

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

James Finlay Larkin.



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!

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST, 30th, 1913

ONE PENNY.]

## NOTES.

By "IRELAND'S EYE."

That owing to the Tramway troubles my space this week is somewhat limited, but I cannot complain as the Editor has been very good to me all through the agricultural labour campaign.

That things are moving nicely. There are a few sore heads still who require a little looking after, but on the whole the Co. Dublin farmers have seen the error of their ways and have fallen into line by giving increased pay or a half-holiday on Saturday.

That my scouts inform me some farmers still refuse to give the half-holiday on Saturday. These men shall be looked after, and it would facilitate matters very much if the names of all employers who have not yet fallen into line were sent to the offices of the "Irish Worker."

That it was very pleasing on last Saturday to see the many workers taking advantage of the half-holiday, and it was most amusing to hear the employers saying to the men:—

"You have your half-holiday now. What are you going to do with yourselves? Going to the publichouse, I suppose?"

That the best way to resent such insulting remarks is to show a good example to their employers by neither visiting the publichouses nor drinking at home.

That while on this question I beg to refer to a practice which has become an absolute scandal in the country—namely, the facilities afforded beer houses on wheels to scatter drink broadcast—going from door to door in populous districts—which must necessarily have a demoralising effect upon the people, and the sooner the authorities step in and stop this nefarious traffic the better.

That it is an undoubted fact that the R.I.C. are not doing their duty, else this awful traffic in drink would not exist. However, I would appeal to the workers for their own sakes, and for the sakes of their wives and children, to chase this source of degradation from their doors.

Bravo! Jim Larkin, for the first time in the history of the Jameson's, of Portmarnock, all the men in their employment got a half-holiday on Saturday. The reason why I mention this place in particular is (as I pointed out some time ago) because all the good positions are occupied by English and Scotch folk and all the minor ones by the mere Irish. Worse than that, the English and Scotch folk were already in receipt of a half-holiday on Saturday and the mere Irish had to work all day.

That one of the first acts of Jameson on his return from yachting was to consult McKillar on the new order of things. McKillar, who possessed a great deal of wisdom under his tough skin, to save himself any trouble advised Master John to cave in.

That the mention of Portmarnock reminds me some trouble is brewing between the Club Committee and the workmen and caddies on the Golf Links. The captain of the club, a well named Denning, objects to the Red Hand being worn, but the workmen and caddies are steadfast in asserting their rights—hence the trouble. "Eye" anxiously awaits developments.

That some workers are still out on farms in different parts of the country—viz., Harrison's, Hazelhatch; Dowling, Clon-dalkin; Geoghagan, Belcamp, where there are five men out, but the "Irish Worker" ("Herald") last week says the number is 60. Another of the redoubtable ones who is hanging fire is Bob Dawson, Ballygriffin.

That the men employed by Joe Mooney, Cabra, are also out, but what might one expect from Mooney, who in the present crisis of the Tramway trouble is one of William Martin Murphy's biggest lick-spitters, the canting hypocrite who preaches about temperance and labour to labour audiences, and one off the gang who over twenty years ago swore to assist Murphy & Co. in chasing poor Parnell to a lunatic asylum or the grave.

That one of the most magnificent sights of cheek and impudence to be seen any-

where may be witnessed at the Raheny Féty Sessions when old Plunkett and Kelly-Tighe consult as to what punishment it'd be meted out to the unfortunate culprits who indulge in that ugly practice of swearing. Imagine Kelly-Tighe sitting in judgment upon one who swears!

That a most cowardly, brutal, and unprovoked assault was committed upon the Chief last week and which, through the act of Providence, did not result in the loss of an eye.

That Larkin only took action in bringing the offender into Court through the pressure of his friends, as he was quite satisfied with disarming the miserable wretch and holding him in the gutter. But the dastardly outrage had evidently been planned by those holding high positions and their tools—the renegades of the Labour Movement—and it was necessary to expose their tactics. However, it is usual when the cause of Labour is assailed, every effort was made to cloak the real offenders and to throw dust into the eyes of the public. Fortunately, however, truth and valour triumphed, and lies and cowardice were humbled.

That Larkin, the ideal Labour leader, representing all that is good in town and country emerged with colours flying as he has emerged from many a hard fought field, and as he will emerge from the present grim struggle between the workers on one side and greed and avarice on the other.

That the same lying misrepresentations and unscrupulous methods of attack will be used on occasions, and the workers should be prepared to accept, with the proverbial grain of salt, any statements circulated by lying agencies whose ambition it is to scorch the leaders and to keep the workers under foot.

That it is only by combination the workers can hope to hold their own or gain any reforms in face of such difficulties, and now is the time for them to show their grit and determination. Stick together, fellow your Chief and trust in Providence, for success must come where there is a righteous cause.

## SUMMERHILL.

[The perpetrator of the following atrocity, after a brief sojourn in solitude, returns to the circle of the happy faces and—incidentally—to a dissertation on one of Dublin's popular health resorts.]

Famed Summerhill—O gorgeous plain!  
Whereon at night the arc-lamps blaze,  
Command me while I'm in the vein  
To sound your praise.

Yon spot where Progress never stops  
Has raised no costly mansions tall;  
Where pubs and cheap tobacco shops  
You'll find—that's all.

The "Hill" is never seen at rest,  
The denizens are folk so gay;  
You'll always find them at their best  
On Saturday.

How nice to hear the children scream,  
And listen to the loafers' "damns,"  
To watch the coloured lights that gleam  
On Murphy's trams.

The people are reserved and shy  
Like poets in the day of yore (!)  
I always doff my hat as I  
Pass Lorcan's door.

'Tis here the patriot parades  
His mighty flag of mottled blue,  
While Bung with sweet devices aids  
A different hue.

The beer that's sold can well surpass  
The stuff that other idlers swill;  
(Poor Alfie has no branch, alas!  
In Summerhill.)

The "Laygue" up here's a tony cult  
Whose vast achievement could be missed;  
For proof of this—well, just consult  
The Town Clerk's List.

The 'Freemen' here in hundreds dwell,  
To be a lodger's not discreet;  
And Larkin isn't loved too well  
In Rutland street.

O, home of ugliness supreme!  
O, den of squalor, dirt—and worse,  
When oft at night of you I dream,  
My word, I curse!

## Merchants' Quay Ward Notes.

The "Graballs" in Guinness's Brewery are getting a week's respite, but I promise them that if they do not mind their manners before the close of the coming week they may "look out for squalls." I have consulted some of the regular employees of the city theatre, and have been given names and all necessary information.

While speaking of Guinness's Brewery, I may mention that Johnston, the scab, organiser, denies writing the letter to the "Independent" and the latest scab production, the "Liberator," through the agency of his henchman, Andy Molloy.

Johnston looked very serious on last Friday morning when he despatched the grain hole tout with a marked copy of the "Independent" to the coopers office to be perused and admired by a certain friend of his there.

"Liberty Boy" has his eye on you, Bill.

Molloy says he would like to know "Liberty Boy" as he would give him the names of two of his workmates who are doing the "double shuffle," but Molloy seems to think that no one but himself knows that he is in receipt of £3 15s. a quarter, as Card Inspector under the Insurance Act. "Those that live in glass houses should not throw stones."

And "Liberty Boy" does not need Molloy's assistance.

It is reported that a certain learned society, established for the study of cobwebs, will visit the "Glue Pot" at an "The operation was accompanied by a certain "Girl from the Park" interested in microbes.

Painters will not be admitted during the inspection.

It is said that the foreman of the "Glue Pot" has joined the Builder's Labourers society. And that Owen White has arranged with Johnston that the boozers band from St. Kevin's Hall will accompany the next parade of 54d. an hour scabs that are to relay the tram rails for Wm. Martin Murphy.

