

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.

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!

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[ONE PENNY.]

The Gods Ye Worship.

It is impossible to discover any one man among the "Rebels," "Home Rulers," and "Republicans" with which we are infested, who knows and can state in plain terms what his ideal is. They all know that they don't want what the other parties want; but what any of them want is a dark secret hidden deep down in their hearts beyond the reach of the most searching questions.

Ask any kind of Nationalist, soever, what is the object for which he is striving and he will spend hours telling you how unjust England is, how unscrupulous she was, how mutilated she will be by-and-by. Keep at him, and he will reel off lists of the things he does not want; but never, not if you spent a lifetime questioning him, could you find out his ideal beyond the vague description—Home Rule or Separation, according to what league he was a member of.

A few weeks ago, in this paper, I questioned the logic of what we are pleased to call "Patriotism." I said that those who had no country, no share in any country, and no hope of ever having one, could not be patriotic. For patriotism, I take it, means love of one's country. Therefore, I asked, having no country—for Ireland does not belong to the Irish people—how can we be patriotic? Why should we strive to win Ireland from one set of masters if we are only to hand it over to another set? I further stated that if the ambitions of any Nationalist Party were realized the lot of the Irish working class would not be improved; they would still be slaves. Instead of being ruled by the British Government in the interest of the moneyed people we would be ruled by an Irish Government in the same interest.

Not one from amongst all the patriots has come forward to challenge that statement. One young man who calls himself "Criminal" has coughed up a lot of stale statements and windy wisdom about "the dead who died for Ireland," and the ethics of "separation from England." In his first letter, which he headed, "Why I am a Patriot," he gave us no reason at all that would stand examination. I pointed this out in my reply, and asked whether we would own Ireland or be any happier than we are at present when we got Home Rule. Here is his reply in his own words, as it appeared last week:—

"You say the Irish workers should be indifferent to such attempts, that the removal of English control brings but a change of masters, leaving the workers starving, servile, and held in subjection by the power they have created. You are wrong, O'F. Factory-owners, landlords, food adulterators, sweaters, humbugs who defile religion in the name of might and plunder, rogues and sharpers would certainly remain much as at present."

I am wrong in saying that we would only get a change of masters. Yet in the very next sentence he admits I am right, when he says things "would certainly remain much as at present." What logic! How beautifully consistent! Would remain much as at present!

And this is to be the end of all our talk; the consummation of our struggles; the crown of our martyrs; the epitaph of Emmet; the gain of the people! Factory owners, food adulterators, sweaters, humbugs, would remain much as at present. If this is worth working or fighting for, then I am a turnip.

The same writer refers me to Robert Blatchford, as an authority on the language question. If he can show me that R. Blatchford has ever advocated bilingualism as being more important than bread to the hungry workers, I will hand over £5 to the Society for Feeding Necessitous School Children. Did "Criminal" ever hear or read of the "Clarion Bread Fund"? Of course he did. Has he ever heard of the Blatchford League for teaching pure Anglo-Saxon to the Unemployed? Of course not. Robert Blatchford is a Socialist, and no Socialist would be so foolish as to state that a knowledge of Greek, or Latin, or Irish, is more important to the population of these islands than bread is. The people must have food first, when we have helped them to this we can set about elevating their souls. But the loaf is the solid foundation upon which we must build, even our most airy dreams—it is the most urgent necessity of all. To try to fill us with dreams, when our stomachs are empty, is just the ridiculous kind of thing I should expect from people who would have us waste our time and sacrifice our lives in fighting for a "change" that would leave things as they are at present!

I, like Robert Blatchford, seek my inspirations from the noblest and wisest people who are living or have ever lived, irrespective of nationality or creed, and like him, I try to teach the people in whatever language they understand. If the things I believe are true, why must I wait until the people learn Gaelic before I preach them? The Irish language will not help to cure the misery and poverty that are so plentiful in Ireland. The most Irish-speaking districts in the country are the most poverty-stricken and wretched. Irish employers will not deal justly with their workers now; am I to imagine that we have only to ask for a rise of pay in Irish and that it will be immediately given?

Only people whose stomachs are full can afford to dream fine dreams and talk nonsense. I have dreamed in a garret, but it was not of Oisín or Dairíe, but of bread and butter. Hungry people see visions, no doubt—such visions as I saw when I was hungry. Christ fed the people, before he preached to them, on the mountain, will our patriots and other religious people please make a note of this, and do likewise?

I admire the self-righteous way in which Robert Blatchford is called a "jingo" when he talks of defending England against invasion; and the people who are so ready to dub him a "nerve stricken jingo" are they very people who are really most jingoistic themselves—"Criminal," for instance.

As to what I will make of Ireland without the removal of foreign control, why, I have never said I would make anything of it under such a condition. I object as strongly to control of Ireland by the British Government in the interests of the capitalist as I would to it being controlled by an Irish Capitalistic Government. Is this plain?

I object to any control of Ireland except that of the whole people of Ireland in the interest of the whole people. I object to all private ownership of the land or waters of Ireland. I am opposed to any attempt to make beasts of burden of the Irish people no matter whether the driver be an Irishman or a Zulu. I would like to have Ireland free, not alone from English Government, but from Irish tyranny, such as we may expect "when the sun rises over the green flag in College Green." Just as Blatchford wants Britain for the British, so do I want Ireland for the Irish. But this is Socialism, which means, according to the patriots and Press free-lance and breaking up the home, and blue hell generally, so I must not mention it.

A last word. I am sure Blatchford would laugh, is laughing, at our beggars who think bread can be dispensed with when the people know Irish. I am laughing; so are many others. Ha, ha, ha, it's so funny.

O'F.

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"To Him that Hath Shall be Given."



SLUM CHILDREN—Have you Nothing at all for us?

SANTA CLAUS—Sorry, dears, but your names are not on my list. You have been forgotten again.

FAIR PLAY.

Not many months ago, a thrill of jubilation was raised in many an Irish breast on learning of the curtailment of the veto of the House of Lords. Ireland undoubtedly had reason to rejoice, although in that noble (?) house, were some of her own ignominious sons. It is not often that Ireland has reason for rejoicing. So mixed as this feeling is with revenge, it is under the circumstances pardonable.

