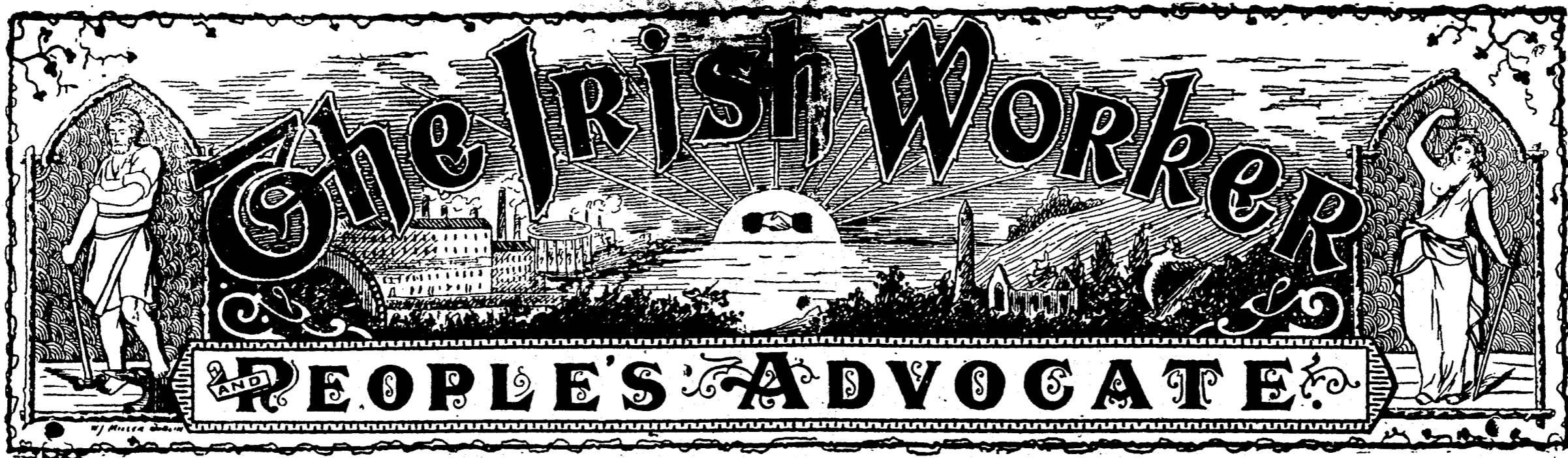


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat?

I tell you a cause like ours; Is greater than defeat can know— It is the power of powers.

As surely as the earth rolls round, As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world moon-way, Must our Cause be won!

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by Jim Larkin.

1

No. 12.—VOL. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST 12th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

Memoir of James Fintan Lalor.

FROM PREFACE TO WRITINGS.

In the fifth chapter of his "Four Years of Irish History," Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has described, with customary effectiveness, Lalor's first introduction to the Irish people through the "Nation" newspaper. The references to Lalor's personality are worth reproducing:—"He was deaf, near-sighted, ungainly, and deformed; and his deficiencies cut him off, not only from any career needing sympathy and publicity, but even from social intercourse, except with his nearest kin. But Nature is rich in compensations; he was trained by solitary meditation to a concentrated and savage earnestness, which often distinguishes men to whom the ordinary channels of communication are closed; and he was endowed with a will and a persuasiveness of prodigious force. Of all the men who had preached revolutionary politics in Ireland, this isolated thinker, who had hitherto had no experience either as a writer or an actor in public affairs, was the most original and intense. His imagination was so vivid that his desires framed themselves like palpable images in his mind, and he lived in a world of dreams, far more real to him than the world that lay about him on an Irish farm. He projected, as solitary thinkers are apt to do, in the unfenced field of fancy, and his schemes seemed so logically exact and demonstrable that he could discern no difficulties which forbade their immediate execution."

Having never known the invaluable discipline of rivals and competitors to reduce his plans to practical dimensions, he nourished an indomitable intellectual pride in his work, which was probably aggravated by the necessity a defamed man feels to insist upon his individuality. Had he been six feet high, had his sane and vigorous intellect been lodged in a sane and vigorous body, had his *amour-propre*, which was irritated by opposition and unreasonable contempt, been scathed by sympathy and success, he might have rivalled Tone and Owen Roe O'Neill."

Duffy had never heard of Lalor until the letter which opens this collection of Lalor's writings was received by him, and he was consequently startled at the power and freshness of it. The letters which follow Duffy truly characterise as "marvels of passionate, persuasive rhetoric." The leading Young Irelanders felt that a new force had come into active existence. Mitchel was specially impressed, and shows the influence of Lalor in all his subsequent writings. Doherty went to visit the new champion of popular rights, and says:—"I could not be persuaded that I had before me, in the poor distorted, ill-favoured, hunch-backed little creature, the bold propounder of the singular doctrines in the 'Nation' letters." That Lalor was the suggester, if not the propounder, of most of the views of modern land reformers is unquestionable. That his writings are wonderfully virile and luminous will not be disputed. Yet these striking theories and prophecies, these epoch-marking articles and letters, have never been collected in a volume during the half-century which has elapsed since their first publication. Whether Lalor's views are sound or otherwise, the eloquent productions in which he expressed them are eminently worthy of preservation.

Of his life very little is known. He was the eldest son of Mr. Patrick Lalor, a prosperous gentleman farmer and extensive landholder of Queen's County, who had made himself very popular by his opposition to the tithe system, and between 1832 and 1835 was M.P. for his county. Though James Fintan Lalor was not heard of in public affairs until he wrote to Duffy in 1847; he had keenly watched movements and events in Ireland from his earliest youth, and had, as his writings show, thought deeply and continuously upon them. Educated at home under private tutors, and at Carlow College, he was proficient in Greek and Latin; but his favourite study, we learn, was chemistry, and we may assume that the principal part of his reading was in history and politics. He became an ardent Republican, and it was he who chiefly influenced Mitchel and won him over to the plan of armed insurrection. After the suppression of Mitchel's "United Irishman" he went to Dublin to edit the "Irish Felon," its successor, and there and elsewhere preached the doctrine of a general strike against rent, afterwards journeying down to Holycross, Co. Tipperary, where at a public meeting he endeavoured to form a "Land League" according to his principles, the watch-

word of which was to be, "Pay no rent." But the farmers, much to his disappointment, failed to respond to his entreaties. He distributed shillings amongst the labourers along the roads in Tipperary, urging them to take the field with him. He was arrested in Ballyhane, a few miles from Nenagh, and lodged in the gaol of the town. Having been subpoenaed as a witness in the trial of John Martin, one of the principal counts in whose indictment was founded on one of Lalor's articles, he was removed to Newgate Prison in Dublin. After a very short incarceration, his health, always wretched, grew worse and worse, and, finally, he received the last rites of the Church, so dangerous was his state. His fellow-prisoners talked of memorializing the Government for his release, but he would not hear of it, and vehemently protested against the idea. The memorial was sent nevertheless, but Lalor was not released until the imprisonment had done its work. He lingered for a few months, dying at his residence, 39 Great Britain Street, on December 27th, 1849, aged forty years. He was buried in Glasnevin on the Sunday following. He was an uncompromising Nationalist "to his last sigh."

Standish O'Grady, who is anything but a Nationalist in the political sense of the term, has written very eulogistically and justly of Lalor's rank as an originator, as a pioneer. "James Fintan Lalor," he says, "was a man who united a most logical understanding with a force and depth of imaginative revolutionary passion without parallel in his time, a man who, first in modern Europe, preached the startling doctrine that land titles, not originating in the people's will, are invalid; that the nations own the land, a doctrine of which Europe will hear much in the coming century, for, whether it be true or false, the world must assuredly face it, as the old wayfarer had to face the sphinx."

"From the brooding brain of the Tipperary recluse, from some fiery seed dropped there by the genius of the age, sprang forth suddenly an idea, full-formed, clear, mature, clad as if in shining armour, and equipped for war. Something very new and strange, something terrible as well as beautiful there emerged. Lalor's idea passed into the mind of Mitchel and others. With them it passed into America, propagating itself there in the Irish-American press, and from America it has come upon Europe, advertising itself as 'Progress and Poverty.' Lalor's idea, now well-clad, that is to say, well printed, well bound, less Irish and more nice, possibly, but, beyond question, robust and vehement, walks abroad everywhere to-day."

Should this book receive the encouragement which it deserves and is expected to obtain, it will prove to be the first of a series of works really national and really literary in subject or style. The crystallization of fundamental ideas upon the national and land questions which constitutes Lalor's contribution to Irish literature and politics is here placed before Irish and other readers as a sample of what will follow if success is achieved by the present volume.

O'D.

THE NEW REPUBLIC.

Doctor Antonio Jose d'Almeida, the Minister of the Interior of the new Republic of Portugal, is the editor of the new conservative paper, Republica, and is a great orator. He is greatly respected by all classes in that country, and has great influence with the labouring people. It was he who promulgated the "right to strike" law, giving the workmen in Portugal the right to quit their employment. A strike followed by the railway employees, but Dr. d'Almeida, by his great influence and fairness, brought about an amicable adjustment of the controversy, the workmen receiving a satisfactory settlement.

Encourage Irish Work.

GET PHOTOGRAPHED

Finnerty's, ESTD. 1903.

46 HENRY ST. and 77 AUNGIER ST., DUBLIN.

Best Work—Lowest Prices.

This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. off List Prices. See our Stall at all Bazaars and Public Fets.

THE BREAD LINE.

You may have friends and relations in America, or you may even be thinking of going there yourself; if so read this American poet's description of an almost everyday occurrence in the City of New York:—

THE BREAD LINE.

By J. H. SKYMORE, the Hobo Poet.
[Dedicated to Organised Charity of New York.]

Come, cheer up, pal, it's nearly ten,
De doors 'll soon be open;
We'll git a bowl o' Java den
(Leastwise dat's w'at I'm hopin').
An' dat'll make us good an' warm,
Jes' w'at we been a-wishin';
It's cold an' wet here in de storm,
But alright in de mission.

Aw, yes, you bet, it's mighty hard
To stand here on de Bovey
Since seven in de mornin', pard,
In wedder cold an' showery.
I know it hurts t' read dat sign,
"Come 8 A. M. fer luncheon,"
But better stand t'ree hours in line
Dan come too late for munchin'.

At last dey're open! half-past ten—
Come, lean on me—dat's better;
Jes' squeeze in 'twixt dem bigger men
An' don't get any wetter.
Now, come, brace up, we'll soon be in—
Don't give dat bloke no 'spicion;
He'll tink y'er drunk, as surr as sin,
An' chase ye from de mission.

Now, see, we're in. Sit down an' wait,
We'll soon be warm an' eatin'.
What's dat 'e says? Aw, hell, dat's great!
"We'll first have noonday meetin'."
Dat means a couple hours or more
Before we get our chewin';
But dere's no sense in gittin' sore—
Dat's w'at dey're always doin'.

Now, listen pal, dey're goin' t' preach
An' tell us 'bout de Savior.
It's pretty nice, dem t'ings dey teach,
'Bout keepin' good behavior;
But seems t' me, from w'at I've read
'Bout Christ an' bread an' fishes,
Dat first He'd have us bums all fed
An' den we'd heed his wishes.

Hear w'at dat lady says dere bo;
"Dat Christ fer us is weepin".
Come, tell me now, ye did'n't know—
But say, de poor kid's sleepin'.
Well tell 'im sleep; he needs it, sure;
T'ree nights he's packed de banner.
Aw, God, it's fierce to be so poor
An' live in such a manner!