As Owen White happens to be "Dead-head O'Connor's lap dog, he has decided that the final air to be played outside of the "Gluepot" shall be "come where the booze is cheapest" (for Wardbeelers). The Gray street Sinn Feiner is much upset by my reference to the maternity benefit. This egregious individual had better keep quiet, as I am not quite finished with him.

Eylan, the Jewish J.P. is rather strong in his denunciations of Jim Larkin just now. I heard him giving a good deal of guff a few mornings ago while collecting his "shillies" for the product of the sweating dens of the continent that he forces on so many thriftless residents of the ward.

Eylan would do well to keep his tongue in his cheek.

What has become of that extraordinary body styled the Merchant's Quay Branch of the U.I.L. I have not seen a column of lies from that crowd in the "Evening Telegraph" for some time. Scroggy McCaffrey should wake up. Bony Jimmy and Mary of the Distress Committee have been to Bray for the season. Salt water is good for the "pins" and much better to dabble in than in Art. So Jimmy thinks.

Speaking of tenderness on the "pins" reminds me of another worthy who has always been a determined enemy of Progress and the Labour movement.

I refer to "Floppy" Rogan, who runs the "off" druckery in Pools street.

To see the ungainly figure of this retrograde hopping across the cobble stones of Pools and Braithwaite streets on the 15th of January in his efforts to fill the vehicles of the opponents of Labour with poor people on whom he is fattening is a sight at once sad and disheartening.

To see this parasite, amidst squalor and misery unmatched even in Dublin of the slums, doing all in his power to prevent the uplifting of the people would make honest men despair but for the fact that we have to rely on our hallowable leader, Jim Larkin, and his fearless organ, "The Irish Worker."

LIBERTY BOY.  
[We have a letter alleged to be a reply to "Liberty Boy," signed by J. Quinn. When J. Quinn acquires the normal courage and the necessary honesty to give the correct name and address his fabrication will be published, but not till then.—Ed.]

DON'T FORGET Women Workers' Excursion, Sunday, Aug. 31st.

## Rise in the Price of Food.

Some of the reasons given by William Conley, State Food Inspector, New York, for the rise in the price of food and other commodities:—

Trading stamps and bric-a-brac and other premium frauds which add from 3 to 10 per cent. to the cost of grocery staples.

Accumulation of profits due to the passage of foodstuffs through many middlemen's hands—the speculator, the wholesaler, the jobber, and finally the retailer, each adding to the ultimate cost.

Combinations in various lines to raise prices.

Buying on credit instead of for cash.

Extravagance directly attributable to the "credit system"—buying stuff not actually needed because immediate cash is not demanded.

Dishonesty on the part of some retailers in giving short weights and measures.

Duplication of retail deliveries.

Duplication of retail grocery and butcher stores on one block.

Ignorance of housewives in the nutritive value of different foods.

Congestion of population in cities and consequent neglect of the land.

Control of branded food by monopolies.

Demand for appetizers of various kinds, such as sauces, ketchups, pickles, salad dressings, brought on by overwork.

THE BLOODSUCKER

What father bred this bloated thing that hugs  
To its cold breast a nation's looted spoil?  
What mother bore this mangler dog who growls  
Fierce menace o'er the piles of plundered wealth,  
For which he gave no just equivalent,  
And which he cannot eat or drink, or take  
With him to hell, since even thread of gold  
Will not sew pockets on dead Dives' shroud?  
His sire's name is Human Greed; his dam's,  
Extortion; cupidity, not Cupid, read  
Their bans,  
And Usury's High Priest made this twin one.

The sacred edifice where they were wed,  
The Church of the Most Holy Golden calf;  
The child begotten in fierce lust of gold  
Was suckled on the full-fed dregs of craft;  
Rooted in the cradle of false pride and wealth,  
And taught to fold his baby hands in prayer  
To bribe god of Fraud and Fear and Fear.

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THE BLOODSUCKER

## PEMBROKE NOTES.

Strange as it may appear those who have scabbed on the Sandymount Line are celebrated "porter sharks."

There are a couple of public houses in Sandymount which supply those "scabs." They also supply the policemen before and after hours. The owners are "Nationalist" and slumowners of the worst description.

The Trades Union's of the district should make it a point to shun the scabs and the houses they resort.

Silvester's is now known locally as "The Scab's Rendezvous." There they meet nightly in a half drunken condition, having paid a visit on every journey. Here are some of them:—

Whistler M'Donnell, who declares that he would not come out even if he were kicked out.

Long Jack Murtagh, who declares he is in favour of the I.T.W.U., but has the interest of his young family at heart. Yet he keeps an Orangeman who signed the Covenant as a lodger, and who is scabbing with him on the same car as conductor. This fellow got something that he will remember some time ago for making love to another man's wife. Yet Long Jack, who has grown up daughters, must consider their interests (morrish), and allows this ruffian to stop in the same house.

Loing Jack has a good-for-nothing son, also a scab, who would in all probability be wielding a baton were he not too narrow around the broad.

Work for the day in order that she may feed the family. Noisy, when this strike is settled, you go to Dalkey.

Moon faced M'Connell, who declares that he could not come out, as his family are shareholders (his brother has oxen share).

Andy the Bull, who has been called to the Star Chamber more times than all the other conductors put together.

Tommy Tracey, who was reared in the "Chamber of Horrors," was induced by the "Bruders" not to be a man, but to help J. D. to crush Larkin. Now, Sol., no plants for scabs.

The McKennas (3 brudders) the learned man of the three "Mouldy Peter," a good thing who is acting as collector for the "scabs union" rejected by the police authorities as being mentally and physically unfit to carry a baton.

The others are:—Bummer Byrne (known as the champion neck-stretcher on the line), Fat-head Clifford (a brother of Clifford of Clontarf fame), Peter Ellis who recommend the local Inspector of the N.S.P.C.C. to visit this mass house on the terrace. Holy Joe Quinn, White Liver Keogh, Maryanne Duffey, the Mock Monk Sullivan of Ringsend whose character is well-known, and so on.

All workers who have received objection notices are requested to bring same to the Revision Court when it opens, as a representative of the Workers will be there. Now workers remember the Revision Court is the place to settle the question of the vote.

"Jim Larkin should be shot," thus said Mary of the Curlew-Knot; Mary is this the reason for the interview with Jim. Murder! Murder! Murder!

Mary are you tired shooting the microbes off yourself and your dirty fellow-workers?

The Big-headed Butcher from Moore's street has found his happy hunting ground at last. I hear that the Councils of Pembroke and Rathmines have granted him the grounds around the Pumping Station in order that he may start a vegetable market garden.

Conspiration is rampant in the "society of scabs inner circle." Bodered Jimmy has started on the impossible task of finding the writer, Jimmy, I am not to be found in the "crow's" nest anyhow. Perhaps the "Dipper" Company can give you the tip.

I noticed that the "silent barber" and the compositor were on speaking terms last Sunday. Wonders will never cease you two-faced monkey.

I hear that the "Phonograph" has been promoted and is now a journalist. I met him in Sandymount recently. Oh, for the days of the "Searchlight."

Happy-go-lucky what do you think of the Chief now that you have had an interview. Is he as black as he is painted? Nix.

Please Support our Advertisers.

## CAUTION.

The Pillar House,

81a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,

—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—

Bargains by Post.

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

Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repair

A SPECIALITY.

Fellow-workers, take note where the

Murphyite Publications are Selling.

Let them Sell all their Papers to  
Somebody else, but not to the Workers  
of Dublin.

