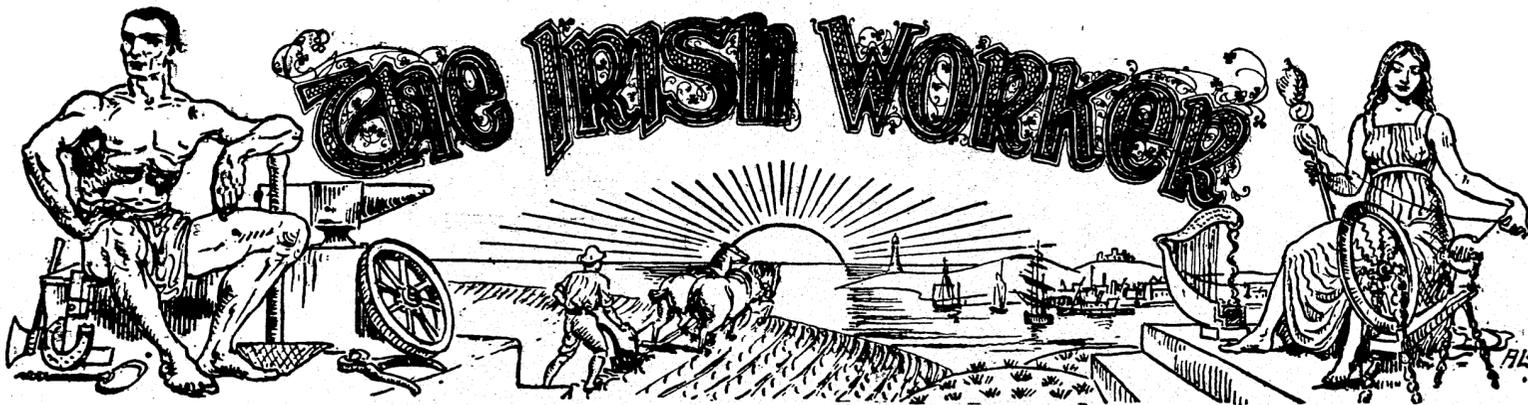


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the summit and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Finian Lalor.



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

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

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

No. 12 Vol. III.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9th 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

The Jovial Revolution.

A MERRY TIME AT CROYDON PARK.

By "EUCHAN."

Years ago when I used to dream of the Social Revolution I always saw it dawn through a red haze.

In my mind's eye I saw the aristocracy, the plutocracy, and the snobocracy lining the last ditch of capitalism, while an outraged and outrageous proletariat, clad in Phrygian caps and little else, were cutting their way to economic freedom with scythes and other more or less domestic weapons.

That, as I say, was my dream years ago, but now I realise that it was not in any way prophetic.

The Social Revolution, so far as Ireland is concerned, was ushered in last Monday. It was ushered in with a picnic, a bean-feast, and a "hooly." There were no casualties, no bloodshed, no rage, or hatred; everything was peaceful, merry and bright, but there was a revolution, nevertheless.

A revolution took place once which has become known in history as "The Terror." Our revolution on Monday, however, will be remembered as one of the most joyful times in all our lives. It was, indeed, the "jovial revolution."

The fun started last Sunday with the picnic to Blanchardstown—on organising. It was a marvellous procession which wended its way up O'Connell street on its way to the meeting. There were side-cars and common cars, drags, four-in-hands and coal lorries. There were Belfast men and Cork men, Sligo men and Galway men, Dublin men and Derry men, and I have heard it said that there was even a Scotchman.

A glorious and varied hash of men and vehicles, without doubt.

Every man in the crowd was seriously bent on the work of organisation, and jovially inclined at the same time to make the most of a glorious day of sunshine. They succeeded in doing both!

Thus was the eve of the revolution spent. I do not say that it was a respectable way of spending it. The memory I have of the way in which the superior people lifted their eyebrows at us as we passed them would put any such claim out of count even if I were inclined to make it. I do not possess any such inclination, however.

The whole virtue of the Labour Movement lies in its lack of respectability. This lack of respectability gives it life. Give it respectability and it dies. Once your Labour agitator becomes respectable you may write his epitaph, because he has ceased to be alive so far as usefulness to his class goes.

I trust you will pardon this digression, dear reader, but of a truth my heart overflows with thankfulness every time I recall the fact that the Irish Labour Movement has kept itself clear from the blight of respectability. And now to proceed:—

On Monday the standard of revolt was raised aloft at Croydon Park, and there wasn't even a single peeler there to try and haul it down.

Perhaps I should describe the beauties of this demesne which has been acquired for the benefit of the workers. Maybe I should set down in glowing terms the winding, tree-lined manner in which the avenue runs from the lodge-gate to the mansion, and criticise the building also, but landscape and architecture are out of my line and I won't attempt it.

I heard one man say that Croydon Park would make a fine subject for a picture postcard, and as that is the highest modern standard of all art I don't see how I can improve on that description.

For the opening festival on Monday a vast concourse of workers, men, women and children gathered there. A citizens' committee for the general entertainment of visitors looked after things in the grounds and a committee of citizenesses looked after the more particular entertainment of visitors in the house.

The unthinking individual might say that there is nothing very revolutionary about a gathering of working people on a bank-holiday even if it is held in Croydon Park, but they speak without knowledge or wit who would say so.

To watch a dock-labourer walk into a mansion, saunter into the dining-room and proceed to put a tuppenny cheese-sandwich and penny-bottle of mineral out of sight without the slightest air of

surprise at his surroundings struck me as the most revolutionary sight I ever saw in my life. It only wanted a navy stretched outside in a hammock to complete the picture of topsy-turvydom.

Remember that there has been a tremendous upheaval somewhere before such a thing could come about. Not so long ago a mansion was a place which working men were supposed to pass with cap in hand and with a mumbled blessing or curse for the lord of the manor. Nowadays things have changed. Through organisation the workers of Dublin have secured a spirit of independence and self-reliance which enables them to snap their fingers at the lords of the manor, of the factory and of the workshop.

With this spirit of independence also the workers are realising that they require a fuller and more enjoyable life. If employers and their families need lawns and gardens to sport in, then the workers and their families need them also. If the sons and daughters of the employing class require tennis-courts and croquet greens, then the sons and daughters of the working class require them also. The idea may be revolutionary, but it is merely bare justice nevertheless.

We of the working class don't see why our children should be compelled to stay in a slum court divorced of air and sun when they can get both within a stone's throw of the city. It was for the sake of the children principally that Croydon Park has been acquired. We wanted a place for them to play, and we wanted a place for their fathers and mothers to learn to play also.

A movement has quite recently been started in England to teach the children of the city worker how to play: To teach a child to play! The mockery of it. Why, a child by right should play as naturally as a kitten and as glad as a lamb.

It is not the children who can't play but it is the social conditions their fathers and mothers have to suffer under that won't allow them to play.

We of the Irish Labour Movement are doing our utmost to alter these social conditions and we are succeeding in a great measure.

Alter the worker's conditions, ease the load and gladden the lives of the toilers, and you won't need to teach children to play for no power under heaven can prevent them from doing so. You won't even need to teach the parents to play either as was discovered on Monday, and it is just the fact that the grown-ups, kicked up their heels as merrily and as joyfully as the youngsters that made the opening day at Croydon Park a veritable revolution.

The chief revolutionaries were just as playful as the rank and file. There was P. T. Daly running around in knickerbockers as blythe as a two-year old, and if it hadn't been for his moustache he might have been mistaken for one, too. Pete Larkin was given a barman's job—that is to say he was put at the gate collecting two-pences—and right well he did it, without fee or reward and without even getting his grub.

The high heid yin, Jim Larkin ran about all day without a collar on his neck—a most revolutionary thing to do. Quite recently I read in an English Labour paper ("The Bournemouth Worker") what was supposed to be a description of the Chief. It described Jim as a "man about fifty . . . with long, black hair combed, carefully back." If at any time Jim ever looked like that I have my doubts, but more especially did it fail to describe him on Monday. He looked more like a lad of sixteen than a man of fifty, and his prematurely grey hair stuck up all over his head like that of a nipper. I'm sure he felt as young as he looked, and his youthful vigour was somewhat envied by old stagers like Burke, O'Neill and myself.

It was a great day surely, and it is, but the forerunner of many more to come, so that those who missed Monday's beanfeast will still have opportunities of sharing in the joviality which marked the advent of Ireland's Social Revolution.

Agricultural Labour Campaign in the County Dublin.

The Gauntlet Thrown Down.—War Declared.

THE COUNTY DUBLIN FARMERS' ASSOCIATION INSULT THE CHIEF.

ANDY BARR, THE LUCAN "WATER-SPOUT," DECLARES WE'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH LARKIN! THE OTHERS SAY "HEAR, HEAR."

By "IRELAND'S EYE."

That Larkin some time ago wrote to the so-called Farmers' Association requesting an interview to discuss in a friendly way the position of the agricultural workers in the County Dublin.

That his communication was treated with scant courtesy, and at a general meeting held on Thursday, 30th July, after taking close upon a month to make up their minds, a report was adopted which stated that "we will have nothing to do with Larkin as our men are well satisfied with their lot and have no grievances whatsoever."

That any turmoil or trouble which may take place within the next twelve months in the County Dublin between farmers and their men must be laid at the door of this cosmopolitan body which has gone out of its way to wantonly insult the leader of the labour organisation, and it is strange that an organisation looking for recognition itself should be so utterly ignorant of the common courtesies due by one organisation to another.

That one need not wonder very much after all as to what this Farmers' Association may say or do when we examine the records of the various classes of men who compose it—not saying for a moment but there are many decent men among them—but how some of the "scraggs" whose names appear on the list have come to be classified as farmers will ever remain a mystery that no fellow can understand.

That the Association consists of landlords like Corbally, of Rathbeale; gamblers like Captain O'Callaghan, Swords; farmers—oh I like A. Lane-Joynt, solicitor, Stephen's Green, and many other solicitors, who are on the pounce for a job, and in addition Eustace, Glasnevin, of Lunatic Asylum fame; Hanley, Professor of Microbes, very useful as member; doctors, soldiers, barristers, factors, jail birds, whiskey touts, ironmongers, gas managers, and gasbags like Grimes and "blockers" for English seed-houses, &c., &c., &c.

That this is the body of jealous, greedy grab-balls that will have nothing to do with Larkin, as a great many of them have not as much land as would sod the proverbial lark.

That "the County Dublin workers have no grievances" we are told. Well, if they have no grievances I quite agree that there is no necessity for Larkin to interfere and no necessity to organise, but are they satisfied—that is the question?

