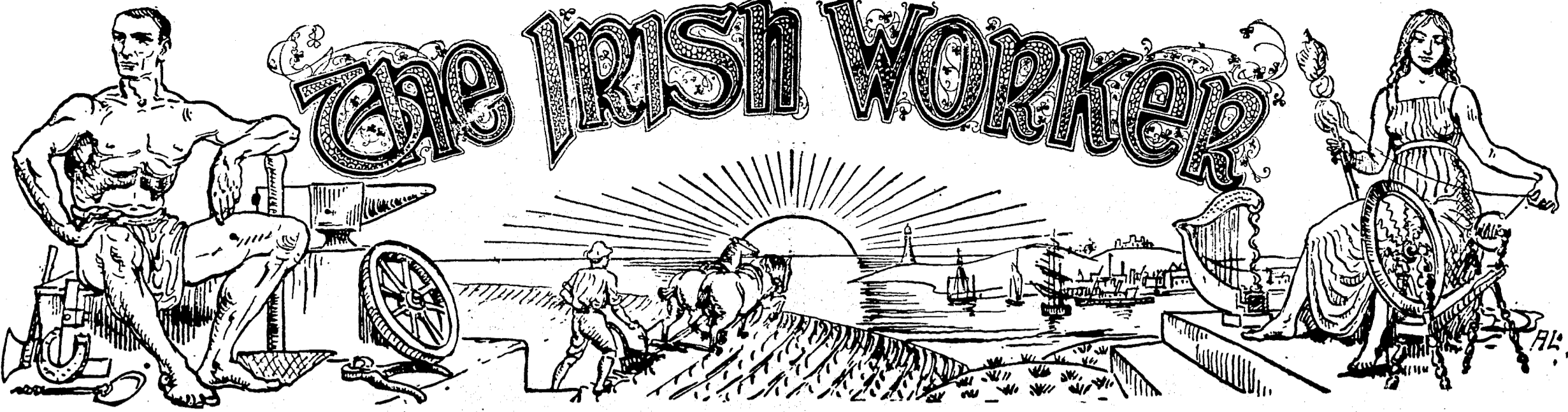


"The principle I stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



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

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

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

Edited by Jim Larkin.

1

No. 29.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

The New Labour Party.

I heartily endorse every word of your correspondent ("A.D. agusted Nationalist") in your last issue, especially where he says—"That the Irish Party is solely an agricultural party, and has never represented the workers, either in Parliament or out of it. The wants and wishes of the farming classes are the beginning and end of all their activities as politicians."
Never were truer words written. This neglect of the city workers by our M.P.'s, coupled with the neglect and treachery of our city step fathers, is responsible for all the evils of the city, long hours, starvation wages, tenement hells, drunkenness and pauperism.

Unlimited authority, without responsibility, as exercised by the Corporation, for outrivalling in its evil results the worst type of rack-renting landlord that ever had sway over the lives of the agricultural workers, and closely resembles the latter in its reckless squandering of income and making good the deficit, with impunity, by piling on additional rack-rent rates.

Wilful waste brings woful want! The flippant indifference to the manner of spending huge sums of the workers' money; the duplicating of half-time jobs at full rates of salary; the suspicious weakness in voting increases to already beaten salaries; the creation of jobs for favorites and relations, re-act inevitably on the worker in the shape of increased rent, or rather double the rent that he should pay, whether in cottage or tenement; and the pressure of this burden of rack-rates on the employer compels him to resort to long hours with an insufficient, half-paid staff.

Our Parliamentary representatives never trouble their heads about this modern type of landlordism—"The Cork Hill Rent Office" and its army of rent agents, in the shape of thrice-paid officials. Our M.P.'s regard us merely as collecting machines for their Parliamentary Fund, through the local U.I.L. branches.

And I may remark here, what has the United Irish League ever done for the city workers, or what practical good will it ever achieve for them while its end and aim is solely for the benefit of the agricultural workers?

Therefore, it is with unbounded delight that we hail the advent of a new Labour Party in the Corporation, which will be composed of real, not sham, representatives; workingmen for workingmen, both employer and employed. Long expected cones at last! A thousand welcomes to the address of the L.R.C. in THE IRISH WORKER. Your invitation shall be heartily responded to. "You shall sweep o'er the deep when election storms blow," and your opponents shall be swamped for ever. You have no idea of the giant's strength that shall be awakened in response to your call. Not four wards, or ten, but fourteen and twenty shall be yours and ours! Not £50 or £100, but five times these sums shall be forthcoming if necessary. All honest voters, who have become disgusted non-voters owing to the treachery of previous representatives, shall rally to your side with the intoxication of assured success, will sustain you with voice and purse and vote; and your success next January will but be the prelude to the complete rout of those coward spendthrifts who have humbugged and humiliated and pawned the city's credit for so many years past.

Not English tyranny, which we hear so much about, that we have to fear, but Irish tyranny, by Dublin's own sons, of which we have had such bitter experience that we have to overthrow by our votes and organisation.

DANTON.

BUY YOUR DAILY BREAD at
THE WORKERS' BAKERY
CORNMARKET.

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

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

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

Labour Members and the Lord Mayor's Salary.

OPEN LETTER to ALDERMAN M'WALTER.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—Your latest effusion in THE IRISH WORKER is worthy of you. You look to the advent of the (proposed) Labour Party to "purify" the Corporation.

Were you always so enamoured of Labour representatives? When the Trades Council a few years ago—when John Moloney died—put forward a claim to the seat which he had represented in the North City Ward, what part did you take? Did you claim that a Labour representative should be returned for that ward? Did you claim that it was necessary for the purpose of "purifying" the Corporation that a Labour man should succeed John Moloney? Ah, no, my dear doctor; instead you caused to be selected Mr. Michael O'Dea J.P., whom, by the way, a "foxy" trick deprived of the "honour" of representing the ward, which has immortalised itself by returning your versatile self as its premier representative.

Doctor, there was a number of men returned as Labour representatives in Dublin thirteen years ago. They were "nobbled," and WE, THE WORKERS, to our cost know the result. Do you think you are going to "noble" the coming Labour members? Do you think you are going to get them to back you up in your campaign against the men who but a few years ago were your companions-in-arms? Do you think they forget the time when you filled the columns of the Telegraph, day after day, with denunciations of the Sinn Fein Party? When you held them up to public execration as enemies of the people, the country, and religion. Doctor, some of us were born before yesterday.

We recollect the time you attempted to climb into the North City Ward by posing outwardly as the representative of the Catholic Association, while privately a Unionist friend was issuing a circular recommending you to the "true-blue" Orange and Tory voters as a "moderate" man.

Doctor, don't talk too much of "corruption." There are many of us who consider that the corruption which is complained of in the Dublin Corporation is largely if not entirely due to the action of a sectarian organisation which has (despite your equivocal denial) gone the length of expelling men from its ranks because they refused to submit to its insolent dictates in the matter of how they should vote as regards public appointments.

You say "I am charged with assailing a Protestant in one of the wards." As the champion letter-writer of Dublin you at least must be aware that the "comp." is not infallible. The word should be "assailed," and you should proceed to give a fanciful account of what took place. Can you deny that the strongest plank in your platform at the time you defeated John Irwin was the religious one?

The mayoral salary has proved a handy "peg" on which to hang attacks on your erstwhile friends. The enormity of paying such a huge sum of money as £3,600 odd has been denounced in all the moods and tenses, and yet, only a few weeks ago in the columns of the Telegraph, you expressed yourself as willing to see this extravagant salary paid provided several hundred pounds were handed over to the Board of Erin (Hibernians) out of it.

