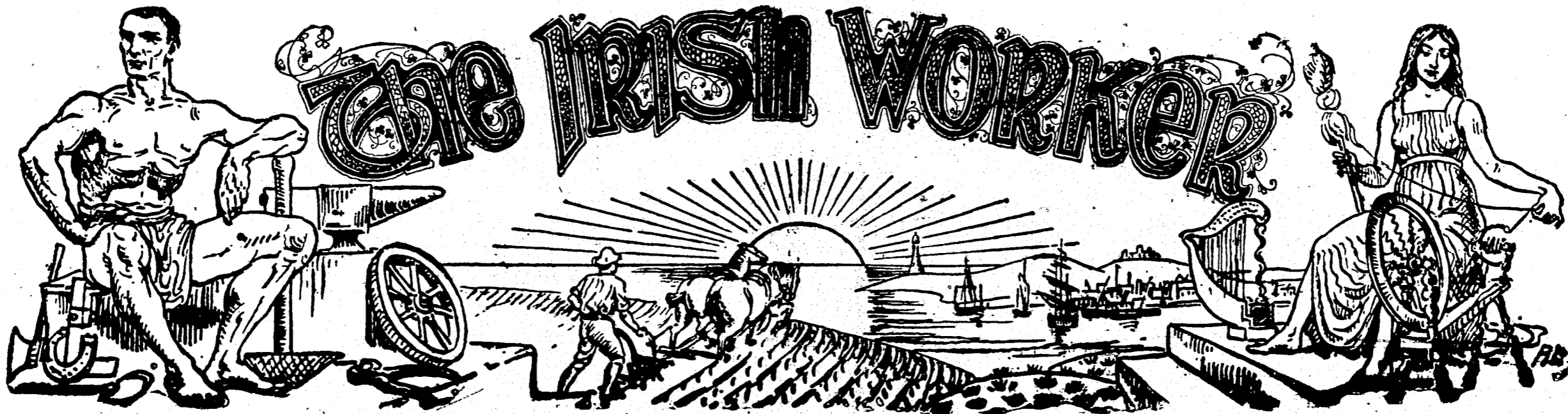


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Is greater than defeat can know—
It is the power of powers.
As surely as the earth rolls round
As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon wave,
Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY APRIL 27th 1912.

[ONE PENNY.]

The Farce of the Home Rule Convention.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD.

In spite of the fact that the greatest and most important section of the Irish people—the working class—was not invited to the Home Rule Convention I went there determined to get in.

A small crowd, gradually growing larger, occupied the gravelled space around the Mansion House steps when I arrived at 11 o'clock. Here and there through the crowd a few suffragettes were engaged distributing leaflets. Things were as dull as ditch water. There was no enthusiasm anywhere noticeable. A stranger might easily have mistaken the crowd for mourners at a funeral. Several framed photographic enlargements of the "Laydher" and "Joey Davlan" were exposed for sale near the entrance gate, but there was no demand for them. I noticed a newsboy of my acquaintance trying to sell picture postcards of John Redmond with a green border around him. I thought they were too green to be Irish and found on examination that they were printed in "Gt. Britain."

Standing with our backs to the wall the man from Wexford and myself were highly amused and much interested in watching the delegates arriving. Such a collection of fossilised hayseeds it would be hard to get together anywhere outside Ireland. Bent with misery and half-crippled with rheumatism they came bobbing on sticks to "consider the Home Rule Bill." They are as fit to consider as a dead mule. I noticed a newsboy of my acquaintance trying to sell picture postcards of John Redmond with a green border around him. I thought they were too green to be Irish and found on examination that they were printed in "Gt. Britain."

Having seen enough outside, I worked my way through the crowd towards the gate. Four men were stationed here to collect the tickets. One of them was a porter from the Corporation Cabbage Market. Corporation employees seemed to have had the day off for they were as plentiful as weeds. I recognised many myself and several others were pointed out to me. Stephen Hand occupied a position of honour on the top step where he was placed, no doubt, to act as fall-back in the anticipated rush of the suffragettes took place. Would it be any harm to ask who will pay Stephen and the other Corporation employees for Tuesday? And was it necessary to employ other men to perform their duties while they were dodging about the Mansion House? If nobody was got in to discharge their duties for that day they must be of very little use, and I dare say the Corporation and the ratepayers could easily do without them. This by the way—

While I was brooding over these things half-a-dozen countrymen came to the gate to get in. They appeared to be known, as they brought no tickets. Just as they were about to pass in a crowd came down the steps to get out, and these outside had to stand back to make way for them. The seven of us then went in together, nobody questioning my right or asking for a ticket.

The lawn or garden, or whatever it is called, outside the supper room where I now found myself was densely crowded. However, I forced my way along the side till I eventually obtained a seat on the railing, from which I could view the whole meeting. Joe Devlin was just beginning to speak, and only for the vacuous smile of the Maw Coughlan, who kept bobbing about beside him, I might have been interested. Devlin's speech was interrupted by the arrival on the balcony of John, who praised the Irish Party, thanked God for being so good to the Irish people as to choose John Redmond for their leader; and having alluded to "the not-far-distant day" and "our poverty-stricken country," retired from view behind the smile of the Maw Coughlan. Devlin then concluded his speech, after which Briccoe came forward to propose a resolution. I hastily jumped into the area and hid in the coal-cellar until he had finished. After about a quarter of an hour I climbed back, and finding the Maw Coughlan still on the balcony I

made my escape along the hall into the Round Room, where I stood on a chair listening to John Dillon orating. The gist of his speech was: "Don't listen to any criticism; don't believe any unfavourable things you may read about the Bill. We are the greatest authorities in the world on finance and, can get a certificate to this effect from the British Treasury. Trust in your leaders, John Redmond and John Dillon—especially John Dillon." These may not be the exact words he used, but they are the exact impressions he tried to convey to the delegates assembled.

I reeled myself by standing on the other leg while John O'Callaghan was giving an impromptu imitation of an M.P. "shivering at the knees." William Redmond next came forward, and tried to stretch the laurels from the head of Boyle Roche's bird by declaring: "For twenty-six long years in a Parliament for the most time unfriendly; for twenty-six years in Ireland night and day; for twenty-six long years travelling the limits of the earth," &c. How he could have been at one and the same time in England, Ireland, and the limits of the earth for twenty-six years, only himself can explain. William's only fault is lack of self-appreciation. How is this for humility—"I am one of the band of men, now, alas! growing small indeed, which stood, on the 8th April, 1836, upon the floor of the House of Commons while William Ewart Gladstone and Charles Stewart Parnell faced each other in that great assembly and commenced the great work of reconciling Ireland and Great Britain in honour and Freedom. Whatever else we must think, we must to-day in our hearts say that, after all, God is to be praised for the lie about the Convention being called to consider the Bill. It was called for no such purpose. Redmond and his party took great care that there would be no consideration. They excluded from the Convention everybody who would be likely to ask questions or find fault with the measure. They packed the Mansion House with redhats and graziers and hayseeds, who could be depended on to cheer and shout at given signals—and who were not competent, even if they were inclined, to understand the Bill.

The Suffragettes were still standing by the edge of the foot-paths surrounded by police. Many of them were visibly annoyed by their enforced inactivity; others appeared to be taking it more philosophically and were making the best of a bad job by chatting pleasantly to their guard. The crowd, as a whole, was absolutely hostile to the women. Every time the police hustled the women from the front of the Mansion House they were cheered and assisted by the crowd.

I expected to see an attempt being made to speak John Redmond when he was leaving, but if any such thought had entered the women's heads, they were unable to put it into practice, being too tightly wedged in by the police and crowd. As Redmond drove by them in a cab a few faint voices could barely be heard saying "Votes for Women" most of the women's deputations appeared exhausted with the long wait in the sun. It was a pity they were not allowed even to make speeches. It is a greater pity they bothered about the convention at all.

Several of the delegates enquired of me when I was inside, "What place do we go to for our dinners, sir?" I told them that so far as I knew they were at a "Home Rule Convention," not a tea-party. "What place is that, sir?" "I told him it was the 'supper room.'" "Come on Peter" said he, catching his companion by the sleeve, "we'd better be getting over there." I suppose they expected to come across something edible there when they heard the name of it, but alas! for the hopes of a hungry Home Ruler, the Mansion House has fallen upon evil days. I hope the Lord Mayor will have something to show for the way he favoured on Redmond. On the platform he was lying against him like a wet sack. What made Redmond smile? Do you know any more funny stories, Lorcan?

It was a great day for Ireland—a great day, surely!

BUY YOUR DAILY-BREAD AT
THE WORKERS' BAKERY.
CORNMARKET.

Ulster and Rebellion.

Incomprehensible as it may appear to the average sane person south of the Boyne, it is really true that quite a large number of respectable citizens of Belfast think there will be an armed rising of Ulster Loyalists when an Irish Government is established. I spoke to such a man a day or two after the great Unionist meeting at Balmoral. He was very enthusiastic, very determined, but very shallow—typical of the vast majority of his fellow-Loyalists. He has taken the word of his leaders, without thinking what it meant and said, "We will not acknowledge an Irish Parliament; we will not obey its laws; we will not pay its taxes. Rather than do so we will fight to the end and spill our last drop of blood," etc.

I thought it worth while to try to bring him to calm reason, and I asked a few questions.

"You are a workman living in Belfast. At what point in your life does the Government touch your life? When will your resistance begin?" He hesitated; did not know exactly.

"Is it not true," I continued, "that except at birth, when your arrival had to be registered, at vaccination, at marriage, and at death, the Government will never come into direct contact with you, unless you take out a dog or gun licence or claim an old age pension? On which of these occasions did you make your protest?"

