

per stone, while they are now 10d., and are seldom less than 8d. per stone. Cheese costs 2½d. per quarter pound. The cheapest American bacon is 8d. per pound. I do not know the price, retail, of Chinese pork—it may be 7d. per pound. Milk and dripping are both dearer than stated, so are several other items.

Now, let us take some of the meals in detail and examine them. In the 12s. 6d. dietary four meals are allowed daily. Those for Monday are:—

BREAKFAST.—Porridge and milk, tea, bread and dripping.

DINNER.—Barley broth, boiled meat and potatoes.

TEA.—Tea, bread, jam.

SUPPER.—Brown bread, dripping, cocoa and milk (for children).

QUANTITIES PER DAY.—9 ozs. oatmeal, 4 teaspoonfuls tea, 2½ lbs. white bread, 4 ozs. dripping, 4 ozs. barley, 1 lb. shin beef bones, 1 turnip, 2 carrots, 1 onion, 3 lbs. potatoes, 4 ozs. jam, 1 lb. brown bread, 2 ozs. cheese, cocoa, 1 quart milk, 5½ ozs. sugar.

At first glance this looks all right, but when we remember the quantity given per day must suffice for five people, we see that each person's share would be very small. Nine ounces of oatmeal would give about 2 ozs. to each. Allowing each a naggin of milk at breakfast would leave three-quarters of a pint over to put in the tea and cocoa at the other meals. Two-and-a-half pounds of white bread would mean half a pound each. One pound brown bread means three ounces each. If, therefore, half the white bread is eaten at breakfast and the remainder at tea time, the brown bread will be left for supper.

Five ounces dripping eaten at two meals would mean less than half an ounce at each meal. Three pounds of potatoes would mean 9½ ozs. each. If we allow the parents each a pint of tea at breakfast and tea time, and each of the children half a pint, we find that four spoonfuls of tea at 1s. 4d. per lb. is supposed to make seven pints. No fear of this ruining their nerves! Here is an example showing the quantity of food each person would get:—

BREAKFAST.—2 ozs. porridge; 1 naggin milk; 1 pint tea; ½ lb. bread; ½ oz. dripping.

DINNER.—9½ ozs. potatoes; 3 ozs. meat (including bones); 1 naggin barley broth.

TEA.—1 pint tea; ½ lb. bread; 1 oz. jam.

SUPPER.—3 ozs. bread; ½ pint milk, cocoa; ½ oz. dripping.

Imagine a labouring man going out at 5 or 6 o'clock in the morning after eating the above breakfast! Two ounces of porridge would not fill a big spoon. A naggin of milk is not much more than a mouthful. Half a pound of bread and a pint of tea (half a spoonful to the pint) would not carry a man very far. Think of the same man returning to a dinner made up of a little over half a pound of potatoes, three ounces of shin beef bones, and a naggin of barley broth. I have not picked out the worst set of meals I could find; but have taken the first on the list. It will not be necessary to deal with the 8s. 6d. sheet; you can guess what it is like after seeing a specimen of the 12s. 6d. one.

No butter, nor eggs, are included in the ideal diet of the Women's National Health Association. Neither is there any mention of rent, clothing, furniture, tobacco, or the scores of other things that the working men and their wives have hitherto managed to buy without any instruction from her Excellency or anybody else.

We do not deny the possibility of supporting a family of five on 8s. 6d. or 12s. 6d. worth of food per week. On the contrary, we are well aware that thousands in Dublin alone are compelled to manage on much less. What we do deny is that the quantities and quality of food laid down in these charts is either suitable or sufficient. What a beautiful list it is—skim milk, liver, pig's cheek, tripe, shin beef, breast of mutton, scrap beef, scrag-end of mutton, bacon at 7d., three herrings, and twopence worth of bones. If we were to eat as instructed by this Association, or spend our money as advised by it, half of us would be clamouring for admittance to the poorhouses in less than a month. The others would have died of hunger or poisoning before that. Men or women doing laborious work could no more manage to live on such a diet than they could fly. It is doubtful if even her Excellency herself, who does nothing in the way of work, would care to try it.

Without wishing to be too inquisitive, we would like to know whether the King of England, when he comes over to Dublin, will be asked to make his dinner off three ounces of shin bones and a naggin of barley broth. If then, we would ask, this food is not good enough for the English King or the Viceregal household (all people who do no useful work and could easily be done without), why is it considered suitable for the men and women who produce all food and wealth, and out of whose labour kings, queens and lords lieutenant are paid?

When it comes to the question of feeding the working classes her Excellency forgets all about microbes, and tells us that we are to eat only the worst kinds of meat, scraps and bones and block ornaments, that have lain on the stands outside the shops in the dust and dirt of the city, where they were handled time after time by all kinds of people having, Heaven only knows, what diseases.

Besides telling us what food to eat, the same Association showed us how to cook it in paper bags. The old joke about dipping in the dip will now be altered to "Dip in the dip and leave the paper bag for your daddy." Next time we see a man with a handcart gathering rags in the back streets and out of ashpits it will give us an appetite for our dinner when it is served up to us in a paper bag. Everybody knows what paper is made from, and some of the rags we have seen going to paper factories would give a flavour to your herring that you would never forget.

What astonishes us most is that no other paper has had the honesty to criticise the proposal of Lady Aberdeen's Association for the feeding of the working classes. All our Dublin papers, with very few exceptions, have been filled for weeks past with praise and advertisements of Ui Breasail. There seems to be no honesty left in our papers when they can be bought over to any side with an advertisement. The most absurd sayings and doings of aristocratic and wealthy nobodies and idiots are chronicled daily as if they were the most important things in the world. For a halfpenny a day one can know how often Lady So-and-So's pug sneezed during the Dog Show, the number of sequins on the Duchess of Dalkey's dress, or something else equally important. One looks in vain through the columns of our daily papers for an account of the things that really matter. Why all this hanging on the words of people in high places? Was it because of any extraordinary knowledge she possessed of what was good for the health of the Irish people that her Excellency was sent over here? Some of us were under the impression she came here merely as the wife of the Lord Lieutenant and not for the purpose of telling us how to do this, that and the other thing which she knows nothing about. We managed to live before her advent, and are not aware of any great gain to the country her stay is responsible for. We will manage to exist when she has gone. If she must be talking let her tell us how to live on £20,000 a year and a free house. We admit her qualifications for this. Ourselves are the best authorities on the way to live on considerably less.

O. F.

Irreconcilable.

BY J. T. K.

Yes! ours is a quarrel that will not be ended,
And ours still are hearts to hate on to the last

The chains which our dearest ties rudely have rended,
The tyrants whose shackles around us are cast.

They say we a deep debt of gratitude owe
For the benefits showered on us day by day—
For the treacherous blow,
And the homesteads laid low,
And the pitchcap and dungeon—a debt we should pay!

Ah! when, ye foolish ones! when will you wake from
That vain, idle dream of a parley or truce,
To see its delusions for ever, and break from
The moorings of faithlessness, wrong, and abuse?
Wake, wake in the name of your suffering kind,
Of the city deserted, the tenantless glen,
And the fetters that bind,
And the fetters that grind,
Shall be rent, and our land smile in beauty again.

See, in our loved isle, rich and rare as a garden,
The graves of the famished—the murdered—crammed fast,
Then talk not of graciously proffering pardon
To foes who the present would have, as the past.

Ay! tyrants, no more, like the base, crouching slave,
To your wrath shall be bow—to your thrall bend a knee;
But like true men and brave
Whom no power can enslave
Work to hail our dear land with the crown of the free.

Work to hail our dear land with the crown of the free.

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Corporation by returning at every opportunity only such reliable and thorough men as representatives, who will continue to exert themselves to adopt progressive measures, not only in the interests of the housing of the people, but also in support of the many other vital issues that affect the body corporate.