Aldermen J. J. Farrell ex-Lord Mayor, Talbot street; Totham North street; Healy North strand; L. B. range, 67 North strand; M. Loughlin, North strand; M'Dermott, North strand (Savoy scab fame); Grant, 15 North strand; Stanley, 1 Seville place; Tierney, Seville place; Corcoran, 22 Fairview, barber and tobacconist; Kirwan, 10 Seville place; Parnell, 10 Seville place; the great Sina Feiner; Graham, Parnell street P. Office; Farrington, Capel street; Clarke, Blessington street; Morton, Sarsfield quay; Burke, Parkgate street; Kane, Phibsborough; Sheridan, Phibsborough; Reynolds, Phibsborough; Chase, Mary street and Capel street; Kavanagh; Murphy, Dolphin's barn; Mulvey, 18 South Anne street; Craddock, Harcourt road; Keene, South Richmond street; M'Carthy, South Richmond street; Devereux, 42 South Richmond street; Riordan, 88 Bride street; Fitzpatrick, Wexford street (also patronises tramcars when men are on strike for just demands); Mahoney, Dorset street, lower; McAllister, Dorset street, lower; Gibney, Mountjoy street; Morel, Berkeley road; Lacey, Berkeley road; Bousour, Berkeley road; Stanley, Richmond road; Callaghan, Richmond road; Telford, Cabra rd.; Farrelly, Annamore road; Griffith, Manor street; Walsh, Manor street; Smyth, Manor street; Lamb, Queen street; Byrne, Augier street; Collins, Augier street; Ryan, 1 York street; Bennett, 13 Duke street; O'Neill, South William street; Hanway, 45 Lower Dorset street; Salmon, Tolka House, 54b Lr. Dorset st.; Toner, Lord Edward street; Miss Hayes, 90 Sandymount road; O'Carroll, Sandymount Green; Roche, Morehampton road; Savage, Swords, Co. Dublin.

Workers please take note of above  
Shops, and give them a wide berth.

THE RED HAND

Fling high the white banner of Labour,  
Imprint upon every fold  
The rugged, red hand of the Worker  
In rich, ruddy blood—now in gold.  
Leave gold to the soft, sucking saveling  
And the blood-bettering rich of the land.

Blood is wrung from the heart of the  
worker;  
Let blood be the mark of his hand.

So whisper to slave and to serf  
In word and in deed  
But sterner be the warning that ever  
The worker—the worker—the worker  
Leave pie-cobbing to parliament  
But staid be our gospel grand,  
In tones that shall far out or later,  
"Make room for the rugged Red Hand."

We have toiled for the scoundrel and  
stranger  
Till our blood built his wealth and his  
fame;  
He trampled us into the workhouse,  
Our daughters he's given to shame.  
For this must we whisper we're thank-  
ful?

No, by God, through the length of the  
land,  
Let them list to the workers' wild tocsin,  
And pale at our bloody Red Hand.

SRABER.

Workers! Workers! Workers!

STOP AT

M. O'GORMAN'S,

87 BRIDE ST., DUBLIN,

For Good Breakfasts,

Suppers and Teas.

WEXFORD NOTES.

So the Mollies are trying to wriggle out of the position they have placed themselves in by a futile attempt at explanation in Tuesday's "People."

They say that it is not the workmen of Wexford who are looking for votes but a few active supporters of the Transport Union, who sent in the claims so that they would support a Transport Union nominee at the next elections in January.

Well everybody knows that it is fashionable nowadays to blame Jim Larkin or the Transport Union for everything that happens and if the Mollies think that the workmen of Wexford are going to be quelled by such talk as this they are sadly mistaken. They see that they have put their foot in it, and they are at their wits' end to know how to get out.

A chap styling himself "Iberius" is the writer of the APOLOGY, and he goes on to say that the A.O.H. is a working-men's club the world over. Is it a working-men's club in Dublin, where the General Secretary is supplying William Martin Murphy with labour for scab in the Tramwaymen's strike.

He also wants to know why is there not a Catholic Workingmen's Club in Wexford in town, and that if there was the A.O.H. should support it. It is enough for us to know that they allege them to be practical Catholics in the A.O.H., and yet some of these PRACTICAL Catholics are in the Ancient Order, and their time in the snags of some of the difficulties we have in it during the recent mission. Might we ask you a question for their support? We know that the members of the Club would much prefer to remain to their company.

He tries up by asking, "What in name of God could be done, under the circumstances?" Should the people of Wexford have been down and let the Transport Union ride on hushed over them by proffering questionable votes and returning more Transport Union men to the public notice? No, we will let them who profess to talk for the people, return a few more nameless dummies.

Of course, the St. Patrick's Club is not confined to Catholics alone. Any man who has a spark of principle, and a conscience, no matter what his religion, we have not forgotten that Tom, Emmet, and the majority of the men's martyrs were non-Catholics, but were better Churchmen than some of the most forward of the Mollies in Wexford.

Now fellow-workers what does all this mean? Simply that the working class in Wexford are being too well educated as to the duties they owe to themselves and their fellows. If there is anything this alleged national society dreads, it is the working classes co-operating amongst themselves to better their positions AS MEN NOT AS POLITICIANS. Too long have they been used as tools to yell and shout at public meetings held to forward the interests of the workers throw of the shackles, and assert their manhood, they attack them by trying to take from them that most powerful weapon the working men have—their votes. They say above that they would be only too happy to support a trade union for working-men. Imagine the support, Nicky Lambert, the Baker (who did his best to get his men to work night work against the rules of the society), would give to workingmen? They say that the A.O.H. is not an employers' organisation, we state now most emphatically that as far as Wexford is concerned, 50 per cent of its members are the worst type of employers, whose only object for joining the order is to drive all workmen's organisations in town out of existence.

Nicky Lambert is canvassing everybody who goes into his shop every day in the week to vote against Pat Clancy in January next. Why? Because Clancy has done his duty to his class for six long years, and we hope in passing that the voters in St. Iberius Ward, if they have to go into this man's shop, will politely tell him to mind his own business. This is the man who, we are told, tried to coerce his employees into joining the A.O.H. for insurance. One of them did join and to his grief.

Tom Roche, we are informed, is trying to blame his son for signing the objections when he sees that public opinion is against him, but don't be deceived, as his son could not object, as he is not on the Register. Poor Tom, he was a working man himself the other day, but since he has begun to play solo in Cowman's he seems to have forgotten Phil Cowman showed the workers' friend he was during the recent lock-out by supplying barrels of porter to Bily Breen's scabs.

Lock Phillips, chairman of the "School of Social" Main street branch, and Pat Egan, who having signed the objection papers published in their name, so that instead of bogus votes being put in, it is a bogus objection paper that have been signed.

It is quite evident that these people do not think that their action would be met with the universal approval of the workers. It undoubtedly has, and they would have the same twice over.

Rev. M. O'Byrne presided over a meeting of four hundred members of St. Patrick's Club on Sunday night, held for the purpose of condemning the clique's act on, when a strong resolution was drafted and sent to the Press. It was decided to employ Mr. Healy to attend the Revision Court on behalf of the members. We suppose after this we will be told that Father Mark is not a Catholic. He is undoubtedly a friend of the down-trodden workers.

Mr. Walsh, like to know from the Rev. Mr. Healy, when he arrives, does the fact of a man being a member

of the Transport Union disqualify him from having a vote? Surely things have not gone that far.

There are bigger organisations than the A.O.H. trying to smash the Transport Union and they will fail.

Who is Killeen? The name seems to be in everybody's mouth during the last week. Nobody seems to know. One thing we know is that he has allowed himself to be made a vice tool of by people who had not the courage to do the dirty work themselves. You will find he won't be going around with Leverette & Frye's car in January next bringing up voters, as he was last year, if we are going to have any say in the matter.

There is no difference in the law, we are told. The man who assaulted Jim Larkin last week in Dublin got six weeks in jail and was bound to the peace, and justly, too; but when two blackguards waylaid Pat Daly in the night in Wexford, one of them was fined a pound, and the other got off scot free.

