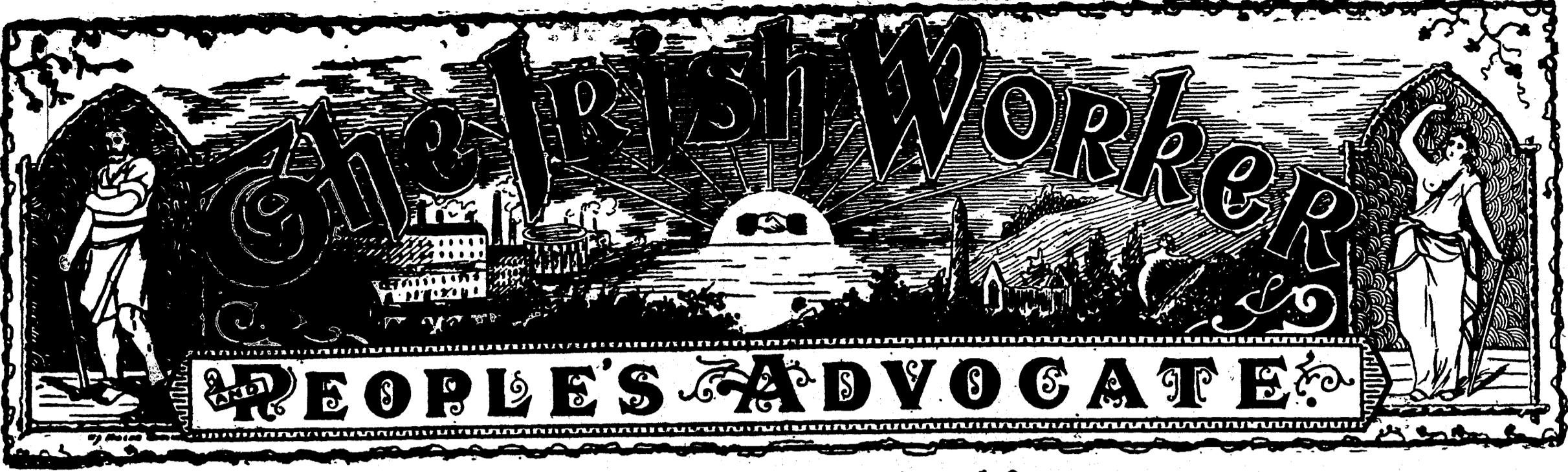


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."  
James Fintan Lalor.



Edited by Jim Larkin.

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

As surely as the earth rolls round,  
As surely as the glorious sun  
Brings the great world moon-wave,  
Must our Cause be won!

No. 6.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JULY 1st, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

### The Faith of a Felon.

By JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

(From the "Irish Felon," July 8th, 1848.)

When Mr. Duffy expected arrest, some weeks ago, he drew up his profession of principles, "The Creed of The Nation." Under influences of similar feelings and considerations, though not exactly the same, nor excited by circumstances altogether alike, I hasten to put my own principles upon record. Until yesterday I did not intend to have done this for some weeks to come. The statement or confession of faith that follows I could have wished for time to make more correct and complete. It is ill-framed, ill-connected, and wants completeness. But, even such as it stands, I do firmly believe that it carries the fortunes of Ireland;—and even such as it stands, I now send it forth to its fate, to conquer or be conquered. It may be master of Ireland and make her a Queen;—it may lie in the dust and perish with her people.

Here, then, is the confession and faith of a FELON.

Years ago I perceived that the English conquest consisted of two parts combined into one whole,—the conquest of our liberties, the conquest of our lands.

I saw clearly that the re-conquest of our liberties would be incomplete and worthless without the re-conquest of our lands,—would not, necessarily, involve or produce that of our lands, and could not, on its own means, be possibly achieved; while the re-conquest of our lands would involve the other—would, at least, be complete in itself, and adequate to its own purposes; and could possibly, if not easily, be achieved.

The lands were owned by the conquering race, or by traitors to the conquering race. They were occupied by the native people, or by settlers who had mingled and merged.

I selected, as the mode of re-conquest,—to refuse payment of rent, and resist process of ejection.

In that mode I determined to effect the re-conquest, and staked on it all my hopes, here and hereafter—my hopes of an effective life and an eternal epiphany.

It almost seemed to me as if the Young Ireland party, the quarrel, the secession, the Confederation, had all been specially pre-ordained and produced in order to aid me. My faith in the men who formed the Council of that body was then unbounded.

My faith in them still is as firm as ever, though somewhat more measured. In the paper I published last week, and in a private correspondence that ensued with some of its members, I proposed that they should merge the Repeal question in a mightier project—that of wresting this island from English rule altogether, in the only mode in which it could possibly be achieved. I endeavoured to show them they were only keeping up a feeble and ineffectual fire from a foolish distance, upon the English Government, which stands out of reach and beyond our power; and urged them to wheel their batteries round and bend them on the English Garrison of landlords, who stand there within our hands, scattered, isolated, and helpless, girdled round by the might of the people. Except two or three of them, all refused at the time, and have persisted in refusing until now. They want an alliance with the landowners. They chose to consider them as Irishmen, and imagined they could induce them to hoist the green flag. They wished to preserve an Aristocracy. They desired, not a democratic, but merely a national revolution. Who imputes blame to them for this? Whoever does so will not have me to join him. I have no feeling but one of respect for the motives that caused reluctance and delay. That delay, however, I consider as a matter of deep

regret. Had the Confederation, in the May or June of '47, thrown heart and mind and means and might into the movement I pointed out, they would have made it successful, and settled for once and for ever all quarrels and questions between us and England.

The opinions I then stated, and which I yet stand firm to, are these:—

I. That in order to save their own lives, the occupying tenants of the soil of Ireland ought, next autumn, to refuse all rents and arrears of rent then due, beyond and except the value of the overplus of harvest produce remaining in their hands after having deducted and reserved a due and full provision for their own subsistence during the next ensuing twelve months.

II. That they ought to refuse and resist being made beggars, landless and houseless, under the English law of ejection.

III. That they ought further, on principle, to refuse ALL rent to the present usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors (or lords paramount, in legal parlance), have, in national congress, or convention, decided what rents they are to pay, and to whom they are to pay them.

IV. And that the people, on grounds of policy and economy, ought to decide (as a general rule, admitting of reservations) that those rents shall be paid to themselves, the people, for public purposes, and for behoof and benefit of them, the entire general people.

These are the principles, as clearly and fully stated as limit of time will allow, which I advise Ireland to adopt at once, and at once to arm for. Should the people accept and adhere to them, the English government will then have to choose whether to surrender the Irish landlords, or support them with the armed power of the empire.

If it refuse to incur the odium and expense, and to peril the safety of England in a social war of extermination, then the landlords are nobodies, the people are lords of the land, a mighty social revolution is accomplished, and the foundations of a national revolution surely laid. If it should, on the other hand, determine to come to the rescue and relief of its garrison—elect to force their rents and enforce their rights by infantry, cavalry, and cannon, and attempt to lift and carry the whole harvest of Ireland—a somewhat heavy undertaking, which might become a hot one, too—then I, at least, for one, am prepared to bow with humble resignation to the dispensations of Providence. Welcome be the will of God. We must only try to keep our harvest, to offer a peaceful, passive resistance, to barricade the island, to break up the roads, to break down the bridges—and, should need be, and favourable occasions offer, surely we may venture to try the steel. Other approved modes of moral resistance might gradually be added to these, according as we should become trained to the system: and all combined, I imagine, and well worked, might possibly task the strength and break the heart of the empire.

Into artistic details, however, I need not, and do not choose, to enter for the present.

It has been said to me that such a war, on the principles I propose, would be looked on with detestation by Europe. I assert the contrary: I say such a war would propagate itself throughout Europe. Mark the words of this prophecy;—the principle I propound goes to the foundations of Europe, and sooner or later, will cause Europe to outrise. Mankind will yet be masters of the earth. The right of the people to make the laws—this produced the first great modern earthquake, whose latest shocks, even now, are heaving in the heart of the world. The right of the people to own the land—this will produce the next. Train your hands, and your sons' hands, gentlemen of earth, for you and they will yet have to use them. I want to put Ireland foremost, in the van of the world, at the head of the nations,—

to set her aloft in the blaze of the sun, and to make her for ages the lode star of history. Will she take the path I point out—the path to be free, and famed, and feared, and followed—the path that goes sunward? Or, onward to the end of time, will wretched Ireland ever come limping and lagging hindmost? Events must answer that. It is a question I almost fear to look full in the face. The soul of this island seems to sink where that of another country would soar. The people sank and surrendered to the famine instead of growing savage, as any other people would have done.

