defeat?

like ours;

can know-

powers.

tell you a cruss

How Sleep the Poor?

By W. P. P.

sleeping echoes of the silent street were roused by the vigorous application of the heel of the sanitary officer's boot to the stout door barring our entrance to the registered Night Shelter, wherein the poor of our city find repose, if not removed from the damp and cold. They are at least taken out of our range of vision. And "what the eyes don't see the heart does not grieve for," is an old saying. Rap! Bang! Bang! Bang! As there was an undue delay in opening the door in question a second sanitary officer had gone around to the front, and, mistaking the door in the dark, he was vigorously applying the knocker to the door of a tenement house, and was wakening up its numerous inhabitants

referred to. Rap ! Bang ! Bang ! Both officers worked in unionism, and the whole street trembled while the rain came down mercilessly as if the deafening sounds had shook the clouds. At last the door swung to and we filed pastix of us all told—an eminent doctor, two sanitary officers, a renowned Alderman, and two Councillors. Immediately behind the stubborn door huddled together on a mattress lay a woman and a little boy. We expressed regret for the loud knocking.

under the innocent belief that he was

facilitating our entrance into the Shelter

"It's all right, sir," she answered cheerfully; "sure I thought it was the

"I looked down upon this poor creature and her child seeking repose in this small space, on which opened no fewer than five doors, two of which opened direct to the atmosphere—one to the street and the other to the vard: and I thought what a fine funeral we would have in Dublin if Lady Aberdeen was compelled to lie in this poor woman's

bed for even one half hour. Passing on one entered a large room in which some fifty persons lay huddled on forms, stools, tables, or anything that would raise their shivering bodies off the cold floor. We pursued our way slowly up a staircase leading to a large room, on the floor of which lay about fifty mattresses. Most oi them occupied another room on the floor above displayed a similar state of affairs. Beside the water tap used for drinking purposes was a basket of "May flowers," constituting the stock in trade of one of the sleeping forms; everything was clean and up to date as far as sanitary and washing arrangements were concerned. But everything seemed so cold. Oh! so cold. We passed out again into the rain, and thanked God as we breathed the pure air of Heaven. The next place inspected was a common lodging house. Again the house was clean and the walls spotless, bearing testimony to the excellent manner in which the sanitary staff responsible for the work discharge their duty, but the air in some of the rooms was a trifle heavy, and better ventilation was needed. We now found ourselves in front of another house of a similar description, and, after much inocking, a top window was raised, and the nature of our business demanded. The owner withdrew to don his attire, and while so engaged his place at the window was taken by his "better half," or, more correctly speaking, his "double," for she would centainly make two of him in point of size; and she hopelessly outclassed him in eloquence, for while her husband dressed she entertained her audience with a vivid and vigorous description of themselves, individually and collectively-"A Pack of daylight robbers, disturbing decent people at that hour in the morn-"A lot of moonlighters." She'd call down to Mr. Travers in the morning, and have every b- one of us sacked,

etc., etc. By this time her good man

had dressed and appeared before us. He

discovered Alderman ____, and called up to his eloquent wife, "Hey, Mrs., do you

"What!" she exclaimed. "Is Alderman

the performance came to an abrupt close,

and the window came down with a bang.

Her house was the best equipped and

sht, oilcloth on the floor, beds spot

keely clean, and everything as good as

could be desired. We then directed our

nost up-to-date establishment we had visited, fitted throughout with thetree

And

know you are abusing Alderman

there? Ged forgive me."

Rap ! Bang! Bang! Bang! the steps to another quarter of the city, and visited three houses in succession, all of which bore excellent testimony of efficient supervision-spotless walls, newly washed floors-but some had badly-constructed staircases, which need attention And the occupants, what of they? This constitutes the saddest part of all. They were most of them young girls still in their teens, with the fresh, fair bloom of youth upon their cheeks-all girls that any lad might well feel proud of. And yet withal they are the nation's shame. We passed through room after room, each containing its complement of persons. And having regard for the respectful manner in which we were permitted to proceed, it was hard to believe that such people were hopeless. Are those who proclaim to make the rescue of such persons their particular concern really making an honest endeavour to give them a chance to retrace their "fatal" step. I flatter myself on my reading of human faces, and I feel convinced that many of the faces I gazed on here, and many of the wistful eyes that met my glance, do not belong to those who willingly follow a life

> The next house visited was a dismal structure that reared itself defiantly high up to the sky. It was forbidden without and foul within-dirty floors, dirty stairs, stained walls. And although it was well passed two o'clock in the morn ing the hour was still too early for the tenants of this particular establishment to seek repose. The rooms were all empty with two exceptions, that which was occupied by the caretaker, and one containing three drunken females and a. vessel half filled with porter.

We next found ourselves in a large lodging house for "men only." There were fifty beds on each floor, and all were occupied. The walls were spotless and the floors were clean, but the air was foul.

The next establishment visited belonged to the Salvation Army, and here we found everything highly satisfactory, and abundance of evidence of perfect discipline. All the rooms contained less beds than that allowed by the Corporation byelaws, and in all there could not be less than 300 persons sleeping beneath its

We expressed our satisfaction, gave our names to the porter in charge, and, passing out, proceeded home, thanking God that we had a home to go to, and in our hearts pitying those mortals whom we had visited that night, the victims of our so-called civilization who, although neglected and despised by other sinners more comfortably dressed and more richly endowed, are, nevertheless, our brothers and our sisters—Irishmen and Irishwomen, created by the same God, redeemed by the same Saviour, possessed of souls as precious to that Redeemer as our own.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE,

Councillor, New Kilmainham Ward.

- DUBLIN -**COAL FACTORS'** ASSOCIATION.

Registered 301. Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

Current Price List. ... 26/- per Ton. Best Orrell

... 25/-Arley Wigan ... 24/-P. Wigan. ... 23/-

Best House Coal, 1/8 per Bag. Slack, 1/5 ,,

Orrell Slack 20/-

Above Prices are for Cash: on Delivery Only.

Trades Unionists SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS.

Declenda est Larkinism 1

"When shall we three meet again, In thunder, lightning, or in rain?"

Shakespeare. A monster meeting was held in Amicus street last Sunday by the National Workers' Union. The concourse of people that attended was awe inspiring. The Borough Surveyor was present in expectation of seeing the adjacent buildings fall through the pressure of the crowd. Mr. Richardson, who came to the meeting in a patent airship inflated with beer, was the recipient of a terrific cheer, which caused even some of the minor stars to fall from the sky, and Nelson's Pillar shook tremulously. The vast assembly sang with a quivering roar the modern madrigal of Labour, "God Save Plain Bill"; and when the tears trickled down the cheeks of Mr. Richardson with emotion, the

scene was most impressive. The meeting was opened by T. Greene, who spoke in a voice husky with emotion, or something else, read a letter of apology from the Lord Mayor. His Lordship mentioned in his letter that he had obtained a photograph of himself dressed in the crimson silk-lined robe of an LL.D. of Trinity, and that he looked lovely, and the he would be pleased to present a copy to his friend Bill, which he suggested should be placed in a conspicuous position in the rooms of the National Workers' Union in Mabbot street. His announcement occasioned

furious outburst of applause. Mr. Greene then read a letter from Earl Aberdeen wishing them God speed in their efforts to make all Irish workers respectable and intelligent. His Excellency these impressed upon Mr. Richard son the advisability of convincing his ing-out fund at all. Unless this 50,000 hosts of followers that, with judicious handling, 8s. 6d, a week could be made to do wonders. He begged leave to quote from one of Ireland's poets the beautiful inspiration that

"Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long.'

He also suggested that Mr. Richardson. who now, happily, had cered to pray with his face towards Bodenstown, should immediately hoist the Union Jack over his Union premises. That flag waved over Mountjoy Prison, and why should it not adorn the glorious facade of the National Workers' Union ? Mr. Greene, in the course of his remarks, said that he in the fulness of simplicity and honesty, had originally loved Larkin. That was past now. But even at the eleventh hour, if Larkin repented, and came to him in sackcloth and ashes, begging forgiveness, he would pardon all! (Great sensation). He would fall on Larkin's neck and kiss him! A voice here shouted that Larkin didn't like the smell of drink, whe eupon Mr. Greene declared that that was not his business. If Larkin wanted a kiss he would have to put up with it (loud applause),

At this juncture a poor cellection of ten or twelve men, headed by a single piper, came marching up Amien's Street, in the midst of which Jim Larkin marched with downcast head and a demeanour of utter dejection, followed by a contingent of 976 stalwart policemen. They wheeled up Talbot Street, and were greeted with loud, long, and derisive cheers by the enormous gathering of Richardson's followers, who again broke into the enthusiastic chant of " God Save Plain Bill,"

Mr. Richardson then attempted to address the meeting, but his supporters were so wildly happy that it was a long time before he could be heard.

At last he was heard to say that he did not fear to "pit" himseli against Larkin, even if Glasnevin was the ultimate consequence. He was not out against strikes. It was demoralising to give men 12s. 6d. or more a week for doing nothing. "Twas better to make them work for 8s. 6d, per week, provided they had a family of at least five, than that they should get a wage while idling, which promoted mischief and dislocated the commerce of our beloved country. The voice of some ignoramus here interjected, "Who robbed the Treaty Stone ?

Mr. Richardson said that was a lie. He had knocked a chip off it as a curio. which was to be seen any day under a glass shade in their Union rooms. He was delighted to be able to say that Liberty Hall was tottering to its fall; its days were numbered. He appealed to his thousands of followers to show mercy in the hour of victory. His devoted fellow-labourer, the Labour Prophet, Jeremiah Greens had sold them that Liberty Hall would before loss in de-

byed; that one stone would not be upon another; that it would be burned with fire, and that the place where it stood would become a place of desolation. In the hour of its ponderous fall he appealed to them to spare Larkin's. life. It was more than he deserved, but let justice be tempered with mercy. He was proud to announce that they were now so financially strong that the Committee had almost dared to decide that they would get their Union rooms white-washed. (Tremendous applause.) He begged to tell them, in conclusion, that the arms of the Union would be on a green field indicative of their nationality; in chief the Treaty Stone, in hon our of their leader—(applause—below an aberdeen herring and a crab, symbolising Progress Backwards. Their motto would be "Ni Bhuailem — I don't strike!"

