



WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

In Thanks to the Irish Workers' Choir. Oh! 'Tis proud I am to-day to see The land my father trod; With the same blue sky above my head, My foot on the same dear sod.

Irish-Ireland Notes.

By AN STURTELL FARRER. THE DUBLIN FAIR.

The Feis Ceilidh which was held on Saturday evening last 16th inst., in the Mansion House was well patronised by the City Gaels. Fully 200 people were present.

The last date for receiving entries for the Competitions is Saturday 31st March. Copies of Syllabus can be had from the offices of the Gaelic League.

The latest physical force preachers in our midst is "An Barr Buidh." "Oh wad mine power the gift to gie us" etc. etc.

'Tis the easiest thing in the world to pull the British Empire to pieces till we get down to details. And then—did anyone whisper Education and positions. Oh the bold had British Government.

The quarterly meeting of delegates of the City Branches will be held on this (Saturday) evening at 25 Rutland Square. Chair at 8 p.m.

FATHER ANDERSON BRANCH GAEILIC LEAGUE. A meeting to re-organise the Father Anderson Branch of the Gaelic League will be held at 144, Great Brunswick-street, on Sunday evening next, 24th. The meeting is timed to commence at 4 p.m., and we trust that all Gaels residing in the parish will endeavour to be present.

Irish Co-operative Labour Press, Ltd. Committee Meeting, held on Monday evening last, in Liberty Hall, 18 Bedford place. The Secretary announced that several applications for shares had been received during the past fortnight.

St. Patrick's Day Concert and Dance. "The night of your life." Such was the announcement to be met with on every evening in the city for several days previous to the National Festival.

The Government evidently intend to proceed rigorously with their prosecution of persons urging strikers to refuse to shoot down workers on strike. On Tuesday evening Mr. Tom Mann was arrested, and it is understood that other well known agitators are to be charged with "inciting the workers to riot and rebellion."

The "Don't Shoot" Prosecution. The Government evidently intend to proceed rigorously with their prosecution of persons urging strikers to refuse to shoot down workers on strike.

To the Women Workers of the Union. Speaking to one of Jacob's employees a few days ago I asked her if she was a member of the Irish Women Workers' Union. On receiving a reply in the negative, I inquired why not? and the reply was, "We were not asked."

Irish Workers' Choir. RULES AND REGULATIONS. MEMBERSHIP—A person before becoming a member of the choir must first be in good standing of the Irish Women Workers' Union or the Irish Transport Union.

ESTIMATED FAIR. 'PROFIT 3008. City Printing Works. TRADE UNION PRINTERS, 13 STAFFORD ST., DUBLIN.

THE STRIKER. They thought him wrong, the tools of vile oppression. They cursed him for the strength that made him fight.

fact, you took the first step long years ago. Asquith's next step in the public ownership of the mines. "Keep your seats," Asquith says, "God forbid." We say, "God speed the day."

STEWARD. This Friday morning we are summoned at the instance of Edward William Stewart common informer, to appear at Court to answer certain complaints laid to our charge.

A GOOD EXAMPLE. On behalf of the workers employed by Wallace Brothers we have to thank the firm for their thoughtfulness and sympathy in advancing to the men displaced by the present coal strike 7/8 each this week.

NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE. This morning, as arranged, in answer to the request of the Parliamentary Committee of the Irish Trades Congress, the deputation appointed—Messrs M. J. O. Lohane, General Secretary Irish Drapers' Assistants; W. O'Brien, Amalgamated Society of Tailors; Joseph Clarke, Amalgamated Society of Carpenters and Joiners; and J. Larkin, General Secretary Irish Transport and General Workers' Union—waited upon the National Health Insurance Commissioners at their offices, Pembroke House, Upper Mount-street.

ASQUITH'S NEXT STEP. Three weeks ago we toast the men who control the earth—the workers—and now we see the strongest and greatest Government of modern times tottering to their fall.

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

Irish Worker AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, March 23, 1912.

NATIONAL HEALTH INSURANCE COMMISSION (Ireland), 63 Dawson street, Dublin, February, 1912.

SIR,—I am directed by the National Health Insurance Commissioners for Ireland to inform you that they are now in a position to send Lecturers to the different districts in Ireland to explain the objects and provisions of the National Insurance Act.

Members of the deputation pointed out that some of the County Councils were wrongly interpreting the circular. The deputation raised the question of the Women's National Health Association, and their methods; they also called attention to the pamphlets issued by that body, and the new title they had assumed, which was, to say the least, confusing, if not deliberately intended to mislead.

MANLEY'S. The Workers' Provision Stores, 37 Great Britain St. and 3 Stoneyhatter, The House for Quality and Value.

