

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 giorious sun Brings the great world MAYO HAVE Must our Cause be WOD

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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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Yea, let all sceptre-stricken nations lie,

But live thou tho' they die;

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1913

ONE PENNY.

The Light from the Fiery Cross.

Let their flags fade as flowers that storm can mar, But thine be like the star; Let England's, if it float not for men free, Fall and forget the sea; Let France'-, if it shadow a hateful head Drop as a leaf drops dead! So sang Swinburne to Italy in his

generous youth. That is the spirit of the tune many of our fellow-countrymen will sing shortly, when the Fiery Cross has flashed a more searching light upon various dark places. Let us be thankful for that Fiery Cross. Ireland has shone out grim but noble during the past few months

The moments of stress and redemption that come rarely to a people have been hers. The sturdy stand of the workers has stung all the latent courage and heroism in the land to life Thirty thousand Transport men prefer their personal freedom and honour to their jobs, a Member of Parliament speaks out bravely in the face of the silence of the rest of the Westminster herd, in the teeth of that persistent and shamless campaign of lying slander, unscrupulous misrepresentation, and hysterial humbug directed against those who dare to hold that people who work for their living should be ranked higher than chattels, literary men like Geo. Russel and Yeates fearlessly espouse a cause clearly against their personal interest—these are as splendid and as noble deeds as Mitchel's shout of defiance from the Green street dock or Emmet's march to doom.

Look on the other side. Nothing but the iron heel, the heart of stone, not one generous action, not one decent aspiration from the whole miserable pack.

The most saddening feature of the sickening business is the way the high traditions of Catholicism and Nationality have been besmirched by unimaginable

reactionaries. Religion and patriotism will yet pay a heavy price for the crimes that are being

sactioned in their names. Moral cowardice claims a stern and terrible debt, in the end subtle Anarchism is being bred in Dublin an anarchism having little in common with the splendid dreams of a Kropatkin or a Tolstoi The masters and the middle classes spread it day by day. Their souls are sunk in their tills. No you want to find honour and devotion to an ideal you have to go among the people. Cynical and strangely bereft of human feeling is the man or woman whose heart did not go out to the Transport Workers', and 'Women Workers' Unions, as with heads and spirits high they proudly swept cheering past Mountjoy Prison, hands of their imprisoned comrades waving proudly back, and the bile of the batoners of women and children growing blacker.

The spirit of the workers shall never be killed Never again shall the economic question they have forced upon the general attention be shirked either in Dublin or Belfast The evil has been exposed Slowly and painfully we blunder towards a remedy.

Yet there are some who will not read the signs of the times. No wild hypothesis, no low lie, no vile insinuation is too incredible to be believed. The saintly

Mr. Murphy has gathered up the remains of the Decalogue to preserve them in that holy of holies, the Carlisle Buildings. A einister plot is afoot to destroy Irish industries and open hell's gate. Judgment

Day approaches.

· Only by listening to the theological discourses of the Hibernians may we hope to be included amongst the sheep. Thus the meaner platitude fed foy Others, the meaner platitude fed foy again, grow uneasy over the fate of the Nation and the obscuring of the lines of National demarcation because English workers stand gallantly up against wrong done by Irishmen to Irishmen. So they would have us believe, but it is all the most pathetic collection of inexactitudes that ever befuddled a great but over-im-

aginative race. And you-you Nationalist who gaze confused and bewildered upon this battle of the inimical brothers, the rebels who fight against the strangling of the life of a Nation, the rebels who fight against the slow daily starvation of a class so large as to be almost the Nation-what are you going to do? Turn your gaze away from the present conflict to the struggles and tendencies in the modern Labour world. When you watch the actions and life reduced the masses to a point at which

struggles of the workers you will understand the position far better than if you had read all the volumes from which hired critics of Labour and Socialism draw their dishonest and garbled quotations, though it is preferable to read the books than to be kept awake by the quotations. You will have a firmer grasp upon reality, a more far-sighted conception of your ideal, a saner view of the difficulties facing you. Everywhere you will find deep and bitter discontent, a firm conviction that existing social conditions are a disgrace to civilisation, neither necessary or unavoidable with the development

science and industry have reached.
Read the workers' Press in America, France, or England, only thus will you learn to respect the hopes and ideals of the workers, the sacrifices they make to carry them into practice, the ultimate gaol they work towards, the forces against them, the evils they attack. Read the denunciations hurled against them in the hostile Press:-

"The workers and their leaders - above all their leaders—are so many devils unloosed over the face of the earth and held in check by us saints quite conscious of our scantity!"

Everywhere you will find the workers are faced with one urgent question in spite of differences of National history and economic circumstances, in spite of difference of language, customs and religion:-What they shall eat and why they have so re markably little to eat. Everywhere they lack food, clothing, shelter and knowledge. Everywhere they begin to ask why they should not take them.

"A modern shibboleth" our onlooker

may snort.

The enlightened spirit of the age tramping upon the corns of the just capitals are useful in escaping ugly facts That onlooker will not snort long. Everywhere he will see the class war waged in veritable battles—not perhaps so lurid as ordinary warfare but more unequal, as terrible The state of affairs we see now in Dublin has been paralleled in other countries

In England, a few years ago, Liverpool was the scene of a strike that certainly puts Dublin in the shade. London, recently, was threatened with starvation by a dock strike which settled temporarily, broke out with renewed fury, lasting tent weeks in which 30.000 worders were starved into "submission."

The Railway and Miners strike are fresh in our memories. In France it is the same story, transport, ruilway, postal strikes.

In no land despite her mighty efforts at social reform, is the Socialist Party stronger than in Germany, marshelled in powerful trade-unions and commanding 4,000,000 voters, Where, in short, do we not find this battle, this Labour movement growing in strength and power? But those words that ruffle dove-cots, that alarm the just.

Socialism, Marxian and Reformist, Syndicalism, Co-operation, Anarchism, these are only the labels to the various ideas that are seething in the brains of the workers; ideas one-sided, contradictory, for ever changing and developing towards one coherent whole, each containing its own element of truth, each strained to breaking point, all penetrating deeply into modern life and literature—a greater unity growing gradually between them than would appear at first sight or than is apparent in the ideas of those who oppose

Kropotkin has put the case in a few decisive words.

"In our civilised societies we are rich, why are the many poor? Why this painful drudgery for the masses? Why even to the best-paid workman this uncertainty for the morrow, in the midst of all the wealth inherited from the past and in spite of the powerful means of production, which could ensure comfort to all, in return for a few hours of toil?

"The Socialists have said it and repeated it unwearingly. Daily they reiterate it, demonstrating it by arguments drawn from all the sciences. It is because all that is necessary for production, the land, the mines, the highways, machinery, food, shelter, education, knowledge, all have been seized by the few in the course of that long story of robbery, enforced migration, and wars, of ignorance and oppression which has been the life of the human race before it learned to subdue the forces of Nature. It is because, having

Up with the Union Flag!

Now for the onslaught the Transport Union's rising, We stand in united like brave Irishmen;
All that we seek for is fair play and justice,
And fair play we'll seek for again and again.

Chorus— Up with each union ang, down with each scabby vag, Shun and avoid him on either tram or street; Grasp every union hand, shoulder to shoulder stand, Stand up every union man and as fond brothers meet.

Think on old Ireland, your dear native sireland
Where hundreds of united men for their country have died; Be staunch and be true men, your wrong undo men, Let the spirit of united men be greeted with pride.

Chorus - Up with each union flag, &c.

A Brave hand is stretched forth, to greet the oppressed one, Grasp it still tighter with a heart brave and true; Fear not the tyrant's brawl, heed not the traitor's call, Shun his deceitful trap or else you will rue. CHORUS-Up with each union flag, &c.

Don't be a scabby knave, sconer fill the silent grave, Prefer truth and honour engraved o'er your head; For the love of good Saint Patrick stand in and be united, Don't be a traitor and be cursed when you are dead.

CHORUS-Up with each union flag, &c. ENMER THE RED HAND

they have not the means of subsistence for a month or even for a week in advance, the few can allow the many to work, only Nationalism - as deadly foes as Capitalism on the condition of themselves receiving the lion's share.

"It is because these few prevent the remainder of men from producing the things they need and force them to produce, not the necessaries of life for all, but whatever offers the greatest profits to the monopolists. In this is the substance of all Socialism"

*The Conquest of Bread, page 3.

Yes, in that is the substance of all Socialism, the unflinching criticism of the present system, the assumption that it is an intolerable evil which must pass and to this: The common ownership and control by the people of the wealth they produce together with all the means for the production, distribution and exchange of that wealth for the benefit of all

There is the terrible cry that rises from the blood and anguish and sufferings of men and women and children, there is the vision of their deliverance. Points of detail may be criticised, particular points of theory may be questioned, methods of application are to-day being threshed out, but every one who studies the case with care will see that in the ideas classed loosely as Socialist a large measure of truth is to be found, that they give an admirable weapon to the Labour movement; a unique and defiant out-look, a firm belief in the final victory of the worker.

And what are the questions that willarise in the mind of the Nrtionalist as he watches and listens to this huge human struggle?

He will not, I think, venture to defend the present conditions of life. He may, or he may not, pin his faith to any particular solution of the problem. In Ireland, be-

sides the fight between class and class, there is the war between Imperialism and and Democracy.

But it is safe to say, he will be driven back to examine his principles, to make a reasoned outlook take the place of a vague sentiment. He will no longer believe, perhaps, that Mr. Griffith's English cobbler grows rich upon the spoils of Ireland; that every English democrat hates the lrish people with a well-concealed hatred; that one English worker would be one penny the poorer if Ireland sank below the sea to-morrow. But his antagonism to English Government in Ireland will not lessen.

Why should it? He, into whose soul the magic of Ireland has entered, who knows and loves the beautiful tongue of Ireland; who strives to guard the rich treasures the Irish genius at its highest has given to mankind, surely he will not cease to curse one banquet of horror because he sees another more terrible. Nay, nay, ye rebels, who are afraid of words, more deeply will he understand the iniquity of modern commercialism, how it robs the nations of their strength, their ideals, their beauty. He will see the blight that is falling upon the Empires, how they create hostile forces within themselves to their eventual destruction. In James Connolly's words he will see the expression of all that is true and great in his own creed: "I am opposed to the oppression of nation over nation, of class over class, of sex over sex.'

