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

James Fintan Lalor.

The Irish Worker

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

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

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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A Terrible Experiment.

By "Ferbow."

(This Story was written Fifteen Years Ago).

"It cannot be done, Count. Transform a—. Why, my dear fellow, what can have possessed you to imagine such a thing? Ah! I see. Late nights with those roysterers of the Folies Bergeres don't do. Cut them, my man, and get your brain back. Why, it is horrible to contemplate. What a chaotic state of mind you must have been in, when you conjured up such a nightmare. Don't be offended, Count, now don't, but was it not after a night's sojourn in Le Place Pigalle, with Le Enfer and Le Néant, thrown in, that you conceived this strange, shall I say, scheme?" The scene was Mons Bellefontaine's bachelor apartments in the Boulevard des Italians, and the speaker Beliefontaine himself, whilst his listener was Count Meurice, a young man who, tired of the butterfly existence so often led by those whom fortune has favoured with unearned wealth in abundance, had set himself to the task of adding to the prestige of his country, in fields of exploration. Mons Bellefontaine had, in his younger days, travelled much, and the Cross of the Legion of Honour he wore on his breast was the goal which the Count had set himself to reach. Expeditions were already searching, under the auspices of several European governments, the hitherto unexplored districts of Africa and the Antartic Regions. But the Count had just related a scheme, whereby he saw a possible chance of reaching the most northern point on the earth's surface. At the speech of the old explorer's which opens our story, the young man winced. "No, Monsieur," he said, "I give you my word that my friends of the past few years are, to me, dead. It hurts me to think, after the many words of advice you have given me, that I should be thought so ungrateful as not to heed them." "There! there! Count, don't think of it more. Of course you are sincere, but really—well, there, the whole idea seems so awful that it is hard to imagine it, the well thought out, scheme of a sane man." And now let us see what it was that had so caused the old traveller to almost doubt his protege's sanity. It was nothing more nor less than an expedition—a one man expedition, to attempt the reaching of the North Pole. Attempts had been made by water, and ice, and later by Professor Andree by balloon, with what success the world knows. Look at the problem what way he would, the Count could see no other way to wrest the secret of the North, than the old-fashioned way of walking to it. His scheme, then, was to build a man (if man it might be called when built) to walk to the Pole. Long into the night the two sat, the young enthusiast pleading with all the earnestness in his power for the sanction and assistance of Bellefontaine, the latter trying to shatter every argument the Count could bring to his assistance. At length, when the small ormolu clock on the sideboard struck the hour of three, the young man rose to go. And he had won. Some weeks now passed, and already news of what was on foot were being whispered about. A strong, healthy working man was found, who was willing to go through whatever might be required of him, for a large monetary consideration if successful, and the promise of an annuity for his wife and children, in case of failure. Picked for his mental, as well as his physical qualities, Paul Duquesne was a veritable Samson, as indeed he needed to be. The old explorer had used his influence, and the Count his money, to get the leading surgeons and brain specialists of France to lend their knowledge to the project. The work moved on apace. A large Polar bear had been brought into the operating room at the hospital Salpetriére, and placed on a slab opposite another on which lay the insensible form of Duquesne. Monsieur Lyennee, who was to superintend the first act in the transformation, was a surgeon of world wide repute. But never, in the annals of surgery, had such a tremendous operation been tackled.

"I call upon you, gentlemen," he said to the assembled savants, "to bear witness to the fact that I stand no responsibility, should any untoward results accrue from this day's work. If it succeeds, I shall be well repaid for what small share I may have had in adding to the lustre of our beloved country. If I fail, well—we fail."

"Agreed," they cried, and without more ado, and 'midst perfect silence, he and his assistants proceeded in their terrible work. Inch by inch the cuticle of the chloroformed, or rather pinothed (for the newly-invented, pinothe, as safe, but fifty times more powerful, than chloroform, was used) Duquesne was removed. Meanwhile some of his assistants had been busy removing the shaggy hide of the also insensate bruin. Quickly the hot quivering robe was placed over the wretched carcase of Duquesne. Padded here, pressed there, till at length, with great beads of sweat coursing down his face and limbs, the surgeon turned to the assembled doctors and said, "It is finished, thank God! Come what may, I wash my hands now of the whole business. Never again may I be called on by my country to do such work."