That the meetings held in Baldoyle, Crumlin, Swords, Clondalkin, Lucan, Blanchardstown, Artane, &c., and the hundreds of workers who have joined the Transport Union give the lie direct to the Farmers' Association.

That perhaps it is better thus, and that the workers should rightly understand the feelings which the farming community entertain towards them, and it is just as well the general public should also understand that it was the farmers who first threw down the gauntlet of war, and when farmers' men do strike—as strike they will—the old wheeze—the Gerald Begg, T.C. wheeze, if you like, "oh, I don't know why my men left off work or what grievances they are labouring under"—will be found in the capitalist Press day after day which takes every opportunity of misrepresenting the labour movement in all its moods and tenses. But workers should remember the insult that has been offered to Larkin, and through Larkin to themselves, by the Farmers' Association of the County Dublin.

That a full report of this same farers' meeting appears in the "Saturday Post" dealing with potatoes, contemplated excursions, lectures, shows of bullocks, horses and pigs, but not a solitary line in that report about the betterment of the labourers. But when the workers are wanted to cheer or make a crowd at public meetings and the farmers are entertaining their "apostles" at political gatherings and demanding another Land

Act, the workers are all jolly good fellows, they are the bold peasantry—the country's pride—but when they ask for a paltry rise of a few shillings or a half holiday on Saturday, they are looked upon as regular "Satans" and told to be gone.

That the next time the farmers hold meetings to air grievances I earnestly hope that the workers—men, women, and children—will remember the insult to Larkin and remain away, thereby showing the insignificant position of the farmers without the help of the workers.

That Squire O'Neill, Graball Kelly-Tighe, Orator Fitzsimons, Caterwauling McCann, and Jenkinson, the Wobbler, were not at the farmers' meeting on Thursday. Burnt children dread the fire, as the chastisement they received over the opposition of the Hay and Straw Market has not been forgotten.

That no boycotting notice has yet been proposed by the Rural District Councillors at the North Union to give Larkin a wide berth—not even a smile from the Squire or Kelly-Tighe about the labour organisation, but instead a motion was passed to give the agricultural labourers on the Cabra farm a half-holiday on Saturday. Strange how some public men practise so little of what they preach. When are the Squire and the Bully going to give their employees a half-holiday on Saturday?

That one of my scouts living in Coolock informs me that there has been high jinks in the Kelly-Tighe home; that his relatives, friends and admirers, to mark their appreciation of the dignity bestowed upon him by being raised to the Bench, have presented him with the latest and most up-to-date encyclopedia on the art of swearing.

That on last Friday some carters from the Swords district who had hay in the Smithfield Markets and who were sent to deliver to Tedcastle, McCormick, were sent about their business, as McCormick's men refused to handle their stuff because these carters were more or less inclined to agree with the mandate of the Farmers' Association—viz., to have nothing to do with Larkin—but on Larkin being appealed to the carters were allowed to deliver and to become members of the Union. Farmers of the County Dublin, take note that is only trifling as to what will follow and an index of the power which is behind Larkin's throne.

That here and now, due notice is given that any agricultural workers coming to Dublin with Hay, Straw, Potatoes, Vegetables, Fowl, Cattle, Sheep, Pigs, &c., who are not members of the Union may expect a very stormy passage.

That the men and women workers of Gerald Begg T.C., Crumlin, are now out on strike and Begg has told the confiding press that he does not know the reason why. Does Regg remember, perhaps he does not, that he has been boasting about the town he will lay all his farms down under grass and any man in his employ in sympathy with Larkin would be sacked. It is very strange that the men dismissed on last Friday evening were in full sympathy with Larkin's programme.

That an enthusiastic meeting was held at Blanchardstown on Sunday, addressed by Jim Larkin, P. Larkin, Partridge, T.C. Lawlor, T.C.; J. McP. rlin. Larkin dealt very strongly and forcibly with the action of the farmers in refusing to redress the heavy grievances of the labourers and promised if they stood loyally together that in a very short time their wants would be fully attended to.

The National Union of Life Assurance Agents, DUBLIN BRANCH.

A special meeting of the above has just been held to elect the officers for the ensuing six months.

The President, Mr. James Kelly; the Treasurer, the Secretary, and the Hon. Secretary, who served during the past half year, were unanimously re-elected.

Messrs. E. P. Blyth and P. F. Saul were elected auditors, and a committee embracing the agents of every office was formed, this feature of having representatives from each office being a characteristic one of the branch.

The President announced that the secretary was directed some weeks ago to apply to the Trades Council for affiliation, and as a result it was arranged to receive a deputation from the branch. The president and secretary were deputed to attend, and their visit culminated in the affiliation of the branch on the 14th inst., Mr. James Kelly being the first delegate.

This will greatly strengthen the hands of the Union in obtaining the common right to a living wage, which some unions so scandalously disregard.

Open Letter from a Trades Union Baker.

The Irish Bakers National Amalgamated Union has now been in existence for about a year, but the writer has only been a member of it since the last general meeting. Up to this I had no confidence that they would be able to reorganise their forces and recover lost ground, and, besides, while I knew that the master bakers had stated they had no objection to their men joining a legitimate Trades Union, I was made aware from time to time that my doing so would not add to the security of my employment. However, I resolved to see for myself what sort the Union was, and I was so impressed by the healthy, business-like tone of the general meeting on July 7th that I joined at once, and since then nearly all the men in the firm I work in have done likewise, and the men of several other firms have joined in a body.

It seems but a short while since people thought and said in Dublin that the bakers were done for as a Trades Union, and that they would never again see the day of strength and prosperity which ended with the last strike. Two years have elapsed since then, and like the Phoenix on the monument in the Park, the Bakers' Organisation rises again from its ashes, renewed and strengthened, for there are now no divisions in its ranks; all those who earn their bread by making it owe allegiance to the one society, the only one now in Dublin.

The work of knitting together into an organisation worthy of the men's confidence the forces of labour scattered and disheartened by a temporary failure was slow and arduous, but it has now been accomplished, and granted loyalty and determination on the part of the members, I am convinced that their interests may be regarded as in safe keeping for the future. No excuse, therefore, exists for the men who remain outside the ranks and refuse to organise. The pioneer work is all done for them, and the conduct of affairs is in the hands of men of judgment and experience. What can anyone expect to gain by his own unaided efforts or by standing aloof from his comrades? Nothing but contempt from both his employer and his fellow-workers. He belongs to neither class and no one trusts him. To my mind, if I am to judge by the rate at which all classes are organising, there will shortly be no place for a man who stands aloof, for this is an age of organisation.

There are still three firms in the city who have always been liberal employers, and the public believe at present that the bread they supply is made by Trades Union labour, yet but few of their men are members of the Bakers' Union. The men themselves seem well disposed enough, and their employers have stated that they do not object to their men joining a Trades Union. Why, then, do they hesitate? My own opinion is that these men are deterred from coming forward by pressure privately brought to bear on them by those immediately in charge of them. If that be so, I think a little publicity should be given to the doings of the firms in question. The thousands of Trade Unionists in Dublin might have something to say on this subject.

Some day when Labour has learned its business and profited by its lessons the bakers will be strong enough to ensure the comfort and prosperity of every man in their trade and those who depend on him. Acting hand in hand with all organised labour, they will defeat the selfishness and corruption that keep poverty and ignorance alive in our midst and cheat the workman and his family of their share of comfort and culture. What has delayed the accomplishment of those things before now? What is delaying them at present? The same want of intelligence and manhood in the few who refused to join the ranks and left the gap in them by which the enemy entered and robbed us of many a victory. Much has been gained in the past without unanimity. What could we not achieve if every worker knew his duty and did it?—Yours in union,

A WORKING BAKER.

Established 1851.

For Reliable Provisions!
LEIGH'S, of Bishop St.
STILL LEAD!

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—

Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workman
No fancy prices; honest value only.

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repair
A SPECIALITY.

151 C—The Poltroon.

There are some curious bipeds among the Dublin Metropolitan Police, and Constable Walsh (151 C) is one of the most curious, in spite of the fact that some of the Dublin papers have been elevating him into a hero this week.

This "bould" peeler was alleged to have rescued a man from the Liffey about one o'clock on Tuesday morning. Believing that credit should be given where it is due and discredit also, we publish the facts concerning this rescue.

John M'Donald was crossing the Butt Bridge shortly after midnight together with a workmate named Christopher Riley, when they heard a splash in the water over by the Custom House. Three lads who were also on the bridge at the time seized the life-buoy which hangs there and threw it to the man in the river who had fallen in close by the stern of the SS. Audrey. When the struggling man clutched this precious life-buoy it broke in two. By this time M'Donald and Riley, who had crossed opposite the place where the man was struggling, had taken the life-buoy hanging near the Custom House and thrown it to the man in the water also. The man caught it, and with the assistance of another passer-by named Pender, M'Donald and Riley were able to pull him out.

So much for the rescue. All this time two constables—one of whom was 151 C—were standing there useless and refused even to send for the ambulance when the man was eventually pulled ashore, with the result that a passing cyclist had to go to the Central Fire Station for it. We have long believed that the D.M.P. were neither useful nor ornamental, and this case proves it; but there is an even more aggravating side to it still. When the first life-buoy broke Pender told the constables that they had "a right to jump in to the drowning man's assistance, but the brave 151 C, hating to be reminded of his duty, assailed Pender for his pains, and when M'Donald expostulated with the uniformed official of the law he was told to mind his own business.

Now, had M'Donald minded his own business the man in the Liffey would have been drowned, for it was only when he and Riley started doing the constables' business that the unfortunate man was rescued.

We recognise that nothing on earth can be done to alter Dublin's rotten police, but we have a right surely to expect that the Port and Docks authorities will provide something other than rotten life-buoys for use in cases of emergency.

The Workers' Cycle

KELLY SPECIAL AND ARIELS,

2/6 WEEKLY. No Deposit.

Write or call for Order Forms—

J. J. KELLY & CO.

(Kelly for Bikes),

2 IR. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

Workers! Workers! Workers!

STOP AT

M. O'GORMAN'S,

107 BRIDE ST., DUBLIN,

For Good Breakfasts,
Dinners and Teas.

