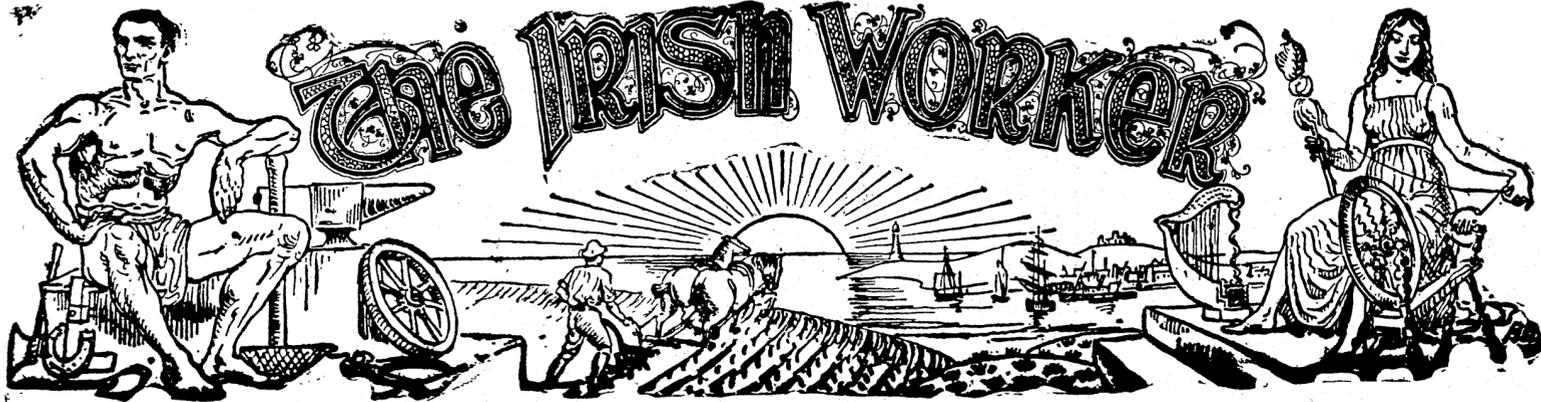


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor



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

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 27.—VOL. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

The Drama—Old and New; And its Relation to the Working Classes.

By "EUCHAN."

Two weeks ago "Mac" wrote an article for this paper which he called "A Talk about the Newer Drama," and this article purported to be a discussion between himself and a lady, in which certain aspects of the newer dramatic school were mentioned.

I do not know if the discussion was purely an imaginary one or not—I presume it was; but in any case a critic arose in last week's "Worker" with a vigorous attack upon some of "Mac's" ideas.

As "Mac" has gone out of town and cannot carry on the discussion upon the subject of the drama, I have permission to take up the matter in his stead.

In the first place, so far as both the original article by "Mac" and the succeeding answer from his critic go, neither of them get near the subject which they both set out to write upon. The real reason for the neglect of the working classes for the newer drama were not stated by either writer, and "Mac" suggests in his article that the reason why the newer drama don't go to the Abbey Theatre in Dublin, for instance, is that the Abbey is an "Art Theatre," and that working people have a certain amount of fear for the word "art."

Well, there is a little in that, but it is very little that it hardly counts. His other suggestion, however, that the more "art" and "picturesque" advertising of the other theatres offers a greater attraction to the people who are wanting to attend a theatre, contains a great deal more, but again it is merely touching the fringe of the question, for the modern evolution of the drama has gone beyond a matter of advertising and has become a veritable reflex of the present social conditions of the people.

"Mac's" critic suggests on the other hand that the real reason why working people do not go to the Abbey is because they would be shouldered out of it by the mobbery that is evidenced by some of the theatre's middle-class habitués. In my own opinion such a line of argument is valueless, because if a workingman or woman has enough sense to go to the Abbey or any other theatre where the newer drama holds sway he or she will also have enough sense not to allow themselves to be cold shouldered out. But in any case this talk of cold-shouldering between respective classes—and I know full well that it does exist—only goes to prove my statement that the modern theatre and the modern drama both reflect the present social conditions that the people are struggling under.

The class distinctions that exist to-day show themselves not only on the stage where real life is represented, but they also show themselves in the audience. For that matter these same class distinctions are found in the Church where one goes on Sunday let alone the theatre, but I need not press that point just now.

The pioneers of the newer drama have set themselves a great task. They are attempting to revolutionise the theatre and make the newer drama popular; but before they can accomplish that task they must accomplish even a greater one, and that is to revolutionise society.

The state of abject commercialism that the present-day theatre has fallen into is but a little part of the abject commercialism that all human activity has fallen into.

If the newer drama has to be produced in an art theatre where no thought of commercialism arises, then the newer drama must be established in some country where there is no such thing as commercialism before it can become popular.

Commercialism has made the modern theatre what it is. It strikes at the art of the playwright and encourages him to write trash if it can only be made to pay. It strikes at the art of the actor until he becomes a mere machine grinding out so many facial contortions and so many words and gestures for hundreds of nights on end so long as it will pay. It strikes at the taste of the public who attend the theatre, for through commercialism again, the working-class section of the audience are generally too tired when evening comes to go to a theatre where there is a play that requires study and thought, and

prefer to go to some play-house where they get the subject-matter thrown at them, or where they can get a laugh; while, on the other hand, that section of the audience who do not work are either too lazy or superficial to be bothered trying to think in a theatre and prefer merely lolling back and looking at the dresses.

Let me try and illustrate this point a little more clearly if I can. If Ibsen's famous and much-abused play, "The Master Builder," was being put on somewhere in Dublin and on the same week there was appearing in some other place "Flossie Flip-Flap," the comedienne, in her latest extravaganza, who do you think would draw the crowd? My reader might very safely lay long odds that "Flossie" would have the "house-full" boards up, while "The Master Builder" would draw but a few "dead-heads," and possibly an odd critic or two who would be about as capable of criticising Ibsen as a camel would be of understanding arithmetic.

While I admire Ibsen very much, I do not blame the crowd for going to see "Flossie" far from it. If I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth, or lucky enough to have a father who had made a pile, and I had nothing to do but go around town looking for sport or creating it, then I'd go to see "Flossie" for my money and not bother about Henrik's "Master Builder" or any problems of life. Then again, if I had been working for ten or twelve hours, either at a bench or desk, drudging for someone or other, and out of my few shillings was going to have a treat in the evening, I would go to some place where I might forget the problems of life, or the realities of life altogether, and have a good laugh.

The newer drama, as I understand it, has to do with the realism and the actualities of life, and it is just here where commercialism makes the newer drama impossible for the working classes to any great extent, for through commercialism the working classes have so much of the damnable realism and so many of the hellish actualities of life that they want to get away from these things when they go to the theatre, and the astute commercial theatre steps into the breach with a grand stupendous production of "Flossie Flip-Flap."

The newer drama is an interesting enough study in itself in all truth, but taken in conjunction with its relation to the working classes, a pretty large book might be written around the subject before its many aspects would be all touched.

As I see the matter, if a workingman prefers exaggerated, idiotical pictures of life rather than the real life pictures upon the stage; if, in other words, he prefers "The Quater Girl" to John Masfield's "Nan," for instance, it is because he sees too many tragedies in his every-day experience of the world and he has a desire to see something that he is not so much accustomed to, even though it is a rubbishy piece of twaddle.

The pioneers of the newer drama have taken on a large task, but as I have said already they have a bigger one to face. Working people will go and see realism upon the stage when the daily realities of their own lives are a little more pleasant. The newer drama will never be really successful till this is made possible.