He dodged. "We are not going to pay taxes to a pack of rebels, who don't know anything about government, and who hate us because we are Protestants and prosperous."

"How are you going to avoid paying your Income Tax nor Land Tax. If you give up tobacco, and beer, or spirit, you hit Thomas Gallagher, Captain Craig and Company more than anyone else. The Government will raise the taxes some other way, and the 'total abstinence brand' of rebellion won't hurt anyone. Will you join me in refusing to pay rent to the Unionist leader who owns our houses? If he gets no rent he cannot pay Income Tax—that, at least, will be an effective way of rebelling. Our landlord will not dare, surely, to invoke the aid of the law to enforce the payment of debt? That would be to acknowledge the authority of the accursed Home Rule Government."

My friend laughed. He would hardly do that. He had paid his rent regularly for twenty years and wasn't going to break the habit now.

"Well," I continued, "supposing the Craig, Sinclairs, Gallaghers, Crawfords, and wealthy people generally, refuse to pay their taxes, the British Government will enforce payment by all means in their power—the law and its forces will collect them."

"Then you imagine the rebellion will begin. The people will rise in support of their employers. The rich will refuse to pay the taxes and the poor will fight their battle. Let us assume that there is an actual rebellion—the people armed and ready to fight the British Army. Where would Belfast be if the Government cut off telegraph and postal communication and placed a gunboat at the mouth of the Belfast Lough to prevent all shipping traffic? What becomes of Belfast's industries? The great business houses, and to fight for a time to live on their land and always has a reserve of supplies; but Belfast would be utterly helpless in a week."

He began to see the folly of the threats of fighting. He had never thought very much about the actual course of the rebellion; all he knew was that "Ulster would never submit to be placed under the heel of Patrick Ford."

I agreed; nobody desired that the should. I suggested that the most effective way of avoiding such an ignominious fate would be to organize all workingmen into a Labour Party, send fourteen members from Belfast to the Irish House of Commons, and show Ireland that Belfast means to be the leader of democratic business and was ready to join with democrats from all parts of Ireland to fight tyranny and oppression wherever they may be found.

"Perhaps so," he replied; "we will think about it."

T.R.K.
M. SULLIVAN, Bootmaker and Repairer, 621 Lower Castle Street, Dublin. Work a Specialty. Ladies' and Workmen's Shoes.

You Land-Held Man.

You see labour troubles increasing and shadowing more and more every city of the civilized world; every paper meeting the lives in your home is tinged with its shade. We say to you that earth's treasures are enough for abundance for all if common ownership of common necessities were here. And you ask, "Do you mean that I could not hire a man to work my land?"

You land-held man who feels that you hold the land, you see by the facts of all civilized lands that crime is increasing, insanity is increasing, want and misery and debasement spreading like a vast sore in every city, and the city coming ever closer to the lives of your home, already touching those lives every day! We say to you, "Were there common ownership of the mines and factories and the things that are the common needs of life there were then plenty for every soul, and leisure and music and arts in reach of everyone." And you ask, "Will that mean my land?"

You land-held man who does not see that "property" is near dragging what there is of civilization in the depths, seeing that none of us can buy an ounce of iron, or steel, or copper, or oil, or lumber, or sugar, or cotton, or wool or transportation, or a wire message, or anything beyond our first neighbour's, but we must pay tribute to a few score of men who own about all the needs of life, and whose investments are covered like a flood what few are left. We say to you, "It is the same as if ten men out of a hundred shipwrecked on an island should take possession and the rest consent to work for them, as if a few men should own all that must own what all must have to live." And you ask, "Do you mean my land, too?"

Oh, you land-held man working so hard and so long that you might be enabled to pay all these tributes, locking your children away from all real art, real music, and real society of the earth, will you let that bit of land out of all the things of the universe stand between you and all the marching forces of progress that are fast gaining over the earth?

Or will you, land-held man, to-day—now—take hold of yourself and not let the weight of those few acres of old Nature's earth, that she meant for all, keep crushing down your mind?

—Appeal.

THE DEMAGOGUES.

By Bert Braley.

That's your charge—that we "foment Commem folk to discontent?"

Well, we cheerfully admit it. Even boast about it, too.

And we're never going to quit it. Till we've seen the trouble through!

Yes, we're stirring up unrest!

With "the present state of things,"

Where the worst survives the best,

Where the greediest are kings;

And our days and nights are spent

Rousing men to discontent,

With the tyranny and wrong

With the bitterness and fraud,

With the power of the strong

Who have made of Gold a God!

We sow "seeds of discontent";

'Mid the poor in bondage pent;

Discontent with slums whose breath

Reeks of squalor, vice and death;

Discontent with want and woe

Which the toiling millions know,

Discontent that some possess

Legal license to oppress;

Discontent with hearts that break,

Misery that men have made,

Discontent for justice sake

With the game as it is played.

"That's the species of 'unrest,'

We would rouse in every breast!

That's the sort of 'discontent'—

We are seeking to 'foment,'

And we'll do it, everywhere,

Till the chances all are fair,

Till the game is on the square!

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59 Mary Street, Dublin.

ECONOMIC NONSENSE.

Of all the drivel of which we read and hear in the discussion of labour and capital and their relation to each other the very worst is that which relates to the alleged mutual interests of these antagonistic forces and to the brotherly goodwill that should prevail between them.

How often we hear this nonsense about capital being dependent upon labour and labour being dependent upon capital! This drivel is true only in the sense that a slave needs a master to prod him as he does his other domestic stock to keep him producing.

As a matter of fact labour is not in the slightest degree dependent upon capital, and the man who says it is is a knave if he has any intelligent conception of what constitutes capital.

We do not propose here to go into any technical discussion of this question, or attempt any scientific analysis of capital, but we want to set forth the fact and make it clear that capital reduced to its simplest terms is simply the power of the capitalist to land the labourer of what he produces. Land, factories, mines and machinery in themselves are not capital, although under certain conditions they function as capital and are factors in the sum total of capitalist production. But it is only when these are privately owned and serve to exploit the working class who use them in producing wealth that they constitute capital in the scientific meaning of that term.

Capitalist ownership of the tools of production rests, and must rest, upon exploitation and working class slavery. Capitalist ownership and capitalist exploitation are not mutual, nor identical, nor reciprocal in any sense of the term. On the contrary they are in diametric opposition to each other.

When the means of production, which is to say, the means of life, are so fully owned and production of wealth is carried on for social use, the exploitation of the working class will be at an end and with it will vanish the last form of slavery to curse mankind.

AN INSANE BRICKLAYER.

A bricklayer named Sam Kennedy was charged under the Vagrancy Act with having no fixed place of abode.

Magistrate—What age are you, Sam? Prisoner—Fifty-two, your Honor.

Magistrate—You are a bricklayer by trade? Prisoner—Yes, yer Honor.

Magistrate—How long were you employed at your trade? Prisoner—Nearly forty years, yer Honor.

Magistrate—You must have built a large number of houses during that time? Prisoner—Yes, hundreds, yer Honor.

Magistrate—How many houses do you own? Prisoner—I don't own any, yer Honor.

Magistrate—But you've already admitted you have built hundreds of houses. Prisoner—Yes, yer Honor, for other people.

Magistrate—You don't mean to tell me you have built hundreds of houses for others and have not one for your own use? Prisoner—Yes, sir.

Magistrate (aside)—This is clearly a case for a lunatic asylum. This man should have been sent there forty years ago.—Glasgow "Forward."

You Can't Afford to Look Old!

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"HERE HE IS" M'HUGH HIMSELF.

100 JOLLY Sailors Men; up came the captain up came the crew, he first mate, the second mate, and the third mate, too, and they all bought their Bikes from a chap called M'Hugh, as they sang Ship Aboy in the morning.

120 SECOND-HAND Bicycles for Sale, from 12s. 6d. to £4; value extraordinary; Reliability guaranteed; all great makes; but make sure of the right shop—38b Talbot street, Electric Theatre Side.

500 NEW Bicycles, from 6s. monthly; Huberts, Hudsons, and Kynochs, or £3 17s. 6d. cash, no reference required. See the new Taxi-Bicycle, 38b Talbot street (Old Verdon Hotel).

800 TYRES from 2s. 11d.; Special Purchase; the Dream of Gerontius realised; Tubes from 1s. 11d.; Mudguards, 8d. pair; Pumps, 8d.; Outlets, 2d.; Enamel, 3d. 38b Talbot street (the Sunny Side).

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2,350 FEAR AWA Customers; send on for your Cycle requirements; delivered anywhere next morning, from Ballyhooley to Tory Island; catalogues free. Address—Mr. T. M'Hugh, 38b Talbot street.

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

What Organisation Will Do.

As there seems to be such an appalling want of common-sense and reason among the working women of Dublin concerning organisations, perhaps it would be just as well to show them the marked difference between their lives owing to the lack of interest they take in their own welfare by not becoming members of the Women's Organisation, and the lives of the working women in Australia, where every woman, no matter what her occupation, is a member of a Trades Union and it is due to such strong organisations that they are the masters of the situations, and not the employers.

It is not the working women who are afraid and terrified of the employers; no, it is the employer who is afraid and who is most careful that nothing is done to annoy or offend any of his employees. And why? Because he knows well that he is dependent on them—that it is through the good services of his employees that he is in the position of employer. And should he attempt to make even one of the women work under conditions, contrary to those conditions laid down by the rules of the Trades Union, he is then making trouble for himself. But such a thing would not be attempted, because it would not be tolerated by the working women.