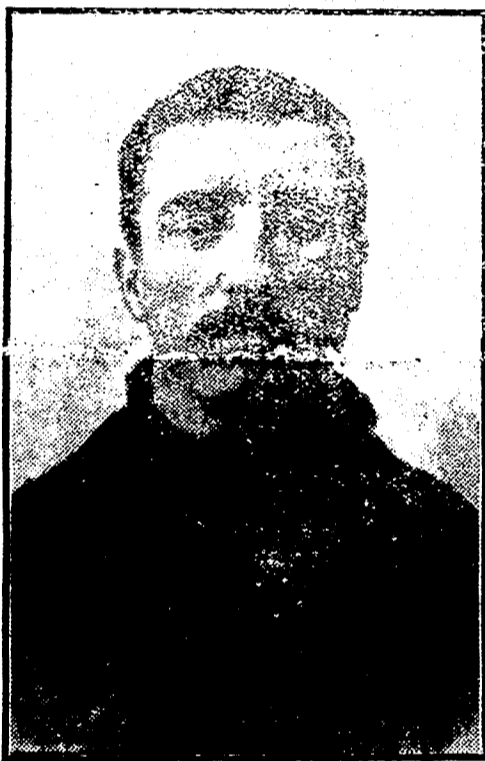
It won't wash, Doctor. No working-man representative in Dublin is going to assist your little, petty, spiteful campaign against Sherlock. If there is anything to be gained by your falling out, depend upon it we will avail of it.

Meantime, take a tip. Don't waste your time trying to "noble" the coming Labour Party, and, above all, don't try to "noble" Jim Larkin by fairy stories as to making him High Sheriff, etc. We know him; and, Doctor, we know also that HE KNOWS YOU, which is, from your point of view, regrettable.—Yours faithfully,

TERRA STONE.

Half-a-Crown for Saving a Life.

On August the 26th of this year a solicitor named Reuben Jas. Dodd jumped into the Liffey close to the Butt Bridge. Whatever his motive—suicide or otherwise—we care not. After swimming around to cool himself he became exhausted; a life-buoy was thrown him, but he was unable to help himself. A docker who was passing at the time hearing the commotion asked "what's up?" "Man drowning," was the answer, and without a moment's hesitation he jumped in and brought Dodd, solicitor, to the steps, where another docker and a carter lifted Dodd up the steps on to the quay wall. The inevitable policeman then appeared, and Dodd was taken to Jervis street Hospital, and from there to the house of detention. The father of this Dodd, solicitor, was walking up and down the quay whilst this episode was being enacted, and as a matter of fact had been talking to his son, Dodd, solicitor, previous to him deciding to test the recuperative benefits of Anna Liffey. Now, what of the man who rescued Dodd, eh? He is only a common docker named Moses Goldin,



who during the last few years saved some twenty lives. Golden has a wife and four children to keep. He has been suffering from pulmonary trouble for some time past, brought on by the exposure he submitted himself to in his successful efforts to rescue life. Dodd was taken to hospital on a motor car. Moses Goldin, who saved his life, walked home to his slum. His poor old mother, who minds his children whilst the other heroine—his wife—goes out to earn a few shillings in a sack factory, went out to a publican close by to borrow a shirt so that Golden might change his clothes. Owing to want of attention Golden had to go to hospital; whilst lying there his wife lost a day's work and wages amounting to 1s., and went and saw Mr. Dodd, senior. After some delay he condescended to see her, and very kindly told Mrs. Goldin her husband should have minded his own business. After other fatherly advice he gave Mrs. Goldin 2s. 6d. to assist her. Golden lay in hospital some weeks. He lost his health and wages and got 2s. 6d. for saving Dodd, solicitor. It wasn't worth it; was it? Golden himself did not get thank you. I don't know if the policeman who came up after it was all over got a certificate and recommended for promotion or not. We would like to ask what the local hon. sec. to the Royal Humane Society is doing; Golden also asks: I hope the readers of this paper will ask. Some lives Golden saved—J. McAllister and C. Rielly—died after rescue. P. Ryan, W. Hanly, J. Gorman; these persons were all taken to Jervis street and Mercer's Hospital; others rescued taken home; and last, but not least, Dodd, solicitor, for which life Golden's wife got 2s. 6d.

Mr. Dodd thinks his son is worth half-a-crown. We wouldn't give that amount for a whole family of Dodds.

SILVERMINES DAIRY, 103 TOWNSEND STREET,
supplies Best Creamery Butter; New Laid (Irish) Eggs and Pure Rich New Milk, at Lowest Prices.

Glasnevin Cemetery Again.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.
Dublin, November 24, 1911.

A CHAIR.—In your issue of last week prominence was given to correspondence which had passed between Mr. A. Byrne, F.C., Mr. P. J. Lea, and myself re the leaving outside the gate of Glasnevin Cemetery on Tuesday, 14th inst., of a coffin containing the remains of an infant and which exposure took place from an early hour in the morning until past mid-day. Meantime I got into communication with the persons concerned, and in consequence I was enabled to take down from the lips of the father of the child a full account of what took place. His name is John Harris, and he resides in 5 Healy's court, off Francis street.

When he gave me an interview on last Wednesday evening he was just preparing to go out for his night's work. He readily assented to my request that he should place the facts in connection with the occurrence of 14th inst. before the public.

On Monday, 13th inst., Mr. Harris received notification from the Coombe Hospital that his wife had given birth to a dead-born baby, and he was requested to call for the purpose of removing it for interment. Between five and six o'clock the following morning he received at the hospital the remains of the infant, and, accompanied by his brother-in-law, he set out for Glasnevin Cemetery, at which he arrived about six o'clock. He was there asked by one of the cemetery officials for an order for interment from the Cemetery office in Rutland square. He explained that he did not think an order necessary in such a case. There and then he was ordered to take himself and the little coffin outside the gate. He obeyed, placed the coffin on the ground outside the gate, and went away to Rutland square to get the necessary order. The Rutland square office was not opened until 9.30. Meantime the little coffin lay on the roadside unwatched and uncared for.

I wonder if a foreigner had paid a visit to Glasnevin on that morning between six o'clock and 12.30 p.m. what his opinion would have been. Not a flattering one, I fear.

However, to return to Mr. Harris. When the office opened he went in and explained what was after occurring. To his complaint as to the little coffin not being allowed inside the gate and that it was lying on the roadside the "sympathetic" official replied, "That's not my fault." It did not even strike him as being wise, from the point of view of his employers, to telephone to the official at the cemetery gate to take the coffin in out of the public gaze.

The climax was reached when poor Harris was told he would have to pay 7s. 6d. for the placing of his little infant in the "pit," and before that could be accomplished he would have to trudge back across the city and procure from the undertaker who supplied it the dimensions of the coffin for the little mite, whose eyes had never opened in this world. This he had to do. Furthermore, he had to borrow the money from his brother, who lives in Christchurch place, return to the Cemetery Office, and then make another journey to the cemetery, which he finally reached at nearly half-past twelve o'clock.

Can the citizens of Dublin contemplate without indignation this decent, hard-working young man carrying his child's coffin at five o'clock on a bleak winter's morning right across the width of Dublin to see it left on the roadside, while he was driven from post to pillar by heartless red-tapeism and Bumbleism? Particularly I wish to direct public attention to the charge of 7s. 6d. made on Mr. Harris. The usual charge for interment in the "Pit" is 1s. 6d. Because this young man (ignorant and inexperienced in such matters) did not comply with all the forms and rules which legal ingenuity could devise he was mulcted to the tune of an extra 6s.

Encourage Irish Work.

GET PHOTOGRAPHED

AT
Finnerly's, ESTD. 1903.

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

Best Work—Lowest Prices.
This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. off List Prices. See our Staff at all Banks and Public Places.

If Dublin is to be saved from these recurring scandals steps must be taken to compel the members of the Municipal Council and the members of Parliament for the city and county to perform their obvious duty. No consideration of certain persons connected with the Cemeteries Committee must be any longer allowed to stand in the way of reform.

