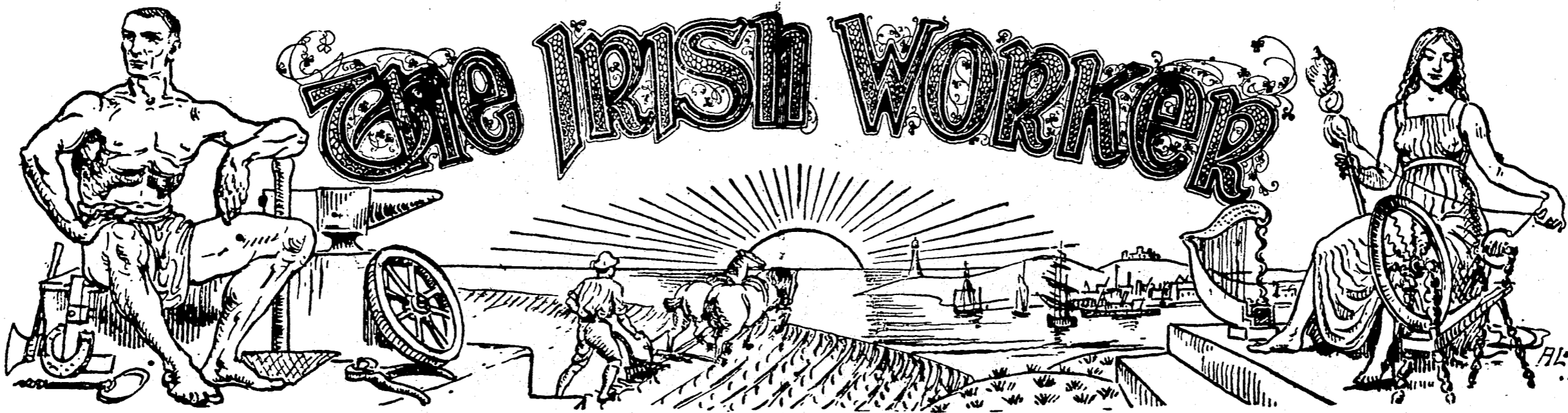


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

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

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 41.—Vol. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 1st, 1913

ONE PENNY.]

"THE GOOD OLD PAST!"

"Rip Van Winkle" Wakens Up.

By EUCHAN.

The other week an article of mine called "The Rebel Movement" was published in this paper.

By the "Rebel Movement" I meant the Labour Movement, and I still hold to-day, as I did then, that "the Labour Movement is the only Rebel Movement now existing in Ireland."

I based my contention principally on my belief that this is a commercial age; further, that all government to-day is essentially commercial government; and that, when Home Rule comes, the workers of Ireland will recognise that fact more fully than they now do, and that they will rally into the ranks of the Rebel Labour Movement in order that they may fight the commercial capitalist-controlled Government, and thus enable the workers to obtain justice or, at least, some measure of it.

That was the scope of the article. It was essentially a Labour article written for THE WORKER, because this particular paper is the only paper devoted to the interests of Labour.

Out of the many thousand readers of THE WORKER there is one who has taken exception to my article, and last week, by the courtesy of the Editor, he was allowed to meander over a considerable portion of the front page with a vague but lengthy article, which, I presume, he considered criticism.

Now my colleagues on THE WORKER know full well that I welcome criticism—nay, more, the policy of THE WORKER is to welcome criticism, for in many cases it helps to elucidate some debatable point, and bring the meaning more clearly before the minds of the readers.

With this policy before me, therefore, I have given careful attention to this particular article I refer to, and as I do not know the writer or anything at all about him I could read his article quite dispassionately.

Having done so I am bound to say that his article is not criticism at all. It was two columns of aimless futility, tugged here and there with obvious spite. I can understand the futility, but with regard to the spite I neither understand it nor am I concerned about it.

My critic (if I may so call him for convenience sake) heads his article—"Euchan and Ireland." He honours me too much in bracketing me thus, for he must know that I am just as unworthy of such a position as—well, let us say my critic himself.

I suppose the unconscious reason he had for doing so was the old one of kinship between great love and strong hate. My critic evidently loves Ireland well, and he hates "Euchan" much, so, unconsciously, his rather wild and untutored mind brackets his two prevailing passions when he sits down to write.

I do not blame him for loving Ireland—I could honour him for that if I had any proof of his sincerity—neither do I blame him for hating "Euchan," but if I may use his article as evidence against him I would suggest that Ireland, or the Irish workers, will reap just as much benefit from his love as "Euchan" will reap discomfort from his hate, and the quantity of each can safely be reckoned "Nil."

Judging by the article I would say that my critic is a dreamer—a man going about with his head deeply immersed in the mists of the good old past. We meet them from time to time, but not very often nowadays. The last one I met was in Sligo, and in his drunken enthusiasm he said just the sort of things my critic wrote.

I do not suggest that my critic was drunk when he wrote his article—far from it; but he had just awakened from a dream, and it was my article that awakened him.

He either bought or got the loan of THE WORKER and started to read it under the impression that it was a journal for historic research. When he read my article he got a shock. He discovered that THE WORKER was a real live workers' paper, written by workers in the interests of the workers, and with his mind away back amid the serfdom and slavery of feudal times; he was considerably jarred.

He read my article again on the look out for insults to his dream world, and not finding any, he manufactured some, and now has gulled himself into the

belief that he actually found them.

Good old Rip Van Winkle! Good old Dreamland!

Rip Van Winkle is enraged. He imagines I have trod upon his prehistoric corns, and he challenges me to mortal combat, or rather to a verbal onslaught. "Are you ready, 'Euchan'?" says he. On guard, then!

I don't know whether he takes me for an ancient man-at-arms or a boy scout. I presume the former.

He might have said more appropriately under the circumstances—

"Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him that first cries
'Hold, enough!'"

But I suppose even Shakespeare himself is too modern for this dreamland crusader.

THE CHALLENGE.

As for the challenge to the verbal combat, it strikes me as the funniest thing I have read for a long time.

Poor old Rip Van Winkle shakes the fungus from his limbs and wants to fight. He is rather sorry that he has been awakened out of his dreams, but now that he is awake he will break a lance with "Euchan," who disturbed his slumbers, or if he cannot break a lance with him he will at least try to drown him in a flood of sentimentality.

Poor old Rip takes himself seriously, so seriously indeed that he cautions me to be "on guard." Good heavens, does Rip think that I am as foolish or as dream-ridden as he himself apparently is. On guard! forsooth. On guard against what? Surely I don't require to be told to be on guard against the motley collection of prehistoric red-herrings which Rip chooses to draw across my path? They are old and stale enough, Rip, to speak for themselves never you fear.