There is no denying that at present the municipal body is not by any means an agency for the development of either the housing or any other reform in a full and real sense. Many members of the Dublin Corporation at this moment are the greatest offenders in pursuit of the house jobbing that has given slumdom in Dublin, through the mean of tenement dwellings, an almost permanent existence. It would be interesting to have a return from the Rates Office of the names of those members of the Corporation who are responsible for the wretched tenement dwellings in which so many of the poorer citizens are housed. We have no doubt that such a return would prove a revelation which would attest the insincerity of the Councillors in relation to any scheme of progressive improvement, and doubtless some day a curious public will have an opportunity of inspecting it.

This jobbing spirit in the Corporation must, however, be ended if the rank and file of the people of Dublin are to be rescued from the system that condemns them to the hideous conditions of living that are imposed upon them by this one room tenancy. It is idle to expect reform of these conditions when the very persons who are encouraging it are those members of the Corporation who are themselves the owners and landlords or agents of the wretched tenements in question, and whose secret influence is exerted in various directions to obstruct and prevent reforms. For our part, we believe that no owner, landlord or agent of such tenements should be given a place in the Municipal Council. There are plenty of excellent men at the command of the burgesses—the occupiers of these single room tenancies, who might be trusted to represent them in the City Council; and we trust that from this forward steps will be taken to secure such a reform of the Council as will result in providing such a body of men in the Dublin Corporation as will always exert themselves for the civic benefit. DUNNE.

Description of a Scab.

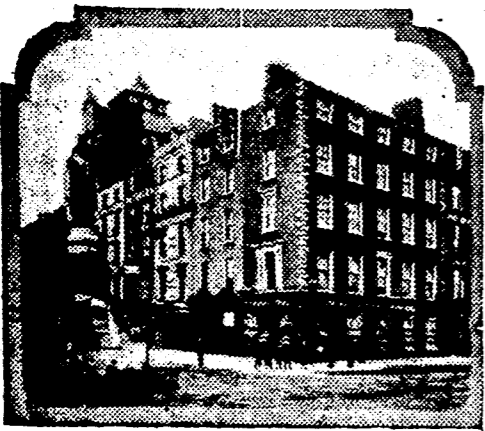
A Scab is to his trade what a traitor is to his country; and though both may be useful to one party in troublesome times, when peace returns, they are detested alike by all: so, when help is wanted, a Scab is the last to contribute assistance, and the first to grasp a benefit he never laboured to procure; he cares only for himself, but he sees not beyond the extent of the day, and for a momentary and worthless approbation, would betray friends, family, and country. In short, he is a traitor on a small scale—he first sells his fellow, and is himself afterwards sold in his turn by the master, until at last he is despised by both, and deserted by all—he is an enemy to himself, to the present age, and to posterity, and deserves to be executed by all.

Who steals along the silent street!
Who dreads a shopmate's eye to meet!
Who shulks in some obscure retreat!
The Scab!

Who shuns the face of open day!
Who wanders out in gloomy grey!
Who gets his price and sneaks away!
The Scab!

Whose spirit shrinks within its cell!
Like to a snail, within its shell!
Whose bosom is a living hell!
The Scab!

Who never yet did give his mite!
For to uphold the thing that's right!
So is always found in needy plight!
The Scab!



The above represents the
Spacious Premises of

Hopkins & Hopkins Jewellers, DUBLIN,

Who employ 50 skilled men in
the Manufacture of Gold, Gem-
Jewellery, Medals, &c., &c.

THEY ARE REALLY MANUFACTURERS.

We made Badges for the Irish Transport
Workers' Union, Corporation Workmen's
Trade Union, and many others.

Brewery Workers' Victory.

We are glad to announce that, as we go to press, one of the firms engaged in the brewery trade, referred to in our article "Sweating in the Brewery Trade," having had the claim of the workers in that particular brewery brought under their notice by the officials of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union, and the principals of the firm, feeling that perhaps through want of thought they had not considered the claim of their employees in the past to participate in the prosperity of the firm, invited Councillor Michael McKeown, Secretary of the Belfast branch of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, and Jim Larkin to a conference, the outcome of which is that the firm of Watkins, Jameson, Pim & Co., through Mr. Arthur Darley, managing-director, who was accompanied by Mr. Kelleher, manager, and Mr. Sutton, brewer, after a most pleasant and informal discussion, agreed to advance all of their employees' wages, without exception, from boys up to and including the veterans—some of whom have been with the firm close on forty years—

Two Shillings per Week,

and a penny per hour increase in their overtime rate (the overtime rate does not apply to carters or draymen); the firm have promised that they will so systemise their deliveries that the carters will not be out so late. In fact, they will reduce the overtime as regards carters to a minimum, the carters also getting in addition an increase on the carriage of barley of 10d. per hundred sacks, bringing them up to the standard of 1d. per barrel or sack. In fact, my experience was unique. After a long discussion we had agreed to accept on behalf of the men 50 per cent. of our demands—namely, 1s. 6d. per week of an increase, when Mr. Darley turned around and said, "Look here, I don't like breaking shillings." I laughingly suggested then that he should give us the two shillings; and without a moment's hesitation, and in a good-humoured way, he said "Right." It was further agreed that all the old arrangements and conditions between the firm and employees should continue. Nay, Mr. Darley went further, and expressed a wish that the men would understand that he, personally, took a deep interest in their welfare. In trying to elicit my opinion on matters under discussion, I told him—as I have always told the public—that I am no friend of the publican or drink-seller and manufacturer; but I agreed, and do agree, that if the men are foolish enough to consume strong drink, it would be better that they should drink the liquor, stout or beer made by such firms as Watkins, Jameson, Pim & Co. who not only employ Irishmen in every department, but who, I am informed, use practically all Irish-grown grain.

Now, I don't want you all to go and celebrate this victory of THE IRISH WORKER in emptying all the full barrels of Watkins, Jameson and Pim, but I say that if you are going to drink, see to it that you ask for the drink made by Trade Union Labour in every department. I have Mr. Darley's assurance upon these matters, and from what I have seen of the man, I wish there were more of his kidney amongst the Dublin employers—nay, amongst the Irish employers,

Messrs. Watkins, Jameson and Pim have a large and growing trade I understand across the water, and as this little sheet-circulates among the working class in and about Manchester and Liverpool, also in Glasgow, they will understand, I hope, also that Mr. Darley will insist upon his bottlers using only Irish-made bottles. The men, who have only been in the union two months, with one or two exceptions, have had one statement proved—one statement that we wish to repeat, that if the Irish workers would combine and be loyal, one to another, they would not pay their entrance fees, nor their weekly contribution to the union—the employers would pay. What a difference between the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union and some of the cliques run by place-hunters—(miscalled unions)—who, filling the columns of the employers' organs, the evening and daily papers, whining and begging, call upon all and sundry to shed a tear for them, telling the employers "we don't believe in strikes, &c. We are beggars, &c., not workers. Please allow us to work—all we want is work." Well, this union wants work for its members—the members can work, and when working want paying. We believe that the man or men who are not prepared for fight, and to fight, is a traitor to his class and a worse kind of blackleg than he who would go in on a strike. We will return to this subject.

We are going to deal with this kind of scorpion who, masquerading under the name of trade unionist, is a curse and a disgrace to the unfortunate country that shelters him. We have, after a long and strenuous fight, drowned one worm and wiped out one blackleg organisation in this country—the Workers' Union. You can hoodwink some of the people all the time, all the people, some of the time, but you cannot hoodwink all the people all the time, friend Harris and Patrick McIntyre of the Marmalade Doss House.

We conclude, and on behalf of the 8,000 members of the union in and about the City of Dublin and County, we tender our thanks to Mr. Arthur Darley, Mr. Kelleher, manager; Mr. Sutton, brewer, who, unlike other employers we can name believe that peace hath its victories greater and more substantial than war. Mr. Darley has gained more by submitting to the just claims of his employees than if he had locked them out, as I understand he was advised to do.

