"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:-that the entire cwnership 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

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 25th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Scottish Poet and Democrat.

" Our monarch's hindmost year but ane Was five and twenty days begun, 'Twas then a blast o' Januar' win' Blew hansel in on Robin."

By EUCHAN.

nothing-

this number of the "Worker," the 25th of January to wit, will see also the 154th anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, the Scottish Poet and Democrat.

It is but fitting that a paper like the "Worker, then, should contain some reference to so great a herald of Demogracy, for though Burns was essentially a Scot—perhaps the greatest of all Scots still his message was one given to the world, a universal message, from which all men might learn, irrespective of nationality.

Robert Burns was the son of a poor man. His father was a market gardener; but though poor in worldly goods, he was a man of stubboan, unbending independence, and from him Robert surely inherited his hatred of all the servility and snobbery which characterised the relationship between the various classes

In an epitaph written on his father Burns said—

"O ye, whose cheek the tear of pity Draw near with pious rev'rence and

attend Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,

The tender father and the gen'rous friend.

The pitying heart that felt for human

The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride,

The friend of man, to vice alone a foe; For e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's

The pride which Burns had in his father, and the great love for "the dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride," are shown time and again throughout his works. The poet's love for the spirit of independence coloured his whole life and work—aye, and brought him to his early and unhappy end, as I may prove before I finish.

When Burns wrote an inscription for an altar to independence for one of his friends, in 1795, I believe he gave the keynote from which one might endeavour to read the poet's character. This is the inscription:—

"Thou of an independent mind, With soul resolved, with soul resign'd, Prepar'd Power's proudest frown to

Who wilt not be, nor have a slave; Virtue alone who dost revere. Thy own reproach alone dost fear, Approach this shrine, and worship here."

I have said that this verse might furnish the keynote from which a person may endeavour to get an idea of the poet's character, and, though the spirit

of independence is the grand theme throughout, still one must follow carefully and sympathetically the lesser motives in order to get anything like an understanding of the full measure of the cha acter of Burns.

The impertinent independence of the sparrow that chirps around your feet is easy to understand, but the glorious independence of the lark that sings its full-throated melody well nigh the gates of heaven itself strfkes one as being almost too grand and glorious to com-

It is to the independence of the lark we must liken the independence of Robert Burns. Though Burns was of the working class, he was beyond and above any class. His calling was a humble one he was a ploughman—and his heart and mind were both of proud and independent bent; but his soul was the soul of a genius, and it is this combination that makes it so difficult for a correct

understanding of his character. The soul of Burns was in continual warfare with his circumstances, not because they were humble, but because they trammelled and thwarted the flight of his genius. In one of his poems, "The

The date which sees the publication of Vision," he depicts this struggle. He tells how, being weary with the long day's toil, he sits down in the ingle-nook to rest and muse. He thinks how he had wasted his youthful prime and done:

"But stringin' blethers up in rhyme, For fools to sing;

Had I to guid advice but harkit, I might, by this, ha'e led a market, Or strutted in a bank, and clarkit; My cash account,

While here, half mad, half fed, half sarkit. Is a' th' amount."

While Burns is musing thus and almost making up his mind to stop writing, the Muse of Poetry appears to him and grets him thus-

In me thy native Muse regard: Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard, Thus poorly low; I come to give thee such reward As we bestow.

"All hail! my own inspired bard!

'And wear thou this,' she solemn said And bound the holly round my head; The polish'd leaves and berries red

Did rustling play;
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away."

And so Burns made up his mind to go on writing, despite the struggle, with the knowledge imparted to him by the Muse that the gift of poetry brings its own sweet reward.

The gift brought immortality to Burns and it gave an amount of lyrical poetry to the world almost unequalled in value and beauty by anything else in literature; but while alive the gift brought to the poet a great struggle which ultimately, after a short life of thirtyseven years, brought him to a melan-

Burns had the soul of a genius, and to those of us made in a more mediocre mould it is as hard to understand the workings and strugglings of such a soul to seek expression as it is for a barnyard rooster to understand the flight of the lark. A genius in any age must have a struggle for expression and fight against misunderstanding; but, perhaps, in the age which saw Burns, this struggle for expression was intensified, and sometimes he did not attempt

to fight misunderstanding. His circumstances were crippling to him. With his soul aloft upon the heights of Parnassus, his body had daily to dig and burrow in the earth for sustenance. Then his social intercourse with his fellows was not inspiring. The working class had still large traits of the serfdom and slavery of the feudal system clinging to them, and the independent heart of Burns loathed those traits and bade him strive against them. If the working class of Scotland to-day are fearless and independent, it is to Burns the thanks is due. Take his rousing appeal in "A man's a man for a' that," for example-

"Is there for honest poverty, That hangs his head and a' that? The coward slave, we pass him by; We dare be poor for a' that. .. For a' that and a' that.

Our toils obscure and a' that, The rank is but the guinea stamp; The man's the gowd for a' that."

Then there was the deadly influence of Calvinism (that most hopeless of all phases of religion hanging around the people's necks like a millstone. Burns saw the folly and damnable hypocrisy of the "predestination brotherhood" very clearly. He realised how their doctrines and their practices had taken all the beauty out of that religion which was meant to be a comfort to the people, and how ugly the dread Calvinistic teaching had made the people's lives; so most bitterly he satirised it. "Holy

Willie's Prayer" one example of the case in point. Listen to Willie's prayer.

"O Thou, wha in the Heaven's dost dwell, Wha, as it pleases best Thysel', Sends one to heaven and ten to hell, A' for Thy glory, And no for ony guid or ill They've done afore Thee.

I bless and praise Thy matchless might. Whom thousands Thou hast left in

That I am here afore Thy sight, For gifts an' grace; A burnin' and a shinin' light To a' this place."

It will be easily conceived that when Burns wrote such scathing criticisms as that he was at once denounced by the "Holy Willies" and Johns and Andrews as a man beyond the pale of redemption. The cry went up—and you will even find an echo of it to-day—that—Burns was an irreligious and vile person. No person who has studied Burns as he ought to be studied will take any notice of such charges, for the poet has answered them all fully in his

Was it an irreligious hand that penned these words in the "Epistle to a Young Friend?"

" The great Creator to revere Must sure become the creature; But still the preaching can't forbear, And ev'n the rigid feature; Yet ne'er with wits profane to range Be complaisance extended; An Atheist laugh's a poor exchange For Deity offended."

Was it the soul of a vile man that was laid bare in those wonderful lines—" To

" Thou lingering star, with lessenin gray, That lov'st to greet the early morn, Again thou usherest in the day,

My Mary from my soul was torn. O Mary! dear departed shade! Where is thy place of blissful rest? See'st thou thy lover lowly laid? Hear'st thou the groans that rend his

Will those good people who keep up the cry about the supposed vices of Burns try to understand the man who they are so ready to denounce, or will they keep for ever silent? They cannot harm either Burns or his memory, but they can make fools of themselves, and they are doing it. It is so easy to say that the lark is a nasty little brown bird, yet the song of the lark is heard in heaven.

It is charged against Burns that he was a drunkard, but it must be remembered that the age in which he lived was essentially a drinking age. The hardest drinker was the greatest gentleman almost in the upper and more wealthy circles, and all that was expected of any man was that he "should carry his drink like a gentleman!"

If the working classes were drinkers also they were but following the example of their "betters." Besides, the very vigour of Calvinism encouraged drinking, If a man was predestined for the nether regions-and any inclination to step from the Calvinistic path was the clearest proof to a Calvinist as to a man's future destination—then unconsciously that man made up his mind to eat, drink, and be merry, and generally have a good time, before he got to his journey's end. I think it was this that was in Burn's mind when he wrote "Tam o' Shanter," in which he describes how Tam was chased by the devil from Allowa Kirk to the Brig o' Doon after a night's carousing with his friend, Soutar Johnny.

Be that as it may, one can easily realise that Burns was a welcome visitor wherever a night's drinking was going on. He was hated by the "Holy Willies," and was beloved in consequence by the Willies who were not holy. He had a ready and a caustic wit, and could make extempore verses about anything and everybody at a moment's notice, which made his companions around the table regard him as a 'playboy' sent for their amusement. The fame of Burns spread to the Capital, and he was taken up as a sort of literary curiosity or freak of nature by the wealthier or more cultured people for a time, but the hollow mockery of life in Edinburgh did not appeal to Burns for life, and he came back to the country and the beauties of Nature which he loved so well.

On his return to the country Burns tried life as a farmer, but he was not a success, and the last years of his life were one long tale of calamity-sickness, debt,

and sorrow. He died in poverty and

I can only liken the life of Burns to the life of a lark that would be kept in a cage. I have heard it said " that he was a man before his time," but every genius born is born before his time—it is that, I think, that makes him a genius.

Burns had to contend with all the follies and evils of his time. He saw the serfdom of his fellows, and he set himself to break it up. He saw the folly of the ruling classes, and he ridiculed it. He had high ideals and a soul that could soar as high as heaven, but his fellows could not understand that, and caged him in until his heart broke and set him

Had Burns lived in the days of the Bards he would have sat at a king's table

Biographies

Born in Soho, or Jerusalem, he was the

son of an outlawed German Jew who made

his pile out of "Freeman Journal" deben-

tures. (This, of course, was prior to the

advent of "the paper with the largest

circulation.") After a long and varied

career on the Continent where, in turn,

he posed as philanthrophist, anarchist and

gentleman, and sometimes Honorary Ad-

miral of the Swiss Navy, he set out for

the capital of Ireland which was then

known as the Happy Hunting Ground of

the Philistines. He took up his abode on

Merrion square, but later removed to more

commodious premises in the neighbour-

the avocation of moneylender, but this

calling proving a failure, he published an

eloquent indictment consigning money-

lending and moneylenders to the fiery

regions. His volume had an enormous

sale and the proceeds so realised were

sufficient to give him a fresh start, this

time as a bookie's clerk. Again he was

honesty to the winds he became a pro-

fessional politician. He now had the

unique distinction of being the only Home

Rule Semite, and during the lifetime of

one government he obtained office as

official electioneering agent. So great

was his skill in this direction that he was

known on one occasion (see "Annals of

Wood Quay" eompiled by Professor Swaine) to bring up more voters to the

poll than actually appeared ou the register.