I am reminded that there are few persons now who trouble themselves about the "conquest," and there may be many—I know there are some—who assent to the two first of the four principles I have stated, and are willing to accept them as the grounds of an armed movement; but who object to the last two of them. I am advised to summon the land tenants of Ireland up in battle-array for an armed struggle in defence of their rights of life and subsistence, without asserting any greater or more comprehensive right I distinctly refuse to do so. I refuse to narrow the case and claim of this island into any such petty dimensions, or to found it on the rogue's or the beggar's plea, the plea of necessity. Not as a starving bandit or desperate beggar who demands, to save life, what does not belong to him, do I wish Ireland to stand up, but as a decrowned Queen, who claims back her own with an armed hand. I attest and urge the plea of utter and desperate necessity to fortify her claim, but not to found it. I rest it on no temporary and passing conditions, but on principles that are permanent, and imperishable and universal,—available to all times and to all countries, as well as to our own,—I pierce through the upper stratum of occasional and shifting circumstance to bottom and base on the rock below. I put the question in its eternal form,—the form in which, how often soever suppressed for a season, it can never be finally subdued, but will remain and return, outliving and outlasting the corruption and cowardice of generations. I view it as ages will view it—not through the mists of a famine, but by the living lights of the firmament. You may possibly be induced to reject it in the form I propose, and accept it in the other. If so, you will accept the question, and employ it as a weapon against England, in a shape and under conditions which deprive it of half its strength. You will take and work it fettered and handcuffed—not otherwise.

I trouble myself as little as any one does about the "conquest" as taken abstractedly—as an affair that took place long ages ago. But that "conquest" is still in existence, with all its rights, claims, laws, relations, and results. The landlord holds his lands by right and title of conquest, and uses his powers as only a conqueror may. The tenant holds under the law of conquest—*vis victis*.

What forms the right of property in land? I have never read in the direction of that question. I have all my life been destitute of Books. But from the first chapter of Blackstone's second book, the only page I ever read on the subject, I know that jurists are unanimously agreed in considering "first occupancy" to be the only true original foundation of the right of property and possession of land.

(To be continued).

In his Majesty's prisons on Coronation Day a special diet, consisting of ½ lb. of bread, 1 lb. of potatoes, ½ lb. of beef, and ½ lb. of plum pudding, were served to prisoners of all classes.—Oh! you unemployed, who were foolish enough to be honest and law-abiding, do you not see that the Government is fonder of criminals than of honest men? Rogues get plum pudding; the honest unemployed may starve or become rogues.

### Do the Police Want a Riot?

Last week the United National Societies obtained leave from the Corporation to erect a steamer across the end of Grafton street, announcing a meeting to be held in Beresford place. The steamer was put up, but in a few hours it was torn down by the police. The same societies also posted up small handbills on the hoardings and dead walls in the city. These were also torn down. In both these cases we believe the police acted illegally. If, in the opinion of the Castle authorities, the meeting was likely to endanger the safety of the British Empire, it should have been proclaimed. The fact that it was not proclaimed shows that the promoters had a perfect right to hold it.

When the people assembled in Beresford place, on the evening of the meeting, all the surrounding streets were lined with police—mounted and on foot. Hundreds of detectives were scattered through the crowd. A magistrate, prepared to read the Riot Act, and numerous inspectors and other officials were also present. The whole square was thronged with a quiet, good-humoured crowd of several thousand.

The meeting had lasted over an hour without disorder, when some College boys came marching towards it singing and shouting. The police made no attempt to stop them, and the crowd naturally resented any organised attempt to interfere with the meeting. Some men and boys on the edge of the crowd turned towards the disturbers. Immediately the police ran over, and after escorting the College boys to a safe distance, charged back on the crowd who had followed. The crowd scattered before the police, making no attempt to attack either them or the disturbers. Notwithstanding this, the police followed them up, hitting and kicking in all directions, and knocking men down on the muddy road. When the people ran from the police in one direction they were driven back again by other policemen. The writer noticed one policeman in particular who acted in a most brutal manner. Not content with knocking a man down, this zealous official kicked him while he lay on the ground, and when the unfortunate man managed to rise, held him while he struck him several blows in the face with his shut fist. When remonstrated with and told that he was acting illegally, he turned around and threatened to "give us the same for interfering." The man who was so treated had not in any way "obstructed" or resisted the police; and, needless to say, he was much smaller than the policeman. This constable's number is 194 C in case anybody cares to know it.

The police did all they could to provoke a breach of the peace; firstly, by allowing the College boys over to disturb the meeting; secondly, by their brutal and unnecessary attack on the crowd. Their business was to remove the disturbers, not to take their part. The disturbers were only a few youths, whom the crowd could have torn limb from limb if they wished. But foolish as the College boys are, they did not come there to fight. They knew from experience that they had only to anger the crowd and the police would do their fighting for them. We wish to remind the police that it is not for encouraging the riff-raff of Trinity College to misconduct themselves that they are appointed. They are paid to keep the peace, not to break it. Neither is it for tearing down bills that the citizens of Dublin pay them 8d. in the £.

When notices referring to the Seamen's Strike were posted up along the quay wall stating the men's grievances and demands, they were torn down by the police. In this case they acted illegally again. If notices are put up that are in any way unlawful it is the duty of the police to prosecute the people who are responsible for them. If they do not prosecute or notify

the men concerned that they are breaking the law, then they have a perfect right to put their notices up, and neither the police nor anybody else has leave to tear them down.

We have had enough of this police interference, and intend to put a stop to it. If the police act in an illegal manner in future then the law is a farce, and no man is morally bound to obey it; if they do so act we are determined they shall answer for it. If we break the law we are prepared to take the consequences. After the behaviour of the police on the 23rd of June we are convinced that it is not safe to attend any public meeting in future—unless we have a weapon of some sort with us to defend ourselves from assault by the police. When the police come to a meeting ready and anxious for fight, there is no use in us having our hands in our pockets while our heads are being broken. When we attend a lawful meeting, and conduct ourselves peacefully, the police have no right whatever to interfere with us. If they do interfere it is our duty to resist them and defend our rights. Now that we have been forewarned what to expect at a public meeting, it will be well for us to be forearmed.

It is time the Dublin police realised that they are the servants of the people—not of a section—but of the whole people. We are their masters not their slaves, and would be glad if they made a note of it—else we may be compelled to try other ways of teaching them. We want the police to do their duty—their whole duty—and nothing but their duty. If they care to act like blackguards we will treat them as blackguards. If they act as scabs, there is a scab's fate in store for them. Let the police do their duty—neither more nor less—and we are satisfied. But if it is fight and trouble they are looking for they will get it, and be sorry they ever buttoned tunics on themselves.

O.F.

### Channel Slaves!

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

Kingstown, 22 June, 1911.

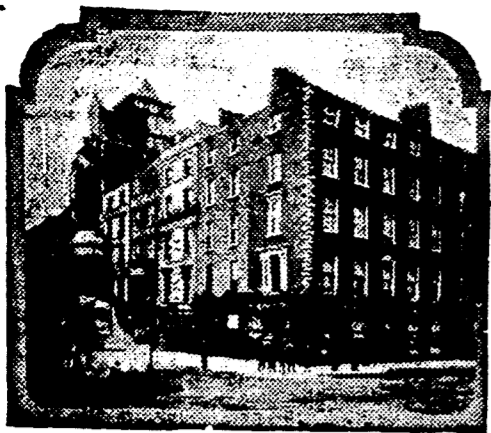
SIR—I respectfully beg to bring under your notice and have it announced at your next public meeting that the crews of the Mail Packet Steamers here have awoke up to the fact that they are the worst-paid men sailing out of any port at the present time, as their wages are almost a starving wage in comparison with other steamers sent out of the port of Dublin—namely, 28s. per week, or £5 12s. per month. They have got to supply everything out of this small wage, both at home and abroad, which means keeping two homes, and they are not allowed any clothes, but have to do the best they can and keep themselves respectable in the eyes of the travelling public and to the satisfaction of the company's officials, and bear their burden in silence. I beg to state that they are about to rally to the standard of your union for justice and fair play all round, both on deck and below, and demand the port of Dublin wages. Just consider a Mail Packet Company of an old standing like this not allowing one stitch of uniform to their crews—only badge and ribbon with the name of the ship thereon—and have got to sail all waters. Give this your consideration, and have it made known to fellow-workers in your city that the crews are resolved to stand by the port of Dublin for justice and fair play. Wishing your union every success.—Believe me, yours truly,

SILENT SLAVES OF THE CHANNEL.

IF YOU WANT GOOD TABLE POTATOES,

—GO TO—

**JOHN CARROLL,**  
128 Upr. Dorset St., Dublin.  
No such Value for the Worker. Buy here and save money!



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.

**MORAN & SONS,**

Smiths and Farriers,

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**LOUGHLIN'S,** For Irish Outfitting,

Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, Tweed Caps, Hats, Braces, &c., &c.

Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

Irish Outfitting Headquarters—

19 PARLIAMENT STREET, DUBLIN.



**EVERY**

**Dublin Worker**

Should attend

THE GREAT

**Carnival**

ON

**Sunday Next,**

JULY 2nd, at

**JONES'S ROAD,**

DUBLIN,

And help self-sacrificing

**WORKERS**

in a great cause.

