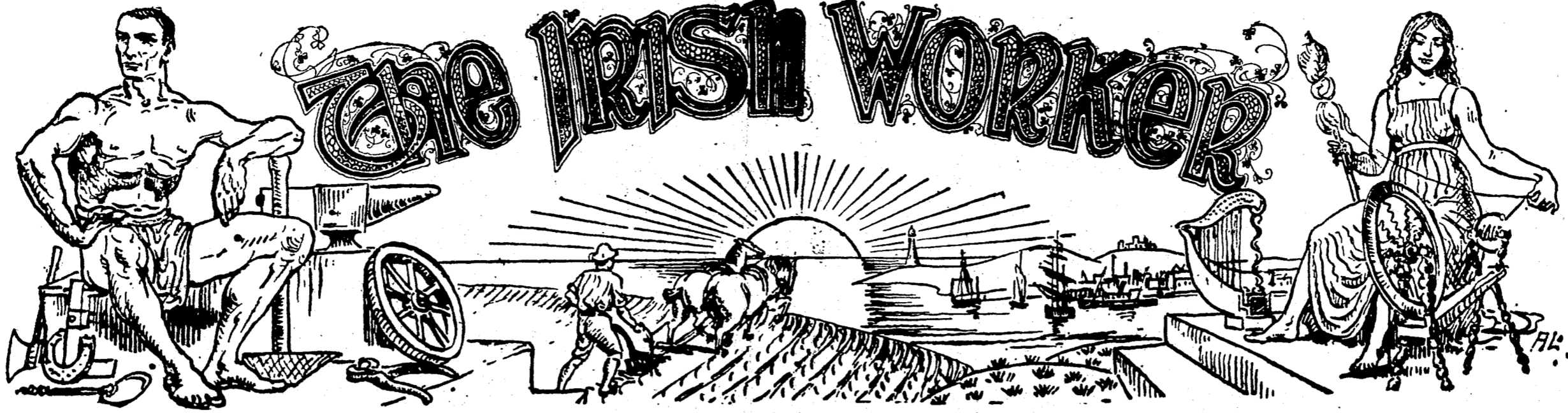


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

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!

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Edited by Jim Larkin.

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No. 33.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

### Our Much-Abused Corporation.

As a large portion of THE IRISH WORKER of Saturday last was devoted to the above subject in the shape of criticism by "Ante-Cant" and some gentlemen, who (possibly wisely) disguised his personality by sending no name, I am reluctantly compelled to place my views before the readers of THE WORKER.

May I be allowed to protest against the seeming implication that I should not have been present at the meeting in Rutland street, at which Councillor Sherlock delivered his lecture on "Our Much-Abused Corporation." I attended in the expectation that the shining lights of the Citizens' Association would have been present, and, knowing Councillor Sherlock's capabilities, I naturally looked forward to something in the nature of a wordy duel between him and some representative of that body, such as Councillor Beattie, or Mr. Michael O'Dea, J.P.

My disappointment at finding neither of those gentlemen (nor any representative) present, can be (as the novel writers say) "more easily imagined than described." But my disappointment was more than equalled by my surprise at finding that I was expected to represent the "opposition."

Being called on to speak, I naturally said a few things on subjects which I had been thinking on.

(One of those, and the one on which I laid the most stress, was the question of Corporation night-sittings.)

To my mind Councillor Sherlock met that point very fairly.

He said, in effect:—  
"Let the working people of Dublin show that they wish night-sittings, then it will become the duty of my colleagues and myself to consider the matter."

Now I look upon that statement of Councillor Sherlock's as perfectly frank and straightforward.

In effect it means:—

"The present hours of meetings suit the members of the Corporation. Let you show that the people—the working people of Dublin—desire an alteration of these meeting hours and we will alter them."

This appears to me to be a perfectly logical attitude for Councillor Sherlock to take up.

After all, if the workers of Dublin are not sufficiently alive to their own interests to demand a re-arrangement of meeting hours of the Municipal Body, why blame him or any other member of that "much-abused body?"

A homely and well-known saying in Ireland is "A dumb priest loses his dues." If the working classes of Dublin choose to be dumb (when the power of articulation has been conferred on them) then the fault is their own. If they are not capable of working out their own salvation, then, in Heaven's name, let them stew in their own grease.

