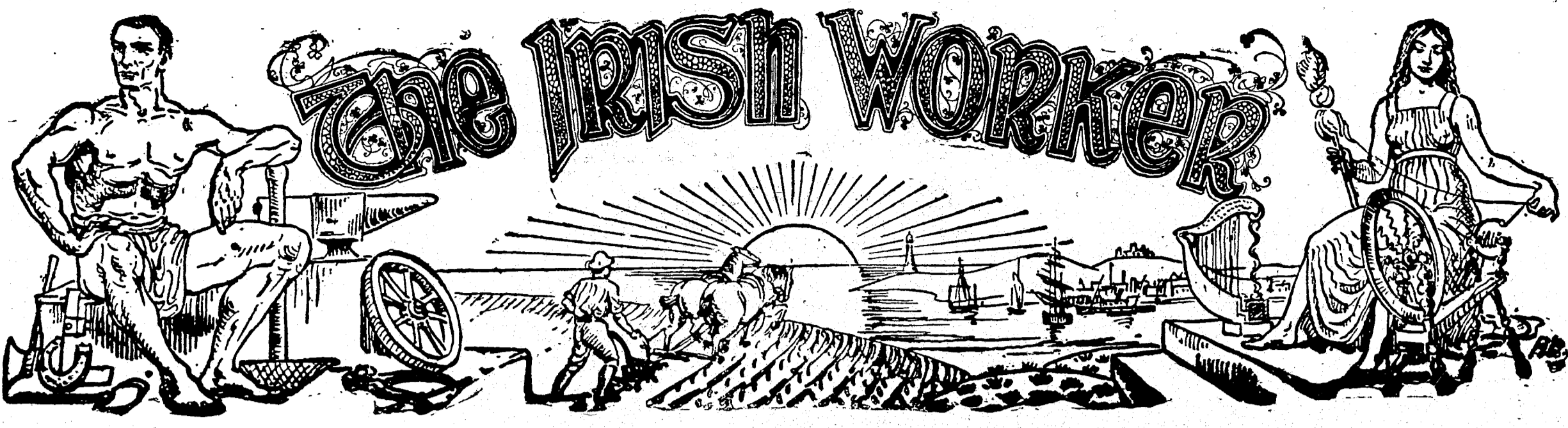


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



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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No. 11.—VOL. II.] DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST, 3rd, 1912. ONE PENNY.]

The Strike that Struck the Bank

Banks are an institution for which I have no use. That being admitted, it may seem strange that I should take an interest in the doings of bankers, but nevertheless, the fact remains that I do take, at least, a passing interest in them. Perhaps it is the small shred of optimism which an unkind world has left me that bids me hope that some day I may be able to secure that ample fortune, which Labour writers and agitators are said to obtain, from deluding the poor workmen, and then banks may be of more use to me. Whether that be the real reason or not does not matter much and the only thing that does matter, so far as this article is concerned, is the fact that I read the published accounts of the half-yearly meeting of the National Bank, Ltd., held last week, with great interest.

At the outset I may say that it was not the declared dividend of 10 per cent. that interested me, but rather some remarks made by the Chairman in the course of his speech when moving the adoption of the report. The Chairman on the occasion was Sir John Purcell, K.C.B., but the personality or importance of the man is of little consequence, for it is what he said that counts, and not what he is. The remark that struck me most in the course of his speech was this:—

"The problem of industrial unrest," he said, "is, no doubt, a difficult one to solve, but I believe that the strong feeling of the country is that there has been more than enough of these continual strikes, and that the time has arrived when stringent measures should be taken by way of legislation or otherwise for ending these conflicts between labour and capital, which are injurious to the whole community—hurtful to every industry—and very disturbing to banking business."

There is an amount of clean, solid honesty about that statement—especially the last phrase of it—which is very refreshing, especially if you contrast it, as I did, with the meaty-mouthed simperings of that financial mountebank, William Martin Murphy, "the modern Janus of the double-face," at the meeting of the Dublin United Tramway Company on the same day.

Sir John is quite honest. He talks as a representative member of the monied class to the monied class. He makes no bones about it. When he talks of the "strong feeling of the country" he means the strong feeling of the people with bank balances. He did not specify that directly because he knew that the people he was talking to needed no such specification. They knew what he meant quite well without it. Then, again, when Sir John said that "stringent measures should be taken by legislation or otherwise for ending these conflicts between labour and capital" he meant that only stringent measures could prevent these conflicts from disturbing the banking business, and the banking business, so far as he or his fellow-shareholders are concerned, means a sure 10 per cent. dividend or as much more as they can get. It is to put the certainty of getting this dividend of 10 per cent. or more beyond any shadow of doubt that stringent measures, either legislative or otherwise must be taken to prevent the continued recurrence of labour disputes.

The whole thing that Sir John wants when conflicts take place between labour and capital is, that capital should always win, and that the victory should be obtained either by stringent legislative means or otherwise. Nor need we wonder very long what he means by "otherwise," for it is but his brief and comprehensive way of describing a Governmental force of hired bullies and assassins manipulating their bludgeons, rifles and bayonets.