The absentee and rack-renting landlord is now largely replaced by the peasant-proprietor.

How was the peasant emancipated? By combination and a determined resolve to be no longer a serf. Now Irish workers there is a head-line for you? imitate it, admittedly yours is a somewhat harder task. The farmer had your co-operation, you haven't his. The farmer had the help of the Parliamentary Party. You have not.

What has the farmer done, to help the only remedial measure ever passed for the Irish (Housing) Worker—the agricultural Labourers' Housing Act? He has done all in his power to obstruct it. When with the assistance of law courts and his friends on the Rural Councils, he failed to prevent the cottage being erected. He invariably succeeded in having it placed in the most unhealthy, out of the way, portion of his land.

The peasant-proprietor is not with you, the Parliamentary Party is not with you, the shopkeeper is not with you. And "he that is not with you is against you."

Moral, SELF-RELIANCE. "God helps those who help themselves." There is no public department of State; no politician, no philanthropist, no organised form of effort, to help in raising the lot of the Irish worker. "The poor you have always with you." Is it essential in the midst of plenty?

Therefore, through either design, indifference, or both, no serious effort, either individually or collectively has been made in Ireland to remove the crime of poverty!

Now, we are starting at long last to help our own class, and blasphemous cries of socialism and anarchy are raised by the hypocritical do-nothings. Democracy is awakening, stretching out its shackled limbs, and preparing to free itself from the hypnotic bondage under which, Rip Van Winkle-like, it has slumbered, but much longer than the pathetic Rip. Wise and learned Christians solemnly declare we must be educated for the responsibilities we are undoubtedly about to assume.

Thank you, far seeing prophets, apparently we are not the only Rip Van Winkles. Isn't it time you thought seriously of us, and of educating us for our responsibilities? Hitherto our responsibilities must have been none, or at least less than mules and dairy cows!

The common law enforces penalties for overloading or ill-treating a mule. But the "sweated" wives and children of the poor are made to endure heavier burdens, on less food, than the mule.

Our civic rulers ordain so many cubic feet of air-space for a cow, but allow eight, ten, or twelve human beings—ratepayers—to occupy a room in tenement shambles, with air space not sufficient for a dairy-cow! Fortunately cow! unfortunate human beings! But then the tenement is owned by an alderman or councillor, or one of their friends or relations, or a man of influence in the ward, or maybe an official of the sanitary department!

Still there ARE no greater friends of the Dublin workers than their civic representatives. If you doubt it go to the hustings between now and the 15th January. Well, if they don't convince you that they are your FRIENDS, I can't.

I was a witness to the following dialogue:—

Corporation official canvassing T.O., in front of two bottles of stout, in public-house. Official (sotte voce)—"You know my case will come before you on Monday for an increase; won't you support it?" T.O.—"Certainly. I never vote against an official's increase. You needn't have called on me!" T.O. (out loud, for the hearing of some workmen, perhaps out of employment, who were standing down further at the bar)—"I can't vote for any official's increase while so many poor workmen are walking the streets idle." T.O. (after workmen had shook his hand and left)—"You know I should say that; these fellows were listening, and I'm going for re-election in January!" Workers, this T.O. is a TRADES UNIONIST! You, Mr. Editor, can have his name if you wish; but you don't want it—you know him.

The veto of the House of Lords is curtailed. They were not greater partisans than your rural councillors, your Parliamentary Party, and your civic representatives (?) are. Their legislation and administration to-day is a CLASS ONE.

I hope when the Independent Labour Party comes into power it will not imitate or perpetuate the sins of its predecessors.

The Irish workers don't want a monopoly; they don't want a one-sided class administration or legislation. They demand FAIR PLAY, and will insist on having it. They demand representation in proportion to their numbers, their importance, and their intelligence. They demand no more, and they will be satisfied with no less.

"Ages of trampled right, Lend your arms four-fold might."

A very happy Christmas, and happier ones to follow, for the Editor, other Irish workers and their friends, is the sincere wish of

GARRYOWEN.

THE LAND.

Our political mountebanks pretend to believe that when the last farmer in Ireland has bought his farm under one or another of the Land Acts that the question is settled for all time. How delightfully ingenuous politicians and their followers are!

As if the only question that really matters can be disposed of in such a simple fashion: Our patriotic friends are in for a rude awakening. While the private ownership of land endures, so will there be hatred between man and man. Ireland at the present time is quasi-owned by the farmers, who are paying ransom to the landlords. These farmers are labouring under the curse of having too much land, too little capital, enterprise, and education. Like the dog in the manger, however, they hang on to the land with fierce desperation. In the meantime the country suffers, and is gradually being given over to ranching.

Take, for instance, the case of a farmer who holds, say, 100 acres of land. Such a farmer has usually only capital enough in the shape of stock, farm implements, and labour for the efficient working of 50 acres. The remaining 50 acres are entirely un-economic, and a positive cause very often of preventing him from doing anything in the shape of cultivation at all. Sunk in a slough of despond, he sublets his land on the 11 months system to a grazier, and spends his time in the village bungery or grumbling at the rapacity of the labourers. Woe betide the person who would have the temerity to advise such a farmer to "buck in" himself, or to sell part of his prairie in order to make a start cultivating the rest. Side by side with this prostration of agriculture there is an unsatiated land hunger. Fabulous prices are being paid for farms all over the country, but very little progress is being made in cultivation.

The "settlement" of the Land Question on the tinkering make-shift lines of handing it over to a class of persons who are hampered by their past servile condition, has only sown a fresh crop of trouble and reaction for this country. The obvious statesmanlike, and rational settlement of the matter in the meantime, stared our leaders in the face. At the very time we were haggling over the Wyndham and Birrell enactments the Labourers' Act was in operation. Had the farmers' trouble been settled on the same lines, we would have the foundation of a great Irish Commune well and truly laid. Under the Labourers' Act a plot of land is purchased and a house erected thereon, which are rented to the labourer at a very reasonable sum, varying from 1s. to 2s. per week. The capital cost of house and plot averages £300, and average annual rental about £4. Had the land of Ireland been let to the farmers on similar conditions, the annual rent would be 1 1/2 per cent. instead of 3 1/2 per cent. as has to be paid at present for the doubtful gift of ownership 68 years hence. The difference between the annual rental and ransom annuities at present paid to get rid of the landlord banditti would enable development schemes to be carried out on rational lines. Apart from this, the paramount question for the workers would be solved and we would no longer have "thousands of acres without hands and thousands of hands without acres." The destruction of rural and city slums and the re-education of the people to the land must be the great issue of the future. Their increase in wages is of no value to the workers, the capitalist system of automatic increase in the prices of necessities robs the purchasing power of the "increase" and a little bit over. The newly-established Labour Party must study the land question at once and adopt a sane platform on the subject. The new Ireland must not be modelled on the industrial Tophets that have been created in most countries in the world. Let the battle-cry be "the land for the people," and it is our duty to see that our new campaign is not a lopsided one, such as the land for the landlords, the farmers, or even for the labourers, but the land for all the people.