At the end of the meeting the enthusiasm was unspeakable. Mr. Richardson was carried home on the shoulders of his followers, while tens of thousands marched behind singing again "God Save Plain Bill."

CRAOB NAN DEALG.

THE CAMP.

Afgeneral summer camping-out of the working population of Dublin would be the greatest event in the history of Ire-land up to date. It can only be accom-plished through a successful appeal to the heart and soul of the people, because, without such an appeal, it would be impossible to raise the funds necessary for carrying through an undertaking of that magnitude. Of our population of the magnitude of our population who could hardly subscribe to the camping out fund at all. Unless this reposition therped by the 200,000 who are able

and most promising that has come up in Ireland in my time, breaks down necessarity. No one can be expected to take a serious interest in a movement which aims at encouraging people who can afford it to join with other people who can afford it and erect and maintain summer camps, each of the nature of a

to put in pennies, sixpences, shillings,

and half-crowns, that project, the noblest

joint stock enterprise. Some such camps, owned by spirited Dublin clerks and shop assistants I have often observed, and with great pleasure, scattered here and there in the county, and within easy reach of Dublin.

My heart goes out always to these brave young men and their camps; but the camping out of the working population of Dublin is a different thing altogether, and must be aimed towards upon absolutely different principles. Here it must be all for all, and all for each, and each for all, and the resulting camp must be of the nature, not of joint stock enterprises, but something of the nature of communes for the time being, sustained from a centre supplied with the necessary resources, each camp loyally supporting that centre and submissive to its authority.

Besides, an appeal to the people—a separate people—should be made to the soul and consciences of our private citizens who are well off, and to the employing classes generally. I should be glad to take a part in the preparation of this appeal.

The movement ought, in my opinion, to be kept quite separate and distinct from the war of Labour and Capital.

I suggest that Miss Larkin, who has much practical ability and practical experience, should take a sole command of the movement, providing herself, of course, with a committee of experts and general advisers.

But I would like to see one person in control and responsible for everything: One person assisted by a council has, always been that kind of government which has produced the best results.

A Committee with divided responsibllity has, I think, never proved successful. STANDISH O'GRADY.

Irish Workers ! Show the sincerity of your principles by ASKING FOR

GALLAGHER'S Mineral Waters. The only firm in the world using Irish Trade Mark Bottler, made by your brother workers at Ringsend.

Factory-BRIDGEFOOT ST. Telephone 3513.

WEXFORD NOTES.

There was a great hubbub about a month ago at a Harbour Board meeting, about a boat of superphosphate going in to Ballygeary instead of Wexford, and the pilot who was on board was condemned in all the moods and tenses for having brought her there.

But we did't hear a word about the boat that was sent there by Stafford just because he happens to be chairman of the Board.

And we also notice that the County Council, a Board of which Stafford is also a member, has made application to the Great Western Railway Company of England, to run a boat from Ballygeary to Fishguard with live stock, in opposition to the Bacon Line, surely a good way to keep the trade in town.

The Barony of Forth Farmers' Asso-ciation are backing them up in the matter, so we can all see who the County Council are catering for, while our two-town representatives look on with their tongues in their teeth.

And then we have some of our municipal representatives going around the Quay praising up Stafford, and com-plaining about the trade of the port going to Ballygeary.

There is one thing we can promise Stafford anyway, and that is, a good fight next year, both for County Council and municipal honours, and we are out to the

time to time about Scully, the Inspector of learning how to boil an egg or wash for Weights and Measures, heing so hard. on huckster shops, while he never goes near the larger shops in the main street, where the meat is actually walking out Knott" has the membership up to a cerof the windows.

And these poor people are not responsible for the adulteration of milk, as it is done in the country before they see it, but of course it would be too much

What about first it died and then they killed getting a visit, eh, Scully.

We are informed that Billy Byrne cut a great spatter at the Grand National with Johnnie Pierce's coat, which he got a loan of, but that when he came back he frequented Coffey's very, very often.

"Good men rush in."

We were all very pleased to notice the defeat of the Great Southern and Western Railway Bill last week in the House of Commons, as we in Wexford know only too well how one of these companies are trying to divert the trade of our port to another quarter to suit themselves, and in this they are getting all the help of some of the most prominent members of our Harbour Board *****

Everybody seems to be very anxious to know why it is that the Ancient Order of Hibernians are shifting around so much. They are only about nine months established, and have already occupied three houses. Some people say it is on account of non-payment of rent. There are some of its members anyhow who have the name of never paying for anything. We don't have to rish very far to find that out (SHADES OF MASTER-

They are now in the TEMPERANCE HALL a very appropriate place for some of them, surely. Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

Might we suggest that instead of the Wexford Branch being called the Ancient Order of Hiberians, it be called the Ancient Order of Humbugs.

PEMBROKE NOTES.

That it is time some alteration was made in the antiquated structure known as Ringsend Bridge.

That it has served its purpose, and is

now many years out of date. That it is cruel to see animals strugg ling up to the top with heavy loads That very often horses come down

beavily.
That the amount of traffic which passes over it now is far in excess of that for which it was built.

CAUTION. The Pillar House,

812 HENRY ST., DUBLIN, IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE

BARCAINS BY POST. We do eater for the Working Man

No fancy prices; honest value only. Watch, Cleek and Jewellery Repairs A SPECIALITY.

That it requires to be widened and lowered; and that there is plenty of room for the suggested improvements.

That the traders of the district should make an effort to compel those who are responsible to make some alterations in this egg-shaped piece of antiquity.

That "Mary of the Curling Knott" made a good "show" at the Health Exhibition. That she was of herself able to muster

the corps together after much trouble. That she intended to give them something to put in the WORKER, - What about your photo, Mary?

That there has been a break up in the membership of the Home.

That, if some of the men who allow their wives to visit, for talk sake that thing called a club were to insist on their attending to their household duties, the

That the woman who encourages her We have heard a lot of complaints from child to attend the Club for the purpose a handkerchief has something to be

proud of, I don't think. That when "Mary of the Curling tain number, she is to be rewarded for her services to the Home.

That she is to be presented with a Persian cat, reared in the Park, and the presentation will be made by "herself." That we would like to know if the cat trouble for the worthy sergeant to make is free from microbes, and if it has been

disinfected. That Pa Joe, The Boyo, and Jam Pots are not on the best of terms.

That Jam Pots was "whispering" something to him at the recent "nigger show."

That the "whisper" could be heard all over the hall. Bow wow! That Jam Pots is about to give up be-

ing a canvasser for the Idlers' Club. That for "services rendered" he deserved a medal; instead he received abuse from Pa Joe, who, by the way, has been giving himself plenty of free

advertisements in the Evening Rags. That the "lady" recruiting sergeant is well pleased with the progress made by the boys from a " National School" in Pembroke.

That it is time for the parents of those boys to step in and know what is the meaning of their boys being trained for the army.

That if this sort of thing continues it will be necessary for us to print the name of the school and the principal.

That probably the principal hopes to come under the notice of "herself" with the hope that he may be able to procure a " job."

That the "Ringsend Twister" is in a sad state since he came under the lash of the writer.

That any person who will prove to his (the Twister's) satisfaction who the writer is he will reward them with a "free" drunk.

That he can well afford it now since he made a good deal with the Council. That he is still on the look out for his £7 odd, notwithstanding the aid he received from the members of the "Mutual

Admiration Society." That " Hayporth-o'-Tay" is making a great effort to have a friend of his appointed to a "job" that is about to be

That we hope he will not "twist" at the last moment as on former occasions. That "Solly the Slasher" has now found to his cost that "there is many a

slip twixt the cabbage and the pot." That the "Scene Shifter" is once more upset thereby.

That they have the entire sympathy

Don't forget Social on Sunday Evening. The section of Contracting

An Open Letter to Earl Aberdeen.

Provost-Come hither, sirrab. Can you cut off a man'a head? Clowa-If the man be a bechelor, sir, I can; but if he be a marrird man he is his wife's head, and I can never cut off a w man's tead.-" Measure for Messure."

Your Excellency, I have fumigated the room, burned the bedclothes, disinfected the pen, Pasteurised the ink, so after all these pains I feel safe in addressing you. I also am happy in the thought that your Excellency will not be infected with any microbes my plebian breath may cast abroad. You have been born with a golden spoon in your mouth; I have been fed with a timber ladle. So much to show the different outlooks we must have on life.

Your Excellency, as an Irishman I am interested in the welfare of Ireland, and as a resident in Dublin I am immediately concerned in the prosperity or poverty of this city. Humanity is a great circle of which each individual is a part, and which act and react upon each other. If Dublin prospers, everyone in it should prosper, unless the connection in that circle be broken.

For the past ten weeks a strike has been in progress here and several hundred men are out of employment on its account. Some few weeks ago a meeting was called at the instance of the Trades Council to have the matter discussed, and the representatives of the men and the employers were invited. The former came, the latter shirked the issues. There were also invited and present people who were not interested in either side, and who were capable of giving an unbiased opinion. I am indebted to the Dublin Daily Press for my information as to how these latter acted, I have not my information first hand. The doorkeeper of the Mansion House kindly excluded me from the meeting; but at that meeting a resolution was passed expressing unanimously the belief that the men on strike were right. At that meeting statements were made about you, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and what promises you had given on your word as a man to the representatives of the workers some months previously. It was stated that you would see a Board was formed to settle these disputes in future, and that if the employers did not keep their word you would deny them the protection of your police and soldiers in case of a strike.

