"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.

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18th, 1913.

ONE PENNY,

THE CRY OF DISTRESS!

What Can be Done for the Unemployed? By EUCHAN.

Year by year as each winter comes round the same cry of distress goes up. "What can be done with the unemployed?"

Each winter reveals the state of destitution that the toilers are brought to through unemployment, and each winter, as I have said, brings the same cry of dis-

Unemployment, like the weather, has become a stock topic for casual conversation. You hear it talked about in the streets, in trams, in drawing-rooms, and it is sometimes even "gagged" about by alleged comedians in theatres and music

Unemployment, and its attendant evils, is dismissed by everyone, but the termination of each conversation generally consists of the hopeless question, "What can be done?"

Having suffered in my time from the curse of unemployment rather severely, I always feel interested, from a purely personal point of view, in any attempt to provide an answer to the terrible unemployment problem.

It was for this reason, more than any other, I went to the meeting held last Monday evening in the Antient Concert Rooms to deal with this question.

The principal organiser of the meeting, I understand, was Miss Harrison, T.C.

Everyone in Dublin who is free to recognise real honesty of purpose and integrity of character, realises full well that Miss Harrison, above all people in the city, is above and beyond anything of a "hole and corner" or "backstairs" nature, vet the charge was made, and had to be refuted, that the meeting was organised for electioneering purposes on behalf of the Labour candidates.

Personally, I believe the charge is too silly to be taken too seriously. Miss Harrison is too well known and appreciated by right thinking people to be mistaken for the electioneering hack of any party, for one thing, and, besides, the question of unemployment is too vast and cruel to be considered as a question of party politics at all.

Unemployment is not a matter for Labour men to consider merely, but is tather a question which must be honestly considered by every public representative. no matter what his politics may be.

Unemployment is a curse! How great a curse it is, only the poor devils who have gone through it know fully. It is not only a curse but it is a menace to the peace and prosperity of the whole community. Unemployment is twice accursed, therefore; it is a curse to those who suffer from it, and 'tis a curse to those Who do nothing towards solving or ending it as they may find out some day to

Unemployment has absolutely nothing to do with elections. A Labour man certainly has to do his utmost to combat or cure its evils as he is representing the Working classes who suffer most from it, but a nationalist is just as much bound to work for the ending of unemployment because it is a National question, and one which cuts at the very core of a nation's well-being. A Unionist, bears an equal responsibility with the others, were it only for humanitarian reasons. Indeed, no man, no matter what he be, can dare strive to become a public representative, and ignore this question of unemployment, for it is a question that cries aloud for answer, and active, sincere, honest action as well.

The meeting on Monday evening was Nor called for political or electioneering feasons but for HUMANITARIAN AND CHRISTIAN reasons, and all that the meeting set out to do was done.

Mr. Laurence O'Neill, T.C., presided. Councillor O'Neill is a quiet man, whose every action, look and word betokens sincerity. He is far from being a firebrand, and would be hopeless as a revolutionary, yet for this meeting he made

quite an ideal chairman. Miss Harrison, T.C., proposed the resolution which the meeting was called to endorse, and it was seconded by Jim That resolutiod was as follows:-

"That this meeting earnestly requests the Chief Secretary, as President of the Local Government Board. to look into the administration of the Unemployed Workmen Act in Dublin, and take the necessary steps (I) to ensure that the money voted by Par-liament and subscribed by the public for the relief of unemployed workmen shall in future be spent for no other purpose, and shall be expended for this purpose in conformity with the rules and recommendations drawn up in connection with the Act; and (2) that he will use his influence to obtain an adequate grant to relieve the distress in the city. And that this meeting calls upon the members for the City of Dublin to personally acquaint themselves with the manner in which the Unemployed Workmen Act has been administered in their constituencies, and requests them to see that in future charitable subscriptions and public money voted for the relief of unemployed workmen shall not be spent in providing free labour and materials for the benefit of private property holders in this city, thus disemploying ordinary workmen and injuring the very people the Act was intended to relieve."

I may say at once that the resolution was passed unanimously and amidst great enthusiasm, so that, as I have al-Iready said, the object of the meeting was successfully achieved.

I liked Miss Harrison's speech in moving the resolution. I never heard her speak at any length before; but I thought she spoke well and to the point, although she could have been a little less apologetic maybe. Measures of Social Reform are too urgent to admit apologetics. If a man threatens your life you had better kill him first and apologise afterwards to his widow. If a man is out of work and his very life and the lives of those depending on him are being threatened, he is not anxious to know the little pettifogging difficulties that stand in the way of a Distress Committee, but he does want to know what chance he has of getting a job and of turning the wolf of starvation from his

I know full well that Miss Harrison tells of these little difficulties because of the absolute conscientious way in which she has entered into her self-imposed duties; but I submit that she has a slightly wrong point of view on the

She bases all her work upon the answer to the question, How much can a Distress Committee do for the unemploy d and what is the best way to get that Distress Committee to do it?

The question, however, as it appeals to me should be stated this way: How much can the unemployed demand from a Distress Committee and what is the best way in which the unemployed can compel said Distress Committee to act to the utmost extent of their power?

I think these two respective points of view were very well illustrated on Monday night by the mover and seconder of the resolution respectively.

Miss Harrison told us of what the Committee could do. Mr. Larkin told us, on the other hand, of what the unemployed could demand.

I admit at once that it as natural for Miss Harrison to have the first point of view as it is for Jim to have the second. She understands that a Committee appointed in good faith to administer an Act of Parliament must do their duty honestly and to the best of their ability, and that even though they do lapse from the straight path, they may be brought back to it by a little official pressure from a higher quarter. Jim understands, however, that no Committee can honestly administer an Act with which they are entirely out of sympathy, unless they are compelled to do so by the action of those for whom the Act was framed, and they in this case are the unemployed them-

The real trouble of the Dublin Distress Committee, to my mind, is that they

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have been allowed to attain a false position principally through the action or inaction of the unemployed themselves. They have been allowed to become a sort of Boards of Guardians—not of the Poor Law, but of the Unemployment Lawand just as the poor go to the Board of Guardians with hat in hand craving assistance, so have the unemployed gone to the Distress Committee craving assist-

The Distress Committee evidently got it into their heads that they were administering the law merely as a hobby and not as a means of effectually combating the evils of unemployment. It is only by looking at it thus, indeed, that anyone can hope to understand the gross ignorance of principle and complete absence of anything approaching honesty with which they maladministered the

Had the Unemployed stopped craving for work and demanded it in no uncertain tone; had they ceased fumbling with their hats in their hands, and, instead of showing abject deference to the Committee, shown them their teeth, would the Scullys and Croziers have dared do the things they did? Surely not.

Remember that the Unemployed Workmen's Act was only forced from a benevolent Government after much strife and

The Government realised that it is to the employers interests to have an army of unemployed—the "Devil's Army," as Daisy Halling calls it—and it went very much against their grain to give the Act. As a matter of fact they only gave it when it was forced from them. The Act is not all that it could or

should be. At the same time the things that could be done under it have not all been done in Ireland, and those that have been done have been done badly. It is to the interest of every workingman to see that the Act is administered properly, those who are working as well as those who are not working.

If it took terror to make the Government give the Act, it may take terror to make the local bodies administer it pro-

Let the unemployed of Dublin stop "kow-towing" to the Distress Committee, therefore, and begin to knock the fear of the Lord into their hearts-it will be more effective.

You will find then that resolutions asking the Chief Secretary "that he will use his influence to obtain an adequate grant to relieve the severe distress in the city" will be almost unnecessary, for the Committee will be found sending hatfuls of resolutions and prayers and petitions on their own account.

I can imagine the worthy or unworthy readers of this paper who go over it carefully week by week, seeking for something with which to discredit Larkin, saying to. themselves, when they read this article, "Ah, ha! here is open incitement to

The article is not intended for any such purpose. It would be futile if it was! The purpose of the article is to try and stimulate the manliness and pride and self-reliance of the working classes of this city, employed and unemployed. Let them demand their rights. It is only by

toil that a toiler can live. The God who gave you breath gave you the right to live! The right to live gives you the right to work! If Commerce denies you the right to work, the State must fill the breach. The State has partly recognised its duty in this matter by passing the Unemployment Act. It is the duty of every right-thinking man and woman in a Christian land to see that people are not starved or made to suffer through lack of work; to see also that the machinery of local administration is used properly and promptly. Are the people of Dublin prepared to do their duty in this matter, or are they going to wait on until the cry of distress has become a cry of desperation and rage?
The choice is with them.

Biographies in Brief.

No 2.—JOHN S. KELLY—THE "SPARROW."

A veritable halo of glory surrounds the life of the late-unlamented John Saturnus Kelly, otherwise the "Sparrow," so called from his close affinity to that feathered beauty, the jail bird. Notwithstanding this, the origin of his uprise and the credentials of his antecedents are things that are destined to remain shrouded in mystery for all time.

