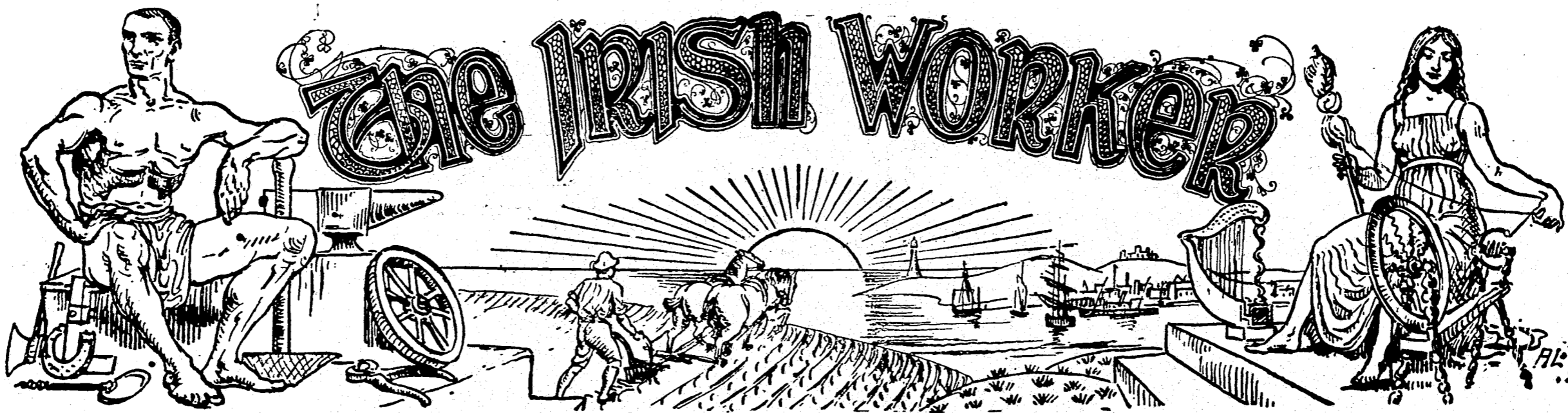


Who it speaks of
I tell you a cause
like ours;
Is greater than defeat
can know—
It is the power of
power.

As surely as the earth
rolls round
As surely as the
glorious sun
Brings the great world
moon wave,
Must our Cause be
won!



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

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 35.—VOL. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

THE CRY OF DISTRESS!

What Can be Done for the Unemployed?

By EUCHAN.

Year by year as each winter comes round the same cry of distress goes up, "What can be done with the unemployed?"

Each winter reveals the state of destitution that the toilers are brought to through unemployment, and each winter, as I have said, brings the same cry of distress.

Unemployment, like the weather, has become a stock topic for casual conversation. You hear it talked about in the streets, in trams, in drawing-rooms, and it is sometimes even "gagged" about by alleged comedians in theatres and music halls.

Unemployment, and its attendant evils, is dismissed by everyone, but the termination of each conversation generally consists of the hopeless question, "What can be done?"

Having suffered in my time from the curse of unemployment rather severely, I always feel interested, from a purely personal point of view, in any attempt to provide an answer to the terrible unemployment problem.

It was for this reason, more than any other, I went to the meeting held last Monday evening in the Antient Concert Rooms to deal with this question.

The principal organiser of the meeting, I understand, was Miss Harrison, T.C.

Everyone in Dublin who is free to recognise real honesty of purpose and integrity of character, realises full well that Miss Harrison, above all people in the city, is above and beyond anything of a "hole and corner" or "backstairs" nature, yet the charge was made, and had to be refuted, that the meeting was organised for electioneering purposes on behalf of the Labour candidates.

Personally, I believe the charge is too silly to be taken too seriously. Miss Harrison is too well known and appreciated by right thinking people to be mistaken for the electioneering hack of any party, for one thing, and, besides, the question of unemployment is too vast and cruel to be considered as a question of party politics at all.

Unemployment is not a matter for Labour men to consider merely, but is rather a question which must be honestly considered by every public representative, no matter what his politics may be.

Unemployment is a curse! How great a curse it is, only the poor devils who have gone through it know fully. It is not only a curse but it is a menace to the peace and prosperity of the whole community. Unemployment is twice accursed, therefore; it is a curse to those who suffer from it, and 'tis a curse to those who do nothing towards solving or ending it as they may find out some day to their cost.

