rolls round, As surely as the glorious sun Brings the great world

As surely as the earth

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.

moon-wave, Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 16.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th. 1911.

[ONE PENNY.

Tenements and Temperance.

WHAT THE PREACHERS DON'T KNOW.

Once a year we hear of the "Temperance Movement," and last Sunday it made its annual appearance in Dublin. With the procession it is not our intention to deal here, but some of the statements made by speakers on the platform, call for comment. Mr. T. P. Curley (Drapers' Assistants) in moving the resolutions, said:-

"The cause of total abstinence was making rapid strides among the workingmen of Dublin. So long as men were addicted to drink, so long only would they be content to live in the wretched tenements in Dublin and hovels in the country. Sobriety would bring selfrespect. There was no use in Home Rule or any other ameliorative measure unless the people were sober. A drunken people were not fit for anything."

This sounds all right, but there is a lot of nonsense in it. He talks of men being content to live in "wretched tenements" and "hovels" as if they were content. It is necessity, not choice, makes them live in hovels and unsanitary tenements, and drunk or sober, they are not content. But what can they do? What would Mr. Curley do if he was only earning 14/- per week, and had a wife and family to support? Would he take a house on Merrion square, or would he pay 2/6 for a back room in a back street? "Sobriety," says Mr. Curley, "would bring selfrespect." He is wrong again. Self-respect would bring sobriety. Tell me, Mr. Curley, can a man be self-respecting, who, after paying half-a-crown for a single room in for food, furniture, clothes, fire, light, education, recreation and insurance? Supposing he were a teetotaller and had only that wages, could he be self-respecting and live in a fancy house? Again, does the landlord lower the rent to total abstniners, or allow them to live rent free? linot, what is the use in saying that we will have better houses when we take the pledge? It is low wages, not drink, that compels men to live in hovels. And it is low wages and bad housing, among other things, that drives men to drink. Therefore, it is not simply by becoming more sober that we will get better houses, but better houses will make men more

Another speaker, Rev. J. J. Kennedy, said:-

"They heard a lot about the Honsing of the Poor and Social Reform, but if they wanted to bring these things about they must make the people sober."

He, also, is wrong. If they want to make the people sober they must bring these things (The Housing of the Poor and Social Reform) about. That's the way he should have said it. Does Fr. Kennedy imagine that if we take the pledge the Government will immediately pass the Eight Hour Day Bill, or the Minimum Wage Bill? Does he think the Corporation will lower the rates for teetotallers, or the National Telephone Co. allow total abstainers to ring up the Coffee Palace free of charge? Oh! go to—sir. Go

Mr. John Gore, solicitor, said :-

"The capital of Guinness's was six million pounds originally, and was extended to thirty-six millions. It employed 2,500 people. The capital of a linen mill in Belfast was only £800,000, and it employed 3,000 people. He advised his hearers to give up drinking porter and buy linen collars, and they would thus give employment to ten times as many workmen."

So, now we're all right. "Give up drinking porter and buy linen collars. Well, well, it's strange how this never struck us before. Some of us are able to get along very well without linen collars, but Mr. Gore has spoken and we must obey. "Guinness's employ 2,500 people, a linen mill in Belfast employs 3,000, therefore buy linen collars " says Mr. Gore. Of course it doesn't matter that the men in Guinness's are better paid than the guls in the Belfast linen mills; of course not. And it doesn't matter that a man can only wear one collar at a time. Oh! Lord, no. It is a disgraceful sight to see men working at the docks or in the city sewers, collarless and unashamed. It must be stopped; collars must be worn. Give up that pint you are in the habit of taking with your dinner; buy a collar instead, then at the end of the year you will have 122. Won't you be the happy man? If you feel "done up" during the day, if, as is too often the case, you had to come

to work without any breakfast, if you feel you cannot carry another sack of coal or cement, cannot stand, do not go to the public house for a drink. Shun the pint; beware of the bottle of stout! Save up your two-pence to buy a linen collar. Oh! Mr. Gore, you are a genius. Come again soon and tell us more.

We could go on for hours in this way, showing that the people who speak on temperance seldom know anything about the real cause of intemperance. We know that drunkenness is a bad thing, but we also know that it is useless to tariper with the fringe of it; the cause must be removed. Until the people are properly housed, properly fed, properly paid, and allowed sufficient leisure for amusement and study, drunkenness will continue. All the sermons in the world, all the coffee bars in the universe cannot make the people sober while the root-cause of drunkenness is left untouched. Men or women cannot do hard work on bad food, and until they can buy good food and live in decent houses, they will fly to alcohol for the energy their food fails to supply. Give the people a chance, give them something worth living for, and they will need no temperance lectures. Closing the public houses will not make the people sober, it has not done it in America. If they cannot get whiskey they will drink methylated spirit.

After all, the fact that people drink intoxicating liquors shows that they are not content. It shows that there is something wrong with the conditions under which they live, when they fly to drink for forgetfulness. We hear a lot about increased membership of temperance societies, yet the drink bill is not reduced. When a man or woman is homeless, hungry and exhausted, you cannot expect him to prea dirty tenement house, has only 11/6 left fer aponge cakes to porter. It is the conditions, not the men who are to blame. Alter the conditions; anything else is O.F.

The Internationale.

We have worked, we have worked (have we ever, ever shirked?)

Till our blood-sweat soaked the earth in its streams; We have bowed, meanly bowed, when hunger was our shroud

And our children only smiled in rarer dreams. Hands across the sea (grip them tight!) Hands across the sea (in your might!) Where the frightened monsters flee When our brothers' skulls they see Grinning, now they're free, in the night.

We have worked, we have worked, while our fat employers lurked In their mansions where they slavered o'er our kin.

That they harnessed like their kine our daughters in in the mine, Our English brothers know .- 'Tis their sin. Hands across the sea (across the earth!) Hands across the sea (bide your mirth!) Where far upon the lee

Kind ship-owners want their fee, Their insurance policy For vessels that could be nothing worth.

We have worked, we have worked, and our millionaires have burked Their steel-slaves when they rose for liberty. Ah! our Yankee brothers know how swift our blood did flow

In the shot-reft waves of Pittsburg's ruddy sea. Hands across the sea (we are one!) Hands across the sea (Celt and Hun!) Where we've climbed the creaking tree From the Cape to Zuyder Zee Through a black eternity for their fun.

We have worked, we have worked, in lone Bastiles we were dirked,

When our children were deflowed of chastity. And brothers fiercely tell of that courtly Gallic hell When their girls and crops were spoil of venery. Hands across the sea (flash the word! Hands across the sea (we have dared!)

Where Phonicians forged our key That might loose our hand and knee, And England sent her seamen to a Board.

We have worked, we have worked, and the knout our back has marked Till our shoulder-blades stared fleshless at the sun. They cried for liberation, a simple, childlike nation, And Siberian salt-mines killed them one by one.

Hands across the sea (are they red?) Hands across the sea (for our dead!) Where captives, now set free, Tell the tale to you and me Of their master's devilry When death and misery were our bread.

Brothers, we're lean and unsightly, Yet, standing together, we're strong: We know we've the power, working quietly, Never acting, though suffering, unrightly, To blot out the world's ancient wrong. PETER McBrien.

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TWO DEATH-BEDS.

[1.]

Sir Jasper Armstrong, merchant prince, lay dying. A hasty glance at the bloodless face and rigid, nerveless hands of the great man would have lead one to believe that he was already dead. But ever and anon the heavy-laboured sigh of semiconscious agony escaped from between his yellow lips, and showed that his grim, determined spirit was still battling to retain tenancy of its mortal habitation.

Lady Armstrong walked noiselessly round the room. Her handsome face bore an anxious expression, and she now and then glanced at the tiny jewelled watch which hung from her neck.

There is no doubt about it Lady Armstrong was sorry. After all she was Sir Jasper's wife, and he had been a good husband. He had made her a liberal allowance, and had always been ready to gratify her slightest whim.

He had taken every precaution, too, that things should be right at his death. His will, making ample provision for his wife and two sons (one of them a barrister in London; the other an officer in the 10th Hussars). It is true that he had made a rather awkward statement as to reducing his wife's allowance if she should re-marry -but, after all, one had to put up with that kind of thing. And so Lady Armstrong felt more or less sorry that her

husband was dying. Just as she glanced again (and this time rather impatiently) at her watch, the door softly opened, and a man tip-toed into the room. The firm chin and hard, determined face revealed at once his relationship to the dying man. Just now his face was overcast and worried. (After all, when you belong to the same club as your brother and you've golfed with him for years, you MUST feel a bit sorry when he's dying).

'How is he, Mildred?" asked Richard

Armstrong, nervously.
"Just the same," responded Lady Armstrong, "he has neither moved nor spoken since you left."

"I hurried as much as possible," said her brother-in-law; "I missed the mail, and had to take a special to London. But I've got the tubes, thank Heaven; the men have them outside."

"Bring them in," said Lady Armstrong. Richard Armstrong nodded his head and disappeared for a few moments, reappeared with a butler, who bore in each hand a bright steel cylinder. These he left on two chairs near Sir Jasper's bed.

"You can go," said Richard Armstrong, curtly; and, as the man withdrew, he unscrewed the nozzle at the end of each cylinder of oxygen. The result was marvellous. As the life-giving gas flooded the room its effects became apparent on its three occupants. Lady Armstrong's colour rose and her eyes brightened. Her brotherin-law also seemed to feel a sense of exultation. But it was in the dying man the greatest change took place. His breathing grew louder, but shorter, his eyes opened, and he glanced round—his gaze falling on his brother's face.