Your Excellency, have you kept your promise? Have you acted as a man should up to his word? Has the Board been appointed? Have you withheld the protection of your police and soldiers from the blacklegs and employers of blackleg labour on the quays of Dublin? Your Excellency, you have not done any one of these things. You have been false to your promise; you have broken your word as a man, and you have sent your armed forces to guard the quays.

And your Excellency, what a puerile attempt you have made to defend yourself against all the accusations made against you. "When any respectable, intelligent man in Dublin believes what Mr. Larkin said about me I will take action." It is a poor way to wriggle out of it, and a way that will not deceive

anybody.

Was there no "intelligent, respectable man" at the Mansion House meeting? Was anyone of the City Councillors present "respectable" or "intelligent" enough for your Lordship? I do not know whether you understand it or not. but you have insulted each and every one of the members of the Dublin Corporation present at that meeting, for you know perfectly well that it was on the strength of these statements the resolutions in favour of the men were proposed and carried. Do you think that all these men would sit by and swallow the statements made by Mr. Larkin if they thought them false? You have endeavoured, your Excellency, to cast the onus of your responsibility on other shoulders, but you have done it so ungracefully as to show yourself in the act.

Just as I write the beat of your drums and the tramp of your soldiers are on the streets and the Union Jack floats over the heads of some Irish regiment returning to barracks. They are the DE FACTO Government of Ireland. Your Excellency, you and your Government in this country are maintained on the points of so many thousand glistening bayonets in the hands of so many thousand Irishmen! I despise the uniform they wear; I would tear in shreds the flag that floats above them; but to every Irishman within the ranks I would give the hand of friendship in the morning, because I know the circumstances that forced them to enlist in the English Army, and I know the Irish hearts that beat beneath their crimson tunics to be true as their steel that dances in the sunlight this April noonday: Poor devils | you would order them in the morning to turn that steel against their fellow-countrymen on the quays, and you would expect them to obey; and in a few years time, when you would have done with them, and when they would take their would order quays or elsewhere, would erder some other Irishment about them down in turn in the name of Government and Justice! Instice and Government and Justice! Instice and Government. ment—the ethics of one are foreign to you; the science of the other is unknown to you! But your Excellency, beware lest your Irish regiments pile sheir arms some morning or, still better, told them and take their places in the vanguard of Irish Libour. Things strange may happen, as things as

strange have happened. Your Excellency, your good spouse, having rid Ireland now of all microbes have one), proceeds to tell us how to

feed ourselves. This makes her rather interesting to us who have so long been engaged in trying to get the food. Before her magic wand our difficulties have vanished and we find ourselves in Fairyland. The Greeks and the ancient Irish had an idea of a fairy isle somewhere to the west called Hy Brazil. Lady Aberdeen has found it. It consists of a top back room in a tenement with 8s. 6d. a week wages and a wife and five children thrown in. I'll take a room and start

But, by the way, your Excellency, what is your own banking account now? You must have a pretty pile considering what a paragon of thrift her Ladyship is and the salary you draw. I am delighted at the prospect, but I cannot believe it. I am sorry your Excellency, but I have too much experience of life to swallow such statements. I know Ireland from Sliabh Callan to Ben Eadair, and I never knew one who could even exist on this 8s. 6d. a week of yours

Your Excellency, we have listened to this tomfoolery too long, and we will stand it no longer. The National University Scandal, the Peamount Scandal, the Castle Jewels' Scandal, the Microbe Scandal, and now the Quay Scandal, have filled the measure of our patience, which we have held too long.

Your Excellency, let me ask you a few questions, and I will await your reply.

First—Where are the Castle Jewels? Second—If Mr. Larkin has told lies about you why don't you come out and tell him so, and not be hiding behind the respectable people of Dnblin?

Third—Have you ever tried to live on eight shillings and sixpence per week? Do you BELIEVE it can be done?

And now, your Excellency, I have had my say, and I hope you have kenned me frae start to finish. There are many other things I should like to refer to, but I am pressed for time, and, further, like the clown in the opening sentences, I can never cut off So-

> I am gone, Sir, But anon, Sir, I'll be with you again. Very sincerely yours, An Claipin Oub.

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.

Don't miss the Sunday evening Socials held in Liberty Hall. Small Entrance

Fee. All Friends Welcome. Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at

Irish Dancing on Friday evening, at

All communications for this column to be addressed to— " D.L."

18 Beresford place.

An injury to One is the concern of All." ___THE-__

Irish Worker. EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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months, psyable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous
contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, April 19th, 1913.

THE REAL WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC ACT.

WE are compelled to call upon our readers to assist us in demanding that some public action shall be taken to remedy the disgraceful treatment of the poor women and girl slaves who work in refreshment rooms, cafes, tobacconists', and newsagents' shops in this city. The facts in connection with this traffic-a real White Slave traffic-are absolutely astounding. There seems to be no public conscience in existence. Girls between eighteen and twentyone years of age and women are slaving away in these dens for 100 hours and over per week. The miserable wages they are compelled to accept are a crying scandal. No wonder our hospitals, sanatoriums, and cemeteries are filled to overflowing with these helpless victims of the greedy. grasping, conscienceless, money grubs who own them. We print one of the many eners which we are inundated with.

"DEAR MR. LARRIN,-Just a few lines. Sorry to have to trouble you about these shops, your -Sir, you have done a lot for us, and I expect you will do something for these poor girls, working from o in the morning till II at night. It is barbarous the long hours, your -, for poor girls to be on their feet so long; but it is easily seen it is poor country greenhorns they have. working for them. A Dublin girl would not do it for them, your -; and then they are not let out till ever they like. They change the cards any time they like, your __ I would like to know what that Inspector is paid for, and not doing his duty. Your —, it is with pity for these poor girls, working the one hours Sunday and Monday. Your —, you should publish them in the LEISH WORKER, and, your , ---- what would Dublin

have done only for you, you behaved such a gentieman to them. I know you will do your best about the hours for these poor girls. But what is the Inspector paid for when he does not do his duty? Please excuse the scribbling; I am a bad writer.—Your obedient servant;"

These girls have no organisation, or at least they are so weakened by their servitude that they have not the courage to. join a trades union; they simply sufferand submit. The above letter speaks for itself, a veritable cry of agony from the depths. The writer points out that the employer in the case referred to employs girls from the country, because these girls, not having a home in Dublin, are more amenable to the tyranny of the soulless worshippers of the god money. Hood sang the Song of the Shirt. How long will it be to some glorious rebel of a shop girl articulates the woes and desires of a class which everybody seems to despise. This poor girl who penned this plea for help suggests that the Shops Inspector is at fault. A want of knowledge is a dangerous thing; especially to a section of workers such as we are dealing with. The much discussed and boomed Shops Act of 1912 is any wrong at all. a delusion and a snare. In fact any employer can, if they so desire, compel any shop assistant over eighteen years of age to work as long as they choose, and under such conditions as they lay down. Speaking to an Inspector in reference to these matters, he explained the tremendous difficulties they had to contend with in the administration of the Act. Apart altogether from the shortcomings of the Act, the dishonesty and cupidity of the employers, the most depressing feature was the cowardice and dishonesty of the assistants themselves, he quoted a case. A certain shop girl appealed to him to interest himself in the conditions appertaining in a very renowned sweet shop not a thousand miles from the Nelson atrocity. This girl, who worked in another business, complained that her younger sister was an assistant in this sweet shop, and she, the eldest one, was worried about the late hours her sister was compelled to work, and the dangers she had to undertake in returning home at a late hour each night. The Inspector found the occasion to summon the firm for a technical breach of the Act, and lo! to his utter undoing, the very girl he was trying to help was the chief witness for the firm's defence. Every word she swore she knew was untrue, for the whip of unemployment she had not the fortitude to bear. Friends, only those who try to help the helpless know what a soul-harrowing experience it is. Some few weeks ago we had occasion to enter a cafe in O'Connel Street. We were accompanied by a Manchester Irishman. While partaking of a cup of tea, my friend said to me. "That girl seems worn out. What conditions do they work under here?" We had to admit our ignor-'Anyhow, we can in Calling the lassie over, we asked her "What wages might you get?" Ten shillings per week. "What hours have you?" "Hours!" said the lassie "We you ?" never know. We have to stop as long as we are wanted. I came on this morning at seven o'clock." "Yes, and what time did you finish last night?" Three o'clock. We had an all-night dance, and I will be on again till twelve to-night." "Does this often happen-these dances and consequent long periods of work?" "Oh, yes," she replied. "My average hours for the past three months average 94 hours a week." Ninety-fours hours a week for 10/-, and she had to keep herself supplied with collars and aprons. If that was not white slavery what name shall we give it, reader, and when one studies the question closely the more terrifying it becomes. Here these girls go in to work in the early morn, get everything ready to supply breakfasts to early callers, then the rush to supply luncheons and dinners to those who maybe commence to work two or three hours after these girl slaves had commenced their day's pilgrimage. Then in the afternoon the rush of the idle. unemployed women, who are out to amuse themselves shopping, has to be met; then tea time, home and rest for the cus tomers, but no rest for the poor cafe slave. She has to attend supper parties, dances, and soirees. Such a life, and what pleasant slaves they are l-submitting to the idiosyncracies of a heterogeneous group of humanity, executing their multifarious orders, anticipating their every wish, subject at all times to the pettifogging, mean supervision of hired tyrants who, having in many cases been slaves themselves, make things ten times worse than even the owners or directors themselves would allow. Friends, there are many ways in which we can help the victims of the real White Slave Traffic-not by the taking of a "plebskite," as Alderman Bill Doyle would say, but by demanding that public attention should be called to the matter. Make you voices heard. Do what they are now doing in Glasgow, holding a sweating exhibition, exposing the parties who are responsible for the inhuman traffic; holding up to public odium the soulless creatures who batten on the sweating of these poor girls and women. If you can get any authoritative information about any of these dens send on same to us. Give the firm or firms names. We will do our part; but we want your help. This is work worthy of you. Unlike this cod-

ology of keeping five of a family on

8s. 6d. per week, a starvation philo-

sophy propounded by an overfed, over-

dressed, pampered individual, who instead of receiving 500 per week, should be compelled to change places

with one of these cafe slaves for

a few weeks she would have more to do, less to say and carry. While you have one woman getting the half of £500 a week at one end of the scale, you will be bound to have 500 girl slaves at the other end of the scale compelled to eke out a miserable existence on 10s. per week for working 94 hours a week. We have kept back the name of the firm mentioned in the letter printed above. Next week we deal at greater length, and in detail, with this crime of

the twentieth century.