Unemployment has absolutely nothing to do with elections. A Labour man certainly has to do his utmost to combat or cure its evils as he is representing the working classes who suffer most from it, but a nationalist is just as much bound to work for the ending of unemployment because it is a National question, and one which cuts at the very core of a nation's well-being. A Unionist bears an equal responsibility with the others, were it only for humanitarian reasons. Indeed, no man, no matter what he be, can dare strive to become a public representative, and ignore this question of unemployment, for it is a question that cries aloud for answer, and active, sincere, honest action as well.

The meeting on Monday evening was not called for political or electioneering reasons but for HUMANITARIAN AND CHRISTIAN reasons, and all that the meeting set out to do was done.

Mr. Laurence O'Neill, T.C., presided. Councillor O'Neill is a quiet man, whose every action, look and word betokens sincerity. He is far from being a firebrand, and would be hopeless as a revolutionary, yet for this meeting he made quite an ideal chairman.

Miss Harrison, T.C., proposed the resolution which the meeting was called to endorse, and it was seconded by Jim Larkin.

That resolution was as follows:—
"That this meeting earnestly requests the Chief Secretary, as President of the Local Government Board, to look into the administration of the Unemployed Workmen Act in Dublin, and take the necessary steps (1) to ensure that the money voted by Parliament and subscribed by the public for the relief of unemployed workmen shall in future be spent for no other purpose, and shall be expended for this purpose in conformity with the rules and recommendations drawn up in connection with the Act; and (2) that he will use his influence to obtain an adequate grant to relieve the distress in the city. And that this meeting calls upon the members for the City of Dublin to personally acquaint themselves with the manner in which the Unemployed Workmen Act has been administered in their constituencies, and requests them to see that in future charitable subscriptions and public money voted for the relief of unemployed workmen shall not be spent in providing free labour and materials for the benefit of private property holders in this city, thus disemploying ordinary workmen and injuring the very people the Act was intended to relieve."

I may say at once that the resolution was passed unanimously and amidst great enthusiasm, so that, as I have already said, the object of the meeting was successfully achieved.

I liked Miss Harrison's speech in moving the resolution. I never heard her speak at any length before; but I thought she spoke well and to the point, although she could have been a little less apologetic maybe. Measures of Social Reform are too urgent to admit apologies. If a man threatens your life you had better kill him first and apologise afterwards to his widow. If a man is out of work and his very life and the lives of those depending on him are being threatened, he is not anxious to know the little pettifogging difficulties that stand in the way of a Distress Committee, but he does want to know what chance he has of getting a job and of turning the wolf of starvation from his door.

I know full well that Miss Harrison tells of these little difficulties because of the absolute conscientious way in which she has entered into her self-imposed duties; but I submit that she has a slightly wrong point of view on the matter.

She bases all her work upon the answer to the question, How much can a Distress Committee do for the unemployed and what is the best way to get that Distress Committee to do it?

The question, however, as it appeals to me should be stated this way: How much can the unemployed demand from a Distress Committee and what is the best way in which the unemployed can compel said Distress Committee to act to the utmost extent of their power?

I think these two respective points of view were very well illustrated on Monday night by the mover and seconder of the resolution respectively.

Miss Harrison told us of what the Committee could do. Mr. Larkin told us, on the other hand, of what the unemployed could demand.

I admit at once that it as natural for Miss Harrison to have the first point of view as it is for Jim to have the second. She understands that a Committee appointed in good faith to administer an Act of Parliament must do their duty honestly and to the best of their ability, and that even though they do lapse from the straight path, they may be brought back to it by a little official pressure from a higher quarter. Jim understands, however, that no Committee can honestly administer an Act with which they are entirely out of sympathy, unless they are compelled to do so by the action of those for whom the Act was framed, and they in this case are the unemployed themselves.

The real trouble of the Dublin Distress Committee, to my mind, is that they

CAUTION.
The Pillar House,
31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,
IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—
BARGAINS BY POST.

We do cater for the Working Man
So fancy prices; honest value only.
Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALTY.

have been allowed to attain a false position principally through the action or inaction of the unemployed themselves. They have been allowed to become a sort of Boards of Guardians—not of the Poor Law, but of the Unemployment Law—and just as the poor go to the Board of Guardians with hat in hand craving assistance, so have the unemployed gone to the Distress Committee craving assistance.