"Ah, Dick," said he, "I'm glad you've come. I'm going, Dick-going.'

His brother pressed the hand lying limp on the counterpane. "It'll soon be over, old chap," he said.
"Yes," said Sir Jasper, "I've made

you executor; look after Mildred and the boys and the works-be sure and look after the works. And, oh, Dick," he added, rising in the bed, "how is the strike going on? have the men given in? -have the scoundrels surrendered?"

The effort of rising and speaking proved too great, and he fell gasping back.

His brother paused for an instant before replying, until he saw the death pallor deepening, and then answered-"Yes, Jasper, old chap, the men are beaten: they gave in this morning."

face, and he strove to speak, but the words died away in a ghastly rattle in his throat. His head fell back, his features quivered, and he lay-dead. "The men are still on strike, Mildred,"

A smile overspread the dying man's

said Richard Armstrong, as he rose from chap die with that on his mind." "No!" said his sister-in-law, "you did quite right to ease his mind. And now I

suppose I'd best telephone to those solicitor people and have the will looked after."

[11.]

In a back kitchen in a squalid tenement a family are grouped around a little figure—the figure of a little girl of four, stretched on an old sack-bed on the floor, and covered by a ragged skirt. The little,

worn, white face is wasted with pain; the little arms, as thin almost as candles, lie inert upon the scanty cover. Kneeling by the bedside are two children (little older than their dying sister) who are weeping silently. Lying on the floor beside the bed—with one hand thrust under the child to ease it when the racking cough shall come, holding in the other a tin cup of water-is the child's mother, a broken, starved-looking woman of thirty.

Seated on a rickety chair (the sole article of furniture in the room), with his head bowed in his hands, is the father of the family.

The dying child is speaking. "Mudder, mudder, have yeh not a thup

'No, darlint; will yeh take a drop of

this wather?" 'Yes, mudder, thank yeh" (a pause). Where's me dada, mudder?" "He's here, darlint. Oh, John, come -

the child wants yeh." The man rises, the hot tears wetting his face and blinding his eyes. He slouches over, and then, losing all control over his feelings, throws himself down by the wretched bed and sobs convulsively.

The child speaks again. "Da, yeh said yeh'd buy me a cake to-day" (suddenly): "Oh, mudder, mudder, it's getting dark. Hold me, mudderhold me" (a pause) "mudder, I'm going somewhere, gimme a kiss- mudder,

good--- bye." And so they die around us every day! MARCUS KAVANAGH.

THE POSITION OF THE CLERK.

The clerk has been described as a blackleg, a scab, and goodness knows what else that's degrading and humiliating; but in reality he is not a bad sort of a chap. He is merely unfortunate. He occupies today a most unenviable position. Perhaps this is due in no small measure to his own foolishness; but, nevertheless, let us give him what due we can. He is to a certain extent an unskilled labourer.

In days gone by, when the facilities for education were not so great as they are now, the clerk was able to command a certain amount of respect and to assume no little degree of dignity. He was looked upon as a specially trained worker. But the old things are passed away; all things have become new, and so we see the clerk of to-day in a very different position. Any child of average intelligence has on leaving school a sufficient education to permit him or her taking up a junior position in an office. The rest follows as a matter of course. Hence we find the clerk of to-day classed among the unskilled labourers of the world. He works hard, very often in unhealthy surroundings. His pay is small-much less, as a rule, than that of the tradesman-and he is expected by his employers to keep up an appearance far superior. Many a clerk has to support a wife and family on £1 a week, and he must at all times present a spick and span appearance. He is looked down upon by his employers; he is looked down upon by his more fortunate comrades in the industrial army. Moreover, his market is terribly overcrowded. His labour is undersold by women and girls. Now the true social reformer does not exclude women from entering into the battle of life. He knows it is a necessity. But if the fair sex must compete with man, let her do it on fair terms. If a woman can do the same work as a man she is entitled to the same remuneration for her services. That is only fair and

logical. But this in passing—the fact remains that at present the clerk finds his labour undersold. Hence, if he is told to do this he must do it or go. There are hundreds waiting to step into his shoes. There are hungry little mouths at home waiting to be fed. He must be very careful not to fall out with his bread and butter. Be not hard on him then. Make allowances for his unenviable position. He would not scab willingly; but he cannot starve. He is more essentially a the bedside, "but I couldn't let the poor creature of circumstances than any other class in the industrial world. He is cursed with the greatest of all modern curses respectability. Who can say what sufferings are endured for the sake of respectability? He has lain down for a long time; but "even a worm will turn." The clerk is a little better than a worm; he will turn soon, and when he does somebody will know it. Now, clerks, hurry up! We must have a union for you,

and it will have to include the women.

" Sing, Birdie, Sing." You have a nice little "Royal Songster'

MOUNTJOY ST. SCHOOLS.

with the late king of England's head on it. Between the "Palmerston Readers" and "Royal Songsters" you should be "a happy little British child" very soon. Here are the names of a few of the songs the children in this school are taught to sing—"Gondolier's Evening Song," "See Saw," "Tis Snowing," "Welcome to Spring," "That old, old Clock," &c. It is the greatest collection of rubbish we have ever come across. There is, of course, nothing Irish in it; the only thing it contains is some badly rhymed nonsense with "Tra-la-la" for a chorus. It is nearly time the nuns in Ireland gave up "Tra-la-laing" and taught the children something useful. They seem to think it is all right to send to England for school books. What would they say if we sent to England for teachers? There would be a fine hubbub. What?

It is the duty of all the working men and women in Ireland to take action in this matter. See what kind of books your children are using in schools. If they are not National in tone and produced in Ireland send your children where they will be treated as Irish children, not as imitation English. This will soon make the nuns who are in charge of the schools be careful what they teach, and your children will be taught to sing something better than "Dear little Dolly" or "Tra-la-la." Besides the educational value of the books, you must remember that there are compositors and bookbinders idle in Ireland who could and would be employed if you were doing your duty. While such books are being used in Mountjoy street Schools no Irish bookseller need apply.

In a previous issue we inadvertently gave the name of King's Inns street Schools, but discovered the mistake before many copies were printed. We now make this correction in case anyone might have been misled.

CHEER UP!

You'll be long time dead. All that glitters is not paid for. The world is all right only for the

people who are in it. You never know your luck till worse

happens. Know what you want, but don't want everything.

A girl in the hand is worth two in the Breach of Promise" court.

Beauty is something you can buy in the chemists' shops.

Better be jilted for ever than married for a month to the wrong girl. Make the most of this world; you've a

very poor chance in the next. Many a man tolerates his wife on account of her cooking.

But— The girls have no excuse. Nothing is good that might be better. Laughter is as cheap as tears. And doesn't make your eyes red. If you don't get what you want fight

for it. You'll die in any case. Stay in the crowd and your photo will ppear in the "Daily Sketch."

But-You won't do much good. People will praise you when you are

dead and can't hear them. None of your faults will appear on the tombstone.

You'll be missed by a few. For a while.

Be cheerful while you can.

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WARM WORDS.

Father Cassidy of Fall River makes Pointed Address.

During an address at the National Catholic Total Abstinence Convention, Very Rev. James E. Cassidy, V.G., Rector of the Cathedral, Fall River, Mass., used this forceful language:

"If as a priest I preach purity to the boys and girls of my congregation and I allow the streets of my parish to be lined with brothels, wouldn't you consider me mad? And if I preach against gambling and allow gambling places to operate publicly, wouldn't you consider me mad? And if I preach total abstinence and allow saloons to flourish in my parish, one of which can undo more than I could do were I to have fifty lives, wouldn't you consider me mad? It is not sentimental rot to cry close the saloon. I go farther and I say, destroy the saloon.

"Education and legislation are the weapons that total abstinence should avail themselves of to make their movement a success. The real source of evil in any community is the saloon, and the real source of our weakness, as I see it, is our fear of condemning this evil. Where is the law that does not reach out for morality? The law is the source of morality in the heart of the individual, and the American saloon as an institution is opposed to law and morals and is bad enough to go. The saloon cannot be defended, because it is an anlimited curse. Men and women may sell and buy liquors but the wonder is that one can be a priest and not fight this evil. I linked arms with a Protestant minister in fighting this evil, but I have not linked arms with heresy. I have linked arms as an American citizen. but I would be as prompt to resent insult to my religion and fight for my faith as I am to avail myself of any assistance in this crusade. I have been called a bigot and a fanatic. I have seen a young priest's cheeks blanch when three representatives of the liquor interests told him that he must cease his fight against them or take the consequences, and I served notice on the same three men that were they to come to me with such an insulting command that there would be need for a patrol waggon if not for an ambulance."

-" Catholic Union and Times," Buffalo.

A ROYAL TRAITOR.

A sensational announcement has been made in the making public of the discovery of a small coffer containing secret correspondence between the deposed King Manuel of Portugal and the British and German Governments. Manuel, foreseeing the Portuguese revolution, sought the intervention of these two Powers, and offered them compensation in the shape of Portuguese territory in Africa, Britain and Germany of course refused. The correspondence will be read in the Portuguese Legislatures.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR,-Please find enclosed 5s. subscription to THE IRISH WORKER to help make good the loss sustained by refusing fraudulent advertisements. Yours, HUXTER.

