it's not Gaul's fault—they were doing what they were directed to do and they would be sacked if they didn't. It's the fault of modern commerce and the greed for profit!"

John—"What are we to do, Mary?"

John—"I don't know, John. We may get on all right somehow. The Lord never closed one door that He did not open another. I can go out myself and maybe get a little cleaning work to do—maybe you'll find some sort of work yourself soon."

John—"It would be hard for me to get a job and me so old as they say I am."

John—"Ah, don't talk so bitterly, John; keep up your heart."

John (laughing sarcastically as he picks up his cap and makes for the door)—"Yes, I'll keep up my heart, but I'm going out now to forget that I am old and useless first."

John—"What are you going to do?"

John—"I'm going out to get drunk!" (He goes out and his wife rushes to the door calling him to come back, but he continues on his way down the stairs without heeding.)

Scene 2.—The bar of Alfred Bung's public house some hours after the last scene has taken place.

John Brown is lounging up against the bar very nearly drunk, when he is jostled to the side by another customer, even more drunk than himself. This other customer is Tom Greig.

John—"Here, let's have a pint!"

Bung—"You've had more than enough. Get away home out of this!"

John—"What's that? Do you think I'm drunk? I'm as sober as a judge. Here, let's have a pint, I tell you!"

Bung—"You're drunk, and if you don't clear out of this I'll have you thrown out!"

John—"You'll say that after you took my money!"

Bung—"Well, you didn't need to spend it unless you liked. If you care to be a d—d fool that's your own business and not mine. You had better get away home quietly now, and you, too, Brown, you've also had more than enough. Get away home now, the pair of you!"

(It is only now when Brown's name is brought into the matter that Greig recognises the man he had jostled as his old workmate. The recognition is mutual and both men have just sufficient sense left to be ashamed of being found thus by one another.)

Greig—"I never saw you in here before, John. I'm sorry I can't offer you anything, but—"

John—"It's all right, Tom, it's all right. We've both had too much, and— and it's not what we're used to. I was feeling a bit down in myself and I thought I'd have a drink to raise my spirits. It's not a bit of use, though, Tom. Drink doesn't help trouble, it only makes it worse."

John—"What's wrong with you, John? What's up?"

John—"I've got the sack from Snatcher's three days ago."

John—"Got the sack! You! I never heard that. What was it for?"

John—"They think I'm getting too old, Tom, and old-fashioned, so they get rid of me."

John—"That's queer, now, for they sacked me because I was too new-fashioned in my ideas about labour matters. They don't want old men and they don't want young men—what do they want?"

John—"They want human machines to grind out profit, and not men at all, work them for a few years at high pressure and then scrap them. That's modern business."

John—"But what are you going to do, John?"

John—"I don't know, Tom. It's not easy for a man at my time of life to get a new job, I suppose. Maybe it'll be the Workhouse, before long—it doesn't matter, anyway. But tell me, Tom, what about your wife—how is she?"

John—"She's dead!"

John—"Dead?"

John—"Aye; she died this morning."

John—"And the child—?"

John—"It's dead, too. It was prematurely born."

John—"I'm very sorry, Tom, lad."

John—"I was sorry, too, lad—so sorry that I came to get drunk and forget about it—but I can't. The drink burns into my brain. It sears my very heart and rushes through my veins like molten fire. Drunk or sober there is but one thing I can remember, and that is that my wife and child were killed, not by Providence, but by the men who hunted me out of my work, and brought starvation to my door. I have felt like murder when I think of it, but what can I do? Modern commerce, modern greed, and profit unearned killed my wife, but how can I be revenged upon that? I can do nothing. I would take the organised workers of the world to be aroused before the death of even one child killed by starvation could be avenged. Yet the workers will not arise."

John—"They will arise some day, Tom, and then things will change."

John—"Maybe they will, John, but that day is too late now to keep my wife alive and it will be too late perhaps to keep you out of the poorhouse."

Bung—"Closing time, gentlemen! Look here, you two damned loafers, are you still arguing here yet! Come on—get to hell out of this! I've had about sufficient of you for one night."

(Brown and Greig are both hustled out of the shop, Bung being assisted in doing so by a policeman who was standing convenient to the door.)

Bung (a little later after the shop is cleared, and he is counting up his day's drawings assisted by his wife)—"I think, wife, that I will be able to stand you that fur coat you were asking about this morning."

John—"That's very nice of you, dear, but you are quite sure you can afford it?"

Bung—"Oh, yes. I had the quarterly remittance this evening from Divi, Dend, Snatcher & Co., Ltd., and the dividend has gone up a point. That little straight talk of mine at the meeting has done a world of good already. If my wife is to have a fur coat we must get more profit on our money no matter what happens."

John—"What would happen?"

Bung—"I don't know; but it doesn't matter a damn anyway so long as the shareholders get their PROFIT!"

The End.

New Kilmainham Ward.

THE LATE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR EVENING TELEGRAPH.
Emmet Hall, Emmet Road, Inchicore, 19th Oct., 1912.

SIR—If Councillor O'Hanlon will kindly read the report of his alleged speech in your issue of Thursday last he will discover that the remarks attributed to him therein were not confined to his empty challenge to my friend, Larkin, to whom is due the credit of stretching forth the hand to save, when O'Hanlon and his friends joined forces with the G.S. & W. Railway Company in their effort to drive into the Union my family and myself because I had dared to assert the rights of my co-religionists in the service of the latter company.

True it is that I differed with my friend, O'Carroll, in the past, and it is not improbable that our opinions may not coincide on all matters in the future. But it is equally true that I never on any occasion attributed to my old friend and not newly-found friend, O'Carroll, motives so unworthy or action so dishonest as those laid to Councillor O'Hanlon's charge by his lord and leader, Councillor John Saturnus Kelly, no later than last January. Councillor O'Hanlon may rest assured that he shall not be permitted to so lightly ignore the duty pointed out to him in my letter, as the representative of the ratepayers, although he is paid by the Tramway Company, which in turn is governed and controlled by William Martin Murphy who is also a director of the G.S. & W. Railway Company, against whom I am waging a single-handed fight. And when Mr. O'Hanlon sees my letter in full on next Saturday, he will learn that I, too, issued a challenge which I hope he will accept.

Apart from the unsolicited and wholly worthless testimonial contained in the opening passages of Councillor Richardson's letter, the major portion of the first paragraph only goes to prove the truth of my statement that Mr. O'Hanlon's vote in the City Council was recorded in favour of two publicans—and against two genuine workmen—and two accredited organised labour representatives. When Mr. Richardson speaks of these two publicans, Messrs. Farrelly and Byrne, as being closely in touch with the "port," I would like to ask did he not mean to write the word "porter"; and we know what "dock" that fits a man for. I know my friend Larkin is doing his best to keep the workmen of Dublin not alone out of Mr. Byrne's "drunkenery," but also out of every publichouse in this city, and when his efforts in that direction are successful it will be a good day for the working classes of Dublin, their wives and families.

But I make your correspondent a present of the word "disingenuous," and I declare positively that William Richardson, T.O., is no acquaintance of mine. The man of that name whom I did know and fought for in the North Dock was William Richardson, T.T., who was then fighting against the forces of corruption that I am still consistently battling with to-day, while the "wordy" councillor of that name is alleged to have his "town residence" in Alfie Byrne's "snug." The Richardson I knew of old was striving to relieve the poor of Dublin of the unjust charges levied on the afflicted of this City by the Cemeteries Committee; the Councillor of that name has never spoken a word about Glasnevin since the publicans put him into the City Hall. The Richardson of my acquaintance used to defend Larkin against the unjust assaults of unscrupulous enemies. The Councillor of that name joined the creature, O'Farrell, in a swearing competition, in which the evidence of both was pitted against the combined testimony of many, and was considered so worthless that the Crown refused to proceed with the case these creatures endeavoured to bring against Larkin. And be it remembered

that the O'Farrell referred to was the writer of the infamous article on the limitation of families that he smuggled into the columns of "The Irish Worker," which roused the indignation of every honest and decent person in Ireland.

"Show me your company and I will tell you what you are" runs the proverb. In the testimonial referred to Councillor Richardson states he had the highest opinion of my honesty, &c. That was when we were both fighting as I am fighting now—against the forces that he has since joined—and before he became T.O. At the conclusion of his letter he once again pays a tribute to my high character. That character I could neither claim or possess if I was base enough to desert a man I know to be upright and honest, simply because he is rashly judged by some and basely betrayed by others. Yes, Councillor Richardson, I claim to be an honest workman, and I am proud of my friend, honest Jim Larkin, who will be known, honoured and respected, when those who now assail him are discovered and despised. Jim is in my company and I wish for no better. But in whose company are you?

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

JUSTICE OR INJUSTICE. PERJURY OR OTHERWISE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.
4 Irvine Crescent, Church Road, Dublin, 22nd Oct., 1912.

SIR—This week as you'll notice I am changing the subject from that of greater pace, etc., to that of keeping in line, surely I have to laugh occasionally, but he who laughs last laughs best.

Now readers have any of you the pleasure of the acquaintance of Constable, 88B, if not, you have missed a treat, he is a fine well-looking young man (I hope 59B won't be jealous) particularly of a fine day when the sun's rays are upon him. Yes he is what you may term a regular swank. Now because he is big, handsome and over officious (the regular type of Policeman), he is placed on duty generally at Grafton-st., Nassau-st., &c.

Now I have the extreme pleasure of his acquaintance and generally see him every day.

Of course you are aware that appearances are deceptive and that Ballies are always onwards. I mention those matters so as to place you on your guard; so don't blame me if you are caught napping.