Irish Prizes, Irish Brawn and Muscle, and everything Irish of the Irish.

Irish Refreshments on the Grounds.

Admission - - 1s. & 6d.

## To Arms! To Arms!!

Who dare maintain that slavery's chain,  
Shall bind the toilers' limbs for ever;  
That they shall live in woe and pain,  
Nor strive their hated bonds to sever!  
He's fool or knave that dares to brave  
A power far mightier than the sea:  
A host combined, their class to save,  
A class! that's destined to be free!

O the cry has gone forth and our banner's unfurled;  
See! the workers are marshalled in battle array,  
O their wrath, and their might shall make brighter the world!  
Sweep Slavery! and Poverty for ever away!!

J. G. ROCHE.

"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, 1st JULY, 1911.

## Why this Strike?

To those of you who have perused the advertising sheets called "newspapers," which circulate throughout the city, I tender my sincerest sympathy. Your minds must be like unto the minds of the adaptable gentlemen who are responsible for the garbage which filled their columns. On Monday at noon—"Men Absolutely Beaten." Evening edition—"Employers Giving Away; Men's Wages Increased 10s. and 20s. a month. Morning editions—"As we surmised yesterday, employers firm. Men repudiate their leaders; returning to work, &c., &c." One column—"Men and Employers refuse any information"; lower down same column—"Mr. Forsyth says all work proceeding briskly; just had a letter from a workman's wife." We know that wife business: she is like the Equator—imaginary; in fact, there is no such person. Then Mr. Baird comes up smiling with his little lot—"Never enjoyed themselves so much before; nothing to do but eat and drink and use Sandow exercisers—a loaded truck." And then those gentlemanly chaps refuse to work with common scabs; they are a superior sort of scab—not only a difference of degree, but a difference of linen. But both are scabs. Mr. Baird says—"Men have no grievances"; Mr. Forsyth says the same. So, gentle shepherds, some 200,000 men are on strike for nothing! Then why don't the owners give them what they want?—it will cost nothing. Mr. Baird nor Mr. Forsyth did not tell of the different communications forwarded during the past three years, all of them ignored. Men's complaints refused a hearing; nothing was said by them of men ordered out Sunday at midnight, working until 9 and 10 o'clock Monday morning without a stop for a meal; then sent away and return at whatever hour the employer thought fit—employed for one or two hours then paid off with a handful of coppers; no overtime rate; and a thousand and one smaller complaints. In the case of the Burns' Line men are compelled to pay to an alleged benefit society, managed by a clique in Glasgow. No Irishmen are allowed a voice in the management or carrying on of same.

When men claimed a benefit, according to rule, all kinds of difficulties were placed in their way and no appeal. Then, to add insult to injury, not only had the men to see their fellow-countrymen dismissed for daring to ask for an increase in wages, but the good fellows (*vide* Baird) had to work along with imported scabs—that is, the sailors and firemen (so-called) who took the places of MEN. Then, as to the men in the enclosed docks, Mr. Grandy, not satisfied with breaking the regulations governing wages and conditions as fixed by the Board, negotiates with a certain firm to send their cargoes by a specially chartered vessel. The agent for this cargo of course being a special friend of Grandy's, out of the same Lodge, I believe, also a contractor to the Curragh. How delightful, don't yer know! Mr. Grandy gives his friend special facilities, the same as was given to Lord Ardilaun's organ, the "Mail," during last dispute. This Grandy would place the enclosed docks at the disposal of his friend. When the casual labourers, seven in number, refused to unload a steamer, Grandy wanted to compel the weekly slaves to go and take the places of their fellows and become blacklegs. The men refused. No action

was taken. Coronation Day passes, Friday morning arrives, and when the men return Mr. Grandy, who claims to be a friend to the workers ("save me from my friends"), sacks thirteen men without any orders from the Board. Then, and then only did the men come out. There are seven men on that Board from the Corporation, and the same farce is getting played as in the case of the King's address. No address in the City Council. Yes, address from the Port and Docks Board—and so these lovers of freedom and trades unionists on the City Council think a deputation of the men should go before the Board and beg back. This is the advice given them two years ago on the occasion of last dispute. "Oh!" they say, "we are only seven and we are outvoted." They were not outvoted on the King's address. They were not outvoted on the chairman's appointment. They are always outvoted when the workers are concerned.

The Lord Mayor could go to London to petition for votes for women, yet he never thought of going to London to get votes for the workers in or about the quays to elect a Port and Docks Board. What of the assimilation of the franchise for the election of the Port and Docks Board to the ordinary franchise? A practical measure like that might get passed.

Now as to the Brooks Thomas business. For two years off and on the labourers have been seeking redress: letters forwarded, and a formal acknowledgment sent. During this year a young gentleman named Brooks got charge of one department where the wages were 18s. up to £1 a week. He was going to show how he could economise. The first man who applied was paid 15s. per week wages, when the chairman was written to he denied the fact. That man was then given 16s.; after another letter 17s.; and then the Czar orders various men to go into the office and borrow £1 to buy special clothing to advertise the firm. For years this firm have been illegally deducting from men's wages so much each week. They have practically all the public contracts, and I suppose they think they will play Varian's game.

Oh! by the way, what was the result of the conference between Mr. Gamble and the Carpenters' District Council? Also, what was the outcome of the visit to Brooks' office of the Secretary of Carpenters' and Millsawyers' Society? Have they agreed to take stuff from imported blacklegs? We wonder what are the men asking for? £1 per week or 2s. a week increase for all labourers in the employ. That would cost about £150 to £200 a year. All of the officials, even those who got £50 a year increase, say the men deserve an advance. The company have tried every medium to get scabs—Labour Exchange, Soldier's Homes, and Army Unemployment Associations—and let me say that the men on strike thank those reserve-men who were forced to apply for jobs in Brooks, Burns and Port and Docks Board. When they found out they would be blacklegs they, with two exceptions, refused to start. When some of the patriots are shouting about the British Army, don't forget it is not always the man in the red coat who would be first to sell his principles. What does Dunne and Doyle and Mulhall, of the North Dock United Irish League, say?

## Inchicore Tram Line.

CORONATION & BANK HOLIDAYS.

"DEAR SIR,—Would you be so kind as to give me space in your valuable journal to draw attention to the Sweating that is carried out on the Inchicore Tram Line. On all bank holidays and also the day of Guinness's sports the usual work done on this line is ten journeys of one hour each.

On the above-mentioned days there is an extra journey put on without any extra pay, and on Coronation Day, when the cars had to be stopped for nearly an hour, the men had to work until the eleven journeys were done; some of them had to work for seven hours without rest or refreshments.—Yours, A SUFFERER."

Another man writes:—

"In last week's paper I saw an article about the long hours of Dublin Tramway parcels clerks; but what about the parcels boys and van drivers, who work from 8 a.m. daily until God knows what time at night? I have known men, and boys too, who came on duty at 8 a.m. and often were not finished before 11 or 12 at night. Lately the vanmen have to pay 6d. per week into a 'benevolent' fund, out of which pensions are paid to men who have grown old in the Company's employment and are no longer able to work. They also have to pay levies of 3d. weekly.

Imagine men being sent out with parcels late at night, in rain or snow, without being supplied with a coat! The van-drivers are engaged at 18s. per week, and after having 9d. stopped they are expected to buy overcoats, and a board to make a seat in the van, or else they may stand up all day. The men have no regular meal

hours, and it is to be hoped that something will be done to better things."

The above letters from men employed by the Dublin Tramway Company, reached us from different sources. When we received them we began making enquiries, with a view to dealing with the men's grievances this week. However, we find ourselves compelled to hold it over as our space is already full. In the meantime we will be glad of any information re conditions of work from the men themselves. They may count on their complaints being dealt with.

JACOB'S AND ALLEN'S.

These also must be kept over as we have not sufficient space at our disposal to deal fully with them this week, and the arrangements for permanently enlarging this paper have not yet been completed. We regret the delay, but as the past few weeks were very busy ones for us, we claim your indulgence.—Ed.

## Man Who Saved the Flag.

Again, readers, the truth of Macaulay's lines has been proved—"Not once or twice in our rough island story the path of duty led the way to glory." Again has the imperishable spirit of our race rose to the occasion, as personified by Constable 39C (Michael Fitzgerald). As Horatius saved the honour and dignity of Rome, so to be brave, energetic, intelligent! 39C (Fitzgerald) when the crisis arose never faltered. Two daring scoundrels actually had the temerity to attempt to undermine the Empire, and bring the blush of shame to our children's cheeks by not only lowering the flag, but went as far as to kick it about the street. Such an act was bound to bring its own retribution. Guided by a wise Providence—even as in the days of the Armada"—39C crept from his place of concealment and, in his most tragic manner, cried, "Traitors! hold, enough! The mighty arm of the law encircles you in its grip. Come with me to Store street, where I intend to charge you with having stolen one piece of a dirty rag with intent to dismember the Empire, de-throne the King, and hurt the susceptibilities of the Trinity hooligans, who are law-abiding subjects." Well, that is according to what they call "Law" in this country, of which I am but an humble instrument; and with evidence of a foolish frolic, a dirty piece of bunting, valued at 6d., in his possession, marched these modern Guy Fawkes to durance vile! On the following day the traitors were arraigned before that Solomon, Mr. Mahony (without the O, good printer). With the logic of a Wilberforce and the dignity of a sphinx, this physical and mental paralytic proved again, if it were needed, that law in Ireland is of a special brand; and, in a most vindictive and brutal manner, sentenced these two foolish fellows—who had, in a spirit of boyishness, attempted to pull down a dirty piece of rag—to one month's imprisonment. One month's imprisonment for two hard-working young fellows!