Workers of Dublin, how long are you going to tolerate this infamy?

For fifty years you and your fathers before you have crouched before this Committee. How long more are you going to do it?

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

The Glasnevin Cemeteries Committee.

The time is ripe again for placing before the people of Dublin the names of the men responsible for the outrages being daily perpetrated on the poor and the HELPLESS in Glasnevin Cemetery.

They are—
Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, D.D., Lord Bishop of Caneas.

Joseph P. Nannetti, Esq., M.P.
Alderman Cotton, M.P.
Mr. L. Waldron, Ex-M.P., Stockbroker, Chairman of the Grand Canal Co., etc.

Mr. Joseph Lentaigue, J.P., B.L., Tal-laght, Clerk of Crown and Hanaper, Private Secretary to Lord Chancellor.

Sir John E. Barry, 12 Mountjoy square.
Joseph R. O'Reilly, Esq., B.L., D.L., J.P., Sans Souci, Booterstown avenue.
William H. O'Kelly, Zion House, Glasnevin.

Right Rev. Monsignor Canon MacManus, P.P., V.G., 85 M-nath street.
F. Conway Dwyer, Esq., M.D., 83 Mer-rion square, South.

Thomas O'Donnell, Esq., Glencar, Eglington road, Donnybrook.
John E. Fottrell, Esq., 9 St. James's terrace, Clonskeagh.

Ven. Archdeacon Gorman, P.P., V.F., St. Cronan's, Bray.

Edward Fitzgerald, Esq., B.A., J.P., Solicitor, 20 Saint Andrew street; residence, Kyber Pass, Sorrento park, Dalkey.
James Goff, Esq., Taxing Master, 29 Lower Leeson street.

James W. Lombard, Folkstone, Terenure road.
John Mulligan, Greenan, Adelaide road, Kingstown.

Ambrose Aligia Kelly, 1 and 2 Westmoreland street and 1 Mountjoy square, North.

Hugh V. Kennedy, 3 Great Denmark street.
John W. Maxwell, Esq., J.P., Roxboro', Carrickbrack road, Sutton.

Max Green, Private Secretary to Lord Aberdeen.

Workers of Dublin, scan this list. Ask yourselves the question—is there one of these men whom you would place confidence in or whom you would of your own will elect to deal with your affairs?

I say EVEN ONE?
Nearly three years ago I wrote to the chairman of the Committee, Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly—to that letter he never replied. Eight weeks after I wrote him again, requesting a reply. His answer was that he had no recollection of receiving the letter; "and even if he had, it would be of no use, as such letters should be addressed to the Committee."

You, workers, have for members of Parliament representing (or claiming to represent) you. When I raised this question nearly three years ago I was accused of simply seeking to embarrass the M.P.'s, Nannetti and Waldron and it was said the whole thing was a Sinn Fein dodge.

Since that the Municipal Council has called in the city and county M.P.'s to introduce a Bill for the purpose of taking over Glasnevin Cemetery and vesting it in a popularly elected body.

As I publicly supported this proposal, and as the recognition of the British Parliament is supposed to be entirely opposed to the Sinn Fein idea, the old cry was found to be unobjectionable, and so the official Nationalists majority decided on quietly shelving the matter.

The procedure was simple—press the resolution on, then—the waste paper basket.

Unfortunately for those gentlemen they "had reckoned without their host." They forgot THE IRISH WORKER. They had not reckoned on the existence of a paper prepared to "tell the truth" regardless of the consequences.

Workers of Dublin, if you live in the St. Patrick's Division, send postcards to William Field; if in College Green Division, to J. P. Nannetti; if in Stephen's Green, to P. J. Brady, and if in the Harbour Division, to William Abraham. Ask these men what they are going to do to rid you of this Cemeteries Committee, and tell them you await their replies. After all, a halfpenny postcard will not break you. DO IT NOW.

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

OVERPRODUCTION.

"The surplus population will starve, while the surplus production of food and clothing rots in the warehouses, in the fields, and on the seashore:

"There's an overproduction of cotton, An overproduction of corn, A surplus yield of fruit and bread, And too many children are born.

"Too much to eat, too much to wear, And cattle on too many hills; Too many agricultural tools, Too many folk in the mills.

"Too many men to do the work, Too many women to weep; More daylight than the people need, Too much night for sleep.

"An overproduction of ignorance, A sight too many schools; Too many poor, too many rich, And lots too many fools."

A. M. THOMPSON.

Don't Forget **LARKIN'S**

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IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

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58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET,
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AND
1, 2 & 3 SEAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT,
Give Best Value ever Offered.

Quality, Full Weight & Defy Competition.

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Hatters and Outfitters,
2 and 3 CAPEL STREET.

"Let's All go Down the Strand"

TO
TIM CORCORAN,
Provision Merchant.

BEST BRANDS OF
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T. P. ROCHE,
The Workers' Hairdresser,
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An Up-to-Date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort. Antiseptics used. Success to the Workers' Cause!

To the Irish Worker Buy your Shirts, Collars, Braces,
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Headquarters,
Prices Low—Quality High.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.
SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

PRESENT DAY FASHIONS.

Constant changes in fashions do the feminine body and mind a lamentable amount of injury, but they benefit financially the tailors, dressmakers, and milliners. If we exerted our reasoning powers such people would find more useful and healthy means of earning a livelihood in some other way...

urer, who has been deceiving us for so long. When God made the first woman He did not say—"She is to be man's downtrodden, miserable, uneducated slave, fit merely for frivolous extravagance." No! Far, very far from it; in fact the very opposite. In His mind and wondrous wisdom He pronounced the command—"Woman is to be a help to man, and man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow."

THE FORTESCUES.

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 SPALPIN FANAOCH.

Finger on Gaelic League Pulse and his Ear to the Ground.

A correspondent writes as follows:—"It is really surprising the interest which is being taken in the Irish Ireland Notes of THE IRISH WORKER. Even those who most bitterly oppose Jim Larkin are compelled to buy THE WORKER to read them, for the writer seems to have his finger on the pulse of the Gaelic League and his ear to the ground."

Some earnest Gaelic Leaguers think that our policy should be to point out to the working men of Dublin their duty as regards the League movement, rather than by fault finding and criticizing to make it appear that the League is corrupt, and so a thing to be abandoned. We admit that this appears a very good argument against us, but if it is necessary still to educate the workers as to the principles of the League, all we can say is that neither the so-called "National" Press nor the official organ of the League have done their duty during the past fifteen years.

THE COISTE GNATHA.

Too much, we think, was expected from the new Coiste Gnatha. Only thirty members or so take an active interest in the work and as the majority of these are old members, many of whom have good fat jobs to look after, we need not expect they will do much to set the country aflame.

CO-OPERATION.

Many meetings of sub-committees fail for want of a quorum; this is mainly owing to the fact that country members cannot conveniently attend them. The Coiste Gnatha have power to co-opt five members, and it is necessary to get two-thirds of the votes of the present. This means that twenty out of thirty, the usual number present, can co-opt a single member.

APOLOGY.

Beg pardon, Doctor. We see we were wrong in saying you never use that blessed word "Provincialism" now, as we find in a contemporary last week. The mistake arose through our going to Press before said contemporary was issued, but we promise we won't offend again.

QUESTIONS.

Why do Gaelic League Officials and the Gaelic League Organ seem so ready to demand actions and sayings of some members of the Executive, whilst in other cases they seem dumb? No need to wait for the answer next week—'tis "salaries" table.