We have been informed that an editorial paragraph appeared in last week's Sinn Fein" complaining that some Dublin employers encourage recruiting sergeants to see the men in working hours to persuade them to join the army. The paragraph sneers at the "labour men," and states they are not moving in this matter. We detest this barking at our heels; and if Griffiths hasn't the guts to publish the names of the firms in question, we will be pleased to do so if he is man enough to send the names on to us. We know of far greater crimes against nationality committed by Dublin employers. It is strange for "Sinn Fein" to suggest that Irish employers can do

A meeting of bakers, under the auspices of the above Union, will be held the Trades Hall, Capel street, on Satur-

day next, 19th April, 1913. The meeting will be addressed by Mr. Robert Wilson, of Londonderry, General Secretary; Mr Stephen Dineen, of Limerick, and other prominent local Labour leaders.

All bakers are earnestly requested to

Chair wili be taken at 4 p.m. sharp.

Pierpont Morgan is dead, thank God. We understand that 5,000 red roses were wasted by being placed on his coffin.
"Bread and Roses!" We wonder how many broken hearts he made. We wonder how many red hearts he bled. We wonder how many heartfelt prayers ascended to heaven thanking God that at long last Morgan had returned to his Father's bosom. That the devil had got his own "bread and roses." We wonder does he remember the Homestead Strike now. We wonder will his millions cool his burning tongue. We wonder how he would enjoy the splash of a drop of blood of the murdered workers of Homestead on that brazen, burning tongue now. The old Dublin ballad ran, "Lord Waterford is dead." Waterord was an angel to Morgan; and though Morgan was enabled to buy anything on this earth, even justice, he is gone now to a place where money can't talk. And then I have heard people say there is no hell! What rubbish! Where's Morgan to go to if there's no hell? Five thousand roses on his coffin! What blasphemy! And ten thousand devils waiting to welcome him home. We remember reading a book by St. George Mivart, some years ago, Happiness in Hell." What internal happiness there must be in hell now that the archdevil Pierpont Morgan arrived home safe without missing his

DUBLIN TRADES COUNCIL.

AGENDA.

A full and punctual attendance of delegates is requested on Monday next. April 21st, at 8 p.m., when the following agenda will be consid red :-

1-Deputation to Cleansing Committee re apprentices-Messrs. MacPartlin and O'Brien.

2-Deputation to President of National University re new buildings -Messrs. Simmons and T. Farren. 3-Departure from Ireland of Mr. Halls-Mr. O'Brien.

4-The proposed Conciliation Board-Mr. John Farren.

Workers, Mind Your Votes.

Now that the Requisition Forms are being distributed through the city it behoves every workingman to see to it that he will be returned by his landlord.

The landlord is liable under the Representation of the People Act, 1884, to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings if he does not return Requisition Form accurately filled up to the Town Clerk. And may we also trust to find the Town Clerk (Mr Henry Campbell) taking a little more interest in the work of Registration than hitherto. We expect him to see to it that there will be no repetition of Mac-Caffrey's game in Merchants' Quay, or Frank Tiernan and Mick Canty's game in Wood Quay, i.e., going around collecting Requisition Forms, filling in bogus names on, and returning same to City Hall. Let Mr. Chas. Caldwell (Corporation messenger) and Joseph Goodwin (Corporation Flagger), be confined in the one ward, and not have them roaming about every ward in Dublin.

We shall refer to this question next

M. J. BYRNE'S Toksoos Store. 99 AUDEIDE STREET (OPPOSETE JACOSTE) FOR UNION ROLL AND PLUC.

Support RUSSELL'S. THE FAMILY BAKERS.

TRADE UNION EMPLOYERS. PATHMINES BAKERY

Made by Trade Union Bakers,

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD

SWEITERT AND REST. THE IRINE WORKERS BAKER

INCH CORE ITEMS.

The local branch of the U.I.L, of which John Saturnus Kelly is the father and founder, will hold its Home Rule demonstration on Sunday next.

The list of speakers posted on the dead walls of the ward does not include that of Councillor John Saturnus Kelly, nor Alderman Saturnus Murray. Neither does the name of Mr. "Bob" Eager, the Orange and Green candidate, appear on the distinguished list.

Of course, John headed them off with the "HAT," as proved by the circular published some time ago in the WORKER. But the "main" object of the blow up is to make O'Hanlon's seat secure for January.

This is the "Kelly Gang" that lied about Reigh and about "Murray," John S.'s alderman, who by his shameful neglest to redeem one single promise made previous to his election—and they were so numerous—has proved himself to be a fit comrade for the shameless " John,'

I submit that the "Kelly Gang" of the "You Lie Well," ought to compel Alderman Murray to redeem his promises or resign before it is entitled to the financial support of the people it deceived so often.

Charles Hastings Dent has become a memory in Inchicore, the meditation on which has produced the following re-

"WHAT HIS NAME SPELT." Collision. Hunger. Dismissals. Expenses. Hair-splitting. Anger. Strikes. Nonsense. Anxiety. Troubles. Transfers. Roscrea. Lombardstown. Inquiries. Examinations. Neglect.. Suspensions. Goal. Staff-failures.

ANTICIPATED DEDICATION. When C. H. D. goes down to his doom, He will ride in a fiery chariot, And sit in state on a red-hot plate, Between Satan and Judas Iscariot. But I'll do the best I can.

I'll let Ananias and Judas go free, And take in the Railwayman.

ANTICIPATED EPITAPH. Here lies the body of C. H. D., Where he has gone to we cannot see, What he is doing, how he fares, Nobody knows, or nobody cares. If he has gone to the realms of love, More's the pity for those above, If he has found a lower level, I heartily pity the poor old D—1.

Gone from the cares of office, Gone from the head of affairs, Gone in the head they tell us, Gone, whither no one cares. Gone, not to join the Angels, Gone, whither no one can tell, Gone—where?—let us hope to Heaven, There are D-ls enough in H-l.

"There will be no more 'Dents' now in the poor man's wages."

There was a strike in the Inchicore Works this week. The men employed in a certain shop decided on having their "picture taken," to use a homely phrase. The knight of the camera was requisitioned; the dinner was resigned for a good wash; clean collars were put on; and when the group assembled the camera had vanished. It absolutely refused to take the photo. It was a striking disappearance.

Anyone who missed the concert in the Emmet Hall on Sunday last missed a treat. The Irish Workers' Quartette-Miss May M'Mahon and Miss Rose Cuddy and Messrs. S. Clarke and J. Ryan-were alone worth the money.

If You Have Not the Ready Money Convenient,

there is an Irish Establishment which supplies goods on Easy Payment System

IT IS THE DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL

A880GIATION, LTD., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

Office Hours-10.30 to 5.30 seach day Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30

Manager Ald. T. Kelly

All Hat Union -WEAR-Michael's 3/8 Hats 77 TALBOT STREET. Overcoats, 21/-, worth 27/6

Miss M'Mahon again excelled herself in "Sweet Spirit Hear my Prayer." Mr. P. M'Enery's rendering of "My Mary of the Curling Hair" was highly applauded while Mr. O'Brien's singing fairly brought down the house.

Miss K. Pollard's dancing was much admired, while Messrs, Delahunt and Murtagh simply charmed the audience, Mr. Cuffe and Mr. Mullen gave magnificent recitations. Local honours were adequately upheld by Miss J. O'Carroll, Mr. J. O'Carroll, and Mr. T. Murphy, while the Coleman Trio won golden opinion from all. Mr. Osborne gave a magnificent selection on the violin, and Mr. T. Coleman sang in his usual fine stỳle,

On Monday evening next at eight o'clock the Irish Workers' Dramatic Club will perform three Irish plays in the Emmet Hall, when a rare treat will be provided for the audience at the usual popular price.

The Committee of the Hall will meet at four o'clock on Sunday next, and members are kindly requested to accept this notice as sufficient invitation to be

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE. Councillor, New Kilmainham Ward.

ERRATA.

Mr. Strndish O'Grady's article on front page for separate people read separate appeal.

Wi'l Our Friends See To It? W. P. Ryan, editor of the "Nation" has written another book, which can be had from Eason's. The title, "Daisy Darley, or the Fairy Gold of Fleet-street," by W. P. Ryan, 6s.—"Daily Chronicle"—"This is a rare book; a really distinguished achievement." "Daily News"-" A clever, attractive book. Mr. Ryan has made a genuine success in his delightful sketches of the subsidiary characters." Ask for it; see that you get it.

We are Camping To-night, Camping on the Old Camp Ground.