"Good," he will say, "is the light from the Fiery Cross and sacred is the cause of the workers among all the good causes that disturb the tranquility of

GRANUAILE.

DESMOND RUAN)

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Dowzard: The Hector of the Quays.

"That's Hector; that, that! Look you, that; there's a fellow! O brave Hector! Look how he looks! There's a countenance! Is it not a brave man?"-Shakeepeare.

Shakespeare has wisely said, "some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,

But, unique in the annals of the Port of Dublin, the great Dowzard stands as one who was born great, who has achieved greatness, and who has had greatness thrust upon him.

Thousands, I'm sure, are anxious tolay a loving tribute of admiration at his collosal feet Dowzard's latest deed, performed to save the Empire, was to proudly assure the Port and Docks Board that the Trojan peelers under his wing would be pleased to play the part of seoundrels—that is, they were willing to scab on their work-fellows.

Rie Inspector Dowzard is a great scholastic theologian; the great Dun Scotus must have been his ancestor, though Dowzard's name is not considered Irish, yet what's in a name? Dowzard holds advanced and interesting ideas about theology. He argues, very curiously sometimes, that spiritual development is indicated in man by the breath of an Orange Sash. He holds, too, that the Lillies of the Field. mentioned in Scripture, must have been Orange Lillies, for is it not apparent that those who delight in these flowers usually neither toil nor spin, but yoke others to do

It has been said to me recently that Dowzard should never have secured the position he now holds—Inspector of the Quay Police.

In justice to the amiable officer, allow me to place before your readers some eminent and peculiar qualities which justified his elevation to his present illustrious

First—Having a good pension and possessing house property, he didn't want the

Secondly,—He is a bigoted ass. Thirdly,—He is an ignorant clown. Fourthly,—He is an Orangeman.

Some years ago, after pretending friendship and devotion, he and his clique, because his Rector manfully declined to submerge his personality in the chaplaincy of a d-d Orange Lodge, endeavoured by every mean method to make things too hot for him. The parishioners one time started a

benefit society, with a salaried secretary to take charge. Dowzard, like the mean clown he is,

couldn't resist going for the job; he suc-

A year went by. The general meeting assembled just before Christmas. The Reverend Chairman got up, mentioned the amount of the "divide" and there announced that were it not for the help of outside members, Dowzard would have had the accounts of the society in a chaotic state. The chairman told the meeting that Dowzard was an incapable secretary, and he asked Dowzard to publicly acknowledge the help he received from other members.

Dowzard complied and loudly confessed to his incapacity. Notwithstanding he was again supported by Donaldson and Glazier, the blackleg foreman of the G.S. & W.R., whose vision prefers the filled-up railway waggon to the Rising Sun, and in the selection Dowzard actually asked the Chairman could he vote for himself, which he actually did!

There are many attached to St Barnabas' Society who can attest the truth of what I here say, and yet we hesitate to don the "Red Cap" and make an effort to keep in his proper place every incompetent clown, whether his sash be Green or Orange.

There are clever men in our country starving, while ignorant and bigoted incompetent clowns by the practice of bigotry and meek docility to those in power, can flourish like noxious weeds in an illkept garden.

SEAN O'CATHASAIGH.

"Daily Herald" On Sale every morning 9.30.,

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

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Mark Twain on French Revolution.

"The ever memorable and blessed revolution, which swept a thousand years of villiany away in one swift tidal wave of blood—one; a settlement of that hoary debt in the proportion of half a drop of blood for each hogshead of it that had been pressed by slow tortures out of that people in the weary stretch of ten centuries of wrong and shame and misery, the like of which was not to be mated but in hell. There were two reigns of terror, if we would but remember it and consider it: the one wrought murder in hot passion, the other in heartless cold blood; the one lasted mere months, the other lasted a thousand years; the one inflicted death on ten thousand persons, the other upon a hundred millions; but our shudders are all for the horrors of the minor terror, so to speak, whereas, what is the horror of swift death by the axe compared with lifelong death from hunger, cold, insult, cruelty and heertbreak? What is swift death by lightning compared with death by slow fire at the stake? A city cemetry could contain the coffins filled by that brief terror, which we have all been so diligently taught to shiver at and mourn over, but all France could hardly contain the coffins filled by that older and real terror which none of us has been taught to see in its vastness or

It Comes Close Home.

pity as it deserves."

The wages of prostitution are stiched into your button-holes, and into your blouse, pasted into your matchboxes and your boxes of pins, stuffed in your mattress, mixed with the paint on your walls, and stuck thetween the joints of your waterpipes. The very glaze on your basin and teacups has in it the lead poison that you offer to the decent working woman as the reward of honest labour, whilst the procuress is offering chicken and champagne. Flog other people till you are black in the face, and they are red in the back; you will not cheat the recording angel into putting down your debts to the wrong account, When these souteneurs take a house for their purposes and offer rents which are high because the neighbourhood is a favorable one for the white slave traffic, do they find any difficulty in getting one? And does anyone propose to flog the landlord? -Bernard Shaw.

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To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Dear Sir-In asking you to acknowledge enclosed (second) list of subscriptions to the Fund for the alleviation of the needs of the women and children of the lockedout warkers, we wish to convey our Committee's due appreciation of the different contributors' generosity and sympathy. Ol, W. Yours faithfully

10 Patrick Lennon, Hon. Sec. com S. O. Cathasaigh, Asst. Sec.

Amalgamated Society, Porkbutchers, Limerick, £6; Thomas st. Picture House, per W. Butler, Esq., Dublin, £5 58.,; Dorset street l'icture House, per F. W. Sullivan, manager, 3rd subscription, £5; ditto 4th subscription, £5; — Ross, Esq. (Ross and Walpole), North Wall, £2; M. F. O'Brien, Esq , Kingstown, £2; Thomastown Trade and Labour League, sper P. Ryan, D.C. £1 198.

John Parkinson, Esq.; 1 Summerhill; Mr. Mutagh (Manager Mrs. Sheridan's, North Earl st, ; A Sincere Friend (North Side); Mr. Kelly, Smithfield; Peter Lightfoot, Esq., Mary's Lane; John Doran, Esq., Marlboro' street; E. J. Lowry, Esq., 7 Buckingham street; Patrick Byron, Ballylough road; Francis O'Reilly, Ballybough road; Postmen, Rathmines (per Miss Larklo); Gaelic League, Dublin; E. & A. Hall, Amlens s reet; The Grand Cinema, O'Connell street; Redmond & Co., Garciner street and Scuth George's street,; A Child's Friend (North Side); J. Shanley, Esq. (Manager McDonnell's, North Wall); W. Olhausen, Talbot street; - Mc('ormack, Esq.; - O'Beirne, Esq.; John Parkinson, I Eq., 1 Summerhill (2nd subscription): J. & P. Clarke, Parkgate st.; A Worker's Friend (South Side); Fiana Hurling Club, Dublin: Matthew Keating, Esq., Store st.; The Manager Arnott & Co., Henry st.; E. J. Delaney, Esq., 85 The Coombe; John Parkinson, 1 Summerhill (3rd subscription); £1 each.—Total £27.

Mr. Griffith, Small Profit Store, Talbot st., 10s. 6d.; Dr. Douglas Hyde, Dublin; Mr. Mulcahy, Sheriff st.: Kenna Brothers, Sheriff street; James Murray, Esq., Kilmainham; A Friend, Talbot st.; Doctor McWalter, North Earl st.; Rowe & Co., North Earl st.; J. J. O'Dwyer, Esq, Corporation street; Mr. Shanahan, ditto; Mr. Thomas Hynes, Waterford at; Mr. E. J. Ryan, 1 Gloucester place; Mr. Wm. Ryan, Parnell street; XOL; Michael Scott, Esq., Marlborough st.; J. F. Cassidy, do., Joseph McGreevy, Esq., White Bear, Eden quay; Mrs. Margaret Foley, Abbey street; Mr. Tierney, Princes' Stores, Princes' st.; Patrick Conway, Esq., 70 Parnell street; 103. each.—Total, £8 10s.

The Police Inquiry.

At the usual forthnightly meeting of Trades Council held on Monday last, Mr. Thomas MacPartlin. President, in the chair, the following resolution was prorosed by Mr. Wm. O'Brien, seconded by Mr. Sharkey, and unanimously adopted :-

"That this Trades Council, representing the working class of Dublin, expresses its entire dissatisfaction with the action of the Chief Secretary in appointing two lawyers as a Commission of Inquiry into the brutal conduct of the police on August 30.h and 31st, and thereby by breaking the pledge publicly made by him to a deputation of his constituents in Bristol last menth, viz, that the Commission would include " a representative of the workers of Dublin or neighbourhood;" and that, in our opinion, the personnel of the Conmission, and the inexcusable delay in appointing same, makes it clearly evident that it has been appointed, not to fix the responsibility for the brutal conduct of the police, but for the express purpose of white washing the Castle authorities. And we therefore call upon the citisens of Dublin to refuse to r.c.gnise this bogus Commission by declining to give evidence before it; and we request the Lord Mayor on behalf the citizens generally, to at once convene a public meeting in the Mansion House to protest against this farcical Commission and to demand the immediate appoint mert of one composed of representativemen and women possessing the confi dence of the people of Dublin, copies to be sent to the Cnief Secretary, and the Teri Mayor and the Secretary of the Bristol Trades Council."



Men's Frieze Overcoats **19/11. ■**

TAKE a walk around the city and examine the 25/- and 30/- Overcoats that are shown for sale: then come here and look at ours at 19/11. Feel the warm, firm soft cloth; look at the full make; at the ample collar; at the splendid linings. Scrutinise the double-breasted coat: the single-breasted one; look at the one with velvet oollar; at the one without: at the gauntlet ouffs. Try on one of the coats and notice the made-to-measure fit. You can't see any difference between these and the other 25/- and 30/- coats—there is no difference.
ANY SIZE, 19/11.

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Public Meeting AT THE OLD SPOT

BY THE RIVER ::

PARNELL PLACE CORK,

Sunday, Dec. 21st, At I pm. Sharp.

Trade-Unionism and Officialism.

