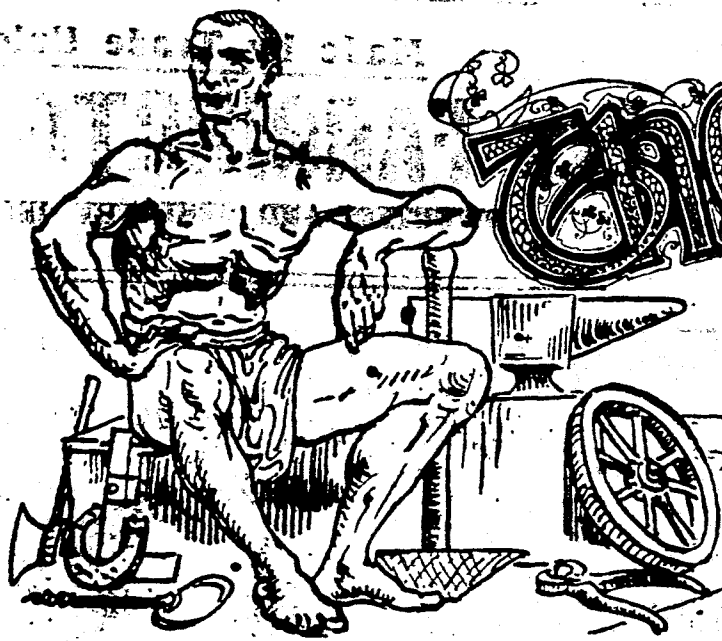
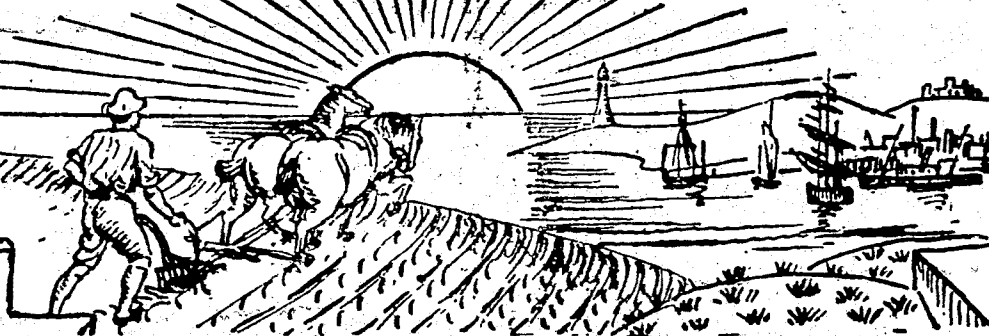


"The principle I stand upon is: that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



THE IRISH WORKER



Who is it, speaks of defeat?
I tell you a cause like ours;
Greater than defeat can know—
is the power of powers.

As surely as the earth rolls round
As surely as the glorious sun
Brings the great world moon wave,
Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, MARCH 22nd, 1913

ONE PENNY.]

"The Time of Dreams," To Our Labour Leaders.

And the Virtues of Discontent.

By EUCHAN.

By Standish O'Grady.

[Continued]

It is Easter-tide, and Easter comes with the spring.

Spring is the time of dreams. Just as the stone was rolled away on that first Easter morning, so, too, are the stones which veil our eyes rolled away with the coming of spring, and we who are not yet grey of heart see visions and dream dreams—dreams, too, which we believe can be realised.

And when we of the proletariat, or working class, dream these dreams and when we know they can be realised, we are filled with a holy discontent.

Those good people who never have been down in the valley of poverty—who never have taken part in the struggle for existence—don't understand our discontent, and they say hard things about it. They don't understand our discontent because they don't understand our dreams, and they probably never will.

What are those dreams? Let Ella Wheeler Wilcox provide the answer. I have just been re-reading her "Poems of Progress," and in one of them entitled "Summer Dreams" she says:—

"When the summer sun is shining
And the green things push and grow,
Oft my heart runs over measure
With its flowing fount of pleasure
As I feel the sea winds blow;
Ah, then, life is good, I know.

And I think of sweet birds building,
And of children fat and free;
And of glowing sun-kissed meadows,
And of tender twilight shadows,
And of boats upon the sea.
Oh, then life seems good to me!"

Then, unbidden and unwanted,
Come the darker, adder sights.
City shop and stifling alley,
Where misfortune's children rally;
And the hot, crime-breeding nights,
And the death of God's delights.

And I long to lift the burden
Of men's selfishness and sin,
And to open wide earth's treasures
Of God's storehouse, full of pleasures,
For my dumb and human kin,
And to ask the whole world in."

Yes, that is the dream of the workers—a dream of freedom—and to the minded classes, those "betters" of whom we are so often reminded, who are flitted with a super-abundance of freedom, it must be, indeed, a hard thing to understand why the workers of the land should ever dream of freedom.

They don't know what a hell it is to be confined day by day, week by week, month by month, and year by year in city workshop and factory and stifling alley, with no other prospect than the same deadly, ill-paid drudgery for all their days. They don't know the sickening longing with which a factory lass may dream of roaming the wind-swept cliffs, her hair unloosed and unheeded, the kindly sun beckoning some of the colour back again to her cheeks which the deadly factory has long since driven away, and no thought in her mind but one of freedom—of heaven's own freedom. And as the factory lass may dream, so may the shop lad dream; but our "betters" go on unheeding, for they don't understand.

But the working classes themselves are beginning to understand. They are beginning to understand that when they dream of freedom, and when they grow discontented with their chains, they are becoming real men and real women, real images of God, and not the beasts of burden they have hitherto been content to remain.

To hear the lamenting and the wailing of our "betters" about the "dreadful discontent" existing among the workers would be funny were it not so pitiful. What is this discontent which exists

amongst the workers? It is nothing very strange, neither is it very novel, for it is but the expressed claim of human beings to be treated as human beings and not as animals, and it was the rolling away of the stone on that first Easter dawn that gave the workers the right to be discontented, for then, indeed, had the old order passed away and the new order of Christian Brotherhood had become the world's ideal.

Miss Wilcox, the writer whom I have already quoted, writes of discontent as being "The Spur."

"I asked the truffle-seeking swine, as rooting by the way,
'What is the keynote of your life?' he grunted out 'Content.'

I asked a plutocrat of greed, on what his thoughts were bent,
He dinked the silver in his purse, and said, 'I am content.'

I asked the mighty forest tree from whence its force was sent,
Its thousand branches spoke as one, and said, 'From discontent.'

I asked an Angel, looking down on earth with gaze intent,
How man should rise to larger growth,
Quoth he, 'Through discontent.'

I wonder when the classes who own and rule this earth of ours are going to seriously consider their own position. It has been said that the rich will do anything for the toilers except get off their backs; but I have the idea that if the rich really tried to examine their own position, and listened carefully to the rising thunder of discontent, they would slide off the toilers' backs in double quick time of their own accord. I can't think that any person, no matter how blinded he or she may be by position or prejudice, can honestly look the present social state of the world in the face and fail to understand why the workers are growing sick of their state of slavery.

The workers of any Christian country to-day are just as much in a state of slavery as were the slaves of Pagan Rome. The environment is different, of course; the conditions are slightly different, too; but the state of servitude is just as flagrant to-day, though it is of an economic nature. It is the dream of the workers that this era of wage slavery shall cease, and this dream shall be realised, too, for its realisation depends upon the workers themselves, their combination and their solidarity; and they are already working for these things, and working hard.

The workers have awakened. They have seen the vision; they are working to realise their dream of freedom, and they will realise it undoubtedly.

Just one more quotation from the "Poems of Progress, and I have done:—

"Slowly the people waken; they have been,
Like weary soldiers, sleeping in their tents,
While tramping, tiptoed through the silent camp,
Intent on their march. Suddenly a sound—
A careless movement of too-bold a thief—
Starts one dull sleeper; then another stirs,
A third cries out a warning, and at last,
The people are awake!
Until the vital questions of the day
Are solved and settled, and the spendthrift thieves
Who rob the coffers of the starving poor
Are led from fashion's feasts to prison fare,
And taught the saving grace of honest work,
Till Labour claims the privilege of toil,
And toil the proceeds of its labour shares,
Let no man sleep, let no man dare to sleep!

You are so accustomed ever since childhood to see wealth produced in such puny quantities and by such desperate and unintermittent labour that you necessarily experience a great difficulty in believing that it may be produced in illimitable masses by the glad labours of a few. And yet it is true; and, in a manner, I speak by the book.

In Bradford may be seen any day a little girl of fifteen tending a machine which weaves in one week as much cloth as in old times was woven by twenty expert men upon their handlooms in a whole month (see "A Day in a Woollen Mill").

This little girl, therefore, so miraculously assisted, does day by day the work of 80 men. And this in a world where millions of people find it hard to get decent clothing!

Of course little girls ought not to be so employed at all; but that is another matter. I am treating now of the very small amount of labour necessary for the production of wealth in vast masses.

Now, a hand-loom weaver will, I understand, weave in one day cloth enough to make two suits of clothes. Suppose now that the little Bradford girl works 300 days in the year, for how many suits of men's clothes will she weave the necessary cloth? Multiply 80 by 300, and the result by 2. She will weave cloth enough for 48,000 suits of clothes.

I have already asked you to imagine a city of the new order founded in the country, and representing the first Trek out of Dublin, a city devoted to production, to the creation of wealth and not to the exploitation of wealth, and consisting of some 10,000 people. The men and lads here will be about 2,000. Will not such a little girl working such machinery supply them with all the cloth that they need? Surely; and also a gigantic surplus to be used for any purpose that you think right. That little girl could "clothe the naked" with a vengeance if she were appointed to do so.

Some one may here remark—"Even if that be so, you are evidently going too fast and too far. No doubt with such machineries it is easy enough to weave cloth in great quantities and with little human labour, but what about the wool? You write as if the wool came up spontaneously out of the ground ready to the weaver's hand."

Well, in a sense, and if you consider, you will find that to be so. Like all Nature's gifts the wool does come up, rather spontaneously, out of the ground, out of the ground first, and then out of the sheeps' backs.

But, indeed, I have not forgotten the wool, nor the complex intricate machinery, nor the coal or oil necessary to drive it. All such things, without exception, come under the same universal law, which declares that though it is hard to make money, and for working people impossible, it is easy to create every kind of wealth.

As to the wool—let me tell an experience which once befell me. On the highlands above Glencalmure I met a friendly and communicative shepherd boy, who seemed glad to exchange a little human society for that of his dumb animals. Indeed, I perceived that the poor boy was desperately lonely; as we talked the sheep were scattered abroad over the mountain feeding. I noticed one lying down and drew his attention to her.