Rip challenges me to debate. I may select my own hall, my own audience. In other words, I may pack the place with my friends, and all that Rip wants is that those friends of mine will see Rip eat "Euchan" up. Rip also suggests that I get Jim to take the chair. He also wants Jim to see "Euchan" being swallowed. Why, I don't know, unless it be that Jim might take the hint and instal the victorious Rip in the dead "Euchan's" place.

This challenge of Rip's protests too much to be genuine, but his suggested date appeals to me as the crowning piece of futility of a futile mind. He will debate with me on the "2ND ULT"! Good old Rip! But if he can debate upon a date long since past I can't. That, of course, is a quibble; but, perhaps, my readers will see more readily from that than anything else how much behind this critic of mine is.

I do not propose accepting Rip's challenge. If he thinks I have nothing better to do with my time than waste it on a platform trying to nail him to an argument when he would be scouting around two thousand years or more of history and sentiment, then he is welcome to his opinion; but I am not prepared to search hayricks for needles, and waiting for a sensible argument from this critic would just be as futile in my opinion.

Besides all that there is a much better reason than that why this matter cannot be thrashed, or rather "chased," out on a public platform.

Rip Van Winkle has chosen to question my right to write the article I did. The article was published in this paper, and any criticism arising about it or from it must also be published in the paper, as we must presume, the readers, are to a certain extent interested in the matter.

Does Rip realise that there is not a public hall in Dublin capable of holding even a fourth of the readers of THE WORKER? Rip has tried to criticise my article; he has chosen to condemn me for things I haven't said, and now he wants to dodge behind an avalanche of sentiment in order to finish the matter. You'll say all you have to say about me or what I write, Rip, in these columns and not anywhere else. I'm "on guard," Rip, and don't you forget it. I detest red herrings, especially when they are stale, and it will take a much earlier riser than you, Rip, to catch "Euchan" napping.

I have purposely refrained from making a reply to the article of Rip in detail. I hold that the article is a piece of futility, and as such is not worth replying to. Possibly this will make him come to the point. I trust it will. Let my critic drop all his silly little spiteful allusions to "Euchan," and let him hit out as hard as he likes. "Euchan" really doesn't mind what Rip Van Winkle thinks of him, and if he thinks that by saying nasty things about the writer will make his own case more plain, then Rip is welcome to say them, for his case meantime is painfully obscure.

When a man says, as this critic of mine does, "that the present age is not a commercial one," then the natural inclination of anyone listening would be to look around for the man's keeper and not argue with him.

If it is not a commercial age then there is no justification for the existence of THE IRISH WORKER—there is no reason for Trade Unions—and the Labour Party may just as well never have been born.

I never suggest for a minute that the granting of Home Rule is the last word in the Irish Political scheme of things. It is but the first step in a total national upheaval, but in that upheaval it is the workers who will come off worst as they always have done unless they waken up now and join forces with the Rebel Labour Movement. It is not to the Rip Van Winkles like my critic that the workers must look to for help. These good people live in a dream world of their own. "The delivery of Ireland is not in the Labour Manifesto," says my critic.

It may be so, but one thing at least is certain THAT THE DELIVERY OF THE IRISH WORKERS IS CONTAINED IN THE LABOUR MANIFESTO, and my critic can drop all his fine talk and poetical allusions and assail that principle IF HE DARE.

The fight of the future in Ireland is between Capital and Labour, and if my critic doesn't realise that then it is time for him to again fall into that long sleep from which he has just arisen. It concerns the workers very little whether their employers talk English, Dutch, or even Irish. Without combination the workers will be sweated and robbed.

Ireland as a part of the British Empire or the completely separated land my critic desires will still be governed by the capitalist class unless the workers combine now. Will my critic tell me or the readers of this paper how the Irish workers can better their condition outside of the Labour Movement? If he is out to assail the Labour Movement he had better do so in his next attempt. If he is merely out for the purpose of trying to belittle "Euchan," then he is only wasting his time, for all that "Euchan" cares.

This is a Labour paper—not a journal for historic research—and my critic should get that into his head first and foremost.

I said nothing in my article derogatory to the history of Ireland in spite of Rip's inflamed imagination. I am writing for the workers of the present with an eye open for future developments, national and political.

The only history I am concerned with as a Labour writer is Industrial history, and from it I learn that the toilers of any and every age have been degraded, robbed, and sweated. It is to change that sorry scheme of things that Labour has been organised, and my critic is either with that attitude or against it—he can't be both.

James Larkin,
Plain and Sancy Baker,
72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN
Pare Wholesale and Buttermilk Squares a speciality—
THE WORKERS' BAKER.
ASK FOR LARKIN'S LOAF.

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For Reliable Provisions!
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BUTTER.
Farmers' Pure Butter,
11d. and 1s. per lb.
Creamery 1s. 2d. and 1s. 3d. per lb.
Branded Irish Heads 3d. per lb.
Patk. J. Whelan,
82 QUEEN STREET.

The Angel of Discontent.

By GERALD J. LIVELY.

The Ultimate Power was busy one day
A-modelling angels fair
From heavenly fire and earthly clay,
With darkness and light for their hair.

He washed their brows with waters of dawn,
And filled the beautiful eyes
With liquid light from unspoiled stars
And blue stolen out of the skies.

For teeth he gave them sun-kissed pearls
From the sea whence the life-stream flows,
And coloured their skins, all lifeless white,
With the soul of a new-born rose.

He clothed them all in rainbow rays,
From the star swarms swirling drove
Gave them the strength of unspent days,
And called them Faith, Hope, and Love.

Unto Faith He gave the power to wait,
And to Hope the power to win,
To Love He gave the unguessed power,
That maketh the planets spin.

He took them then to Heaven's high gate,
That opens on the star-sown plain,
Saying, "Go down to that planet new
And help man through with his pain."

"I made that planet but yesterday,
Not a trillion years ago;
It's rough with rocks of petrified sin,
And scored with the rivers of woe."

The Ultimate Power went back to his room
Whence the new-made systems soar,
"The task I have given those three is
great;
I'll make me one angel more."

[The above excellent poem has been forwarded to us from Canada by the gifted author, Mr. Gerald J. Lively. We hope to publish some articles from the same writer before long on Life and Work in Canada.—EDITOR.]

The Business Man and His Work.

By SHELLBACK.