SPEAKERS - Councill, r W. P. Parvidge, Jack Dowling. Pete I a kin, and other local Labour Men.

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

The Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weeklyprice one penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

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contributions.

Dublin, Saturday, Dec. 20th, 1913.

The Conference.

As we go to press the people of this and the adjacent countries are awaiting expectantly for something of a definite character to happen. And writing as one of the constituent parts of that Conference, I desire to state that from my reading of the situation there is a lack of honest intention to settle. If our opponents. mean peace they would use language that all men could read and understand. All these equivocating phrases would be put aside and terms used that could not be misunderstood. Either the employers want a settlement by consent or by exhaustion. If by consent they must agree to a statement. They must either agree that the lock-out notice is one that must be withdrawn unconditionally or they must determine to enforce it. If they mean to enforce it any Conference they come to is a sham and a fraud; for to ask the workers' representatives to discuss future conditions governing the industries of this district in the future, whilst at the same time they have in their minds the victimisation of the members of any Union represented by parties to the Conference, simply goes to prove our contention all along that they, the employers, are at all times prepared to take an advantage. The employers of Dublin and County have whined about the breakages of agreements in the past: That statement we emphatically deny. The conduct of the employers in this Conference proves our contention. They are asking us to give undertakings for the future. We say all right: What are the undertakings required? They say: We want undertakings given that no dislocation of our works shall take place without due notice. We say we are prepared to deal with that request. We can only speak for the workers whom we represent. We are not concerned with interests of the scab. If you issued a lock-out notice, which notice meant the throwing out on the streets of competent workpeople and the consequent semi-starvation of their families, we want that lock-out notice withdrawn You, the employers, say we are prepared to withdraw that notice. Surely that must mean the re-employment of the workpeople disemployed owing to the notice. If you, the employers, say you do not intend to victimise any of your former employees, then, as honest men, you must reinstate every worker disemployed by your wrongful act. The only reason you can advance for leaving any of your former employees disemployed would be the dislocation of your several businesses—a condition which the workers' representatives could understand; and with the return of normal conditions the workers so left out could be re-employed. We repeat, if the employers intended to act honestly in this Conference there stands no difficulties in the way of a settlement. We have simply to agree to get back to the status quo of July 19th. Any questions of guarantees for the future could be arranged in an hour, and as Archbishop Walsh says-the workers' basis of settlement is not only a fair and proper thing, but one which the employers, in the interests of the welfare of the country, should accept, We reprint the workers' basis of settlement: This is our irreducible minimum Fair-minded men and women must agree that we have gone more than half way to meet the employers. It is up to the employers to continue the warfare, or to settle terms of peace. We await, with confidence, the

DUBLIN DISPUTE.

1. That the employers of the City and County of Dublin agree to withdraw the circulars. posters and Forms of Agreement (known as the "Employers' Agreement") presented to their employees. embodying conditions governing their employment in the several firms as from July 19th, 1913.

2. That the Unions affected agree as a condition of the withdrawal of such conditions and forms of agreement governing employment in firms affected, to abstain

from any form of sympathetic strike pending a Board of Wages and Conditions of Employment being set up by March 17th, 1914

3. And the Conference also agrees that in restoring relations, no member of any Trade Union shall be refused employment on the grounds of his or her association with the dispute, and that no new employees shall be engaged until all the old workers have been re-instated.

4. All cases of old workers not reemployed on February 1st, 1914, shall be considered at a Conference to be held not later than February 15th, 1914.

THE ARCHBISHOP'S STATEMENT.

"I am, of course, delighted to hear the good news, which I assume is true. Nothing could be more reasonable, more eminently reasonable, than the proposals put forward by the representatives of the employed.

"I can see no reason why the result should not be an immediate outlet from the present unhappily prolonged labour deadlock in our city.

"I trust that the representatives of the employers will be found equally reasonable. If they are, peace is at hand.

"There are two conditions which I, for my part, should wish to see inserted in the treaty of peace. Both of them, as I know, are regarded by strenuous champions of trades unionism, not merely as reconcilable with the principles of trades unionism, but as points to be insisted upon in the interests of trades unionism

"One of these is that there should be no strike without due notice.

"The other is that there should be no strike until a ballot has been taken of the men concerned.'

DOWZARD: THE HECTOR OF THE QUAYS.

In reference to this article, it is written by a valued contributor, who assures us he takes full responsibility for the statements and tone of the article.

A FIERY CROSS

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

While we are writing this the one question agitating all Dublin is whether this Christmas will see a re-lighting of the Fiery Cross or the ringing of Uhristmas bells of peace and rejoicing. Possibly no more grim commentary upon the socalled civilisation of to-day could be instanced than that fact. Here we have a great city held up by a war between two casses, and in that war the contending classes are represented, on the one hand; by those who control the wealth, the capital, the armed forces and all the means of ocercion; whilst, on the other hand, all that is represented is toiling men and women, with no assets except their brains and hands, and no powers except the power and capacity to suffer for a principle they esteem more valuable than life

But to the side of this latter class has been drawn gradually as if by a magnet all the intellect, the soul and the spirit of the nation, all those who have learned to esteem the higher things of life, to value the spirit more than the matter.

Publicists of all kinds, philanthropists, literary men. lovers of their kind, poets, brilliant writers, artists, have all been conquered by the valiant heroism of the Dublin workers, have all been drawn within the ranks of the friends of the fighters of labour-all have succumbed to the magic charm of the unobtrusive men and women whose constancy amidst sufferings has made this fight pessible. Whoever signs the document of settlement (if any is ever signed), whosever is acclaimed as the great ones of the treaty of peace (if there ever is a treaty of peace) the real heroes and conquerors are to be found in the slums, and in the prisons where men, women and girls have agonised and are agonising in order that their class may not lose one step it has gained in its upward toil to freedom.

These thoughts come crowding upon us as we write. We think also that, despite all the adhesion of all the brilliant ones and all those in the highest odour of sanctity to the cause of the workers, the settlement is still in the hands of those who control economic power,. Pcets, artists, authors, humanitarians, and archbishops may plead and beg for the ringing of the bells of Christmas for ever. The final word still rests with those who control the money bags; and thus we learn, hard facts teaching us, that in this gross travesty of civilisation under which we live to day neither soul nor brains is the equal of gold.

"The clinking of the silver dimes Life's melody has marred. And Nature's immemorial chimes Are jangled harsh, and jarred."

And so Dublin lies in the grip of the power of the purse; and on this fateful Fiday the issue still hangs trembling. A few hours may determine whether the verdict will go forth for the joyous ringing of the Bells of Peace or for the mititaut call to all lovers of their kind to grasp and pass from hand to hand again the dread but inspiring Fiery Cross. JAMES CONNOLLY.

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Merchants' Quay Notes.

Since the publication of last week's Notes I believe there has been great talk about the "Barn" as to who was the writer, On Saturday night, John "Scallywag "Scully called on "Sneaky" Jemmy Byrne, and the following was the conversation:- "Goed-night, Mr. Byrne," Ob,gcol night, Councillor Scully. Well I just called down to see if you knew anything about the writer of the Notes in this week's 'Irish Worker'? "Well, upon me word. I don't, Councillor; but isn't it terrible? How on earth did they find out about us getting back on the Room'teepers' Committee so soon? I think someone at the meeting must have given the information. "Begorra I think you're right Mr. Byrne. Ain't they the devils for getting the information? But by the way I just wanted to remind you not to forget to mention my name to anyone you are giving the tickets to, because, you know, I will want all the support possible to retain my seat in January." 'Oh, certainly, Councillor Scully, by all means (fair or foul) we must see that you are returned in

"Many thanks, Mr. Byrne Good Well now comment on the above is

hardly necessary.

It certainly is a sight to see the wardheelers marching up and down the "Barn" waiting their turn to draw "sub." The following are a few of them-Footy Curran, "broken down bung," late of Meath street.

The weisher known as "Drumsna," who usually clerks for 'ould' Tom Lynch,

Donaghy, ex-storekeeper South Dub in Union, who was sacked for robbing the poor. Who said margarine?

Doran, Lynch, and several others too namerous to mention.

Well, Mr. Little Yank Murphy, it was you I referred to in last week's Notes, and be careful your barber's stop does not become affected by the tram scabs whom you are still serving. Your "silver" tongue won't save you, "Little Tommy," if I must again refer to you.

Mike Cunningham's wife has chucked scabbing in Jacob's. No thanks to Mallin; but what has Mallin to say about Byrne. who went in on the strike in Atkinson's, and is now recognised by the Society? His wife is still scabbing in Jacob's. And what about the money subscribed to float that Co-operative Society? Are you entitled to it for services rendered, eh, Mallin?

Wonders will never cease. What an extraordinary improvement in the oratorical powers of "Deadhead' O'Connor "Footy" Vaughan, both of whom were, indeed, outclassed by Scallywag's

How much did it cost you, Scallywag, to have those would-be speeches written

Oat of twenty-two names given as attending the supposed meeting, fifteen are 'and three "ex-bu bookmaker (welsher), and id. lodginghouse keeper.

The "Microbe Club," Coombe, which was built and equipped by the Earl of Meeth as a Social and Temperance Club, has developed into a den for scabs and

The promoters of this club intended that it exist and have its being for the social regeneration of the poor people of this district. Instead of the objects for which it was formed being carried out, it has become a gambling hell and a shebeen of the worst type. The beer has been supplied by a neighbouring publican, who frequents the club and plays games of pap and billiards every other night in the week.

The poor of the district have no opportunity of attending this club unless they have money to gamble.

The chairman of this den is big mawmonthed Peter Hagan, who isla charge hand in Guinness's Brewery with about £2 per week. He lives at 30 Gray street, and has his two daughters scabbing in Jacob's since the strike started.

The secretary is a fellow named Francis Doyle who calls himself a carpenter, but who is really a handy man. Doyle's father is the proprietor of the Moortown Dairy on the Coembe, who has been fined for selling adulterated milk.

The third prominent member is the famous Tom Googhegan, who was expelled from the Bridge street club for dishing the memb ra He also bells coal, and was a resident of Clanbrasail street for a number of years.

Well, Tom, you have all your work cut out for you if you think you can chest the majority of the members of the "Microbe Club," who are all past-maste.s in the art of cheating.

I hear White of the Coombe is serving Millar's scabs. Now, workers, take note.