Sir John is quite clear on the matter. True, he wastes no time on painful details, but every one of his hearers knew quite well what he meant, for to them, as to him, the only sacred thing under heaven and earth is a 10 per cent. dividend (a 25 per cent. dividend would be a veritable deity), and that true ark of the covenant where it reposes—the National Bank—must be protected at all costs.

As I have said, Sir John is quite honest, and his honesty is refreshing. Though I have never had the luxury of a balance at the bank—either the National or any other one—I could quite easily believe that from his capitalist point of view he is entitled to hold and state the opinions he does; but there is another point of view, and that is the Labour one,

and until Sir John and his class recognise that labour has its point of view, and a good one, then the solving of "the problem of industrial unrest" will remain not only a difficult but an absolutely impossible feat.

Now, what is the Labour point of view? Let me state it by means of an example. Take the case of Peter Brown. Peter is a dock labourer; but whether it is at the docks in Dublin, Belfast, Liverpool or London he works, makes not a pin-point of difference, for wherever he is he finds he has to sell his labour in order to obtain a living for himself, for his wife, and for his family. He has nothing but his labour to sell, and by the work of his two hands he has to provide food, clothes and shelter for all depending on him. His work is of a casual nature and uncertain, but take it all in all, the good with the bad, he is able to make on an average one pound per week.

Peter finds that 20s. will just supply the bare necessities of food, clothes and shelter, with a struggle. If he drinks it makes the struggle greater, but it is a struggle in any case. Circumstances arise, a child falls sick, or his wife falls sick, and Peter discovers he can no longer struggle along at 20s. per week. Even an extra shilling would be a God-send. How is he going to obtain it? It is not the slightest use in going to the boss, for the days of individual bargaining have long since passed away for every class of labour but that of clerks, and in the modern industrial market clerks do not count, in spite of all their airs.

Peter has only one resource in his need and that is to band himself along with 1,000, or 10,000 or 20,000 of his mates in like circumstances into a trade union and approach all the bosses then, and try to obtain through collective bargaining, what they could not hope to obtain through individual bargaining.

The bosses may be in a good humour and grant the men's demand for an extra shilling, but on the other hand they may not, then a conflict arises. All the men are pretty well in the same category as our friend, Peter Brown, and the extra shilling is an absolute necessity to them. They realise that with their combined strength they may force the masters to agree to their demands, and they go on strike. Now comes the tug-of-war, for the strike proves "very disturbing to banking business," to quote Sir John, and the excited bank directors and shareholders, seeing a prospect of their dividend being lessened, shriek aloud to the Government to stop the strike by "stringent measures of legislation or otherwise."

Suppose the Government by legislation proclaimed the strike illegal, they would only "scotch the snake and not kill it," for the men on strike would still require the extra shilling they had demanded. Suppose on the other hand the Government did not interfere with the strike by legislation but "otherwise?" A policeman's bludgeon may let daylight into a dock labourer's skull, but it could not convince him that 20s. is as good as 21s. A soldier's rifle may blow a workman's brains out, but it will not satisfy his mates that their demand was an unjust one.

The plain fact of the matter is that Peter Brown, and all the men like him, did not go on strike until they were compelled to do so by desperation, and if the Government take any part in the settlement of the dispute, they must, if they have the most rudimentary knowledge of logic, see to it that the men on strike have a decent, minimum living wage to return to, otherwise the disputes between capital and labour will never be settled. Unreasoning force may scotch them for a time, as I say, but it will never kill them, and the disputes will break out in greater and still greater fury until the Government are compelled to see that labour gets justice.

Peter Brown and his mates must live. Life on the wages they have been accustomed to get has become impossible—it was always intolerable. These men must have more wages and better conditions of labour. It is not a "case of they would like to have" but they must have, and they have every moral and righteous argument behind their demand.

The employers, backed by Sir John Purcell and all the other people with bank accounts, may hold out against that demand for a while; may refuse absolutely to recognise the men's unions, or their right to combine at all, but it is only for a little while they can do that, for the men shall win in the end.

The employers fight because they have a rooted objection to "disturbing the banking business"; that is to say, they

are afraid of lessening their own bank accounts by increasing wages or shortening hours of labour. Sir John Purcell backs the employers because he would rather see men compelled to work at the point of the bayonet than be under the painful necessity of having to tell the shareholders of the National Bank that they must do with less than the usual 10 per cent. Peter Brown and his mates fight because the old rate of wages is of no use to them. They must get more, and they shall get more, suppose every banking house in Great Britain and Ireland is shaken to its foundations, and ceases to pay dividend at all from now to the Day of Judgment.

The workers' side to the case may be summed up as being the desperation of necessity, and it is a point of view that Sir John and his class will learn o'er long

to fear, if not to respect. It is beginning to dawn upon the men like Peter Brown and his mates, that their labour is not bringing them what it ought, and the wealth that ought to be theirs by right is going to swell the dividend at the National and other banks.

