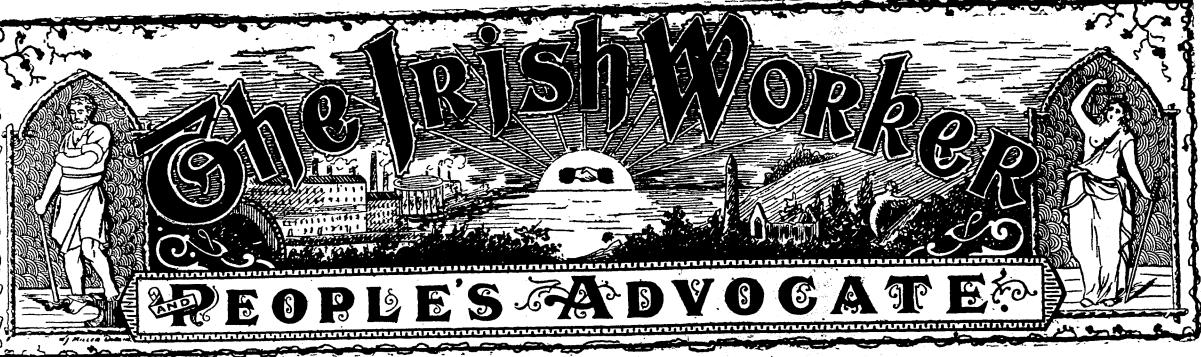
"The principle I state, and mean to s and upon is :-that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland." James Fintan Lalor.



Who is it speaks of defeat? I tell you a cause like ours; 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!

# Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 7.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JULY 8th, 1911.

JONE PENNY.

### The Faith of a Felon.

(Continued). By JAMES FINTON LALOR.

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

Now, I am prepared to prove that "occu-. paney" wants every character and quality that could give it moral efficacy as a foundation of right. I am prepared to prove this, when "occupancy" has first been defined. If no definition can be given, I am relieved from the necessity of showing any claim founded on occupancy to be weak and worthless.

To any plain understanding the right of private property is very simple. It is the right of man to possess, enjoy, and transfer, the substance and use of whatever he has himself CREATED. This title is good against the world; and it is the sole and only title by which a valid right of abso-

lute private property can possibly vest.

But no man can plead any such title to a right of property in the substance of the

The earth, together with all it spontaneously produces, is the free and common property of all mankind, of natural right, and by the grant of God; -and all men being equal, no man, therefore, has a right to appropriate exclusively to himself any part or portion thereof, except with and by the common consent and agreement of all

The sole original right of property in land which I acknowledge to be morally valid, is this right of common consent and agreement. Every other I hold to be fabricated and fictitious, null, void, and of

In the original and natural state of mankind, existing in independent families, each man must, in respect of actual fact, either take and hold (ASSUME OCCUPANCY as well as maintain possession of) his land by right and virtue of such consent and agreement as aforesaid, with all those who might be in a position to dispute and oppose his doing so; or he must take and maintain possession by force. The fictitious right of occupancy-invented by jurists to cover and account for a state of settlement otherwise unaccountable and indefensible on moral principle—this right would be utterly worthless, and could seldom accrue, for except in such a case as that of a single individual thrown on a desert island, the question of right would generally arise, and require to be settled before any colourable "title by occupancy" could be established, or even actual occupation be effected. And then -what constitutes occupancy? What length of possession gives "title by occu-

When independent families have united into separate tribes, and tribes swelled into nations. the same law obtains :--each tribe or nation has but either one or other of two available rights to stand upon—they must take and maintain territorial possession by consent and agreement with all other tribes and nations: or they must take and hold by the tenure of chivalry in

the right of their might. Putting together and proceeding on the principles now stated, it will appear that, if those principles be sound, no man can legitimately claim possession or occupation of any portion of land or any right of property therein, except by grant from the people, at the will of the people, as tenant to the people, and on terms and conditions made and sanctioned by the people; -and that every right, except the right so created and vesting by grant from the people, is nothing more or better than the right of the robber who holds forcible possession of what does not lawfully

belong to him. The present proprietors of Ireland do not hold or claim by grant from the people, nor even-except in Ulster-by any species of imperfect agreement or assent of the people. They got and keep their lands in

the robber's right—the right of conquest -in despite, defiance, and contempt of the people. Eight thousand men are owners of this entire island—claiming the right of enslaving, starving, and exterminating eight millions. We talk of asserting freegovernment, and of ridding ourselves of foreign domination—while, lo! eight-thousand men are lords of our lives—of us and ours, blood and breath, happiness or misery, body and soul. Such is the state of things in every country where the settlement of the lands has been effected by conquest. In Ulster the case is somewhat different, much to the advantage of the people, but not so much as it ought to have been. Ulster was not merely conquered, but colonised—the native race being expelled, as in the United States of America—and the settlement that prevails was made by a sort of consent and agreement among the conquering race.

No length of time or possession can sanction claims acquired by robbery, or convert them into valid rights. The people are still rightful owners, though not in possession. "Nullum tempus occurrit Deo, — nullum tempus occurrit populo."

In many countries besides this, the lands were acquired, and long held, by right of force or conquest. But in most of them the settlement and laws of conquest have been abrogated, amended, or modified, to greater or lesser extent. In some, an outrise of the people has trampled them down-in some, the natural laws have triumphed over them—in some, a despotic monarch or minister has abolished or altered them. In Ireland alone they remain unchanged, unmitigated, unmodified in all their original ferocity and cruelty, and the people of Ireland must now abolish them, or be themselves abolished, and this is now the more urgent busi-

(To be continued).

## The Vengeance of the Gael.

By CATHAL O'BYRNE.

Wail loudly wintry winds—weep Irish

Shut out the mocking sunlight with your misty shroud! For cold and well-nigh lifeless Erin lies,

The life-blood ebbing from heart that once throbbed high and proud.

They fly from her as from an unclean thing, And leave her here beside the sea to die; Her children brave whatever fate may

The bondsman's cruel chain; the exile's lonely sigh.

They've left her here to loneliness and death-

Left her in bitter sorrow, want and shame;

Yet loving none the less, for with the breath That cursed the tyrant foe they blessed their mother's name.

Aye, gone with a vengeance has the Celtic

To walk the stranger's ways and learn

Scattered afar across the broad earth's face, But—this is as sure as Heaven—some day they shall return.

O for a Stentor voice to shout it out O'er every mountain-top, o'er every bourne,

Till with a myriad echoes should ring back Aye, some day with a vengeance shall the Celt return!

O Day of Days! Somewhere within the

A shining sentinel, you stand alone, When Erin's exiled sons shall dry her tears, Bost Work-Lowest Prices. proudly to her throne.

Then look to it you, lord, with branded brow-

Too long o'er hungering hearts your power hath swayed,

Your day of Doom is falling—even now— This day—your stewardship's awful reckoning must be paid!

In coffin ships they sailed—stern, silent throngs-Each heart a storehouse of intensest

The very meanest of whose treasured

Would hurl your black soul to Perdition's awful gate.

In stranger lands they'll think, they'll brood

In every sheltering corner of the earth, Until the spark is struck that fires the mine, Then look to it when that dread lavatide bursts forth.

O God to see their ships within the bay! 'Twere good to walk in darkness and alone-

Should any glad eyes be opened on that day When the avenging Celt shall come to claim his own.

## **Encouraging Words from** Glasgow.

National Sailors' and Firemen's Union, Bromielaw, Glasgow, 2nd July, 1911.

DEAR COMRADE—I was very pleased to get your letter of even date, and to know that you are so well fighting our battles

We feel that we owe you a great deal of praise for your efforts in this direction, and you may depend upon it that I shall keep you well posted in regard to any ships leaving here for Dublin.

Burns are still holding out, and the Clyde Shipping, the Laird, Sloane, and one or two of the smaller coasting firms.

We had a conference to day representing fifteen shipping firms and have fixed up rates, &c., on a mutual basis. We have also formed a "Conciliation

Board" of masters and union officials to determine any points in dispute between

Burns is our bete-noir, and when we beat them we have won outright. Best wishes and good luck.—Your com-

A. W. FRENCH.

Mr. J. Larkin, Dublin.