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Finnerly's, ESTD. 1903,

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

On Tuesday the meeting that was held in the Antient Concert Rooms for the purpose of organising the women-workers was truly magnificent. It was in reality, a surprise to all present. It has also been a source of conversation and comment to the general public, because, an idea has always been uppermost in the people's minds that it was utterly impossible to get a number of women to come together for any demonstration. In fact, I myself, have always felt that women were apathetic in their attitude towards their own betterment, but Tuesday's meeting has once and for all dispelled that feeling. Women-workers in their thousands, all classes, all sections, were there. It was an impressive sight that will not be soon forgotten by those who came to address the meeting, nor by the women themselves. Another thing that told greatly in the favour of the women was their orderly behaviour and their interested attitude, each speaker was listened to in a most intelligent manner. Now, that it has been proved beyond a doubt that our working women are roused to a sense of their own importance, that they are thinking and taking an interest in their own welfare, and that of their sister workers, the future begins to look brighter. Onward, is the watchword, onward to better conditions, better wages, brighter and happier days.

There is one thing that is of the utmost importance, let the women-workers be loyal to each other, let them join together to help one another, the strong help the weak. If some are getting what they term good wages, and are fairly comfortable, then it is their bounden duty to come forward and do their utmost to see that their co-workers are treated in a humane manner. We do not want a certain few to be doing well, we want all women workers, to at least be in a position to procure the ordinary necessaries of life, not to be compelled to continue as they are at present, not living, simply existing, existing under the worst possible conditions. This can only be done by yourselves, your loyalty to each and everyone, and let the good spirit that at present prevails among you continue and spur you on to insist that not one will be satisfied or contented until every woman worker is receiving wages in proportion to her work, and that the conditions under which they work are elevating—not degrading.

THE HOUSE.

In last week's chat we had disposed of all unnecessary articles, therefore leaving everything ready to begin the cleaning process. Now, as it was pointed out that it was wrong that housewives should spend each and every day, and sometimes all day, in slaving at house-work, we must try and arrange matters so as to lighten the process. Many women arrange their household duties so that certain work must be performed on certain days. Of course this sounds very nice and methodical, but there is another way to look at it—by fixing affairs in this way we are sure to get into a groove, and to many natures an unvarying routine is irksome; so that although they perform the task satisfactorily, they feel a weariness not altogether to be put down to the amount of work done. It is really a weariness of spirit, produced by the deadly monotony of performing these said tasks on certain days of the week. To my mind—and I must say I dislike monotony—it would be a better plan, of course, to arrange to do so much work each day, but to change the days each week. For instance, say this week on Wednesday the bedrooms are turned out and cleaned—well, next week let this task be done on Thursday or Friday. You would, I am sure, find this varying of days and work less monotonous and dull.

It is necessary to give all ceilings and wall a smart brush-down say once a month. You will be surprised at the results. It takes very little time and is quite easily done. All that you require is the sweeping-broom and a large-sized duster. Tie the duster over the broom and proceed.

Now, it is nothing short of madness to pack bedrooms with furniture; just as much as is absolutely required, apart from the bed; also they should not be turned into old clothes shops. Some people have a partiality for linoleum or oilcloth on bedroom and sitting-room floors. It certainly has advantages. It is easily and quickly washed; but after either of these floor coverings have been down for some time, just raise a corner of them, and you will be surprised at the

amount of dust that has accumulated under them, no matter how particular or careful you may be.

Nothing is sweeter or cleaner than wellscrubbed boards, but if taste and fancy rises above this, why not stain the boards and then polish them? It is quite simple and economical. Procure threepenny worth of permanganate of potash; dissolve this. Then, after the boards have been well scrubbed, give them three coats of the liquid, allowing each to dry before proceeding with the next, when you will find they are a nice rich brown. All you have to do now is to use a little bees-wax and turpentine and a good dose of elbow grease, and you have a beautifully-polished floor. Then a few straw mats or rugs **\$**

I desire to become a member of the Irish Women Workers' Union.

Name		
Address		
Age		
Occupation		
Where employed	• • • • •	
ddress-Janes Larkin,		

thrown down and you have healthy, elegant bedrooms, so far as the floors are concerned. This also applies to the sit-

All communications for this column to be addressed

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

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By An Spailpin Fanaoh

In the Freeman's Journal of Tuesday, August 29th, there appeared a lengthy report of a presentation to Dr. MacEnri. We pass over the "glowing tributes"—which by the way would leave half the advertising agents of the most go-ahead Yankee firms completely in the shade, but we certainly do not think that an occasion like that should be availed of to make covert attacks on Gaelic Leaguers, who in their own sphere are doing as much perhaps as any of the speakers to extend the work of the Gaelic League. One speaker is reported as having said: The real enemies of the National Teachers and of the teaching of Irish were those who were now endeavouring to convert the Gaelic League into a Political Faction.'

We fear that there are yet a few who fondly imagine that positions on the Governing Bodies of the League belong by right to them and to them alone, just as there are individuals who believe that the Irish Language, verbs, nouns, adjectives (and idioms above all) is the sole property of the League and that any change made, either in the Governing Body in the direction of infusing new blood and new life into the movement, or in showing the people of Ireland that the Irish Language is their's and not vested in any League or in any body of men however learned they may be, or may imagine themselves, is due to political bias. The Gaelic League is open to all—Home Ruler, Sinn Feiner, Nationalist or Unionist, Catholic or Protestant. Delegates at the Annual Convention vote or ought to vote on the Central Executive the individuals they consider best fitted to carry on the work of the Gaelic League for the year. Politics ought not and do not we believe enter into

On Saturday, Sept. 2nd, Dr. MacEnri is reported in the Freeman as saying; -" Efforts had been made to drive out of the Coisde Gnotha some of the best Gaels amongst the teachers, and in some cases this had succeeded. During the coming year the priests and teachers and all the best elements of the Gaelie movement should pay more attention than they have done to organisation, and should see to it that they are not again caught napping but that they must have that place in the Councils of the Gaelic League to which they are rightfully entitled."

Next week we shall give a list of the teachers, at resent members of the Central Executive, to show that this raimeis is altogether unfounded, and might we respectfully suggest that if organisation is proceeded with it be to do something in the Irish-speaking districts, where the language is yet, despite all the talk, Dying. If the language goes in the Irish-speaking districts, the rightful place, or any other place, in the Councils of the Gaelic League will be of very little use.

Regarding the Councils of the Gaelic League we have often heard complaints from City Gaels that those in positions in the League give very little assistance to the movement in Dublin. How far this may be true we are not in a position to say, but that dissatisfaction prevails in many quarters we are

In every movement one is apt to find the enthusiastic worker and the individual who does the looking on part of the business. The duty of the latter seems to consist of attending meetings once in a while and proposing or seconding resolutions. And for that work for Ireland he'll be classed with Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, John Mitchel and Parnell, as one of Ireland's great ones when he's "past the bourne"—at least so he fondly imagines. The Irish-Irelander (so called) who puils the British Empire to pieces a thousand times, over a creamy pint in the nearest pub. and he who attends "to second that resolution" are hopeless. Give us the Gaelic Leaguer who is not afraid or above doing a little bill-posting, scrubbing, handbill distributing, and collecting-can shaking-he is worth a dozen of your academic speaking friends. There seems to be a little bit too much puffing of the self-sacrificing, thousand-pounds losing academic man in the Irish-Ireland movement, but not a few hod-carrying workers cannot fail to see that these very same self-advertised are not usually behind the door when the good, fat jobs are knocking around.

We would advise Irish readers to follow the discussion (in Irish) in the "official organ," on the English king's address business. As soon as the "Political Faction" asks a question about this the "Self-sacrificers" shout "Let me alone or I'll tell me mother." Whoever heard of this being a political question but "politics" and "anti-clericism" are always safe ramparts when it comes to close quarters. We will have a little more to say about this later on.

The Palmerston Readers question was referred to by the Coisde Gnotha after some discussion to the Education Committee, so ran the report in the Press. What has the Education Committee done about the matter since?

We understand that the question of the reform reconstruction, abolition (or whatever else you wish) of the National Board will be discussed at the Public Meeting to be held in Smithfield after the Language

We are also informed that while under the old rules of this Board the Bilinguial programme could be taught in schools where children spoke Irish as well as English the new rule (No. 121) states that it can only be taught where the majority of the children know Irish. Hark! has the "Compromising deputations" of old had anything to do with this settlement

we wonder? In a stand-up fight with the National Board the. Gaelic League can rely on the workers-and particularly on the organised workers, but if it be again a case of hedge, compromise and yield, which respectable people would call diplomacy, then we tell the League that the workers will have none of it. If it is to be a fight—then fight let it be. There must be no shilly-shallying this time over this question. And in any scheme for the reconstruction of the same Board we suggest that the Labour movement be re-

We trust that our readers, one and all, will be in their places in the Language Demonstration on the 17th inst. Amongst the speakers invited to the Public Meeting in Smithfield is Jim Larkin, the Editor of THE IRISH WORKER.

We are requested to announce that the Annual Aeridheacht of the St. Margaret's Branch will be held on to-morrow (Sunday), in St. Margaret's. The proceedings are timed to commence at 2.30 p.m.