Our acquaintances cropped up very simply and may I beg of you to make a special note of circumstances.

I was driving to Mr. Piggott's yard, Dame Lane, (off Trinity street) from Dame-street, and you must know you can't enter that Lane without turning to the right. Before I turned my horse's head I beckoned to a man driving down from St. Andrew street, that I was about to turn in, this I did as we often do so to prevent collision, but what do you think he was on the scene in a minute and addressed me as follows, viz.—"There's no use of me being on duty here if you are on duty." I listened very attentively, and my first reminder was not to show bad-temper, of course a school boy could see at a glance that the good temper which is absolutely necessary in the case of Policemen was sadly missing in him.

He looked, he gazed, etc. I gave him all particulars in a respectful manner, for all such men are entitled to it from poor ignorant men, while having made a minute inspection of everything including colour of paint on lorry, he departed as I must admit smiling. Let him go in peace, having satisfied myself more about his capabilities, as a Policeman in the short time, he will be able to know more of course I winked the other eye and wished him, (as I do now) luck.

Now our next meeting was before Mr. Drury, in Court the summons stated that I did not keep in line, wit, etc, I kept in line of fire, and I am in it still. Well in any case he swore all that the summons contained, and I suppose more if such were necessary. Seeing that time might improve both himself and his manner, I gave him a fair chance and let him off very easy. I only put him a few legal questions as follows, viz.—

Question 1. Have you a good knowledge of the locality where the alleged offence occurred?

Answer Yes.

Question 2. What distance is it from the corner of Dame-street to corner of Dame Lane, where I turned in?

Answer 200 yards.

Question 3. How many houses between corner of Dame-street and Dame Lane?

Answer Six or Seven.

I of course had measured the distance and informed his worship that the exact distance was thirty yards and only three houses stood in the space.

Most of you readers know the spot I refer to and also know that no person could keep in line and turn into Dame Lane. So you see such a summons never should have been issued, and never would only that I signed to the driver approaching, that I was about to cross the street. The raising of my hand (God help me) annoyed the Constable and in his fit of temper he commenced hostility. Yes he struck below the belt, but I tell him now in return that I strike fair, and furthermore, that only for 59B I might have carried these particulars to the grave. The Magistrate fined me 2s. 6d.

Well now I have been very busy all the week, having even to work on Sunday, so you must excuse me this week but next week you may expect to see me go to see a play the other night at the Queen's entitled a "Girl without a Conscience." What is there unique about it. Simply nothing. I may say that I am trying hard to get a play (now in Press) entitled "A Policeman with a Conscience," won't that be lovely. I'll go every night, and should 59B not be engaged with the ratepayers I'll ask him to accompany me.

Now Hackney men, Cab and Van drivers, as also Carters of Dublin, I trust you will excuse me if I

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,
—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—
BARAINS BY POST.

We do cater for the Working Man.
No fancy prices; honest value only.
Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALITY.

make a few suggestions which I think would be for your welfare and benefit, and I wish also to give you and each of you a bit of advice, viz.—You should have a Solicitor to defend you in every charge made against you by the Police, I have made a calculation by which I find that I'd. each per cent, paid by you into a fund (which you could term "Defero Fund") would be sufficient to cover the expenses of defence. The Hackney men to have a fund for themselves. The Carters in the same manner to have another, then all cases could be properly defended, any man refusing to pay should be ignored.

Now Carters should not be leaving their horses and carts outside public house doors (except when occasion requires it) of course a man may require a drink, but it should not last long.

Never send your wife, sister or daughter to the Police Court to appear for you, and I'll explain why I tell you this you have already informed your wife that you have received the summons for leaving your horse outside the public house, while you were in having a pint, but when she goes to Court she bears the Constable's swear that he was in the public house for one hour, well when the poor wife Mary, Fiddy, or Sally, as the case may be, enters a home, the honest, most likely the room, is converted into a little hell, the poor man's story was too true, he spent a few minutes drinking a pint, the Constable's swear it was an hour, the poor wife believes the Constable, and so they row. This is not all for poor Jack when he goes to his work in the morning is dismissed, for his master too had been to the Court and believed the evidence. Yes such evidence as was given in the charges against me.

Remember the words—"He who robbeth the poor shall suffer."

Do as I suggest and all will be well.

Map, have less comm at more unity, be agreeable and obliging to each other and above all don't be so apt to misconstrue kind actions, or good words when performed, or spoken in your interests.

I have read many expressions of opinion on my recent letters, next week I may reply to them, but to the person that states to me that I had no right to give the Ncr.h Side Police a vote I'll say in reply that I am writing a clear and true statement of facts, and may be called on any to depose to them on oath, which I am fully prepared to do. I repeat my statements regarding them on North Side, and I have it out of one of their own lips within the past week, (C Division) try to do their duty honestly.

I may go further and say that I am prepared at any time to ask my life to save that of any honest man, and I will stand by him, or even the Constable, or Assistant Commissioner, or any other official of the Ncr.h Side Police, if I see that they are in the right, and I will stand by them, but should he deny it, I can produce all articles from the newspaper, to any person who wishes, such is the man.

Yours faithfully,
P. LINDSON.

Look Out!

For Irish Transport Union
Annual Xmas Draw.
Tickets on Sale Next Week.

EMMET HALL,

122 EMMET ROAD, INCHICORE.

Is now open as a Temperance Labour Hall, where suitable entertainments and amusements will be provided for the residents of the district. A Loan Fund, Benevolent Fund and Local Labour Bureau will also be established for the assistance of the working classes of Kilmainham.

On Sunday next, October 26th, a public meeting of all Female Workers, their friends and sympathisers will be held in the Hall at 5 o'clock. Several ladies prominent in the Labour Movement will address the meeting, to which all ladies are cordially invited.

TELEPHONE No. 961.
Telegraphic Address—"Sugarstick, Dublin."
ENCOURAGE HOME TRADE.
S. ROBINSON & SONS,
Manufacturing Confectioners,
53 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN.
BRANCHES—32nd Capel street; 18 Talbot street; 80 and 81 Thomas street.

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

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer
Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.
Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.
LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS
19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street, Dublin.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

PERHAPS.

"Perhaps it would be as well to part here and now. I'm tired of the waiting, tired of my work, and tired of you," said the girl.

"That's quite enough," said the man, "your last remark leaves nothing further to be said. I don't want to be told twice that anyone is tired of me. I'll soon take myself off, and perhaps you'll meet someone that you will not tire of so soon."

"You're very quick in taking me up," retorted the girl, now somewhat taken back that her hasty words had been accepted so readily.

"Well, did you not say that you were tired of me? That is something that I would not allow anyone to say, particularly the girl I had asked to be my wife."

"Well, if I did say it I mean it. I am tired of the whole affair. It is four years since we became engaged to be married, and we are just in the same position now as we were four years ago, if anything I am worse off."

"How can you be worse off? Your work is constant, being a forewoman, and as far as women's wages go in this city, you are fairly well paid."

"Oh, that's all you care," replied the girl, an angry flush rising in her face. "You don't know what I put up with day after day. The manager is continually at me to make the workers' am in charge of do more work. When I tell the girls to speed up they refuse, and tell me they will report me to their Union. Between them I am driven desperate. I suppose it will mean the sack for me one of these fine days. But I don't intend giving him the chance of sacking me, because the new foreman has asked me to marry him."

"Oh!" said the man, in a quiet, even tone, "so that is the reason why you have so suddenly grown tired of me. Never mind, we will let that pass for the time being. But what I want to know is this, why do you not belong to the Women's Union?"

"We belong to the Union, indeed. I'd look well to belong to the same Union that the girls I am forewoman over are members of."

"Oh, you women! Will you never realise that you are all workers? Just look at the position you are in now. The manager knows you are not in the Union, therefore he is making you the means of driving the workers. Once he finds that you fail in doing so, then out you go. The girls have no sympathy for you, because, although you are of their class, you are not with them. They have their Union to protect them, you have nothing. You are like a piece of straw in a gale of wind that is being blown hither and thither, and will land goodness knows where."

"It's all very well you talking; you have trades unionism on the brain. You think of nothing else; talk of nothing else. Anyway, I am not going to join the Union, so it's no use you worrying me about it."

"Alright, my dear girl, I am not going to worry you any longer. I am only giving you a little sensible advice. All I hope is that you will never regret your decision of to-day, and your ridiculous determination not to join the Union. I would also ask you to think well of this proposal of marriage you have received from the new foreman. He is not a trades unionist, and as matters are going now with the working men, and even with the employers of good standing, in a very short time it will be only trade unionists who will be employed."

"Oh, for goodness sake, go, before I have to tell you that I hate you, with your croakings of what is going to happen, and your preaching. There's one thing about the new foreman, he is not for ever talking about what is going to be done for the working classes through the trades unions. It's a treat to be with him, he's so jolly and full of fun."

"Well," said the man, "I suppose the best thing I can do is to relieve you of my presence. So I will wish you goodbye and the best of luck, and if you should ever want a friend, you know where to find yours truly."

"Are you going? Oh, goodbye, and you needn't be so liberal with your offers of friendship. I'm quite sure I will never need it."

Goodbye, once more. Perhaps you may need it, and perhaps you may not. However, time will tell, so goodbye."

So the man takes himself off, not greatly put about, because he understands the girl better than she understands herself. The fact is that the girl is suffering from a bad attack of ill-temper and irritation, brought about by the over-wrought condition of her nerves.