He has gained the affection of his men who will respect him instead of their hatred. He has gained something more, something even better and more satisfactory than the framed addresses hanging on his office wall, something you cannot put in words—the thanks of the women and children belonging to the men employed by him; and I, personally, a man who has more enemies than any other man in this country—a man who totally disagrees with the present system, and lives for the day when there will be no employee nor employer, when we will all be workers, working together like brothers believing in the brotherhood of man, and fulfilling the fatherhood of God.

The shopkeepers of Ardee Street district will now be getting something like £370 more a year spent amongst them, and, in receiving, you, shopkeepers, don't forget who keeps your shops open—the working class. To the men who stood loyal and true one to another, Jim Larkin takes off his hat. I never doubted you, and a special word of thanks to Mr. Sutton, brewer, who, to show the spirit animating both sides, agreed to take back into the employ a man who had acted in a most scandalous manner. Now, reader, are you in a union? If not, why not? You see what these men gained by combination! Go thou and do likewise.

Bernard Shawisms.

EDUCATION.—When a man teaches something he does not know to somebody else who has no aptitude for it, and gives him a certificate of proficiency, the latter has completed the education of a gentleman.

ROYALTY.—Kings are not born; they are made by artificial hallucination.

The court is the servants' hall of the sovereign.

Vulgarity in a king flatters the majority of the nation.

The slunkism propagated by the throne is the price we pay for its political convenience.

DEMOCRACY.—If the lesser mind could measure the greater as a foot-rule can measure a pyramid, there would be finality in universal suffrage. As it is the political problem remains unsolved.

Democracy substitutes election by the incompetent many for appointment by the corrupt few.

Workers of Ireland.

AIR—O'DONNELL ABU.

Workers of Ireland, why crouch ye like cravens?

Why clutch an existence of insult and want?

Why stand to be plucked by an army of ravens,

Or hoodwinked for ever by twaddle and cant?

Think on the wrongs ye bear,
Think on the rags ye wear,

Think on the insults endured from your birth;

Toiling in snow and rain,
Rearing up heaps of gain,

All for the tyrants who grind you to earth.

Your brains are as keen as the brains of your masters,

In swiftness and strength ye surpass them by far,

Ye've brave hearts that teach you to laugh at disasters,

Ye vastly outnumber your tyrants in war.

Why, then, like cowards stand,
Using not brain or hand,

Thankful, like dogs, when they throw you a bone!

What right have they to take
Things that ye toil to make?

Know ye not, comrades, that all is your own.

Rise in your might, brothers; bear it no longer,

Assemble in masses throughout the whole land;

Show these incapables who are the stronger
When workers and idlers confronted shall stand.

Through Castle, Court, and Hall,
Over their acres all,

Onward we'll press like the waves of the sea,

Claiming the wealth we've made,
Ending the spoiler's trade;

Labour shall triumph and Ireland be free.

—JIM CONNELL.

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

THE Irish Worker AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

Dublin, Saturday, 10th June, 1911.

The Editor desires to apologise to his many friends who have written expressing their pleasure at the advent of THE WORKER. During the past week I have spent a strenuous time, and if our fishing in industrial waters produced few fish we have succeeded in drowning a few worms. I intend next week to deal with the work of the Congress, and those amongst you who have been reading the garbled, and in some cases lying reports in the capitalistic and employers' press during the week, swallow them with the proverbial grain of salt. Their purpose is to accentuate our differences, and many of the happenings reported and exaggerated are going to make for purity and good fellowship. The alleged Labour leaders have Larkinitized on the brain. I am given to understand that Harris, the organiser of the alleged Workers' Union, is buzzing around Hill Hill Hall, off Francis Street, a place which was once a "Bird's Nest" or Snyley proselytising institution, and now the resting place of another cuckoo called McIntyre, whose father was McIntyre, the emergency man. These are some of the creatures who for the last three years have been trying to ruin Jim Larkin. Harris is swearing vengeance on his old pal and fellow-worker, Patrick J. McIntyre, the creature whose effusions always received an honoured position in the organ of the Dublin workers(?) the "Evening Telegraph." What the readers of that intellectual and democratic rag are going to do now on Saturday evenings I fail to understand. Perhaps they will issue another Stop Press—Larkin sent to gaol, Larkin expelled from Trades Congress. I promise you not a line will appear stating, in the words of Harris, that this McIntyre was writing these letters without the knowledge of the Workers' Union officials, and all the thousands of pounds sent to Cullybackey was a figment of McIntyre's imagination. As long as they could get some mud to throw at Jim Larkin and the Irish Transport Union it was good business, and when that gentleman, who edits the "Evening Telegraph," was asked some months ago to inquire into the bona-fides of this McIntyre, and the alleged branch meetings that were never held, this Czar

of the newspaper world ordered me out of his office, and sort of made an attempt to lay his mighty-mailed fist on your humble servant; but owing to causes of which he had control, but failed to exercise, he did not carry the idea out. What a pity, such a fall in "Evening Telegraph" stock there would have been, my countrymen! Well, everything comes to him who waits.

It must be very gratifying to Mr. John Landy, Rathfarnham, when the appreciation of the sweaters and gombiens on the South Dublin Board of Guardians co-opted him on the Board after being literally kicked out by his neighbours of the Rathfarnham Division. And this is supposed to be representation of the people by the people!

It was apparent at the first meeting of the Board that Mr. Bung had his eye to business. Frank Cole had his eye on the Chairmanship, but of course Scully, the purveyor of scab baked bread and "family grocer" was also in the running. It was again the difference between "tweedledum" and "tweedledee"—the slum publican on one hand, and the suburban respectable liquor dealer on the other. Scully's ambition was gratified. He was elected for another term of three years by the votes of the bourgeoisie, the margarine dealers, the slum landlords, and the Ward-healers who dominate the Board.

Comrades, it is our business, our duty, to stop this thing. We, who keep the whole show running, and running smoothly, are practically overruled by the selfish interests, greed, and ignorant ambition of the gang who have through your sympathy got hold of the machinery of local government in Dublin. Too long have you allowed yourselves to be misrepresented, cadjoled, and bossed by knaves who have only used you as pawns on the chess board for their own aggrandisement and personal gain. Prepare to assume the responsibilities and duties of citizenship which are yours by right, and which you have allowed to fall into the hands of scheming sycophants and slaves.

At the meeting above referred to, Mr. John Landy seems to have lost his head when comrades Greene, O'Carroll, Lea, O'Toole and others referred to his position as an employer of blackleg labour. However, he was speedily set at rest when Scully volunteered the statement that Mr. L. was a "good employer" and paid "fair wages!" Now, we are always glad to have the assistance of those who know something of the people's working conditions in defining what is a "fair" price for labour; but we must always insist that the chap who does the work should be consulted in the matter. We deny the right of ability of Scully or any other of his class to say what a Dublin baker's wages and conditions should be. We have more able men than Scully, or even John Mooney, J.P., of Ballsbridge fame, who recognise the Bridge Street Bakers' Society as the only organisation of legitimate bakers in the city and their wages and conditions reasonable. This is a good beginning for the Chairman, and we hope our comrades will keep a strict eye on that gentleman during the coming three years, at the end of which period, if we are true to ourselves, to Ireland, and democratic principles, there will be precious few of the Scully type in public life in Dublin.

Early Fathers of the Church on Modern Problems.

St. Jerome: Opulence is always the result of theft, if not committed by the actual possessor, then by his predecessors.

St. Clement: Private property is the fruit of iniquity.

St. John Chrysostom: You say that the poor do not work; but do you work yourselves, you rich men? Do you not enjoy in idleness the goods you have unjustly inherited? Do you not exhaust others with labour, while you enjoy in indolence the fruits of their misery?

St. Augustine: Property is not a natural right, but a positive right, founded simply on civil authority.

St. Ambrose: The soil was given to rich and poor in common. Wherefor, oh ye rich, do you unjustly claim it for yourselves alone?