Silently they thronged out of the room, leaving the Count and the old explorer with their victim. Already they were beginning to be frightened at their work. But it was too late now. No; they must go through with it at all costs. Night after night they watched Duquesne recovering his lost strength. Meanwhile, the affair had become public property. From thousands of pulpits declamatory sermons were being preached against the authors of, and the Government that condoned, such an unholy affair. In the Senate representatives of the minor cantonments, urged by their constituents, demanded that the public should know the truth. The Cabinet, however, had lent their support to the scheme, seeing, in its success, a setback to perfidious Albion, and perhaps an antidote to Fashoda. So they let the lower forms wrangle much as a mother lets her children play with mud, safe in the assurance that if they were not playing with mud they might be playing with fire. And now the time grew near for the second experiment. Good living and attention had helped Duquesne to somewhat recover his wonted health. Again, the learned surgeons of Europe had gathered in the operating room. Professor Fourier, the brain specialist, had promised to do his part towards the unmaking of a man and the making of a monster. After years of study he had been able to point to a man's brain and say this part dominates his desire to speak, this to work, this to fight. Compared with Monsieur Lyennee's work, therefore, his was easy. An incision was made in the skull of Duquesne, and that part of his brain which dominates the desire to sleep removed. Again, it was only a question of time and good attention, until eventually the Professor declared his work completely satisfactory. Duquesne manifested no desire whatever to sleep. The third and last experiment was long thought impossible of execution. At length a surgeon was found in a small town in southern France of great local repute who avowed himself able and confident to carry it out. It was seen that as the trip would take some months, and the expedition (for Duquesne had long since ceased to be called a man), unable to carry a sufficient quantity of food to sustain him in his wearisome tramp, some other means would perforce have to be found. A couple of large brown bears were captured in a Canadian forest just as they were entering on their hibernating period. By constantly prodding them during the journey they were kept awake till Paris was reached. Here they were made unconscious, and the sack containing the stored nourishment that was to keep them alive through the winter taken from them and transferred to the interior of the expedition. Time again helped in the cure, and a date had been set for its departure, when one morning the Count broke into Mons. Bellefontaine's room, and, sinking into a chair, could only gasp, "We are undone."

"Undone! No. What do you mean, my dear Count?"

When the Count could be coaxed to speak he told how, lying thinking of their success so far and the nearing departure of the expedition, he remembered that the long white night would catch the expedition in the northern region. It did not take the old veteran a second to see the force of his youthful colleague's remarks. Suggestions were quickly made and as quickly exploded. At length the Count had an inspiration.

"I have it," he exclaimed; "Duquesne shall have cat's eyes."

The old man was flabbergasted at the devilish thoughts his youthful partner was capable of voicing. "No," he said, "Meurice, I draw the line at that. Why did I let myself be drawn into such ghastly work? He said well who said, 'No fool like an old fool.' But old fool as I may have been to allow you to associate me in your damnable work, here I stop. For my share in the work, so far as it has gone, of turning the noblest work of God into a beast; aye, worst than a beast—one that cannot call its body, skin, or brain its own. For my part, I say, in this work, I am ready to take the consequences; but to deprive a being, man or beast, as you will, of the grandest gift, next to reason, that God has given, no Count I cannot, I cannot."

For some moments the younger man sat in an abject state of helplessness. Was he now, when victory seemed so near, after the sleepless nights of delirious torture of mind he had undergone; now, when all France was beginning to get ready to hail him as a second Bellefontaine, was he to see the fruits of his fertile mind scattered, go down to posterity as a ghastly dream? With the frenzied light of the fanatic gleaming from his eyes, he sprang to his feet. "It shall be done, Monsieur," he fairly screamed; "aye if heaven and earth must needs be moved in its accomplishment."

Bellefontaine looked at his colleague with pity, not unmixed with admiration. It brought back to his memory his own younger days, when his zeal for conquests over nature led him through the fever-breeding swamps of Central Africa. And remembering, he pitied. What had he, an old man on the verge of the Great Change, to live for? he asked himself. The trials and vicissitudes of his early life had left their mark on his once burly frame, and he realized that soon the end must come. Rising, he approached the young dreamer, and holding out his hand, said "Meurice, I will not desert you in the hour of greatest need. Come what may, I shall stay with you to the end."