"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 5411. 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 30th, 1913.

A CRISIS.

OUR readers will not be surprised to hear that the Dublin employers have decided to lock out all members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, they have found out that they cannot bluff or frighten the officials of the said organisation, they have considered it wise to try and bluff the individual members. The various Employers' Federations have met. One of them, the Coach-builders' Federation, have given orders that all men working for them, who are members of the Transport Union, will be discharged to-night (Friday), or, at latest, Saturday. The Merchants' Association are meeting as we write. A resolution is to be submitted locking out their employees. The coal importers are also meeting to day with the same intention in view.

Perhaps before this issue of "The Irish Worker" is in the hands of its readers will be brought to a final determination. All the capitalist newspapers of Friday join in urging, or giving favourable publicity to the views of others urging the employers of Dublin to join in a general lock-out of the members of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union. It is as well. Possibly some such act is necessary in order to make that portion of the working class which still halts undecided to understand clearly what it is that lies behind the tyrannical and brow-beating attitude of the proprietors of the Dublin Tramway system. The fault of the Transport Union! What is it? Let us tell it in plain language. Its fault is this, that it found the labourers of Ireland on their knees, and has striven to raise them to the erect position of manhood; it found them with all the vices of slavery in their souls, and it strove to eradicate these vices and replace them with some of the virtues of free men; it found them with no other weapons of defence than the arts of the liar, the lickspittle, and the toady, and it combined them and taught them to abhor those arts and rely proudly on the defensive power of combination; it, in short, found a class in whom seven centuries of social outlawry had added fresh degradations upon the burden it bore as the members of a nation suffering from the cumulative effects of seven centuries of national bondage, and out of this class—the degraded slaves of slaves—more degraded still; for what degradation is more abysmal than that of those who prostitute their manhood on the altar of profit-mongering?—out of this class of slaves the labourers of Dublin, the Transport Union has created an army of intelligent self-reliant men, abhorring the old arts of the toady, the lickspittle, and the crawler and treating alone to the disciplined use their power to labour or to withdraw their labour, to assert and maintain their rights as men. To get it in other words, but words as pregnant with truth and meaning. The Irish Transport Workers' Union found that before its advent the working class of Dublin had been taught by all the educational agencies of the country, by all the social influences of their masters, that this world was created for the special benefit of the various sections of the master class, that kings and lords and capitalists were of value; that even flunkies, toadies, lickspittles, and poodle dogs had an honoured place in the scheme of the universe, but that there was neither honour, credit, nor consideration to the man or woman who toils to maintain them all. Against all this the Transport Union has taught that they who toil are the only ones

We understand Mr. Moran, editor of the "Leader," has joined the pack. He objects to sympathetic strikes, but like the good christian he is, ignores the sympathetic lock-out; we suppose the reason being he receives a few pearly shillings for his advertisements he gets from the greatest scab in Dublin, M. Murphy, of Savoy Cocoa Fame, who happens to be a prominent supporter of the Proselytising Mission, Townsend street.

TRAM STRIKE.

Sailors' and Firemen's Solidarity.

The Sailors and Firemen on the ss. Mataga, which put in with coal to the Tram's Depot, and which is being discharged with scab labour, have stood down and the ship is without hands to take her away after the scabs have finished their dirty work.

Bravo! Sailors and Firemen.

Industrial Proselytism. The Rev. Mr. Pearson, of South Circular road, we find is organising Scabs for the Tram Company.

Resolutions Passed at the Dublin Trades Council.

"That an appeal be made to the various trade and labour organisations in Dublin and the different Trades Councils in Ireland, as well as the organisations in Great Britain on behalf of the men affected by the present lock-out of Dublin Tramway Employees and on behalf of the men's leaders who have been arrested and committed to stand their trial for their espousal of the men's cause, and by reason of the fact that their trial will involve considerable expense; and as the cause of Trades Unionism in Ireland is seriously involved, we urge on all Trades Unionists to immediately come to the rescue." All contributions to be sent to Mr. JOHN FARREN, Treasurer of the Trades Council, Capel street, Dublin.

"That inasmuch as the action of the 'Independent' Newspapers Co., Ltd., in dismissing men from their employment for joining a trades union affiliated to this Council is a direct attack upon the trades union position in Dublin, and in answer to the resolution of the Dublin Committee of the Printing and Allied Trades Federation, this Council hereby decide that in their opinion it is contrary to the letter and the spirit of trades unionism that any trades union affiliated to this Council should give any assistance to the 'Independent' Newspapers in retaining in their service men who are at present acting in the capacity of scabs in the room of men victimised by the management of such newspapers; and furthermore we call upon the trades affiliated to the above Federation to take action upon these lines, and that a deputation from this Council call upon the trades referred to with the object of getting such trades to take action on the lines suggested in this resolution."

If it is Going to be a Wedding, Let it be a Wake. Let it be a Wake.

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that do matter, that all others are but beggars upon the bounty of those who work with hand or brain, and that this superiority of social value can at any time be realised, be translated into actual fact, by the combination of the labouring class. Preaching, organising, and fighting upon this basis, the Transport Union has done what? If the value of a city is to be found in the development of self-respect and high conception of social responsibilities among a people, then the Irish Transport Union found Dublin the poorest city in these countries by reason of its lack of these qualities and by embuing the workers with them, it has made Dublin the richest city in Europe to-day, rich by all that counts for greatness in the history of nations. It is then upon this working class so enslaved, this working class, so led and so enriched with moral purposes and high aims that the employers propose to make general war. Shall we shrink from it; cower before their onset? A thousand times no! Shall we crawl back into our slums, abuse our hearts, bow our knees, and crawl once more to lick the hand that would smite us? Shall we, who have been carving out for our children a brighter future, a cleaner city, a freer life, consent to betray them instead into the grasp of the blood-suckers from whom we have dreamt of escaping? No, no, and yet again no. Let them declare their lock out; it will only hasten the day when the working class will lock-out the capitalist class for good and all. If for taking the side of the Tram men we are threatened with suffering, why we have suffered before. But let them understand well that once they start that ball rolling no capitalist power on earth can prevent it continuing to roll, that every day will add to the impetus it will give to the working class purpose, to the thousands it will bring to the working class ranks, and every added suffering inflicted upon the workers will be a fresh obstacle in the way of mode ation when the day of final settlement arrives. Yes, indeed if it is going to be a wedding let it be a wedding; and if it is going to be a wake, let it be a wake: WE ARE READY FOR EITHER.

Yours, GONNOLLY.

EASON'

M'Dowell tin kettle and cracked cup merchant, Camden street, better known as the "Scorp," receives £4 a week salary. His hours are 11 o'clock to 1, and 4 to 6; average 24 hours per week. Readers, compare this tyrant's hours and salary to a packer, those of a married picker or clerk.

When in disgrace a jury of four may be summoned, consisting of Long Tom, Little Billy, the Footy Marathon Runner of St. Benedict's Gardens, and Jack, the whom the judge (Soft headed M'Dowell) says yes, and no when he says no.

One of the latest victims was J. Higgins, because his father refused to sign a petition M'Dowell wanted to get up to get rid of an obnoxious cock at the rear of his yard which he presumed kept him awake at night.

Query, what kept him awake? No prize for correct solution Irish workers, please note THIS SHOP.

Additional scabs: Hills, the 5s. a week clerk, who begs for cigarettes every Saturday morning, one of the dazlers of the Oxford Saloon, Gordon Campbell and Arthur Campbell, no fixed residence.

Waters, Four-eyed M'Namara, Murray, no fixed residence. Hopley, who patronises Egan's, Sackville Place.

Cassidy, Kingstown, Tivoli Terrace, patron of Nagle's back with the would-be student, William Graydon.