Peter Brown is angry; nay, he is worse than angry, for he is desperate. He will fight, and fight to the finish. It is Peter's wife and children against Sir John's 10 per cent. dividend. Does anyone doubt what the result will be? Peter will win and the dividend go under! Some day in the near future the strike will strike the bank, and then the problem of industrial unrest may be more easily solved, but there is no real solution till then.

"EUCHAN."



"A Grafton Street Idyll."

Oh, there's only one possible place to go
If you just want to see Dublin's fashion
show,
If you want to be fast and not to be slow
Try Grafton street, it cannot be beat.

The Bishop in gaiters with racket in hand
A nice afternoon playing tennis has
planned,
But why the folk smile he can't understand;
In Grafton street which cannot be beat.

Oh, the Johnny with cloaks on his socks,
you'll allow,
Has quite reached the "limit" in fashion
just now.
If his head was as smart as his feet, then
I trow
In Grafton street he could not be beat.

There's the girly who hobbles in hobble
so tight,
With tops to her shoes either dove grey
or white,
And her stockings are really a wonderful
sight,
In Grafton street which cannot be beat.

From the Bishop in gaiters and smile so
sweet,
To the Johnny whose brains are all on his
feet,
And the girly who for foolishness can't be
beat,
They're found complete in Grafton
street.
MAC.

**"TOO MANY CHILDREN."
THE LATEST CRIME.**

Where are those pure-souled critics who shuddered at recent articles in this paper hinting that a parent should secure a wage sufficient to feed all his children? They have been silent over a case tried by Mr. MacInerney, K.C., at the Kingstown Police Court, which has much graver bearings on the question of the children of the poor than any articles you published. It appears a postman named Day was requested to leave a house in Sidney place for which he had always paid his rent punctually. He did not wish to leave because he could not get another as suitable within the mile radius from the Post Office, which the regulations proscribed.

An action to recover possession was brought by Mrs. Daly, the owner. It transpired that the ground of the action was the fact that the defendant had "too many children." Another tenant who lived near in a house rented at £80, complained that the children made too much noise and disturbed him, hence the action for possession.

Mr. MacInerney, K.C., made the order requested—in other words, in meant throwing out this poor man on the roadside. Where are the moralists and casuists that cry out when economic truths are explained for us in simple words? Is it not a crime to penalise a man because of his having children? The man who objected is a Mr. Gilligan, near Sidney place. We do not know if God has blessed him with children. In any case children in a £80 a year house would not defile the air with their shouts, or unrestrained laughter.

There is something coarse and vulgar in the shrieks of joy emitted by children of the common or labouring class parents. The law in all its majesty can be set in motion to save the ears of the rich from the shouts of vulgar children. The poor parent and children can be thrown on the roadside, as this case will prove. Suppose this sensitive Mr. Gilligan had some over-fed dogs which barked through the night and prevented the postman from gaining his well earned rest, would the law stand behind the postman and force the rich man and his dogs to get another house? No, such dogs in the sight of law are of more consequence than a poor man's children.

Many pious hypocrites do not bring themselves to face the fact that the poor are penalised because of their children. They are driven from pillar to post when in search of rooms. Those who actually aspire to a whole house, and they are few, are told that children are not wanted. Even some of our tenement-house vampires have drawn the "no children" line. The lot of the poor parent in search of an abiding place for his large family is indeed a bitter one. But our guides lie low. They do not denounce the good "Catholic" householders and tenement owners, who drive many of the poor to live in stables in our back streets, or in houses condemned by the Sanitary Authorities. They close one eye, and with the other can only see the enormity of writers in this paper who urge that all children should have sufficient food. As the latter would mean a rise of wages, and perhaps more "strikes," it becomes an immoral teaching, a menace to the Church, a danger to society, and other fearsome things. What does the principle of throwing a man on the roadside because his children develop their lungs strike at. Does it not make family life a mockery, and strike at the very foundation of society?

To the earnest consideration of the clergy of all denominations, Mr. MacInerney, K.C., and all who honour the parent who obeys a Biblical injunction, I commend the case of the Dunleavy postman.

[The only Gilligan in the Townshipp Directory is E. A. Gilligan, Esq., St. Aubyns, Blackrock.—Ed. I.W.]

CAUTION.

The Pillar House,
31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN,
—IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE—
BARGAINS BY POST.

We do cater for the Working Man.
No fancy prices; honest value only.
Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALITY.

The Leg I Left Behind Me.

Tune—"The girl I left behind me."

[This song may be sung at any time, anywhere (especially at patriotic gatherings), without fee or licence.]

I was aht o' work fer six long weeks,
Wiv 'unger nearly 'barmy,
Not even the price o' a packet o' 'fags,'
So I went, and jined the army.
I fahnd the chap wiv ribbins in 'is cap,
'E stood me a pint of 'lotion'—
'By Gawd!' ses 'he, 'You're a smart
young chap
That's bahnd to gaina prermoshun.'