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tion with reference to the spirit and interpretation of the Commissioners regarding the position of the Trade Unions under the Act in Ireland.

Mr. O'Lohane on behalf of the deputation thanked Mr. Glynn, Mrs. Dickie and the Secretary Mr. Houlihan for the manner in which they received them, and the painstaking and sympathetic manner they had approached all the points raised by the deputation.

COUNCILLOR T. LAWLOR. Councillor Lawlor, who attended the meeting of the Dublin Distress Committee reported on page 3, had to come at great risk and inconvenience, he being scarcely convalescent yet.

Assurance Tea Co. Fraud. On our front page was found an account of the conviction of Thomas Dickson who claimed £1,000 damages from us for an alleged libel.

HE ROSE A MAN. He rose a man from the underworld With wonderful works and ways, And mankind listened with beating hearts, For those were the darkest days— A gloom of night was o'er the land That rose from the sea of Leth.

HEROSE A MAN AND HE SPOKE HIS WORDS, And looked to the time to be, And mankind marvelling heard him speak, And wondered who he was: He spoke of the struggle that was to come To end the time of woe, He asked for help, and few said "aye," Whilst hundreds answered "no."

THESE LITTLE TO TELL: the struggle came, He fell with the few he led; They called him fool, when on earth he lived, A martyr when he was dead. Yet why need we shed a tear for him, Or give him a word of praise? He did his best, 'twas reward enough, And that in the darkest days.

TRUSSETTS AT THREE PENCE HALF-PENNY PER PAIR. A young Jewish tailor stated at the Thames Police Court recently that he had to make 30 pairs of trousers for 3d. a pair. And yet when people try to organise these poor persecuted wretches driven from Russia, ignorant of the conditions of life and willing to exist by any and every means, prepared to work for a mere existence, Trade Unionists! say, oh no, leave them alone. You cannot leave them alone. They will not allow you. They must eat or die. Therefore organise and help them to fight for better conditions.

Now if you will list' unto me for a while—I'll tell of some dangers, the mine to beguile, Which the hard-working Collier he has to go through, When he goes in the morning—his day's work to do.

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Each Collier that works down the mine is so brave As a soldier, or jolly Jack Tar on the wave; And the heart in his bosom it beats just as true As any bold "bobby's" that dresses in blue.

Let us hope before long we shall see in this land, The masters and men working both hand in hand; But until that time comes, and united they be, Old England from strikes she will never be free.

Scabbing on Ourselves. It is bad enough to be compelled by stress of circumstances to accept low wages when offered it by an employer; but it is in the worst and most unpardonable kind of scabbing to undervalue our own work and voluntarily offer our services at less than we are worth—less than a living wage.

The following letter was sent in reply to an advertisement in the "Irish Times" a few weeks ago, and is a most illuminating instance of the way in which clerks with wives and families depending on them are thrown on the streets to make room for school girl scabs like the writer of this letter:—

T 1042 "Irish Times Office." In reply to your advertisement in this day's "Irish Times" for office assistant and typist I beg to apply for the vacancy. I am 17 years of age, and am employed in a city office for the last nine months as shorthand typist and office assistant, and have had a good business training, and understand general office routine—copying, indexing, etc., and desire a change. I can get satisfactory reference from employers as to ability, etc., and will accept 7/6 weekly.

The favour of an early reply will very much oblige me. I can fully explain to you the chief reason why I desire a change. Yours respectfully, AGNES O'TOOLE.

We are unable to say whether Agnes obtained the job; but we do affirm that neither herself nor any other girl in this city could manage to live on seven shillings a week without being subsidised by her parents or friends.

If there were no Agnes O'Toole to work at skilled work in offices at 7/6 a week there would be fewer idle clerks walking the streets to-day.

G.B.S. on the Strike. The employers must concede the schedule, and rejoice to be let off so easily, as what is coming is not merely a minimum wage and the right to work, but a minimum life pension, whether the employee can find work or not, for an Englishman's need to live does not vary with the market for his labour. Legislation to enforce a minimum wage by overriding existing wage contracts should override existing royalty contracts also. The ultimate result will be nationalisation of mines.

THE MINER'S SONG. Written and Composed by T. SUMNER, PRINCE ST. HELENA. [COPYRIGHT.] A Collier am I, and a merry one too, And I sing like a lark, as I work the day through. No doubt you will wonder what makes me so gay— Whilst down in the Mine, getting Coal all the day.

Now if you will list' unto me for a while—I'll tell of some dangers, the mine to beguile, Which the hard-working Collier he has to go through, When he goes in the morning—his day's work to do.

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