But now dey've stopped de righteous spiel—
Jes' shake yerself some, Freddy.
At las' we're goin' t' git our meal,
De bread an' coffee's ready.
But say he's stiff! Dere's hell t' pay!
De poor kid's dead, not sleepin'.
Well—one poor soul has got away
No wonder Christ is weepin'.

IND. WORKER.

PLUMBERS DISCHARGED.

Chicago, July 22.—With the usual amount of noise it was announced a few days ago that Messrs. O'Donnell, Kearney and Garvin had been arrested and committed to jail without bonds on the charge of murder. These gentlemen are officials of the Chicago Plumbers' Union. Subsequently, upon being brought into court, upon motion of the State's attorney, the men were dismissed, there being no evidence to hold them on the charge, their innocence being clearly proven.

ORIENTALS BARRED.

New York, July 22.—That the Seamen's Union is making substantial headway was emphasised when an agreement was entered into between it and the United Fruit Company, whereby the company agrees to hereafter abandon the policy of employing Chinese sailors. A strike took place which affected this company's vessels in various ports, and when agreement noted was reached, it carried an advanced wage scale satisfactory to the men, and also a provision that hereafter the company will hire all its crews from the Seamen's Union direct.

RESUME WORK.

Manchester, July 22.—After being idle for three weeks 500 employees of the Gorton Rubber Company at Openshaw and Droyleden have resumed work. These employees refused to sign an agreement allowing themselves to be searched, and ceased work. The company has acceded to the demand of the union and withdrawn the objectionable order.

DELIBERATE SWINDLING.

MORE ABOUT MUTUAL STAMPS AND OTHER BOGUS BONUSES.

Last Friday Mr. Hunt, who runs the Red Mutual Stamp Company, tried to take the harm out of our criticism by publishing half-page advertisements in the evening papers. In these advertisements he stated that "8s. 4d. worth of stamps would be given free to everyone on Saturday, August the 5th, at any shop issuing Red Mutual Trading Stamps." In this one announcement there are at least two lies. First, the stamps were not given free. Second, they were not worth 8s. 4d. The actual cost of the stamps to Mr. Hunt is less than half a farthing for the whole twenty-five. It is obvious to the least intelligent person that a man cannot afford to buy perforated paper at 4d., sell it at 15s., and redeem it for £16 13s. 4d., losing £15 18s. 8d. on the transaction. Yet this is what Mr. Hunt pretends to do. If the twenty-five stamps were worth 8s. 4d. as Mr. Hunt states they are, he should give 8s. 4d. worth of goods in exchange for them. A threepenny piece is worth three pence; a five pound note worth five pounds; but Mr. Hunt's fourpenny stamps are only worth 4d. per thousand, if they are worth anything. Instead of giving the stamps away free they are only obtainable by spending a shilling in the shop.

I called into the Camden street showroom this week and found it packed from roof to ceiling with tawdry, shoddy articles, the bulk of which was hardly worth carrying away. Cups and saucers, flower-pots, looking-glasses, and fire-stones were heaped up everywhere; and one had to spend anything from £4 10s. to £18 before sufficient stamps could be obtained to exchange for them.

Let us now see what the Stamp Companies have actually done since they first came to Dublin about four years ago. A few men, amongst whom was Hunt, induced some of the Dublin shopkeepers to become agents for the distributing of Trading Stamps, which were supplied to them at the rate of 15s. per thousand. For three or four months the company sold hundreds of pounds worth of stamps to the shopkeepers for net. cash; then they sent a circular around saying they were leaving Dublin as a new company was coming to take their place. The Stamps, for which, the shopkeepers had paid several hundred pounds, were left unredeemed on their hands, and neither shopkeepers nor customers ever received anything in exchange for them. Mr. Hunt was waited on by the men who had been fooled and robbed, but, he referred them to "the head office in London," saying he was only the Dublin manager. Then he started a new company which has not yet run away. Another Stamp Company started called The Green Company, but finding the people less green than they thought, they also have gone out of business. We would like to know what share Mr. Hunt had in the firm that run away with the money, and how much he got out of it while it was in existence.

Although Hunt was connected with the first company, he has not, so far as we can ascertain, made any offer to redeem the stamps issued by them. We have no hesitation in saying that this system of Trading Stamps is a fraud from beginning to end. In Hunt's shop in Camden Street I saw packets of tea, which were sold at 1s. 4d. and 1s. 8d. per pound. The 1s. 4d. packets each contained twenty (20) twopenny stamps; the 1s. 8d. twelve (12) fourpenny ones. Hunt gives stamps bearing a face value of 4s. with a purchase of 1s. 8d. There must be something wrong here. If we are offered 4s. worth of stamps to induce us to purchase a pound of Hunt's 1s. 8d. tea, we become very suspicious of the tea.

A little lower down than Hunt's, is on the opposite side of Camden street, is

another suspicious-looking establishment called the Assurance Tea Company, who promises to give "a set of china free to every purchaser of 6 lbs. of their 2s. tea." They also give away rubber heels and 5s. pieces, and sell eight sample boxes of Swift Boot Polish for one penny. We wonder does the "Swift Boot Polish Company, Hounslow, Eng.," authorise them to do it. The tea sold in this shop must be similar to Hunt's. The Assurance Tea Company (they certainly do not lack assurance) sent us an order to insert an advertisement in THE IRISH WORKER, announcing the "free" gift of a set of china to purchasers of their tea. In the copy sent us they said "this offer cannot be repeated." Yet they asked us to repeat it fifty-two times. This alone was enough to prove them dishonest, and of course their ad. has not appeared nor will it appear.

We desire to warn the public, both shopkeepers and customers, to have nothing to do with alleged companies such as the two above mentioned. If you want a bonus with your purchases start co-operative stores of your own, but don't let these people rob you by palming off their worthless stamps or inferior goods on you.

Why does the Government not step in and stop this kind of fraud?
O. F.

CUI BONO?

BY "FION BARRA."

If all the wrath of England ran
To fill the land with ruin-fires,
If all her bloodiest hounds began
To tear us as they tore our sires:

If every cabin felt the flame,
And all the fields were waste and red,
Till silence o'er our highways came—
Such silence as will bless the dead:

If blood were spilled in thunder-showers
Where'er the hunted came to bay,
And all the grass and all the flowers
Were stained and sickened day by day:

If once again the maidens cried
To all the hills to hide their heads,
And babes and mothers side by side
Lay butchered in their bloody beds:

If all the love that lit the land
When priests knew well how hunger kills,
Flashed out again when, bruised and banned,
The priests were with us on the hills:

If in the lonely mountain cave
We heard how Jude and Macchabee
Cried God's great curse to smite the slave
Who e'er forgot God made him free:

If all the tears our fathers shed
Came back to us, and all the groans;
And wives and sons and daughters dead
Lay with no priest to bless their bones:

All, all were vain to quench the fires
That burn within our veins to-day;
So help us, God, that helped our sires,
We cannot give the land away!

TO COMPEL BATHS.

The Miners' Federation will hold a special conference on July 28th to consider the clause in the Coal Mines Bill which would compel miners to take a bath at the colliery immediately after coming up from the pits. The Northumberland Miners' Council has, by a vote of 71 to 13 decided to support the Government's proposal.

WIN STRIKE.

The Joiners' strike has been settled by the men accepting a compromise advance of a farthing per hour. Four hundred men were affected.

The root purpose of Labourism is a social reorganisation implying the sweeping away of the competitive system founded on Capitalism. This purpose must be insistently preached, honestly avowed, and determinedly worked for. The people must be told.

On leaving for her Whitsuntide holiday a suburban lady mailed a card to the back door bearing the legend—"Don't leave anything." This, of course, was meant for the milkman, the grocer's and butcher's boys, &c. On returning she found her house had been ransacked by burglars, who had acknowledged her kindly hint by reversing the card and writing—"Thanks, we haven't!"

"Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel."—Samuel Johnson.

Race Prejudice as a Goad.

It surely is the irony of fate that just as the American magazines are full of praise for Frank B. Gilbreth's marvellous discoveries in the art of speeding labour up through "motion study," Gilbreth himself has a bricklayers' strike on his hands in New York, where he tried to put his system in operation. Important as Gilbreth's "motion study" is for the workers to be posted on and wary of, there is another string to his bow.

The first method consists in playing man against a picture. Photographs are taken of exceptionally trained men at work, and all others are forced, by study of the pictures, to come up to their speed, on penalty of dismissal.

The second method—equally vicious in that whatever increase of pay may come is foredoomed to be merely temporary, leaving the worker in the end turning out more work at a reduced rate of remuneration—consists in playing race against race.

In his "Mutiny of the Maverick's" Kipling tells how, to hold it in line in an English army under fire, a murmuring Irish regiment is permitted by its English officers, nay, egged on, to sing a violently anti-English, anti-Protestant war ballad:

"St. Mary in heaven has written the vow
That the land shall not rest till the
heretic blood
From the babe at the breast to the hand
at the plough
Has rolled to the ocean like Shannon in
flood!"

Touched in their twin pride of race and religion, the hitherto wavering soldiery became transformed into furies, sweeping all before them—in the interests of that very England whose destruction they sang.

Far less innocently is the same race and religious pride played upon by Gilbreth in his new labour-saving methods. It is even a subject of boast with him.

In an extract in the Literary Digest of March 25, he recounts that, on a certain bridge-building job, he promised to fly over the works the flag of the nationality doing the greatest amount of work each day. The cunningly anticipated outcome was as follows:

"The Swedes put forth their best efforts and soon their pride of country was gratified by the flying of the Swedish flag above the workers.

"The Russians then bent to the work and soon their flag displaced that of the Swedes.

"For some time the record of the Irishmen was low, but, with dogged determination, they set to work to raise it, and finally did so; and when their big green banner, with its harp emblem, floated high above the bridge, their foreman swelled out his chest and broke forth in this piece of Irish sunbustery:

"Ah, me bys! There's the flag of Erin. Keep up yer licks and don't let any dommed Protestant pull it down!"

"And they didn't."
No defence of loafing is here intended. But the self-protection of the workman against the intense methods of production which to-day make him "too old at 40" is a vastly different thing. Against that the workers should and must stand as a unit. "Efficiency" in the mouth of the capitalist is a false cry. What he really means is "Added profits for me!" Race prejudice is only one of his goads to drive the workers on to that end.

J. S. B.—You are nearly right, as the following from the London Times financial supplement, June 28th, 1911, amply proves. The Australian Government Railways "in the year 1890-1900 earned gross £10,287,600, and last year, in spite of many concessions, earned £16,092,100, an increase of 56.4 per cent. on the ten years.

MORAN & SONS,
Smiths and Farriers,
17 LR. GARDINER STREET,
DUBLIN.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!
Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer
Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.
Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.

LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS
19 North Earl Street and 28 Henry Street, Dublin.

WORLD'S FAIR
6½d. BAZAAR,
30 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

Established over 20 years. Everything possible for 6½d.; Cheap and Good.

FOR MEN'S BOOTS, Chrome, Box-Calf and Glace Kid.
6/11 worth 8/11.
THE SMALL PROFIT STORE,
78b Talbot Street.

BOYS! BOOK AUGUST 27th, 1911.

TRADES SPORTS, JONES'S ROAD.

WE WILL ALL BE THERE. Quarter Mile Bicycle Championship of Ireland, ALSO 5 Mile Bicycle Championship of Leinster.

ALL THE CRACKS WILL COMPETE. Bands, Refreshments, Good Company, and we have fixed about the weather. Bring yourself, themselves, yourself and myself will be there.

LOUGHLIN'S, For Irish Outfitting.

Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, Tweed Caps, Hats, Braces, &c., &c. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices. Irish Outfitting Headquarters—19 PARLIAMENT STREET, DUBLIN.

BECKER BROS.

Finest, Purest and Cheapest TEAS. PRICES—2/6, 2/2, 2/1, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.

8 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET And 17 NORTH EARL STREET, DUBLIN.

STRIKE AGAINST BIG PROFIT!!

Try R. W. SHOLEDIGE

For Watch and Clock Repairs, Cheapest and most reliable House in the trade, 37 HIGH STREET (OPPOSITE CHAPEL.) Special Low Terms to Working Men.

Study your own & your Children's Health

Drink Pure Mineral Waters

AS MADE BY GALLAGHER & CO., LTD., DUBLIN.

To preserve life the next most important factor to the air we breathe is the water we drink.

HORAN & SONS,

95 & 96 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, 58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET, 6 SOUTH LOTT'S ROAD, BEGGAR'S BUSH, AND 1, 2 & 3 SEAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT, Give Best Value ever Offered.

Quality, Full Weight & Defy Competition.

WET PAINT!

THE LATEST POLICE COURT DODGE.

Dublin, Aug. 9, 1911. DEAR SIR,—On Monday last, at the Police Courts, a most amusing and silly scene of activity was indulged in by the D.M.P., when the case of Countess Markievicz and Miss Moloney was on. When the witnesses and general public went up the main staircase they found the Northern Court doors bolted and barred—"Wet Paint" being written thereon, everyone had to go to a side entrance (the only one) where they were refused admission. What I want to know is—Why were the four entrances to the Southern Court kept clear? and, why was the Northern Court so carefully locked and guarded? Were the authorities afraid of a bomb? or were they preparing to have a repetition of the ruffianism they displayed on the day Mr. Ardle was sentenced, when they kicked and cuffed men and women who were in the court on that day? How does it come that the doors of the Northern Court were the only ones painted—and at what hour of the morning were the painters called in to fake up a wet-paint show. Really, sir, my friends and myself were highly amused at this display of preparedness, and, as we would not be allowed into the court, we stopped outside and drew the attention of several "snakes" to this new move, but they (poor innocents) knew nothing, so we told them something which (although perfectly legal) drew their "rags out," and in a short time we were hustled from the yard. My idea in writing this to you is to let your readers know that the police are getting more foolish every day, and the sooner a new Battalion of the "Hay and Straw Foot Brigade" is organised the better for the "Department," and the better for the "snuff-takers" who guide their destinies. Thank you in anticipation, "MRS. M'GRATH."

FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment,

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

TRANSPORT WORKERS IN LIVERPOOL.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR—Events in connection with the Transport Workers' Federation in Liverpool are moving rapidly. The Conference of shipowners and workers' representatives has been held, and an agreement has been drawn up, and everything is in apple-pie order. Although it was at first stated the Conference would take fully a month to deliberate before any decision could be arrived at, a small "unofficial" strike on one of the docks accelerated the deliberating propensities of the members of the Conference to such an extent that a settlement was reached, drawn up, and signed in a very lively manner; and as I write we are now "at peace with all the world," at least so the shipping papers say. On the other hand, men in the know say quite different.

As I pointed out in a previous letter, this Conference will not forward the cause of the men. It was not agreed to by the masters for that purpose. It simply calls a halt in the march of a victorious army, now launched on its way to industrial freedom—a halt that can only be of service to the enemy by allowing him the opportunity, during the interval of peace, of repairing the broken walls of his defence, or gathering his scattered forces for attack. I should (with Jim Larkin) now, and at all times, decline to discuss anything in the nature of an agreement resulting from the deliberations of delegates at a Conference of this character. They are like International Alliances—binding, just as long as it suits any one of the signatories, and no longer. When a rupture occurs they are torn up and re-adjusted, or finally terminated, after the weaker has gone to the wall. Shipowners' promises, whether verbal or embodied in agreements, are generally, like those of politicians, of the "wait-and-see" variety. Think of the ease with which they rid themselves of the foolish blacklegs who have served their purpose during a strike on the promise of constant work. When forced to recognise the "button" the blackleg is told to walk, poorer by far than when he was seduced from the paths of rectitude by the plausible tongue of Moneybags to prove a traitor to his own class. However, we must not complain, for although there is still evident a desire on the part of some of the local leaders to confer, we are progressing in the right direction. During the past week a meeting has been held at Garston—a part of the port of Liverpool, from which is conducted a large trade with Dublin and the other Irish ports—in support of the new trade unionism. Speakers—some new to the role of leaders, but just as earnest as the oldest—spoke to the value of Industrial Unionism, or as near to it as they have in the Transport Workers' Federation, urging upon all and sundry the necessity of maintaining their Unions, and of seeing to it that these Unions became part and parcel of the Federation. The present position at Liverpool, proving better than a thousand speeches, the great advantages of universal action.

At the close of the meeting a resolution was put from the chair and carried unanimously that pledged every worker present to join his particular Union at once for the furtherance of the objects of the Transport Workers' Federation; and a meeting was held on last Wednesday evening for the formal opening of branches of the Dockers', Sailors' and Firemen's, and Carters' Unions at Garston. Another great meeting is to be held at St. George's plateau, Liverpool, on Sunday, the 13th inst., at which, I can take the liberty to say, many thousands of transport workers will rally to give the movement a mighty shove up. While on the subject I would like to point out that, in connection with the transport trades, there is still several callings practically left out of consideration. I allude to, among others, the large number of port workers, such as watermen, boatmen, dockgatemmen, ferrymen, and tugboatmen, who have no Unions. These men are numerous enough to form a respectable body, and a man is urgently needed to get them into formation. Their duties and qualifications are of such a nature that none of the Unions already existing could, under their present constitutions, cater for them with anything like the justice executives of their own calling could do. Then we have the engineers—particularly those engaged in the cross-channel and coasting trades—who do not belong to any recognised trade union. True, there is a Marine Engineers' Association, but that is only a back-scratching concern that has never offended the shipowners by helping common striking organisations, and it must by no means be confounded with the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, who are shore workers principally and trade unionists. Then again, there are the captains and officers of the Mercantile Marine. These men are without an efficient organisation. The guilds and associations that claim to represent them are the tamest concerners of their kind that I know, and are of no value whatever as movements making for improved conditions for this class of workers. These men, although responsible for everything in connection with ship and cargo, and who are at all times expected to be on duty, are paid at rates that, compared with those of the Engineers, with comparatively no responsibility, are simply ridiculous.

I know of several engaged in vessels crossing the Channel who are most anxious that some movement should be instituted for shortening their hours of responsible duty, giving them more leisure when in port, and allowing them a

more equitable return in the way of earnings on the work they do.

I trust some early effort will be made to organise these various bodies, so that the movement will become thoroughly representative of every link in the mighty chain of transport workers, until, by its organised strength, it will be able to control the future destinies of this country and people.

I need not claim to possess any great prophetic powers when I say the time is very near when the railway workers throughout the length and breadth of the land will also line up in the general movement. Even as I write a large body of these men—some 1,200—engaged at the north end of Liverpool by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway have ripped up the agreement by which they were fondly imagined by the masters to be shackled to their present conditions some four years ago, and against the advice of their leaders have struck work for better terms. What price that agreement?—I beg to remain, yours for the cause,

SHELL BACK.

THE KING'S HORSES.

I saw the king's horses and saw the king's men, The men who looked after his horses were fat; But down in the slums you should see the king's men— The king feeds his horses far better than that. S. BERNARD, in New Age.

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

THE Irish Worker AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor 10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, 12TH AUG., 1911.

REVOLUTION!

We are living in stirring times. Those of us who during the last years have been preaching the need of organisation in the industrial field have much to be thankful for. Many times we have had to pause and consider—Will anything come of our labours?

The apathy of the workers seemed to stultify all our efforts; it seemed that with the advance of education a spirit of selfishness had been imparted and self-sacrifice had died out. The gospel of the materialistic school seemed to have captured the great mass of the working class. Men replied to your appeal for fellowship and brotherly love in the words of Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" You whose lives flow on like a placid stream cannot appreciate the temperament of those who, like myself, go down amongst the exploited in the field, factory, workshop, and aboard the great argosies that convey the products of fellow-workers from one area to another.

We who are born with the microbe of discontent in our blood must of necessity live the strenuous life; one day down in the depths of despondency, the next day lifted up on the peak of Mount Optimism. The appeal of the fettered and harassed brother, the cry of the poor sweated exploited sister, and beyond their pain, the heartrending bitter wail of the helpless, unfeeling, ill-clad, uncared for child, drives us down to the seventh Hell, depicted by Dante; and then comes a moment in our lives, such a moment as we are passing through now, when we feel the very atmosphere moving in harmony, crying out in one glad triumphant refrain, "Brotherhood; one in spirit, oneness in action, oneness amongst the workers the world over." What sayeth the poet:—

"Man to man the world o'er Shall brothers be for a' that."

It is good to be alive in these momentous days. Reader, have you ever known what it is to get up on a box or chair, physically and mentally tired, perhaps suffering from want of food; amongst strangers, say a mass of tired workers, released from their bastiles of workshops or factory, and then suffering from lack of training, want of education, but filled with the spirit of a new gospel. You try to impart to that unthinking mass the feeling which possesses yourself? The life all around seems to stagnate; everything seems miserable and depressing. Yet you want them to realise that there is great hope for the future—that there is something worth working for, if the workers will only rouse themselves. You plead with them to cast their eyes upward to the stars, instead of grovelling in the slime of their own degradation; point out to them life's promised fulness and joy if they would only seek it. You appeal to their manhood, their love for their little ones, their race instinct, but all these appeals seem to fall on deaf ears; they turn away apparently utterly apathetic, and one traps on to the next town or meeting, feeling it was hopeless to try and move them. You then creep into a hedgerow, pull out a cheap copy of "Morris's news from nowhere," "The Dream of John Ball, Franciscan Friar," "Dantes Inferno," "John Mitchell's Jail Journal," or last but not least, Fugitive Essays by Fintan Lalor, then forgetting the world "and by the world forgot," one lives.

And, then, suddenly, when things seem blackest, and dark night enshrouds abroad, lo! the Sun, and lo! thereunder rises wrath and hope and wonder, and the worker comes marching on. Friends, there is great hope for the future. The mouse of industrial unionism has cut through the net of sectional trade unions, that has too long bound the limbs of the labour giant; the worker is beginning to feel that his limbs are free; he is not quite confident yet, like the infant who first learns to walk—he is inclined to hold on to his walking chair (the old trade unionism). The worker must trust to his limbs and exert his new-found strength; but, like the trained athlete, he must not over-strain himself. Those of our friends in the capitalist camp who are always talking about labour being unable to live without the capitalist, why cannot they explain for our edification the present dislocation of trade? Why do not the capitalist class carry on the distribution of goods? They are not on strike—why then are ships lying idle, trains at a stand-still, factories closed, and commodities rotting in warehouses and docks? No, my shallow-pated critics, both of the capitalist and parasitic class, the workers produce and distribute—without them no food, no clothing, no housing, no trams, no shops, no Nation. The Lords go on strike and everybody laughs; kings die, the shopkeepers smile; kings are crowned, shopkeepers again smile. But you can take your kings, lords, and capitalists, tie them in a bunch, or better still, fill the "Eblana" mud-hopper with them, send them out to the Bailey Light, and dump them out—the world would move along all serene. Take the worker from the field, factory, or workshop and the world stands still. We thank the capitalist class for the lesson they have taught the workers during the last few weeks—that labour organised can accomplish anything; nay, they are teaching us that labour producing all wealth should own and control all wealth.