When a theatre for the cultivation of the realistic school of drama is opened who attends it? Not the working people to any extent further than the few earnest students among their ranks. Not the middle class, except for a few who are really interested and who think it might be the "thing" so long as it can be safely considered "respectable" and does not tread on their corns. It is only a very few of the wealthy classes who take it up, and these few do so, some because they have a real solid interest in literature—all honour to them—and others because they are in quest of a new "cult" which they would like to keep exclusively to themselves.

For the most part the newer drama is neglected in every centre where it has sprung up. When Ibsen's works were first produced in England they were translated and vilified, as the work of every

reformer is. When Shaw set out to follow in Ibsen's footsteps he also was traduced, but Shaw quickly gave up the disciple business and started a line of his own. His peculiarities of style were a commercial asset, so he stopped writing plays like "Mrs. Warren's Profession," at which the critics held up their hands and cursed, and he now writes practical jokes like "Fanny's First Play," at which the critics laugh and pretend to be shocked. The newer drama lost Shaw when the commercial theatre grabbed him. Only once has Shaw had a slight relapse into his former style and then he wrote a sermon—a crude sermon in crude melodrama—yet a sermon for all that, and the Censor kicked it out of England into Ireland. The Irish people proved that they were quite as loath to listen to sermons on the stage as was the English Censor, and I am afraid Shaw will finish his career in writing up librettos for George Edwards or perhaps he will concoct the "book" for some pantomime.

When Shaw failed to popularise the newer drama—and that after all is the only reason why I mention Shaw's name—then it will be pretty hard for anyone else to do it.

Commercialism and the class distinctions created thereby are the enemies of the newer drama.

The working class don't want to see real life on the stage—they get more than enough of it at their work and in their homes. The middle class don't want to see real life on the stage, for the bulk of them are living an imitation life and want to forget their own reality. The wealthy class don't want to see real life on the stage, for when they do they are sometimes confronted with some of the tragedies caused by their own insatiable greed, and they don't like to know the truth. Realism on the stage with the great majority of the people is out of favour; therefore, and the "Dear Old Charles" will keep on throwing "The Dust of Egypt" and other things into "The Glad Eyes" of the public for a long time yet.

I believe the Municipal Theatre when it comes will solve the problem of the newer drama, but there are a great many things must be municipalised before that. The realistic drama to be popular with the working classes must depict a working-class life that is happier than that existing to-day; it must also depict a life that is not so much dominated by the greed of the wealthy few. Then and then only will the newer drama be popular. To-day it is too gloomy. It must grow brighter. It can only grow brighter as the lives of the mass of the people grow brighter.

As I have said twice already, the pioneers of the newer drama have set themselves a big task in trying to revolutionise the theatre. Perhaps they would succeed better if they tried the social revolution first!

Mother Erin at the Cove of Cork.

You're what we want for Ireland,
You're what we want astoir,
We want the bone and muscle,
And that's what you've got galore;
We want your sinewy arms
To help us in the fray,
We want your merry laughter
And your proud defiant hurrah.

And you callin us h Eireanna,
We want each heaving breast,
To suckle, at home in Ireland,
Sons we can love and trust.
We want your h me-making presence,
To brighten and bless a life,
To adorn a home in Ireland;
To be an Irish wife.

We want the homes of Ireland,
With a happy people filled;
We want the land of Ireland,
By Irish arms tilled.
WE want the whole of Ireland,
From centre to the shore;
YOU want your portion of it,
And IRELAND wants you sore.

We want you boys and girls,
We want you all the time;
Your beauty, strength, and courage,
Your power, your pride, your prime.
We want you for the dancing,
And we want you for the fray;
We can't afford to lose you,
No cholins, can you stay?
An Cláirín Dub.

Look Out for our
Xmas Number.

TO, THE LEADERS OF OUR WORKING PEOPLE.

By STANDISH O'GRADY.

To get money is hard, to create wealth is easy—easy and also delightful; for we are so made that we rejoice in creation. Then what is labour—as Nature made it—but creative activity? As Nature made it, not as man has perverted and degraded it. Even to-day do the toiling millions find any difficulty in creating wealth? Could not our builders, for example, build three times as many houses as they do to-day and three times as good, sound and enduring?

There is not a doubt of it. They would rise at once to the occasion. They would draw in those unemployed masons, bricklayers, carpenters, hodmen, &c., upon whom they now look sourly as blacklegs. They would admit apprentices freely. They would rise to the demand with the same alacrity with which schoolboys start from their beds when the masters announce an unexpected holiday, with a glorious paper-chase in the country, finishing with a grand picnic on some heathery hillsides, when the boys, looking from their dormitory windows, see the line of waggonettes and horses, and the hampers covered with white cloths secure in their places on the cars.

Would not our builders, master-builders and men respond with some such alacrity to such a demand? Would they not say?—Yes, surely. We're ready. We'll build you houses, good, sound and enduring by the hundred, the thousand; & paying us our wages regular."

And they would do that, though to-day the wage-slaves are working under the curse of the Prophet. "The curse of the Prophet! What is that?"

"Ye shall build houses and others shall inhabit them."

You know the children of the men who have built Dublin, its great houses and palaces, and the countless lovely villas with which Dublin is girdled, live in hired rooms and hired, cramped little cottages, tenancy to end, and the inhabitants to be cast into the street if a fortnight's rent is unpaid.

And you are all under that curse in all your work, whether it be transport or manufacture, agriculture, mining, or what-not. You create, make, fashion, carry to and fro for others, and for others who don't thank you.

"Why should we?" they say. "Don't we pay them?"

And the curse which lies heavy on you to-day will lie heavier upon you to-morrow and upon that vast and growing mass of the weak, sick, broken; upon those who have fallen out of your marching ranks and into those gulfs lying on either side of the road which your army of employed and employable still hold.

And I say to you as earnestly as I ever said anything in my life, that you, you must take up the cause of the poor, the weak, the broken, the unemployed and unemployable (?). For you the way of escape, the way to liberty, freedom, final victory lies here, and here only. You must take up the cause of the fallen. You, still strong and unbroken, employed and wage-earning men and women, you, who are knit together in your powerful fraternal unions you must lift up these fallen ones. You, you must show them pity and do them justice. No one else will. None of the classes will—not even the richest of them. They have been tried. They will not and they cannot; and neither will the State which they run.

You alone can. It is your duty to do it, and it is within your power to do it. Also it is your interest to do it. Freed so from the competition of those whom you call blacklegs would not your wages rise? They would and immediately. They would rise as naturally as the tide rises in Dublin Bay. Your conditions would improve as naturally as the race of the country improves in the months of Spring. No fighting, no fury, no intimidation, no bruising and maiming of famished blacklegs, no suffering for your women and children as now, when you attempt that desperate remedy, the strike. And what can you get even by successful strikes? A beggarly shil-

ling or half-a-crown a week, soon discounted by the rise of the price of necessities; discounted, too, in divers other ways. At the best a wretched, beggarly thing even for you, the employed, the strikers. Of what avail for the unemployed for all the poor broken people, while the sorry pittance implied in a victory is only an incentive to the competitors for employment roaming forever around you like wolves around Russian travellers in winter time.

To create every kind of wealth is easy. I only took the building of solid houses meant to last as an example. Then, to meet a great and sudden demand, you might build rapidly and in numbers good houses to shelter two generations.