When is a Munster man not a Provincialist? When he's "enlightened" and in favour of the Galway College Project. (vide the Doctor in a contemporary. Does the enlightened Munster man read the handbook? Now, Tomas, 'tis "up to you" to answer in Western idiom.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

This is the latest of envelopes from the League office, but why is it not in Irish? Sure even Con could understand that much Irish. We hear, though we don't believe it, that the General Secretary of the Gaelic League sent a letter in English to the Congested Districts Board and that they replied in Irish. The letter in Irish was published in the official organ to show how Government Boards were coming round, but no mention was made of the League's letter being in English—there's consistency for you.

SWEATED LABOUR.

There are about twelve paid officials at 25 Rutland square to do the work of the Gaelic League. With the idea of enquiring into their work and salaries it was proposed to form a committee, but this fell through for certain reasons which we will not now enter into. The Coiste Gnatha then deputed two of its members to enquire into the question. The result is, that instead of suggesting any economy they report that there is terrible sweating and suggest increases. We have not heard if this is to be all round, but we presume it only refers to the well-paid officials. The cost of the officials at Rutland square is roughly £1,100, and when we state that five out of the twelve draw £800 of this it will be clearly seen that the others have not much to live on, and if the increases are to refer to these unfortunate we shall be only too pleased they be given.

AN APPEAL.

Some time ago Mrs. Kenny, the famous Irish fiddler, whilst driving to a Fair met with a serious accident by which her left wrist was broken. With a view to helping her in her distress the Croke Club have called a meeting for December 6th, at 25 Rutland square, to consider what can be done. We trust that the Branches of the Gaelic League, National Societies, Gaelic Athletic Clubs, etc., will send delegates and help in every way this worthy object.

We are obliged to defer comment on the books in use in some of our City Schools till next week.

Communications intended for this column should be addressed AN SPALPIN FANAOCH, c/o Editor, IRISH WORKER.

"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 newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DEC. 2ND, 1911.

BETRAYAL OF THE WORKERS.

Comrades, week after week we have drawn your attention to the manner in which your so-called democratic representatives in Westminster treat your opinions and utterly ignore your claim to consideration when matters of vital interest to you and yours are brought forward for discussion and legislative enactment in the law-making department of the British Government.

Let us for a moment take this so-called National Insurance Bill as a case in point. We have in Ireland at present three political parties—one calling itself the Unionist Party, consisting of some 18 members, another the All for Ireland Party, embracing some 10 persons, the remainder, leaving Ginnell and Keane out of our reckoning, comprising some 75 or so gentlemen—by Act of Parliament—calling themselves the Nationalist Party, and supposed to be a democratically elected and controlled party, and according to their constitution they are bound to submit to the Irish people any important proposals initiated in the British House of Commons. Yet here is a Bill, which, in our opinion, will affect in a vital degree the social and economic conditions of the great mass of the people of this country. Well, how have our representatives treated the Irish working class who feed and clothe them?

It is unnecessary to refer to the 18 reactionaries called the Unionist Party. No workingman did expect—nor can expect—advice that would be helpful, or assistance that would be conducive to their betterment, from them; therefore we can pass on to the next group, the All-for-Ireland clique. Friends, what countless crimes have been perpetrated by rascals of every description who have used that cry "All-for-Ireland" from the days of Art McMorrough down to our own day. Here we have this raged falafalian army decrying this Insurance Bill in all its moods and tenses.

We have some alleged trade unionists in Cork's own city assisting them in their masquerade, and then Howling Bill and Screaming Tim turn around when they find that game won't work, that John and Joe have trumped their tricks; so Bill

and Tim then claim that the medical benefits should be extended to Ireland, knowing that by so doing the other showmen, led by John E. Redmond, that heaven-appointed statesman whose time is now taken up in going around at the heel of some benighted Nonconformist Conscience called a Liberal M.P. to explain away the alleged sins of omission and commission of his (Redmond's) mispent youth; and you have the unique sight of the Leader of the Irish Race proclaiming with tears in his eyes that he never was disloyal; that he loved his king and country; and if the good, kind Liberal Party would allow him to go down to posterity as the man who got Home Rule for Ireland, he, as well as his brother William, would join the Territorials or even the Cork Militia; and that other sterling patriot from the Falls Road is doing the lap-dog trying to outdo his Leader in whining about his known loyalty to the British Crown; and so it is, friends, that between the netherstones of Unionist, All for Ireland, and Nationalist all for jobbery, we, the common people are getting well milled, and every measure that bears upon its face the slightest hope of comfort or betterment for the landless and homeless workers in this country is used to gain a tactical advantage if possible by one political clique against the other. We working people have to pay, comparatively speaking, more taxes than our fellow-workers in Great Britain. We get less wages, and when an opportunity or privilege is granted to the British working-man to get a little more from the capitalist class, our good, kind, apologetic, cowardly and lying misrepresentatives block its application to the Irish worker. No public opinion in favour of the inclusion of the Irish working class within the medical benefits of the Bill. You lie, John; and you, oh, Welshman Lloyd George, lie, too. Public boards throughout the country have asked for the medical benefits, ay, presided over by Nationalist M.P.'s, every trades council in the country has called upon you to see to the extension of medical benefits to Ireland. What public opinion do you want, is it your friends the police and publicans, and Chambers of Commerce, John? Send one of your satellites to address a public meeting in this or any city in Ireland, with reference to your action on this matter. Don't forget, John, you deprived the hungry child in Ireland from getting a meal a day. You were never hungry, John. You have now fixed the stigma of pauperism on the father. Yes, John, I believe you were never disloyal—you were always a toady in your heart; and, John, we want Home Rule, but we are sadly afraid the Home Rule Bill you are getting by whining and apologising will be equal to that other Bill, you recommended us to take; the Irish Councils Bill, and, John, don't forget, in conclusion, "a beggar only gets crumbs," and we, Irish workers, want a country.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Can the newly-formed Dublin Vigilance Committee, or anyone else, give us particulars of the way in which the policeman was murdered in the Phoenix Park last week?

We will have something to say about the matter in our next issue.

IRISH TRANSPORT AND GENERAL WORKERS' UNION.

Tontine and Benefit Society.

Take notice, all arrears must be cleared off at once. Cards will be collected on December 10th for check and audit. By order.

JOHN O'NEILL, Secretary.

Why I am Not a Patriot.

My country! what a thrill the words send through us. Thrill, did I say?—Shudder I meant. Oh! ye gods and little fishes, I am sick listening to talk about the beauties of patriotism and the honour of dying for Ireland. Ireland is not to me a vision but a nightmare. I do not worship the Irish people; I hate them for fools. Time was when I contentedly called myself a Patriot and cheered the Green Flag; but that time has passed.

I have no country—no share in any country. I am homeless, hungry, almost friendless; the men and women who own Ireland do not call me brother, nor treat me as one—why then should I call their land my country? Ireland to me is the place where I lose out my body and soul by the day for a crust of bread and many kicks. I am only one of thousands similarly circumstanced. We may not work, must not beg, dare not steal, cannot starve. We are the unemployed—the Irish unemployed—Erin-go-brath.

Though we are recorded in the Census as part of the Irish people, we are not taken into account at any other time. The politicians ignore us; the patriots are busy in their shops cheating the poor. The people cannot help us till they get Home Rule. Oh! the brave Music of a DISTANT DRUM!

Why should I love Ireland? I dare not climb its mountains, explore its woods, walk through its fields, swim in its rivers, nor pluck a wild fowler without running the risk of imprisonment for trespass or poaching. The hard, cold roads are for such as I, and even there we are not safe, and must keep moving.