Hurrah for the Social Revolution! The world goes marching on. The dockers, sailors, and firemen have won out in Belfast—full Union recognition; 75 per cent. of the increases demanded granted.

Messrs. Dixon, soap manufacturers, Erne street, Dublin, have granted their employees practically all the concessions asked for.

We earnestly hope, therefore, that all our readers will make a point of buying only Barrington's and Dixon's soap, made in Dublin, by trade union labour. Buy no imported soaps. Mr. Grandy, manager Custom House Docks, has been taught one lesson. Before many moons have passed he and others will be taught two or three more lessons.

May we again remind the employers of this city that this is the 20th century, not the 15th.

The Lords have again eaten their own vomit—they are dirty curs, anyhow; of course there are a few exceptions.

What about the Divine Right of kings, eh? The common people have told George to sign, and George, like a dutiful servant signed.

IN MEMORIAM.

We are sorry to announce the death of Mr. Hugh Holohan, which occurred on Wednesday morning. He was a young man to whom all, trades unionists especially, were deeply indebted, as he never employed any but trade union labour, and always in principle paid full rate of wages.

The last time we saw our dead comrade was at Bodenstown, during the king of England's visit to Dublin, and he was full of good wishes for the success of this paper.

We tender on our own behalf, and that of the workers of Dublin, our sincere regret to his relatives and friends.

A PERSONAL NOTE.

While not being able to claim an intimate acquaintance with our dead comrade Holohan, he and I, like ships that pass in the night, had spoken one another on various occasions. He was a likeable man, a sensible man, and a man Ireland could ill-afford to lose, but the ways of Providence are inscrutable. We could name a thousand of the capitalists class in this country, whose death would be a blessing; and yet, here we have a man taken from us in his early manhood—a worker, a nation-builder. Let his work then be an inspiration to those who are left. Greater still our task, heavier still the load, but because of Hugh Holohan nearer seems the realisation of our ideal. May the sod lie light on him!

THE ROUNDWOOD STRIKE.

We believe the contractors for the new reservoir at Roundwood (Messrs M'Kee & M'Nally of Dunganon) have brought a hornet's nest about their ears in violating the agreement made between themselves and the Brick and Stone-layers' Union a fortnight ago, viz. to pay a shilling an hour to the bricklayers working in the tunnels, and abolish the piece-work system which they were imposing on the men. The conditions peculiar to tunnel building are exceedingly hard, and the wages usually paid for this class of work is at least seventy-five per cent. higher than that paid for ordinary work, a provision for which is made in the contract. The conditions prevailing in the tunnels at Roundwood are intolerable. The men don't see daylight from the time they go down till they come up. They are obliged to work with duck-lights, which are continually smoking, and the men are inhaling this all day. Together with this, they are most of the time up to their ankles in water, and are often wet to the skin as a result of the water percolating through

from the surface. Then those explosions which occur when blasting operations are being carried on, are sufficient to burst the drums of one's ears. Under these abnormal conditions the contractors require the bricklayers to set 130 brick per hour for a shilling, an amount of work the ratepayers pay fifteen shillings to the contractor for doing (not counting material). The bricklayers object to a principle of piecework, and demand a shilling an hour for a fair day's work. This, in our opinion, is a modest demand, having regard to wages paid in other places for similar work. But the bricklayers are not the only workers in Roundwood who are being exploited by M'Kee & M'Nally. These people, when taking over the contract agreed to pay the Dublin rate of wages on this work. Yet, in face of this, they are paying the stonecutters 33s. for a 50 hour week, thus fleecing each of the stonecutters to the tune of 7s. a week, and they crib about 10s. a week off the stonemasons by making them work five hours overtime at ordinary rate of pay. They also have about 2s. 6d. a week off the unfortunate navvies, who are paid a halfpenny an hour less than the Dublin rate. In addition to this they crib five or six minutes off all hands when starting and leaving off. To crown all this, the men, with few exceptions, are obliged to sleep in the contractors' huts and deal in their store, and the contractors pay themselves by deducting the lodging money, &c., from the men's wages. They also deduct a penny a week from labourers and twopence from tradesmen for medical attendance, which poorly-paid workers get free elsewhere. We think this sort of thing has gone a long way too far, and that it should be at once tackled in a determined fashion, and either ended or mended. If there was more co-operation amongst the workers of all grades, it would be impossible for such a condition of things to exist. The recent transport strike should serve as an object lesson to all other industrial workers. If the men at Roundwood desire to secure some sort of fair treatment, they must stand together as one man, and give these Dunganon sweaters to understand that we workers are human beings, and not brute animals.

"The Insurance Company's whole object is long life to the applicant."—Dr. Leslie Mackenzie.

SAVE MONEY! The Ball of Blue

Gives the Best Value in Dublin in BOOTS, SHOES and other Goods.

Come and see; you will be surprised. ADDRESS—Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.

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Dublin Operative Bakers' and Confectioners' Trade Union, 8 UPPER BRIDGE STREET (Established 1752.)

The Firms on this List are paying the Standard Rate of Wages and observe Fair Conditions of Work:— BOLANDS, LTD., Capel street, Grand Canal Quay, and Kingstown. BRENNAN, 109 Upper Dorset street. SIR J. DOWNES, 6 North Earl street. C. DOWNES, 25 Bolton street. D.B.C., 27 Lr. Stephen street, and South King street.

A. FARRINGTON, Wexford street. D. FARRINGTON, 177 Church street. P. KENNEDY, Britain street, and St. Patrick's Bakery, Patrick street. P. MONKS & Co., 38 North King street. JAMES ROURKE, City Bakery, Store street, and 138 Great Britain street. Wm. COLEMAN, 95 Upper Dorset street. WEST CITY BAKERY (J. Halligan), Benburb street.

T. CONNOLLY & Co., Ltd., Dalkey. JAMES KENNEDY, Cabinteely. P. P. HYNES & Co., Kingstown. RUSSELL'S BAKERY, Rathmines. DUBLIN INDUSTRIAL CO-OPERATIVE BAKERY, Church Road, and Fairview. J. LARKIN, Meath street.

Readers of IRISH WORKER take notice, in all other firms Bread is made by imported scabs.

The following firms do not employ members of the above Society. Johnson, Mooney & O'Brien, Ltd., Ballsbridge.

Campbell's, Ringsend Bakery. Galbraith's, Ltd., Thomas street. Landy's, Rathfarnham.

The public who purchase their bread from shops are requested to look out for Trade Union Card, which is supplied to all shops who sell bread made by trade unionists.

Oireachtas Costume Exhibition.

A Reply to Us.

You are, indeed, a crank, my friend, else you would not have written of the Oireachtas Costume Exhibition as you did last week; for surely it is the way of the crank to unhesitatingly condemn what does not fit in with his own ideas.

Unconsciously, perhaps, you when writing about the Exhibition altogether ignored the purpose it was designed to serve. Had you remembered that that purpose was to show what could be done with Irish manufactured cloth materials you would have contented yourself with complaining that the Exhibition was too restricted in its display, and would not have wasted space in cantankerously fault-finding with it because it was not in complete harmony with your ideas. No doubt it was a mistake to confine the Exhibition to costumes of expensive design—a mistake for which the firms exhibiting are to blame; but surely no Irishman will contend that the wealthier classes in Ireland should not be encouraged to spend their money on Irish rather than on foreign manufactures. It may be unchristian for ladies to spend twelve to twenty guineas on a dress while many of their fellow-creatures want for the bread of life; but while they continue to do so there is no reason why the Irish capitalist, the Irish weaver, and the Irish dressmaker should not get their share of the work, more especially as it is much more profitable to all three than the shoddy from the sweating dens, which is largely worn by the Irish working classes, and which was not exhibited at the Oireachtas.

It may be politic in the columns of THE IRISH WORKER, but it certainly is not just, because not true, to speak of finding "all sorts of unfair and dishonest employers basking in the smiles of the League officials and selling their sweated goods under their patronage and approval"; and even if this were true it would be no reason whatever why any Irishman should deny his country or forbid his children to learn the national language. The Gaelic League is not concerned with the relations existing between employers and their workers. It is in no way a class movement, for the all-sufficient reason that no nation ever was, is, or ever will be, composed of one class only; and the Gaelic League is working for the nation; not for any class or classes. As well might we condemn THE IRISH WORKER for being printed in English only, instead of Irish and English. The object of THE IRISH WORKER is to improve the condition of the Irish working classes, and it honestly works for that to the utmost of its ability. Many differ as to the relative value of the object of each, but most reasonable minds will agree that there is nothing antagonistic between them, that every righteous Irishman should work for both, and that it would be a grave tactical error on the part of either to attack the other.

The concluding paragraph of your cranky article, my friend, is so wide of the mark, so essentially mere crankiness, that it might be passed over were it not for one or two dangerously false insinuations it contains. Who but yourself regards Barrington, Malone, Varian, and Irwin as patriots? Are you sure they are even members of the Gaelic League? If not—and we feel pretty certain you never heard of them being in anything but the Industrial Association, which is commercial rather than patriotic—you should not lead people to believe that the Gaelic League is composed mainly of employers—for it is not. No one but a crank would allege the presence in it of employers as the reason why the working classes do not more closely identify themselves with the Gaelic League; but the tone of your article throughout is so manifestly unfriendly towards the Gaelic League that your shallow reasoning is not to be wondered at. Had you ever thought over the matter you might have arrived at the general conclusion that the working classes in Ireland are so badly educated as to be unable to appreciate the Gaelic League, and that they find it so hard to make a living as to be generally indifferent to all things else. Then you would have realised the necessity for the Gaelic League with its educational propaganda, and been more sparing and truly critical in your judgments.

BALLINGARRY.



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THE PRINTERS' SPORTS.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST.

THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

SOUTH DUBLIN UNION.

Nurses Working Fourteen Hours a Day.

STATEMENTS AT SOUTH DUBLIN UNION.

At the South Dublin Union on Wednesday, Mr. John Scully presiding, the following letter was read from Nurse E. A. Maher, Consumption Hospital:— "I beg to give one month's notice and resign my position as night nurse in the Male Consumption Hospital, as I find the continuous night duty and long hours injuring my health."

The Chairman (Mr. Scully)—That is a question that should be taken into consideration at a near date. Continuous night work is very injurious.

Mr. Crimmins—The hours are too long. It is not right to ask these nurses to work for fourteen hours a day. The report of the sub-committee on the Asylums Bill recommends that nurses should not be required to work more than 70 hours per week.

Mr. Duffy—They, at all events, should have alternate months.

The Chairman—No matter what the hours are, continuous night duty is not fair.

VOTE OF CONDOLENCE.

On the motion of Mr. Cassidy, seconded by Mr. Mullett, a vote of condolence was passed to Mr. Cornelius Kennedy (Pembroke) on the death of his wife.

INCREASE OF WAGES FOR CARPENTER.

Mr. P. J. Lea proposed, and Mr. Raymond seconded, that the wages of Michael Lambe, foreman carpenter, be for the future 45s per week, the same as paid to men in a similar position outside.

Mr. Bennett objected, and stated that this man had twenty-nine years' service; that would entitle him to a large pension.

Mr. Mullett denied that the man was a foreman at all, and stated he had never served his time. A man named Somerville, secretary of No. 6 branch of the carpenters' society, had circulated a letter about publicans getting up their muscles and opposing the application, but had not a publican as good a right to get up his muscles as a carpenter.