It should be a penal offence for any man to occupy more land than he can keep under cultivation, and individuals such as Sweetman of Kells, instead of being tolerated on political platforms, should be expiating his crimes against Irish humanity in a penal farm colony.

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Sheep are cheap, and Beef is fairly cheap also.

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### THE OPTIMIST'S WIFE.

"Have you much money saved?" I asked Joe Blake the day he told me he was going to be married.

"Money," he replied; "aint I got me wages?"

"Oh, of course," said I; "but won't you need some ready cash to buy furniture? Surely you don't intend to bring your wife to live in an empty house?"

"We'll be all right," he told me. "Me father will give us a few things, an' we'll get the rest as we go along. A fellow can't have everything all at waist."

I did not feel as confident as he, and told him so. "You have only 14s. a week," I reminded him. "How much do you expect to save out of it towards the time when you get sick or sacked?"

"Plenty," said Joe. "Lot's o' people's married an' hasn't no more money her me."

"But what does Mamie say?" I asked, still trying to make him consider the seriousness of the step he was about to take. "Do you think she will be content to live a hand-to-mouth existence for the rest of her days, having nothing to look forward to but your week's wages, and nothing at all if you lose that?"

"Do you think it is fair to her or to your children if you have any?"

"We ain't goin' to have no kids; an' I might's well be a poor man as a poor boy."

"What put it into your heads to get married in such a hurry? You are both young. Can't you wait a few years until you have a home made?"

"An' what about the priest; what'd he say?"

"What could he say? It's none of his business," I told him.

"Sure he med the match."

I was astonished at this and asked him to explain.

"A Filley week," said he, "me and Mamie was out for a bit of a walk, an' we never felt the time passin' till 'twas ten o'clock; so we kem back quick an' I left her near her own door. Then by'n-bye I sees her again stanin' at the wall of the fair green an' she dhrondred wet an' cryin'."

"What's up with ye?" says I.

"Did yer father say anything to ye?"

"No, he didn't; but he was askin' me if I was goin' to be married."

"I saw it was a hopeless task trying to

persuade him, and had to promise him that I would go to the wedding.

About the wedding feast little can be said, except that it was similar to thousands of others. There was weak tea and sweet cakes for the girls, and a half-barrell of porter for the men and boys; and married women. Early in the evening the bride's mother was crying an' lamenting at the top of her voice as if her daughter had been murdered, instead of married. Later on, as the porter sank in the barrell, her spirits rose, and she insisted on singing, shouting and dancing, until finally she fell asleep by the side of the fire, where we left her.

The party eventually broke up, in two and threes, and I departed last, leaving Joe and Mamie, very tired, but happy, sitting, hand in hand, before the fire, planning, no doubt, great things for the future. Who can tell what visions they had—what dreams they dreamed, that morning!

A few months afterwards, Blake left the job where we both were working, and I lost sight of him for a while. Once I called to the house where they used to live, but they had left it, and I did not enquire for their new address. I expected to meet either of them in the town, as it was not a very big one.

I had almost forgotten them until Christmas Eve, when I met a girl whose acquaintance I had made at their wedding.

"Did you hear about Mamie Blake?" she asked me when we had been talking for a few minutes.

"No," said I, "what is it?"

All the reply I got was, "You should call down to see her. She's living in Tay Lane now."

Tay Lane was at the back of the military barracks hemmed in by mud heaps and walls and dilapidated cottages. No. 12 was in a corner and had one window and a door. Some one said, "come in," when I knocked, and lifting the latch I entered a small bare room. In the farthest corner from the door was a bed: an empty orange box standing on end served as a candlestick; a kettle, a jam-pot, a basin, and a stool, were all the furniture.

When my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I saw that the bed was occupied.

"Hello," Mamie, said I, trying to appear cheerful, "are you sick?"

A faint voice answered, "Yes!"

"You'll be well again in a day or two," said I, but she did not answer, so to fill up the pause I asked, "Where's Joe?"

"In hell, I hope," she exclaimed, and was seized with a fit of coughing.

Standing awkwardly in the middle of a room, with a young woman in bed cursing her husband, was a new experience for me, and I did not like it. I made some remark about going up the town to look for him and help him home with the Christmas dinner.

"Maybe," said I, "he is trying to get you something nice for a Christmas-box."

"He giv it to me before he went," she replied. Then throwing the bed-clothes off her breast, and disclosing an infant, she continued: "Look at that! He giv me a Christmas-box all right, God curse him; then he ran away and left me here to mind it. He said he could get no work, an now I must make the best of it. I got to get work; I got a baby to keep."

I was surprised to hear this, and said so.

"Don't fret," said I; "he will surely send you on some money as soon as he can earn any. Give him a chance. He has only done what he thought best—he doesn't intend to desert you."

"Don't he?" she cried. "When he got money here I never seen much of it. He left me hungry and without clothes while he spent his wages on drink up the town. Do you think I'm such a fool as to imagine he'll send me money now he's run away? You don't know him. Nobody knows him only me. I got to live with him. I got to cry my heart out cause I married him. Look at me now."

"Try not to worry," I told her. Things won't look so hopeless in the morning. What are you going to call it?" I asked, as I slipped a coin into the infant's hand.

"I aint goin' to call it anything. I'm goin' to choke the blasted little beggar," she said, as, sobbing, she turned her face towards the wall, while I stole silently out into the night, wondering that such things could be.

O.F.