Time goes on, and matters are rapidly getting worse in the firm she is working for. The manager is wanting to get rid of her, as a friend of his own is looking for the job. Having no legitimate reason for dismissing the forewoman, he does his utmost to cause friction between her and her workers. He is continually pressing her to get out more work, with the consequences that she dismisses one of her girls who refuses to be slave-driven. The Women's Union, convinced that an injustice has been done to one of its members, immediately insists that the girl must be reinstated—a dispute is the result. The manager is in a fix, as all supplies to his firm have been stopped through the influence of the Union, and in this way he is soon brought to his knees. One of the conditions laid down by the Union on the return of the workers is, that the firm only employ trades union labour, and consequently all non-union employees are dismissed, among the number the forewoman and foreman. A new forewoman is chosen by the manager from among the workers.

Now starts a bad time for the girl. Getting a job is not the easy matter she

thought it would be. The fact of her being the cause of the dispute in the last firm she was in tells greatly against her. Weeks go on and no sign of work. She is compelled to pay several visits to "The People's Uncle," and her number of meals per day are gradually becoming less. At last she decides to go to the Women's Union and explain her position. So to the Union rooms she goes, and tells the whole story to the officials, leaving out nothing, not even the part that tells against herself. The official seeing that at least the girl is honest, informs her that her case will be considered, and is told to call back the following day. The girl, feeling more hopeful than she has done for weeks, is just going out of the Union rooms when she meets the man, whom she has not seen since the night she told him that she was tired of him, now six months ago.

Without any remark whatever, the man simply turns round and walks along with the girl, as a matter of course. With a little tactful questioning he gets the history of the last six months. Of course he knows all about the dispute, and her dismissal. But what he really wants to know is, if there is any engagement between her and the foreman that was dismissed with her, only he does not like to broach the subject. However, the girl gives him the opening he wants.

"It's a wonder you speak to me at all, after the way I treated you."

"I must say it was shabby; and by the way, when are you going to get married to the foreman?"

"That fellow! Never mention his name to me again. When he was dismissed after the dispute was over, I carried on to me at an awful rate, raved and cursed at me, and said that I was the cause of him losing his job. Oh, I proved what he was then. He was utterly selfish; not a bit sorry for the position I was in, only thinking of himself."

"Well, I think you've learnt your lesson, so we'll say no more about it. Now let us talk about ourselves. What do you say if we get married? I've got that rise in wages that we used to talk about so that I am now able to keep a wife. It was through the Union that we got it. What do you say to getting married this day month? Will that suit you?"

"Perhaps," said the girl.

D.L.

IRISH WORKERS' CHOIR.

There will be a meeting of the members of the above Choir on Sunday, Oct. 27th, at 7.30 p.m. in Liberty Hall. All members are requested to attend. Important business to be discussed.

A Re-union and Social of the members of the Irish Workers' Choir and friends who are in created will be held on Saturday, November 2nd, in Liberty Hall.

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., 18 Bessford Place.

"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 news-agent. 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 Bessford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 2s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Oct. 26th, 1912.

PROLOGUE IS SUNG.

We rung up the curtain on what promised to be the greatest historical farce of the century. But underlying the humour of the thing, there can be heard the Dantesque note of tragedy. What think you, people of the Irish Nation, of what is passing in Westminster? You were told—the telling of which is still continued—that we were to get the right to govern ourselves; we were to be recognised as a Nation. Do you believe such political cant after what we have seen done in the British House of Commons during the last few days? If we are to have the semblance of Home Rule, surely one of the essentials would be the control of the Customs and Post-Office. When we speak of controlling the Customs we don't pretend to think nor say that it would enable us here in Ireland to institute tariffs while the British Isles would be under a free-trade regime. Our opinion is that the collecting and tabulating of Customs duties and entries should be in the control of the Irish Legislature. Then as to the Post-Office. Take one fact: the right to issue stamps. Why, it would be possible to make £100,000 on the first issue of Irish stamps through the collectors, apart from the profits on the commercial side. Did you ever hear or know of a colony—never mind a nation—which had not the right to issue stamps? Then, we had another manifestation of weakness in connection with the University of Belfast and Trinity College and control of same by an alleged Irish Parliament. No politician nor statesman of any standing would dare to argue with any reason that if we are to have Home Rule, Ulster should be allowed to contract out. No member of the Irish Party dare suggest it, and yet without a shadow of reason, and without a protest from the Nationalist Party, it is suggested that Trinity and Belfast colleges are to be placed within a state—they are to be the

breeding ground for future enemies of national ideals, as they are to-day, and working class people are still to be denied entrance to institutions erected by the sweat and labour of our forefathers, and maintained by the exploitation of ourselves. Take Clause IV.:

(1)—The executive power in Ireland shall continue vested in His Majesty the King, and nothing in this Act shall affect the exercise of that power except as respects Irish services as defined for the purposes of this Act.

(2)—As respects those Irish services the Lord Lieutenant or other chief executive officer or officers for the time being appointed in his place, on behalf of His Majesty, shall exercise any prerogative or other executive power of His Majesty the exercise of which may be delegated to him by His Majesty.

(3)—The power so delegated shall be exercised through such Irish Departments as may be established by Irish Act or, subject thereto, by the Lord Lieutenant, and the Lord Lieutenant may appoint officers to administer those Departments, and those officers shall hold office during the pleasure of the Lord Lieutenant.

Read these sections carefully. See how much Home Rule you can read into them. Supposing that a Tory Government were in power, Ned Carson Lieutenant. We wonder what type of officer or officers would be appointed by that eminent general—namely:

And what would be the position of a House of Commons subject to his veto? This is the gold brick the Liberal Government are palming off on the Irish people. What we have said in previous issues we repeat. If we are entitled to Home Rule why not demand Home Rule and not the emasculated measure now passing through the British House of Commons? If the Liberal Government believe, as they say, we are fit to be trusted with the government of our own country, why not show their trust in a practical way and give us a genuine measure? And why should our representatives go out of their way to be granting concessions and so-called safeguards to a party who have declared that under no condition nor any grounds will they accept Home Rule, and who in the case of Trinity College have been proved to have no authority to speak for or on behalf of the said college? What ever this Parliamentarian army of Caronites say or suggest is listened to and treated as if it were a genuine demand or grievance, and yet when the organised workers of this country demand certain alterations in the Government of Ireland Bill they are ignored. Or so-called newspapers are stuffed full of lying and untrustworthy reports of the Balkan War, but of the war, for war it is, between the Irish Nation and the British Empire, no comment is made; no lead given; no criticism given. What a Press! Our public men like a flock of sheep without a bleat making for the precipice of moral and political degradation! And then take this alleged National Insurance Act. Not content with depriving Ireland of the medical benefits of the Act, and incidentally a share of some two million pounds, we have had stated by Lloyd George in his latest swan song this last few days that he is going to give the doctors £1,680,000 as a bribe. Ireland is to get no share of this plunder, though she has to pay her share, and Lloyd George, when questioned by Ginnell, M.P., stated the brutal truth, which we have repeated time and again, that the reason why Ireland was robbed of her share of the three millions referred to above was because the Irish members, Nationalist, O'Brienite, and O'Rourkeite, refused to allow the Irish workers to participate in the most important benefits under the Insurance Act; they did not object to youths under 21, boys and girls being aged 3d. per week out of their miserable wages, and yet without a protest. We repeat we Irish workers have been deprived of Medical Benefits, and our share of over £3,000,000 of money; and you will hear again our workers say—what do ye want with a Labour Party? It had been but one Labour man from Ireland in the British House of Commons this crime and betrayal would never have been consummated. We appeal to all our readers to send on a postcard addressed to the member for the constituency they reside in demanding Medical Benefits be extended to Ireland, and we will see Lloyd George's eyes opened to the fact.

At Monday's meeting of the Trades Council we were treated to an exhibition of the type of person who masquerades as Trade Unionists, and who use their position to abuse the confidence and disgrace the Trade Union movement. Mr. O'Connell Timmins, President of the Trades Council, is the person we refer to who, having been instructed to vote for a Trade Union baker in Richmond Asylum, deliberately, and at the instigation of those who time and again have proved themselves the bitterest and most unscrupulous enemies of the Trade Union movement, ignored his instructions, and voted against the interests of trades who paid him and who sent him to do their work. The Bakers' Union sent on to the Executive a complaint against this man's action. When the matter was raised in open council Timmins was asked to do what had always been done in the past—whenever a complaint had been laid against the chairman—that Timmins should vacate the chair until the matter was investigated; but Mr. Timmins is made of different metal than other men, having no sense of dignity, no feelings of shame. He sat on, and though every delegate in turn, with the exception of George Leahy, condemned him for his action, even his fellow-delegate from his own trade, Mr. Flanagan. Timmins still went on feeling of shame, though he had no defence to offer except the impudent assertion that he was not a delegate.

Trades Council on the Richmond Asylum Board. We suppose he, like former John Duggan, is a delegate of Lorcan G. Sherlock, the delegate maker, but though Mr. Timmins impudently asserted he was not representing the Council, he has not refused to take the money of the Council for attending the board. If his contention is correct, he has received money under false pretences. So bad was Timmins' conduct in the eyes of the delegates that W. J. Murphy, representing the whitesmiths, moved that the President's position be declared vacant. Of course, as John Simmons pointed out, this resolution would have to come as a notice of motion. There is no doubt that five out of six delegates would have had to vote for the resolution. We warned the Council eighteen months ago what would be the result of this man's illegal election—that he was, and is, utterly unreliable, untrustworthy, and that he would bring the Council into disrepute. We had to refuse nomination last March for the Executive because of this man's conduct, and the condition he had been in at various meetings of the Executive, and we declined to sit with him. Meanness thy name is Timmins. Oblivion wait on you. And your friend and prompter, E. W. Stewart, common informer, can condescend with you.