Tears of gratitude coursed down the Count's care worn cheeks as he heard the word, and he kissed the old man, again and again, in his dog-like gratitude. The Exposition Committee were called together with all haste and the course of events fully explained to them Some of the weakest of its members, whose nerves had already been sadly shaken by the past experiments, refused to go further, and resigned. Oculists of world-wide repute, were invited to give their impressions of the possibility of success of the experiment. At length, Powlushi, eye surgeon to the Court of Russia, offered to make the trial. Again, under the influence of the anæsthetic, Duquesne lay on the operating table. A massive male feline was secured. His own eyes extracted and the cat's substituted; he may, indeed, have been said to have ceased to be a human being

Contrary to the hopes of the most enthusiastic operators, the experiment was successful. A week or two after the town of Havre was en fete. From the masts of the ships in its docks hung fest ons of gaily-coloured bunting. Rows of cuirassiers lined the road, from the Hotel de Ville, along the Boulevard de Strasbourg, to the Bassin de L Eure, where the first-class cruiser La Belle France, placed by the Government at the disposal of the Committee, lay at her moorings. Headed by the band of the local artillery regiment from the fort came a carriage drawn by four parncing greys, ridden by postillions, and followed on foot by pensive looking, bespectacled, savants, of all the fields of science. In the carriage could be seen three men—Le Maire, Count Meurice, and the old explorer. Whilst sitting on its haunches, its eyes closed to the midday glare, was what appeared to be a noble specimen of the Polar bear. The ship reached, salvoes fired, and leave takings over, the crowd dispersed, as, with merry click clickings of the winch the vessel was hauled out of the dock on to the broad bosom of the Seine to carry the expedition to the furthest point north, from which to begin his lonesome tramp. And now they could only sit down and wait. The cruiser had long since eturned and took up her position in the home waters. They had reported leaving the expedition in good spirits at a bay along the indented coast of Greenland.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

By Shellback.

Hark! the noise of smashing breakers
right ahead,
That blanch the rough-lined faces white
with fear,
Amid the roar of wind and the lightning's gleam that's shed
O'er the tumbling waste of white-crowned waters drear.
The screaming stormy petrel, up to windward,
Adds terror to the dark night's fearful brew;
But the hand that grips the tiller is unhindered
As he jambs it down and brings the good ship to.

With downward slash her cat-head cuts the billow,
A maiden breast her stem divides in twain,
Till her head rests on a flakey snow-white pillow
And gleaming pearls fall from her brows like rain.
The heavy seas, that ever-rolling inboar',
Leave snow-flecked, glistening hollows in their train,
And the gale, that through her rigging up aloft roare',
Are beaten as she heads for sea again.

Thus the Ship of Labour often is entrapped
By dangers that are hidden in the gloom
By half-tide rocks that in the darkness wrapped,
Or coward gales that sweep her to her doom.
But the faithful, trusted hand upon her wheel
Will take her past all dangers, if she'll steer;
Though, through stress of storm and water, she may reel,
The danger of the rocks will disappear

Though still hedged in by night's oppressive pall,
Though storms and seas upon our quarter beat,
Though many men go down at duty's call,
We are hoping for our harbour's safe retreat.
When the crew of Labour's ship, freed from their woe,
Will relate the tales of weary days gone past;
When, in spite of summer's heat and winter snow,
They nailed the flag of Labour to the mast.

How their trusted ship had weathered every storm,
How the swinging needle pointed straight and true,
How they watched through the darkness for the morn,
As the ending of their voyage nearer drew.
How trusting in their comrade at the wheel,
Had brought them safely, so far, through the night;
Towards that happy state, man will himself reveal,
When we reach our port in morning's rosy light.

There's the gleam of dawning day across the sea,
And the glitter of the sun's bright silver rim,
Giving promise of a fair and pleasant lea,
Free from shadows thrown by night's dark sorrows grim.
And the gently rippling waves along the shore
Form those fairy notes of music dear to me;
And, I fancy, they will sing for evermore
That glorious song of victory, "Man is Free."

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge is a wonderous thing,
And mightier than the wind;
And thrones shall fall and despots bow
Before the might of mind.

It is hard to define knowledge. It may mean the pointing of a pencil or the launching of a dreadnought; the drawing of a straight line or the designing of a railway; the contents of a library or the result of years of travel. It may mean all of these things or it may mean a thousand and one other things of which we take little count. All our trades and all our arts are knowledge; but the word has been narrowed down to mean acquaintance with books more or less. And even acquaintance with books is something to be recommended, especially with books of history. All man ind have a tendency to imitate. Have we heard of a noble deed we are not anxious to emulate? Have we read of a successful leader and not felt our breasts fired with ambition; or in the glow of enthusiasm that succeeds the perusal of a heroic act felt like would-be martyrs? And this knowledge is to-day so easily accessible that there is very little excuse for us not acquiring it. But knowledge is something else besides the mere memorising of names and dates and formulæ; it is the mirror in which we see the past—it's black as well as its bright patches; its movements, winding and intricate; its men and their minds; its governments and their peoples; its crimes and its virtues; its faults and its failures; and, together with a just estimation of their opportunities and incapacities, we learn the wonderful secret of knowing ourselves.