I was soon sworn in to serve t'e King,
To be l'yal, and to do me dooty.
Then the sergeant said, 'yer low-life brute,
Come and git yer pahnd o' rooty.'
Next mornin' in the barrack square—
In the sunshine fairly bakin'—
They marched us 'ere an' they doubled us
there,
Till our hearts was nearly breakin'.

The drill instructor cursed and swore—
'E called us 'opeless cases'—
It was 'wheal! right wheal! yer awkward
swine,'
As 'e put us thro' our paces.
An' 'tho' I learnt me drill orlrite,
I never got promoted;
But I paid more 'fines' than any man o'
ours,
An' fer 'clink' I soon got noted

Then they sent me orf to fight the Boers,
But as usual I was fated,
Fer a shell came flop, on Spion Kop,
An' me leg it amputated.
So now me soldiering days are done,
But this I'd like to menshun,
The way they serve us food fer guns
When they deal us aht our penshun.

CHORUS.

Lord Roberts got a hundred-thousand
quid,
An' I gits eraff ter find me—
Three pots o' fourpenny a's a day,
Fer the leg I left behind me.
Lord Roberts got a hundred-thousand
quid,
An' I gits eraff ter find me—
Three pots o' fourpenny a's a day,
Fer the leg I left behind me.

HENRY MILLER.

TELEPHONE No. 961.

Telegraphic Address—"Sugarstick, Dublin."

ENCOURAGE HOME TRADE.

S. ROBINSON & SONS,
Manufacturing Confectioners,
53 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN.

BRANCHES—32 Capel-street; 18 Talbot
street; 80 and 81 Thomas street.

Support our Advertisers,
as they support us.

Workers! Support the Only Picture
House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman

THE IRISH CINEMA
Capel Street (next to Trades Hall),
New Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.

PRICES, 3d., 4d., 6d.
Change of Picture—Monday, Thursday
and Sunday.

—RIDE—
ARIEL CYCLES,

2/3 Weekly;
TOTAL PRICE £6 15s.

Kelly for Bikes,

2 LR. ABBEY ST., DUBLIN.

CURTIS,

LETTERPRESS AND
LITHOGRAPHIC **PRINTER,**

BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER,
12 TEMPLE LANE, DUBLIN.

High-Class Work. Moderate Prices. TELEPHONE 3492.

Trade
Union Shop.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN. TRADES BOARD ACT, 1909

TAILORING TRADE BOARD (Ireland). Notice is hereby given that a Trades Board is about to be formed for the following branches of the Tailoring Trade in Ireland...

This is a most important announcement to the women workers in the Tailoring Trade, and they should make it their duty to attend this meeting...

A few days ago a visit was paid us by a lady who for some years has taken a prominent part in the women's trades unions in England.

During the course of conversation the talk naturally turned to the Irish Women Workers' Organisation; how long it had been in existence; its strength, and the work it had accomplished since its inauguration.

My visitor then inquired as to the wages paid to the women workers in Dublin. My statement as to the exceedingly low rate of wages paid was at first doubted by this lady, who really thought that I was not speaking seriously.

"But," said my visitor, "have you really employers in Ireland who expect women to work for such scandalously low wages?"

"After this explanation the lady began to look hopeless. There was evidently no explanation, no redeeming circumstances as to why women workers are so badly paid.

My visitor, who is an Irish woman, went away saddened at the thought that her country women are still in the bonds of slavery, and her only hope lies in the fact that they may be wise enough to join the Irish Women Workers' Union...

SANS GENE!

The New English Prima Donna discovered at the wash-tub. "She is a magnificent dramatic soprano with a remarkable voice and a great temperament for singing," said Madame Amy Sherwin...

Harmony and Storm.

Last Sunday was just one of those excellent days for lying down after dinner and enjoying a book, for the rain was coming down in torrents outside and everything looked and felt decidedly wet.

held there. My bravery was rewarded, however, for despite the wind and rain all was harmony at Cambridge road.

The Transport Band was there, and gave some really excellent selections. It was worth one's while getting wet just to hear the band alone, and if the members keep on progressing in the way they have done, the Transport Union Band will get speedily renowned for being the finest band of its class in or out of Dublin.

Following the band the Irish Workers' Choir came next on the programme, though equal in point of merit. Mr. Rogan [has worked wonders with his choir in the short time he has had it together and the bravery with which the lasses and lads in it faced the arduous elements was only equalled by the balance, harmony and verve of their splendid singing.

The list of artists who contributed to the programme is too long to admit of individual mention, but they were all first-class in their respective lines.

Irish Women Workers' Annual Excursion IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Tickets for the above excursion must be fully paid by Saturday, August 17th.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION. All sections of women workers are eligible to join the above Union— Entrance Fee ... 6d. Contributions ... 2d per week

IRISH WORKERS' CHOIR. Choir practice will be as usual on Monday and Wednesday evening at 8 p.m. Irish Dancing Thursday and Friday evenings.

When You Get on a Good Thing Stick to it. Get in and Stick to Irish-Made Boots.

JOHN MALONE, Irish Boot Manufacturer, 67 NORTH KING STREET, DUBLIN

Ringsend Aeridheacht, SUNDAY, 11th AUGUST.