Readers, does not Standish O'Condy's appeal make your nerves tingle and the blood riot in your veins? Have you thought out the possibilities of this idea? Do you never dream? Have you any ideals? Are you soulless? If you are still human, why not come and live if only for one week. How to be happy though married—give the woman and children a holiday with you in the country. If you are single, come right along, down along, and become young again. Come and understudy Peter Pan refuse to grow up, away rhen from the city's grime back to God's playground, the country, right within the sigh and sough of the sea; come and see the sun rise; listen to the lark giving praise. Then, eh! oh! for a tramp through the fields, climb over the hills, and back to camp, and around the fire sit and tell the story beautiful, sing the song inspiring, and enjoy the fellowship. Are you coming? postcards to Camp Captain Liberty Hall?

Our Printer has handed us the following; but his time is too much occupied attending to men without bothering his wit with one of the Richardson stamp.

" 4 Foster-place, " Charleville-avenue,

" Dublin, 16/4/13. "SIR,-You may recall that on September 27th, 1912, I wrote informing you that I had reason to believe some very gross libels on myself were about to appear in the "Irish Worker," and that I would hold you accountable if my information proved correct.

"You can easily recall the sequel. I have just been informed by a 'friend' of Mr. Larkin's that further statements affecting my character are about to appear in that journal. " I want you to clearly unerstand if

such be the case, I will hold you jointly liable in criminal proceedings with the proprietor of the paper. I am, of course, retaining a copy of the communication. Yours,

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

To All Members of the Irish Transport Union:

Are now ready for issue.

We are informed that certain members are defacing their badges by re-silvering Take Notice! No Badge will be recognised but a Red Hand. Any them. member interfering with Badge issued,

will be dealt with by Committee. The Wilkingsta

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

Morn Ansangus-57, 120 and 113 Great Britain St; 5 Wexford St; 4 Commercial Buildings: Palbelters'; 28 Mil. Strand; 28; Bolton St.; and 15 Iracis St.

MEETING IN BERESFORD PLA E.

On Sunday last a meeting was held in Beresford Place, at which Mr. Larkin,

Mr. Partridge, T.C., and Mr. Lawlor, T.C., were the speakers. Mr. Larkin, having reviewed the present situation in connection with the dispute on the Quays, referred to the attempt to have a conference held, with a view to a settlement, and said that the worker should have a living wage to support himself and his family. That was what they were fighting for for ten weeks. The men on strike did more work than any other man in Dublin, and they wanted to get the same wages for them as the Liverpool dockers who did the same class of work. For the last four weeks there had been negotiations going on nearly every day with the firm. and the men with whom they were negotiating had a statement from Mr. Watson in his own handwriting. In the past the employers could get hold of the Labour Leaders in this town and bottle them up. and make them do what they wanted as a sculptor moulded a piece of clay but they could not mould them to-day as they liked hear, hear). They knew their position, and they were going to stand by it They went as far as they could go, and they would go nofurther. Mr. Larkin then referred to Councillor Richardson's meeting, which was held for the purpose of trying to get some of their men to cause a disturbance, and complained that the police did not interfere with it while some of his meetings were stopped. He referred to the prohibiting of the meeting that was to assist Mrs. Reilly, of Sheriff street, and said that those two dirty skunks, Richardson and Greene, could announce a meeting for the purpose of getting a few unfortunate workers to get excited and get into trouble. They held that meeting to attract them away from Richardson's meeting. They (Richardson & Co.) had been guaranteed f1,000 pounds if they could break the Transport Union, but over £30,000 had been spent by the employers and it had no been broken up yet; and surely those two pettifogging tricksters could not do it when men of undoubted ability were not able to do it. He them to take their stand on either side—on the side of those who exploited the worker or on the side of those who worked. He, for his part, had chosen his side years ago. As far as he was concerned and as far as the Union was concerned they were as un-

Mr. Larkin then went on to speak of the strike in Atkinsons, who offered to these army reserve men-men who had never seen a loom in their lives—ten shillings a week to teach them the silk weaving, which was one of the most highly skilled trades in the world. He concluded by saying that the employers always lived in the past, while they, as trade unionists, lived in the future, and anything they could do for the Labour Movement would be done.

shaken to-day as in the beginning of the

struggle, and, as a matter of fact, they

were better off financially than they were

at the opening of the strike. The Bottle-

blowers' Society offered them £100, and

every man to pay a shilling a week

while the strike lasted, and the skilled

workers of the city had sent an appeal

throughout the British Isles. He could

tell them that the boys were holding

their own down in Sligo. The men

down there were standing as loyal to

one another and fighting as good as

the day they came out. In Dublin there

were only eleven blacklegs, although

there were three thousand men on the

books of the Distress Committee.

Mr. Partridge, T.C., said he had been delayed in coming to that meeting, and he had not the privilege of hearing the opening remarks of his friend and comrade Jim Larkin (hear, hear). But in the remarks to which he listened he referred to the public health authority of that city not doing their duty in the case of Jacob's biscuit factory. He happened to be a member of the Public Health Committee, and he could guarantee that that factory would get more attention from that committee in the future than they had received in the past. Another matter to which he referred was the meeting that had been held by Councillor Richardson. He (speaker) sent to the editor of the "Independent" a letter which Councillor Richardson wrote about Larkin and the Union over two years ago. That leeter was published in the "Independent" then, but the editor refused to insert it for him, and the excuse he made was that only a very small portion of that letter was fit for publication. He forgot that the best part of that letter had already appeared in his paper, and it was fit for publication If it was written against Larkin by Richardson it would be fit for publication, and get a leading place in his paper.

Suit, lounge coat with vest; fit boy 12 to 16 years, 6/11.

SOUTH DUBLIN UNION.

The weekly meeting of the South Dublin Guardians was held to day, the Chairman, Mr. John Scully, J.P., High Sheriff, presiding.

Relieving-Officer Barton applied for instructions to have certain parents prosecuted under the Vaccination Act, and Miss Buchanan moved that the Relieving Officer be given the necessary authority.

Mr Shields opposed. He said that it was a cr'me to enforce the vaccination laws against young children.

Mr. O'Neill declared that he would go to jail for twelve months rather than have another child of his vaccinated. The application was refused by 23

votes to 19. The following was the voting:

For prosecuting-Messrs. Barden, Bennet, Burke, Miss Buchanan, John Byrne, Thomas Cahill, Mlss Clinch, Crimmins, John J. Corry, Delahunty, Delany, Duffy, Cornelius Kennedy (Pembroke), Martin Metcalfe, Mullet, Scully, Major Smith, and Warner-19.

Against-Messrs. Anderson, Baird, J. Cabill, Francis Cassidy, James Cassidy, Cole, Donaghy, Fox, Ganly, Greene, Hogan, Thomas Lawlor, Miss Mulhall. Muldowney, Thomas Murphy, Miss O'Connor, Alderman O'Connor, O'Neill, O'Toole, T.C; Shields, Tierney, Mrs. Vaughan and Miss Williams—23.

A Victory for the cause of Humanity.

Amalgamated Society of Wood-cutting Machinists, Dublin Branch.

A special meeting of the above was held on the 13th inst., at 2 Bachelor's Walk, Brother William Gallagher presiding; Brother E. M'Cluskey (vicechair); Brother P. O'Neill, Sec.; Brother G. Faisley (Trades Council Delegate), and a very large attendance of the

The Chairman said he had great pleasure in introducing to the members our General Secretary, Brother William Wentworth, from Manchester, Brother J. Whyte, G.C. (Sec. Belfast Branch), Bro. Twohig (Sec. Cork Branch). The first business was in connection with the working of the Insu ance Act under Parts I and II, on which Bro. Wentworth gave some very interesting information. He then spoke of the advisability of federating with other kindred trades, and also explained the advantages gained by this method in several districts he had visited. He also urged the necessity of organising the different shops in the city, and explained the best way of going about it, and which was supported by Bros. J. White and G. Paisley, when it was finally resolved that a special committee be formed for this purpose.

RE LABOUR DAY. Trades Council delegate in reference to above, it was resolved that the members of the Dublin Branch take part in the monstration.

A hearty vote of thanks being accorded to Brother William Wentworth (General Secretary), Brother J. Whyte, G,C. (Sec. Belfast Branch), and Brother Twohig (Sec. Cork Branch), the meeting

THE BABE AND THE BOBBY:

STOP PR :::

CRIMINAL STILL AT LARGE.

In your issue of the 12th a fearful criminal of 7 years of age was under the public notice for "rooling" a hoop. This criminal and his father had to appear to day in the police courts before one of the Justices, to show cause why it took six boys to roll one hoop, to the public danger and stoppage of traffic. Of the six, three were summoned; why the other three were not we will leave John Barton, 187 D. to answer. Now, this man, Melia, lost a day's work over this frivolous case, and was cautioned to look after the "criminal" in future with a view of preventing him from rolling porter barrels.

COALS! COALS!

We want to impress this on your memory, and we want you to burn our Coals in your :: Grate. ::

Only one Quality—The Best.

EVANS & THOMPSON

Coal Merchants,

Head Office-29 STH. ANNE ST.

to know that we are the Cheapest People in the Trade. In proof of this we are showing this week Three Special Lines in Boys' Clothing, which we want everybody to see, who have boys to

provide for. No. 1—Tunic Suit, large washing collar, fancy buttons; fit boy 3 to 9 years, 3/11. No. 2—

Norfolk Suit, stout material, well made; two straps on back; fit boy 5 to 13 years, 2/11. No. 3—Youths'

WE WANT EVERYBODY

to prove to their own satisfaction that what we say we do, we do, do, by visiting this week

WE WANT EVERYBODY

PROTECTING THE POOR WHO BUY BASS OF COAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER. The following letter has been refused insertion by the "Evening Telegraph":

SrR—From the above heading the public are likely to be misled with regard to a case which occurred at Dundrum Petty Sessions on April 7th, 1913, where a bellman or coal factor was summoned for selling a ' bag of coal." The custom of selling coals by bag of ten stones has prevailed for years, both in Dublin City and County, and each factor must provide himself with a scales for the purpose of weighing same should a purchaser desire it.