He entered public life when private life had nothing to offer him in the shape of £ S. D., and descending upon the unfortunate district of Inchicore, near the City of Dublin, he took occupation thereof and fortified himself in preparation of his campaign against the wickedness of the world. With surprising agility he entered the Civic Parliament as representative for the said district of Inchicore, and it was not until three years later that he was

As a man of business and commercial acumen there were few to equal him in those days. He was largely interested in finance—mostly other people's; but this is by the way. He himself attributed his success to his adopted motto "SInn Fein."

Withal he was the apostle of virtue, and the doer of many good deeds during his lifetime. It will be long remembered how on receiving the huge legacy of twenty

thousand pounds from a deceased relative he handed over the entire sum to the Dublin Corporation for the erection of a Mayoral dwellinghouse, the edifice in Dawson street having been converted into a Cinematograph Theatre by the famous Farrell Variety Company.

That "the good die young" is an accepted rule, and the kindly John was a victim to the fatal adage. He passed away at the early age of sixty-nine; one year more and he might have had an old age pension.

To the present day there is a quaint superstition existing among the folk at New Kilmainham to the effect that the valiant John S. never really died. They believe that on the occasion of his supposed demise he crept away surreptitiously and emigrated to the Promised Land. This yarn, of course, must not be taken seriously.

The "Sparrow" is dead—as dead as a door nail-and his epitaph might be writ-

Like somebody of whom it has been said He stayed upon this planet while he could;

The day he stretched upon his earthen bed He left his country for his country's good."

THE STORY-TELLER.

"I was thinking-," said John, and then he solemnly stirred his tea. "That's a queer thing," said his wife, Mary, as she poured some hot water into a feeding bottle. "So was I!"

John instantly grew suspicious. "And what was it you were thinking

about, Mary, might I ask?" he said. "I was thinking," said Mary, "that I might get you to look after the baby for an hour or so, till I went out and did some messages. There's young Tim came home from the school to-night with hardly a bit of his trousers sticking together, and I'll have to get him a pair of new ones as I can't do anything with the old ones—there so bad, and, besidee, there

" Tim's always wanting new trousers," said John petulantly.

"Oh," said Mary, "he's only a boy, you know, John, and boys will be boys "Aye, boys will be boys," broke in John, gruffly, " but when I was a boy I

"I know, John, I know," said his wife, soothingly. "When you were a boy you never tore your trousers or wanted new ones. I know that fine, and sorry I am that Tim doesn't take after his father, but sure every one knows that you were a model, and, anyway, I must get Tim a new trousers or he'll be running naked. Yoo wouldn't like to see the boy going to the school that way, would you? You'll look after the baby when I'm out, won't you?"

"Wouldn't to-morrow night do instead," said John. "I'm going to be busy tonight.

"Well I don't think to-morrow will do," replied his wife. "Indeed, I am certain it will not, but what were you going to be doing, John?" "I was thinking-"

" Aye, so you said before."

"Yes, and I would have told you what I was thinking before had you not interrupted me with your ill-mannered talk about Tim's trousers, "Well, ye know, John, the boy wants

them." " And if he does itself is that any rea-

son why a man can't think in his own house ? "Sure, John, there's nobody preventing you. What was it you were think-

ing, anway?" Well, I was thinking that I would stay in the house to-night and do a bit

of writing.' Mary gasped in astonishment. "Oh, you needn't be so surprised," said John, rather huffily. "Is there any

reason why I shouldn't write?" "None in the world," said his wife, trying her best to keep from showing her surprise. "But what is it you're going to write, John?"

"It's like this," said John, drawing away from the table where he had finished his tea, and making himself comfortable in the big chair by the fire. "The Editor of THE WORKER is giving

a prize of a Guinea for a short story-I saw it announced in this week's Number-and I'm going to have a slap at it! "You-you're going to tell stories?" ejaculated Mary.

"Yes. Why shouldn't I? I think might make a very good hand at it if I Mary sat back in her chair and laughed

heartily. "What are you laughing at?" broke

out John. "Do you think I'm not able to tell stories?" "Indeed, John," said his wife, still laughing "I think you're well able."

John took his pipe from his mouth and seemed to swallow something-something hard. "I don't know what you mean, Mary," he said at length; " but if you are trying to question my veracity, then allow me to tell you that "---

"Faith, John, I don't know about your veracity, as you call it; but I think you are quite able to tell stories. The question is—Are ye able to write one?" Is there any harm in trying?"

"No, I suppose not."

"Well, then, will you give a man a chance? There's no telling what a man can do when he's put to it, and it's you would be glad to get the guinea if I won

"If I had a guinea," said Mary musingly, "I would buy a bit of new wax-cloth for the kitchen, and I'd get that new bonnet you've been promising me for the last year, and I'd get"-

"Hold on now-that's like you women always, Here you've gone and spent the guinea already before I've even set to work to win it, and any way, if I do win it, the guinea's mine, and there's a lot of things I'm needing myself. I could be doing with a new overcoat for one thing, and"

"Oh, but I need the bonnet more than you need the overcoat."

"Well, may be you do; but, if we go on arguing like this, the story will never be written, and there will be neither overcoat nor bonnet to be got. Where's the pen and ink?"

"Oh, Tim took the pen to the school to-day; he must have forgot it, and Mrs. Dolan downstairs got the loan of the

"Did ever a man hear the like? Glory be to God! How am I to write my story without a pen and ink?'

"But, John, you could write it with a lead pencil first, just to see how you got on. There's a bit up there on the mantelpiece, beside the tea caddy; and besides you haven't got a subject yet, have you?" "Oh, that won't bother me long," said

John, reaching for the pencil. "Is there any paper in the house?" There's a packet on the dresser there.

Is it a love story you'll be writing, do you think?"

'Oh, Lord, no! No such nonsense for me.' "You didn't think it nonsense always,

"Well, if I was once silly enough to believe in love, I got more sense after National Amalgamated

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I was married. There's better subjects than that to write about. Heaps os stories could be written about the history of our country, for instance.

What do you know about history?" "Maybe I know more than you think; and, anyway, a short story need only be about one little incident you know. When you come to think about it, there's hundreds of little things happening in every workingman's life that could be written into nice little stories.'

"But, John, you can't make stories out of common things like that."
"And why not?" You couldn't expect

a workingman like me to write a lot of stuff about Lord Claud de Cloak-Socks when I never met the man and care nothing about him."

"That's true enough, John."
"Of course it's true, My story—when

it's finished-will be about the class I know most abou -the working class, and I'll tell a plain story in my own plam way."
"Will you make it a funny story,

John, or will it be something sad?" "I hardly know that yet. I suppose

it might be easier to write a sad story; but still a workingman comes across many funny things that he might write about. I'll have to make up my mind about that." "When you're making up your mind

about it," said Mary, quietly slipping on her shawl, "I'll run out and get those trousers for Tim. Will you look after the baby when I'm out, John?" "All right, Mary, I will," said John, taking the baby on his knee." "Don't

be long."
"No," said Mary, as she made for the door, "I'll not be long, and when I come back you can go on with your story-telling.

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WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

IREIN AND HIS SWEATING DEN.

Irwin, who owns and controls the paper sorting sweating den in Abbey St., and to whose scandalous treatment of his employees we had to draw public attention a few times last year, is now distinguishing himself by carrying on a new form of tyranny towards the poor creatures who slave for him. A girl left his employment on December 28th. When she was leaving this man should have given the girl her insurance card; this he failed to do. During the following week she called several times for her card, and each time she was told by this autocrat that she must call again.

On Thursday, January 2nd, the girl could have entered new employment, but owing to the fact that she had not her insurance card she was not taken on. Although she did not belong to the Irish Transport Approved Society, which insures both women and men, we interyened on her behalf, and sent a demand to the man Irwin that unless he gave the girl her card immediately we would take other means to recover it for the

This demand was sent on Monday, January 6th, at 11.30 a.m., and the card was at once given to the girl; but by a later post a statement came from Irwin stating that he had not given the girl her insurance card because she did not go to him for it at nine o'clock in the morning, and that he would not break his regulations. If these are his regulations, and if nine o'clock in the morning is his hour for transacting such business, why, then, did he break through these regulations on re-ceiving our demands? Why, because like all his kind, he is very brave when tyrannising over a lot of helpless women slaves. But they very quickly cave in when they find they are up against a certain powerful force. Irwin may be very glad that he was allowed to get off so

The men and women in Dublin who allow their girls to work in Irwin's sweating den, who allow them to be bullied and slave-driven, and worked like mules for 2s. 6d. per week, are, in my opinion, just as much to blame as Irwin is. It's all very well for these men and women to say, "What can we do; they have to go to work or else starve." Why, by allowing the girls to work in Irwin's and such like dens, they are doing worse than starving. The starving of the body would be an honourable course, but for parents to allow their girls to be sweated and illtreated as they are in many of the factories in Dublin, they are not only aiding the employees to continue this sweating system, but they are helping to injure their own daughters physically and

What can 2s. 6d. per week procure for any girl? Why, it would not keep her supplied with dry bread. Therefore, what else is she doing but starving, and, apart from that, the health of these girls is being ruined. They are insulted and degraded every hour of the day, and, in fact, when they fir t start to slave in one of these sweating dens, their lives are absolutely unbearable; but continual drudgery and misery soon have their effect, and after a few years of this treat-ment they simply lead a numbed, animal existence. There will be a big reckoning some day, and I trust it may be soon, and that the right people will be reckoned with when the working women and girls begin to realise how infamously they are treated. It is also high time that the mothers and fathers of the working girls of Dublin took some interest in them. The steady continuance of the sweating of women and girls shows a lamentable slackness on the part of the parents, they seem to forget that a responsibility of a sacred duty is imposed on them towards their daughters, and that some day they will have to render an accurate account of how they performed that duty. How many young girls are told to go and get work and are threatened with dire consequence if they come back and are not employed. This kind of home treatment drives the girls to accept employment from any unscru lous employer, and in this way again do parents help employers to sweat women and keep their wages at the lowest possible figures. If the working women and girls of Dublin are to make any headway at all in bettering their conditions they must receive more help and consideration from their own homes than has been afforded them up to the present.