To begin with, every factory, work-shop, etc., in Australia is visited each morning by a factory inspector, whose duty it is to inspect the whole of the factory or work-shop, as the case may be, and also examine the machinery. Should any of the machinery be not quite in the condition expected that machine or machines are stopped, and the employer is compelled to there and then have them seen to. These factory inspectors do their duty.

No working woman works more than eight hours a day, for no reason and under no conditions would she be allowed to work even one minute over her eight hours.

Tailoresses can earn as much as £2 10/- per week in Australia, and on a similar scale, according to the occupation of the worker, are all the women workers paid.

Then, again, the employer speaks to his employees in a civil business-like manner. No employer in Australia would dare to address his employees as the employers in Dublin do. It is no uncommon thing to be told time and again by some of the women workers that they are called dogs, monkeys, dirty Irish, and so on, and are also cursed and swore at for some slight mistake.

What a vast difference in the lives of the women of these two countries. Over those in Australia, are the women who, through their own efforts, are able to demand a fair price for their labours.

While here, the working women of Dublin—in fact we may as well say Ireland—are nothing better than slaves. In the first place, what are their wages—2s. 6d., 3s., per week, and so on; perhaps some may be getting, after ten or twelve years' work, 8s. or 9s. per week, and have an idea that these are good wages.

Then, the factory inspectors in this country seem to be people without any discerning powers, or what their duties as factory inspectors are. When they do visit the factories, which is very seldom, in fact I have been told by workers who have been working in certain factories for years, that they have never yet seen a factory inspector; that if they do pay a periodical visit they never get any further than the manager's office. But one thing is certain, they do not do their duty as inspectors; and another thing is, the workers themselves help to deceive the inspectors when they go round. What their idea is for doing so I fail to understand, and they are to blame sadly in this matter, just as much as they themselves are the direct cause of their present conditions.

But there is an awakening on the part of some of the women. From all parts of the country are the women asking to be allowed to become members of the Irish Women Workers' Union, and also stating that they desire that a Branch of the Union be started in their own particular town. This is a very hopeful sign.

It is only by perseverance and determination that the women workers are going to gain anything. They must help themselves, and the best way to do this is at once to become a member of the Irish Women Workers' Union.

Irish Workers' Choir.

Practice for Choir will be on Monday and Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. Any person wishing to join Choir can be enrolled any evening, application to be made to the Secretary, Liberty Hall.

Irish Dancing taught to all members. All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.L." Women Workers' Column, Liberty Hall, 18 Boreford Place.

Comfortable Lodgings for Respectable Men 3/- WEEKLY, 7 Marlborough Place, City.

JAMES (Irish)—2 St. John, 21d.; Raspberry Strawberry, Black Currant, MINTO—Jam Pub, Easter Cross, Rossmore, 6d. per lb. JAMES, 22 Bride Street.

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Football Clubs, and any other Working Class Societies requiring rooms for meetings, &c., would do well to call on Caretaker,

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

Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY April 27, 1912.

The Good Ship "Erin" on an Iceberg.

We regret to inform our readers, from wireless messages received, signed by Tone, Emmet, Russell, Lalor, Mitchel and Davitt, that the old barque, "Erin," struck an iceberg whilst bound for the port of Independence. From latest advices to hand, it seems that during the voyage of 800 years bound for the above port numerous skippers had commanded the craft some of whom had given up the job in despair; others had given up their own lives in bad weather in trying to keep her head to the wind; but not one of those who have gone before ever dared to suggest they should alter the course. The port of Independence they were bound for—the port of Independence they had orders to reach; and if they had dared, we repeat, to go about to alter their course by a point, the crew who served under them would have keel-hauled them. But times have changed. The present skipper has thought it wise to discharge the crew and depend on the passengers to bring the old craft through. The crew, having taken to the boats, are lying on and off, beating about, giving signs they would make the land, and the respectable passengers was one we might expect from them. They told the skipper in no uncertain tones, "We cannot work on the grub hitherto doled out on this craft; not for us the hard tack, the salt junk and weevilly biscuit; let us lower our flag of Independence—let us pretend that we are simply a yachting party and our ship run out of provisions, and of course our opponents who have been cruising across our course and turning us back will act like true sportsmen, recognise our difficulties and provide us with provisions more conducive to our appetites. And then, having eaten well and slept well and arranged for our relatives living and those who may survive us to eat well and sleep well, we will enter into an arrangement with aforesaid enemy that, in consideration of them giving us a job or two on deck, a few below, maybe one or two jobs on the bridge deck, we will put about, and instead of keeping our course for Independence we will speak the crew who have left us, persuade them to return, and hand them over to our enemies, who now are our friends; and instead of beating up against such seas as we formerly encountered, trim our sails, lower our flag, run alongside the British Dreadnought, and hand them over to friends who were our enemies. The crew who we will hand over will have to work just as hard for their new taskmaster as they worked and saved under us, and they will not have the same incentive to suffer that they had in the past, believing that some day they or their wives would reach the port delectable, Independence. We having got the charts, compasses and sailing directions in our control, they will know no difference. We will tell them we are still bound for the port of Independence, but on board a new ship. We, of course, will be provided with good soft jobs. First-luff maybe; some of us commoners, pursers, engineers, &c. And what does it matter about the crew, we hand over plenty of stokers jobs for them; and everybody is now recognising we cannot break the tow-ropes of the Dread, ought mad fast to us, and these madmen who cry out, "cut the Damn tow-ropes make and steer a straight course, and some day we will make port," they do not count—they have no stake in the ship—they are common people. We have shares—well at least they gave us shares—(the fools), and if we take their advice we might have to work, all hands might have to man the pumps or even set sail, and take our trick a wheel. Ay! even the skipper is of our opinion and the boatswain will pipe God save the King and persuade the crew in the fore-castle it is a Nation Once Again; and before they realise the discord everything will be settled. Well it may be so, we have got so used to strange happenings that we would not be surprised that the present news that the barque Erin has fouled an iceberg somewhere off the Manistowick, and is

stuck if it is correct and we are further informed from a reliable source that this was done deliberately and that this will be a good excuse for those who want to a utility the ship and go aboard the "British Isles" Dreadnought, Commander, George Rex, off and for the port of British Empire. Well, those of us who left the vessel and took to the boats are standing by, and when the captain and passengers who have been sailing the old craft desert her we will put back to her, go aboard, hoist the old flag, let it again flutter in the breeze, work the old ship clear of the flocks that surround her, and again, boys, put her head into the wind, raise the old chanie, "Ireland a Nation," and our port Independence—then stand by, workers, to get aboard.

The Coroner's Inquest Farce. What Dr. Louis Byrne does for £100 a year.

On Friday, April 17th, about seven o'clock James Donnelly, coal porter (known as Harper Donnelly), whilst under the influence of drink went into a public house on Eden quay known as the American Bar. He there was supplied with a glass of porter. A bum who hangs about this quarter persuaded Donnelly to treat him; after being supplied by the owner of the publichouse, Mr. Moore, with the concoction Donnelly who has been partially blind of one eye for some years had occasion to go to the lavatory, the staircase leading to same we understand is straight and steep with one hand-rail, one of Donnelly's workmates called out to him be careful. At that moment a thud was heard. O'Brien, his fellow-worker, went down the steps and found Donnelly doubled up and unconscious. He, with assistance, carried Donnelly up stairs, the barman (coroner as they are called) joking and laughing. Mr. Moore was called down and injected brandy into Donnelly's mouth. O'Brien insisted on the ambulance being sent for. This man, O'Brien, gave Moore his name and address, and yet he had to go up to Jervis Street Hospital, close on midnight, to identify Donnelly. Why!

The sequel will show. After leaving hospital, at midnight, I searched the town to find Donnelly's relatives, which I succeeded in doing at about half-past one o'clock. When they reached the hospital poor Donnelly had passed away. We were, naturally enough, anxious about this man, and on Saturday morning, getting no satisfaction from the police, we went up to Jervis Street Hospital, and were informed the £800 a year Coroner was holding an inquest on the body. We passed on and inquired who were the witnesses. Could get no information. Consulted with Donnelly's daughter. Explained that having received no notice of inquest we had no legal representation. His majesty who wants £100 a year increase in his salary then made his appearance. Silence in Court. He mumbled something, and then looked across at a group of youngsters and two or three grown men whom he addressed as the jury, calling upon one by name, a Mr. Hills, whom he designated as foreman. The only witnesses called were his daughter, who identified her father. The oath of the Bungery, Mr. Moore, who swore a lie, knowing it was a lie, that Donnelly was sober, and then a most respectable gentleman, a shoeblack, or one who pretends to be a shoeack, who took oath and said that Donnelly was so lost for company that he invited this dead-beat in to have a glass of porter, that Donnelly was perfectly sober, and then the police smiled. The Coroner then ruled they had not enough evidence. We asked permission to put a question to the last witness as representing the Union the man belonged to, and the daughter, who was present, that we had been unable to get in touch with our legal adviser. We were ruled out. We then instructed the daughter to ask the £800 a year Coroner, who wants a rise, if the jury were a legal jury, seeing the majority were under age, practically all youths. "Too late," said his majesty. They have already declared their verdict. He—of course, he meant his verdict. Mr. £800 a year Coroner drafted the verdict, and like Pook Ball, is Lord High everything. Now, here are the names of the jury I interviewed—Mr. Hills, 2 Great Charles-street, foreman of jury, age, 19 years and four months; Mr. Kaitzer, 27 Victoria-street, age 18 years; this chap Kaitzer, a most intelligent young fellow, told me he did not know he could ask questions, and he thought the jury should have visited the publichouse and inspected the staircase.