Dancing Competition, Carriglea Band, Jacob's Choir.

Miss M. McMahon (Irish Workers' Choir).

Mr. P. McInerney (Irish Workers' Choir).

Sean Connelly, Rathmines Dancers. Ringsend Trio.

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

Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Aug. 3rd, 1912.

AS WE SEE THINGS.

It behoves one to walk warily these times. We had occasion in our last issue to comment on the action of the Chief Magistrate of this city in connection with the intubule in Belfast. Upon our return from London this morning, we were handed a marked copy of one of the Evening Lyres, in which a report appears of a meeting of the shelter of sobriety, Mountjoy. That stalwart Trade Unionist, T. P. Cullen, presided. We wonder had he the revolver with him. We miss some famous (or infamous) names from the report, but we see honest John Dalgam was moving resolutions. His majesty the L.L.D. was kind enough to refer to ourselves, and as usual kept us near to the truth as it is possible for him to approach. When we wrote the gentleman we mentioned nothing about religion. We asked for a permission to use the Citizens' Hall for which all creeds and classes pay for the upkeep, and we dare to say the workers have a greater claim to its use than the gentleman who conferred the Degree on his Lordship. We wrote on behalf of the organized Workers of this country. Does his Lordship, L.L.D., question that? He refused the Hall—our Hall, not his. He gave it to those who are responsible for the present trouble in Belfast. His reasons for refusing are in consonance with his standard of political honesty. Listen to the Mountjoy oracle— "The leaders of the Unionist Party had done their full work well in Bel-

fast this year in exciting their dupes. He was aware that larger quantities of porter were sent from Dublin to Belfast this July than had been the case for a similar period for a long time past.

This kind of Billingsgate may be suitable for the intellectual of the waster, but we thought we had got above the level of the posthume. Significant enough, there was no real effort to protect the victimized workers of Belfast until we had had an interview with the Labour Party in London; there was no fund started to alleviate the sufferings of those who were deprived of their work until we had given publicity to the need for such a fund, and we never made any move in the matter until after serious thought and consultation with men and women in Belfast, who, at least, know as much about Belfast as the oracle of Mountjoy.

It was at the Victoria Docks that the most serious disturbance of all took place. About seven o'clock this morning about 800 free labourers were lined up inside the dock waiting to be called to work. Shortly afterwards about 150 of the returned strikers entered the dock in a body, ostensibly to be called to work in the ordinary way.

FREE LABOURERS FLEE. The free labourers showed considerable lack of courage and determination in the battle. In five minutes they were beaten, and the 800 fled in all directions before the enraged 150.

Next week we expect to publish a full account of the proceedings, also give the inner history of the present lock-out in Birkenhead over the Insurance Act.

Machine Workers' Section I.T.W.U. The usual weekly meeting of the above was held on August 1st, when the following resolution was carried:—"That the best thanks of above be conveyed to Mr. J. Larkin for the kind manner in which he has treated them since their connection with him; also for the able manner in which he produced his much criticised balance sheet, which should put an end to his would-be orator."

BIRKENHEAD STRIKE.

LONDON ADVISER HOWLED DOWN. Last evening there was a further instance of the sudden determination of the Birkenhead dockers to fight to a finish. A meeting was held in the Drill-hall, Priory street, over which Mr. Connolly, the chairman of the Birkenhead branch presided.

STRIKE AT WALKERS.

We give herewith a few facts about the dispute in James Walker & Co's, Colour Printers, Rathmines. About the month of August, 1911, the men at present on strike joined the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and two days after one man was called into the foreman's office, and the following conversation took place:— Foreman—So I believe we are going to have some more trouble. (Previous to this he had a dispute with the Printer's Assistant's Trade Union Society).

London strike advised the Leith dockers to desert their fellows in London, members of the Transport Federation; and when in London during a later period of the strike apologised to the London men, said he had changed his mind and would return to Scotland and call upon the Scotch dockers to rally to the side of the London men.

LONDON STRIKE. SHIPS BOARDED.

Police Powerless Before Sudden Outbreak. London, Wednesday. As had been expected during the last few days, rioting took place all over the docks to-day when the strikers returned to apply for work.

Feeling among the strikers is extraordinarily bitter against the men who have come in and taken their work during the strike, and the police are of the opinion that more serious rioting will take place before the old conditions have been resumed.

They went towards the free labourers as if to join up in the same place, and as soon as they came up to them they yelled out a kind of war whoop, and set about the free labourers with extraordinary determination.

One man was struck in the neck, another in the stomach, and another in the groin.

After some time the police, by means of baton charges, succeeded in getting the upper hand and driving the strikers from the dock. In the roadway fresh trouble ensued, but the police had received reinforcements, and they succeeded by means of repeated baton charges in clearing the whole street.

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WEXFORD NOTES.

The workers and their friends were very pleased on Saturday night when they heard that Mick Shortle, the famous Shilmalier hurler, had refused to serve Broderick, the ex-militia man, and his scab lodgers. It would be a great thing if the following publications would take a leaf out of Mick's book—Mrs. S. Hore, Mrs. J. King, M. Wickham, P. Keating, S. Duggan and his lieutenant, "Owen the Digger," Dan McDonald, proprietor of the latest "school for scandal," Phil Cowman and Horan.