There appears to be a tremendous lot of doubt about the true definition of the term "Workman" or "Workingman," and who it is that can be truly described as either. This is more noticeable in matters connected with the law. According to most people it must be true that as every man works some way or another, every man is entitled to be described as a "workingman." Doctors work, bishops work, artists work, Government officials and judges and lawyers work, but these gentlemen would have a hard job to prove their right to compensation under the Workmen's Compensation Act if ever they tried to do so. But although they are not workmen under that Act, they say they are, and they describe their various activities as "work." Burglars also and petty thieves work, for no one will dispute the fact that the late Mr. Charles Peace, of pious memory, worked as industrially at his calling as any of his contemporaries did at theirs, so it is not only the horny-handed who work; and neither does the term describe only honest exertion and legitimate labour. But there are different samples of work, some requiring the brain, some the muscles, and some a combination of both brain and muscle. It would take many years of a lawyer's work to raise a ton of coal to the surface as it would take years upon years of coal shovelling to qualify a man to run the Bank of England, but the engineer both designs and executes. As there are many grades, so there are many degrees of value in the work of universal man, but under no circumstance can the work of the banker equal in value the work of the miner, or the work of the lawyer equal the work of the agricultural labourer. The labour of the miner and the agricultural labourer supply us with absolutely necessary

He took what remained of the earthly clay
And the new-born rose's soul,
The heavenly fire and the liquid light,
And made one glorious whole.

He carved her brow from the domes of light
And washed it at Reason's well,
Drying it off with the slightest breath
Of fire from the pits of hell.

Her hair was spun from the fire of day,
From the borders of night's own stream;
Her amber eyes all mystic-wrought
Were questioning lakes of dream.

He gave the Strength of Faith, Hope and Love,
And then, to complete the plan,
He gave her the soul of a little child
And the heart of a hungry man.

And mockery's twisted crown of thorns
He placed on the eager head,
Then gave her the garb of an unpaid toil,
Of Labour's regal red.

He took her to heaven's high golden gate,
O'er the great sun-seeded plain,
And said, "Go aid Faith, Hope and Love
To help man through with his pain."

"For you are the foe of Things as they are,
The fighter for Things to Be,
For you are inspiration and urge
The only chain of the free.

"You shall be Change and Progress and Doubt,
The end of all effort spent.
You, the fairest and strongest of all,
You, Angel of Discontent."
—From "The Alberta Federationist."

[The above excellent poem has been forwarded to us from Canada by the gifted author, Mr. Gerald J. Lively. We hope to publish some articles from the same writer before long on Life and Work in Canada.—EDITOR.]

articles for sustaining life, without which all of us would die, and of course that work is far more important than balancing ledgers or proving an alibi.

Some of the various samples of work accomplished, though probably most profitable to those whose trade it is, is decidedly injurious to the community. Some branches of this work, such as burglary and thieving, in some cases, has been for many years declared illegal, but other branches still remain in active operation, and are protected by the law, such as the advertising of quack remedies that will cure every complaint, but will really cure nothing but an overloaded purse.

Among this latter class I might number that extensive body of men who describe themselves as "business men," and it is with the "business man" and his work that I propose to deal in this article.

Now what is understood as "business" in the commercial world is the art of obtaining all one can out of the labour of other men without any exertion on one's own part. The creation of monopolies, company promoting, and cornering goods that are in daily demand or are necessary for the community, are some of the phases of "business men's" work. Buying shares or stocks is not the regular work of business men, for simple investors who provide money in the hope of receiving dividends, are exploited by the business man in the same manner practically as the ordinary wealth producing worker is. "South Sea Bubbles" and doubtful mining companies owe their birth to the inventive brains of business men. Managing public companies and running political newspapers and such like are purely business men's avocations. When Labour requires an advance of wages it is the business man who opposes their demand, and it is mostly in the interests of business men that the two opposing parties of Liberalism and Toryism are in existence. Wars are engineered and governments deposed purely in the interests of this class, such as the Boer War and the Tariff Reform proposals

Such is the value of the work alleged to be done by the business man—one of the most costly para-ites that live upon Labour.

The more they succeed in grabbing by the exercise of their business methods, the greater are they honoured. Labour has not only to feed and clothe them and their families, but to provide them with costly motor cars, yachts, and bank balances to support their extravagances at Monte Carlo and similar resorts frequented by this class. Labour has stood them long enough, and should join hands with Nature herself, who has all down the ages abhorred them and their doings. The man who succeeds in buying up all the grain bourse by the crops of one season would, if he could, stop the coming in of the next crops in order to hold the world at his mercy; but here he is beat. He may buy, and hold, and keep up prices; but ere long Old Nature will flood the markets with another stock, and the hero of the ring will be left, and instead of the fortune will receive his just reward; but here again he will save himself by the business man's laws of the Bankruptcy Courts.

So much for business men and their work. They may call it work if they like, but the only work in reality that I have ever known them to do is that sort of "best" described as "working the dodge." We of the Labour Movement don't recognize useless and costly appendages such as these, and we are out to fight them and their methods until they are content to remain in their proper place. In declining to contribute any longer to their already overburdened money chest by refusing to pay the exorbitant prices they have at present put upon those necessities of life that they have in their trading centres, we will strike one blow that may prove effective in our own defence and against the business man and his work. The direct supply of goods to the workers by the workers will prove how useless the business men are and how independent organized Labour can really be. After we have done with "business men," we can deal with the other samples of alleged "workingmen,"

CAUTION.

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that are so well within living men's memory.

Business men exist in every community, no matter how small or insignificant, and, as a rule, they form the richest section of the people; but the world is not a brass farthing the richer or better by their existence. They deal in those things that are in constant demand, and their religion is to buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market. They claim to be the chief citizens in every country, because, up to now, they have always succeeded in persuading the people that they were captains of industry, the employers of labour, and those to whom workers such as the agricultural labourer owed their existence. They are the people who claim to know best where the shoes of the industrial population pinch, and they still unblushingly appeal to the real workers for their votes to send them to legislative councils as their delegates, and they still succeed in obtaining the support of the agricultural labourer and others in their endeavours to continue to boss the world.

Although of very little moment to the worker, there is one good thing, as it happens, that puts flies in their ointment. Among themselves these fakirs never agree. To put it in an extreme illustration. If the business of cornering wheat or some other food stuff succeed, and the people are forced to pay the enormous price that the business man will demand, it stands to reason they will not have so much money left to meet the demands of others of that ilk whose line may be in wearing apparel, coal, house property, or some other commodity, second to food, as they otherwise would; consequently the coal corner man comes in for the blessings of his fellows.

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ROUND THE TOWN.

THINGS WE HEAR.

That the prosecution of the South Dublin Union Guardians against Mr. John Doyle, T.C., Duke-street, for supplying the institution with adulterated new milk will be heard in the Southern Police Court on Tuesday next, March 4th.

That if the public expect to read about the result of the prosecution in the unscrupulous and lying Evening Press on Tuesday next they will be sadly disappointed. Two previous prosecutions against the same man were hushed up before, and the same thing will happen in the present case.