We found this in an American paper: Are you lonely, Manuel, There pretending all alone To a battered mouldy throne: There are discords in the tune— Do not fret, my little man, Other kings will get the can, You'll have company pretty soon. -God save the King!

The Prince of Wales and Princess Mary will be present at Dublin University Regatta on July 7th.——They will be well worth seeing; having, we understand, four elbows!

Encourage Irish Work, GET PHOTOGRAPHED

Finnerly's, ESTD. 1903,

46 HENRY ST. and 77 AUNGIER ST., DUBLIN.

And once more bring their Sea Queen This Coupon entitles you to 20 per cent. off List Established over 20 years. Everything possible for Prices. See our Stall at all Bazaars and Public Fetes.

## THE STRIKE.

#### Jim Larkin and Corporators.

On Sunday a public meeting, under the auspices of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, was held in Beresford place, in connection with the Seamen's and Firemen's Strike and its developments. The attendance was very large, the square being crowded, and, as usual, there was a large police contingent, whose only duty was to look on and listen.

TOWN COUNCILLOR CHALLENGED.

Jim Larkin, who addressd the meeting, opened the proceedings with a challenge to Councillor Farrelly, of the North Dock Ward. He (the speaker) said he understood that one of the Councillors who misrepresent the North Dock Ward had been making certain observations with reference to him and the union he belonged to. He had just sent a messenger to Councillor Farrelly challenging him, in writing, to come to that meeting and make such statements as he has been making to certain parties over the bar of his public-house in Sheriff street. He (Larkin) denied the truth of these statements, as he knew them to be lies. Councillor Farrelly says they are true. If they are true, and if Councillor Farrelly is a man, he has a right to come out and expose the union he (Larkin) belonged to, and also he himself. He had sent Councillor Farrelly a challenge to come there and debate the point. He guaranteed that Councillor Farrelly would get the same courtesy and hearing as any other man who got up to give public expression to his views. He was awaiting a reply from Councillor Farrelly, and meanwhile he would proceed to other matters.

#### BROOKS, THOMAS & CO.

The fight with Brooks, Thomas & Co he was glad to be able to tell them, had been settled (prolonged cheers), although they had been partly betrayed by a skilled union in the city. Without the help of a skilled union at all in this case they had succeeded in proving that the Transport Union could fight on its own bottom (cheers). This matter with Brooks, Thomas & Co. had been settled in the most amicable way. The men had been granted the increased wages they asked for, and a good understanding had been come to between the firm and the workers. The union was to be recognised (applause): all the blacklegs imported were to be cleared out; and the men and boys formerly employed in Brooks, Thomas' were to go back to work (cheers).

The great Watson-the great "I am" -had also come down from his pedestal, and the men have been offered a rise in wages. Whether the men would agree to accept the offer or not was and er matter. The men on the boats running from the North Wall had been asked to meet Mr. Watson to-morrow (Monday morning), but that (Sunday) evening the men would meet at 5 o'clock to consider the position. It was victory all round. It was only a matter of a few hours when the whole thing would go-when the whole pedestal of

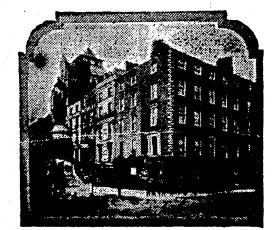
#### JOBBERY, WHITE SLAVERY AND CORRUPTION

would come tumbling down. They should all remember that, united they would all stand, but divided they were bound to fall. But he was glad to be able to say that in no country were the workers so united as the workers on the quays of Dublin. The men on strike were showing a wonderful spirit—a spirit that would carry them on to victory. There was no

WORLD'S FAIR

## 62d BAZAAR, 30 HENRY ST., DUBLIN.

61d.; Cheap and Good.



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.

doubt about it, but it only remained for the working classes to be honest and truthful and loyal to their organisation to come through victorious. Some day he hoped to see that no labourer was obliged to work for £1 a week—it was an insult. They should ask for 30s. a week as a minimum wage-not one penny less-in order to support themselves and their families decently. The present dispute had proved that non-union men, so called, have been as loyal as union men-men who would not join the unions for their own reasons. Larkin may be a bugbear to them (laughter). Some men did not take into consideration the fact that while they were outside the union they were the despised enemy of the firm inside. He wanted to tell the non-union men that the unfair employer always rested his case on the non-union men. He depends on them to stand by him. The man who was not in a trades union felt himself isolated-he felt himself a coward and afraid to fight, and indeed he was not prepared to fight. But he was glad to say that certain nonunion men had felt it a point of honour when called upon to do dirty work to say "No" (applause). The organised workers were, however, the men who were keeping up the standard wages—the men who were leading the working classes out of the slough of despair, and bringing men forward on the road to the millennium (applause). During the past week the masses of the men, sometimes called a mob by the employers, had

ACTED LIKE AN ARMY.

No trained army could do it better. A few men, however, on Saturday had shown that the brute was not yet eradicated in them-in fact, men who earned a good week's wages had the audacity to try and get from the union money they had no right to. On Saturday the union distributed £400, but in the evening they found that they had 200 members more than they had provided enough money for; and some who got less than they should, only got it because of running short of ready cash. They had intended giving the sum of 10s. all round. Those in the Yarrow who wanted to go North got full, money. One man who was in difficulties got money

(Continued on page 4.)

#### The Lord Loveth a Cheerful Giver

Perhaps the reprinting of the annexed poem may help the sorely tried promotors of bogus loyalty. It appeared in the columns of an English Labour contemporary on the fifftieth anniversary of the Coronation of George V's. grandmother.

WORKMEN'S JUBILEE ODE.

Ave, Victoria imperatrix; morituri te salutant!

Hail, Empress Queen, since thus the poets

fable;
Though, sooth, a sorry realm is thine

indeed; Empress of groaning lands and hearts un-

stable,
And homes made homeless by commer-

cial greed;
Empress of strife, and misery, and privation,
Queen of despair, and hate, and envy

If such domain give cause for jubilation On this thy Jubilee we bid thee hail.

Hail, fiftieth year of sanctimonious robbery, Imperial brigandage and licens'd crime; Religion mealy-mouthed and cultured snobbery.

And mawkish art and puggishness sublime!

Hail, great Victorian age of cant and charity,
When all are free, yet money-bags pre-

vail;
Hail, Juggernaut of civilised barbarity,

Lo! we, thy victims, bid thee hail, all hail! Lo! we, thy slaves, in field, and town, and

city, Who month by month and year by year

must toil, Wronged, robbed, neglected, ruined with-

out pity,
While selfish Mammon heaps his stolen
spoil—

We curse thy creed of comfortable cheating:

"Live those that prosper—perish those that fail;"

Yet ere we die, we send thee bitter greeting, A famished people to its Empress, hail!

Empress, indeed, of death and desolation! Ireland on this thy Jubilee of fame,

Stabbed, injured, maimed, yet still a deathless nation,

Brands on thy brow eternity of shame.
"Witness," she cries, "those wrongs beyond redressing!

Witness thy gifts—the gibbet and the jail!
Shall these foul curses bring thee back a
blessing?

Shall trampled Ireland bid her torturer hail?"

Nay—though thy armies win thee trophies glorious,

Yet is thy glory but a worthless gaud; Though o'er the seas thy navies ride victorious,

Yet is thy empire built on guile and fraud, Lo! all the lands thou holdest in possession Send thee for triumph-song the self-same

tale,
Falsehood. corruption, selfishness, oppression—

These are the satellites that bid thee hail!

Hail, then, by these our tears and bitter anguish!

Hail, by our loss of all that life holds dear! Hail, by the want wherein thy workmen languish,

That thy rich lords may boast their bounteous cheer!
Hail, by the iron rule of retribution,

'Gainst which nor wealth, nor sceptre can avail!

Yea, by the kindling fire of revolution, Great Empress-Queen, we bid thee hail, all hail!

H.S.S.

#### International Shipping Strike.

# AN APPEAL

To all Men engaged in the Shipping Industry, on Sea and on Shore.