We had also Mr. Michael Canty throwing his weight about. Edward Stewart had drafted a letter for Mick, the usual lying letter charging Councillor Hopkins with having voted against the labourers at Cahra getting an increase of wages. Of course, no man who knows Hopkins would believe such a statement, and any person who knows Canty would not believe his oath. When Canty was proved to have lied he went on to suggest that he had not been in jail. You are a lucky dog, Mick, for if ever a creature deserved jail surely you have richly deserved it. What about the little hell you had the honour of conducting in Brunswick street! And when Mick got told some home-truths, not all he might have been told, or will be told, Mick went out gnashing his gums. Then E. W. Stewart, common informer, drafted another lying letter which appeared in that truthful organ of public opinion, the "Telegraph," wherein he stated that the Corporation Labourers had given the Irish Transport Union £150. If that sum appears in your books, Mick, you must have put it in your pocket. During the strike in 1908 under the auspices of the National Union of Dock Labourers. The Corporation Labourers (though Canty and Farrell opposed it) sent the men on strike £100. The Transport Union never asked nor received one solitary penny from the Corporation Labourers' Union. During the Wexford strike, a deputation from the Executive of the Trades Council did approach the Corporation Labourers' Union for a grant, and later for a loan, and thanks to Mick and John J. they refused to lend or assist men fighting for the basic principle of trades unionism. The Transport Union had no legal claim to support the men of Wexford, but they did. We also, Mick, fought the fight of the Sailors and Firemen, not only of Dublin, but throughout Ireland, and spent close on three thousand pounds in that fight, Mick. But we are to receive a writ for slander, &c. It would be impossible Mick, to slander you. We have other fish to fry. You are only a tiddly, but we will see you get a roasting.

We will give £5 to any charity if Mick Canty will write a letter, such as appeared in the "Evening Telegraph," in the presence of the Executive of the Trades Council.

Don't forget Tickets for Irish Transport and General Workers' Union Christmas Drawing are now on sale at all branches.

The carters of Derry are demanding 22s. per week of 56 hours. Failing a reply by October 25th they intend to cease work. The employers are offering 17s. per week. When we consider that practically all of the employers are Orange Lodge men, and, so, too, are the galls who work for them, our readers can see how much reality there is about the Carson Campaign. Fancy these seventeen bob a week heroes marching down to annihilate their 16s. a week fellow-countrymen in Cork. We wonder will the Irish workmen—Protestant and Catholic—realise the d— fool he is to be used as they are by the employing class as tools.

The White Slave Traffic. The English Labour Party, at its weekly meeting in the British House of Commons on Thursday, decided to vote in favour of restoring Clause 1 to the White Slave Traffic Bill.

The Clause strengthened the powers of arrest, but was deleted on the ground that it conferred too wide powers on ordinary constables. It is felt, however, that whatever the possible dangers of the clause, the bill without it would be a dead letter.

TRADES SOCIETIES, Football Clubs, and any other Working Class Societies requiring rooms for meetings, &c., would do well to call on Caretaker, LIBERTY HALL, 18 Bessford Place. Lighted throughout by Electricity.

Goose Club Tickets now on Sale.

New Kilmainham Ward.

The Late Municipal Elections.

TO THE EDITOR EVENING TELEGRAPH, Emmet Hall, Emmet Road, Inchicore, 22nd Oct., 1912.

SIR,—I cannot refrain from replying to Councillor Richardson's communication in your issue this evening notwithstanding the warning thoughtfully given to me by its writer of the danger of corruption from "evil communications." Councillor William Richardson of the North Dock Ward has under the non-de plume of either "Treaty Stone" or "Anti-Hamburg" written more abuse to the public Press than ever entered even in the "realms of my dreams." And be it remembered that the persons he then assailed are now amongst his newly-found friends. But your intelligent readers will not be misled by this method of escaping direct charges. When the errors and inconsistencies of your correspondent are pointed out, why, the prisoner in the dock might with equal justice complain of abuse by the judge when the latter but recounted his crimes. And when Councillor Richardson sees my letter in full on Saturday he will learn that so far from ignoring the points raised by him in his letter, that I referred even to the "piate" he raises in "Aife's song."

Now, "Jim Larkin" is more than my leader and friend. He is my benefactor. He was both my leader and friend when I held the position of charge-hand in the G. S. and W. Railway Works, Inchicore. He became my benefactor when I sacrificed that position in my single-handed effort to obtain fair treatment for my co-religionists in the employment of that company, and when the local "Kelly Branch" of Councillor Richardson's gang joined the company in their effort to crush me and mine. And then Councillor Richardson complains that "foul insinuations" and "vile innuendoes" are unfit weapons to use in public controversy. Why, notwithstanding the fact that his own letters published in the Press above either the non-de plume of "Treaty Stone" and "Anti-Hamburg," fairly bristled with these, we find in the very letter in which he makes this complaint the following scurrilous trust aimed at my friend Jim by Councillor Richardson, while the dagger remains concealed beneath that cloak:—

"After all people may begin to ask who pulled the wires at Dublin Castle"; but the blow falls short, for the smallest boy in Dublin knows that Jim Larkin lost his seat in the Corporation because the same "Dublin Castle" refused him a free pardon for a crime he never committed, and if there was any wire-pulling done in connection with this case it must have been to prevent prosecution for perjury, and Jim had nothing to do with that.

But Councillor Richardson's apology for his betrayal of the Glasnevin question carries with it the "wail of a lost soul." A man so eager on this matter as Mr. Richardson appeared to be when I fought by his side in the North Dock against the combined influence of the publicans—Messrs. Farrelly and Byrne, whom he has since joined—would not have allowed three minutes, not to say three weeks, pass by without making an effort to right the alleged wrong for which he so bitterly attacked my friend "Larkin"; but any man with an eye to read and brains to think can see that Mr. Richardson has gone over to the other side body and soul. Were he honest and straight on this question his friends in the Council, and now in the majority, and no motion sustained by their vote can possibly be defeated; but, then, amongst his present friends are some whom he assailed as DESPOILERS OF THE DEAD AND ROBBERS OF THE POOR. Yes, Mr. Richardson, it would embarrass you to raise the question of Glasnevin. You have become "pitiless" since you joined the gang, although the afflicted poor are still being robbed by some of the men with whom you sit, eat, and vote. I quite accept your correspondent's statement that he entered the Dublin Corporation—indeed, I stated in my previous letter that Mr. William Richardson, T.C., was not Mr. Richardson, T.T., and I suppose Councillor Richardson's bosom friend O'Farrell, the writer of the infamous article on the limitation of families, also mentioned in my previous letter, will join him in his effort to overthrow Jim Larkin. That game was tried once before, and the man who tried it were FOUND OUT AND FIRED OUT; and the latter operation had considerably purified the atmosphere of Liberty Hall. I, too, live in hopes of taking part in the January "hunt" when the Judases and the James Carreys of the Labour Movement will be paid in full for their treachery and cowardice. I wonder did Mr. Richardson ever hear of the inebriated mouse that staggered around seeking the "blomin' cat" that chased him the day previous. Councillor Richardson in his letter reminded me of that mouse.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER! DEAR SIR,—I wish to draw the attention of all hotel workers to the great need of organising and joining the Union, if it was for no other reason than to fight and put an end to an evil which many have suffered from for some years. This evil has been inflicted on the worker by the action of the employers engaging through the registry office. Several times it has happened that employers refused to engage suitable workers who called on them, except through a registry, and have actually told them that they prefer to engage through such an office.

Whether employers know what the rate of fees is I do not know. I have with me the fees workers are every day paying and compelled to pay, and ask the employer if he is doing the right thing in still supporting such offices and also helping them to collect those exorbitant fees?

Waiters, station, hall, bedroom, and stockroom porters, £1; all engaged at 10s. Housekeepers, book-keepers, barmaids generally pay £1; managers sometimes pay 6s; chambermaids, kitchen maid, housemaid, linen maid, 5s. to 10s; cooks pay as much as £1; chefs, £2 to £3; pantry, scullery staff, maids, 5s.; engaged at £12 a year; waitresses, 7s. 6d. to 15s.; page boys, lift boys, 5s. I am sure all will admit that this is a scandalous state of affairs, and it is about time employers looked elsewhere for staffs.

I know a good many hotels gave the Labour Exchange a chance of dealing with this class of labour; but the genius of the Board of Trade officials was not equal to it, and, in spite of the fact that there is no class of workers wanting the assistance of an employment office such as the Labour Exchange more than the hotel worker, the Labour Exchange might as well be shut down as far as it is concerned, for it has succeeded only in losing the confidence of both employer and employee. There surely are enough workers in Dublin whom I am sure, will have courage enough to come together and put an end to this low and existing evil.

Death of A '67 Man. TO THE EDITOR FREEMAN'S JOURNAL, 1 Eccles-street, Dublin, 24th October, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of yesterday I have seen the death of a '67 man, named "James Keating," at above address. I must request you to insert a correction, as no person of that name has resided at above address for the past three years. Kindly insert in "Freeman's Journal," also "Evening Telegraph," I am resident for the past three (3) years, and my business will be affected by the insertion you have made. Please correct same and oblige,

W. P. TRACY. [The above cutting has been sent to us for comment. We are somewhat scared that our comment may stop us getting Home Rule. All that we say is that if Dublin allows a skunk like this creature to shelter in it—a creature who is ashamed because a man had died in the house where this worm Tracy sheltered, well, Dublin does not deserve Home Rule, or any other Rule, not even Rule Britannia. Tracy, get aboard the Corporation Dreadnought "Shamrock." You are not fit for this earth. You ought to be dumped with the other fertilisers gathered up from refuse destructors and collecting bias and deported, where you will not offend a man's right, Ashamud of a '67 man. God help you, Tracy, and forgive the mother that bore you.—Ed I.W.]