CARDBOARD BOXMAKING.

TRADES BOARD ACT.

It is important that all workers employed in the various cardboard boxmaking establishments are requested to take particular notice that the printed posters (which are sent by the Trades Board to all the firms) setting out in detail the minimum rate of wage, and the rate of wage for apprentices are posted up in conspicuous places. It is also most important that all workers should read these notices carefully, and if they find that the regulations that are set down are not carried out by the employers, they should make it their duty to report same. This Act has been passed for the benefit of the workers, and it now lies with them to see that they derive benefit from

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Jan. 18th, 1913

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Well, Comrades, what think you of our

attack on the citadel of ignorance, corruption and debauchery? Did we acquit ourselves like men? Have we anything to regret? Did any among our ranks falter? As far as we observed no complaint can be set against any of those who have been in any way active in the Labour world. We speak now of women and men who are always and at all times actually interesting themselves in the betterment of their class. Admitting that a deal of work necessary to success was left undone previous to the polling day, there were reasons, but not sufficient in our opinion, why that was so. A great number of the men who are to be relied upon in any crisis were busily engaged in issuing cards for the New Year's work from their several unions, and then we had to recognise that the Insurance business also operated adversedly against us. We, who are officials of unions, are compelled to do deal of our routine work after our members have ceased work for the day, the consequence is that at the time we should be visiting the electors, pointing out to them the necessity for waking up to their opportunity, we are tied down to ordinary office duties. Now whatever may be said against a section of the organised workers for their apathy, and in too many cases the rank betrayal of the cause, little blame can be hurled at the active men and women in the trade union ranks, Mark, we say trade union, for unfortunanately we are cursed in Ireland with cliques masquerading under the guise of trades unions, which are but employers' free labour organisations, or in other cases simply the appendages of the corrupt, political gang who rule the roost in this country. Yes, we must congratulate ourselves on the magnificent way our women and men worked and slaved to ensure success. There were mistakes committed; there was in some cases misunderstandings, in others a want of solidarity; but for a party less than a year old to take upon themselves to defeat what is known as the most cohesive, best marshalled, wellorganised party, backed up as they are by the most powerful influences in the country-a party that controls all the election machinery, and we regret to say the judicial machinery, too-is marvellous. We say nothing about the foul and vicious growths that made themselves manifest in most disgusting ways throughout the contest. Let us begin as our friends the enemy adviseat the seat of corruption: the Revision Courts. It was the intention of the legislature when passing the Franchise Acts that those qualified under the said Acts should be assisted in exercising the right to ballot. What we have in existence in Dublin-even more than in other towns or cities—is a system of corruption managed by the most astute and degraded creatures that could be gathered together in any known part of the earth, whose function it is to so manipulate the Register that in any election that may take place their paymasters may succeed in being elected. Let us prove our case. It is a well-known fact that certain slum house-lords never pay rates; others never have paid the proper rates; others, again, simply laugh at the Public Health regulations. The law of distress or distraint is manipulated by them in a most tyrannical way. What do they do under the advice of those who know all things in connection with rateage matters and the qualifications necessary to claim a place on the Register? These, slum landlords either pay no rates at all or fail to pay them when due; or they go further, and instead of filling the requisition form with the names of the tenants entitled to vote, they stuff their own creatures on, or, in the majority of the cases, do not return the names of those qualified. Then those who are paid to see that the Register is an honest return of qualified persons wink the other eye, and if challenged have always some excuse ready for individual cases, but we quote here and now not individual cases but a few of the many cases that we hope to prove in a Court of Law, let us take Inchicore since John Saturnus Kelly took the manipulation of the Register into his foul hands, over five hundred genuine qualified persons have been disfranchised, and bogus voters put on in their places. one case to prove our point - a Mr. Kelly renting two rooms in Chapelizod, himself, his wife, his two daughters and two sons are on the Register for this tworoomed house, three of the six Kelly's are

ander age. We have also J. S. Kelly himself without any qualification returned as a voter. We have one Caldwell a

Corporation employee and ward-heeler, who by the way is on the Register in nearly all the Wards in Dublin, he is a lodger in North Dock Ward. We have already in past issues dealt with the stuffing of Mountjoy and Merchant's Quay register, but in Wood Quay they have excelled themselves. There is a shop in Christchurch place known as Arigho's, where they sell prints and statues, no less than six of the corrupt clique who control the Corporatton Labourers' Union, Mr. Cobb. Mr. Tarleton, Mr. Dunne and three other nonentities who never lived there, here, and who in our opiniou would not be allowed across the threshold of Arigho's shop, are on the register as inhabitant householders for these premises. Another woman who owns a house in Bride street, found on looking at the register that she had six lodgers-at least they where on the register - though she never saw them in the flesh. These lodgers, of course, are Swaine's lodgers and voters. In Inn's Quay-a district known as Beef

Row-(this is not owned by Delaany)-

upon which no rates have been paid for

years past, and has not been occupied since the demolition of Ormond Market, has been stuffed with bogus voters. In some of the parades of the N. C. R. houses marked on the Register as 15 A and B, and so on, are not in existence, and still persons are returned as voters out of non-cxistent premises, while fully one thousand women and men entitled to vote are disfranchised either because no requisition forms were returned or the rates have not been paid- In North Dock there is set down on the Register some 4,322 voters. At least 500 of these never lived in North Dock, or if they ever lived at all they must be that fluid-voting power which travels about from ward to ward, to vote for the nominee of corruption and jobbery-the U.I.L. When we read that less than two thousand persons voted in North Dock out of 4,322 who were entitled to vote, people naturally draw conclusions and say that the citizens do not take an interest in Municipal affairs. That is not altogether true, for we are prepared to prove that at least twenty per cent, of the names on the Registers of the old City of Dublin, apart from St. Stephen's Green Division Parliamentary Division, are bogus votes. We further point out that in the St. Stephen's Green Division of South Dock Ward, though the population is not half that of the Harbour Division portion of the ward, there is 25 per cent. more votes on the Stephen's Green portion. The same applies to Trinity Ward. Therefore we of the Labour Party have to do one thing to win all along the line: Clear out the Register; purge it of the bogus and alien voters. Another factor in the elections is that all presiding officers and returning officers are, without exception, known creatures of the U.I.L. One gentleman who was presiding in a polling booth on the North side of the city was just drunk enough not to go asleep. Another gentleman, ballot clerk in Wood Ouay, had no less than 18 bottles of XX. I suppose they were supplied "for services rendered" to "Ducker" and the gang. And then the drink sea, or sea of drink, that some of the boys were floating on and into the booths. We had occasion to run around the ward during the course of the day, when we arrived at New-street we found that Ducker had the gang in full force. While we were talking to Irwin that foul blackguard rushed across followed by his disgusting, cowardly gang of cutthroats, pickpockets, and prosti-tutes' bullies, gentlemen like that Jew renegade and criminal lunatic, Edelstein. Well, though Mickey swore to take your life if he lost, Joseph (of the coat of many colours) when the working class finish up with you, better you had never been imported. If you or your Jewish pals think we are going to sit down and allow imported sweaters to come and bulldose the workers of this city, you have cut the wrong stick. Either the Jewish people repudiate Edelstein, or else—— And they will under-stand that it is not Mickey's bullies that you are dealing with. We have an economic weapon that will settle this problem. Here we have this criminal, who destroyed a Christian girl of eight years old, going from door to door with a gang of hired ruffians, threatening decent, hard-working women and men, intimidating the poor, ignorant Jewish worker that, if they dared to vote for Labour, they-Edelstein, Swaine, and Company-could find out how they voted, and put them through it. We have put up with Swaine and his gang of cutthroats too long. They have played a card that we will turn up. They will meet men now who will care nothing for their foul tongues, and who will deal out to them what they are badly needing, these drunken thigs need a lesson. To see women who call themselves Christians riding down to vote in a motor car with Edelstein, the foul creature who ruined a Christian child, to vote against a man and to