Mr. John Healey, 19 Carnew Street, age 18 years; Thomas Farrell, 24 King's Avenue, age 19 years; William Gibbons, age 18 years; George Brady, 17 years of age.

Our case in this the jury was not a legally constituted jury, that the essential witnesses were not called. That Moore and his tool the Bum swore false; that Donnelly was not sober; that the jury should have seen the staircase themselves; that the £800 a year Coroner declared the verdict not the jury; that this £800 a year Coroner dare not so act with a middle class or rich man's case, and because Donnelly was a poor man he was so treated. This case is not finished with. A motion will be moved in the Corporation not to increase the £800 a year Coroner's salary, but to reduce it to a cipher. The Coroner's function is apart from the ethical or moral standpoint to treat all alike to probe into matters and elucidate the truth.

We express our sympathy with the relatives, and may the god be light on poor Harper Donnelly, who was a good man and true.

Olympic Held Up.

Just as we go to press the following telegram arrived from Southampton:—"To IRISH WORKER, Dublin. "The Olympic got 100 non-unionists from Sheffield and Portsmouth last night. She is returning to port to-day. Passengers are going by Minasha to New York. B. S. U. officials has misled their members and put them in a strange position with the White Star Company. I. S. and F. Union officials refused to interfere in the matter. "HART, Southampton."

TOM CARROLL FUND.

Table with 3 columns: Donations, £, s, d. Items include M.M., Sale of Post Cards, Per M. Mallin, "For Tom Carroll", L. Murphy, Post Cards on sale at undermentioned shops: Mr. Tierney, 9 Lombard street, Mr. N. J. Byrne, 39 Aungier street, Mr. Hughes, 28 Jones's road, Miss Hazley, 53 Lower Sheriff street, Mr. Kilbride, 63 Lower Sheriff street, Miss Meagher, Tara street, Miss Meagher, City quay, Mr. H. Naples, Gt. Brunswick street, Mr. Mullin, 65 Meath street.

An Impression of the Convention.

By F. SHERRY-SKEFFINGTON. Let me say, in the first place, that I did not attend the Convention as a delegate. If I had been a delegate I should certainly have done something to disturb the carefully-machined harmony of the proceedings; but being merely a Press-man, with no rights beyond those of a spectator, I desire to exercise these rights by recording frankly how the gathering impressed me.

Everyone remembers the "baten Convention" of 1909, when, as it was graphically put by one of his colleagues, "Joe overdid it" in his panic dread of an O'Brienite invasion. This time the case was again a panic, the Suffragettes being the cause; but there were no baten except those of the police. That was an improvement from one point of view; but it looked peculiar to see an Irish Nationalist Convention considering a Home Rule bill under police protection. However, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Davlin expect to be controlling the D.M.P. in eighteen months.

This time Joe overdid it again, though not in the matter of batons. The harmony was too perfect; the unanimity too obviously machined. It would have been more artistic, more convincing, to admit just a little breath of criticism. With great care and skill an atmosphere was created which made it as difficult as possible for any independent criticism to intervene. Mr. Redmond's opening speech was a masterpiece; every note that could possibly excite feelings of blind enthusiasm for the Party was struck with consummate skill; and when he had finished, it would have required much courage to introduce the cool, calm, critical element which the occasion demanded into the vast mass excited by his eloquence. Nobody dare to do it.

Mr. Keble, who had shown a tendency to criticise the Bill from more than one aspect, yielded to the tremendous pressure brought to bear on him behind the scenes, one element in which was the publication of a confidential circular. He weakly said he would hand in his amendment in private. Nothing more will be heard of them.

There was plenty of grumbling under the surface. "If it's all to be left to the Party," said a delegate near me (I do not know who he was), "what's the use of summoning a Convention at all?" These Convention, if I dare, have never been deliberative assemblies; they meet to register the desires of the masses. But never was their true character so clearly revealed as on this occasion. Not a single detail of the Bill was the Convention allowed to discuss. The Irish Party are to have carte blanche to do as they like about amendments. Even Mr. William O'Brien, when he was forcing the Land Act of 1905, down the people's throats, did not attempt such an audacious stroke as this.

There will be a reaction. That is evident to anyone who looked at the undercurrents in the Convention. The critics who were hushed into silence on Tuesday will be articulate before the Bill has got through the Committee stage. And if the Bill, after all, fails to become law, there will be a heavy reckoning to be paid by the Irish Party for all their dragging and mauling of public opinion.

"Shaky" was not of the same opinion when he was lecturing to the shelter of democracy, Manistowick Ward U.L.L. (E. W. Stewart's branch). He was not of that opinion in the Oak Room the night the meeting was held in furtherance of free meals for school children under the chairmanship of Mickey Doyle.—[E.]

IN MEMORIAM.

Peter Farrell, aged 55, 17 Lower Mayor street, who departed this life on April 22nd, 1912. Peter, who served the firm of Pa'grave, Murphy faithfully for over 37 years, was one of the best union men that ever stood on the quays of Dublin. James Donnelly (known as Harper Donnelly) 60 years of age, who departed this life on April 20th, 1912. A ter having met with an accident some years ago, Donnelly got in trouble with the police, in connection with some agitation, and after being on his keeping for some time, he was arrested. The morning he was to appear before the magistrates, no Donnelly was to be found. It seems that Donnelly had taken charge of the barrack and, instead of being locked up, had locked the police up. When he did give himself up the magistrate was so amused at the account of the incident, that he discharged Donnelly. In every movement for the betterment of the conditions of labour, Farrell and Donnelly always played men a parts. May their souls rest in peace.

We would like Mick Canty to explain what he spent £92 in North City ward for? Why James J. would have been cheap at half the price and more useful.

If Mick Canty can pay nearly 10s a vote for amusement, why not send him to contest a Parliamentary election. He is a fit and proper person, and he could spend the money quicker in that way.

How much did Mick Canty subscribe to Stewart? You might give more than a "quid" Mick, out of the £92.

It Mick Canty cost the Corporation labourers £92 in North City Ward, why not lend John Satrius Kelly £4 17s to pay his debts? Oh, Mick, why forget your friends.

We believe all the porter sharks in North City Ward are singing to Canty "Will ye no come back again."

Horror of horrors! We hear Mick refuses to attend the Trades' Congress! Mayhap some of the above mentioned porter sharks would look him up during Whit week. If they do he'll "put them up to snuff." Eh, Gintjlemia!

The Sick and Indigent.

After the scandal of the Coal Strike Fund, the Roomkeepers' Society. THE IRISH WORKER was not officially invited to the Annual Meeting on Thursday last, but some of its readers were. From them, and not from the garbled reports in the Dublin newspapers (God help us) we hear that some attempt was made to let in the light on the working of the Society. The names of Mr. John Scully, P.L.G., the friend of the poor, and his coadjutor Mr. Francis Cole, P.L.G. (who appears to supposed to administer) were mentioned in connection with what the speaker described as "abuse of patronage"—This is putting it very mildly for if half of what we have heard of the working of this Society be true the two Archbishops of Dublin who are its patrons should consider their position with regard to it. The Manistowick House Coal Fund is bad, the Lord Mayor's Distress Fund was worse, but the Roomkeepers' Society is the limit.

Mr. Sarrlock—we mean, the Lord Mayor—defeated Mr. Scully of course. What else could he do? But we take the liberty of informing Mr. Sarrlock—we mean the Lord Mayor—that Mr. Scully is going to have his angelic wings clipped close very shortly—and, incidentally we are not done with the Roomkeepers' Society.

STORY OF A STRAY.

Scene—Pembroke road—12 30 midnight—A boy, with small parcel, as pillow, resting on a road seat; thick, damp fog prevailing. The few wayfarers passing looked aghast but passed on. The dejected appearance of the boy appealing strongly to the feelings of the writer caused him to inquire as to whether he was not going home? "No, sir, no home to go to," was the reply. "Friends?" "Only in Monkstown." "Who there?" "The Brothers of Carrigles School."

Further interrogations evoked the boy's life story. Father and mother dead; naive of Lurgan; distant relatives there; being an orphan was placed in Carrigles School. Two years since he was sent to Team as assistant to harness maker; no incidents; 2s. 6d. per week and board; 17 years of age last March. This morning his master had sent him adrift, and told him to return to Carrigles. To equip him for the journey from Team, Co. Galway, to Carrigles, Co. Dublin, he received the sum of 2s. 6d. wages due. His small savings added to this meagre sum enabled him to pay his railway fare to Dublin, where he arrived at 10 p.m. A boy friend gave him an address in Dublin where he would be sheltered for the night, but here also he was cast adrift. And so the poor orphan sat on the seat at Pembroke, followed on his little clothes bundle, under the foggy dews of midnight, weary, homeless, friendless, and alone. Through the intervention of the writer he was allowed to rest by the roadside of a Dublin Police Station and await the dawn. Only there, were Samaritans to be found. And this in a Christian land. "And 'o' the Son of Man hath had no place whereon to lay his head."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

3 Waterford street Dub'n, £24 APRIL, 1912. TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. SIR—How often we hear the word Liberty, and yet what a vague idea most people have of what Liberty really is. If we ask for a definition, nice out of the will reply substantially that it is the right to do just what we please, when we please, just where we please. They will tell us that in Ireland we find the very embodiment of Liberty—only fanatics and malcontents believe otherwise. How completely contented most of these wage-slaves seem, always labouring under the delusion that they are enjoying perfect liberty; why so contented, when they see their employers rolling in wealth and living in luxury, yet doing no work, but savoring the name of work. After thinking it over while they will admit that this is the case. "But," they will say, "we are not compelled to work for this employer for these wages." If we do not like this job we have the privilege to leave it. No one holds us. There are plenty ready to take our places.