"Know thyself" was the saying of the great Napoleon, and it is the first knowledge we should acquire. What are our rights, our opportunities, our abilities? How much of our rights have we? How many opportunities have we availed ourselves of; or, rather, how many of us know what to do with such opportunities when they arise?

Regarding the first question—how much of our rights have we?—how many working people know the efforts which produced the recognition of the rights we now enjoy? How many know the sacrifices made by so many men and women for our own class? I fancy they are few. I do not say this in any sense of depreciation, but it brings home to us the fact that without this knowledge of what others did we shall never be able to realize what we can do ourselves. Those who have produced the results of which we are to-day proud were men and women like ourselves whom distance has magnified and time canonized, but who, in their own age, had to contend with greater obstacles than we have to-day with perhaps lesser abilities and fewer friends.

This is the value of History. Then as to-day there were undercurrents of which few knew, but time has stript them bare, and it remains for us to see that such things shall never again be used against us.

And anyone who can read can aspire to this and greater knowledge. The few letters you learnt going to school will still suffice, if you will but seek to use them; they are the magic keys to open to you these caskets of information. By intuition you know your rights, but could you hold forth for them in the morning? The smooth and bland words of diplomacy would overcome you in a very short time simply because you had not the arms that you might.

"But where can I get this knowledge? Where can I find this information that will enable me to do my duty?" I fancy I hear you ask. And this is a very pertinent question, and one which cannot be answered by giving a list of books—for after all books will not do this if you cannot draw conclusions from the books which you do read. Have you taken an intelligent interest in your immediate welfare, and drawn conclusions from the events which pass around you every day and night—do you think? We want you to take home these few stray thoughts with you and to think over them again and again, and to unravel them until they stand perfectly clear before you, and you understand their trend. Try and realize that to understand the present and future you must know the past, out of which the present and future grow, and try to realize that, back through all these cycles of ages of which we have record, it was men and women who did the work that is bearing fruit to-day. They may be called saints and heroes to-day; but a century ago they were in the flesh, face to face with the hard, stern realities of life, through which they clove a way to the rights we now enjoy. That they, too, in their time, were abused and maligned.

But do not be deceived if your thirst for knowledge is awakened to such an extent that you see yourself rushing to all the fountains, lisping and sipping, but never waiting for a real refreshing draught. This is not the way to acquire knowledge. We had bitter experience of such things; the result is disappointing in the extreme. Nor do we suggest so many of the treatises so ignorantly learned on the Labour Question that we have compelled ourselves to wade through, nor the polemics of our economists The main point is: we want you to grasp this fact that without knowledge—the knowledge necessary to prove your case—you have little show to get in this world to-day, and we want you to get that knowledge.

We know you are a good practical people, and we want you to study these sayings for yourself, and sift them until you are satisfied that you have all the truth in them taken away, and then start and THINK a road for yourself. That is the first step to knowledge—THOUGHT. Reading will make you think again, and so, on each alternate layer, will take you on from thought to reading, and from reading back to thought, and from thought to action. When you have started to think we will have something more to say to you.

An Claídín Dubh.

The Aonach.

All our readers have probably visited the Aonach ere this. Those who have not yet done so should note that Saturday, the 14th inst., is the closing day. There is an air of business like prosperity about this Aonach. None of your "kind-sir-give me-your-suppert-for goodness sake" sort of appeal is necessary on behalf of this really fine Exhibition. The fine lithographed poster on the Dublin hoardings, the constant announcements in the daily Press, the general air of things in the Rotunda—all convey the impression of a really successful venture. The Aonach is a success, has been a success from the beginning. It succeeds admirably in focussing attention on some at least of our struggling industries. It is an annual reminder of one of the duties we owe to our country. The pity is that such reminder is really necessary. Unfortunately such is the case. Even yet, while the Rotunda these days is frequented by considerable numbers, the proportion of the entire population who visit it is exceedingly small. On the other hand, the promoters are to be congratulated on succeeding even to the extent they do. Irish producers, as a rule, are either unenterprising or lack the capital necessary to be really pushful. Advertising, good salesmanship, punctual delivery—these are the things of which they display a lamentable lack of appreciation. At the Aonach one becomes more hopeful. There one sees not the firms which don't and won't advertise, but the firms which do. The number of firms which patronise the Aonach Na Nodlag yearly demonstrates their belief in its value.