The Distress Committee evidently got it into their heads that they were administering the law merely as a hobby and not as a means of effectually combating the evils of unemployment. It is only by looking at it thus, indeed, that anyone can hope to understand the gross ignorance of principle and complete absence of anything approaching honesty with which they maladministered the Act.

Had the Unemployed stopped craving for work and demanded it in no uncertain tone; had they ceased fumbling with their hats in their hands, and, instead of showing abject deference to the Committee, shown them their teeth, would the Scullys and Croziers have dared do the things they did? Surely not.

Remember that the Unemployed Workmen's Act was only forced from a benevolent Government after much strife and fighting.

The Government realised that it is to the employers interests to have an army of unemployed—the "Devil's Army," as Daisy Halling calls it—and it went very much against their grain to give the Act. As a matter of fact they only gave it when it was forced from them.

The Act is not all that it could or should be. At the same time the things that could be done under it have not all been done in Ireland, and those that have been done have been done badly. It is to the interest of every workman to see that the Act is administered properly, those who are working as well as those who are not working.

If it took terror to make the Government give the Act, it may take terror to make the local bodies administer it properly.

Let the unemployed of Dublin stop "kow-towing" to the Distress Committee, therefore, and begin to knock the fear of the Lord into their hearts—it will be more effective.

You will find then that resolutions asking the Chief Secretary "that he will use his influence to obtain an adequate grant to relieve the severe distress in the city" will be almost unnecessary, for the Committee will be found sending hatfuls of resolutions and prayers and petitions on their own account.

I can imagine the worthy or unworthy readers of this paper who go over it carefully week by week, seeking for something with which to discredit Larkin, saying to themselves, when they read this article, "Ah, ha! here is open incitement to riot!"

The article is not intended for any such purpose. It would be futile if it was! The purpose of the article is to try and stimulate the manliness and pride and self-reliance of the working classes of this city, employed and unemployed. Let them demand their rights. It is only by toil that a toiler can live.

The God who gave you breath gave you the right to live! The right to live gives you the right to work! If Commerce denies you the right to work, the State must fill the breach. The State has partly recognised its duty in this matter by passing the Unemployment Act. It is the duty of every right-thinking man and woman in a Christian land to see that people are not starved or made to suffer through lack of work; to see also that the machinery of local administration is used properly and promptly. Are the people of Dublin prepared to do their duty in this matter, or are they going to wait on until the cry of distress has become a cry of desperation and rage?

The choice is with them.

Biographies in Brief.

No 2.—JOHN S. KELLY—THE "SPARROW."

A veritable halo of glory surrounds the life of the late-unlamented John Saturnus Kelly, otherwise the "Sparrow," so called from his close affinity to that feathered beauty, the jail bird. Notwithstanding this, the origin of his uprise and the credentials of his antecedents are things that are destined to remain shrouded in mystery for all time.

He entered public life when private life had nothing to offer him in the shape of £ S. D., and descending upon the unfortunate district of Inchicore, near the City of Dublin, he took occupation thereof and fortified himself in preparation of his campaign against the wickedness of the world. With surprising agility he entered the Civic Parliament as representative for the said district of Inchicore, and it was not until three years later that he was found out.

As a man of business and commercial acumen there were few to equal him in those days. He was largely interested in finance—mostly other people's; but this is by the way. He himself attributed his success to his adopted motto "Sinn Fein."

Withal he was the apostle of virtue, and the doer of many good deeds during his lifetime. It will be long remembered how on receiving the huge legacy of twenty

thousand pounds from a deceased relative he handed over the entire sum to the Dublin Corporation for the erection of a Mayoral dwellinghouse, the edifice in Dawson street having been converted into a Cinematograph Theatre by the famous Farrell Variety Company.

That "the good die young" is an accepted rule, and the kindly John was a victim to the fatal adage. He passed away at the early age of sixty-nine; one year more and he might have had an old age pension.

To the present day there is a quaint superstition existing among the folk at New Kilmainham to the effect that the valiant John S. never really died. They believe that on the occasion of his supposed demise he crept away surreptitiously and emigrated to the Promised Land. This yarn, of course, must not be taken seriously.

The "Sparrow" is dead—as dead as a door nail—and his epitaph might be written thus—

"Like somebody of whom it has been said He stayed upon this planet while he could;
The day he stretched upon his earthen bed He left his country for his country's good."