Now, I would like to ask those who what kind of freedom is this that the employer gives his workman. Is it not the same kind that the highwayman offers his victim, when he places a revolver at his head and says, "Your money or your life? Fancy the victim saying to himself, "Well but I am not compelled to give up my money to this man. If I do not like to be robbed in this way, why, I can keep my money. But I know there are plenty of men just as good as I am, who, if placed in my position would willingly, yes, eagerly, do just as I am doing. No, Mr. Highwayman, take my money. This is a free country, and I am a free man. Are not the positions of these two, the workman and the victim, analogous? Is there one wage-slave out of a thousand who is not in a similar position? How many of them know that if they dare to leave their present "job," starvation stares them in the face? I do not mean to say that every wage-worker is in as bad a predicament as the highwayman's victim, but I do mean to say that the principle is the same in both cases, though one may be more intensified than the other.

And if we recognise the justice of the principle in the case of the employer and workman; if the employer has a right to all he can get in that way, then, as has the highwayman a right to all that he can get, for the rights of both stand or fall according as the principle is right or wrong. Now, really, is this true Liberty?—I remain yours respectfully, T. BUCKLIN.

CITY PRINTING WORKS.

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An t-Oireachtas agus an Sugradh Gaedheal, 1912.

Dancing, Cycling, and Pipers' Bands' CHAMPIONSHIPS OF IRELAND AT An Sugradh Gaedheal (Gaelic League Athletic Carnival), ON Sunday, 30th June, 1912.

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Syllabus from Hon. Secs., 25 Parnell Square, Dublin.

SOCIALIST PARTY OF IRELAND.

"Socialism and Individualism" is the title of a lecture to be delivered in the Antient Concert Buildings on to-morrow (Sunday) at 8 p.m., by Mr. Francis Nichols, B.A. Questions and discussion invited. Admission Free.

S.P.I. members please note—A special meeting to consider very important matters will be held on Sunday, April 28th, at 12 noon. All members are urged to attend. T. KENNEDY, Sec.

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WEXFORD NOTES.

When the settlement of the dispute here was announced and the terms published in the Metropolitan newspapers were jubilant over what they termed the "victory" of the men. But on Sunday week, when practically the whole town turned out to meet Jim Larkin and P. T. Daly on their visit to Wexford, it was significant that not one line was published in any of the Dublin papers.

What a kindly feeling to exhibit to their readers! They evidently thought that the public would wonder why the hard-headed and brave-hearted Boys of Wexford would muster in such numbers and exhibit such enthusiasm to celebrate their "victory"—and explanations would have been awarded. Even Lil' Arthur emulated Brer Rabbit and said "Nefin". And still there be men who call them "news papers!" Do not blame them; do not protest—just THINK. They are only playing the game of their employers, and they are playing it with your money! Some day, and soon, others will THINK, too; and then, and not till then, will a change come and the worker get free from the trammels of the venal Irish capitalist Press.

Johnnie Daly met P. T. Daly on one day last week and hailed him with the information that he was "Johnnie Daly, the scab!" It seems that there are more people know that than Johnnie. He sought to become a tenant of one of Mr. Stamp's houses, and procured the following recommendation:—

"Philip Pierce & Co.,
 Mill road Iron Works,
 Wexford, 14th March, 1912.
 Mr. S Stamp,
 South Main street, Wexford.

DEAR SIR—"We understand that one of our workers, John Daly, is an applicant for tenancy of a dwelling-house, of which you are the landlord, and we are sure, that if you see your way to let him have possession, he will be a satisfactory tenant.—Yours faithfully,

"Per pro Philip Pierce & Co.,
 "Thos. W. Salmon."

Johnnie moved in by the light of the moon, but the tenants in the vicinity objected to his presence, and we now learn that he was engaged shifting back his effects to his old residence until the small hours of Monday morning. Poor Johnnie!

And then troubles never seem to come singly to poor Johnnie! First he was "unwell" during the week; later his son was "carpeted" for some of his impertinences, and we learn that his next displacement will be his last, at least as an employee of Messrs. Pierce & Co. And again "poor Johnnie!"

The law again! An assault was alleged to have been committed by a worker upon a man to whom a large sum of money was bequeathed by a decent, hard-working, and patriotic father. He was arrested, on the day the assault was alleged to have been committed, and kept in custody. Compare this with the action, or, rather, inaction, of the police when Belton assaulted Pat Meyler! And when other assaults were committed by the capitalist section during the recent dispute. Impartial readers!

Wexford was represented (?) at the Home Rule Convention. How many workers do you find amongst the delegation? The Mayor, Aldermen J. J. Stafford, Lanky Jim Sinnott, Councillors Ffrench, Carroll and J. Kelly were the Corporation delegation, and Messrs. Nick Bolger, Dan Murphy (of St. Stephen's Night fame), Alderman Hanton and Oranoe Brian. There's democracy in Wexford for you! Dick Cough was the only worker from Wexford town, and he was sent up by the Foresters.

One of the democratic delegation above referred to—Alderman Stafford—got another bad knock this week. He chartered a schooner with coal. The schooner is moored at the quay, so is the coal. He tried to get away a parcel of grain, too, on the schooner boat. But it was no go! The Pecker boat is gone, but the grain is still here. So are the "Joseph Fisher" and the "Fleetwing."

Alderman "J.J." not satisfied with antagonizing the quay and kindred workers, had a cheapener at the shop assistants in the discussion at the Corporation on the application of the Shops Act. According to the Alderman they "would sooner get a 'pint' than a shava." We wonder is it his experience with the scab clerks that has brought him to that conclusion? But thank God they are not fair specimens of the shop assistants or clerks of Wexford. Anyhow, any of them that do indulge in an occasional drink are hardly likely to purchase it from Jemmy, and that's where the sting comes in!

We hear that the anonymous letter-writers are now confining their efforts to the ladies who took the side of the workers in the recent lock-out. One of these epistles has been shown to us addressed to a respectable lady in the town; and a scandalous scrawl it is, too. We think

the writers would be better employed in advising their lady friends not to be so foolish in permitting the embraces of certain peccers and their friends at Ross-lere.

We hear that things are very busy at present in the School for Scandal on Custom House Quay. The "Joseph Surface" of this school is called Peter, and the caste is made up of various sappers, station masters, "stavedores," &c.

Dame rumour hath it that we may soon expect the arrival of a consignment of young peelers in town.

Poor Byrne who was such a "loyal" employee during the lock-out has been properly recompensed during the week. He was caught enjoying a pipe of tobacco for which he was fined two "bob"! Rather an expensive pipe, Ned! But then you know if "you only look the grite, they're bound to beg back," to quote the Oshfeur himself. We wonder how he enjoys the gratitude of the boss for his kindly advice to serve the workers into submission as expressed in the two "bob" fine.

Arrangements are being made to start a branch of the Women Workers' Union. And not before it was wanted. We have heard that one of the "democratic" delegates to the "Home Rule" Convention has girls in his employ with ten years experience; whom he pays six per week! And skilled workers at that. Other women are employed at laborious work at 3s per week in a firm which advertises as an Irish industry and claims the support of the Irish people because of that.

We have just heard that some of the teachers in a Convent School have instructed the children attending the school that if their parents send them to procure a copy of THE IRISH WORKER they are to refuse to go. We wonder is this the conception of these ladies of the Divine Command to the children to honour the fathers and their mothers. It is also alleged that some of the children were punished because they took part in the labour demonstration on Sunday week. But we can hardly believe this story.

A City Without Childhood.

Poverty in Prosperous Belfast.

In last Tuesday's "Daily Chronicle" there is a striking exposure by Harold Begbie, of the inhuman system that drives little children from the slum quarters of Belfast into the Consumption reeking atmosphere of the Linen Mills. We give a few extracts from the article which is too long to quote in full:—

"As you pass through the back streets of Belfast, which have an extraordinary monotony, an extraordinary ugliness—as if a city without trees and without green spaces and without gardens has some particular power to oppress the poorer quarters with an added force of unnatural melancholy—you may see little children, grubby of face and ragged in garments, sitting on the door steps with their backs to the home, their faces to the street, playing at a self-invented game.

The little girls on the doorstep are happy. Their happiness continues till they go to school, and until they are old enough to become half-timers. Then for the rest of the 38 years which make the average life-time of a woman mill-worker, existence for them is a progress of suffering. It strikes like a blow at the heart, observing these infants of the slums, to reflect that their trivial happiness, their innocent and baby happiness, is passing away from them, swiftly, even while they play; that it is the only happiness they will ever know.

To send a little schoolgirl into a linen mill is really inhuman. The only excuse for this barbarity is the matter of wages. They can earn—these poor babies—2s. 6d. or 3s. 9d. a week. People say to you, "They help to support the family"; or, "It is better for them to be employed than idle in the slums." But they go from these unhealthy slums, and from a most imperfect educational system and at just the very period when they should be living in the open air and getting the very best of nourishment, into an atmosphere that destroys the vigour of adults, and to work in which tears the nervous system into shreds. Like a shuttle these little, scopy ill-nourished innocents are driven backwards and forwards from school to factory, from factory to home, and from home to school. Their brains are confused, their limbs ache, the blood runs sluggishly in their veins. They contract whooping-cough, bronchial pneumonia, and consumption. They die in what should be their prime, worn out, rattled, and husky—dry as the dust on the road, empty as an old shuck.