Don't forget Women

Workers' Excursion, 31st August.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

There seems to be an idea abroad among a certain class of people that disputes between employees and employers are caused by the employees desiring a new form of diversion. This idea has kind of taken root, and a great deal of superfluous sympathy is extended towards a sweating employer. I use the term "sweating employer" advisedly, because in the case of women workers, particularly, the sole cause of disputes is, without exception, bad conditions and a reduction of their already miserably wages; and when the women slaves of Dublin enter into a dispute it may be taken without question that the firm they are working for are sweaters of the worst type, because there is not any class of work where women are employed in Dublin which is not sweated. Of course, we know there are some women workers who will be mightily offended because they are told that they are sweated slaves. We also know that these women are the kind beloved by the employers; they are the kind who because they receive a shilling or two shillings more than their fellow-workers are willing to play the spy and informer, and can be relied upon by the employer to praise the firm to the outside world. These are the women who are danger and menace to the women workers. But things are moving so rapidly now the working women are becoming so alive and so interested in their own welfare, that it will be well for these employers' spies to walk up to a very short time ago, when an employer thought fit to cut the wages of the women employed in his firm, he did so without any fear of complaint from the workers. They probably grumbled among themselves, but the grumbling never reached the employer's ears; and so he went on his way, and within a certain period of time would again reduce the wages. These methods have been used time and again in Dublin firms without any annoyance to the employer, the only result being a little more starvation for the worker and a fresh load of helplessness. But now a newer and better spirit has entered into the women, and when an employer attempts to reduce their meagre wages they object, and rightly. This system of reducing wages is the cause of the two existing disputes among the women workers at the present time. There is, perhaps, a difference in the terms of the dispute, one being a lock out and the other a strike, but the cause of the dispute is the same.

At the Savoy Confectionery Co there is a lock-out. The cause of the lock out was that the girls, who made the business a thriving concern, who put up with every inconvenience when the industry was in its infancy, and became competent, capable workers, refused to have their wages reduced by 50 per cent. The peculiar feature of this dispute is that when the Manager gave the word for the wages to be reduced the girls struck work and came out. The Manager, somewhat amazed at such an attitude on the part of the workers, and not being prepared for it, caved in and signed an agreement, which he deliberately broke the following week. Of course, one has only to look at M. Murty's face, and follow his career during the four weeks of the lock-out, to expect such a dishonourable act. Since the starting of the Savoy business, which is supposed to be an Irish industry, M. Murty has acted the hypocrite. An Irish industry, forsooth, when he deliberately went out of his way to procure all he possibly could from the other side of the water. The only workers who received a living wage in the Savoy Co. are two Germans, a Frenchman, and an Englishman. But to hoodwink the Irish public he had to make use of something Irish, so out of great generosity he employed Irish girls at sweated wages. And then we have a few swelled heads telling us that we are ruining Irish industries. It's too laughable. If foreign material flavoured with rats and made under sweated conditions is our Irish industry, well it's time all such Irish industries were dead and buried. M. Murty is well on the road to oblivion. At the present time he is reduced to getting his goods diverted, and it would be well for the Insurance Company in Foster Place and the Public-house in Temple Bar to take warning or they will require to have their own goods also diverted. The locked out girls are doing alright, which same cannot be said for M. Murty and the Rationed Confectionery Co.

Then let us take the other dispute at Somerset's of Golden Lane. This is a strike—a strike against the most despicable case of sweating that it has been our lot to meet. Conditions and wages were so bad in this sweating den that the girls, without having the protection of a Trades Union, struck work. Mac-Keefry, the untruthful Manager of Somerset's, never dreamt that the slaves he had sweated and abused would have dared to rebel. He thought to cause them to return to his sweating den by publishing deliberate lies in the Press, but he calculated wrongly that time. Although the girls were not members of the Women Workers' Union, we are paying them 4s. per week, and they vow that they are infinitely better off now than when they were working in Somerset's sweating den from 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. M. Keefry was to close down and take the machinery back to Belfast. How badly this statement corresponds with a statement by his tool and handy man, Tom O'Loughlin, who was promised an increase of wages of 5s. per week in the girls returned to work under the old conditions. I am afraid Tom O'Loughlin will be a long time in getting that rise.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION, (Head Office—Liberty Hall.)

Entrance Fee - 6d. and 3d. Contributions - 1d. & 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. Irish Dancing Wednesday and Friday Evenings. Don't forget the Sunday Evening Socials commencing at 7 p.m. Small charge for admission. All communications for this column to be addressed to— "D.L." 18 Beresford place.

Tramway Employees

Must attend MIDNIGHT MEETING in Liberty Hall on Saturday Night. Those on night duty must meet in Liberty Hall, on Sunday, at 12.30 noon.

This is Urgent and Important.

By Order, JIM LARKIN.

THE TIDE IS FLOWING.

"An injury to One is the concern of All."

The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 2421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Aug. 9th, 1913.

ORGANISED SCABBERY.

We are putting a specific question to all working men who are members of the Hibernian (Board of Erin) Friendly Society (alleged). Are they aware, or is it with their authority, that the funds and buildings controlled by that organisation are used by J. D. Nugent, "patriot," for the purpose of assisting the sweating employers of this city in denying and, if necessary, defeating the legitimate claims of the workers to improved conditions? We have the fullest confidence in the honesty and loyalty of the working class in this country. We have had occasion to put them to the test and they have never failed to emerge purified and strengthened. When the Railwaysmen were making a heroic effort to advance it was the apologist for the capitalist class and a few weak-kneed creatures amongst our own class who helped to retard that advance. Amongst the enemies of that movement we had a gentleman who quietly and insidiously worked the railway men an injury, and he was the notorious J. D. Nugent. Later, when the men were gathering themselves together for another effort, J. D. Nugent, with another tripe hound, whose ill advice and untrustworthy conduct gave the Railwaysmen pause. I refer to Mr. Murphy (Tom) from Cork, who attempted to organise a scab Union on the lines of that other notorious gentleman, J. S. Kelly's bogus Union. Later, when finding the time opportune for making an advance and reorganising the Tram Employees, we went forward to do our utmost to solidify the slaves who work for William Martin Murphy, again we have the notorious J. D. Nugent, and again the irrepressible Tom Murphy, on the lookout for a job working and scheming to start a bogus Union for the purpose of dividing the workers on the Tramway system. Some good, sound men in the employ believing that Nugent was earnestly trying to help them, joined this bogus Union; but when they found out that J. D. Nugent was trying to foist Tom from Cork on them, another like unto P. Murphy, the would be M.P., who sold the men in the past, the common sense of the Tram Employees saved them, and they first objected to Honest Tom, the muddler, and later, finding that this bogus Union was really a child of Wm. Martin Murphy's, they disowned it and refused to be burdened with its keep. Again J. D. Nugent attempted to foist a pal on the Tram men as boss (nominally). Of course, J. D. Nugent was to guide the team, under Wm. Martin Murphy's orders. That attempt failed, and Wm. Martin Murphy, finding all his efforts and the foul, insidious methods of his tools were of no avail in keeping the honest, upright, determined men from joining a live Union, he again instructed J. D. Nugent to call his pimps and scabs together. Donnelly, that good crawthumper, who is everlastingly praying in public and doing the devil's work in private, this good Christian, who pretends to practise Christian charity and whose sole work is going about trying to destroy other men, body and soul, a foul, lying, and mischievous worm; then we have Kennedy and Critchley of the Dalkey Line, Clifford, of Clontarf, and a few lesser lights, etc. J. D. Nugent, knowing he has to do something for his money, calls another meeting in Mountjoy Square, of the plain's cowardly twisters who have in the past sold and betrayed the men, and who are trying their old games on again.

Let them beware. J. D. Nugent can tell them in confidence that William Martin Murphy is going to send out circulars to each employee requesting them to state their grievances, and the great J. D. Nugent tells the pimps—in all—because amongst J. D. Nugent's audience were men who will at the appointed time deal with him and his satellites. J. D. Nugent asks why should a number of respectable men like tramwaymen join a Union of Dock Labourers. "What," said he, "have Tramwaymen to do with a Union of Dockers, especially led by Larkin?" J. D. Nugent has had a good length of rope up to now. J. D. Nugent knows a little place called Killeavy. When his father (J. D. Nugent), was issuing writs as a process server Larkin's father and father's father were doing a man's share in the fight to wipe out vermin and to release the grip of the robber off the throats of the Irish people Larkin, who is not respectable, never eat Government bread except in jail; Larkin's education was not paid for in Government money; and when J. D. Nugent wants to assail Larkin and libel him, let him come out from his den and his supposed secret meetings. Larkin, we feel sure, will only be too happy to meet the new scab organiser publicly or privately and deal with his lying, cowardly statements. We who know Larkin are glad he is not respectable. Of that more anon. And so, J. D. Nugent, the Dockers are not respectable. By the way, John D., when did you become respectable? When and at what time did you ever join or pay into a Trades Union? What did you ever do for a working man, woman, or child that you have the audacity to get up and assail better men than you could possibly ever claim to be? Well, let us see your credentials; let us gaze on your Union book. If any Trades Union ever allowed you in, we are undone. In the meantime, J. D. Nugent, remember the old saying, "The cobbler should stick to his last." You have not heard the last of this scab meeting, J. D. Nugent. Let all workers beware of this attempt to undermine the trade union movement; let J. D. Nugent beware. The Tramwaymen, mark you, are not to be cozened nor betrayed by you or any other of William Martin's tools. You have exposed yourself this time, J. D. Nugent. The trade union movement will be asked a question. Are the members of the different unions going to allow this gentleman to destroy the work of years? It is time we understood the issue; and we will be glad to hear from those men who are members of the Board of Erin and also members of a trades union do they approve of J. D. Nugent's action as a scab organiser and a tool of William Martin Murphy. The Tramwaymen will give both Nugent and Murphy their answer before many moons.

HAIRDRESSERS' STRIKE.

We are astonished at the audacity of the Manager, Tarrant, of Wynn's Hotel, in going on a deputation to Mrs. Sheridan, publican, Earl street, under the guise of Trades Unionism, to ask the aforementioned philanthropic lady to reinstate certain employees who had objected to the conditions of servitude carried out by the aforementioned Christian lady, Mrs. Sheridan, who, as our readers are aware, is a sister of the late lamented patriot, Councillor Dan Tallon. Mr. Tarrant and the other prime boys who run the bogus Trade Union, or, to be correct, the employers' Cheap Labour Association, have the sublime impudence to approach the excellent citizeness, requesting her to remove the chains of the slaves. Picture to yourself a man who dared to leave his prison after eleven to post a letter and upon his return the Governor (Mrs. Sheridan) refuses him admission there. The other prisoners, out of sympathy with him, also leave their cells, and Mr. Tarrant, that honest and fearless Trade Union leader, approacheth the Governor of the gaol (Sheridan Bungery, Earl street) and appealeth to her to open the cell doors and reincarcerate her former slaves. Tarrant, you are the limit. No wonder Lady Sheridan smiled a "smole." At the very moment Tarrant was objecting to the scabs in Sheridan's taking the rebels' places he has sheltering and feeding at so much per meal the scabs from Ferguson's next door. What colossal impudence! The creature who is sheltering the scab and supporting the scab employer, Connolly, waits upon another scab employer to ask her to dismiss the scabs in her employ and reinstate her former employes. We wonder does Mr. O'Lehane, General Secretary of the Irish Drapers, and others of the Irish Drapers' Union, know of these facts? Are they aware, or have the Hairdressers' Union notified him, that Tarrant is, and has been, sheltering the scabs—foreign hairdressers—French and German—who are trying to defeat the Dublin Hairdressers. Mr. O'Lehane will agree with us that there is not much "unity nor self-reliance" about frequenting a scab hotel and laughing and joking with the manager of said scab hotel. Are we understood?