People are asking this few weeks past how it is that there is harmony in every shop in Pierce's, but the forge? The answer is easy to get at and it is—there is only one Bob Malone, and the forge is his play ground.

We noticed in the Shilmalier Notes in Saturday's edition of the "Wexford People" that the Rev. John Walsh, P.P., Ballymurin, denounced in very strong language the Trade and Labour Benefit Society. We wonder did he go so far as to call it socialist, as people have been doing from time to time throughout the country? So, what position does Father Fitzhenry stand in?

although he was doing his work properly. It was natural to expect his fellow Trade Unionists were not going to take it lying down, as in the case of the girls, and this is the man who doesn't object to anyone joining a Trades Union. Yet he has to get eight scabs to try and do the work of the five men who are out.

This so-called Trades Union Foreman when he heard that the men had joined the Transport, Approved, Society, at once set to work to treat us in the same way as he did the girls. The following day a man was attacked by him for being too long doing a stone. As everyone knows in the Printing Trade a 60 x 40 Lisho. Stone takes at the least eight hours to prepare for the artist.

Now, since we came out this so-called Trades Union foreman has tried all ways and means to try and put us off the road and prevent us from picketing (a wonderful fellow!); but this the police can't do so long as we do it peacefully, and that we have done, and will do so long as the dispute lasts.

But we would like to know when did the newboys from Dime street, etc., come out to Rathmines last Saturday to escort the scabs of Richmond hill, Rathmines avenue, and Bishop street home? Another question we would like to ask is when did he come to the conclusion that some of us were in the firm for charity sake, others practically useless, and another had a "bobby's" job, with nothing to do but walk about? Well, if such a thing was the case it speaks very badly of him as a foreman to keep any man walking about the house doing nothing for five years; but we think the number of scabs he had to try and replace us with answers the question.

We would also like to know when did a litho printer become a litho stone printer? For we understand they are now allowed to put down in their time book an hour and a-half for polishing stones; they should say an hour and a-half's scabbing. What has Mr. Frank McCann to say to this? (Eh, Frank?) We have a few more questions to ask next week, and we intend to make public who holds the "bobbies", detectives, and inspectors' jobs in the firm of James Walker & Co, Colour Printers, Rathmines.

That Johnnie Connors says the Insurance Act is a fraud. That he is an ardent admirer of the Liberal Government's policy.

That Lar Basher says we are afraid to put him in THE WORKER. Who is the Harbour Master? That Carty, the scab, was served in Horan's pub.

That people are not aware that McLoughlin (Kavanagh's dust-bin-that-was) is a scab. That Croppy S'mnot and Dick Richards are jealous because we forgot them this last few weeks.

That foundry workers are supporting Keating's shop at the corner of Bride street, although he is a scab, and buys his stuff at Stafford's. He gets his beer at Prendergast's.

That Evoy's, South Main street, are keeping scabs. That Mr. Brennan says if you have been discharged from Messrs. Pierce's you can't be a truthful witness in court.

That he is evidently not one of Wickham's customers. Or is it that he could not "box his compass"?

That the Wexford Petty Sessions this week, Nicholas Potts, the scab, sued William Birney, for having as alleged used threatening language towards him, which consisted in Birney (when his three year old son came to meet him) saying to a man who was accompanying him, "I'll never rear one of them to be a scab, anyhow." Result—without retiring from the Bench—bound to the peace, himself in £5 and two of £2 10s each, or in default, a month's imprisonment. Compare this with last week when an assault was committed on an official of the Union by a man supposed to be educated, and who was fined one penny. What about Capt. A. Crosbie's impartiality now? Bob Malone must have been tutoring Brennan, Potts' counsel, as during his examination, he used one of Bobbie's pet phrases—"We're all in the one boat now."

It's plain to be seen that you will want to be a scab, or related to one, to get justice in the Wexford Courthouse.

Potts swore in his evidence that he was the only scab on the Distillery road—that itself is a consolation. Birney was a witness against Salmon last week.

We hear— That Salmon is very cheap in Wexford just now—one penny per pound. That Mickey the Mug, son and assistant to Petty Sessions Clerk, complimented the "Mogul" on being only fined a penny. How much is the conviction worth?

That on a former occasion when Salmon was alleged to have kicked a man unconscious in a publichouse not far from Hayestown, depositions were taken and Salmon was in hiding in a certain pub on the Quay to evade arrest. If this case and the Dempsey case had gone on, would he have been fined any more than a penny?

That when the piling at Newtown was complete, Bobbie's alleged to have hit with his cap and said, "There's a quare £23 I'm me."