Milligan in the Mansion House.

Dead walls sometimes speak, especially in these days of advancement, and for the last few weeks they were positively noisy in their invitation to the citizens to come hear and share the good things which George Milligan was bringing them over from Liverpool just in time for Christmas table-talk. It struck me as odd that we Dubliners should be asked to listen to this man twice in the same year, all the more that I had heard and read his harmless compilation of platitudes now published as "The Rights of Man" at its value. one penny. I was curlous to know the wherefore of this third importation in one year of social wisdom from England by the spiritual powers who so vigorously resent any importation but those they make themselves. The invitation was duly accepted and paid for,

Wishy-washy was the "Rights of Min," and, but for a few statements of fact, which were not of course personal property of the lecturer. Milligan's latest effort was much the same. His bumps are evidently those of a litterateur, but why did cruel fate drive him into so rough a level of society as that he lends such polish to. I was not surprised to learn that the men for whom he acts as secretary have got no increase of wages for 23 years. He is evidently a sane and respectable trade unionist and his lectures are as moderate as his official pelicy. The hungry hearts and stomachs that are walting for comfort and food to come to them out of the efforts of Milligan & Co., will surely need a liberal allowance of christian patience and resignation to keep them from doing something naughty while they're waiting. But then, there is always the poorhouse and the river!

It was amusing to hear this English-

born lecturer referring to the full-blooded

Irish-born Irishman, Jim Larkin, (without

mentioning the name however) as an

"interloper." So then an Irishman who comes home to work in Ireland is an "interloper" unless he can pass the "vets" of the Vigilance Committee, and an Englishman who comes here to lecture us on social questions is not an "interloper" if what he says is only orthodox and respectable. Let us have some respect for God's great gift of reason, even when we talk about the interest of religion. Milligan paid a tribute to the energy and self-sacrifice of those in general who were working for the reconstruction of society, whether in the Socialist camp or elsewhere, he called them "preachers of the New Evangel." As a case in point, he told us of a poor manual worker who knocked at his door one evening trying to sell some "rag of a pamphlet" of a Socialistic character. This poor man had only left work half-an-hour previously, and had himself subscribed to the publication of the pamphlet. Please remember that the pamphlet was not an advertisement for some Socialist brandiof cocoa, tobacco or brass-polish, for an extra luxurious bedstead or a new brew of beer, but for an ideal of human freedom and social reformation, yet our lecturer described the man's earnestness as zeal in the cause of "materialism" Ye gods and little apples! How Dublin's brains relished Milligan's logic! Truly with such an "interloper" to act as Mentor, religion is safe in Ireland yet! The insight into the Socialist soul displayed by his remarks was certainly such as to appeal to a Dublin audience spoonfed on clap-trap all their lives; but the curious part of it was the apparent approval of the clergy present. They seemed to regard as accurate Milligan's implied statement that the alternative offered by Socialism to the patchwork of the Vincent de Paul Societles and the charity organisations that represent here at least the only social policy of the Catholic Church was, of all others, materialism; the grovelling in material pleasures to the neglect of all duty to one's fellow-man, But that is precisely the accusation that Socialism hurls, and with evident truth, at the capitalist class and all who support them. We are here up against a question of fact. On which side is the materialism? If you want to know go and see for yourselver. Dubliners, and tell Milligan to go home and look again. The midnight oil he burns blurred his vision; tell him to get a bit of candle next time. Several points our lecturer made were

not so much appreciated as the preceding one by the pious gathering. In describing Catholic social action in the Middle Ages he said that the Craft Guilds of the period knew no tolerance of blacklegs or non-unionists. Every workman had to join his Guild or leave the town: This statement, I regret to say, was not applauded. On the contrary the silence in the Round Room of the Mansion House was, so to speak, audible. The majority there had been reared on the good old hothouse notion that all companykeeping is bad, but it is much worse to ioin any club or organisation. A really respectable Dublin family does not allow its children to "mix with anyone else's" on the truly Christian principle, of course, that the neighbours are all sources of moral contagion. What a shock, then, to the Dublin version of Christianity to hear such heresy as compulsory Unionism preached by its chosen orator. Really, Mr. Milligan, you ought to have kept that dark; you'll find you won't be asked over so often next year. Another good point brought out was the short hours and frequent holidays. The Guilds did not work by artificial light and took all Church holidays for rest and recreation. Furthermore, the Guilds compelled respect for labour and the labourer and made good work a matter of personal honour. The revival of these features in the teeth of their destroyer, materialistic capital, is a strong point with all the preachers of the "New It was good to hear the Liverpool man

informing his audience of Christian somnam. bulists that a man is not necessarily a bru e or a savage because he works at a iob where he can't keep his clothes clean and that without trades unionism the working man could not get his lawful rights. If Dublin really came to believe that, no Dubliner would recognise it inside of a year Grafton street would cease to register the usual Arctic temperature, and the faces of the majority of respectable people and slaves from being long and severe wouldiget round and chubby with practising smiles. He avoided the supreme blunder of advocating Catholic trades unions, and struck the right note when he urged Catholics to go into trades unions and assert themselves. Trades unionism welcomes men of all stamps and needs men of principle especially to carry out its plans. The healthy principle of the survival of the fittest rules in general in trades union circles, and if militant Cathocs as such rise to power and influence in Irish trades unions, it will be because they will have succeeded in applying

Christianity to the realities of the worken' lives, and they will have well-earned promotion and command in this pioneer work, They might show us how this can be done without getting the name of being irreligious and anti-clerical. Our arms are open to receive such men. What a fuss there would be among the

chapel-hunters if the Church really endervoured to have the Papal Encyclica's on Labour carried out by its members? That a weeding-out would ensue of all makes religion a bye-word among the cynical? What a falling-away there would be among those friends of the "status quo" who consider an cdd £100 to a charity bazaar or a bui ding fund an excellent investment? No array of police or military could keep things so quiet in Dablin as the good-will of the clergy so cheaply secured ! Millian is wrong in saying that the bitter enmity of modern movements is directed against Christianity. That is no doubt true of individuals, but in the mass the criticisms are levelled against the degradation of Christ'anity by those who have collared the Charch, and used it as an insrument of class-government, against the business of religion and the religion of business, against the blind conservatism that that supports the "status quo," no matter what horrors it may cover. One dramatic instance up-to-date! A social worker last week, a "proselytiser" perhaps, found a woman who expected any moment to become a mother lying alone in a room not half a mile from the Tramway Office. Her bed consisted of four sacks, her refreshment of a cup of red tea without sugar, and the room did not contain a chair or a table. Her table was the floor! Under the circumstances, let us cry-vive le Status

If any kind Christian lady will volunteer to swop ends of the precious Status que with the heir to Heaven in question, Is all be happy to act as a medium of interchange. In the meantime, poor mother, do not worry about your future or that of the baby-Mr. Milligan has been to the Mansion House! Gloved hands have applauded him—the Liffey's on fire!

Why do Catholic speakers and writers dodge the real issues in talking of labour and social questions? Father Kane, O.P. in his qualifying comments, in which he endeavoured to distil back into a purely spiritual truth the essence of the more practical lecture he was nominally praising made the usual omission when he mentioned the rights of man. The first right of man. according to a recent publication, bearing the imprimatur of His Grace Archbishop Walsh, is a right to his own personal dignity. It is begging the question it is real materialism to ascribe the admitted discontent of the poor to greed alone or even to want; the greater part of it (in the present Tram strike for instance) is due to the insults and browbeating open or implied heaped on the under dog by all the curs on top, to the denial of his dignity as a-man because that would imply the right to better treatment. I, for one, have never heard this or similar points preachedfor the poor man's benefit. I like to hear the two sides of a case, or none at all; they call that truth!

Jas. O'Connor, K.C's remark that these "labour problems rise up inevitably with the advance of civilisation" I thought remarkably rich for a Cathelic K C, of the year 1913. What is civilisation, Mr. O Connor? Would you call the people civilised who make an income out of rents drawn from the fag-end of the "status quo" cited above, or those who wine and dine with them? Is Sergeant Woulfe, D.M.P., a product of the civilisation you seem to

admire? It will be interesting to our readers to know that this latest pillar of the Church is a convert to the Church for his stomach's sake, his boys being a catholic. He worked in the greatest scab firm in Liverpool, never was in a trade union until he by the assistance of the black hand gang of Liverpool, compelled Sexton to give him a job as an official in the National Union of Dock Labourers.

We are going to give his record in later

issues. The old statement that the catholic convert always brings with him the bigoted illetracy of the tin chapel he came from, what with Nugent, J. S. Kelly and the latest scab theologian, We are getting on! SHANE O'NEILL

A Remedy for Famine.

There fell a famine in the land; They gave the king to understan! That war in his richest town Had Hunger stricken hundreds down.

Now hearken in what cunning wise Did this same king a cure devise: He wrote a letter one fine day To every town beneath his sway;

And this is what the letter said: "For everymoor man starved and dead A rich man I will preserved hold, And let him die of want and cold,"

No soul was starved in the land So speedily the rich men planned Their superfluities to share, Till all and each full well did share, (Translated from the German by J.L. Joynes)

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A WEXFORD "SALMON" CAUGHT AT

5. The Nass Urban Council, at a recent meeting, created, we understand, much local consternation amongst the inhabitants of that town by appointing as their Cottage Rent Collector a gentleman named Mr. Martin Salmon. This consternation will become intensified into positive disgust to the readers of the "Irish Worker" when they learn that the pet of the Nass Trban Council is no less a person, or we should more truly say a no greater person, than brother to the obnoxious and contemptible Thomas Salmon, of Wexford notoriety.

Could the Nass Urban Council find ro more desired candidate of the people than a man whose family name is a byeword in the mouth of every decent worker? If so, Nass must be destitute, indeed, of anything deserving the title of man, except that they presers the appearance. Fut we do not believe this, because we find, on a report by a confemporary, the name of another gentleman who offered himself for he position, and whose supporters proved he possessed under able crec entials. Why. then, was the son of an ex-policeman, and trother of the workers of Wex ord's most deadly eremy, selected? We say, workers ci Nass, answer the question in emphatic terms next Jaruary by kicking out the sycophant supporters of the baton and the kung, and remove a shameful stigms from your town.