But the Irish people, should I not love them? you will ask. I envy the dead, pity the unborn, hate the living. The dead are beyond the influence of our love or hate, therefore it were folly to waste either sentiment or spite on them. The living are selfishly bungling along from bad to worse; and I pity the unborn for the heritage they are so soon to come into. I can no longer be moved to

feel a glow of pride when I hear or read plausible platitudes about the "manly, intelligent, Irish Race." We are not now, if we ever were, "an Island of Saints and Scholars." Sycophants and Slaves would be a truer description. We are chasing shadows while others steal our substance: throwing money into the hats of dishonest politicians, while honest men, women and children are starving. We lick the feet of those who scourge us; cringe to those who despise us; and are content to be driven hither and thither in droves like sheep by any top-hatted son of a shop-keeper who cares to shout at us. What a fine people to love or respect! When I think of what Ireland is, and what it might be, is it any wonder I hesitate to call myself an Irishman?

The silly sentimentalism of the Irish people is enough to drive any intelligent person to despair. Thousands of men and women—young men and women—leave Ireland every year. For twenty or thirty years they have lived in poverty and dirt in tumbled-down cabins, surrounded on all sides by petty ignorance and meanness, with no prospect before them but slow starvation or emigration. When they do eventually manage to scrape together enough money to take them to some other country they clear out; but instead of acknowledging their thankfulness, they pretend grief and boast to foreigners of the superiority of Ireland over the rest of the earth. It is such a superior place that they seldom come back to it unless to bring away other members of the family. It is such a superior place that they had to go to America, Canada, or Australia for bread and butter. It is such a very superior place that they are ashamed of the Abbey Theatre Company, and must pelt them off the stage of a New York Theatre for fear the American people would learn what it really is like.

It has become fashionable to condemn the "Playboy"; but for all that the "Playboy" is nearer to the truth about Ireland than the emigrants' tales are. The nice complimentary things we say about ourselves are only said for the benefit(?) of strangers; we know they are not true, but we don't want anyone else to know it. We are too moral to read an English Sunday newspaper; but we are immoral enough to tolerate immorality, starvation, and nakedness in our towns and villages. We are too clean to take notice of our girls being prostituted in the public and principal streets by English and Irish soldiers. We are too honest to admit that we are robbing and being robbed. In short, we are too sweet to be wholesome.

I wish it were possible to make our people see things as they really are. I wish they were sincere in their much-talked-of love for Ireland. And I wish they would not shut their eyes and pretend that everything is all right, when they know it is all wrong. If they would only think more, talk less, stop cheering themselves, and do something for their neighbour, there would be some hope of making Ireland a land to be proud of. But at present I see nothing to brag about in being an Irishman. There are slums, and crime, and vice in Ireland as elsewhere. It will be a good thing when we admit the fact and set about finding a remedy. While patriotism means, as at present, a baseless conceit of ourselves and a desire to hide our vices and invent imaginary virtues to talk about, I cannot call myself a Patriot. When Ireland belongs to the people of Ireland I will be willing to die for it if necessary; but not now, thank you; it is not good enough. Patriotism will not pay until you give up trying to make a living out of it. This may sound strange to the politicians; but they will some day recognise the truth of it.

O.F.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER, In Bride street, 29th November, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—I am very glad to inform you that the firm of Messrs. Barry & Sons, Capel street, has advanced their employees' wages ranging from 8 to 12½ per cent. When the men waited on Mr. Barry, senr., with their memorial, unlike other city firms, he refused to treat with them without the presence of the officers of their society. I may here state that the application of the men had not the sanction of the society; nor did they ask for such. However, on Monday 27th John Flood, Wm. Byrne, with J. Forsyth, secretary, were deputed to wait on Mr. Barry with a view to a settlement; that gentleman (in the true sense of the word) met us, and after some discussion granted the advance stated.

The men and officers met afterwards and passed a vote of thanks to Mr. Barry for his kindness in recognising the just claims of the men.

It was then proposed that we report our success in THE IRISH WORKER, it being the only paper that has the interest of the workers at heart.—Fraternally yours, JOHN FORSYTH, Sec.

IS IT WELL?

Is it well that while we range with science glorifying in the time, City children soak and blacken soul and sense in city slime? There among the glooming alleys Progress halts on palsied feet; Crime and hunger cast our maidens by the thousand on the street. There the master scripps his haggard sempstress of her daily bread; There a single sordid attic holds the living and the dead; There the mouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotten floor, And the crowded couch of incest in the warrens of the poor.

—TENNISON.

CITY PRINTING WORKS TRADE UNION PRINTER'S 13 STAFFORD ST., DUBLIN. Printers of the Irish Worker.

JUSTICE! TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. SIR—Please permit me to call the attention of your readers to a case of extreme hardship which, I believe, is far from being an isolated instance of the mismanagement, or worse, of the Police Authorities of Dublin.

On the 17th June a youth, whom I shall call A, and whose name and address can be disclosed if required, was arrested in Dublin, and on the 18th June was charged with riot—an offence involving no moral turpitude, and convicted and sentenced to 14 days' imprisonment. A. appealed, and on the 25th October last the Recorder confirmed the magistrate's sentence.

Now, from that date to the 30th November, a period of more than a month, A. has been waiting in his own home in hourly expectation of arrest, and in consequence was unable to look for work, and he and his family have remained in a state of suspense and trouble in consequence of this matter hanging over them.

A. was arrested and removed to prison to serve his fourteen days, on the 30th November, but for grave mismanagement by some one he would long since have been discharged and free to attend to his usual business. Who is responsible for the addition of over a month (saving the actual confinement) to the sentence of fourteen days which the police magistrate held at the hearing to be sufficient punishment for the offence with the commission of which A. was charged, I enclose name, etc., but not for publication.—Yours truly, A. H. S.

DUBLIN PAVIORS' SOCIETY. Trades' Hall, Capel Street, Nov. 29th, 1911.

The following are the names of the above who attended the funeral of their late colleague, W. Cummins:—T. Reilly, Pres.; A. Carbery, V.P.; A. Manning, Treas.; Jss. Douglas, Jas. Dalton, M. Dalton, Jos. O'Donnell, R. Fitzpatrick, J. Fitzpatrick, A. Dalton, T. Conroy, J. Manning, M. Reilly, J. Dillon, P. Reilly, E. Devlin, J. Devlin, J. Byrne, T. Henderson, Sec.

All members are requested to turn up at special meeting on Tuesday, December 5th.

34 North Strand, 28th November, 1911.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. In connection with the hair-dressing dispute in Drumcondra, I have nothing to do with it, and I am not connected with it. My shop is 34 North Strand Road, and it is a Trade Union shop, always was and always will be, which the men of the Hairdressing Trade Union can verify. I can say that before the Hairdressing Trade Union was in existence I gave from three to four shillings per week more than any other hairdresser in Dublin, and any strike that they had I was always with them. Thanking you for inserting this letter in your valuable paper, I remain yours truly, T. P. ROCHE, P.L.G.

FOR HIGH-CLASS PROVISIONS! JAMES KENNY (SUCCESSOR TO MURRAY & Co.), THE CELEBRATED HOUSE FOR TEAS, BUTTERS, BACON & HAMS. Eggs a Speciality.

Note Address—3 LOWER SUMMERHILL. Buy your BOOTS AND SHOES AT FARREN'S, 41 Nth. King St.

THE NOTED HOUSE FOR BUTTER, HAMS AND BACON. PATRICK DOYLE & SONS, Provision Merchants, 29 THOMAS ST., DUBLIN.

A matter for the Worker to remember! MRS. HENRY, of 221 Gt. Britain St. Serves all with accommodation of Beds and Food of the Best Quality, at prices to suit the Worker.

WEXFORD NOTES.

We are now entering on the fifteenth week of the lock-out in Wexford, the men remaining as staunch as ever in the face of unprecedented offers. We have to fight a combination of employers, directly and indirectly concerned in the dispute; a hostile Press, with one notable exception, gross misrepresentation, and all the power that the reactionaries can command; but behind us is the genuine fighting blood of the Model County. The women, whose sufferings God alone knows; the children, whose merry prattle in the face of privation is heard at every street corner, cheering their heroic fathers in the fight, are with the men to a woman and a child.

