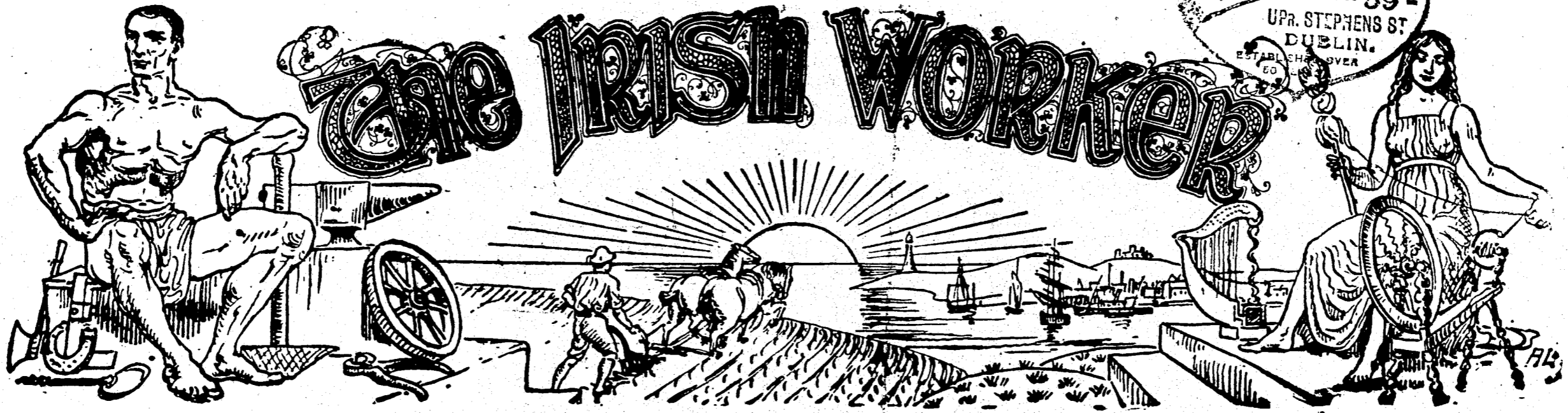


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Finian Lalor.



ALL LABOUR PAPERS & PAMPHLETS TO BE HAD AT KEARKEYS -59- UPR. STEPHENS ST. DUBLIN.

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

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27th, 1913.

ONE PENNY.]

The Use of the Sledge-Hammer.

In Ireland to-day we are afraid of words, we think in phrases, we isolate ourselves in cliques—often in glorified family parties. We are for the most part mental serfs, dangles of shibboleths, and genial humbugs.

His vision is blinded, and he has betrayed the essentials of his creed. When a nation pursues this policy, one remedy alone will save it from final death.

Every sane and kingly element in the country revolts against the hideous wrong the enemies of the workers have tried to perpetrate.

The little excursion into English realms was a brilliant idea. The English are a staid and long suffering race. Too long, alas! insensitive to the wrongs their Government had inflicted upon ourselves.

Larkin wanted to show them how to kick properly. Cuchulainn's character, when Cuchulainn grew too polite in his

fight with Ferdia at the Ford used plain and stinging speech. Cuchulainn won. English workers, remembering Larkin's speech, will know how to win.

Aye, make no mistake about it, ye rebels, and learn it before it is too late, ye respectables—strong words and strong deeds cleanse the earth.

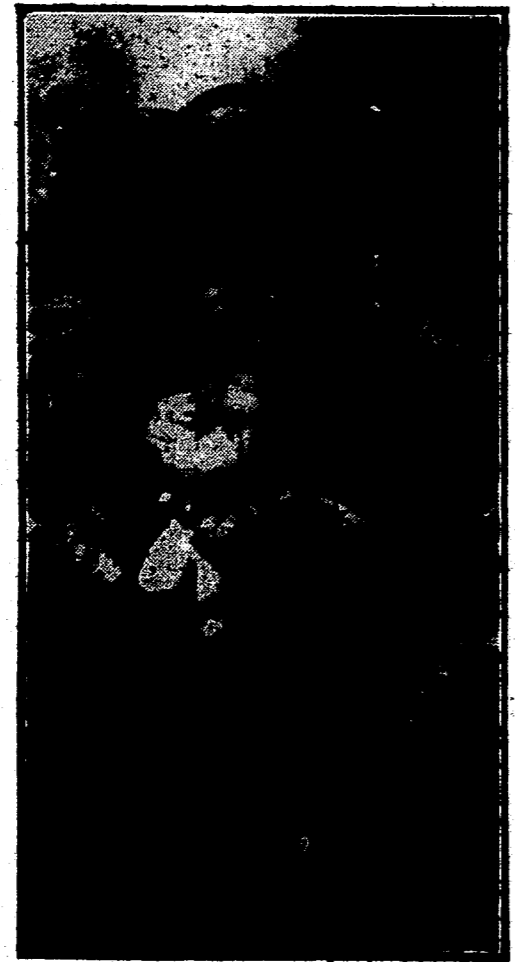
They also like you to use it when they feel sure it will break in your hands. In the first case, they invent high-sounding catch-cries and write huge libraries, and devote armies of lawyers, journalists, and paid talkers to persuade even Providence that their object is albeit a painful necessity—the most highly moral and practical thing to do.

In the second case a subtle problem arises. The crew don't like anyone else to possess a sledge-hammer, as even the weaker variety has a nasty knack of sending its fragments, head, splintered handle and all, in the right direction.

Hence comes the practice of advocating the employment of tooth-picks, Nugent's proposed union, "sane trades unionism," &c., &c. The moral is obvious. The glint in the eyes of Hell is a sufficient warning; the power in the voice of Hell is a clearer warning; a stout-handled, long-reaching, hard-headed sledge-hammer brings you through every danger.

One of our Locked-out Worker's Kiddies.

JOCIE McCORMACK, aged 6½ months, 30 Empress Place, Dublin.



One of John Wallie's victims, whose father was locked-out on 13th September, 1913 (although she does not look much the worse of his good work). Thanks to Jim Larkin and the Daily Herald Fund, our English friends, the rank and file, we want for nothing; only her father, whose money John Wallie has belonging to him this 14 weeks and cannot, even through law and order, get it from him.

"Daily Herald" On Sale every morning 9.30, Liberty Hall.

A Hymn of Labour's Awakening.

Oh! hear ye the tramp of that marching force That betokens the toilers awaking? Oh! hear ye the chant of the labourer, hoarse, That welcomes the dawn abreaking? The might of the men who till and toil On the grimy dock and the fruitful soil No longer to be the tyrants' spoil The chains from their limbs they're shaking

SEAGHAN.

Sacred Squares—Why not Unlock Them?

While the subject of slums and slum-dwellers, vacant spaces, and tottering thoroughfares is yet topical, it may not be out of place to comment upon the inviolability of some open spaces right in the midst of congested districts in this city. For instance, "Mountjoy" and "Rutland" (Parnell?) Squares. Why these should still be sacred preserves no one can explain or justify.

The acquisition of such "small open spaces" in such "populous districts" is just such a problem of civic finance as vested interests in slumdom and urban desolation makes invaluable. It is, therefore, time attention should be vigorously directed and measures devised to have such spaces as happily exist thrown open to all.

The general good, public well-being, and enjoyment rise paramount, and must be made supreme over all class distinctions. This implies no infringement of private rights, no destruction of just privilege. As the people must prevent encroachments upon their recognised rights and inheritances, so it must be their policy to widen everywhere the domain of popular enjoyment by the enfranchisement of all in the pleasures and benefits of open-air recreation.

The City Printing Works

13 Stafford Street, Dublin. SOLICIT YOUR ORDERS FOR ALL CLASSES OF PRINTING. Real LIVE Printers—not Middlemen. Printers of the "Irish Worker" since its birth. Estimates Free. Phone 3008. Special Terms to Trade Unions. Remember 13 Stafford Street. No other address valid. Trade Society Cards Printed on the Shortest Notice. Irish Materials a Speciality.

surroundings, pursuits, and enjoyments as a whole.

It is assuredly in this area, lying between Mountjoy square and the river, that structural desolation, squalid homes, and inevitable moral grime abound. It were well, indeed, could one say that with the decay which runs riot in this district the discredit of our city ended. But other parts have like ulcers to conceal. In Gardiner street alone what havoc has not been wrought? Houses once the homes of prominent citizens have fallen a hopeless prey to the slumowner's greed and indifference, and bit by bit are tumbling into ruins, sheltering in their last extremity moral and social parasites.

It is not customary in this country to speak or write candidly of the "social evil," we prefer purliness to conscious purity. But it would be folly and a crime to shut our eyes to its existence in our midst; to the evil done by the disturbance of this infected area and to the fact that while it was once practically isolated in a well-defined zone, it is now scattered all over the city and into the more populous suburbs. And greater evil than all its attractions—for this sadfully has attractions for feeble and diseased minds—are alluring the young toil-wreathed womanhood of our city in increasing numbers into the ranks of semi-prostitution. This is a plain assertion. The many who move in refined and moral atmospheres will through ignorance deny it; but to those who have had to visit all places at all hours, it is too painfully evident and too evidently dangerous a fact.

AN ICONOCLAST. THE BURGESS OF CONVENTIONALITY. If there is any one thing to recommend the Irish Labour movement to the outside proletariat more than another, it is its total disregard of conventional assiduity. Conventional assiduity is the piled up prejudices of ages, bequeathed to us by our ancestors and forced upon us by our contemporaries.