When the workers of Dublin, collectively and individually, and please note that I put individually last, because collectively in Dublin means passing a "resolution" and forgetting all about it; while individually I trust that the (to use legal phraseology) affairs of workers will accept the statement made by Councillor Sherlock, and will in future face the fact squarely that if the Corporation is a closed door to the working classes of this city, the fault lies with themselves.

This is the thing to be remembered. The time has gone by when the blame of our own actions can be put on to other shoulders.

We, the workers of Dublin, have our own destiny in our own hands.

What are we going to do?

WILLIAM RICHARDSON.

### Mr. Fred J. Allan and Irish Nationality.

TO THE EDITOR THE IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—May I be permitted to state in reply to Miss Helena Moloney that as regards Mr. Seaghan O'Uadhaigh's "Nationalism," I did not express opinions, I stated facts. That such a clear-headed thinker (as Miss Moloney has proved herself on many occasions to be) can be prevailed upon to believe that everyone who dons a green coat is really interested in the future well-being of the Irish nation is but another instance of our being too ready to measure people's worth by their words and not by their actions.

As regards the other gentlemen she mentions in her letter, we find Major John MacBride's lecture in Liverpool given fair prominence to in the Irish Freedom issued by the Central Executive of the Wolfe Tone Clubs (alias Mr. Fred J. Allan), and the first instalment of that lecture published in the Irish Freedom edited by Dr. P. McCarten. A perfect illustration of an individual succeeding in sitting on two stools and not coming to the ground: It would not surprise one when it comes to closer quarters to find the Major mounting a Boer horse and careering along the veldt amid the deafening plaudits of an enthusiastic audience.

Some two years ago an election was fought in the Rutland Ward. The candidates were one Mr. Patrick Thomas Daly, who was supported by the Dublin Trades Council; and one, Mr. Patrick Shortall—King Address man—was run by the United Irish League. Some of the Wolfe Tone Club men then spoke (privately, of course) in deprecatory terms of Mr. Daly's candidature, and (IT MAY INTEREST MR. DALY NOW TO KNOW) ONE OF THEIR MEMBERS ACTUALLY CANVASSED AGAINST HIM.) Then the cry was that municipal politics should be left severely alone. Patriots such as they, should not mix in such petty squabbles. The other day an election was fought in the same ward—the United Irish League, Duffy, being supported by the King's Address, Shortall, and the Naval Pensioner, G. F. Molloy, P.L.G., who had distinguished himself at the bombardment of Alexandria in shooting down Egyptian patriots in 1882. I heard United Irish Leaguers boast that they had the support of the Wolfe Tone Clubs, Mr. Seaghan O'Hanlon and others in their fight against the Hibernians.

This, by the way, should prove interesting to Alderman Dr. M'Walter. Patriots seem to have changed within the past two years. Only fancy the King's address Shortall, the naval pensioner Molloy, Mr. Seaghan O'Hanlon, and the extra special Nationalists of the Wolfe Tone Clubs loyally co-operating. Mr. P. T. Daly can surely smile to himself in Wexford. I trust that Miss Helena Moloney's confidence "that their explanations will speedily clear away the suspicion, &c.," will not be misplaced. Peadar O'Maicin seems to have forgotten, and Peter remembered.

"Before the cock crow thou wilt deny Me thrice. And going forth he wept bitterly."

We have yet to learn that Mr. Fred Allan expressed any sorrow for his funkiness in 1900. On the contrary, if report speaks truly, Mr. Allan has shown unrelenting hostility to those who disapproved of his action at the time. If Mr. Allan wished to do a service to Nationalism could he not have seized upon a more favourable opportunity for exposing inconsistencies than a speech intended to support a loyal address to a British monarch. No, Peadar, the re-arranging of the Corporation committees, not Nationality, was most thought of then. If Mr. Allan's action was on a par with that of the painters who decorated Dublin Castle on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit, what becomes of the late Mr. James Egan's manly stand. Surely Mr. Egan could say that it was his duty brought him had he gone to fawn at the feet of English Royalty. Had Fred J. Allan taken the same stand Lord Mayor Pile would not have dared to dismiss him from the secretaryship in the face of public opinion.

We feel rather inclined to believe that there is a kind of an ebb and flow in the nationality of this "interesting" patriot.