In the particular case referred to there was no imputation of fraud or short weight, but a mere technicality in the law which remained to be discovered by a rural constabularyman, therefore no necessity for the heading.

Please allow this letter same publicity as report under review, and oblige, Yours truly,

J. J. GALLAGHER, Sec. Reg. 301 Dublin Factors' Association, Beresford Place.

The late Mr F. ed Ryan.

At a meeting of the members of the Independent Labour Party of Ireland, held at the Antient Concert Buildings. Mr. Tom Kennedy presiding, the following resolution was unanimously

"That we, the members of the Independent Labour Party of Ireland, deplore the loss that the Progressive movement has sustained by the death of our respected comrade, Fred Ryan; and we tender to the relatives of our deceased comrade our heartfelt sympathy in their sad bereavement."

It was directed that copies of the foregoing be sent to the relatives of the late Fred Ryan and the IRISH WORKER.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

What should prove a very interesting Lecture will be delivered on to-morrow (Sunday), at 8 p.m., in the Antient Concert Buildings, Great Brunswick street, by Mr. Robert E. Ryan, entitled, Society and Myself."

It is Mr. Ryan's intention to deal with the mutual relationship, the interdependence and duties towards one another of Society and the Individual considered from the standpoint of Biology and Philosophy.

Admission free. Discussion invited. The usual propogandist meeting will From information received from our be held in the Phoenix Park, at 12 noon, near bandstand,

"Songs of the Dawn."

By T. C. BRAYTON. The above is the title of a book of verse from the winsome pen of Mrs T.C. Brayton. It is a book of songs of Eire, full of that mystical feeling that signalises the Gael from all other nationalities. In it are poems grave and gay, light and fanciful, poems full of love for Ireland, poems full of the fighting spirit, and the songs of the soldier race. Scarcely a subject worthy of her pen is omitted from this neat and treasured volume. Mrs Brayton sings of the Eire stricken down but ever conquerless. She sings of the bright days to be, and from her verses one may catch that weird feeling that haunts every nook and dell of dear old Ireland. Her style is all her own, her language beautifully chosen, while her ideas lack neither originality or beauty of expression. Her 'Old Fireside,' 'Jerry Connor's Forge,' 'Patsy Maguire,' and

'Independence Day" are poems that can never die. A successful reception awaits this volume of verse, dedicated, with all the love and feeling of an Irishwoman, to her own. Copies, costing 4s., can be had on application to Mrs. T. C. Brayton, c/o " Irish World," New York. We congratulate this talented Irishwoman

on her beautiful book. CARRICKBURN.

BECKER BROS.

PINEST, PURESTLAND CHEAPEST TEAS.

PRICES-2/5, 2/2, 12/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6.

1/4 and 1/2. 8 South Great George's Street

and 17 North Earl Street.

CORK HILL NOTES.

The "Lay Pope"—the infallible and indelible Lorean Saturnus Sherlock-was present at the Public Health Committee meeting on Tuesday last, and promised to teach the writer a few wholesome lessons before long.

The writer is not disposed to take lessons in trickery and Municipal dodgery, and Lorcan is professor in either, but is unfit to instruct in honesty or modesty. Perhaps the pupil may become the master on this occasion.

The Right Hon. Lorcan Saturnus Sherlock, L.L.D. (the L.L.D. in this case stands more truthfully for "Lively Little Devil" than anything else) will face the workers of his ward in January next and explain his twisting.

He will need a good "Hand" at the Register, as it will be a stiff fight. The Sceptre of the Pit," William of the "Green Workers' Union," of Mabbot street fame, will no doubt lend his assistance to his benefactor and friend.

The shadowy degree bestowed by Trinity will prove valueless in the fight Lorcan had better look lively if he intends to top the poll. The little snuff-seller may be taught that he does not own Dublin just yet.

There is more trouble over the outside car recently built in Stanley street than friend Noah experienced in the construction of the Ark. Next week I shall have something to say in this affair, and incidently about an individual named Milliner.

The members of respectable Trade Unions ought to control the conduct of the men empowered to represent them and should not allow their Trade Societies to be brought into discredit through the action of an individual.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, Councillor New Kilmainham Ward.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers The members of the above Society, and more especially those employed in the Dublin railway shops, are to be congratulated upon the raising of their standard rate of wage from thirty-three shillings per week to thirty-five. This gratifying result is due no doubt to the magnificent work of organisation carried on in these shops in recent times. Next month I will give a list of names of non-unionists employed in the Railway works. In the meantime it is a pity that the G. S. & W. Railway Company should "take the good out of the thing" by hesitating to advance the wages of many old hands who, by long service and ability, had previously obtained higher wages than the then standard

rate. This policy of ignoring the claims of those who have given the best part of their lives in the service of the Company is one I am sure Mr. Watson will not

W. P. P.

A Constant Reader's Tribute to the " Irish Worker."

Tis my delight, on issue night, To read your weekly paper, Which for straight news is the best to choose And than all others cheaper.

It doesn't pause to plead our cause When help is badly needed, And the pluck it shows, the world knows, Should not pass unheeded.

Its every line with truth doth shine, Regardless of critique; But the craven crew who the mischief do Are now afraid to speak.

I recognise your enterprise, Also the part you take, By voice and pen to check those men Who crush the poor and weak.

Alas! 'tis true that a what they do, And soak the life-blood dry Of the working man, but their course is

And they'll know it by and by.

In every age a lawful wage The labourer should be paid And if not a libel I may quote the Bible, "Where the same is tersely said."

So cheer up, sir, and keep astir, This battle that's being won, For God is slow but sure we know, And justice He'll see done.

Next time I write I may indite Something strange and new, On rare events, with some comments. Till then I say adieu.

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THE LONGING.

Up in the hill-top breaking the clay, Breaking and digging throughout the long day; Digging and breaking and trampling the

And watching the sea-gulls that fly towards her home. Away 'mid the mountains in Knockaton

With no one at home but the cat and the dog;

lonely Knockshee, But my heart travels west to her home by the sea.

Down in the valley mowing all the day, Picking the rushes and turning the hay, Burying my sorrow like seed in the ground,

That hides but to blossom when Harvest comes round.

Recalling the tortures that I have endured, Watching for someone to come in in

CUAIRD, Mending the tackling or painting a door, And hearing the fairy wind sweep o'er the moor.

Watching the shadows grow big on the Listening for footsteps that never will

Wondering if ever she now thinks of me Across in Dunsallagh, close down by the

An Clainin Oub.

COUNCILLOR RICHAROSON'S MEETING.

The above meeting was held on last Sunday under very boisterous conditions. At the appointed hour—one o'clock—a considerable crowd had co lected at the rendezvous, Amien's Street, when Mr. Richardson, accompanied by Mr. Thomas Greene, P.L.G., and Mr. Peter Sheeidan, proceeded to address the people. Immediately he was received with a storm of abuse, such as, "Run home and bring bighead Greene along with you. "You're a disgrace to civilization."

Mr. Richardson was heard to say that they would all go away for their drink when two o'clock came.

Mr. Seaghan O Cathasaigh—You're a national renegade and a political and labour renegade. Will you let me into

Mr. Richardson was understood to say he would not. He said there were only about fifty people interrupting, and that there were a couple of thousand people who wanted to listen

A Voice—What about Simmons? Mr. Richardson—I know John Simmons for a good many years, and Mr. Larkin is waiting for an opportunity to put O'Brien in his place. I started this

Cries of—What Union, the scab union? Mr. Richardson (continuing) said when he beat Jim Larkin's nominee in the month of October last in th (North Dock) I said that that election was not the end. It was simply the beginning. I said I would take steps— A Voice—You'd take more than steps

—you'd take porter.

Mr. Richardson—And I was determined to drive (deafening uproar). I started this Union in opposition to Larkin.

A Voice-How many have you? You ran away from Seinn Fein. Mr. Richardson-Go and ask Pat Daly

about Seinn Feinn, twister! A Voice—You left Seinn Fein and then you joined the U.I.L.

Mr. Richardson said that months before Mr. Larkin knew he contemplated starting that Union. Mr Larkin started the strike, and he did not interfere with Speaking about the Trades Council, he asked when that strike was called was there any effort made to give it an opportunity to settle that dispute.

A Voice—You will never sit on the Council. You got your answer from it

Referring to the present dispute on the quays, Mr. Richardson said that some of the men had to send their wives out to work, and, in any case,

managed to get a bit of food.

A Voice—What are you living on?

Another individual, holding the IRISH
WORKER in the air, containing a letter from Councillor Partridge with reference to Mr. Richardson's attitude to Mr. Larkin two years ago and at the present time, shouted "What about this letter? Can you deny it?"

Mr. Richardson then went on to say that he remembered the strikes of 1908 and 19tr. He remembered in 1908 standing below in Beresford place on a plat-form filled with public men, and he remembered hearing Jim Larkin call for money, and a thousands pounds were raised in support of the strike

A Voice—He didn't go into a snug
anyway to settle his affairs.

Greene, P.L.G., then closed the meeting, and the brake containing the three-Richardson, Greene and Sheridan, drove over to Alfy Byrne's pub, as the clock struck two, guarded by a couple of hun-dred police, and accompanied by a

Silk Weavers' Strike!

A SPECIAL MEETING

WILL BE HELD IN Grey Square

On Sunday Next at 4 p.m.,

----AND----At Foster Place At 5.30 p.m.

Prominent Labour Leaders will attend and speak.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union, TRADES HALL, CAPEL STREET.

ADJOURNED MEETING will be held on

Sunday Next, 20th April, AT I P.M. SHARP.

A Punctual Attendance is Requested. Note-1 p.m. sharp.

J. Coffey, Sec.

&&&&&&&&& The Workers' Cycle **◆3888**3

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LITTLE SHOP.