Being a modern Exhibition, the modern and necessary attractions of living pictures (The Kinemetoscope), dancing (all Irish), and orchestral music, are freely provided. In fact all parts of the Rotunda Buildings wear a holiday air, and from that point of view it has been an exceedingly pleasant place to shop in.

Look Out for our Xmas Number.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Women Workers and the Industrial Position.

BY "SHELLBACK."

As the Industrial Problem can never be solved until the position of women on equal terms with men is secured, and as that can only be brought about by (1) the effective organisation of the women workers themselves, and (2) the co-operation of the combined forces of men and women in one movement against the capitalists, I think it will not be out of place, and will help on the deserved movement, for me to remind your readers of the very unfair treatment the average working woman receives when compared with that accorded the men engaged in the same line of industry, and I do so in the hope that it will result in a push-up being given to those, who, at great sacrifice and trouble, are trying to improve the lot of women who labour.

In nearly every branch of industry, nowadays, we find a growing demand for female labour. In shops, factories and mills all over the country, in every form of industry, thousands of young women, many of them married and the mothers of families, toil in the production of machinery, cloth, soap, glass, match-making and a host of other things. We find them working as clerks, typists, shop assistants, cafe waitresses, cooks, barmaids, and in many similar occupations, as well as in the hardest forms of manual labour, such as chain-making, case-making, brick-making, coal-mining, dock-labour, on lighters engaged in canal work, while many thousands of them are engaged in home work, such as match-box making, shirt-making, tailoresses, milliners, dressmakers, and many other callings, taking an important part in the wealth producing element of the commercial life of Great Britain. And taking them all round, the wages they obtain in return for their labour, is considerably below what would be thought necessary to provide them with the very common requirements of life. In fact, their wages are so ridiculously low, in many cases, that it wouldn't be considered decent pocket money by the ordinary male tradesman.

As a rule, there is an extraordinary and marked indifference on the part of the majority of these women as to whether they receive proper wages or not. There is very little effort made to improve matters by organisation or effective agitation, because they do not regard their employment in the serious light they ought to. They do not consider it their life's work, and are content to look forward to that very doubtful marriage that is going to terminate the necessity for them to have to depend upon their own labour for their bread and butter, with the result that the whole labour market is affected, the field for employment of male labour is restricted, wages remain at a low level, the army of casuals are increased, and there are such poverty manufacturing influences, for which the more general employment of apathetic females, can make no amends.

The increase in the numbers of women workers has only been brought about by a corresponding decrease in the numbers of male workers, a change that, without a doubt, is due to the universal adoption of machinery, as it is in those forms of employment where machinery does most of the work, that we find the largest numbers of wage earners of this sex. And it is to these centres of harnessed energy, amid the roar of engines, the whirl of fly wheels, and the confusion of driving belts and twisting shafts—all conditions that one would think would have a terrifying effect upon her—that the average young and inexperienced girl prefers to apply for work, for, strange as it may appear, factory or mill life appeals to them stronger than any other. At all events, I am very sure that domestic service does not attract anything like the numbers that willingly answer the "buzzer," and although that service is, by many, considered the most suitable form of employment for women, I am not surprised that this should be so. Domestic service, as we are told it is, has no charms for me. It is not the sort of life I would like to see anyone that I was interested in take up, notwithstanding all that has been said in its favour. We are told that there is no training that can equal that obtained in domestic service, particularly when that service is with "good families," but as that generally means "learning to know her place," I prefer to waive the training. One can easily imagine the feelings of a young girl entering a strange house, even that of a "good family," as a menial, straight from home, where at least she was the equal of all. The cold, heartless reception, the blunt address, by her surname only, purposely to impress her with her inferiority, the dismissal to her quarters underground, or in the attic, where she must remain, day and night, at the beck and call of her mistress, save when she is "allowed" out for an hour or two on one evening in each week, a respite that by some marvellous stretch of imagination has come to be described as "her night out." Think of the long, lone, first few nights, when memory will persist in recalling the freedom of her childhood days, her comparatively happy life at home, when every day was a whole day out. When for her there was no attic, no other place but the warm hearts of mother and father, sister and brother. Think of the value of such a training that commences with night pictures such as these that last on into the small hours, until sleep at last closes her eyes, and her head presses heavy upon a pillow, often sodden wet with tears. No girl would have such an experience if I could prevent it. Even what is known as a "good family" would not entice me to alter my views.