When this gentleman can count on such satellites as Mr. Michael Cowley, who try to brand all daring to lift their voices against this man as renegades and traitors, is it any wonder that he can claim to be the rightful heir to the principles and policy of Wolfe Tone and the United Irishmen?

We would again ask what was John O'Leary's opinion of Mr. Allan's "patriot-



Our Overworked Police—a Snap-Shot.

ism" in 1900? Can Miss Moloney or Peadar O'Maicin answer?

I understand that as soon as my identity can be fixed with certainty by the Patriots I may look to my personal safety, for the die is cast, and—might I respectfully suggest the idea, "electrocution." 'Twere a speedy method of extinction, and the scene could be comfortably arranged in the Mansion House. Sherlock—the coming Lord Mayor—would grant the Round Room, and perhaps supply the executioner from the office in Ormond Quay. The boys could be admitted at a nominal sum, great care being taken that everybody paid for his ticket—('twould prevent misunderstanding afterwards.)

Mr. Fred J. Allan's National principles would then be vindicated. Trusting you again will extend the hospitality of your columns to

NORTH WALL.

### SAVE MONEY! The Ball of Blue

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

Comes and see; you will be surprised.  
ADDRESS—  
Corner of RUTLAND SQUARE, West.

"Save your Money and think of 'The Ball of Blue.'"

**HUGH KENNY,**  
General Provision Merchant,  
46 GREAT BRITAIN STREET.  
IRISH PRODUCE A SPECIALITY.  
Our Tea for the Workers are the Best Value in Dublin.

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**PRINTER,**  
Bookbinder and Stationer,  
12 TEMPLE LANE, DUBLIN.  
Off Dame Street.  
High-Class Work, Moderate Prices. Telephone 3462.

### A FAMILY AFFAIR.

One of our readers has been greatly annoyed by something that we wrote lately and sent us the following indignant letter:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

"Sir,—In your issue of the 16th December 'O'F' delivers himself of the following sentiments:—

"When people grumble about the difficulty of living on the wages they receive and yet breed eight or ten children to share their poverty they have only themselves to blame for the resulting starvation and wretchedness."

"And again:  
"We bring children into the world knowing that we cannot support ourselves."

"This is damnable teaching. Its meaning is clear to anyone but a fool. It is utterly opposed to Catholicity—in fact, to all Christian teaching."

"The claim that a married man or woman may decide whether or not he or she shall become a parent as a result of marriage is a claim which degrades the woman to the position of a common prostitute."

"Such a claim, if allowed, would justify the smothering of such surplus children as had managed to get born after the precious parents had decided against their birth."

"This aiding and abetting of race suicide is new in Ireland. In England, amongst those large classes of the community where religion is a thing of the past, marriage on the lines laid down by your contributor is an established fact. And the result is the proposal to propagate the dwindling race by a bounty on motherhood."

"If you do not immediately repudiate the anti-Christian pronouncement of 'O'F', there are many sympathisers who will consider it their bounden duty to withdraw their support from yourself and your paper. It would be a lamentable thing that an organ of the poor and the oppressed should permit itself to be used for the vile purpose of circulating in Catholic Ireland atheistical doctrines of the kind I have exposed."

As is too often the case with indignant correspondents, he has misunderstood us completely. And again, as is also often the case, he is most illogical and ill-informed where he tries to be most dogmatic. The statement that parents should try to make provision for their children, and only beget such children as they could hope to rear and educate properly, is branded as "most damnable teaching," the meaning of which is clear to anyone but a fool. Yet my well-meaning but misguided correspondent talks of having "exposed" what anybody but a fool—according to himself—can see.

"Suspicion haunts a guilty mind," and "Emos" tries to hold me responsible for statements I never made, and certainly do not approve of. I do not try to "justify the smothering of such surplus children," etc.; but I do think it wrong to bring more children into the world than the parents can provide for.

When I see and hear of multitudes of dirty, ill-clothed, uneducated children, mentally and physically degenerate, roaming the rough streets of our towns, seeing a hearing nothing that is good, and having no prospect of becoming anything but loafers, casual labourers, or criminals, I do not think of the "goodness of God," but of the ignorance and vice of the parents.