VICTORY!

Settlement of Cabinetmakers Strike.

The cabinetmakers of the City of Dublin have at length won a full and unconditional victory in their struggle with the employers in that trade. After a struggle lasting for fully ten weeks the original demands upon which the men went out have all been conceded without exception. The principle demands made were for a fifty-hour

week and 6d. per hour, and that these have been conceded speaks volumes for the men's organisation and solidarity. The Strike Committee desire to thank, through the columns of the "Irish Worker," all the workers of the city who have by their sympathy and practical co-operation helped to secure this unqualified victory for Organised Labour. They desire particularly to thank Jim Larkin, who gave so much of his time, advice, and help to the strikers and their fight.

LIBERTY IN SIGHT

It has been said that "Ireland Sober is Ireland Free," and there are signs on it that the truth of this is going to be put to the test. Molloy, who keeps a Bungery in Talbot Street, refuses to supply any man who wears the Red Hand with drink. Good luck to him, say we, and may all his brother misery-mongers follow suit. We do not presume, of course, that Molloy's action has been done for the good of Dublin, but unconsciously he has done so. Freedom is at length in sight. If the Bunges themselves are willing to shut up their dens we won't seek to prevent them.

We are compelled to hold over our usual Cork City Notes this week owing to the fact that they did not arrive in time for publication. Will correspondents please note that all matters intended for publication should be sent in not later than first post on Thursday morning.

A Brave Transport Worker.



We give above a portrait of Andrew Mason, an employee of the Merchants' Warehouse Company and member of the No. 1 Branch I.T.W.U., who rescued a young lad named Dwane, of Church road from drowning one morning this week. Dwane had been bathing at the Slip, Wharf road, when he accidentally went out of his depth. His cries for help attracted Mason who was dressing himself after his morning swim. Without waiting to divest himself of his clothes, Mason, who at once observed the dangerous position of the lad, gallantly jumped into the water and brought him to safety. Mason's action is the more to be commended from the fact that had it not been for his prompt action the young lad's life would undoubtedly have been lost.

FARM LABOURERS!

GENERAL ORDERS.

Owing to the action of the alleged Farmers' Association in refusing to hold a conference with the Union, we are compelled to develop our line of action at once. Therefore, as many members as possible from the different parts of the County must come into Croydon Park, Fairview, Clontarf, on Sunday at 3 o'clock. Admission to grounds upon showing your Union Card. The delegates from the different townlands and villages must attend. This is urgent and important. All other County Meetings postponed. Now is the day and now is the hour. By order—Jim Larkin.

The Pleasure Home of the Workers.

DON'T FORGET CROYDON PARK,

To-Morrow, Sunday,

Aeridheacht and Band.

Grounds Open from 2 o'clock.

Everybody made welcome and happy. Refreshments to be had in the Grounds.

TUG-OF-WAR.

No. 3 Branch issue an Open Challenge to any other Branch of the I.T.W.U. Cullen & Allen's men are open to Challenge any other Firm's men in the Union.

Admission—Adults 2d.; Children 1d.

Please Support Our Advertisers

The Agrarian Struggle—Farmer V. Labourer.

A PARALLEL.

The present seems an opportune time for entering into the conditions of the life of the workers in the Rural Districts. The various Acts of Parliament passed within recent years dealing with the Land Question have given security of tenure and a feeling of independence to the farmer, which should have made for a better state of things in the country. Is this so? That is the great question. Opinions differ very much on the subject. Many consider that the forming of a peasant proprietorship will lead to far greater evils than the one which that system displaced. That remains to be seen. Certainly there are very great indications of such a state of affairs coming to pass. Farmers who have purchased their holdings, thereby obtaining a very considerable reduction in their rents, have in the majority of cases shown very little disposition to share their good fortune with their fellowman, the worker, the great wealth producer. For is it not by the sweat of his brow and his wholehearted co-operation in agitation with the farmer that the farmer, especially in County Dublin, reached his present happy condition? May that position be his for all time if he takes into consideration the various aspects of the labour question, and steps out at once and seeks in an unselfish manner to equalise matters for the worker, and give the toiler in fields the same assistance to live as was accorded to him during the fight for freedom from the greed and avarice of the landlord. Acts of Parliament have been passed to ameliorate the lot of the worker. The Labourers' Acts make provision for the building of cottages and the granting of plots to the worker. The National Insurance Act makes provision for sickness by payment and treatment. It also provides a lever to compel local authorities to build healthy residences in districts where excessive sickness is caused through living in unhealthy houses. Now, what have the farmers done to facilitate the working of these and the various other Acts passed for the benefit of the workers? A study of the recent inquiries held under the Labourers Acts discloses a spirit of antagonism to the interests of the worker, as a very large number of applications for sites throughout the country met with strenuous opposition, and very few, indeed, were awarded the full complement of land allowed, viz., one acre. No doubt many houses and plots have been provided within the last few years; but then by far the greater number of workers remain unaccommodated, and are at present living in insanitary houses belonging to their employers, from which they may be driven at any time. The worker has no security of tenure under the existing conditions. He is ever the prey of his employer. His independence is sapped; he is afraid to voice his feelings on many social and even national questions, although he is equally interested as his employer in all such matters. The employer, knowing this, in the majority of cases acts the autocrat. He forgets for the moment what his own position was before he was freed from the grabbing hand of landlordism, supported by an autocratic Government, whose sole desire was to drive him back to the emigrant ship or death, it did not matter which. Now he reverts to the policy which he so strenuously opposed in his own time of trial. He joined the Land League; he used the weapon of organisation in whatever shape suited the situation best. He got the worker to join with him. Together they carried the cause to success by adopting the most extreme courses—boycotting, intimidation, even murder was justified. He was fighting for the right to live, and no one denied him that God-given right. Now, what is the sequel? He has reached a position of security and independence. The scene has changed. The worker is out for his God-given rights and he means to attain them. He has a headline. The policy of organisation appeals to him; and why not? Has he not taken part in the Land League campaign, fighting side by side with his employer? Have not they together through its medium being successful in the past? Cannot he unite with his fellows, even against his late ally, and win his right to live and act with freedom? Yes, most certainly, says all true lovers of justice and equity. No one can deny the worker his right to organise, and through that organisation to seek the right to live a free man, and shame be on the farmer who in his atmosphere of independence and security denies his late ally the means of proper subsistence and recreation for his family and himself. Everyone recognises that the cost of living has increased at least forty per cent. Have wages increased in the same proportion within the last few years? No, certainly not. The wages still remain the same. How, then, does the employer expect his workmen to live under such circumstances? How is twelve shillings a week or even less expected to provide for the wants of the worker and his family? How can an employer expect his employee to give his best services for such a miserable wage? The time has come when the employer of labour will have to content himself with a reasonable living wage,

and accord to his employer a similar wage according to the value of his work, together with a reasonable amount of recreation, without unduly interfering with his projects for the working of his property. The employer cannot hope to be allowed the privilege of continuing to squander all the wealth produced by his employees. No just man will deny him the right to a reasonable share of the profits to cover his risks, so long as the wealth producer, the employee, is treated in a proper and Christian-like manner, and allowed the means to live and perfect freedom of action due to all, and appreciated by all, freedom-loving people. Away with cant and humbug; let an end be put to it at once. Let no worker think he is safe until he has at his back a strong and a virile organisation. Let no move be made until every worker has been given an opportunity of joining, and then let moderation and toleration be your motto. Let consideration be given to all phases of a most complex problem, that of life in the Rural Districts. Every one is depending on the land, and let every movement for the social uplifting of the people be actuated by one great motive—that the maximum amount of good and minimum amount of injury will be the outcome thereof.—Lamh Deargh Abu.

RED HUGO.

WEXFORD NOTES.

Lady Aberdeen has come and gone; her visit to the town was not marked by any display of enthusiasm. She merely arrived at the North Station and proceeded by the G.S. & W.R. to Rosslare. There was not a sign in the town to indicate that so exalted a personage was in our midst—no decorations, not even a single flag flying from one of the schooners on the Quay.

At Rosslare she was, however, hailed by the Committee of the Women's National Health Association, and then by the "Association" itself, viz., a couple of hundred women and children who were supplied with free tickets for the trip to Rosslare and the "picnic." The "picnic" was a funny affair. The poor creatures who availed of the free outing were treated as so many pigs. The repast consisted of blue, watery tea, served in two large tubs, having first being well stirred with a large stick, and barm brack broken into convenient pieces and served in baskets. We are informed that this fare is guaranteed to kill all microbes at forty yards. Perhaps this is portion of what the workingman and his family should subsist on at 8s. a week.

Dr. Thomas Pierce and the other Wexford doctors are up in arms against Dr. Halligan, who, they allege, has turned scab with regard to the Insurance Act. Dr. Pierce now knows how undesirable a scab is in any walk of life. We wonder he did not realise that fact in 1911-12 when he told the dispensary patients that there was no excuse for the foundry workers stopping out, as they had their work to go into.

When a worker turns on his class he is applauded by the supporters of the capitalist as a loyal man, and generally gets some little recompense for his sacrifice of honour. We do not know if his good time is to continue, as in many cases he is kept on only so long as he is useful. A case in point is that of Ned Byrne, Johnny Pierce's chauffeur. He has been reduced from his high position and sent back to the forge at a reduction of 5s. per week.

Broderick, of Monck street, got a job in Pierce's on the strength of keeping scabs during the lock-out. His work in the forge was too hard and he made a complaint that he should be better treated, as he kept the scabs all the ways from Cavan and Galway when no one else would keep them, and that he had been boycotted as a result. When his lodgers heard he had referred to them thus they left him and went to Patrick's Square.

We hope the Wexford workers whose names were not on the Register of Voters, have made arrangements to secure votes for the coming year. Jim Larkin is to be congratulated on his successful organisation of the Co. Dublin farm labourers. Would that we had the agricultural labourers of every other county in Ireland as well organised. Heaven knows there is no class so badly in need of a union to look after their interests.