Capitalism has shown itself in many colours and in many places, but in Galant Wexford it has surpassed itself. Let the readers of THE IRISH WORKER just think for a moment. Last August when the men in the foundries first joined hands with their brothers in the trade union movement, Salmon, the manager of Messrs Philip Pierce & Co., decided to strike their movement in its infancy. He dismissed one man for joining the union, and his two sons, who had not joined, following this up by dismissing another man, who would be likely to join, and adding his son to the list of unemployed for no other reason than that he was his father's son. A local paper owned by Salmon & Co., euphemistically called "The Record," proclaimed the action in its leading columns, and to give colour to its action used its correspondence columns to foist a bogus public opinion upon the county by another editorial, and week by week added to its first six a continuity of these bogus editorials. The Free Press at the beginning of the dispute occasioned by Messrs. Pierce's manager took sides with the men; but between the first week of the dispute and the second the foundry in which the son-in-law of the proprietress of the paper was financially interested became involved. Immediately, in the most barefaced manner, the paper—fit representative of a hireling Press—changed its views and condemned, with all the vigour of a perverser, what it first acclaimed. The Wexford People, on the other hand, acted impartially from the start of the dispute, and whilst logically and consistently adhering to its views, gave to each side a fair amount of space to express their views, and without colour of any kind placed them before their readers. The Church, through two of its respected clergy, ranged themselves on the side of the employers. The farmers, whose battles were fought with heroic vigour and great self-sacrifice, with few exceptions, also ranged themselves with the bosses, and in some of the rural districts the clergy used the altar to condemn the action of the men and the organisation which was supporting them in their fight. The organisation was alleged to be in direct opposition to every tenet that was alleged to be held dear by the men of Wexford. The officers of the organisation were alleged to be English agitators. Every story that could be circulated, regardless of its truth, was sent broadcast against it and them. And still the women, the men, and the children of the class for which your paper consistently labours have refused to abandon its standard.

Within the first couple of weeks of the movement of the fight some of the merchants had notices printed and hung up in their shops that no credit would be given, and some of the foundrymen who had been supporting these merchants all their lives were at a loss to understand their action. Some of the employers boasted of their ability to starve the men into submission, at least one of the clergy suggested eviction, and the men from a lack of experience of the methods like unto the heathen Chinese "of ways that are dark," "and child-like and bland," thought they only had to fight the employers in Wexford.

However they have been awakened from their dreams; one of them found a letter addressed to individuals in close touch with the "man" who stated that "when the workpeople experienced the pinch of hunger they'd be glad to go back to their work again." This letter has been issued in leaflet form as follows:

CAPITAL v. LABOUR.

Some of the Underhand Methods of the Wexford Workers have to Fight. The following letter has been handed us, without any request for publication, and we trust the writers will appreciate the free advertisement which we are giving them:—

(Copy of Letter to J. W. Kerr & Co., Wexford.)

"From J. H. Gaitkell & Co., Provision Merchants and Commission Agents, 48 Harrington Street, Liverpool." "GENTLEMEN—Your several favours duly received. We thank you for the various information you so kindly sent us.

"We quite thought the strike in Wexford would have been over long since, and if the shopkeepers would only cease giving credit to the workpeople the strike would soon end."

"Is this one of the sources which was to be used to starve the Wexford workers into submission, and is there any law which compels the people to get their supplies from Messrs. Gaitkell & Co.?"

"Of course to the credit of the shopkeepers it must be recorded that the benevolent intentions of this same pillar-trophist were not observed, and with very few exceptions have they allowed their

better nature to be tampered with, or that spirit of true Christianity which has dominated to be interfered with.

Last week we had a visit here from the remnant of the Shipping Federation. The "Owain Tudor," who boasted its allegiance to this moribund organisation, was chartered to convey barley to Newark-on-Trent. The captain refused to allow his men to join the Sailor and Firemen's Union, although the consignee, who is a Wexford merchant, agreed to pay all expenses. The poor Captain had to sail away on Monday morning without any cargo and without the assistance of one of the Wexford workers to unlodge his moorings. This was done, however, by two members of the constabulary, and we would like to know if the workers of Ireland pay these men their wages to interfere against them in labour disputes.

And now for a record. The "Owain Tudor" left Wexford Quay on Monday morning, the fastest steamer that ever left the port, took twenty hours to reach Cardiff. She was said to be bound for Swansea, but, low and behold you! at ten o'clock on Tuesday morning a wire was received that the boat which had left twenty-six hours before had loaded in and had left Cardiff. We are wondering if the cargo was conveyed by aeroplane, or if the wire was like unto the one displayed by Tommy Salmon in re Pierce's assignment to Buenos Ayres, and which, has been utilized by some of Pierce's firemen to break their word to the men. Ah, well, the ways of invertebrates are peculiarly "stated," and excuses to such cattle are easily found.

Clerks and clerks, and more clerks. During the railway strike these men, so aptly described as the male prostitutes of the social system, scabbard on their brother wage-workers, whose conduct was emulated during the timber dispute, during the seamen's strike, during the carters' strike, and during the dockers' strike, by other clerks. Well, Wexford is no exception to the rule, two of Pierce's clerks, assisted by other blacklegs, are engaged in painting Messrs. Pierce's Foundry. These heroes names are Sheridan and Donohoe, and their assistants are his serene highness, Tommy Salmon, who's got a brand new suit of white overalls to work black; John English, the registered owner of the Record, and the chum of Belton in his midnight attack on our organiser; O'Hare, Pierce's traveller, sometime scab purveyor to his serene highness Tommy (or should it be lowness!), and impartial critic of the Leinster Council of the G.A.A. for their recent action in devoting the proceeds of one of their important matches to the men upon whom he is now scabbing, to which list may be added one of the peelers who acts as Salmon's bodyguard, and the redoubted Johnnie Daly, to these seven we may add the two scabs lent by Billy Doyle.

Billy is a true Wexford man—at least so he says. It would be unwise to contradict a J.P., who is a "Sinn Feigner" and goes to mass under police protection. Some of the men in the silent watches of the night doubt very much the accuracy of Billy's statement; but whatever they thought they never admitted his generosity, and it is evident that did Billy an injustice. Billy has been generous enough to lend two scabs to Pierce—though some people doubt the "generosity"—and he has had to reduce the beer allowance by half to the remaining three; although one of these ungrateful scoundrels actually assaulted Brother Andy, on the pretext that he had not got enough, since which event poor Gregory's nose is alleged to have swelled to still further abnormal proportions.

Who is Sir William Paul? That's a query for you! Well, pressure on our space forbids us dealing with his record this week, but—

The following reply has been sent to Messrs. Gaitkell by one of their best customers, and perhaps it will make them more reticent of their "kindly" advice:—

"92 South Main street, Wexford, 29th Nov. 1911.

Sirs,—I have before me certain information that your firm suggests to your agent in Wexford that all Wexford shopkeepers should cease and refuse to give any help to Wexford locked-out workers. If you think you should dictate to me—one of the Wexford shopkeepers you refer to—as regards the Wexford locked-out workers, I will be forced to cease all my connections with your firm, except your firm would write an apology to the Irish Transport Workers' Union through your agent in Wexford.—I am, sincerely yours,

JAMES MURPHY.

To Messrs. Gaitkell & Co., 48 Harrington street, Liverpool."

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

HUGH KENNY, General Provision Merchant, 46 GREAT BRITAIN STREET, IRISH PRODUCE A SPECIALITY. Our Tea for the Workers are the Best Value in Dublin.

DUNDALK.