FELLOW-WORKERS—For the first time in the history of our industry the various Unions of Men who earn their living at Sea, or as Dock, Wharf and Riverside Workers (in short—in the Transport of Goods) are united in

COMMON BATTLE AGAINST THE COMMON ENEMY.

As a result of their union, the forces of the Shipowners are completely demoralised, the Shipping Federation and Labour Bureaus thoroughly discredited, and substantial victories won for every class of workers, except Belfast.

WHY IS BELFAST LEFT OUT?

Because Belfast has not risen to the occasion and done its duty. Victories as sweeping—Concessions, both in wages and conditions just as substantial, could be won in Belfast if the Seamen and Firemen, Dockers and all others concerned, were to rally together and strike as one man for better conditions, for liberty and self-respect.

The Seamen and Firemen are doing their share, it now remains for the Dockers and others to come in on the flowing tide of victory.

Come to the Union Rooms, Gamble street, and

come to the Union Rooms, Gamble street, and enrol. Come to the Meetings Custom House Steps every evening and hear the good tidings.

ABOVE ALL STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT.

On behalf of the Unions,

J. H. BERNETT, N. S. & F. Union.

JAMES COMMOLLY, Irish Transport Workers' Union.

## Bogus Unions.

Letters having appeared from time to time in the daily papers giving accounts of meetings held by "The Irish Railway Workers' Union," I called up last Wednesday to see for myself what actually took place. At 7.30 p.m. I went to the shop 140 Thomas street, and asked to see Mr. John S. Kelly. I was brought into a room measuring about 8 feet by 6, and saw a little man in a black coat sitting at a table. Both in size and appearance he reminded me of a one-eyed sparrow I was the proud possessor of some years ago. I asked for a copy of the rules, and was told they had not one in stock, but if I waited awhile till the meeting was over they might be able to get me one. I waited. On the table in front of John S. Kelly was a monster penny copy-book, which contained the roll of members. By this time five others had arrived and begun to talk. From what was said I learned that on Tuesday evening a hall-porter and assistant secretary had been appointed at a salary of 7s. a week. Some of the men present considered this amount too high. Others said any sum at all, no matter how small it was, would be out of the question, as they were unable to pay the rent without raising a special levy of twopence per week. Finally it was decided to cancel the appointment of the hall-porter owing to their inability to pay the rent.

John Sparrow Kelly then made a state-

ment about the advertisement he had in the papers, in which it was stated that he could find employment for a large number of men. He said—"When we put in this advertisement we only did it for the purpose of taking the wind out of Larkin's sails. We had no idea we would have so many applicants. The place looked like a Labour Exchange for several days, and, as every man here knows, I could not get work for one man let alone a thousand."

The meeting was announced for 7.30. At 8.15 the chairman arrived. John Sparrow read the minutes of the previous monthly meeting. Then he began a long, rambling, disjointed discourse, in which he announced his intention of going to Bray on Sunday to organise the scabs who were working on the railway and at the gas works there. He concluded by saying-"I am a great reader. I have books at home which I read, and which I would be ashamed to let even my wife see. I know all about everything, and on a former occasion taught Mr. Churchill, Mr. W. Field, Mr. Asquith, and the members of the Cabinet. I am about to teach them more now. Trust in me, men, and don't listen to any stories that may be told about me." The business being apparently over, I stood up and said—"Mr. Chairman and Secretary, I came here, thinking it was a trades union, but from what I have seen and heard to-night am convinced it is only a very poor specimen. Nothing has been said or done about the Irish workers, the whole time of the meeting has been spent in listening to things that in no way affect the workers of Dublin." Mr. Kelly ordered me to leave the room, and when I refused he threatened to send for the police. Before going I asked him if he knew anything about the Sinn Fein Furnishing Company or the Co-operative Stores. "Yes," said he, "I hope to be working there again." "Not if the Sinn Fein Furnishing Company know it," said I. Mr. Kelly talked of many things, but was dumb on the important points. He can be very talkative in a back room, but when I asked him why he does not come out into the open, he replied, "I don't want to be thrown into the Liffey." He has not enough sparrowhood (let alone manhood) in him for this.

The room where the meeting was held was furnished with a small deal table and two forms. John S. had to sit on the window-sill, and had to climb up and down every time he spoke. A penny copy book for the membership's roll was just what I expected to see in a penny trades union. Fancy a trades union employing an assistant secretary and hallporter at the sumptuous wage of 7s. per week, and next day reducing his salary to nil, because they had not even this amount to their credit! In speaking of the proposed trip to Bray, John S. said it would not cost them too much, as he could get a return ticket for 6d. I suppose he will shave off his moustache and go disguised as a child. For the sake of the men in his alleged trades union I hope he will get a single ticket and go farther.

SEAMUS OG.

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!

## Rouse, Ye Workers.

Rouse up, ye workers, awake from your dreamings,

Arise in your might, and for liberty strike; Too long have you dreamt: 'tis pleasant,

beguiling,
But life calls for action, which dreamers
dislike

Be up then and doing, time waits not the dreamer,

The morning breaks clear, 'tis a beckoning hand,

To show you the way, for mists to grow clearer

And to strike for your rights, ye valiant

And to strike for your rights, ye valiant band.

What are your rights—mayhap you've forgotten them,

So meekly and long to oppression you've bent;

Your rights are to live not as slaves, but as freemen,
Free to think, speak, and act; free to

ree to think, speak, and act; free live as God meant.

D. L.

"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 newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

All communications, whether relating to literary or
business matters, to be addressed to the Editor,
10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, STII JULY, 1911.

### International Strike.

The position of affairs as we go to Press is as follows:-A settlement has been come to in Hull: men hoodwinked into foregoing part of their demands. Glasgow men won outright, with the exception of cross-channel and coasting traffic; same state of affairs in Liverpool, Bristol, Swansea and Cardiff. Complete victory for men in London. Board appointed to settle all grievances. Leith, Shields, Manchester, Newcastle men fighting like Trogans. Belfast strike only opening up. Dublin Scottish traffic, Burns and Lairds practically at a standstill. Liverpool traffic absolutely closed, all City of Dublin and Tedcastle boats lying idle. Palgrave Murphy working, having granted union conditions, all their employees are union men. Gale lines also paying union wages and agreeing to union conditions. Bristol, union wages and conditions. Silloth steamer laid up, also Pine and Abbot, belonging to Fisher of Newry; Ruby and Sapphire, Robinson's Glasgow Co.; Ella, consigned to Tedcastle with coal. Following colliers have signed on union men at union rates-Blackrock, Ashford, Earlsford, Kempock, chartered by Samuel Kelly, Belfast, who is a member of the Shipping Federation; Gertrude, Daisy, Ella, Ardachy, Progress, Alexandra, Audrey, Marina, Clint, Holme Force. Of course the firm of the Michael Murphy, Dublin, General Steamship Co., have granted union conditions—the only Irish firm sailing out of Ireland, and who always recognise union rules and rates. We wonder why they don't run a steamer or steamers to Liverpool. Why don't the cattle traders approach the firm and get them to run boats and carry their cattle, sheep and horses, instead of allowing them to starve to death around the bare fields of Cabra? We wonder where the cruelty

man is these days? We desire to notify our readers that the firm of J. J. Carroll, coal merchants, Great Brunswick Street, have their men out on strike; so if you want coals no use applying there; also no carters will convey goods to Dublin South Eastern Station, as the Company have imported blacklegs to discharge coals under police protection. We would like to know from the chairman of the Electric Lighting Committee how is it that the only steamers they can get to carry their coal are Robinsons, the scab firm of Glasgow, who are practically the only firm holding out in the coal trade. When they took the contract from a Dublin firm this committee was then told there would be trouble. W. W. Robinson, a union firm, was denied in favour of McKenzie, agent for Robinsons, of Glasgow. Why cannot Mr. Sherlock see to it that a Dublin firm of shipowners and coal importers get the contract? He can make Lord Mayors -wirrasthru! Why not use his power in the interests of fair play? Perhaps there are no soil ors or firemen in Mountjoy Ward.