CAUTION. The Pillar House, 31a HENRY ST., DUBLIN, -IS THE DEPOT FOR GENUINE- Bargains by Post.

We do cater for the Workingman! No fancy prices; honest value only. Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairing A SPECIALITY.

majority of us flatter ourselves on the ease with which we assimilate it. It is the one relic of original sin which has never been washed from our souls, and it is only the baptism of experience which can work the miracle.

We are all more or less locked up in this straitjacket of conventionality. Some of us adapt ourselves to it; some of us wriggle within it; some of us break loose.

Society imposes what it is pleased to call etiquette upon us; Government imposes a system or systems of education upon us, and our early monitors impose a thousand and one prejudices upon us that stitches the jacket ten times more uncomfortably. Thus we are expected to obey laws and rules of good manners with which we had nothing to do in construction, and which are mere or less foreign to what the greatest teacher of all—Nature—would suggest.

This bugbear would recommend the Irish Labour movement to march with its boundaries, totally unconscious of its budding powers and developing strength. Thus the Irish labour movement is unconventional they say. We'll so it is, for progress is the antithesis of conventionality and the Irish labour movement is progressive. It is not conventional to drill and prepare a labour army; it is not conventional to send children from falling tenements to be fed and cared for in better homes and where good food and clothes were assured them, and it was and is not conventional to refuse to handle tainted goods.

From this strait jacket the Irish labour movement is freed. It is working out its own destiny, its own way free from the shackles of antiquated precedents. The Irish labour movement is not seeking to maintain the old accepted standards nor is it striving to re-adjust them. It is working to establish others which are truer and more according to the dictates of common sense. Thus the movement is acting and reacting on the individual, and the individual is acting and reacting on the movement for the betterment of the two. The false notions and ideals are being swept away and truer conceptions of a greater law is being inculcated—the law of progress. Conventional assiduity is looking backwards unconventionality i.e., progress is marching forward.

SMALL PROFIT STORE FOR MEN'S BOOTS. Best Hand-Made Boots, made and repaired on the premises. 4/11. Best Quality. Best Choice. Best Values. Best Boots. Best Service. Best Prices. Small Profit Store, 78 Talbot St.

The New Old Spirit.

By FRED BOWER (Operative Stone Masons' Union)

Those who are taking an active interest in Labour questions to-day are aware of an intangible something which is at the back of whatever movement Labour is making.

Meanwhile, there isn't a worker with a brain two removes from a monkey who doesn't know what he wants—

The Education Act of 1870 forced us to have our children mentally fed (not on the best of food, I'll admit), and being mentally better fed than our dads, we intend to be physically better fed, clothed, and housed.

And the New Old Spirit, the ever-young spirit, which has been with the race since the first humans came together to fight unitedly their forest enemies, is asserting itself.

History is being made faster to-day than at any other period since the world's formation. Twenty years back our most optimistic social teachers felt in their inmost selves that the good time of which they preached would not come in their time.

Well, this "New Old Spirit" is working as never before in men's hearts and intellects. Cold-blooded reasoning built on generations of calculating, commercially minded people has robbed us, or was robbing us, of our imagination.

Instinct is natural, Reason is acquired. And as life, to the healthiest of us, is but short, we are beginning to see that if we are to wait for generations to come and go ere we can hope to get enough people of our class to reason themselves into demanding their rights, the fight is hardly worth engaging in.

Our instinct tells the toil-worn wage-slaves in the furthermore parts of the world, that we are being robbed; that the only man with any charter to live is the worker; that the only human to be classed with vermin and parasites is the shirker.

The workers of the world are getting fed up with "leaders" who only plead or bleed. They have lost their fear of Hell. The most vivid imagination couldn't picture a worse Hell than must be in the brain of a true man who, on a sick bed, conscious of the approach of Death, gazes round the room at his wife and children, soon to have to face the world alone.

The hiring Press we shall control as soon as we get the linotype operators and compositors a little more strongly organized. Then they will have their own censor in every printing and publishing office, who will see that he and his mates don't allow "our masters" to spread out to an ignorant public such damnable lies as "Tom Mann's income is £40 a week," or "We hear on good authority that Jim Larkin and Ben Tillett are financing a forty-million loan for the King of the Basili-Bazouks."

The New Old Spirit is catching us all with its warmth, its appeal, its spirituality. Happy the man, the trade union, the nation, that has felt its glorious urge.

I believe the change from a nation damned to a nation saved can only be brought about through bloodshed. Optimist though I am, the past history of our race, the present stupidity and cupidity of the Master Class, compel me to that belief. That being so, why coward-like, leave the battle for our children to go through?

BUTTER. Best Farmers Pure Butter 1/2, 1/3, 1/4 per lb. Fresh Irish Eggs at Lowest Prices. PATRICK J. WHELAN, 25 QUEEN ST., DUBLIN.

I am a physical coward and a peace lover, as my "Open Letter to the British Soldier" or "Don't Shoot" pamphlet will show; but I am one of thousands—

And when we have organised our fellow-slaves in each industry into one syndicate, or combine, or trust of that industry; when we have reduced our 1,700 unions into, say, nine or ten unions, discarding agreements obtained under duress (as all so-called agreements must be between the "haves" and the "have-nots"), then, forking our ponderous politicians to take a back seat, we shall go forth to battle, to THE BATTLE.

We shall suffer, of course. We've done that all our lives. We may lose the first great fight, but we cannot help winning in the end.

Men have the New Old Spirit, the Spirit of Fraternity, the Spirit of Sacrifice, the Spirit of Love. Gone snobbery, prejudice, and pride of place, and gone the fear of Hell. The slaves of to-day will be the freemen of to-morrow, because they believe it to be better to die fighting for Heaven on earth than to live fighting in Hell.

We quote the above from December Number of "Solidarity" the organ of the New Unionism.

Notice to Contributors.

All contributors, without exception, are requested to note that all literary matter intended for the "Irish Worker" must be sent direct to the Editor, Liberty Hall, and not to the printer.

All matter for publication must be in by Wednesday morning.

By Order, EDITOR.

The Irish Worker, EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

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

All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Barrowfield Place, Dublin. Telephone 5481. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 6d. for six months, payable in advance.

We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, Saturday, Dec 27th, 1913.

An Appeal to Our Readers.

Tho' we are in the throes of a desperate industrial battle we feel compelled to call upon you to prove your faith in the Cause. The Dublin Labour Party, a Working Class Party, the delegates to which Party are elected from the organised Trade Union Movement, believe that the hour is approaching to strike a deadly blow at the corruption prevailing in this city.

Against the so-called representatives of the citizens on every side arises a wave of condemnation. Our city is in the hands of a most unholy combination: Freemason has joined with Hibernian hypocrite, publican with creatures masquerading as temperance advocates, such as (the Farrells' and Sherlocks'), sweaters with slum property owner, capitalist exploiters, such as the Murphys and Coitons control a Tammany ring in the City Hall who are throttling the life of the people.

Every public utility with the exception of water and electricity is in the hands of this unholy combination. Every attempt to beautify your city, every attempt to solve the housing problem, every attempt to deal with poverty and unemployment, every attempt to minimise the appalling conditions of the common people, to reduce the rate of sickness and death and the terrible child mortality; every attempt to gain control of the police administration, control of our streets, control of our Port, and our avenues of activity, are laughed to scorn by this group of parasites, who have proved to the world that they are the most unscrupulous, most brutal, most tyrannical, most vindictive and most corrupt clique that ever cursed any area of the known world.

The hiring Press we shall control as soon as we get the linotype operators and compositors a little more strongly organized. Then they will have their own censor in every printing and publishing office, who will see that he and his mates don't allow "our masters" to spread out to an ignorant public such damnable lies as "Tom Mann's income is £40 a week," or "We hear on good authority that Jim Larkin and Ben Tillett are financing a forty-million loan for the King of the Basili-Bazouks."

The New Old Spirit is catching us all with its warmth, its appeal, its spirituality. Happy the man, the trade union, the nation, that has felt its glorious urge.

and purifying process which the Dublin Labour Party are determined to carry into effect. With this holy and christian work to our hands we call upon you, each and every one of you to give us of your help, give us of yourselves. Some may be able to give personal service in the fight, others may help with advice, oral and written, but all can assist financially.

We know the heavy responsibilities you have assumed in this industrial struggle; but the struggle is not only of to-day but must continue until the good day brings the best. We say ill-equipped as you are we want you to prove even by a donation of one penny, may even the widow's mite, will give us courage, and to those who are better blessed than others with this world's goods, we call upon them to prove their faith. Cheques, postal orders, and stamps to be used for providing ammunition for the attack on the enemy's citadel, should (this January) be sent to Thomas Parren, Treasurer of the Dublin Labour Party, Trades Hall, Capel Street, Dublin, who will be glad to meet any person interested in coming campaign at the above address. All communications in connection with the above appeal should be marked Municipal Elections, Dublin, 1914 Campaign Fund.

P.S.—We hope to fight every Ward in the city.—Ed.

Further details in our next.

To all my comrades who have extended to me their good wishes and seasonable compliments, especially our comrade Randall McDonnell, whose message of cheer gives me renewed courage, I can only express my grateful thanks. I cannot reply to each of you, the ghost is willing but the meat is weak. I can only say of the kind things, that you have been good enough to say of me I will do my best to make them good in the future.—J.L.

WAYFARERS.

Take up the task anew, the night is falling, Weaving the shadows of her own despair; The still sad voice across the twilight calling, Making a mock of life, of death a snare.

Hall-marked with failure; why this bitter striving, This useless zeal that mocks the futile goal; This fever heat of passion unforbearing Where death has cast her shackles on the soul?