"She was never strong," he said, and gave me a sketch of her history from birth.

"Do you know all your sheep like that, one by one?"

"Every one of them," he said; "and I'd know every one of them if I had twice as many."

"How many have you?"

"Fifteen hundred."

"And you could take care of three thousand?"

"Just as well."

"May I ask what the owner pays you?"

"Twelve pounds a year, clothes, and diet."

He complained of loneliness. Thinking of Arcadian shepherds of old times, I advised him to get a flute and learn to play on it.

Now, as a fleece weighs about six pounds, here was a poor, ill-paid, lonely lad, cut off, save at night, from all human companionship, necessarily ignor-

ant, and probably developing in his solitude some form of insanity. Yet this one lad grew yearly 9,000 pounds of wool; besides some 1,500 sheep, the natural increase of his flock, sent yearly from the mountains to market.

The boy got almost nothing for his labour, though by that labour he increased the world's wealth by 9,000 pounds of wool and 1,500 sheep every year.

When you take in great tracts of the Highlands of Wicklow your weaving and spinning machines will be in no lack of wool, nor will your brave shepherd lads there lack anything that loyal lads ought to have, including gratitude, appreciation, and honour.

No; there is no difficulty at all in the production of any and every kind of wealth; and as to the machineries, I dare say you could get boys from Wexford to start your workshops and teach your first classes the noble, interesting, and even fascinating art of working in iron.

And for ever within your sphere the odious devil's game of producing for lucre, and all manner of glorious possibilities instantly begin to reveal themselves.

I assume now that my shepherd boy was telling the truth when he said that he could care for three thousand sheep. Here then you have one lad who will never, never be rich, never enjoy a hundredth part of his fair share of the wealth he creates, producing yearly 18,000 pounds of wool and sending yearly to market 3,000 muttons.

Beat round the whole compass of things good and desirable, what I call wealth, and you will find the same law in operation everywhere, wealth produced with ease and in vast quantities, yet everywhere the producers of wealth held down and oppressed. Why? Because everything is exploited; everything is produced for markets for gain; everyone is mad after money. In the pursuit of this thing everyone is trampling down everyone else.

And it is all madness. Get outside of this mad world. Create a new world; begin to create a new world in which productions will be for use, consumption, enjoyment, and not for markets for exploitation.

And there is no external difficulty. The difficulty is in your own minds. You can't yet believe it possible to do such things; you can't yet even imagine yourselves outside the continual control of money, seeing all the life that surrounds you saturated with money steeped in it in every fibre.

As to the purchase of machinery, I make a suggestion, the adoption of which will, I think, save you many thousands of pounds.

The great manufacturers can only afford to keep in use the most perfected and up-to-date machinery. Everything that does not come up to that pitch they scrap. They must scrap if they wish to maintain their position against the deadly, world-wide competition to which they are subjected.

Now, as you don't produce for gain, for markets, but for use, consumption, and enjoyment, such scrapped machinery, which you will get for a song, will amply meet all your needs. That Bradford weaving machine which does the work of eighty men superseded one which did, perhaps, the work of seventy. But if you have a little girl equipped with this latter wonderful bit of mechanism, and so turning out cloth enough in one day to provide suits of clothes for a hundred and forty persons, why need you bother because the Bradford man works machinery a degree more effective? You only want to provide raiment for the unclad or ill clad. You have escaped from the fierce necessity which is driving him, which makes him, not the master and lord of those iron engines, but their slave.

Similarly in all departments of industrialism—shoemaking, spinning, toolmaking, etc., etc.—you can buy, almost for the price of the steel, miracles of mechanical ingenuity for which the mad, Mammon-driven world has no further use.

Then you can and will use such machineries quietly and at your leisure. Why should you be in a hurry? Why wear yourself out before your time with fret-

and fever? God is not in a hurry. Nature is not in a hurry. Why should you? Someone said, "It is vulgar to be in a hurry." I think it is. At all events one of the greatest, noblest, and most beautiful results of an industrial activity, which aims only at production, and not at gain, is the consequent leisure, tranquillity, and peace of mind which it will enable you to enjoy. It will give you time for everything, and plenty of time.

I have more than once pictured your children as driving ox carts. I have several reasons for desiring to see that gentle beast return to his old and honoured place in our rural economy. He is inexpensive to keep, easy to govern, and will do with pleasure a great deal of useful haulage and conveyancing. Then you can trust him to the care of children; you can't trust children with horses. Also there is no animal so tranquil minded, therefore, none such a preacher of tranquillity.

Can you imagine a more pleasant sight than a train of carts drawn by oxen in shining harness, driven by happy, rosy-faced, brightly-dressed children, moving towards the Port of Dublin, everyone making way for them, and returning with their load of coal, iron, or whatever imported things you need for your growing and expanding centres of rural civilisation.

I suppose you are aware that the ox was the first Christian. The ox and the ass worshipped the Infant Saviour before the advent both of the Shepherds and of the Wise Men from the East. The ox was the first Christian.

When I urge you to undertake that Trek out of Dublin into the country I am thinking not so much of the material abundance, of the overflowing wealth, which will be the first consequence, as of the resulting quiet, tranquillity, and peace of mind. In that city where this our deadly competition has no place every one will have time for everything, and leisure will abound like wealth. Why should you be in a hurry when a tenth, a twentieth, part of your available labour supply—and that free, glad, volunteered—will suffice for the supply of everything that you need, and of every kind of rational luxury, comfort, and convenience.

For you won't force, drive, or coerce your people to work. Has not poor humanity been forced and driven long enough, and with most sorry results? Try Freedom now for a change. I am sure it will do you good. Then, if you determine to give the people their Freedom, don't measure it out with a salt spoon. Give the poor people a long, deep, full draught of it, holding under control only the children, the immature boys and girls, and the few poor people who suffer evidently from disturbance of mind.

I hope most sincerely you will make a great effort to carry out, this year, "Shellback's" most excellent idea of a general summer camping out of the working people of Dublin. If you can carry out the idea it will be a glorious holiday for the poor people. I feel sure, too, that the idea is one with which employers will sympathise, and that they will co-operate with you towards its realisation, that is, a fortnight's holiday for all the working people, a modern Irish form of that ancient "Feast of Tabernacles" of the Israelites, a move into the country, begun, continued, and ended in a holiday spirit, that is in a spirit of good nature, good and universal willingness to please and be pleased. I don't know anything which would so tend to create in Dublin such a general feeling of solidarity, of common interests, and mutual good will.

I imagine one camp as the fixed and stationary nucleus, the centre of order, management and control, for a great number of transitory camps scattered here and there on the shore or inland according as grounds can be secured by hire or otherwise. Then I think of that central camp as the germ out of which the first city of the new order may grow, a city founded upon agricultural and industrial activities, undertaken without any reference to markets, exploitation or any such sordid names, and which your Dublin democracy will support generously and with all their great collective financial power.

If they subscribed only an average of 6d. a week, which they easily could if their hearts were once touched and their imaginations kindled, would it not mean a revenue of more than £100,000 a year, an income with which you could almost do anything?

As to sanitation of a camp of that kind, you know how civilisation deals with its

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waste matter. Civilised mankind pours its waste matter into the rivers, and pollutes them. The waste products of humanity should be committed to the earth, which requires it, and not to God's pure streams and the pure sea, which reject it. The natural law governing all this sphere of things was given long ago by the greatest of all Lawgivers. (See Deuteronomy c. xxiv vv. 12, 13, 14. On this matter I think ex soldiers, accustomed to the methods of sanitation employed in camps, might with advantage be brought into consultation.)

Indeed, in the foundation of any settlement, camp or city, old soldiers and old sailors of a good type would be a most useful element, they are so handy and resourceful, and can bring such good results out of limited and poor materials.

For example, an old soldier will teach how to make an Aldershot oven. I saw one once in a camp. It is a device by which one little fire will keep twelve pots on the boil or simmering, a most ingenious yet most simple contrivance. Old sailors seem to be able to do almost anything.

And don't, for the sake of your own souls, for the sake of the children, do anything so plainly wrong, unnatural, and unlovely as the conversion of a beautiful stream into a drain. Civilization, I know, does it; but, in almost everything, you will be safest in doing the opposite of what civilization does. For 50 miles below Liverpool the pure sea is fouled and darkened with the pollutions of Lancashire. In the North of England I once saw a river flowing through a lovely glen. That river was shocking. It seemed a river on fire, like Phlegethon, which, as you know, is one of the seven rivers of Hell. But, indeed, Mammon stops at nothing, and as it murders men, women, and children for the sake of a little base gain, we need not be surprised that it should also pollute streams, finding such practices to be "an economy," a lessening of the cost of production.

Then the adoption of that natural method of dealing with all waste matter will enable you to plant your camps, towns, cities, of the new order in any part of the country.

Don't you see that there is something awfully wrong, unnatural, and barbarous in the employment of our streams and rivers as drains?

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NOTE: ADDRESSES—57, 139 and 113 Great Britain St.; 5 Wexford St.; 4 Commercial Buildings, Phibberso; 26 Nth. Strand; 23 Bolton St.; and 15 Francis St.

PEMBROKE NOTES.

That the inhabitants of the "Chamber of Horrors" are very much annoyed owing to the publicity given to their doings.

That some of the publicans are still supplying them with drink whilst they are on duty.

That the writer has been called some choice names—even by the police—the words of which are not fit for publication.

That the "Girl from the Park" is about to visit the Home on Irishtown road to establish some novel cooking competitions.

That an advanced copy of the programme has been handed to us for perusal.

That she is to be assisted by "Charles I." of Pembroke, "Haypoth-o-Tay," and the "Electric Twister."

That great "foresight" was exercised in the selection of the above.

That one of the competitions will for the best boiled egg, the first prize to be a smile from "Herself"; second prize, half-pound of steak, presented by "Haypoth-o-Tay"; 3rd prize, a bottle of disinfected milk.

That a lecture is to be given, illustrated by lantern slides, on "How to wash a pocket handkerchief"; name of lecturer not given.

That many other items of news are given and which can be seen in programme, copies of which will be on sale shortly.

That a cottage is to be obtained for exhibition purposes in the vicinity of Dignam's lane.

That all the "beauties" who are members of the club are to be on view daily.

That the local Nationalists who allow their wives to attend the club to learn the cooking of an egg, &c., are blest born (I don't think!)