That Mr. Thomas Cahill, ex-T.C., the recently appointed Mace Bearer, has not yet resigned his seat on the South Union Board. Perhaps he is trying to repeat the same trick he performed on a previous occasion when he thought to have the prosecution against Mrs. Doyle for supplying adulterated milk squashed.

That the New Housing Committee formed by the Dublin Corporation at its quarterly meeting on the 23rd January last is composed of a representative of each Ward, and amongst the names we notice a couple of slum landlords, including Alderman Gerald O'Reilly, Trinity.

That Gerald's election on the Committee was opposed at the meeting in question, but he was elected by 25 to 9, the minority consisting of Councillors Miss Harrison, Quaid, O'Carroll, Partridge, Brohoun, Cosgrave, O'Toole, Hopkins, and Lawlor.

That the result of this election shows that some of our Corporators who voted for Alderman O'Reilly on this Committee must be possessed of very short memories when they forget the fact that one of the worthy Alderman's old tumble down ruins in Townsend-street fell and killed a teahant a few years back.

That an "eye opener" for the Dublin Corporation is the report just issued by the Leicester Town Council regarding the trams in that town which are owned by the Municipality. During the year wages and working conditions have been much improved, and the public have been given better service than ever for their money. The tram system there is acknowledged to be one of the finest in the three Kingdoms.

That the surplus has enabled the Tram Committee to add £8,000 in relief of the rates, after paying off the balance for ten new cars. The total revenue during the year was £147,671, an increase of £5,736 over the previous year. The report states that during the year 103 free passes were issued to blind people, and 98 free passes to crippled people. What has William Martin Murphy to say to this?

That Mr. Michael Doyle, who has recently resigned his seat as Councillor for Trinity Ward, is a candidate for the position of Rate Collector to the Corporation, which will be filled in the course of a few months. There is another ex-Councillor named Doyle, formerly T.C. for Rotunda Ward, also in the field.

That there are three positions now vacant in the Corporation service—viz., Borough Surveyor, £800-£1,000 a year; Deputy Borough Surveyor, £400-£500 a year; and Chief Tuberculosis Officer, £500 a year—and canvassing is the order of the day in and around the City Hall.

That there seems to be a split in the camp in the ranks of the Home Rule Party over the Borough Surveyorship. Some A.O.H. members of that Party are running a candidate of their own, who is pretty strongly backed; while others favour promoting one of the present Engineer Staff.

That the position of Chief Tuberculosis Officer is also creating attention. A certain Councillor, one of the "leading lights" of the Home Rule Party, is running his brother for the job; while there is a strong candidate in the field who has the patronage of Dublin Castle and who is being run by the wife of the Lord Lieutenant.

That the lease of the Kyle House Laundry, Drumcondra, recently fell into the hands of the Corporation. The owners wanted a renewal of the lease, but instead of giving a new lease, the Estates and Finance Committee rented the premises to a Drumcondra T.C. at ten bob a week. Good business for the Corporation—we don't think!

That certain members of the South Dublin Guardians are organizing a banquet to John Scully, J.P., T.C., in recognition of his appointment as Chief Hangman of the City of Dublin. What fools some mortals be.

That some people say that the result of the recent election in North City Ward has completely unnerved Alderman Dr. M'Walter, and that he is about to retire from the Corporation in consequence.

That if this be the case, many of us who sit in the gallery at the Corporation meetings will have cause to regret, as the Doctor's spicy interjections and legal points of order have time and again furnished the Galleryites with plenty of fun.

That if it was only for the sake of having a tap now and again at some unruly member of the official Nationalist Party, we hope the Doctor will not shake the dust of the City Hall from his feet.

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. All classes of workers are eligible to join this Union.

This week, the weekly Social will be held on Sunday evening. Small Entrance Fee. All friends are welcome.

Grand All-Night Dance will be held in Liberty Hall, on St. Patrick's Night. Tickets now on sale.

Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, 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.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union Band.

At a meeting on Tuesday night in their bandroom, a vote of condolence was proposed by Mr. W. Smithers, and seconded by Mr. D. Hayden:—

"That we, the members of above band, tender our most heartfelt sympathy to Councillor J. Bohan on the sad loss of his wife. Passed in silence, all members standing."

E. MULLIGAN, Secretary.

THE 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. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 2s. 6d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, March 1st, 1913.

Rush in where Wise Men fear to Tread.

READER, you can fill in the missing word, and now we can get on. On Monday night last, as ever was, to use the expressive language of Dickey Sam (who is Dickey Sam? you ask; that is another story—En.) We had for our sins to attend the Trades Council meeting to act as delegate. Amongst other matter discussed was the question of the imported scabs from Spiers, Ltd., of Port Dundas, Glasgow, by the Countess of Aberdeen and her association of sweaters, notoriety hunters, scab employers, Freemasons, job seekers, office seekers, nonentities who want to lick what they call their betters' boots, the kind of woman and half-woman, half-man creatures who tyrannise over their servants, patronise the ignorant, and crawl on their stomachs before those who may have £50 a year more salary or income than themselves, or have some of the magic letters behind their names which looks so much and means so little. Anyhow the dear Countess—this is the dearest bargain, by the way, that Ireland ever had to put up with, for bad and bitter as the Tory Viceroy was, they at least made us recognise our nationhood; they made no apology for their hatred of us; they told us in no uncertain tone, we were the under dogs, and their honesty and hatred made us men. We took the whip from their paws, and proved to them we were the masters in this land; and they, the dogs, we cowed them, brought them to heel. No one dare then sing "God Save the King" in this country, unless he or they were guarded by troops. Kathleen ni Houlihan was first and last in our thoughts, and now the dear Countess and her sycophants, from Antrim to Kerry, Dublin to Cork, do and say things that would have met with well-merited retribution less than twenty years ago. Woman seems to always and at all times brought trouble to this nation. What we would not submit to from man we seemingly put up with from woman; and heaven knows we have put up with too much of this hypocritical, philanthropic, scientific soul proselytising of this woman Aberdeen. Not only the microbe of poverty has she propagated and spread, but a more fatal microbe—she and her clique have developed the microbe of apathy of do nothing; trust in the so-called upper classes, the classes who produce scientific swindlers like Shackleton, whose forbears came to this country as thieves, and whose descendants have been thieving ever since. When not thieving—land thieving unearned crement and surplus profit produced by labour. Well, to return to the Council proceedings, it was proved there that the Dear Countess and her tools had taken £25,000 of our money, handed over to her by Birrell, and had deliberately gone out of her way to provide work for a number of scabs from Glasgow—non-union creatures who are not carpenters—to erect buildings for Irish consumptives, whose disease had been brought on them by want and privation—for you are to remember consumption is a dirt and hunger disease—and these friends and countrymen of Aberdeen's are to be provided with work and the men who provided the £25,000 are to walk the streets of this city idle and their wives and children starving. What