Mr. Crimmins—It is very bad taste of Mr. Mullett to introduce personal matters between himself and some circular from the secretary of a society.

The Clerk of Works reported that he always found Mr. Lambe most satisfactory, and he was a good timekeeper.

Mr. Lea—I have received from the secretary of No. 6 branch of the carpenters' society a letter stating that Mr. Lambe is an old and respected member of their branch. One seems to be astonished at the way economy begins and ends at this Board of Guardians.

The increase proposed for this man is 5s a week or £13 a year. Since I came to this Board I have seen people getting increases of £20 and £30 a year, which also will bring increase in pensions. A workman, when he applies here, seems to get no consideration. Mr. Metcalfe says he has a foreman carpenter who is well satisfied at £2 a week. That is Mr. Metcalfe's statement, and I would like to have the statement of the foreman. No doubt as a man advances in years age deteriorates him, but we never hear that age deteriorates Mr. Metcalfe and others who make good profit out of workmen.

Whatever happens they continue to make the profits. This man, if he gets a pension, will not get it from the employing class. He will get it from his trades union and his society, where he has saved it up. It was unreasonable that the man who has twenty-nine years' service and is a consistent trades unionist, that he should not get this increase.

Mr. Mullett—Withdraw the motion.

Mr. Lea—I will not withdraw it.

Mr. Raymond (to Mr. Mullett).—Not after your statement.

On a division the proposition was carried by 19 votes to 15 against, one not voting.

DISPENSARY PORTERS' WAGES.

Mr. O'Toole proposed, and Mr. Lea seconded, and it was passed, that the Local Government Board be requested to sanction that the wages of the Dispensary Porters in South Dublin City area be paid weekly instead of monthly.

THE COAL CONTRACT.

Tenders for coal were received as follows:—

- No. 1 tender—Best Wigan, 15s. 7d.; best Scotch, 13s. 5d.
- No. 2 tender—Best Wigan, 18s. 3d.
- No. 3 tender—Best Wigan, 18s.; best Scotch, Hard Ayr, 15s. 6d.
- No. 4 tender—Best Wigan, 16s. 5d.; Hard Ayr, 14s. 5d.
- No. 5 tender—Best Wigan, 16s.

Mr. Raymond proposed, and Mr. Delany seconded, that the tender of No. 1 be accepted at 15s. 7d. for Wigan, and 13s. 5d. Scotch.

Mr. O'Toole proposed, and Mr. Lalor seconded, that before any tender was considered, the names of the intending contractors should be given, but the majority of the Board was against the proposition.

The Chairman stated there was a notice of motion in his name to rescind the decision of the Board at the meeting that day fortnight, refusing to give the contract to Messrs. S. N. Robinson, whose tender of 15s. was the lowest of those received at that meeting. It was proposed that the tender of Mr. Donovan at 18s. 9d. be accepted, which he (the Chairman) considered extraordinary, as it was an increase of 3s. 9d. per ton, which meant an extra outlay of £1,000 to the Union.

Mr. Anderson asked what was the cost of coal consumed last year.

The Chairman—It was a cheap class of coal, and there was an excessive quantity used.

Mr. Cahill—The lowest tender now is 7d. higher than the lowest this day fortnight, which means a loss of £300.

The proposition to accept No. 1 tender was agreed to, and the name of the firm was declared as Messrs. S. N. Robinson.

Mr. Lea said the Chairman had stifled discussion by not giving the names of those who tendered.

The Chairman—The contract having been declared, I can't allow you to discuss the matter now.

Mr. Mullett—I beg to move the suspension of the Standing Orders, that he be heard.

The Chairman—We have no Standing Orders. The matter is now ended.

Mr. Bagnall—The friends have got the contract.

Mr. Mullett—It is one of the most atrocious acts that ever occurred, to see this man increasing his tender and getting his "pals" up here.

Mr. Lea—We are not doing our duty here as guardians. We had a report from the auditor in reference to the coal.

The Chairman said he could not now hear Mr. Lea.

Mr. Lawlor—It is a scandalous piece of business to say that in seven days there is an increase of 7d.

The Chairman—It is your own fault.

Mr. Lawlor—It is the fault of those people who do a good deal of business outside.

At the suggestion of Mr. John Byrne, the other firms who tendered were read out as follows:—

- No. 2—Mr. P. J. Donovan.
- No. 3—Mr. H. M'Dermott.
- No. 4—Messrs. Wallace Brothers; and
- No. 5—Messrs. W. W. Robinson.

The advertisement stated that the contractor accepted should employ trades union labour, and pay the standard rate of wages.

The Dublin Port and Docks Board.

An observation by Mr. Hewett at the meeting of the Dublin Port and Docks Board, last Thursday, should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. He said, "it would mean establishing quite a new principle altogether" if the Committee of the Board agreed to meet the representatives of the men. It is topically fossilized conservatism, such as this, that is at the root of much that estranges relations, between employers and employed. It produces animosity and bitterness, where there ought to be harmony and sympathy. It ignores the great first principle, that all production is the outcome of two elements, as typified by employer and employee—Capital on the one hand, and Labour on the other. Both stand on an equal footing, one no greater nor no less than the other. All the capital that the world ever had could not result in the smallest product without the co-operating labour; on the other hand, labour, to be productive, requires capital to work upon. The two elements are thus intertwined, each dependent on the other. Where, therefore, is the new principle in bringing employers and workmen's representatives together in friendly conference. If Mr. Hewett, argues that workmen should confer direct and not through representatives, we ask then, on what principle does the Port and Docks Board, or any other board delegate its business to committees? Is it not done as a matter of convenience? And if workmen chose to appoint representatives to argue their case, have not workmen, a natural right to do so? Need anything more be said to show the unsoundness and absurdity of Mr. Hewett's contention?

Let us rather show how thoroughly sound is the policy of employers and workmen's representatives conferring together. An illustration of it was given at the very meeting of the Port and Docks Board, at which Mr. Hewett preached the old reactionary doctrine that destroys conciliation and prolongs strife. Mr. Baird referring to that portion of the trouble on the quays, which had been settled, said the whole difficulty was settled, so far as his company was concerned, after ten minutes with Sir James Doughtery and Mr. James Larkin. Sir James Doughtery belonged to neither side, but was a friendly mediator for both. Jim Larkin represented the workers. The conference was most friendly and harmonious. It resulted as Mr. Baird declared in a settlement in ten minutes. Could there be a greater tribute to the wisdom of employers and workmen's representatives coming together, and conferring harmoniously. If Mr. Hewett's doctrine held good none of this beneficent result would have been achieved. We hope now we have heard the last of such unsound doctrine as Mr. Hewett's being again enunciated at any board, either public or private, or even obtaining sanction from any employer or body of employers. On further aspects of this question we shall have something to say in future issues of THE IRISH WORKER. For the present, let it be emphasized again, that economically, employees stand on an equal footing with employers. Their labour is as essential a part of the economics of production as the employers' capital, and the rights of that labour must be recognised and respected.

Have YOU had a VIBRO Shave and Hair Cut? If not drop in at Saunders' Hairdressing Saloon, BLESSINGTON STREET.

Amalgamated Society of Tailors.

TO THE TRADE UNIONISTS AND CITIZENS OF DUBLIN AND COUNTY.

The following is a Complete List of all the Tailoring Establishments in Dublin who observe Fair Conditions and Employ Trade Union Labour:—

- Robinson & Steele, Dawson street.
- P. Shaw & Son, Dawson street.
- Walter Conan, Kildare street.
- C. H. Walkey, Stephen's Green, N.
- S. McClure, Grafton street.
- E. & W. Seale, Grafton street.
- Alex. Conan, Dawson street.
- Wharton, Dawson street.
- J. B. Johnstone, Molesworth street.
- Phillips & Lane, Nassau street.
- R. Gall, Suffolk street.
- Switzer & Co., Grafton street.
- J. Deane, Wicklow street.
- J. Jones, Stephen's green.
- Pim Brothers, George's street.
- Connor, St. Andrew street.
- Healy, Dame street.
- Conway & Swan, Dame street.
- Callaghan & Co., Dame street.
- Kenny & Owens, Dame street.
- Jones & Son, Brunswick street.
- Boyd & Dixon, Wicklow street.
- Michael Meers, Pembroke street.
- T. G. Phillips, Dame street.
- S. McComas & Son, Sackville street.
- Scott & Co., Sackville street.
- Junior Army & Navy Stores, D'Olier st.
- Thompson, Westmoreland street.
- Wright & Son, Westmoreland street.
- Pearson, Westmoreland street.
- D. Brown, Bachelor's Walk.
- D. Moran, Arran quay.
- Todd, Burns & Co., Mary street.
- Henry Street Warehouse, Henry street.
- Arnott & Co., Henry street.
- Dallas, Henry street.
- Callaghan, North Earl street.
- R. Allen, Lower Sackville street.
- Clery & Co., Sackville street.
- Harvey & Co., Sackville street.

Now, that THE IRISH WORKER has become so widely circulated, and that so many women-workers buy and read it, we think it only fair that one small portion of the paper should be devoted to their interests every week. Nearly every paper has some portion of it set apart to deal with questions that are supposed to interest women. But the majority of those centre their talks around what is supposed to be fashion and cookery, which of course are very efficient in their own way, only there is one important point that we workers in Ireland must not overlook. The first, that in blindly following what is laid down as the fashion, in these papers, which are mainly English journals, we are forgetting entirely, that we again injure ourselves and nationality by aping and following the dictates of other countries. And the Irish people were never born to follow; their mission is to lead. It is a great and good thing the revival of the Irish language, and what more patriotic accompaniment could it have than a revival of the National Costume. It is healthy, picturesque, and those who have seen it worn must agree it is particularly becoming to the Irish caillin. Also, it would mean using our own manufactured goods, and it could be easily made by the intended wearer herself. Last week there was supposed to be an exhibit of Irish goods held at the Rotunda Rink, but from a purely Irish standpoint, it was a miserable failure, as was pointed out by "O. F." in this paper. It is not a scrap of good for those people from whom we expect much in the way of trying to revive all things Irish, to present us with ladies' costumes, made in a style designed by other countries, even although Irish manufactured cloth was used. But if the women-workers themselves take the revival of the national costume in hands, we have better hopes of it being accepted and worn by the women-folk. Of course, those who prefer, and can afford to wear Parisian designed clothes, at enormous prices, may still continue to do so; but we, workers, have not got such sums of money at our disposal, and if we had, should find some other uses for it. Poverty and misery are too rampant in this country to allow for such needless waste. This column will also be open to deal with grievances sent in by women-workers. By this I do not mean it is only open to those who go out each day to work, in shop, factory, office, &c., but to all classes and grades, the housewife included. She is as much a worker as those who go out to their toil daily, and I am sure will be able to send us many valuable hints in the way of house-work, cookery, &c. The cookery recipes must not take the form of elaborate dishes, but good, wholesome, inexpensive recipes, suitable for working people, and if possible let us dispense with that too widely used utensil, the frying pan. I think the following subjects will serve as a guide for intending contributors:—

- I. The house: hints on how to keep it clean and lessen labour.
- II. The home and its comforts.
- III. Cookery hints.
- IV. Dress, and dress reform.
- V. Women workers' grievances.
- VI. Then a little article on women, their mission and work in the world, will be acceptable either in prose or verse.

Now, there is plenty of brains among the women-workers, and here is an splendid opportunity for using those brains, so send along at once anything you think will benefit the cause of labour, lighten the burden of the toiler, or help to build an Irish-Ireland.

All communications must be signed by the sender's name, and addressed to—"D. L."

The Women-workers' Column, THE IRISH WORKER, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin.