WE HEAR.

That "Spread-the-Light" wanted to shake hands with Lady Microbe in Rosslare, but Alderman Hadden prevented him. That when Harbour Master Busher is at sea his son looks after the quays. That the "member" for south Wexford has raised his labourers' wages. Is he afraid of Larkin and Daly's Union, or is it a sop for the next election? That the "Rock" Browne is now a value of broken glass. Would this not be a glazier's duty.

Dublin Trades Council.

AGENDA for Monday, Aug. 11th, 1913: Proposed Federation of Building Trades—Councillor O'Carroll. The Labour Movement and the Hospitality of the Dublin Press—Mr. Lyons. Extension of Medical Benefits to Ireland—Mr. Wm. O'Brien. Nomination of Conciliation Board—The President.

MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 422, 424, 426, 428, 430, 432, 434, 436, 438, 440, 442, 444, 446, 448, 450, 452, 454, 456, 458, 460, 462, 464, 466, 468, 470, 472, 474, 476, 478, 480, 482, 484, 486, 488, 490, 492, 494, 496, 498, 500, 502, 504, 506, 508, 510, 512, 514, 516, 518, 520, 522, 524, 526, 528, 530, 532, 534, 536, 538, 540, 542, 544, 546, 548, 550, 552, 554, 556, 558, 560, 562, 564, 566, 568, 570, 572, 574, 576, 578, 580, 582, 584, 586, 588, 590, 592, 594, 596, 598, 600, 602, 604, 606, 608, 610, 612, 614, 616, 618, 620, 622, 624, 626, 628, 630, 632, 634, 636, 638, 640, 642, 644, 646, 648, 650, 652, 654, 656, 658, 660, 662, 664, 666, 668, 670, 672, 674, 676, 678, 680, 682, 684, 686, 688, 690, 692, 694, 696, 698, 700, 702, 704, 706, 708, 710, 712, 714, 716, 718, 720, 722, 724, 726, 728, 730, 732, 734, 736, 738, 740, 742, 744, 746, 748, 750, 752, 754, 756, 758, 760, 762, 764, 766, 768, 770, 772, 774, 776, 778, 780, 782, 784, 786, 788, 790, 792, 794, 796, 798, 800, 802, 804, 806, 808, 810, 812, 814, 816, 818, 820, 822, 824, 826, 828, 830, 832, 834, 836, 838, 840, 842, 844, 846, 848, 850, 852, 854, 856, 858, 860, 862, 864, 866, 868, 870, 872, 874, 876, 878, 880, 882, 884, 886, 888, 890, 892, 894, 896, 898, 900, 902, 904, 906, 908, 910, 912, 914, 916, 918, 920, 922, 924, 926, 928, 930, 932, 934, 936, 938, 940, 942, 944, 946, 948, 950, 952, 954, 956, 958, 960, 962, 964, 966, 968, 970, 972, 974, 976, 978, 980, 982, 984, 986, 988, 990, 992, 994, 996, 998, 1000.

NOTICE!

All Transport Union Men KEEP AWAY FROM GLEESON'S BUNGERY, 14, BAGGOT STREET, As he keeps on Selling SAVOY Scab and "Ratified" COCOA.

- DUBLIN - COAL FACTORS' ASSOCIATION.

Registered 301. Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

Table with 2 columns: Coal Type, Price per Ton. Includes items like Best Orrell, Arley, Wigan, P. Wigan, Orrell Slack.

Above Prices are for Cash on Delivery Only.

Trades Unionists! SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS.

THE BOOT & SHOE Co-operative Society NO. 6 CORNMARKE, DUBLIN.

Fellow Citizens—We the members of the Boot and Shoe Trade Union in this city, have opened the above establishment for the manufacture and repairing of Boots and Shoes...

The Way to Support Us is by having your footwear made or repaired with us, and in return for your support we guarantee the fullest satisfaction possible.

Hand Sewn Work a Speciality. All Work done under Trade Union Conditions.

To Enjoy Your Meals AND STILL HAVE MONEY TO SPARE CALL TO

MURPHY'S, 6 Church St., North Wall, The Workers' Home, where you will get all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

Twinem Brothers' MINERAL WATER, The Workingman's Beverage.

TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce The Workingman's Relish.

Factory—66 S.C. Road, and 31 Lower Clanbrassil Street. Phone 2658.

INDUSTRIAL Co-operative Society (DUBLIN), LTD.

Bakers, Grocers & General Merchants.

Owned and controlled by the working classes, who divide the profits quarterly. Payment of 1s. Entitles you to Membership.

Grocery Branches—17 Turlough Terrace, Fairview; 82B Lower Dorset Street, 165 Church Road. Branch—164 Church Road.

ENGINEERING APPRENTICE

By SHELLBACK.

Differences of opinion may frequently find expression even among the members of the very best regulated families, so it is no wonder that sometimes little points of discussion may crop up between members of the Workers' movement...

Like most men who have advanced opinions, I have frequently been subjected to criticism, and have had to defend my views, which in some instances may possibly have failed to meet with the approval of the majority...

In other cases I have been reproached for something I have said or written that did not quite suit the opinion of men who possibly had not gone quite deep enough into the subject, but who, after gaining a wider experience, have discovered that there was something in my remarks after all.

An engineer who drives a ship must be a man who has served his apprenticeship in a shipyard or an engineering shop, must be a fair scholar, and pass a Board of Trade examination.

I know a man who has been over fifty years of age in the employ of one firm in the engine room of a steamer. During that time he has handled and worked every device of marine engine that has existed.

Not a single word of the foregoing can be truthfully described as alleging anything against any member of the engineering profession, let alone against my comrade Partridge. They are truths that all are acquainted with who know anything at all of the subject...

Of course this is all true. It is only after emerging from their apprenticeship that they really begin to gain the experience by the general practice of their calling that fits them for the ranks of good tradesmen.

There is nothing condemnatory of the engineering profession in all this, but I will certainly admit that it is a line of argument that is expressive of my antagonism to all so-called apprenticeship service, whose fundamental basis is cheap labour or monopoly creating opportunities...

Slaves of the Hotel and Restaurant.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

SIR—In the midst of all the strikes and rumours of strikes in the city just now, might I ask the privilege of your columns to call attention to some of the grievances of another class of workers who, I suppose, constitute one of the largest, if not the largest, classes of labour in Dublin or any other big town...

I refer to hotel and restaurant employees, or to use a better and more comprehensive term, catering trade employees.

I have worked in many large towns all over the Kingdom, but from what I see and from what information I can gather I think conditions in Dublin are worse than anything I have known before.

I can tell of women working below ground for 14 hours per day for a miserable 6s. a week (sleep out); of others, such as chambermaids, &c., doing even longer hours for the magnificent wage of £10 per year; of men, in many cases married men, working similar hours for little more...

The large number of the people employed in this work are toiling under far worse conditions and for less wages than many of the "sweated slaves" we read so much about in other trades.

The low wages paid in some cases is due to the tipping system—that everlasting curse of such employment by which an employer is enabled to evade paying his employees a fair wage, paying them instead perhaps 3s. a week, in some cases nothing at all, and leaving them to beg like paupers from his customers for the money on which to live.

Tipping is an evil system, unpleasant to the donor and degrading to the receiver. It would be well for all concerned if it could be stamped out altogether as it leads to many abuses. In any case no employer should be allowed to reckon on problematical tips, imported in many cases from his patrons, to pay employees for labour done for him and for his profit.

I understand that there is in Dublin an organisation called "The Regular Hotel Workers' Union," but I have never heard of it doing anything to improve the conditions of the hotel workers in the city.

There was recently some trouble in one of the leading hotels here with reference to food supplied to the staff, and I believe that all those who complained were discharged and blacklegs got in to replace them. Where was this union then? An organisation which simply takes a monthly subscription and has a share out at Christmas is not worthy of the title.

There has recently been formed a real union for Catering Trade Employees under the title of the "Amalgamated Union of Hotel, Club and Restaurant Workers," which since its inception has done more to improve the conditions of this class of workers than all the other organisations put together.

It is affiliated to the General Federation of Trade Unions, and in an appeal recently sent out by the Federation it is said:—

"This Union has made during the last few months tremendous efforts to improve the conditions, increase the wages and shorten the hours of Hotel and Restaurant Workers. The members have been involved in 74 strikes affecting about 12,000 persons, and they have met with considerable success, particularly in the Provinces. Hours of work have been reduced from 75-104 per week to 60-75 per week, and wages in many cases have been raised from 10 to 25 per cent."

In addition to this, I may add that it has fought over twenty cases in the Courts on behalf of members. It was also mainly instrumental in getting the Amendment to the Shops Act, 1913, placed on the Statute Book, and has been active in bringing forward the Bill at present before Parliament called The Hotel and Restaurant Act.

This Act if passed will ensure to every person employed in all catering establishments a 65 hour week, 2 hours a day for meals, one half-holiday a week, every second Sunday free, and 12 consecutive days' holidays (to be paid for) every year.

Hours at present range from 75 to 100 or even more, the pay in many cases working out at a fraction of a penny per hour; a day off is a rare thing, and holidays never thought of at all.

Contrast this with an ordinary labourer's 48 hour week and 6d. an hour pay, then you will assuredly say with me that it is time something was done to bring these workers into line with those in most other spheres of labour, and to put them in the position to say—"These things must and shall be altered."

That will never be done by such Unions as the one we have in Dublin at present, but it can be done by joining one which is an active part of the Great Labour Movement, with all the resources of that Movement behind it. Are there not among the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of Catering trade workers in Dublin, some who are interested

enough in their own and their fellow-workers welfare to take up this matter, and form a branch here.

Anyone writing to the above Union at 12 Little Newport Street, London, W.C., would receive full particulars and doubtless if applications were made an organiser would be sent.

I am sir, Yours truly, AN HOTEL WORKER.

ALFIE BUNG, T.C. ARTFUL BENEFACTOR.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." DEAR MR. EDITOR—Seeing by the daily Press ["Daily Express" excluded] that Mr Alfie Bung, T.C. [this does not "stand" for teetotaler's companion] is endeavouring to turn the North Dock, which he so "stoutly" misrepresents, into a veritable Garden of Eden [please note, he does not sell cider] by his "fill"-anthropic efforts to do good for his "all"-ing constituents, I take the liberty of drawing the attention of the public to a "long list" of his disinterested efforts on behalf of the voters of this ward.

As so many "gulls" frequent the neighbourhood of the Custom House, he has arranged to have the dome of that building inspected daily by some sub-sanitary officer of the Corporation who was appointed on his merits. [Poor birds!]