about "Daddy on Strike," Mr. Drunken Meade and lying Harrington? You have no word of condemnation for the woman who in a soulless, hypocritical way talks about the development of Irish industries, the purpose of which development should be the provision of employment for unemployed Irish men and women, and not mean the importation of Foreign Material and Foreign Scabs. We of the Trade Unions would not object to importation of labour if our men could not do the work, but the only objection to the employment of Dublin men is they are too good. As workmen they would do the work properly, and these imported non-unionists are not carpenters but erectors. Our reading of the debate is this, the Woman Aberdeen—we hope she does not object to the word woman. We know she is a better man than her husband. She would not make a thief a Sheriff, and deny citizens' rights to a man who he, the Lord Lieutenant, stated was an innocent man. We believe that the grey mare is the best horse, but there must be conclusions. This Woman is the wife of the King of England's representative. She is abusing that position. She is using that position to do things, and people to accept results that are disloyal to the best interests of the people ultimately. She should be told in no uncertain tones that her presence on committees is not conducive to the best interests of the people. She has jerry-mandered the administration of the Insurance Act in this country. The society she controls we compelled her to change the name of, which was misleading, but a rose by any name gives delight either by colour or scent, but the administration methods of the Slainte approved Society requires a strong dose of public disinfectant. In fact, everything she is connected with seems to be run on wrong lines; everything seems to be so arranged that the sweater gets all the advantages from the associations she forms. Take the tuberculosis exhibition she held in the Rotunda in which she publicly advocated that 8s. 6d. per week was enough to feed a family of five. We are reluctant to think that this woman is guilty of doing these nefarious actions of herself. In fact, we have always expressed publicly and privately that in our opinion she means well, but it is the clique of sycophants who surround her who mislead her. But this Peamont business is the limit. Either all those imported non-Union labourers or erectors, as they call themselves, should be sent back, or the carpenters should withdraw their men, and then Lady Aberdeen would find out who is strongest, she or the people. We want to know by what authority are the local Insurance Committee sending patients to this foreign-erected sanatorium. So it is—rush in where the people fear to tread. Then our comrade Hall, who represents the railway workers, moved a resolution congratulating the men on strike, promising them moral and financial assistance, etc.; and, of course, another—rushes in to do the employers' dirty work, and moves an amendment, so called, that a deputation from the Trades' Council should accompany a deputation of the strikers to wait on the City of Dublin Company's management, with a view to end the strike. The mover of the alleged amendment said, in his opening remarks, he had not got it prepared yet. He handed a written copy to the highly intelligent gentleman who presided over the meeting (Mr. Timmins). After a lot of ignorant assertions and claptrap from this bookbinder Nolan, who seems to see Socialism in his food and drink; a man who ought to know better, and who, we understand, was a Christian Brother, and should know the meaning of Christian charity, and not judge until the facts were in his possession; and then the gentleman who misrepresents the coachbuilders, in our opinion, a Mr. Milner, seconded the alleged amendment, stating in doing so he didn't know the wording of it. We are compelled to deal with some false and misleading statements made by the mover; as for the seconder, Milner, we know him too well to waste time in discussing with him; suffice it to say, the mover of the amendment expressed his willingness to withdraw it; but we insisted on a vote; 3 voted for the amendment and 47 for the resolution. CANTY had not the courage to vote. One of his tools voted against the resolution; the other three delegates from the Corporation Labourers, to our surprise, voted in support of the strikers. What will the filmy king and slimy turncoat say to them? We would like to know. Again—rush in and get the castigation they deserve.

Where did Scully, hangman, get his breeches made? How much did the food adulterators, slum landlords, house jobbers, lightweight merchants, subscribe in the Dolphin Hotel for Scully, the hangman, who robbed the poor? For answer see next issue.

18 Beresford Place, Dublin, February 27th, 1913. To the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor, Dublin.

Sir—I am instructed by the Strike Committee to ask if you will be good enough to allow us the use of the Round Room in the Mansion House for Citizen's Meeting for the purpose of explaining the reasons for the present strike and the cause which led to same. Owing to misrepresentation we feel that the citizens have a right to know the true facts in connection with this matter, which so vitally concerns the country. We feel sure that this request has only to be made to be granted. At the same time we would thank you if you could see your way to preside, and suggest Satur-

day evening, March 1st, 1913, at 8 o'clock. P.S.—We intend inviting all shipowners and merchants to meeting. An answer would oblige, as circulars would require to be sent out.

Mansion House, Dublin, 28th Feb, 1913.

Sir,—I am in receipt of your favour of yesterday asking for the use of the Round Room for a citizens' meeting, to explain the reasons for the present strike, and the causes which lead to same. I agree that the citizens have a right to know the facts in connection with matters which do vitally concern not only the city, but the country; but I do not share your view that a public meeting is the best means of getting the facts known to the citizens. I venture to suggest that you should make out a clear detailed statement of the facts as they appear to you, and forward same to me, and I have no doubt I would be able to get the newspapers in Dublin to publish in full a definite, precise statement of grievances and claims. Such a written statement would ensure that all the cardinal points in dispute would be made clear, and at the same time would tend to absolute accuracy of presentation of case, which is so essential in the circumstances.

I have to direct your attention to the fact that at the Council Meeting on next Monday a motion will be discussed, standing in Alderman Kelly's name, with reference to the appointment of a Conciliation Committee, and in my judgment such a request from the Corporation would be materially weakened if the Mansion House was utilised for a meeting which might be construed into one favourable only to a particular side. I need hardly say that the Mansion House will be instantly placed at the disposal of any conference between the various parties, with a view to arriving at a settlement of the differences.

Yours faithfully, LORCAN G. SHERLOCK.