That after the weekly meetings "They all go the back way home" perfectly sober.

That the ground at the rere of 54, 56 and 58 Irishtown road has been cut off.

That the children who had free access thereto must now pass through the disinfecting chamber, No. 58.

That the street names are still unchanged in Ringsend, notwithstanding all the letters that appeared in the Press.

That "Brendan Street" must have gone to sleep or else joined the ranks of the U.I.L. or A.O.H., where there is all talk and no work.

That probably he has got bought over by the "Sassenach" element. What's your price, "Brendan Street?"

That if such be the case surely there are other persons that ought to step in and see that his intentions—they were good—are carried.

That the local branch of the Gaelic League should not allow the matter to die a natural death.

That in former years the local publicans closed their premises on St Patrick's Day.

That this year they were all open. Probably the Gaelic League branch did not ask them to close. The proprietors are all of the "God-Save-Ireland" class.

That a rumour has been circulated that the money required for the new cottages has been granted, and the "divide" will take place at an early date.

That hopes are entertained that when the cottages are built there will not be established another "Sandy Row."

That many of the celebrities who appeared in these columns are anxious to make the acquaintance of the writer.

That the wrong persons are accused the writer knows well.

That many are endeavouring to fix the responsibility on the "Irish" fellows. Well, they are far out.

That during the next few weeks notes will be given that will cause a flutter.

That the members of the "Chamber of Horrors" will find something else to do besides drinking pints and cursing "The Worker" when on duty.

Nix.

Sidelights on North Wall Slavery.

What Does Wm. Martin Murphy or Sir Walter Nugent, M.P., Say?

There are a number of men working at the Midland Great Western goods stores at the North Wall under conditions which are a positive disgrace to civilisation.

F.R.C.S.

Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, DUBLIN.

GRAND Dramatic Performance

The Irish Workers' Dramatic Company, on Easter Sunday, Monday & Tuesday, March 23rd, 24th and 25th.

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(Head Office—Liberty Hall) Entrance Fee - - 6d. Contributions - - 2d. per week. Join now. Call in at the above Office any day between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m.

All classes of workers are eligible to join this Union.

Choir practice will be, as usual, on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, at 8 p.m.

Irish Dancing on Friday evening, at 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.I.," 18 Beresford place.

"An injury to One is the concern of All."

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All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin, Telephone 3421.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, March 22nd 1913.

GRIEF FOR GREECE.

We are somewhat despondent—at least the daily and weekly "lyres" say so—and Alderman Ireland repeats their funny statements in the form of a resolution—

"That the Dublin Municipal Council tenders its respectful sympathy to his Majesty the King and her Majesty Queen Alexandra and the Royal family in their sad bereavement caused by the deplorable assassination of his Majesty King George of Greece."

We are thankful that at least one member of the Council stated that he was not concerned with kings, but we thought some of the Labour Party would have had the wit to move an amendment that, while deploring the foolishness of such an act, we of the working class regret that 300,000 workers in Turkey, Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro should have been murdered to gratify the insanity of five kings; that we suggest that if sympathy is wanted it is to the mothers, wives, sweethearts and orphans of the 300,000 workers who have been murdered by workers at the instigation of and to provide heroes at least for His Majesty the Sultan of all the Turks, the Czar of all the Bulgars, the King of all the Montenegrins, the King of all the Servians, and the Carpet Bagger who is now dead, and was known as the King of all the Greeks. What hypocrisy! Here you had a Dane, brother to the late King of England's wife, who was unemployed and not being able to do honest work, his brother-in-law and mother-in-law, the late Queen Victoria of England, used the power of England to force the Greek people (who were compelled by the European Powers to have a King) to accept this chap who was killed before his time in Salonika by an alleged madman, who was also alleged to be a Socialist. We have yet to learn that a Socialist believes in doing the devil's work—for surely it must be the devil's work to injure the cause of the people by such a foolish action and at such a moment. But if this madman, Shinas, is guilty of murder, what about George and Alex., Hamid, Peter, and Georgious, the five Kings or conspirators who decided that they would have a war to see who could claim the most murders to his credit. What had the Turkish peasant or Greek peasant to fight about? What had the Turkish artisan to fight with the Servian artisan about? What was the reason for the labourer in Bulgaria to leave his home that he might stick a bayonet in the Turkish labourer, or the Montenegrin peasant to fire a gun at the people of Scutari, who only wanted to work that they might live? And this Montenegrin peasant at the dictation of these five murderers deliberately aims a gun loaded with deadly missile, the object being, to kill or maim men, women or children inside the wall of Scutari. We all blame Nero who fiddled while Rome burned, but, no blame for the devils and murderers in human guise called Kings and statesmen, who play this game of murder called war. We all admire the person who helps the weak, the infirm or the orphan; well what of the murderers called Kings who destroyed the weak, murdered the strong and infirm and made thousands of orphans? We had a letter from Serbia a week ago wherein it was stated that the workers were taken from the Bench, the plough the market place, the factory, at the point of the bayonet by the orders of the murderer of the late King of Serbia, Remember, the murderer who is King of Serbia was not a socialist; was not alleged to be mad. He did not go out and shoot his predecessor. He hired a gang of murderers to break into the house or palace of his King, and murder in a most brutal and cowardly manner his King, who he had sworn to obey and protect. Not only the King, who was in his road did he murder, but a poor defenceless woman—his King's wife—who's only fault was because she was of the middle class, and a Catholic. And now we are treated to the disgusting spectacle of this murderer, the present King of Serbia (the pal of George), who had a good job for fifty years, and who has lost it by death, sending his condolences to Queen Olga, who is now the widow of George, known as the King of Greece.

No, friends, if Schinas is a murderer so, too, was George whom he murdered, and the other foul, bloody, and cowardly murderer, the present King of Serbia, he of Bulgaria, and that old brigand of Montenegro. Does any one in their senses think for a moment that the workers of these countries will benefit by the accused war now proceeding in the Near East? No. The only people who are smiling are the financiers and money lenders. When you are sending resolutions of condemnation and votes of condolence, good City Fathers, don't forget the 300,000 workers butchered to make a holiday for five kings and fortunes for the cosmopolitan thieves called bankers and financiers, and don't forget the widows and orphans of these poor workers who had no quarrel with one another, but were simply used as pawns in the game of political chess. What is the sorrow of Queen Olga, an old rich woman, with every comfort, to the sorrow of the widows of 300,000 workers left homeless and starving, with the cries of the starving orphans ringing through the souls. Let us have some sense of proportion—remember what the poet Lowell sang:—

"He that takes a sword and draws it, and goes stick a fellow thro', Government aint got to answer for it; God will send the bill to you."

George, King of Greece, took the sword, and with his fellow murderers stuck 300,000 through. God presented His bill through his instrument, Schinas, and George had to pay the bill. Let us sympathise with Schinas, who has the burden of sin to bear, and let us send our condolences to the widows and orphans of the workers murdered in the East. That is our resolution. All in agreement say "Aye." The ayes have it.

All Irishmen who are army or navy pensioners or reserve men are warned not to accept any jobs at present from Quigley, the Scab Organiser, 16 D'Olier-street.

Our readers will be interested to know that the only scabs the City of Dublin Company have been able to get to work for them are seven reserve men, sent by Quigley, officer in charge of the Army and Navy Employment Agency, 16 D'Olier-street; and out of the seven scabs only one belonged to an Irish regiment. All other reserve men sent down, when they found it was a strike, point blank refused to scab, though the Scab Organiser, Quigley, threatened not to notify the men who refused about any further vacancies.

And the following shipped cattle by the Kerry:—

Table with columns: NAME, NO. OF CATTLE, NAME, NO. OF CATTLE. Includes Whittaker, Metton, Whillum, Chadwick, Marshall, Knowles, Birmingham, Rillingham, Berrily, Wardopp, etc.

And the undermentioned drovers assisted in loading the Kerry: Cuddy, Flanagan, Caffrey, Tighe, Kelly, Tie, he, of North Dock U.I.L. fame, Alfie Byrne's pal; M'Eanemy, Reid, Pollard, Donohoe. We wonder does Reid's father know he is scabbing.

And of course Montgomery, the scab clerk in the city, who boasts that he can go home without molestation. Montgomery the scab should remember when you are winning you can afford to be magnanimous. Have you heard what the taxi drivers of London did after eleven weeks' struggle. They beat the employers and then refused to work with the scabs who stopped in. Montgomery, Kilbride, and a few others ought to know this strike is not finished yet. No matter what the lying press of Dublin states, not one man has played the traitor.

What You Get for being a Loyal Rotey Enter.

Sergeant Austin, Shropshire Regiment, stationed at Fermoy, County Cork, and the audacity to display a sprig of shamrock in his tunic on St. Patrick's Day. His captain placed him under close arrest, and he (Austin) was sent for a district court martial for daring to assume the right to be an Irishman.

Congratulations to our Comrades of Motor Men and Taxi Drivers Union of London who, after an eleven weeks' struggle, smashed the employers, compelled them—the monopolists and swarters—to swallow the Trade Union Pill, and one condition of the settlement was all the creatures who scabbed during the strike had to be sacked. We wonder when the Irishmen who drive motors in this country are going to get any backbone and form a trades union, like the London men, and refuse to associate any longer with the scabs of Ashenhurst and Williams, a lot of dogs who boast they are all signatories to the Covenant; that their manager is one of themselves, a bigot; that any one of them who desired was allowed to go to Belfast to sign the Covenant; that the rule of the firm is—no Papist need apply. Don't forget Ashenhurst and Williams, the scab motor garage, Amiens-street. These are the scabs who supply the "Evening Mail" to the news shops. Wait and see developments. The scab who drove the motor for Heiton's, of Kingstown, was sent from Ashenhurst's—same in each strike. Wait and see. there is a rod in pickle.

Congratulations also to the Bakers of London, who have won out except in a few small shops. They made a different fight than the Bakers of Ireland are doing,

scabbing on one another. One union for bakers is enough for Ireland, and the same applies to all other industries.

Don't worry. There is no truth in the newspapers in connection with strike.

No man has gone back. The Company have a few scabs from the Army and Navy Employment Agency, 16 D'Olier street. A scab organiser named Quigley runs the show, and Richardson, T.C., and Greene, P.L.G., President and Secretary of the Scab Union, financed by the Employers' Federation, are also out canvassing for scabs to go in to take the men's places in the City of Dublin.