Oh, march breast-forward; snap the galling traces; Blast you the locks and burst the prison bars; With bleeding footsteps on the stony spaces, With shining faces fixed upon the stars.

—Randall McDonnell.

As we go to Press we have learned, with deep sorrow of the demise of Mrs. Annie Stafford, the wife of Mat Stafford, P.L.G. We tender our sincere condolences to Mat in his bereavement. The sad event was very sudden, as the lady was about her household duties as late as Sunday last, and only took ill on Monday morning, dying on Monday evening. We know that our readers will join with us in extending our sympathy to her husband and his family who has always proved a friend in the truest sense of the word to the poor whose interests he has always served in his position as a Guardian to the poor in the North Dublin Union. Peace to her ashes, Mat, and may the sympathy of your fellow citizens help you in some small way to bear up against the terrible affliction which has visited you.

We notice the capitalist Press are very generous in giving credit to people sometimes that they are not entitled to the name of christians. Yesterday the Irish Women Workers and the Irish Transport and General Workers Union were enabled owing to the generosity of friends in Ireland, England, Scotland, and Wales who were appealed to through the columns of the "Daily Herald" and "Irish Worker" to feed hundreds of sandwichmen and others of the lost legion. They also at Emmet Hall, Inchicore; Trausport Hall, Augier street; Transport Hall, High street; and Croydon Park, Clontarf; invited 20,000 children to a gathering at which were provided a good meal, and afterwards they were invited to view a beautiful Christmas tree and shake hands with Santa Claus who saw that the multitude of children were presented with a toy, sweets, biscuits, oranges, etc. Owing to a number of children and the parents misunderstanding the arrangements with regard to the ticket arrangements instead of 20,000 children we had close on 30,000 toys, biscuits and sweets ran out, but all were provided with food. It speaks volumes for the voluntary workers who gave up their Christmas dinner and all other arrangements they had made in a social sense to come and serve and look after the comfort of their less fortunate circumstanced fellows. Some of the volunteer workers spent the whole of the night preceding Christmas Day getting the food prepared, and then, without a rest, continued during the whole of Christmas Day to give service to others. The happiest day I have ever spent was assisting these beautiful, willing girls and the strong, sturdy boys and men who revelled in the work of enjoyment to others. It was a real Christmas in the truest sense of the word. After the children were looked after over a thousand men sat down to a good, substantial meal of venison, roast and boiled meat, vegetables, and pudding. Each guest was given as much as he required. The venison was provided by our good friend The O'Mahony, 61 Grange Cop, Co. Wicklow. Mrs. Larkin, in announcing to

the guests the kindness of The O'Mahony, extended to them the best regards and seasonable wishes of the donor, and pointed out the new spirit that was abroad in the nation—the old barriers of class was being broken.

Women and men of all sections in Ireland were beginning to recognise their oneness of aim and the need for a new understanding amongst the peoples of this nation. What a beautiful idea to give service to those who cannot help themselves, to the weak, the helpless and the neglected ones, we must extend to Councillor Partridge and Boban, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Kearns, Miss Neale, Paddy Murtagh and those, who worked so usefully with them to brighten December 25th 1913.

To-day 1,200 women and girls workers are to be entertained at Groydon Park, and presented with a memento at the occasion.

We note from many "disinterested" quarters repudiations of the candidatures of employees who are seeking election to the Municipal Council in January. Shortall, of the Rotunda Ward, who locked out his workers immediately he got his cheque for £1,500 from the Pembroke Urban Council, has been endorsed by the ward-beeblers of the Rotunda Ward. Amongst them is Mr. Thomas Murphy, who is a voter without any qualification (excepting an interest in some tenement house property in Lower Dominick street, and Mr. T. G. Warren, the tenor soloist, both members of the Dublin Typographical Society. Duffy, T.C., goes forward on his own, having no connection with Shortall, we don't think.

Downes, the baker knight, of Royal Addresses fame, who is supplying the scabs on the "Lady Jocelyn" with the "staff of life," is going forward in Inns Quay, and we hear so is Begg, T.C., J.P., the salesman-farmer from Crumlin, who first signed the Agreement with the Transport Union and then broke it.

John Dillon, another of the builders who locked out their workers, is going up in Drumcondra, and one of his backers is Mr. John Hanlon, the Royal Liver Agents' "Trades Union" representative. With him in the same ward Councillor David Quaid is telling a few things about Charlie Murray, who is an opponent for the Aldermanship. David announces that if he is not elected he will never, never again place his services at the disposal of the citizens. Poor Dublin, we know not what will become of it if the gentlemen so well known in Limerick is not a member of the Civic Council. And as for Murray, words fail to express the loss his exclusion from the Council to the members of his family.

Tell it not in Gath—Little Alfie Byrne has nothing to do with Bill of the ten pound character. We wonder does "Little Alfie" think we do not remember the efforts he made to put him in? Does he remember the amount of beer it took to do the job? Does he forget the "terrible attack" that was made on him at the time of the play-acting of the bandaged head over a cut of about a half-inch in diameter? If he forgets we remember, Alfie. He seems to be afflicted with a very bad memory. We suppose that is why he failed to turn up at the meeting in re the Police Inquiry—never be it said he was afraid.

Scully, J.P., the Chief Haugman and "Light Weight Champion," is going forward in Merchants' Quay. Scully is a foxy little weasel. He seems to forget the disclosures of the Distress Committee and the revelations in reference to poor O'Brien in the South Dublin Union. He has added to that by his actions in the present lock-out, and we challenge contradiction that he has acted in collusion with the coal contractors in the South Dublin Union by supplying pau, or labour to work as scabs in order to beat the men on strike or locked out. Andy Breslin, a good, intelligent Labour man, is going forward in opposition to him, and we trust the workers will show the same solidarity in the fight that they have shown in the industrial fight of the last four months—it is a continuity of it.

In Wood Quay Peter O'Reilly is retiring, and is being fought by Tom Irwin. We hope the retiring T.C. will be retired when the poll is counted on the 15th January.

The same old stunts may be relied on to be made: Vote for O'Reilly and Home Rule, and so on all through. As if the defeat or the election of such a crowd of wooden-headed idiots could have any effect on Home Rule. Boys, vote for the men who are on the firing line, for you, and with you all the time.

Whitewashing Housing Inquiry.

The Preparation of Returns.

During the course of the evidence, Mr. O'Connor said that the Commissioners would endorse any application or recommendation for extra remuneration to the officials who had made the returns which had been prepared for the purposes of the inquiry.

Mr. Travers, during the course of his evidence said the total number of tenement houses he dealt with was 5,322; of these 103 were one-storey, 1,202 two-storey, 2,134 three-storey, 1,859 four-storey, and 24 five storey. The average number of rooms per tenement house was 6.6; average number of families per house, 4.9; average number of persons per tenement house, reckoned on the information obtained by the Sanitary Department 16.4; average number of persons per tenement house, assuming the average 9 persons per

family to be 4.6 (Census return for 1911), 22.3. Total number of rooms, 55,227; average number of persons per room, including occupied cellars, but excluding vacant rooms and shops, 3.6. Percentage of families occupying one-room tenements, 77.9, percentage of cellars occupied 36.0; number of families occupying each 3 or more rooms 1,312; number of families occupying one room tenements and occupying two-room tenements, 24,510. Total number of persons living in one-room tenements and in two-room tenements, calculated on Census return, 112,746. Total number of persons occupying one-room tenements, calculated on Census return, 92,496.

In the course of further evidence, witness said there were 1,200 third-class tenement houses in Dublin, and on the basis of the information obtained by the Sanitary Department they were occupied by 18,000 persons. On the basis of the Census returns this number was 24,000.

Mr. O'Connor—Would you give us exactly your definition of a third-class tenement? One that is unfit for human habitation, or on the border line of being unfit, and which it would be impossible to make fit for human habitation.

Mr. O'Connor—I may take it that these third-class tenements should be absolutely swept away. Yes, but at present the occupants of the third class houses would have no place to go to.

Our readers will notice Inspector O'Connor, L.G.B., is very good to suggest that the paid officials should get further payment. We wonder what payment the women and men are entitled to who focused public opinion, produced evidence, and compelled both the L.S.B. and Corporation officials to tell the truth. We say emphatically that every official from Sir Henry Robinson, L.G.B., down to Mrs. Ryan, Sub-Sanitary officer (morgh), should be indicted before a bar of summary jurisdiction to answer for their sins of commission and omission. We see that Alderman Gerald O'Reilly and his pal, Sartorius Crozier, the Slum King, would not face the music.

Mrs. M. P. O'Ryan, Sanitary Sub-Officer under the Corporation, was examined, and said that it was part of her duty to look after the general sanitary condition of the houses under her care. She herself was the owner of property, and looked after it to the best of her ability. It was situated in Dolphin's Barn.

Mr. O'Connor read out the description that had been given in evidence of the condition of some of the houses, and she said she thought it rather stringent.

The description given by the architect is not good? I do my best, and keep them in as good repair as I can.

Mr. O'Connor—Try and get them into better condition.

Witness—I will, The above lady gave Jas. O'Brady, solicitor, one in the eye, as they say, on the day of her appointment. On the decease of the late Matthew Brady, solicitor, the wires were pulled, and Cameron of that ilk and of the same Freemason lodge as Clancy, Sub-Sheriff, decided he wanted a female sub-sanitary officer, and so as to make the job a cert for Mrs. Brady, Sir Charles suggested that one of the qualifications for the appointment should be maternity experience. Everything was going well, Mrs. Brady being the only applicant possessing, as the boys thought, the requisite qualification, being the only married woman making application; but, lo! when the application was opened, Mrs. M. P. Ryan was on the job, and proved she had the pull; so Mrs. Brady had to wait until Sir Charles made another vacancy. Fancy a city allowing the officers who have to act honestly between landlord and tenant to own some of the worst slums in this slummy city!