The above reply from his Lordship will more eloquently than his alleged speeches tell of his love of fairplay; his love for the working class; his claim to speak for labour. Any and every organisation—let it be J. S. Kelly's scab organisation, Murphy and Sullivan's scab organisation or Freemason Lodge; no matter what clique or clan as long as they are opposed to the Trade Union movement, are permitted to use the property of the citizens. All the ranchers and graziers and bloodsuckers can run away from the hazel sticks of the poor tenant farmer and labourers of the country and his Lordship can place the citizens' property at their disposal, and of course his able services also for which there is no compensation, of course seeing that he is their servant and penny boy, and the testimonial they gave him deserves some gratitude. Here are three hundred citizens of Dublin, who pay his Lordship, who keep his Lordship in food, clothing and lodgings, who have been foully misrepresented by the Press controlled by his Lordship. His Lordship might well say he could get the men's case published and all the cardinal points submitted. His Lordship might well speak of cardinal points. He has boxed the political compass so often, and so many pints have been used in the doing of it. His Lordship must be a good mariner. May we point out to his Lordship we were not asking for a conciliation committee, and we also know of ourselves that Alderman Tom Kelly had set down a resolution dealing with the strike showing that Ald. Tom Kelly is more concerned about the interests of the citizens than your Lordship, who receives such a handsome salary for work you fail to do. If the cattle jobbers were in trouble, your Lordship would have seen to it that you initiated some resolution. When your Lordship's salary was reduced, a crime for which you will never forgive us, we remember a meeting was called in the Mansion House. No taking sides then, your Lordship. Of course, it was your side. Throughout the past three weeks your Lordship has read in the official organ of your party—the United Irish League—I refer to the "Evening Telegraph"—the most vile, lying, foul, and malicious statements made about clean, honest, and sober citizens. That is more than what could be said for the Editor, of the foul rag. These citizens who were charged with wrecking a public-house and other alleged crimes, were and are denied the means to repudiate the foul libels uttered against them by you refusing the Mansion House. Some of them foolishly enough thought that your Lordship would have been only too willing to give them an opportunity to put their case before the public. We told them our opinion; we are glad you have confirmed our opinion. We thank your Lordship for nothing.

Irish-Ireland Concert.

IMPORTANT NOTICE. The Irish-Ireland Concert advertised to be held in the Workmen's Club, 41 York street, on Sunday, February 23rd, and which was postponed, will be held on Sunday, March 9th, in Gaelic League Hall, 25 Parnell square, commencing at 8 p.m.

We regret holding over letters from J. M'Gowan, Friend Donoghue, Lennon, S. O. Cathsaigh, J. Mitchell (Belfast); Downey (Armagh); matters from Wexford, Cork and Glasgow.

We expect definite information re site of summer camp next week. All who are interested in Standish O'Grady's idea of Farm Colony, please write Editor at once. He or she who hesitates is lost!

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

ROBERT EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

One hundred and ten years ago the dogs of Dublin feasted on the blood of Robert Emmet as it trickled from the trunkless head exhibited by the hangman for the gaping crowd to "behold the head of a traitor." As each year passes, Irishmen the world over, realising their duty to the memory of the heroic young martyr, commemorate the anniversary of his birth. Nowhere is that duty more incumbent than in Dublin, the place of his birth and of his execution. It is to be hoped that Dublin will realise fully its duty in this respect on Tuesday night, and to a greater extent than in former years. On that night, Tuesday next, March 4th, under the auspices of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee, the Emmet celebration will be held in the Mansion House. The oration will be delivered by Mr. T. J. Biggar, M.R.I.A., Belfast. It is only necessary to mention

the name of Mr. Biggar to ensure that his address will be a treat. It will be remembered that Mr. Biggar is the man who, ten years ago, with Dr. Emmet, instituted the search in many vaults in Dublin, for the grave of Robert Emmet. For the rest of the programme we need only mention the names of Miss Agnes Treacy, Miss Edith Mortier, Madam Gill Conevan, Messrs. Owen Lloyd (harp), Sean Connolly (recitation), Wm. Sheehan, Padraic O'Sheadha, Seamus O'Headha, Vincent O'Brien (accompanist) and the MacHale dancers, under the direction of Mr. Denis Cuffe, and it will be readily admitted that it is a programme of rare excellence. So that, in addition to the objects of the concert—the Emmet Anniversary, and the proceeds for the Wolfe Tone Memorial Fund—strong attractions in themselves, a first-class entertainment is assured.

CORK HILL NOTES.

If Partridge is a bird, he is not one of the famous Boyle Roche species—for he lacks the power of being in two different places at one and the same time; consequently while I was at the conference of the representatives of the approved societies and the National Health Assurance Commissioners in the Gresham Hotel on Thursday week, I was unable to attend either the meeting of the Port and Docks Board and the Supplies Committee. When the Conference adjourned for "lunch," however, I ran up and was just in time for the meeting of the Works Committee of the Port and Docks Board. And I had in it the most indigestible meal of the lot, for I voted in the minority against the laying of the trams, etc., as all the work was bulked. I then returned in time to rejoin the Conference when it resumed. And when it wound up at five o'clock, we had a second meeting for the purpose of forming a union of the secretaries of approved societies.

The results of the Conference may be briefly stated as follows:—The Commissioners will try and arrange with local authorities for the supplying of nurses and doctors in maternity cases, the nurse's fee not to exceed 2s. 6d. and the doctor's 7s. 6d., both nurse and doctor to be supplied free of charge to the wives of unskilled workers and poorly paid artisans.

The Commissioners also undertook to arrange with County Committees to secure to insured persons the free granting of medical certificates when required, the doctor to be paid from a grant specially made by Parliament for this purpose.

Another result of the Conference was that Councillor Nugent made a series of speeches, all of which were followed by a speech equally long from the chairman of the Commission. But as this is a season of penance, we took our medicine like men. Her Excellency threw up the sponge at half time, and did not come back after lunch.

The Right Hon. Lorcan Saturnus Sherlock appeared in all his glory fresh from the fresh water cure of Roundwood, in the City Hall on Monday last. I availed of the vote of thanks to his Lordship to criticise in certain respects his Lordship's conduct in the chair. And as the "Press" published all the nice things I said, I hope to be forgiven if I record some of the things that I did say, and which were unpublished by the "Press."

I complained that as Lord Mayor, when closing a debate, his Lordship should not take the opportunity of making statements which, if untrue, still could not be contradicted. And as his Lordship expressed his determination to persist in this practice, we can only seek redress in interruptions that may be unpleasant to all concerned.

His Lordship's complaint of the trades not subscribing to the fund got up for the assistance of the families of the heroes who died at the Pigeon House drew from me the statement that the tradesmen of Dublin were overwhelmed with charitable demands, and I cited two cases of workmen who that very month had pawned their watches to provide food for starving children in their district; and the present strike was in no way responsible for the poverty thus re-

lieved. In both cases they were the children of ex-workmen of the G.S. & W. Railway Company, on the Board of which is William Martin Murphy, owner of the paper that had so much pity for "Daddy on Strike." More on this later.

I applauded his Lordship's promise to assist the housing schemes, although Councillor Richardson, in following me, gave the true solution to the housing question when he stated that what is needed is employment. His Lordship, in replying, charged me with prejudice. If I admit the fault, can I not claim justification? But I am prepared to take his Lordship at his word, for it is ever my practice to speak of the "devil" as I find him. But if his Lordship's conduct and vote in the future merit my humble praise, his Lordship shall have it willingly. But his Lordship must needs mend his manners and his ways.