Communications intended for this column should be addressed to An Spailpin Fanach, care of Editor,

<u>&&&&&&&&&&&&&</u>

I desire to become a member of the Irish Transport and General Workers'

Name (in full)	• • • •			• • •			•••	
Address						-		
Occupation	• • • •			•••				
Age							•••	
Name of Employer	•							
•	•••	••••	••••	•	•	•••	•••	• •

The Rebel.

When I'm tied by decree to the Sweater, Bound body and soul to a Knave-When the Law makes me chattel of Tyrant, Then the Law makes me rebel or slave.

When 'tis a crime to demand even Justice, To proclaim that the wage-worker be

When deprived by the Law of my man-Then a Rebel is this Soul set in me.

Tho' Dungeon doors swing wide before me, And felon chains clang in my ears. Rather as Rebel I'd die for my freedom Than live like a slave through the years.

If all Toilers stood true to their fellows-If with class-conscious eyes they could

Why, the Rule of our Masters would vanish And no Toiler a Rebel need be. THE JINGLER.

"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,

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, 9TH SEPT., 1911.

Labour's Victories Continued.

This past week has been an eventful one: not only have we had the birth of the "Irish Women Workers' Trade Union" but from North, South, East and West, come tales and tidings of labour's awakening. Aye, even in Dublin there is no slackening of energy. You will remember we wrote last week on the new Granaries Warehouse at Castleforbes, Fish street, and also on Main Drainage—well, we are glad to say that both are closed in a satisfactory manner. Where the men were getting offered the rate fixed by the United Labourers of Dublin, i.e., 44d. per hour, a rate which we contend did not, and does not apply to such work as before mentioned, and a rate which, in our humble judgement is not commensurate for the labour done, and which we respectfully suggest to the members and officials of the United Labourers of Dublin society might be acceptable in 1896, it is full time they were altered. The world has moved on since then, the conditions have changed, the cost of living increased, and the system of carrying on work changed. Now, boys, it is up to youdon't be a brake on the wheels of progress. Let you then be moving-never mind your divide at Christmas-think of your divide at paytime on Saturday, the members of the Transport Union went to assist you-your betterment means our betterment, not jealousy and bad feeling, but solidarity and brotherly love should animate us. Come, join in the only battle wherein no man can fail, for the cause alone is worthy. There is no schism amongst the employers whether they be Dublin builders or imported contractors, they know what they want-cheap labour. We have only our own labour to sell, why not demand a decent price? Here on the Castleforbes job we have got $4\frac{3}{4}$ d. per hour, on the Main Drainage job 43d. on surface and down to 10ft. in trench, below 10ft., $5\frac{3}{4}$ d. per hour, all abnormal work such as timbering, driving headings, special rates; all union men or, job. We regret the continuance of (lispute in timber trade, but when you have employers such as we have in the timber trade-men who having made vast fortunes out of the low paid labo ur they employed giving away £100 here and £100 there to decorate streets, but cannot afford to pay their workers a living wage. Take a case, Messrs T. & C. Martin's, one of the oldest and largest timber importers in Ireland—the average wages paid to the bulk of their labourers for seven mentles of last year was 14s. 7d. per week, and then they locked-out their men, some of whom worked in the firm for 30 odd years; and they rushed to the press wit'n their lying and misleading statements. Not content with paying Archer (the man who imports the bulk of the prison-made joinery into this country) for the loss, he Archer, is sustaining, they approach Brooks, Thomas & Co., to persuade them to lock-out their employees. Well, B. rooks' Thomas had one taste of the lock-out business, and will they care to join in (by the way, Mr. Gamble, the chairman of Brooks, Thomas & Co., is secretary of the new Federation of Employers' who are b anded together to put down trades unioni and in this city)? If these people, who are always denouncing the officials of tracles unions for dislocating trade think they

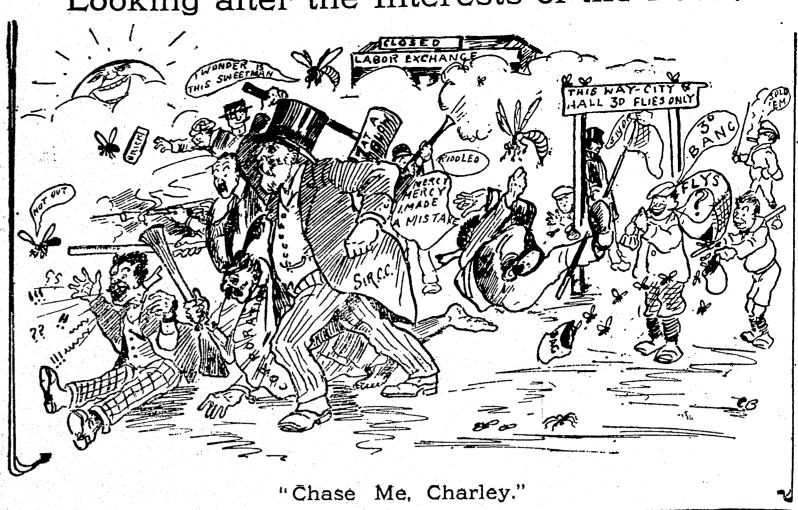
are biting off more than they can clarw. They boast they have had no trouble in Cork since their foul and despicable conspiracy succeeded in putting mysel f behind prison bars—let them not cry until they are out of the wood. The Irish Transport Union will surprise them some of these early mornings. What fools they must be! Do they think they can h umbug the working class for ever? Every strike, every lock-out, every victory, en ery

will be allowed the weapon of the lock-out

without we of the organised—aye, a nd un-

organised working-class retaliating; they

Looking after the Interests of the Poor!



defeat is but imparting knowledge—is but teaching the working class. Every defeat is like unto a caning—every victory like unto prize day at school. Then, what of the boys of Wexford who were locked-out by Pierces, the bicycle makers? These men, sons of men whom neither the triangle nor the pitch-cap, the jail nor the scaffold could subdue, are to be beaten into submission by the son of ex-policeman Salmon! And lo! Mr. Sweetman (the rancher) comes forth to sing his swan song about destroying Irish industry, and howls condemnation of the striker. Oh, yes; but not a word from Mr. John Sweetman. Sinn "Feigner," condemnatory of the Pierces, the Doyles, the Salmons, the Martins, the Archers, the Crowes, &c. (who said "Karrion Krows?"). And what of Lil Arthur, trades unionist, economist, statesman? Our friend, John Brennan writes claiming that a copy of the "Resurrection of Hungary" to be given to any person who can quote a line written by Lil Arthur in favour of organised labour. We will deal with claim in our next issue. I guess, John, you have not even carned a cover for the prize.

EVICTION!

We are interested in the case of Mrs. M'Namee, 2 St. James's avenue, Clonliffe road, who, we are informed, is to be evicted by her houselord (some people call them landlords)-Mr. M'Cabe, who, it is alleged, is a retired member of the D.M.P. Mrs. M'Namee, who, I believe, has lived in this house for the last fourteen years, and built up a little business, in which she is assisted by her children, owes not one penny rent; but the coveteous creature, M'Cabe, wants to step in and roap the fruits of her labours. I think M'Cabe must be a socialist. Ah! Ah! We wonder what the alleged Town Tenants' Ass! is going to do about this? (who said Foley's Fort?). Surely here is a case in which they ought to bring their powers to bear. These bloodsuckers of house-jobbers should be taught a lesson. I opine M'Cabe is a member of the local U.I.L., and a fervent patriot like the rest of the slum owners. Now, William Field, and the would-be M.P., never mind resolutions—what about the verb "to do?" Mrs. M'Namee is a working woman, and the working class must support her. I think the Transport Union must take a hand in this. Stand by, boys, for the word. What about a no-rent manifesto, eh? and teach these soulless beasts in the towns what our fathers taught them in the

We can promise Mrs. M'Namee, who, I believe, is going to open a shop opposite the one she is going to be evicted from, that she won't be deserted. Let all those who love fair play rally to her assistance, and down with M'Cabe, the evictor.

To prevent any misunderstanding we wish to make it clear that we have no connection with "The People's Press," which is being sold this week in Dublin. When we do start another paper we will let you know, and it is more likely to be a daily than a monthly.

Neither do we own or hold shares in a mineral water or any other factory. In fact, in making up our total assets we find about 4s. 6d. coppers and all. It is a mad world, my masters. I wonder where Dickson is going to get £1,000 damages. By the way, Roe M'Mahon, the photographer, of O'Connell street, sends his best respects to Dickson. We also understand the cry is, "Where is Dickson?" He must be out catching flies. He is a fly boy.

We are informed that the Palmerston Readers which were used in Mountjoy Street Convent Schools have been called in and returned to publishers. We sincerely hope that the persons responsible will also see to it, that in future Irish children will get an opportunity of knowing that they belong to a nation who had the honour of teaching half Europe.

We intend to deal with the magnificent Temperance Demonstration in our next issue. We will be sober then! Father Aloysius and his band of earnest workers deserve congratulations from every trade unionist; but don't let us have any misunderstandings in future. The enemy is united—let us take an example from

LABOUR REPRESENTATION COMMITTEE.

A general meeting of the above was held on Monday evening, Sept. 4th, Mr. Thomas Murphy, Chairman, presiding. There was a representative attendance of trades delegates. Nomination of Executive Committee was taken as first business, and a large number of delegates having been nominated, the Chairman announced that Ballot Papers would be distributed at next meeting, Monday, Sept. 18th, he hoped trades that had not yet affiliated would do so by next meeting which would entitle them to participate in the election of Executive.