Rice, Leonard, Blackford, Hurley, of St. Ignatius' road.

Jack Lowry, prominent member of Shelbourne A.F.C. Pennfeather, of the St. Barnabas' Boys' Brigade.

Young Egan, the choir boy, who came out and went back at the direction of his father and Ould Fitzpatrick (Snowball) Brunswick place.

Baldy Willy Shields, known as the "Sleuthhound." Birney, the Boyo of the Book Department.

Johnny Coates, the new vanboy. Smalley, customer of Drumgoole's, new agents, Aughrim street, who buys an odd 2d. worth of firewood from Eason's.

Frank M'Donagh, prominent member of Donore Branch Harriers. Tom Molony, Rousd Tower Branch I.N.F., who had to be ordered out of the Oval Saloon, Abbey street, by Mr. Jack Eason, on Saturday last, speechlessly drunk. These are the people who preach Temperance.

James Tallon what state were your feelings on last Sunday when you were put off the excursion of Col. J. J. Egan? What's bred in the bone comes out in the marrow. Your answer refuses to join the Transport Union, along with the rest of the "Freeman" employees. The Counting House Dept. Eason's, Alice Cullen, Teacher, Dunamra Branch Gaelic League, supporter of Dundrum Volunteers. J. A. Stanley, ex-Christian Brother. James Johnston, brother of Belfast's famous scab, Sandymount Branch A.O.H.

Established 1851. For Reliable Provisions! L'FAIGH'S, of Bishop St. STILL LEAD!

KEIR HARDIE'S Message to the Workers of Ireland. "JAMES LARKIN," Strike Leader, Dublin. The outrageous charges of sedition, conspiracy and inciting to class-hatred are a revival of the old tyranny practised against Trades Unions a century ago, and must be fought to the death. Best Wishes. KEIR HARDIE."

Wages and other Conditions of Employment OF MOTORMEN AND CONDUCTORS IN THE SERVICE OF Belfast Corporation. Learners are paid at the rate of 3d. per hour. When appointed to the position of motorman or conductor, the wages for the first 12 months is 4d. per hour—£1 5s. 9d. For the second year the wages is 5d. per hour—£1 9s. 2d.; for the third year, 5 1/2d. per hour—£1 11s. 7d.; for the fourth year, 6d. per hour, £1 15s.; for the fifth year, 6 1/2d. per hour, £2 0s. 6d., which is the maximum. But men of five years' service, receive a bonus of one half-penny per hour extra, which is paid monthly. Time-and-a-quarter is paid for Sunday labour; one day off in seven. Any man of two years' service gets a bonus of £4 and upwards. The working day is on the average, 10 hours.

Wages and other Conditions of employment of Motormen and Conductors in the Service of Dublin Tram Co. MOTORMEN. Motormen learn at their own expense. When proficiency is attained they are "taken on" as sparemen, and are secured in three days per week. Until a man gets a regular car he is at all times at the service of the Company, but is only paid at the rate of 24/6 per week or 3/- per day for every day he works. He must also turn up for work in the morning, and be ready for some time the night previous. He is supposed to be at Depot at time of first car leaving. Should there be no work he is sent about his business, usually at 1 or 2 p.m. P.A.Y. Starts from 24/6 per week, rising to 28/- after two years or longer should Company wish to keep it from him under any pretext. First class men receive 30/- per week. CONDUCTORS. Conductors receive the large amount of 27/- per week after attaining proficiency. Sparework begins just as in the case of motormen. They rise from 21/- to 24/6 and then to 26/6. First-class Conductors of five years standing receive 27/6. Conductors and Motormen must deposit the sum of £2, the same being deducted from their earnings during the first twenty weeks of service at the rate of 2/- per week.

The following telegram has been received from Captain Tupper:—"Seamens' Union, Cardiff. 'Well done, Jimmy. More power to you.' "CAPTAIN TUPPER." List of Fair Employers as Recognized by the Dublin Saddlers' Society. Mr. J. D. Hunt, 45 Dawson street. Mr. T. Switzer, 78 Dame street. Mr. F. Callaghan, 11 Dame street. Mr. B. M. Mullin, 54 Dawson street. Mr. T. J. Callaghan, 15 Dame street. Messrs. Farrelly and Son, 5 Hawick's street. Mr. F. Patterson, 9 George's Quay. Mr. H. Hughes, 28 Great Britain street. Messrs. T. Wilson & Co., 55 Capel st. Mr. W. Harris, 18 City Quay. Mr. T. Smith, 93 Marlborough street. Morgan & Co., 1 Upper Kevin street. Mr. T. Clare, 18 Lower Abbey street.

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.

Come and See Shall there be a Meeting in O'Connell Street on Sunday next at 1 p.m.? MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. SWEETEST AND BEST, THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKERS.

Votes for Men and Women. All persons who have received notices of objection to claims for the North Dock, Mountjoy and Trinity Wards should bring same to Liberty Hall, where information in connection with the said notices of objection will be given.

NOTICE!

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

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, with the object of improving our status as a Trade Union, and also to provide work for our members who are out of employment.

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.

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!

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.

Twinn Brothers' WATERBURY The Workingman's Beverage.

Twinn Brothers' Delphin Samed The Workingman's Refreshment. Factory—66 S.C. Road, and 31 Lower Clarendon 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; 82a Lower Dorset Street, 165 Church Road. WY Branch—164 Church Road.

Labour, the Curse of Humanity

BY SHELLBACK. According to all the authorities responsible for our penal codes, the only cure for crime is punishment, and punishment in that form that is most degrading and objectionable; and despite all the fabled honours attaching to it the punishment that is most effective, from this point of view, is hard labour, and the full extent of the period that that punishment can be imposed, to meet the very worst forms of crime, is twenty years. Twenty years' hard labour is the pinnacle of thought-out punishment that British Law can inflict, yet the very judges, who in many instances are appalled by the severity of the sentence they feel called upon to inflict, will, outside their courts, declare their belief in the nobility of labour, and will appraise a poor man's worth solely upon the number of hours he spends in toiling, and assume quite a friendly feeling for him if the toil is of the horny-handed variety, or approaches his idea of what hard labour really should be. It is quite true, and I expect many of my readers have felt inclined to remind me ere now, that in the case of a criminal who is sentenced to hard labour the punishment does not wholly consist of a certain period spent in toiling. He loses what we are always being reminded is one of the greatest blessings of life his liberty. Well, it amounts to this, that the fit punishment consists in depriving a man of his liberty, and forcing him to work at a profitless task to him, for a certain number of years, months or days, according to the enormity of the crime he has been adjudged guilty of. But the freedom the man who labours outside the goal boasts of, in what does it consist? Has he any liberty at all? In what is he free? He must answer the "buzzer" in the dim greyness of the morning, and must repair to his den at night, when his glorious day of happy toil ends. He must discuss the always present worries of the day, with his wife, and answer serious questions put by his bairns as to why it takes money to buy whiskey or boots. He is always faced with a greater measure of freedom than a mere convict. He must keep fit and well, at his own expense, or he will be unable to work, in which case he will be free to die, a freedom that extends to the wife and family he is foolish enough to think so much about, who will probably die too. He is also free to pay for his own, and his families' sicknesses, which is another luxury the criminal can never hope to enjoy. Following this line of argument, it would be difficult to prove that the convict enjoys greater freedom than the independent labourer, but I am not relying upon the very doubtful sample of liberty permitted to free labourers or convicted criminals, to prove my case against the curse of labour, although all the whole body of respectable authorities, who are mostly, more or less insane, or at least eccentric, in everything (including their impudent claim to know more than other men because they have read "Gulliver's Travels" or "Robinson Crusoe" in seven different languages, or they may have compiled a mass of figures in complicated tables, that after intense study, may satisfy other sorts of madmen, that apples really do, sometimes, fall off trees, or that riddles are not the most servicable conveyers of water) tell us that there is no happiness but in labour, that there is no greater proof of a man's worth, than in his horny hand, and that natures only true gentlemen, are the honest sons of toil.