The following is the programme for last Thursday gone through by one of the Labour members to the Dublin Corporation:—

- 12 o'clock—Old Age Pension Committee.
1 o'clock—Meeting of the Port and Docks Board.
1.30—Meeting of Committee of the Port and Docks Board.
2.30—Insurance Committee Conference with P.H. Committee.
3 o'clock—Supplies Committee of Dublin Corporation.
WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, Councillor, Kilmainham.

EMPLOYEES OF G. S. & WESTERN RAILWAY AT INCHICORE.

(1) Thirty-six years' service. Age 54. Wife and three children. At present dying in consumption and in a state of destitution. (THE MEN WHO SUBSCRIBED HAD ONLY 14S. 7D. PER WEEK.) (2) Another employee named John Malone, of 48 years' service, who died in the South Dublin Union. His shopmates applied to the management for sufficient money to prevent his being interred in a pauper's grave. This application was refused, and the workmen signed a requisition, asking that the master be permitted to grant the necessary sum upon their signatures, which was "graciously" sanctioned. The old tradition of Inchicore in not permitting an old inhabitant to be buried in a pauper's grave was upheld at the expense of the workmen's pocket, while William Martin Murphy and Company would assign to that dishonoured grave one who served them for 48 years.

Don't forget All-Night Dance, Liberty Hall, St. Patrick's Night.

BOOTS FOR THE WORKERS

Men's Hand-Pegged Bluchers, 4s. 4d.; as sold elsewhere, 5s. Men's Box Calf and Chrome, Stitched and Covered, 6s. 11d.; worth 8s. 11d. Women's Box-Calf and Glace Kid Boots, 4s. 11d.; worth 6s. 6d.

The Best Range of Children's Boots in Dublin

78 TALBOT STREET.

CURTIS, Trade Union Shop. LETTERPRESS AND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTER, BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER. 12 TEMPLE LAKE, DUBLIN. OFF DAME STREET. High-Class Work. Moderate Prices. TELEPHONE 2492.

Militant Methods for Suffragists

114 Casewick Road, West Norwood, London, S.E., 26th February, 1913.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR COMRADE—May I be allowed, even at this late stage in the controversy, to make a few remarks on the "Euchan's" defence of militant methods in the Woman's Suffrage propaganda?

"Euchan" has now crystallised his content into the formula "an educated public opinion, plus violence, is required to make a Party Government act."

So far I have been stating a case which "Euchan" would, I suppose, justify in this way, the horsewhipping of Mr. Churchill, the blowing up of Mr. George's house, the harassing of Mr. Asquith and similar militant methods.

THEIR JUSTIFICATION. In reply to the above letter I have to say that I do intend my statement that "an educated public opinion, plus violence, is required to make a Party Government act" to be taken as absolutely general.

Now with regard to this question of the suffrage. It is really a measure of reform which has had no parallel ever before.

The question now being brought vividly before the Government and the public is that women must be made citizens or else both public and Government must suffer the consequences.

The matter of enfranchisement is of too vast an importance to be set aside lightly any longer. The days when either public or Government could laughingly say to the Suffragist: "Yes, your case is good and just—we will see about it" have passed away and it is now a time for action.

There can be no doubt that public opinion is sufficiently educated, for no responsible person can put up a case against women being enfranchised that will stand investigation.

At the opening of Mrs. Pankhurst's trial the other day it was reported that she smiled when the crowd jeered. She had good cause for smiling—it was the first smile of ultimate triumph.

The militant attack is upon private and public property, and property is just about the only god which the public worship today.

So far I have been stating a case which "Euchan" would, I suppose, justify in this way, the horsewhipping of Mr. Churchill, the blowing up of Mr. George's house, the harassing of Mr. Asquith and similar militant methods.

Some Slaves of the G.N.R.I. and Others.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me; As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free."—Lowell.

THE recent leading article in THE WORKER presented a nice little mathematical problem before Mr. M. Murphy, Watson, Callaghan, and their hired helpers, who pictured with Dantian fervour the starving agonies of the strikers trying to live on 12s. 6d. a week.

What about a man who falls sick or who meets with an accident, and who is, perhaps, for a long time forced to survive and recover on half-pay, which, in the case of sickness, he receives from a fund contributed to by himself?

I was working in Balbriggan some time ago, and in conversing with one of the porters there I asked him what he had to pay for his lodging? "Eleven shillings a week," he told me.

I often wondered did he put that shilling in the "bank" that the Company established to "encourage thrift among their employees." How many on the G.N.R. are in receipt of the colossal wage of 10s. a week?

I knew a "gatekeeper" at the "level crossing" at the Golf Links, Sutton. This young fellow had to be at his post every morning before seven o'clock, and they let him go to bed when the "last up" would pass for Dublin, somewhere near twelve o'clock.

"Boards" would do little without the propelling force of organised labour. They got a rise of sixpence! Fourteen and six for hundreds of men, most of them married, out of which they have to pay to the Insurance Society, controlled by the railway directors, and to the Company's Pension Fund, not less than 8d. per week!

I used to know a man who guarded the entrance to Amiens-street Terminus dressed in gorgeous glory of gold braid and blue cloth, and fourteen shillings a week, paid fortnightly!

There are hundreds on the G.N.R.I., boys and men, who are receiving starvation wages. Not only though do they give their energies, heat and activities of their bodies for a miserable fortnightly dole, but also sacrifice independence of mind and sturdiness of soul that they may drag out a miserable existence.

I was in the vestry attached to a Protestant parish one day talking to the Rector, when a young man entered and made inquiries as to the cost, etc., of the Church's blessing on his marriage.

"Not a ha'penny," was the reply. "How on earth do you expect to live on 12s. 6d. a week?" was the astonished query.

How, indeed! But if the unfortunate swain was foolish, what opinion must we have of the commercial gang of scoundrels who thought this poor fellow could perform the sacred duties of citizenship on 12s. 6d. a week?

I hope that all the workers in the employment of Martin Murphy are able to regale themselves even on Feast Days with these delectable dainties, "which are inexpensive, and suit the requirements of ordinary folk!"

At present we don't even get that much.

S. O. CATAPAS

GOT THE "KNOCK."

So Frank Tiernan got the knock at last. A letter was read from the Local Government Board at the last meeting of the Guardians of the South Dublin Union, in which they stated that owing to Tiernan having been reported for corrupt practices they could not sanction his appointment as Temporary Workmaster in the Workhouse.

Frank, you went a step too far; at Scully's request and direction you objected to Miss Harrison's vote. By the way, who will pay his salary in the meantime? We will ask Mr. Reddy, the Auditor.