The meeting had under consideration the holding of a series of public meetings in various centres in the city, and it was agreed to defer decision to next meeting. Mr. Nolan (Bookbinders) said it could not now be denied that there was a great revival in favour of Labour Representation, and there was no doubt that the workers of the city would respond to the appeal made to them by that committee. The workers had realised their great power when properly organised and acting together to assist themselves and their fellow-workers. They were seeing through the old catch cries that had divided them in the past and were now determined to make an earnest attempt to win representation for the largest section of the community-the workers. Every credit should be given to Mr. Larkin for the great work he had accomplished through the Irish Transport Workers' Union and the propaganda of THE IRISH WORKER, in educating the workers and spreading the spirit of solidarity amongst them.

Mr. Hackett (Saddlers) agreed that there was evidence on all sides that the workers were at last opening their eyes and seeing how they were being fooled by their present so-called representatives. A complete change was needed in Cork Hill before anything could be done to improve the conditions of the workers. The question of registration was discussed, and the Chairman urged upon the delegates the necessity of all workers, who were objected to, attending the Revision Courts which opened on Friday next, in order to prove their claims. Unless they did this they would be disfranchised.

Several other delegates having spoken and financial business having been transacted, the meeting adjourned for a fort-

As the Executive will be elected at next meeting, and other very important business will be under consideration, the Chairman expressed the hope that there would be a good attendance of delegates. and that those trades that had not yet affiliated would consider the matter without further delay.

Explanation.

We desire to notify our readers that the publican who supplied the porter to Devlin of the "Independent" for the D.M.P. was not Mr. Laurence Doyle, of Great Brunswick street. We feel sure Mr. Doyle would not descend to such

On making inquiries at the Mater Hospital we were glad to learn that our friend, Sean M'Dermott, is progressing favourably.

Bray Branch.

On Tuesday evening last a very successful meeting was held in Bray Castle. The meeting was addressed by George Burke from Dublin. It was arranged to hold a public meeting next Sunday, the 10th inst., at 4 o'clock, in the Park, when James Larkin will be in attendance and address the meeting. The Bray bands will attend.

J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 39 AUNGIER STREET (OPPOSITE JACOB'S),

FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

The Socialist Party of Ireland will hold the following MEETINGS:-

Friday, 8 o'clock, Foster Place. Sunday, 8 o'clock, Antient Concert Rooms Questions and discussion invited. All workingmen and women are heartily welcome.

Dublin Shopkeepers' Protection Association,

41 RUTLAND SQUARE.

The weekly meeting of the Committee of the Dublin Shopkeepers' Protection Association was held at the offices, 41 Rutland square, on Wednesday evening the 6th inst, Mr. Wm. Moore in the chair, Also present - Messrs. Kirby, Alwell, Smyth, Siney, Staveley, Leyden, Ryan Lawlor, Strong, Murphy, O'Hagan, and D. O'Moore, sec. Apologies were received from Messrs. Walsh, Mooney and Kenny. The minutes having been read and

The Chairman, addressing the meeting

said the progress their Association was

making was most gratifying. The reso-

lutions they had just passed changing the evening of meeting from Wednesday to Tuesday, and the system of public meet ings which they had arranged to hold in the different districts of the city, could only result in good to their organisation. The requests to hand to extend the association to the townships, while being very flattering, were not just at present practical, as their work was now in Dublin, and until the organisation of the city was complete, it would be a mistake for them to think of going further afield. Another matter he wished to bring under notice was the manner is which the evening Press had treated their report of last week. In one paper the report was entirely ignored, and in the other it was so "edited" as to render it worthless. Why was their report treated in this manner? Surely not because it referred to Trading Stamps! He believed it was, and he was led to that belief by the fact, that in the report that did appear all reference to trading stamps was cut out Well, if they considered it necessary to refer to trading stamps or any other evil, they would do so, and they would have their reports published. He was glad w say that the day had now passed when the were at the mercy of such a venial Press Continuing, he said, allow me to quote the passage that would not pass the censored the enlightened Dublin evening Press-"That this association wished to state that they did not issue certain leaflets 10 ferring to trading stamps, and that an inliterature they issued bore the name and address of the Dublin Shopkeepers' Association." It was pitiable that the metro politan Press which claimed to voice the unfettered thoughts of a nation, which was in theory the champion of Irish trade should be cribbed, cabinned and confined

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ment. This is "independence" with

vengeance, and unworthy the name

could but justly win execuation (4)

were it heralded abroad is

"freeman,"

plause).

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RINGSEND Aerioeact AND GLENCREE BAND Sunday Next, 3.30, at Cambridge Real

Best Irish-Ireland Reciters, Singers and Dancers of Jigs, Reels and Hornpipes

Proceeds for Ringsend New Church

FOURPENCE ADMISSION

CORK HILL ECHOES.

Our City Fathers-or, at least, a goodly pertien of them-foregathered for their nsual "monthly" at the Cork Hill Theatre on Monday last. The proceedings opened with a discussion by the Lord Mayor, in which his Lerdship told us that the officials of the Corporation were not doing their duty, and that he was going to oppine every increase of salary in a way that would surprise some of those

So far, so good, my Lord Mayor. I here you will keep to your word; but you have broken it so often lately that I "hae ma docts." I have a distinct recollection that you promised a good many things before you became Lord Mayor: but you have not yet fulfilled these promises. Then again, if my memory serves me right, I remember that it was you, my Lord Mayor, who proposed an increase of £1(0) per annum in the salary of an official with £400 a year at the August meeting of the Council.

I notice that the Old Age Pensions Committee was appointed at last Monday's meeting. Now, my readers may not be aware of the fact that the Old Age Pensions Committee is composed of members of the Corporation, yet very few of these ever find their way to the fortnightly meetings of the Committee in South William street. The most that ever attends is half-a-dozen. The Trades Council some months ago suggested that three of their body should be nominated on the Committee. Owing to the bad attendances of the members the idea was "pooh-poohed" by certain Councillors and Aldermen who attend the meetings "once in a blue moon."

I am correct in stating here that the claims of many old people have been considerably delayed owing to the absence of the Councillors and Aldermen representing the Wards where the claimants belong to. This is an undeniable fact; and I go further and say that there are certain members of the Committee who have not attended a meeting for the past eighteen months. Is it any wonder then that the Trades Council intervened in the matter?

Some of these self-same members of the Committee will be retiring by rotation in January next, and then will have the audacity to seek the suffrages of the workers and to ask for a renewal of the latter's confidence. They will tell us from the platforms of the various U.I.L. branches in "manufactured speeches" of all they have done for the poor and the sacrifices they have made and such-like rubbish. Let the workers beware of such "gallant herces."

A fruitful source of discussion at Monthe person who is to be Lord Mayor for 1912. It may not be generally understood by the readers of THE IRISH WORKER that the Lord Mayor for next year has been already chosen, and, strange to say, Mountjoy Ward, the home of "patriots," will again supply a resident for the year 1912.

The discussion on the Library question was most amusing. Alderman M'Walter, who moved the motion-to give next Lord Mayor the same salary as at present enjoyed by Lord Mayor Farrell, viz., £1,760—gave no quarter to those of the "official Nationalist party" that were present; and so great was the "lashing," that many of them could not stand it, and got up from their seats and walked out, to enjoy the refreshments in the members' room; but they took good care to flock in like "lambs led to slaughter" when the division was called.

The result of the division was that Alderman M'Walter's motion was defeated by 34 votes to 11, and unless something unforeseen happens—a contingency not likely to occur owing to the circumstances-next year's Loid Mayor will receive £3,680. Looking over the division list we find that the names of several members who voted for the increased sum to next year's Lord Mayor were the same who voted for the reduced sum to the present occupant. I would like to know what has happened to change their minds in the short space of three months.

We notice that the report of the Public Health Committee, which we referred to last week, was adopted. During the discussion we find that no reference was made by any member to the payments which were questioned by us in last week's issue. However, we will have something more to say to this matter later on.

The inconsistency of some of the Corporation members is amazing. At the August meeting of the Council several of these gentlemen voted for an increase of £100 per annum to the Superintendent of the Cleansing Department, who has £400 a year, yet we hear on good authority that when two labourers in the same department with £1 a week applied for an increase of 1s. at the last meeting of the Cleansing Committee, the very men who voted the £100 to the Superintendent refused the increase of 1s. a week to the labourers by moving the postponement of the application until October next.

From the discussion which took place at the Council meeting, regarding the manner in which the United National Societies were treated by the officials of the Corporation over the erection of the poles and streamers in Grafton street, during the recent display of flunkeyism, it is painfully evident that the officials are the "bosses" and not the members. If the Cork street, Wexford,

majority of the members had more backbone in them and were a little more independent of the officials, there would be some hope for the Corporation, but, as it is at present constituted, we fear very much that the same thing will always pre-

The workers themselves are to blame for this. Each succeeding January they have the power in their own hands to make the Corporation what it should bea democratic body; but they do not take advantage of the opportunity. As long as they don't, so long will the present state of affairs continue. The time has come for them to shake off their lethargy as far as municipal affairs are concerned, and exercise the franchise in favour of their own class.

The Revision Sessions have now opened and night sittings will be held at the Four Courts shortly for the convenience of the working class. It behoves workers in the various wards of the city for whom claims have been lodged, to turn up at these night sittings and prove their right to their votes. Let them not wait until next January, and then, when they go to the polling booth find they have no vote. The Revision Court is the place where electors are now, and "now is the time, and now is the hour."