### Our Friends and Others.

We are given to understand some of our friends object to our report of the Technical Committee and the appointment of Christy Burke. Mr. Councillor Swaine, and others feel aggrieved. Well, all we can say is the correspondent who supplied that report is a man of undoubted integrity with no axe to grind. If his facts are wrong the other side can explain, and as long as we are connected with this paper we will publish what wants publishing even if we expose our dearest friends. No writer will be refused space as long as he has the honesty to sign his name to the matter submitted. We don't care whether he or she is a Lord Mayor, a Lord Lieutenant, a King, Councillor, or a Trade Unionist. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of contributors, except those signed by the Editor and O. F., all others stand on their own bottom. Now, good critics, unsheath your swords and have at us. Our friends, Connolly and P. T. Daly, are making great strides in Belfast and Cork respectively, building up an organised working-class, under the banner of the Irish Transport Workers' Union. We definitely promise an enlarged paper next week; owing to the amount of work we have had to put in this week in connection with dispute some matters are left. over. We are only human, friends, and 22 out of the 24 hours are too much, even for an Irish worker. Any volunteers with prose or poem, are heartily invited to assist your humble servant. We want a good cartoonist at once, and want every reader to help in the work we have set ourselves to accomplish-

THE RESURRECTION OF THE IRISH NATION.

# The Gaelic League and the Kilkenny Woodworkers.

If there is any body of men in Ireland who have been more favourably disposed towards the Gaelic League-who have supported its principles, who have stood by it throughout its career than the workers of Ireland we would like to know them. We would also like to know what excuse their Carnival Committee have for obtaining a number of their prizes for their sports on Sunday last from the Kilkenny Woodworkers—a firm who have locked out their workers since early in the present year, whose managing director has treated the correspondence of the Secretary of the Irish Trades Congress-Mr. P. T. Daly—with the scant courtesy shown in the report of the Parliamentary Committee, which has been published. Some of the employees of the Kilkenny Woodworkers, like Paddy Nash, were Gaelic pioneers before there was such a thing as a Gaelic League in existence. Nash was a member of the Celtic Literary Society before the Gaelic League was thought of, and yet the League's Carnival Committee order and pay for a number of prizes manufactured by scabs who are taking the place of Nash and his colleagues in the Kilkenny Woodworkers! We wonder what explanation the League has for i:s action, and we await it with interest.

#### To the Workers.

Has it ever struck you during these recent days what a useless, needless, and disgraceful waste of money is being expended on what is termed "Decorations," in honour of the visit of The King of England. Now I am not writing from any political standpoint whatever, but simply from a humane outlook. The King of England is coming to Ireland. Is his visit in the interests of the workers? Will his visit improve their position in any way? Is he going to banish some of the amazing poverty here in our midst? Does he intend insisting on the employers giving their employees at least sufficient wages to keep themselves and families in proper food and clothing? Is he going to insist that all landlords knock down the crazy tenement houses—those dens of ill-health and disease? No, nothing of the kind; he has no interest in the workers only so far as the results of the labour of these workers is his great source of revenue. Here under the very eve of the elaborate decorations which are being erected we have the most flagrant. heartrending poverty. Is any heed taken of it? Oh, no-it is taken as a matter of fact; they're used to it; they are only the poor; they know no better, and so on with their usual insolent arrogance. You are condemned to tread the same old path of poverty, hunger, ill-health, and at the end the prison or the workhouse, and lastly the grave, which to the majority must loom in the distance as a haven of rest. Of course, some will say, with their usual pious horror of actual facts, and glossing over of huge wrongs, this visit of the King of England is causing a great deal of money to be spent, it is giving employment to an amount of men. That is quite correct. But are there no other means of spending money and employing labour than by erecting decora-

tions in honour of an individual who has never known the discomfert of draughty, tumble-down, disease-ridden tenement houses; has never felt the pangs of hunger; has never had to face the thought of having to wander the streets homeless, with the prospect in view of being taken in charge as a vagrant! But who, on the other hand, all through his life, has had every wish gratified, every comfort procured. Yes, there are numerous, useful, needful ways of spending the money. "There are none so blind as those who wont see."

What about the building of proper sanitary dwellings for the workers, so as to prevent the spread of ill-health and disease among our people. Money expended in this way alone would employ labour—therefore take from the list of our unemployed, and consequently stop some at least of this degrading charity so dear to the hearts of the so-called philanthropists—who are really one of the sources which help to keep the poor in subjection and deprive them of their natural independence. Charity is degrading!

Why should we then be content to sit down idly while money is being spent in such a fashion? It is your duty as workers to combine, mass together, and so take the power out of the hands of the toadies, who are the prime movers in actions of this kind, and place yourselves in the position for your voices to be heard and your power to be felt. The redressing of such wrongs lies in your own hands.

D. L.

## A Loyal Salute!

The Union Jack is waving, boys,
Fall in behind the band;
We'll all march off to Kingstown
To meet them when they land.
We'll hoist ould Ireland's standard, too—
The goat's our emblem now—
For Ireland's poor and begging, and
The goat's the poor man's cow.

And, boys, we'll all take off our hats,
And shout King George Abu;
Our land had many a kingly king,
But never king like you.
We'll bow and tell Queen Mary how
This chawming Isle so green,
Has ne'er adored as fair a one
As England's halfpenny Queen.

We'll show them all the island o'er,
From Antrim to Kinsale;
We'll tell them all the varied tales
Of poor ould Grannuale.
A hundred mounds 'twix Corrib's wave
And Tara's summit proud;
We'll show them where our kinsmen lie,
Robed in the Saxon shroud.

We'll take them first to Thomas street,
To where the gallows stood;
We'll show them where the Saxon curs
Lapped noble Emmet's blood.
We'll tell them how it echoes still,
Those dying words he gave—
"Till Ireland's sons have crushed the foe,
Be mine a nameless grave."

We'll take them round the Castle, too,
The spot where Shane O'Neill
Grinned hate and scorn, aye, e'en in death
Out o'er the Saxon Pale.
Within its sacred precincts
We'll show them down below
Where Betsie's bullies charred the limbs
Of Hugh O'Donnell Roe.

We'll show what once was Newgate,
And though they've left no stone,
We'll doff our hats and tell the tale
Of brave, unlucky Tone.
We'll tell them of an Edward, too,
Sprung from a kingly line,
Who gave his blood for Ireland there—
Proud Edward, Geraldine.

To hoary Lugnaculla's crest
We'll climb, and, standing still,
We'll show them through the telescope
The crest of Oulart Hill.
We'll tell how once upon that hill,
Beneath God's summer sun,
By shimmering blades and s.urdy arms
A brave day's work was done.

We'll show them Limerick's Treaty Stone,
We'll then show Limerick's Walls;
We'll show them where the breach was bored
By William's cannon balls.
We'll tell how in the danger line
Stood mother, maid and bride;
We'll whisper of that grand flare-up
That followed Sarsfield's ride.

We'll show them all the storied kills
Of proud Tyrone's land;
We'll tell them of Tyrone's chiefs,
And of Tyrone's Hand.
We'll tell them how there's many a heart
Around those Northern seas
Would thrill to hear Tir-Connell's cry
Come ringing on the breeze.

We'll not insult the kingly land
Out towards the setting sun,
We'll take them back to Dublin's walls
Before the day be done.
And when the time of parting comes
We'll all go "on the knee,"
And won't we bless him when he cries—
"Arise, Sir Mick McGee."

And, boys, we'll all take off our hats,
And cheer and shout "Hurroe";
The slogan of the Irish now
Is royal George Abu!
We'll promise when we get Home Rule
In this ould Isle so green
To buy another hobble skirt
For England's halfpenny Queen.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

# Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey.

Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.

LEONARD'S MEDICAL HALLS, 19 North Earl Street and 38 Henry Street, Dublin.

## Easons and Funerals.

SIR-It was with the greatest pleasure that I perused the lines of "Looking Glass," and "Peter the Painter," especially that of the former, as not only does "Locking Glass" show up this public nhilanthropist, but what is more, in so doing his epistle is penned with an accuracy that can only be appreciated by those poor unfortunate workers themselves, who are under slavemaster M'Dowell and his merry band of spies, at the head of which is innocent looking Tom, the Jack-of-alltrades, who has a leaning towards carpentry and other people's business.