### Labour's Position with Capitalism.

Every individual must recognise, whether sympathetic or non-sympathetic with labour's needs, that the cause of the labourer and the cause of the capitalist are diametrically opposed. One is asking to get the fair value of his labour, the desire of the other is to stick tight to all he can hold. All he can wring or wrest from the worker. The facts admit of no dispute. None can deny it.

Trades Unionism and pure Socialism are irreconcilably entwined. But Trades Union Socialism is purely practical Socialism, beyond its confines it means Anarchy. Anarchy means nothing, it can achieve nothing; its ideals are not for this age. Socialism in its true sense, in its cardinal points is:—Government of the People, by the People, for the People, Universal Suffrage, One Man One Vote, Payment of Members of Parliament, Direct Legislation of the People in all Government Departments, Equality of Sexes, Graduated Taxes, Housing of the Workers, Municipal Trading, Adequate Education of the Worker's Child, Depeupuration, and the saving of the worker's offspring.

In conducting a war success depends upon the individual fighter's stamina, his tenacity of purpose and determination; if this is lacking defeat is certain. The surest method of a lasting peace is strength. Success is only achieved by cohesive action, cohesive unity of effort, determination to win. Let every effort be the means to an end. Never forget Unity is strength. What is impossible to a single unit is an assured success to a body. Never forget that what is opposed to the worker is simply this—the great pull capital always has over the labourer.

LABOUR MUST SELL TO DAY, CAPITAL NEED NOT BUY TILL TO MORROW. Trades Unionism is, that if capital goes to press that maxim too far, labour is not to be had except at an equitable price. To the master it is only a question of profit, to the labourer it is a question of life. The master has a patent weapon in his capital, the labourer has to accumulate his reserve funds in his union. The labourer then has the further difficulty to contend with—that while he is seeking his fair share for his labour, his position may be "scabbed." His duty is to prevent that and use every rightful means to secure his end. The labourer can never hope to get a fair return for his labour; for if he presses beyond a certain definite fixed point, Capital can secure labour-saving machinery. The maxim "Never to press for a larger gain than is covered by the difficulty of replacing the present body of employees by outside labour." Beyond that limit the worker cannot go. Capital always wins; Capital will always get its pound of flesh. It always maintains and holds to the surplus value of your work. If you gain a point the manufacturer increases his prices, the railway magnate his rates and fares. Thus, what you receive with one hand is pulled away with the other. This is fixed. The worker should never forget he can never receive the true value of his labour. His share of the surplus value is held with octopus tenacity by his benevolent master. The worker has to be content with what the district in which he resides offers in housing accommodation. It may be good, it may be bad or indifferent. He will have to suffer it and pay heavily for it. The master can have every luxury money can purchase—from the costly delicacy of the season to a high-power touring car. Is this equitable? Is it fair? The master will give as little to the worker as he possibly can. His method is to heap the almighty dollar, sans method, manliness, and everything except "No. 1."

The present Government have done much in applied Socialism. Much more requires doing. Our municipalities have done their quota, too.

Poets and artists are supposed to be dreamers, yet they are more practical than the politician or the councillor. They see the beauties of life, and by their creations tend to lead us to the hope of a brighter and more benign existence. They lift the slum-dweller out of his surroundings in a transient dream and conceive in the mind of the labourer the genesis of a desire for better home surroundings, with all their attendant benefits. They create the hunger for an ambition for a higher and better life.

The State has its duty. Every worker's child should receive at least the adequate means of elementary education. Every worker's child should be fed if the parent's means are inadequate. The Statesman who throws the responsibility entirely on the parent has to learn the essentials of his craft. Statesmen who tell the father of a family whose weekly income is 25s., of his responsibility to feed, clothe and educate his children adequately, are nonsensical and fudgy. Is there serious harm in the taxpayers combining to provide a police force, combining to check the councillor from enforcing high rates, compelling local authorities to make roads, provide light, efficient fire brigades, useless school inspectors. Then, where, in the name of heaven, is the difficulty to feed a hungry school child.

Capital seizes all it can. It howls at the idea of responsibilities. The few seize Capital and hold it, the many just get a bare subsistence, and the majority not even that. Equalisation of taxation creates a roar from the Capitalist.

Equality of Justice is eternal. A nation only gets the laws it seeks for. It is up to you, my comrades, to seek your right. Nothing can stop the onward march of a Nation. Don't dream, or vaporously speak—act! Act, act in the living present, heart within and God overhead.

It never pays a nation to allow any of its community to lack life's necessities or possess an underfed youth.

W. C. GABLY  
(P. L. G., Pembroke West.)

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Talbot St. Meat Co., 36b Talbot St.

HALAHAN & MESKELL  
2 Charlotte St. and 48 Camden St.,  
Butchers and Purveyors.

Best Value in the City in both Departments. THE WORKERS' PROVIDERS.

FOR HIGH-CLASS PROVISIONS!  
JAMES KENNY

(SUCCESSOR TO MURRAY & Co.),  
THE CELEBRATED HOUSE FOR  
TEAS, BUTTERS, BACON & HAMS.

Eggs a Speciality.  
Note Address—3 LOWER SUMMERHILL.

A matter for the Worker to remember!  
IS THAT  
Mrs. HENRY, of 221 St. Britain St.,

Serves all with accommodation of Beds and Food of the Best Quality, at prices to suit the Worker.

'Let's All go Down the Strand'

TIM CORCORAN,  
Provision Merchant.

BEST BRANDS OF  
Irish Bacon & Creamery Butter  
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

ESTIMATES FREE. 'PHONE 3008.

City Printing Works

TRADE UNION  
:: PRINTERS, ::

13 STAFFORD ST., DUBLIN.  
Printers of the Irish Worker.

STRIKE AT CHRISTMAS  
AGAINST PAYING MORE FOR YOUR  
HAMS, TURKEYS, GEESE,  
And Groceries, when you can purchase  
them for Lowest Prices at the  
CHEAPEST HOUSES IN THE TRADE

JOHN SHEIL,  
6 & 8 MOORE STREET,  
Also at 45 & 46 Manor St., and  
13 & 14 Lower Exchange St. } DUBLIN.  
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THE NOTED HOUSE  
FOR BUTTER, HAMS AND BACON,  
PATRICK DOYLE & SONS,  
Provision Merchants,  
29 THOMAS ST., DUBLIN.