English Municipal Elections. Labour Manifesto. On November 1 the Municipal Elections take place. Labour is struggling hard to strengthen its hold on local administration.

It is no good sending Labour men to Parliament to make juster laws unless we also send Labour men to the councils to see that the laws are properly enforced. Labour declares war on slums. Disease, insanitary houses must be cleared away and homes of beauty and light built for all.

Disease must be attacked. The roots of disease are largely fixed in overcrowding, underfeeding. Health departments with widened powers must be encouraged publicly to censure and condemn every condition that undermines strength and happiness.

Municipal councils must set the standard in regard to wages and hours. They must put an end to sweating and underpayment among their own employees and show the way to private employers.

The nation's future is bound up with healthy, happy children. Education, primary and secondary, must be within reach of every child. No child must be underfed, and medical inspection and treatment must be readily available.

Faller powers must be vested in local councils. They must be free to widen the scope of public enterprises, to extend the principles of municipal operation.

Every vote for Labour is a vote for clean, healthy towns, for the ending of pauperism, and the abolition of poverty, for ample opportunity of recreation and happiness.—"Citizen."

We hope our readers will read the above carefully, and when they read of or listen to the candidates in forthcoming Municipal Elections in this country they will know which of them have them the right claim to name of Labour.

If You Have not the Ready Money convenient there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM. It is THE

Dublin Workmen's INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET, Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day, Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.

Manager—Ald. T. Kelly

TO THE LEADERS OF OUR WORKING PEOPLE.

By STANDISH O'GRADY.

III.

Here is a question upon your answer to which a great deal will depend: indeed everything will depend:— Have the unemployed a right founded upon the employment, with a full and honorable maintenance, not a degrading and degrading maintenance as we now provide for them by the Poor Law? You will say "Yes." So do I. So will all who have a sense of justice is not perverted by the fear that the full concession of such a right will not be its consequent abolition of backsliding and of the present competition of our working people with each other for employment, reduce the profits of capital, and plunge themselves into poverty. Nothing but this concession of that right. They resist the concession, not through any radical inhumanity, callousness and cruelty on their part, but through fear—fear which is the basest of the passions. It is a passion which, more than any other, cleaves the intellect, hardens the heart, and sears the conscience. In a certain sense their fear is not altogether unnatural; for, beyond a doubt, the concession of that right will lead, and rapidly, to a social revolution carrying all forward, and by an immense stride, towards that promised Kingdom of God on earth and away from this present dominion of the devil. This seeming all-but-Almighty power of the devil in his form of Mammon, is maintained to-day, not by any inherent strength of his own, but just through the refusal of that right, the consequent merciless competition of the working people for employment, and the resulting enormous profits of the exploiting capitalists.

Observe, in passing, a grandly hopeful and inspiring aspect of the situation. It is this: Fear, which is the meanest, the most cruel and the most terrible of the passions, is just that one human passion which is most easily mitigated and most easily abolished and quenched. The little child in an agony of terror at the dark is at once pacified, and sinks back into sleep hearing just one quiet and reassuring word from his mother. The people who now live upon their usuries, that is, upon your exploitation, and see no other way of living, are just like children in dread of the dark. To them the situation is all dark and terrible. Alas that terror, and you may yet find that not only the middle classes, but even the Divines of the earth are no so bad after all; are, in fact, quite human-like yourselves. At all events, don't frighten them any more than they are frightened at present. Then you are in fact frightening them, I believe, quite unnecessarily, to-day, by threatening to deprive them of their property by direct violence or by violent legislation. And tell you that it is a very dangerous game and, indeed, in every way wrong, such a taking away from men, no matter what the justification of that which they have been accustomed to regard as their property. We have never been told that the violent shall inherit the earth; but assured upon very good authority that the gentle shall inherit the earth.

If you think and consider and give your understandings fair play, you will find that the Sermon on the Mount is not a bundle of absurd paradoxes at all, but a most plain and scientific and divine statement of certain truths. "The employment of the unemployed!" The peaceful and gradual solution of the whole of this tragical, social problem seems to be contained in it. There is now before Parliament a poor little Bill bearing this title. It is very poorly urged by your Labour Party, and is ignored, where not scouted at, by the Press. Nevertheless, the demand which is contained in it is one pregnant with immense issues, and has had a great history, to which now invite your earnest attention.

In the Forties of the eighteenth century, our Bishop Berkeley, distressed in his humane mind at the frequent sight of tramps and beggars upon all our highroads, called upon the Irish aristocracy to employ these unemployed, to feed, clothe and shelter them "well," and to set them upon the creation of wealth, both for their own sustenance and for the general good of the whole community. The Irish gentry, at the time in full command, were willing enough to do many other things which their great Bishop invited them to do, and also profited themselves greatly, too, by following his advice. But, concerning this one practical suggestion of his, they were silent. They said nothing and did nothing.

You can guess, Why.

The great Bishop might as well have walked down from his palace at Cloyne to the seashore and addressed the deaf waves of the Atlantic at Ballycotton.

In the thirties of the nineteenth century, when the Whigs were fastening their evilish Poor Law upon the neck of these nations, the poet, Wordsworth, at the time popular, famous and respected, entered a powerful argumentative protest against that system. He maintained that the British man, the Irish likewise, had an indefeasible right, in Nature and in law, to a full and sufficient and honourable maintenance in lieu of employment and wages. The governing classes—busily engaged as they were in the exploitation of land and capital and labour—quite ignored that powerful protest. They made him Poet Laureate, praised the "Beech Gatherer," "We are Seven" and "The Daffodils"; but took care at the same time to fasten down their Poor Law System tight upon these countries with its denial of that right

founded upon nature, and in law, reading back to magna charta and beyond, to the days of Edward the Confessor, as Wordsworth powerfully maintained.

The poet might as well have delivered his argument to the babbling Rotha which ran by his Cumberland Cottage, or declaimed it to Grasmere's reeds and sedges. There was no public discussion at all upon that powerful protest. It was simply ignored, so that time nearly swallowed it up in oblivion. I lighted upon it myself by accident.

When Tom Payne published his "Rights of Man" they did not at least boycott it or enjoin silence in their Press. No. They advertised it hugely and filled the world with their execrations. Why?

They felt that Wordsworth's "Rights of Man" was a serious danger to their position, but that that other "Rights of Man," with its accompanying Deism and denial of the proverbial inspiration of the Scriptures, was a help. It enabled them to stand out before the foolish many as the champions of orthodoxy.

A few years later Wordsworth's great theme was taken up by a greater man—Thomas Carlyle. In words of blazing indignation he called, loudly enough almost to wake the dead, upon England's possessing and governing classes to do this thing, to employ the unemployed, to do it at once and without a moment's delay, to do it intelligently, thoroughly, bravely and heroically. He told them that it was their duty to do it, as it was the clear right of the poor to have it done. Also, he declared to them that, if they did not do it, they and England with them would go down amid such whirlwinds of horrors and terrors as universal history had not yet exhibited upon any of her lurid pages. Almost literally this great-minded and great-hearted, unpaid champion of the poor, and at the same time of all England's nobler traditions, thundered and lightened at the possessing and ruling classes about this thing. All his many books had the same end in view. They are all, direct or indirect, appeals to the reason and conscience of England to take up this work, this first, as the first step towards the salvation and regeneration of England. This was the one thing—the one and only thing—that Carlyle asked England to do.

England, in reply—if indeed England ever made any articulate reply—only remarked that Carlyle was a very eloquent person, possessed a fine gift of satire, &c., &c., but unfortunately, was impractical.

He was succeeded by the noble John Ruskin, who in the fifties, sixties, and seventies, of the last century continued in many ways to reassert Carlyle's doctrine. And I am glad to note in all labour papers a continual recognition of the generous and unbought labours of these brave preachers, as well as frequent quotations from their works. Both of them thought that the rich were too stupid to understand. It was not quite so. The rich—at least the brains-carriers of the rich—perceived that if there were no unemployed, no destitute persons looking for employment, wages would necessarily go up and profits go down, that they themselves would in consequence cease to exist, and that the first step would be taken towards a radical reconstruction of society.

They were right. But what they failed to perceive and what their successors there and here fail to perceive is that in a world like this, made by infinite goodness and wisdom, Right is always the grand standard for men and for nations, and for the rich as well as the poor, and that Wrong, sooner or later, ends in misery and destruction.

I don't wish any unhappiness to befall the classes. I know them too well and understand their many troubles too intimately to desire in any way to add to their afflictions. But I see clearly that the same road which leads to your emancipation leads also to theirs. I believe that they would see it themselves if they could only give their understandings fair play. This they cannot do at present. Their minds are too darkened, confused and obscured by that basest of all the passions—habitual and lifelong fear of poverty. Carlyle laughed at the Englishman's hell—poverty. It is the Irishman's, too. Unexpressed, unspoken, unheard, this consuming fear is devastating the lives of the classes. And I say again that the very best thing you can do for your own people is just to mitigate, perhaps abolish, that fear.

I advise you, the leaders of Irish Labour, to press along this line of advance with all your power. It is the line of least resistance and of greatest results. Doing so you concentrate the greatest amount of force possible upon a point which is necessarily the very weakest in defence. For who will openly maintain that the unemployed have no other right than the right to walk into the workhouse?