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3. 3 2 3 3 5

Agricultural Labour Campaign.

By "Ireland's Eye."

We are confronted day after day with flaming placards announcing the hostility of the English trades' union representatives to the policy of the chief, and, if we are foolish erough to invest our penny or halfpenny and sturdy their cclumns we find unstinted praise bestowed upon them. Abuse yesterday, commerdation to day. denunciation of trade unionists in Ireland, approval of trace unionists and their methods in England fill the columns of the

Gross misrepresentations and calumnies of the foulest description are served up for the delectation of their shoreen readers who glost as rhey sit at their well provided breakfast tables on the effect which they hope must necessarily result from the starvation policy adopted in the county and city of Dublin.

But they are counting without their host. Labour may be temperarily obstructed, but a cause founded on justice must necessarily prevail. Jim Larkin stands to-day as its exponent, and never yet in the history of any movement was a leader more worthy of personal affection and loyal support from all combinations of workers. Through good repute and evil repute he has never wavered in following his ideals. To place the worker in his true position, to insist that he gets a legitimate share of the profit he creates, to take him out of his environments which in Dublin are not fit for cumb driven cattle, and to afford his family an opportunity of enjoying, even to a limited extent, the good things always within the reach of the rich, have been his noblest ambitions.

The maxim "live and let live" does not appeal to the capitalists of Dublin Whether this is due to ignerance or to some inherent defec's in the character of cur masters it is difficult to say. One thing, however, is certain, that the average Irish employer, merchant, manufacturer or farmer, as the case may be, fails to grasp the significance of his position and the essential consideration he is bound to extend to those immediately under his control. He too frequently forgets that property has its duties as well as its rights. That clusive thing called conscience troubles him not. It rasses as a comet, to reappear, when the last trumpet is sounded.

The masterly policy of ina tivity, as it has been described, and as it has been practised by the capi alis Press in Dublin city and county, has helped in a very large messure to bring about the present struggle.

That the dispute was inevitable must be freely admitted, and as in other economic uprisings in this country, the marses were happy in finding a leader capable and unpurchasable, ready and willing to do or die in their service. It is said by those whose wish is father to the thought that his views extreme, but to anyone with a rudimentary knowledge of the blographies of the leaders of men it must be apparent that what are called moderate or respectable methods are the weapons of the timid, and rarely succeed in routing the enemy. The warrior leading his fighting men must be repared for emergencies and be confider t of his ability to cope with them Drawn swords convey nct alone a moral lesson but a dis lnct threat that in willing hands they may accomplish much.

Jim Larkin had forseen what the foolish employers of Dublin City and County were incapable of anticleating. His fight was the fight of the workers all the world over. Big issues were involved, making it incumbent upon them to stand together in face of the common enemy.

He said the weak points in the armour os his a lies as he said the corruption of his opponents. On his own side some of the genera's were weak and i resolute, others ready to favour a scheme of retreat and desertion, but having implicit confidence in the rank and file, his genius succeeded in bringing an uncor querab'e force into the arena which is only awaiting the decisive moment to strike the final blow for victory.

The County Dublin farmers are lying low watching the trend of ev nts Their intelligence, always a negligible quantity, now leans on such puny intellec's as the ex-Put lican Early, the Blephantile Grimes, the Squireers O'Neills, Joe, William and Pat; Oald Andy Kettle, the Lorgs and the Shorts, and the other fessils who comprise the Farmers' Association. The O'Neill's at one time refused to identify themselves with this body of "wiseacr s" because it was not sufficiently stistecratic and did net always lead to the "Cawstle," but Larkin's advert changed all that The O Neill's seized the opportunity to ingratiate themselves with the farmers' assoclation and forthwith gave a somersault

which it would be difficult to rival. One, however, must probe a little deeper to discover the motives underlying the acrobatic performance by the O'Neille. They had fish to fry. Their sons and rephews were too numerous to be kept at home. There was a field open in Dub in for their scatbling abilities and what more fitting time than the present, offices were obtaired in Ryder's Row, and the O'Neil's installed. The farmers were invited to consign their produce to the O Neill family for sale, but strange as it may appear many refused the hait. They had sufficient sers: to see that 'he produce of O'Nei'l's own farms would take fi st rlace to the neglect of others, and, besides th y feared that their private affairs would be discussed ever the several bars hotel and etherwish frequentep by the gilded youths and relations now housed in that classic locality known as Ryder's Row.

The farmers had used their little power to relentlessly crush their men. They conten ed that their men had no grievances,

yet in a few months with the hope of getting them back to work they offer an all-round increase of from 4/- to 6/- per week. Up Larkin! Their former workers to their credit be it said have not acceded to this tempting offer. They are biding their own good time. Meantime the expublican Early, of Swords, assisted by A-C Grimes, those searchers after microbes assisted by that authority on "protoplasms." Gerald Begg, have been hard at work in trying to found a society of blacklegs. The newspapers report that they held a meeting in a little pub in Swords, at which there were 65 present. From what I learn the meeting consisted of Early himself, a few pot boys, his employees, and some thirsty souls on the look out for free beer. His views of organisations are comical in the extreme, and I would commend them to the authors of Christmas pantomimes for absurdity and idiotcy.

This is the programme for what he styles a Union; A section of employees for each district in Co. Dublin; each section to be distinct; no communication to take place between one section and another. If any grievances the farmers will send for them and deal with them as they think fit.

Early's oratorical efforts pulled down the house; and his references to a ploughing match to come off at an early date were hailed with cries of "He's a jolly good fellow, hip, hip." This will doubtless prove a most entertaining feature of the comedy which is presented to the resider to in the courty day after day. The scab does not know how to handle plough, o'ck or shovel. "Dirt," as it is technically known, is generally the outcome of his "labours," and the products gathered by a fraternity of blacklegs present most depressing objects as we see them in the haggards rotting day after day. The outlook-is-gloomy enough, and the seil of Andy Kettle and his colleagues that the philanthropist, Guinness, will not buy his barley will develop into a cacon over their

shattered hopes. The farmers have only themselves to blame, and if a settlement is not come to within a very brief period the skilled agricultural labourer will not be available, and County Dubin will lose that reputation for farming which brought the local far-

mer enhanced prices for his produce. Andy Kettle, while giving his bessing to the Volunteer Movement, has not been slow to utilise the scab labour placed at his disposal through the instrumentality of his son, Charles. But to give him bare justice he has shrunk from the eviction process resorted to by the Squire: O'Neills of Kinsealy—the shining lights of the district. The workers will not easily forget. Their triumph is at hand, and "Eye" since rely trus's that they will at that important moment give greater attention to the Ten Commandments than that given to them by their former masters, who re still seeking their pound of flesh.

These responsible for the quarrers must, however, be pulled down out of their retheir former obscurity. The O'Neills, Cuffes, Kettles, Longs, must go cut of public life, to be replaced by sterling men of the working class. The double-barrelled Cuffe J.P., is already under a sporting cloud which may burst at any moment. and the other Hibernian J.P's are up a gum tree.

Electors of Inns Quay remember Gera'd Begg the scab employer, the creature who swore bard-werking men's liberty away; a'so P. Shortall, Sotunda Ward, who joined with his fellew Freemasors, the Master Builders Feder, tion, to starve men, women and children.

Trinity Ward Notes.

Does anyone know the Kingstown gang of scabs living in No. 12 Sth. Cumberland street? On last Saturday night one of those scabs struck a man in the head with a bottle, cutting him severely. Constable 143B arrived on the scene (laters panal) and finding on what was up went into the hall but no for her, as he was afraid to g: down the kitchen to arrest the scab, or perhaps he didn't want to go down as the culprit was a scab. He came out to go for assistance and returned with two more assarsive for limbs of the law, and deliberately turning on the reople who had seembled, started batoning them left and right. The people fled in all directions and some of them were knecked to the ground.

Now, 143s, I hope your case will be brought up at this long looked for inquiry and see what exouse you have to make, as you and your companions had your batons already drawn before you reached the people, who never stirred away, as they thought you were going to arrest the

A publican not 100 miles from Cumberland street refused to serve scabs. Will he also kindly refuse to serve their wives, or I will be obliged to give him a free advertisement in next week's issue?

A newsagent's shop has been opened in 42A Gt. Brunswick street, and is selling Murder" Murphy's rags. Trade uni nists, take note.

All trade unionists keep clear of the undermentioned shops:-L. Doyle, publican, Great Branswick street; Hayes, publican, Sir John Regerson's quay; Mrs. Hunt, publican, Townsend street; Finnegan's newsagency, George's quay; and Magrane's, City quay.

ludependent Labour Party of Ireland. Antient Concert Buildings, Gt. Branswick

RED HAND.

Street. Mrs. Connery, I.W F. League, will lecture on te-morrow, Sunday, at 8 p.m. on "Women and labour." Admission is free. Questions and discussion invited. NOTICE-Will all comraces and friends

who have tickets for Prize Drawing re turn blocks and cash not later than Monday, to Wa'ter Carpenter, Secretary, Antient C ncert Buildings, Dublin,

Pembroke Notes.

DEAR --. Letters herewith returned. Another link is added to the chain of evidence which I am collecting, and when the time comes I will use. Being very busy with other work, of which you are aware. I cannot reply more fully and as I would like to. I do not expect you will get a reply to your challenge of last week, as those people generally refuse to compinto the open; they prefer to stab in the back. -Yours, etc.,

P.S.—I ask you, as a forerunner, not to publish the letters, as I will deal with those people where they least expect. Probably, at the next renewal of licence, one of the principals will get a surprise.

Here is a lit.le sum for the great Double D." of Ringeend: "It a pound of dripping-cost 1½d. (contract price), what will a pound of the best butter cost?' Members of the South Dublin Board of Guardians are asked not to give any information to "Davie," as they already know the answer. Davie, the dripping is up. Now blow."

Some time ago I asked the memb ra of the Transport Union who reside in Ringsend to act up to Trade Union principles and to crase visiting the scab shops in the district; but I am informed that some of them have not done so, and that some of them are buying their papers in the "Whiskey Row Stink Pot." I warn them now for the last time, as I have a list of names ready, which I intend to pur-

The Silent Barber, the "police spy," is looking for "Nix." John, you are a long time accusing the wrong people. So it's the members of the "Chamber" you have helping you now. You drucken cur, you have played the game far enough, and the boycott is a powerful weapon, and I advise you to repent before it is too late. Where is Summer bill?