His mode of procedure made him a for-

midable rival to the notorious Stephen

Hand. He lost his valued post, however,

doomed to failure, and once more throwing

He at first made an attempt to pursue

hood of the Coombe

No 3.—HERR JOSEPH EDELSTEIN.

and written great epics of wars and battles and great deeds. As it was he just wrote of the things he saw around him—the flowers, the trees, and the fireside, but oh, how beautifully and wonderfully he has done so.

Burns lived in an age when democracy was unknown, yet his great and grand songs were of the people, for the people.

I think Burns was the great herald of Democracy sent by a benevolent Providence before the outbreak of the Industrial Revolution, and as such he fulfilled his mission. Nothing can take from his fame, for his name is enrolled amidst those of the prophets, and shall remain until that day

"That's coming yet, for a' that, When man to man the world o'er Should brothers be for a' that."

owing to his reckless advocacy of the

He was keenly interested in the wel-

fare of the working classes, and succeeded-

in defeating an insidious attempt to inundate

the city with motor taxi-cabs. On this

account he became known in Dublin as

being mistaken for a form of criminal

mania, he was forced to take up temporary

residence in the Richmond Institution, and

later on made a brief sojourn in one of his

Majesty's hotels, much against his wishes.

In a moment of indiscretion, and for

want of a little excitement, he consented

to appear on the music hall stage in the

role of an Indian Fakir. He was billed to

give his initial performance at the Mount-

joy Hippodrome, but on the opening night

the building was beseigned by an army of

disappointed creditors. A riot ensued, and

our hero was obliged to seek refuge in a

local tobacconist's shop. He entered and

said good bye to the vaudeville world on

His next adventure of note was when he

died. This event was consequent on a

wetting he received while addressing a

meeting of the directorate of the United

Irish League in the Fifteen Acres. He has

been made the subject of many a song,

and the following aptly expresses our own

"In poor old Joe we took a pride,

So peace be to his soul;

We only hope that 'ere he died

He learned to shovel coal!"

OSCAR.

Owing to the eccentricity of his genius

Women's Suffrage Cause.

the "Jarveys' Friend."

the one day.

CAUTION. The Pillar House,

812 HENRY ST., DUBLIN, IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE

BARCAINS BY POST.

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

audience, for he was a master of elocu-

tion and articulation.
"Mark Antony" was received with great applause, but after he had given 'The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Oscar Wilde, they seemed too sad and thoughtful to show signs of approval. Perhaps those words, which are so true, "And his mourners still be outcast men, for outcasts always mourn," had touched their poor wounded souls.

After the actor the Captain would interest the audience with tales of the sea, and then the Curly Socialist (as' they called him), would conclude the evening's entertainment by a speech. I can see him now, as I saw him then, tall, pale, and thin, with a wealth of curly hair, standing by the fireplace, talking about Socialism and the regeneration of man-

These outcasts, whom society had ostracised, were men who suffered and felt all the misery and horrors of this wretched system, and were easily moved. They were hanging on to life by a thread, but they did not grumble, they knew it was inevitable, just so long as the capitalist system lasted. If the workers stopped grumbling and devoted their attention to organising and fighting the capitalist on scientific lines, we should do much to bring about the time when the workers shall come into their own.

Liberty Hall.

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LECTURE AND CONCERT

D ors open at 3 o'c. p.m., close 3.30 pm. Small charge for admission.

COUGH CURE

The New Scientific Remedy for the Cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and :: all Chest and Lung Troubles. :: Acts like Magic. Price 6d. & 1/- Per Bottle. Breaks up the Cough immediately.

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The Half-Way House.:

Bessie and me are wed; An' I would the world had done wi' we, And Bessie and me were dead.

The Every-Day Song.

Bessie and me are in love, you see

You ha' taken our lives and shattered them, You ha' broken our hearts in two; We were only kids that kissed and plnyed-What had we done to you?

We gave you life, and blood, and sweat: You took (with a grin) the lot; What ha' we asked in return, O world? Just a home, and a babe in a cot.

The house that you lent (for a certain rent) Was rotten enough - God wot; But good enough in the sight of you For ns to breed and rot.

But God had sent the little babe -A flower, a sun, and a song; And 'cos we was happy and jolly and gay, God thought there was something wrong.

The rich folk go to the parish church-God hears the rich folk pray To keep the poor folk in their place, So he took the babe away.

He learned that happiness ain't for us, That the poor are made for pain; So that is why our baby died -Or it might ha' been the drain!

Bessie and me are in love, you see,

Bir Bessie and me are wed; An' I would the world had done wi' me, And Bessie and me were dead. . W. M. - From the Birmingham "Forward."

By LESLIE PELHAM.

The Half-way house, as I choose to call it, is a temperance hotel for gentlemen only at the modest charge of is. per night, or 6s. per week. The bedrooms are small cubicles, just

large enough to hold a single bedstead, washstand, a set of shelves and one chair. They are heated in winter with hot-water pipes, and are always nice and warm. The charge for sleeping accomodation entitles you to the use of the writing and reading rooms, also the lounge, where the boarders pass the time by playing chess, whist and other games.

Most of those who patronise the Halfway House have been in good positions, but have now fallen upon evil days.

With a few exceptions they are intelligent and good-tempered, always. having a cheery word for the newcomer who is, like them, "up against it." When I stayed there I met some most extraordinary persons, including an Austrian Count, who bore all the marks of a true gentleman; an ex-naval officer who has commanded a battleship of the line; a surgeon, once famous, who lost his name through kindness; an actor; and, strange though true, a real red revolutionary Socialist.

In the winter evenings these men would discuss every conceivable subject, while the other residents sat and listened, now and again nodding or shaking their heads, as signs of approval or dissent. THE MERRY OUTCASTS.

Sometimes the actor would be induced to recite, and on these eventful occasions he had a very attentive and appreciative

WOMEN WOKERS' COLUMN.

CARDBOARD B XMAKING. TRADES BOARD ACT. HOW IT IS VIOLATED.

In the Women Workers' Column of last week's issue special warning was given to the workers engaged at the cardboard boxmaking requesting them to see that the notices concerning this particular trade in connection with the minimum wage were posted up in conspicuous places in the factories. To prove how importent thi warning was I reprint a statement from the Notice, which is as fol-

Every occupier of a factory or workshop, or of any place used for giving out work to outworkers, shall, on receipt of this notice, first up a sufficient number of true copies thereof in prominent positions in every factory, workshop, or place used for giving out no, k, and in such a manner as to ensure that in each ease the notice shall be brought to the knowledge of all workers employed by him with are affected thereby. Penalty for noncompliance, a fine not exceeding 40s.

Apparently this warning was badly needed, to judge from certain facts which have been reported. It is appalling to find that the women workers take absolutely no interest whatever in their own welfare-in fact they actually help the employers to sweat and defraud them. If the women workers would only waken up and become as keenly alive to their interests as the employers are, there would be a different tale to tell as regards the industrial position of women. Here we have an act which came into force on November 4th, 1912. This Act is of substantial benefit to women and girl workers employed at the cardboard boxmaking. All female workers (except female learners) engaged in the making of boxes, made wholly or partially of paper, cardboard, chip, or other similar material, are bound under this Act to be paid $2\frac{3}{4}$ d. per hour, which is a vast improvement on their old scale of wages. Then the learners, meaning girls from 14 years of age and upwards, are also provided for under this Act. Their scale of wages is as follows:—

Fourteen and under 15 years of age-4s. per week, and an increase of wage is given every six months.

Sixteen and under 17 years of age-4s. 6d. per week, and an increase of wage is given every six months.

Seventeen and under 20 years of age— 5s. per week, and an increase of wage is

given every six months. But from information received this Trades Board Act has been grossly violated. In one firm the owner has had

a form drawn up to the effect that the employees do not want the minimum rate of wage until May, 1913, and the foolish workers have actually signed their names to this document. It is quite evident that the women workers are not only content to allow themselves to be sweated, but they deliberately aid employers to ignore and break an Act which is passed for the benefit of the workers. In another firm the employer is not paying a number of learners the new rate of wage. Where these learners should be receiving 4s. and 4s. 6d. per week, he is only paying them 2s. 6d. per week. These girls also knew that they were entitled to receive the new rate, but were too cowardly to demand their just rights.

However, these employers have placed themselves in an awkward position, as will be seen by the following clause:—

When a minimum rate has been made obligatory by order of the Board of Trade, an agreement for the payment of wages at less than the minimum rate will be void. and payment of wages at less than the minimum rate, clear of all deductions, will render the employer liable to a fine of not more than £20, and to a fine not exceeding £5 for each day on which the offence is continued after conviction therefor.

Already I have lodged these two complaints with the Secretary of the Trades Board, Head Office, London, demanding that action be at once taken against these employers.

No worker need be afraid to lodge complaints. I know there exists among the women workers an absurd dread that if they report any action of the employer which they know to be wrongany action which they know to be a breaking of the regulations of the Factory Act or Trades Board Act, that they will be dismissed. But they must bear in mind that if a worker is dismissed by an employer for reporting the non-compliance with the Factory Act, this worker will be protected, and her wages paid in full while she is idle. A worker is provided for in this manner by a society in London. But even apart from this protection the women workers must remember that when they know an employer is acting wrongly towards themselves or their fellow workers, and they fail to report such action, then they are more to blame than the employer is, and, in my opinion, if these workers were made to pay a penalty for not reporting such cases we would have a different state of affairs. Those who are willing to help the workers are severely handicapped, first by the employers who who will not, only under compulsion, conform to the regulations of the Act, and secondly by the workers who will not report when these Acts are broken by the employers.