vote for a beast like Swaine. Well, we have got two of Swaine's tools, and though Mickey swore he had no money, we know he has no morals! We will make the good ladies and gentlemen who supplied him with funds put their hands down again. Swaine must go! Let that be our watchword. We have scotched a number of reptiles in our time, but this serpent must be crushed. Swaine's mob personated wholesale in Wood Quay but they cannot personate before a judge. There can be no compromise with such a fcul growth on the body politic. It must be puiled up, roots and all, and destroyed. These bullies who are backing Swaine must be taken and grasped like a nettle, and they cannot then sting. Mickey threatened to take whar he called our —— life, and the cowardly skuuk, backed up by his cutthroats were afraid to strike. When we are afraid of any such mob we will cry loudly "Peccavi!" If he had dared to raise his hand the election would have been finished as far as he was concerned. Mickey, you done a bad day's work when you threatened to use force. We are coming up to Wood Quay to teach you the lesson we taught O'Dwyer last year. Breslan lost Mer. chant's Quay owing to bogus votes and personation and lack of help during the day. Farren done magnificently in Usher's Quay; for remember Farren never fought on the last occasion; he had a walk over; and if Hnghie Doyle. the police spy's son, had to fight the election again he would give it a miss. People know Doyle now that never knew him before; and, thanks to the Unionist vote, he is member for all those who admit that all the foul work done to Irishmen by

the Government during '67 was justified. Farren got the true national workingclsss vote. Of course the fight in South Dock was only done to keep the cotton gang out of Trinity. It Murty thinks we were fighting, let him resign and the same man will fight him again. We hear Mr. Burgess of L.N.W. congratulated him on defeating Larkin. Murto has not faced Larkin yet. We only went into the ward once during the election. Mullen, of course, was only running for a purpose. Neither Mullen or Foran were adopted candidates of the Labour Party; simply running on their own, of course, with an object, of that later. Well, North Dock proved that when it came to the test North Dock is sound for labour.

Since Brohoon was adopted as candidate, until the night before the election we held no meetings, indoor or outdoor. The scabs' shelter were working might and main; all the heavy guns brought into action. Alfy got hit with a fit which caused him to fall on the rail of the brake. This is a statement he made to one of his friends. The gang then consulted, and we had the injection of newspaper morphia into the public; but that gag failed this time, though the leader, Lorcan, says you must win - never mind the methods. Victory is too dear at that price to the Labour Party. Brohoon is in, and we welcome that petition from John Kavanagh. And now will Mr. Leader Writer, of the Rag, the "In-pendent," explain New Kilmainham. Here we had a chamelon, candidate, "Eager," eager to swallow any principles, the tool of William Martin's pet, the Employers' Federation, backed by the party—U.I.L,—by the Hibernians. Of course, the Hibernians were showing toleration in voting for a renegade Orangeman against a Worker. Well, Partridge is in by a thumping majority. Where is Kelly and O'Hanlon now? If O'Hanlon had any decency he would retire, but the contamination has had its effect, and if you scratched Hanlon you would discovers J. S. S. Kelly. We won two seats and lost one. We will unseat

And now to the future. Brave boys. have no fear, but be up and doing. North City is vacant, and, if Alfy has any sand in his diminutive carcase, he will resign. Will he do as he promised—accept our challenge. We repeat it—that if Alfy Byrne, bung, resigns his seat, we will find a nominee to fight him. If Byrne wins, Alderman Macken to retire; and we undertake that Alfy Byrne will not be opposed, or, if opposed, we will work and vote for him. Now, Alfy, never mind your alleged injuries. Let us have no equivocation. Hand in your resignation. Our candidate is ready. If we cannot whip you out of the ward, we leave the ward to you

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Labour's Victory!



WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C., For New Kilmainham.

Inchicore Items.

She looked into her husband's eyes, while her own with tears did fill; "My sowl, I never doubted you," c ied Rory of the Hill.

The predictions of the putrid Press, the Gee-man's Journal," the "Tell-you-half," the "vitrol" organ of William Martin Murphy—the alleged Roman Catholic Director of the G. S. & W. Railway, that dismissed a Catholic employee because he complained that Catholics in the employment of that Company were being "walked on"—Willam Martin's "Independent" and "Herald"-have all been upset by the decision of the respectable, intelligent, and sober voters of the New Kilmainham Ward, when, by 706 votes —giving a majority of 253—they returned Partridge as their Representative on Wednesday.

Twelve months ago the combined votes recorded against Labour in the Ward was 731. These figures, added to the majority given above shows a complete turn over of 984 votes in favour of Labour. Last January the Labour Candidate of this Ward received only 260 votes, which, subtracted from the figures now recorded in his favour, shows a clear gain of 446 votes for Labour.

On the 2nd of October—a little over three months ago-Partridge unsuccessfully contested a seat in this Ward in the interest of Labour. On that occasion he reduced the anti-Labour vote from 731 to 23—while he increased the votes recorded for Labour from 260 to 429. And now he has carried its flag triumphantly to victory, and dealt a crushing blow to the corrupt and unscrupulous gang of which John Saturnus Kelly is the patron

And be it not forgotten that all these contests were fought on registers built up by Councillor John Saturnus Kelly. And many who are favourable to Labour found their names struck off the Burgess

Councillor O'Hanlon, the associate of scabs, blackmailers, and proselytisers, like M'Intyre, and John Saturnus Kelly, had better "bundle up and go." Their sins have found them out.

"Crusty" Donaghy, of Kilmainhamthe man who volunteered to fight Partridge, but was frightened by the hint to expose a guilty past, nevertheless worked might and main to return the Orangeman Eager, and who is alleged to have given " roomkeepers tickets only to the poor," who promised to vote against the Labour Candidate—may rest assured that Partridge shall assist him in becoming a good Christian—even in spite of himself.

Caulfield, of the "Tap," Chapelizod, Woodcock, of the Canal, and Duggan, of Islandbridge, three drunkards' labourers (the first two refused to fight Partridge; but, like cowardly assassins, aided the blacklegs, scabs, and assassins to fight the representative of organised Labour) will in future have for their customers none but blackmailers, scabs, and blackegs-and don't you forget it!

Ex-Alderman M'Cann was once more in the firing line fac ng the old foe and fighting the old fight and keeping the old flag flying.

Partridge won a great victory, and he is more than repaid for all he has ever attempted or endured. The cheering multitude that bore him on its shoulders triumphantly through the thronged streets and listened to his address was composed of people for whom it would be a privilege to die and a pleasure to

But Partridge won no victory. Partridge is a poor weak mortal, possessed of many faults, having few virtues, and is one of our mighty army of unem-ployed. The victory was the triumph of the Labour Cause. To that gallant band of willing workers that flocked to defend its standard be given praise; to the mothers bending above their sleeping babes and praying for Partridge's success we bow our heads; but to my dear little friends, the little boys and girls who in their innocence and zeal stole into the chapels to light candles and pray for me, I assign the victory; for it was the triumph of truth and the over-throw of all that was false and corrupt.

On Tuesday as I trudged through the snow and slush in the biting blest I was accosted by a little boy about ten years of age. He was poorly clad, and was busily engaged clearing away the snow in front of an aristocratic building on the South Circular road. As I are roached he dropped his spade, and rushing up seized my armaticetionately, and raising his thin face, blue with the cold and pinched with the hunger, to mine, he breathlessly exclaimed: "Mr. Partidge, me father is going to vote for you; and when I'm a man I'll vote for you, too,"

I gazed down into his eager blue eyes -as clear as the heavens, as bright as the stars—and I felt that I would not exchange the affection felt and the faith of that poor child for all the votes ever placed upon a burgess roll.

As I am unable to acknowledge the many kind notes of congratulations received, I trust the Editor will kindly permit my utilizing the columns of the Worker" to tell all kind friends how much I appreciate their kindness and generosity. WILLIAM P. PARTRIDGE, T.C.

WEXFORD NOTES.

"Corish and Walsh are in," such are the words that rung in our ears on Wed. nesday night, as the large concorse of people forced its way down Bride street, with the two standard bearers of labour, shoulder high.

At the Forester's Hall there was a halt made, when Mr. Corish in a few wellchosen words thanked the huge audience for their loyalty to the cause of labour, and congratulated them for having refused with scorn the bribes in the shape of poisonous whiskey which were held out to

It was a terrific fight, morey, drick, corruption and hired vehicles on one side, while on the other we had nathing to depend on but sobriety (which was carried out to the letter), principle and pluck.