That Bobbie did his level best to get Jack Rossiter, the caretaker of the Boat Club, "the sack." He must have thought Pierce's forge had extended. That the job of collecting dues in Barnstown, which had been in the Malone family for years, was taken from Bobbie when he entered into Scabdom. That John E. Daly is on the "ran tan" and was looking for fight all last week. That if the said Johnnie would do his work in Pierce's store and not mind spending half the day feeding Salmon with news he'd be better off. That the same applies to Slate Face. That Salmon ought to be more careful of his correspondence, and not to be losing it on the Main street.

SIMPSON & WALLACE, The Workingman's MEAT PROVIDERS, Give the Best Value in Beef, Mutton and Lamb.

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

A Lamplighter's Bravery.

There is a very attenuated report in both the "Freeman" and "Independent" of yesterday (Friday) morning, of what is alleged to be a case of attempted suicide of a woman, Miss Mary Daly, Lower Gloucester place. In neither paper are the facts given as to how she was rescued, so we give them herewith:—

AN EDITORIAL EPISODE.

The episode took place one day this week. I had just lit my pipe preparatory to writing a lengthy and weighty article upon the decline in Consuls, when the Editor of the IRISH WORKER shoved his head round the side of the door. "Look here, Mac," are you busy?" he asked.

M. SULLIVAN, Bootmaker and Repairer, 62 1/2 Lower Sandwith Street. Hand-Made Work a Speciality. Best Leather and Workmanship Guaranteed.

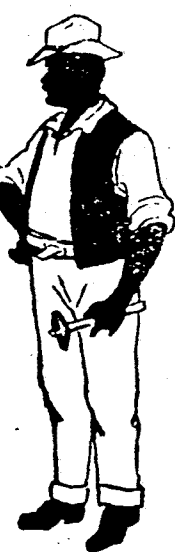
Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.

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STRONG BOOTS FOR WORKINGMEN.

Barley & Cook, 104, 106 Talbot St., 5 St. George's St., Dublin.



PAT KAVANAGH, PROVISIONS.

Beef, Mutton and Pork. GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.

74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street; 71 and 72 New Street; 4 Dean Street, DUBLIN.

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

BOOTS FOR MEN, Box Calf & Chrome Boots at 6/11 as sold elsewhere at 8/11. Hand-Pegged Bluchers at 4/10 AS SOLD ELSEWHERE, 6s. THE SMALL PROFIT STORE, 78b Talbot Street.

Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse. NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street. The Oldest Foot Warehouse in Dublin. Hand-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

"It is merely a music hall witticism heard frequently now-a-days. Pray, be seated." "I will not to be seated, sir. All that I have to say to you can be said standing, and you should be grovelling on your knees at my feet."

TO THE IRISH WORKER.

Buy your Shirts, Collars, Braces, Caps, &c. (all made by Dublin Workers) at

LOUGHLIN'S Irish Outfitting 19 Parliament St., Dublin.

PRICES LOW—QUALITY HIGH.

A Regular Royal Row.

"Domesticity, says a gossip, is particularly prevalent in the Royal Family. At Buckingham Palace the vital affair is Princess Mary's great desire to be permitted to 'do' her hair, whilst the Queen insists on leaving it streaming over her shoulders 'just like a little girl,' as the Princess crossly puts it.

National Sailors' and Firemen's Union (DUBLIN BRANCH).

Members will remember that some time ago a resolution was passed at headquarters calling up every Union man to help to build up a substantial fund to fight their foe, the Shipping Federation, whereupon a levy was struck of £1 per head of the members to augment that amount.

"Do you anticipate any trouble?" I stammered. "Well, not exactly," said Jim, with a laugh "for I am so used to it myself that I don't anticipate it now-a-days, but just deal with it when it comes. Still it may be better, perhaps, that you be warned in case any irate critic should call when I am away."

There had been nothing but trouble all morning in the Palace, and George Rex, as he sat in his study reading up Irish history in preparation for his opening speech in the Irish Parliament, was considerably annoyed.

The first thing that greeted his eyes when he opened the door was young Albert dancing an Irish jig in the middle of the floor, brandishing the 'real Irish shillelagh' which Mr. Arquist had brought him as a present from Dublin.

"What's the matter now, Mary," he said, in a subdued tone. "Does the costume not fit?" "Oh, the costume will pass," said Mrs. Rex, "but that girl of ours is getting quite unmanageable. She has had her head swelled abominably ever since the crowds cheered her during our visit to Dublin last summer, and now her hair is so thick that she must have her hair up, and nothing will please her except having it done like her grandmother's, and you know that is quite absurd."

All information can be had in this matter of the Insurance by calling at the Dublin Office, Liberty Hall, Beresford Place.

Disappearance of a Cook.

The mysterious disappearance of a second cook named Burwash was inquired into by Judge Rentoul, K.C., in the City of London Court, on 7th ult., in a claim by his widow under the Workmen's Compensation Act to recover £218 16s. as damages for the death of her husband while employed by the respondents, Frederick Leyland & Co., of Liverpool, owners of the steamer Oxonia.

THE TOLL OF THE WORKING CLASS.

In the thirty months from January 1st, 1910, to June 30th, 1912 industry claimed the lives of 11,558 British workmen—1,040 on railways, 3,628 in mines, 220 in quarries, 2,145 in factories, 728 at the docks, and 3,911 at sea. On an average nearly 30 miners were killed and over 3,000 injured every week.