At half-past five every morning the smoky air above the roofs of Belfast vibrates with the screams of wrens. Thousands of little girls, roused by these continuous and piercing yells, spring frightened out of slum beds and drag on dirty garments. At ten minutes to six, as if each syren was striving to outdo the others, there begins a pandemonium of this furious screeching, which lasts for ten minutes. While it is proceeding the back streets are filled with women and girls hurrying to the numerous factories. They have eaten nothing. With shawls pulled over their heads, they peep through the streets in a great army, shivering with cold and dull with bodily want. Some of them chew starch or ginger, or cloves, or even camphor; some

of the mothers have dosed their babies with a drop or two of laudanum before leaving home.

They enter the great factories and pass to the various departments. Some of the women and girls go to dry spinning, and some to wet spinning. In the wet spinning rooms the heat is so great that a person unused to it would faint in five minutes. The atmosphere is thick with steam. The floors are kept sloppy with water. The girls fling off their shawl, and, wearing nothing but a thin skirt and a chemise which leaves the neck and chest exposed, begin their work at the machines. In the dry spinning-rooms the air is dusty with a choking fluff called ponce, which gets into the throat and clogs to the air channels. When a girl begins to break down in her lungs, the others say, hearing her cough, "She's ponce'd." It is possibly the beginning of consumption. Some of the facts here have been improved by recent legislation, but no contrivance can altogether remove the dangers of unnatural heat and flying fluff.

When the girls go to breakfast they proceed, most of them barefoot, from these frightful rooms straight to the cold and wet of the street. The shock to the system is terrible, and it is amazing that they live so long. When our children have been in warm rooms we wrap them up before they go into a colder atmosphere. These girls pass barefoot and thinly clad from the tropical heat of the spinning-room to the weather of the outer world. It is as if a man went from a Turkish bath, barefoot and thinly clad, to the muddy pavements and wintry wind of London streets. And when they get home their breakfast is a cup of tea and a piece of bread.

So the day passes, with an interval for dinner, till a nightfall is at hand; and then, fagged, glomy, and coughing, the army of womanhood shuffles back into the slums for more tea and more bread. At the end of the week the little maids have earned six or seven shillings.

The great concern of Belfast is wages.

You may see stout matrons of 40 and 50 in the linen mills, but the average life of the stunted, anaemic, skinny little creatures who compose the immense army of mill workers is 38 years of age. They become sallow and dull. Their teeth decay and fall out, their lungs break down, and they wind up their experience of terrestrial life with a dignified funeral.

It is said that the business prosperity of Belfast—one single firm made a profit of £80,000 last year—is built upon credit. A serious rise in the bank rate, it is said, would bring the commercial glory of Belfast tumbling to the dust of bankruptcy. In some cases at least this advertised prosperity is certainly built upon the slavery of women and girls. No man can say that the life of these girls is good. No man can pretend that it is desirable. No doctor could do anything but denounce it. At 14 years of age they may earn 7s. a week, and in their decrepitude at 38 they may earn 10s or 12s a week; but even if the seven shillings had grown to a hundred, who can say that to die broken and tired at eight-and-thirty, with no experience of joy, with no enthusiasm for beauty, with not the faintest knowledge of the boundless universe that enfolds the mystery of human life, is a reasonable existence, is a just despay? For a such loans what prosperity can spring?

What strikes me as the more terrible and awful fact of Belfast is this—it is a city without childhood. The scowl which settles darkly on the face of adults is present as a cloud upon the brow of children. The radiant face of infancy may be seen here and there, but the joyous shining eyes of childhood never greet one in the crowded streets. Except for the lads kicking a football or a wad of paper about the roads, except for foul-mouthed, barefoot newspaper boys smoking cigarettes and teasing for halfpennies in the gutters of Royal Avenue, and except for little stunted factory girls larking in the streets at night, I have not seen a child playing in Belfast.

When the mother and the elder sisters are employed in factories, you cannot have home-life, you cannot have childhood. The little children shift for themselves. Fed upon bread and tea, turned into the factories while they are still at school, scolded as regular mill hands at the age of 14, these girls become neurasthenic, anaemic and consumptive before they are out of their teens. The noise of the factories, the incessant clangour of the machines, the stretched attention of their immature brains, and the unwholesome atmosphere of the rooms where they work, crush and exterminate their childhood.

I would rather see my own children dead than working in the very best of the Belfast linen mills.

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MEAT PROVIDERS,
 Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

NOTE ADDRESSES—57, 139 and 113 Great Britain St.; 5 Wexford St.; 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'; 26 th. Strand; 28 Bolton St.; and 15 Francis St.

[This is the prosperous Belfast we hear so much about from the Politicians and Industrial Developers. Heavens save us from such "Prosperity."—These are the rebels who are going to march on Cork where conditions are infinitely worse. Home Rule march, Hunger march, would be more correct. What a theme for a new Irish Opera, it would overshadow Wagner's the march of the Volgyries].

Titanic Items.

One of the most important matters to which the Titanic disaster has directed public attention is the present wireless service at sea. Apart from the Navy, barely 400 ships are fitted with the Marconi apparatus. Moreover, as a rule, only one operator is employed, with the result that during the night a vessel in distress might send out the "S.O.S." signal and not obtain any response.

It is known that it was only by a lucky chance that the Carpathia's operator was up late and heard the Titanic's call for help. On the other hand, the Parisian's operator was snatching a few hours' sleep after a spell of hard work, and did not hear the signal from the sinking liner. At the same time, it would seem that a message (not the S.O.S.) may not always be attended to quickly.

According to Reuter's special report, Mr. Bexhall giving evidence before the Senate Commission in Washington, said: "My attention was mostly directed to sending out distress rockets until I left the ship. I was trying to attract the attention of a ship which was directly ahead of us. I had seen her lights. She seemed to be meeting us. She was not far away. She got close enough, it seemed to me, to read our electric Morse signals."

The various relief funds now total over £180,000

The percentage of survivors was as follows:—First-class passengers, 61 per cent.; Second-class, 36 per cent.; Third-class, 23 per cent.; Crew, 22 per cent. There's favour in hell.

In answer to those newspapers who have attempted the rebuff that there were more women in the first and second classes, and consequently more passengers likely to be saved, we append a still more striking table of the proportions of men saved in all three classes. They were as follows:—

Men Saved in the 1st class... 38 per cent.
 " " " 2nd " ... 8 per cent.
 " " " 3rd " ... 15 per cent.

Furthermore, out of 242 women in the first and second classes in all, the high percentage of 210 were rescued. Can it be proved that the proportion of women saved from the steerage is as high as this? No newspaper has as yet made public, nor has the White Star Line offered them any help toward such information, the proportion of steerage women saved to the total number of steerage women registered as passengers.

It is known that 572 steerage passengers lost their lives out of 750. On the information as to just how many of these were women will depend the reality, from the workers' point of view, of the male chivalry shown on board the "Titanic."

The people cannot long be in the dark on this matter, for one man, at any rate, has "asked to know" at the proper quarters. Mr. Barras has asked Mr. Burton in open Parliament to state the exact proportions of both sexes, that were saved from the "Titanic." And to this straight question Mr. Burton has replied that he will circulate this information as soon as it comes to hand. That, of course, depends on the White Star Line—and the not wholly spent force of public opinion in these islands.

In spite of the danger and excitement several "ladies" who were aboard the sinking ship boast that they succeeded in saving their pet dogs. One prides herself on rescuing her pet pig. Several hapless children were allowed to drown; but the pet-dog plutocrats see nothing wrong in that.

Public prayers are being said for the souls of the people who were murdered by the neglect of the British Board of Trade and the White Star Line officials! Quite English.

The fireman and stokers left the Olympic on Wednesday last, as she was about to sail. Interrogated as to their

reason, they said that some of the collapsible boats which had been placed on board were not seaworthy, and unless they were replaced by regulation lifeboats they would refuse to sail.

At the "Titanic" inquiry, on Tuesday, Frederick Fleet said that when he was engaged as look-out man in the crow's nest of the liner he saw icebergs ahead, some time before the collision, and he gave a warning to the bridge. He testified further that he had no marine glasses, although he had asked for them, and expressed the view that he could have seen the berg which caused the damage in time had he been using glasses.

THE LESSON OF THE LIFEBOAT.

The lesson of the lifeboats is one that has been most bitterly learned of all. It is now quite unthinkable that any steamship should put to sea in the future with its enough lifeboats, conveniently arranged, to save her human cargo to the last man. Questions as to the need of room for millionaires' decks will now be brushed aside in the shadows of the twenty men whose many millions could not prevail against the sea, to say nothing of the 1,500 odd lesser folk of our kindred who perished with them. There will be only one limitation to this reform—the judgment of experts as to what is the most convenient arrangement. It may be necessary to set a maximum of passengers rather than a minimum of boats; but one or the other must become sovereign maritime law as soon as possible.

The late Clubs of Southampton have been heavily hit by the disaster, nearly every member in one case having been drowned. At one of the social occasions over 140 of the children have lost relatives by the calamity.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

The demands on which Labour concentrates are demands which public opinion, in its present malleable state, will most likely echo. What are these demands? In the first place we should at least have the whole business of maritime reform put on an international basis. Then, not only will no nation in the agreement be able to hang back from the general reform from the fear of opening her markets to unfair competition through her own honest humanity. America has already proposed such an entente; Germany and France have both semi-officially accepted it. The nation who "ruins the waves" will find no more generous or honourable manner of exercising her dominion than in establishing and raising this most vital council of maritime nations.

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Men's Whole-Back Bluchers, hand-pegged or nailed, 6/-; Men's S.P. Bluchers, sprung or nailed, 5/-; also light at 5/11, 6/11, 7/11, 8/11.