If the people who tell us this, the respectable authorities who never by any chance do any work, were all really mad, we might allow their vapourings to escape in the air, but there is deep thought out method in their madness, for while they glorify the man who delves and dives, they themselves are fed on rich meats and dainty foods, they are drunk on old wines and sparkling champagnes. They are suffering from the disordered liver that accompanies gluttony and they don't believe for a moment in the gospel they so assiduously preach, for work they will not touch—no, not with a telegraph pole. Hard labour is for criminals and fools. To labour hard to make others rich can only be the fate of the veriest slaves. The honest working man who is condemned not to a paltry twenty years' servitude in a convict establishment, but to a whole life long sentence of hard labour for the benefit of others, is the simplest sort of a fool if he refuses to take advantage of the means at his hand that would help him to burst his bonds. So far from being a blessing, Labour is

a curse—the damndest curse in His. Such a curse is it that, despite all the nobility that is said to be attached to it, anything that will do away with the necessity for labour is acclaimed a grand thing, and is at once adopted because of its labour saving properties—no, I am wrong there. It is not always employed because it merely saves labour, but only when it is cheaper than men, and men are cheap. Engines and machinery cost money, like whiskey and boots; men cost nothing, and when broken or smashed up can easily be replaced, and then again to be mangled or killed while engaged in the holy game of acquiring the horny hand that would stamp you one of Nature's noblemen, would be a glorious death to die, while no credit at all would attach to the engine, whose boiler was burst at the same time. So taking one thing with another, we cannot blame those who reap the profits of other men's labour for so loudly asserting the beneficial effects of a laborious life, or pointing out the extremely satisfying pleasures that can be found in the seemingly hideous neighbourhood of factory or mine.

We have only to look around us to see how real these pleasures are. Note the pleasant time that is passed in coal-mining—the happy friendly gatherings in the pit. Is there freedom equal to that of a healthy goat in the damp heated hell of a coal seam, with its sulphurous fumes, that in a moment may become a sheet of liquid flame, that will strew the black cavity with the twisted and roasted bodies of free, horny handed sons of toil? Is there any hint of pleasure in such a tabernacle as this? It would be hard to believe that those unrecognisable grinning corpses imagined themselves—it is at all possible to imagine anything under the circumstances—to be really so well off as convicted felons or murderers who may be enjoying His Majesty's hospitality in one or other of the very fine hotels that are maintained at the public expense for the purpose of depriving criminals of that liberty that might otherwise have brought about their participation in the catastrophes of the pit? What a Freedom it is that, as a well-known writer has stated, compels fathers and mothers to send their daughters down the shaft, where, naked to the waist, they were harnessed to coal tubs, which they were forced to haul, like mules, on all fours, till their very nature and form was destroyed, and they became just a part of that black horde of Nature's nobility, to whom hard labour is the supreme pinnacle of enjoyment! What do you think about this proof of the funny frivolities of the mine? Mr. McKenna, the Home Secretary, replying to a question put by Mr. R. L. Outhwaite in the House of Commons the other day, stated that last year 1,204 men and 71 boys, under sixteen, were killed in the coal mines of Great Britain, a total of 1,275 fatalities. Men injured through accidents, disabling them for more than seven days, 140,185, and the corresponding figure in the case of boys was 10,885.

Oh the nobility of Labour. Oh, for the contented minds of that army of slaves from whose ranks there is dragged every day five hale and hearty humane beings to suffer a cruel and a horrible death. Oh those lying, doddering Lucifer who preach that the labourer only is truly happy, and maims and mangles 52 colliers every working day. And these figures do not include the thousands of underground workers whose bones are twisted by rheumatism, whose bodies are a mass of pangs and pains, directly due to the ennobling nature of their calling.

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 LR. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

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.

CORK CITY NOTES.

At the last meeting of the Cork District Trades Council, Mr. Dennehy, secretary, displayed his wrath at the advent of the Transport Union in Cork. He seems to be particularly annoyed at members of skilled trades (especially his own one—the Typographical Society) joining the Transport Workers and in his anxiety for their welfare (?) he pours forth a volume of abuse on the Larkin family that no decent man would stoop to. He actually stated that the workers of Wexford and Sligo were betrayed and ruined by the Transport Union.

Well, Mr. Dennehy, the skilled workers of Cork that have joined the Transport Union are not going to take any advice from you. Have not they as much right to join Larkin as you have to join the A.O.H. or Michael Egan the All-Ireland League? What assistance have the two latter bodies ever given the workers? Where are they when men are out on strike? Did they ever give them assistance, financially or otherwise, that two labour leaders like yourself and Egan should join them. The men of Wexford or Sligo were neither ruined or betrayed! No, nor the men of Dublin, Belfast, Waterford or Dundalk either. The unions in all those Ports are stronger now than ever they were, and the men's wages higher; and the same would apply in Cork, but there were too many of your kidney on the strike committee. We have learned a lesson we won't forget.

This man, Dennehy, came into prominence at the time of the Crosbie-Healy election. There was but one Trades Council at the time, and the principal men in it supported Healy against Crosbie and justly so. At the same time some of the skilled workers had a grievance, and I believe a just one, as regards the way they were treated at the Trades Council. This scoundrel, Dennehy, took advantage of this as well as the political excitement existing and summoned a meeting of the skilled workers without getting permission from anybody. The skilled workers fell into the trap and decided to form another Trades Council. This was a victory for Dennehy and his employer, Crosbie, as the voting for and against joining the new Trades Council by the skilled workers was decided by the number of O'Brienites and Redmondites present. The result was that five or six unions left the old Trades Council, and from that time up to a few months ago the "Examiner" only would report their meetings. Not content with that, Dennehy succeeded in getting himself elected Secretary, and he is now drawing close on half the income of the Council as salary for himself as well as doing a turn for his employer, Crosbie. Again, this man, Dennehy, is a member of the A.O.H., so is his employer, Crosbie. I would like to ask Mr. Dennehy what side would he take if there was a dispute at the "Examiner" office. Would he support his "bruder" member of the A.O.H., Crosbie, or would he join hands with the members of the Typographical Society, of which he is the Secretary. I await his answer.

Every worker in both is aware that all the skilled workers in the "Cork Constitution" are scabs, yet Mr. Dennehy and the other members of the Typographical Society in the "Examiner" office printed the paper for the scabs when there was a breakdown in their machinery department, and they have to do it again if the necessity arises.

Again, the "Examiner," that boasts about paying trade union wages have unskilled workers doing the work of legitimate tradesmen—the Stereotypers. Why don't you bring those matters before your Council, Dennehy? Of course you won't, because it would not please your employer, and just for the same reason you attack Larkin because Crosbie is the William Martin Murphy of Cork.

At the same hour that Dennehy was condemning us in Mary street we had his bitterest enemies, Messrs. Egan, Kelleher, Lynch and Murphy doing the same dirty work in Grattan street. The question of our affiliation was on and they could not find words strong enough to denounce us. Not alone that, but they canvassed every skilled delegate in the Council to vote against us—Paddy Lynch brought up six tailors and Paddy Murphy five bakers. Notwithstanding that, the Council decided in our favour, although we asked no man for a vote. We are now affiliated to the Trade and Labour Council. What does that famous quartette think of themselves now? With all their speeching and all their squaring the majority of the Council decided against them. It is a polite way of telling those boys that the skilled and unskilled workers of Cork have their little game spotted. They know now they have been sold by those fellows and it is a real pity they didn't see it before now. What a different position trades unionism would hold in Cork to-day.