But here arises a difficulty which fortunately only seems to be insuperable. The rich won't employ the unemployed; they are afraid of cutting through the branch upon which they themselves sit. Neither will the State; it is the organ and agent of the rich. If, by agitation, you drive the State into doing it, the State will only seem to do it. The State, the agent and organ of the exploiting classes, will never do it cordially, thoroughly and sincerely. I once visited one of the State's "Labour Colonies," and shall never visit another. I saw the men there degraded and conscious of their degradation.

What remains? I say it boldly and with confidence. Do it yourselves. I see that you have the necessary financial and other material ways and means of doing it, and that nothing is really wanting upon your side except just the heart to dare and do. You can change the face of the world if you do this.

You must remember that while individually unpropertied and having little cash to spare, you are, collectively and en masse, the potential wielders of enormous financial power. Here, as elsewhere, the pennies and sixpences of the millions mean a

colossal capital, a mighty revenue; if do you, the leaders, can kindle their enthusiasms and fire their imaginations by setting before them the prospect of a certain and mighty advance, not partial and limited, but limitless and "all along the line."

I hope to show you, nay, to demonstrate, how a few thousands of your young people equipped with land, its boundless fertilities, equipped with the astonished results of modern machinery, and with our miraculous modern machineries and labour-saving contrivances, how such a few thousand of our young people working, not as wage slaves, but as free men and women, might produce with ease, and with pleasure, too, all the necessities of life and every national kind of wealth needed by many millions! Indeed, I perceive that if you don't annex and master these machineries, they are going to master you, and that they mean either your complete emancipation or your complete enslavement; the return of chattel slavery on the earth. One or the other. (To be continued.)

New Kilmainham Ward.

The Late Municipal Elections.

A Challenge to Councillor O'Hanlon.

TO THE EDITOR EVENING TELEGRAPH, Emmet Hall, Inchicore, 17.10.12.

Sir,—Your issue of this evening contains under the above heading what purports to be a report of a general meeting of the "Kelly Gang" held in this district, at which Councillor O'Hanlon presided, and would appear to be throwing £10 no less about in a reckless fashion. Now, I am not concerned with the new Councillor's new display of wealth, and I agree with him so far as in saying "that the rowdiness previous to the elections had the desired effect, for it was the means of putting Councillor O'Hanlon into his seat in the City Council. And I congratulate the Councillor and his friends upon their foresight, although I thoroughly disapprove of the methods they employed. Anyone who was present at the public meetings held in support of my candidature in both Obapelisod and Inchicore on the Sunday in question can testify to the exemplary conduct and highly creditable behaviour of the vast multitudes it was my privilege and pleasure to address on that occasion, and not until we encountered the rough element which Councillor O'Hanlon's friends got together as a counter demonstration was the peaceful Sunday afternoon turned into pandemonium. And the anonymous circular issued immediately on behalf of Councillor O'Hanlon showed conclusively that this result had been anticipated by those who planned the counter-demonstration, and deliberately for that purpose brought the opposing forces together. Now, I challenge Councillor O'Hanlon to pick from the vast crowds that listened to my addresses on that day the individual he considers to be the lowest rowdy, and I will undertake to select—not alone from amongst Councillor O'Hanlon's supporters, but from amongst the select few who sat in the "drag" with him on that Sunday—a creature having in the public courts of our city a criminal record far worse than that of the man roared by Mr. O'Hanlon. But I cannot resist a smile when the new Councillor declares that his victory is the triumph of "Ireland a Nation." What think the local followers of Carson of this declaration of the men they supported so loyally? And, poor Davis, we must needs alter your immortal lines to read "and (riotous) men shall make our land a land a nation once again," if we would bring them up to date. But did not Councillor O'Hanlon profess to stand for "Labour" interest in the recent contest, although his own trade society refused to endorse his candidature? I suppose he has cast aside the mask since his vote in the Municipal Council, and his first motion there, replaced the Labour representatives in the Port and Docks Board by real "bungs." O'Hanlon was a (sup)porter then of liquor and not Labour, and from the alleged report I learn that this Councillor, who is in the pay of the Dublin United Tramway Company, is anxious to have the tramway line extended from M. O'Connell's public-house up to Woodcock's public house, to insure that the latter shall get some of the former's customers. Some years ago I advocated the extension as a means of providing much needed employment in the district; but I never sought it as a means of unworthy revenge on a man who on principle was man enough to refuse me his support, or as a method of repaying one who not alone supported my candidature, but contributed to the body that paid my election expense. Now, I have since been creditably informed that the Tramway Company do not pay any rent or way leave for their line from the Kilmainham Police Station to Inchicore; and if this be a fact, the people in Inchicore who complain of high rates know one of the causes that contribute thereto, and I submit that Mr. Woodcock must wait for his new customer's until the Tramway Company pay their just debts.

In recognition of all I stood for in the recent contest and the unfair manner in which it was fought, Councillor O'Carroll has expressed his determination of stepping down in my favour in January next; so if the Dublin Party once again honour me with their selection, I may have the opportunity of assisting Councillor O'Hanlon to compel his present paymasters to refund to the city rates that which is due, and in pushing forward the many improvements promised, but never fulfilled, by the "Kelly Gang." And in closing I wish to add that no anonymous letters shall be noticed by me in this controversy.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE.

WEXFORD NOTES.

We are glad to see that our notes in the Worker are taking effect on Mr. John Pierce, as he has shown by discharging one of the SCRAP MAKERS on Monday morning last that he reads that DIRTY RAG, even though he might shut himself up in a room to read it like Salmon, and then tear it up and jump on it.

"Facts are stubborn things," Tommie, eh?

We heard a good deal during the look-out about the forge in Pierce's going on alright. If that was so, why is the work that was supposed to be done then being brought back to the old hands to do it again?

Some of the scabs who are in the forge are doing one and sixpence worth of work in the day, and are paid at the rate of four and fourpence per day.

They can give men who are not able to do a tap of work 26s. per week, and offering the men who are fully qualified to work anywhere 18s. per week.

"John Pierce, awake, and rub your eyes."

The same thing applies to the moulding department in the Folly. The son of the "man" who chastised the bull with the poker is put to work at Nick Lacey's job. Nick was able to make five frames in the day, and they were all good ones; and the renowned Milley makes three (when he is in the humour) and we hear on reliable authority that two of them go to the back for scrap.

Tommie, would you mind telling us, does it pay to carry spite to this pitch?

When Pat Culleton was asked there was a small hole in the ceiling he had made. He was filling it up with a composition specially made for the purpose when the renowned Richard came along and told him to scrap it.

Some day this week one of the scabs spent a whole day making a pulper part, and when 'twas taken up he spent the best part of the next day filling up the holes. That was alright, of course, but as one of the men remarked to me Heaven help the farmer that gets it.

Sweet William has been "Maloned," in other words he has got into the one boat with the Folly people, as it was only this week he received a cargo of scabs, while his own men are being put out on the streets in droves.

William and Andrew reminded their men during the look-out that they were only doing as their clergy advised them. We are sure this is not some of their advice.

Daly must go, so sayeth the "Record" and Tappert, and now, lo and behold you, both the Record and Tappert, it have gone for good, and Daly does be here still.

And, by the way, we hear there are a few shopkeepers in Wexford that are very sorry Simon has gone, for their own sweet sakes.

The butchers here have formed themselves into an association to protest against the fresh meat factory getting a Government grant for the establishment of an offal plant.

They may or may not be right, but it is not rather funny to see them do what 75 per cent. of their number were condemning the Foundry men for doing 12 months ago?

And now they are very glad to solicit the co-operation of the workmen's representatives in the Council to fight for them.

It's wonderful how some people do when it suits them what they condemn in others; it's a case of "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you."

Of course, we are not to be taken as being against the victuallers. They have every right to fight for their interests, and that they may win is the earnest wish of the writer.

We have no sympathy for the farmers, as they had none for us during the long, dreary six months we were fighting a just cause, and, as Mr. John Kirwan remarked, they ought to be well able to keep the place going without being subsidised by a grant from the Government.

Perhaps Neddy Carson would be able to get something for them up North.

WE HEAR That Computer Joe has turned another corner. Where did he get his licence? That Tommy Codd pretends to be delighted over being in "The Worker."

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That people are saying he could not very well get out of doing the skunk, as his father scabbed on the sailors thirty years ago, and his brother-in-law is scabbing now for Stafford. That Dilly Bourke is canvassing the commercial men in White's Hotel for umbrellas to mend. That Stafford Gaffney's card table compass, is not taking any more scab lodgers.

That Peeler Dolan got a good price for his cabbage. More beer money; eh, Pat? Begor, you ought to be able to pay the sweep now. That the black cat ran away with Croppy's dinner.

That Jones, the pattern-maker in Pierce's, is a great authority on trade unionism and how it must be carried out. The one he is in must be a great affair to allow him to scab on the painters (with a white overall on) during the look-out. Hornick's Book was very convenient during the look out.

That Lanky Jim has told Billy Doyle he is about to play his last card. Is it a trump, we wonder? That Billy Egan says Salmon is a "perfect gentleman." He wasn't of that opinion the night he was hooted in the theatre.

That during the look-out Billy Byrne was in the Christian Brothers' Grove a few nights to try and get a crack at Broken Toe.

That Mick M'Olcan would not condescend to walk the town with a certain young lady until her father went to scab it in Stafford's.

That Connors, the ex-soldier, who used to work in O'Keefe's, now scabbing in Pierce's, was wanting to burn "The Worker" on Saturday, but instead got a lively half hour.