The poll was the largest ever recorded in Wexford, and when the other side saw that they could not wheedle or soften the voters, their annoyance knew no bounk they tried every trick in their vocabulary but it was no use, the workers of & Mary's Ward knew their duty too we'll

On Sunday morning last Coffey's billposter, the famous Jem Dwyer, was sent out to cover up Corish and Waish's election bills, but thanks to some clour good friends they did not remain covered

The day before the election they got out posters telling people not to forget what was said in Faythe, which people laughed about, and good-humouredly referred to it as their dying kick.

The day of the poll, carriages were flying all over the Faythe trying to entire people to go vote for Hore and Coffey but to use a localism, "that cock dutil fight." And by the way, when we are on this matter, we would like to state that we always thought it was illegal to hire vehicles of any sort to bring voters, and if either Hore or Coffey had been elected there would have been a protest made against these proceedings. However, @ men won in spite of it all.

In the other wards fortune did not favour us, but against next year please God, we will be better prepared for the

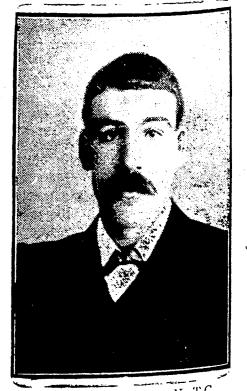
We wish to thank the following for their help in bringing the election in St. Mary's Ward to such a huge success: Councillor Joseph Kingsberry, Councillor Thomas O'Brien, Patrick M'Grath, Patrick Nolan, William J. Duggan and Thomas Kehoe, who, we learn, worked like

The figures in St. Mary's Ward were:-

Corish ... 437 Walsh ... 325 Coffey ... 318 Employers' Hore .. 305 Tools.

Corish polled the largest number of votes in town

A DOCKER For NORTH DOCK



MICHAEL BROHOON, T.C., For North Dock

AFTER HOME RULE. HOW IRELAND MAY HELP CAUSE OF

DEMOGRACY By Tom Hamilton. Ireland, in her struggle for self-government, has taken the human race to school. The educational course has been

a pretty severe one for the rest of us, yet possesses for the student values both positive and negative—positive where her demand has been organised, negative where she asked only for spiritual liberty (political freedom) instead of demanding economic justice.

As an example of what the human race can rise to collectively her struggle for Home Rule will rank as one of the greatest battles for freedom in the history of the world. It has formed another illustration of the truth that small nations have always counted for much in the higher and nobler work of civilisa-

The immediate future of Ireland will have an absorbing interest for all Socialists, who, in their desire for the advantage of a good start, will earnestly hope that as much of her existing governmental machinery as possible will be scrapped, and that she will courageously create new machinery as it may be required to allow of her natural as well as her national

THE LAND AND THE COMMUNES.

Already steps have been taken for the settlement of the land question. Let us hope that the opinion favourable to nationalisation will ripen fast enough to secure Ireland for the Irish in the broadest sense of the word, not peasant proprietorship, for that will not secure the soil of Ireland for Ireland's toilers. Thirty thousand small owners will in time develop land rights on their own that they will collectively consider superior to the community interest, and the old agrarian warfare will recommence, with all its divisions and futilities. Ireland will require to nationalise the soil of Ireland and operate the greater part of it directly.

An agricultural people have the necessary knowledge, as they have the tradition, to farm the land, to raise the cattle, and grow her food required by the four or five millions of a population.

She might grant facilities by legislation to independent communities, farming and producing within their own commune everything required by the commune citizens, the community paying a proportionate share of the expenses of government. She could initiate great schemes of housing for her town dwellers, and also supply the necessary pressure on local authorities to carry out their responsibili-

DEMOCRACY AND CULTURE.

Ireland has an opportunity to provide the free universal education that has always been the aim of democratic reformers—a ladder from the primary elementary schools, through the secondary higher grade, and technical colleges, right to the national universities, where her sons and daughters could freely enjoy and assimilate the culture of the ages. Neglecting posterity for a little while, she might establish hostels for the aged people and for the sick; homes that contained the right atmosphere for the restoration of health and peace of mind. All this as a right, and without the slightest suggestion of charity or pity.

It is the real sentiment of Ireland we are discussing this time. The procedure can be on orthodox lines, accepting the machinery of the capitalist system—a system based on profit-making, which of necessity means oppression for the great mass of the Irish people, or it can be on the lines indicated, the Socialist settlement, which means the best po sible existence for all the people. We are not dictating a policy for the Irish people, we are but expressing a hope. If Ireland accepts ready-made, orthodox "remedies" for her social maladies her cure will be a long and painful one. If her fighting units fall into one or the other of the old political parties, then to wrangle over the merits or otherwise, of Free Trade or Tariff Reform, &c., while her captains of industry proceed to make her a "cross between a rich man's pleasure ground and sweater's hel," then Ireland will have falsified the hopes of her best friends and found her place amongst the other "might have beens." But we expect better things from her ln the new day.

-From the "Daily Herald," 16th Jan.

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DOCTORS BEATEN FLAT. Or. Forbes Ress on B.M.A.

Campaign. "MONOPOLISTS" CLIQUE."

A startling criticism was passed upon the British Medical Association by Dr. Forbes Ross, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., the well-known West End surgeou, in an interview with a repre entative of "The Daily Citizen."

" I am a member of the British Medical Association," he said, "and I want to tell you something which has not been brought to the knowledge of the workingmen—the people whom the Right Hon. David Lloyd George has said ought to benefit under the Insurance Act.

"The agitation of the British Medical Association is dishonest, hypocritical, and insincere. It is grossly dishonest because the leaders of the British Medical Association have in years past strongly upheld and devoted their energies to proving to the majority of medical men that there is an unwritten law that all medical men are not equal either in skill, ability, or qualification.

"The association has always been very ready to place its powers at the disposal of the hospital section of practitioners, inasmuch as in the event of any hospital staff having a quarrel with the lay managers of the hospital the British Medical Association declares a boycott if the staff resigns in protest, and no other men can take their places without the sanction of the British Medical Association and the Royal College of Physicians, of London. Certain rules have been passed to provide that only certain men with certain qualifications are eligible as surgeons and physicians to hospitals, their plea being that unless a man is qualified up to a certain standard he is not fit to be trusted with even the ordinary twopennyhalfpenny cases that one finds in the ordinary out-pati nts department of a

"No Free Choice." "The persons that Mr. Lloyd George is seeking to benefit are mostly persons who go to hospitals. They flock to the out-patient departments, and are attended to not, as a rule, by experienced men but by recently qualified boys and medical students. The average house physician and house surgeon of a hospital is not fit to physic his grandmother's cat. The most recently elected physician or surgeon on the honorary staff is usually placed in charge of these departments, and his experience of the ailments of mankind is usually a very negligible one. A person going to any hospital in London has no right to a full choice of doctors, and that is my point.

"He has to be attended by the person who comes forward, whether that be a medical student, a house surgeon, or a recently elected member of the honorary

"This has been upheld by the "British Medical Journal ever since anybody can remember. So the British Medical Association upholds the non-equality of doctors, and also an arrangement which prevents a free choice of doctor.

" To-day, when it suits them, they are hypocritically clamouring for Mr. Lloyd George to allow the contrary of what they have been supporting for decades The whole pretension of the British Medical Association is that every man in the medical profession who would take service under Mr. Lloyd George's scheme is co-equal and co-skilful as a member of that service, which is manifestly a lie.

THE HOSPITAL MONOPOLY. "The next point is that the British Medical Association in the past has been run by the hospital section for its own purely selfish advantage, and the opposition is to-day being manipulated by the same crowd because they are afraid that if Mr. Lloyd George's scheme gets well to work and the worst men become weeded out, sooner or later their hospital monopoly will become merged in Mr. Lloyd George's scheme, and the little hole-andcorner cliques in the various hospitals will be dispossessed of the positions they have usurped without permission, using public money originally subscribed for the relief of suffering, but gradually twisted to serve professional class purposes and money-making.

"If the hospital crowd can keep hold of the hospitals they can restrict the number of skilled surgeons and physicians by spreading appointments among their friends—giving several to one man—and going on with the scandal I have shown up for years to keep the price of skilled operative surgery and medical attendance high.

"And so we find that the agitation now is entirely being kept up by Sir This That, and Sir That and the Other going to meetings to protest against Mr. Lloyd George's service and its methods, although these men do not understand and can never possibly work under the insurance scheme.

"Men have been asked by the British Medical Association to resign their previous appointments, the Association guaranteeing that they should not suffer. But they will eventually find themselves landed—as they are doing all over the

"I WOULD NOT TRUST ANY."

"At the beginning of the agitation against Mr. Lloyd George's Bill I publicly protested against the agitation as it was being conducted, and pointed out that Mr. Lloyd George's scheme was nothing more or less than an endowment of the medical profession. I am still of that opinion.

"I have done every class of work in England. I have been a colliery surgeon attending 1,600 colliers and their wives and children. I have worked in industrial towns; I have worked in a firstclass country practice; I have worked in-London as a general practitioner, as a hospital surgeon, and as a consulting operating surgeon, and I know every. phase of practice. At the beginning of the British Medical Association agitation I was asked to sign a pledge, and I wrote across the paper that I would not trust any of the crowd as far as I could see them, and I refused to do it. I think my refusal is amply justified. They are unreliable, as they always have been, because they are not sincere. The British Medical Association is beaten flat."