In view of his having to woo [not woo, please] his "dear" constituents next January, and recognising the truth of the old adage, "There's many a slip," etc., he quite disinterestedly [all on his own, mark you], caused certain improvements to be carried out at the popular bathing spot, the Wharf road "slip," even having the seaweed removed. [Where will the weed be on January next? No prize for correct answer.]

It is also rumored that to prevent all opposition at the next election he intended to lease the Phoenix Park for the exclusive use of the members of the "Corporation" street Union, but he found that backing the "Bill" would be too great a strain on his resources, so he reluctantly let the project drop [this won't be the "last drop" either].

It is also advertised that "Little Alf" was responsible for an exhaustive attendance at the Port [printer, not porter, please] and Docks Board, but if he has any "spirit" left he will certainly resent the suggestion that his constant attendances were few and far between.

As some of my friends think any further details of Alfred's good deeds contained in this "long list" might cause swelled head, they "objected" to my going any further with them in this issue, so I will now close, as I can imagine the gent with the blue pencil saying, "time, gentlemen, please."—Yours, ONE WHO NODS.

P.S.—Alfred, is five minutes sufficient time to pack?—O W N.

Merchants' Quay Ward Notes.

Even "Liberty Boy" must take a holiday occasionally, consequently my notes this week are necessarily brief. I cannot refrain from giving expression to my indignation at seeing in the lying Evening Telegraph a reprint of a letter addressed to the Art Gallery Committee by that blithering ignoramus Footy Jimmy Vaughan.

No one should be surprised at the capers of this buffoon, when his effrontery in reading a newspaper on sanitation—written for him by a Corporation official—in Trinity College some time ago—is remembered.

The sight of Vaughan lecturing in Trinity was sufficient to add to the gaiety of nations but for the tragic fact that he happened to be Chairman of the Public Health Committee of our unfortunate City. Can we wonder Dublin suffers the undeniable notoriety of having the highest death rate in Europe?

And Vaughan was succeeded in that position by the notorious Mickey Swaine Verb. Sap!

But to think of Vaughan's proposal to house Sir Hugh Lane's magnificent collection of pictures in the gallery of the Iveagh Old Clothes market is to suggest the ducking of that grinning sneak in the nearest horse-pond.

Will the workmen of Merchants' Quay Ward remember that the building of a gallery for the Lane pictures would give much needed employment as well as proving a valuable asset to the City.

And that Vaughan and the gang that are supporting William Martin Murphy in opposition to the scheme are simply keeping bread out of the mouths of workmen's families.

If the workers would realize this and at the same time develop a public spirit we would soon make short work of the opposition to the erection of the Art Gallery.

Scroggy McCaffrey is working hard at the registration business for Scully. It is thought that "hoppy" Murtagh will also be engaged.

Mike, the saint is still giving exhibitions of Dutch courage. The amount collected for ex-Sergeant McLoughlin is not yet officially announced. "Liberty Boy" will give full particulars later on.

The public are aware of how Forty Jimmy secured a job in the Technical schools for his incompetent daughter, and how Scully has recently foisted his female offspring on the Crookshank sanatorium, but very few are aware that our friend "Deadhead" O'Connor of the "glue pot" has had his daughter appointed typist in the South Dublin Union.

A pure and simple piece of jobbery. The position was not advertised. The illegality is apparent. But the jobbers of the S.D.U. led by Scully can continue to laugh at the public as long as they are permitted. LIBERTY BOY.

PEMBROKE NOTES.

From "information received" we learn that the Black Lad is very busy taking the names and addresses of all the boys who work in the different bottlehouses in Ringsend. He enters the factories in the early morning as the boys have finished their night's work and demands their names and addresses.

Who is responsible for allowing this "tame snake" of the Chamber of Horrors "past the gate"? Have those in charge not enough backbone to tell this crime-creating policeman to go about his business?

To those boys who he is continually stopping we say give him no information; tell him to do what he is paid for doing. Should he be in need of duty to do, we advise him to watch the doings of those constables—those law-abiding creatures who are guardians of the peace and protectors of little girls—some of them who do not live indoors, and who night after night go home drunk and ill-treat their wives and families. Were he to do duty in the "Chamber of Horrors" alone he would have no trouble in procuring the "five cases per month."

"Who will mind Ringsend and Irish-town Road?" The Microbe Institution and Mother's Gossip House are removing to Smaller Premises. How sad!

"Mary of the Curling Knot" will require to work very hard or it will be a case of removing out of the Township. It won't be our fault if it doesn't.

There are a few more men (?) still allowing their wives to waste their time attending this institution. It is hoped that it will not be necessary for us to draw attention again to this matter now that we have the Club on the move.

Some members of the "Society of Scabs," especially the ex-Militia Sergeant, who travelled a long journey to vote against amalgamation with a trade union, are regretting their action, and are now seeking the aid of a trade union to redress their grievances.

The grievances are many and require immediate attention. The latest action of the chairman, although not in thorough sympathy, certainly shows that he is not antagonistic to the members joining a real live trade union. It remains with the balance of the members to fall in line.

The "Jackdaw" Bung of Ballsbridge crows very loudly that he does not read the "Worker," yet he is a subscriber and keeps it under the counter and has a look at it now and again when there is no member of the "Society of Scabs" present.

In keeping with its reputation, one of the evening lyses published a report of a largely (?) attended meeting of the Ringsend J.U.L. The only attendants being "Jay Jay" and Bottle of Lager.

It is pleasing to note that our advice has been taken. "Bottle of Lager" in his speech (don't laugh, dear reader) drew attention to the necessity of the workers in looking after their votes, thereby securing for themselves the means whereby they can return some of their own class to the Council next January. It is hoped the advice will be taken.

Too long has Pembroke been misrepresented by such people as Haypoth-o'-Tay, The Electric Twister, The Jackdaw, The "Gooseberry" from Baggot street; The Twine Importer—all of whom had a large circle of friends and relations to secure jobs for.

Up to the present no action has been taken in the matter which we drew attention to last week, regarding the stopping of the tram cars at Sandymount Green on Saturday morning last, as a result of one of the cars not stopping at its proper place. We were an eye-witness to what might have been a very nasty accident between two cyclists. Were it not for the promptness of one of them in jumping off his machine it is certain that either of them would have been thrown under the tram.

Here is something for the "Black Lad" to pay attention to. Certainly if some action is not taken in the matter at once we will compel those responsible to have it rectified. Perhaps the Commissioner of the Police will take notice.

NIX.

I.T.W.U. Agricultural Workers' Section.

The delegate of the above-section will attend the following places each week:—Crumlin, Forge, Saturday evening; Lucan, Bandroom, Sunday morning; Clondalkin, Costello's Friday evening; Hazelhatch, Tuesday evening.

We understand that all the J.P.'s are patronising Healy's now—a thing which has never happened before in Clondalkin.

Irish Stationary Engine Drivers and Firemen's Trade Union.

Trades Hall,apel St. The Management committee of above at their meeting held on Thursday, 7th inst, unanimously tendered on behalf of the General Body their sincere sympathy with our esteemed colleague, Joseph Walsh, on the loss he has sustained through the death of his brother by fatal accident. Passed in the usual way. John Coffey, Sec.

A meeting to start a Gaelic Club will be held in Emmet Hall, Inchicore, on Monday night at 8.10 p.m. All Gaels in the district are invited to attend. JOHN DOYLE, Hon. Sec. pro tem.

BELTON & CO.'S

Great Summer SALE NOW ON.

BARGAINS IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

Join the crowd and see for yourself. No one pressed to buy. We want your business, and if you appreciate value, civility and attention, we must get it. No time like the present! Come to-day and you won't regret it. Remember—The Cheapest People in the Trade are holding Dublin's Biggest Bargain Sale.

BELTON & CO., DRAPERS,

THOMAS ST. AND GT. BRUNSWICK ST.

BOOTS for the WORKERS MEETING AT BLANCHARDS-TOWN.

Men's Bluchers, 3/11s, and 4/11; as sold elsewhere 5/- and 6/-
Men's Box Calf and Chrome, Stibbed and Stove-
6s. 11d.; worth 8s. 11d.
Women's Box Calf and Glace Kid Boots 4s. 11d.;
worth 6s. 6d.

The Best Range of Children's Boots
in Dublin.

78 TALBOT STREET.

MURRAY'S

Sheriff Street,
FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS
AND GROCERIES.

Don't forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE
In Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,
38 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.
IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

Irish Manufactured WAR PIPES

CAN NOW BE HAD FROM
MacKenzie & Macken,
War Pipe Makers,
54 Bolton Street, Dublin.

Every Instrument guaranteed to give
entire satisfaction. Everything relating to
the War Pipe kept in stock. Save the
Middleman's Profit by purchasing direct
from our Workshop.

All information necessary for starting
Bands, &c., free on application.
Note Address.

Every Workingman SHOULD JOIN

St. Brigid's Christian Burial Society.
RINGSEND.

Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality
Benefits. Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'clock
One Penny per Week. Estd. 52 Years.

TELEPHONES 1286 AND 594
PAT KAVANAGH,
Provisions,
Beef, Mutton and Pork.
GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.

74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street;
71 and 72 New Street; 1 Dean Street
DUBLIN.

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes, AT CONWAYS.

31 Exchequer Street and 10a Aungler St
[Opposite Jacob's Branch L.T.U.]
Established 1894.
Good Value and Courtesy our motto.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.
Shilling Bottles. (Made in Ireland.)
LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS,
159 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street
DUBLIN.

Workers! Support
the Old Reliable
Boot Warehouse.



NOLAN'S,

Little Mary Street.
The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin
Irish-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

If you have not the ready money con-
venient, there is an Irish Establishment
which supplies Goods on
Easy Payment System.

IT IS THE
**Dublin Workmen's Industrial
Association, Ltd.,**
10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET.
Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day
Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings
7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.
Manager—Ald. T. Kelly.

Farm Labourers Enthusiastic in Support of New Movement.

On Sunday last another of the series
of meetings which is being held in con-
nection with the New Campaign for the
emancipation of the farm labourer was
held at Blanchardstown upwards of
2,000 people attended, and the proceed-
ings right through were characterised by
a spirit of enthusiasm unique in the his-
tory of such movements.

Three bands attended, and both before
and after the meeting gave spirited
selections.

On arrival at the meeting place, Mr.
Thomas M'Partlin, President Dublin
Trades Council, took the chair, and deliv-
ered a very practical discourse on the
urgent need for a vigorous organisation
of farm labourers.

Councillor Partridge and Mr. Peter
Larkin both addressed the crowd, and
impressed on their hearers the duty of
at once enrolling themselves under the
banner of the Irish Transport and
General Workers' Union. The advice
was not wasted judging from the fre-
quent outbursts of applause which
punctuated the remarks of both speakers.