On the other hand, when some time ago a gang of idle, lazy loafers, who never worked—in some cases whose reputed father's never done an honest day's work—stole a valuable flag from off the Mansion House were not even subject to the indignity of prosecution. Two years ago, when the Lord Mayor's procession was passing that citadel of corruption, Trinity College, one of these idle blackguards came within an ace of destroying the sight, if not the life, of a respected clergyman who was riding in one of the carriages, and though there were forty police there it was considered a joke. A few days ago, when it was alleged to be an honour's day, what was the conduct of these hooligans? Again they boarded a car in O'Connell street, chased passengers off, and when the police were remonstrated with for not dealing with them, their reply was—"No orders." Last Thursday again they attempted to cause a breach of the peace. They howl and act the cad, but when they meet with a few working chaps they run away whining and take shelter behind the truncheons of their brother cads, who shelter themselves behind the law. But what about Lee and Herbert? Are they to lie in gaol on a false charge? Anyone who knows them would not dare to suggest they wanted to steal that dirty piece of rag. Where is the Lord Mayor now? He could go to London with a petition. Why does he not call a town's meeting to demand the release of these two boys and the removal of such a man as Daniel Mahony from the bench?

## Royalty Rebuked!

An interesting sermon was preached in Liverpool the other day by the Rev. Harry Youlden, pastor of Pembroke Chapel, of which the Rev. Dr. Aked was formerly in charge. Mr. Youlden's address took the form of an open letter to the King, and in the course of it he said, having begun by addressing the King as "Sir":

"We owe you no loyalty except so far as the welfare of the nation depends on you. If we are cold amid the general excitement of your Coronation day, it is because we are not convinced that the greatest duty of the nation is bound up with the Throne. We are not revolutionaries. There are graver matters to attend to than the absurdity of Royal ceremonies. We do not even grudge the money that it costs to maintain you in State. I have said this much for the sake of sincerity, and that I might clear myself from the company of those who are now grovelling before you, and behaving like pagans before a fetish."

Mr. Youlden expressed the view that the King's present functions were not satisfactory, and asked:

"Can you render no real service to the Commonwealth? There are avenues of public service which seem to be widely open to you, but which it seems you scarcely enter at all."

In deploring what he called the dominance of the military at King Edward's funeral, Mr. Youlden continued:

"Would it make your Coronation less real if you were escorted to the Abbey by men from the forge and the mine instead of by troops. Although you choose to live for the world of soldiery, not by them is your throne supported? It is open to you to be patron of the arts. You have honours bestowed which we at present hold in contempt because they have been wrongly bestowed. Have you any right, sir, to confer coronets, knighthoods, and stars on political nominees, whose only claim is the gift of money to party funds? Meanwhile genius is starving in its garret—starving, unrecognised. Painters, singers, writers, actors, men of science have to sell their souls to make a living. Nothing, sir, in your Empire is so cheap as brains and genius; nothing so easily despised by vulgar rich; nothing so tragically misunderstood and disregarded. You patronise the Turf, and stimulate the multitude to gamble on horses they never see. Your private tastes are not my concern; but if you are the head of this nation you must make yourself acquainted with more than its jockeys. The glory of Kings in the past has been too much the glory of the sword and conquest. There is a greater glory within your reach, if you have courage and discernment."

## More Sweating in Abbey Street.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR—Kindly allow me, through the columns of your much needed workers' journal, to call public attention to a barefaced system of white slavery which exists, and has existed, for some time in the paper sorting establishment of S. Irwin & Son, 121 Upper Abbey Street. The following are the facts, which I can prove:—Girls are paid in this princely establishment at the rate of 2s. 6d. to 3s. per week, from 8 o'clock in the morning until 7 at night, or often, if not enough work turned out, until 8 o'clock, and are not allowed out for dinner, although it states on factory Abstract that all workers are to be allowed at least an hour for dinner, and also that all workers are to be clear of workshops during meal times. But in this sweating den the poor employees are not allowed an hour but sometimes only twenty minutes, as the humour takes the Visiting Justice of Mountjoy Prison. In fact, I have known cases where a worker has been refused leave to go out during dinner hour, when she might only want to go to Bob's, photographers, Henry street, for some photographs, as the forewomen get up clubs to make money for themselves, all at the expense of the half-crown worker, and woe betide them if they do not join. If they do not they are marked for special tyranny, and all this is done with the knowledge of Mr. Irwin.

Another grave scandal is the system of letting the forewomen make tea, of the ounce to the gallon sort, and sell it to the workers for their dinner at ½d. per cup. One of the forewomen stands in the passage on Saturday evening when they are getting their handful of money and takes from them, in some cases sixpence and in more threepence.

I have known of girls, Mr. Editor, to walk home on Saturday with 1s. 6d. after a hard week's work, which consists of loading bales on to a lorry off the ground, 4 to 6 cwt. each, with the help of lorryman (four girls) with a bull-driving forewoman looking on, and also shaking cement bags before being baled, screening the sweepings of city business houses, rag picking, &c. Now, Mr. Editor, I ask you in all fairness do those girls require an hour for dinner or even a spell in the open air? If you say yes, then comes the question—Where is the factory inspector? Is he like some of your civic officers told to keep away because it belongs to ex-Alderman S. and So, and he knows he will not get an increase in his salary if he is too officious with his employers, *pro tem*. I think it a shame and a scandal that anything like

this should be allowed to exist in a Christian country. This lord of the soil in Abbey Street is one of Lady Aberdeen's pets, and is also on the committee for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (not Christian, mind you, they are not worth considering). Finally, I would like to bring under your notice the system of fining the hands. For instance, if a bale of stuff goes over to Liverpool and when opened is found to contain a small portion of some different sort of paper, even as small as their week's wages, it is sent back to Abbey street, and all the hands that had to do with it are fined sixpence. But, mark you, Mr. Editor, the workers do not always see the samples sent back, because they are sometimes only imaginary, and are but an excuse on the part of Mr. Irwin to get back a few pence.

If this is allowed to go on, what is the meaning of the Truck Act, or why is it not enforced? I enclose one of the regulation forms governing employment in this den. And if you do not think this mis-mis-mis too long to publish, by letting the facts become public you would be doing a great justice to poor girls, many of whose fathers are dockers. Finally, Mr. Editor, I think you will agree with me in saying that a screw wants tightening in this firm. Wishing yourself, your paper, and just cause every success, and thanking you in anticipation for publication.

A WORKER.

26th June, 1911.

REGULATIONS  
Governing Employment of Paper Sorters in the Establishment of  
S. IRWIN & SON, Paper Manufacturers,  
121 Upper Abbey street, Dublin.

- 1.—Work girls are engaged in the first instance upon one week's trial.
- 2.—After the first week they are deemed as being under a weekly agreement, a week's notice being necessary upon either side in order to terminate the said agreement; the employers being at liberty to pay a week's wage in lieu of notice.
- 3.—A work girl leaving the employment of her own accord and without giving the necessary week's notice to the Foreman forfeits any allowance for time worked up to the date of this leaving.
- 4.—During the Probationary stage a nominal wage of 2s. 6d. per week is paid to "Learners," which is subject to increase at the discretion of the Employers according as the work girl becomes proficient in the work, and shows by regular attendance and good conduct, that she is deserving of same.
- 5.—The Employers reserve to themselves the right to dismiss instantly any work girl guilty of insubordination or misconduct of any kind.

By Order,

S. IRWIN & SON.

[We give a copy of regulations enclosed by above correspondent, from which it will be seen that the starting wage is only 2s. 6d. per week, and that S. Irwin & Son "reserve to themselves the right to dismiss instantly any girl guilty of insubordination." Has Mr. Irwin anything to say? Our columns are open to him, and we are anxious to know how anyone in Ireland can manage to live on half-a-crown a week. Does Mr. Irwin know what low wages and hard, unhealthy work drives young girls to? Does he care?—Ed.]