SAVE MONEY! The Ball of Blue

Gives the Best Value in Dublin in
BOOTS, SHOES and other Goods.

Come and see; you will be surprised.

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Ireland's Labour Parliament.

SUCCESSFUL GALWAY SESSION.

The Irish Trades Congress opened its Eighteenth session at Galway on Monday, June 5th, 1911, and Galway throughout its historical past of a thousand years, saw not within its walls such a heterogeneous collection of human beings as those who went to make up what is called the Irish Trades Congress. Men drawn from every class amongst the Irish workers, not forgetting those belonging to the other nations adjacent, from the docker up to the (now I hope not to arouse your jealousy, oh, skilled workers) so we will put you all in, carpenters, printers, painters, hair-dressers, bottle makers, farriers, butchers, brushmakers, cabinet makers, upholsterers, saddlers, tailors, bakers, carpet planners, brick and stone layers, paviors, coachmakers, and not forgetting the bookbinders; and we had represented there the man who above all others heads the list—a man who not recognised as a skilled worker, surpasses all the skilled workers inasmuch as he not only feeds himself but them as well—"The man with the hoe," who from the sun's rise to the going down thereof seeks to compel mother nature to yield from her cornucopian storehouse that which will sustain the children of men. Hail to you of the bowed back, the bent and knotted limbs; oh, man of the hoe! without you we would be as nothing. In the morning's dew, the noon's heat, the evening's chill and dawn, you toil not for the wages of the skilled man, not for the wages of the so-called unskilled man. No that were too great a reward. You, oh, foolish one are content with half the wages paid to your kinsman and fellow slave in the towns and cities. Galway has seen you for a thousand years ambling through her streets, shuffling along with back half bent, taking off your cap to this one or that who might for the time being exercise authority over you: and for all these thousand years you have forgotten that you are the man, and they your servants. What would they do with their furniture, their clothes, their houses; in the city their jewellery, their skill in book-work or in metal. Straighten your back, oh! man with the hoe! Remember there is something else on earth, eye! and above it. Take your eye from the ridge and the stubble; look up, man! look up to the glorious firmament! Take hope from the glimmer of the stars, and the sheen of the sun: it is good to be alive—but, comrade, you are not alive, you are but existing. The worm exists, but you are not a worm. You must live! I have not time and space for the moment to tell you what I mean by living, of that we will again speak. Come, study and digest all that happened at Galway; hear the president, David Campbell, of Belfast, articulate the complaints of his class, your class, my class—their hopes and aspirations; read of the tumult—of the angry word—of the strange ideas to some of you. Read of men, curious looking, wild eyed, strong of lung, intolerant of control, live men; men who have a hope and a living enthusiasm; men having an ideal. Men who know and knowing mean to achieve; men who quarrel one with another, giving one another the lie; these are Men—men of strong passions—men who do! and who throughout all the storm and drang have one ideal in view—the betterment of the class from which they sprung. Does the employing class, does the capitalist think that we will continue to snarl and quarrel. Friend Capitalist, this snarling and quarrelling is but the excavation work necessary to the laying of a foundation of trust and the erection of an edifice of concord, peace, and mutual co-operation between men like Murphy, of Belfast, and Murphy, of Cork; Walker, of Belfast, and Buckner, of Limerick; McCarron, of Derry, and O'Brien, of Dublin; Simon, of Galway, and Egan, of Cork, and those troublesome chaps—Lynch, of Cork, and Larkin, of Dublin. And, reader, if you honour us with your company in our travels through space, the matter contained in our next issue, dealing in a more detailed way with work done during the period covered by the Congress will prove this—that in all the storm and stress of debate one thing seemed clear, all of the delegates, without exception, seemed imbued with one idea, the betterment of the working class condition—nay, further, the obliteration of class and the establishment of a social arrangement between peoples, the basis of which would, as quoted, by the President, be—"He who will not work, neither shall he eat." Take the question of the formation of a Labour Party in Ireland—all the delegates were agreed. Some misunderstanding, and, I may say, abusing the meaning of the word, Internationalism.

claiming that the Irish Working Class should sink their identity as a Nation, and join the English Labour Party. Whilst I agree that the formation of the English Labour Party was, and is, the best thing the English Workers have ever done, so, too, the formation of an Irish Labour Party would be the best day's work ever attempted by the Irish Workers. The world cannot afford to allow the Irish Nation to be obliterated. Internationalism means *Internationalism*, not one Nationalism.

Some times I think that men who have been heard saying how they love their native land are a bit hozy in their geography. This particular spot of the earth's surface is known as Erin. If it was thought necessary in the long ago it would have been just as easy to call it England—a very staid and stupid sort of name by the way—but the men of those days who understood the meaning of words, and the beauty of words (though some men now living hold an opinion that their own forefathers were savages) called this land Erin. Reader, repeat the word Erin: roll it around your tongue, you actually feel that it is the only word to describe this land of ours (some day), and when I hear men talking about accident of birth, and one is unfortunate in being an Irishman, and in the next breath speaking of being proud of being called an Irishman—I wonder do they understand the meaning of words. No reader, the world, that is the women and men who inhabit this globe cannot afford to lose the Irishman. You might as well say you could make a ship without the keel, an engine without a crank pin, a boiler without a safety valve. The Irishman is an essential in human nature. I believe in the solidarity of the human race, internationalism in the fullest and best sense understood by all men who know the meaning and the application of internationalism, claim that Ireland is a nation, and will continue in the future to be a nation with this difference for 800 years—long and weary years they have been—she has been a supplicant. "Kathleen Ni Houlihan is going to gain her own again and take her rightful place in the galaxy of the nations:—'First flower of the earth and first gem of the sea'."

The editor appeals to all who love her to band themselves together and help to realise the possibilities as set forth in the eloquent and sound address delivered by an Irishman to the Irish people. The workers of Ireland have something to be thankful for that they have men like David Campbell, a democrat (not an alleged democrat) amongst them yet. Jemmy Hope is not dead, and the North has never failed Kathleen Ni Houlihan, and never will. We, of THE IRISH WORKER, are out to claim the earth for the world's workers, and our portion as Irishmen is Ireland. So hands, off all predatory persons, no matter under what name or disguise. We are determined to weld together the common people of the North, the South, the East, and West.

In our next week's issue we will give a detailed description of the work done at the Congress and a character sketch of some of the men who took part in its deliberations.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.

FELLOW DELEGATES—I desire at the outset to return you my sincere and heartfelt thanks for having honoured me by selecting me to preside over our Eighteenth Annual Congress. It is with a considerable amount of trepidation and diffidence that I attempt to occupy the position so ably and suitably filled by my predecessors. The year which we look back upon has witnessed nothing important nor vital to the interests of trade unionists. Notwithstanding the improved state of the Labour market, and the consequent increased prosperity of the people, it is sad to relate that the unemployed, the disinherited, despoiled, and dispirited "out of work" is still to be found in plenty in our midst. In times gone by economists looked on this as a natural and inevitable phenomenon of our commercial system when depression ensued; but it has for a considerable time been clearly demonstrated that even in the most prosperous periods there is a vast horde of dispossessed toilers vainly searching for work, appealing and begging for permission to labour—"leave to live by other men's leave," as the Jingo poet hath it (applause). What a striking commentary on our boasted civilisation, our higher education, our advanced thought! In order that a select few might continue to live lives of idleness, ease, and luxury, replete with every artifice to keep alive their jaded senses, thousands of honest, willing citizens must be kept in enforced idleness, penury, and privation (hear, hear). For this is what it works out to—the worker is denied his inalienable right to labour, in order that he and his should live and enjoy, simply because he cannot be used to another's advantage (applause). I speak as one who has never suffered, personally, from the pangs and privation

resultant from want of work, but as one who has had ample opportunity of observing the horrible ruin it works in the flower of our race. The problem of employment is the vastest and most appalling of our age; but I sometimes think if half the wit and ingenuity at present expended in the devising of new machines for the destruction of life and property, or other useless projects, was applied to a sane scheme for giving our people the opportunity to "live," we would indeed be blest (applause).