We see Greene objects to be taken for Greene, Foreman of the City of Dublin. Why Greene, the Foreman City of Dublin, is a decent, sober man, compared to Greene, P.L.G. We deal with that character of yours in a few day. Why McIntyre, the scab, is a clean scab to Greene, P.L.G. For fear we make a mistake—Thomas Greene, P.L.G., Albert-court, Grand Canal-street, late Secretary No. 1 Branch D.T.W.U., Scab Organiser, President of the Irish National Workers' Union, of 60, 61, Corporation-street, financed by the Employers' Federation,

Teachers' Congress.

We have been sent the following invitation:—

Irish National Teachers' Organization. Forty-Sixth Annual Congress. The Congress Committee requests the favour of the presence of Mr. Jim Larkin at the Opening Meeting of the Congress, to be held in the Round Room, Mansion House, Dublin, on Tuesday, 25th March, 1913, at 12 noon. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of Dublin will preside. P. Cummins and C. J. Walsh, Hon. Secs. R. S. V. P. to P. Cummins, 5 Lower Drumcondra road, Dublin.

We have never sat with or associated with scabs, and when we see it announced that Bill Richardson, T.C., scab organizer, is to appear on their platform we pause. If we had known that the Teachers would have invited such a notorious scab as Richardson to their Congress we would have paused at moving that the Trades Council of Dublin accept the Teachers' invitation to send two delegates; and knowing the personnel of the Council, we feel sure no delegates would have been sent. No, friends; thank you for the invitation; but the scab is a kind of vermin we don't care to be near. By the way, we notice you have been in existence forty-six years. Is it not time you woke? Forty-six years and still petitioning and begging. Why not try to stand erect as men and women? Don't you read? Don't you think? If you do it is time you acted. You accept wages (of course I apologise, salaries) that a docker would feel insulted if offered. You have to wait till your paymasters' clerk, Birrell, thinks it time to pay you. The docker must be paid each night if he requires it. How can you call yourselves teachers? Do you know the meaning of the word teacher? You are the meanest slaves in this country of slaves. Get up, assert yourselves, start on Trade Union lines, and don't be so DAMN respectable, because nobody respects you.

A Coward Brought to Book.

On Wednesday, at the South Dublin Union, Mr. Thomas Lawlor, T.C., gave the Chairman, Mr. John Scully, a severe castigation for the mean attack he made at the previous meeting of the Board on Mr. Lawlor's brother.

Mr. Lawlor said—Mr. Chairman, on a matter of privilege I, would like to say a few words in connection with the proceedings at last Wednesday's meeting. At that meeting, in connection with a letter from Mr. Conneely, assertions were made which obtained publicity in the Press, and I appeal to the members of the Press present to give my denial the same publicity as the assertions received. When a letter was read from Mr. Conneely you, Mr. Chairman, meanly availed of my absence to libel and insult a brother of mine. He was not here, not being a member of the Board, to defend himself. You stated that he was not a member of his own trade society. He is a member of his society, and a member of the committee of that society, and he is a man whose abilities have won for him the honour and esteem of all who come in contact with him.

Chairman—I didn't say he was not a member of his society.

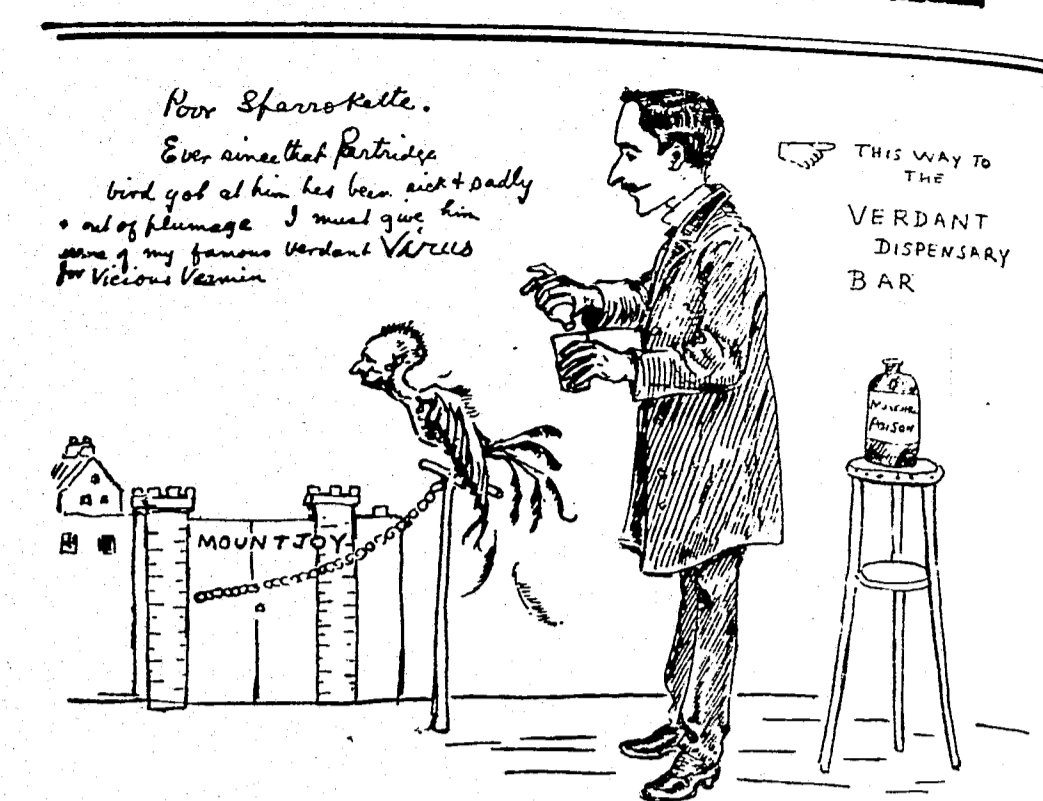
Mr. Lawlor—I am taking it from the "Saturday Post."

Mr. Lawlor then quoted the report, which gave the Chairman credit for the words attributed to him.

Chairman—What I stated was that he is working under worse conditions than Mr. Conneely.

Mr. Lawlor—I may explain they don't work under the same conditions whatsoever. That is perfectly and undoubtedly and knowingly untrue, and it was a mean advantage for you to take. He is an honourable man, and was always a member of his Trades Union; and, though he has climbed the ladder a bit, he has never forgotten the class from which he rose. I am proud of him, and he is not ashamed of me, and I would rather have him for a brother than you, Mr. Chairman. I think it is a most cowardly thing. Words fall me to express my sentiments towards your action. I cannot think how any member of a popularly elected body could so misuse his position as to take and libel a man whom he never saw in the flesh. I say that the members of the Board had a perfect right to stand up and protest against the Chairman doing what he

Made by Trade Union Bakers. EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.



THE EASTER EGG.

Oh, the Sparro-kette was dreary; He was likewise very weary, And his plumage was a sight for sore eyes, surely. His tail was most bedraggled; The wings a trifle straggled; His appearance showed that he was feeling poorly.

It was really too absurd To expect this sickly bird A little egg for Easter to be laying. For his laying days are done, And his begging one begun, But just how much he's got there is no saying.

There was once a giddy time When this bird was in his prime That the Sparro-kette a "Cuckoo" game did play.

Then he'd rob another bird, But the "hawks" at last got word, And they put him in the Mountjoy cage to stay.

Oh, the Sparro-kette was dreary; He was likewise very weary, And his plumage was a sight for sore eyes, surely.

Though it has at times been said That this bird a golden egg laid, I'm afraid it is a story not quite true. If golden eggs were lying near This bird stole them, never fear, And homewards with the booty quickly flew.

'Tis no wonder this bird's sick, For 'twas Partridge did the trick. (Partridge is a bird of quite a different nature.) The Sparro-kette's not well, And it isn't hard to tell Where he'll go when he does die, the moulting creature.

'Tis a very funny notion For Alfie with his lotion To think he'll make the Sparro-kette quite well; He's beyond the help of Bung, And shortly he'll be flung In that hot and fiery dustbin known as ———.

has done. If this kind of thing is going to be condoned by the members of the Board I promise you you are in for something hot. I will obtain for the Board the character of every member and their families. I don't think you will be pleased with it, Mr. Chairman. We have had a little of your own character, and God knows it is not a thing to be proud of.

Chairman—Have you anything else to say?

Mr. Lawlor—Only that I protest against your action.

Chairman—Ladies and gentlemen, I don't want to make any reply to Mr. Lawlor's statements here to-day. It is well known the kindly feelings of Mr. Lawlor and the party he represents have for me. However I don't want to say anything about that (hear, hear). The members of the Board have always stood behind me in my actions. I don't want to say anything with regard to Mr. Lawlor. With regard to this man who was attacked, Mr. Conneely was elected to the position twelve years ago, and there were no conditions in the terms of his employment to bind him to be a member of any trade union. He was a member until quite recently. What I want is to keep the Board right. In passing a resolution condemning this man to be a member of his trade union they were only placing themselves in a ridiculous position. It was a ridiculous thing to pass a resolution which they knew in their heart and soul a subordinate officer could disobey. If you want to pass resolutions pass resolutions, you can carry out. His character was well known to the members of the Board, and the citizens had compensated me to some extent by electing him to second highest position in the City of Dublin.

Mr. Lawlor—Before you pass away from that, I thought you would have the decency to withdraw a statement that is absolutely untrue.

Chairman—I appeal to members of the Board for their protection.

Mr. Lawlor—You can appeal to the member of the Board, because you know you have them with you. If you had the decency of a man in you, you would withdraw that libellous statement.

Chairman—Sit down. I asked you before had you done, as a matter of fair play.

Mr. Lawlor—You never showed any fair play to me or any man on the Labour ticket except when you were out on the hustings seeking their suffrages. It is a perfect disgrace.

Chairman—Next business, please.

Mr. Lawlor—I have made my protest. I did not expect anything better from the Board.

Chairman—Order please.

Mr. Lawlor—Your talking about order. If I was in Mr. Scully's place it would be withdrawn. It is characteristic of some of the hypocrisy shown in public life.

The matter then dropped.

DON'T MISS seeing the Great Strike Play, at Liberty Hall, Beresford Place, Sunday, Monday & Tuesday, at 8 o'clock.

The Ideal Trades Union.

By "MR. DOOLEY."