Then there are one or two more points concerning the Trades Board Act which it is important the women workers. should know-

That officers appointed by the Trades Board have power to enter factories, workshops, and places used for giving out work, and also to require the production of wages sheets, etc.

Persons hindering the officers in the exercise of their powers render themselaes liable to a penalty of £5, and persons who knowingly furnish the officers with false wages sheets or other false information are liable on conviction to a fine not exceeding £20 or to imprisonment for not more than three months with or without

another person to complain that he or she is being paid wages at less than the minimum fixed by the Trade Board, and the Trade Board may, if they think fit, take proceedings on behalf of the worker

can see that the Act is not only a means of increasing their rate of pay, but that it protects them from being defrauded by the employers if the workers are just to themselves and make it their business to see that the regulations of the Act are properly carried out.

The women workers must have done with this shielding of the employers; they have nothing to gain by doing so, but a great deal to lose. All this nonsense of being afraid is simple acting a craven's part. Be straightforward and honest and you will retain your own self-respect and command the respect of those you work for;

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION,

(Head Office—Liberty Hall.) Entrance Fee - - 6d. Contributions - - 2d. per week, Join now. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m, All classes of workers are eligible to join this Union.

Grand Social and Dance will be held in Liberty Hall, on Sunday, February 2nd, 1913.

Don't miss the Sunday evening Socials held in Liberty Hall. Dancing and Singing. Small Entrance Friee. All Friends

Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at

Irish Dancing on Friday evening, at

All communications for this column to be addressed to—"D.L."

18 Beresford place.

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

Irish Worker. EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor,

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Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six mouths, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

Dublin, Saturday, Jan. 25th, 1913

Bill Richardson, Political Corner Boy, and His £10 Character.

WE have had the honour of being hauled before Judge Dodd and a County of Dublin Jury, charged with libelling Bill Richardson, T.C., Alfy Byrne's (Bung, Talbot street) political corner boy. If to tell the truth is libel we plead guilty. What did we say about Bill Richardson? We said he was a knave, a fakir and a twister. We proved all we said out of the mouth of Bill Richardson and those who had been associated with him. Bill admitted that he had been a member of the Sinn Fein Party, but nothing came of it. He then - like the political barnacle fastened on to the Labour Party that also proved a failure—Bill did not get what he was after, and Bill, who had been denouncing the U.I.L., and more especially the boss of that clean and intelligent clique for years, suddenly, like the political weathercock that he is, veered around. The U.I.L. breeze seemed to bring with it balmy scents and pleasant odours and promises of days of ease. Bill admitted—this clean, honourable gentleman of the £10 character—that he had been in the habit of writing letters under various names; that he had supplied the truthful "Telegraph 'with false reports of meetings that were never held, and clean Bill had forged the names of nonexistent persons as speakers at a meeting which was never held, and of speeches which were never delivered. If that was not the action of a knave, a liar, and a fakir, what was it? We proved, and will prove in another court that Alfy Byrne's bungery, the Verdon Bar, was used as a committee room; that registers of electors were kept there; that circulars and envelopes were addressed from there; that Alfy paid to personation agents and canvassers money; that free drink was given away ad. lib; that Richardson's son had got a job (since Bill became a renegade to his former principles) in the Corporation; that his wife had been seeking a job as caretaker in the Morgue (gruesome Bill, but how appropriate); that Bill had canvassed two Councillors for that job; that his expenses had been paid by Alfy Byrne in part; that the remainder was paid by someone else; that Bill, brave, clean jobber was too cowardly to say who that person was. Shall we hazard a guess? Was it the present Lord Mayor? And, if so, what about corruption in public life? Bill sued us for £500. He was afraid to go before a City Jury; the honourable Councillor had not got sufficient reliance on a jury of townsmen He thought it was safer to depend on the cabbage men and Employers' Federation tools. Well, we are satisfied if Bill is We never intend to pay Bill one penny; but we got value for our time spent in the court and fees paid our advisers in listening to the mouthpiece of justice, Judge Dodd. Maybe he thought we

were connected with young Arkins, whom

seven years' imprisonment. It was a singular coincidence that he should act in our case considering we had dealt with his action the previous week over young Arkin's. It was also refreshing to listen Any worker may complain or may authorise to him laying down the law in connection with libel. He was simply there as a referee. Well, we have played football a little in our time, and if any referee acted in the impartial manner Judge Dodd did, well, there would have been conclusions. From these statements the workers Bill was allowed to answer if he liked. Judge Dodd saw nothing very dishonourable in forging a man's name to a speech that was never delivered; nothing in the untruthful and vindictive statement made by Bill Richardson and published as a speech alleged to have been delivered by a man named M'Carthy, a burgess in Trinity Ward. This is the high ethical standard of political life in Ireland. You can foully and dishonestly and anonymously use the columns of a paper to attack a man you dare not attack publicly. Bill denied he was a policeman, but he swore that if he had been a policeman he would not be ashamed of it. Oh, God save the King, Bill, you would have made a splendid Sergeant Sheridan or a Constable Talbot. Knowing you as we do these two esteemed gentlemen would have had to take back seat, Bill, when you were around. Well, we told the judge and jury what the verdict would be while we were in the box. We were charged with having criticised judges, juries, and magistrates. We plead guilty, and well they deserve it. The Judicial Machinery in Ireland is a by-word and joke the world over. When a judge proceeds to indulge in youthful reminiscences and high faluting political cant from the Bench, and tells us that the party and men who will win in Ireland in the future are the men who will fight clean. He might have delivered that philipic to his friends. The leaders of the Labour Party in Ireland will not go to Judge Dodd for light nor leading. We can read. We know how and why certain gentlemen adorn administration—aye, and even judicial places. Might we remind Judge Dodd of the saying of John Bunyan. We need not quote; but it was not by the grace of God that certain eminent positions are filled by the present occupants in Ireland. Judge Dodd said he dare not praise the jury, but they "had done excellently well"! Good old referee! It is a wonder he did not bless them. We know what chance we stand at the bench in Ireland. When a fellow like Bodkin is allowed to abuse his position because he was lucky enough to choose his own father, that this gentlemen, who in the world were men, get equal opportunities, would adorn the occupation of scavenger, is allowed. we repeat, to say what he dare not say on public platform. We are doing our duty to our own class. We are doing that fearlessly and without favour. We have had to earn our livelihood by the sweat of our brow at an age when Bodkin, B.L.. had a wet nurse; when Bodkin, B.L., was getting fed, clothed, and educated (what a pity!) by the working class, we were doing our share of the world's work. Bodkin, B.L., we look towards you and smile. Bill Richardson, your character is overstated—fro—tenpence would be the market value and a bad bargain at that. You would beat Larkin. Eh, Bill. The most heterogenous group of despicable, unscrupulous, political blackguards, with their tools, defeated us by five votes. One of the tools boasts he voted four times. We are waiting, William. The Morgue is waiting, William. The pit is waiting, William. Repent ere it is too late, Bill. You will have a judge, Bill, but not a jury, some day.

he treated so brutally in sentencing to

Don't forget gigantic Torchlight Demonstration of Protest against the eviction of the Widow Reilly, of Sheriff street, by United Irish Leaguer, friend of Alfy Byrne, and Bill Richardson, T.C.'s-Sarjeant the Butcher, who has a shop on the North Strand. The Demonstration will leave Liberty Hall at 6 o'clock on Sunday, January 26th. Transport Labour Band. All Labour Councillors and Councillor Michael Brohoon, will attend. P. T. Daly and Jim Larkin will deal with the Sergeant.

All good men and true must attend. Widow Reilly snall not be evicted. Fifty-three years paying rent, and to be

thrown out on the roadside. This is the U.I.L. after the elections.

The U.I.L. evictors! Where is X.Y.Z. Briscoe and his codd, T. T. Ass.

All Guinness's employees (except tradesmen, are invited to attend a meeting in 74 Thomas street, on Sunday, January 26th, 1013, at one o'clock. Councillor W. P. Partridge and P. T. Daly will address the meeting. It is important that every man in Guinness's employ should attend. Be slaves no longer!

THE WORD "SWANK."

TRAVELLER DISMISSED BECAUSE HE USED IT

The action based on the use of the word "swank" ended before Mr. Justice Coleridge recently. Mr. R. M. Dibbins, a Bristol commercial traveller, had sued his former employers, Messrs. Pinchin, Johnson and Co., Ltd., a City firm, for alleged wrongful dismissal.

His case was that he had been dismissed because he wrote the defendants, "You must not try to swank me; you are not olever enough." The defendants regarded this as disrespectful, and the jury agreed with them, the verdict stating they were justified in dismissing the plaintiff. Judgment was entered for the defendants with

Perhaps some of the "Worker" readers can give the origin of the word "swank" in this island. Keep your replies short. Independent Labour Party of Ireland (DUBLIN BRANCH.)

THE DEATH OF MR. J. BARRY. At a meeting of members of above, held at the Antient Concert Buildings, on Monday last Comrade Loughlan presiding it was moved by T. Lyng and seconded by J. Egan—" That we the members of the Dublin Branch of the I.L.P., Ireland learn with regret of the death of our esteemed comrade J. Barry, and we tender to his relatives our heartfelt sympatey in the great loss they have sustained."

That copies of this resolution be forwarded to the Irish Worker and comrade Barry's relatives.

Economy in the Gaelic League.

The Finance Committee of the Executive of the Gaelic League appears to be at its wits' ends at present over the question of money. Various suggestions have been made with a view to economy, but some brilliant genius has now hit upon the idea of sacking the unfortunate clerks who do nearly all the work. Fancy the amount that will be saved when a clerk earning f_{39} a year is dismissed. Why not reduce the salary of the higher officials? Surely now the General Editor's "screw" could be "docked" a little, seeing that the League does not publish as many books as formerly. Or what about the Organiser who bought a farm in the South of Ireland for £1,000 som years ago? Couldn't his yearly salary be reduced by £39 and keep on the chap who luxuriates on that sum? Is it because the clerks are weak that they are to be attacked? Where are the big guns of the "left wing" now? Or is the wing moulting? We will return to this next week.