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

Would that we could imbue those in office with the belief that a healthy, independent race of free people was, as the poet said, the only real wealth that mattered:—

"This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same,
Not so the loss."

(Loud applause). But is there a remedy? Yes, we believe there is. Is not, then, this state a divine ordination? We believe not. We are of opinion that all that is necessary on the part of our legislators is the desire to remedy the existing state of affairs (hear, hear). "Where there's a will there's a way," is an adage of our childhood, and here it seems to be peculiarly applicable. On several occasions has the Labour Party's Right to Work Bill been introduced in the British House of Commons, only to meet with a disheartening reception. The meagre support accorded it has certainly not been encouraging, but, nevertheless, we believe, with all its shortcomings, it is the only genuine attempt which has been made to cure, in a practical fashion, this heart-rending, social evil (applause). What is it that is wrong? Is it that these islands are too poor to provide? Is it that Mother Nature has dealt out her share with a sparing hand? Nothing of the kind, but the reverse (hear, hear). All that is necessary to make a happy, contented, enlightened, and ennobled community is here in our midst. What, then, is wrong? Is there a delegate in this assembly to-day who has any doubt as to the cancer, who is still in ignorance of the simple process which results in a third of our population being continually below the level of subsistence? I think not. I hope I may be pardoned for appearing to labour this aspect of our present day condition, but I submit that there is no more direct challenge to the efficacy of our organisations, no graver indictment of our apathy, no more threatening menace to our continued well-being than the unemployed and idle unit at both ends of the scale (loud applause). Here we have the complete diagnosis of the disease. I subscribe fully and whole-heartedly to the doctrine that "he who will not work neither shall he eat," and the sooner we lend our aid to give it practical effect the better (hear, hear). It is high time the worker allowed the "other fellow" to slide off his back in order that he might strengthen that vertebrae, too long bent. The removal of the Poor Law disqualifications from the Old Age Pensions Act was a much needed reform which has not come a moment too soon. As a member of a Pensions Subcommittee I have had ample opportunity of seeing how cruelly this restriction worked, denying to those who were likely to benefit to the greatest extent the relief afforded by the Act. Long overdue as this piece of legislation was, it is gratifying to record that no more humane work has been done for the aged toilers of our country (applause). That being so, let us bestir ourselves and secure that the much needed reduction in the qualifying age and other improvements shall not be unduly belated (hear, hear). Few of those assembled here can hope to reach the allotted span of three score and ten; and it is regrettable to observe that a great many who now do, draw not their pensions for long. A speedy reduction of the age limit to 65, and in special cases to 60, should be our aim (applause). The disabilities under which our unions suffer by reason of the now famous "Osborne judgment" tend not to diminish, but rather increase, with the lapse of time. The ramifications of this piece of iniquitous class ruling have been varied and interesting, and I am seriously concerned now as to whether it would not have been wiser for the various unions to have accepted and followed the advice given by some at the time—to ignore the judgment altogether and create an impasse—probably a more effective piece of propaganda than that chosen (hear, hear). As it is we hope the Labour Party will spare neither time nor energy in their demand for a complete reversal of this judgment, and a full restoration to unions of the right to indulge in all forms of political propaganda permitted to the individual (loud applause). It is to be regretted that the formation of the "Boards" provided for under the "Trades Boards Act" has not been proceeded with in a more earnest fashion. Already in the sister isle some of the scheduled trades are beginning to reap the benefit of the Act, and no where should its application be more welcomed

than in this country. As an instance of how this Act is being administered for the benefit of the toilers, let me quote a few figures relating to past and present earnings of those engaged in some of the scheduled trades. The starvation wage earned by the women chain-makers at Crudley Heath has been increased from 1d. per hour to a minimum of 2½d. per hour, and that of the lace finishers of Nottingham from 1½d. per hour to a minimum of 3d. per hour. This indicates the boon this piece of legislation has been to the poorly-paid worker. But the latest instance, that of the "box-makers" of London, Birmingham, &c., serves to illustrate even more forcibly the great need there was for such "Boards" as the Act provides for. The wages of these workers, who, like outworkers in all other trades labour in and pay the rent of their own homes, ranged from 1½d. to 1¾d. per hour. The new rates fixed by the Board of Trade are:—

From July 1, 1911 ... 2½d. an hour.
From February 1, 1912... 3d. an hour.
From February 1, 1913 ... 3½d. an hour.

Calculated on a 52 hour week, this last-mentioned rate will yield a wage of 14s. 1d., and the difference between 7s. or 8s. and 14s. 1d. to a Hoxton box-maker only a Hoxton box-maker knows (applause). It behoves, however, the workers and, indeed, trade unionists generally, to keep a close supervision over the selection of individuals to represent the workers on these "Boards," as already there is evidence of the "gentle influence" of the "master hand" being brought to bear in this respect. The subject of "sweating" having loomed so largely in the public eye in my native city during the year, I may be excused if I briefly refer to it. Arising out of a scathing condemnation of the "low rate of wages paid to outworkers in the linen and cognate trades," contained in the report of the Public Health Officer for Belfast (Dr. Baillie), the Health Committee of the Corporation inquired closely into the charges, and found them fully justified (applause). Subsequent public demonstrations organised by the workers of the city were held, at which a "sworn inquiry" into the conditions and wages paid in the linen and allied trades was demanded, and all possible measures used to enforce the demand being met.

It is pleasing to record that the Government, after considering the matter for nine months, has finally announced that an inquiry will be held. This achievement is due in a large measure to the persistence with which the case for the workers was put by Mr. Joseph Devlin, M.P., the only representative of the city having any sympathy for, or the slightest actual knowledge of the condition of the people who toil for bread (applause).

"They work and starve, their children breathe and die;
For we, that count as men, have sunk so low.

We set our wives to labour, eat the bread
Of children, from the cup of misery drink
The bloody tears that we still cause to flow.

The education of the youth of this country is one of the most important subjects to which the workers could devote their attention. The recent reports issued by Inspectors demonstrate most clearly the ineptitude of our present system of privately managed schools, disclosing in some parts a state of affairs which would disgrace a Hottentot village (hear, hear). I have been privileged to inspect some of them, and believe them to be more fit for rearing swine than for the education of our children. Protests have been made all over the country time and again but without any practical result. This, in my opinion, will ever be so until the people of the country shall demand that the control of the whole educational system shall be vested in the people themselves (loud applause). Then, and only then, will it be possible to impart to our children an education worthy of the name, under sanitary conditions and an atmosphere that bespeaks knowledge. Then, and only then, can we hope to lay that foundation upon which the future men and women of our nation are to be reared (applause). To my mind the question of the education of the child transcends all others. The fact that we have so consistently neglected it in the past shows that we ourselves have not yet appreciated the true meaning of education. I may be charged with holding an obtuse view of this question, but I am strongly of opinion that if we ceased to place so much reliance on "book education" and endeavoured to impart to the child information at first hand on the realities of the life by which it is surrounded, developing the naturally inherent gifts of each, we would be treading the proper path. The monumental ignorance of the average child leaving school, say at fourteen years of age, is saddening to observe. One is tempted to dwell on this aspect of our treatment of the child, but time forbids. Let me say, however, that, in my humble opinion, the information imparted and the methods employed in