### God Save the King—Moryah!

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR—On Tuesday last 22nd June the crowning of the King of England took place, by whose most Royal Command we were granted a Bank Holiday, and, naturally, we all appreciated his kindness. But, sad to relate, in some of our most loyal establishments—such as The City Wheel Works, Great Brunswick street, and Messrs. R. Callow's, coachbuilders, Kevin street, who locked out their employees—failed to pay their men their day's wages. Perhaps the thought uppermost in their loyal minds was that the sight of the Union Jackery and other emblems of slavery would suffice their men for the loss of their wages. And when you think the head of one of those firms, in an ecstasy of loyalty some years ago, volunteered as a yeoman to help to slay the Boers, who were bravely defending their homes, I think it not surprising that he should lock his men out without their day's wages. But, then, the loyalty—how would they account for it?—Yours,

LOOKER-ON.

Dublin, 27th June, 1911.

### 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.

### The Small Profit Store

For MEN'S BOOTS,

Chrome, Box Calf or Glace Kid,

AT 6/11.

78b Talbot Street.

### The Strike in Liverpool.

The following have been issued by our comrades across the water:—

#### SEAMEN'S STRIKE, LIVERPOOL.

APPEAL TO CARTERS, DOCKERS, COALHEAVERS, CRANEMEN, SCALERS, RAILWAYMEN, SEAGOING ENGINEERS AND SHIP'S RIGGERS.

BROTHERS—Having so far won the strike and gained substantial benefits from the biggest shipping firms of the country, it now becomes necessary to extend our operations to the remaining lines, most of which are controlled by the bitterest enemies of the workers, namely, the Shipping Federation.

These firms are:—

Harrison's, Lamport & Holt's, Pacific, Nelson's, Houston's, Alfred Holt's, MacIver's, Bibby's, Ellerman's, Leyland's, Gulf Line, Langland's, Larrinaga's, Moss Line, Isle of Man S. P. Co., Belfast S. P. Co., Japp & Kirby, Elder Dempster, Johnston's, J. S. Powell, Donald Currie, Warren's, Brocklebank's, Houlder Bros, Hough Bros., Strong, Reed and Page, Bacon Line, Tedcastle's, Dublin S.S. Co., Rogers and Bright's, Adam Line, Bowring's, Elders & Fyffes, Fernie & Sons, John Holt & Co., Joseph Hault & Co., Macvicar, Marshall & Co.; Manchester Liners, H. E. Moss & Co., Rankin, Gil-mour's; Simpson, Spence & Young's; T. B. Royden's, &c., &c.

These firms have resolutely refused to consider or recognise the unions.

The District Joint Strike Committee have therefore decided to withdraw all union sailors and firemen, cooks and stewards from the boats of the above-named firms, commencing on Monday morning, 26th June instant, until the strike is settled, and any men continuing to work upon these vessels must be considered as blacklegs. The shipowner will consequently be relying upon our fellow-unionists, the carter, docker, coalheaver, craneman, scaler, railwayman and Engineer, to wage war against his brothers now on strike in loading, discharging and working at his blackleg vessels.

Our fellow transport workers in Glasgow, Hull and Southampton have refused to be the catspaws of the shipowner, and all eyes are now turned upon Liverpool men, anxiously watching whether they will exhibit solidarity, or whether the evils of Sectionalism shall curse our movement once more and seal the fate of the seafaring man for years to come.

We are confident that no such calamity will happen, and that our brothers, now that they are appealed to, will immediately put their already expressed sympathy into direct action, and refuse to be guilty of handling any goods or in any way assisting the vessels of the above-mentioned lines. Take notice, the strike against these lines commences first thing on Monday morning, 26th June, 1911. Strike at once—strike hard—and as men be men.

Yours faithfully,

TOM MANN, President,

District Joint Strike Committee.

Spekeland Buildings,  
Canning place, Liverpool,  
25th June, 1911.

#### TO THE RAILWAY WORKERS OF LIVERPOOL.

BROTHERS—The fight in the shipping industry has now lasted a week and substantial improvements have been secured for half of the men sailing out of Liverpool, equal in wages to about four thousand pounds a month; this is the result of direct action in the few days the fight has been on. It is now necessary to win the fight for the remaining half of the men, and it must be won inside of another week.

No matter how well the sailors, firemen, cooks and stewards behave, the success of the remaining half of the men largely depends upon the hearty co-operation of the three other sections of Transport Workers. These are—the carters, the dockers and the railwaymen.

The Carters' and Dockers' Executives have jointly met, and resolved—"That if the strike is not finished by Saturday of this week they will meet again to decide upon the policy to be pursued to help the men in the struggle.

The carters had a general meeting of members on Sunday last in St. Martin's Hall, and with great enthusiasm unanimously endorsed the action of their Executive in this matter. We are justified in concluding that this means they will refuse to handle cargo carried by ships employing blacklegs, and 90 per cent. of the carters who take goods are organised.

We know the dockers will not handle any cargo touched by blacklegs, and we know the dockers are in hearty sympathy with the men on strike; but we also know many thousands of tons of merchandise reach the docks and warehouses by rail,

and to properly fight and win it is vitally necessary the men should have the backing and actual co-operation of their mates in the A.S.R.S., the General Railway Workers' Union, and the other sections of railway workers. Given this co-operation it means a speedy and complete win for the men.

As men affected by the dispute, we ask you, our fellow-workers on the railways, to at once consider and decide to make common cause with us in this fight. You have many grievances of your own that need redressing, and which sooner or later you will be bringing forward to secure victory; you will require the aid of the other sections of Transport Workers, and it will be forthcoming.

At this stage your help is required, to the extent of refusing to be the means of prolonging this struggle by continuing to work for the capitalists, in connection with his blacklegs, when they are seeking to destroy the unions of your workmates and refusing their moderate demands.

Brothers, who work on the railways, the vital question now is—Will you help the men to win, or will you by apathy help the master to defeat them?

We appeal to you with confidence for your support.

22nd June, 1911.

#### The Royal Visit and the Erection of Stands.

AMALGAMATED SOCIETY OF CARPENTERS AND JOINERS,  
Dublin District Managing Committee,

35 Lower Gloucester St.,  
Dublin, 19th June, 1911.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR—My society will be much obliged if you will have the enclosed letter read at your meeting to-night. I may say that the editors of the three evening papers—namely, "Telegraph," "Herald" and "Mail," absolutely refused its publication, consequently I send it on to your Council with the object of creating a brief discussion, and by that means we might gain the ear of the Press, as the subject matter contained in my letter is of much importance to the members of above society.—I am, dear sir, yours fraternally,

JAMES P. DELANEY,  
District Delegate.

Mr. O'Brien, Secretary Trades Council.

5 Duke Row, Summerhill,  
17th June, 1911.

TO THE EDITOR EVENING TELEGRAPH.

SIR—I will feel obliged if you will give publicity in this evening's issue of your valuable paper to the following grievance existing in the erection of the stand at Ballsbridge grounds.

The Royal Dublin Society have given to Messrs. Goodfellow the contract to erect a huge gallery or stand, between 400 and 500 feet in length, in front of the Ballsbridge grounds, to accommodate the spectators who will be anxious to view the State entry of the King. May I positively say that the whole of this work is being carried out under unfair and sweated conditions of labour. There are ten non-union carpenters employed, and paid between 8s. and 12s. below the standard rate of the Dublin District; or, in other words, the rate paid ranges from 24s. to 28s. per week. Surely this is a disgrace and should not be tolerated or allowed to go on, and more especially on such an auspicious occasion as the present—namely, King George's first visit to Ireland after the Coronation.

I would like to ask the Royal Dublin Society if they gave any of our Dublin builders an opportunity of tendering for this work, and, if not, why? as I am positive if any of the Dublin builders got the opportunity they would in all probability have secured the work in question, which would have been sufficient guarantee that the Trade Union and Fair Wages Resolution of the House of Commons would have been observed. In conclusion I trust that clubs and business people, &c., will insert the Fair Wage and Trade Union Clause in their specifications. Thanking you in anticipation for inserting this in your issue.—Yours truly,

J. P. DELANEY,  
District Delegate.

#### A Good Send-Off.

After living a useful and consistent life, true to the principle of trade unionism, is it not a terrible irony of Fate that a person should be buried in a coffin made by scab labour, or imported from some foreign country? How could the mortal part of a comrade rest in the grave—we had almost written "the pit"—under such circumstances? When the order for funeral requisites is given to Messrs. Fanagan, Aungier street, everything connected with the last sad office is sure to be executed by trade union labour in all departments. The firm employ a large staff, all of whom must be members of their respective trade unions. Our friends should remember this house when requiring anything in their line.

#### A Word with the Workers at an Opportune Time.

Do you, workers, understand what the shipping strike means to you?

The masters talk of taking on Chinese and Asiatics in place of your fellow-countrymen. That is, BRINGING FOREIGNERS HERE TO ROB YOU OF YOUR LIVING IN THIS LAND OF YOUR BIRTH!

A while back they were howling for you to protect your country from the Germans, but you have no country to protect. Where is it?

It belongs to the PARASITES, your bosses, NOT TO YOU, and if your boss brings foreigners here to rob you of your living what does the country or King matter to you if Germany takes it. Your boss suffers, not you.