Purveyors' and Groce s' Assis ants Unian.

76, Grafton Street, Dublin, 20.1.13.

Report of general meeting, Monday, 20th January. Second general meeting of above Union. Full attendance of Committee. Mr. O'Hanlon, President, in the

Mr. O'Hanlon opened the meeting by giving an explanation of the new Union, its aims and benefits to shop assistants in general, more especially those coming immediately under the heading. He drew special attention to members join-"That they had full protection ing. after paying the first subscription."

Mr. Rankin and Mr. Lundy attended from the Drapers' Association.

Mr. Rankin gave a lengthy speech on the future of shop assistants under the new Union. In his speech he told those present that this Union was the bulwark of the shop assistants, and that it was up to every assistant in Dublin and all over Ireland, even those not coming immediately under the heading of purveyor and grocer, to co-operate and amalgamate with their brother assistants in the new Union for their future welfare.

Mr. Lundy gave a short description of the benefits, and answered all questions to the entire satisfaction of those present.

The Secretary presented a report showing the increasing numerical strength of the Union. Financially strong from the start, it is therefore up to every shop assistant to join its ranks for their future

P. O. GILES, Sec.

A Repudiation.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. 52 Camden street,

January 23, 1913. DEAR SIR,—In your next issue will you kindly publish the following resolution which I have been instructed by my society to send to you :-

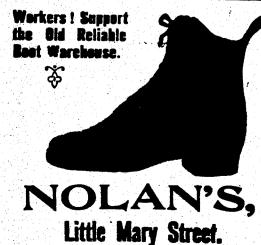
That the International Tailors. Machinists', and Pressers' Trade Union have resolved, in consequence of Joseph Edelstein's recent action, to have no further connection with said Joseph Edelstein of any description whatsoever."

Thanking you in anticipation for insertion, I remain, yours faithfully, H. MILLER, Secretary.

Werkers! Support the Saly Picture House in Bublic Owned by an Irishman

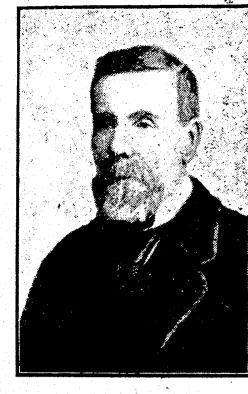
Cape | Street (next to Trades Hall), New Open Daily 2.20 to 10.30.

PRISES, 3d., 4d., 6d. Change of Pietures-Monday, Thursday and Bunday.

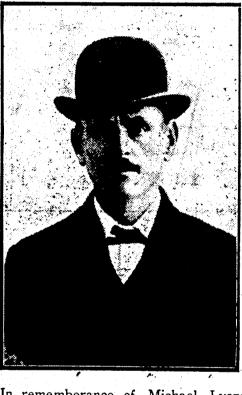


The Oldest Boot Warehouse in Dublin. rich-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

IN MEMORIAM.



In rememberance of Patrick Downey. Irishtown Road, Stevedore for Messrs. Bell, Ship Brokers Born in Ringsend. Co. Dublin, 1827, died, Friday January 10th 1913, and was buried in Glasnevin Cemetery, January 13th 1913. He had a lengthy and varied career in his young days. He served on board the "Bellisle," English Man-of-War, during the Crimean War, which vessel was sunk in action. He afterwards deserted and returned home. During his career as Stevedore he discharged vessels of all nations. His name was well known in every foreign port. He saved no less than fifteen persons from drowning, and was presented with the Royal Humane Society's certificate in 1882, With the exception of the years he spent in the Navy he lived his life in Ringsend. Four of his sons still survive, 16 grandchildren and 13 great-grand-children. His wife still enjoys life though over 82 years of age. He was a man whom everybody respected. He has now entered into his eternal rest.



In rememberance of Michael Lyons, Coal Porter, born 1862 Arran Quay Parish. Dublin, died, January 15th, suddenly, from double pneumonia. Left behind him, to regret his demise, his widow, three sons, one daughter, and four grandchildren. The funeral, which took place from his late residence, Wellington-street, was attended by his relatives and a numerous concourse of friends and workmates, who knew the sterling character of the de-parted, for throughout his career Michael Lyons had always played a man's part. He was always a good and loyal member of any trades union that ever had its being in or about the quay. We have personally to express our regret and the regret of all the quay workers of Dublin. who knew and appreciated him, and to his widow and relatives we extend our sincere condolence. May he rest in

William Barry, of 9 Norton's Avenue, Phibsboro' Road, late member Irish Transport and General Workers Union, died in Dublin, January 7th 1913, taken home to Navan for Burial

We regret to hear that the good wife of Mr. Alfred Rock, Jeweller, of 141 Capel street, died during the past week. This will be a sad loss to Mr. Rock.

Déannace De an a n-anam!

Engagement and Keeper Rings SEERT VERIETY.

Ladies' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gents' Silver Watches, 12s. 6d.; Gent's Silver Watches in Hunting Cases, 22s. 6d. Warranteed 8 Years. English Lever Watches, 8 holes jewelled, compensation balance, Hall-Marked Silver Chees, 83 Sc. Od. Warranteed 7 Years.

Best House, for all kinds of Watch Repairs Double Bell ALARM CASSES, 2/6.

ALFRED ROCK, Watchmaker and 141 Sapal street & 88 Mary street. BUBLIN.

"BILL!"

A Tragedy in Three Acts WITH PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE.

The Characters in the Tragedy are: CODLIN SHORT ... An Entertainer. ... A Contortionist BILL

The Prologue is spoken by a mysterious individual. This individual was at one time a sword-swallower, but during his professional career he swallowed the Irish Sword of Justice and could not get it up again. He has a very stiff appearance in consequence, and he is afraid to stir lest the sword should move and damage him, The Epilogue is sung by a choir of

PROLOGUE—Spoken before the curtain: "This is to give notice that the following tragedy is called 'Bill!"

"The author bids me apologise to you on his behalf that he cannot make his title more instructive or definite, but he fears that by doing so he might be mulcted in damages, and he thinks Bill isn't worth the cost which might be incurred.

"I have to tell you, however, that the Bill' in question is not the Home Rule Bill, neither is it the doctor's blll, the bill of costs, nor the Day Bill. It is not Bill Sticker, Bill Bailey, or Bill Partridge. 'Bill' might have been called William in his youth. He has been called other things since, in fact quite recently, and as Bill's character is small and delicate he doesn't like the effect these other names have upon it. Therefore 'Bill' likes to be called 'Bill'-plain Bill - and nothing more."

Act I.—Scene, the same as Acts II. and III. (Codlin Short and Bill are discovered in earnest conversation).

Codlin—"I believe you are a very good twister, Bill?" Bill (taking out his note-book in a hurry) -" Have a care, sir, have a care. think, nay, I feel sure, your words

are libellous!" Codlin-"Indeed, I did not so intend them." Bill-" That, sir, makes them worse, for as an entertainer you must know that an audience may take a meaning of their

own from them." Codlin-"Indeed I know they do, but in that case wouldn't it be the audience who were libelling you and not me?" Bill-"It would take a jury, sir, to answer you that question. But might I ask you in what sense you used the word

'twister'? Was it in a moral sense?" Codlin-"Oh, no!" Bill "Was it in a political sense?" Codlin "No, not at all!"

Bill - "In what sense, then, did you use Codlin-"I used it purely in a physical sense. You see, I want a good contortionist for my circus, and as I believe you are an expert at bodily twists, I thought you might suit."

Bill-"Do I stand to make anything at this game?" Codlin—"Certainly."

Bill-" Then I'm your man!"

Act II.—Scene as Act I.

(Codlin is discovered sitting on a chair with a short heavy dog-whip in his hand Bill is lying on the ground in a confused, complicated knot. He is evidently rehearsing his twists.)

Codlin-"you're getting better at that Sinn Fein trick, still you want abu more practice You'd better rest for a bit."

Bill "What's wrong with it?" Codlin-"You don't look pleasant enough." Bill-"Now I ask you, man to man, is it easy for me to have the devil's own twist on my limbs, and the peaceful

Codlin-" Easy or not, you've jolly well got to do it! If I pay you to twist, then you'll twist whether you like it or not, see!"

calm of an angel on my face?"

Bill-"I wish to heavens I had kept going straight!" Codlin-"I've heard other twisters in my

employment saying that before, my friend, but it's too late now. You couldn't go straight now if you tried You've got to twist, and twist, and twist until the devil gets hold of you and then he'll make you twist some more. Now down on to the floor again and try the Labour twist this time!"

Bill-"Thank heaven that's a short one, anyway.

Act III.—Scene as before. (When the curtain rises on this Act Codlin Short alone occupies the stage. He comes forward and addresses the audience) Codlin—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry that this interval has been so

long, but I really could not help it, as a horrible accident has occurred. "Bill, my companion of the previous

acts, took advantage of the curtain being down to practise his great trick This trick was to be known to fame as the North Dock Two-Faced Trick, but Bill in his anxiety to perfect it has unfortunately twisted his neck.

"The loss of Bill is not so great, of course, but unfortunately it will take fully £10 to bury him, and I will have to provide the cash, as the last £10 he got was drunk by his pals."

CURTAIN.

Epilogue—Chorus of Angels. "So poor old Bill will get no rest; We know he won't be free, His home is not amidst the blest So far as we can see."

Chiefs of the G N. R. J.

"So let us join both heart and hand, and lovingly agree, For we're the loyal branches of the old

Orange Tree,' -Orange Song Book.