the early years of the child are of infinitely greater importance than any other activities of our educational system, Technical or University. The Act for the Feeding of Necessitous School Children has conferred an inestimable boon on the children of the poor in the sister isle. Why such a beneficent piece of legislation was not made applicable to Ireland from the outset passes my comprehension. Surely, if there was one spot in the Empire where, such a humanitarian act as the feeding of the hungry was a crying need, that spot was Ireland (applause), where on the meagre wage earned by the majority of the workers it is absolutely impossible to feed the children. The operations of the Act in England have demonstrated that not only can the school children be fed cheaper but that the consistent, scientific dieting has been exceedingly beneficial from a health standpoint. To attempt to instruct the child whose stomach is empty, is a piece of refined cruelty, incompatible with our claim to be a civilized community, more barbarous than the lowest animal (hear, hear). In different parts of the country, from city and urban councils, and other public bodies, have resolutions gone forth demanding that the scope of the measure referred to shall be speedily broadened to include our Island. Let us join with them in that demand, so that the hungry child shall have proper nutrition, the best piece of education it is in our power to bestow. The medical inspection of school children should also be made compulsory in this country. There is now only one opinion on how to secure a healthy population, viz.—by careful attention to the children in their early years. The experience gained by the application of this method, and notably by the operation of school-clinics in various parts of England, demonstrates that thousands of useful lives are yearly sacrificed on the altar of apathy. Let us be active, then, and use our undoubted influence to remove such a terrible reproach. The recently suggested revival of the Eight-Hours Day agitation should speedily find a reflex on this side of the Channel. No object more deserving of serious attention and earnest propaganda, on the part of trade unions, could be mentioned. We are, I think, fully agreed that eight hours per day is sufficient for any man or woman to work. Why, then, should we falter in our efforts to secure it? The great Australian Labour Party was practically built up through its endeavour to secure this concession, and this should be an earnest time for us to go on and do likewise. The reduction of the hours of labour, besides lightening the burden of toil on the vast body of workers would, in addition, absorb many thousands at present unemployed, and thus act as a factor in the solution of that pressing problem. In this regard one cannot refrain from paying a tribute to the Printing Trades' Federation in their successful issue from their recent battle for a reduction in the hours of labour and improved conditions. Defeats, on the workers' side have been, in recent years, so much the order of the day, that it is pleasing to be able to record this victory on the part of the printing trades—a victory over which every trade unionist in the country must feel proud. This success may be taken as an indication, and by some will be viewed as a demonstration, that the only hope of the workers in the future lies in strong concerted action, guided by a federation of all the different units concerned. This expresses my own personal opinion. Quite recently, in my own city, we had a threatened stopping of work on the part of a whole industry, in justification of certain claims made by the workers engaged therein. This spirit of unity, and its manifestations, have been called by various names; but without quarrelling over terminology, let us agree that where one toiler is wounded—where one trade or craft is injured—the whole body suffers (hear, hear). The introduction of the Bill for State Insurance against invalidity and unemployment is so recent as almost to forbid comment. Not until one has had the full text of the Bill would one be justified in offering criticism of its provisions. Trade unionists, however, desiring that no curtailment of their sphere of action shall result, no encroachment on the rights, which have taken generations of toil, sacrifice, and suffering to establish, must keep a close watch on the development of the measure. Where the danger of this lies must be apparent to all who have followed the comments since the introduction of the Bill. At the same time, it must be conceded that no measure has been introduced in recent years so pregnant with possibilities of social well-being (applause). As the realisation of these, however, will largely depend on the administrative bodies foreshadowed by the Bill, it were prudent to refrain from further comment at present. I do not wish to unduly prolong my remarks, but ere concluding I should like to refer, briefly, to a subject which should be of interest to all organised workers of this country. At different Congresses resolutions have been put forward and pious opinions expressed that the workers of this

island would be acting wisely in endeavouring to construct a Party of its own with the object of furthering and developing the many social projects in which they take such a deep interest (loud applause). I feel, then, that I should be neglecting my duty did I not suggest, that after having long considered this matter from an academic standpoint, we set ourselves seriously about doing something to give our desires practical shape. Far be it from me to animadvert on the sins of omission or commission of others, but let me here point out that the old adage, "If you desire a thing well done, do it yourself," seems to be particularly apposite. In all those countries where the intelligence of the workers has been concentrated on the formation of a "Workers' Party," there industrial and social legislation has been the most progressive. The reasons for this are obvious (hear, hear). Let our motto be: "Ourselves by ourselves be befriended"; for whether our legislation continues to emanate from Westminster—which seems unlikely—or whether it finds expression nearer home, the task of the workers of this country will ever be the same, to keep a watchful eye over everything presumably done on their behalf, and to have a say in the doing of it. Only let us approach the subject in a spirit of true comradeship, and success is sure to follow. And now time insists that I shall draw my remarks to a close, and in so doing let me express a wish that we shall cling as steadfastly as ever to our principles, with the constant faith that our endeavours to uplift and educate will be a determining factor in our country's development. Imbued with aspirations laudable and ennobling, let our fight be one, ever waged against the havoc wrought by the "devil's-hoof of competition," with the death-blight for ever in its trail, carried on until we establish the rights of those who create, but enjoy not, for the purity of the sweated woman and the starved child; until the "beauty of life" has been restored to the despoiled, responding eagerly to our comrade's call—"Come, ye that listen, rise and gird your swords,
Win back the fields of Ireland for the poor.
Give roses to your children's fading cheeks,
And to the hearts of women hope again,
Bring back content unto the lives of men."

(Loud applause, the delegates rising to their feet and cheering).

Calendar for Next Week.

JUNE, 1911.

- Sunday 11—Owen Roe O'Neill declared war against the English, 1648.
- Monday 12—Battle of Ballinahinch, Co. Down, 1798.
- Tuesday 13—Lady Dufferin died, 1867.
- Wednesday 14—Dr. Esmonde hanged, 1798.
- Thursday 15—Tom Steele died, 1848.
- Friday 16—Dr. Doyle ("J.K.L.") died, 1834.
- Saturday 17—Trial of M'Cann, 1798.

[11th].—It was a memorable day in 1648 when Owen Roe O'Neill declared war against the influence and domination of England. During the previous centuries the power of the Irish princes and chiefs was gradually being filched from them by the invaders and their native allies. Just as she does to-day, England did then. With bribery and false promises the chiefs were seduced from their allegiance to their country. Those who were patriotic enough to hold out against the blandishments of the foreigner were promptly "removed" by the hand of the hired assassin, until only a remnant of the once powerful houses remained to emphasise the decimation and ruin wrought in the land. In taking the field against formidable odds, O'Neill was imbued with one idea, and that the total destruction of foreign domination in his country. From the days of St. Lorcan O'Toole wars of many kinds had been declared and fought, but the undertaking of Owen Roe was certainly the first from the Norman Invasion to his time which made for a free and independent Ireland. Although his enterprise was not successful, the spirit which animated it manifested itself in 1798, 1848, and 1867, and to-day inspires millions of our race to work for the destruction of foreign influence in this island and the uplifting of our land to the position which God intended her to occupy among the nations.

May the spirit of Owen Roe never desert us, and may the cause for which he so gallantly struggled be yet crowned, with success!

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South Dublin Union.

DOCTOR AND CITY PAINTER.

QUESTION OF MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

COMPLAINT BY RATHMINES PRIEST.

At the meeting of the South Dublin Guardians on Wednesday, the attendance included, Mr. John J. Scully in the chair, Messrs. Wm. P. Anderson, John Bagnall, John Baird, George Bennett, Miss Emily Buchanan, James Byrne, Miss Marian Clinch, William Custis, John Delahunty, James Delany, Miss H. Digges-La-Touche, James Doyle, George Farren, M. P. Flood, J.P.; Miss Edwards, Mr. Warren, C. Hanlon, John Byrne, Mr. Burke, C. Donaghy, J. Guinan, A. Byrne, T. Murphy, R. Woodcock, T. Greene, J. O'Neill, Peter G. Holloway, Stephen Kennedy, John Landy, John J. Lawlor, J.P.; George Metcalfe, Timothy Moran, Patrick V. Muldowney, Miss Lizzie Mulhall, James Mullett, Miss Mary O'Connor, Wm. O'Connor, Lorcan O'Toole, John Raymond, William Askin Shea, J.P., D.L.; Sylvester White, Miss Martha J. Williams, Wm. Tierney, F. Martin, Ml. Perkins, T. Corry.