Mr. P. T. Daly, who followed, went
on to discuss the attitude of the farmer
to the labourer, and said the gentlemen
of the agricultural persuasion were just
the same as the men in the towns.

They did not pay money because they
liked to pay it, but because they had to
pay it, and the only way that they in
the towns got paid their money was by
the workers coming together and
refusing to sell their labour for less
than a definite sum.

He was old enough to remember when
the farmers were agitating they would
not allow them (the labourers) to sell
their labour to a man who took an
evicted farm; and it was only right,
because they recognised they were fight-
ing their own fight; but they would not
recognise that the labourers were now
fighting their fight unless they could
bring them to their senses and bring
them to recognise the force of combina-
tion. Proceeding, he said, I went every
acre of land, that is, our land for the
people, so that they may live in peace,
comfort, and prosperity.

Jim Larkin and I were in Belgium a few weeks ago.
One thing that struck me going through
the country was that I did not meet a
barefooted child while I was there. I
did not see a woman who was not
comfortably clad; and I did not see a
quarter acre of land that was out of
cultivation; and talking to a man in
one of the halls there I asked him how
it was the land was all under cultivation;
and when I expressed my delight that
the women and children locked com-
fortably clad he did not understand me.
I asked him how it was that none of
the land was allowed to be fallow, and
he said, "Any man who doesn't cultivate
it we take it from him" [hear, hear].

Here the Irish Transport Workers'
Irish Warpipe Band appeared on the
scene discoursing some of our old
Irish airs, and on concluding,

Mr. Daly said—That is another section
of Transport Workers. You can see,
friends, that we don't believe in sending
our men into the public houses in order
to amuse themselves. We have every
class of amusement for them, and that
is one of the reasons why the employers
don't want to see the men coming into
the Transport Union, because they
know they can deal anyway they like
with a drunkard and a wastrel. Now,
my friends, the employers may say to
you to-morrow, and it is more than
likely they will: "Were you up at
Larkin's meeting yesterday? Some of
them may ask again: "What do you
think he is going to do with you? You
know me all your life" (laughter), and I
have always been a good friend to you
(renewed laughter). Well, my reply to
the employer will be: "Well, I only
know Jim Larkin a short time, and I
am going to judge him on his merits
and according to work done; and you
are quite right, I do know you all my
life, and I'm not very much the better
of it" [laughter]. Mr. Daly then went
on to deal with the way the farmers
used the labourers in the past to get
their land, and now when they had
got it sweated them, and so were able
to send their children to colleges and
universities. If the labourer now asked
for a living wage he was told that a
man would be got to do it for two or
three shillings per week less. That was
because there was no combination
amongst the workers. This movement,
he said, was bringing a new soul into
Ireland, and they wanted all to join
them; they could not afford to do
without one. As Parnell said, Ireland
was too poor to lose the services of any
man, so they were too poor to lose
one.

Councillor Thomas Lawlor and Mr.
Michael O'Maolain, Secretary Transport
Union, North County Dublin, having
spoken,

Mr. Larkin received a great ovation
when he came forward to speak. He
said—Comrades and friends, my com-
rades who have preceded me have dealt
with many points of this new born agita-
tion in the County Dublin. I want to
travel over much wider ground and to deal
with the great necessity for organisation.
Dealing with the owner of the field in
which the meeting was being held he
said—"This Rabill was not going to let
us into the field, but we came into it
whether he liked it or not. I don't thank
him for it. Who gave him this field?
Some of you want to go for him, but
if you know your duty you would teach
him a lesson. We see not out to preach

peace but to preach war. Do you think
I am going to lie down under insult and
prejudice. I am not satisfied if I do as
good as my father did. My father risked
the scaffold and imprisonment for the
country I belong to, and why shouldn't
I do it, too? At 30 years of age my
father was carrying arms into England,
and he was prepared to use them. You
think I would not use them if needed.
Why, I would not be worthy of the name
I bear if I would not do it. And yet
there are men prepared to risk insult
from their employers for a miserable
pittance. He referred to those self con-
tained, over-confident, statesmen, they
had in this country, and said they knew
as much about statesmanship as they
knew about common honesty. And those
hooligans talked about Home Rule.
Why, my friends, you are bound to get
Home Rule whether you like it or not.
There are a lot of things set down there
which may be conducive to Ireland's in-
terests if we don't use them we would
be far better off under the old landlord
system. I am not giving you any high
falutin' only actual, honest statements
of truth. You may not like them, but
you will get them whether you like them
or not. Mr. Larkin then related a story
of a mule who lived in a dirty, foul
stable. The mule felt incensed, and he
kicked the stable down. In the morning
the farmer went down to have a look at
the mule and to take him out. When he
saw the stable knocked down he asked
the mule the reason, and the mule, who
is said to have had the power of speech,
replied that he kicked it down because
it was an insanitary stable, and not fit
for a decent mule to live in. The farmer
replied that he provided him with a
comfortable shelter, and all he had to do
was to work. He (the mule's) father
lived in that stable for thirty years, and
never kicked it down. The mule turned
round and said, "I agree with you, but
my father was an ass" (laughter). Con-
tinuing, Mr. Larkin said—I don't know
whether you have taken the moral of that
little story or not. Now, I want to
speak to the young men in this crowd,
the men who have ideals, and who are
not prepared to live and work from
God's sun rising in the morning to the
going down thereof for twelve paltry
shillings a week. If I thought you were
willing to slave for the Gerald Beggs and
the Kettles the sooner Ireland was sub-
merged in the ocean the better for the
Irish nation and the world. You would
not be worthy of Home Rule if you were
willing to work under those conditions.
What you have to do is to realise that
you are only pawns in the employers'
game. It is a new thing in Ireland for a
labourer's son to get up and tell the
truth. The usual thing is to get the
biggest farmer and the biggest employer
to make some incoherent statements, and
then columns would appear in the papers
and you went away satisfied that the
world was all right. Some one asked
what about the Council? Well, it would
be a good thing if all were taken out
into Malahide Bay with a rope round
their necks and drowned. You people
always talk about your religion. Some
of you don't practise it or you should
not work for twelve shillings a week.
Let me draw your attention to one or
two facts. We were trying to get the
Medical Benefits extended to the Irish
workers, and to give his children the
same chance to live as the children of
the English, Scotch, and Welsh worker.
The question came up at a Commission,
and Mr. O'Grady, an English Labour
member, proposed that the Medical
Benefits be extended to Ireland. Mr.
Masterman objected. Mr. Joe Devlin,
that great democrat, made a great
speech—he is always making great
speeches, because you see it in the
"Freeman"—and he said that it was a
shame and a disgrace that Irish workers
should be denied the medical benefits
when they wanted them. This was a
Commission got together for his own
organisation, and if not, will you tell
me what reason is given by the Hiber-
nian organisation for refusing to give
the working class men in this country
one man on the Commission? This
thing was packed. After making this
speech Mr. Devlin went and voted with
the Government. That is as true as I
am standing here before my God. My
friends, the Government have this week
introduced a new Land Bill. Sixty mil-
lions more money for the farmers. What
a crime under heaven! Sixty millions!
And they give us twelve shillings a week,
and when you object they won't give
you a job in the County Dublin. The
old landlord was a gentleman in the
accepted sense of the word compared
with the scoundrel breed of to-day. Al-
though he was a bitter enemy and did
deplorable things to our fathers before
us, he wasted more money and gave
more labour than those who are now
buying their land with our money and
our credit, and who are now despoiling
us the right to live. Mr. Larkin then

went on to refer to the strike in Gerald
Begg's, and said he was paying 10d. per
day to his women workers and 2s. 2d.
per day to his men. The farmers,
he said, wanted war, but they
would never leave the trenches
until they won the battle. They
wanted war and they should have
war. From that hour war was declared
in the County Dublin, and let the best
man win (great applause.)

Concluding, he told them the Transport
Union was open to all unskilled workers
and to those skilled workers who had no
Union of their own. In the Women
Workers' Union they took in all women
who worked, whether it was the wife in
the house or the worker in the factory
or in the shop, and he thought it was
time the women in Blanchardstown were
organised.

The meeting concluded amid great
enthusiasm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TEMPORARY STAFF DUBLIN COUNTY COUNCIL

To the Editor "Irish Worker."
Dublin 1913.

DEAR SIR.—It is really a beastly
shame for you to allow articles dealing
with the Temporary Staff of the Dublin
County Council and that pre-eminently
important official (Mr. Clancy, the ac-
countant, to appear in your paper. What
did Mr. Clancy or his family ever do on
you that you should be so severe on his
little piccadillos. Surely, that he goes
to Hennessey's or Egan's or even the
Catholic Club during office hours does
not affect you. Isn't that a matter al-
together for the members of the County
Council? Oh! you think it is a matter
for the working ratepayers. You think
perhaps that Father Clancy, M.P., is
after fooling the ratepayers so long that
you do not wish it to become a perma-
nent habit in the family. I think you
will have your work cut out for you.
However, the "Red Hand" may be able
to work wonders as in days of yore.
Keep your eye on No. 11 Rutland
Square, as between the A.O.H., the Free-
masons, the L.O.L., and the Clancy's,
there will shortly be very little chance
for the workers in County Dublin. When
John J. (M.P.) is out on "the make" on
behalf of his needy family you know of
old he will have the assistance of our
mutual enemies, the County Dublin Farm-
ers, for he is known to you that John
J.'s services are always available, free of
charge, to the farmers of the County
Dublin, and you are aware these gentle-
men as a body are not over-generous in
opening their purse strings, consequently
the only other avenue open to them to
recoup the falling fortunes of the Clancy's
is through the pockets of the ratepayers,
the workers of County Dublin. John
J.'s two sons, and even John J. himself,
is ready and willing to receive the kudos
in this manner. Fees for himself, £300
a year for his son, the accountant, who
had a £1 a week or so in some obscure
office in London before his father foisted
him upon the County Dublin Ratepayers.
His other son, who can be seen basking
in the sun these days in the south side
of the County watching for what
he can pick up or spying on the road
workers, only awaits the time when
Father Clancy, M.P., sends out the round
robin to the Councillors, saying, "Dis-
gorge at your peril, my sons are after
a hard year's work and an increase
in salary is badly needed." So the
patriotic work goes on and the worker
is fooled; and to enable economies to
be effected in order that the Clancy's
can get their whack out of the rates the
temporary hands are put away to starve
until, like McLawber, something turns
up to prevent it, and the unfortunate
road workmen are left without their
money for a fortnight, and then have
to stand the tax put upon them by the
local traders in cashing their cheques.