Sinn Fein and the Wexford Lock-out.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER

Seven years ago last January a very small group of members of the Dublin Corporation banded themselves together pledged to a democratic programme, and, going on from one point to another, they made it very plain that their ideal was to build a nation from the bottom up, and to provide the comforts of living for the people of Ireland. That sturdy democrat, ex-Councillor Michael Lord, was its first chairman, and Alderman Tom Kelly its first secretary. Amongst the several objects outlined was the establishment of an Irish trades union. The party went on, gaining in influence and numbers every year, till in 1907 the quay workers, being engaged in a class struggle with their employers, the journal which was popularly supposed to speak for the party-"Sinn Fein"-took the side of the employers, condemned the action of the workers, preached an idealistic homily on economics as understood by the editor of that paper, and pointed out the terrible blunder it was to be amalgamated with English labour unions. The members of the Corporation Sinn Fein Party showed their appreciation of the action of the paper and its editor by attending the meetings of the men, and encouraging and supporting day's meeting was the salary to be given them in their struggle. Amongst the number 1 was included, and when it was stated that the editor of "Sinn Fein" never wrote a line until the Grand Canal Co., in which Mr. John Sweetman was largely interested, was effected, that he then wrote in the interests of Mr. John Sweetman, I indignantly denied it. I said I believed if the trades union was an Irish trades union Mr. Griffith and his paper would have taken the side of the men. It is now pretty evident that I was wrong. Irish or not, Mr. Griffith is against the men. He quotes the Waterford glass industry, and pretends it is analogous. Of course, it is not analogous, and equally, of course, Mr. Griffith knows it is not analogous. The one was a machined strike to crush out an Irish industry-the dispute in Wexford is a lock-out of the workers. The one was a denial of labour on the part of the worker—the other is a refusal to admit the workers to the use of the instruments of production—the reason given being that the men had joined a trades union, and Mr. Griffith, without inquiring into local conditions, wages, cost of living, or anything else, commits himself to the statement that he thinks "the employers have legitimate grounds for

objection." Mr. Griffith in his desire to hit the men has evidently overshot the mark. Word for word almost, he has taken the emplovers' statement, and without the honesty of quotation-marks put them before his limited coterie of readers as if they were his own. He knows very well that the interests of the transport workers during a time of dispute with their employers would be to have the foundry hands at work in order that a demand would be created for the goods which would be locked up in the ships or on railroads. But the employers have stated that their fears lie in that direction, and so that is enough for Griffith. "You want a trades union? Certainly," says the noble Arthur, "start one in Wexford. There are 700 of you all told." Of course Arthur doesn't trouble himself to make any further iuquiries. The employers have said soand-so; ergo that is right. The employers have done nobly—the workers not so well. The employers have grown wealthy—the workers ill-paid and over-worked. Tuberculosis is claiming its victims: every year it is getting larger toll through the insufficiency of health-giving and sustaining food. But Artnur says the conditions are all right; the employers are making money, and so let matters remain as they

I note with satisfaction that Arthur is out for extending tillage in Ireland. So are we. But, as "charity commences at home," I hope Arthur's influence over his fidus actate, John Sweetman, will get him to commence a little tillage on his large grazing tracts in Meath.

With your permission I shall return to this subject, and shall thank you to insert this hurried note.—Yours truly,

P. T. DALY.

WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

Great Meeting in Antient Concert Rooms.

On Tuesday last, in response to our appeal, the Antient Concert Rooms was filled to its utmost capacity with women workers anxious to join the newly-formed Women Workers' Union. By 8 o'clock the hall and balcony were full, and those who came after had to be allowed on the stage, even then it was as much as we

could do to find room for all. The orderly manner in which the girls entered was astonishing, and might well be copied by the men. Throughout the whole proceedings there was the utmost enthusiasm and attention. Previous to the speeches many popular and National airs were played on the piano, and Cahal O'Byrne, from Belfast, delighted us with some of his sweetest songs.

In opening the meeting, the Chairman, Mr. Murphy, President Trades Council, gaid he was very pleased to preside at such a meeting, and as they all knew the purpose for which it was called and the necessity for a women workers' union, he was glad to see so many thousand present. Without combined action on their part they could never hope to have their grievances redressed or to obtain better wages. When they had a union behind them the employers would be compelled to deal fairly with them, and there could. be no victimisation action (loud cheers).

The Countess Markievicz, who was greeted with great applause, spoke as fol-

Friends, I am very glad Mr. Larkin asked me to come here and address you. Without organisation you can do nothing, and the purpose of this meeting is to form you into an army of fighters. You will all, I hope, join this union: by doing so you will be doing a good day's work, not only for yourselves, but for Ireland. As you are all aware women have at present no vote, but a union such as has now been formed will not alone help you to obtain better wages, but will also be a great means of helping you to get votes, and thus make men of you all (cheers and laughter).

Mr. James Nolan, Dublin Trades Council. said the unskilled workers of Dublin in their recent successful effort to maintain their rights had set a brilliant example, and what they have done the women can do. In England, where the girls are organised, they are paid 11s. and 12s. for doing the same work that the unorganised Irish girls only get a half-crown or 3s. for. He appealed to all present to join the union immediately, as the longer they remained outside it the longer the present unsatisfactory conditions would prevail (applause).

Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington, who followed, said she felt proud to be on the platform at such an enormous and representative meeting. The men are organised, and have succeeded to a great extent in obtaining justice. We, as women, have a good deal to learn from the men, who are experienced in the practice of trades unionism, and it is desirable that we should work together for the welfare of both sexes. The men and women should be united and work together. Mrs. Sheehy-Skeffington then dealt at some length with the question of Women's Franchise, which seemed to have the support of all present.

Mr. Larkin, who was wildly cheered

spoke of the necessity for united action among all classes of women workers. He said—Women are the basis of a nation's wealth. On them principally depends the efficiency and welfare of the race. Good or bad, the men are what the women made them. If the women are not healthy, the men will degenerate. If the women are ignorant, the men will be beasts. We cannot have healthy women while the present conditions remain unchanged. But health is not the only thing. We want good houses, good clothing and leisure. Every girl is entitled to be nicely dressed; yet a good many girls in Dublin to-night are compelled to clothe their bodies in filthy rags. I remember when I was in Liverpool seventeen years ago. One night a friend and myself went down into a cellar in Christian street. Mark you the name Christian street. In a cellar when we lit a candle we found a young boy and a girl lying huddled up in the place where there had formerly been a firegrate. We carried them up to the street, and found they were starving, dirty, and almost blind from the darkness they had been living in. The girl wanted to go back. We went with her, and found in another corner, stretched on a wisp of straw, a dead women with a live baby three months old at her breast. The women had been dead three days (cries of "shame"). What are you shouting about? To-night in Dublin you have scenes as terrible, and you women must accept responsibility for them. When once you make up your minds to do a thing you will see it through. Women are more determined than the men. I have seen girls in Belfast wrench off a door and paste a bill on it saying, "We are on strike." This was in the middle of January, with snow on the ground, and many of the girls were barefooted. In conclusion, he appealed to them to make the Women Workers' Union the success it should be

Miss O'Flanagan also appealed to thosepresent to join, and was followed by Mr. P. T. Daly, who said that owing to the lateness of the hour and the number who had already spoken he would not delay them long. He pointed out the necessity for combined action among all sections of workers, and concluded by asking them to consider well what they had heard that night, and when they joined the Unionas he felt sure they all would—to stick loyally by it and each other.

The Chairman thanked all present for their attention, and Cahal O'Byrne having sung and sung again, the meeting adjourned.

AFTER THE STRIKE.

Another Conference and a Lull.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

Baton charges! Bayonet charges! Firing on the "mob"! Military rushes! List of killed and wounded! These have been the particular items of news attracting the popular attention in the principal cities of "the land of the free and the home of the brave" until just recently; and the newspapers have certainly done their level best to depict them in all their horrible magnitude, both in cold print and sketches on the spot, by their own "special artist," (?) so that to say anything further, or to relate any particular incident, would only prove unnecessary repetition. It certainly would be difficult to find anyone in any of the big towns, who was not an actual eye-witness of scenes during the past few weeks, that were calculated to shake one's belief in the security a residence in this tight little island was supposed to guarantee. For instance, who hitherto would expect to see in modern Liverpool armed men in every public place; glistering bayonets flashing in the summer sun along her most important thoroughfares; throngs of hungry people whose menfolk were striking for the opportunity to live and feed their dependents in return for their labour. A stranger would be entitled to look for some evidence of a cause for the warlike appearance the city presented; would expect to see some signs that force had been opposed to the civil authority, or that the worst had happened, and Demos had at last broken "lawful" bounds and taken possession of the many results of labour, that in such a town are in evidence on every hand. But no such signs would meet the eye. On the contrary, property, in gold and silver, diamonds, and precious stones, clothing and expensive gew-gaws, representing many thousands of pounds worth, reposed in their usual resting-places, safely guarded by

dependent electors of the greatest and freest "Empire" the world has ever known; will endeavour to impress them with their great deeds of the past in the "Empire" building line, and will prove beyond any doubt that they (the Liberals) were only codding when they sent the soldiers and warships to Liverpool; that they (the Tories) had too much affection for the citizens of Liverpool, to acquiesce in their being shot, and both candidates will prove it by going into slumdom and kissing the dirty-faced hooligan children; but if the workers ever stand that sort of

thing again—then they deserve it. However, there is a lull, but no peace. We are to have another sort of agreement. This time it is to be drawn up on the recommendations of a Royal Commission, but it is all the same old game. We are only going to wear a different sort of handcuff, or at least, some people think so. I for one, believe the days when workers could be shackled to their labour, have passed. I believe, that in the solid federation of Labour, is the workers emancipation. I believe, that the greater part of the workers know that well, and, I believe that if the Railway Commission reports adversely to the workers, then a bigger strike than ever will result. This Royal Commission was not required by the men. It has been agreed to, possibly, to prevent a unification of the different railwaymen's societies, into a more solid fighting force, or to suit some leaders of the old school anxious to retain their leadership, but it was not sought or expected by the rank and file, and will bind them to nothing.