We wonder will O'Beirne explain why he denies he was a Sinn Feiner. He may well say he was not elected by Larkinism. We know who elected him—all the slum property owners, publicans, Freemasons, Ancient Order of Hypocrites (Board of Erin), sweaters, and scab employers, such as his political boss, Alderman Cotton, M.P. We remember when Thomas Foran, a Labour candidate, a clear, honest, sober workman, opposed O'Beirne. We remember who supported O'Beirne. Next week we will give the names of a few. We wonder does Murtagh O'Beirne, United Irish Leaguer, know who are the owners of the 1000 dens condemned by Father O'Farrell. Will O'Beirne deny that his friend, Travers, Chief Sanitary Officer, is a party owner? Would that be the reason why Murtagh made no protest in the Council?

My Prison Experience.

I (Michael Mullen) hereby avail myself of the first opportunity to tender to Tommy Sloppeil O'Shaughnessy, otherwise known as the Recorder of Dublin, my thanks—I won't say they are very sincere, but that by the way—for putting me in a position of knowing what the inside of Mountjoy Prison is like. I learned many interesting things while there, not the least of which was that Hibernianism lives and thrives inside the walls. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if I heard of the opening of a brand new lodge there in the near future. The hang house would make an ideal Hall for the Brothers; and Head Brother John in opening the lodge could arrange to have Jack Ketch invested with the regalia of the Order. Hangman, Gripper and battering ram would go well together.

Tommy Sloppeil waxed very eloquent that Friday evening in October as he sat on the bench in Green-street "Justice" hall, so determined—and I'm sorry I can't say big—with the gown on his back and an illigant wig (not forgetting the goggles) over poor me. Who is this man who shouted "Tommy" to the obliging jury, or what is he? A charitable institution, etc.

etc. Well, Tommy, I'll answer you now. I am not a Limerick souer, anyhow. My father never sold his soul for soup and hairy bacon, Tommy. And, Tommy, as you have taken such an interest in Catholic charitable institutions, you might try and get your Freemason pals, Neddy Carson and Jimmy Campbell, M.P.'s, to stop their dupes in Belfast from wrecking Catholic homes and assaulting Catholic workmen with iron bolts, nuts, etc., during Orange outbreaks.

The boys in Mountjoy are well. Their message to the boys outside is to keep the flag flying. They are not discouraged. More next week.

MICHAEL MULLEN.

The Irish Cause in France.

On the evening of the 18th December, Madame Maud Gonno delivered a lecture on Ireland in the salons of the "Ideal" Literary Society, the Count de Gremont, President of the St. Patrice Association in the chair. Alluding to the widespread distress occasioned by the labour trouble in Ireland, Madame Gonno said that it all tended to prove how urgently Home Rule was needed, for that a national government would never have allowed a few employers to bring ruin and misery on a whole city. She added that it was because the enemies of Ireland knew that Home Rule was inevitable and that, if it was once granted, it would be impossible to stop Ireland's progress, that they were all striking at her while she was still chained, knowing that a free Ireland meant the freeing of the greatest and brightest Celtic force in the world. But Ireland's freedom was at hand all the same. The Celts had their word to say in the world, and that word was one of joy and hope and justice. After the lecture Madame de Brague and Madame de Luzia, accompanying themselves on small Irish harps, sang a selection of Irish melodies. When the applause that followed had subsided, Madame de Brague appealed to the ladies present to help Madame Gonno in her noble efforts to procure clothes for the Dublin children whose parents are deprived of work owing to the lock-out. In conclusion Madame de Brague said that both the "Ideal" Literary Society and the St. Patrice Association rejected at the opportunity Madame Gonno's lecture gave them of showing their deep sympathy with Ireland.

55 Rue Raynouard, Pasty, Paris, France. M. BARRY O'DELANY.

POVERTY CAUSES LUNACY.

"Poverty, low living, hard conditions of life and toil, increasing worry, involving prolonged mental strain, are fruitful sources of mental derangement."—Recent Report of Commissioners in Lunacy.

Dublin Labour Party

A public meeting will be held on Sunday, 28th Dec., in the United Builders Labourers Hall, 118 Lower Clanbrassil st., in support of the candidature of Mr. Andrew Breslin, Sec. No. 3 Branch of Carpenters, Labour candidate for Merchants' Quay Ward. Councillor R. O'Carroll will preside, and will be supported by Councillors Partridge and Lawlor, Jim Larkin, T. McParadin (President Dublin Trades Council), and other Labour men.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

RESULT OF PRIZE DRAWING. First Prize ... No. 3474. Second Prize ... No. 8951. Third Prize ... No. 2417. Prizes given out on Saturday, 27th of December, 1913, at 8.30 p.m. Walter Carpenter, Sec.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

(Head Office—Liberty Hall) Entrance Fee - 6d. and 3d. Contributions - 1d. & 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. All communications for this column to be addressed to—"D.L." 18 Barrowfield place.

When You Want Anything,

Don't forget to go for it to the WIDOW REILLY'S LITTLE SHOP, 24, Lr. Sheriff Street

Workers! Support the Only Picture

House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman. THE IRISH CINEMA, Capel Street (next to Trades Hall). Now Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30. Prices, 3d., 4d., 6d.

Change of Pictures—Monday, Thursday, and Sunday.

The Up-to-Date Paper Shop.

KEARNEY'S Has the best stock of working-class papers in Ireland. Come to us for "Herald of Revolt," "Labour Leader," and all progressive books and pamphlets. All on sale. Phone No. 4150. Note Only Address KEARNEY'S Newsagency, Tobacco Shop, 59 Upper Stephen Street, Established over 50 years.

Industrial Notes.

(From "Solidarity.")

The Rio Tinto Miners, although possessing little funds, have by their strike obtained the greater part of their demands. Nine hundred and eighteen thousand one hundred and seventy-one workers struck successfully during 1912; 176,726 were successful, and 136,364 compromised, according to Board of Trade figures.

The movement for the amalgamation of the Vehicle Workers' Unions progresses favourably, and one Union for all should soon be established, with a membership of over 20,000.

A conference to consider the question of amalgamating all the Enginemen's, Firemen's, and Crane-men's Unions will be held in London during the month.

The Letchworth Branch of the Union on Society of Compositors has passed a resolution in favour of amalgamating all Unions in the printing industry.

The Musicians' Union won a complete victory in their fight against the London managers—all by Direct Action.

The girls and men at Johnny Walker's obtained their demands within 24 hours. The men and boys showed only signs of striking, and that was sufficient.

The "Daily Telegraph" says: "Now that the National Union of Railwaymen contains considerably more than half the railway servants of the country, it can certainly claim to act and speak with authority, and it is believed that the companies fully recognise this fact. With this increase of strength has naturally come, so far as the men's chief officials are concerned, an increased sense of responsibility, and it is now generally agreed that it is not the chief leaders of the men who are dangerous to the peace of the railway world, but rather that they often use all their unclouded influence to restrain the more impulsive and foolhardy of their members." Yes, they use their "undoubted influence" in this direction, but when it comes to "sympathetic action" with Dublin, oh, dear no; they have to call a Conference.

The "D.T." goes on to say that an example of the new order of things has been furnished in the conduct of a dispute on the London and S.W. Railway. Eleven railway police joined the N.U.R., and in consequence were given notice to leave either the Union or the company's service. J. H. Thomas, M.P., the liberal action man, interviewed the manager, and agreed with him to transfer the men to other positions at the same salary. So, apparently, the railwaymen don't want the police within their ranks. They prefer to leave them to blackleg and bludgeon in the time of a strike.

The "D.T." calls the above "practical recognition." We call it practical recognition of the fact that the company has nothing to fear from the railway men's leaders. It is the rank and file they have to fear.

Mr. G. N. Jacob in a joint appeal sent to English employers imploring an advance of £50,000 for the masters of Dublin, says: "There is no question of wages or conditions of labour, nor is there any truth in the suggestion made by the Labour Party that the employers of Dublin are out to smash trade unions."

Of course not. All the workers in Dublin are quite contented with their wages. Four shillings a week for girls is quite a heap only wage. Why, the workers in Jacob's factory have baths provided for them, and the water is changed at least once a week. And to think that they don't like trade unions. Absurd! They love them. Of course, they might love them even more were Thomas, Williams, and Havelock Wilson their leaders; but such heretofore men are not to be found everywhere, thank God.

Jacob is a Quaker. We do not think he is quaking for "trade unionism," but because of it. We believe there are good Quakers, but Jacob reminds us of the story of the Quaker and the one who had wronged him. The two were having an angry discussion on the edge of a cliff, the Quaker being well to the land side. The Quaker was doing most of the talking, and as length the Quaker, with gentle dignity, said: "Friend, for the offence that thou hast put upon me I bear thee no ill-will, but thou art not wanted here—go!" And he went over the cliff. We should like to be with Jacob on the edge of a steep cliff, that we might set for once the Quaker. His sins would be forgiven him, but—

ALVAN.

Captain White's Letter.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

SIR,—A week or more ago I was asked to write an article for the "Worker" on the scheme for drilling the "Citizen Army." One of the reasons I gave for delay in the writing of it was that I wanted time to see what kind of material I had to handle and what the special needs were which any scheme would have to meet.