FINANCIAL.

The Financial Statement submitted by the Clerk showed that there was a debit on the ordinary account of £5,597 11s. 1d. and a credit of £3,700 15s. 3d. on the loans account.

NO STOCKTAKING.

The Clerk reported that Mr. J. K. O'Reilly, the stock-taker, had not yet submitted his detailed list of valuation which he was supposed to have done within two weeks after the close of the stocktaking, and an order was made that it should be supplied immediately.

"HANDY LITTLE JOB."

Dr. Hooper, House Surgeon, wrote requesting to be allowed to take portion of his annual leave of absence between the 17th and 27th inst.

Mr. Chairman—Here is a handy little job in the house at four guineas per week—a substitute for Dr. Hooper.

The application was granted without discussion.

LETTER FROM RATHMINES PRIEST.

The Clerk read the following:—

"The Presbytery,

Rathmines, 24th May, 1911.

Dear Sir—I wish to call attention to the action of one of your Medical Officers during the past week. Dr. Hearn, Belgrave Square, was called to attend a patient, Henry Balfini, 2 Coffey's Cottages, Church Place, Rathmines. The man's wife asked Dr. Hearn to get her husband into some hospital, and he said the man's clergy ought to do so. I gave a letter to Mrs. Stokes, 16 Rathmines Terrace—Balfini's mother-in-law—on 22nd inst.; she took this note to St. Vincent's Hospital the same day and one of the nuns told her: 'an endeavour could be made to make a bed for the man' provided Dr. Hearn would notify on the note from what disease the man suffered. Mr. Stokes took back the note to Dr. Hearn but he refused to notify the disease with the result that he was not received into the hospital, and now lies at home in a dangerous condition without the aid of constant medical treatment. Perhaps the doctor may be asked the reason for his refusal whereby the man is deprived of medical treatment in St. Vincent's.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

F. CARROLL, C.C."

The Clerk stated that on receipt of Father Carroll's letter he immediately communicated it to the Relieving Officer for the district, Mr. Hinchey and Dr. Hearn, and he had received communications from both.

Dr. Hearn wrote as follows:—

"7 Belgrave Square,

29th May, 1911.

Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge yours of 25th inst., re Henry Balfini, and in reply beg to say that in the first place Henry Balfini was not seriously ill in my opinion; I received a Visiting Ticket for him on 18th inst., he was then suffering from a cold, sleeplessness and constipation. I saw him on 19th, 20th, 22nd and 25th. It was I who suggested he would be better off in bed, if a bed could be got in hospital, and I advised his wife to get a letter of recommendation from a clergyman as the most likely person to get him admitted to St. Vincent's Hospital; subsequently his mother-in-law called on me and asked what was the matter with him as the hospital authorities there refused to admit him unless I gave him a diagnosis—this

I declined to do on Mrs. Stokes request—but I gave her a strong recommendation for his admission. No one acquainted me that he had not been admitted until 25th; accordingly I visited him at once, when I found him sitting up in bed. I gave a recommendation for his admission to the Meath Hospital. He was seen again by me on 26th and 27th, when I found him up and dressed, and he expressed himself as being very well. I have no power or authority to send any patient to hospital except an infectious or contagious case, or to the South Union hospital, which I offered him, but he would not go there.

I saw him nine times between the 18th and 28th May. I think this account disposes of any charge of neglect on my part or of the charge that he was deprived of medical treatment. No hospital that I know of requires the diagnosis of an outside medical man prior to admission.

I am, dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

R. F. HEARN, M.D."

Mr. Anderson stated that the nuns in St. Vincent's were entitled to know what the man's complaint was, and if suitable, the patient would be admitted at once. It was the doctor's place to let the nuns know what the man was suffering from.

Mr. Lorcan O'Toole moved that the matter be referred to the Dispensary Committee.

Mr. Shea thought the doctor's explanation satisfactory.

The Chairman—This is a serious complaint written by a responsible person—a clergyman. The man must not have been quite as well as the doctor says as otherwise he would not have suggested the Meath hospital.

Mr. Anderson—When the Sister asked for particulars, if the doctor gave them, this man would have been at once admitted to St. Vincent's.

Relieving Officer Hinchey in a report stated that "on receipt of the information from a clerk he visited the patient and found Dr. Hearn in attendance on him. The man is a painter and is now able to be about."

Mr. Chairman—Is their any truth in the statement contained in the letter from Father Carroll?

The Relieving Officer, Dr. Hearn, stated he visited him when he got the red ticket.

The Chairman—Did the man make any complaint?

The Relieving Officer—Only that the doctor would not give him a certificate specifying his disease.

Mr. Lorcan O'Toole considered the report from the Relieving Officer very vague.

Mr. O'Connor thought the case one in which there should be an inquiry.

The Chairman—Let it come before the Dispensary Committee on Monday next.

Mr. Mullett asked the Relieving Officer if he read Father Carroll's letter.

The Relieving Officer—I did.

Mr. Mullett—Do you think he would write a complaint like that if there was not something in it? It is very peculiar.

The Chairman—The doctor would have saved himself a lot of trouble if he had to give the certificate when it was asked for at St. Vincent's Hospital.

An order was made referring the subject to the Dispensary Committee on Monday next for inquiry, and all persons interested were to be requested to attend.

The Dublin City and County Labour Representation.

The usual meeting was held on Monday week. Mr. Thomas Murphy, Chairman, congratulated the delegates on the spirit manifested by the organised workers during the Poor Law Elections, and hoped that before the delegates departed we would have some cheering news. Minutes of previous meeting having been read, Mr. Graydon, Acting Secretary, handed in his resignation, stating he was leaving Ireland. In accepting the resignation, the delegates expressed their regret at losing such a loyal and energetic worker. Both Mr. Graydon's own trade, the amalgamated Painters, and the general Labour movement throughout the country, would feel his loss. Other business having been transacted, Jim Larkin was requested to act as Secretary pending the annual meeting to elect officers, which will be held in the second week in July, so as to give the societies an opportunity of appointing delegates. It was also agreed to hold an organising meeting during the coming week, arrangements being left in the hands of the Secretary. A number of societies having handed in their fees, the meeting adjourned.

The Capital Conference.

The first conference of Capital was held last night on the plains of Somnolency. It was a weird picture presented to the gaze of the solitary audience of one who had succeeded in evading the chilling blasts of strangled thought which swept around the vast enclosure.

Engines (fire, marine, and steam); boilers (vertical and horizontal); huge parallel rows of railway metals, along with steamships, factories, furnaces, &c., winding up with a monster factory chimney, sportively laying on the area of a cage and pulley, decked pit shafts, after many shufflings and shiftings had taken their accorded places.

On account of its far-reaching potentialities, the delegates of the amalgamated association of railway lines were elected by acclamation. Rising, this metallic octopus briefly gave the objects of the assembly, viz.—to typify the Solidarity of Capital and its utter contempt for certain human things that of themselves as labour (loud applause in the shape of screechings of syrens, hooters and buzzers from the assembled Boilers' Band). "We have no quarrel with true labour," he affirmed. The new River Waterworks (which graciously allows Londoners to drink water) here asked to be heard. With much liquid emotion this delegate voiced its indignation. All the solitary listener could hear amidst its righteous sobbings was "Labour can't live without us." This in fact was the war-cry of all subsequent delegates.

"I could refuse to snort," said the engine-power delegate, and "I to swim" sang out a breezy looking old sailing vessel, "whilst I would no longer belch forth smoke" roared out the prodigious chimney as it turned for the ready smile of its adoring lover, the afore-mentioned pit-shaft.

"I represent the mechanical looms of the country," rattled out a collection of what looked like mammoth fiddle strings stretched across an iron skeleton, "and am empowered to tell you that we shall no longer do the bidding of Labour," whilst the Shuttles Association delegate capped the last speaker by promising to stop every shuttle in its organisation from running. A vast engineering yard looming up in the distance at this juncture stopped further remarks. It was the delegate of the Amalgamated Consolidated Institution of Associated Engineering Shops.