Now, Mr. Editor, the workers are
looking to you to change the state of
affairs, so that they can live.

Workers, take warning in time; look
to your votes before 4th August and
help the redoubtable Jim in his good
work.
RED HUGH.

Oh! Where's the Slave So Lowly

WHO WON'T BUY
Pure Irish Butter
At 10d., 11d., and 1/- per lb.
Not Foreign Rubbish.
Patk. J. Whelan, 82 Queen St
DUBLIN.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CYCLE! CYCLE! CYCLE!

J. HANNON,
174 Nth. Strand Road,
Agent for Luccania, Ariel and Fleet Cycles.
Easy Payments from 2/- Weekly.
All Accessories kept in stock. Repairs a
Speciality by Skilled Mechanic.
Note Address:
174 NORTH STRAND ROAD.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones or
clinkers by purchasing your COALS
FROM
ANDREW S. CLARKIN,
COAL OFFICE—
7 TARA STREET.
Telephone No. 2769.

Support the Trades Unionist and secure a good fire!

Support the Trades Unionist and
secure a good fire!

went on to refer to the strike in Gerald
Begg's, and said he was paying 10d. per
day to his women workers and 2s. 2d.
per day to his men. The farmers,
he said, wanted war, but they
would never leave the trenches
until they won the battle. They
wanted war and they should have
war. From that hour war was declared
in the County Dublin, and let the best
man win (great applause.)

Concluding, he told them the Transport
Union was open to all unskilled workers
and to those skilled workers who had no
Union of their own. In the Women
Workers' Union they took in all women
who worked, whether it was the wife in
the house or the worker in the factory
or in the shop, and he thought it was
time the women in Blanchardstown were
organised.

The meeting concluded amid great
enthusiasm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TEMPORARY STAFF DUBLIN COUNTY COUNCIL

To the Editor "Irish Worker."
Dublin 1913.

DEAR SIR.—It is really a beastly
shame for you to allow articles dealing
with the Temporary Staff of the Dublin
County Council and that pre-eminently
important official (Mr. Clancy, the ac-
countant, to appear in your paper. What
did Mr. Clancy or his family ever do on
you that you should be so severe on his
little piccadillos. Surely, that he goes
to Hennessey's or Egan's or even the
Catholic Club during office hours does
not affect you. Isn't that a matter al-
together for the members of the County
Council? Oh! you think it is a matter
for the working ratepayers. You think
perhaps that Father Clancy, M.P., is
after fooling the ratepayers so long that
you do not wish it to become a perma-
nent habit in the family. I think you
will have your work cut out for you.
However, the "Red Hand" may be able
to work wonders as in days of yore.
Keep your eye on No. 11 Rutland
Square, as between the A.O.H., the Free-
masons, the L.O.L., and the Clancy's,
there will shortly be very little chance
for the workers in County Dublin. When
John J. (M.P.) is out on "the make" on
behalf of his needy family you know of
old he will have the assistance of our
mutual enemies, the County Dublin Farm-
ers, for he is known to you that John
J.'s services are always available, free of
charge, to the farmers of the County
Dublin, and you are aware these gentle-
men as a body are not over-generous in
opening their purse strings, consequently
the only other avenue open to them to
recoup the falling fortunes of the Clancy's
is through the pockets of the ratepayers,
the workers of County Dublin. John
J.'s two sons, and even John J. himself,
is ready and willing to receive the kudos
in this manner. Fees for himself, £300
a year for his son, the accountant, who
had a £1 a week or so in some obscure
office in London before his father foisted
him upon the County Dublin Ratepayers.
His other son, who can be seen basking
in the sun these days in the south side
of the County watching for what
he can pick up or spying on the road
workers, only awaits the time when
Father Clancy, M.P., sends out the round
robin to the Councillors, saying, "Dis-
gorge at your peril, my sons are after
a hard year's work and an increase
in salary is badly needed." So the
patriotic work goes on and the worker
is fooled; and to enable economies to
be effected in order that the Clancy's
can get their whack out of the rates the
temporary hands are put away to starve
until, like McLawber, something turns
up to prevent it, and the unfortunate
road workmen are left without their
money for a fortnight, and then have
to stand the tax put upon them by the
local traders in cashing their cheques.

Now, Mr. Editor, the workers are
looking to you to change the state of
affairs, so that they can live.

Workers, take warning in time; look
to your votes before 4th August and
help the redoubtable Jim in his good
work.
RED HUGH.

Oh! Where's the Slave So Lowly

WHO WON'T BUY
Pure Irish Butter
At 10d., 11d., and 1/- per lb.
Not Foreign Rubbish.
Patk. J. Whelan, 82 Queen St
DUBLIN.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

CYCLE! CYCLE! CYCLE!

J. HANNON,
174 Nth. Strand Road,
Agent for Luccania, Ariel and Fleet Cycles.
Easy Payments from 2/- Weekly.
All Accessories kept in stock. Repairs a
Speciality by Skilled Mechanic.
Note Address:
174 NORTH STRAND ROAD.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!

But no danger from stones or
clinkers by purchasing your COALS
FROM
ANDREW S. CLARKIN,
COAL OFFICE—
7 TARA STREET.
Telephone No. 2769.

Support the Trades Unionist and
secure a good fire!

CURTIS,

LETTERPRESS AND
LITHOGRAPHIC :: **PRINTER,**
Bookbinder and Stationer,
12 TEMPLE LANE, DUBLIN.
OFF DAME STREET.
High-Class Work. Moderate Prices. Telephone 3492.

Playground and the "Playbo," Politician.

The North Dock political politician,
"Little Alf," has accomplished a great
reform, so they say. This is not sur-
prising. Surely he must do something
—or get the credit for having done
something—to justify his existence in
public life.

What is this great reform? Accord-
ing to a Press report, some waste ground
at the rear of the Foley Street Buildings
has been turned into a playground for
children. Alf "did" this all by himself.
The Bank Holiday was chosen for the
opening ceremony. All the neighbouring
youngsters and grown ups, too, flocked
there on the occasion. Indeed, it is un-
derstood that some old age pensioners
were there in a rejuvenescent mood.
This is great! Alf is now the apostle
of the aged and aching.

The playground is fitted out with
Maypoles, see-saws and swings, and a
saudit, all of which are a great deal
in their own way. There is still a whole
lot to be desired if the youngsters are
to be made really happy and gay. There
are no green fields, no trees to climb,
no ditches to scramble, no flowers to
pluck and smell and give pleasure in
making them into a bunch. No; there
are none of these things. Worst of all,
there are no green fields; places where
the children could romp and roll, kick
their legs in the air, and go frantic with
joy.

The new playground merely provides
amusement for a time. Every child
grows tired of artificiality, but he or
she will never tire of Nature. Our city
children see too much bricks and mortar,
God knows. What they want is an
occasional trip into the country. Take
them away from the slums and let them
stroll through the green fields. Give
them a day's complete enjoyment.

The country is now within the reach
of all workers and future workers of this
city; but that was always so. Ah! but
not so easy to get there, nor yet so
cheap or enjoyable as it will be hence-
forth. The matter is an open secret by
now.

There are some workers who may not
have heard of it as yet. It is but
another ameliorative measure for the
toiling class in which Jim looms largely.
Special land has been acquired at
Croydon Park, Fairview, for the recrea-
tion of Dublin's working people and their
little ones. Comment on this Park is
not necessary I will leave that to any-
one present at last Monday's initial
outing.

But the fun! Goodness, it was simply
great.

Now, Croydon Park is about twenty
minutes walk from the Pillar. It is less
than that from Foley Street. To my
mind it is the SPOT PAR EXCELLENCE for
the little mites to go who live in this
district.

Parents—and they are all workers—
should make a point of sending their
youngsters to Croydon Park. They will
be as safe there as if at home. All
present take a kindly interest in each
other.

The motto is—"Each for all, and all
for each," at Croydon Park. Of course,
they can use the new playground also.

Little Alf after this will be styled
the "children's champion." I never
thought that he would touch anything
except it appeared on the Voters' List.
This playground is an anachronism—that
is to say it should never have been
opened till some time next January.
The North Dock Electorate might then
have Alf's "philanthropic action" suffi-
ciently fresh in their minds, and give
him a majority over his opponent.

But I am afraid Little Alf will have
to "skiddadle, vamoose, quit, vanish,
get!" from the North Dock of his boy-
hood and of his heart and dreams, not to
speak of his bungery schemes, at the
coming elections.

The Up-to-Date Paper Shop.
KEARNEY'S
Has the best stock of working-class papers
in Dublin. Come to us for "The Irish
Worker," "Clarion" and all progressive
books and pamphlets. All on sale.
Note Only Address—
KEARNEY'S Newsagency, Tobacco Shop,
59 UPPER STEPHEN ST., DUBLIN.
Established over 50 Years.

Kenna Brothers,
Provision Market,
58 Lower Sheriff Street,
Best Quality Goods,
Lowest Prices.
DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Workers! Support the Only Picture
House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman.
THE IRISH CINEMA
Capel Street (next to Trades Hall),
Now Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.
Prices, 3d., 4d., 6d.
Change of Pictures—Monday, Thursday,
and Sunday.

T. P. ROCHE,
The Workers' Hairdresser,
34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.
An Up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union
Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort,
Amplification used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco
Store,
39 AUNGIER STREET.
(Opposite Jacob's).
FOR IRISH PLUG & ROLL.

COUGH CURE

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

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

James Larkin,
PLAIN AND FANCY BAKER,
72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN.
Pure Wholesome and Butter-milk Squares a speciality
THE WORKERS' BAKER
ASK FOR LARKIN'S LOAF.

FANAGAN'S FUNERAL
Establishment,
54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN.
Established more than Half a Century.
Coffins, Hearses, Coaches, and every
Funeral Requisite.
Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House
Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed.
Telephone No. 12.

COAL

For best qualities of House Coals delivered
in large or small quantities, at City Prices.
ORDER FROM ..
P. O'CARROLL,
BLACK LION,
INCHICORE.

BECKER Bros.
FINEST, PUREST AND
CHEAPEST
TEAS.
PRICES—2/5, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/4
1/4 and 1/2.
8 South Great George's Street,
AND
17 North Earl Street,
DUBLIN.

Support **RUSSELL'S,**
The Family Bakers,
TRADE UNION EMPLOYERS,
RATHMINES BAKERY.
Please Support our
Advertisers.

Printed for the Proprietor at the City
Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and
published by him at 18 Beresford Place,
in the City of Dublin.
[This Journal is exclusively set up by
hand labour and printed on Irish paper.]