The Township tout, "Bella," are ye there? Did you pay for Nappy's life-size yet, or where do you be on Monday morning? I am told you have received the job of assistant shopke eper, so the poor, unfortunate Jewman will soon find you now. Bella, turn over a new leaf and pay your detts. M re anon.

"Buttermilk" Jack Lee was not pleased with our reference to him in the Notes the last few weeks tack. Well, Jack, you deserve i all you reseived, and I may tell you there is more in store for you "Orce a scab always a scab," and yours is a scabby faxily. By the way, did you find the Pioneer pin yet? The free beer was a great temptation, and the thirst is terrible. "Oh, boys, oh, h ya"; I'm taking a sup, and it "suits" me.

That "Towser" was disappointed with his visit to Fortrane I believe there were no padded cells down there. Will, "Towser," you mean hound, did you visu your relations when you were there, as I hear you intend to bring a few more up soon? Why was the first one rejected presentative positions and relegated to from the Park depot? "Towser," there will be no eviction scene in Bath avenue. Dees the "Mermaid" know anything about padded cells? "Now bl.w."

"Andy the Bull' is still loking for trouble and is still threatening respectable people in the district And, you drun en wastrel, I would advise you to keep yourself and your dirty tongue quiet, as your day will come soon enough. Is the box of vaseline used out yet, Andy, as I intend to sapply you with something str nger. 'The butter is up.'

The blood money is nearly all gone, and "Gummie" Allen forgot to buy a set of false teeth. Current buns, they say, are bad for the teeth; but "Gummie" makes sure to watch out for the bread vans along the Strand road. "Gummie," was the horse box lodging too dear for you at 4s., or did "Jemmy of the Bowl" think that an empty box was better than a bad tenant?

That the "Butcher's Failure" has been qui-tly scabbing it during the strike. Well, Tommy, did "Bladdering John" use his influence over you; or why did you renage the Union? Anyway, I am not surprised, as you belong to a family of scabs? And what's in the "marrow" c.mes cut in the "bone."

That Tom Abbey is scabbing it in the Tramway Co. as sand cart driver. Tom, was it the ejectment notice that compelled you to act the scab? You mean crawl. After thirty years' service you are content to work 72 hours a week for 19s., and then turn in on Sandar to make your £1 by working five hours ex re. You should be ashamed of yourself

Paulo was surprised at our reference to him in the Notes last week, but there is a big surprise in store for h m if he is not more careful in future. You should take the pledge, "Paulo," and shun your drunken o mpanions, as the "Ringsend Twister" is very particular about his family relationship.

Hayporth o'-Tay is lo king very worried lately. Tom, you have twisted enough for the past three years, and it is a certainty that you will " go" this January. The workers of the Township had enough of you, so you may rest easy. The butter

I am informed that "Scapy Jack" is ore of the drunken clique who are vilifying respectable people in the rag known as the "Scabs Advocate" from Ballinasloe. Scapy, how much do you receive from the "members of the Chamber" and the "local lodge" for your vi's slander? You drunken hound. No wonder your past friends turned their becks on you; they saw into you when it was too late. Why is the kutter up, "Dolly"?

Workers | Please Note, that R. M'I ONNELL, green greeer. 9 Lr. D. reet Street, takes delivery of coal rom scabs to sell to the peor.

Minbers of the Potsio Factors' Employers' Association, take note!

Clondalkin Notes.

Poor humpy Tom of Bettyfort is looking very much worried over his scabs, or is it the smell of the soldiers' blankets, or is Bill Dowling, of Gallinstown, sponging too much on you? You will want to apply for a bed for Pat in Peamount soon.

Masterson, of Balgaddy, is assuming the role of the evictor of old. The eviction notices are served to his workmen to clear out. Some of these men have been ever 50 years in the employment of Masterson. Remember, Bill, you have good men and true in these very men you are about to evict They stood by you in the trying days of your early career, when as line mule was the principal asset in your forming operation. These men had 10s. we kly then, as they have now, with perquisi es (save the mark) -a princely compensation for their work His wife said, "We will starve the scruff into submission." Oh, ye gods, this specimen of humanity! The mills of God grind

Larry the lier, whose mouth has gone crocked telling untruths; Buttermilk Face, another specimen of the farming fraternity we have in Balgaddy. This playactor expects to get a seat in the Council at the next election. He is monarch of all he surveys now. The "boss" is dead No more sleeping out, Larry!

Coghlan, another dichard in the same locality, thinks 12s. weekly extraordinary good wages for his workmen. He is a great Home Ruler to boot. He has a lot to say at the meetings of the Farmers' Association. He proposed to abolish smoking in Smithfield Merket. What brains! Very erudite, I don't think. He advocates evictions, too. We will leave the remaining few of the Balgaddy tribe for a future date.

White Pat, of Bettyfort ('Swankey''), is fed up with the farming work. He is about to apply to Lady Aberdeen for accommodation in the Sanatorium at Crooksling. Now blow.

If the anonymous scribe, the dirty reformatory bird, has anything to say about us, let him come out in the open and avow himself. I wonder has he sold all his Christmas cards to the farmers yet? Do they invite him to dinner now? No one but a dirty, mean, traitorous cur like himself, who tried to sell the farm labourers and to smash the Union underhand; but we are too long in the world to be hoodwinked by an ignorant fool and boaster like him. He refers to a pauper Union. What about the poor bread that he was reared upon and the produce from the farmera' fields in the night time? He speaks about the parents of respectable men who are in their graves, and whom the breath of scandal never touched whilst living. We challenge him up n this point. There men ought to clean their own houses before they start to clean anyone else's.

EYE-OPENER.

Wexfard Notes.

Larkinism up to recently has been only known as an industrial disease; but according to Dr. 1 ommie Pierce it is a so a disease of the body, as every poor person he visited lately he told them they were suffering from "Larkinism;" that Larkin is keeping them from ge ting enough money to nourish their bodies. This is wonderful information, when we know that Larkin has got the men on the Quays over 30 per cent. increase in their wages these last two years. We wonder did sommie notice that on last Sunday the most of the eight hundred that left Wexford to see the Ali Ireland Final were workingmen, and Transport Union men. and they did not seem to be a bit hungrylooking. There is a picture house in Wexford, and the gallery is packed every night with Transport men; and if they have money enough to spend on pictures and football matches, surely they have the wherewith to live fairly comfortable. No. Temmie does not want to see these things; be only wants to find some excuse for being disagreeable to the poor in Wexford for whom he is well paid for looking after. Any hunger that is in Wexford is due to Suffordism and Salmonism.

Wexford were rather unjucky last Sunday in not winning All-Ireland honours. Mickey Crowe, who is a Munster man, by the way, and who is alleged to have been coaching Kerry during a time of their training, certainly did not give Wexford a fair show. In our mind the iesm did not seem to be placed properly. Jemmy Rossiter was like a fish out of water in the position he was in. If he had been in John Kennedy's place, Wexford would undoubtedly have a few more points to their credit. He himself asked to be let out from the position he was in, but his request was ignored. Like almost everything else in Wextord, there is too much red tapersm in the G.A.A.

Speaking of Jemmy Rossiter, did any of you notice how he was watched on Sunday? Of course, P.J. bad all the information sent down to Kerry about how matters were working. Salmon is still victimising. Only a

couple of weeks ago he sacked four moulders because he heard from some of the scabs who were jealous of the men that they were thinking of going to Glasgow. You know Tommy always loved Davidson, so much so that he was always trying to get John Pierce to run him. When Davidson made the No. 8 mowing machine Salmen laughed about it, and said it would n t be a success

(whatever he'a strange to say, it

and they can make it speaks of They have got four managers-Salmon, Malone, Williams, and Joneswhile one good draughtsman would be better than the four of them; they have not enough brains to construct a wheelberrow properly. There is more metal wasted in Pierce's every day trying experiments than would keep Billy Doyle's irm going for a week, and all through bad management.

All of the dockers who were in Dublin on Sunday paid a visit to Liberty Hall, and were delighted to see, no matter what the lying capitalistic Press said to the contrary, the men are showing wonderful solidarity. There seems to ce no s'a kdown of anything in the way of clothing and food, and all are anxiously waiting for the Chief to return to give him a reel cead mile failte.

We regret to have to chronicle the death of William Murphy, Bride street, who passed away on Saturday last, at the early age of thirty four. after a short illness. Birly was always in the front rank when there was anything to be done in the way of helping his fellow-workers, he was a staunch member of the Transport Union up to the time of his death. He leaves a wife and four child:en to mourn his loss.

Bray Notes.

Well, Bill, or perhaps you are better known as Ikey the scab. You state you are not afraid you gave the game away. Old boy, we don't forget when you and your better half tramped from Dalkey to beg a job from us. We did not know you at that time, or you would have gone back starving. I see you are a very good boy now. You are never locked out now, Bill. On very good terms I see with Paint and Powder face. You keep good hours now. I am glad to see you minding your eye.

Round the Town Reiliy or scab director, who helds an important position as muck man and gatekeeper in Fair Green. Well, Paddy, what about the nursery?

The prigs and half-paid officers who belong to the Mollies or Ancient Order of Hyp. crites, who hold their secret meettings in a burg shop, te careful in fature, or I will let the cat out of the bag. And, Piper, be careful who you strike in future, and mind he is not an old man.

I will furnish a list of the so called gen's who hold their drunken meetings in the bung shop in a later issue.

The Mollies eas they are going to give the workers' candidate something he will remember next January. So, workers, be ready to give the scab brigade a hot reception across the bridge Boys, use your power, and show the crawlers the stuff you are made of.

Well, Tommy, your scab ship ss. "Thames has" arrived here again, and the pilot, Andy Mooney, one of the cast off scabs of the 2s. "Braedale," has done the dirty work again. You seem to be getting fond of the paupers and jail birds from Kingstown; but time will tell, Tommy.

There is a split between the scabs' wives in Maitland street. Mrs. Powder and Paint has lost her penny messengers who carried Ikey's wardrobe every Mon-day morning to her "uncle's." I am glad to see this party getting a little respect for her children. I hope she will convert her husband; Charlie, the scab; also her brother, Sammy.