There is another matter that these longsuffering victims have to contend with. Should a man in this establishment have the misfortune to bury a mother, or father, or a brother, whichever the case may be. he accordingly asks leave for a couple of hours, but is immediately refused, and told that it was the rule of the late Mr. Eason never to allow his employees to attend funerals, as he considered it an unnecessary waste of business hours. I wonder when making this rule, did the late Mr. Eason think of the number of hours overtime that these men worked at Christmas time for which they never received even Thanks!

FANCY.

[Numerous complaints have reached us from Lason's employees, some of which we have published. As Mr. Eason has made no attempt to deny them, we must only conclude they are true. The only thing Easons have done is to refuse to send out IRISH WORKER posters with the papers, unless the customers insisted on it. When they cannot reply, they try to suppress

#### Pims' Greenmount Factory, Harold's Cross.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. SIR, - Just a few lines to let you know the wav workers were treated at Pim's factory, being kept out of work on Coronation Day, and one day's pay stopped, to walk about the streets looking at one another, while all foremen and clerks are paid for holidays. Then Pims are loval to the king when workers have to pay for those days. It would be a good thing for workers there was no Coronation. They would not then be fooling about the

streets and paying for it. In 1910 they wanted the workers to work on St. Patrick's Day, and they would not, but on Coronation Day we would not be let work. On Saturday the wages of girls living in their rooms and cottages at Greenmount are stopped for their rent and sent home empty handed to their parents to keep them. Some years ago girls got Is. 3d. for weaving 80 yards of cloth. The new manager reduced the price to 10d., and makes them weave 90 yards—that's 10 yards more cloth for 5d. less. A girl on one loom must stand on from Monday to Saturday, to try and make 1s. 8d., perhals she is fined 8d. out of this for faults that are not any harm to the cloth. It is scandalous the way girls are treated for their week's work. I don't wonder at a lot of them leading wrong lives. The girl that has no parents to keep her cannot live on such sweating pay. Men who have been all their lifetime in the factory must work for 16s. or 17s., while old retired policemen get a £1. They know nothing about work, but are paid a good pension. People in Dublin do not know the way poor workers are treated in Pims' factory. Any worker can tell the same story as this. I would

### Sweating in the Tram Company.

be glad if you would drop up any day this

week at dinner time, 12.30, and you will

hear perhaps more from those poor slaves

that are not as well treated as the Chinese.

I would be glad if you would help to stop

this sweating. You would have the prayers

of all those poor sufferers who are strug-

gling for a miserable existence at Pims'

A VICTIM.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR-I noticed in last week's issue a letter from a fellow-worker concerning the white slavery of the Tram Company. But "Sufferer" is breaking it rather gently. What he says is perfectly true; but if this was the only thing we had to complain of we could count ourselves lucky. Extra time and no extra pay is an everyday occurrence; still the Company can find a chap to say at the half-yearly meeting that the dividends would be better only for having to rise the men's wages. But this gentleman said nothing about the poor men's money enriching the Company. He did not say that every man coming into the service has to pay £2 for a uniform, which is factory made and value for about 15s. When he surrenders this uniform at the close of his service he gets back his £2; yet, if this man remains in the Company's service twenty years, 'tis strange how this money bears no interest—he only gets the £2 he paid. Now, take, for example, 600 men (this is

under the number) at £2 per man would be £1,200, invested at, say,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent., would bring them a tidy, bit in one year let alone several years. Now let us see what this philanthropist calls "wages" for what might be termed skilled labour. Take the case of a new conductor after. serving the necessary period without pay or any other privilege. He starts as a conductor at 3s. per day for each day worked. If he can work an average of four days per week, from the end of September to the 1st of June, he is doing fairly well; sometimes he may get five days. Out of this princely salary there is 1d. per week stopped for an alleged society, as well as the weekly sum for uni-. form. Then if he is not very careful he may have to pay for rings on the punch; then when it comes to paying in at night he may be a couple of pence short, or be 'stuck" with a bad coin. This and many other trifles he has to pay up or be starred and brought into the Chamber of Horrors to await his sentence. Explanations are useless. Then he has to provide his own pencils and elastic bands for his tickets, and pay his own licence.

When he pays his laundry bill (he must always wear clean collars), pays for his food and lodging, boots and other items that a worker must have out of that sum, he can invest the remainder in South African Railways. How is time spent when the Company has no work for him? He has to report himself at his depot in the morning before the first car is due to leave the shed, and remain there to see if he is wanted, until the last one leaves, then he may go home for an hour or so, and come back about eleven o'clock for the reliefs, and remain until they are all out; 'tis pretty near tea time then, and he may take another run home and come back again after seven o'clock to see if he might be required for any particular work the next day. So you can see his day is gone in the service of the Company and he doesn't get even a penny for his time. This is not a fraction of what we have to put up with, and the same of course applies to the motorman. But we must leave him for another occasion, as I do not wish to trespass too much on your valuable space; and if you are kind enough to publish this I can give you lots more, and I hope "Sufferer" will give us a little more. I may have the pleasure of meeting him yet when the mask is off. 'Tis high time we altered this condition of things, and to use the words of the

"Be not like dumb-driven cattle, But be heroes in the strife." Wishing you and THE ISISH WORKER Fuse Box.

DALKEY LINE.

SIR-Although not a very able penman, as you ask and invite the men-slaves -to state their grievances, I hasten to do so.

That the men have grievances is, alas! too apparent: but, being so much subjected to petty tyranny, they are too much afraid of dismissal to say a word about them. Some months ago a few of the more daring ventured to get up a memorial asking for a slight diminution in the hours of labour, also to have the dinnerhour of some cars changed. The latter request was partially acceded to, simply because the D. U. T. Co. were afraid humane "outsiders" might hear of the inhumanity of working men nine hours without relief. Yet, not a word about shortening the hours of labour. This is a company that boasts about looking after its employees!

There are many more matters I will write about later on, but for the present will not transgress further on your valuable space.—Yours truly,

PRO BONA PUBLICO.

#### More Waste Paper Slaves. TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR-Would you kindly turn your attention to the sweating carried on in the firm of Duane, of South Princes' street.

The employees work for eleven hours per day for the sum of 3s. 6d. per week, the wages vary from 3s. 6d. to 5s. per week. They work from 8 o'clock in the morning till 8 o'clock at night. Is it in your power to do anything for these poor slaves? I wish you would publish this in THE WORKER.

ONE OF THEM. Dublin, 2nd July, 1911.

#### LOUGHLIN'S, For Irlsh Outfitting,

Ties, Shirts, Hosiery, Tweed Caps, Hats, Braces, &c., &c. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices.

Irish Outfitting Headquarters-19 PARLIAMENT STREET, DUBLIN.

IRISH STATIONARY ENGINE DRIVERS SOCIETY. The usual Quarterly Meeting of above will be held in Trades Hall, on Sunday next, July 9th, 1911, at 1.30. Business—Balance Sheet and Election of Officers. Absentees Fined. JOSEPH FINNIGAN, Sec.

## The Asylums.

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 Richmond Asylum. The following are the facts, which I can prove:-

When taken on as an attendant at £18, board, lodging and washing, I was told I would have to go on nigot duty at 1s. extra per night, while at the same time you are never told you will have to do same following on every day's duty and remain up next day. Night duty commences at 10 p.m. till 6.30 a.m., without any refreshment except two eggs for breakfast next morning (of course the eggs must be fresh when you find chickens in them at times). Breakfast: bread (bad) cut from previous day and almost without butter, commonly called "scrape," pint mug (enamelled) of tea, handed through a trap hole in kitchen, same mugs used by all class of patients, epileptic or otherwise. Dinner: plate with meat or bacon; cabbage and potatoes with jackets on, heaped up together. I never saw worse potatoes issued for food, in fact they were very seldom eaten. Tea as breakfast, bread and "scrape," with a mug of tea.