Don't forget it is your bosses who are the real traitors. It is they who bring the foreigners here to take the bread out of your mouth. They are your real enemies.

Don't blame the foreigners, if he should be black, white or yellow. Blame the British traitors who paid you a shilling a day to shoot and oppress them so that today the whip lashes back and the men you robbed and scourged are compelled to come here to get a living because you helped your bosses to pinch their country and make slaves of them, the same as yourselves. What difference does King or Kaiser make to you! It is only a change of bosses, and if you refuse to carry arms to defend them they are powerless to harm you.

Don't forget it is your own British bosses who are the traitors. They pay the foreigners to take your job; they don't care for your starving families! And yet, when they give you a bob a day and a khaki coat you will shoot father, mother and children at their command. It is your own fireside you should be at or a lunatic asylum.

Don't think that it is only the tailor who is scabbed by Asiatics and blacks. With the profits rung out of you they have built factories in Africa, China and India, where they employ cheap labour in competition with you. Babies five years old are whipped to keep them at work. That is why you cannot get a living wage at home. You have to compete with their labour.

If you want a living you must refuse to take up arms to defend your bosses. You must teach your children not to be afraid of Germany, French or Russia. The workers there are like yourselves—they are waiting their chance to send their bosses to a hotter place than Africa.

If you are men, act like men. Organise in the people's army—the industrial army—and freedom awaits you.

A WORKER.

#### A Day in a Lifetime!

The announcement of the Great Gaelic Carnival, to be held to-morrow (Sunday) at Jones's road, appears on page 2, and is worthy of attention. Any effort made to attract the workers to the good old healthy pastimes of our ancestors will always have the support of THE IRISH WORKER, as in our opinion, nothing has tended more to sap the manhood of the nation than the introduction of the effeminate foreign games of hockey, cricket, lawn-tennis, &c., which are so much patronised by the "gentle" and snobs of this country. Thanks to the anti-West-British element in the Gaelic League this Irish Day has been organised, and in it the workers and their children should take a special interest—

"We're not the fortune-favoured kind,  
But rugged sons of toil;  
We've got the muscle and the mind  
That spring from Irish soil."

And by fostering the ideals and customs of the past, we help to point the way to future generations along which lies the path of National duty which will one day realise the dream of Thomas Davis and make Ireland "A Nation Once Again." The musical and other attractions are many, and never before has such a number of athletic and cycling entries been received by any sports meeting in Ireland. Granted fine weather on Sunday next, it is safe to assume that the day will be an epoch-making one, and the crowd—the Dublin public augmented by contingents from Cork, Belfast, Galway, Wexford, Sligo, &c.—what it deserves to be the biggest ever seen at Jones's road. Proceedings will commence at noon, and continue until about 7 p.m.

Now, boys, rally to Jones's road to-morrow and do your part to popularise and perpetuate the healthy and life-giving pastimes of the Gael!

PERSONS DESIRING

GOOD LODGINGS

Should apply—MRS GEARY, 13 Shaw Street, Dublin.

#### Calendar for Next Week.

JULY, 1911.

- Sunday 2—Rev. J. Porter, Presbyterian minister, executed, 1798.  
Monday 3—Henry Grattan born, 1746.  
Tuesday 4—Arthur O'Connor born, 1763.  
Wednesday 5—Richard Dalton Williams died, 1862.  
Thursday 6—Owen Roe O'Neill landed in 1642.  
Friday 7—Richard Brinsley Sheridan died, 1816.  
Saturday 8—John O'Donovan born, 1809.

[2.] The execution of the Rev. John Porter, in 1798, forms one of the blackest incidents of that period. Like many of his co-religionists in Ulster, Mr. Porter joined the revolutionary movement, and worked heart and soul for the overthrow of England. His zeal for the cause of freedom excited the ire of the so-called government of the time, and by the employment of the usual means peculiar to English domination: perjury, the informer, bribery, and the scaffold—Ireland lost a noble son, whose name survives in the hearts of the people and will live in the martyrology of our land, for as Dr. Hyde wrote:—

Those for whom her heart beats high,  
And benediction's swell;  
They died upon the scaffold,  
Or they pined within the cell.

A Liverpool Councillor, Mr. Joseph Maguire, was on Monday fined 10s. and costs for being found helplessly drunk on licensed premises early on Saturday morning, wearing only a shirt and a mac-kintosh. His explanation was that he was full of liquor.—God save the King! Was it?

Major-General Hoad has been suffering from a nervous breakdown.—Has somebody asked him to work?

During 1910 the number of railway servants injured was 20,419.—God save the King! Railway servants are plentiful.

#### SWEATING!

#### Dublin Window Cleaners' Present Conditions of Work.

Working Hours from 6.45 a.m. till 6 p.m. No time allowed for meals.

Men not subject to broken time, half and three-quarter days.

Men pay their own insurance and laundry. Men are fined for breaking rules made by the Companies, such as a man going to his breakfast after finishing his morning's work, consisting of between 10 and 15 shops.

Men are not paid for Bank Holidays, although the Companies are paid by the shops and other contract work.

Men are not paid for overtime, although they have to work it. A man's wages for full weeks' work is from 12s. to 15s., less fines, insurances and laundry money deducted.

Men have to work ladders from 10 to 50 feet, and carry ladders weighing over 4 stone to Ballsbridge and other suburban districts.

Men have to do all class of repairing work, such as glazing, fixing sash-cards, fixing enamel letters and painting.

When a man meets with an accident he has to live for a fortnight before he receives any compensation, and then only 6s. or 7s.—half his wages.

Men are dismissed for no cause without any notice.

Men are not paid for wet days, yet Companies are paid by firms.

The above are the conditions under which all the Window Cleaners in Dublin and suburbs work, except those employed by

—THE—

#### Mutual Window Cleaning Co.

59 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

Who charge 25 per cent. less than any other Window Cleaning Company in Ireland, and pay 50 per cent. more in Wages.

#### Ancient Order of Hibernians

Irish-American Alliance. Division 81 (Red Hand),  
179 Great Brunswick Street.

#### ANNUAL EXCURSION

On SUNDAY, JULY 2nd, 1911,

#### TO WEXFORD.

RETURN FARE, 3/- Children 1s. 6d. Bicycles 6d.

Passengers can break journey at Enniscorthy.

Come on a trip through the Garden of Ireland, and visit the historic County and City of Wexford. Trains leave Westland Row at 8.40 a.m., calling at Kingstown 8.50; Bray 9.10; arriving at Enniscorthy 11.10; Wexford 11.45. Returning from Wexford 7.30; Enniscorthy 8.0; arriving in Dublin 10.35 p.m.

Excursion will be accompanied by the Band of the IRISH TRANSPORT WORKERS' UNION.

Tickets for sale at 179 Great Brunswick Street, 40 Cumberland Street, Kingstown, and at Westland Row Station on Morning of Excursion.

Refreshments can be had at Mr. W. Kinsella's, Commercial quay; Morris's Hotel, Monck street; Dempsey's Dining Rooms, 39 South Main street; Imperial Hotel, Railway Station; Mrs. Bishop's, Main street.

## The Country Worker's Lot.

(Continued.)

During the winter months, however, I had ample time to practice the Rule of Three, and to be solving such problems as the following:—If 10 cows cost £157 10s. how much should 2 cows cost? Ans.—£31 10s. Now, it becomes rather tiresome and monotonous to be always finding the price of cows on paper and never finding the price of one in your pocket. Consequently I turned my attention to the solution of the following:—If a man who could never be discovered doing hard work or useful work of any kind, and who always had the best food, clothes, and enjoyment that money could procure, and whom the keenest of Crown prosecutors could never hope to have convicted of either common honesty, truthfulness or thrift, by the most intelligent of judges or juries, could whenever it pleased him find the price of a cow or two in his pocket, how many cows should the man find the price of in his pocket who worked hard for seven or eight months of the year, and as often as he would be allowed during the other four or five months, on the coarsest of food and not always enough of that?

Well, I tried my cherished rule of three in the problem, but could not make the slightest progress. I tried it backwards and forwards, turned it upside down and inside out, still the same negative result. Then, for the first time in my life, I doubted the veracity, or erudition, or both, of my old teacher, and I started across the fields to have it out with him. When I arrived he shook me warmly by the hand, and after giving me one of his scrutinising glances, remarked that I did not seem to be in as good spirits as usual. I then told him bluntly that I found out that, like a great many other venerable institutions, that the rule of three was a fraud—telling him of the problem which I vainly sought to solve through its agency.