His Father's Son.

The following letter was sent: prior to the elections by Mr. P. T. Daly to the "Evening Telegraph." The Editor of that paper in his wisdom refused to publish it; and though the election is now lost and won, we still think the electors of Usher's Quay ought to know the true colour of Hughie Doyle, now their representative. :-

MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

TO THE EDITOR EVENING TELEGRAPH.

DEAR SIR.—From time to time I have said many wicked things about the United Irish League, but wicked as they may have been they must pale into insignificance before their latest act in the City of Dublin. In the name of National Feeling, in the interests of National Unity they have decided to run a "National" candidate in Usher's Quay in order to oust a Labour man who is a Nationalist and the son of a Nationalist of the Fenian Movement. And whom do the patriots of the United Irish League brand select as their standard bearer? Ye gods! tell it not in Gath—the son of Mosey Doyle, the political spy who arrested John Devoy and a host of his colleagues in the gloriously national days of the sixties, and this in the name of Irish Nationalism.

The son of Mosey, the nephew of Nosey, who arrested O'Leary' Kickham Luby, and Brophy, opposes the son of Farren the Fenian, and the godson of Brophy his leader. Is it any wonder that, based upon such noble ideals, the Organisation, of which Mosey's son is the standard bearer, should have had as one of its directorate the modern Peter the Packer who has secured a sentence of seven years, given to an Irish Nationalist for refusing to betray his comrades in an agrarian dispute. And, to emphasise the patriotism of the Organisation, a little examination discloses the fact that Mosey's son is in his rightful place, because we remember that M'Sweeney's Directorate was responsible for the impartial judge's return for Tyrone.

But two short months ago we read a very eloquent address by one of the men present at the selection of Mr. Hugh Doyle, who endorsed the resolution, expressing the opinion that the return of Mosey's son "at this juncture" was absolutely necessary in the Nationalist interest. Oh, my! oh, my! Is this the price that has to be paid "at the present juncture." How men like Peter Ryan, a member of the United Irish League in America, but one of the men who risked their lives to release Deasy and Kelly, will be delighted to know that his present organisation has adopted the son of one of the men who was sent to Manchester to identify and secure the conviction of the men he risked his all to

I may leave it at that.

I notice that in another ward a person named Cunniam wants to know why the Nationalist Workmen do not come in to the Organisation referred to above. He says if they did they, could obtain seats in Municipal Council. But is it not strange that in Belfast, where Councillor Michael MacKeown, a Labour man, is retiring, a nominee of the League has been put in opposition to him, although Councillor MacKeown is a member of the Unfted Irish League and a member of the A.O.H., and was a member of the Land League and of the National League, since, aye, even before the Widow Wren had the Mr. Cunniam.—Yours truly,
P. T. DALY. questionable good fortune of meeting

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THE HOME RULE DEBATE. Home Rule and Labour.

Mr. Parker said he was very sorry his own leader, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, was unable to be present that night to make the speech on behalf of the Labour Party which it was his (Mr. Parker's) duty to make, but the hon member was at work in another part of the Empire. In the speech the House had just listened to (Mr. O'Brien's) there were two points which had impressed him. The first was the request of the hon, member for a conciliatory policy in regard to the Irish question. Well, there were a lot of them who would like to see a conciliatory policy adopted on all sorts of questions (cheers and laughter), He would like to see a good many questions in which the Labour Party were interested made nonparty questions (Labour cheers). The arguments which the hon. member used, taken in conjunction with arguments used by other members of the House that afternoon, showed the impossibility of a conciliatory policy being adopted in regard to the Bill. Colonel Mark Sykes had argued that as the Unionist land policy had proceeded so the desire for Home Rule had grown less and less. Mr. O'Brien, however, had completely contradicted that agreement ("hear, hear," and laughter). He (Mr. Parker) was not one of those who believed that any economic rearrangement with Ireland was going to satisfy the Irish people, He would have a less opinion of the Irish people than he held at present if he thought that they desired Home Rule on economic grounds alone (Nationalist cheers and "Hear, hear "). After all, there were things in the life of all people which were greater than prosperity, or of worldly prosperity at least. Nationality was one of those things (Nationalist cheers). Whatever might be the difficulties—and he was not going to say there were no difficulties in the Ulster problem—at the same time they would never kill national sentiment. If the people desired to govern themselves, then it was better by far to have bad self-government than a government which the people did not desire (hear, hear). Every clause of the Bill and every principle had been attacked (Opposition cries of "No"). During the discussions upon the measure hon. members had made quite sure that all the leading points of the Bill and points of objection were discussed in the House Ministerial cheers and Opposition cries of dissent).

BALFOUR'S PHANTOMS.

Mr. Balfour in his speech had prophesied all sorts of dreadful happenings if the Bill became law. He (Mr. Parker) was in a difficulty to understand how anyone could believe such prophecies. Hear, hear. He did not believe that the present party lines obtaining as between the Unionist and Nationalist Parties would continue when the Bill became law. The Labour Party were of opinion that what would exist in the Irish Parliament would be pretty much the same thing as that which at present existed in the House of Commons. The lines of party division in Ireland to-day only existed because there were bodies of men united upon sentiment and upon nationality. These united bodies were bound to break up when once Home Rule had been granted to them, and they had the Parliament of their own for which they had been working. In the place of this unity they would have the Conservatives, the Liberal, and the Labour man in the Irish Parliament itself, just as there were in the House of Commons that day. These men would not have divided upon religious grounds, but the division would then be as between the representatives of agrarian interests and the representatives of the industrial interests of Dublin and other cities where industries were carried on.

His fears with regard to the Bill were entirely different from those entertained by the Opposition. The government of Ireland had been so bad in past years that the education of the people of Ireland had not kept pace with the democracy of the country. That was not all. There were immense masses of the people in Ireland who were not organised to the same degree as they were in England; and further, as a result of the Land Purchase Act, there were a large number of small vested interests. The effect of all these things would not be to make the new Irish Parliament revolutionary in character, but rather reactionary in character. He thought there was no country on the face of the earth where there was such waste in matters of government as

there was in Ireland at the present time. There was a police force in the country, the cost of which was out of all proportion to the cost of the police in England. Then there were no fewer than 38 boards. all of different kinds, which were very costly, and over which there was no democratic control in Ireland (hear, hear.) This sort of thing was not good for the Irish people, and he trusted that a measure of Home Rule would have the effect of abolishing them (Nationalist, Labour, and Ministerial cheers.) The new Parliament which, there was little doubt, would meet in Dublin-(Nationalist cheers -he was afraid, far from being revolutionary. would be too Conservative.

EFFFCT OF RESPONSIBILITY.

There was another point of view to be considered. Mr. Churchill, speaking on the Second Reading of the Bill, made reference to the decrease in the revolutionary tactics, and the amount of violence displayed in these tactics, which had been manifest for some time, and proved with great force that as the House had given to Ireland a greater share in the management of her local government, so in an equal degree had the revolutionary methods of the Nationalists also decreased. He agreed that this was not a full and complete scheme of Home Rule, and he did not think it would be final, so

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far as Ireland was concerned (Nationalist cheers). It was quite sufficient for him, however, if the measure satisfied for the moment, and that the representatives of Ireland were prepared to accept it on behalf of the Irish people. Also, it was sufficient to face the problems of to-day without troubling what the people of Ireland might ask from the future (hear, hear. Possibly, in a few years' time, when they had seen how well the Bill had worked, the Imperial Parliament would be prepared to hand over to the Irish Parliament the reserved service and a fuller service of their control (hear,

As to safeguards, he agreed with what had been said in an earlier part of the debate. The best safeguards they could have were not paper safeguards em-bodied in the Bill, but the safeguards of common sense and the self-interest of the Irish nation(cheers). Those were prime safegnards, and he was sure that the Irish people were not going to destroy their trade and fly at one another's throats, but unite as they did a few weeks ago in the matter of the importation of Irish cattle, with a view of getting more money from the British Treasury through both the Irish representatives in that House and through the Irish Parliament. (Labour laughter and cries of "Hear, hear.')

LABOUR CONVICTION.

The Labour Party had been accused during the debates of being a part of the coalition majority who had been working continual y through the Lobby in support of the Bill in order to hold their position in that House, and not because they were Home Rulers at all. That was not so. (Labour and Ministerial cheers). So far as the older members of the Labour Party were concerned, they were convinced Home Rulers to a man. They had made it a point in their election addresses (hear, hear and they were going to support the third reading of the Bill. (Nationalist and Ministerial

The Modern Gael,

Stephen J. Barrett, the Treasurer of the Gaelic League is indignant because he wasn't allowed to vote in Inn's Quay Ward on account of his giving his name in Irish at the Polling Station. But how comes it that his name appears in English on the Register of Voters for that Ward? Why didn't Stephen look to that, or was he too busy looking after his house property in Blessington Street? We wonder does he use Irish when he collects his rents? Consistency in certain Gaelic League circles seems a very negligible quantity now-a-days. A certain Louis Carrig, who always parades his Gaelic Leagueism whenever there is an opportunity of exhibiting it in safety, and when he loses nothing by it, had as his companion canvassing for the Union Jack loaf and sausage Councillor the Warder from Mountjoy Prison who kicked the Irish-speaking peasant, Myles Joyce, to death in Galway Jail in the eighties when the hangman bungled the job.