Frank, ask your friends, Scully, Cole & Co., to stand to you again. John Donaghy wants some one to assist him doing nothing in the Distress Committee. Tell them they must do it or—!

INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY OF IRELAND, Antient Concert Buildings, Gt. Brunswick St.

The annual celebration of the "Commune of Paris" will be held on Monday, 17th March (St. Patrick's Day). Tickets one shilling each. Commencing at 8.30 p.m. "Vive la Commune."

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 89 KINGSBURY STREET (OPPOSITE JACOBS) FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG

BELTON & Co., THE PROGRESSIVE DRAPERS, 48 and 49 THOMAS STREET, 35 & 36 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, N.B.—Our Establishments close at 1 o'clock on Wednesdays.

"STUFFING."

"To die, to be no more," says the poet. Bunkum. "Eleven of us women came to life to vote for Jemmy Vaughan last January."

On Inns Quay Ward Register for No. 1 Nelson street the following names appear—

Elizabeth Keiley and Kate Kavanagh. Inquiries made in that locality showed that no such persons lived there.

Ellen Eunis and Mary Hopkins; while the three, whose names it is unnecessary to mention, were known to have lived here, no information could be obtained re the above mentioned. Weren't known.

A Mary A. Kenny (rated occupier, £10) has a vote for 22 Little Britain street. Does not live there, nor is the name known about the locality.

A Bridget Farrell appears on Register as inhabitant householder for No. 4 Eccles place. No such person lived there for the past twelve months.

Michael Kavanagh has a vote as inhabitant householder for No. 8 St. Ignacia avenue. No such person ever lived there.

Thomas Finnegan, though returned on Register for 26 North King street, does not live there.

A Mr. Francis Maguire appears on Register as inhabitant householder for 15B Valentia parade. Neither name nor number can be found.

John F. Levey (2397), front drawing-room, furnished, and Joseph O'Toole (2398), back drawingroom, furnished, are returned as lodgers to James O'Toole, 31 Upper Wellington street.

The above by no means exhausts the list for Inn's Quay; but I have given enough to prove that the good old game of "stuffing" was proceeded with in this as in every other ward in the city.

Mountjoy Ward—For 48 Upper Rutland-street, the home of Democracy, the following have votes:—Charles Caldwell (back parlour) and Patrick Smith (front parlour) for this year, 1913.

Why the nice distinction, Stephen? Caldwell, as I pointed out before, has a lodger-vote in North Dock Ward, top front room, 9 Annesley Square.

Why didn't you give him the back parlour, I wonder? I suppose Mr. Caldwell will be claiming a vote next year for the Rotunda of the City Hall, where he scabs it on the poor charwomen on Tuesday nights after his day's "work" in Stanley-street.

MICHAEL MULLEN. [To be continued next week.]

Don't forget Social on Sunday Evening

Starvation on Twelve Shillings a Week.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

26th February, 1913, SIR—I was amused on reading above in last evening's "Herald," controlled by W. M. Murphy. I am an employee of the said Mr. Murphy as tram driver.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, MOTORMAN.

P.S.—Name and address but not for publication.

Wolfe Tone Memorial Committee.

Emmet Anniversary Celebration.

HIGH-CLASS CONCERT

MANSION HOUSE (Round Room), Tuesday Next, March 4th, At 8 p.m.

PRICES 6d. to 3s.

Correspondence.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Trades Hall, Capel street, Dublin, 27th February, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—The Management Committee of above, on behalf of the general body, place ourselves, morally and financially, at the disposal of our friends, the Irish Transport Union, in their heroic fight with the City of Dublin Co.

We recognise the fact that the Irish Transport Union fight is our fight, and our fight theirs, so it behoves every member of the above Union to see to it that nothing shall be wanting to insure success in this great fight.

Watchword—"Transport, Top Dog" Fraternally yours, JOHN C. FEY, Sec.

INCHICORE NOTES.

It fell to my lot, on Friday week last, to visit the premises of Messrs. Brassington Brothers, Inchicore, as one of a deputation appointed to wait on that firm in connection with the employment of non-union labour.

Our next visit, on the same day, for the same purpose, was to Mr. Maxwell, of Island Bridge, who does a considerable amount of work for the County Councils.

We next found ourselves in the Hammond-lane Foundry, where we were afforded much amusement by a minor official trying to "act the boss."

The "Sick" Fund would appear to have entered a stage that might be described as "SANATORIA." It looks like "lights out" when you see the lawyer "on the job."

Mr. Walter Hall's lecture in the Emmet

Hall on "Co-operation," on last Sunday evening, was very interesting. I was sorry there was not a larger attendance of the local captains of commerce who pay "threepence in the pound" after charging so prices for everything sold.

The water supply to the Branch has been temporarily repaired pending a relaying of new and larger pipes in a few weeks.

The Corporation are "making" steps to repair the approach to Richmond Cottages. This steep incline is to be converted into a series of levels.

Will the hot-water fitters, who were so anxious to join a trade union but who nevertheless failed to keep their appointment with me at the Trades Council on Monday night last, kindly communicate with Mr. Murphy, of the Whitesmiths' Society, and he may be able to do something for them.

Indifferent state of health is responsible for my not visiting Chapelizod on Wednesday night, as arranged by the Local Labour Representation Committee; but I hope to remedy that defect on next Wednesday night.

W. P. PARTRIDGE, Councillor, Kilmainham.

INDEPENDENT LABOUR PARTY OF IRELAND.

Antient Concert Buildings. WALTER CARPENTER will lecture to-morrow (Sunday), at 8 p.m. on "Labour Unrest and What it Means." Admission free. Questions and discussion invited.

WEXFORD NOTES.

We were glad to note that in the regrettable absence of notes last week in this paper that the "Echo" helped to fill the gap, by its reference in the Wexford Notes of that paper to the report of the National Health Association, about the state of poverty the town is in.

We have nothing but gratitude to offer to the "Echo" for showing up this damnable victimization that is going on in the Foundries, and we can't see why the other papers should not do likewise.

We are informed that Tommie is again in trouble, and that there were wisps on the green, in and about the vicinity of Hayestown a few nights ago.

We are glad to notice that the workers have at last taken a step in the right direction, by establishing a genuine workmen's club in the town.

We are informed that certain societies are using shady methods in connection with paying benefits under the State Insurance Act.

Workers, join the Transport Union for State Insurance, benefits paid immediately. No medical certificates needed! All bona fide claims met.

We hear from time to time a lot about the Mollie Maguires being one of the pillars of the Church. This does not appear to be so in Wexford, as instanced by some of their members purchasing the "News of the World" and "Lloyd's Weekly" on a Sunday morning, papers that are being condemned every day in the week by the clergy.

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