BARGAINS BY POST.

- CHRISTMAS SPECIAL OFFER—Genuine BARGAINS BY POST... 1/3—GENUINE NICKEL Lever Keyless Clock... 10/6—GENUINE WALTON 18ct. Gold-Case Keyless Watch... 2/6—THE Masterpiece of all Clocks; Fireman's Repeating Alarm...

HOW TO ENJOY

A Happy Xmas.

WE invite our readers who may have an hour to spare on Christmas Morning to come along to assist in entertaining a Few Hundred Sandwichmen to Breakfast in TRADES HALL, CAPEL STREET. First of our guests arrive at nine o'clock, second section at ten o'clock; then at two o'clock, No. 3 Branch Irish Transport and General Workers' Union are inviting some Five Hundred Children to an Xmas Dinner in the Hall, 17 High Street.

"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.

Irish-Ireland Notes.

Notwithstanding the many years the Gaelic League has been in our midst, and the work of very many earnest Gaela, it seems rather strange that there is so little outward evidence of the Gaelic Revival movement in Dublin. One rarely, if ever, hears any of the grand old Gaelic salutations in the city streets nowadays.

THE IRISH WORKER

Draw for Pony, in aid of Canal ex-Employees, postponed to January 15, 1912. A meeting of shareholders of the Irish Labour Press will take place early in the New Year. Certificates of shares will reach applicants in due course.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DEC. 23RD, 1911.

NINETEEN hundred and eleven years ago a message was delivered to all mankind, proclaiming that brotherly love should be the basis of life, and that those who come short of that Divine Command would be denied by the God who created them.

Yes, reader, if you intend to conform with the Divine injunction, you are your brother's keeper—aye, and the protector of your sister—and you have no choice as to whom is your brother or sister. God Himself has said in no uncertain tone that He is Father of all men and women; therefore we are brothers and sisters.

The love of Brother Goulding for the victimised railwaymen, the love of the Master Bakers, such as Boland, Kennedy, Johnston, Mooney and O'Brien, Landy, Ratharnham; Galbraith, Sir Joseph Downe, Mr. Walker, of the D.B.C.; Mr. Sexton, ex-M.P., which passeth all human understanding, "the creatures who once were men," in the words of Gordi, not content with defeating the bakers, who helped to amass their fortunes, are carrying out the divine injunction. Are they not starving the innocent women and children belonging to the men who dare to strike? May God deal with them and grant them forgiveness in the same measure as they have dealt out justice to their employees.

THE EDITOR AND STAFF TENDERS TO ALL READERS THEIR SINCERE WISHES FOR A Joyful and Happy Christmas AND A Prosperous New Year.

daily bread." Not my Father, nor your Father, but our Father. No individualism about that. That petition at least rings true. Not your daily bread nor mine, but give us this day our daily bread.

Well, we of this paper, are blamed by some brutally selfish creatures for trying, as they say, to raise class against class. No, friends, not to divide, but to unite. We claim that the workers should receive the product of his labour: We say and maintain, with the great preacher, St. Paul—"He that will not work, neither shall he eat." We want no classes in society. We are determined to do, in our weak and halting manner, something in our own way to help to realise the dreams of the thinkers, poets, prophets, and above all, the Divine injunction, "All men are brothers, and that which you do unto the least of those little ones, you do unto Me, also."

Is there not in this great city a few women earnest enough to go down to our highways and byways during this season and seek out our erring sister and try and induce them to alter their lives, remember some poor old mother and aged father, or a loving family, may be wishing to hear from the lassie they once were proud of.

We regret to announce that our friend and comrade Adrian Golden, passed away in the Hospice for the Dying, Harold's Cross, and will be interred in Mount Jerome Cemetery, to-day, Thursday. Golden who was a Russian subject, was a brilliant and intellectual man. He had to leave his native Russia, because of his opinions, but not before he had enjoyed the hospitality of a Russian gaol as a political prisoner.

Christmas Day in the Workhouse. It is Christmas Day in the Workhouse, And the cold bare walls are bright With garlands of green and holly, And the place is a pleasant sight: For with clean-washed hands and faces, In a long and hungry line The paupers sit at the tables, For this is the hour they dine.

Oh, the paupers are meek and lowly, With their "Thank'ee kindly, mum," So long as they fill their stomachs, What matter whences it comes? But one of the old men mutters, And pushes his plate aside: "Great God!" he cries, "but it chokes me; For this is the day she died."

The guardians gazed in horror, The master's face went white, "Did a pauper refuse their pudding?" "Could their ears believe aught?" Then the ladies clutched their husbands, Thinking the men would die, Struck by a bolt, or something, By the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment, Then rose 'mid a silence grim; For the others had ceased to chatter, And trembled in every limb. He looked at the guardians' ladies, Then, eyeing their lords, he said, "I eat not the food of villains Whose hands are foul and red!"

A Christmas Box from an Employer.

How the Workers on the Quays are Robbed.

Twenty men were employed at the latter end of the past week and the beginning of this week to discharge a vessel laden with ore for the manure works on both sides of the River Liffey. The rate of wages paid for this work, which is disagreeable and unhealthy, is 6d. per ton. The Port Entry Register stated that the vessel's (whose name we withhold, because we know the owners, a Dublin firm, would not permit any wrong-doing in connection with their vessels) cargo amounted to 992 tons. Mark, this cargo of ore was weighed, an actual check taken. The men received 18s. per man, sub., on Saturday, December 16th, 1911. They finished discharging on Tuesday. The men, after hanging about for some hours for the balance of wages due, were informed that they would be paid a further 3s. 6d. The men de-murred. The foreman then produced a statement, in writing, giving, what he alleged, was the actual weight of ore discharged, according to figures supplied to him by the clerks in the firm who received the ore, and to give an appearance of authenticity to the thing he, cunning enough, gave tons, cwt., quarters, and lbs. as follows:—M's. 289 tons 16 cwt. 2 qrs. 21 lbs.; G. 574 tons, making a total of 863 tons 16 cwt. 2 qrs. 21 lbs. The men brought a copy of this document to their union, when we found out they had discharged, according to figures compiled by the said clerks, quoted above, no less than 980 odd tons had been weighed and paid for. This meant that the stevedore, in addition to making the difference between what he received from the shipowner and what he paid the men who done the work, was keeping from the men, illegally, 3s. 2d. per man, or £3 3s. 4d. in all. Is it any wonder that some of these blood-suckers of stevedores carry temperance badges in their coats and pay the men they employ in public-houses, and while working, give them dockets for drink, stopping it out of the wages earned, that these creatures, who a few years ago could not afford to feed themselves, as soon as they become stevedores can buy houses—and streets of them. Well, the curses of the widow, the orphan, and the poor ill-treated wife are coming home to roost, and the Irish Transport Union is determined to see to it that men engaged shall get their lawful wages; and we will put a stop to the cursed and unchristian system of payment in publichouses, and what the law and the Temperance party have failed to do we will accomplish.