"What is all this talk that's in the papers about the open shop?" asked Mr. Hennessey. "What is th' 'open shop'?" said Mr. Dooley. "Shure, 'tis a shop where they kape the dure open t' accommodate th' consthant shream of min comin' in t' take jobs cheaper thin th' min what has th' jobs. 'Tis like this, Hinnessey—suppose wan of these free barn Amerycan citizens is wurkin' in an open shop for th' princely wages of wan large ion on dollar a day of tin hours. Along comes another free barn son-of-a-gun, an' he says t' th' boss: 'I think I cud handle th' job fer ninety cents.' 'Shure, sez th' boss, hn' th' wan-dollar man gets th' merry, jinglin' can' an' goes out into th' crook world t' exercise his inalienable roights as a free barn Amerycan citizen an' scab on some other poor devil. An' so it goes on, Hinnessey. An who gets th' benefit? Thure, it saves th' boss money, but he don't care no more for money than he does for his roight eye. It's all principle wid him. He hates t' see his min robbed of their indeppindece. They must have their indeppindece, regardliss of anything else." "But," said Mr. Hennessey, "these open-shop min ye minshun say they are fer th' unions, if properly conducted." "Shure," said Mr. Dooley, "if properly conducted. And there ye ar-re. And how wud they have thim conducted? No strikes, no rules, no contracts, no scales, hardly any wages, and dam few mimbers."

"Mr. Dooley" seems to have been reading up the advertisements of the "Irish National Workers' Union"!

BUTTER.

Farmers' Pure Butter,

11d and 1s. per lb. Creamery 1s. 2d. and 1s 3d. per lb. Banded Irish Heads 3d. per lb.

Patk. J. Whelan, 82 QUEEN STREET.

T. P. ROCHE,

The Workers' Hairdresser.

84 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

An Up-to-Date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Obedient Assistants used. Success to the Workers' Cause.

Support RUSSELL'S.

THE FAMILY BAKERS, TRADE UNION EMPLOYEES,

RATHMINES BAKERY.

SOME VIEWS ON STRIKES.

The New Non-Striki g Union in Dublin and the Position at Garston Docks.

By SHELLBACK.

There are many sorts of "Trade Unions" in existence, not only in Dublin, but in nearly every other town of any importance, all through the British "Empire." Each and every one has its own methods for obtaining benefits and concessions—chiefly concessions. In many of these cases, these concessions, when any are gained, are never intended to be enjoyed by any but the promoters of the so-called Unions, and are generally the gifts of the master whom the Union is in existence to, presumably intimidate, by well-written begging letters, and they are usually conceded in return for services rendered to the master class by these alleged revolutionaries, whose work has the effect of weakening the aggressive tactics of workers' organisations, that are in existence for quite a different object, viz., for the benefit of the workers themselves.

There is no doubt about it, that many workers are against aggressive measures, and are won over to support concerns that aim at improving working conditions by friendly representation only.

They don't like strikes, and they join a union that condemns such things, and the hook-nosed bosses smile the while. Was there ever any good thing obtained without a strike? There was never any strike, worth a name, in Dublin, before Jim Larkin and the Transport Workers organised, and consequently the wages and the conditions governing the working classes remained contemptibly mean and low. There's proof of the value of the anti-striker's methods. Just ask yourselves what would be the value of an army of soldiers armed with blank cartridges, against a foe, equipped with the best and most modern devices for war. The strike is the labour soldier's finest and best weapon. It places the worker on equal terms with the moneyed exploiter. It allows labour to demand its rights, and does away with the necessity for Lazarus to beg for crumbs. It is the only one weapon that puts fear in the hearts of rich employers, who are never more sorely wounded than when they are hit in the pocket. The strike is war.

Labour without the power to strike is Samson shorn of his locks, is an army deprived of its weapons, the slave shackled to his bench, and the man who advises the worker to give up his strike power is a traitor and a destroyer of his own kin, is worse, if a worse can be, than a black-leg, is on a level with Judas of old.

Have none of him. Stick to your striking leaders. Drive the capitalist enemy from the walls, by strike assaults, and enter into your own, as free men who have conquered, and for goodness sake don't wear your knees out, everlastingly crawling to lick the dust, while the superior persons who exploit you, put their feet upon your necks.

"Long live the Strike, and down with the rying Cadgers"—that's the cry of the workers, who mean business.

Just now there is a strike of dockers in Garston, as well as in Dublin, and I think a short history of that dispute might be of interest to your readers, particularly as there is an unusual phase connected therewith.

There are a number of unexpected things crop up during the progress of a strike that have the effect of directing operations along channels not previously thought of, and one of those unexpected things has materialised in connection with the strike at Garston.

Some two years ago the dockers employed at Garston Docks founded a branch of the National Union of Dock Labourers, and, as they were being paid a day rate of wages considerably below that paid on the other docks of the Mersey, an effort was made, during the national wages movement of that year, to level up these rates to the general standard. Owing to the youthfulness of the branch, and possibly to the legal difficulties in the way of providing strike pay to members not in compliance through short membership, their efforts were only slightly successful, and their demands ended by an agreement being drawn up, and signed by representatives of the men and the employers, covering a term of three years.

One of the clauses of this agreement stipulated that the Union men would willingly work with Union or non-Union men, and, as some slight increases in wages had actually resulted from the dispute, no great harm was anticipated from that little clause. However, there was evidently no intention of permitting it to have any adverse effect upon the Union or its members, for they set themselves to work to organise a good branch, and to enrol every single docker in its membership.

But they failed to recognise the selfish ingratitude of some men. Many of those who had reaped a benefit from the work

of the more honourable members no sooner were back at work under the improved conditions than they lapsed their membership, and declined to contribute to the Union, although such contributions were only a matter of a couple of coppers a week. These men were approached regularly by the Union delegates, but as regularly refused to pay up, some of them actually going so far as to openly defy these officials. This got so bad, and so exasperated the paying members of the Union, that they approached the dockowners, through their representatives, with a request for "Recognition," a request that would, if granted, help the Union to force the recalcitrant ones to pay up. This request was met with a flat refusal and a reference to the above clause in the agreement.

The men pointed out to the Company that the agreement had already been broken by them in several instances, and by such breaches had now become of no legal value in a binding sense; therefore they considered themselves at liberty to warn the Company, that they intended to demand the recognition of their Union by insisting that all men employed at the docks as dockers should have to be Union men. When things had reached this stage many of the backsliders, fearing for their jobs, looked around for an easy way out of the difficulty. They they found in enrolling themselves in the local branch of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, where they were accepted on payment of a small entrance fee.

This was a gain in more ways than one, as the arrears they owed the Dockers' Union would amount to a considerable sum. By becoming new members of the Railwaymen's Union they saved all that, and they hoped that that Union's ticket would be sufficient safeguard against the Docker's demands if they ever succeeded in bringing them off. Of course, this proceeding on their part only served to still further embitter the Dockers, and on Sunday, March 2nd, a great meeting was held in the Picturedrome, Garston, at which a resolution was passed calling for "buttons up" at the docks in the morning and a refusal to work if men not wearing the dockers' button were picked off the stands. There was a rider added to this resolution that intimated to the dock owners that in the event of any extra men being wanted beyond the number of "button" men available, they would not object to men obtained through the Labour Exchange. This resolution and rider was duly conveyed to the Dock authorities.

Consequently next morning some 1,600 men mustered on the stands, and all that vast number, with the exception of some forty odd, sported the well-known dockers' button, and had the Dock Company's officials been the least bit tactful or possessed of a modicum of that very useful property called diplomacy, they would have picked the men they required from those wearing the button. They could have done so without committing the Company to anything, as there was no demand for wages or change of hours, and if they had picked button men there would have been no stoppage, and the buttonless ones would have seen the necessity for obtaining the Docker's card. This, however, they did not do. They made a point of engaging the men without a button, and as a consequence there was nothing near the number of men required outside the ranks of the button men, a stoppage was the result.

This was last Monday, and since that date no work has been done at Garston Docks. Shippers have been warned not to send their vessels there, and vessels that came into dock during the week have been advised to go away again, and many of them have done so, while some are still lying idle with their cargoes untou hed, and it is rumoured about among those in a position to form some opinion that it is the intention of the Company to keep the docks idle over the Easter holidays. During the week negotiations have been carried on between the Dockers' and the Railwaymen's Unions regarding the transfer of members, with the result that the whole of the men who had back slid are now back again in their old Union.

Now the peculiar thing that has arisen is the following—there are no men but "button men" to be obtained at Garston. There is no dispute about wages or hours. There are vessels waiting to discharge and load, and still the docks are kept idle, and men are not required, and nothing is being done by the Railway Company who own the docks to bring matters to discussion. The strike, as it was called, has now ceased to be a strike, and has taken on the character of a lock-out, and this brings about a very peculiar situation which ought to be of great advantage to the men if made use of.

A dock company, like a railway company, hold their right as such, under an Act of Parliament that compels them to keep their docks open to meet the public needs. They are not allowed to close

them or deny admittance to them under any circumstance which they can control. They are given certain privileges, and are allowed to make certain charges for the use of the docks and machinery, but they are only permitted to manage the docks as long as they do so to meet a public want or requirement, and I contend that so far from carrying out their public duties they are now using their powers illegally in order to punish or coerce a large section of the public who depend upon the docks for a living, and by keeping them idle, so weaken them by hunger or want as to reduce them to such a state that they will be glad to come back to work at any terms the railway company may dictate.

Now this sort of fighting can be stopped, and stopped it ought to be. The railway company must carry out to the full all the public duties they as dock owners are bound to carry out, or steps should be at once taken to compel them to do so. Notification should be sent to the principal officials of the company at Garston informing them that there are no other men but Union men now at Garston, and that being so they were prepared to return to work, and it was their intention to attend the stands, at the usual time, on the following morning, in sufficient numbers to meet all requirements. This would force the company to either commence work, with full recognition, or declare a lock-out, which would at once make them liable for all damage arising from delay or demurrage to shipping or cargoes, and, needless to say, that would represent such a great sum that even a strong railway company would think twice before risking it. If they still persisted, however, in keeping the docks closed against the public then Parliament should be approached, through the Labour Party, to do what they have full power to do, namely, charge the company with all the loss the community may suffer through the lock-out and withdraw all the privileges, as dock owners hitherto granted to the London and North Western Railway.

Theatrical Employees Organise.

On Sunday last a meeting was held in the Trades Hall to hear William Johnson, General Secretary of the National Association of Theatrical Employees, as to the formation of a branch of that Union in Dublin.

There was a good attendance. Councillor Lawlor presided in the absence of Thomas M'Partlin.