How much a word did Louis get for his speeches? One thing is certain that he wasn't out for love. We know Louis too long and too well to accuse him of that. He's a great Gaelic scholar, too, you must know, having spent about ten years in the 1st O'Growney. We hear he's now advanced to the 6th O'Growney. Gaelic Leaguers will understand what that means. As for his friend, Seaghan T., the little Councillor, his public life will last just two years more, and then finis will be written to his career. He had best get that job in the Department of Agriculture that he is looking for as soon as he possibly can. Even Delaney was heard to say, when Seaghad T. went up to Mullen to speak to him outside the polling booth: "Look at him now, the little twister." Seaghan should have remembered the story about the old man and his ass. Twisting does not pay uowadays—the competition is too keen.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alice.—We regret we cannot publish your letter, Alice, as you have forgotten to append your name and address In writing again, please tell us "Alice, where are thou?"

Poetricus.—No, you are quite wrong.
Mickey, otherwise Ducker Swaine, is
not the "rural swain" mentioned by the poet. As a matter of fact, Mickey hasn't much of the green horn about him. He knows how many beans make five. We have also heard that he knows how many cards make three. The second part of your question is also answered it the negative. Mickey hasn't any money-he said so in

Antonio.-We are unable to state whether John Saturnus is the famous "Kelly" of the song, but we do not think he came from the Isle of Man. If he did he was transported from that delectable island.

Songster.—Yes, we have heard quite frequently of late that the Quin'an Opera Company can transport their audiences to heavens of delight; still they are not members of the Transport Union. We can't say why. ANTI-BIGOT.—We are glad to know

Partridge's election gave you so much pleasure. We feel sure it is a pleasure that is not shared by the Gouldings and people of that ilk.

Docker.—It is as you say. Brohoon, who was returned for North Dock on Wednesday, is a dock labourer. Undoubtedly he is the best man for the Ward, and we are certain he will prove so. We will pass on your good wishes.

Lex.-Yes "Larkinite" is quite a new word, and is the second one within a short time to be invented in Dublin. "Larkinism" was the first one, and both have been extensively used by the halfpenny "Morning Lyre" and the "Evening Tell-a-Wobble." By the time a few more elections have come and gone the dictionary will have to be extensively altered and added to.

SHERLOCK .- No; we do not answer enquiries of a medical nature in this column, but from the symptoms you describe, and from those we have noticed ourselves from time to time, we believe your rouble is wind in the head, which may accoun for the swelling. Possibly, if you were to rusticate for a while the trouble might disappear, but we realise that it is very hard for a man of your nature to do that. In any case you might try ice. It has a cooling effect.

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SWENTEST AND REST. THE PRISH WORKERS RATER,

DOCK "LABOURERS" OR DOCK "MEN."

By SHELLBACK.

One of the most important branches of the Transport Trade industries is un doubtedly the work done by the men who load and unload the cargoes of ships, and who are universally described as "dockers" or "dock labourers." Now, I have always been at a loss to know why this important body of workers allowed themselves to be ticketed with this latter label implying as it does a species of labour requiring neither skill nor any special training, seeing that the work they do often calls for a very high quality of skill, and, in fact, can only profitably be performed by men who possess the very special knowledge and skill that can only be acquired by a long training at that particular sort of work. All the other branches of labour engaged in the Transport Trades—such as the sailors, firemen, railway workers, carters, etc.—all claim to possess the special skill that is necessary in their different departments of labour to raise them out of the ruck of merely "casual" labourers, yet this is the category in which we must look for the docker. When we consider some of the grades or callings that claim to posses that peculiar quality, "skill," and whose followers would cut

up decidedly rough if they were referred to as "labourers" we are compelled to admit that the time has arrived when the docker should resent the insinuation conveyed in his common descriptive title, and insist upon being included in those who are commonly accepted as being skilled workers.

Of course, every kind of labour requires skill more or less and none more so, for instance, than that done by the agricultural labourer, who, without pattern or guide. knows when and how to steer his plough in straight parallel furrows across an undulating meadow, to set his seeds and reap his harvests, and it is entirely his own fault that he is not on a higher plane in the industrial world than even the mechanic, who only works to a pattern made and invented by another. But my point is that for the successful carrying on of the work of cargo handling and stowage skill is absolutely necessary, much more so than in many other callings at present admitted to be skilled trades, where the sum total required is the skill to hit a chisel or a nail, and not one's finger, with a hammer. There is no pattern to follow in dock work. Every ship presents a different problem, and very often the safety of lives and ship depends upon the skill in that particular sort of work possessed by the men who loaded the cargo. However, up to now there has been no objection to the title. Dock labour is considered only as a calling that requires no previous experience; but, with your kind permission, I am going to suggest a change, although to bring that change about it will be necessary to alter the whole practically of the present conditions under which dock work is carried

In the first place the casual character of the work must be ended. All half-day or day engagements must be knocked on the head, and all men employed must be engaged on weekly terms, and paid a wage that would favourably compare with that paid for other forms of skilled labour. The men, through their unions. could easily bring this about. The unions that refuse to set their faces against the present system of engaging dockers are not doing their best for their members. and unions that assist the employers in maintaining elaborate machinery, such as clearing houses, for dock workers, and so giving the "casual" system a new lease of life, are doing a great deal of harm. And I say this, knowing full well that organisations of dockers lay claims to having greatly improved the lot of their members by obtaining increased wages, re ognition, and, as at Liverpool, by bringing about a system of regimentalising dock workers that may or may not have been of great advantage to the men, Even allowing that all these are great things to have accomplished, the dock worker is still "casual," and that, in my opinion, is the ground rock of all his grievances; and until this one condition is altered, and dockers insist upon continual employment, so long will they continue to be classed as unskilled workers, with a wage rate and other conditions that would be considered adequate for such a type of labour. I am quite aware that the docker is

not the only casual worker.

We have doctors and we have lawyers who are also casually employed, but in their case they are protected by hard and fast rules that are not only recognised, but can be legally enforced, and that prevents men who have not served their proper time of apprenticeship from acting as qualified tradesmen; while the docker has to allow the untrained man to learn his trade on equal terms with himself, and even as a competitor, and the doctors and the lawyers are not a whit more

important than the dockers. The professional and legal protection given to the doctors and the lawyers enables these men, although only casually employed (for which may the Lord make us truly thankful), to demand tremendously high fees for their services; but in the case of the docker there is no such protection, and the failures in every walk of life have a habit of drifting dockwards, and by their presence keep the numbers of applicants for employment at a high figure, and help the employers to keep the wages of the t ained docker, who at all costs must be employed, at a low

level. The disappearance of the casual character of the docker's employment would go a long way towards raising his social status and stopping the "free and easy"

entry of the untrained man, to his disadvantage. In Liverpool there is continual and permanent work for something like 15,000 men, and there exists no reason why this number of men should not be employed upon permanent terms through a central authority. To keep up the numbers of this army of trained specialists vacancies could be filled from a reserve of something like a further 4,000 or 5,000 that would be necessary to make up the numbers that would be generally required to do the work of the port. This latter, second-rate body of assistants, could be employed upon present terms, and, as far as that goes, present conditions.

In dealing with matters of this nature we must be forgiven if our opinions seem to clash with those of others equally as anxious to improve the workers' lot as we are ourselves, and my suggestion is not meant to in any way dampen their ardour in working for the common object in their own way; but to me it appears very plainly that if steps were taken to bring about the change I suggest, among other things it would do away with the very costly arrangements the employers are always making to ensure a sufficient supply of men to meet their wants. It would do away with the necessity for "stands," and save the men's time that at present is often wasted by unsuccessfully attending them, and it would repair much of that bad feeling that attends the picking of men by irresponsible foremen, and in addition it would only be just. It is certainly absolutely necessary that

a sufficient number of men should be available in every port used by merchant vessels; but it is far from right that men who meet the shipowners' demands, when their labour is required, must wait, at their own expense, to meet his requirements when he should require them. It is only right and business like that the employers should contribute to the support of the men, when their labour is not in immediate demand, if he expects them to answer his call when the immediate demand is made. If no ships come in, rents have to be paid just the same, and living for wife and family must be found. If the men went to other places when shipping slackened up, the shipowners would be called upon to spend large sums of money to bring the number required to the ship's side, and in addition the labour would be inefficient and the vessel delayed. Therefore, it is not unreasonable to say to the employer-Guarantee continual employment to a sufficient number of qualified men at a fair rate of wages, and they will be at all times available, and will take such an interest in their work that you will, in the long run, be money in pocket by the change. And the men so employed could embody conditions in their service that would prevent the employment of untrained men on equal terms with themselves, and so wages would be kept up. Dockers would. take rank among the "aristocratic," skilled trades unions, and conditions and hours would be adopted on lines acceptable by workers in these that are considered the highest standard of labour.