That Tommie Meade, clerk in Murphy and Co's, burned "The Worker" on the Main street. We wonder which hand he held the match in? Was it the swinging one?

That Denny M'Ghee gets the noddles every time he passes the Union Rooms. Is it not a wonder they would not put a piece of paper over the skylight? Oh, the old eight shilling smoke!

That "Spread the Light," T.O., M.C.O., P.L.G. was fined a shilling for drunkenness in the Mayor's Court. That Spite Richards lost the pony race on Sunday last.

That Peeler Dolan was drinking porter, which had been brought over under a dust coat from Owen the Digger's, on board the Fleetwing on Sunday night week.

That a few hours before that he had summoned a man for a breach of the Licensing Act. That the case was dismissed. Good man, Bob.

That there does be plenty of beer in Tommie Busher's, William street, on Sundays. That P. J. Hayes is reaping his reward from Stafford now.

That he has got his brother a job with him.

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Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

SLIGO BRANCH. Union Hall, Lynn's Place, Sligo, October 21st, 1912.

VERY REV. AND DEAR CANON DOBLY.—I am directed by the members of the above Union to forward you the following resolution adopted at a special meeting convened for Saturday last, 19th inst., viz:—

"That this meeting of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union be to express the deep and heartfelt sorrow of the members at the demise of the late Most Reverend Dr. Clancy, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sligo; that we tender to the clergy and to the members of the deceased gentleman's family our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement, and that this meeting stands adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the late Dr. Clancy, D.D." Proposed by Mr. J. Lynob, President. Seconded by Mr. P. O'Connor.

JAMES STANFORD, Sec. Sligo United Trades Council, Trades Hall, Sligo, 23.9.12.

JAMES LARKIN, Esq. DEAR SIR,—The following resolution has been adopted at the last meeting of the above Council:—

"Resolved,—That we, the members of the Sligo Trades Council, representing the organized workers of Sligo, place on record our deep regret at the untimely demise of our revered Bishop, Most Rev. Dr. Clancy, and that we offer our sincere sympathy to his bereaved relatives, and to the clergy and laity of the diocese of Elphin at the great loss they have sustained. By his death the Irish Hierarchy has lost one of its most accomplished members, and Ireland a patriotic son and a great actor, and as a mark of respect to his memory this meeting do now adjourn."

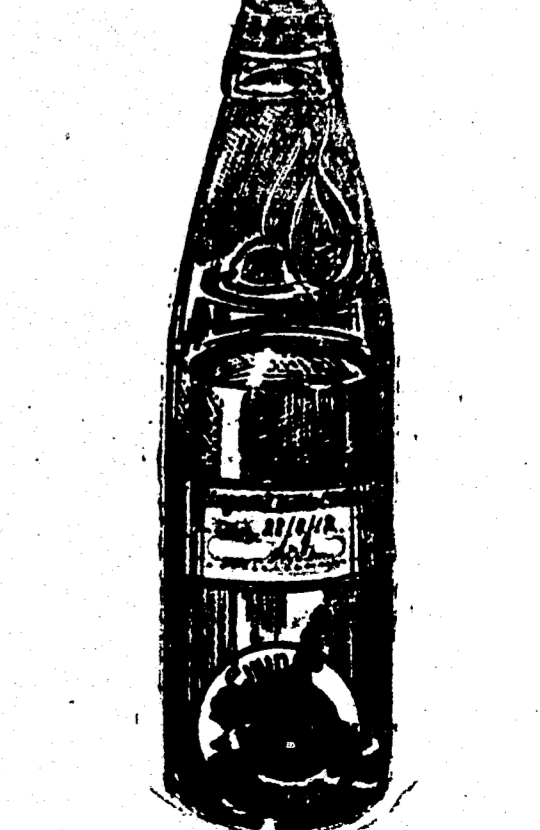
Proposed by Mr. John Lynob, Vice-President of the Council and President Transport Workers, Sligo; and seconded by Mr. Patrick Beahon, Typographical Association.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland "Imperialism" is the title of a lecture to be delivered in the Antient Concert Buildings, on Sunday, October 27th, at 8 p.m. by John Brennan. Question and discussion. Admission free.

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SOUTH DUBLIN UNION.

No. 1 Ward, Garden Infirmary, South Dublin Union.

TO THE SECRETARY LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to draw the attention of your Board to the following:—

1 Sour Milk for Infants.—The inmates of the Garden Infirmary have been very frequently—indeed, it is the custom—served with bad, sour milk for their breakfast and dinner. I myself have had to see the doctor through illness caused by such milk. Many times have we complained to the doctor and Master, but with no beneficial result. For example, on 21st June, 1912, about 30 inmates from Wards 8 and 9 complained to the doctor of the sour milk they got for breakfast. The doctor said the milk was good, and then referred the men to the Master, who declared it sour.

2 New Milk for Pigs.—For many months past large quantities of good milk have been carried to the piggery. On the 6th June, 1912, six cans of good milk were taken there, while the inmates had sour milk for breakfast. Dozens of times I saw poor old men making a wild rush for the good milk that was going in such large quantities to the pigs and that had been denied to themselves. Where do such large quantities of milk come from, and why should they be sent to any place in this institution if the dist. clerk makes out his list according to the number present in the house?

On the 21st September, 1912, I wrote to the Master requesting a pass-out for the purpose of going to the Local Government to complain about these matters. The Master took no notice of my request, but since that date not a single can of milk has gone up to the pigs. The sour milk also stopped.

3 Rotten Potatoes.—On Friday, 21st June (the morning that the 30 inmates complained about the sour milk), about half a ton of potatoes were brought to the piggery and inmates sent to pick out three sackfuls. On the 25th June we had had milk and evil smelling potatoes for dinner. If the potatoes are bought for the inmates, why are they dumped at the piggery? There is a potato store elsewhere. If they were bought for the pigs, why should they be given to the inmates? Later on a large quantity of these rotten potatoes were buried in the manure heap. I am informed the Local Government Board sanctions the keeping of 40 pigs only; on the premises there are nearly always well over 100 pigs here at a time.

4. Deficiency of Meat.—When this new dietary came into force we found it good for the first two weeks, because Doctors Bigger and Hooper were constantly on the scene; but when they left our bread was cut; short milk became the order of the day; the soup became wretched; the meat that was in it dwindled to almost vanishing point. It is a rare thing to see meat in it now. The Master on one occasion said there should be at least 3 ounces in each platter. On some days it looks like flour and water.

There was no dietary scale hung up in the dining hall, and we do not know what we are really entitled to get.

5 Plunder of Food.—I have to complain of the want of supervision which permits plunder of our food—be it as it is—the selling of it to inmates and to strangers from outside for money, the carrying away of large quantities of meat from the slaughterhouse, the disappearance of sugar, tea and meat from the kitchen.

6.—I have also to complain of the suppression of orders made by the Board of Guardians, the refusal to allow inmates to appear before the Board, and the closing of the church door and suppression of daily Mass for the inmates.

I demand a sworn inquiry into the above matters. I have barely given the outlines of these matters of complaint, but I can refer to my diary for dates and full particulars, and can have the evidence of intelligent men who are prepared on an inquiry to support my statements. I am forwarding a copy of this communication to the Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, President Local Government Board; the Secretary O'Connell's Association, Miss Harrison, T.O., &c., and to the Press, in order to focus the attention of all parties on what I believe to be a wanton waste and misappropriation of public money, accompanied by cruelty to human beings. I remain, your obedient servant,

A. J. O'BRIEN.

STEPHEN HAND SAYS IT IS HIS DUTY TO STUFF THE REGISTER.

About three weeks ago, in company with a member of the Dublin Municipal Labour Party, I was in the City Hall. Stephen J. Hand in connection with registration matters, and failing to discover him anywhere about the F. U. Court, we journeyed to the City Hall in the hope of finding him there. Nor were we kept long in suspense, for soon the portly form of the one and only Hand darkened the door of the Rotunda of the Hall. Stephen on this particular occasion looked the picture of peace and contentment. As Stephen entered the door I exclaimed, "Well, Stephen, still stuffing the Register."

And with emphasis on the words "that" and "my," he replied:—"Well, THAT is my business."

Bather a nice admission that, isn't it, for a man engaged by the ratepayers of the city of Dublin for the purpose of looking after the Register.

Stephen's answer set me thinking, and being not wholly ignorant of the history of Dublin Municipal politics for the past ten or twelve years, I decided to give the

readers of "The Irish Worker" with the editor's permission a little insight into the doings of Mr. Stephen J. Hand and his statements on oath some nine or ten years ago; and here they are:—

Extract from the "Daily Express" of Wednesday, May 7th, 1902:— Peter Waldron and other petitioners; Arthur Gaynor, respondent. The petitioners sought to have the election of Alderman Gaynor declared void on the grounds of bribery, treating, personation, illegal hiring, illegal payments, and illegal practices.

Counsel for petitioners.—The Solicitor-General, K.O.; T. L. O'Shaughnessy, K.O.; T. M. Healy, K.O.; M. Whittaker (instructed by Mr. Thomas Early).

Counsel for respondent.—The MacDermott, K.O.; Mr. Redmond Barry, K.O.; and Mr. W. M'Grath (instructed by Mr. John M'Dowell).

The Solicitor-General, in the course of his speech, said—"This Branch of the United Irish League that practically ran Mr. Gaynor had as its paid secretary a gentleman called Stephen J. Hand, and it was by him and through him that these payments were made."