The Chairman having declared the meeting open, William Johnson addressed the meeting on the objects, benefits, constitution, and policy of the Union. He said what he had to say was the old story told everywhere where men and women were beginning to consider the use and purpose of life. No one could deny that the penalties of disunion among the workers brought on them injustice and burdens, long hours of labour, low wages, and insecurity of employment, and deprived them not only of the means of happiness, but of the rights of citizenship. The theatrical employees suffered, as all other unorganised workers suffered, and they also must organise if they would gain justice and freedom. The Union he represented stood for every man and woman working for wages in the entertainment world. They aimed to organise the whole industry without regard to the status or duration of employment of any man or woman working in a theatre, circus, or exhibition. They were parties to an award given after the Music Hall Strike of 1907, and under which every music hall proprietor in Great Britain and Ireland, artistes, musicians, and employees, mutually recognised each other's organisations, and were bound to confer on any grievance alleged by any section. The machinery for dealing with the music hall employees' conditions of employment was in existence; they could, through the Dublin branch, utilise it for their own benefit. This much they must bear in mind—that without unity, patience, and loyalty to one another, that unless they adopted the motto of "each for all and all for each," no protection, no improvement was possible. The speaker gave many particulars of the work of the Union and of the Unions in America and Australia. He read the following telegrams and then invited questions.

"Manchester wishes Dublin success and good luck. Pull together, boys." "Oldham sends hearty welcome to Ireland on joining the National Union." "Wishing you a successful meeting." Lucy Henby, Royalty Theatre, Glasgow. "Success to Dublin is the sincere wish of the Liverpool Branch members." "Middlesborough Branch wishes our Dublin friends every success, and will be pleased to have them with us." "Hope my town will give you hearty welcome."—Jas. Dwaes, Stage Manager, Alhambra, Glasgow. "Success to our comrades in Ireland. I welcome the Irish theatrical nation into our N.A.T.E."—Jim Cullen, St. James's Theatre, Lon-

don, President of the Union, and a Wicklow boy."

The following resolution was then moved and seconded, and unanimously agreed to:—

That those present at this meeting employed in drama, variety, and picture theatres in Dublin and vicinity, hereby pledge themselves to join the National Association of Theatrical Employees, and to form the Dublin Branch of that Union, in order to provide the means to protect and to promote the interests of theatrical employees in this district.

The resolution was earnestly supported by the Chairman and by John Farren, who promised the Theatrical Employees' Union all the assistance the Dublin Trades' Council could give in organising, in protecting the Union, and in negotiating with any manager whom the Union itself could not deal with. The branch would be well advised, said John Farren, to go quietly to work in organising all the men and women in their business, and to avoid talking about strikes or threats to leave work. When they met trouble let them report to the Dublin Trades' and Labour Council and their own Executive, and wait and see what could be done for them by their own and the Trades' Council officials.

The resolution was unanimously adopted. The Chairman then put the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:—

That a Provisional Committee be appointed at this meeting, with power to add to their number, to organise the Dublin Branch and to draw up working rules for each section of members, and to arrange for a general meeting of members when the working rules shall be submitted and a committee elected for the ensuing year.

The Provisional Committee, were appointed, and it was agreed should meet at 1 o'clock prompt, in the same room of the Trades Hall next Sunday.

Those theatres, music halls, and picture theatres not represented should appoint two of their number to attend the meeting of the Provisional Committee. It should be arranged that each grade and section of the day and night staff are represented.

The business on Sunday will be as follows:—

- 1. To receive the minutes of the last meeting (this is the report).
2. To receive and accept additions to the Provisional Committee.
3. To consider and accept applications for membership. A number of the Provisional Committee must be present at the meeting and add in to the Secretary an application for membership; he cannot act as a member of the Provisional Committee.
4. To decide on time and place of future meetings.
5. To appoint three sub-committees—one to represent the dramatic, one the music halls, and one the picture houses, each to draw up a code of working rules and rates of pay same to be submitted to a general meeting of members, and then to the Executive Committee (International).
6. Organise every man and woman employed in places of amusement and eligible to join.
Note.—The order of this Agenda may be varied at the meeting on Sunday.
Entrance Fee 3s. May be paid by instalments.

At the conclusion of the meeting many members were enrolled.

The General Secretary, William Johnson, desires to thank all he met for their courtesy to him, and the friendly help given to him to make his visit successful, and his first visit to Ireland a pleasant one, not forgetting Jim Larkin, of Liberty Hall.

Victimisation on the Packets at Kingstown.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR,—I respectfully beg to bring under your notice, and also the notice of the public, that there is general unrest on the mail steamers at Kingstown owing to some of the firemen having been dismissed for refusing the shilling increase offered, which they never signed for in their last articles. The majority of the crews agreed to refuse same, as it was not considered sufficient increase, and I wish to state that there was no notice given officially until pay time on Friday, the 31st of January, but the crews had got unofficially that it was about to be offered them, and as is stated above they had made up their minds to refuse it, as it was not considered the standard wage. When being paid the majority went and accepted it; some of them inquired what this extra shilling was for, and they were told in some of the boats by the engineer that they could not tell them, but to take it, and they could find out later. In other cases the men were told it was an increase of wages.

The same questions were asked by the deck hands, and they were also told for to take it and they would find out later on, although all hands had signed on in their last articles for 30s. per week. Therefore, these fifteen firemen are to be dismissed as their articles expire. The majority of them have long service and are of good character, with no faults against them; and when they ask what they are being dismissed for they are told that it is for refusing to take the shilling.

As to one of these men, his articles were up on the 6th of January, and he was dismissed without a moment's notice. Another of them was dismissed and paid off on Sunday morning, the 9th of February, and his discharge dated for Sunday. I hope you will bring this matter under the notice of the Irish members of Parliament, the Irish shareholders, and also the Postmaster-General, as I understand that under the contracts the crews of these boats were to be half Irish and half Welsh; but I understand that not one-third of the crews are Irish, and it is almost all Welsh that is spoken aboard during working hours, and there is every appearance of more Welshmen being two Welshmen signed on in place of these two Irishmen. There are six of these fifteen victimised, now dismissed. What is wanted here is the standard wage and proper articles, and not the six months' special agreement. Just think of the number of trips these crews do in the six weeks—84 in all; Sunday no exception. That is three

weeks night and change for three weeks day service. The officials of this company are sending letters broadcast and trying for men who had their names on the books for years past, and would never have been called only for this thing cropping up. But most of these men who have been sent for will not go when they get to learn that there is trouble in the air. Mr. Watson and his understrappers are trying to man these boats with scab labour.

There is a great scare on at present about the White Slave Traffic, so if the limbs of the law want to find out their dens let them call to and work on these packets. I trust that these white slaves of the Channel may crush out those words "No Irish Need Apply."

Hoping Mr. Editor, that you will see your way to give this light and expose the victimisation.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS.

SMITHFIELD MEETING.

(Continued from Page 4.)

Mr. Larkin concluded by challenging any sympathisers with the Arran Quay Branch of the U.I.L. to come up on the platform and contradict any of his statements, but the challenge was not accepted. Councillor Partridge, who had by this time arrived, came forward and said they had heard much and read much in the Press in condemnation of strikes and strikers. They had heard of the misery caused to the men on strike and those depending on them, and didn't it seem strange when Alderman Tom Kelly offers to the employers the means to do away with strikes that they do not seem very eager to accept it? The men who expressed so much sympathy with the starving children of the men on strike, as they allege, have very little sympathy with the poverty when it comes to the amount per cent. in their pocket. Now, the present dispute in the city came into existence because the employers in Dublin would not grant the men a Wages Board promised to them eighteen months ago, and which was to do away with the possibility of a strike. This Wages Board was suggested as a means to settle these questions without having recourse to the strike. Now they had the men who pretend to hate striking and decry strikers with scurrilous Press and actor hypocrites misrepresenting the man who was seeking to get a living wage for the workers. If the working classes of that city were in poverty it was not from the strike. The men on strike were receiving a higher wages than William Martin Murphy was giving to working men down in Clare. They heard a lot about the Labour Party being opposed to Home Rule, but he asked them where would the Home Rule question be to-day if it were not for the Labour Party in England. It would be as dead as O'Connell if it were not for the working men of England. If the working men of England did not take it up the Liberal Party would never take it up.

Mr. Partridge then referred to the fact that Mr. Larkin was the only one who would call him a friend after he had been dismissed from his employment for protesting against the injustice done to his co-religionists. He was proud of that friendship. He referred to the U.I.L. of Dublin, which, he said, was a different organisation from the U.I.L. of the country. These men were prepared to make sacrifices for their principles, and to put their hands down in their pockets to help to carry on the work while the U.I.L. of Dublin was composed of slum landlords and police pensioners, who were putting their hands in the people's pockets, taking all they could out of it.

Mr. Halls, Secretary, A.S.R.S. referred to the new Railway Union which was started by Guard Murphy, of the Great Southern Railway. Dealing with this gentleman, he said when he was auditor of the books of the A.S.R.S. with three others he was supposed to get 2s. 6d. a week. Instead of that Murphy and a colleague who was behind him took £1 5s. a week, while the other two only got the 2s. 6d. He also referred to the fact that Guard Murphy deprived men of their benefits which he discovered when he (Mr. Halls) was appointed auditor of the society's books. He said that there was no country in the world where such crawling things as Murphy, John S. Kelly, Richardson, and the rest would be allowed to exist.

Mr. Lawlor, addressing the meeting, said he was not able to attend that meeting earlier owing to having to attend a meeting of theatrical employees in the Trades Hall. Continuing, he referred to the cowardly manner in which Scully at the South Dublin Union attacked his brother. He (Scully) stated that he had a brother who was not a Trade Unionist, and who was working under worse conditions than Conneely was. He had a brother who was always a member of his Trade Union and who was now working in J. B. Johnston's. He was able to look after himself. He had another brother, who, he supposed, was the one alluded to. He was also a member of his Trade Union, and not only that, but was also a member of the committee that controlled his position. Continuing, he referred to the cry of "Larkinism," and

said that if he was in the position of Mr. Larkin it would be "Larkinism," or if it was a Murphy it would be "Murphyism." It was all the same. Their movement would be struck at by their enemies. He contrasted the position of the workers in Dublin to-day with five years ago. It was practically a revolution. With their magnificent fighting power they would go on winning to the end (applause).

National Amalgamated Society of Operative House and Ship Painters and Decorators.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

March 15th, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—I am requested to forward you the following resolution which was arrived at on Friday night at a specially-summoned meeting, held in the Trades Hall, Capel-street. The members of our society in Dublin number 500, and in Ireland alone over 1,700. We wish you and your party to see that all Bills in future with regard to the welfare of democracy are framed to suit the masses not the classes.