Lr. Sheriff Street. A Good Old Has-been of days gone by. A Good Old Has-been-but that's no reason why you should pass her door now. Call in for Old Time's Sake and buy

Quay Workers' Demands.

your necessaries.

Statement submitted on behalf of quay workers of all grades, ship workers (sailors, firemen, cattle men). Dock

labourers, suggested wages. CONSTANT MKN .- 30. per week for 56 hours, 9d. per hour overtime, 1s. per hour on Sundays, that is, between the hours of twelve midnight Saturday, and 6 a.m Monday morning. That the men shall get a meal hour after five continuous hours of labour, and in case such meal hour to be worked the men to be paid is in

lieu of meal hour. CASUAL MEN.—Wages 5s, per day of ten hours except Saturday, when the wages shall be at the rate of 5s. per day up to two o'clock, and 9d. per hour afterwards, is. per hour on Sundays, Is. for any meal hour worked. Casual men to mean all classes of labour engaged in discharging or loading of steamers in all Irish ports, both on ship, shore

and shed. CHECKERS.—The minimum wage shall be the same as dockers.

SAILORS AND FIREMEN.—As you are paying the recognised port wages for sailors and firemen, with the exception of the Mail Boat men, Kingstown, and ordinary seamen and boy; and cattle men, we ask you to be good enough to extend to the Mail Boat men the same rate as the cargo men. i.e. 33s. 6d. per week; ordinary seamen and boys 2s. 6d. per week increase on present rates. This is paid by all other companies out of the port. That cattle men shall be classified and paid the same rate as

CURTIS.

laughing, jeering crowd.

Union Shop.

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THE WORKERS BAKER ASK FOR LARKING LOAF

LEMITS, of Sides St. Advertisers.

A WORD TO THE GAELS,

Vein" that Larkin, the "Strike Organiser," is an Englishman, and it was hinted that calous English manufacturers are paying him to smash our native industries.

The vast majority of Dublin Gaels know Larkin to be an Irishman, born on the soil of Ireland, and an Irish-Irelander with a strong faith in the ultimate triumph of Caitleen. We must all admit that he is organising Labour on a strictly Irish basis, and it can be observed that his activity in this direction has caused the open hostility of those in the English Labour movement who regard Ireland merely as an English shire. To punish Larkin for daring to tell the Irish docker that the centre of gravity of Irish labour is in Ireland, English Union men have handled cargoes loaded by English and other scabs in Dublin, We should bring ourselves to realise that Larkin's fight for the separateness of Irish labour is merely the working out of the teachings of "Seinn Fein."

Every Labour association should have its centre in Ireland, and if Larkin be pushed aside—of which there is little fear—this consummation will be many years delayed.

In the preface to the rules of the Transport Union we read :-

"Trades Unionism in Ireland has arrived at a certain stage of growth when this question confronts us-What is to be our next step in fostering its future development? Are we going to continue the policy of grafting ourselves on the English Trades Union movement, losing our own identity as a nation in the great world of organised labour? We say emphatically, No.'

What has the Irish employer as a class done for Ireland? Is he on the side of Caitleen, or does he swear by the Saxon's Empire? Does he not grow rich on the sweat of his Irish serf, and spend his riches elsewhere? Does he not often ase those riches to stay the onward march of the Gael? Larkin is whispering to those serfs, who are the children of the Gael, that they are being robbed of wages, of bread, of health, and even life, which is theirs by right. Yet some of us who slobber about Nationality take sides with the employers, who are not of the Gael, because, forsooth, the National fight is the first fight, and must take. precedence.

Wrongs, and particularly the oppression of the poor, cannot wait while opportunists toy with nationalism. Will not the worker be a better nationalist if he get three good meals a day instead of one.? Yet some who have become narrowed by a narrow nationalism believe that the worker should be content with only half a meal a day until the national fight is finished, and illogically enough they range up on the side of the

With the development of the industrial revival many things came to light regarding our Irish employers, which showed them to be of a conservative, old world type, and impervious to new ideas. It is that same conservatism or "pigheadedness" that is causing trouble today. The German, French, English, or American employer will recognise a Union, and treat with the officials.

Here an employer would shut up his works and live like Griffin's "half-sir" in a proud poverty rather than permit the common Irishmen he employs to join a Union. If he be a unit of the nation and all the rest, why not demand from him the same degree of commonsense or up-to-dateness that marks his class in other countries.

In the present City of Dublin dispute we see this exemplified. A doddering old chairman, who is approaching senility, won't see the men's leader. He would ruin the company and the Irish shareholders rather than it be said that he (Sir Edward Watson) spoke to Jim Larkin. The same shaky old man has been repudiated by every other shipowner in port; but as he stands for an "Irish Industry," some would tell us he is

right. Should we not realise that the men in the labour ranks are the only ones that was the workers that carried the gun and pulled the trigger. A chance aristocrat. like Emmet responded to the call which thousands of workers heard and followed, and will follow again.

Returning to Larkin, note the sublime contempt in which this common docker holds the high and mighty Earl that stands for the British Crown in Ireland. The past three weeks has been memorable for the way in which the King of England's representative in this country has been shown to be if not a liara common perverter. No Irishman in modern times ever attempted what Larkin has accomplished. The ultra-Nationalists could make a headline of Larkin a feasiessness. It would be all the better for Ireland.

Another point in closing. Last week one of the Labour men brought forward at the meeting of the Port and Docks Board. a proposal that might have led to the establishment of a graving dock and subsidiary industries in Dublin. It was defeated by a large majority, 90 per cent being those kind Irish employers that buttress up the nation and sweat workers, who, according to the later Nationalism, are not of the nation because they join an Irish Union and ask for more bread. TIBRADDEN.

Please support our

ROONEY: A DEMOCRAT.

BY SIUINBARA Although he is now dead some twelve It has often been emphasised in "Sina years, the influence of William Rooney's writings is still discernible among the young men of Dublin and this is as it should be; although he subordinated all other causes to the one supreme cause of Irish Independence, he was none the less a domocrat—a democrat in the truest and fullest sense of the word. In every sphere in which he laboured he surrounded himself by men who earned their bread by their daily toil, and who, although handicapped, as all workers are, devoted their spare time to the grand cause of freedom-not only the freedom of Ireland in the political sense, but also the social, industrial, and intellectual advancement of her

Like Davis and Mitchel, Rooney's appeal was to the people. He recognised the fact that the people—that is the common herd, the workere-were the backbone of any nation, and he already saw that with a democracy socially, intellectually, and industrially enslaved, there can be no national progressrather universal retrogression. Understanding all this, he set himself to the task of educating his fellow-workers to the great and glorious possibilities that the future veiled from their vision. He tore the scales from their eyes and placed the truth in all its nakedness

before them. Although Rooney never claimed to be a Socialist, as far as we are aware, that he was a social revolutionist there can be no doubt. He was not one of those who wait for political independence to bring the millenium. He did not concern himself with that will-o'-the-wisp, Home Rule, which, though now we seem to have got hold of it at last, may yet vanish into thin air. No, he set himself to cultivate the old-time spirit of the people, which, when he appeared on the political stage, seemed dead and damned for ever. He heard the noise of Ireland crying in the depths of her agony, and his noble spirit responded to the call. Had he been like the majority of his countrymen and allowed himself to be drawn along the road of expediency and compromise, to-day the Irish nation would still be ploughing the sands, and the possibility of a great social awakening on the part of the democracy of Ireland would be nothing more than a dream. The workers of this country owe more to Rooney than they can ever realise or

ever repay to his memory. Unheeding the clamour of party strife which well nigh drowned the voice of the nation, he soundedt he tocsin of revolt against the corruption, the selfishness, and intolerance that are always the inevitable outcome of party warfare. His heart burned with the flame of Love-love for everything noble, love

for his country and her suffering people, until in the end it consumed the gallant spirit within him while still in the bloom of youth. Like the genuine lovers of his countrymen, he scorned to flatter them with false praises. Instead he assailed their many faults and like every other race, they had and have many glaring faults-with his merciless logic. He lashed out unscrupulously at the mockery that passed for Nationality in the Ireland of his day. He appealed to the people to no longer allow themselves to be blinded by the specious promises of professional agitators-promises of a golden era to come, when a wave of happiness and prosperity would sweep over the land; promises which, even at this late hour of the day, have yet to be realised. Though at first his influence did not reach beyond the circle of his own intimate friends, it rapidly grew until to-day, throughout the land, the name of William Rooney, like those of Tone, Emmet, Davis, and Mitchel, is synonymous with a loftiness of patriotism and purity of purpose unsurpassed in the history of the struggle for human freedom in all countries and in all ages. In William Rooney Ireland gave to the cause of Liberty one of the noblest of men. He was in truth one of those whose work on earth justified man's creation at the hands of an Omnipotent God. His soul thirsted for freedom with an intensity that no substitute could matter. In every struggle for Ireland it satisfy. Freedom was his creed, and at its shrine he made the supreme sacrifice of his life-freedom for his own beloved Ireland, freedom for the whole people of Ireland, and in an especial manner freedom for the toiling masses, of whom he himself was such a glorious unit. These he loved with a burning love. Their sorrows were his sorrows, and with them he rejoiced. And if the workers of Ireland have now opened their eyes, and taken the matter of their own salvation into their own hands, it is due in a large measure to the silent working of his teaching, to the

hidden influence of his spirit, which is still hidden in the hearts of those he brought into the true fold. He scourged the people when they were tempted to deviate from the path of rectitude. He made them men-MEN. mind you. He strove, in the teeth of all opposition, to make Ireland a place where angels might delight to dwell, land where the condition of the worker would be of paramount interest to the employer, and where the worker, in turn, would co-operate with the matters in carrying the trade of Ireland to the uttermost limits of the commercial world. He laboured to make Ireland, as far as human endeavour could make it; another Here, where the whole people would live, in the fullest sense of the term, in men in a free land, bound together by an unbreakable bond of brotten hood, the interests of all to be the primary consideration of each and the interest of each the concern of