A space a mile square was allotted this delegate who, on account of its prodigious size was honoured by being called on to speak at once.

With sonorous voice like the clanging gorgantua harmonies on Titanic anvils the delegate began:—

"Fellow delegates, you will excuse my late arrival when I tell you I had more trouble than I anticipated in disengaging myself from the ground to which I have been connected for so many years. I am here to say that this talk of labour running industries without Capital sets me in a white heat." (Here volumes of flour and smoke seemed to emanate from a thousand nostrils scattered around its person).

"If they push this thing too far, my society is prepared to fine and expel every cog, every belt, every forced draught that dares set itself in motion" (loud applause, which only subsided when it was seen that the New River Company's delegate's tears threatened to put out the fire of eloquence showing so brightly in the speaker. At this moment a violent upheaval of the ground occurred. A huge mouth-like rift appeared in the centre of the convention floor, and in a world-gathered effort of speech, brave old Mother Earth thus spoke:—

"Ye children of my world, who dare to set yourselves above the children of God, cease your vapourings. Know ye not, I sent you as the servants of men? Would ye, then, seek to be their masters? Even as I with God laboured to bring forth; even as I with Man laboured to bring forth thee, even so shall I, with ye, labour to bring forth that which is good for Man, that Man, in living, may glorify his God."

RIGHT BOWER.

Gaelic League.

ANNUAL AERIDHEACHT OF THE OLD CITY BRANCH.

The Annual Aeridheacht or Open Air Concert of the Old City Branch of the Gaelic League will be held on Sunday evening next, the 11th inst., at the Thatch Grounds, Drumcondra. An excellent programme of music, dance and song has been arranged, and, granted a fine evening, the Branch Committee feel confident that this year's venture will be equal to previous "outings."

The promoters of the aeridheacht are fortunate in having secured the services of the St. James' Brass and Reed Band. This famous musical combination will add

considerably to the evening's enjoyment, and will be sure of a hearty reception from hosts of admirers. The Ringsend Trio, Dublin Feis Gold Medalists and the Keating Eight (Gold Medalists) will give exhibitions of Irish dancing. Recitations will be given by Miss Cissie Daly, Miss Cathlin Nic an tSaoir and Michael O'Maolain. Other artists include Aine Ni Cuilinn (Stanhope Street Convent Schools), Dublin Feis Prize Winner; Miss Tessa Brennan, Miss P. O'Briainn, Miss Eilis Ni Ceallaigh. The Carmelite Boys' Choir, Christian Schools Boys' Choir (Francis Street), &c.

A special feature of this year's Aeridheacht will be a short address on the State of the Language in the Irish-speaking districts, by Mr. Padraig O'Maille, a prominent member of the Central Executive of the League. For a number of years Mr. O'Maille has taken no small part as a Gaelic League organiser in the fight for the saving of the Irish language in the Irish-speaking districts. Living amongst native speakers where the language yet flourishes, Padraig has had many opportunities of gauging the work of the Irish-Ireland movement, so to speak, and we feel assured that the Gaels of the capital will, by their presence at the Aeridheacht of the Old City Branch, on Sunday next, demonstrate in no uncertain way their sympathy with the fight to "preserve" the language in the Irish-speaking districts, and accord a hearty welcome to a brother Gael, who has done and is doing one man's part, and nobly, to save the Gaedhealach.

The proceedings are timed to commence at 4 p.m. Tickets, 4d. adults; children, half-price, can be obtained from the Secretary, at the branch-rooms, 20 Anglesea Street; or at the Coisde Ceantair Offices, 23 Rutland Square.

Darwinism.

DISCUSSED BY MONKEYS O'ER THE NUTS.

A tribe of monkeys met one day To settle some disputes, That they had had among themselves, Concerning men and brutes; And as I chanced that way, I felt an inclination To hear what they had to say, And got an invitation

To take a seat among the rest, And make myself at home; Among my old relations, That in the forest roam. Said I to one, "There's some mistake Explain it if you can— Do you me for a monkey take? Or call yourself a man?"

Says he, "My friend, there's no mistake, As far as we're concerned, The question arose among you men, And men that you call learned; And this is why we meet to-day To talk the matter o'er; So hear what we have to say, And do not feel so sore."

I took a seat, and must confess I felt a little queer, To know what monkeys had to say Regarding man's career: And what I saw and heard them say I'll tell in verse or prose; I'll let the muses settle that, No matter how it goes.

But let it be in verse or prose I'll tell the truth the same, And if there's ought to give offence, You'll not have me to blame. 'Tis always best to tell the truth No matter who it hits, You need not don the fool's cap on Unless you find it fits.

It seems that monkeys all had heard Of Darwin's famous plan, That from their ancient sires had sprung The present race of man. They sent a delegation out, To learn more of this race, And found a slight resemblance, But only in the face.

One monkey rose, and told the rest, What he had learned of men; And if my friends all think it best, I'll tell it o'er again. Says he: "I've travelled far and wide; I've seen wise men and fools; I've seen them in their churches pray, And seen them in their schools."

I've seen them drink, and swear and fight, And tear each other's eyes, I've heard them tell for solemn truth, The most blasphemous lies. I've seen men do a thousand things Too foolish to be told, And yet they claim to be as wise, As Solomon of old.

"In fact old Solomon himself, Did many a foolish thing; But people called him very wise Because he was a king. A king, though he be born a fool, Or stupid as an ass, Will find his most obedient tools Among the working class.

"The working men will pass resolves To put oppression down, Yet crawl and cring before the king, Because he wears a crown. They toil and sweat from morn till night Until they fill their graves, And feed a pack of hungry drones, Who use them as their slaves."

Another monkey took the floor, And thus addressed the crowd: "If Darwin's story be correct, You need not feel so proud To learn that men were monkeys once, They act like willing asses, Who carry burdens all their lives As do the working classes:

"Disgusted with the rule of kings And with the cringing tools; I went to free America Where boasting Freedom rules; 'Tis where Yankee doodles fought and bled To free themselves from kings; I found that their degenerate sons, Were ruled by thieves and rings.

When knaves and thieves get up a fight To settle their disputes, The working men will rush pell-mell, And play the human brutes; The knaves will then divide the gold, The fools divide the lead; And then they shoot each other down, Till half the fools are dead.

"The other half will then go home, And work like willing slaves, To help to pay the war debt off, Then lie in pauper graves. When working men were in the field, And fighting brave and bold, The money thieves, like fiends of hell, Were gambling in the gold."

"Men boast of their religion, And boast of their free schools; If you monkeys acted like them, They'd say that you were fools. And I would say the same myself, In fact, I'd hide my face, If you should ever act like men I'd cease to own my race.

"I feel ashamed to tell you how The working men will act; I scarcely could believe myself, Until I proved the fact. They spin, weave and make fine things For lazy drones to wear, They plough and sow, reap and mow And get the smallest share.

"They filled the land with wealth, With scarcely room for more, And drones will take and pile it up, And keep it all in store. The working men will stand and gaze, And raise their silly cry; Because we have produced so much, We've got to starve and die.

"While those who neither toil nor spin Have plenty and to spare, They seem to claim a lawful right To other people's share. The working men are ruled by knaves And by the noses led, And then are put in pauper's graves As soon as they are dead.

"When providence is kind to us, And sends abundant fruits, We don't go round and cry 'hard times' As do the human brutes. We go to work as monkeys should. And gather in our store, Each monkey gets what he has earned, And does not ask for more.

"But men have quite reversed our plan, They plunder one another; Each one stealing all he can And brother robbing brother. And then they go to church and pray For God to give them grace; If not, O Lord, then give us gold, We'll take it in its place."

I felt that I was out of place In such a crowd as that, But knowing that they told the truth, I felt a little flat. The meeting then adjourned sine die, And I was left behind, To ponder o'er what I had heard About the human kind.

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