I don't know whether my calligraphy or the compositor who set the type is responsible for the second word in my contribution of last week; but of this I am certain—that I wrote "hypercritical," not "hypocritical," as it appeared in print. I know that in manuscript which is far from being copperplate the difference in the appearance of the two words is not very great, but the difference in meaning is so great that I make the correction on my first opportunity.

On Sunday last we had a splendid meeting of workers from the G.N.R. works. It was held in the Hibernian Hall, Jocelyn street, kindly lent by the committee of Division 556 A.O.H. We are indebted in several ways to this truly democratic and patriotic body.

The meeting was convened for purely business purposes, and real good business was done before it dispersed. Seven good and true men were appointed to act as shop stewards. This was the first part of the business, and a very important part it is certain to be, for the future of that section of the branch will, to a great extent, depend on how the shop stewards discharge their duties; but from what is known of the men selected, there need not be any misgiving as to their fitness for the position. When that part of the business was disposed of a general discussion on the conditions obtaining at the railway works ensued, and some valuable information was elicited. Every fresh piece of evidence adduced is more surprising than the preceding piece. There is a section called carriage lifters, whose duty it is to examine springs, wheels, guards, hooks, buffers, etc. The very nature of the business is proof that it requires men of skill and experience. The public safety requires it that only men of skill and experience should be entrusted with such work. But men of skill and experience are generally rewarded according to the measure of their skill and the length of their experience.

This is how the carriage lifters of the G.N.R. are rewarded. For a week of 51 1/2 hours they get 15s. 4d., and out of that they have to pay 4d. to a sick fund and 1d. for the use of the dining hall, which is an ante-chamber of the public-house, where the men of skill and experience can not only spend their superfluous coppers, but get "tick" when the coppers are spent; and if they are backward in coming forward with the amount of "tick" they have run, they are arraigned before their superiors and admonished to pay their just debts. The waggon lifters have a similar class of work to perform, but they are on piece-work, and are supposed to have got a shilling increase in their wages quite recently.

It is, however, alleged that they are worse off now than they were before the increase was given. It would occupy too much space to explain how it is done; but it is done. I was curious to know what rule the manipulators applied to the operation of showing an increase in wages while the net result to the wage earners was a decrease; and I remarked to my informant that it was certainly not by the rule of thumb, nor yet was it by the rule of three, they made the calculations. "Oh, no," said he; "their calculations were made by the simple rule of practice, which, when well applied, makes things perfect."

Now the lives and the limbs of the travelling public are certainly in the hands of the carriage and waggon lifters; the careless or unskilful discharge of their duties might have disastrous results. That the G.N.R. works officials are fully alive to the importance of the work is evidenced in the fact that for twelve months after a carriage or waggon passes through the hands of a lifter he is held responsible for anything that may prove defective about breaks, springs, wheels, guards, o' buffers. And for the exercise of his skilful and experienced labour, and for the anxiety he must feel he is rewarded as I have stated.

There is a section of railway workers I did not know before, they are on the permanent staff, masons and labourers. The labourers do not belong to any organisation. They are old servants, being from twenty to thirty years in the service, and their services have been well rewarded in the usual way. They had 14s. twenty years ago, and they have 14s. a week still. No wonder that railway companies put up such a fight to resist the right of trades unions to interfere in their business.

But there are workers who do not appreciate a trade union even when they profit by its operations; and even in Dundalk we have a few of that class. They are bread-server who recently got an increase in wages, for which increase they ought to show their appreciation of the movement that got it for them without

CORK DAIRY, 117 St. Britain St. Branches—1 York street, 11 Queen street, 19 High st., 213 St. Britain st., 62 Charleston st., where you can get Best Value in BUTTER, EGGS and MILK at Lowest Prices. Proprietor: MICHAEL GAITKELL.

HATS from 1/11 EQUAL IN QUALITY TO 2s. 11d. **SHIRTS** (Angora) from 2/6. EQUAL IN WEAR TO TWEED. **J. TROY,** 37 St. George's St.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 39 AUNGIER STREET (OPPOSITE JACOBS'), FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

any effort on their own part, but they do not. The general body of workers in Dundalk has shown an appreciation of the Irish Transport Workers' Union that is really phenomenal. The hostility of opponents but helped to strengthen their faith in it; and after securing increases in wages in all the principal concerns in the town, they are, if possible, more resolute now than ever in supporting it. Now they know and respect the Union Badge. Let them see to it that the men they support in business respect it also. There is no reason why they should take bread from non-union bread-server while they can get their supplies from union bread-server. The union bread-server, therefore, cannot be deceived, and should give preference of their custom to the bread-server who wear the Union Badge. Remember, union men, the non-union bread-server have got an increase in wages through your efforts. You can, if they persist in cheating your union of what is due to it from them, make their services as unprofitable to their employers as their attitude towards the union is mean and despicable.

MICHAEL MCKEOWN.

CORK HILL CONSPIRINGS.

We had another big day's debate on the Mayoral Salary at last Monday's special meeting of the Corporation, and needless to say Alderman M. Walter's motion to give next year's Lord Mayor the reduced salary, which the present occupant of the Civic Chair enjoys, was defeated, as a result of an amendment carefully prepared in the Mountjoy Ward postponing the question for six months. In the eyes of some people the amendment proposed by Councillor Mahon may seem a simple one, but it is nothing less than an attempt to deceive the workers at the coming Municipal Elections. The "Home Rule Party" turned up in full force to support the amendment, which they carried by a majority.

The speeches made by some of the gentlemen in support of the amendment were simply amusing. For instance, we had Mr. "Murphy" O'Beirne telling us that he represented one of the largest working-class wards in the city, viz.—South Dock. In fact, our friend Murphy went so far as to suggest that he represented the workers of the South Dock Ward. Our friend Murphy also spoke for a considerable period on Nationality and other things. We are aware that Mr. O'Beirne has been a Nationalist of many types. A few years ago Murphy opposed John Clancy in the South Dock Ward, and stood as the Sinn Fein candidate when he was defeated. It will be remembered that the Executive of the Sinn Fein organisation refused to endorse his candidature. On the last occasion Mr. O'Beirne stood as an Irish-Ireland candidate against a Labour candidate, Mr. Tom Sheridan, when, by the influence of the Gas Monopoly in the Ward, he was returned by a couple of hundred of a majority. We would like to know what the Irish-Irelanders who supported Mr. O'Beirne at his election in the last occasion think of him when he describes them as "soreheads" and "spurious agitators."

The next "speech" in favour of the nicely-worded amendment was made by our old friend, Mr. Bob Bradley. Mr. Bradley's "speech" was made up of attacks on Alderman M. Walter, and the doctor kept smiling as the "orator" kept speaking. Mr. Bradley spoke of the dignity of the Mansion House and many other nonsensical things, and went so far as to challenge Dr. M. Walter to come and face him in the Trinity Ward at the election in January next. No wonder indeed that our two companions alongside us in the gallery smiled at Mr. Bradley's challenge. "Just fancy," said one of them to us, "Councillor Bradley challenging Dr. M. Walter to fight him for a seat which Mr. Bradley has never yet been elected for." We thought it absurd ourselves, as Mr. Bradley has never yet faced the electors. We have looked up the records and find that Councillor Bradley was first returned unopposed at a bye-election as the nominee of a Registration Association, and three years ago he was returned by a "fluke" owing to the nomination paper of his opponent being declared invalid. However, Councillor Bradley may take Dr. M. Walter's assurance "that he will be opposed this time."

The amendment passed at last Monday's meeting is only a pious expression of opinion, and as soon as next year's Lord Mayor is installed it will be rescinded, and the gentleman appointed Lord Mayor will get the full salary of £3,687. It is a clever dodge on the part of the so-called "Home Rule Party," and the forty odd gentlemen who comprise that party should know the old saying—"That you can fool some of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time." The electors, therefore, should bear in mind that the gentlemen who voted for the amendment are those who voted for the £2,000 increase.