I was more than interested in the articles contributed recently by Mr. Partridge concerning the works and pomps-particularly the pomps-of the G.S.W.R. The many facts he marshalled before all our eyes, of the incompetency of some, and the intolerance of all the magnates who sit in the places of judgment on that Railway, showed all that there was, and is, something rotten in the "State of

I was struck how comparatively the G. N. R. surpasses its rich railway brother in the happy possession of Managers, Engineers, and Bosses, who in their persons combine a sublime knowledge of the Geometry of Euclid, Arithmetic of Nicomachus, the Mechanics of Archimedes, the logic of Aristotle, and the Charity of all the Saints. All these gods of paper, and stone and mortar and brass, unlike the poor, undeveloped, groping moles of the G. S. W. R., are of Ireland. Irish: indegenous to the soil. There was lately Plews, or, as he was affectionately called, Col. Plews, of an ancient Kerry stock, who derived his love for a position in the English Militia, by instincts inherited from, some said, King Billy, others said from Conn of the Hundred Battles. In his place is now the celebrated native speaker from Inis Diomain, in the heart of Yorkshire, Mr. Bagwellyou'd know he was a Gaedheal by his name! And sure it 'ud do your heart good to see the Goods Manager, MacTurkington-or should it be O'?-dancing the Kerry Jig at Father Mathew Hall, or any other Temperance Entertainment. Then there's Milling and Wheldon, two ripe engineers who proudly trace their ancestry to Goban Taor or Goll MacMorna, who we all know wore cloaks with the blended colours of purple and orange and blue. Indeed all the "Heads" of the G. N. R. are first in knowledge, skill, and resource:-

"They are the true sons of Levi, None on earth can with them com-

They are the root and the branch of

David, The bright and glorious morning star!

-Orange Song Book. So intelectually keen were these true men of genius, that when they wanted to do a task in a right way, they had only to essay that task-three or four times! Perhaps a few experiences of my own

would be interesting, which happened while I had the joy of working in that abode of harmony, and love, and unending bliss—for the Bosses—the G.N.R.I. Once upon a time the authorities decided to run what was called a "Special Motor Service to Howth." Then they had to build a shed for the "motors." They set about the task, and thereby hangs a tale or two. Elaborate plans were sketched; a cargo of bricks was secured to be used as flooring; every available

man was told off to work at the "New Motor Shed." The horizon was black with engineers running about with tape

measures, rules, levels, and other tools of architecture.

The shed itself was too much for them, so they employed a foreign firm to erect A big structure it was of iron standards and corrugated iron walls, with three heavy wooden, iron-clamped gates to form the entrance. At length it was standing! Then there was a hitch! The gates wouldn't work; they couldn't shut the three gates together. If they shut a certain one, the other two would have to remain open; if they shut the other two, the certain one would have to stand extended! But that difficulty was nothing. They promptly overcame it by feet, placed a huge post therein thirty feet high, and surrounded it with conlamp. At last the "new motors" sidled along, and standing inside were a crowd There was Mills, the "chief," or, as he was lovingly called by his men, "oul'

taking that certain one off and laying it aside altogether! They dug a pit six crete. This was to hold a big electric of joy-filled overseers, each with all the dignity of a child with a Christmas toy. Mills," and Hargreaves, his assistant and Ogle, THE Inspector, and Milling, District Engineer, and Whielden, the Assistant Engineer, and other "great men," all enjoying themselves on the slowly-moving "motor," which was soon to repose in its costly receptacle. And they were comical motors; they didn't seem to work well. "First they would, and then they wouldn't; then they could, and then they couldn't." Eventually they abandoned the original car, which contained the motor engine, and fell back upon the little, reliable Howth engines to propel the motor carriages to and from Howth. This alone must have cost the shareholders a bit of money. Well, as I said before, they tried to get the motors into the New Shed. But after knocking a cloud of bricks off one of the entrances to the Running Shed, after a multitude of

cheapest people in the trade.

orders and counter orders, after running on this line and running on that, it was discovered that the rails leading to the new shed had been laid wrongly. And so the motors were led back and bandaged up to keep them from the harm of sun and air (they're not bandaged now!), while a gang of men who KNEW how to do things for a long time were engaged in re-arranging what had been first done on the G.N.R. regular way-wrongly. These men, with their fourteen shillings a week, and the gaffer's eighteen or so, made everything right, and again the motors sidled merrily towards the motor shed. But stop the light-hearted engineers had planted that huge lampost right in the way. There was a ripping noise, loud shouts, a frantic backing of the lovely new motors, and they were removed in safety minus one of their footboards. A crosscut was hastily procured, the enemy attacked, and the huge post, which had been erected with so much labour that evening lay on its back like a stricken

Then they seemed to have miscalculated the proper length of the rails running the length of the shed, and to allow the motors to receive the protection for which the shed was presumably built. They had to strip the back elevation to permit the stop buffer stanchions to pass, and so find room for them outside. But notwithstanding all their mighty ingenuity, the motors still stood out fifteen feet or so beyond the two great gates, and so after a while the other gates were taken down and left pitiful repose beside their brother. Then they got a huge quantity of "smoke boards," which are used to convey the steam along by the roof till it is dispersed in the open air. Two rows of these were to run parallel from one end of the shed to the other. While fixing these it was discovered that they would impose an excessive strain upon the roof, and to-day the bulk of these are hidden away in some obscure corner of one of the many railway departments. This was another dip into the shareholders' profits. They added an elaborate system of water hydrants and drainage, and after the pipes had been laid, the floor put in, in fact, three months or so after the whole job was done, they came to the tradesman and asked him to make a chalk line over exactly where he had laid all pipes! Of course it wasn't fair to expect that these over-paid janissaries to think of everything; the curious thing was they seemed incapable of thinking of anything. They installed an elaborate system of electric lighting; they protected it with an expensive slate roof-slates and all, of course, imported; and yet I never could see, nor could anyone else whom I spoke to see, the need or the utility of this great expenditure. I have often seen the motor carriages scattered about the vard mixed with the ordinary carriages, neglected and uncared for; and, as I said before, the original "motors," all the way from Glasgow, were a laughable and a dismal failure.

Let me relate an incident which curiously shows how these imported engineers regarded economy and extravagance. The foreman, Reid, sent me once to Booths, of Stephen-street, for a blow lamp, such as painters use for removing paint from woodwork; there was a lot of painting to be done. I was to get a good, serviceable article. I chose one for 30s. I brought it back.

"That's a good one," remarked the foreman, examining it critically. " How much is it?

"£I 10s.," safd I.
"My God," was the startled answer, bring it back at once. If Mr. Milling (another importation) saw that bill he would be "mad." We want one for 3s.

I brought it back. I had to take the cheapest one in the shop, which, I think,

I daresay it's necessary to hold on tightly sometimes to make up leeway for blundering incompetency. They know well how to strain at a gnat and to swallow a camel. These Birmingham and Yorkshire and London importations come over here, secure the best of jobs, and set about convincing the Irish that they are those who guide the planets in their course. I have been amused to discover that those on the G. N. R. leave a lot to be desired in skill, education and manners.

However, with the Editor's permission, I will next week give further examples of the greatness of these titanic men of

> S. O. Catarais. (To be Continued.)

ALL WORKERS should support The Workers Benefit Stores, 474 New Street. Greenies Eggs, Butter and Tee all of the best at Lowest Prices

Established 1851.

Provisions! LEIGH'S. Bishon St.

Great Clear-Out of all Winter Drapery Goods

reductions made will guarantee a very speedy clearance. We bid a hearty invitation to oll our friends t

come early and see the many bargains offered. All winter goods must go at any price. We are the

BELTON & CO. have decided that all remaining winter stock must go before stocktaking, and th

The Flappers that Ate Me Ham;

EX-COUNCILLOR KAVANAGH AS HE IS.

"So Brohoon whacked John Kavanagh, the horseshoer from 'Beaver street, at the last election in the North Dock. I was thinkin' he would, for John's intel igence, unfortunately for himself, is too well known to the vothers o' that Ward to have any further dalins wud him as a reprisintative," ses Paddy

"But he didn't reprisint the Ward in the Corporation before," ses Johnny

Misriprisint you mane," ses Paddy. "Yis, he did, for narely three years; but whin his turn kem to face the music he ran behind a publican's back an' tried to shove him on the people o' the North Dock as their reprisintative in the Corporation, but they weren't havin' any at the time.'

"How long did you say Kavanagh was a T.C.?" inquired Johnny,

"Narely three years," replied Paddy; "and if all the sayin's o' John while he was a mimbir o' the Corporation wus put into a book an' published 't 'ud have all Dublin laughin'.'

"I suppose you often hard him makin' a speech thim times, Paddy?"

'Aye did I, feth, scores o' times, and all I could do was to keep a straight face whin John was lookin' over at where I'd be. 'Twas the greatest gas in the wurl' listenin' to John from the gallery, an' he blowin' away in the Council makin' an international languidge o' the English tongue."

Could you give us a spicimin uv his orathory or tell us any stories concarnin' him, for I'm gettin' mighty inthiristed in his previous public career, Paddy?"

"Aye, could I, Johnny, tons o' thim." "Wait till I fill the d. lheen. Now fire ahead."

"When John wus puttin' up for the Corporation first he met a gang o' min workin' in Buckingham sthreet. Over he goes to thim and ses he-'Are yez workin' for the Corpora-

"'Yes,' " says they, " 'we are.'" "' How much a week does aich o' yiz

get for this work?" "' Eighteen bob,' " ses one chap.

"'Look a here, min," ses John, "' when I get into the Corporation I'll see that iviry wan o' yiz will get three shillins a day.'

"Some time after John was ilicted, I mind me wan day that the Aldermin and Councillors were havin' a long discoorse in the Corporation about wood pavin' Cork Hill. Kavanagh in his own tin pot way wus thryin' to show that the stone sets would be betther than the wooden blocks fur the horses drawin' heavy loads up the hill, when the wee chap that's now Lord Mayor intherrupted and sed -wud as grand an axint as he cud-this wus in ordhur to rise John."

"I don't see what Councillor Kavanagh knows about stone sets, if it were pig iron

John turned on him like a bull and

" And what do you know, you little sprisawn, only sellin' haporths o' snuff to ould wans up in Bunkey Hill. I'll threw you through the — winda."