This quartette in Grattan street are now beaten to the ropes. I would respectfully suggest to them to join hands with Crosbie's lap-dog (Dennehy) as he might be able to poke out a job in his Council for them. Forget old sores, remember you are all engaged in the one cause, fighting Larkin, on the same job as William Martin Murphy, Sir Stanley Harrington, and all the other sweaters and blood-suckers all over Ireland.

Don't Forget St. Your Tobacco and "Irish Worker" can be had at

O'HARA'S, Tobacconist, Newsagent and Chocolatier, 74 BRIDE STREET Corner of West St., convenient to James.

A monster meeting was held in Douglas on Sunday, August 24th. Pete Larkin, J. Dowling, E. Lynch and Miss Raymond [the Women's Organiser] addressed the meeting. I was not able to attend the meeting, but I witnessed the procession coming home and I never saw such a vast crowd following either Redmond or O'Brien.

The first meeting of the Independent Labour Party was held on Wednesday night, August 27th. Forty members were enrolled. It was decided that a meeting be held every Friday night commencing September 5th, at 8.30 p.m., at No. 21 Branch of the Transport Union, 80 Old George's street. All intending members cordially invited.

ALL FOR LABOUR.

CONCERNING "THE LIBERATOR,"

The Organ of the Associated Scabs—Barney Doyle, Richardson, T.C.; McIntyre, Jas. O'Farrell (Athelt) and Edelstein. By OSCAR.

"Whither are we drifting?" asks "The Liberator." Can't say; but we know where Mr. Doyle's production is drifting. The other morning, our laundry brought in a copy wrapped round the editorial loaf.

Considering the savoury source of some of its leading articles a cynic inquires if the title should not have been spelt "Liberator."

With each copy of the first issue was presented a pair of green spectacles to mollify those readers who had been unable to obtain their supplies of the "Evening Herald."

It is rumoured that the proprietors intend starting a legal aid column as soon as the editor can pick up sufficient law books at the twopenny barrows.

In the meantime a leading contributor will write a series of articles on the science of window-cleaning.

The publisher forgot to apologise for the absence of the anti-untilism editor who is presently undergoing his annual course of training at the Curragh.

The "Poet's Corner" was unavoidably held over, as the official laureate mislaid his note-book in one of the cubicles in the Iveagh. Sleuth hound Edelstein has been engaged to trace the missing documents.

With the next number will be given away a free box of William Richardson's "Bogus Union Ointment" for Scabs.

We hear that at the Northern District Court one of the magistrates, on seeing "The Liberator's" reporter, thoughtlessly remarked: "I'm sorry to see you before me again."

Mr. Bill Richardson declares he has nothing to do with this new departure in Labour journalism—save the mark! With all deference to the wily Councillor we take his statement cum grano salis.

So the bill-stickers wouldn't post up Barney Doyle's advertisement of the "Liberator." Evidently they knew it wouldn't catch on.

By the way, we are looking up the word "Atheism" in Webster's; or perhaps the Parliament street edition of "Sinn Fein" is an advocate of the "Nu Spellin'."

The artist's featuring of the "Socialistic Juggernaut" was quite a treat; in fact it flatters us. Our own pencil manipulator, "E.K." has since retired to a gloomy cave where he intends to subsist on wild herbs and chant unending lamentations.

We notice that the new Labour Journal (?) is open to receive a "limited number" of advertisements from "reliable firms." What price "Erny" "Erbert" "Unt for a Koelchoh" ad., or Ally "Bung for his latest puff—There's only one Verdun Bar" (thank heaven—Ed.). Were it not that the Editor is an avowed enemy of betting, Mickey Swaine might be induced to send in his weekly S.P. announcements. The writer now breaketh into rhyme:—

Red riot and rebellion are two things we do not like— Eruptions of the Socialistic crater; And we must confess already that our nerves have got unsteady— Lord liberate us from the "Liberator!"

To the Editor "Irish Worker" August 28th 1913

DEAR JIM—I observed a notice addressed to the Public Lighting Committee of the Dublin Corporation from the Secretary of the Dublin Trades Council in your "Worker" of last Saturday regarding the contract of supplying gas for the street lamps.

I am indeed sorry to see this contract going to Belfast. Belfast gave a bigger and a more uniform wage than Dublin to their men. It's entirely the fault of the Dublin Glass Merchants, it's now time they were shown up.

The Dublin Glass Merchants and Scotch Patenting firm have a temporary stop and a clearing house. There is not a particle of contract or any contract, in fact, of any sort, but prices are submitted and lodged at their exchange. Even I have known all the firms' names being put on paper, with amount of their offers for contracts, being called up, and put into the hat, and drawn for by a neutral party.

Even the glass merchants of Dublin run the Hibernian Plate Glass Insurance Co., each firm having their own clients; also, if there should be a firm in the town which is not a member of their ring, and goes into secure a contract (all other things being equal), he is cut out by one of the ring, and the difference is made up to them by the exchange.

And, again, should any of the men leave of their own accord none of the ring will take him on or even take him back.

Now, is there any wonder contracts go out of the town under these conditions? In my opinion, first, this Tammany ring must be broken up; secondly, this booting of men must be done away with; thirdly, the men must have more freedom and liberty and shorter hours.

It's now a long time since I wrote, but I know from your paper every week how you are marching on, and sometimes under great difficulties.

I trust you will see your way to place this in your valuable paper, so that the public may judge for themselves of the tactics of the Dublin Glass Merchants and painting firms.

I enclose my name and address, but not for publication. In the meantime I subscribe myself,

ONE WHO KNOWS.

NATIONAL UNION OF RAILWAYMEN. AMIENS STREET BRANCH. 45 Strandville Avenue, North Strand, Dublin, 27th August, 1913.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." DEAR SIR.—At a meeting of the above last night the following resolutions were unanimously carried, and I was instructed to forward same to you with a request that they be published in your journal:—

"That this meeting of the Amiens street Branch of the N.U.R. heartily endorses the action of the Tram men in their great fight for liberty and freedom; we also urge upon the public to respond to the appeal of the organised workers of Dublin as represented at the Trades Council, and refuse to use the trams or to purchase the literature supplied from the 'Independent' office during the dispute. We further pledge ourselves to do all in our power to assist both morally and financially the men on strike or who are locked out."

"That this meeting of the Amiens street Branch of the N.U.R. strongly protests against the action of the police in threatening to interfere with the right of freedom of speech, and of public meeting places, such action being, in our opinion, likely to cause a feeling to arise in the hearts of all free men which would not be conducive to the interest and welfare of this, our city."

Thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours faithfully, J. CODY, N.L.W., Branch Secretary.

To the Editor "Irish Worker." Ranelagh, August 28th, 1913.

SIR—A letter signed "Senex" in today's "Irish Times" suggests that the public should reward the scab conductors by "not taking any change out of 6d. or 1s. when paying their fares." The leopard does not change its spots, and the "Times" and its tribe of insane correspondents still cling to the old methods of "Scoperism," and from force of long habit, apply it in cases of panic—as now. Will the scab conductors remain impervious to this insult? They are asked to sell their honour for "the change out of 6d. or 1s."

MANHOOD. The following circular has been circulated, as indicated:—

"Dublin, 25th August, 1913. DEAR SIR,—I am sure you recognize that the scenes which have recently taken place at meetings of the Corporation are on a scale of seriousness of all the prestige of our City, and indirectly damage the reputation of our County, especially at this important period."

There are at present four sections or parties in the Council. Three of these would appear to hold meetings regularly and act together—viz. the Unionist, Sinn Fein, and Labour Parties. The fourth is the Home Rule Party, which does not meet with any regularity; while there are a number of members not connected with any party.