I saw myself last summer two skilled men and a strong boy, and within a single week erect and equip an excellent three-roomed bungalow. It overlooked a beautiful valley traversed by a stream, like silver, well stocked with trout. Land fit for cultivation was attached and a feathery "winterland" good for sheep with an acre or two of turf bank hard by.

I hope your young people have not forgotten the old ideal of love in a cottage. It is a great deal better, believe me, than love in a palace.

And this lovely cottage, fit home for any young couple in the land, was put up within a week by two men and a boy. How many such cottage-homes for our young people caught in love's nets of gold—how many such and only at that rate of speed, the slow speed of hirelings—will be erected by your building brigade?—say 500 strong young men and lads, perfectly free, rejoicing in their work and their happy comradeship, joking, laughing, singing at their work, gladder than the dancing waves of the sunny sea!

In one year more than 8,000 beautiful, commodious homes for near seventeen thousand happy lovers, loyal to each other and surely loyal to the great and generous Commonwealth to which they owe that felicity, to which they owe everything.

For loyalty is a passion as natural to us as the passion of the love of life, deeper than the love of life. Only give men the chance and you will find that it is so. Found your Commonwealth of the free in that faith and "the gates" of capital will not prevail against it.

You cannot liberate yourselves while you leave the unemployed and the broken and destitute—including you and your children perhaps to-morrow—in their present fearful conditions. You cannot give employment and a full and honourable maintenance without land, lands and their equipment. You cannot get lands and their equipment without money, and at the beginning a great deal of money. You cannot get money except from the people—from the people in the first instance. Then the people will not support you in an enterprise so new, unprecedented and of such magnitude and with a revolutionary look so vast unless you touch their hearts and fire their imaginations. This in a nutshell, is what I have been trying to put before you. The difficulties are immense, but not all what you suppose them to be. There are no material difficulties; none worth talking or thinking about. The way is clear. The difficulties are in your own minds—minds assessed, held, steeped and saturated with the thought if you individually had money it would raise you out of the pit and set you free. Your minds are at this moment incapable of the thought that by a combined effort you could and would raise all out of the pit and lay the foundations of that social republic and Commonwealth of the free of which to-day you only dream. It will not come of its own accord or as the consequence of a few Parliament-made laws or of a mad orgy of incendiarism and murder. It will come only to the understanding and the brave, who have prepared themselves to meet it.

The external revolution must be preceded and accompanied by an internal revolution. With your present mind you cannot conduct a revolution which would issue in anything but destruction. How could you? Don't you love, worship, and trust in money with a passion as strong as that which drives the capitalist? You know you do. Therefore, as opportunities and temptations multiply around you, multiplying around you just because you are leaders, you will be drawn aside, seduced, corrupted by the man who possesses in vast masses the thing which you secretly you adore. Then it puts forth its allurement in countless, cunning ways. Is it not the god of the whole world, and matchless in soreness? However upright, straight and honourable you seem to yourselves to-day to be, and true, it will

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

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

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

buy you or break you; buy you when you become worth buying.

Without that prior and accompanying internal revolution you will never conduct to any good end an external revolution. And yet this internal change of heart, and mind, and outlook is not really so difficult as it would appear. It involves no more, to begin with, on your part than a perfectly clear understanding and a sincere conviction that this thing—money—which now devastates civilisation and demands annually its millions upon millions of human victims is not a good thing at all but an evil, and only to be valued as an absolutely necessary instrument, by the wise use of which men may escape from its all-but-infinite power.

I fear I have occupied too much of your space. With the Editor's kind permission I shall write a few words next week and so on.

Just one thing more upon which you might meditate, I think with advantage, in the meantime. What do you think was the first word in the proclamation of the "goods news" of Christianity on the earth? It was a single Greek word, *metanoieis*, which means only change your minds, your ways of looking at things. Yet this one word led on to those tremendous utterances which the nations of Christendom would so like to see erased from where they stand and blotted out from the memory of mankind.

Dublin United Trades Council & Labour League, Trades Hall, Capel St.

Dublin, Nov., 1912.
THE PARTRIDGE TESTIMONIAL FUND.

DEAR SIR—I beg to forward you the accompanying Resolution, which was adopted at a Meeting of the Trades Council on the 21st ult., which you will kindly please before your society. The resolution speaks for itself and needs no explanation, and it is to be hoped it will commend itself to your members.—Faithfully yours,
JOHN SIMMONS, Secretary.

"At this meeting of the Dublin Trades Council is pleased to learn that a fund has been opened to afford an opportunity to the workers of Dublin of expressing their approval of the untiring and unselfish labours on their behalf of Mr. William P. Partridge, and for which he has now been victimised. That we cordially recommend the Partridge Testimonial Fund to the support of the workers of the city, and trust that the response to it will demonstrate that Mr. Partridge's manly fight for fair play is appreciated by all sections of the working class."

All subscriptions to be made payable to Mr. J. Farrow, Treasurer of the Trades Council.

Telephone No. 961.
Telegraphic Address—"Sagittar, Dublin."

ENCOURAGE HOME TRADE.
S. ROBINSON & SONS,
Manufacturing Confectioners,
53 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN.

BRANCHES—32 Capel street; 18 Talbot street; 80 and 81 Thomas street,

Established 1851.
For Reliable Provisions!
LEIGH'S, of Bishop St.,

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

THE FACTORIES.

I have shut my little sister in from life and light (For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair), I have made her restless feet still until the night. Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;

So not only are the women workers foolish enough to keep the employers living in luxury, but they also lend themselves to help the female Shylocks with whom they work to get their goods at a cheaper rate.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

(Head Office: Liberty Hall.) Entrance Fee ... 6d. Contributions ... 2d. per week. Join now. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

"D.L." 18 Beresford Place.

It is a lamentable but an undeniable fact that the working women are to a great extent the cause of their own conditions. They deliberately stand in their own light, and make it easy for all kinds of employers to crush, ill-treat and under-pay them.

The Rescue of the Fenian Leaders

IN MANCHESTER, ENGLAND, Will be celebrated under the auspices of the Wolfe Tone Association in the ROUND ROOM, ROTUNDA, On TUESDAY, NOV. 26th.

Irish Worker.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

Allen, Larkin and O'Brien.

It may be necessary to remind our readers that on the 23rd November, 1867, three men named William Philip Allen, Michael O'Brien, and Michael Larkin, in the City of Manchester, County of Lancashire, England, went forth to meet their Creator.

"But on the 5g's next g", 'Midst joy, or weal or woe, 'Till we make this is a nation free and grand."

Remember, if Egan sold his birthright for a mess of pottage it is not necessary for us to repeat that foolishness. Better the roadside, starvation and Freedom. Nay, bitter a death such as was meted out to those whose memories we cherish than to abate one jot of our demand and our rights.

No, to you, our dead, lying in the cold clay of England, your bodies burned by the cursed quicklime, if it be our own fate to go through the furnace, we repeat our vow as true as you were to Kaheen Na Houlihan, so to us, none of your bones as we are, will never disgrace you nor forget you.

The question has been asked as in many quarters why we did not refer to the publication by the alleged Irish Press of the scandalous attack on Canon Staples in the Wicklow R.O. Church on Sunday week last.

We have received a notice from the Public Health Committee on a Form A, that if we do not provide a proper dustbin within seven days a summons will be issued requiring our presence in a court of summary jurisdiction for non-compliance.

SWAINE v. LARKIN.

County of Dublin. I, Rosanna Swaine, To Wit, being the lawful wife of Michael Joseph Swaine, of 68 Chaworth place, S. O. Road, Dublin, do hereby declare that the furniture fittings, etc., at above address are my property.