IRISH NATIONAL FORESTERS' BENEFIT SOCIETY.

BRANCH PATRICK Sarsfield, No. 715.

The usual meeting of the above branch was held in the Male National School, Terenure, on Thursday, 3rd August, 1911, Brother Francis Sheridan, C.P., presiding, assisted by Brothers Thos. Clinton, S.C.R.; M. Quinn, Treasurer; Wm. Lewis, Junior Woodward, and A. J. Doyle, Secretary. Brother Arthur J. Walton acted as Book Steward. Correspondence was read from District Secretary re notice of half-yearly meeting and balance sheet for six months ending 30th June, 1911. The question of appointing a delegation to attend Temperance Demonstration was then taken up, and the branch expressed its full sympathy for the Temperance movement and arranged for a strong delegation of total abstainers to attend demonstration on Sunday, 3rd September. Bro. Clinton drew attention to the fact that as yet no official ribbons had been supplied to the branch, although they were now close on two years in existence. The Chief Ranger said those ribbons were first ordered in December, 1909, and that they had been ordered a couple of times since. The Secretary said that he had called twice during the last two months at the Executive Council offices and was each time informed that the ribbons were in the manufacturer's hands. It was decided that the Secretary again communicate with the General Secretary. The Woodwards reported the branch free from sickness. Contributions having been handed in, the closing ceremony was read.

PERSONS DESIRING GOOD LODGINGS Should apply—MRS GEARY, 10 Shaw Street, Dublin.

"Those of us who have written, those of us who have read, any of the innumerable works which come from the printing press of our day must remember that behind the countless sheets, and the vast mountains of type, and the constant whirl of machinery, there stands an army of living, unknown and unseen friends, through whose close attentive eyes, and ever busy fingers, the light of God—the light of the world—the light of knowledge—the light of grace—streams out in countless rays to every corner of our streets and homes. It is for us to repay that anxious labour, that straining care, that wasting vigilance; and to see that, when their day is over, into the dark corners of their bereaved homesteads there shall flow the light of consolation and cheerfulness; and comfort; and thus in the humblest form, but yet not unworthy of its great original, the Divine command shall be repeated for their poor widows and orphans:—"Let there be light."—DEAN STANLEY.

This well-chosen extract from Dean Stanley's eloquent address, which the Dublin Typographical Benevolent Fund have adopted as a text, recalls to us in a few touching sentences the claims of those of the printing trade who have fallen upon evil days. The labourer, paralysed through the visitation of an inscrutable Providence, or worn out after years of zealous toil, commands our sympathy. If, in the words of the Divine Master, the labourer is worthy of his hire, surely in a like manner his years of decline or disability, or his helpless offspring left desolate by his decease, are similarly worthy of our succour. Of all pursuits classed as trades that of the builder in type is not the least dignified. The toiler in this sphere is the artist-medium of the thoughts of genius and the lessons of inspiration. He it is who, holding the inarticulate passion or pathos of the world's master-minds, transforms it from the precarious custody of a fragile MS. to the enduring and exhaustless security of type; and who, from a single transcript, sends forth a thousand reproductions to amuse, interest and chasten humanity. True, all he reproduces is not equally worthy of his hands; but for the gold he receives let us ignore the dross he must also handle.

In the case-room where he superintends or conducts the mystic process of typesetting the atmosphere, if often oppressive, physically, is ever impressive, by the fact of living speech and thought finding a fixed or blind medium to the world's awaiting eyes. From the momentous utterances of statesmen—with a world's crisis hanging on their words—to the lyric sweetness of some poet of the highest fancy, the discerning eye and discriminating mind control the busy hand that, atom by atom, gathers the words into a rigid whole to unite and enlighten or instruct the world. It is to the outsider a weird scene when full pressure and might combine to make the printing office hum with strenuous life, in torrid heat and beneath a hundred glaring lights and amid the roar and rattle of rapacious machines. Plodding hands grow thin and alert eyes grow dim, year after year, in that environment—coming from that sweltering heat, often into the outer, piercing cold, with aching temples—during sleeping hours not infrequently—the gamble of life with disease, the wrestle of vigour with pain proceed and quickly assumes a tragic seriousness. Lungs, heart and brain are worn out under such conditions, but the place of the weak is eagerly sought. So let him retire—whither?

Amid ravenous cries, profanities, disorder and decrepitude, in scant space, fireless; surrounded by cruel evidences of depleted household comforts, a frail figure clasps, in wax-like hands, a dingy volume and peruses it with difficulty in a feeble light. A woman—old to the cursory glance, but comparatively young at closer scrutiny—sits sewing incessantly as near to the smoky lamp as the convenience of her companion will permit. With maddening regularity a harsh, racking cough breaks the silence, shaking the reader's frame and almost choking him. At each attack the sewer gives the sufferer a draught of well-diluted milk. Even now, just midnight, it is well-nigh consumed, yet has to last the night—pity that poor, parched invalid during the morning's weary hours!

He once—a few years since—belonged to the band of toilers at type. He was adept and devoted to his work—a capable, intelligent overseer, and a noble sort of fellow-worker. But stress and sickness fell upon him—he had at last reluctantly desist from work, and now finds himself almost derelict in the world—a human wreck, depending upon a noble daughter's scant earnings for the veriest necessities of a wearisome existence.

The ample fittings of a once comfortable home have gone—the most cherished possession—a numerous and well-chosen library has followed—this one volume only—the last which he finished, and which was presented to him by its now famous author in recognition of his care in its production—alone remains. It is a pitiful case, zeal succumbed to physical weakness, the noble worker sinking into the grave through the purlieus of squalor and want.

Yet it is no singular exception, no extreme case. It typifies hundreds—thousands. It is a grim past to cause all who

ANNUAL PUBLIC EXCURSION

SLIGO, SUNDAY, 20th AUGUST.
RETURN FARE, 4/- Children, Half-Price.
Bicycles 6d. Stay-Over Tickets, 1s. 6d. extra. Special Fast Train from Broadstone 8.45 a.m., arriving in Sligo 12.30; returning from Sligo 7.45 p.m.

labour to pause, questioning if such may not be their fate likewise.

It is to reduce such privation, to relieve such sufferings, to succour decency, to abolish such sacrifice, the Dublin Typographical Benevolent Fund exists; and it is for the efficiency and expansion of its utility the Printers' Annual Sports are held. Can we callously resist the appeal of such a Fund?—we who read or who write; whose leisure hours are made tolerable, or whose business prosperity is promoted or safeguarded by the products of the printing press? Surely, No! but rather will every consideration stimulate our generosity.

The Printers' Sports will be held on Saturday next (August 12th) at Dalymount Park. Their intrinsic attractiveness is ample reason for public patronage, for sporting rivalry will ensure keen competition, and music will enliven and make pleasant, the evening's enjoyment. The event to command support, and a purpose to excite our liberality, is the Dublin Printers' Sports on Saturday. P.D.

ROUSING THE COUNTRY.

WEXFORD.

A large meeting was held in the Bull Ring, Wexford, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. O'Connor, W.C.C., on Thursday night. The Southern Organiser (Mr. P. T. Daly) addressed the meeting at some length, and the meeting, which was large and representative, pledged the support of the citizens of Wexford to the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

The Loch Elive arrived here last week, but the captain and his jolly crew were given a holiday pending the owners coming to terms with the Union.

In this connection we may say that a telegram was received by our delegate purporting to come from French of Glasgow stating that "the Elive was all right"; but when our representative made inquiries he found that such was very far from the fact. Of course this would tend to show that somebody was sending false telegrams, and that is a very serious matter, which we hope the authorities will not lose sight of.

The branch is going on by leaps and bounds, and for once it can be said that a genuine attempt is being made to organize the industrial workers of the town of Wexford.

When Mr. Daly was speaking on Thursday he referred to employers in Wexford who strongly resented the action of the Union, in insisting on the recognition of every man's right to work as an interference with the rights of the employers. He said that he had heard that at least one of these objectors kept a "store" in the town, and would only give employment to men whose wives dealt with him for household necessities, and when the workers presented themselves for payment they got a shilling or eighteen pence, and were told that the wives got value for the remainder; so that the Union did not come one moment too soon to prove to these employers that there is such a thing as the Truck Act.

WATERFORD.

Conditions here alarming. Sweating of the worst kind going on in all grades of workers. But we must, nevertheless, congratulate the Waterford Trades Council on their efforts to organize the workers. Three new societies in a few weeks is a record of which any Council might well feel proud.

We regret to chronicle the illness of the indefatigable secretary, Mr. Thomas Dunne; and in hoping that the genial "Tommy" may soon be at his post again we are but echoing the wishes of every person who has had the good fortune to meet him.

On Tuesday evening one of the largest labour meetings held here for some years was held in the Town Hall under the auspices of the Trades Council and the presidency of Mr. R. Keane, the President of that body, to organize a branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. The Secretary of the Irish Trades Union Congress (Mr. P. T. Daly) addressed the meeting, and his speech was listened to with marked attention and enthusiastically applauded. At the conclusion of Mr. Daly's address a vote of thanks was passed to the Mayor for the use of the Town Hall and to the chairman for presiding, after which a private meeting of the workers was held and a branch of the Union formally established, Mr. M. Power being appointed Secretary pro tem, Mr. Keane (A.S.R.) and Mr. T. Dalton (A.S.T.) promising to attend and assist in every way in their power.

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KILKENNY.

The Trades Council are losing the services of one of the hardest workers in the Trades Union movement in Ireland, Alderman Jack M'Carthy, who for seventeen years, has acted as Secretary to the Council. Jack has been appointed manager of the local Labour Exchange, and all his friends here wish him every success in his new sphere of duties, whilst every trades unionist regrets his loss to the movement.

An organising meeting was held here on Wednesday evening in connection with the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, at which Mr. P. T. Daly spoke. The meeting was a big success.

Mutual Window Cleaning Co.

59 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET. We charge 25 per cent. less than any other Window Cleaning Company in Ireland, and pay our men 50 per cent. more. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Telephone No. 7.

SIMPSON & WALLACE,

The Workingman's Meat Providers,

For Best Quality and LOWEST PRICES.

Note Addresses: 57, 139 & 113 Great Britain St. 26 North Strand. 5 Wexford Street. 28 Bolton Street, and 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'. 15 Francis Street.

KING GEORGE'S VISIT.

Workers Honour Ex-Prisoners.

POLICE ATTACK.

Miss Moloney Again Arrested With Countess Markievicz.

Miss Moloney's Speech.

A Mass Meeting under the auspices of Irish Transport Workers' Union was arranged to be held in Beresford Place, Dublin, on Sunday, but a meeting having been subsequently promoted, to be held under the auspices of the Daughters of Erin and the Socialist Party, to welcome Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle, released prisoners from Mountjoy Jail where they had been imprisoned, arising out of the King's Visit, the Transport Workers by courtesy deferred their meeting until the latter was held. The Countess De Markievicz presided, and there was a large attendance which was augmented by a considerable crowd, accompanied by the Pipers' Band of the Irish National Scouts. A large force of the D.M.P. attended, and towards the close of the meeting Miss Moloney was arrested while in the course of delivering an address in which she endorsed the remarks about King George, for which Walter Carpenter is at present undergoing sentence. The Countess Markievicz was also arrested, and both were taken to Store Street Police Station.

When arrested Miss Moloney had spoken for only a few seconds, and her remarks were as follows:—

"I am very thankful to see this meeting to welcome us. When I think of the people who have been in prison and suffered ten or fifteen or twenty years for what they did, I feel humbled, and proud to be associated with the people that the citizens of Dublin would like to honour. There is one man not with us—that is Walter Carpenter (cheers). That man was sent to prison for saying that KING GEORGE WAS THE DESCENDANT OF THE WORST SCOUNDREL IN EUROPE.