That title, in many cases, means quite the opposite. The term always implies rich people who may have made their fortune by anything but good means. They may have been, if not actually slave traders, as near as the law would allow them to be, traffickers in humane flesh. They may have become rich by sweating workers, by the rents of slum property, by investments in such blood-stained businesses as the cocoa and rubber trades have been proved to be. They may, as I say, have become "good families" by any of these similar means, but never by honest toil, and I certainly would not like to see the child of a poor man and woman being trained to know and keep their place as inferiors in the presence of such superior folk as these. I would most certainly be very much put out if Master Harry, on his return, half drunk, from his club, was to hint that he expected my daughter or my sister to be waiting up for him, to wait upon him, clean his clothes, take his boots off, or do any of those things for him that the "good families" never permit their own females to do. Harry should wait upon himself.

Like all other forces of servitude, domestic service has its various grades, and the importance of the cook can only be truly estimated by comparison with the insignificance of the scullery maid; while many waitresses are real artists; but the gradient in the conditions and the pay are not so widely different; and, although I must admit there are exceptional cases, just as there have been slave owners who made their slaves their heirs, still it is the general rule that counts. For these as well as many other reasons I quite agree with the average girl that domestic service under present conditions is not the best form of employment for girls.

It might be put-up able if wages were paid and working hours were regulated, to suit the views of an advanced trade union, organised and working on modern lines, so that in addition to increased wages and shorter hours, uniforms and other badges of servility would be done away with, and master and mistress would be compelled to treat their helps with the same amount of respect and consideration that they are so particular in according their social equals. To be sure, there are male domestic servants also; but with that class of worker I am not concerned, for I cannot imagine any useful purpose being served by the rigid servility of the human automatons one sees bobbing about on the top step of the front door entrances of the Upper Ten, and whose one great trial in life appears to be in keeping their whiskers trimmed, and their calves in a state of development.

I have enlarged upon the subject of domestic service, because there is a general complaint just now of a scarcity of this class of labour, and there is, in consequence, a good opportunity for those women who prefer this sort of work to take advantage of the very great assistance Miss D. Larkin and "The Irish Worker" could give them in bringing about the much needed reforms I suggest.

(To be continued).

IRISH WOMEN WORKERS' UNION,

(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.

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

Irish Dancing on Friday evening at 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.L,"
18 Beresford Place.

Dr. M'Walter will lecture on Medical Inspection of School Children in Liberty Hall, Sunday, December 15, at 3 o'clock.

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

—THE—

Irish Worker,

EDITED BY JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price one penny—and may be had of any newsagent. Ask for it and see that you get it.
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We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Dec. 14th, 1912.

Larkin v. Long and Shipping Federation Unity.