N.D. Union Concert and Dance.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Dear Sir—If the above takes place in "19" Ward there ought to be no lack of talent. Having been "in and out" of the North on many occasions I know the following items would "bring down the house."

We had another sample of the Press this week. On Monday evening the G.M.'s pinhead, the Forster-stained Mail, said the Evening-Troly-wobble announced, under the head of the Kingstown News, that the Secretary of the Kingstown Branch had been assaulted.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

Hark to the snarling, your masters are fighting, Slaves of the factory, serfs of the soil, Will all the shouting of Home Rule or Union, Lessen your labour, or lighten your toil?

Hark to the cries of the henchmen and lackeys, Boasting they'll lay down their lives for the "right," Yours is the blood to be spilt at the shedding,

Hark to the shouts, and the cries of division: Division—there's none in the ranks of our foes— Stretch forth your hands to the wealth you've created, See how they rally, and see their ranks close.

All through the years have you, workers, divided, With your own blood have you paid for your chain, With your own hands your own fetters you've forged,

[We desire to thank the Editor of the "Labour Leader" for sending the above poem on to "The Irish Worker."—Ed.]

More "Stuffing."

We understand that Russell, of Rathmines Bakery, is baking bread for Hunt, the Mutual Stamp trickster, and that Hunt's name is stamped on the loaf.

Charles Caldwell is employed as messenger in Stanley street Corporation Depot, for which he receives the salary of £1 per week. He is also engaged on Saturdays (I understand) in cleaning the offices and rotunda of the City Hall.

Some Facts about Glasgow's Municipal Enterprises.

UNDER THE OLD PRIVATE ENTERPRISE GLASGOW TRAMWAY COMPANY— The maximum wage was 19s per week. The week was 7 days. The hours per day were 13.

THE WATER SUPPLY. The charges made by the old private water company were— On north side of River Clyde, 1/4 per ft. On south side of River Clyde, 1/3 per ft. 1 day under Municipal Ownership is 4 1/2 per ft. all round.

MANCHESTER MARTYRS' DEMONSTRATION, Sunday, Nov. 24th.

All members and friends of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union must be in Beresford Place, at 12 o'clock, to march to Glasnevin Cemetery.

Dublin Labour Party.

A SPECIAL MEETING to consider selection of Candidates for forthcoming Municipal Elections will be held in Council Chamber, TRADES HALL, on MONDAY, November 25th, at 8 p.m.

A PUBLIC MEETING IN FURTHERANCE OF LABOUR'S FIGHT For Representation.

WILL BE HELD IN THE TRADES HALL On Tuesday, Nov. 26th, AT 8 P.M. Prominent Labour Men will Speak.

Men of Your Own Class.

PROVISIONS!

For the Best Quality at the Lowest Prices in town GO TO KAVANAGH'S 180 Nth. King Street, 41 Commercial and 8 Blackball Place.

TRADES SOCIETIES, Football Clubs, and any other Working Class Societies requiring rooms for meetings, &c., would do well to call on Caretaker, LIBERTY HALL.

EMMET HALL, 122, EMMET ROAD, INCHICORE.

Labour & Temperance Institute, Is now open. All trade unionists and sympathisers with labour are heartily invited.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland. Mr. R. J. Hoskin lectures on to-morrow (Sunday) in the Ancient Concert Buildings, at 8 p.m.

Goose Club Tickets now on Sale.

Overcrowding in the Cities and its Results.

All the places in the cities are overcrowded—factories, workshops, domestic service, streets, houses, etc., even the workhouses and hospitals. There is a waiting mass of people everywhere you turn and an ever increasing number of unemployed men and women.

There are many reasons to account for this evil of overcrowding, but the one particular reason I intend to deal with is the insane craze that the country people have to get into the cities. Both women and men are struck with this mad desire. They have an idea that if they can only get to the cities their fortunes are made.

They will do anything to attain this desire. They beg and implore their parents to let them go; they over-rule all objections; they repeat the foolish yarns they have heard of how so-and-so was only a few months in the city and was now making a fortune. Then if they find that all these appeals are of no use, they will demand it as their right to go, and some have even been so foolhardy as to run away from their homes, where they were sheltered and cared for to come to what—in many cases ruin and misery—in the majority of cases to hardships, insufficient unwholesome food, bad sleeping accommodation, unhealthy dwellings, and eventually ill-health and disease. This is what they get in the cities these are the fortunes they find.

There are two classes of people in the country who desire to get into the cities, and both have different reasons for it. There are the sons and daughters of well-to-do farmers who in many instances have an idea that farm work is beneath them; that their abilities are being wasted; that if they were only in the city they would be able to make any amount of money—all they want is a chance. So to the city they come, a premium is paid by their parents to some proprietor of a spirit grocery establishment or drapery house. Very few days pass over their heads before they are made to realize that their abilities are of a very ordinary quality, and that they themselves are simply one of the many thousand units which are to be used for the benefit of the capitalists.

Here then is one special class who are the direct cause of injuring the city-bred worker. As long as proprietors of spirit grocers and drapery establishments know that they can demand and get slaves who are willing to pay a premium of £20 and £30 per year for being slaves, coupled with the condition that they will give a certain period of time as free service, it is unreasonable to expect that these employers will engage city workers and pay them wages.

Then we have the sons and daughters of small farmers or farm labourers. They want to get to the city. Why? Because they also have the idea that work is to be had for the asking in the cities; that it is well paid for, and consequently they would be able to help those at home. With this class I have some sympathy, because if they stay in the country their lives are miserable and hopeless under the existing conditions. The male portion will either have to work as farm labourers for 8s. or 9s. per week, or else hire out by the day for which they receive from 6d. to 1s. per day, and the girls are worse off still.

Eventually they arrive in the cities, and speaking of the girls alone, the results are disastrous, not only to themselves but also to the female population already inhabiting the cities. Bearing in mind the fact that women have not yet realized the importance of organization, and there being a greater supply than demand of female labour, consequently this is another cause which keeps the wages of women workers at the lowest possible standard.

A great number of the girls who come from the country into the cities go into domestic service. In rare cases they may be fortunate enough to get into a fairly good situation, but on the other hand the bulk of them are placed either in a middle class house, or in lodging houses. Their life in the country may have been unprofitable and monotonous, but at least they had good fresh air and pleasant surroundings. How different are their lives as domestic drudges in lodging houses. It is necessary to come in direct contact with these girls to know how dreadful in the extreme they put in. I have met some who start their drudgery at 6 o'clock in the morning, and are kept continuously slaving until 12 o'clock at night. One girl I met recently told me that after 11 o'clock at night she had 15 pairs of boots to clean. As to the sleeping accommodation reserved for these poor ill-used slaves it is most inhuman and monstrous.

To give an example of what is regarded as a suitable place for a human being to sleep in; some time ago a friend of mine went to inspect a house with a view of renting it. It was a fairly large sized house. Leading out of the entrance hall were two large airy sitting-rooms. The bedrooms for the family were also nice and well-ventilated rooms. Downstairs were two large commodious kitchens, and opening out of the kitchen was a small square cupboard arrangement. The position in which this cupboard was built it was impossible for a ray of light to enter it. Of course there was no window in it, and no means of ventilating it whatever. Said my friend to the agent who was showing her round, "this is a very dark, unwholesome pantry." Oh, said the agent, "that is not a pantry, it is a servant's bedroom." Surely, no comment is needed.