Well, Flop Malley, scabbing away with Master Tom, you Connaught wastrel; also your brother, Ted. It takes a long time to heal the disease in the blood; but your time is coming.

Well, Jemmy Leggett, we see you back in Bray again and still scabbing on the se. "Thames"; but we could not expect you to be true to the Union when you sold the house from over your sisters' head. You never could be anything else only a scab, for the place you sleep in had to be disinfected when you le't (Cimice).

Hello, Dimp! I see you and Johnny Dishard are still scabbing it in Jacob's; but you are both melting away like an w before a shower. Do you ever take a drive on top of a tramear now, Billy?

We believe the old man preferred the top of a railway carriage to drive on. AU REVOIR.

LORCAN'S LIEUTENANTS:

My attention has been called to the following statement sprearing in this paper under the heading of "Murphy s Mongrels":-

"The champions of the Nationalist Par y were men who had suffered imprisonment for an offence that no honest man would be guilty of, and that they are both organisers of scab focieties.

My readers will readily recognize that the imprisonment portion had no reference to Councillor Richardson, but to his colleague, Coarcillor John Saturnus Kelly, who sat silent in the City Council while ex-Conneillor Carroll referred to him as s blackmailer (what price the mail fist?), a rubber, and a liar.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE,

Bublin Labour Party

A Special Meeting of delegates to select candicates for the forthcoming Municipal Elections will be held on Monday next, December 22ad, in the Council Chamber, Trades Hall, at 8.30. All delegates are

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Subscriptions Received by Lock-out Fund. Transport Union.

We give this week a sixth list of the subscriptions to the Lock-out Fund received in the Transport Workers' Office, and from week to week we will continue to give a list until all the sums received directly in Liberty Hall are acknowledged in the "Irish Worker."

Oct. 10th-The "Forward," Glasgow, per Thomas Johnston ... £250 0 0 ... 90 9 0 Also 20th Sept. 2nd Oct. ... 200 0 0 Oct 11th—The Stramship "Lady Wol-... 200 0 0

sley," Southampton, per J Howard, £1 10; N.S. & F.U., Sunderland, per Jack Murray, 106; A.S.T.B.H. Belfast Carters' Branch, per R. J. Mccre, £5; Labour Protection League, Woolwich, per H. Melvern, £1; DWR, & G.W.U., Gray's Branch, per J. Bildrey, £5; A.S.C.J., Berough of South. wark Branch, per R. C. Wood, 3s 6d; N.A.U. of S.A.W. & C., Ipswich Branch, per A. J. Rudiin, 3s; A.D., Dublin, £2 2s; Football, Liverpool, rs 3d; N.U.R., Shirebrook Branch, per C. R. Pickthorpe, £3 cs 3d; Anonymous, Dublin, 2s; Thos. Regar, St. Augustine street, Dublio, £1; J. Shelley, St. Abgustine street, 4s; and three other subscriptions of 5s each, 191; Postmen's Federation, Dublin, per F. W. Meagher, £5; collected by Mrs. Pollard, Dublin, 7s 6d; William Pigeon, 4 Lower

Mayor street. Dublin, 103. Oct 13th "Daily Herald," per W.J. Taylor, £100 0 0

Oct. 13th-Rev. Cecil Thornton, B D. St, Columba's Marse, Blackhall, Midlothian, £10; collected by Barry Branch N S. and F U., per A. M. Dunlop, £3 4s 3d; Mr. A. H.Scott, 108 Westbourne terrace, Hyde Park, £2 2s; collected from sailers and firemen at Newcastle and South Shields Shipping Offices, per Charles Bellem, £1 38, collected at a small cotton mill, Colne, Lancashire, per R: H. Helm, £1 7s; from a few Postmen, Belfast, 8s; J. Hallian, Limerick, 18; J. Duffy, do., is; from Trades Union, Crossens, Southport, per J. Moore, 115; collected by J. Priestman, Alterinchan, 123; A Kinsley, Gainsboro', 2s 6d; C. S, to the strikers with sympathy and admiration, 18; J. E. Crocus, Secretary and Treasurer of the Royal Liver Friendiy Society, from the Committee of Management, £7 10s; collected at open air meeting Groydon Branch Liberal and Radical Association, per D. Honor, 105; A. Ness. Bow, London, E, 3s; National Labour Sec., Amsterdam, £20; Bootle NUR. Signal Dept., per A. Decimus, 6s 6d; collected by George Jackson, Newport Branch N.S. and F.U., £3 175 63; second subscription from Penman family, Wishaw, Scotland, 6s 6d; Employees Orchestrelle Co., Elm street, third donation, per F. H. Austin, £t 14s 6d; Whilt House, Kent, per Fred Jones, 18 6d; J.F., Dublin, Is; P. Nolan, s.s. "Black-

Oct. 14th-Balance of amount collected at the Memorial Hall Meetings, London on Oct 10th, per "Daily £106 5 11

Herald" Oct. 14th-Amalgamated Toolmakers Society, Birmingham, per J. Kler Hardie, MP, £1 18; Westport Branch A.S.RS., per P. O'Neill, 4th sobscription, £1; from C. B. Staff, G.P.O., Liverpool, per J. Holland, 18: 61; W. H. Page, Hove, Sussex, £1; A Well-wisher, Chorlion-cum Hardie, 2nd subscription, 168; W. Harr son and Children. Levenshulme, Manchest r, 3s 3d; Scottish Union of Dock Labourers, Ardeer Section, per Arthur Hughey, Sec., £1 10:; Ironwork Erectors and Sheeters' Society, Dublin, per W. J. Hart, Hon. Sac., £2; Cardiff Branch N. S and F. U., per H. Tearle, Sec., per George Burke, Dublin, 15s; W. H. Marriage, Colchester, 3s 3d; Mr. and Mrs Blood, Drumcondra, 35; D. Carey, I.T. & G.W U., Cork, 6th subscription, £2; Atherton Branch, Lancast ire and Cheshire Miners' Federation, per Mr. James Latham, £4. F. Stiner, Sheffield, 6s; Thornbury Tram Depot, Brad-fort, Yorks., per Ned Shaw, T Winterburn, W. M. rgan, L. Cross, £3 18s; Gas Workers' and General Labour Social Club, Burnley, per A. Rice, 6s; Peter Murphy. Newsage t, &c, Scotland place, Liverpool, £1 11; Tilbury Dock Branch D. W. R. and G. W. U, per J. Baldrey (Oct. 6th, £5; Oct. 9th, £5,, £10: Dublin Branch Amalgamated Union Cabinet Makers, per D. Hayden (2nd subscriptions, £2 15; and £2 115 6d), £5 6s 6d; D. Coveney, I T. & G.W. U., per P. Daly, £27 7s; John Kelly, per J. A. Casey, £1 1s; from Employees at Creigh, 154 Albany street, London, £1 4s 6d; Thes. Halpin, Chapeiizo 1, £1.

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PEOPLE IN THE TRADE.

Received by United Trades Council, Collected by "Daily Herald": £ s d £200; £26 7s. 9d.; £23 3s. 2d.; £52 7s. 1d. ... 301 18 0 Seamen and Marine Firemen's Amal. Society, Hull, per G.

W. McKee 100 0 0 Dock, Wharf, Riverside and Gen. Workers' Union, and other contributions, per H. ... 56 9 0 G. Geater, Bristol

Shop Assistants' Association, per J. O' Lehane, Grafton st. 50 0 0 Bradford District Trades and ... 34 8 0 Labour Council

Cork Trades & Labour Council, per J. O'Sullivan ... 25 0 0 Dublin Bakers' Society, per J. Batry, £13 8s.; £57s. 18 15 0 Inchicore Allied Trades ... 15 0 0 Dublin Saddlers' Society, per

J. Christian ...

Operative Plumbers' Society, Dublin; Waterford Trades Council; United Irish Soc., Manchester, Salford; Rolls Royce, Ltd., Derby, per L. Wozencroft; Clitheroe Weavers and Winders' Association; Brazier and Sheet Metal Workers, L'pool; Railway Clerks' Assoc., London; Postal Telegraph Clerks, London; Shipwrights and Shipconstructors Association Newcastle; Builders' Labourers Amal., Manchester; N.U.R., Toton, No.1 Branch; N. A. Furnishing Trades' Association, London, £10

each N.U.R., Stourbridge Branch; Burslem Suburban Club: Falkirk Trades Coun.; House and Ship Painters, Preston, No. 1 Bch.; N U.R, Coventry; N.U.R., Newcastle, No. 1 Branch; Typo. Society, Manchester; Llanlelleth Miners, Steam Coal Lodge; N.U. Bookb'ders & Machine Rulers, Longsight; Fishermen's Protec Soc., Grimsby; N.U R., Ashton, No. 1 Branch; House & Ship Painters, Cork; N.U.R, Sligo Branch; Tipperary Trades Coun., per M. J. O'Lehane; House & Ship Painters, Oldham, No. 1 Branch; Operative Plasterers, Belfast; C. K. Elev, Broomwood road, Battersea; M. Joachem, St. Andrew's Club, London; Eastwood U.I.L., Musgrave Fold, Leeds; Lanc. & Ches. Colliery Firemen's Assoc., Wigan; H. Tyler, 72 Thurleigh road, Balham; N.U.R. Wakefield, No. 2 Branch; W. Barber, 1 Carlton rooms, 85 Westgate, Bradford; Miss Gibson Haslemere, Miss Hardie, Finchley, road, Manchester; Amal. Stevedores Labour Proc. League, London; Heywood Trades Council; United Boot and Shoe Operat's, Rossendale; N.U.R., Colwick Junction; N.U.R., Hull, No. 3 Branch; N.U.R., West Brompton rd; Miss M. Lawless, Kiltane Lodge, Bangor, Erris, Co Mayo, £5 each ...

Queen's Co. Trades Co., £3; Amal. Dyers and Bleachers, Dublin, £28, £27s., £25s, Mineral Waters Operatives. Dublin, £2, £1 10s., £2, £1 10s., £2; Nat Life Assur. Agents, Dublin, £1 6s. and £1 8s. 6d.; Carpenters No. 1 Lodge, £2 13 6d.; Butchers Society, Dublin, per J. Mc-Kenna, £1 1s.; Scientific -Instrument Makers, Dublin, £2; Glaziers' Society, per T. Marnell, £1 18s. and £2 2s. 6d.; Parcel P. Branch Postmen's Fed. £2 4s.; Sort-

ing Staff Parcel Post, Dublin, ... 34 13 ... 10 7 6 From Comon

British Seafarers' Union.