The natural outcome of marriage is parenthood; this, however, should not mean the cessation of all restraint on the passions. Yet "Emos" would have it so.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the poorer the people the more prolific they are. Here is a quotation from Carl Mark:—"As a matter of fact, not only the number of births and deaths, but the absolute size of families is in inverse ratio to the height of wages, i.e., to the means of subsistence which the various categories of workmen have at their disposal."

It reminds us of the enormous power of reproduction among animals that are individually weak and hunted down." Kir-haw, writing on the same subject, says:—"The English workman (and this applies equally to Ireland) in his deepest depravity, in the most utter emptiness of mind, at length only knows two sources of enjoyment, drunkenness and sensual intercourse, and similarly to within the last few years, the population of Upper Silesia concentrated every desire, every endeavour

upon these two things. Brandy and the gratification of sensual feeling had become completely sovereign, and it is therefore easy to understand that the population increased as rapidly in numbers as it declined in physical strength and moral character."

It is apparent "to anyone but a fool" that we do not take as much care or interest in rearing healthy human beings as we do in breeding pigs. It is also apparent that people who cannot provide proper food, clothing, shelter and education for themselves should not have large families. Quantity will never be more desirable than quality so far as human beings are concerned, and it were better to have two or three children that can be properly cared than a host of street orators who are given no chance to develop into anything like what they should and would be under proper conditions.

There is no sin in self-control. It is as necessary to the married as to the unmarried, and my plea was for self-control, common sense, and the welfare of the children.

Who is "Emos," that he should be allowed to saddle Christianity with responsibility for the appalling amount of wretchedness and vice that abound in our cities and towns? And on what authority does he attempt to brand morality and common sense as atheistic? For this is what he tries to do in his letters.

"The sins of the parents," says the Scripture, "shall be visited on the children." This does not amount to giving the parents leave to sin, as "Emos" seems to think. It is a warning meant to deter them from it; and for the sake of the children, if not for their own sakes, the parents should not give their passions free rein.

Men are too prone to think their wives were created solely for the gratification of their passions. The women have most right to say what number of children the family shall include. Yet seldom if ever are the wishes of the women considered by their husbands. Were it entirely in the women's power to decide small families and better men would be the rule.

I hope "Emos" will not be too hasty in withdrawing his support from this paper, for it is principally himself and others like him for whom we are writing. They stand most in need of instruction on such subjects—morals and economics. Finally, my correspondent will see, if he re-reads the article that has made him so indignant, that I said eight or ten children as being too many for a man earning a pound a week or less. I never said he should have no children, or that he was justified in killing any, either before or after their birth.

O'F.

### RIGHT KIND OF A HUSBAND.

The right kind of a fellow is modest and mellow,  
And generous and brave and benign;  
His nature's apparent and clear and transparent,  
Like yours, gentle reader, and—mine.

He has no verbosity, no tongue tortuosity,  
And he never is boastful and loud;  
He is gentle and quiet, and plain in his diet,  
And he never gets cross in a crowd.

He's grand and majestic, yet meek and domestic,  
And spends his spare evenings at home,  
He's a tireless searcher for all kinds of virtue,  
Like the author of this pretty poem.

He lives on frugality and sweet conjugality,  
And want meat but two times a day;  
He never eats onions, nor treads on your bunions,  
Nor growls when you get in his way.

He's wise and he's witty, persevering and gritty,  
And he has a magnificent head;  
He's all life and sweetness, he's thorough completeness,  
He's perfect in, in short—but he's dead.

He's wise and he's witty, persevering and gritty,  
And he has a magnificent head;

He's all life and sweetness, he's thorough completeness,  
He's perfect in, in short—but he's dead.

**Irish Workers** should support an Irish House by bringing their Watch Repairs

**P. J. KAVANAGH,**  
Practical Watchmaker and Jeweller,  
23 UPPER ORMOND QUAY. Estd 1887.  
Good Work. Prices Moderate.

**The Workers' Benefit Stores, 47A New St.**  
is now opened with a good selection of Groceries and Provisions unsurpassed for Quality and Price.

AWAKENED!

Slowly the People awaken! they have been, like weary soldiers, sleeping in their tents, while traitors tiptoe through the camp...

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION.

New Year's Social and Dance

ON MONDAY, 1st JANUARY, 1912, At 91 Harcourt Street. SINGLE TICKET, 1/6; DOUBLE TICKET, 2/6.