Now there are symptons of unrest, to give it the title commonly applied, to a desire on the part of the workers to improve their conditions, among the miners in the whole of the coalfields, which may culminate in a general stoppage, in a couple of months at latest. This sort of thing is also noticeable among the engineers and the iron shipbuilders, and strikes may materalise at any moment. If anything in the nature of a general strike should occur in any branch of these industhe sheets of plate-glass in the shop win- tries, the Transport Workers' will be

NOTES.

The National Boy Scouts had an Aeridheacht in Fairview, and a £5 note was offered on one of the admission tickets. A youngster happened to have the lucky ticket and got the money. It appears he had been made a present of the ticket by a man who has a shop and another good job. The man called on the boy and asked for the money, but the mother refused saying, "It was the child's luck and you mightn't have won it yourself if you had gone in on it." Eventually the parish priest was brought and the money taken from the youngster. Mean, is all we care to say.

Fenianism and the Workers.

"Meantime, the so-called lower classes -the masses-are the backbone of the country; for many purposes, and, indeed, I think, for nearly all self-sacrificing ones, they are the country. 'Tis sad that they should be so; perhaps even fatal while it is so; but there is no use in blinking the fact. Let our critics then get as much comfort as they can from my confession that our movement was mainly one of the masses, not against the classes, but unfortunately without them."—JOHN O'LEARY.

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Above are reproduced from photographs of the IRISH TRANSPORT UNION band and banner which headed over 5,000 of our men in last Sunday's Temperance Procession.

dows. Tons upon tons of foodstuffs were in absolute security under the protection of the ordinary tenpenny padlock, while men tightened their belts, and women's cheeks shrunk, and little children cried with the hunger. No evidence of any warlike feeling on the part of the people could be seen; yet here we had regiments of horse and foot conveying a few waggons of vegetables and fruit-a mere fleabite in comparison with the thousands of other vehicles freely passing about the town, protected only by a written certificate issued by the committee of the men on strike. Then we had infantry mounting guard on every street corner, as if within sight of a strongly-entrenched and heavilyarmed enemy. In the river there was a few of Brittania's wave-ruling monsters with guns trained upon one of her finest cities, as if murderous war had been declared and the people required their ruler's blood. And all that called for this tremendous demonstration of power was an organised effort of a few of the workers to improve by constitutional means their wages and the conditions of their employment. However, the soldiers and the warships did certainly succeed in impressing upon the public how sincerely this "best-of-all-countries'" government loves the common people. The lickspittle papers-both Liberal and Toryalso came out in their true colours for once, a fact that ought to be taken notice of and remembered by every man. They described orderly meetings and demonstrations of workmen as riotous assemblies, mobs of hooligans, and the rabble from slumdom. They labelled it cowardice if a man faced a modern rifle and meant business with a broken bottle; and when it was absolutely clear that riots only occurred where the police and military happened to be, when the only killed and hurt were those shot by the soldiers or batoned by the police. In a couple of months or so I am confident that the same

old Judas press will address to dav's

hooligans and rabble as the free and in-

bound to take part, sympathetically, and if a strike of the non-producing Transport Workers' alone, successfully paralysed the commerce of the country, what will its effect be when colliers, engineers, and other producing trades join hands and take common action?

In the meantime, the unions are booming along. Despite all the powers of greed members are rolling in, and it will soon be necessary, at least so I think, to bring pressure to bear upon the few who will not be convinced. Of course, I don't mean anything in the shape of violence. There are many ways of preventing a man acting a treacherous part towards his workmates, without subjecting him to any violent usage.

I have long thought that a Federation of Transport Workers could not be considered as fairly representative of all sections without it included within its scope of membership all those various callings connected with the distribution of goods and not being actual manufacturers. Arrangements could be made, by which the custom of members of the Transport Workers' Federation would be diverted from the shops owned by the big trusts and corporations, who are well-known enemies of our cause, with profit to those of our people, who may desire to start in business, or who may at the present time, be so engaged.

Of course this is only a hint of what I have in my mind, but I would like to know if any of the members of the Irish Transport Workers' Union have any opinion on the subject.—

Fraternally yours, SHELL-BACK.

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Clerks and a Labour Union.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR-I read your extensively circulated and most influential paper weekly, and in the issue of 26th August your report of Mr. Larkin's speech in the Park contains a few lines that appeal forcibly to me and to those clerks who are outside of any union but who are anxious to be banded with him in the common cause. I refer to his invitation to all clerks to form a branch of the movement. Up to the present, though many attempts have been made to do this, we have failed. but in his most capable hands perhaps success could be achieved. Meantime, I suggest that all clerks who are in sympathy should be attached to the Transport Workers' or other Union until their numbers would be strong enough to form an independent branch. The so-called association is only an employers' registry and self-benefit one, and the great majority of clerks (here in Dublin at any rate) feel somewhat ashamed of the action of members of it and unfledged clerks who became blacklegs during the labour trouble. Yours sincerely,

[What say the clerks?—ED.]

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Tramwaymen's Grievances.

SIR-Might I call your attention to the way the men on the permanent way of the Tram Company were treated on the visit of the king, Our day's wages amounts to 2s. 2d., which was stopped from us by this great Company, who let us off to cheer the king at our own expense. I would be thankful if you would insert the same in your valuable journal. We, the men, are bound to work all night at the same rate of wages we get for the day viz., 4d. and $4\frac{3}{4}$ d. per hour.

We are called out at 3 o'clock in the morning and have to work three hours for one shilling.

Thanking you for inserting this, I am, sir, your obedient servant.

ONE OF THE SUFFERERS.

Sir,—Kindly allow me through the columns of your much-needed workers' journal to call public attention to a barefaced system of white slavery which exists, and has existed for a long time, in the Dublin tramway service—Men working 25 and sometimes 30 days, on hot summer days, without getting a day off to exercise their stiffened limbs. I bave seen men with the blood almost oozing from their feet. Our system was, during my 12 years' experience, to work eleven days and get the twelfth off. But, for the past six months, when our much needed day off comes, we are told to turn up for a special next day, and sometimes have to do two. Then our whole day is gone, and probably part of the night. We have to turn out as usual next morning for 16 or 18 days more, and then the same thing occurs. I solemnly say the system at present in existence is a lingering death. Another painful grievance is continuous Sunday work. I have known men that had not a Sunday off for nearly two years to attend morning, mid-day or evening devotions. What we want is the seventh day to rest, and our only hopes of getting that is to organise at once, and join the Transport Workers' Union, and obtain as good conditions of labour as men in similar employment in Manchester, Hull and all the English cities.

Thanking you in anticipation for giving this letter publicity in your highly esteemed paper.

BANGLE.

Dublin, August, 1911. Sir-I am sure that there is no body of men who would sooner be under your leadership than the tramwaymen of Dublin. But they are handicapped in such a way that they cannot organise, for if one man speaks even of such, or makes himself prominent, there is sure to be a "suck" to convey the news.

As to a scheme of organising, in fact the only way such could be done is If you sent a man with pamphlets to each depot, and let him remain until they are signed by all the mer in favour of a them. union, and if successful you could call a midnight meeting to arrange the subscription to be paid weekly to your Union. This idea would not incriminate any one man more than another.

About seven years age, at a shareholders' meeting, it was proposed that the men be given a day off every week, and strongly supported by Mr. Crozier, but did not pass, on the grounds that the Company was only in its infancy. Is it in its infancy now? Still we are treated worse now than then.

Hoping you will come to the rescue, and thus save us from continuous torture. TRAMWAYMAN.

SIR-Tramway cárriage cleaners and washers start work at 10 p.m. until 9 a.m. the following morning, for seven nights of week, one hour for meals, from 2 to 3 o'clock, wages, 19s. per week, 6d. deducted from weekly earnings for a supposed society. Oftentimes, when we have only one day's pay to get, 6d. is stopped just the same as if we had a full week, which means seventy hours. We seldom ever derive any benefit from this so-called tramwaymen's society, except at Christmas, when three years ago we received 3s. 6d. divide, following Christmas 5s., and last Christmas 5s. This is all the benefits which we have got, except when we meet with an accident we receive 11s. 6d. a week Any week there is a death 3d. extra is stopped for same, and if there are two deaths in any one week they keep back one 3d. until a week when there is no death. Those men pay the same amount as men with £1 4s. or £1 8s., and they get no uniform. We have even to buy our own clogs. Also the £500 bonus given to employees in the tram company the night slaves did not receive a farthing of same, which we consider a disgrace to a company like the D. U. T. Company, making such profits and treating men in this manner, which we hope Mr. Editor, you will give publication to in your next issue of THE IRISH WORKER, which is the only paper published in Ireland that ventilates the grievances of Irish slaves. We are paid with our own cash when we are sick or meet with an accident, which is illegal. If we refused to become members some time ago we

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

were told "out of society out of job."