I can say now the material is as good as could be wished. A large proportion of the men of the Transport Union are old soldiers, and their presence in the ranks soon brings the untrained men up to their standard without weary repetition of elementary movements. The spirit of drill and untrained men is excellent; they seem to enjoy drilling for two hours on end with very few rests, and the marked improvement registered by each drill is highly satisfactory to the instructor. Once on the ground and fallen in, they are most amenable to discipline, and capable drill instructors are slowly but surely coming to light among the men themselves. But, alas! there is another side to the picture. With punctuality and regular attendance on the part of the men enrolled, and willing to enroll, a really fine force of at least a thousand men could be organised and trained to a high state of efficiency under its own leader in two months; but punctuality and regular attendance are just what I have so far failed to obtain.

I wish, therefore, to make this article an explanation and an appeal—an explanation of the reasons which convince me that the formation and training of such a force is of the highest importance to Labour and to Ireland, and an appeal to the men of the Transport Union, whom my reasons may convince to give me their whole-hearted support. I would appeal to the general public if there was any intelligent body of opinion in Ireland answering to the description; but unhappily, it would seem to consist of an iners mass of tremulous old women, who, whether Nationalist or Unionist, hold aloof in outraged horror from any attempt to increase in "common working men" the sense of the dignity of their manhood and deluge me with abusive anonymous letters; while their well-fed police are deputised in hundreds to accompany the "Citizen Army" on each of its marches as though it were an assembly of criminals. I would take this opportunity of reminding these superior but timid persons that the workers have as much right to drill for the defence of themselves and their country as any other section of the community, and of arousing such of them as are capable of shame to protest against only that section being singled out for police supervision, which is thought to threaten their comfortable dividends. To press to my explanation of the importance of a "Citizen Army" to Labour and to Ireland.

The supreme object of Labour at the present day I take to be emancipation from wage slavery and organisation into co-operative industries owned and managed by the workers. No one but a fool imagines this to be an easy undertaking or one immediately realisable by large numbers of wage slaves. But everyone not a fool knows that the first step towards its realisation, on a small scale or a little is a high state of discipline and organisation on the part of the workers, the habit of acting in concert, and the emergence from their own ranks of their own natural leaders. St. Paul says: "First cometh the natural and after that the spiritual." I submit that drill is nothing but the science of natural combination, and that, especially in the case of unskilled workers, whose standard of education is not high, it is the best and perhaps the only foundation on which to build the capacity for mental combination in an industry or other enterprise. Its function in the selection of leaders from among the men themselves is too plain to need elaboration, and, moreover, a military or semi-military organisation, with its accompaniments of order, punctuality, and willing obedience, is, I submit, the best possible basis for industrial organisation. A co-operative society of, say, dock labourers, organised to bargain collectively for their own contracts in unloading vessels could work with great smoothness and ease if organised already into companies and sections, each company and section with its own leader. The same units would fall readily into co-operative distribution—a means always open to the worker (yet how little taken) to get fuller value for his own earnings, and to circulate them amongst his own class, instead of swelling the profits of a host of capitalists and middlemen by his own inability to combine.

I am told that in England, Trade Union funds are largely invested in Railway Stock, so that trade unionists are actually helping to fasten the fetters of Capitalism on themselves, and in time of strikes suffer themselves from the fall in Railway dividends. The situation would be comic, if it were not so tragic; but here in Dublin we see at this moment a more glaring instance of the vicious circle in which labour is obliged to move till it starts its own industries.

The strike negotiations have broken down on the question of reinstatement. In other words, after a prolonged strike labour is obliged to demand that its human capital is admitted back into the capitalist system it wishes to destroy. I am one who believes that labour can never destroy capital, till it ceases to be a commodity to be bought. It must be a saleable commodity till it employs itself. To employ itself it must combine for constructive purposes as well as for defence.

To combine it must have discipline, and the simplest teacher of discipline is drill.

Last but not least, drilled and disciplined men will not allow themselves, and still less their women, to be bastonned by the police like clubbed saps; they might even procure a law, to which the police were amenable, and which the magistracy would condescend to administer.

An efficient citizen army would be good for Ireland. There are Nationalists who think Nationality is a thing too refined to embrace the needs and aspirations of the worker. Their Nationalism is all soul and no body, and, as always, where soul and body are divorced, their soul is sick and likely to grow sicker. Irish Nationality to be worth anything means a nation of Irishmen proud of their nationhood, because as free men, they have helped to gain it, and as free men they are free to maintain it. No country can be free while a great mass of its citizens are slaves.

And so, I would make this appeal through your columns to the Dublin workers. "Throw yourselves into this drill like men determined to advance patiently and steadily to a sure goal; whether the first fruit of your labour is the freeing of yourselves or the freeing of your country, time will show. But ultimately Ireland cannot be free without you nor you without Ireland. Strengthen your hand then for the double task."

Your, etc., J. R. WHITE, Late Captain, Gordon Highlanders.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Ath Cliath, Dec. 23, 1913.

A Chora.—Since the workers became engaged in the present struggle all the capitalist newspapers were on the side of their owners. Some of the imitations of our "imperial" journals, such as "Sinn Fein," took up the side they generally twist towards, that is, the bosses; but no one would believe for a moment that "Irish Freedom," the organ of all that is dearest to the Gael, would follow in the footsteps of the vile, lying capitalist Press, despite the fact that some of its supporters own sweated sarsaparilla shops. Here is the insulting quotation:—

A WORD WITH THE BOYS & GIRLS.

"A prosperous and a happy and a busy new year in the service of Ireland to all the members of 'An Gael'! May all their hopes be realised and all their dreams come true, and may God strengthen them and all of us to plan and work and fight for the land that alone of all lands on earth claims our allegiance and our love."

"She has been sorely tried during the year that is now drawing to a close. We have seen with anger in our hearts and the flush of shame on our cheeks English aims dumped upon the quays of Dublin; we have had to listen to the lying and hypocritical English Press as it shouted news of the starving and begging Irish to the ends of the earth; we have heard Englishmen bellowing on the streets of Dublin that we are the sisters and brothers of the English, that between us and the enemy that has robbed and slandered and tricked us through eight hundred years there is no difference only a drop of water—and, greatest shame of all, we have seen and heard Irishmen give their approval to all these insults, and savagely a word of anger or of protest has come to our ears. God grant that such things may never happen in our land again. They will certainly never happen if you, the boys and girls of our race, keep always before your minds the fact that a hundred times has been written in Irish martyrs' blood—the fact that England, the thief and the hypocrite, is the enemy of the land that gave you birth."

If this is the manner after which it means to educate the boys and girls of Ireland, then may "God Save Ireland." "Irish Freedom" will not do much of it. I hope the opinions of the Volunteers does not coincide with that of "Freedom." Do they want just a change of masters or the abolition of slavery? Do they wish to put more power into the hands of cretins like Murphy and Kettle (of the Dublin Farmers) or are they really in earnest about the Independence of Ireland? I hope the Volunteers and the Fianna will repudiate the new-found doctrine of "Irish Freedom," as that paper seems to be their organ.

As a Gael, and one who has supported "Irish Freedom" since its inception, I am heartily ashamed of the insults thrown in the teeth of those in whom Tone said he put all his trust; namely, the masses, and to whom Ireland really belongs. Surely love of country means love of something more than the hills and valleys. It is a something which makes one feel proud of everything the country contains, and in my humble opinion human beings are the most valuable things in Ireland, to say nothing of the noble beings who work, toil, pine, and die in order that conscientious beings like Murphy should live sumptuously.

I never intend to support "Irish Freedom," and I advise all workers to do the same, until it shows that it believes that "the independence of Ireland depends not on the classes, but on the tolling masses."—Yours truly,

AN IRISH WORKER.

The Dublin Labour Party.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Trades Hall, Capel street, Dublin, Dec. 24, 1913.

Dear Sir,—A delegate meeting of the Party was held on Monday, Dec. 22nd, to consider what wards would be contested by us in the forthcoming elections, and after fully considering the circumstances, it was provisionally agreed to contest a large number of wards and decided that

a further meeting be held on Wednesday, 31st inst., to select candidates. Candidates have already been adopted for Wood Quay, Merchants' Quay, and North City (Councillorship), and all affiliated bodies are urged to take into consideration without delay the nomination of candidates. Any society nominating a candidate who is subsequently adopted by the Party is responsible for a sum of £12 10s. towards his election expenses. I enclose a copy of our Rules.

Trusting to hear from you by Wednesday, 31st inst. at latest, we are, fraternally yours,

Rd. O'CARROLL, T.C., Chairman. THOS. MACPARKIN, Vice-Chairman. THOS. FARREN, Treasurer. WILLIAM O'BRIEN, Secretary To this Sec. of each affiliated society.

Sydney, N.S.W.

BROTHER LARREY.—An old Trades Unionist from the Old Country wishes you every success in your fight against slavery in Ireland. You're up against something; but much will result from your work. The born Colonial stands aghast when the poverty in the Old Country is told him in detail.—Hoping for the return of Labour to power in this State, and wishing you every success and an early release from unjust sentence.—Yours fraternally, B. RAYNER.

1207 5th St., E. Calgary, Alta, Canada, Dec. 1st, 1913.

To the Striking Brothers of the Transport Workers, Dublin, Ireland.