OSCAR.

National Amalgamated
Bakers' and Confectioners'
Trade Union of Ireland,
Head Office—22 Upr. Ormond Quay
Phone 3476.

The Committee cordially invite all working Bakers to join the above Trade Union—the one and only Bakers' Trade Union in Dublin. Affiliated to the Trades Council, and also approved under the National Health Insurance Act, approval No. 96 Sick Benefits: Trades Union and Insurance, £1 per week; also out-of-work and Mortality Benefits. For particulars, apply the Secretary.

THE STORY-TELLER.

"I was thinking—" said John, and then he solemnly stirred his tea.

"That's a queer thing," said his wife, Mary, as she poured some hot water into a feeding bottle. "So was I!"

John instantly grew suspicious.

"And what was it you were thinking about, Mary, might I ask?" he said.

"I was thinking," said Mary, "that I might get you to look after the baby for an hour or so, till I went out and did some messages. There's young Tim came home from the school to-night with hardly a bit of his trousers sticking together, and I'll have to get him a pair of new ones as I can't do anything with the old ones—there so bad, and, besides, there is—"

"Tim's always wanting new trousers," said John pertly.

"Oh," said Mary, "he's only a boy, you know, John, and boys will be boys."

"Aye, boys will be boys," broke in John, gruffly, "but when I was a boy I never—"

"I know, John, I know," said his wife, soothingly. "When you were a boy you never tore your trousers or wanted new ones. I know that fine, and sorry I am that Tim doesn't take after his father, but sure every one knows that you were a model, and, anyway, I must get Tim a new pair of trousers, he'll be running naked. You wouldn't like to see the boy going to the school that way, would you? You'll look after the baby when I'm out, won't you?"

"Wouldn't it to-morrow night do instead," said John. "I'm going to be busy to-night."

"Well, I don't think to-morrow will do," replied his wife. "Indeed, I am certain it will not, but what were you going to be doing, John?"

"I was thinking—"

"Aye, so you said before."

"Yes, and I would have told you what I was thinking before had you not interrupted me with your ill-mannered talk about Tim's trousers."

"Well, ye know, John, the boy wants them."

"And if he does itself is that any reason why a man can't think in his own house?"

"Sure, John, there's nobody preventing you. What was it you were thinking, anyway?"

"Well, I was thinking that I would stay in the house to-night and do a bit of writing."

Mary gasped in astonishment.

"Oh, you needn't be so surprised," said John, rather huffily. "Is there any reason why I shouldn't write?"

"None in the world," said his wife, trying her best to keep from showing her surprise. "But what is it you're going to write, John?"

"It's like this," said John, drawing away from the table where he had finished his tea, and making himself comfortable in the big chair by the fire. "The Editor of THE WORKER is giving

a prize of a Guinea for a short story—I saw it announced in this week's Number—and I'm going to have a slap at it!

"You—you're going to tell stories?" ejaculated Mary.

"Yes. Why shouldn't I? I think I might make a very good hand at it if I tried."

Mary sat back in her chair and laughed heartily.

"What are you laughing at?" broke out John. "Do you think I'm not able to tell stories?"

"Indeed, John," said his wife, still laughing. "I think you're well able."

John took his pipe from his mouth, and seemed to swallow something—something hard. "I don't know what you mean, Mary," he said at length; "but if you are trying to question my veracity, then allow me to tell you that—"

"Faith, John, I don't know about your veracity, as you call it; but I think you are quite able to tell stories. The question is—Are ye able to WRITE one?"

"Is there any harm in trying?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, then, will you give a man a chance? There's no telling what a man can do when he's put to it, and it's you would be glad to get the guinea if I won it."

"If I had a guinea," said Mary musingly, "I would buy a bit of new wax-cloth for the kitchen, and I'd get that new bonnet you've been promising me for the last year, and I'd get—"

"Hold on now—that's like you women always. Here you've gone and spent the guinea already before I've even set to work to win it, and any way, if I do win it, the guinea's mine, and there's a lot of things I'm needing myself. I could be doing with a new overcoat for one thing, and—"

"Oh, but I need the bonnet more than you need the overcoat."

"Well, may be you do; but, if we go on arguing like this, the story will never be written, and there will be neither overcoat nor bonnet to be got. Where's the pen and ink?"