Well, I ask this meeting to endorse and agree with everything he said. I don't believe in making personal attacks on any man or woman, king or queen. But it is not—"

(Miss Moloney was here taken into custody.) The Countess De Markievicz, in opening the meeting, said—I am glad to see such a large gathering to welcome our friends back from Mountjoy Jail (cheers). I must tell you, first, when we started organising this meeting Mr. Carpenter, the secretary of the Socialist party, was doing the secretary's work. Since then he has been sent to live at his Majesty's expense in Mountjoy for daring to express his opinion on George the Fifth's grandfather.

THE SAME OPINIONS YOU MAY READ IN ANY CHILD'S TEXT-BOOK OF HISTORY—

merely for asserting the general character for immorality of the early Georges—that is what Mr. Carpenter is suffering for in Mountjoy Jail.

"A Voice—"For telling the truth." The Countess De Markievicz—We have come to-day to express our respect and admiration for Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle, both gaol-birds from an English gaol.

We admire them because they have dared to do something in support of what they and many other people think. We admire them because we know we can rely on them in any emergency. Self-sacrifice is not with them a mere idea. They are people who will sacrifice themselves. They have made this time a small sacrifice, but we know we can rely on them to make a greater sacrifice when the occasion comes. Now,

I WOULD LIKE TO READ FOR YOU A LITTLE PARAGRAPH OUT OF A VERY GREAT PAPER STARTED LATELY—"THE IRISH WORKER"

(cheers). I advise you all to buy the number for July 22nd and read the article by Fintan Lalor called "Clearing the Decks." This is what I am going to read to you:—

"There are men who speak much to you of prudence and caution and very little of any virtue beside. But every vice may call itself by the name of some one virtue or other; and of prudence there are many sorts. Cowardice may call itself and readily pass for caution, and of those who preach prudence it behoves to inquire what kind of prudence they speak of and to what class of prudent persons they belong themselves. There is a prudence the virtue of the wisest and bravest—there is a prudence the virtue of beggars and slaves."

That latter prudence, concluded the Countess, has been preached much to you—much by those who lack true courage (cheers).

Mr. Tom Kennedy, Acting Secretary, read a number of letters of apology from persons unable to attend.

Mr. Bulmer Hobson wrote:— "Marino, Co. Down, July 28th, 1911.

A CARA—I have just received your invitation to speak at the demonstration on Sunday in honour of Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle.

I am very sorry that I cannot be in Dublin on that day, as nothing would give me greater pleasure than being able to take part in honouring them both for the splendid National work they have done in emphasising the fact that this country is not yet reconciled to English rule. Wishing your meeting every success.—Your friend, BULMER HOBSON."

Mr. James Connolly, Transport Union organiser, wrote:—

"I am sorry that I cannot be with you on Sunday as the position of affairs here will not allow me to go. However, if I am not there in person I am certainly in spirit. I trust that our people will prove on Sunday that the action of Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle will not be lost on the country."

Mr. Patrick M'Cartan wrote from Cork Street Hospital:—

"DEAR SIR—I cannot accept your invitation to speak at your meeting, but wish it every success.—Yours sincerely, PATRICK M' CARTAN.

P.S.—I had a letter from Mr. Carpenter asking me to a previous meeting, but was in the country at the time and did not get it till after he was sent to jail himself." P. M' C.

Mr. Kennedy, in the course of an address, said it gave him great pleasure to see that the appeal put forth by the joint bodies had been so well responded to. He proposed the following resolution:—

"That this meeting gives a warm welcome to Mr. McArdle and Miss Moloney on their release from Mountjoy Jail, and expresses their respect for all those who have suffered for their convictions in Ireland.

"That this meeting declares that any Irishman joining England's Garrison or Police Force, whose employment is to try and extinguish the national spirit of Ireland, is a traitor to his country."

Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington in seconding the resolution said—I hope we all feel thoroughly ashamed of ourselves, to-day, because we have not been in jail. In a country which is under foreign rule, the nationalists who believe in its natural destiny and independence, ought to spend a considerable portion of their time, if not in jail, at all events in doing the next best thing which would merit them, in the opinion of those foreign rulers, a term in jail. Recently, we had an occasion on which

THE NATIONAL SENTIMENT OF THIS COUNTRY WAS INSULTED AND FLOUTED

in the highest possible degree. Of course we protested, we made speeches and so forth, but, how many of us came to the point of actual conflict. How many went to jail—Five, and one of them an Englishman.

Countess de Markievicz—Seven.

Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington—The Countess says seven—Well, I apologise, but if there were 700 it would not be too many for the importance of the occasion. Now, we are here to associate ourselves with their courageous action—to support the national action of those who had the courage of going to jail for their national convictions, on this recent occasion, and in particular the two released prisoners whom we have here to-day, Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle. We honour them for the courageous manner in which they have followed up their impulses. They have given us a copy by their initiative independence and individual courage.

IN THIS COUNTRY WE HAVE TOO MUCH WAITING ON ONE ANOTHER.

We are always afraid to take any strong, progressive national action unless we are sure we will be followed up by large numbers. When we know of anything to be done we propose to form an organisation, but by the time the organisation is formed the occasion is passed and the spirit is evaporated. We want more immediate action on our own initiative. Mr. McArdle saw the police ill-treating the Countess in the course of the struggle. Had he been a timid nationalist he would have gone home and perhaps written a letter to the papers, but he didn't do that, he stepped in and stopped it. Now, that is the kind of thing we want to see done. Miss Moloney found herself as many others found themselves, insulted and outraged by the presence in the streets of

DECORATIONS WHICH WERE INSULTING AND DEGRADING TO THE CITY.

While we all felt the insult, Miss Moloney was the only one that acted on it, and for acting according to her convictions she was accorded a month in jail. I do not believe that the action taken by Mr. McArdle and Miss Moloney will be without its fruits. It will have the effect of inspiring the National sentiment; and there may be, and probably will be, other occasions on which similar active and violent protests will be called for. When that time comes we may believe that the example of Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle will not be lost on the nationalists of the city. In modern conditions no progressive national movement can be in a healthy state unless its members are prepared to face the risk of imprisonment. On my own behalf, I thank Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle for having shown that the Nationalism of Dublin is in a healthy state and prepared to make sacrifices for its political convictions.

Mr. Milroy said:—If there was any crime committed when their two friends were arrested it was committed by those who were supposed to be the embodiment of law and order and the preservers of the public peace. If

THE REAL CRIMINALS

had been placed in the dock, extraordinary to relate, they would be found wearing the uniform of the D.M.P. (A Voice—"The cowards,") those valiant soldiers whose prowess in Grafton street on the occasion of the capture of the poles will rank in the annals of martial glory next to the battle of Steyne (laughter). Since the advent of the last of the Georges Dublin had been put on its mettle. The Lord Mayor of Dublin (boos and cries of "Woodbine") evidently thought that he had only to say "fall in and follow me"

and the nationalists of Dublin would forget their traditions and wallow in the smiles of the English invader. Well, I won't say Mr. Farrell made a mistake, but he made what one may call "a mayoral inexactitude." It is not the first time that a man placed in a high position by the favour of the votes of the people of Dublin had betrayed that trust. It is not the first time that such a man brought down a hornet's nest about his ears. But next January it would be their duty to deal with them; and if the people did their duty then they would be saved a repetition of the degradation of Ireland's capital by imported Union Jacks and bunting to do honour to an imported conqueror.

Sean M'Dermott, Secretary Wolfe Tone Club, congratulated the organisers of the meeting on its success. He took it that the meeting was intended to arouse the feelings of the public to the manner in which they were treated by the police. It was a question of how long they were going to state of affairs? How long were they going to be bossed by what is regarded as a police force in this country? Our fight was not with police individually, but it was against the system, and that system we must face and fight and beat (cheers). I wish to emphasize the point with regard to recruiting into the police force, the army, and the navy. In the future when we are holding meetings

IF WE ARE INTERFERED WITH BY THE POLICE LET US BE PREPARED TO TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.

If we are supposed to be constitutionally governed, in God's name let us insist upon whatever rights we have, but let us not have a repetition of what took place in Foster place, when McArdle went forward to protest against the brutal conduct of the police, and was left to fight by himself.

Mr. Tom Lyng, the Socialist Party of Ireland, said the police were pursuing the same line against the Socialist movement as the Kaiser was in Germany. They are taking advantage of the Dublin Police Clause to say what is a breach of the peace, and he hoped that would have the effect of bringing home to the people who represented Irish life in England the necessity of altering or abolishing the Dublin Police Clause Act. We can beat those men if they sold themselves over and over again. As a body they stand in opposition to the people, but it is our duty as good Democrats to put down any power that means to deprive us of our liberties. Shoneens like Farrell come into the movement by the back door, but workingmen don't enter that way. They had too many shoneens in public life in Ireland, and the people next January should use their votes to keep the record of the city clean; and if they kept the Capital clean, so far as public life is concerned, the road would be clear and they would win the day.

Mr. Kennedy, the acting secretary said, the whole question of anti-militarism in Ireland solved itself into this—whether farmers' sons were prepared to come up to Dublin to baton the people's heads on the side of the British Government. He knew there were many men forced into the army through poverty. But understanding the facts, Irish men and women should treat these forces with the contempt their actions deserved, and the one way they could deal with that was by organisation.

The Countess De Markievicz, in declaring the resolution passed, said when they organised they should organise their fists also. Physical force must be met with physical force. Every man and every woman has a fist, and should learn to use it, so that the next time there is a clash with the police the workingmen will show a better fight. "Boys," said the Countess in conclusion,

"GO OUT AND LEARN TO FIGHT."

It is the one thing worth learning. Real fighting is serious. It might mean death, but it always means liberty in the end."

THE POLICE RAID.

Miss Moloney then came forward to address the meeting. She spoke the few sentences recorded in the introductory portion of this report, when the police, under Superintendent Byrne and Inspector Gordon, who had been massed on the outskirts of the crowd, rushed forward to the platform-dray. The latter cried out to Miss Moloney that he should arrest her.

THE PLATFORM WAS STORMED,

and both Miss Moloney and the Countess Markievicz, who were dragged with some violence, were forced down and taken to Store Street Station. At the platform the crowd closed in and also along the way to the station, but an augmented force of baton men charged upon them. Some confusion developed, and on the Transport Workers' Band playing up and marching into Beresford place, the meeting reformed, and was addressed by Jim Larkin, who dealt with the scene created by the police, and also spoke on the various phases of the labour question in the city, for which the meeting had been primarily organised.

MR. LARKIN'S ADDRESS.

He commenced by referring to the police attack they had just witnessed, and said:—It is no wonder they charge when you run away like a lot of sheep. There on the corner of the meeting you have a man who did scab work during the strike, and now he is running away. Is it any wonder you run away when a crowd in Dublin is handled as you are? If I thought the men in the North would walk away that way I would give up the country. It is no wonder you get treated as you have been. If they tried that game in Belfast there would not be a policeman left there. There is a rule now here that you are not to be allowed to criticise anything. If they criticise public

institutions those persons who come out to speak must be careful that they keep within the law. A young lassie has been taken away from amongst you; but if you had only half the spirit she has she would not have been taken.

THERE IS NO USE IN TALKING ABOUT THE IRISH NATION.