Now this is where the real hardship comes in. Your day's work you would think should finish when patients are all in bed at 6.30 p.m. No, not yet; you have to remain about till 10 p.m. on the alert, or cleaning the patients' boots, &c., and at that hour you are told off to a bed to rest yourself till 6 a.m. next morning, which is among the noisiest and most troublesome of the patients, when very often you are awoke out of your deep slumber to assist the night man or men (two men on duty every night), out of a possible five, never more than six of a staff. You never get the one bed twice to sleep in. You are three nights and sometimes four in the week on night duty, so you may see it is almost impossible for men to do it. There is not a week but there are complaints of men being asleep on duty; in fact we were threatened they were going to send for a peg-clock, and under the present conditions that will be the cause of all pegging out.

Now, sir, another great privilege we attendants get, mark you—one day a week off; the day starts 3 p.m. till 10 a.m. sharp; my day comes round at 3 p.m. on Sunday; on duty 6.30 a.m. on Saturday; night duty 10 p.m. Saturday till 6.30 a.m. on Sunday; day duty 6.30 a.m. Sunday till 3 p.m., relieved to go and enjoy myself till 10 a.m. Monday; day duty, 10 a.m. Monday; night duty 10 pm. Monday till 6.30 a.m. Tuesday; day duty till 10 p.m. Tuesday night, and sleep again till 6.30 a.m. Wednesday. Now, sir, I am caught asleep at 12.40 a.m. ou Tuesday by Asylum doctor after returning from holidays four, five or six days, about the same time. The language-English vernacular—of the highest order is used by the Doctor towards me for this terrible crime I committed of being asleep on my post. Well, so be it, sir, I would not use the same action and expression to a mad dog if he bit me. I gave notice to leave the next day. I was under three days' notice, of course duty compelled me to meet the G. O. man a few times, and there was always "some-thing wrong" with my duties. This is how we poor serfs get served by supposed gentlemen!

SILENT SLAVES OF ASYLUMS. (To be continued next week.)

#### The Bolton Street Job.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR-I have pleasure in supporting your denunciation of the appointment of Bolton Street schools (caretaker), and to men imbued with feelings of honesty and fair play, the action of the Technical Committee seems reproachful. As a candidate with unblemished character and qualifications suitable to the appointment as specified in the advertisement appearing in the daily papers May 26th, I am at seven applicants, myself included, and men when the occasion arose. to ask the interference of the Department of Technical Instruction to analyse the various applicants' references, or rather select names to be voted for as proposed by Alderman Kelly, knowing that the requirements of the appointment were not supplied by the appointed inasmuch as references from past employers were not to hand, merely statements from friends, not his employers, and as a recent advertisement appears for Teachers or . Instructors asking qualifications, references, &c., may the honest candidates not share the same fate? Without prejudice to the appointed Mr. Burke, I am satisfied that a fair field or fight was not afforded to the sixty-seven candidates given on list of applicants; and if it had been given he would have been more satisfied at the decision of his press-gang FINEM RESPICE. supporters. "Look to the end."

## South Dublin Union.

TRADES UNION EMPLOYMENT.

At the meeting of the South Dublin Board of Guardians on Wednesday, the following notice of motion stood in the name of Mr. Thomas Lawlor:-

"That when requiring temporary tradesmen in future, the Master be directed to communicate with the secretaries of the various societies requesting them to send such men as may be required. The Master to report to the Board in all such cases."

Mr. Lawlor said he had been given to understand that there was an identical resolution already on the minutes.

The Chairman (Mr. Scully)—It is only in connection with the baker's shop.

Mr. Mullett-It is on the minutes that the secretaries of the various trades unions should be communicated with when men are wanted. It was long ago passed that the persons employed should have the card of membership of their trades union, and that has never been altered.

The Chairman-It has been altered by

Mr. Mullett said it was by persons communicating with the guardians and getting friends.

Alderman O'Connor said the resolution referred only to the bakers and stationary

engine drivers.

Mr. Lawlor, in moving his motion, pointed out that it should appeal to the guardians when temporary work was to be given away that men longest out of employment should get it. The secretaries of trades unions kept a record in a book of men out of employment, and those longest unemployed were placed first on the list, and were recommended for employment. It was only reasonable that a man eight or ten weeks idle should get preference of employment to a man who was unemployed only a couple of weeks. He thought if the guardians understood the manner in which trade unions looked after their idle members who required work, they would have no hesitation in falling in with the notice of motion. Men who were idle longest were first entitled to a job when it was going. He believed that trade unions did not get the consideration they were entitled to from the Board and other boards. There was no body of men that helped more to keep down the rates than trades unions who paid sick benefits, and thus relieved the rates of a great amount annually, and that was worth consideration by the Board. It was not too much to ask that when the Board wanted a man they should give it to the most deserving.

Mr. P. J. Lea, in seconding the motion, said it had been suggested that the secretaries of trade unions had hangers on that they put into employment when they could, but that was not the case, and he would like it to be known that such a thing did not obtain. The secretary of a trades union only held his employment subject to the way he conducted the business as secretary; and he would be soon sent out of the trades union if he sent any man to work on a job who was not entitled by priority to it.

Mr. Duffy-And a capable and compe-

Mr. Lea-Quite so. In the case of men who get employment through trades unions, due regard is given to the men longest out of employment. It was only reasonable that when temporary work was going, the Clerk or Master should communicate with the trades union when men would be wanted.

Alderman O'Connor said when temporary work was going it should be in the power of the guaodians, if they knew a deserving person in their locality. to recom-

mend him for it.

Mr. Crimmins said they were there as guardians, and one of the things they should do was to facilitate a neighbour if we knew of a chance of doing it. He had known men who had been sent there by their societies to be young, unmarried men, while men with families were left walking about. The guardians should be liberty to express the sentiments of sixty. allowed to nominate individual competent

Mr. White asked was it fair for a few guardians who lived next to the union to get all the employment for the men in their district.

Mr. McCormack thought the wisest thing for the guardians would be to keep these appointments in their own hands. The Board should not tie itself to the principles of any trades union.

Miss Buchanan, in supporting Mr. Lawlor's motion, said they suffered much at the Board from introducing the personal element in making appointments. All appointments should be made on principal, and as long as they allowed people to bring their friends in for these jobs they would always have trouble, and for that reason she had pleasure in supporting the motion so ably proposed by Mr. Lawlor.

Mr. Mullett also supported it, and asked Mr. Lea if the bakers, for instance,

ever sent a man to Sir Joseph Downes's or any other place, who was not entitled

Mr. Lea-If we did he would not long

Mr. Hugh Kelly also supported the

Mr. Lorcan O'Toole said he knew that the Chairman had got several tradesmen

The Chairman said he was nine years at the Board, and in that time he had recommended only two carpenters.

On a division, Mr. Lawlor's motion was carried by 28 votes in favour to 11 votes

## **United Labourers of Dublin** Trades Union.

On last Sunday the United Labourers of Dublin Trades Union Society held their quarterly meeting in their Hall, 3 High street. The President, William Johnston, occupied the chair, and there was a very large attendance. After the reading of the minutes of the previous quarterly meeting, the balance sheet was submitted, and after due consideration was adopted. unanimously. At the conclusion of the election of two committees, Pat O'Brien addressed the meeting at great length, exorting all the members to be thoroughly loyal to each other and to trade unionism; to shun the society of their fellow-workman who would prove so disloyal and mean as to remain outside the trade union movement (For such a man, he continued, was much worse than the most unscrupulous employer-a Judas to his class. He (O'Brien) scouted the idea that local wages should be paid in such centres as Glasnevin and Inchcore (hear, hear), and he expressed much pleasure in moving that a series of public meetings be held in the various populous districts with a view to still further instructing the workers of Dublin in trade union principles (hear, hear).

Mr. P. Burke, in seconding the motion, said he was highly pleased to see there that day so large a muster of his fellowmembers, and the amount of enthusiasm shown over the speech just delivered by his friend, Mr. O'Brien. Those present, and even the absent ones, he hoped, would make a special note of his friend's speech, and put into practice the very wise and timely suggestions which it contained (hear, hear).