Before I had entirely finished an amused twinkle seemed to have taken forcible possession of his eye; and when I reminded him, with all the reproach with which I could decorate my voice, that he told me that any problem that was likely to present itself to me could be solved by the rule of three. A broad smile illumined his honest face, as the rising sun would illumine the landscape, and he burst into a hearty laugh, holding his sides the while. When he finished he delivered himself of the following:—

"Well, my dear fellow, you both amuse and please me. You please me to learn that the fertility of your brain gave birth to the problem, and that you made an effort to solve it—a thing rarely attempted by men in your position. And you amuse me by endeavouring to solve it by a rule only intended for simple arithmetical questions—whereas the problem you set yourself to solve is extremely complex, and is partly economical, political, social and moral, and which can only be successfully solved under present-day conditions—by a rule which I never learned myself, nor did any of my pupils, and I hope and trust they never will. If I cared to learn this rule, I might perhaps—instead of being a poor National teacher—be a professor of economics, or perhaps theology, in one of our many National universities, where all those who are blessed or cursed with more than their rightful share of this world's goods send their offspring to get a highly-finished education. And as these fond parents know all the advantages of this rule, they naturally desire that their sons would be perfected in it, as it is the only rule by which this problem could be solved to their entire satisfaction. Consequently, any young men who are thoroughly prepared by the theory and practice of their parents, and who may be inclined that way themselves, could find no better place to perfect themselves in this rule than in a great National university. This rule is known to the vulgar, general public as higher education for young gentlemen; but to the uninitiated as 'Heads I win, tails you lose.'

"So when these young gentlemen get perfected in their education, and are let loose on the public—to instruct and

operate on those who could not possibly get the advantages of this higher education—they immediately set about occupying all the strong places or fortresses of society; to protect the interests of the public in general, which means their own divine rights in particular. You will find them commanding the army, navy, and police force. You will find them on the judicial bench administering and interpreting the laws made, or half made, by gentlemen who have also received this higher education. You will also find them directing great industrial establishments, where the human machine is kept working at the highest possible pressure with the least possible outlay in its lubrication. You will also find them as landlords and house-lords, providing for their less-favoured fellow-mortals all the comforts that can possibly be obtained under the operation of that grand old rule of 'higher education.' You will also find them in the editorial chairs of newspapers; on political platforms, and other platforms labelled non-political, diffusing their benevolent wisdom and advice all round, the burden of which is, that it is criminal for the vulgar herd to even attempt to solve any problem at all, but simply leave it to their betters to do so by the time-honoured rule of 'Heads I win; tails you lose.'

"Now, Paddy, avic, I have just lifted the fringe of the curtain that covers that which perplexes you, and have tried to show you some of the depths into which you evidently wish to plunge; therefore, I will say no more on this occasion, only to wish you from my heart that you will be well able to swim when you make the plunge."

Now, Mr. Editor, I trust that neither you nor any of your readers should think for a moment that I have any ill-will against the farmers, as they have their own troubles, which I may tell you something about in my next letter—that is, should you think my letter fit for publication. As this is my first attempt to write for the Press, it is with fear and trembling that I would approach you with this long, rambling rigmarole, only that I am well out of reach of the toe of your editorial boot.

## The Appointment of Caretaker, Bolton Street Schools.

There having been a very extensive canvass carried on for months in favour of a betting tout of "Councillor" Swaine, and a hanger-on in the club on Wellington Quay, named Christy Burke, everything that could be done to induce votes for him was done, and the Mountjoy Ward gang took up his cause, and the North Dock Bungs and Barber did the same, with the result that all these stalwarts turned up on Wednesday evening, 21st, at the Technical Schools Committee, headed by the Lord Mayor and a distinguished visitor, the North Dock Barber, who since he ratted from the Sinn Feiners has got his son a job in the Corporation and a testimonial for himself.

There been 68 candidates for the position. Ald. Kelly moved that the applications be referred to the Building Sub-Committee for report. This was opposed, and a vote taken. There voted for this proposal—Alderman Kelly, Councillor Scott, Alderman M'Walter, Mr. George Leahy, Mr. M'Loughlin, Professor Brown, and the Chairman, Father Finlay. There voted against—Councillors Shortell, Sherlock, Bradley, Derwin, Swaine, Mahon, Lord Mayor Farrell, High Sheriff Cogan, and Trades Council representative, Rochford. So Alderman Kelly's motion was beaten by three votes, and the election went on, with the result that Burke got ten votes, Kent three votes, and Tierney two votes. The same men, exactly, who voted against sending the various applications on for report voted for the betting tout. Now, there were four amongst the candidates already in the Corporation service—one of them, Kent, being in the Technical Schools for five years, and was recommended by the Principal—he got three votes.

What action will the Corporation Labourers' Trade Union take now? The Lord Mayor is the "honorary" president. Bradley, Mahon and Rochford are trade unionists. Sherlock and the others are great trade union spouters. Just think that for the new Technical Institute, upon which so much money has been spent and so much hope entertained of its usefulness and success, that instead of selecting some decent workingman for the position of porter and caretaker, a broken down betting man is the selected. However, he may be useful for taking the shilling bets from the pupils: he has already made himself useful in the Mountjoy Ward.

The election of this man is illegal and cannot stand, as the motion on the agenda was to receive applications, not to make, the appointment, but the ten stalwarts rushed the job.

There is another meter reader "wanted" in the Electric Lighting Committee, and another Mountjoy hack is being pushed, in the person of Mr. "Doggie" Byrne, the writer of the great speeches which are published in the reports of the Spike Island branch of the United Irish League.

The following is the list of applicants, giving the names, age, present or recent occupation, married—M., or single—S.:

Aldridge, Austin, Drogheda, colour-sergeant; 39. M.  
Abbott, Geo., Newbridge, canteen assistant; 45. M.  
Bennett, Patrick, cellar man; 34.  
Burke, Christopher, dealer and carrier; 40. M.  
Ball, Christopher J., traveller and collector; 22. S.  
Byrne, James, hall porter; 22. S.  
Curran, William; 38. M.  
Conboy, James P., Liverpool, porter; 28. S.  
Carroll, Denis, porter; 46. M.  
Cassidy, John Francis, porter; 34. M.  
Caffrey, Richard J., Navan, caretaker; 31. M.  
Clandillon, Robert J., Nenagh; 43. M.  
Doyle, Denis, Cleansing Department; 32. M.  
Doyle, Daniel, blacksmith's helper; 23. M.  
Donnelly, Edward, porter; 37.  
Doyle, James, carter; 29.  
Dunne, Denis, gate-keeper; 39. M.  
Duggan, Thomas, Co. Clare; 30. S.  
Davenport, Geo., assistant chemical lab.; 38. M.  
Doyle, Andrew, Kingstown, valet; 28. M.  
DeLaney, William G., butler and valet; 26. M.  
Fitzpatrick, James, porter Mun. Public Library; 33.  
Fagan, Patrick J., Co. Leitrim, pensioner, I.L.C.; 36. M.  
Finnerty, Patrick, Limerick, gardener; 27. S.  
Farrell, Francis, purveyor's assistant; 21. S.  
Fitzpatrick, John, Gas Works; 26.  
Horan, Michael, porter; 40. M.  
Harris, Isaac Walter, porter; 30. M.  
Heery, William J., Garristown, postman; 20. S.  
Kiteau, Henry, motor man; 28.  
King, Bernard, Londonderry, insurance agent; 48.  
Kent, Patrick, porter Technical Schools, Rutland square; 24. S.  
Kane, William, tram conductor; 32.  
Kennedy, Charles, Co. Wicklow, army sergeant; 38. M.  
Lee, John, druggists' assistant; 30. M.  
Luby, Patrick, coachman; 28. M.  
Laffan, Nicholas, office assistant; 24.  
Lawlor, Laurence, porter; 31.  
Lacy, Joseph, breadvan driver; 40. M.  
McEvoy, Christopher, caretaker; 42. M.  
McMahon, James, Co. Monaghan, pensioner P.O.; 45. S.  
M'Loughlin, William, time and storekeeper; 24. M.  
McHugh, James, commercial traveller; 45. M.  
Manning, Michael, porter, Municipal Public Library; 30. M.  
Malone, Michael, Co. Kerry; 30. S.  
O'Neill, John, quay labourer; 42. M.  
O'Connor, John, Co. Kerry, gardener; 23. S.  
O'Donoghue, Patrick, Co. Kerry, gardener; 23. S.  
O'Callaghan, Robt., Co. Cork, land steward; 47. M.  
O'Toole, Michael, advertising canvasser; 30. M.  
Quinn, Edward, drapers' porter; 26. M.  
Quinn, William, butler; 26. S.  
Ring, Patrick, cabinet-maker; 28. M.  
Reynolds, Joseph, grocer's assistant; 42. M.  
Smith, Thomas, grocer's assistant; 38. S.  
Smallhorne, Michael, assis. fitter, M.G.V.R.; 31. M.  
Salter, John, Longford, sexton; 47. M.  
Sheppard, George, army pensioner; 45. M.  
Skipper, James, waiter; 40. M.  
Towers, Edmund L., canvasser; 40.  
Tierney, Francis, clerk and caretaker; 32.  
Walsh, Patrick, Co. Clare; R.I.C.; 49.  
Whittle, Elias, Manchester, steward; 41. M.  
Wilgar, Robert, Fermanagh, butler; 40. M.  
Wade, Bernard, engine driver; 36.  
Wynne, Michael; 38.  
Walker, Charles, hall porter; 26.