TELEGRAM FROM WEXFORD. Daly sentenced, two months or £10, breach of peace. Belton case squared, man who was assaulted not prosecuting, crown not prosecuting, either Corish sentenced two weeks, or one pound, Furlong, sentenced same, lodged notice of appeal. P.R.

And the accents long forgotten Came back to the tongue once more, For she talked like the country lassie I wou'd by the Devon shore. Then she ruse to her feet and trembled, And fell on the rug and moaned, And, 'Give me a crust—I'm famished— For the love of God!' she groaned.

I rushed from the room like a madman, And flew to the workhouse gate, Crying, 'Food for a dying woman, And the answer came, 'Too late, They drove me away with curses; Then I fought with a dog in the street And tore from the mongrel's clutches A crust he was trying to eat.

"Back through the filthy by-lanes; Back, through the trampled slush! Up to the crazy garret, Wrapped in an awful hush. My heart sank down at the threshold, And I paused with a sudden thrill, For there in the sil'ry moonlight My Nance lay cold and still.

"Up to the blackened ceiling The sunken eyes were cast—I knew on those lips all bloodless My name had been the last; She'd called for her absent husband— O God had I but known!— Had call'd in vain and in anguish Had died in that den—ALONE.

"Yes, here, in a land of plenty, Lay a loving woman dead, Crunely starved and murdered For a loaf of the parish bread. At yonder gate, last Christmas, I craved for a human life, You, who would feast us paupers, WELT OF MY MURDERED WIFE!" "There, get ye gone to your dinner! Don't mind me in the least; Think of the happy paupers Eating your Christmas feast; And when you recount their blessing In your snug parochial way, Say what you did for ME, too, Only last Christmas Day." G. R. SMYTH

"I care not a curse for the guardians, And I won't be dragged away; Just let me have the fit-out— It's only on Christmas Day That the black past comes to goad me And prey on my burning brain; I'll tell you the rest in a whisper— I swear I won't shout again.

"Keep your hands off me, curse you! Hear me right out to the end; You come here to see how paupers The season of Christmas spend. You come here to watch us feeding As they watch the captured beast; Hear why a penniless pauper Spits on your paltry feast."

Do you think I will take your bounty, And let you smile and think You're doing a noble action With the parish's meat and drink! Where is my wife you traitors— The poor old wife you s'ew! Yes, by the God above us My Nance was killed by you.

Last winter my wife lay dying Starved in a filthy den; I had never been to the parish— I came to the parish then, I swallowed my pride in coming For ere the ruin came, I held up my head as a trader And I bore a spotless name.

I came to the parish craving Bread for a starving wife, Bread for the woman who loved me Through fifty years of life! And what do you think they told me Mocking my awful grief! That 'the House' was open to us But they wouldn't give 'out relief'!

I slunk to the filthy alley— 'Twas a cold, raw Christmas eve— And the baker's shops were open, Tempting a man to thieve; But I clenched my fists together, Holding my head awry, So I came to her empty-handed, And mournfully told her why.

"Then I told her the house was open, She had heard of the ways of THAT, For her bloodless cheeks went crimson, And up in her rag she sat, Crying, 'Bide the Christmas here, John, We've never had one apart; I think I can bear the hunger— The other would break my heart.'

All through that night I watched her, Holding her hand in mine, Praying the Lord, and weeping Till my lips were salt as brine. I asked her once if she hungered, And as she answered 'No,' The moon shone in at the window Set in a wreath of snow.

Then the room was bathed in glory, And I saw in my darling's eyes The far-away look of wonder. That comes when the spirit flies, And her lips were parched and parted, And her reason came and went, For she saved of our home in Devon, Where our happiest years were spent.

Don't Forget LARKIN'S Little Shop For Good Value in Chandlery, Tobacco, Cigarettes, &c., 36 Wexford St., Dublin. Irish Goods a Speciality.

The following is the Policy, Programme and Pledge of the Dublin Labour Party—the best Christmas Box the workers can get.

# THE DUBLIN LABOUR PARTY.

## Municipal Elections, 1912.

### TO THE ELECTORS.

#### Fellow-Workingmen and Women,

Having been selected to contest the above Ward in the interests of Labour, I submit for your consideration the Programme of the Labour Representation Committee, which outlines the reforms which will be advocated by the members of the LABOUR PARTY in the Municipal Council.

I would direct your special attention to the question of

#### Direct Labour.

Every year complaints are made that a large amount of Corporation Contract work is not being executed under Trade Union conditions, notwithstanding the Fair Wages and Trade Union Clauses inserted in all tender forms. Deputations have repeatedly waited on the Supplies Committee without effecting any improvement. Most of these grievances could be removed by the establishment of additional

#### Municipal Workshops

for the manufacture of Boots, Clothes, Tinwork, &c. If this were done the work would be executed more efficiently and at less cost than at present; the workers would be employed under improved conditions; and the Trades Unions would be saved their present large expenditure in endeavouring to have this work done under Fair conditions of Labour.

You are accustomed to hear at election times a good deal about the

#### Housing of the Workers,

but after the 15th of January little, if any, interest is taken in this great question by our representatives until they again require a catch-cry to

#### Humbag the Workers.

It would, indeed, be strange if any practical steps were taken to grapple with this question, as many of our present Corporators are owners of slum property, and are therefore directly interested in keeping the workers in the insanitary

#### Death-Traps,

for which they pay exorbitant rents.