I have come to the conclusion that they are helping to have themselves wiped out—that you and I are only a lot of slaves, abject slaves. That is being proved all through the dispute we have been going through these few weeks, when our men have been badly dealt with, we find our own countrymen who should be men, going out of their way to "scab" or take up their jobs, and others ready to arrest them. This meeting of ours was called previous to the meeting that has preceded it, but out of courtesy to those who were running that meeting, and out of respect for Miss Moloney and Mr. McArdle and the Countess we did not wish to trespass on the meeting, and we decided to postpone ours till a later time. Now, I would not trespass on the other meeting only for this question that has arisen. What are the facts? The people came in a legitimate way to criticise the Government of the country. That is allowed in every town in England. If the police attempted to do in London, or Liverpool, or Glasgow, or Manchester, or Newcastle, or any other town what they did here this afternoon, there would not have been a man in the police force that would not have been removed. Why? because the Englishman is a man, and would not tolerate such conduct. But you in Ireland were like a lot of sheep. They were always talking about the Englishmen as their enemies.

ENGLISHMEN WERE NOT THE ENEMIES OF IRELAND.

We ourselves are our own enemies. I was in Scotland three years ago, in Glasgow, when the unemployed turned out and demanded bread, the King was represented there at some ceremony, by his nephew or someone. The employees in the city wanted bread, and what did they do? I was there and saw it; they took the horse droppings off the street and flung it at the representatives of the Government. There was no man arrested in Glasgow for that, nor would they dare to arrest anyone. They could not try on in England what they did here, because in England you had men imbued with the spirit of solidarity, and they were not going to allow any government, or the tools of any government to beat them and shackle them as they do in this country. For what reason? Because, they had removed out of their minds the false sentiments that you have. You are only slaves who have got masters. I was speaking to a man in S. N. Robinson's employment the other day, and he said he was working because "Master Norry told him to go to work" (laughter). While you have the spirit of Master Norry dominating Irish workers, there is no help for you under God's sun (cheers). Get rid of the idea of Master Norry's. There is only One Master that you have, that is the One Infinite Creator.

NO MAN IS YOUR MASTER.

Think of that, and, until you do realise it, there is no use in any man talking to you. This country is for you, but it will be only yours when you say you want it. But you don't want it if you are content to carry little flags, all the flags in the world are cursed with the blood and misery and the degradation that attaches to the exploitation of the workers condition.

THE ONLY HOPE FOR THE WORKERS IS UNDER THE FLAG OF LABOUR.

But you will not succeed until you are organised. Let them take a lesson from the other side. See how the police act, they are only men, but they act as an organised body. There are many of these men in the force sympathetic with you, they have their own discontent seething under the surface, a simmering fire that only wants the spark—as I know, but they have their orders to carry out. You have not to act spasmodically, but as an organised body you will thus effect a constitutional revolution—a constitutional revolution, don't be frightened at the words, you will keep within the law by acting constitutionally. You can do by organisation what the workers in the big towns in England have accomplished. In Liverpool they had to ask the workers' permission to take food-stuffs from the ships.

THE WORKERS HAVE ALL THE POWER IF THEY ONLY ORGANISED

and learned how to use it. But they must not be frightened by those opposed to them. I don't give a thranee for the lot of them and their forces. They can only knock you out of time for a short while, but as long as you turn your back on them they will make you feel their power. In the Land League days it was not running away that won victory for the people. It was not running behind a ditch and looking at a fellow getting beaten that won victory. No, victory was won by the organised power of the people. Now, I want to come to the purpose of our meeting here to-day. We have been going through a crucial period: we had a settlement of the Dock Strike in this town. The agreement was that every man was to go back to work, we would not work with imported scabs, we agreed to work with those who stopped in, but every imported man was to go. In all the firms the men who came out on strike were to go to work, that was our agreement. The Union representatives, Mr. Kenny, Mr. McKeown and myself agreed to that. The understanding was whatever was gained in Liverpool would be granted in Dublin. If the Union was recognised, so in Dublin the Union must be recognised. That agreement was qualified by

this statement—that within a couple of days we would have a Board composed of an equal number of employers and employees to deal with the question of wages and conditions. The purpose of this meeting to-day has, however, been nullified by a message I got this morning. I have been asked not to take up the position I was going to ask you to adopt to-day. But if they don't carry out their agreement honestly upon a given day next week when called upon, every man who returned to work, and all those who never came out,

WITH EVERY MAN OF YOU IT WILL BE "HANDS DOWN" (cheers).

That has been suspended at present owing to the message I received this morning. The men in the Custom House Docks came out to help the men on strike. At first seven men were implicated, then thirteen men, and finally forty-four men were locked out by the manager of that concern, Grandy, who is getting £6000 a year for doing what a clerk at ten shillings would do better. We attended a conference at the Castle in reference to the case of the Custom House Docks men. I was asked to go to the Castle. I took two of the men's representatives with me. I made it clear that I went there as the representative of the Union, and that was agreed to. We came to an agreement that all the men on strike should go back to work, and the question of wages should be referred to the Conciliation Board. We put in a qualification that we would not insist on five casual men going back, but as soon as a man was wanted the first of the five men should be selected, and so on.

WE LEFT THE CASTLE UNDER THAT IMPRESSION.

Further, we were told nothing would be done until the following Thursday, but to our surprise, on Tuesday night McKenna and Doyle brought in a letter which was handed them in the street, telling the men that twenty-six men would be taken back—twenty-six men to be picked out and the remainder might be taken up as required. We refused; no one man would go back until all the men went together. We have told them that, and if they don't settle their business in a few days we will give them something else to settle (cheers). We are going to carry out our agreement loyally, there is no man who can point the finger of scorn at us. We want allow Grandy to do with us as he would like, and I have letters in my pocket from employers stating that they too are not going to continue to be inconvenienced. I have also a statement by Grandy himself, that he was prepared to treat the men in a proper manner, and that he would not victimise any man, but in two hours afterwards he was scheming to victimize them.

THAT IS NOT HONEST

but it is like Grandy—a man who told a deliberate lie in presence of Lord Aberdeen. He denied that a man named Nevin had been injured in their employment. Doyle said he was, and that he had been injured by a pile of timber. Grandy again denied it, but finally he had to admit it. Then turning round in a jeering way he said the man had been examined by their own doctor, who stated that he had been suffering from heart disease, and therefore, he could not become a constant employee. Well, that was also a lie. The man was never examined by any doctor until after he was injured. I sent the man last Thursday to Dr. MacWalter, and I have Dr. MacWalter's certificate to say that the man is organically sound. Grandy who was foisted in there for a job is now trying to treat his fellow human beings like beasts of burden. But we shall see whether he will succeed.

WE HAVE SETTLED BARRINGTON'S STRIKE

(applause.) The men there have got an advance of wages. They are the most loyal body of men I ever came across. A most deserving class of men, who carried on their strike until they got success—a rise of two shillings all round, through their Union. Mr. Halligan, miller, on the quays gave his men two shillings in some cases and five in others. We have had no time or opportunity, owing to the very pressing work of the past week, to set down in writing all the advantages in wages we have got, and you will get more. Firms who have not been approached by the Union are giving increases of wages without being asked. Some of these firms have given the men two shillings and three shillings, and overtime, that they never got before. But, you have got to face another set of facts. You have now a combination formed of the employers who are

PUTTING DOWN £20,000 TO BREAK THE TRANSPORT UNION.

(Several voices—"Never.") They will if you don't stop it. It is men like you that can stop it. Their hope is to fight you through your hungry stomachs, and your hungry wives and children. They put it down in writing that they are going to beat you by bringing starvation into your homes. There is only one method of combating that, and that is by every man being in the Union and paying into it, not threepence a week, but banking a shilling per man, per week, to make a good fighting fund, so that you will be ready for war when called upon. Messrs. Wordie's representatives is to meet me on Wednesday morning to go into the question of wages. Then John Wallis's time will come. You will find that the Irish wolf-hound—the Transport Union—will find every one of them in their lairs. We will pull them out and make them face the light of day. This Union will do more than any other organisation that they had in this country, and

THE FIGHT WILL BE CARRIED ON UNTIL MEN GET GOOD WAGES

and good conditions of labour, and by that means we will alter the whole cam-

plexion of the country. In Belfast, where there are a thousand men on strike, they are going to beat the employers. Wexford is solid. They have got there not only a rise of 1½d. an hour, but 1½d. on the ton. Waterford is up, and a new branch has been formed there. From Cape Clear to Malin Head you are going to have the Transport Union in every shipyard, in every docks, and in every port; and even through the country—in the heart of the country every agricultural labourer is going to stand by their friends in the towns. This is going to be an economic revolution, the greatest revolution the country has ever seen. The French Revolution was a physical force revolution, ours is an economic revolution—the only revolution that can't be defeated.

GET HOLD OF THE GOOD THINGS OF LIFE,

the foodstuffs, and neither armies nor police can do anything. Why you can even force these fellows into surrender. Thus, you will get your rights, and in this connection let me read for you an extract which I put in THE IRISH WORKER this week. It is from the American Declaration of Independence:—

"We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienated rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are institutions among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organising its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

Seventy millions of people have supported that declaration; I want you to join with them. Make that vow before Heaven, and let us declare to the workers of the world that we will have our own independent government in Ireland—

A GOVERNMENT OF THE WORKERS FOR THE WORKERS.

I want every man in this crowd who believes in the right of popular government—in the right of the people governing themselves, to hold up his hand (great show of hands.) How are you going to start? I will tell you. By supporting THE IRISH WORKER; it has already a circulation of 15,000 weekly, it should have a circulation of one million. How are you to do that? Every man must pledge himself, not only to buy the paper, but to send in his money to buy new machinery, and to fill in the coupon that will appear in the paper. By doing that, he will be taking upon himself to stand by his country. They were giving some of the writings of Fintan Lalor week by week in THE IRISH WORKER; Fintan Lalor was dead but his spirit lives; we are the inheritors of his principles. I want you all—United Leaguers, Gaelic Leaguers, Sinn Feiners, and Socialists, to combine together and to determine to alter the government of this country, to claim Ireland for the Irish, and to claim the right for every Irishman to live in Ireland (cheers). This great movement under the Transport Union is greater than any you have had, though started in a small way it has become widely extended. In Cork and Wexford the boys are coming into line. By every post we are receiving letters calling for help. We have appeals from the women workers in this town. I have letters that would make your heart bleed from women workers employed for 70 or 80 hours, and getting only 4s. 6d. per week. The tramwaymen are to have a meeting; we are also to have a meeting of the drapers' porters, and then there is to be a meeting of the women workers to form a trades union next week. We will also have a meeting of Bewley & Draper's men, to-night (Sunday).

With these announcements of meetings he concluded his address by urging every man in the crowd to send a post-card to Sir James Donogherty, Dublin Castle, protesting against the arrest of Miss Moloney and the Countess Markievicz, and also against the brutality of the police in interfering with the meeting that day.

If the object of the Labour Movement be to secure the triumph of certain principles, it follows that such principles must be fearlessly advocated until they win acceptance. How can they be popularised by advocating everything but them? *

Charged with kicking a policeman, Pat innocently queried—"What wrong have I done?" "Well, you know, Pat," replied the Judge coldly, "there is a law against it." The law is full of these finicking technicalities. *

The Cockney who stole a side of lamb the other day from a Metropolitan butcher's shop and then allowed himself to be caught by a policeman rejoicing in the name of Mutton, surely must have felt rather sheepish! *

During 1910 there was an increase of 2,300 ministers, 2,400 churches, and 627,000 communicants in the United States. It will take them all to keep up the supply of couples seeking divorce in order to escape from the united states. *

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