We had occasion to deal with a certain interlude in the industrial struggle last week. We refer to the action of Long (Shipping Federation tool) against Larkin, Redmond, and Hopkins, and, as we set out last week, three stevedores named Newman, Long, and Donohoe, who were set down as defendants. We commented in our last issue on some phases of the trial, the jury's verdict and judge's action during the trial and after the verdict was issued; also the judge's further action in issuing an injunction against the three first-named defendants. What, then, has been the sequel to the judge's injunction? Did the poor man think that the law could compel men engaged in a righteous cause to desist from prosecuting their campaign? If he did so think we feel he is a wiser, a much wiser, man at this moment; for the judges and juries can abuse and misinterpret the laws; but the people have not only the power to make and unmake the laws, but also the lawmakers. Judge Pallas issued his injunction. We have appealed against that injunction to the people; we have appealed against a "perverse verdict by an employers' jury," in the words of one of the most eminent lawyers in the country, Serjeant Sullivan, who, by the way, was pleading for the three stevedores, co-defendants in the action. The appeal against the verdict will go before the Judges of Appeal. Failing their upsetting the perverse verdict, we go farther and appeal to the higher Court; and if their interpretation of the law is at one with Judge Pallas, the law will be changed. What we have said we have said. Neither juries nor judges will be allowed to manacle the workers; but pending the appeal to the judges, the people—that is, the section of the workers directly affected by the action of Long and his employers, the Shipping Federation—have taken the law into their own hands, and have declared they will not work with the scabs who gave false evidence nor for the scab stevedores, Mathew and James Long; and they went further—they have decided that if money is wanted to pursue the matter further they are prepared to put up the "dough," as they Americans say, that is, the money necessary. Those of you who perambulate the streets of Dublin must have read the placards of the evening papers, "Telegraph," "Herald," and "Mail," posted outside the shop doors, "Larkin defeated; the biter bit; the ss. Shuna leaves Dublin with her cargo." That friend of the working class, the "Evening Telegraph," went further in the columns of that foul, lying rag, commenting at some length on the action of the owners of the Glen Line Shuna, in ordering the vessel away to Glasgow, and in a most venomous, vindictive, and lying manner quoted figures which were incorrect, statements that were false and misleading, all done by the orders of that intelligent legislator, the boss of the "Telegraph," Mr. Maldoon, M.P. What can the workers of this country expect from their Parliamentary representatives when two papers, controlled by one of the members of the Irish Party, the Wicklow and Wexford "People" newspaper, and the "Freeman" and "Evening Telegraph," Dublin papers, which go out of their way to blacken the character of any man who attempts to improve the conditions of the working class, foully and maliciously and unceasingly misinterprets any action of the working class (vide their articles with references to the strike on the North Eastern Railway of England)—a strike for the reinstatement of a drunken engine driver. That is the gentlemanly and truthful "Telegraph" "Larkin drives the trade away from Dublin; 90 men deprived of 11s. per man owing to Larkin's action. In their posters notifying the public the Glen Line have decided not to send any more steamers to Dublin." The opinion of the Bosses of that alleged Nationalist paper! The biter bit. We don't object to the employers doing the dirty work in their own way; but, if they put one side of the case, in common fairness, they ought to allow their opponents to state their case. They did not inform their readers that when the owners of the Shuna took her away to Glasgow Jim Larkin ordered the Shuna back to Dublin, and the Shuna came back and discharged the cargo which the "Telegraph" said was never to return to Dublin. We hope the day is not far distant (see how we drop into the politician quotations) when any vessel bringing sweated manufactured goods into Ireland to compete with the Irish manufacturers and to deprive Irish workers of the chance of a livelihood, will not only be stopped working, but will be driven from every port in the Kingdom back from whence they came; that will be a good day for Ireland and the Irish workers. No prison-made joinery, no sweated metal work; no bottles made under unfair conditions; no foreign straw to carry with it infection for our cattle, and idleness for our workers. Let that day come soon, and that we may be there to see it. In the meantime let the lesson of the Shuna be a warning and inspiration—a warning to the scab employers that the workers of the world are recognising their strength and solidarity, that when they (the employers) attack the workers of Dublin they attack the workers of Glasgow. Less than two years ago if the Shuna had left the port of Dublin owing to a dispute the dockers of Glasgow would have discharged her. The gospel of industrial solidarity preached by the Houghtons, the Connollys, the Mains and the Larkins, has brought forth fruit. Now when the workers of one port or of a country are attacked by the employers, every section of the organised workers accept the challenge, showing that what injures one section of the workers injures all other sections. We want this spirit carried farther into our daily lives, not only in the industrial field but also into the social and political field. The scab who blacklegs in time of strike is a foul and diseased creature, but he is no worse than the creature who betrays his class at the ballot box. Within a few weeks the organised workers in many towns in Ireland will pit their strength against their enemies and traducers. Let no man hesitate then, but follow the example of their comrades in Glasgow and Dublin, recognise the principles at stake, and strike one united blow for freedom. In Dublin the Labour Party are putting forward a number of able men. In Sligo, Wexford, Belfast, and other towns, our comrades are determined to press their claims to representation. Let every reader of this paper make the fight his or her own personal fight. Let there be no hanging back, no over-confidence, but steady, persistent, and enthusiastic work; for the cause is a holy and meritorious one—the economic salvation of a downtrodden people, hope for the weary, work for the workless, shelter, food, clothing for them that are without bounty, joy and life for all, and not, as now, luxury, vice, idleness for a few, starvation, ill health and misery for the many, or as Maeve Kavanagh sings:—

"Yet, spite of selfish craven men,
The seed just set shall grow,
And the gracious harvest shall ripen yet,
With the splendour of long ago;
By the sturdy growths upspringing swift
Shall Erin's crown be won,
And a people shall garner freedom's flowers
When the sower's work is done."

Irish Transport Union

extends hearty and fraternal greetings to their Comrades of the Scottish Dockers' Union and Sailors' and Firemen's Union.

Industrial Solidarity—the Hope of the Workers.

Greeting to Houghton and Ferguson from their old Comrade, JIM LARKIN.

"We never doubted ye and we will never fail ye in your hour of need.

JIM."