The Municipal Council possesses ample powers to clear the slums, acquire land, and build houses. The class of houses required are not the unsightly barracks that have, in many cases, been erected, but

#### Self-contained Houses and Cottages at a Rent of 1s. per Room.

This has been done elsewhere, and there is no reason why it could not be done in Dublin.

No Housing Scheme is complete without a

#### Playground for the Children

to save them from the danger and the evil influences of the streets.

Under the Unemployed Workmen's Act of 1905, the Municipal Council possesses certain limited powers to deal with

#### The Unemployed.

While holding that the only effective method of grappling with this problem is the guaranteeing by the State, or the Municipality, to all adults of the

#### Right to Work

or maintenance, I hold that a good deal might be done to alleviate unemployment during the winter months if the above Act was sympathetically administered by a Committee representative of the workers instead of the gang of

#### Jobbers and Place-hunters

who have, up to the present, run the Distress Committee in the interests of themselves and their friends.

Another matter demanding the earnest attention of the workers is the

#### High Death-Rate, Especially Amongst Children.

Dublin has the unenviable notoriety of having a Death-Rate

#### The Highest in Europe.

In 76 of the largest English towns the Death-Rate is only 16.5 per 1,000, while in Dublin it is 24.5, or half as much again.

Sir Charles Cameron, Medical Officer of Health, states that the Death-Rate amongst children is eighteen times higher in working-class families than it is in the families of the well-to-do. Thus, the children of our class are murdered by their unhealthy surroundings.

Don't Forget

CONDON BROS., 33 Bolton Street,

—FOR EXTRAORDINARY VALUE IN—

BUTTERS, - BACONS, - HAMS.



#### A Shakesperian Mix Up.

Not by the Lord Mayor.

Who were the Lovers?  
 "Romeo and Juliet."  
 What was their courtship like?  
 "A Midsummer Night's Dream."  
 What was her answer to his proposal?  
 "As You Like It."  
 From whom did Romeo buy the ring?  
 "The Merchant of Venice."  
 What time of the month did they get married?  
 "The Twelfth Night."  
 Who were the best man and bridesmaid?  
 "Anthony and Cleopatra."  
 Who gave the reception?  
 "The Merry Wives of Windsor."  
 In what kind of a place did they live?  
 "Hamlet."  
 What caused their first quarrel?  
 "Much Ado About Nothing."  
 What was her disposition like?  
 "The Tempest."  
 What did they give each other when quarrelling?  
 "Measure for Measure."  
 What did their courtship prove to be?  
 "Loves Labour Lost."  
 [What about the Claiming of the Screw?—Ed]



### CITY AND COUNTY OF DUBLIN Labour Representation Committee.

#### OBJECT:

To unite the forces of Labour in order to secure the election of Independent Labour Representatives to Parliament and on Local Governing Bodies.

#### PROGRAMME.

- 1.—Labour.**  
 Employment of Direct Trade Union Labour by Public Boards, and, where contracting is unavoidable, the engagement only of those Firms which are recognised as fair by the Trades Unions concerned, and which employ Local Labour.  
 The Establishment of Municipal Workshops.  
 Eight Hour Day and Superannuation Allowance for Employees of Public Boards.  
 Transit facilities for Workers to and from their work outside the City.  
 Appointment of competent Tradesmen as Carriage and Sanitary Inspectors.  
 The exclusion of Pensioners from positions under Local Authorities and the prevention of Superannuated Employees from taking up other positions of Emolument.
- 2.—Housing.**  
 Erection of suitable Cottages and Houses for Workers.  
 Establishment of Fair Rent Tribunals in Urban and Rural Districts.  
 Taxation of Ground Values and Unlet Houses.  
 Extension of the principle and simplification of the procedure of Small Dwellings Act.
- 3.—Mental and Physical Improvement.**  
 Erection of Public Recreation Halls, Baths, Wash-houses, and Lavatories in convenient centres.  
 Increased facilities for Public Sea-bathing.  
 Extension and development of Libraries Act and the provision of Gymnasiums and Playgrounds for youth.
- 4.—Transaction of Public Business.**  
 All business of Public Boards to be transacted at Evening Sittings.  
 Admission of Press to Committee Meetings.
- 5.—Municipalisation of Gas, Tramways, &c.**
- 6.—Enforcement of Regulations.**  
 Concerning Public Health, Weights and Measures, Inspection of Food, Factories, and Workshops.

#### PLEDGE.

TO BE SIGNED BY ALL CANDIDATES.

I,....., agree if elected a member of the..... to become a member of, and to sit, act, and vote with the Dublin Labour Party.

I undertake, to be subject to the decisions, and to carry out the instructions of the Labour Representation Committee; and pledge myself to resign my position as..... if called upon to do so by a Special General Meeting of that body called for the purpose of considering my conduct as a Labour Representative.

Signed..... Date.....

One of the main causes of the high Death-Rate, and of the weak constitutions of those children who do survive, is the want of proper nourishment in their early years. The Labour Party will therefore use all their influence to have the Act for the

#### Feeding of School Children

extended to Ireland. This would enable the Corporation to strike a rate for this purpose, and so end the present cruelty of forcing children to attend school when they are not in a physical condition to assimilate the instruction given them.

Other questions requiring attention are: the establishment of a Municipal Cemetery to put an end to the present

#### Shameless Robbery of the Poor

by the Glasnevin Cemeteries Committee; and

#### Evening Sittings of the Municipal Council,

which would render easier the selection of Labour representatives, and would also enable the workers of the City to attend the meetings of the Corporation. This already exists in Limerick and elsewhere.

In addition to the foregoing, a strong Labour Party would press for the establishment of Municipal Depots for the sale to the people at cost price of

#### Bread, Milk, and Coal,

which would do much to reduce the misery caused by the high prices charged for these commodities by the various rings of merchants, who amass fortunes out of the poverty of the people.