THE EDITOR'S DREAM.

"I'm stuck for copy," the Editor said, "There's not an idea inside my head; My whiskers I've tugged and my hair I've tore, I've rattled my brains till my neck is sore..."

The gas-jet flickered and died, and the room Was bathed awhile in funeral gloom, Till an angel figure in spotless white Swept into the place in a blaze of light...

"You're stuck for copy," yet without, Is the starling's wail and the rioter's shout; On the shadow of palaces lofty and grand Grim poverty skulks through the sinking land...

THE "WORKER'S" DANGER

The "Citizens' Association." The Rotunda Ward has secured a certain amount of prominence within the past quarter of a century. It returned to the Municipal Council Mr. Joseph P. Nannetti, who differs from the original "Joseph" in the fact that the original "Joseph" narrowly escaped being put in the "Pit" by his brothers...

"Ja. ka!" Shortall and other contemptible political hemaphrodites of the Shortall type will be returned to again misrepresent Dublin in the name of "Faith and Fat"erland.

In a fair stand up fight between the representative of the newly-developed Labour Party and a politician of the Shortall type there should not be even room for doubt as to the result; but nothing more disastrous can be conceived than the opposition of the Citizens' Association to Shortall.

How long ago is it since we read the genial Doctor's resignation from the Citizen's Association?

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By AN SPALDIN FANLON.

MR. J. A. GLYNN'S APPOINTMENT. The Connacht Tribune for Saturday, December 23rd, 1911, publishes a report of the proceedings of the Tuam Branch of the Gaelic League, which contains the following resolution:—Proposed by a Mr. Daly, seconded by a Mr. M. O. Shins (who was, if we mistake not, one of the leading lights in the Gaelic Athletic Association world in Connacht some time ago).

"That we, the members of the Tuam Branch of the Gaelic League, desire to offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. J. A. Glynn, B.A., on his appointment as Chairman of the Irish Insurance Commissioners, which has given such universal satisfaction, and we feel sure he will adorn his high position by the same conspicuous ability and wise judgment he displayed as Chairman of the Galway County Council and member of the General Council of County Councils of Ireland.

The proposer of this resolution told his audience that the Bill (Insurance) was one which few people could understand, but he was sure that from what he knew of him that Mr. Glynn would be able to work it properly. And then the usual twaddle. Apart altogether from politics, one would wish to know what has the appointment of a public man to a remunerative position under the British Government in Ireland got to do with the Gaelic League that a branch should go into ecstasies over it?

That the old spirit is not yet dead in the West the following letter, taken from the Connacht Tribune, will prove:—

Sir—I notice that our County Council Chairman has been chosen by the British Liberal Government to fill a post in connection with the Insurance Bill. These positions are usually given to the supporters of the Party in power as a reward for services rendered to that particular Party, and it therefore seems strange why a supposed Nationalist should be selected for the post.

Springlawn, Moylough, 12th Dec., 1911. [Whilst we have inserted our correspondent's letter, we think his unworthy and unjustifiable sneers as to motive do him little credit, and lead one to the opinion that it would be much better for himself if he had the will-power to "hold his peace." As to Mr. Glynn's appointment, we have already set forth our views, and they are shared by every common-sense Nationalist in the County.—Ed., "O.W."]

With Mr. Haverly's views we are in entire agreement. The "common-sense Nationalists" who share the views of the editor of the Connacht Tribune with regard to "jobs" are, unfortunately for Ireland, to be found not alone in the county of Galway, but all over the country.

Years ago, when a certain branch of the Gaelic League passed a resolution calling upon Irishmen not to join the British Army as a counter move to the action of the English Chief Secretary in withdrawing the fees for Irish in the National Schools there was quite a furore over the matter.

IRISH IN THE DUBLIN SCHOOLS.

The Bookbinders Trades Union have passed a resolution demanding that Irish be taught as an ordinary subject in the schools of the city. We commend the patriotic action of the members of the Bookbinders' Trades Union to all other trade societies in the city. We have always held the view that it needed but the parents to actively interest themselves in this matter to have the Irish taught in the city schools.

THE WOLFE TONE MEMORIAL CONVENTION.