Brothers.—We are sending to you, through P. M. Draper, Secretary of the Trades Congress of Canada, \$12.15 (minus commission) which was raised by the Federated Trades employed by the C.P.R. at Ogden Shops, Calgary, Alta. We realise that to win your fight that all Union men must stand together and only through concerted action can we hope for success. Your plucky fight for better conditions has won the admiration of your far West friends and we hope for a speedy ending in your favor. Trusting that you will acknowledge this to me in the name of the Federated Trades.—I remain,

Yours faithfully, R. J. CAMERON, Vice-Pres. Calgary Lodge, I. A. of M.

BRITISH SECTION International Socialist Labour Party.

(EDINBURGH BRANCH).

10 Broughton St., Edinburgh, 19th December, 1913.

The Editor "Irish Worker."

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the above organisation to forward you the enclosed resolution for publication in your paper:—

WHEREAS: The workers in Dublin, as represented by the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, are at present engaged in an active conflict with their employers, and are waging a desperate fight for existence in this class-divided society; and the combined efforts of the employing class are being used to goad the workers back to work under pain of starvation, and thereby despotically endeavouring to compel the workers to relinquish their right of combination in the workshops; and

WHEREAS: The power in the hands of the employing class lies in the ownership of the means of wealth production, and as this power is and will be unmercifully used against the workers, and causes and will cause untold misery and suffering amongst those noble and heroic wage-slaves whose only "crime" consists in their daring to resist oppression; and

WHEREAS: The coercive action of the Capitalist class in Dublin can only be counteracted by the Dublin workers having the moral and financial support of the working class throughout the land, and by the resolute, intelligent and immediate action of that section of the working class best calculated to bring about a speedy termination to this intolerable state of affairs; and

WHEREAS: All the wage-workers in Great Britain and Ireland shall remain wage-slaves as long as Capitalism exists. Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That we, the British Section International Socialist Labour Party (Edinburgh Branch) call upon the workers engaged in the national transport industry, to wit, seamen, dockers, carters, railwaymen, postal workers, &c., to take immediate action in the name of Industrial Unionism to bring pressure to bear upon the situation in Dublin, by ceasing work wherever the possibility exists of transport being affected to or from Dublin, and to extend the area of the strike whenever the exigencies arise; and be it further

RESOLVED: That we call upon the working class of Great Britain and Ireland to organise on the Industrial Field into a Class Union, along the line of Industry, not merely for higher wages, or a shorter working day, but to organise to take and hold the means of wealth production, and on the Political Field to debate with the Capitalist class, the morality of the workers obtaining the full social value of the product of their labour.

Please Support Our Advertisers

TWO SCABS OF NOTE.

The man with the whiskers, Who sits on the dray, Is not Moses, but scab Wheeler, The "eminent" M.A.

Many readers of this journal should know Martin Wheeler, M.A., fairly well. Not by reason of the fact that he is brother-in-law to the present Lord Mayor, Loran G., but because he is so prominent of late on the drays of Richard Martin, timber merchant. Deal carrying, we are certain, is not so congenial as studying mathematics or high philosophy.

Now, Wheeler, the wheeler, makes a good thing out of certain jobs—public offices we might say. Of course, those extra positions may not be attributable to his relationship with Sherlock, who, according to himself, can get the plaudits (moryah) of the crowd whenever he chooses. This "intelligent" scab, Martin Wheeler, M.A., as teacher of business methods in the Technical Schools, receives the handsome sum of £80 for a session. Just fancy, £80 for doing nothing, or next to nothing; for what he imparts to his pupils is a lot of nonsense. He knows it.

At election times Wheeler acts a Presiding Officer—merely a gift, of course, to help on his meagre "screw." To many solicitors' clerks who walk our pavements day by day that position would be welcome. But, then, we are not all ward-healers, political hirelings, and thugs. Next January should see the end of scab Wheeler at elections. By the way, we hear that he is being eagerly sought after just now by the Employers' Association to read a paper on "Blackleg Labour Under Our Native Parliament." It is pretty safe to assume that such a subject could be dealt with by him in a masterly fashion. Scab "Professor" of Business Methods or Economy, Presiding Officer, and wage-slave clerk, what a combination of greed and rottenness Wheeler, M.A., is, to be sure!

In the same firm we have P. J. Rooney, delivery clerk, scabbing also. Strange to relate, this scab is brother in law to Joey Hutchison, ex-Lord Mayor, ex-T.O., and at present General Secretary of the I.N.F. Rooney, besides being a scab, is Treasurer of the I.N.F. (Branch Isle of the Sea). There was no pitforking done here. Eh, Joey? We wonder what the honest members of that organisation think of their "brothers' action. Are the usual fraternal greetings being exchanged? Does he still hold the office of Treasurer, despite the fact that he is scabbing? We should like these questions answered. Meanwhile, readers, watch out for Martin's drays going through our streets.

SHAUN AND PAUDEKEE.

To the Editor "Irish Worker."

Dublin, 23rd Dec., 1913.

SIR,—The writer of the article in your issue last week regarding me seems to have drawn his inspiration from a paper styled the "Toiler." As I am not a reader of that paper, I am ignorant of, and not concerned with, anything that appears in it.

There is no truth in any statement, either directly made or vaguely implied, that I have changed any opinion or become a supporter or follower of Mr. W. M. Murphy. —Yours, etc.,

T. KELLY.

[Our friend Alderman Tom must forgive us quoting such a foul rag. I was away. Comrade Connolly, owing to pressure, did not see article referred to. Connolly and myself have always felt that, though we may differ with Alderman Tom as to details and methods, we are agreed that the people of Ireland should control Ireland.

We further agree that every woman and man has a right to express themselves as they please. Toleration should be our watchword.—Ed.]

Councillor Patrick Shortall AND HIS WORKER.

It may be of interest to the workers of the Rotunda Ward to learn something of the nature of the man, Councillor Patrick Shortall.

On September 15th, the Master Builders' Association, of which Mr. Shortall is one of the most prominent members, decided to join the Employers' Federation and to lock-out their men.

Councillor Shortall, with his characteristic "Jump-Jim-Crow" attitude, bided his own time. He waited for some days until he succeeded in gulling the members of the Pembroke Urban Council to advance him a cheque for £1,500 on unfinished work, which amount was paid on the assumption that there would be no stoppage, and that the men would be retained in their employment.

Councillor Shortall, however, played the game, hoodwinked the members of the Pembroke Council,

Pocketed his Cheque, Locked-out his Men,

and went over to England for a holiday.

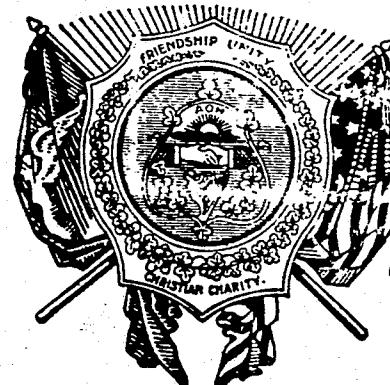
MADE BY TRADE UNION BAKERS

EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWAN VENT AND BIRD, THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKERS.

IF you have not the ready money convenient, there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on Easy Payment System.

IT IS THE Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM STREET. Office Hours—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30. Manager—Ald. T. Kelly.



ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS, Irish-American Alliance. MILITARY SECTION.

Dublin: First Regiment, Hibernian Rifles.

Recruiting for the above-named Volunteer Regiment is now open, and all Catholic Irishmen of good character are eligible for enrolment in its ranks. Those wishing to become members of Ireland's National Guard should call at A.O.H. Hall, 17 Parliament street.

The Corps of Volunteers will work in harmony and in conjunction with any other National Volunteer Force that may hereafter be formed.

Members will attend at 47 York Street, for drill, on SUNDAY EVGS. from 8 to 10, and on TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS during the same hour. Roll call at 8 o'clock sharp. New members will also be enrolled.—By Order,

T. Cassidy, Commandant. J. J. Scallan, National Director.

Ireland a Nation!

CONVINCING FACTS!



Men's Frieze Overcoats

1911.

TAKE a walk around the city and examine the 25' and 30' Overcoats that are shown for sale; then come here and look at ours at 19/11. Feel the warm, firm soft cloth; look at the full make; at the ample collar; at the splendid linings. Scrutinise the double-breasted coat; the single-breasted one; look at the one with velvet collar; at the one without; at the gauntlet cuffs. Try on one of the coats and notice the made-to-measure fit. You can see any difference between these and the other 25' and 30' coats—there is no difference.

ANY SIZE, 19/11. GORDON BARCLAY, The Store with a Conscience, 22 & 23, TALBOT STREET.

"DAILY HERALD"

On Sale every Morning 9.00.

Advertisement for Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, featuring "DUBLIN COAL FACTORS' ASSOCIATION" and "Best House Coal delivered at Lowest City Prices." It includes contact information for the Secretary, Dublin Coal Factors' Association, Liberty Hall.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
CYCLE! CYCLE! CYCLE!
J. HANNAN,
 175 Nth. Strand Road.
 Agent for Lucania, Ariel and Fleet Cycles.
 Easy Payments from 2/- Weekly.
 All Accessories kept in stock. Repairs a
 Speciality by Skilled Mechanic.
 Phone 3562

For First-Class Provisions
 AT MODERATE PRICES,
 CALL TO
T. CORCORAN,
 Capital T House,
 27 North Strand Road.

The Workers' Cycle!
Kelly Special and Ariels.
 2/- WEEKLY. No Deposit
 Write or call for Order Forms—
J. J. KELLY & CO.
 (Kelly for Bikes),
 2 LR. ABBEY STREET, DUBLIN.

TELEPHONES 1266 AND 597.
PAT KAVANAGH,
Provisions,
Beef, Mutton and Pork.
 GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.
 74 to 78 Coombe; 37 Wexford Street;
 71 and 72 New Street; 1 Dean Street,
 DUBLIN.