Many of these girls before leaving their country homes boast of the great things they intend doing. Then when they find out what life really is in the city they hate the idea of going back to be pointed at as a failure. Sooner than do this they remain in their slavery and sleep in the foul dungeons called bedrooms, and the inevitable end is a ward in either a fever hospital or consumptive sanatorium. Therefore the persistent influx of country boys and girls into the cities is the cause of irredeemable damage to themselves, to the city-bred workers, and to the country in general. It is imperative then that something should be done in the interests of all concerned.

To my mind there are two most important courses which ought to be adopted as a means to stop this growing evil. First of all it would be absolutely essential to organize all the country workers, both women and men, and not only organize them but make them understand that their own salvation, the power to help their co-workers in the cities, and the re-building of Ireland into a Nation lies to a great extent in their power. For those who attempt to do this it will be a tremendous undertaking, when one knows the powerful opposition and forces which are opposed to any and every project which is started to try and uplift the working classes. Then when the country workers are organized they will better understand the theory which Standish O'Grady is advocating, and which is perfectly practicable, but only practicable to organized workers.

Then my second idea is that the social and intellectual side of the country workers should be seen to. I have a firm belief that this is one of the most important factors in the bringing about of a new state of life for the working classes, and an immense help in the march of progress. Then people are dull and heavy hearted from hard work and misery; with nothing to brighten their lives they become despondent. To drive away that dullness and heavy-heartedness they must be taught to use their brain power; they must be taught how to laugh; how to enjoy themselves naturally. This creates a feeling of sociability among the working class as community, and they begin to understand that they were not simply created to toil and slave that others might enjoy all the pleasures of education, art, and amusement. It also creates a feeling of discontent which is the keynote of the uprising of the working classes in demanding their rights. Therefore if the country workers could be entertained in just the same way as their brethren in the city, could be made to march on the same road of progress as them, it would be a means of keeping them in their own homes; it would be a means of rousing them to their own importance, and of proving to them that they have a right to protect themselves and get back the land and its wealth into their own keeping.

D. L.

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union (SLIGO BRANCH). Union Hall, Lynn's Place, Sligo, 20th Nov., 1912.

At the usual weekly meeting of the above Branch, held on 14th Nov., 1912, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

"That we, the members of the Sligo Branch Irish Transport & General Workers' Union, extend our best thanks to His Worship Alderman D. O'Donnell, Mayor of Sligo, for his spirited action in having expunged from the minutes of the Sligo Board of Guardians the resolution rescinding the the Fair Wages Resolution adopted by them some years ago."

Proposed by Mr. M. O'Riordan. Seconded by Mr. J. Kelly. This is only one of the many acts which our worthy Mayor has performed in the interests of the workers.

Jan. Standford, Sec.

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

WEXFORD NOTES.

Pat Cahill had the misfortune to have a sprained wrist, and was compelled to stop out from his work for three days. At the end of the third day the "famous" Richard came along and sent word home to Cahill's that he was not to come down anymore and the next morning discharged his son Nick and told him to go home to his father. "Honourable gentlemen those people in the Folly." Another added to the Fish-vargers list.

There are two other individuals in the Mill road Iron Works in the same department that Pat Cahill belonged to, and they have the privilege of taking boxing holidays whenever they feel inclined; but of course they are "wheelers," and Pat Cahill is not.

There is one thing in it, anyhow, he was not discharged for incompetency, as Pat Cahill's work did not usually swell the scrap heap like his late undesirable shopmate, Miley.

While the fight was on last year there was a list of names filed in Pierce's office for victimisation, if the employers had come out on top. But fortunately for those who happened to be listed the employers did not come out on top, and when the settlement was made there was an agreement entered into that every man was to be reinstated and put back to his own job, and that there was to be no victimisation, and we see how it was carried out.

Since the lock-out men have been thrown out on the streets and compelled to leave their native town, while the public who were so sympathetic while the foundries were closed looked on unmoved at this disgraceful and unchristian conduct. Talk about Socialism! It would take a strong form of it to combat this black-guardism.

And now a word or two to Dick Murphy, who was more or less the cause of all the trouble. When the few men in the foundry joined the Union first he was the man alleged to have told Tommie to shut the firm for a few weeks and starve the men into submission, but after giving this counsel and seeing the result of it he laid low, until (when the fight was going on longer than they ever expected it) his wages were stopped, and then he, like Malone, pretended to be with the men, but to their credit be it said they were not having any of sly Dickie's ways.

Sweet William's scabs did not stay long with him (they stopped rather too long to Miss O'Brien's grief). After fighting with him for three weeks they closed out and left Billy in the lurch, and we hear that Andy appealed to his men the other day for a fair do (that's the very thing Billy and Andy are doing).

One of the alleged blackmists in Pierce's, who is trying to bend rick lifter bindings is a very profitable man. He spends all day at one, and when it gets a bit dusk he spends about half-an-hour dodging Bobby to reach the scrap-heap.

In Canon Sheple's address on the Transport Union last week, we notice that he uses the following words: "He hoped the people of Wexford would have the good sense to have nothing whatsoever to do with these people. They went about their work in a way which he would call mean. They interviewed the poor workmen, met them coming home from their work, perhaps dry and hungry and they bribed them by treating them to free drinks in public houses. He would call that the meanest form of bribery. That was the very same as the bribery that took place when the proselytisers were about."

Everybody in Wexford knows this is not true, as Jim Larkin and Pat Daly are two of the greatest advocates of temperance in Ireland.

We also notice that he boasts of being connected with some of the Wexford merchants, but he forgot to mention that it was of the Stafford family, and we all know the sympathy they have for a worksgman.

The following books are, we hear, shortly to be published:—

"How to run a firm on spite; or, an exposition of Salmonism in Wexford."—By a victim.

"How to wheel and its advantages." By The Hero of Carrig River. Illustrations by Tom Busher. "Fly Posting; or Joe Salmon as a pantomime artist." By one who knows him. "Ned Whelan as Lap Dog."—disgraced.

WE HEAR— That Salmon's Private Secretary is an old red head.

That the Byrne Brothers were out trying broken keed greyhounds on Sunday last. That Slate Face will soon be giving his daughter away to the "Warrior Hellin."

That people are anxious to know way dress Clips leave a certain parcel in Patriotic square.

That Johnnie Connors has turned the Municipal office into a stripping room. That James J. Safford, the cabbage herring, went over to four men on Saturday last and asked them were they talking about him.

That Mrs. Byrne asked a gentleman on the Main street the other night had he seen Billy, to which he replied "yes." She then asked where, and was told in "The Worker."

That the first meeting of the Transport Union was held in Tommie Buster's establishment in William street.

That during the lock-out he was suggesting the advisability of getting a revolver to shoot the Mogul.

That the wheelbarrow clerk got his countenance photographed in Dublin last week.

That he is complaining of it not doing him justice. It must be very bad indeed. That there has been another election in the County Council.

That Johnnie Connors is on the beer after it.

That lately at an election Johnnie voted on the side of the cabbage men.

That he was knocking at public-houses on the Quay to try and get drink on Sunday night last.

That people are saying this is very creditable on the part of a Town and County Councillor.

That there was a great spree in Tom Cullen's of High street on Sunday night.

That Mick McCleave was Master of Ceremonies.

That But Rourke got his bills done in English's.

That he does not follow in his father's footsteps.

That there is a lecture to be given shortly on the uses of Crossstown sand, by Mike Wickham.

That illustrations will be supplied by Money three sweets.

That Miley Devereux succeeded at last in making five frames, but lo and behold you they were bad ones. He is going ahead famously in Miley.