James Hand was then called, and, in reply to Mr. Healy, stated that he was a licensed carman. On the 15th of January last he had a private trap in Arden Quay Ward, but was paid for carrying voters to the poll. He was paid £1 by Stephen J. Hand at the time of the election, about a week after the election. He made about nine or ten trips. The horse had been used for five

Patrick Brennan, a car-driver, examined by Mr. Whittaker, also proved that he was driving voters to the poll, and was paid by Mr. Hand in the League Rooms about a week after the election.

Stephen J. Hand, Secretary to the Arran Quay Branch of the United Irish League, examined by Mr. Healy, stated that he was engaged in this election working for Mr. Gaynor, and that he paid the carmen who had just been examined. He paid them on behalf of Mr. Gaynor.

Mr. Healy—I think I have established my case.

Mr. Commissioner Laurence.—You have established illegal practices sufficient to void the election.

On Thursday, May 8th (reported in "Daily Express" of May 9th).

Mr. Commissioner Laurence, in giving judgment, dealt first with the position of Alderman. The evidence was such as to suggest that illegal practices prevailed very extensively at the election, and in the course that had been taken all the graver charges had not been proceeded with, and the petitioners elected to rely on a few cases, very clear cases of illegal practices. The particular illegal practices proved before him were payments made by the authorised agent of Mr. Gaynor for the conveyance of voters to the poll. It was clear that Mr. Gaynor, through his agent, Mr. S. Hand, had caused a large number of cars for the day, and they were employed from 8 in the morning to 8 at night conveying voters to the poll. Of course that was a clear case of illegal practice, one as to which there could be no doubt whatever, because the provisions of the Municipal Elections Corrupt and Illegal Practices Act, 1884, by Section 4 expressly prohibited payment or contract for payment for that purpose. That these illegal practices had taken place on the present occasion was admitted, and there was no course open to him but to declare the election void. The other duty cast upon him was as to reporting names of persons who had been proved guilty of illegal practices. He was afraid that a very clear case had been made against Mr. Stephen Hand, and it would be his duty to report that Mr. Hand was guilty of illegal practices. As he had already stated, he would have to report Mr. Hand (and others), and he would give them an opportunity now of making any statement they wished.

Mr. Hand, who was present, said he had nothing to say.

(Extract from the "Independent" and "Nation," 22nd April, 1903)

Mr. Stephen J. Hand was the next witness, and in cross examination by Mr. O'Shaughnessy, said he was connected with the United Irish League. Mr. M'Dowell was the candidate of the League.

You got the four petitioners? I did. Is it a fact that they haven't a penny between them? I would not give a fiver for the four of them. I was asked to get four petitioners.

Wasn't the petition arranged by the United Irish League? Well, I can't answer the question that way. If you ask me was it arranged by individuals? I would say yes.

There is a treasurer appointed by the League for the purpose of the election? Appointed by the candidate.

What has that to do with the League? You were under the impression the League pays all expenses.

Oh, you are under the impression you are humbugging me, but you are not (laughter). At the time you brought these four petitioners to M'Dowell's office was he treasurer of the League? He was.

Does the League bear any of the expenses? Very little. If there was £50 it might bear £20; but they did not pay any this year. It was Father Ryan's letter that beat M. M'Dowell.

In reply to a further question, Stephen answered as follows:—

I don't care a button about the rates; I have no property.

No, of course; neither do the heroes who are acting with you (laughter). We all know that this League that is engaged in all sorts of misconduct doesn't stop at trifles? I don't know. I wouldn't stop at trifles, especially where the League would be concerned.

Extract from "Daily Express," April 17th, 1903.

Mr. M'Grath, Bow street, cross-examined by Mr. Healy, stated she had been in a court of law before, and had been in prison for seven days. She was taken to the Castle in connection with the Field affair because she saw men leaping off a car.

Mr. Healy—That was the Mr. Field who was stabbed in Frederick street? Yes, sir.

(Extract from "Independent" and "Nation," April 23rd)

Counsel (Mr. O'Shaughnessy) said the object of the whole proceedings was to nullify the respondent, and it was part of a system of persecution which the League had carried out through the whole country and which, now that it had come to the city, they should be strong enough to strangle (applause)

Hand said he represented an organization that "did not stick at trifles," and so one who knew anything of the country could fall to see what was going on.

(Extract from Mr. Healy's speech as reported in the "Independent" and "Nation," Saturday, April 25th, 1903.)

When Counsel considered how this petition was got up, that Hand himself was opposed to it, and that he was ordered to get up a petition. He looked to see who was the principal witness, a witness so degraded that at the time when the British Government in this country was trembling and tottering under the assaults of a terrible conspiracy they rejected her as a witness, and the foul leavings of Dublin Castle in that terrible moment—in the months of 1883—were brought there by this sprout of Exchange Court—Mr. Hand. She was the first person gone to in order to get up the whole abominable concoction. When he saw the witness—a witness of a low-home type—put into the box he could not help recalling a terrible passage by Mr. Curran on the trial of Peter Finerty. All this oppression was carried on in the name of a popular organization—an organization of freedom and of liberty, an organization for popular emancipation, and what right had these men to come to that court. Was there ever such irony in any country when Hand, of Exchange Court, was told to get up a petition against this man, and then proceed to capture the first two men he met to become petitioners. There was a class to be found out of whose hearts infamy, drink, and sin had extracted the last vestige of purity and truth, and they found the woman, whose duty it was to bring up in innocence the children who were supposed to prattle at her knee, telling the court she was "rotten drunk" when giving testimony against this man. Had they no other witnesses to bring up in support of the petition. Where were the decent people of the ward? They were at the back of Mr. Monks, and yet the court was asked to give the victory in this case to the disreputable element of the ward, and in favour of people who, though they were listening, were afraid to come forward and tell that their motive was to antagonize the great Corporation to the machinations of the Hands and others, the descendants of the "Grippers" and detectives. The people who came there for justice should get justice. The people who sought to make the use of the carriage a crime in Mr. Monks, when they themselves confessed they brought voters in it to the poll, their proper place was Kilmisham or Mountjoy, and he thought it would be the duty of the Commissioner in any event to report Hand for prosecution. Hand said all was fair in war. Explosive bullets were not fair in war, and, perhaps, Mr. Hand would find that this would prove a bit of a boomerang for him. Shame must have deserted the human heart when a case like that was brought up as a grave ground for upsetting the election.

Further in his speech Counsel stated that he advised Mr. Early to go down to Arran Quay Ward and track Hand from the publichouses and see what he was at.

Result of petition, Arran Quay warriors scouted out of Court.

This Stephen J. Hand, who was reported and disfranchised for illegal practices in 1902, who declared on his oath in 1903 that he did not care a button about the rates, and that he would not stop at trifles, especially where the League would be concerned, is now the man whom the "bosses" have employed at the expense of the ratepayers of Dublin to "purify" the Register.

How long, on, how long will Exchange Court continue to boss the City Hall of Nationalist Dublin?

Next week, Mr. Editor, I will ask you to publish a statement which I have forwarded to the Town Clerk and to the Local Government Board in connection with bogus names appearing on this year's Long List.

MICHAEL MULLEN.

SAILORS AND FIREMEN, TAKE NOTICE. Give him your hand, my working friend, E'arnestly he'll assist you O'nyour thorny path as your way you wend R'emember he is always with you. G'rat or small, at Liberty Hall, E'ver the same you'll find him.

B'usy with work on your behalf, U'ndoubtedly, along with the rest of the staff, R'inding him up if you cannot call. K'indly say 'switch' me onto Liberty Hall, E'vening or morning he'll serve you all.

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Our Bookshelf.

Below we give a list of unpublished volumes that constitute a collection which is sadly lacking from our office library.

We append the names of their prospective authors, and when in due course the books are issued we can predict a busy time for the publishers.

"How to Build a Rabbit Hatch," by P. J. McIntyre. Demonstrating how to acquire wealth and—incidentally—fame in one's spare time.

"Weight Lifting," by John Scully, T.O., P.L.G. A piece of "light" literature.

"Down Among the Dead Men," by William Richardson, T.O. A store-street romance.

"The Emigrant's Farewell," by T. P. Callan (late of Mountjoy). A "touching" yarn.

"From the Monks to the Monkeys," by F. Sheehy Skaffington. Being a theological treatise dealing with the science of zoology.

"Secrets of the Saug," by Alf. Byrne, T.O. Needs no comment.

"A Tramp Camp," by James Brady, solicitor. Being a study of party politics in the shadow of Dublin Castle.

"Little Men, Little Minds, Little Things," by Lord Mayor Sherlock. A history of the Lilliputians, best described as mutton in varvo.

"What to Do With Our Boys," by ex-Councillor Christy Ryan. A useful guide to the pater familias.

"My Life in Quod," by Joseph Edelstein. Principally designed to show why women should not have the vote.

"Come Where the Best is Cheapest," by the great "O.E." An appeal to the impiousness.

"A Diamond in the Rough or a Rough in the Diamond," by N. Bight. A handbook for electioneering agents.

"The Disadvantages of Not Being a Sanitary Inspector," by "Jacques" of the "Independent"—best known as the man who missed his calling.

"With Net and Bag," by Sir Charles Cameron. A drawingroom dissertation on matters entomological.

"Tales from the Tap Room," by Councillor J. P. Farrelly, Bagg. Being a plea for the pot-house proprietor.

"Little Drops of Water," by Dairyman Doyle of Duke street. Containing some hints on economy for our Poor Law Guardians.

"The Men of 48—Upper Rutland street," by the editor of the "Saturday Telegraph." An apology for the existence of the U.I.L.

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[This Journal is exclusively set up by hand labour and printed on Irish paper.]