Tobaccos,
Cigars, Cigarettes,
AT CONWAY'S.
 31 Exchequer Street and 10a Augier St.
 [Opposite Jacob's Branch I.T.U.]
 Established 1894.
 Good Value and Courtesy our motto.

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

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

BECKER Bros.
 FINEST, PUREST AND
 CHEAPEST
TEAS.
 PRICES—2/5, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6,
 1/4 and 1/2.
 8 South Great George's Street,
 AND
 17 North Earl Street,
 DUBLIN.

FIRE! FIRE! FIRE!
 But no danger from stones or
 clinkers by purchasing your COALS
 FROM
ANDREW S. CLARKIN,
 COAL OFFICE—
7 TARA STREET.
 Telephone No. 2769.
 Support the Trades Unionist and
 secure a good fire.
 Not affected by the present crisis
 in the Coal Trade.

For Reliable Provisions!
LEIGHS, of Bishop St.
 STILL LEAD.

CHRISTMAS.
 That Present you will Shortly have to Give!
 Are you puzzled what to get? Don't bother any longer; come along to BELTON & CO., the
 Popular Drapers, where you see an enormous variety of Dainty Gifts to select from at very moderate prices.
 Special Value in Curtains! A few Job Lines! Come Early! WE ARE THE CHEAPEST
 PEOPLE IN THE TRADE.

BELTON & CO., Drapers,
 THOMAS ST. AND GT. BRUNSWICK ST.

**Irish Clerks and General
 Shop Assistants' Union.**
 (Affiliated to the Dublin Trades Council)
 Offices, 67 Middle Abbey St., Dublin.
 To the Editor "Irish Worker."
 Dear Sir—In view of the recent correspon-
 dence in the Press dealing with the
 subject "Clerks and the Transport Union,"
 I wish to put the position of my Union
 clearly before the public.

An invitation to attend a public meeting
 was issued some few months hence to all
 clerks and shop assistants anxious to im-
 prove their conditions. That meeting was
 addressed by prominent trades unionists,
 some of whom were members of the Trans-
 port Workers' Union. The result was that
 about fifty intending members handed in
 their names and so gave birth to the Irish
 Clerks and General Shop Assistants' Union.
 The Union so formed freely elected its
 own officers, drew up its own rules, and in
 due course was affiliated to the Dublin
 Trades Council.

As already pointed out my Union is only
 a very brief period in existence, but never-
 theless it has been successful in the en-
 deavour it has made for bettering the
 conditions of its members.

As an illustration I may quote the case
 of a well-known Carrying Co., to whom we
 applied that increased wages be paid to
 their staff. Our efforts were largely suc-
 cessful, and an increase averaging 4/6 per
 week was granted to each of their clerical
 employees. In another instance, in which
 a large company employing over a hundred
 shop assistants was approached by my
 Union on behalf of a portion of its staff, we
 were successful in obtaining advances rang-
 ing from 3/6 to 10/- per week.

These results speak volumes and show
 what can be done by organisation even in
 the case of the much-neglected clerk and
 shop assistant.

I take this opportunity of informing your
 readers that my Union is open to cater for
 all clerks and shop assistants other than
 those employed in the Drapery Trade who
 are already catered for.

Any inquiry bearing on the matters men-
 tioned in this letter will have my prompt
 attention.—Yours fraternally,
 James Campbell, Secretary.

Clerks and the Transport Union.
 The following letter was refused insertion
 in the "Evening Telegraph":—
 To the Editor "Evening Telegraph."
 Dear Sir—In writing about this matter in
 last night's "Evening Telegraph," Mr.
 P. J. Walsh states: "persons masquerading
 under that title (clerks) may have sought its
 sinister shelter." Now, so that we might
 know just what a "clerk" is, perhaps Mr.
 Walsh would define it for us; personally I
 would like to know if he includes amongst
 clerks those who, whilst putting up to be
 superior to the common carter or dockman,
 are not above, when a strike comes along,
 being mean enough to do labourers' and
 carters' work and very often at less wages.
 The Dublin employers will not, I feel sure,
 "learn to appreciate" the starting of a
 branch of the N.U.C. in Dublin, as Mr.
 Walsh seems to think, if it will put a little
 backbone into those who masquerade as
 clerks driving coal drays, &c., as it will
 mean less "scabs" to fall back on when
 any labour trouble comes along. If I mis-
 take not the N.U.C. have not been behind
 in supporting the present strikers in Dub-
 lin, and if the establishing of a branch in
 Dublin means the bettering of the clerk's
 condition and making known to him that
 he, too, has his duty to his fellow-workers,
 I think that the Dublin employers far from
 learning to appreciate it will look on its
 "sinister shelter" as they do now on that
 of the Transport Workers' Union.—Do
 chara.

Public Poisoned by the Press.
 From Pontyffynnon, in South Wales, I
 despatched for publication to the "Even-
 ing Telegraph" the following clear and
 candid statement in reference to the
 Dublin children, temporarily provided
 for by our kind friends in Wallasey. I
 also offered to meet in public debate
 either of the rev. gentlemen, who were
 evidently writing on this matter under
 misconception, and to prove to them that
 the priests of Dublin, who came out to
 physically oppose the deportation of the
 children they had failed to subscribe
 to support could have secured all they
 profess themselves anxious to obtain
 without aiding the sweating employers
 of Dublin, as they undoubtedly did
 by their injudicious and wholly un-
 justifiable conduct. Neither this offer
 nor the following letter have appeared in
 either of the Nationalist papers, the
 "Freesman's Journal" and the "Evening
 Telegraph":—
 "Walden, St. Hilary Brow,
 "Wallasey, Cheshire,
 "December, 1913.
 "Dear Comrade Partridge—As I have
 had most to do with the arrangements
 for the children going to school, I
 have been asked to reply to your letter.
 (1) Mrs. Criddle, myself, and other
 friends agree that the distance to the
 Catholic school is too great to allow of
 the younger children going. We think
 it very undesirable to separate the older
 and the younger, especially as the older
 ones are helpful to the younger ones.
 I saw Father Byrne last night and ex-
 plained the matter to him. He has not
 raised any opposition to the children
 going to this school; but now says it will
 be better if they are taken away and sent
 to a Catholic school. I pointed out to
 him that there are children in this school
 whose parents are members of Father
 Byrne's Church.
 "Father Byrne said the parents of these
 children had been seen, and they explained
 that the children were only there for a
 time until they were older, when they
 would be sent to a Catholic school. These
 children are older than some of the Dublin
 children here, so you see (as I told Father
 Byrne) that exactly applies to our case,
 because the Dublin children are only here
 for a time, and some are too young to go
 the distance to the Catholic school.
 "Now, as to Father Leech's telegram
 stating that the children had gone to a
 Protestant school in face of every opposi-
 tion made by the priest (1), it is not a
 Protestant school in the sense implied
 by Father Leech, but a Council school,
 which, I think, is correctly called a
 non-Catholic school. (2) No opposition
 was offered by the local priest; but
 Father Leech did certainly strongly
 oppose that step being taken. In regard
 to the letter of Father Flavin, we say that
 the local priest has never told anyone in
 charge of the children, or any person
 whatever to our knowledge, that he was
 not satisfied as to the performance by the
 children of their religious duties. Father
 Byrne admits that he has always had
 the fullest and freest access to the children.
 They have always gone to Mass on Sunday
 mornings and to Sunday school in the
 afternoon at Father Byrne's church, one or
 two bad Sunday afternoons excepted. I
 explained this to Father Byrne, who
 agreed that it was correct. He (Father
 Byrne) said however, that there were
 other religious duties which the children
 should attend to, and that, if he had
 thought that the children would have
 been here so long, he would have made
 some arrangements for the carrying out of
 such duties by having the children at his
 house some afternoon.
 "As I pointed out to Father Byrne it is
 quite obviously not our fault if any reli-
 gious duties have been neglected. So I
 think that all your statements quoted in Fr.
 Flavin's letter are correct, except the last
 one. That is, where you state that the
 children are visited in the school every
 day by the priest; that is not correct.
 There is no visitation in the school by the
 Catholic priest nor by any other denom-
 ination whatever. It is quite clear that
 the only reason the children are at a non-
 Catholic school is that the Catholic school
 cannot be reached by the younger child-
 ren, and also that in winter time such a
 distance not only makes it impossible to
 the younger children, but would be unwar-
 rantedly distressing to the older ones.
 We are very sorry for any trouble caused
 to the parents in Dublin by the visits of
 priests and other gentlemen. But they
 may rest assured that the children's
 religion is not in the slightest way tam-
 pered with; also, if it be any consolation
 to them, they may know that we, too, on
 this side have been put to inconvenience
 and annoyance by visitations of a similar
 kind. You mention that the priest and
 schoolmaster ought to protect the respect-
 able residents here from such misrepre-

GAEL.

T. P. ROCHE,
 The Workers' Hairdresser,
 34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.
 An Up-to-date Establishment. Trade Union
 Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort,
 Antiseptic used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco
Store,
 39 AUNGIER STREET
 (Opposite Jacob's).
FOR IRISH PLUG & ROLL.
 Established 1851.

For Reliable Provisions!
LEIGHS, of Bishop St.
 STILL LEAD.

CHRISTMAS.
 That Present you will Shortly have to Give!
 Are you puzzled what to get? Don't bother any longer; come along to BELTON & CO., the
 Popular Drapers, where you see an enormous variety of Dainty Gifts to select from at very moderate prices.
 Special Value in Curtains! A few Job Lines! Come Early! WE ARE THE CHEAPEST
 PEOPLE IN THE TRADE.