Last week we referred to the "Convention" of the Wolfe Tone Memorial Association, which is alleged to have been held on the 16th December. As far as we can discover no report of the proceedings have appeared in any of the daily or weekly sheets published in the city. We fail to see why there should be such an air of reserve about the whole business. The public have a right to know of the proceedings of the so-called convention, if such a gathering took place, considering that some two years ago a sub-committee of that association very successfully appealed to the public for contributions to the memorial project, and also that the general public very graciously patronised the Emmet Commemoration Concert held in March last.

To all our readers we wish a Bright and Prosperous New Year. May it be a Year of Good Fortune for Ireland!

Labour Party Meeting.

At the meeting of the Labour Party, held on Wednesday night in the Trades' Hall, Capel Street, it was decided to put forward John Farren, Tinsmith Society, Treasurer of the Trades Council and Trades' Hall, as Labour Candidate for New Kilmainham Ward.

Next week we give photos of the new Labour candidates. As you will see in another column, a meeting to advance the candidatures of John Bohan for Merchants' Quay will be held on Tuesday night in the Hall, 17 High Street; on Wednesday a meeting of the supporters of Thomas Lawlor, P.L.G., for Wood Quay, will be held in the Boot and Shoe Operators' Hall, Cornmarket, at 8 o'clock; on Thursday Councillor O'Carroll will address his supporters in the Painters' Hall, Augier Street.

DUBLIN LABOUR PARTY

Public Meetings

will be held as follows in support of the

LABOUR CANDIDATES:

MERCHANT'S QUAY WARD, Tuesday, January 2nd, in the Transport Workers' Hall, 17 High Street, in support of Mr. JOHN BOHAN (Secretary Irish Transport Workers' Union).

WOOD QUAY WARD, Wednesday, January 3rd, in the Boot & Shoe Operatives' Hall, 4 and 5 Cornmarket, in support of MR. THOMAS LAWLOR, P.L.G., (Secretary Tailors' Society).

MANSION HOUSE WARD Thursday, January 4th, in the Metropolitan Painters' Hall, 27 Augier Street, in support of Councillor R. O'CARROLL, P.L.G. (Secretary Bricklayers' Society).

Chair will be taken at each Meeting at 8 p.m. by the President of the Dublin Trades Council.

WORKERS! Show by your presence that you are determined to be represented by men of your own class.

Labour Conquers Everthing!

"An injury to One is the concern of All." —THE— Irish Worker AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, DEC. 30TH, 1911.

OUR CHRISTMAS MORNING.

ON Christmas Morning over two hundred Sandwichmen—that is the poor fellows who carry advertising boards through the city—responded to the invitation extended to them to partake of a substantial breakfast with the staff of THE WORKER. Assisted by a large number of readers and friends, our guests, who ranged in age from twenty years upwards, including Friend Barry, who, though turned 102 years of age, is compelled to carry a board to eke out a miserable existence, were supplied with "lashings to eat," to quote a phrase of one of the sandwich men. We have to thank our friend, Pat Kavanagh, provision merchant, 7 and 37 Wexford Street, also 74 and 78 Coombe, who sent us a splendid Irish ham, and Mr. Darlington, manager of the Irish Tobacco Co., from whom we bought the tobacco supplied to each man, who very kindly reduced the account by 20 per cent. Amongst the most active assistants we noted Miss Maginn, two lady friends from the McHale branch Gaelic League, accompanied by their father; Miss Larkin, Seumas O'Farrell, Wat. Carpenter & Son; William and John Salmon, Mr. Lambert, Tailors' Society; Pat. Daly, Peter Osborne, James Smith, and a large number of friends, whose names are unknown to the Editor, to whom was delegated the duty of stoker. Everything passed off very pleasantly, each man, in addition to getting breakfast, was presented with a packet of Irish-grown and manufactured tobacco, also an Irish Worker clay pipe, made by McDowell, of Francis Street. Mr. M'Glade, Advertising Expert, Abbey Street, called in to wish the boys a Happy Christmas, and old man, Barry, who, we understand, worked for some 52 years in Jameson's Distillery, thanked the hosts, on behalf of the sandwichmen, for their kindness in inviting to breakfast those who are forgotten by all sections. The Editor, in responding, pointed out that he, on behalf of his colleagues and friends, who had assisted in dispensing the foodstuffs, would not insult them by wishing them a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year; but he promised them that if it were possible those whom he was connected with would try in the coming year to improve their conditions. His colleagues and self required no thanks, on the contrary the thanks of the community should be extended to sandwichmen and those in the same condition of life who were too quiet, too humble, and who allowed themselves to be treated in such inhuman fashion. Their work was of service, and for service they should be guaranteed a decent living. He hoped they had enjoyed their breakfast, and earnestly implored the