The following gentlemen who voted for the amendment retire in January next, and the electors in each of the wards should ask them why they did not vote for the reduced salary—Maher (Glasnevin), Bradley (Trinity), Murray (Drumcondra), Hutchins (Merobau's Quay), Briscoe (Mountjoy), O'Meara (South Dock), and Shortall (Rotunda). We notice that Mr. P. J. Dwyer (Wood Quay) was again absent, and so also was Mr. C. L. Ryan (North Dock). Of course all these gentlemen will tell us in the course of the next few weeks that they are the friends of the

workers, and the poor workers, or at least some of them, will probably believe it. But we advise them to think twice before doing so.

The monthly meeting of the Municipal Council will be held on Monday next. The chief items on the agenda, so far as we can see, seem to be recommendations from the different Committees granting increases of salaries to various officials, no less than twenty recommendations for increases of salary appearing on the paper, including that of the City Coroner. In view of this we do not think the Council will reach the various motions which appear on the agenda. We notice that Councillor A. Byrne has a motion that each Committee of the Council give a share of its advertisements to THE IRISH WORKER. The same Councillor has a motion directing the Law Agent to present a report showing the powers possessed by the Corporation regarding the establishment of a Municipal Bakery.

Dr. M. Walter has a motion down directing the Town Clerk to prepare a list showing the names of those members of the Corporation who have relatives in the Corporation service. The Doctor has evidently taken the hint from the remarks made by us in these columns a few weeks ago. We know very well that this motion will be defeated, as the municipal "jobbers" will all vote against it. However, if Dr. M. Walter's motion is defeated we hope he will send on to us any particulars he may have, to aid us in compiling our little list of Councillors who have relations with fat jobs in and around Cork Hill.

Councillor O'Toole has a motion down for night sittings. We know perfectly well this will be defeated, as the "Home Rule Party" will turn up in sufficient strength to vote it down. However, the time is coming when night sittings will be the order in Dublin the same as in Cork and other boroughs. Councillor O'Toole has also a motion down that Councillor R. O'Carroll be appointed as Corporate representative on the Port and Docks Board in place of Mr. Nannetti. We will watch with interest how our friends of the "Home Rule Party" will vote on the question, and see if they will fall in with the suggestion of the Trades Council to appoint a Labour Representative on the Port Board. Dr. M. Walter has a motion that the election of Lord Mayor be by ballot. Of course this will not suit the books of the official Nationalist Party—and they will also oppose it.

Things we hear—That John Clancy, sub-sheriff, has been selected by Councillor Sherlock and a few gentlemen in Clontarf, who call themselves the local branch of the U.I.L., to stand as a candidate for municipal honours in January next. John has been in and out of the Corporation many times. If he is elected this time he will be a valuable asset to Councillor Sherlock and his party. The "acrobat patriot" in South Dock Ward, W. F. Mulligan, is engineering a great electioneering dodge on behalf of the retiring Councillor, J. J. O'Meara. The dodge is nothing less than an illuminated address to Mr. O'Meara in recognition (moryah) of his silver jubilee as municipal representative. This sort of thing is got up to throw dust in the eyes of the workers of South Dock Ward. When Mr. O'Meara's canvassers go round to solicit votes on his behalf next January the electors should ask them for a record of Mr. O'Meara's attendances at Council and Committee meetings for the past three years. They should also ask Mr. O'Meara's honours how many increases of salary to big officials Mr. O'Meara has voted for during the same period. There will be no need for an "illuminated address" when these questions are answered. There are a few more little matters which we would like to see embodied in Mulligan's engineered scheme, but we will preserve them for a future issue.

The Insurance Bill AND MEDICAL BENEFITS.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER, 20 Gardiner's Place, Dublin, 25th Nov., 1911.

DEAR SIR—Recently in the Press the following paragraph relating to above appears:—"Feeling in Ireland seems to be against paying for medical benefits while the present dispensary service exists. The creation of a second service in many cases for the same people would stand in the way of Poor Law reform which must soon be undertaken." Now there is the proof of this feeling amongst the people most concerned in Ireland? Would it not be a simple matter to introduce a clause to provide against the duplicating of service referred to, and in any event would not the existence of a second service hasten on rather than stand in the way of Poor Law reform so urgently needed?

About the same date the following paragraph on the subject, taken from the

Lancet, also appears and deserves attention:—"Their high ideas remain as high, which is the reason medical men must make up their minds whether they will or will not carry out the Chancellor's scheme. The Bill will lead to determination of medical practice, to falling off from our scientific standards, and to grave interference with our medical charities." And, again—"Representative members of the Medical Association from all parts of the United Kingdom are now deliberating in private. The co-operation of doctors is essential to the working of the scheme." If the layman may be free to interpret this oracular statement it means that the profession will "go on strike" if they do not get their terms, whatever they are. One of the guiding principles of the Bill seems to be the prevention of disease and illness among the people by striking at the chief causes thereof, namely, want, insanitary homes, &c., while in the past the laissez faire idea prevailed that the medical practitioner's duty ended when he had prescribed for the case as he found it. Does the Lancet want to perpetuate this inefficient, wasteful and demoralising system as typified under the Poor Law and Medical Charities Act?

Notwithstanding the above authoritative paragraphs the great weight of opinion appears in favour of retaining the medical benefits for Ireland since we must have the Bill. We all know there is but little educational organisation of labour in Ireland, but what there is—the Trades, Labour and Friendly Societies that do exist, and who ought to know—and the few representative bodies who have expressed an opinion on the subject favour and demand the inclusion of such benefits for this country, as does also a most important section of the medical profession itself, chiefly from among the hard-worked and painstaking Poor Law Medical Officers. Hence it is surprising the proposal to exclude this country from the scheme.

The absence of organisation among the workers and people concerned and the completeness and organisation among the doctors may account for the proposal. The fact is, to my mind, it is only those in the profession, whether it be the Poor Law service or not, who have a lucrative private practice amongst the "better classes" who are making such a rumpus, and naturally object to have their interests interfered with without protest. As the health of the "masses" is as important, individually and collectively, to the State as the health of the "classes," the solution of the difficulty should be to make the service under the Insurance scheme as attractive financially as the service of the practitioner with a wealthy clientele by giving the people's doctor a self-sufficient salary. As it is the salary of the Poor Law medical officer generally is such that he must rely very much on private practice, which often leaves him in an unenviable position in the discharge of his duties when dealing with insanitary dwellings, dairies, slaughterhouses, inferior food, &c., under the Public Health Acts.

It is only on last Thursday that appeared in the Press a typical case of what is taking place under the Poor Law service every other day in all parts of Ireland, and shows clearly that the sick, who have to seek and accept treatment under the Poor Law, are thereby essentially branded as paupers.

A Local Government inspector—a layman—in his report took exception to the short time spent by the medical officer in the workhouses infirmaries wards, complaining that there were four or five days on which the doctor did not visit the workhouse. The doctor admitted the irregular attendance, pleaded it was due to the exigencies of his private practice, but at the same time maintained that he would not allow any layman to interfere or influence him. He finished his "explanation" with a shot at a guardian—who apparently had the courage of his convictions—in the following strain: "Even Mr. C—, who takes such a paternal interest in the institution, and whose son has been a 'paper patient in the hospital, must admit' &c., &c. That doctor's explanation was considered satisfactory, Mr. C— only dissenting. The inspector's report was shelved, and the people will be treated when sick, as before, according to the "scientific standard" of the Lancet.

Such a medical service is dear at any cost, and should be superseded, if it is only partially, by the medical provisions of the Insurance Bill being applied to Ireland. Thanking you in anticipation for insertion.—I am, faithfully yours, JOHN SHELLEY.

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