That when the crowd was marching up the Faythe, at the beginning of the lock-out, No. 1 was very anxious that everybody should have their pockets filled with stones to break Dick Murphy's windows.

That people are anxious to know when will the grand awakening take place?

WOMEN SLAVES OF BELFAST

The following Manifesto has been issued by the Belfast Branch of the Irish Women Worker's Union, and is a result of the resolution came to by the Executive of that body to make a fight for a minimum wage for the mill-workers of Belfast in the coming summer of 1913. We gladly give it publicity and commend it to the attention of our readers as a grim comment upon the much vaunted prosperity of the Northern Capital:—

IRISH TEXTILE WORKERS' UNION (Textile Section: Irish Women Workers' Union.)

Headquarters:—Liberty Hall, Dublin.

TO THE LINEN SLAVES OF BELFAST.

FELLOW-WORKERS,—Your condition and the condition of the sweated women of all classes of labour in Belfast has recently become the subject of discussion on all the political platforms of England and of long articles in all the most widely read newspapers and magazines of both countries. Almost unanimously they agree in condemning the conditions under which you work, your miserable wages, the abominable system of fining which prevails, and the slaughtering speed at which you are driven. [It is pointed out that the conditions of your toil are unnecessarily hard, that your low wages do not enable you to procure sufficiently nourishing food for yourselves or your children, and that as a result of your hard work, combined with low wages, you are the easy victims of disease, and that your children never get a decent chance in life, but are handicapped in the race of life before they are born.]

All this is to-day admitted by every right-thinking man and woman in these islands. Many Belfast mills are slaughter-houses for the women and penitentiaries for the children. But while all the world is deploring your conditions, they also unite in deploring your slavish and servile nature in submitting to them; they unite in wondering of what material these Belfast women are made, who refuse to unite together and fight for better conditions.

Fishmen have proven themselves to be heroes in fighting to abolish the tyranny of landlordism. Irish women fought heroically in the same cause. Are the Irish working women of Belfast not of the same race? Can they not unite to fight the slavery of Capitalism as courageously

as their sisters on the farms of Ireland united to fight the slavery of Irish Landlordism? Public opinion in these islands is anxious to help you, but public opinion cannot help you unless you are ready to help yourselves.

Especially do we appeal to the spinners, weavers, layers, and dressers. The slavery of the spinning-room is the worst and least excusable of all. Spinning is a skilled trade, requiring a long apprenticeship, alert brains, and nimble fingers. Yet for all this skill, for all those weary years of learning, for all this toil in a superheated atmosphere, with clothes drenched with water, and hands torn and lacerated as a consequence of the speeding-up of the machinery, a qualified spinner in Belfast receives a wage less than some of our pious mill-owners would spend weekly upon a dog. And yet the spinning-room is the key to the whole industry. A general stoppage in the spinning-rooms of Belfast would stop all the linen industry, factories and warehouses alike. Reelers and spinners united control the situation. Disorganised as they are to-day, they are the helpless slaves of soulless employers. United as they might be, as they ought to be, as we are determined they shall be, they could lift themselves into the enjoyment of prosperity and well-paid healthful labour. As a first step to that end, we wish to propose a programme of industrial reform to be realized in the near future, and we invite all our toiling sisters to enrol in our society, the Irish Textile Workers' Union, whose Belfast headquarters is at 50 York street, in order that we may unitedly, and at a given moment, fight for its success.

We demand that the entire Linen Industry be put under the Sweated Industries Act, which gives power to a Trades Board, on which employees and employers are represented, to fix the minimum wages for the whole.

Under that Act the wages of women in the Clothing Operatives Trade has been already fixed at a minimum wage of 3 1/2d. per hour. Until the extension to the Linen Industry of that Act, we demand and pledge ourselves as a Union to fight for a minimum wage of 3s. per hour for all qualified spinners, proportionate increases for all lower grades in the spinning-room and increases in the piece rates for the reeling-room and all departments in piece work; abolition of fines for lost time; all stoppages to be at the same rates as the daily pay per hour.

We also demand from Government the appointment of a competent Women Inspector for the Belfast district exclusively, in order that the inspection of our mills, factories, and warehouses may be a constant reality, instead of the occasional farce it is to-day.

United action can secure every point on this modest programme within less than a year. It depends upon you, the working women of Belfast. If you have courage enough, faith enough in yourselves and in each other, you can win. Most of this programme can be won by direct industrial action, by a General Strike for it if need be; the rest will be conceded by Government as soon as you show yourselves in earnest in your demands for it.

To make easy the work of organising, we are prepared to establish an office or Women's Club-Room in each district if the request for the same is made by a sufficient number of members. Take advantage of this offer, give in your name to us at this office, or to any of your collectors, and we will welcome you as sisters and enrol you as comrades in the coming battle for juster conditions.

Should this manifesto come into the hand of any not themselves workers, but willing to help in the coming battle, if they communicate with us we shall be prepared to enrol them as auxiliaries, and welcome their help.

Sisters and Fellow-workers,—Talk this matter over, do not be frightened by the timid counsels and fears of weaklings. Be brave. Have confidence in yourselves. Talk about success, and you will achieve success.

Remember the watchword for 1913 must be 3d. per hour for all spinners, and a proportionate increase for all other grades.

Yours fraternally, WILFRED CARMY, Secretary. ELLEN GORDON, Delegate. JAMES CONNOLLY, Organiser. 50 York Street.

Entry Money for this Union, 3d.; Weekly Subscription, 2d. for Fall Times; 1d. for Half Times. Strike Pay, 6s. and 3s. per week. Funeral Benefit, 5s.

TWINEM BROTHERS' MINERAL WATERS. The Workingman's Beverage.

TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce, The Workingman's Relish.

Factory—66 S.O. Road, and 31 Lower Clanbrassil Street. PHONE 2658.

The Manchester Martyrs.

Chill break the grey November morn From skies all overcast, And through the streets so lately still Great throngs are hurrying past. Men, women, children, in whose eyes A wolfish gleam appears As 'gainst the sullen winter sky Its head a scaffold rears.

And soon around that structure grim The struggling crowds are massed, With many a ribald song and joke The waiting hours are passed At last, upon their straining gaze Appears the sight they crave; Three men stand there who soon shall fill The felons' nameless grave.

Oh! say, what heinous crime was theirs? What act unspeakable? That 'mong that vast concourse there sounds No sigh, nor pitying thrill Of sorrow for the hapless men Who there so calmly wait Above that vengeful, surging mob, To meet their ghastly fate.

Their voices clear ring out in prayer, No tremor shakes their frame; And on each tranquil brow there shows No trace of sin or shame. Yet, louder still the clamour grows, And fiercer yet the cry, That calls as once the Jews had called To see the Guiltless die.

Oh! search in vain that ribald crowd One pitying face to find; No woman's sob nor broken prayer Comes low upon the wind; And yet, as once the Saviour prayed In His dire agony, They earnest plead their ruthless foes May thrice forgiven be.

What dastards called their sin, was this— They loved their Motherland! And gladly gave in manhood's prime Their lives at her demand; And proudly, in that hostile crowd, They raised that fearless cry, "God save the land for which to-day We proudly, gladly die."

Oh! England, vain thy triumph is That sable flag on high; But 'minds you once again of men— Your gold can never buy. With all your power you could not drown That last triumphant cry That told your wanton mob the way That men and heroes die.