younger men amongst them to try and seek some other avenue of employment. He regretted that more than half of them were time-expired soldiers. Surely a rich Government like Britain should have provided them at least a living and not compel them, when she had used them up, to eke out a miserable and degrading existence such as they were condemned to. He, in conclusion, hoped that the coming year would see some of them at least removed from the slough of despond.

Our Christmas Afternoon.

ON Christmas afternoon we were privileged to assist at another interesting function. No. 3 Branch of the Irish Transport Union, 17 High Street, had invited 500 children to tea and a Christmas tree distribution. It was well for John Bohan, the Branch Secretary, and his band of helpers that they had provided a large reserve of eatables, for after some 600 children of all ages had been supplied, there was still hundreds howling outside, and as tickets for admission had been issued, it was a case of letting them all come. The Committee had perforce to bundle one lot out and let another lot in, and to make arrangements to keep back all the young children for the entertainment and the distribution of prizes. Mr. Dalton, who provided a gramophone, was untiring in his efforts to please the youngsters, and, assisted by Miss Twomey, a very talented young lady, and party of friends who accompanied her never allowed the musical portion of the entertainment to flag. Our friend, Mrs. Wynn, who supplied the piano at a moment's notice, deserves our special thanks, not forgetting the artists unearthed amongst the children themselves.

John Bohan, who acted the part of Father Christmas, distributed the prizes from the Christmas tree, assisted by Miss Larkin, Miss Mulhall, P.L.G., and Thomas Lawlor, P.L.G., with their able lieutenants, Mr. A. Lavery and sisters, Mr. Nicholson Clerk, of St. Audeon's, High Street, and his good wife; Mr. Russell, hairdresser, 18 High Street; Mr. Byrne, shoemaker, High Street; Mr. Burke, Tom Hardman, John Lynch, senior and junior; Miss Lynch, Miss Magin, Pat Daly, Mr. Carpenter, two brothers Salmon, John Lakes, and a number of other friends, were like Boyle Roche's bird, in two places at once. Personally I never enjoyed a more pleasant evening, and in my course through life I have had occasion to assist at many such functions, but I never yet came across a more willing band of workers than those who undertook to look after the needs of the little ones, for whom it was a pleasure to cater and wait upon. The children themselves, were splendid, good-tempered, orderly, and full of good spirits. To those who I may have omitted I also extend the thanks of the Committee and my own personal thanks.

FREEDOM.

"Freedom, Freedom," let our country over no foreign tyrant's sway, Thus of old exclaimed the patriots in their ardour, but to-day Taught by many a bitter lesson, we have heard another cry, To the pseudo-sentimental Freedom lovers we reply, "What awaits your so-called Freedom, we have but to look around To behold the toiling masses by the tyrants' mammon bound, That his worshippers may prosper at the cost of those that toil; Industrial serfs denied the "Freedom" 'e'en to till their native soil. Except it be for other's profit—to increase the landlord's store, Aye! Despite our boasted progress, the day of serfdom is o'er, What, although the feudal baron may have ceased to hold his sway, He has found a fit successor in the Platocrat of to-day; Feudalism—Capi alium—what matters how ye call the thing, When from one as from the other, grievous social evils spring? Capitalism, as was Feudalism, is but built on fraud and lies. What is your Industrial system in its present shape and guise? A system fraught with giant wrong, a source from whence doth flow Throughout this "happy Christian" land a tale of human woe. Freedom! that condemns some millions to a ceaseless fight for bread, Scrambling for a bare subsistence; their highest ideal—to be fed. Oh! let us know what Freedom means before we laud it thus; It may mean all things unto some and nothing unto us. Alas! how often have we seen the Goddess put to shame— What crimes by tyranny have been committed in her name! I'd say to those who loudly call from tyrants to be freed— "Let us have justice, first of all, and Freedom will succeed." W.G.B.