will, let us preach the noble creed of William Rooney, the creed of freedom for every Irish man and woman. Let us go out throughout the length and breadth of the land and carry his teaching into the hearts and homes of the people, for within its confines there is room for all. That teaching is based on the solid fourdation of universal liberty and recognised—the ascendancy of no sect or class or party. He who accepts that teaching will never go astray, but will greatly assist in the coming emancipation of our country—emancipation from all tyranny, whether it means the red garb of England, the purple and fine linen of Capitalism, or the veneer of Hibernian. ism, which latter, to my mind is the most abominable tyranny of all tyranny in every form, is a curse, but when it is sought to be thrust on the people in the name of Liberty it is hell itself. Men today are being led astray by false catch cries, men to whom Rooney's gospel is nothing more than a name; men who but for their lack of knowledge of his noble work and his lofty ideals might now be leading the van of our movement. Let the truth be told though the heavens fall is an old saying. Every line that Rooney wrote was the truth. His mission was to tell the truth, and how well he fulfilled that mission is a matter of his ory. In spite of the sneers of an incredulous people-incredulity born of the consistent betrayal of those who should have been the leaders of our race -he held on his way undaunted with a persistency truly remarkable. He was no impossible dreamer, no dealer in impracticable theories. He he'd the grand ideal of an independent Ireland before his countrymen, not the nominal independence of a capitalist-ridden country, but the glorious, unfettered independence which God intended for every nation and for every creature of his own Creation. The independence which would enable every Irish man and woman to enjoy the fruits of their toil, and which would beget in the hearts of all her children an undying pride in their Motherland. Fellow-workers, we have set our feet on the road that leads to the haven of social regeneration, the goal of all our hopes, and when at length we have trodden it to the end let us remember the men who fell on the way, the men whose sacrifices made our final triumph possible, and, above all, let us not forget the pioneer of our progress, the man who went out in dark days and carried aloft the banner of our redemption, the greatest hearted the immortal democat -William Rooney. If we follow his teaching we can never go wrong. The 2nd of May will be the twelfth anniversary of his death. On that day let us go to his lonely grave in Glasnevin and renew our fealty to the sublime principles for which he gave his young life, when the prospect of a prosperous future so alluring had he been weak enough to

The following is from the "Waterside Workers' Gazette," Melbourne. It seems they are cursed with some of the spawn we here at home are cursed with.

turn a deaf ear to the piteous pleadings

of his Motherland.

"The following 'par' by 'Oriel' in the Melbourne 'Argus' shows the lowest depths to which this grandmotherly ass will go to in denouncing honest toil. It is a pity that 'Oriel' and the dog-faced blighters of the 'Argus' type did not have to earn their living by carrying 400 lbs. bags of wheat in a temperature approaching Hades. These God-forsakne picaroons who call themselves journalists are bigger 'narks, chumps, and idiots' than waterside workers. Not one of them has ever done a day's toil-they could not even if they tried. Their myalgia is so apparent that they have not enough energy to keep their throats wet. If it were not that they were able to pirate' matter from other papers, they would become mycetes—a fungi of the lowest vegetable type. Let us tell the Argus' of the plasodermic order that waterside workers never forget they are Unionists, but it is evident to anyone that the 'Argus' writers have forgotten they are men.

"The waterside workers of Sydney put np a record last week. They loaded the steamer City of Lincoln at Darling Harbour with 110,000 bushels of wheat in five days, pouring the grain in at the rate of 85 tons an hour during a portion of the operation of loading."

They toiled o'er the burning deck plates, Ye are sowing seeds of trouble. They toiled in the stifling hold, Where the grain from the hook-ripped wheat-sacks

In the half-dusk gleamed like gold.

Oh, the dust-flecks danced in the hatches Where the noonday lay on the murk, And they tightened their straining muscles Poor slaves of the Bad God Work.

And under the flare of the torches, When the hot dusk fell on the hill, These poor deluded blighters Kept pouring it into her still.

They thought 'tis a noble record,' But where was the blessed need. They knew that this record-making Was opposed to the Worker's Creed-

Which is two slack pulls to the minute. And eight slack hours to the day; And we're going to make it shorter, So the union bosses say.

Oh where was the delegate sleeping, And where was the shift-boss then. That these narks and chumps and idiots Forgot they were Union men ?" Until that day come and some & _" Waterside Workers' Gazettee."

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DRAR SIR,—I wish to inform you that on last Wednesday, oth inst., I called on Mr. Patrick H. Keogh, publican, 31 Bachelor's Walk, for a subscription in aid of the City of Dublin Steamship Company's men now on strike. I met him in his shop, and said to him, "Mr. Keogh, I have taken the liberty of calling on you for a subscription in aid of the City of Dublin men now on strike.

He replied—"I don't interfere in any of those cases; I mind my own business. I stated in reply that it was not a matter of interference, and that I had called for a subscription, the giving or refusing of which entirely rested with himself.

He repeated his previous reply, viz., " I don't interfere with such matters; I try to mind my own business."

I said good day, and departed Now, I may be permitted to say that both his manner and expression on the occasion were anything but nice.

I know both this man and his premises for some years past, and I think I may be permitted to say that every person who knows him is well aware that he looks after his premises and his employees, too.

Now. Mr. Editor, I may tell you that I often heard that publicans' money was not very lucky; this I don't believe; but I know that our fathers in years gone by spent money foolishly in public houses in North King street; and strange to say, I noticed lately in the Press that at least £1,000 of such money has been willed to Mr. Patrick H. Keogh by a deceased publican.

I am sure Mr. Keogh can live without the aid of our class, but I do think that if our custom was taken from him that it would very naturally add to his politeness. I regret I cannot say very much for him under this head. Of course you may do or act as you so wish or desire; but, in conclusion, I may tell you that I lancy, and himself may also fancy, that he is one of the respectable Dublin citizens which was recently referred to.-Gratefully yours, CARTER.

THE CHILDREN.

" Children in a new land are a poor man's greatest assets." -Vide Immigration Literature. Calloused feet and calloused fingers, Stunted minds and stunted frames, Oh, the mockesy of childhood! Oh, the pathos of their games!

Sad and weary little fingers, Drenched and sodden in the rain, Driving cows in from the pasture, Herding cattle from the grain.

They're not playing in the hayfields, Weary, trailing little feet; Where's the game for little children Pulling mustard in the wheat?

Sawing wood or splitting kindling, Hauling water, melting snow, In an endless round of choring, Days that should be childhood go.

Hours, filched from childhood's slumbers, Spent upon the milking stool; E'en their play is turned to labour. Moments stolen from the school.

Sharing pleasures of their elders, Nodding heads and tired eyes, Little children robbed of childhood. Minds distorted, sadly wise.

Ere they learn the use of labour, They must learn to bear the load. Help to make the father's taxes. Drive a team upon the road.

Larning all the work of wives; What a vista toil betwisted Is the tale of childish lives !

Doing housework, tending babies,

In this vaunted land of plenty Baby fingers warped with toil Pay the toll of unpaid labour-Little helots of the soil.

Oh! the cry of little children, Toiling to enrich the few, Rising from the older countries, Finds its echo in the new.

Do you hear the child's indictment, Ye who own us and our land? Are the workers all so feeble That you tax the baby hand?

Building on the sands of wrong; Do you know the answer's coming To the prayer of "Lord, how long"?

GERALD J. LIVELY. ₹.

Men's Bluchers

For Hard Wear, 4/11, 5/11 and 6/11A Pair.

All Leather.

DAVY GARRICK, 61a & 62 Talbot Street

(Under the Railway Arch),

LABOUR DAY.

DEAR SIR,-A great demonstration in celebration of above, and under the auspices of the Dublin Trades' Council, will be held in the Phoenix Park on Sunday, 25th May. In view of the momentous issues by which we are beset, and the absolute necessity which exists of cementing the workers in a common bond of unity, it is now more than ever necessary that an unbroken front should be presented.

Considering the unnecessary expense which has attended previous demonstrations, and which is calculated to debir trade societies from participating, it is not absolutely necessary that the large banners should be displayed.

If societies are in possession of small bannere! tes, they can with equal effect **be** employed

What is regarded as more important is the numerical attendance, which will go to prove the earnestness of the toilers. Trusting for the co-operation of your members—We remain, fraternally yours,

THOMAS M'PARTLIN President. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Vice-President. JOHN FARREN, Treasurer. JOHN SIMMONS, Secretary.

Delegates from your society are core dially invited to attend the meetings of the Organising Committee, which are held each Friday evening, at 8.30, in the Trades' Hall.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR,-The Sub-Committee appointed to make arrangements for the celebration of Labour Day (Vay 25th) will again meet on Friday, 25th inst. JOHN SIMMONS.

All Ireland Flute and Drum Bands' Association.

At the weekly meeting of the above, at 24 Winetavern street, Mr. Kane in the chair, the following ban is were represented :- O'Connell, Mr. Hunt; Irish Transport, Mr. M'Dermott; Lord Edward (Harold's Cross), Mr. Lawless; St. Patrick, Mr. Reilly; United Corporation, Mr. Geoghegan. Proposed by Mr. Mulligan, seconded

by Mr. Reilly-

" That all bands connected with the Association will attend Labour Day demonstration on May 25, 1913." Passed unanimously.

It was further arranged that a deputation wait on Demonstration Committee on Tuesday, 15th inst., in connection therewith.

THOMAS RAFFERTY, Sec.

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Women's Bux-Calf and Glace Kid Boots, 4s. 11d.; worth 6s. 6d. The Best Range of Children's Boots in Dublin

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FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment

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