## Eason's Again!

THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

Sir—I was delighted to read in last week's issue of THE WORKER a letter re the "Sanctimonious Humbug," and how he treats his staff, from the very able pen of one who signs himself "Looking-Glass."

Apparently "Looking-Glass" is aware of most of the slave-beating tactics which characterise the individual called "Eason"; but has he yet learned that the aforesaid "Sanctimonious Humbug" has contributed twenty-one guineas to help to defray the expenses incurred in decorating the streets of Dublin for King George's visit? Just imagine this Solomon of Abbey street, who half pays his staff, subscribing twenty-one guineas to buy paper Union Jacks to decorate the dirty quays of Dublin, while his slave-beaten workmen, underpaid in every respect, are in reality the contributors.

Yet sanctimonious Solomon is considered one of the "King's Own." Coming, Sir (?) Charlie is outdone at his best—he was too premature—the list of important personages to be created knights, baronets, &c., is published. To use a racy term—Solomon is amongst the also-rans!

That most learned man—the manager of the news department—hails from Camden street; king of tin-kettle merchants, and emperor of the Camden metal trust, he with Cardinal Tona, another genius of the kettle brand, together with Billy, a tiny chap too small for the army and of forty-eight inch frame, as well as another one called Jack, the hope of the electrician trade, a whitewasher and also an alleged carpenter. But there stands pre-eminently before all general Detective Tootsie—a veritable Sherlock Holmes. This comprises Sir (?) Charlie Eason's court of assistants; what a galaxy of talent, all from the happy hunting ground of slave-driving, commonly called Eason's Paper Shop—the house where that decent paper, "Variety Life" is sold!

But what does tickle my fancy is that the "conscientious humbug" has now imported female labour on the invoices. One of those creatures is the daughter of a

newsagent on the North Strand: her surname and the tin kettle managers bear a close resemblance. They are both macs—the two macs—but the original Macs were artists, and Eason's two are at their best only tin whistlers. So now, between the tin whistles and the Camden street kettles there should be quite a noise in the Abbey street sweating den.

Dear Mr. Editor, I don't know what you thought of Sir (?) Charlie's paper shop before now, but am sure when you are in the know, your love for the "Sanctimonious humbug" will not increase. Now I come to the packers: mind you I have nothing whatever to do with whitewashers. These unfortunate men start work at 4.30 a.m. and are supposed to finish between 6 and 7, and for this receive the princely salary from 11s. to 13s., or at most 14s. per week. Last Xmas I have known these very men to be kept after their time, yet did not receive a penny remuneration only on one occasion, and then they received the munificent sum of 1s. I challenge McDowell or Eason to contradict this statement. There's a generous soul, Sir Solomon Eason, of Abbey Street, and mind you should any of the packers be even five minutes late in the morning, although they were kept after their time, and for which they are not paid, they are star-chambered, sent for by Napoleon, who with his energetic court of assistants, pronounce the verdict—of course dismissal. But what could you expect from a tin kettle merchant? Why he told me four years ago, he would bring women on the invoices. Dare he deny it? Now is his time. There was a time when we had a manager, who was a gentleman. Not a kettle manager, whom if I don't mistake, is scarcely able to sign his name. There's a genius! He loves to cut down the expenses of the workers—how clever! His game is played out, the climax has come. God ordained man to earn an honest living, not to live the life of a slave, as a money-maker, for a selfish and unimportant sect.

I would like to suggest to readers who have read Dickens' Xmas Carol, that we have in Solomon Eason, of Abbey Street—slave-driver by nature and experience—a modern Scrooge. Scrooge after visions of his past, present, and future, reformed, he became human again. Solomon Eason will have no visions, but is having actual facts. It is up to him to reform his inhuman methods of treating underpaid workers. The staff at Eason's will not expect presents from the "Sanctimonious one" at Xmas time, which Scrooge fell into the habit of giving, but let them understand this on the coming Xmas work, they will expect to be paid for every five minutes worked extra. I am just after reading an account where a wealthy nigger in America was lynched by his staff of slave-driven men, who found it impossible to support a wife on 16s. a week (note this is a higher wage than Scrooge pays), and am just wondering how the staff in Scrooge's paper shop draw the colour line?

"PETER THE PAINTER."

Last Saturday in the Northern Police Court before Mr. Mahony, Mr. George P. Herbert, 26 Mountjoy square, canvasser, and Mr. James Lee, 3 Clonliffe avenue, woodcarver, were charged by Constable Michael Fitzgerald with attempting to steal from the front drawing room window of the house, 41 Mountjoy square, between 4 and 5 o'clock that morning a Union Jack flag and pole, the property of Miss Wright. The evidence was that they threw a long rope across the pole of the flag and endeavoured to pull it down. They were each sentenced to a month's imprisonment.—Mahony has saved The Empire. God save the King!

Beneath a pillow in the bedroom of a West-end hotel a maid discovered a pocket-book containing £1,000 in notes and a purse with £40 in gold. She gave the notes and money to the occupant of the room when he returned, and was awarded with 2s.—Honesty is the best policy. Virtue is its own reward, &c.

Sir Joseph and Lady Ward (Premier of New Zealand and his wife) visited Windsor a few weeks ago, and laid a wreath on the tomb of the late King Edward.—Dead or alive, gentlemen, the King!

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## Where the "Poor-Rate" Goes.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.  
26th June, 1911.

A CARA—Owing to a 5 being turned into a 9 by your printer the force of our letter in your last issue was spoiled. The return supplied by Mr. Walter Long, when sitting for South Dublin in 1905, to the English House of Commons, showed that £381,643 raised for "Poor-rate" purposes in Ireland was paid over to doctors for vaccinating our Irish children with the beastial culture of cowpox, called, for decency sake, "Glycerinated Calf Lymph." From 1905 to 1909 over £60,290 13s. 6d. was taken from the "Poor-rate" and paid to doctors for vaccination. The total amount the doctors relieved the ratepayers of since 1854 to 1904 is £441,933 13s. 6d.

Mrs. Wyse Power, when serving the ratepayers so well on the North Dublin Board, demanded a return showing the cost of vaccination in that Union for the past three years, and was informed £796 16s. 3d. This, by the way, is from what is called the "Poor-rate." Some people innocently say, "All the doctors think vaccination is a good thing." It is a very good thing—for their pockets—and they will insist on it as long as it pays. If you pass a dispensary in big letters on the signboard is the invitation "Vaccina-Gratis," which is a downright lie, as the above figures give the cost of "Gratis" vaccination. For every "Gratis" vaccination the doctor gets two shillings, and the relieving officer gets another ninepence for every poor man's child hunted out and vaccinated. When the father is at work the sleuth-hounds come along and terrify the poor mother to go to the dispensary at once with the child else her husband will be prosecuted, &c. Result—two shillings for the doctor and ninepence for the relieving officer. Is there a more dastardly kind of intimidation practised? Talk about scabs—they are not in it with your modern doctor, whose "heart is bursting with love of the community." He gets the "Lymph" for nothing, and could vaccinate 50 children in the hour. He believes vaccination absolutely essential to the health of the community, but he never does it for nothing. We could believe then that vaccination was really a good thing, and themselves sincere, if they would do it for nothing just for the good of the community, so long as it is so simple and non-expensive from their point of view. But instead they got it incorporated and endowed in an Act of Parliament, and urge that we be thrown into prison if we refuse to accept it. Sir John Moore would try us for manslaughter. Vaccination is forced on an unwilling people by a tyrannical statute; but we can break and shatter bad laws by refusing to obey them.—Mise do cara,

F. GREENE,  
Secretary,  
Irish Anti-Vaccination League,  
27 Richmond Road, Dublin.

## Workmen's Temperance Committee.

A special meeting of the above was held in Father Mathew Hall, on Tuesday week last, Mr. Robt. Keely, P.L.G., presiding (in the unavoidable absence of Very Rev. Fr. Aloysius). Other members present were:—Messrs. F. O'Donovan, Joseph Dixon, James Whelan, Anthony Rigney, S. Devoy, &c. Correspondence was submitted from the Town Clerk, Mr. H. Campbell, stating that the use of the Council Chamber had been granted by the Lord Mayor and Council for the holding of Conference on Tuesday evening, 11th July, at 8 o'clock, in connection with Father Mathew Demonstration. The secretaries submitted copies of circular to be forwarded to all organised bodies in the city and suburbs soliciting the co-operation of all societies in the cause of temperance; they were also directed to prepare the necessary credentials for conference. The question of representation from the Workmen's Temperance Committee at the great County Demonstration held in Ennis-corthy, on Sunday last was under consideration, and was decided that representatives should attend.

After the transaction of a large amount of routine business, the committee adjourned.

On one single day recently no fewer than 3,900 Scotch emigrants left the Clyde for Canada and the United States.—Words fail us!

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