Correspondence.
**ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS (IRISH-
 AMERICAN ALLIANCE).**
 To the Editor "Irish Worker."
 Dublin, 17th December, 1913.
 Dear Sir,—Kindly find room for the
 enclosed letter in your correspondence
 column. It is necessary that it should
 appear, as a good many people are of
 opinion that ours is the same as the
 Nugent gang. As an instance bearing out
 my statement, a procession of the I.T.W.U.
 was passing through Parliament street re-
 cently, and our Hall came in for some
 attention, which was the reverse of com-
 fortable for some of our members who
 were looking out of the windows, there-
 fore I think the enclosed explanation is
 necessary in the circumstances so as to
 remove any misapprehension. We have
 up to the present raised almost £100 for
 our locked-out members. Thanking you
 in anticipation of publication, yours faith-
 fully,
 J. J. SCOLLAN, National Director.

Dear Sir,—As the impression seems to
 have got abroad that the parent body of
 the A.O.H. in Ireland, and generally
 known as the Irish-American Alliance, is
 identical with the A.O.H. (Board of Erin),
 of which latter body Mr. John D. Nugent
 is the General Secretary, I would be
 grateful if you would kindly allow me
 space in your very "live" little journal to
 point out that there is no connection
 whatever between the two organisations,
 either in aims or objects. The A.O.H.
 (I.A.A.) is an essentially democratic and
 militant National society, and during the
 past ten weeks of the present Labour
 troubles has supplemented the look-out
 pay of its affected members by special
 grants of money each week, varying from
 5s. to 10s. per member, our divisions in
 U.S.A., Canada, Scotland, and Ireland
 sending their contributions through me
 for this purpose.

I might also mention that we have not
 a single "blackleg" in our order in this
 city. Thanking you in anticipation, and
 apologising for trespassing so far on your
 valuable space, yours faithfully,
 JOHN J. SCOLLAN, National Director.

The National Sailors' & Firemen's Union.
 1 Montgomery street, Ardrossan,
 29th October, 1913.
 DEAR SIR AND BROTHERS,—Enclosed herewith
 please find further donation from the
 Ardrossan and Stevenston Joint Com-
 mittee, trusting to be able to forward you
 something more in the course of a week or
 so. This joint Committee is representing
 the above Union, the Scottish Dockers and
 Ardeer section.
 We all join in wishing our Dublin com-
 rades a speedy and glorious victory.
 Yours in the cause,
 W. M. E. CURLE, Sec.
 GILBERT LEWIS, Treas.

WHO ASKS FOR MORE?
 In ancient times there was a certain
 little nation that at intervals fell on
 evil days and hard times; but when it be-
 came willing to look up the various causes
 of its distress, find them out, and remove
 them, it was called repentance, and in
 these days would, no doubt, be called com-
 mon sense, humanity, or good business
 method. Every time brings its own change
 and gives its own call; it "draws nigh,"
 it "comes to pass" in the natural sequence
 of all things, of events. Now, if the
 workers in foundries and factories, in all
 skilled or unskilled labour, have agreed to
 rise as one man out of the slums and
 alleys that held them, they who have half
 starved and half perished for centuries,
 who have had to take up their abodes in
 the east-of-streets of town and city, who
 did the roughest work and hardest labour
 while suffering from every inconvenience
 and many common wants of the ordinary
 necessities of life, who is it then who open
 their eyes wide and uplift their outspread
 hands in surprise and holy horror because
 "Oliver Twist has asked for more" or Mr.

William Sykes is revolting against him-
 self? I am acquainted with a trained
 nurse, whose work often brings her into
 the homes of the poor at night, and
 whose husband complained of the clouds
 of hopping swarms that accompany her
 home, "enough," said he, "to
 make her flee the work." I've suffered
 more from them—here, he turned
 round, thinking deeply—"than the
 Manchester Martyrs," he finished. What
 about all who have lived and died under
 those conditions? It well becomes you, ye
 perfect ones, who have never lived in
 slums and alleys, to drop on Labour
 leaders, accuse them of mistakes, of heart-
 lessness, and lack of charity; crush out
 their organisation, and put in the time by
 holding out to them hands full of empty
 conciliation, hoping as time passes lock-
 out and strikes will be crushed back by
 want, poverty, ignorance, or any other
 cause into their proper—namely, their
 former positions, only, as you hope, worse
 and more hopeless than before; and when
 you have broken them down or broken
 them up by long lock-out, semi-starvation,
 and otherwise, it has been your boast that
 you took them back under worse condi-
 tions to them than those under which they
 went out.

It was said of a certain Labour leader
 that he would "lead the men up to the
 very gates of hell, ay, and through." He
 who said it could have added: "You may
 as well die at once as by inches." What
 say you? Do those who live in sium pro-
 perty not exist within the gates of hell,
 when one of their streets can be described
 in public papers as "the worst sink of in-
 iquity in the British Isles or, perhaps, the
 whole of Europe?" And yet those living
 there are not to revolt against it, not to
 rise and look for better things in them-
 selves and their surroundings, although
 some of you have helped to rise yourselves
 to affluence upon their death rate. Some
 call themselves Christians, which means
 followers of Christ; they seem to have
 missed their Leader's voice so far; but
 the day will come when they will hear
 Him say: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to
 the least of these, ye did it not to Me.
 Merely the opinion of the writer, you say.
 Is it not also the thought of the whole
 rising world of humanity to-day or per-
 haps I should say, the intelligent part of
 it?"

"Life is real, life is earnest and the grave
 is not its goal;
 Dust thou art to dust returnest was not
 spoken of the soul;
 Let us then be up and doing, with a
 heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing, learn to
 labour and to wait."
 We are waiting, and, meanwhile, is it to
 man we pray, "Give us this day our daily
 bread?"
 S.K.B.

The Lesson.
 The Archbishop of Dublin—"The men's
 terms are 'eminently' reasonable."
 The Masters of Dublin—"They are un-
 reasonable" and "impracticable."
 One by one the masks are falling,
 And the hypocrites revealed;
 Shameless stand 'mid crimes appalling
 Wrought by weapons which they wield;
 Blood that flowed in city slaughter—
 Pale, white death in city slum;
 Murdered father, ruined daughter,
 Purchased press and pulpit dumb.
 In this fruit of endless preaching
 Can the masses not discern
 How misleading is the teaching
 When mute pupils nothing learn?
 Preaching "patience" to the powerless,
 Lending "peace" beyond the grave;
 Darning "pride" amid the dowdier,
 Praising "meekness" to the slave.
 Look around, and in the devious
 Corridors of palaced wealth,
 Where each dastard lays mischievous
 Plots against his class by stealth,
 See, sneak in the crumpled minton,
 Here, behold the surpliced knave,
 Each a lord in your dominion,
 In this temple—each a slave.
 Let it end, this farce of trusting;
 Let it end this cant of peace;
 For their prey the wage-wolves lust,
 Seek the carcass with the fleece.
 Better then prepare to yield them,
 Heart, mind, labour, body, soul,
 Or to better hands to weld them,
 Place the powers you control.
 Lowly bow and bless the smiter,
 Lowlier still, and kiss the hand,
 That will bless the chain drawn tighter,
 Great is meekness—Faith is grand;
 Moving mountains—it enriches
 By your sweat each callous knave,
 Slave and crawl ye to the ditches
 There to find a crust—or grave.
 "SEAGHAN."

Don't Forget
 Your Tobacco and "Irish Worker" can
 be had at
O'HARA'S,
 Tobacconist, Newsagent and
 Chandler
 74 BRIDE STREET.

Kenna Brothers
PROVISION MARKET,
58 Lower Sheriff St.
 Best Quality Goods,
 Lowest Prices :: ::
DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

Go to
MURRAY'S
 Sheriff Street,
 FOR GOOD VALUE IN PROVISIONS
 AND GROCERIES. ::
Don't forget LARKIN'S
LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE
 in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,
 36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.
 IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

Irish Manufactured
WAR PIPES
 CAN NOW BE HAD FROM
MacKenzie & Macken,
 War Pipe Makers,
 54 Bolton Street, Dublin.

To Enjoy Your Meals
 AND
MURPHY'S, 6 Church St.,
 North Wall,
 The Workers' House, where you will get
 all Provisions at Lowest Prices.

Twinem Brothers' MINERAL
 WATERS,
 The Workingman's Beverage.
TWINEM BROTHERS' Dolphin Sauce
 The Workingman's Relish.

INDUSTRIAL
Co-operative Society
 (DUBLIN), LTD.,
Bakers, Grocers & General
Merchants.
 Owned and controlled by the working
 classes, who divide the profits quarterly.
 Payment of 1s. Entitles you to
 Membership.

Grocery Branches—17 Turlough Terrace,
 Fairview; 82B Lower Dorset Street,
 165 Church Road.
 Bakery Branch—164 Church Road.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!
Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer
 Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.
 Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.
LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS,
 19 North Earl Street and 38 Heary Street,
 DUBLIN.

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

Every Workingman
 SHOULD JOIN
St. Brigid's Christian Social Society
 RINGSEND.
 Large Divide at Christmas. Mortality
 Benefits. Meets every Saturday, 11 till 1 o'clock
 One Penny per Week. Estd. 52 Years.

Printed for the Proprietor at the City
 Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and
 published by him at 18 Beresford Place,
 in the City of Dublin.
 [This Journal is exclusively set up by
 hand labour]