"Another time, John invited a few av uz in to have a dhrink in a pub in Amien's-street. He was only afther gettin' out o' hospital where he wus for a few weeks. Maybe it wus the sickness med him flahoolach, for John isn't too foolish in the regard o' money. Anyhow, he invited uz in an' stood a dhrink.

"I wus sorry to hear, Councillor," ses the publican, as he laid the dhrinks on the counther, "that you were laid up."
"Ah, yes," see John, "I wus purty

'And what wus the matther wud you," ses the publican? "I hard you wus in

hospital. 'Ah," ses John, givin' himsel' a shake, "I had a tech o' that 'hydhrapophia" o' the lungs, an' the docthor used to come in to me iviry mornin' in the hospital an'

put a 'youromether' under me 'oxther.'" Well when we hard John comin' out like this we cudn't keep in the laughin'. You'd hear the roars uv uz up at Nelson's Pillar handy.

"Look here, Misther," ses John to the publican, "these young fellas are always laughin' at ivirything I say. All they want is fur me to die so that they ken have a bloomin' foine wake, plenty o' atin' and dhrinkin', and thin gi' me a public funeral, an' brin' out the green flag and carry it at the head o' me

corpse."

"I mind another time that the North Dock Workers' Association was holdin' a special meetin' over some vote John gev in the Corporation that they didn't agree wid. He was after rattin' on the Party he was wid, and this meeting was called to consider what action they'd take in the regard o' keepin' John on or givin' him the shunt ower the Party. There was a long discourse, an' one fella was talkin' on John's behalf an' sayin' that if he was let off this time wud a caution, he'd act better in future, and so on like that. Anyhow the chaps at the meetin,

were gettin' tired o' listenin' to the same thing over and over agin, and one lad jumps up, and says he:

Look here, Mr. Chairman, I didn't come here to sit the whole night listenin' to a PANEGYRIC on Mr. John Kavanagh. 'John was present, and he makes a

dive over to where the chap was sittin'. "'What's that you called me?' sea he, and the eyes glarin'. "Say that

"Another time, whin there was a fight on in the North Dock, one o' the chaps went down to John for a subscription.

"'What do you want the money for?' ses John. " 'Well, you know,' ses the chap, 'the fellas who are goin' into the booth as

personation agents will want something to eat-ham sandwiches and that.' "Ham sandwiches indade, said

John. 'Wouldn't pig's cheek and cabbage do them well enough?'

Anyhow John gave a few shillin's subscription. The next time there was an iliction in the North Dock all the chaps that used to work free o' charge for John were all agin his side at this iliction. I'm spakin' now on account o' his twistin'. So, when John turned up the mornin' o' the iliction in Divirell Place, and seen all the chaps there agin him, he

"' Look a thim now, the flappers that ate me ham last year.'

"When he was makin' a speech (if you like to call it one), a week or two ago, in support of his candidature, as they say in the newspapers, he said off the platform, 'They're thryin' to get me rag out now, but they can't.'

"'And is that the kind iv intilligince Bill Richardson and his gang wanted to have riprisintin' the workers o' the North Dock this time?' ses Johnny.

"Bill and Alfy must have been hard up for a candidate, Paddy, whin they ran Kavanagh."

"Well, you see, Johnny, that gang had to do something to try and keep their heads above wather. 'Twas a great blow to them whin Farrelly turned tail on thim. They're abusin him now worse than ivir they abused Larkin. I suppose the next thing they'll be doin' is abusin' poor Kavanagh for not winnin' "I wouldn't be sur-prised, Paddy, but whisper me this, do you know who ped Bill Richardson's iliction expenses the first time he fought the North Dock? I believe he fought

it three years ago agin Farrelly."
"There was a chap who went around all his friends with his cap in his hand, beggin' subscriptions. He got ten shillins from this fellow and a pound irom that party, and five shillins here and half a crown there, and so on till he med up as much as ped Bill's expenses barrin' two pounds that was got from the Glasnevin Cemeteries Investigation Committee, and about fourteen or fifteen shillins, more that was got from the treasurer o' that Committee where there was a little balance due to the printher that wasn't cleared off at first when this chap had to make a second appeal to his friends.'

"And didn't Bill pay anything?" "Not a stiver, though he wrote to one o' the papers sayin' that the result o' the iliction was to leave him indebted to the printher, or somethin' like that.' "I suppose he must have felt thank-

ful to that chap for the work he done fur him, Paddy. "Thankful, Johnny, is it? Gratitude

and Bill Richardson are bitther inimies. Why, Bill wrote a letther to the papers after the iliction o' Alderman in the North Dock Ward which he hought would be enough to get the chap sacked out o' his job That's the way Bill shows his thanks for services rendered."

"I wonldn't like to be in Bill's power as far as my job was concarned if he turned agin' me in politics. I'm afraid I'd soon be watchin' the ducks swimmin' in Stephen's Green pond on a week

day."
"Here's your butty on that question, Johnny.

"But look here, Paddy, you mintioned a while ago about the Glasnevin Cemeteries Investigation Committee, and that they subscribed two pounds to Bill's iliction expenses whin he fought the North Dock agin Farrelly. What kind uv a body was that, or had they any funds at their back? They must have been pretty flush whin they cud give

fund. "All I know about that Committee is that it was started for the purpose o' investigatin' the charges med agin the Cemeteries Committee on account o' the prices they were axin' for graves in Glasnevin and the way the poor wus said to be thrated. Bill Richardson was a great man that time on the Glasnevin biziness, and used to flood the papers wud letters about the way the poor were burried. He doesn't seem to be so anxious about the poor at all now-living or dead."

two pounds subscription to an iliction

"But does that Investigation Committee meet now, or did they wind up an' publish a balance sheet and statement uv accounts-isn't that what it's

"I cudn't tell you a single haporth more about them than I'm after sayin' Johnny; but I never seen that balance sheet, if they did, and I read the papers narely always." FIRBOLG.

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.

CURTIS,

Trade Union Shop.

LETTERPRESS AND PRINTER,

BOOKBINDER AND STATIONER, DUBLIN.

High-Class Work TELEPHONE 3492. Moderate Prices.

Inchicore Items.

Caulfield's curate—locally known as the "monk" professes to be filled with profound disgust at my last week's contributions, and I understand has pronounced me guilty of blasphemy because I gave recognition to the actions of the innocent children who lit candles in the Chapels and prayed for my success.

This voluntary act on the part of the little ones is more precious to me than my unqualified triumph at the polls, and prized by me also is the heroic act of the invalid who stole from the Hospital Ward and, at the risk of his life, came to record his vote in my favour.

Only in Catholic Ireland and amongst Irishmen can such devotion and loyalty to principle be met, and Mr. Caulfield's curate may be an authority on blasphemy of a sort, but a "drunkery" is a bad place to seek religion.

According to William Martin Murphy's paper Mr. Dent has secured an appointment in England. "Well, there are more ways of choking a cat than with butter." And the shareholders and the country are to be alike congratulated upon his welltimed departure.

Previous to my election I predicted that I would be in Inchicore when this country knew Mr. Dent no more. My demand for an impartial investigation of the complaints contained in my letter to the Board, for the making of which I was dismissed, addressed to the company from the City Hall on the day I took up office as a public representative—has been formally acknowledged by the Secretary of the company.

The investigation will follow—even if it takes place after Mr. Dent has disappeared from the scene. And given the opportunity of producing witnesses to sustain the statements made, I have no fear as to

Next week we shall have more to say and more time to say it, but must be content with this for the present.

WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

[COPY.] Members' Room, City Hall,

Dublin, Friday, 17th To the Chairman and Board of Directors of the G. S. & W. R., Kingsbridge.

GENTLEMEN, This day I have signed the form of declaration of acceptance of office as Councillor for the New Kilmainham Ward.

Every vote recorded in my favour, both in the recent and former election, represents the desire on the part of the burgesses that the statements contained in my letter of the 24th of July, 1912, and addressed to you relative to the unfair treatment of Roman Catholics employed at the Works, Inchicore, should receive at your hands an impartial investigation at which I should be given the opportunity of producing witnesses to sustain the complaints, for the making of which I have been unjustly dismissed.

I now, as an accredited representative, request this measure of justice. I seek it in the name of men of different classes and creeds. And as the safety of the travelling public is involved in the statements made in my letter referred to, I do not anticipate that you will be so prejudiced to the claims of Catholic employees for justice and so insensible to your plain duty to your shareholders and to the travelling public as to refuse.

I have the honour to remain your obedient servant, WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE,

"G. S. & W. Railway Co., "Kingsbridge, "Dublin, 20th Jan., 1913. "Sir-I am directed by my Chairman to acknowledge the receipt of your letter

Councillor, Kilmainham.

"Yours truly, "R. CRAWFORD,

"Mr. Wm. P. Partridge, " Members' Room, "City Hall, Dublin."

of the 17th instant.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

LECTURE BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

"The Labour Movement in Ulster," is the title of a lecture to be delivered in the Antient Concert Buildings, on to-morrow (Sunday), at 8 p.m. by Mr. James Connolly, the well known Belfast Labour leader, author of "Labour in Irish History" and "Labour, Nationality, and Religion." Admission is free

CORK HILL NOTES.

Lorcan looks lovely! He was as proud in his robes as a barn-door-Tom-tit, and as restless. His partisanship in the Chair is deplorable—his irritating method of interrupting debates—with interjections teeming with favouritism—is disgusting—he who remembers the late Councillor Harrington's impartial and dignified conduct in the Chair must wonder as we look at Lorcan.

And this is the man who through the masonic influence of the High Sheriff's Office is to secure a second—and a third term of Office—the nationalist—save the mark—who wins favours from that nationalist Institution Trinity College-and at the same time is given a testimonial from His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh can achieve anything in this world.

The publican and the sinner—the one and only Alfey Byrne -with his head beautifully and artistically decorated with unnecessary plaster—and his "boy" Billy were there.