The following are the resolutions which were passed unanimously:— 1st.—That we, the members of the Dublin District of the Amalgamated Society of Operative House and Ship Painters and Decorators, demand that the medical benefits be extended to Ireland, and we consider 7s. 6d. per member of a capitation grant should cover medical attendance and medicine free for insured persons—wife and family—up to 16 years of age. The present Bill is useless as regards the skilled or unskilled artisa, and we condemn the present system of dispensary and poor law in Ireland, and we consider the sooner they are supplanted by a true system of State benefits for deserving cases the better it will be for Ireland.

2nd.—That we demand that the wages and conditions of the House of Commons shall be strictly adhered to on all public and Government jobs, especially in Ireland, as at the present moment they are not being adhered to in our trade, and we desire that preference be given to fair Irish employers, the minimum rate, which is 8d. per hour, and the working conditions of the Dublin District, the radius of which is five miles from the G.P.O., Dublin, and that copies of this be sent to the Labour Party, Nationalist Leader and members, Prime Minister, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and President of the Board of Trade, and the D.C.O., Dublin Castle, and Secretary of the War Office, as we consider no one has the right to decide who knows or not what is a painter's work but a qualified painter, and that copies of these be sent to the Press, and also the same be placed on the agenda for the Irish Trades Congress. Also copy of the following:—

"That we condemn the Labour Exchange system in giving unemployment cards to handy men who are dabbling at the building trades, especially a body of men who call themselves whiteners; these are an encroachment on our legitimate trade, and it is well known to the Labour Exchange officials in Dublin that they will not be recognised by the Dublin Trades, Council, who are the best judges in our opinion of tradesmen, and we respectfully ask for an inquiry as to the number of men who have registered as painters and what proof has been given of their capabilities for such; they should not be allowed to get this privilege to the detriment of qualified artisans; and we ask that this matter shall be stopped at once, as it is a crying disgrace to men who have spent long years to qualify themselves at the various portions of their trade and have made provision to keep themselves off the city; and that copies of this be sent to Major Fughe, Mr. E. L. Richardson, J.P.; President of the Board of Trade. All we ask is fairness, and we are not getting it."

Mr. James Grogan, President, occupied the chair.

The meeting concluded with a vote of condolence to Mr. W. Pettigrew, a member of the local society, on the death of his wife.

M. J. O'Flanagan, Secretary of District, Trades Hall, Capel street.

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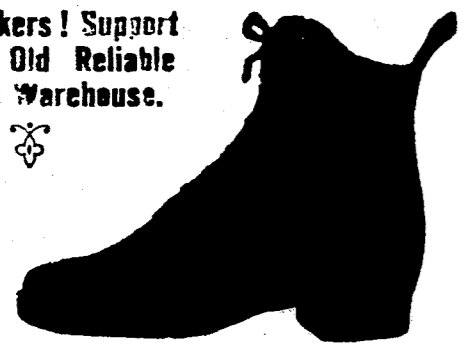
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Correspondence.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

114 Casewick Road,
West Norwood,
London, S.E.,
March 10th, 1913.

DEAR COMRADE,—“Shellback's” little shout of jubilation at discovering a reader of THE IRISH WORKER in London is very pleasant, though there is really nothing very astonishing in the fact. An Irish Socialist in London is not at all a rare phenomenon. And lest “Shellback” should grow too proud, I venture to suggest that London is not so very much more iniquitous than Dublin. At any rate, we do not murder our babies quite so fast.

But even if guilty of living in London, I do not think I have deserved “Shellback's” column and a half of argument. With quite half of what he says I am in perfect agreement. I tried to show in my previous letter that the circumstances of the Suffrage case were such as to render moral and justifiable actions, such as the blowing up of a house, that are in ordinary circumstances immoral. The question at issue, as far as I was concerned, was not whether militant action in general can be justified (for undoubtedly it can) but whether particular militant methods at the present juncture could be justified. Let me endeavour once more to explain why I think some of the recent developments are unwise and wrong.

The position at present is that the electorate is in favour of Woman's Suffrage, but that the Government nevertheless refuses to allow the House of Commons to obey the mandate to extend the franchise. If the electorate has not been converted, Suffragists ought to continue their educational propaganda. The burning of railway stations is not education; it is only advertisement. Doubtless it creates opportunities for education, but equally good opportunities could be secured by much less dangerous advertisements. If, on the other hand, it is only the obduracy of the Government and the cowardice of some Liberals that stand in the way, the proper course is for Suffragists to bully the members of the Government personally and to attack their party politically. With the personal intimidation of the Government I quite agree.

“But,” says Shellback, “the Government are the servants of the people. We are, therefore, going to bully the masters until we force them to reduce their servants to obedience.” That means either that the electorate is to be asked to vote against the Government and for the Suffrage at every election, and in other ways to exercise their influence on the Government, or else that the whole nation is to be harassed and the Government of the country made impossible until Mr. Asquith gives way. If this last is really the intention of the Women's Social and Political Union, its perils attacks on golf courses, milliners' shop windows, and empty country stations, its policy of pin pricks is extraordinarily disproportionate to the gigantic task before it. Not only is this last alternative extremely difficult, it is also obviously a policy for adoption in the last resort. In point of fact, it is being adopted when other methods have not by any means been exhausted.

The effectiveness of the reasoned attack on Liberals as a political party may be judged by the uneasiness of the Liberal Press over the election policy of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies. On the other hand, the danger of unreasoned militancy has been quite clearly demonstrated. I remain convinced, therefore, that the circumstances are not such as to warrant the adoption of methods which will entail extraordinary sacrifice on the part of the agitators and extreme inconvenience and expense, loss of property, and danger to life on the part of the public.

“Shellback's” contrast between the violence evoked by Militants and the daily horrors of our social system, while perfectly true, proves nothing. Two wrongs do not make a right, unless the second wrong is the best way to remedy the first. In this case neither “Buchan” nor “Shellback” has yet shown me that it is the best way. I share “Shellback's” contempt for the weak-hearted Suffragists who go over to the enemy because of militancy, but that does not blind me to the fact that these people have votes which count, especially when they are Members of Parliament.

On the general question of the value of violence I have been misunderstood. No Irishman and Socialist could ever dream of saying that violence was never justifiable or useful. But I might point out that, as far as I know, England got her Elementary Education Act of 1870 without any violence, and it would be difficult to estimate how much free elementary education has had to do with the growth of the Labour Movement.

From the present Government we have obtained a Feeding of Necessitous School Children Act and a Trade Boards Act. These are not reforms of the same class as Woman Suffrage; and “Shellback” may appraise them less highly than I do. But, at any rate, some Irish workers would like the former measure extended to Ireland, and the second is certainly a development of immense actual and potential value. Neither was obtained by violence.

As for the weapon of the strike, to organize a Trade Union whilst renouncing the right to strike would be to play “Hamlet” without the Prince. But that does not prove that every strike is wise or that the same end cannot sometimes be obtained by other means. Railway servants have found, according to their own officials, that in the

Richardson case their object was completely obtained by the aid of the “Daily Citizen” without recourse to the ultimate weapon of the strike. If workers would only always vote as they strike, I think their emancipation would be both easier and swifter.

My letter is inordinately long, Comrade Editor. Fortunately, it is saved from being longer by the fact that I am a Suffragist not at all panic-stricken and in perfect agreement with much of the rhetoric “Shellback” has showered on me.

Yours fraternally,
R. J. P. MORTISHED.

A ROAD SURFACEMEN'S UNION.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR,—With your permission, through the columns of the “Irish Worker,” I would ask all road surfacemen, employed either under contractors or under County Councils in Ireland, to form themselves into branches of Road Surfacemen's Unions. No organisation worth mentioning is in existence for this body of workers, and none need it as much. On Saturday evening, 22nd February, a meeting of the road surfacemen of Armagh Rural District was held in Armagh for the purpose of securing a half-holiday and a rise in wage.

The wage of road surfacemen in Co. Armagh is 12s. per week, some of 13s.; but by a rule made by the County Surveyor road surfacemen in Co. Armagh must be at least three years on a length and give such “satisfaction” before they get the 1s. rise. The hours are from 7 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., Saturday inclusive, and all have to travel as best they can, when called upon, from four to six miles, to attend at steam rolling in their districts. Each district in the county is in charge of a road foreman, who has always four or five men under him, known as the “Flying Squad,” who are paid 12s. per week, and have to travel sometimes seven miles and be at fixed places at 7 a.m. This means that the men must have breakfast at 5.30 a.m., the dinner hour being 12 noon.

In Co. Tyrone the weekly wage with contractors is from 10s. to 11s., and 12s. under County Council. Comment is needless. In view of the present cost of living this is a scandalous wage to offer any worker to support a wife and family. There are many grievances which road surfacemen suffer under, and the sooner a Union is formed the sooner will the grievances be redressed. I have worked for five years as road surfaceman, and I know what grievances have to be borne with. Therefore, let every Rural District in Ireland organise themselves into a branch of the Road Surfacemen's Union, and arrange to form a County Committee. This County Committee to send three delegates to a National Conference of Road Surfacemen and form a Central Executive. I hope to see this Union in existence before many weeks are past. I will do my best to have Co. Armagh organised and ready.

I appeal to the readers of the “Irish Worker” in Cork, Wexford, Dublin, and Sligo, and every part of Ireland, to lend a helping hand to have the road surfacemen organised.

Moreover, I would also ask the general labourers in Armagh, Keady, Lurgan, and Portadown to organise themselves.—In anticipation of success, I am yours very truly,

P. F. DOWNEY.

Armagh City.

Pembroke, Dublin,
March, 1913.

DEAR SIR,—I was more than glad to see your continuation of Pembroke Notes in THE IRISH WORKER, and therein some of the workers' friends made to squirm.

I trust, Mr. Editor, you shall give us your valuable help in the forthcoming elections to rout some of the Twelve Apostles, for the state of affairs made by same is most lamentable. For instance, take the Housing scheme, the rents of proposed cottages ranging from 4s. 6d. to 10s. per week.

May I ask you as a man who knows the struggle it is for men working as labourers on the docks, coal yards, bottle works, etc., to exist on their miserable earnings. Is it fair to ask those poor slaves, of which there are far too many in Pembroke, to contribute the sums of 4s. 6d., 5s., 5s. 6d., etc., per week as rents, and thereby in the course of a few years present to the ratepayers the houses free from all debt.