To bring about these reforms it is only necessary that the workers should make an intelligent use of their votes to sweep away the present gang of slum-owners, sweating employers, publicans, and food adulterators who have so long battered on the misery and degradation of the Dublin toilers, and elect as representatives

#### Men of Their Own Class,

responsible to, and under the control of, The Dublin Labour Party. The workers have the power, if they choose to use it wisely, to make Dublin

#### A Clean and Healthy City.

Remember, fellow-workers, when you

#### Vote for Labour

your vote for better housing for yourselves and your families; improved conditions of Labour for yourselves and your fellow-workers; purity in the administration of your City; and—

#### An Equal Chance of Life for all Children.

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen,  
 Yours in the cause of Labour.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

### EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

### LEMASS'S

For Hats, Caps, Shirts, Collars, Braces, Hosiery, Scarfs, &c.

DONGAREE JACKETS & OVERALLS.

Irish-Made Goods a Speciality.

2 & 3 CAPEL ST., DUBLIN.

Look out for **MURRAY'S** Grand Display of Xmas Goods. PRICES TO SUIT ALL PURSES. **THE WORKERS' PROVIDERS.** 51 LOWER SHERIFF STREET, DUBLIN.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Enjoy Your Christmas BY PLACING YOUR ORDERS WITH US FOR **HAMS AND BACON.** We Guarantee Satisfaction in Quality and Price.

**A. & M. MURPHY, 170-Gt. Britain St.**




# THE CAPITALIST,

The Man with Large Means gets his Discount.

∴ WHY CANNOT ∴

The Man with Small Means  
get his Discount ?

# THE INDUSTRIAL MAN,

Insist on having HORAN'S COUPONS, they mean DISCOUNT for Cash. 

**HOW IS IT DONE ?** We buy largely for Cash, get our discount, and having our Profit we give the Discount to our Customers. The System is simple. The most up-to-date, and has the best results.

**IT IS SIMPLE,** Because you spend 4d. and get a Coupon. Do this 500 or 1,000 times and you get your Discount. The Collecting Book, when full, should be brought to Horan's Market.

**IT IS UP-TO-DATE,** Because you can get anything or everything you require for Coupons presented.

**IT HAS THE BEST RESULTS,** Because you cannot buy elsewhere at our prices and get a discount, in fact it far supersedes the Co-operative System.

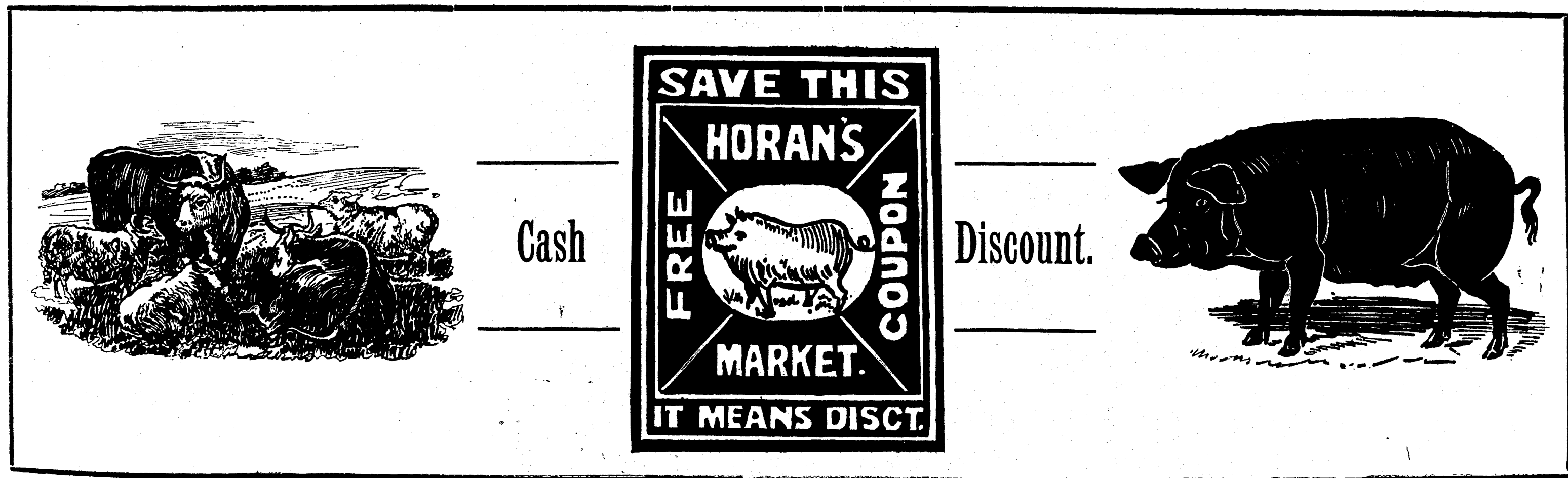
Our Competitors may say we charge for Coupons or give light weight, but we emphatically declare we do NOT. They have asked us to raise our prices, but we have refused to do so. They say we sell too cheaply. We claim the right to sell at any price so long as we pay 20s. in the £.

We don't pretend to have no profit on our goods, on the contrary, we say we have more profit than those shopkeepers who buy on credit, and as we buy for cash, we can give much better value.

If the public want good value let them deal at HORAN'S MARKET, where they get goods at market prices, and get a Discount on their Purchases.

# HORAN'S MARKET

## MARKET PRICES.



The central graphic is a coupon with a diamond shape in the center containing a pig illustration. The text on the coupon reads: "SAVE THIS HORAN'S FREE COUPON MARKET. IT MEANS DISCT." To the left of the coupon is the word "Cash" and to the right is the word "Discount".

FULL WEIGHT. Nothing Inferior.

95 & 96 Gt. Brunswick Street, and Branches.

## SPECIAL XMAS VALUE,

Turkeys, Geese, Hams, Spiced Rounds, Beef, Mutton, Lamb and Veal, &c.

**LEADING LINES** ∴ Beef, 6d. per lb.; Mutton, 6d. per lb.; Hams, 8d. per lb.; Prime Cork Butter, 1s. per lb.; Best Irish Margarine, 6d. per lb.; Irish Eggs (preserved) 1s. per Doz.; Irish Cheeks, 10d. each; Flour, 1s. 6d. per Stone; Currants, 3d. per lb.; Raisins, 4½d. and 5d. per lb.; Tea, from 1s. 2d. per lb.; Sugar, 2½d. per lb.; Irish Jams, Raspberry or Strawberry, 2lb. Jar, 8½d.