DUBLIN SLUMS

WHAT THE RECORDER THINKS,

When opening the Criminal Sessions for the City and County of Dublin in Green-street Courthouse, on Monday last, the Recorder, in his speech to the Grand Jury, said—He congratulated the Grand Jury on the fact that their city continued to be free from the grosser and more terrible forms of crime that good order and peace prevailed, and that throughout the day and night, in every part of the city, even in its worst slums, a citizen can pass with perfect safety for both person and property.

THE SLUM PROBLEM.

He could not avoid, even at the risk of tiresome reiteration, referring to the slum problem. The slums of the city were not merely the fruitful generators of disease and intemperance, but, in addition to their evil environment, the source of much of their crime, and, indeed, almost the entire of the youthful crime. It was, however, most hopeful that the public conscience throughout the United Kingdom had at length been awakened to the dangers of the neglect of the proper housing of the toiling masses, and he felt they, and every citizen with any true spirit of civilisation would welcome the effort now being made by the Dublin Corporation to deal with this question. It was, no doubt, belated, but it appeared to be an honest and real effort.

SLUMS A MENACE. The evils of the slums were not confined to the dwellers in them—their lives, health, and morality were, no doubt, imperilled. But these evils, terrible as they were, did not rest there. The whole life of the city was menaced—unfit workmen, the young poisoned physically and morally, the future citizen dehumanised. He felt they would agree with him that the substantial effort which the Corporation appeared now to be making in the direction of proper housing for the long-suffering and neglected poor ought and would receive from every citizen that

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approval which common interest and common humanity demanded. On the City Grand Jury being dis-

Mr. William Ireland, one of their number, and a member of the Corporation, referring to the Recorder's remarks on the question of the slums, said there had been difficulties in their way hitherto, but these they were now overcoming. Their great difficulty had been to get houses erected for the very poor, but they had also in view in connection with the erection of these houses, that the cost of them shall not be too severe on the ratepayers, who, at the present moment, are severely taxed. They were taking the matter in hands now, and he thought the Corporation would be able to overcome the difficulty of providing proper dwellings for the very poor.

The Recorder said he was very glad to hear what had been said.

Thanks!

At the annual general meeting of the members of the Waterford Branch of the Irish National Amalgamated Union of Bakers, it was unanimously resolved-

"That we, the members, tender our most sincere and heartfelt thanks to Mr. James Larkin, General Secretary of the Irish Transport Workers' Union, for his spirited appeal to the public of Waterford in the support of nine locked-out members, lately working at Messrs. O'Brien's Model Bakery, whose places are now filled by a staff of imported blacklegs from Belfast. And we sincerely hope that Mr. James Larkin may long be spared to carry out the true spirit of Trades Unionism in Ireland."

Copies of this resolution to be sent to local Press and THE IRISH WORKER,

Correspondence

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. SIR -A gentleman, an elector of the Usher's Quay Ward with the best intentions in the world, handed me a bunch of printed arguments which, in his opinion, defies contradiction. I wish to reply to that gentleman and to the author of the handbill which I have before me.

It is headed, "Voters, Beware! Larkin and his underlings! How the Genuine Labour Movement is Being Diverted Towards the Dreadful Curse of Socialism!"

The first thing I want to know is how is the genuine Labour Movement being diverted towards Socialism? The author doesn't tell me. He admits "there may be different views of what the essential merit or demerits of Socialism may be,' but in the same breath judges of it by its demerits. He talks of France, and in awful words tells of the downfall of the Catholic Church. There is not a doubt on my mind if I asked him to trace the history of France and the growth of Socialism for the past century that he could even make an attempt at it. The late Pope was the friend of Labour, and in his famous Encyclical has told us that the workingman is entitled to the value of his labour, and is justified in striking if he dues not get it. Was the late Pope a Socialist? Next he tells me how the Socialists of Belgium broke convent windows. Mr. Larkin may do the same in Dublin if he wishes to take the risk; but he cannot lead me one inch further than I wish to follow him.

His next item is a mere assertion, not backed up by one atom of evidence, that the said Larkin used his "utmost endeavours.". the time of the Railway Strike to prevent milk coming to certain institutions in Dublin. Now, as the author does not think it worth while to prove this, he can hardly expect me to swallow it. He next asks a question: Who are the principal occupants of our workhouses and asylums? I will answer this for him. They are the unfortunate people Mr. Bung robbed and poisoned, and then sent adrift on the world. The ratepayers are supporting them since.

"I will never rest easy until I see the grass growing over the ruins of Guinness's Brewery," are the terrible words Mr. Larkin is Larged with having used on one occasion. If Father Matthew were alive to-day he would use the same words. They express the sentiment of every great temperance reformer.

The next wheeze on his programme is a long tirade on politics and on the splendid leadership of Mr. Redmond. That Mr. Redmond is the right man in the right place I have never doubted, and that Mr. Larkin will eventually turn out to be a great temperance reformer I have no doubt either. But what interests me, as a workingman, is the Labour Movement in Dublin, and on its side my sympathies and support will always be found.

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"THE AGATE LAMP."

I have just been reading the latest book of poems from the pen of Eva Gore-Booth published under the above title, "The Agate Lamp."

It is almost unnecessary for me to state that the prems contained in the book, the first of which gives its title to the volume, are excellent.

Miss Both is already recognised as one of the few real writers of poetry amongst the vast army of verse-makers who "jingle" more or less musically to-day.

There is a vast difference between verse-making and the writing of poetry. Popular education has enabled every second man or woman you meet to make verses, but the gift—the true gift—of poetry is still upon the knees of the gods, to be disposed by them grudgingly and sparingly, as they think fit. Miss Booth has the gift; she at least is one of the favoured ones, and though I may be inclined to question whether she uses the gift to the best advantage possible, still no one can read her work without at once saying "this at least is good—this is worth preserving!"

I have said that I may be inclined to question whether Miss Booth uses her gift to the best advantage, but I must say I never felt so inclined until I read this latest book. Possibly it is the distinct thread of Reincarnation running through the book that gave me the inclination. I don't like the idea of Reincarnation, personally, and I believe I share the dislike with the whole working class. Some of us get sufficient of the world in one pilgrimage without anticipating another one. Indeed, to face a second instalment would probably be the most dreadful hell some people could anticipate. Reincarnation, therefore, does not appeal to me, and when Miss Booth writes—

"How is it doomed to end? Shall I, when I come again, Watch the old sun in a new eclipse, Breathe the same air with different lips, Think the same thoughts with a different

brain, With a new heart love the same old friend?"

I feel she is wasting her talent, for we have the old friends to love now; we have the fresh, glorious air to be breathed now; we have the old dance, the old song, the old laugh all of them are here now. We may not pass this way again, let our bards and song-writers then, describe the pageeant of joy, of love, of beauty, aye, and of sorrow, of the passing day. The bards were beloved by the common people of old; but present-day poetry has become the preserve of the cultured or "would-becultured" few, and the common people have no part in it. Are the lives of those who toil never to be brightened by the flowers of poesy, or are they always to be drab and grey and storm-stained? This

Will she do so? The most beautiful poem in the book, to is called—

present book of Miss Gore Booth's, beauti-

ful as it is, is of no use to the people, yet

she could write for them if she would.

"THE FISHERMEN."

Though they live in a fairy land Homely people are they, Dragging their nets o'er the sand Of the opal and luminous bay.

There are prizes and honours to win In the world as of old, And they watch for a silver fin

In a sea of gold. Those who read the signs of the skies Make haste to crowd on sail, And all men born who are wise

This is the world's desire— This is the fisherman's goal-The lamp and the cottage fire, And shelter and ease of soul.

Get home before the gale.

Ah, but the voice in the wind, The call of the glittering wave? Better an easy mind,

Long life, and a grassy grave! Thus the sunset glory in vain Rose flashes over the bay: To the village safe in the plain,

Unmoved they take their way. Alas I these fishermen so blind May that wise God forgive. Who hides in dreams from all mankind

The light by which they live. I have said that I believe this is the most beautiful poem in the book, yet it is

the one I would disagree with most. The fishermen are not unmoved by the beauty of the sunset "rose flashing over the bay," nor are they deaf to the "voice in the wind"; but that voice in the wind may grow tragically plain to them, and the "call of the wave" may call the breadwinner far, far away and leave those dependent on him without shelter and without

ease of soul." It is not the fishermen God will have to forgive, but the commercial giants who have striven to drive all the poetry out of the toilers' lives.

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