The Aeridheacht

St. Laurence O'Toole's Pipers WILL BE HELD IN Jones's Road, on 11th August. Great Camog Match for Set of Medals—North v. South of Dublin. Commencing at 4.15 p.m. Admission 4d.

INTERESTING COMPENSATION CASE.

The mysterious disappearance of a second cook named Burwash was inquired into by Judge Rentoul, K.C., in the City of London Court, on 7th ult., in a claim by his widow under the Workmen's Compensation Act to recover £218 16s. as damages for the death of her husband while employed by the respondents, Frederick Leyland & Co., of Liverpool, owners of the steamer Oxonia.

Judge Rentoul said he had to draw inferences and not to guess. He was not going to infer suicide, because that was a felony. J. Barrett, second steward on the Oxonia, said that the weather was moderate at the time in question. One man had been washed overboard on the previous trip owing to a big sea washing over. The Oxonia was a big roller, but she was not a dirty boat. On the Wednesday previous to the deceased's death she rolled to such an extent that she was in danger. Then she was quieted down.

FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment

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

Attacks on Free Speech.

Even if all records of this power do not agree with the fact of these Irish men who are seeking the vote, the result of fair play must have been attained by the recent organised attempts to prevent the holding of open-air meetings in furtherance of that purpose. Beresford Place, Flower Place, and the Park are free and open to all with a message for the multitude. At least for half-a-century or more their use in this way has been unquestioned. Now it would appear that a section of Dublin rowdies organized by certain publicans who are ornaments of the A.O.H., and whose records in a national fight are not too clean, are out to prevent the rights of public meeting and free speech. This cannot be allowed to go on, but as all open-air propaganda would soon be at the mercy of anyone who would care to invest in a half barrel of porter for free distribution. Some speak of toleration and safeguards for Protestants, but all minorities in Dublin are now at the mercy of a so-called "Catholic" society. The A.O.H. has nothing to gain by their activity in preventing free expression of opinion. They will consign many who are now disposed to be the friends, particularly among the ranks of the clergy. They are gathering together the worse elements of Dublin life to bait lawless who have the courage of their convictions, most of the latter being good Catholics and Nationalists. We cannot believe it is over zeal for the Home Rule Bill, as some are advancing in explanation. Home Rule will never be achieved by the suppression of free speech. No one with a grain of sense believes that Irish suffragettes are out to wreck Home Rule. They are only asking for the insertion of a clause in the present Bill which was put, with the asking, into the last Gladstonian Bill. This is the crime to wipe out which stones are thrown, free speech denied, and clothes torn off our Irish women. One prominent Hibernian on the North side made no secret about organizing a crowd out of his branch to go down to Beresford place with scissars to cut the skirt belts of the suffragettes. This is the Order that would help the Church; these "Catholics" that would strip Catholic ladies of their clothes in the public streets. As to the hatet incident, if Englishwomen choose to throw such weapons at English Cabinet Ministers, why should we start to tear Irishwomen to pieces? Let us hope sooner or later mobs will return to the cradle of our evening paper. The letters in the "Evening Telegraph" were direct incitements to violence, and caused much of the trouble.

All who value free speech should secure for Irish ladies the rights of public meeting by attending their Saturday meetings in the Park.

DEAR SIR,—You may have read a report in last Monday's papers of a protest against the H.W. tram line on previous Saturday night, 27th inst., in which a leading Dublin business man lost a very large sum of money. Now, I was another unfortunate victim of a similar transaction in every way on Howth Head getting on a tramcar opposite the railway junction on Sunday, July 7th, in daylight, and had my purse, containing £40 in notes and gold, stolen from my hip pocket. I reported the matter at 11.30 p.m. that night when I discovered my loss at G. Desarmant, Police Depot, Exchange Court. Since then, judging by newspaper reports, there have been quite a number of similar robberies on this line. Would you not think the detective and police forces could spare a sufficient number of intelligent men to lay this gang's heels? Those forces display immense ingenuity in raiding a leg and other-wise bookmakers, bring technical charges against publicans, etc., yet they allow this gang to rob at will. Who will be the next victim? Or will Dublin rap e years always allow the police to neglect their proper duties and continue trying at all costs to increase England's already unjust contribution to England's revenue by heavy fines for minor and, in the majority of cases, very doubtful breaches of her laws? Trusting you will be good enough to give this letter publicity in your valuable journal, Yours truly, P. COSWAY.

Established 1851.

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

COAL.

For best qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices. ORDER FROM P. O'CARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE.

SALE. SALE.

We are the Cheapest People in the Drapery World all the year round, but during sale times we have to regard for cost prices. Come to Belton's Summer Sale: A hearty invitation to all. We want your business; and if you appreciate value, civility and attention, we must get it. No time like the present! Come To-Day!

BELTON & CO., Drapers, 35 & 36 GREAT BRUNSWICK ST. 48 and 49 THOMAS ST.

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