The appearance of the waxwork representative, puts one in mind of his once popular refrain -Ladies and Gentlemen the performance is now about to commence. Step inside please same price to Gallery. as "Pit."

Councillor Richardson's notice of motion relative to Glasnevin intended for meeting previous to the elections by a sad mischance came up at the adjourned meeting after the elections, and therefore missed its mark.

Lorcan's attack on the Labour Party for seeking the votes of electorate on the question of the Feeding of School Children, came ill from the man (?) who a short time ago rebuked the respectable workers of the North Dock Ward because they refused to sell their votes in return for the assistance which he (Lorcan) claimed to have rendered them in times of distress.

Alderman Tom Kelly's eloquent and masterly speech on the question of the Municipal Art Gallery drew well merited applause from all sides of the House, but Alderman "does not belong to Lorcan's Gang, and therefore both his abilities and his eloquence go for nothing.

Councillor John Saturnus Kelly did not put in an appearance until the matter of the Municipal Art Gallery came up for discussion and sitting there alone, he seemed a fit subject for a Municipal Museum.

W. P. PARTRIDGE.

THE INSURANCE AGT.

National Amalgamated Bakers' and Confectioners' Health Insurance Society of Ireland.

A special meeting of the above was held

in the Trades Hall on Sunday, Mr. James Hughes presiding. The President, after explaining the objects of the meeting, referred to the good work done by the officers and committee for the past six months, and mentioned that a great many transfers from other societies had taken place during the past quarter, which increased their membership considerably. The following committee of management were duly elected:—Messrs. J. Hughes, president; L. Hanrahan, vice-president; A. P. Synnott, secretary; J. M'Donald, treasurer; H. Moody, J. Corrigan, and T. Martin, trustees. Committee-Messrs. J. Barry, F. Moran, T. Fulham, L. Kieran, and D. Cullen. The secretary reported that five claims for sick benefit had been paid on the committee having satisfied themselves that such claims were legally made. He also informed the members that sick benefits would be paid weekly on Fridays, between the hours of 6 p.m. and 10 p.m., and all sick members would be visited betwen the hours of 4 p.m. and 9 am. from January 20th to March 31st, and 8 p.m. and 8 a.m. from April 1st to September 30th. The secretary referred to statements which were recently made that this society was not approved. On producing his certificate of approval he asked those present not to be misled by those false statements, but to stand by their own trade union, the only union which will look after their interest in the future, and by doing so they would be assisting those who are now out of employment to become benefit members under the Act without any extra expense to themselves. A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman concluded the meeting.

A general meeting of the above society will be held in the Trades Hall, Capel st., on Sunday, 26th January, 1913, at twelve o'clock. All members must attend.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

BELTON & Co., Drapers, THOMAS STREET and GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET, We close on Wednesdays at 1 o'clock.

The Late Municipal Elections AND NEW METHODS FOR LABOUR.

By SHELLBACK.

Well, now the elections, like the Christmas bondays, are over, and the new Councillors are at work and we have time again to wonder at the tremendous amount of ignorance regarding such matters that is possessed by the average member of the working-class community, notwithstanding the long years of teaching that they have been subjected to by their own elected leaders. Why thereshould be any necessity for posters and meetings in connection with Municipal elections staggers me. It ought to be sufficient for any working man or woman to know that the men or women adopted by organised Labour as their candidates are those that every worker is duty bound to vote for. In electing members to a Municipal Council they are merely appointing representatives to see that the existing laws are fairly and justly administered and that money obtained by local taxation is not used to feather the nests of highly-paid officials or in costly pic-nicing or luxurious travelling on so-called public business. They are not electing law makers or peace delegates, whose solemu deliberations might result in cancelling the Insurance Act or in settling the Eastern question, but are only appointing a few members to a local Committee, who will have the power of, for instance, raising the salary of a head-constable, saving a slum landlord from exposure, keeping the wages of Corporation labourers as low as possible and raising the salaries of the highly-paid officials, who as like as not may be members of their own families, and of limiting the liberties of the general public, as it suits them. That being so, what earthly reason can a working man or woman have for not voting for the Labour candidate, whose interests are identical with his or her own, and whose efforts on the Councii must of necessity be directed against ali those matters that would be antagonistic to the interests of the class he belonged to?

The average Party candidate knows how easily many of our people are gulled, and that's why he puts out a poster that implies, in blue or yellow, that he is going to do something, if returned, that he knows perfectly well he will not have any power to even suggest, with any chance of being taken seriously, A good "U.I.L." member might prove the most unsatisfactory of Councillors. A "H.R." might also prove impossible in the Council, but a Labour member has every opportunity for working wonders in the interests of his class, and besides, he will by doing all he can in that direction secure benefits and advantages for him-

"Vote for Tompkins, and Lamps on the Canal bank," is a good battle-cry in a Municipal contest, particularly if there really is a canal in the neighbourhood. but of course that is only a secondary consideration. Everyone is agreed that lamps are very necessary on the banks of canals, and for that reason Tompkins must be returned, and his opponent, who has the temerity to object, apparently, or he wouldn't be opposed to Tompkins, must be defeated. The Municipal "U.I.L," "H.R," "Prot. H.R," and "Nat," are all on a par with Tompkins. Their particular sample of "Imperial" politics, does not make them fit and proper persons to represent a community of workers like the citizens of Dublin on bodies dealing directly with the industrial problems of the day. No one can rightly fill the position other than a properly qualified member of an organisation of Dublin workers.

In going through the polling results of the contest just decided we must be struck by the large number of voters who abstained from exercising their privilege. This abstention may be accounted for by a cooked or bogus register or a waning interest in political action, either Parliamentary or Municipal. Personally I trust that it is a sign of a growing reliance in that direct action that is rapidly becoming the main plank in the platform of the new form of Labour solidarity. Still I ain inclined to agree with the writer, who, in last week's issue of The Irish Worker," states his belief that the small poll is due; to the fact, that numbers of people have been deprived of their votes for merely technical lapses. However, be that as it may, the Councillors who were returned last Wednesday cannot claim to represent anything but a small section of Dublin Critisens seconding to the following figures-Out of a total of 22,840 voters on the register in the seven wards in which Labour candidates were put up only 12,661 took the trouble to vote, and of that numsaiber 5,264 voted straight for Labour, deaving the balance of 7,397 to be divided among ten candidates representing U.I.L," "Nat," and "Prot. H.R." politics that are outside the jurisdiction of the City Council, and are matters. that cannot there be discussed. . Now there is one thing that is absolu-

tely certain. Within the narrow limits of 7,397 voters that were cast against Labour's nominees is contained every single one of the voters in those Wards who are opposed to Labour. It can be taken for granted that not one of Labour's enemies abstained from voting if they had the power to go to the poll, and that fact is the very best proof of how easy it would be to wipe our exemies off the political slate altogether if we could only consolidate our own people for enthusiastic action. Even among these insignificant figures are included the thoughtless members of the worker's class who are gulled by such means as the Tompish's poster, or cajoled by lying statements or influenced by some small matter of personal feeling. However, the wote for Labour is a healthy sign of the times, and

although we should under fairly reasonable circumstances, have won all along, supply its members with all the necesthe line, let us congratulate ourselves that Partridge and Brohoon are safely inside the enemies' camp to defend the worker's interests, and voice the claim of Dublin's poor, while we can make use of the interval in preparing our forces for the next opportunity for attack.

Now we want revised methods and increased organisation to win.

Not merely tub-thumping oratory And all the influence and work of our organisation should be directed not in constantly appealing to our own people to get on to the Register, when all the evidence goes to prove that they will be immediately scratched off again, but in aggressive action against our enemies of the Tomkins variety, and them we know

Labour candidates are opposed because it pays certain people to oppose them, and with very little thinking, we can satisfy ourselves as to who profits by the defeat of Labour, We know that the brewers are opposed to us. Labour has no friends among the representatives of the brewing interests, although brewers become millionaires on the pence of the workers. The only way that I can see to break the powers of this infernal trade is to stop supplies altogether. To do as the pioneers of American Independence done, when the British Government sought to make the Colonists contribute towards the expenses of her wars, by putting a tax on tea. They gave up tea drinking altogether, and threw ship loads of it into the sea rather than they would allow it to land. I am afraid we are too far gone in the liquor traffic to bring about such an unanimous protest as our forefathers in those stirring times engineered against the tea tax, but surely there are enough stalwarts among Labour's forces in the city of Dublin to materially reduce Mr. Bung's profits by giving up drink absolutely.

We have a better chance of getting our own back by withdrawing our support from the big shopkeepers who are equally with the brewers opposed to the emancipation of Labour, and who so willingly contribute to the printing accounts of anti-Labour humbugs.

We could square accounts with this class quite easily, and at the same time materially reduce the cost of living and improve the quality and variety of the goods we required by simply undertaking the work of supplying our own needs.

Trade Unions are in a position to open stores for the supply of everything their members would require. They do not want any profit beyond what would cover the working expenses.

They could so manage their business that there would never be any bad debts. Their employees could be paid on a higher scale than the ordinary shopkeeper pays his assistants. There would be more of them employed and hours would be shorter than is possible under the conditions that obtain in the average shops, that are mostly nothing but sweating dens, and they could do all this, and at the same time their mem- every public house in the ward, and to bers could save from two to three shil- fill their human freight with drink on lings in their living bill. This latter consideration alone, being such a palpable benefit and such an unanswerable argument, ought to result in filling up the Union rank to such an extent that Mr. Tory or Liberal shopkeeper would perforce have to sell out.

That this is quite possible is apparent to anyone who will for a moment try and total up the immense tax the people pay to the purveyors of the food and clothes they need. Note the cost of advertising, the high rents that are paid for the big estabishments, their costly furnishing, their plate glass and brassbound mahogany counters, the proprietor's country residence, his motor cars, his servants, his high-priced whiskey and cigars, his ball tickets and election expenses, and his contribution to the particular sample of Anti-Labourism that he affects—and all have to come out of the profits that he makes out of his bacon and eggs, his butter and cheese his beef and his pork, his silks and his corderoys, his boots and his hats-all in addition to his own and his family's living, and his children's education in "Hengland," and the wages he pays his employees.