And as 'twas then, so it is still— Shall, too, forever be, Till Eire 'mid the people's all Shall stand a nation free; Raised by the love of such as these Who won the martyr's crown On that remembered winter a morn Within your crime stained town. MEABO CAOMHIANAC.

Annual Xmas Draw.

Tickets now on Sale.

Dry all Winter.

GET the right kind of footwear at the start—some brand that is known. Our Boots have earned a reputation for flexibility, solidity, and for being waterproof, which is due to the superior materials and workmanship in their making.

Army Bluchers, nailed or sprigged, 5/-

Whole-back Hand-Pegged Bluchers, nailed or plain soles, 6/-

Also Men's and Ladies' Walking Boots, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11.

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Commencing Thursday, 14th, and Ending Saturday, 23rd.

Our Stocks are much heavier than we like them to be, and we are compelled for want of space for Christmas purchases to clear our big fresh Stock of Winter Goods at a reduction of 2s. in the £ off all prices. This is an exceptional offer, giving such a reduction off already cut-to-the-bone prices. As a special inducement to those who are unable to purchase for Cash during the Sale, we will for a deposit hold any goods selected for a month and still allow the special discount of 2s. in the £.

We are the cheapest people in the trade.

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Men's Boots at 3/11, 4/6, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11 to 10/6. Ladies' Boots at 2/11, 3/6, 3/11, 4/11, 5/11 to 8/11. Ladies' Shoes at 1/6, 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/11 to 6/11. Boys' School Boots at 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11 to 5/11. Girls' School Boots at 1/11, 2/6, 2/11, 3/6, 3/11 to 4/11. Children's Boots at 10d. 1/4, 1/3, 1/6, 1/8 to 2/11 a Pair.

Children's Carpet Slippers, from 4jd. a pair, Women's Carpet Slippers, from 5jd. a pair, Men's Slippers in great variety.

We do repairs and we do them right. Best Materials and Workmanship Only. Very Moderate Charges.

Our Stock for Value and Variety is absolutely unrivalled.

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The CHRISTMAS NUMBER

OF "The Irish Worker."

St. John Irvine,

Author of "Mixed Marriages"—the play of the year—is writing one of his characteristic stories.

Standish O'Grady

(The Old Man Beautiful),

One of the ablest writers in Ireland, is contributing.

A Real Xmas Number.

Order Now. Price Threepence.

This is to be the Annual of the Century.

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

Once again must I permit the "regular run" of this article to be interrupted by matters more urgent for the moment - if not on the whole more important.

My readers may recollect my reference to the spasmodic manner in which the affairs at the above works were conducted. How in the high tide of industrial activity hands were suddenly dismissed or put on short time, and on other occasions, when apparently work was in reality truly slack, how men were started on overtime and night work. New hands were employed, while the regular men on daywork were almost without a job to charge their time to.

It would seem as if the management of these works was guided and regulated by the moon, for the moon is stated to exercise great power over certain individuals not mentally very strong. But the results of this insane system of management is - that homes of respectable people are left in want and destitution, the shareholders are deprived of the profits that should accrue, and would accrue, from a proper utilisation of their factory and machinery, and the country suffers by the importation of manufactured articles of an inferior quality.

The Waggon Department seemed especially marked out for this "first-of-April" sort of management. Men were dismissed, others put on short time, an urgent demand comes along for waggons or carriages, and as these cannot be built in time they have to be imported, and are imported to the loss of everyone but the official responsible for placing the order.

Now, I do not suggest that this state of affairs might be altered by a more rigid application of the Corrupt Practices Act, but I do say that it would never occur under proper and efficient management. Machines are very costly, and are profitable only when constantly employed turning out work at their maximum rate. Every hour a machine is idle means a loss in money to the shareholders. For it means that the money invested in the purchase of that machine is lying dead. And I know of expensive machines in Inchicore that are idle most of their time. Now it ought not to be impossible for a manager of such a works as Inchicore to keep a regular staff permanently employed all the year round without this "slackening off" and "piling on" complained of. Surely a man of Mr. Maunsell's long experience ought to know by now the requirements of the "road," and be able to anticipate and provide for any and every demand made upon him. Work done on "the double" is both expensive and unreliable. Overtime and nightwork are both more costly than daywork. And I submit that neither are necessary with proper and capable management.

Last week a large number of the hands in the Waggon Shop were put on short time. This must be done for the purpose of giving the men an appetite for their Christmas Dinner, for I understand there is plenty of work in this particular shop upon inquiries I am told that the shop exceeded its allowance by £500, and it is now proposed to make good that amount by depriving the wives and families of the men employed there of the money required to buy food, pay rent, buy clothes, etc. One would have thought that the official who was incapable of making a proper estimate for the shop ought to be made pay for his ignorance and incompetency by having a slice taken off his exorbitant salary instead of robbing the innocent and capable workers of their wages. But robbing the men of their wages is an old game in the shop where men are alleged to be kept in perpetual debt. And while the old Waggon Shop is half deserted the Company is spending thousands upon the erection of a new waggon shop, more extensive, more expensive, better equipped, and in every way more advanced than the old shop that is at present almost lying idle. Why this wilful waste of shareholders' money? Why this unnecessary expenditure? Where is the justification for the erection of the new shop when you are keeping the old shop but half manned? I invite the shareholders to visit the works and test for themselves the accuracy of what I write. And I challenge the Superintendent to answer this question.

But the voice of the shareholders is never heard except it is raised to condemn the poor who are struggling against tyranny and injustice. They would be wiser and wealthier men if they barked to the complaints of their workpeople, and investigated the actions of their highly-paid officials. A workman employed on a railway has a more sincere interest in the well-being of the Company than has the official who secured his appointment merely as a stepping stone to something better somewhere else. And the sooner the shareholders realize this the better it will be for themselves and all concerned.

But about this £500 excessive expenditure! Who is responsible for the miscalculation? Was it Mr. Maunsell, who has spent the greatest part of his life in these works and who could well spare the trifling amount out of his inflated salary; or was it Mr. Watson, who is now in office; or was it my old friend, Brother Hicks, who stood on the steps of the tram car the other day to contemplate me as he swept by comfortably smoking his pipe while I trudged through mud as filthy as his mind? Now, whichever be responsible they are better able to make good the loss than are the working people with their wives and families depending on them, especially now at the threshold of Christmas, when people who are christian in spirit strive to create happiness instead of destroying it. I put it to Messrs. Maunsell, Watson, and friend Hicks that

between them they ought to bear the cost of this alleged official blunder, since the method they adopt to make good the loss is dishonest to the shareholders and to the employes.