At the conclusion of other addresses, the president said—Before submitting for your consideration a resolution expressing sympathy with THE IRISH WORKER newspaper, I desire to say that the present crisis—the Seamen's Strike—for a living wage demanded a determined and fearless stalwart who would lay before the public mind the diabolical manner in which the overwhelming majority of the toiling masses were being treated by those in authority (hear, hear, and applause). In THE IRISH WORKER, the president continued, the Irish workman had an advocate hitherto unequalled for defending his rights against the merciless aggression of capitalists (hear, hear). You will, I am sure, all agree with me that there is no unit of the human race so dangerous to the community, so non-progressive, and so contributory to general depravity as the untrained, uneducated custodian of capital (hear, hear). Every week since its birth THE IRISH WORKER continues to unravel many mysteries in connection with capital and labour-all calculated to educate the workers and to put them on their guard (hear, hear). Resolution:-

"That this meeting of the United Labourers of Dublin heartily welcomes THE IRISH WORKER in their midst, and wishes it every success, for in it they believe that the workers of Ireland, Dublin in particular, have a fearless and able advocate: one that will on all occasions manifest equal respect both for the custodians of capital as well as for employees, so long as the conduct of both continues to be acceptable. Furthermore, this trade union society calls upon all their fellowworkers throughout Ireland to support by every means in their power this muchneeded journal."

The resolution was seconded and passed unanimously amid much enthusiasm.

## State Insurance Bill.

# Mass Meeting

Of Dublin Workers will be held in Smithfield, on Sunday, July oth, at 3.30 o'clock (under the auspices of the Dublin Trades Council), for the purpose of explaining above Bill.

Chairman: THOMAS MURPHY, President Trades Council.

All members of Executive will attend.

MR. JOSEPH DEVLIN, M.P., Belfast, Will Speak,

#### THE STRIKE.

to send to his wife. Another man, who had no claim on the union, only that he was a fellow-comrade, got his share of the money. There was no man, that could say he had any legitimate claim at all, who was not fairly dealt with—even if he was only out one day on strike. There were a few men who did not come until it was too late, and they would have to wait until Monday morning. Every man, no matter who he was-no matter whether a member of the union or not, or member of the Seamen's and Firemen's Unionthat man was treated like those who were. And so it would be to the end. Come weal or woe, they would fail or win together (cheers). They, however, had no danger of failing-not the slightest. There might be one or two firms who would hold out longer than another. Whether they went back to the enclosed docks or not, if the men of the port acted loyally together instead of being used by the

MEMI:ERS OF THE PORT BOARD for their own interests, there would be no danger of men going back. If the men had representatives of their own rank on the Port Board they would go back on the rate of wages they were entitled to-27s. per week. Why should a man ask for £1? Was he not entitled to 27s.? Was he not doing the same work as the man who got the 27s.? The port was the property of the workers, and not the property of those who misrepresented them and misused it. The workers of Dublin could insist that that Port Board should be removed once and for ever, and have a properly elected Board put in its place. If they voted for a non-productive body to look after the city, why should they not have power to vote for such an reproductive interest as the Port and Docks Board, out of which money could be made for the benefit of the city and to lower the rates? They allowed merchants, shipowners, and a few non-representatives to work their own interests on that Board. He knew men who had got jobs there for their own friends. Those who wanted jobs there should ask for them in an honest way. They should not go into this or that man's public-house. They should act independently and freely of everybody. If they had seven men of their own rank on the Board they would settle the strike in a few hours (cheers). Sir James Dougherty had that morning (Sunday) met himself and Mr. Bohan in the Castle. Mr. Bohan could tell them what Sir James Doughtery said about him. He said straightforwardly that-"As long as I know you, Mr. Larkin, your word could be relied upon (cheers). You are honest and upright" (cheers). And Sir James Dougherty, continuing, said—"I feel sure that if I got a meeting between you and those in authority in Brooks Thomas the strike would be settled." That interview took place that morning, and if they had a few more employers like the man he met that morning there would be less need of him and strikes (cheers). They were only in conversation a few minutes when he found him to be a reasonable man. They agreed together to a full and complete statement, neither side losing any dignity and both coming to an honourable understanding—one on behalf of the firm and the other on behalf of the workers. He was more than sure that everything he guaranteed on behalf of Brooks Thomas's men would be carried out. They were the only guarantees that he gave to any employer—that the men would carry out the work intelligently, for which they were entitled to get the wager, fixed by the union. He had guarantee d that they would see that the men carried on the work in the ordinary way. The union was to be recognised as a trades union (cheers). That was what the v had gained. There were men connects d with trades unions, and they had appreared at the Trades Congress in Gal, who would like to put him into the outer darkness and to be scourged. He had never done these men an injury. They were hostile to him because I e was determined that Irish workers ab ould manage their own business. He clai med the same thing for Irish workers 2 s Englishmen, Scotchmen and Welshmen claimed for theirs. He took a pride in his own race and people, and for doir g that he was to be scourged out of Jublic life.

Mr. P. T. Daly, who was received with cheers, said, in the course of his speech. that he sincerely hoped Mr. Larkin would not pay attention to the anonymous stories that Councillor Farrelly or Councillor Anybodyelse might circulate. He remembered when he was fighting in the labour interest in Dublin the story was circulated that for fifteen years he did not live with his wife (laughter). That was too thick, however, and some of the canvassers were collared on it. A second canvasser, however, said it was quite true, and added that, "He beats her every Saturday night' (laughter). So that if Mr. Larkin took his advice he would put these stories under his foot, and they would deal at the proper time with this gentleman who circulated them. It was a great thing in

any labour strike if they could meet one another face to face and congratulate themselves upon the spirit manifested. He heard some men the other night talking, and they said that when the Transport Workers' Union went into this fight they would get short shrift. Well, if they were in the Transport Union office that morning and saw the men coming up—not in one's or two's—but in battalions, to pay their subscriptions across the counter, they would have had a different view of the situation. It was not the men on strike or the men who had been hit that were fighting this battle-it was the workers of the city of Dublin-and it did not matter whether one skilled trade or two might do something against the union, they could deal with these afterwards, and console themselves on this fact, that the union had the bulk of the workers of all grades, skilled and unskilled, throughout the city to sustain them. He was glad to hear Mr. Larkin talk about

THE PORT BOARD.

Someone might say: What has it to do with you or anyone else? It had a great deal to do with them. Who was it that controlled the Port Board at the present time? The agents of a number of people whose interest it was to secure that the trade would be maintained in the interests of other districts than Dublin-men whose salaries were paid by the shipping companies, and men whose interests were diametrically opposed to the welfare of the workers. He remembered about eight years ago, when he and others raised this question of the Port Board, public men in Dublin asked were they going to give votes to men in top-back rooms and women in back kitchens. It was the same with the workers at the present time. It was said that it was no interest of theirs: but he maintained that it was. The man in the top-back room and the woman in the kitchen paid rates as well as the merchant. They should make this a living question. If they did they must win. If they put it in the forefront of their platform and made the demand for the reform of the Board they could not be refused if they were in earnest. Now, he had to tell them that one of the black spots in the present struggle was Belfast. But he had the privilege of being able to say that Jim Connolly was in Belfast, and he was getting the men there into line (applause); and during the next couple of days the port of Belfast would be just as warm as the port of Dublin was to-day. He thought they knew what Belfast was pretty well, and they knew, too, that when they moved there they moved pretty rapidly-and when they got moving they left little in their way; and if it was near the river it usually found its way in. He was glad to know that the seamen and fireman were as loyal to them in Dublin and elsewhere as they in. Dublin were to them. It was only a question of all standing loyally together, and they should win. They were fighting to get sufficient wages to decently maintain their families in comfort and respectability. That should be the aim of every man and woman, and if they all stood together they would achieve that result. He was delighted to see the manner in which the men of the Transport Union were working and standing together. He saw how the members in the union were increasing, but he was better pleased with the loyalty which the men in the union had for each other-and for every man in every other union—and if they continued on those lines there was no doubt but they must win. He congratulated them on the manner in which the strike was conducted during the past week, and above all he counselled them against drink or getting drunk. They should member that the honour of this labour movement was on their shoulders. It was Mr. Larkin's business to maintain the union, but it was their business also to maintain and help him and endeavour to get men outside into the union movement, so as to increase and strengthen it

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## Francis Edward, R.I.C.