The Old Friend and the New.

'ERE another issue of THE IRISH WORKER reaches our readers, we will have left behind us the year 1911. A year that will be marked down as a milestone in our lives—an epoch making year, both in a political and economic sense. We have had revolution in Portugal, where a king lost an easy living; and then, in the backwash of civilisation, we have a people who, in the words of a British General, are destined to rule the world. I refer to the Chinese. As I write the papers are announcing the election of a President to the Chinese Republic. Another Emperor lost a soft job. We have also been threatened throughout the year with a great European War. The capitalist jingoes of France, Germany, and of England have been trying their foul and murderous methods with a view to embroiling the common people of the aforementioned countries in their dirty money-making, land-grabbing, empire-building quarrels; and if it had not been for the organised workers of Europe, there is not the slightest doubt but 1911 would have witnessed such a holocaust of human life that would have staggered humanity. We here in Ireland have been promised in the coming year the realisation of fifty years of constitutional agitation for Home Rule. What is meant by Home Rule time, of course, will tell. At any rate the coming year will give us some much-needed light on a very complex subject, 1912, in our opinion, will deal very justly, but very harshly with the reputation of some men who have been posing as statesmen. We hope that the cup will not again be dashed from the mouth of a long-suffering and patient people. 1911 has witnessed an attempt by the British Government to grapple with a problem they do not understand, i.e., the poverty problem; their efforts remind me of "King Canute in ordering the waters to recede." An Insurance Plaster will not cure the scab of poverty. 1911 has witnessed another effort of the common people to improve their economic condition. 1911 has also witnessed two epoch-making events in Ireland—events which will affect this country in the future in a more direct way than any other event recorded during the year. The first is the birth of a new Party in this country—an Independent Labour Party—a weapon which wisely wielded will mean the

AN EXPOSURE.

Next week we will give documentary evidence proving that the Dublin Distress Committee is worked by the certain councillors for electioneering purposes.

We see that the Vaughan clique, under the scab Kelly, held a meeting in St. Kevin's Hall. Of this, more anon.

Though they have stuffed the registers, and arranged for wholesale personation, we will teach them a trick or two this year they never learned. Some of the boys will get free lodgings and food, and some of the respectable gentlemen who, putting out their foul and libellous statements will waken out of their trance below many days.

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the difficulties; the rest had to be sold at less than their value, while my Protestant grandfather wandered forth in search of a home. Protestants in the days had no doubt about the guiding of an omniscient hand; although the way was difficult and the trial hard; yet they believed the ending must be good all things work together for good to those who are in the right way.

peace for the present—our business is war. War on those who sweat, underpay and overwork our sister woman; war on the class who is responsible that a bold and willing man should walk the streets of their native city hungry, despairing, and prevented by unemployment from fulfilling their natural duty to their wives and children—the governing capitalist class.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR—Might I be permitted to make an appeal through the medium of your valiant paper, to my Protestant fellow-workers.

WEXFORD NOTES.

The Wexford Corporation are strongly opposed to the Transport Union on the ground of their interference with Irish industries. The majority of the Corporation are of the employing class, but, strange to say, in the absence of the labour members, who are alleged to be such bitter opponents of Irish manufacture, the contractor who submitted Irish-manufactured oilskins, made by Tyghe, of Dublin, was passed over in order to give the contract to one of the crew named Rochford for a foreign-manufactured article.

LET'S ALL GO DOWN THE STRAND.

'Let's All go Down the Strand'—to mark the occasion of the death of Joseph street in charge of his faithful escort of policemen; he was seen home, or rather carried home. Is he prosecuted for being drunk and disorderly? Not at all; he is a scab. Was Scallan prosecuted, although he wasn't drunk? Certainly; but he is a Union man. Was he fined? Most assuredly; but then the police couldn't identify him, and how dare he be alive. John Belton, who is a merchant in the Bull Ring—or somebody told him he was—on Saturday fortnight assaulted Patrick Meyler, of Monk street, with a motor spanner. Meyler reported the occurrence in the police barrack, and was then told on his expressing his desire to swear a deposition in order to have Belton arrested, that it would be useless waste of energy, as Belton would be released on bail in twenty minutes after his arrest. Meyler was surgically treated for incised wounds on the forehead, and was palpably severely injured.

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