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 Will be held in LIBERTY HALL,
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For details of our
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Be in time. The Excursion of the Year.
 Weekly Deposits received at Office.

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Ladies' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Watches in Hunting Cases, 22s. 6d.

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ALL TRADE UNIONISTS Deal with McQUILLAN For Tools, 30 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN. THE HAUNT OF TRADESMEN AND FREWORKERS

SHOPS ACT.

[CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.]

APPLICATION TO IRELAND. This Act shall apply to Ireland subject to the following modifications:—

- (1) The Lord Lieutenant shall be substituted for the Secretary of State; (2) A local authority for the purposes of this Act means as respects any municipal borough—the borough council, and as respects any urban district—the district council, and those authorities shall, as respects their several areas, be the local authorities for the purposes of the Shop Hours Act, 1904.

- (3) The expenses of such local authorities shall be defrayed in the case of a municipal borough out of the borough fund or borough rate, and in the case of a district council as part of the general expenses incurred in the execution of the Public Health (Ireland) Act 1878 to 1907; (4) This Act shall not extend to any rural district or part of a rural district, and nothing in this Act shall affect the powers or duties, under the Shops Regulation Act, 1892 to 1904, of the commissioners of any town or township not being an urban district;

- (5) In the case of a shop assistant employed in a shop in which the business of the sale by retail of intoxicating liquors is carried on, section one of this Act shall not apply, but, instead thereof, the following provisions shall have effect:— (a) The assistant shall not, save as otherwise provided by this Act, be employed about the business of such shop for more than seventy-two hours (exclusive of meal hours) in any week; (b) Intervals or meals shall be allowed to each assistant, amounting to not less than two hours on each week-day;

- (c) The occupier of the shop shall fix with the assistant, in writing, the hours of employment, the times at which the employment or the several spells of employment, as the case may be, of the assistant are to commence and end on the several days of the week, and the assistant shall not be employed within the time so fixed; (d) The assistant may be employed overtime for not more than ninety hours in the calendar year, and such employment shall not be reckoned as employment for the purposes of the foregoing limitation of the hours of employment; (e) The assistant shall be deemed to be employed overtime if he is employed before the time fixed by the notice for the commencement or after the time so fixed for the ending of his employment or during the interval so fixed between two spells of employment, and overtime shall be reckoned in periods of half an hour, and any period of overtime of less than half an hour shall be reckoned as a complete half-hour; and the occupier of the shop who he intends to employ the assistant overtime on any day shall, before the overtime employment commences, record the prescribed particulars with respect to that employment in the prescribed manner; (f) The assistant shall, subject as hereinafter mentioned, be allowed on one week-day in each week a holiday of not less than seven hours (in this subject referred to as a weekly half-holiday).

Unless the employer and the shop assistant otherwise agree the weekly half-holiday shall commence either at the time at which the shop opens on that day (in this subsection referred to as "a morning half-holiday") or at a time not less than seven hours before the time at which the shop closes on that day (in this subsection referred to as "an afternoon half-holiday"), and the aforesaid half-holidays shall be so arranged that the assistant shall be allowed a morning half-holiday and an afternoon half-holiday alternately;

- (g) An assistant who has been employed by the same employer for a period of not less than twenty-six consecutive weeks (counting the business of one or more shops of the employer) shall be entitled to the continuance in the employment of that employer, be allowed an annual holiday of at least seven consecutive days, or, if he has been employed as aforesaid for a period of not less than fifty-two consecutive weeks, as an annual holiday of at least fourteen consecutive days;

- (h) In any week in which an assistant is absent from his employment in or about the business of the shop, either on his annual holiday or on account of ill-health or otherwise, the weekly half-holiday may be disallowed in the case of every other assistant employed in or about the business of the shop, and the number of hours of weekly employment of every such other assistant may be increased by seven hours accordingly; Provided that where the assistant is absent for more than four consecutive weeks on account of ill-health the weekly half-holiday of the other assistants shall not be disallowed, and their hours of employment shall not be increased by reason of such absence except in the first four weeks in which he is absent;

- (i) No deduction from wages or salary payable to the assistant shall be made on account of any such holidays or half-holidays as aforesaid;
- (j) Any shop in which the trade or business of the sale by retail of intoxicating liquors is carried on in conjunction with any other trade or business, shall, as respects all such trades or businesses, be exempt from the obligation to be closed on the weekly half-holiday;

- (k) A local authority may, in addition to its other powers under the Shops Regulation Act, 1892 to 1911, make an order relating to the hours on the several week-days before which, either on the several areas of the local authority or in any specified part thereof, no shop in which the business of the sale of intoxicating liquors for consumption on or off the premises only is carried on shall be open for serving customers;

Such order shall be deemed to be a closing order, and all the provisions of the Shop Hours Act, 1904, with respect to closing orders, save those relating to the earliest orders to be fixed by closing order, shall apply accordingly with the necessary modifications; Provided that an order made under this subsection shall not in any way affect the powers conferred by section eleven of the Licensing (Ireland) Act, 1874, of granting exemption orders in respect of licensed premises, or apply to any licensed premises during any time during which the premises are permitted to be open under any such exemption order;

- (l) Shops in which there is carried on the business of the sale by retail of intoxicating

liquors for consumption on or off the premises, whether such business is carried on alone or in conjunction with any other business of trade shall, for the purposes of the provisions of the Shop Hours Act, 1904, with respect to closing orders, be deemed to be shops of a separate class, and a local authority shall not make a closing order applying to shops of that class unless they are satisfied that the occupiers of at least two-thirds in number of the shops of that class approve the order;

- (m) Shops in which there is carried on the business of the sale by retail of intoxicating liquors for consumption on the premises only, whether such business is carried on alone or in conjunction with any other business or trade, shall in like manner (and for the purposes aforesaid) be deemed to be shops of a separate class, and the provisions of the last preceding sub-section with respect to the making of closing orders shall apply to that class of shops as a separate class accordingly;

SHORT TITLE AND COMMENCEMENT.

- 1. This Act may be cited as the Shops Act, 1911, and the Shops Regulation Act, 1892 to 1904, shall be construed as one with this Act, and may be cited with this Act as the Shops Regulation Act, 1892 to 1911.
- 2. This Act shall come into operation on the first day in May nineteen hundred and twelve.
- 3. The enactments specified in the Third Schedule to this Act are hereby repealed to the extent specified in that schedule below except so far as they relate to rural districts in Ireland, and to local authorities in those districts.

SCHEDULES FIRST SCHEDULE.

INTERVALS FOR MEALS. Intervals for meals shall be arranged so as to secure that no person shall be employed for more than six hours without an interval of at least twenty minutes being allowed during the course thereof. Without prejudice to the foregoing provision— (1) where the hours of employment include the hours from 11.30 a.m. to 2.30 p.m., an interval of not less than three-quarters of an hour shall be allowed between those hours for dinner; and (2) where the hours of employment include the hours from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m., an interval of not less than half an hour shall be allowed between those hours for tea; and the interval for dinner shall be not less than one hour in cases where that meal is not taken in the shop, or in a building of which the shop forms part or to which the shop is attached; Provided that an assistant employed in the sale of refreshments or in the sale by retail of intoxicating liquors need not be allowed the interval for dinner between 11.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m., if he is allowed the same interval so arranged as either to end not earlier than 11.30 a.m. or to commence not later than 2.30 p.m., and the same exemption shall apply to assistants employed in any shop on the market day in any town in which a market is held not oftener than once a week, or on a day on which an annual fair is held.

SECOND SCHEDULE TRADES AND BUSINESSES EXEMPTED FROM THE PROVISIONS OF THIS ACT AS TO WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAY.

The sale by retail of intoxicating liquors. The sale of refreshments, including the business carried on at a railway refreshment room. The sale of motor, cycle, and air-craft supplies and accessories to travellers. The sale of newspapers and periodicals. The sale of meat, fish, milk, cream, bread, confectionery, fruit, vegetables, flowers, and other articles of a perishable nature. The sale of tobacco and smokers' requisites. The business carried on at a railway book-stall on or adjoining a railway platform. The sale of medicines and medical and surgical appliances. Retail trade carried on at an exhibition or show if the local authority certify that such retail trade is subsidiary or auxiliary only to the main purpose of the exhibition or show.

THIRD SCHEDULE.

In the Shop Hours Act, 1892, 55 and 54, V. c. 62, section eight has been repealed. The whole of the Shop Hours Act, 1893, 56 and 57, V. c. 67, is repealed.

In the Shop Hours Act, 1904, 4 Edward 7, c. 21, sub-section (2) of section eight and section nine have been repealed.

It costs less labour to produce wealth to-day than at any time in the history of man. It therefore follows that men should buy things to-day for less of their labour than ever before. Are you doing it? If not, why not? Will you be blind to a system that cheats you as this is doing?

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

IRISH-MADE BOOTS. JOHN MALONE, Boot Manufacturer, 67 NORTH KING STREET, DUBLIN. Established 1851.

For Reliable Provisions! LEIGH'S, of Bishop St., STILL LEAD.

STOP PRESS! NOW OPEN No. 8 MOORE ST. ('The Flag') with a High-Class Stock of Hams, Bacon, Butter and Eggs At the Lowest Prices in the City. Call and see for yourself.

JOHN SHEIL, 6 & 8 Moore Street, Also at 45 & 46 Manor St., and 13 & 14 Lower Exchange Street, DUBLIN. Phone 272x and 273.

Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—As I read your article in last week's issue it made me feel sad to think that the workers of Ireland were not to be represented at what is supposed to be the greatest and most representative gathering ever held in Dublin. That is according to the accounts in our so-called Nationalist papers. In the days of the Land League and before it, and even up to the present day, the men foremost in every agitation, and that bore the brunt of the battle by imprisonment and other hardships, were mostly the workers in the towns and cities. But, now, alas! they seem to be wanted no more. Ah, well, we may quote Burns' words, "Man's inhumanity to man."

During all the years of land agitation the workers in the towns all took their share, and sometimes more than their share, and in most cases were badly rewarded. The tenant farmers out of this agitation got their Land Purchase Bill by which they could make themselves secure, while the workers in the towns got an almost worthless Town Tenants' Bill. The Irish Parliamentary Party have been always well supported by the work-a-day worker, and now it seems they have not got brains nor intelligence to sit alongside of the shoneen farmers to discuss the proposed Home Rule Bill. The Irish Party that always boasted of its democracy! What a sham! When will we as workers realise our position properly? Or will we ever learn that it is only by organisation in our respective trade unions that we will ever gain our just rights by being represented by our own class. But unfortunately we are very often blind to our own interests, and when our chance comes at an election time the selfishness of these so-called labour candidates is able to mislead us in such a way that when we think we are doing right we are doing quite the reverse. But I hope and trust there is a brighter day dawning for Ireland and Irishmen, that with the Irish Transport Workers' Union in full swing along with the other trade unions, and if men only keep together there is no knowing their power. Remember unity is strength. The Capitalist class are combined against you, and you require to do the same, as your very existence depends on it. The IRISH WORKER has been a very searchlight of grievances since it started. It is doing good work, but it has a lot more to do before it will have freed the workers of Dublin from the slavery under which they exist. Organise. Let every man become a member of his union. The Irish Transport Workers' Union has gained an independence for some men that they never dreamed of, and it will do it for a lot more if it is not their own fault. So now is the time to close up the ranks, for there were some that cried out Larkin was going to ruin the country. They are only too glad now to recognise and to treat and settle differences with him. Oh, what a change and all in a short time—a short time, say, one would say impossible. Now is the time for every worker to unite. And although not represented at the Mansion House Convention when it comes to College Green we will have a good strong and fearless labour party led on by Larkin. Trusting some abler pen than mine will take up this matter of not having the Trades Unions represented at the Conference, I remain, sir, yours truly, AN HUMBLE WORKER.

Wexford Shop Assistants.

Alderman Stafford and Wexford Shop Assistants. TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR,—Alderman Stafford was in characteristic talking form at Monday's meeting of the Corporation. A discussion was taking place regarding the Shops Act (with which I am sure the "war by" Alderman is not at all in agreement) when he took advantage of the occasion to have a cheap snarl at the shop assistants of the town. Councillor O'Leary made a suggestion with regard to hair-dressing establishments which was certainly not out of place, and Stafford jibed in with a remark about beer indicating that the boys of Wexford were so demoralised that they would spend the half holiday in debauchery. Now this is a direct slur on the shop assistants of the town, who must be regarded as a most temperate body, and amongst whom will be found scores of total abstainers. If Alderman Stafford wishes to have a snarl at a self-respecting body of young men I would advise him to look before he leaps. After all the stone walls he has crashed his head against I thought that by this time he would have acquired some class prejudice, though with a serpent whose head must be crushed—Yours etc., AN ASSISTANT.

[Why don't the shop assistants of Wexford join the Irish Drapers' and Allied Trades' Union. With the writer communicate with M. O'Leary, care of Editor.] P.S.—Name and address enclosed, but not for publication.

ALL WORKERS should support The Workers' Benefit Stores, 47A New Street, Groceries, Eggs, Butter and Tea all of the best at Lowest Prices.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

Last Saturday while pursuing my way in the course of my work I found myself in Amiens-street and out of tobacco. Having a strong objection to empty pipes and empty stomachs I tried me towards the nearest tobacconists to procure a supply. Suddenly remembering that one of the shopkeepers in the vicinity advertised in the IRISH WORKER, I resolved to bestow on him the honour of my custom. Imagine my surprise on finding the front of his shop decorated with coats of arms and posters of numerous English and Irish papers, but nowhere was there to be seen one of the IRISH WORKER. Nothing daunted, I determined to continue unaided by the goddess necessity till such time as I would discover a shop where your posters were displayed. At last, after an hour's travelling, I did arrive at one, and the glow of satisfaction which suffused my soul recomposed me for my travels. I remember a man once saying, "if you can't get your IRISH WORKER where you get your tobacco, get your tobacco where you get your IRISH WORKER." All in favour say Aye. The Ayes have it. Yours faithfully, ABYLL SLOCKER.

An t-Oireachtas agus an Sugradh Gaedheil.

The Oral Competitions.

The different oral competitions on this year's Oireachtas programme are of much interest to those who desire to see Irish once again made use of in the various phases of daily life. The test of one's knowledge of a living language is in the ease, fluency, and correctness with which he can converse in it. It is, therefore, our business to aim at the acquiring by as many of us as possible of a good speaking knowledge of Irish. Once Irish is firmly established on our lips its future is assured. Our thoughts will then be coloured in the same way as were our ancestors' for centuries. Our business will be done through the medium of our own tongue, and the bonds of brotherhood between the inhabitants of Eirinn will be immeasurably strengthened. No power can then destroy the language or imperil its future. The creation of literature will then be a comparative easy matter. The Oireachtas competitions are intended to stimulate us to greater exertions in acquiring a sound speaking knowledge of Irish. The Oratory competition should be brimful of interest, as there are many throughout the length and breadth of the land who can deliver fluent speeches in very idiomatic Irish. The subject for this competition will be announced in "An Claidheamh Solais" a week previously. Intending competitors can, however, start to prepare themselves for the fray long before then. One of the best preparations would be the discussion of all conceivable subjects through Irish. By this means thinking in Irish comes quite naturally to us, with the result that our thoughts flow freely and easily; we are never lost for want of the proper word; we are certain to present our facts in a clear and logical manner, and thereby impress our audience. The Disputation (Competition) will be another fine test of the oral knowledge of the language. The subjects here will also be announced a week before the Oireachtas. But preparation along the lines recommended for the Oratory Competition will be of immense service in this, too. Debates might also be arranged for by the different branches. They can be made a source of enlightenment and enjoyment. We should all vie with one another as to whom shall secure prizes at the Oireachtas, and we should spare no pains in making ourselves as competent as possible. Some of our most cherished hopes for the realisation of our ideals are centred in the fact that many of the school-going children are pursuing the study of Irish very earnestly. The Conversation Competition for non-native speakers under 16 years of age should attract many of these zealous students, especially as the prize will take the form of a free holiday at one of the Irish Colleges or of the bilingual schools. The task of the adjudicators in this competition is not to be envied, as the selection of the winners will be no easy matter. The Group Conversation Competition for non-native speakers is also likely to attract many formidable contestants.

If You Have not the Ready Money convenient there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on EASY PAYMENT SYSTEM. It is THE DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

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Made by Trade Union Bakers. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD. SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

The story-telling competition must appeal to all who wish to see the perpetuation of our Irish civilization. It must be confessed that in latter years this competition has not excited the story-tellers to the extent one would expect. With the increased travelling facilities which will be available this year we expect to see the best story-tellers present from all quarters. To those of us who have had to leave the Gaedheilacht these stories will recall memories of days gone by when we listened to the Seanaoise beside the homely fire during the long winter evenings. We now sit at for some of the pleasures which then were ours, and hope that at the forthcoming Oireachtas we may be afforded an opportunity of once again—even for a brief interval—dwelling in spirit in the age of Fionn, and his contemporaries.

Kingstown, Bray, and Deansgrange. (FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.) BRAY.

Last week a question of considerable interest to the workers arose, in connection with the loading of timber into steamers and schooners. From what I gathered, in passing through, it appears that the steamer, "Madie," was being loaded by non-union men—men who are actually in receipt of a weekly wage from Mr. Morgan, who has the contract for the timber, and the men, who have been idle for weeks now, were left out.

However, the arrival of Mr. George Burke, the District Secretary, and Mr. P. McGinnane, who remained overnight, soon put matters on a better footing. After a discussion with Mr. Morgan, an amicable arrangement was come to by gentlemen giving an undertaking to engage union men in future, when loading all steamers and schooners, etc., via timber. What might have been the cause of a very unpleasant feeling was happily ended by the arrangements arrived at.

Some extraordinary doings at the Bray Urban Council Chamber are afloat, and it is well to let your readers know how estimates are manufactured in this district. The engineer estimated for the cost of a waste water gate for the Electric Power Station at the sum of £150, but the Harbour Master knows more than the Engineer; and, with his knowledge and experience, contracted for and done the job at £80! and then put in for a £10 bonus on the job. I wonder when shall our countrymen learn to be sensible.

Work is beginning to open up again here, and not a day too soon. I can assure you I only hope there is a continuity in this district. It is near as bad as Bray, and, God knows, Bray is in a deplorable state for want of work.

IRISH WORKERS should support an Irish Bakery bringing their Watch Repairs to P. J. KAVANAGH; Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller, 25 UPPER ORMOND QUAY, 7th and 8th FLOOR, DUBLIN.

Support RUSSELL'S, THE FAMILY BAKERS, TRADE UNION EMPLOYERS, RATHMINES BAKERY.

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EVERY WORKINGMAN SHOULD JOIN St. Bridget's Christian Burial Society, RINGSEND. Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality Benefits. Meets every Sunday, 11 till 1 o'clock. One Penny per Week. Estd. 52 Years.

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