8 Terminus terrace, Southampton, 10th December, 1913. 10th December, 1913. unanimously carried at a meeting of the Executive Council of the above Union, and

I was instructed to forward you a copy :-"This Executive Council of the B.S.U. expresses their sympathy with tha workers of Dablin in their prolonged struggle, and congratulates the members of the B.S.U. at Belfast upon their refusal to take part in the transport of tainted goods."-I am, yours fraternally, A. CANNON, Secretary.

CHRISTMAS.

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DUBLIN LOCK-OUT.

At a meeting held in 170 North street, Belfast (late Co-Op. Hall), on Sunday evening, Nov. 30, 1913, the following resolution was unanimously adopted :--That this meeting of the Joint

Branches of the Belfast Independent Labour Party express their indignation at the continued imprisonment of the locked out Trade Unionists, sentenced for legitimate picketing in Dublin, and calls on the Government to complete their tardy recognition of the claims of justice by granting an immediate release to the imprisoned workers;

"And that copies be sent to the Chief Sepretary for Ireland, Members of Parliament for Belfast, Pelfast and Dublin local Press, and the 'Daily Citizen,' 'Labour Leader,' 'Forward,'

and 'Irish Worker.'" W. FRENCH, Sec.

Correspondence.

THE DIVISION OF LABOUR. To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Reenglas, Valencia Island, Co. Kerry.

SIR,—It is cheering to see both Mr. James Connolly and Shane O'Neill in issue of 29th Nov. emphasizing the littleappreciated fact that the possessing class are "but a handful." The "all-important matter" is the indifference or hostility of large numbers of the wage slaves. It is so obvious that when the latter really come to unite the former will be as a drop in a bucket. The regrettable and CORIOUS fact is that at present not only the police and military, rank and file, not only the host of "genteel" workers, from the manager on £5,000 a year to the wretched clerk on £50, but also the bulk of the labourers, town and country, are indifferent, if not hrsule, to the ideal of the Co-operative Commonwealth.

The counterbalancing fact which cheers ore up is that whether they know it or not, and whether they like it or not, these latter are bound to be converted by the irresistible pressure of facts and march of events.

To illustrate this a "yarn" of the American navy of thirty years ago is

A midshipman was one day ordered by tle first lieutenant to take a boat ashore ar d fetch sand for scrubbing decks. Now the youngsier was hoping to go ashore, but for pleasure, not sand, so he said 'Oo, sir, I protest." "Well," replied the first lieutenant," you may protest, but you've got to go for sand." This was a byeword for years, and when anyone was ordered to do anything he didn'nt like, his messmates would say, deridingly, "you've get to go icr sand.

Our friends above alluded to loudly "protest" against the progress towards a co operative common wealth, but they "have got to go for sand," and what is more tacy are doing it daily.

FRANCIS SPRING RICE, Commander R N. (retired).

St. Patrick's Temperance Brass and Reed Band, Ringsend. "That we, the members of the above band, tender to Mr. Andrew Byrne, our deepest sympathy in the loss he has sustained through the death of his

> THOMAS KEMPLE, Hon. S.c., 14 Pembruke street, Irishtown, Co. Dublin.

A NOTE FROM CANADA.

mother.'

160 0 0

24 Melbourne ave ine, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, Nov. 11, 1913.

MY DEAR COMEADE, -I take this opportunity of writing you, and hope to hear of your bearing up and keeping the old fire aglow under such terrible and trying conditions as you must be suffering for taking your stand on behalf of the working slaves. We in Canada are beginning to feel the lash of the capitalist; but a brighter day is coming, and, take it from me, it's c ming a little too fast for the big bugs in the world of Mammon.

I had a talk with Tom Richardson, Labour M.P., as to using his power to have you released, and he said the question was sure to be tackled by Labour

It's a great pity that Irishmen allow their religious," peliefs" to interfere in tconomic questions. What is the use of a men praying "Give us this day our daily bread," and then voting for a system that takes it away?

Now, comrade, I hope by the time you receive this note you will be at liberty to do or die for the great and only movement that is moving ferward-Socialism. -Ho sing to hear from you,

Comrade JIM KEMP.

"HONEST TOM KELLY."

The reptile Prass has announced that Alderman Tom Kelly has changed his mind with regardato the Irish Transport Union. We have also noticed a report of a speech alleged to be delivered by the Alderman which would go to confirm the joy of the respected editor of the "Toiler," if that report be true. In fact we would like to know just what the Alderman did say, because it will help us later on.

In the public life of our city_the name

of Tom Kelly stands out as one of the few who never feared to fight the gang or to fight his corner. That he has now gone over to Murphyism and all the sinister things it stands for is hard to believe. The Alderman knows as well as we do that there is more inationality in Larkin's little finger than in the whole carcases of the 404 employers who would deny irishmen the right to live. The rank and file behind Larkin are Nationalist to a man. The cause given for Tom Keily going over into the Murph, ite camp is the question of the relationship of Larkin to the nation. If he thinks there is real nationality under the banner of the creature who brought out his paper in "Coronation blue" and who helped to stab Parnell in the back, we really pity him. Gathered under that banner we have all the crawling creatures that went out on their stomachs to meet Edward of England after shadowing our capital city with their imported Union Jacks. We have no desire to enumerate all that is ranged up on the side of Murphy. Tom Kelly knows the crew as well as we do.

Larkin stands for virile nationality. He has broken the back of the sectarianism which Nugent so assiduously organised, and which threatened to throttle all that was good and pure in the national life of our city. Tom Kil'y has no cause to regret the break up of Nugentism. He has seen its evil work in administrative affairs; he saw it squeeze the Sinn Fein party out of public

As to the help from England, we would nct have needed it if the people of Ireland realised their duty of feeding the Dublin locked-out army. That help does not mean that we will part with our birthright. We still regard England as the enemy, and will make it more difficult for England to hold this country than did the Sinn Feln party, which acquiesced in the Insurance Act that has done untold harm to National feeling. Sinn Fein failed; but Larkin has weaned the people of Dublin from their blind faith in Parliamentary leaders. Cannot, our ultra-Nationalist friends see that Larkin has brought us twenty years nearer to the Irish Republic? The drilling is not a bit of mock heroics. We mean business. We do not want the toy Pailiament or imitation Westminster, controlled by Eigland, that Sinn Fein stands for. We are out for, and will not rest content until we have in being, an Irish Republic, Gaelic-speaking, separate, and distinct. If Tom Kelly and our ultra Nationalist friends prefer Murphylsm.

LAMH DRARG ABU.

City Notes. Dublin Municipal Elections.

The time has arrived when it behoves the workers of the city to be up and doing. In about three weeks hence twenty councillors and ten aldermen retire by

rotation. The nominations for the vacancies take place on the 8th and the elections on the 15th January, 1914. There are several aspirants for civic honours already in the field. The League

branches, mainly composed of officeseekers and wardheelers, have unfurled the "green flag," and in the name of "Holy Ireland" and the heaven-sent leaders of the so-called Irish Parliamentary Party they ask the workers to return their nominees at the head of the poll.

Appeals to their "magnificent manhood." their high sense of patriotism, and the memory of the "martyred dead" will be issued broadcast, and the failure of the workers to return men of the type of Gerald Begg, the scab provider; lightweight champion Scully, Little Tich Alfy Byrne, milk and water Doyle, flunkey Farrell, etc., will be set down as a crime against the nationr Humbug, cajolery, and misrepresentation will loom largely in the plan of campaign, and profuse praise will be lavished upon the efforts of the workers in shaking off the fetters of capital and intrigue, The workers will not, however, be de-

coived by fulsome flattery poured forth from tainted sources. They realize that to control the city for the benefit of the community and not for the advantage of any clique or cliques or of a set of highly. paid Corporate officials is a duty which they, and they alone, can adequately and honestly perform. Their recent fight for freedom has been a wonderful fount of education and must necessarily produce good resul si Labour now has an opportunity to assert its dignity and its power. Every vacant a seat should be contested and the men who directly or indirectly opposed the march of progress should be driven from public life. Success at the polls would mean new and for all time the destruction of Murphy and his gang of tyranny and graft. The tramways would be acquired, the control of the "bludgeon police" (who are now the masters, not the servants) obtained, good housing accommodation provided, slums abclished, and other crying reforms carried out.

In the notes published in your last issue the claims of Shortali, who locked out his men after pocketing a cheque for £1 500 from the Pembroke Commissioners, who now threaten him with legal proceedings, were dealt with. Since then one of his sponsors and chief supporters closely allied to Paddy Shortall by family ties has come

a cropper, as will be seen by the following cutting from the "Evening Telegraph" of 14th inst., and will give a good lilustration of the average ward heeler and politician actively engaged in Municipal contests:-

"Patrick Coyle, 8 Graham's court and West Park, Gasnevin, for having soli milk on November 5th in Richmond avenue which was found to be adulterated with 57.4 per cent. of added water and to have a deficiency of 40 per cent. of matural fats was fined £10. It was stated that there had been five pravious convictions."

Not less than twelve members of this interesting family have been placed on the ist of voters, and within a stone's throw of Counciller Shortall's residence, the Monks, Coyles and Shortalis.

Councillor Alfy Byrne essays the Allermanship of the North Dock. He has numinally "cut" his guide councillor and friend, Bill Richardson, who taught him many of the tricks of which Bill is a past master. Alfy is in a state of trepidation and is anxiously inquiring as to how the cat jumps.

Flunkey Farzell is lying low, and waiting developments. Little Lorcan whose very life depends on his re-election for Mounting Ward, is practising the difficult feat of attempting to sit on the two stools. The light-weight champion Scully has marshalled the camp followers in Merchant's Quay with the usual flourish of trumpets the war cry being "elect Scully" and Ireland is saved. The same Scully whose gyrations on the Distress Committee, South Dublin Union and Corporation have evoked such condemnation from all men interested in the purity of civic administration.

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