"Oh, Tim took the pen to the school to-day; he must have forgot it, and Mrs. Dolan downstairs got the loan of the ink."

"Did ever a man hear the like? Glory be to God! How am I to write my story without a pen and ink?"

"But, John, you could write it with a lead pencil first, just to see how you get on. There's a bit up there on the mantelpiece, beside the tea caddy; and besides you haven't got a subject yet, have you?"

"Oh, that won't bother me long," said John, reaching for the pencil. "Is there any paper in the house?"

"There's a packet on the dresser there. Is it a love story you'll be writing, do you think?"

"Oh, Lord, no! No such nonsense for me."

"You didn't think it nonsense always, John."

"Well, if I was once silly enough to believe in love, I got more sense after

I was married. There's better subjects than that to write about. Heaps of stories could be written about the history of our country, for instance.

"What do you know about history?"

"Maybe I know more than you think; and, anyway, a short story need only be about one little incident you know. When you come to think about it, there's hundreds of little things happening in every workman's life that could be written into nice little stories."

"But, John, you can't make stories out of common things like that."

"And why not?" You couldn't expect a workman like me to write a lot of stuff about Lord Claud de Cloak-Socks when I never met the man and care nothing about him."

"That's true enough, John."

"Of course it's true, My story—when it's finished—will be about the class I know most about—the working class, and I'll tell a plain story in my own plain way."

"Will you make it a funny story, John, or will it be something sad?"

"I hardly know that yet. I suppose it might be easier to write a sad story; but still a workman comes across many funny things that he might write about. I'll have to make up my mind about that."

"When you're making up your mind about it," said Mary, quietly slipping on her shawl, "I'll run out and get those trousers for Tim. Will you look after the baby when I'm out, John?"

"All right, Mary, I will," said John, taking the baby on his knee. "Don't be long."

"No," said Mary, as she made for the door, "I'll not be long, and when I come back you can go on with your story-telling."

MAC.

Liberty Hall.
DON'T MISS THIS SUNDAY
AFTERNOON
LECTURE AND CONCERT
Doors open at 3 o'clock p.m., close 3.30 p.m.
Small charge for admission.

COUGH CURE
The New Scientific Remedy for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all Chest and Lung Troubles.
Acts like Magic. Price 6d. & 1/- Per Bottle.
Breaks up the Cough immediately.

DOMINICK A. DOLAN, M.P.S.I.
Wholesale & Retail Chemist,
58 BOLTON STREET, DUBLIN.

HORAN & SONS,
95 & 96 Gt. Brunswick St.,
58 Upper G. and Canal Street,
6 South Lotts Road Beggar's Bush,
AND
1, 2 & 3 Seaford Avenue, Sandymount,
Give Best Value ever offered.
Quality, Full Weight, and Defy Competition.

Presents.
Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes and Fancy Goods, at
P. CONWAY & CO.,
31 Exchequer Street and 10a Aungier St.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

IRWIN AND HIS SWEATING DEN.

Irwin, who owns and controls the paper sorting sweating den in Abbey St., and to whose scandalous treatment of his employees we had to draw public attention a few times last year, is now distinguishing himself by carrying on a new form of tyranny towards the poor creatures who slave for him.

This demand was sent on Monday, January 6th, at 11.30 a.m., and the card was at once given to the girl; but by a later post a statement came from Irwin stating that he had not given the girl her insurance card because she did not go to him for it at nine o'clock in the morning, and that he would not break his regulations.

The men and women in Dublin who allow their girls to work in Irwin's sweating den, who allow them to be bullied and slave-driven, and worked like mules for 2s. 6d. per week, are, in my opinion, just as much to blame as Irwin is.

What can 2s. 6d. per week procure for any girl? Why, it would not keep her supplied with dry bread. Therefore, what else is she doing but starving, and, apart from that, the health of these girls is being ruined.

CARDBOARD BOXMAKING.

It is important that all workers employed in the various cardboard box-making establishments are requested to take particular notice that the printed posters (which are sent by the Trades Board to all the firms) setting out in detail the minimum rate of wage, and the rate of wage for apprentices are posted up in conspicuous places.

Don't miss the Sunday evening Socials held in Liberty Hall. Dancing and Singing. Small Entrance Fee. All Friends Welcome.

Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and Thursday evening at 8 p.m. Irish Dancing on Friday evening at 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—"D.L." 18 Beresford 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 newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Jan. 18th, 1913

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Well, Comrades, what think you of our attack on the citadel of ignorance, corruption and debauchery? Did we acquit ourselves like men? Have we anything to regret? Did any among our ranks falter? As far as we observed no complaint can be set against any of those who have been in any way active in the Labour world.

What can 2s. 6d. per week procure for any girl? Why, it would not keep her supplied with dry bread. Therefore, what else is she doing but starving, and, apart from that, the health of these girls is being ruined.

TRADES BOARD ACT.

It is important that all workers employed in the various cardboard box-making establishments are requested to take particular notice that the printed posters (which are sent by the Trades Board to all the firms) setting out in detail the minimum rate of wage, and the rate of wage for apprentices are posted up in conspicuous places.

Corporation employee and ward-heeler, who by the way is on the Register in nearly all the Wards in Dublin, he is a lodger in North Dock Ward. We have already in past issues dealt with the stuffing of Mountjoy and Merchant's Quay register, but in Wood Quay they have excelled themselves.

In Inn's Quay—a district known as Beef Row—(this is not owned by Delaany)—upon which no rates have been paid for years past, and has not been occupied since the demolition of Ormond Market, has been stuffed with bogus voters.

And now to the future. Brave boys, have no fear, but be up and doing. North City is vacant, and, if Alfie has any sand in his diminutive carcase, he will resign.

Bring your Insurance Books with your Card. Every member of Insurance Section must buy a Rule Book. It is important that every worker should have 26 stamps on his or her card.

vote for a beast like Swaine. Well, we have got two of Swaine's tools, and though Mickey swore he had no money, we know he has no morals! We will make the good ladies and gentlemen who supplied him with funds put their hands down again.

And now to the future. Brave boys, have no fear, but be up and doing. North City is vacant, and, if Alfie has any sand in his diminutive carcase, he will resign.

Remember no delay in settling claims through the Irish Transport Union Approved Society. Transfer now. All Post Office contributors should transfer at once.

Labour's Victory!



WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C., For New Kilmainham.

On Tuesday as I trudged through the snow and slush in the biting blast I was accosted by a little boy about ten years of age. He was poorly clad, and was busily engaged clearing away the snow in front of an aristocratic building on the South Circular road.

I gazed down into his eager blue eyes—as clear as the heavens, as bright as the stars—and I felt that I would not exchange the affection felt and the faith of that poor child for all the votes ever placed upon a Burgess roll.

As I am unable to acknowledge the many kind notes of congratulations received, I trust the Editor will kindly permit my utilizing the columns of the "Worker" to tell all kind friends how much I appreciate their kindness and generosity.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

WEXFORD NOTES.

"Corish and Walsh are in," such are the words that rung in our ears on Wednesday night, as the large concourse of people forced its way down Bridge street, with the two standard bearers of Labour, shoulder high.

At the Forester's Hall there was a halt made, when Mr. Corish in a few well-chosen words thanked the huge audience for their loyalty to the cause of labour, and congratulated them for having refused with scorn the bribes in the shape of poisonous whiskey which were held out to them.

It was a terrific fight, money, drink, corruption and hired voters on one side, while on the other we had nothing to depend on but sobriety (which was carried out to the letter), principle and pluck.

The poll was the largest ever recorded in Wexford, and when the other side saw that they could not wheedle or soften the voters, their annoyance knew no bounds; they tried every trick in their vocabulary but it was no use, the workers of St. Mary's Ward knew their duty too well.

On Sunday morning last Coffey's bill poster, the famous Jem Dwyer, was sent out to cover up Corish and Walsh's election bills, but thanks to some of our good friends they did not remain covered long.

The day before the election they got out posters telling people not to forget what was said in Fyfe's, which people laughed about, and good-humouredly referred to it as their dying kick.