Sir,—Our body of men are the hardest working in the United Kingdom. As spare men we join; supposed to get 21s. a week; suspended for the slightest trivial turn; up in the morning before 7, and wait till 1 a.m. not knowing when we will get our dinner-sometimes going out without our breakfast, to not give them the chance of suspending us. Out of our wages, sometimes for a spare man is 10s. a week, and often times as: If you say a word in your own defence to an inspector

he will report you for impudence and get you dismissed; you have no say. A man with a wife and family will be suspended for a week because of a trifle.

They are giving £500 to the men now. owing to the King's visit. Only for you we would not get one halfpenny. £500 will not amount to a lot between 1,600 men. When you join you must get a bond signed for £21, and then leave security for £2 for your clothes. If your wages is only eight shillings, two shillings is stopped for ten months. If an inspector has any kind of ill-feeling against you he will inquire what "car" you are, so as to trump a case against you. If you tell lies about your fellow workman you are the white-haired boy." This is about one of the rottenest jobs in the world. They take on recruits for the Constabulary coming from the country, and as soon as they are called up they have just to get an insight into Dublin. These fellows join and many of them turn out bad. Hoping you will publish this, as I have a lot more to

say next week. On behalf of 100 men. I will, if needed, get all names signed.

CLONTARF.

CORONATION AND BANK HOLIDAYS.

DEAR SIR—Would you be so kind as to give me space in your valuable journal to draw attention to the sweating that is carried out on the Inchicore Tram Line on all Bank Holidays, and also the day of Guinness's Sports. The usual work done on this line is 10 journeys of one hour

On the above-mentioned days there is an extra journey put on without any extra pay; and on Coronation Day, when the cars had to be stopped for nearly an hour, the men had to work until the eleven journeys were done—some of them had to work for nine hours without rest or re-

SUFFERER.

Sir-You ought to approach the tramway men on the subject of joining your union, as any new man now joining has to pay two pounds, stopped at 2s. per week, as well as getting a bond signed for £21. He goes out in the morning and does not know when he will get his meals. In any other company you would get 3 per cent. on your money; but if you stop all your life in the Tram Company they will throw you out and you get your bare two pounds back, with no interest. Is that fair?

MOTOR MAN FROM DALKEY.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

A CARA-I was agreeably surprised on Saturday last to see such a large number of tram men eagerly perusing the grievances ventilated by your spirited little paper. That they are numerous cannot be gainsaid, and with your permission I will bring under notice a few more of

1. We have eleven days in our week, and are supposed to get the twelfth day off during the summer months. We on the North side get a day to rest after working 18 or 20 days, and then may have to go with a "special."
2. The relief men on Glasnevin and

Drumcondra lines on a wet morning have to work from about 8 a.m. until 10.30 a.m., and after about an hour's rest begin their day's work, finishing up at between 11 and 12 p.m.

3. Men working on last-mentioned lines are brought from such places as Blackhall street, Glasnevin, Clonliffe road to the Depot to report themselves fit to work, although where they actually resume work there is an inspector on duty.

4. A man named Patrick Gray, occupying at one time an official position, after 30 years' service became unfit for light work—he got a pension of 5s. a week. He worked for and got the Old Age Pension. When that became known his 5s. was reduced to 3s., and that 3s. is subject to a deduction of 6d. a week for the society, and a further deduction of 3d. when a death occurs -Mise le meas mor, ANOTHER SHARK.

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RAILWAY WORKERS.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR-The position of the Irish railway workers who are not members of existing railway societies requires the consideration, not alone of the railway societies to which they do not belong, but of outside workers and of themselves. There has never been any effective general movement on Irish railways for better conditions, whether of work or wages. The last strike was a failure, in so far as Ireland was concerned, and if no change is made in the system of organisation further efforts will be failures. Why? Because the present unions are composed mainly of the betterpaid sections of the workers who are unwilling to take part in industrial warfare because they are afraid they would lose what they have; and who, if circumstances should become so keen, as they are likely to become, to compel them to strike, would find themselves without the moral support of their more numerous, poorer, unorganised fellow-workers, because they had ignored them in their hour of affluence. None of the present railway societies

provide for the organisation of the semiskilled and unskilled worker (Kelly's organisation does not count), and yet if any effective protest is to be made in the future it cannot be done without the aid and moral support of those whom the better-paid and better-organised railway workers at present consider of no account, because it is among the unorganised sections of the railway workers that the fiercest fires of discontent are burning. They have least to lose and most to gain by an upheaval. Their miserable wages can hold out nothing worse if they leave the service, and they are held back by nothing more than this—that not being used to swimming they are afraid to take the plunge. Now, I believe (the figures are not

accessible) that the permanent way departments of the Irish railways employ the largest proportion of railway workers, and that these are the worst paid of all grades. In this department of all the railways you will find skilled and semiskilled workers forced by circumstances to accept conditions of work on the rating of labourers, and later to sell their services in a skilled capacity at a miserable increase upon the starvation wages of the labourer. No railway union wants these men-none troubles about them. There is, therefore, only one course open—to organise themselves. But, then, the question arises: Who is going to organise them, and on what basis will they organise? The day of sectional organisation has passed. The railway organisations of the present are useless sectionally, and the same applies to further organisations. If the present organisations will not take their poorer fellow-workers into membership then there is only one course to follow, that is, to join the only other kindred organisation that is open to them-The Irish Transport Workers' Union. Under the shelter of their organised strength we could organise ourselves, with a view later to forming an offensive and defensive alliance. Failing this, I see a hopeless future for the lower grades of railwaymen. I see no way out but this. We are not strong enough to breast alone the stream of circumstances. Let us swim with those who, under brilliant and effective leadership, have shown themselves brave and valiant fighters.--Yours, &c.,

RAILWAY WORKER.

SITUATION VACANT.

M. Caldwell & Son, 9 South Frederick street, bookbinders by appointment to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, the Royal Irish Academy, the Reyal Dublin Society, the College of Surgeons, and the United Service Club, had an advertisement in the papers for a girl, and when inquiries were made it was discovered that the wages are 1s. 6d. per week for the first six months; 2s. 6d. per week for the second six months; 3s. per week for the second year; 4s. per week for the third year. We hope the lucky girl who gets this job won't squander her wages on motor cars or race horses.

FLIES!

Poor Sir Charles must have been pestered by flies after dining out when he fulminated the foregoing declaration of

It is to be hoped that those who bag some of the flies that live in the body corporate will be rewarded on a more liberal

The invitation looks dangerously like a hint to the newsboys to flatten out some $\mathbf{D.M.P.}$ drones.

It is to be hoped that the bags furnished at Marrowbone lane Depot are capacious enough to hold a slum landlord, a porter dispensing T.C., or a money-saving Lord

Mayor. Sir Charles Cameron, our distinguished sanitary authority, is of course aware that these are the most noxious parasites that feed on our leprous city. The physician needed to cleanse the fetid cesspool on Cork Hill is not a 3d. per day flycatcher but an awakened social conscience which will undermine and drain the sink of iniquity which has been created by the burrowing corporators and blatant tubthumpers who have turned the municipal council into a thieves' kitchen.

Workers of Dublin, arise from the slough of despond! Annihilate the dragon flies that suck your blood. Make a start next January.

D.M.P. AND PEOPLE.

Corporation Meeting.

"BLACK LIST" OF ABSENTEES.

On Friday, Sept. 1st, a special meeting of the Corporation was held for the purpose of demanding an inquiry into the conduct of the police at the City Hall on July 5th, on which occasion, it may be remembered, they closed the gates, refused admission to well-known citizens, and incredible as it might appear to a stranger, actually assaulted and ill-treated some of the members of the Corporation who sought admission. A requisition was presented to the Lord Mayor to call a special meeting of the Council to demand an inquiry into the whole affair.

This he entirely ignored, and as a consequence some of the members (as they had a legal right to do) called a meeting for the purpose.

Out of 80 members a total of 26 attended. leaving a balance of 54 moral cowards who were afraid to attract the attention of the D.M.P. by attending that meeting and performing their duties as public representatives. Every one of these 54 gentlemen (we have scruples about the designation, but our readers will understand) must be taken as approving of the Police Ruffianism at the City Hall, and the shocking blaguardism of which they were

guilty during the recent "alleged" riots. Appended we give their names with those of the Lord Mayor and Councillor Shortall, who actually voted against the proposed inquiry. We trust that every one of our readers will cut out the "Black List," paste it on a piece of cardboard and hang it up for future reference. All of these gentlemen will be (sooner or later) presenting themselves to their confiding constituents asking for a renewal of their confidence. Vote for no man whose name is on the "List"; by doing so you will be taking the best means to clear Dublin's municipal body of Shams, and the Humbugs who spout of Nationality at election times, and spend the remainder of their term of office crouching before Dublin Castle's baton-men.

Remember the "Black List."

ANTI-BATON.

THE "BLACK LIST." MOUNTJOY WARD.

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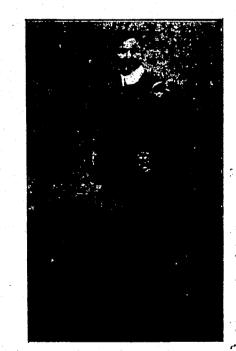
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