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You don't have to ask for it when wearing our Blucher Boots.

It is our aim to give you something solid that will stand the Hard Wear and to satisfy you in every way.

When we cannot do it we will go out of business. Army Bluchers, with Sprigged or

Nailed Soles, 5/-Our Whole-Back Hand-Pegged Bluchers

with Plain or Nailed Soles, 6/-FOR MEN WHO WORK.

BARCLAY & COOK, Boot Manufacturers.

104 & 105 TALBOT STREET; 5 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET. DUBLIN.

G ive me no wines of sunny Spain, And sparkling magnums of champagne; L et others order what they please-Liquors French-made, or Portuguese, A nd such strange blends from o'er the seas, G ive me no foreign drinks like these. H ere's one good toast I ne'er forget, E ach day to drink in "CIDER TTE"_ (R arest of "Gallagher's" famed brands), "S uccess to Irish Brains and Hands!"

WEXFURD NOTES.

A Trade Union that undertook to

saries that they would require would

not want to advertise. Their customers

would be entirely and absolutely limited

to their own members. They would re-

quire no shareholders beyond their own

members, who would all be equally in-

terested; they would require no capital

other than the weekly contributions of

the members, and they could thus make

profitable use of their own money in a

far more sensible manner han putting it

in a bank at a low rate of interest,

where it is always available for the use

of the employers. The Trade Union

Stores need not be in the principal

highways, where rents are sky high.

They would not need plate - glass

windows nor brass rails or mahogany

counters. There would be no country

houses to maintain, no idle family to keep

in style, no contribution to the Anti-

Labour or the Liberal Tory gang. They,

being Trade Unionists, would obtain the

best and most competent of managers and

assistants, and they would pay their

people the highest rates of pay, and give them absolute security of employ-

ment; while the reduced cost of living

would represent an increase in the wages

of their members of from two to three

it?—and the gang who finance your

opponents is deserving of small mercy at

our hands. When are we going to start?

bye, Mr. Tompkins. Your weeping and

wailing will not avail you. You wil

sink back into your nothingness, unless

you turn your coat once more, and kiss

the hand that smites you.
So let us get at it. The markets of the

moneyed hucksters. We could deal

direct with the workers, who would

guarantee us all the supplies we would

require, or if prevented, stop the mills, the factories, and the ships altogether.

ECHTES OF WOOD QUAY.

Now that the farce is over, and the

supposed result has been declared, permit

me to offer my sincere thanks to the 928

honest people in the ward who voted for

me, and to thank also the band of loyal

supporters who, without fee or reward.

worked for me during the contest.

Mickey Swaine has been duly elected, the

poster on the City Hall tells us. Any

attempt on my part to tell how that re-

sult was brought about on the day of the

election must of necessity be weak, be-

cause anything I could write or speak

would fail to describe the most perfect

and best-organised system of blackguard-

ism ever displayed in Dublin in any elec-

To start with, we were presented with

a display of motor cars, got from every-

where and anywhere which John Red-

mond himself, had he been the candidate,

would have failed to beat, the drivers of

which had liberty to pull up at nearly

their journey to the polling booth and

also on their return. As to the action of

the publicans themselves, I had to follow

Councillor O'Reilly, the Chancery-lane

aristocrat, into the polling booth more

than once to try and prevent him from

actually marking the ballot papers for

those he brought in. His bung store was

open all day for all and sundry. I will

get away from him by reminding the

electors that his term comes next year,

and to promise that' if alive, I will do as

much against him as he did for

"Mickey," and that is a tall order. As

for the P.L.G. who guards the Golden-

lane citadel, "the sleek Cole," I would

remind the working people who live in

the ward, and those who work in it, that

there are other publicans in the district

who did not so openly display their

hatred to the cause of labour and pure

ciate, Edelstein, just a few words. We

did not expect much from Mickey, but on

the day of the election he excelled even

himself. Not satisfied with using every

vile means at his disposal to intimidate

oath that he stood at the entrance to the

booth and handed money to women

voters going in. I can produce some of

those. Where the money came from

mystifies me, especially from a man who

declared recently that he hadn't a tanner.

But more of this later. As to his asso-

ciate, Edelstein, I will dismiss him by saying that had the women of the ward

been acquainted in a proper manner of

his character, and of the fact that he was

the destroyer of a Christian girl of eight,

they would not have voted for the man

which the election was fought, someone

will have to answer later. We found

rows of houses disfranchised hundreds

whose claims to the franchise can only be

answered by the "Stuffer" Tiernan, an

employee of the S.D.U., who could find

time to come to the polling booth on the

day of the election and personally abuse

In conclusion, I started my career

fighting the same rotten forces of corrup-

tion in our city, and I will end it in the

same way. I am going to get plenty of

T. IRWIN.

help on the journey.

As to the state of the register on

who made him his accomplice.

voters, but I am prepared to state on

As to the candidate and his vile asso-

administration in the Dublin City Hall.

tion contest.

We need fear no combination of

The sooner the better, and then good-

Now, workers, it's worth a try-isn't

shillings each week.

world are open to us.

The elections are over, and the workers in one ward at least have done their duty, and the Labour men have been returned with the largest vote ever recorded since the granting of the franchise.

The clique who composed the opposition party in the three wards were chiefly-Molly Maguires, and if these people are allowed to get a hold in Wexford, heaven help the working classes. In Dublin they have practically monopolised the Municipal Council, and are able to shove their relations into jobs for which they have no qualification whateve.

The branch in the town is made up chiefly of scabs and others of that ilk, and it is an outrageous thing to see workers bringing their insurance cards to these people.

When the lock-out was on the real A.O.H. American Alliance sent a contribution of £40 to help the men and two days after Nugent, the General Secretary of the Wexford Branch, wrote a letter repudiating that it had been sent from them.

In St. Mary's Ward we had Tom Parle the son of a carpenter, working against us; Pat Ennis, who is the son of a labourer; Johnnie Brown, supposed to be a carpenter, and the rest we will leave alone, as they were paid hirelings.

Tom Breen, of Bishop's Water, was brought down in the hired carriage, and when he arrived the kids called him the Booshie man. One woman was dragged out of bed who hadn't been able to go to Mass this many a year to vote against

John Kirwan, we are informed, is the man who conducted John Breen down, and when he wanted the matter regarding the grant to the offal plant brought on he had to go to one of the Labour Party, and he might want them again.

Jem Kenny, the turncock, was working tooth and nail against the Labour candidates, and we are very anxious to know how he as a paid servant of the Corpora tion can escape being censured by that

About a fortnight before the elections Spite Richards and the Tyghe man, Kirwan, tried as hard as two men could to bribe a dock labourer to have himself nominated in St. Mary's Ward to split the Labour vote, but thanks to the splendid principle of the man referred to their dirty work didn't come off.

Coffey and Hore got a letter addressed to the electors of St. Mary's, and which went on to state "that it was high time for the people of Wexford to have themselves represented by men of in-telligence." This speaks bad for the men who have been in the Council up to now, Mr. Hore amongst them, and we would like to know what Mr. Hore was thinking of when he allowed his name to foot that document. Would Coffey have filled the gap of ignorance

Well, the workers have recognized that it was time to have themselves represented properly, and have returned two men whom they can depend on.

During the day all the scabs and half scabs in Pierce's were let out and to d to vote against the Labour candidates.

When the poll was declared Tom Salmon lost his temper completely; he even went so far as to strike a chap named Murphy, from Talbot street, who summoned him, but it has since been hushed up to the tune of fro. Poor Tommy, did it annoy you for Corish to be elected?

Billy Byrne was heard to say during the day: "If Coffey gets in to-night, boys, we will have a right feed." He must have had shades of the seven pounds of beef in his mind's eye.

In St. Iberius Ward, where the two labour men were beaten, we may safely say that the workers did not do their duty.

The temptation in this ward was very strong—the men who were helping the candidates on the opposite side were actually swimming in whisky.

Martin Comerton was doing a little for the other side, although he is only a poor corn-porter himself, and when he was asked during the day would he have a sup of whiskey his reply was, "No, I am not taking anything, but I'll have a few lemon drops," and we all know what that meant.

Johnnie Spread the Light, our supposed labour candidate, was helping Carty in Selskar Ward to fight the standard bearer of labour, a nice position surely for a man representative of the working

The day after the elections he was on the ran tan on the Quay, and was abusing and beating with his Pony Larkin and Daly, who weren't there of course. He was arrested, and was fined 10s. 6d. in the Petty Sessions.

On Wednesday, when he was asked by the chairman if he had anything to say for himself against Sergeant Begley's statement that he was a perpetual nuisance, he replied that he was a member of the County Council, the Corporation, and the Poor Law Board. In the interests of the workers, unfortunately, Johnnie, you are, but when you were elected to those positions you weren't the wheeler you are now, and when you go out the next time you stop out, mark that. The workers have too long been subject to the finger of scorn for your action as their represen-

We have been reminded that when thanking the men who helped at the elections last week we forgot the following: James Kehoe, Bride place; Laurence O'Connor, Carrigeen; and Michael O'Neill

All honour is due to Thomas Byrne, Talbot street, who refused the bribes of the "Mollies" to work against the Labour candidates, with scorn. They were at his bedside at seven in the morning coaxing him to go, and offered him a guinea for his

The following letter has been sent us for publication:-

"To the Electors of St. Mary's Ward. "Ladies and Gentlemen-We the undersigned wish to thank you very heartily for your loyalty to the cause of Labour, as instanced by the record poll on Wednesday last, in spite of the inclemency of the 67 NORTH KING STREET, DIPLIN. weather.

"We will endeavour at all times to echo your feelings in the Council, and hope that when next we ask your suffrage we will have done our duty well and fearlessly in the interests of the old town.

"Truly yours, " JOHN WALSH. " ŘICHARD CORISH."

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