When I was employed at a certain small railway station in Ireland, which we will call Kirdale, I met with an extraordinary character. His name was Francis Edward, and he came from a village on the side of a mountain somewhere in Kerry. The day that Francis arrived among us we were, to say the least of it, astonished. He was sent to us as a porter, and came dressed in a short trousers, loose at the knees, a pair of long green stockings, a cut-away coat, and a cap that only covered quarter of his big, red head. A porter's uniform in a brown-paper parcel under his arm was the whole of his luggage, so far as we could see. Such a costume on such a big, awkward-looking fellow would attract attention in a backwood; but when he announced his reason for coming, we shook hands with ourselves, as we could see sport in the near future. One of us brought him up to the station-master's office and left him there. Next morning he turned up at 7 o'clock

wearing a porter's uniform, which only fitted him here and there. When the first train whistled in the distance, as she was nearing the station, Francis ran up on to the iron foot-bridge shouting, "Here she comes, ye devils," and the nearer the train came the louder he shouted; while all the time he was waving a very large, green handkerchief over his head. Although he was abused and cursed for his behaviour by both passengers and station-master, it took him nearly a week to get accustomed to the arrival of the trains and to suppress his inclination to shout and cheer every time he saw one moving. He told us that until a few days previously, when he had gone up to Dublin to be examined by the railway doctor, he had never seen a train. From the first we saw that he was anxious to get money, and to keep it when he got it. The rest of us were in lodgings, paying 12s. each per week. Francis made arrangements to sleep in the house of an ex-policeman, and to pay him 3s. 6d. per week for his bed and washing. He used to get sacks of potatoes from home and live hens nearly every week. In his anxiety for money he began attending passengers, before he knew when or where the trains were going. He would carry in a bag for an officer, and if he were asked anything about the train, would answer—"I'm only a stranger here, ye devil, and know no more than yourself." The day he brought in a little tin trunk for a girl who had driven up on a car. The train was just starting as he threw the trunk into the compartment where the girl was, and then jumped in himself, leaving the carriage door swinging open. After trying to force the trunk under the seat he stood up, and the girl handed him a sixpenny-piece, which fell out of his hand on to the floor. The compartment was crowded with women, but Francis got down on his knees and groped about under their skirts until he found it. By this time the train was travelling at about fifteen miles an hour, and was several hundred yards away from the station. In his excitement, however, he had forgotten that the train was moving, and, with his back to the door, he stepped out, thinking he was level with the platform—but quickly discovered that he was not. We were standing all the time expecting to see him shut the door and remain inside, but when he tumbled out and rolled down the bank towards the tracks, we thought he would be cut to pieces. We ran as fast as we could to the spot where he fell, but instead of being dead our beloved Francis was sitting on the gravel and carefully storing his sixpence in a little tin tobacco box. The language of the station-master was beautiful. He curred and swore until the grass was all scorched; finally, when he stopped to draw Freath, Francis looked up at him and, in a childlike voice said-"If you had the pain in your back that I have, it's not cursing ye'd be, ye devil."

In the summer time he found great difficulty in keeping awake. The sun always made him sleepy. One very hot day in July a cattle train stopped at the station on its way to Dublin. A cow had fallen in one of the waggons, and as they were so tightly packed could not get up again. The guard had to open the waggon door and take all the cattle out. Even then the animal was unable to rise, as she had been trampled on by the others and half smothered. The only thing to do was to pull her out on to the platform and reload the others. We did this and the guard said that as soon as the cow recovered we could send her on in one of the other cattle trains that were following. For the purpose of taking her out of the waggon we tied a rope around her horns. When we were going to dinner the stationmaster left Francis in charge of the cow, telling him to keep hold of the rope and prevent her falling off the platform. When we returned in an hour's time the cow was still in the same place, but Francis, instead of standing guard over her was lying down beside her with his arms across her neck, snoring loudly.

Shortly afterwards he asked and got leave for a day to go to the races with his brother, who was coming up. Off they went, and in the evening when they returned, they were accompanied by a drunken companion who had picked up with them during the day. Francis' brother went home in the next train and left the two together. The newcomer was asking Francis to go down the town with him and stand him another drink. Francis wouldn't, he said he was "poor enough after the day." The next thing we saw was Francis lying on his back in the muddy road with his nose bleeding. He got up, crying, and ran off to the police barracks to make a complaint. The sergeant listened attentively to him for a while, and then locked him up for being

Mr. L., the police pensioner with whom Francis was staying, got a letter one day from an old friend who was a bailiff. The latter said he would be going next morning to an eviction in one of the towns on the branch line, and as he would have about half an hour's delay at Kirdale he would call down to Mr. L. for his breakfast; he said also that he would like sausages and rashers. L. got in half a pound of sausages and some bacon that night to have for the bailiff's breakfast. Early next morning, when Francis was going to work, and before anyone else in the house was out of bed, he looked in every cupboard and drawer, as was his habit, seeking what he might devour. He found the parcel containing the sausages and went upstairs again to hide When the bailiff arrived the sausages could not be found, and as there was no time to send for more he had to do without them. At 10.15 when Francis came back he put the pan on the fire and brought down the sausages. L. smelled them, and came over to look into the pan. Before he had time to say a word Francis said, "Don't say they are yours, I bought them myself."

Large hampers of bread from the Dublin bakeries used to go down to small towns every day. They would be transferred at our station, where they would remain for about an hour. Scarcely a day passed that there was not complaints about loaves being short. I was in charge of the transferring, and was told to keep a special watch on these hampers and find out if possible who was tampering with them. A few days afterwards I found Francis with a hamper open in one of the vans; half a current loaf was in his hand, the other half in his mouth. I called the station-master: "There's where the bread is going," said I. Francis couldn't speak-his mouth was too full. The station-master brought him into his office and found about two pounds of raw bacon rolled in a newspaper buttoned up between his shirt and his chest. The mystery was solved; we now knew how he managed to live on 3s. 6d. a week. He was dismissed of course, and the next thing I heard of him was he had joined the Constabulary. For all I know now he may be a Sergeant or even a D.I. God Save the King!

O. F.

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

Mon 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 us. or 7s.—half his wages. Men are dismissed for no cause without any

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-

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## The Peeler and the Goat.

A Dublin Peeler wint wan night On duty and pathrollin, O, An' met a goat upon the road. And took her for a sthroller, (). Wud bay'net fixed he sallied forth. And caught her by the wizzen, (), And then he swore a mighty oath, "I'll sind you off to prison, O."

"Oh, mercy, sir!" the goat replied, "Pray let me tell my story, (), I am no striker or picket man, No croppy, whig, or tory, O, I'm guilty not of any crime Of petty or high thraison, (), I'm badly wanted at this time, For this is the milking saison, O."

PEELER.

It is in vain for you to complain Or give your tongue such bridle, (), You're absent from your dwelling-place, Disorderly and idle, O, Your hoary locks will not prevail, Nor your sublime oration, (), You'll be thransported by Peel's Act. Upon my information, O.

GOAT.

No penal laws did I transgress By deeds or combination, O, I have no certain place to rest, No home or habitation, O But Dublin is my dwelling-place, Where I was bred and born, O, Descended from an honest race, That's all the trade I've learned, O.

PEELER.

I will chastise your insolince And violent behaviour, O. Well bound to Mountjoy you'll be sint, Where you will gain no favour, O, The magistrates will all consint To sign your condemnation, O, From there to North Wall you will be

For speedy thransportation, O.

GOAT.

This parish an' this neighbourhood Are paiceable an' thranquil, O, There's no disturbance here, thank God And long may it continue so. I don't regard your oath a pin, Or sign for my committal, O, My jury will be working men And grant me my acquittal, O.

PEELER.

The consequince be what it will, 'A peeler's power I'll let you know, I'll handcuff you, at all events, And march you off to Bridewell, O, An' sure, you rogue, you can't deny Before the judge and jury, O, Intimidation with your horns, And threatening me with fury, O.

GOAT.

I make no doubt but you are drunk, Wud employers' rum or brandy, O, Or you would'nt have such gallant spunk To be so bould or manly. O, You readily would let me pass If I had some money handy, O, To thrate you to a potheen glass-Oh, it's thin I'd be the dandy, O.

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