At the inquiry held during the past few weeks some of the statements made in support of the scheme were highly amusing, if it were not for the issue involved being so serious, one statement being to the effect that the people of Ringsend were well able to pay the rents proposed, considering they were at present building a R. C. Church in the district.

I could enumerate a host of other public minded misstatements, but sufficient is the above few remarks to show you the necessity for some Labour representation on the Council, for the said Council is only run in the interest of publicans and house jobbers.

Yours fraternally,
PEMBROKE WEST.

Irish Workers!

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GREAT MEETING AT SMITHFIELD.

Speeches by Messrs. Larkin, Partridge, T.C., Halls, and Lawlor, T.C.

A great Labour meeting was held in Smithfield on last Sunday at which speeches were delivered to an enormous crowd by Messrs. Jim Larkin, W. P. Partridge, T.C., Walter Hall, A.S.R.S., Thomas Lawlor, T.C., and John Farren, R.A.B.

Previous to the meeting the members of the Transport Union, 6,000 strong headed by their band, proceeded in procession from Liberty Hall to the rendezvous at one o'clock.

Arriving at Smithfield, Mr. Larkin first addressed the crowd as follows:—“Friends and fellow-workers, this is going to be a unique meeting. We are not to be troubled with a chairman. We're always doing something unique. Owing to the fact that a meeting is being held in the Trades Council room, under the auspices of the National Theatrical Employees Association. Some of our good friends went over there to help our good comrades, Johnson from London to organise slaves who work behind the scenes and in front of the scenes in our theatres and picture houses. Our colleague Partridge is over in No. 3 Branch holding a meeting there, and so I have to deal with the matters under discussion myself (hear, hear). But my friends will be here later on, and anything I forget to deal with they will attend to. The reason for holding this meeting is a two-fold one. First, it is a challenge to the United Irish League of Arran Quay. These U.I.L. branches generally have their birth in some low publichouse—have a mushroom growth rising in the dew of debauchery, and dying off as soon as the sun of knowledge shines upon them. Last week we had in the “Evening Telegraph” a resolution embodying certain statements, condemning the men on strike, and calling on the Irish Party to expel the Labour movement from Ireland (laughter). That is a big order. Who are the men who held that meeting, and who proposed that resolution?”

Mr. Larkin—Allow me to tell you the man who wrote the resolution was Guard Murphy, who is organising a scab Railway Union. That resolution had its birth in the Hibernian Hall in Rutland square, and the man who moved the resolution is a cobbler—a scab cobbler (laughter). It is worthy of the man who scabbed on the shoemakers of Dublin some years ago. The only black spot in that trade is Dublin; not from the point of view of organisation, because some of the best men they ever had in Dublin were Trade Unionists. There was only one shop in Dublin on the fair list of employers so far as I know. Having referred to a strike in Heathers some years ago, he said the men were compelled owing to the increased cost of living to put in a demand for improved wages. The men were winning when the scab Ryan, who was now Vice-President of the alleged U.I.L.—Arran Quay—went in along with a few boys and a few girls and broke the strike. The consequence was that the men on strike never got back. The price of his recreancy was a job in the South Dublin Union.

A Voice—The North Dublin Union.
Mr. Larkin—Aye, the North. As bad as the South is it is not that bad. Proceeding, he said, Ryan is there now getting £2 10s. a week. The man who was supposed to have seconded the resolution now find was not at the meeting. He is Kavanagh, a carpenter. I am given to understand that there were at the meeting about seven creatures (oh, and that this man Kavanagh was not present. I would like to say that the resolution got up by the United Irish League is a bogus one, got up by three scabs. We had that resolution sent on to Tullow, in Wicklow.

A Voice—Carlow.
Mr. Larkin—In the U.I.L. books it is put down as being in the County Wicklow, and they being the only men who know anything in this country, we must take it for granted that they are right. They are geographers as well as statesmen (laughter). They passed the resolution in Tullow calling upon John Redmond to call upon the Government to call upon the armed forces to remove me from this country (laughter).

A Voice—Never.
Well, I know John Redmond. He is a statesman and a very able man, and the last thing in the world that John Redmond would do would be to get up against the Trade Union Movement. If he felt that way inclined he could not do it. On the great national question of Home Rule there are no men who can claim to take a place before the Trade Union movement, not only in this country, but in the other countries of the United Kingdom. The present position of Home Rule is only due to the solidarity of the Trade Union movement on the principle of Government by the people for the people, and they wouldn't have any chance of getting Home Rule were it not for the workers of England. We have been holding ourselves back, and not claiming our rightful place, because we wanted to get Home Rule for ourselves, and then use the machinery for our own advancement and benefit. I don't agree with a thousand things the Irish Party do, but I do agree with the great question of government of the people by the people. The organised worker, anyone who knows anything about Labour question knows, must be a Home Ruler, whether he lives in Dublin, Belfast, Derry, Limerick, Cork, or Galway. The same thing applies to the organised workers in England, Scotland, and Wales. Proceeding, he said

they demanded their rightful share in the government of the country. A number of people were trying to prejudice their movement, and they were going about their work in a mean and cowardly manner, doing the devil's work in the devil's way. They were trying to disorganise them by calumny; but it was now too late in the day for that. They were in the twentieth century now, and were in the fifteenth. (Hear, hear.) He referred to the attacks that were being made on them by the foul and vicious Press of Dublin; but that would only strengthen their movement. He said there was not a man among their enemies who was able and capable enough to argue economic questions with the recognised leaders of the Trade Union movement. There was not a man, from John Redmond to Carson and O'Brien, or any of the leaders of political opinion in Ireland could do it, not even the man who a few months ago declared he was the second best Lord Mayor of Dublin. Those of them who were old enough to remember O'Connell would remember his magnificent personality, the magnetic force that he had within him to direct thousands, nay, millions of men. Then he asked them to think of a creature like Sherlock, who got up and stated that there was only one man in the Mar. oral Chait of that town who could come near O'Connell, and that man was Sherlock himself. The man who had ideas like that it was time he was up in Dundrum (laughter). He was a criminal lunatic. Compare the two men. It was like comparing a penny squib to a star, a small sewer to a river. Think of this fellow getting up and telling them what they should do. If he had anything to say on behalf of organised labour they would listen to him. But what trade union did Lorcan Sherlock belong to?

Having referred to a letter which appeared in the “Evening Telegraph,” signed by a Catholic Trade Unionist whom he compared to the dumb man who could neither read nor write, and who was also blind, he proceeded to refer to the watchmaker who ran away from Limerick, Richardson, T.C. When this fellow first came to associate himself with him (Mr. Larkin) some time ago, he told him he must join the Transport Union. He was nine months in the Union, and it was the only union beyond a scab union he would ever be in except the North or South Dublin Union (laughter). Then there was John S. Kelly, with his penny a week, who now declared he was bankrupt. He (Kelly) owed an abject apology to the human race for ever having been on the earth at all. In no other country in the world would vermin like John S. Kelly, Richardson, and the other tools be allowed to masquerade as trade unionists. They were cursed with that kind of venomous brood in Ireland. Their own history would prove it. If it had not been for vipers like them their country would be the first flower of the earth and the gem, not only of the Irish sea, but of the ocean. They had not only trade union vipers but political vipers, men who were always ready to sell themselves for a price. Richardson was getting his price. He was now getting 35s. a week, double any wages he ever earned from Lalor of Talbot street, the brother-in-law of William Martin Murphy. They said they had a union of 500 strong.

A Voice—One of his members got six months yesterday for the White Slave Traffic.
Mr. Larkin—Yes, and that is the kind of work they are suited for. There were, he said, policemen paid for guarding this scab office. He (Mr. Larkin) had always seen a trade union's doors thrown open wide. One of their men stopped to look at the window, when a D.M.P. man came up and said “Get about your business. You are a Transport Worker.” He said “Can't I read the bill on the window?” “Oh, no,” he said, “I am here to guard your morals” (laughter). It was a peculiar thing that their money was now taken to provide these officers, not to carry out the law, but that they might bulldoze anyone who inquired into the merits of these creatures' campaign, and that the employers could use the profits wrung from the sweated workers of this city to finance a scab organisation.

Mr. Larkin then dealt with the case of the ss. Kerry, and to the manner in which cattle were put aboard and taken away by the scab engineers and mates. Although there were 3,000 men on the books of the Distress Committee and 3,000 on the books of the Labour Bureau there were only seven blacklegs. No other town in Ireland could produce such a phenomenon. Although these fellows were looking for work none of them would go down and sell their birthright. Only seven people could be got to go down besides the mates and engineers, the majority of whom were English. There were only two Irishmen, the second mate and an engineer, and these with five other notorious scabs were taking the Kerry over to Manchester. Now, if they (the owners) thought the taking of the Kerry was going to injure the men's cause they were making a mistake. There was only 55 shillings a head for taking a bullock across the water. The total freight of that boat would not come to more than £107, while it would cost the Kerry far more. They would have to pay canal tolls, the coal bill, and the crew for running the boat over. He then referred to the message sent to him by a large shareholder of the company, asking to see him with regard to the strike, but he was told no. Then one of the men was sent out for to see if he would go to work under Trade Union conditions, but again they were told no. The fellow who brought out the message brought back the message to Greene, who got his job for be-

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ing a scab, that if they would communicate with the men's representatives on the matter at issue, and they got their demands, they would return to work. With regard to the alleged dislocation of traffic, it was passing to and fro, with the exception of about 2 per cent. If they wanted to discommode the merchants or the people of the city, they would win the strike in a week; but they were doing the work in their own way. They would prove to the shareholders that their manager was not fit to manage the job, and they were using his own friends' aid to assist them in the fight (Hear, hear.) No man, he declared could win anything without suffering and fighting for it; but there was no trades union whose men got so well treated as the men on strike in the City of Dublin Company. There were men last week who had one pound to go home with, while there were men working last week who went home with 14s. He warned them not to be led astray by any movement the employers might make. “My friends,” continued Mr. Larkin, “some people were saying that there was no strike pay last week, and that the men refused to pay a levy.” Since this strike broke out no man was asked for a penny levy, although the men have voluntarily offered it. There was no appeal made to any trade union for more money. We are paying out cheques, apart altogether from the strike, to the amount of £800. Last week we paid out £235, and the week before, £270. We are paying out benefits for our approved society and we never asked a penny from the Insurance Commissioners.” “Continuing he said in their Union five out of every ten were soldiers.” Those men and himself knew one another. Ninety-nine out of every hundred joined the army, not because they liked to join, but because they had to get a job and not because they were less better Irishmen.

(Continued on page 3.)

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