We should, therefore, esteem it a favour if you would kindly attend a meeting to be held on THURSDAY NEXT, 28th Inst., at eight o'clock, in the Mayor's Room of the City Hall (kindly lent by the Lord Mayor), to consider anything that could be done to prevent the recurrence of these scenes, and facilitate the despatch of business with us in any way interfering with the interests of the City and the people of the County. Yours faithfully,

[Signed], WM. COFFEY [Alderman] WM. O'NEILL " " JAMES J. KELLY " " W. F. COTTON " " JOHN CLAYTON " " MICHAEL FLANNAGAN " "

The suggestion contained in the above is a living lie. The Labour Party never met, and never will meet in conjunction with either of the three parties mentioned. Neither do they act with any of them. And they act with the Unionist Party on the King's Hill question? And the alleged Home Rule Party? Long Jim O'Connell, the man who was beaten, why did not you go to the meeting? The Labour Party never met, and never will meet in conjunction with either of the three parties mentioned. Neither do they act with any of them. And they act with the Unionist Party on the King's Hill question? And the alleged Home Rule Party? Long Jim O'Connell, the man who was beaten, why did not you go to the meeting? The Labour Party never met, and never will meet in conjunction with either of the three parties mentioned. Neither do they act with any of them. And they act with the Unionist Party on the King's Hill question? And the alleged Home Rule Party? Long Jim O'Connell, the man who was beaten, why did not you go to the meeting?

LAST WEEK OF BELTON & CO.'S SUMMER SALE. Any Odds and Ends Left will be Cleared at any Price. NEXT WEEK: Grand New Display of Autumn Goods. We are the Cheapest People in the Trade. BELTON & CO., DRAPERS, THOMAS ST. AND GT. BRUNSWICK ST.

DUBLIN COAL FACTORS' ASSOCIATION

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

Above Prices are for Cash on Delivery Only.

Trades Unionists! SUPPORT YOUR FRIENDS.

MURRAY'S Sheriff Street, FOR GOOD VALUE OF THE PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES.

Don't forget LARKIN'S LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, etc.

Irish Manufactured WAR PIPES MacKenzie & Macken, War Pipe Makers.

Every Instrument guaranteed to give entire satisfaction. Everything relating to the War Pipe kept in stock.

Every Workingman SHOULD JOIN St. Brigid's Christian Burial Society.

PAT KAVANAGH, Provisions, Beef, Mutton and Pork.

Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes AT CONWAY'S

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD! Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

NOLAN'S Little Mary Street. The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin.

The A.O.H. and Labour.

There is a great life in a sound principle. Like many medicines, it has both a healing and a purgative action.

The A.O.H. is the first and foremost of the kind in this country. It is the only one that has been founded on a sound principle.

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THE SCAB. Did you ever see a scab? Well, I'll tell you what he is: He's an ugly looking crab.

THE SCAB. He's a loathsome, cowardly creature On the Dublin tram to-day.

THE SCAB. He's the tool of the employer. Of the Tramway Company; He's out for sweating hire.

THE SCAB. He's a God forgotten creature, Out to sell his fellow-men; Yes, 'tis marked on every feature.

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List of Scabs, Eason & Sons.

Mick Maguire, better known as the "Long Fellow," who first started the agitation that the men should join a Union.

James Tallon, 2 Richmond place, prominent member of the Colmcille Branch, Gaelic League, Blackhall street.

Pat O'Brien, Glengarriff parade, the opera singer and champion wrestler of Eason's.

J. Browne, Dalkey, member of the Catholic Club and Dramatic Club, who we hear, are about to produce "Strife."

Little Billy Devitt, "Waterloo" Cottage, North Strand, also a member of the Swimming Club; better known as "Bit of Hard."

"Winkiey" Hensry, 7 Drummond road, Harold's cross, chief boy slave driver.

Harry Sparkes, Rathmines, member of Fowler Hall and big drummer in the Salvation Army.

John Jenkins, Kingstown, one of the men whom M'Dowell has repeatedly wiped his boots on and who is always ready to voice his grievances over a pint when he can find a buyer.

George Cleary, lodging house keeper, Kingstown, brother-in-law of the above beer shark, who, although he is going to a job in Pousonby's, Graton street, in a week's time, remained to scab.

"Spinter" Ivers, ex-constabulary man, Richmond road, who is to appear during the next Hippodrome season with "it of Hard" Devitt in a piece entitled "The Long and the Short Scab."

Tommy Young, St. Ignatius road [Little Tich] Feag Coold winner and scab. M. J. Quinn, Dalkey.

Vanman Harrison, 2 Russell street, who is scabbing, although his son is locked out.

Vanmae Harry Bonner and his son, 5 Duke row, Summerhill. Vanman Mick Mooney, Buckingham Buildings, Bella street, scab motor driver, of Ashenhurst and Williams, member of 68 Division A.O.H.

Irish workers, please note Hoppy Christy Smith, Chancery street; Paddy Fitzpatrick, 5 Brunswick place; James Brien, 60 Clonliffe road; George Lyons, Foley street Buildings, members of the Railway Advertising Depot, Brunswick street; Millar, White and Jenkins, whose work was discontinued on the railway, so that they might scab it in Abbey street.

Paddy Langan, 21 Upper Abbey street. Vanman Miles Lawlor, no fixed residence. Footy Rogers, no fixed residence. James Johnston, Donnybrook, brother of the Boland's scab.

Edie Holmes, who was sacked by the "Scorp" after 15 years' service, and who is now brought back to scab. Paddy Morrissey, Rathmines.

The following members of the Irish National Foresters are extending the hand of friendship by scabbing on their fellow-workers: Christopher Connor, 18 Donnell street, Sub-Ranger, Sons of St. Patrick Branch. Ned Davis, 43 Crampton Buildings (the same branch).

RETAIL, DEPT., O'CONNELL ST. (SCABS). H. Digges, manager, 9 Eglinton road, Parnell (the man who swore he would shoot Larkin), prominent member of the Y.M.C.A., SACKVILLE STREET.

Petty Officer Clampett, Summer street (sexton). Jack Millar, Phibsboro', Bohemia A.F.C. R. Bryers, Phibsboro', Boy scout Jerry Murray, Fairview, Gus Lambay's Waite hope. Boy Devoy, St. Ignatius road.

Six Yea s Employed as Timekeeper. The Dublin United Tramways Co., Ltd, 9 Upper Sackville Street, Dublin, August 23 1913.

In reply to yours of 21st instant, your services were dispensed with as you were not considered suitable for the service. T. W. GORDON.

To Mr. F. Whitaker, 4 Tramway Terrace, Inchicore.

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

When You Want Anything, Don't forget to go for it to the WIDOW RIELLY'S LITTLE SHOP, 24 Lr. Sheriff Street.

T. P. ROCHE, The Workers' Hairdresser, 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

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, & all Chest and Lung Troubles.

DOMINICK A. DOLAN, Wholesale & Retail Chemist, 58 BOLTON STREET, DUBLIN.

James Larkin, PLAIN AND FANCY BAKER, 72 MEATH STREET, DUBLIN.

FANAGAN'S FUNERAL ESTABLISHMENT, 54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN.

COAL For best qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices.

P. O'CARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

BECKER Bros. FINEST, PUREST AND CHEAPEST TEAS.

17 North Earl Street, DUBLIN. Printed for the Proprietor at the City Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and published by him at 18 Beresford Place, in the City of Du lin.

THE BRAVE MEN. Here's to the men who laugh In the face of grim despair, Who gather the tares and chaff, But sow with a cheerful air.

THE BRAVE MEN. Here's to the men who grin When plans that they build go wrong, And straightway new plans begin With courage and purpose strong.

THE BRAVE MEN. Here's to the men who smile With faith in the morning light, And bravely await the while Till victory crowns their fight.

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