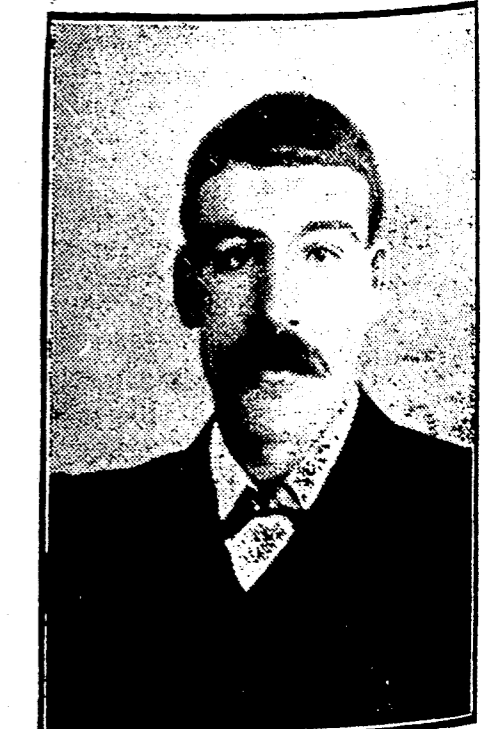
The day of the poll, carriages were flying all over the Faythe trying to entice people to go vote for Hore and Coffey, but to use a localism, "that cock don't fight." And by the way, when we are on this matter, we would like to state that we always thought it was illegal to hire vehicles of any sort to bring voters, and if either Hore or Coffey had been elected there would have been a protest made against these proceedings. However, our men won in spite of it all.

In the other wards fortune did not favour us, but against next year please God, we will be better prepared for the fray.

We wish to thank the following for their help in bringing the election in St. Mary's Ward to such a huge success: Councillor Joseph Kingsberry, Councillor Thomas O'Brien, Patrick McMurphy, Patrick Nolan, William J. Duggan and Thomas Kehoe, who, we learn, worked like trojans.

The figures in St. Mary's Ward were: Corish ... 437 Walsh ... 325 Coffey ... 318 } Employers' Hore ... 305 } Tools. Corish polled the largest number of votes in town

A DOCKER For NORTH DOCK



MICHAEL BROHOON, T.C., For North Dock.

Inchicore Items.

She looked into her husband's eyes, while her own with tears did fill; "My sowl, I never doubted you," e-ied, l'ory of the Hill.

The predictions of the putrid Press, the "Gee-man's Journal," the "Tell-you-half," the "vitrol" organ of William Martin Murphy—the alleged Roman Catholic Director of the G. S. & W. Railway, that dismissed a Catholic employee because he complained that Catholics in the employment of that Company were being "walked on"—William Martin's "Independent" and "Herald"—have all been upset by the decision of the respectable, intelligent, and sober voters of the New Kilmainham Ward, when, by 706 votes—giving a majority of 253—they returned Partridge as their Representative on Wednesday.

Twelve months ago the combined votes recorded against Labour in the Ward was 731. These figures, added to the majority given above, shows a complete turn over of 984 votes in favour of Labour.

On the 2nd of October—a little over three months ago—Partridge unsuccessfully contested a seat in this Ward in the interest of Labour. On that occasion he reduced the anti-Labour vote from 731 to 23—while he increased the votes recorded for Labour from 260 to 429. And now he has carried its flag triumphantly to victory, and dealt a crushing blow to the corrupt and unscrupulous gang of which John Saturnus Kelly is the patron saint.

And be it not forgotten that all these contests were fought on registers built up by Councillor John Saturnus Kelly. And many who are favourable to Labour found their names struck off the Burgess Roll.

Councillor O'Hanlon the associate of scabs, blackmailers, and proselytisers, like M'Intyre, and John Saturnus Kelly, had better "bndle up and go." Their sins have found them out.

"Crusty" Donaghy, of Kilmainham—the man who volunteered to fight Partridge, but was frightened by the hint to expose a guilty past, nevertheless worked might and main to return the Orangeman Eager, and who is alleged to have given "roomkeepers tickets only to the poor," who promised to vote against the Labour Candidate—may rest assured that Partridge shall assist him in becoming a good Christian—even in spite of himself.

Caulfield, of the "Tap," Chapelizod, Woodcock, of the Canal, and Duggan, of Islandbridge, three drunkards' labourers (the first two refused to fight Partridge; but, like cowardly assassins, aided the blacklegs, scabs, and assassins to fight the representative of organised Labour) will in future have for their customers none but blackmailers, scabs, and blacklegs—and don't you forget it!

Ex-Alderman M'Caugh was once more in the firing line facing the old foe and fighting the old fight and keeping the old flag flying.

Partridge won a great victory, and he is more than repaid for all he has ever attempted or endured. The cheering multitude that bore him on its shoulders triumphantly through the thronged streets and listened to his address was composed of people for whom it would be a privilege to die and a pleasure to serve.

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