The shareholders suffer the loss of the profit that should and would accrue from the proper employment of both men and machines, while the workpeople lose their wages, so essential for the well-being of themselves and families. Leaving this subject for a while, I desire to briefly refer to one other - namely the rights of organised Labour. In times of industrial unrest men are very active in upholding the claims of organised Trade Unionism, and in battling with those who dare to dispute these claims. But the battles of Trade Unionism are not confined merely to such occasions as those referred to. The struggle goes on for all time, although the field of battle is frequently altered. At one time it is a lock-out that is being resisted, at another it is a strike that is being fought; while again it may be a Municipal or a Parliamentary election that is contested. But in all cases it is the cause of the working classes that is supported and assailed; and yet we find men who boast of being members of a trade society who scorn as a scab the wretch who opposes trade union effort in a strike or lock-out; and yet this self-same effort is opposed at election times by these supporters (?) of Trade Unionism. In my recent contest in the New Kilmalham Ward my candidature was endorsed not alone by the Dublin Trades Council and the Dublin Labour Party, but by the District Committee of my trade society; and yet in that contest members of my own trade society voted against me and canvassed against me. Now, the cause I stood for was the same one as is upheld by organized workers during a strike or a lock-out - the cause of Trade Unionism; still these individuals referred to blindly opposed that cause by voting with the officials who dismissed me from the service of the G. S. & W. Railway Company, because on principle I battled for these self-same ungrateful individuals. Now, I warn these moral "scabs" that if they attempt in the coming contest to play once again the traitor's part they shall not do so in secret. Last week a Mr. O'Looney was announced by the local John S. Kelly branch of the League to lecture in the United Workmen's Club, Inchicore, on "Ireland Since the Union." A lecture on O'Looney's connection with another Union, or rather his rejection by them, would form an interesting subject; but it is with the lecturer himself I am concerned rather than his subject. This O'Looney, ever since he stepped from the dock, in which he was placed by his own trade society - from which, I believe, he was expelled - has become notorious for his opposition to Trade Union effort at elections; and in that opposition his stable companions are John S. Kelly, O'Donnell, of margarine fame; Stewart, editor of the monthly scandaliser, and a host of other fallen "stars." That this O'Looney should be permitted to lecture in the United Workmen's Club, Inchicore, is a matter I submit for the consideration of the members of that club who are genuine Trade Unionists. During my contest it was not possible to hold a meeting in this club; although I was the standard-bearer of Trade Unionism. An announcement of the publication of my pamphlets placed in one of its windows was torn down; while in this same window was prominently displayed a notice of the lecture by this notorious opponent of organised Labour, this O'Looney, I know Mr. Maunsell made this club a present of some slates. I know that many of the committee of management are employed by the Company, but neither treachery nor cowardice should be permitted to operate it into an implement of opposition to the demands of organised Labour. The club owes an explanation to its members who are legitimate Trade Unionists and to the trade societies that assemble within its walls as to why it permitted O'Looney to lecture in its hall. On a former occasion they showed their spirit by rejecting John S. Has that spirit died since or who is to blame?

WILLIAM P. PARTIDGE.

JUSTICE OR INJUSTICE.

PERJURY OR OTHERWISE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

4 Irvine Crescent, Church Road, Dublin, 6th November, 1912.

DEAR SIR, - I wish to-day to thank all those who have either written or spoken to me, warning me to be careful of the Police. I now in reply inform them that I have no reason to be in fear or dread of the Police, or any other person or persons, and further that when my writings shall cease, I won't be afraid of them, so I trust you don't mistake your man. I may tell you that I am not one of those men that light my lamp at breakfast hour, so as to have it lighted in time to escape a summons. I light up at the proper time.

Now to those persons sending complaints to me, I here repeat that I don't intend dealing with any of them (except one) as I am writing facts which I can depose to, on oath if necessary.

Should any carter be stopped on the street by children in consequence of their being moved by him off his lorry or van, he may let me know, but he must supply date, and hour, name of street, and the name of one witness.

Now who are the hackney car, and cab drivers of Dublin, also the carters and van men referred to in my letters? I'll tell you now.

The Jarveys (as we call them) of our City are a large body of honest men, and sober too, honest as I find in the Police Report that they head up not only hundreds, but thousands of pounds worth of both property and cash to the Police every year. This cash and property having been forgotten on their cabs, or in their cabs.

Now for comparison take any English City of the same or larger population than ours, and a comparison of property returned is curious. Yes, officers in the excise.

Sober they must be for rarely will you see even one of them charged with drunkenness, yet those are

the men we see fined as high as forty shillings, and are threatened about the state of their cabs. Yes they are a fine body of men true as steel, and for this reason (if for no other), I would not attend a bonfire, even of one cab, but rather try and aid the poor owner to set it right in a bad state of repair or to buy a new one.

Now on Friday night last, one of those brave men (brave I call them) handed over a valuable Truss of Drapery to the gate man (Mr. Nolan, at D.S.E. Goods Store, same having been lost off a car, by some poor man. Such action is highly commendable as it saved the poor man several pounds.

I know all about the matter, but I suppose poor 59B won't know anything of it until he'll see the "Worker" on Saturday.

Such is the character (in a few words) of our Jarveys.

Now the Carters are an honest body of men, who pay not only hundreds, but thousands of pounds in claims every year for goods stolen off their vehicles chiefly owing to the inactivity of the Police.

Well now does the Police ever bother their heads as to the quantity, quality, or value of the goods and articles which are stolen off cars in the streets of Dublin (even by day), I say so.

Why is it that the Merchants and Master Carriers does not ask the Police to pay more attention to this system of robbery. I'll tell you. The answer is because the poor men (yes, very poor men) pay for it. Did you never know this, yes, his true.

Presently I know a poor man (carter) paying a claim of £15, at so much per week out of his wages for trusses which were stolen off his lorry. Is he not an honest man, yes and thousands of others like him. Should this man leave the employment, of course the master should have paid the claim (as they often have to do) but to the credit of the man, I must say for them, that they pay up, and are always paying, you claim as high as £20.

Now why does not the Merchants and Master Carriers ask the questions that I am now about asking the Police, viz -

1. How many reports of Goods stolen off vehicles between Store Street and G.N.R. Goods Store at Sheriff Street, have been made to you within the past twelve months?

2. How many arrests?

3. How many successful prosecutions? I could answer if I like, but I won't.

I now tell the Police that the short days are upon us, the robbers are alert, the poor man are paying claims, so you should take steps to try and set matters right. Why not send a Constable (in plain clothes) every week, evening from 3.30 to 6.15 to the vicinity of Amine Street where the cars are robbed when proceeding to Goods Store, don't you know the Railway Bridge, must I tell you, you could arrest robbers there and so protect the poor man.

Do so, and do so at once, and don't be so particular about your lighting-up time sheet, etc., but try and help that Eminent Lawyer, and just Judge (the Recorder) in at least reducing the heavy roll of crime which now unhappily appears to hang over us.

Be men, be watchful, and arrest robbers, for "robbery is the mother of rebellion." In the same way "Justice is the mother of Peace."

SIMPSON & WALLACE, The Workingman's MEAT PROVIDERS, Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

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Go to MURRAY'S Sheriff Street; FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

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Made by Trade Union Bakers.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. FINEST AND BEST THE TRADE UNION BAKERS.

Doing You Out of Your Job.

[BY BART KENNEDY]

The man who does you out of your job is as much your enemy as it is possible for a man to be. For taking away your living is taking away your life. If you cannot provide the necessities of life for yourself and your family, you and they must die - or go under, which is much the same as dying.

It is all nonsense to say that if one door shuts another always opens. We can only go according to the facts that exist in these days in which we live, and one of the most salient facts in it is that losing your employment, too, often means starvation and misery. It, too, often means that your plans are upset as to the managing of the affairs of your family. You may have plans for your boy or girl that can never be carried out now that you have lost your work.

There are, of course, persons of energy who are stimulated by being cast suddenly away from their earnings. But these persons are rare, and it may well be that you are not one of them. It may well be that your energy has been wasted through working for many years at the same thing, and when the time comes that you have to stop doing what you have been used to doing, you are as powerless as a man who is in a boat without oars in the open sea. You drift and drift here and there, and in the end the waves engulf you.

I like to call things by their proper names. If a man is trying to kill me, I call him my enemy. Yes, if a man is trying to kill me by taking the bread out of my mouth, and at the same time wants me to shake hands with him, I strongly object. For I consider him as much my enemy as if he were going to shoot at me with a rifle or lunge at me with a knife,