We print in another column the report of the examination of Mickey (Also Ran) Swaine. This foul, parasitic growth, along with three others of the same character as himself, left the alleged Workingmen's Club on Wellington-quay, drunk as usual, paraded up Parliament-street past the House of Corruption, Cork-hill, and then, when Mickey and his pals scrambled along as far as Christchurch-place, Mickey took the chair, called the meeting to order in his usual gentlemanly manner and Chesterfieldian language, and spluttered out: "Let us all go down to that —— Irwin's house and serenade the ——." And so no sooner said than acted upon, and then for forty minutes Mickey and his satellites howled and shouted the most foul and lewd sounds under Thomas Irwin's (the Labour candidate for Woodquay Ward) window. This is one of the City Fathers, Mickey Swaine, who goes to a race meeting, to use his own words, without a tosser and can bring back £200. What a combination we have gathered under within the alleged branch of the U.I.L., Wood quay—Mickey Swaine, president; P. J. M'Intyre, proselyte keeper of a Smyly doss-house, vice-president; J. S. Kelly, blackmailer and rogue, secretary. What a combination!—the three Graces!

We regret, owing to circumstances we could not control, we will not be able to issue our Christmas Number until Tuesday morning, December 17th. Don't miss this. Though we are responsible for the issue, we have seen and try to read all other Christmas numbers issued in Ireland, and, with the exception of the Christmas number of the "Lady of the House," sold at one shilling, we undertake to say this is the only Christmas annual worth reading. Every item printed is original matter—no scissors and paste—original and unique.

Tiernan, the ward heeler, who objected to Miss Harrison's vote has been appointed supernumerary official in the den of corruption and jobbery, the South Dublin Union.

This appointment must be payment for services rendered. Why not get a job for Mickey "Also Ran," for he will be out of the Corporation job in January.

We understand Scully, P.L.G., J.P., is chairman.

DON'T FORGET "FLAMES FROM THE WHINS."

We have had an advance copy of Maeve Caomanac book of poems sent us. We have not had sufficient time at our disposal to give this little treasury the treatment it deserves. We notice in a hasty perusal of the volume very beautiful and feeling poems already published in the "Worker." Unfortunately the publisher has not printed the price of the compilation on the pages. We think that anyone who wants to give a present to a friend could not do a wiser nor better thing than to present a copy of "Flames from the Whins," the title of this book of poems, which are very handsomely printed and bound by our good friends of the "Enniscorthy Echo."

Dublin Labour Party.

All delegates are urged to attend adjourned meeting re selection of candidates on Wednesday next, December 18th at 8 p.m., in the Council Chamber, Trades Hall.

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union
GOOSE CLUB.

All unsold Tickets, blocks and monies must be returned to Liberty Hall at latest Tuesday, December 17th.

Mickey Swaine Swears He is Not Worth a Tanner.

KING'S BENCH DIVISION.
9th December, 1912.

BEFORE MR. JUSTICE GIBSON.
MICHAEL J. SWAINE, Plaintiff.
v
JAMES LARKIN, Defendant.

Examination of Plaintiff on Attendance.
Order as to his means.

Hon. Cecil Atkinson (instructed by Messrs. William Smyth and Son) for the defendant, addressing the Court—I want to examine the plaintiff as to his means. We obtained a judgment against him for £10 13s. 6d., but when we proceeded to execute it the wife claimed all the furniture in the house. Then we applied for an Attendance Order, and Mr Swaine is here.

Michael J. Swaine (sworn) examined by Mr. Atkinson:—

Where do you reside? At 68 Chaworth Place, South Circular Road.

Is it your own house? No. I am the tenant.

What rent do you pay? £48.

Who is your landlady? An old lady—a Mrs. Powell, I think.

Does anybody live in it with you only your wife and family? My wife and six children and a servant.

Do you pay taxes? No, I don't pay any taxes.

Now as to the furniture, is not that yours? No, my wife's.

Who bought it? My wife, with her own money.

You are a bookmaker? I was at one time.

Are you not still? No.

What! When did you give it up? Give me time and I will tell you! At one time I did a very lucrative business. I was paid S. P.

But when did you give up bookmaking? From the time the Sheet Betting Act came in. It ruined my lucrative business, and I could not carry it on. The law compelled me to give it up.

Mr. Justice Gibson—Do you not bet now? No.

Mr. Atkinson—You do not mean that? I am telling the truth. I only—

Mr. Justice Gibson—Oh, you need not answer any question that would incriminate yourself. Witness—I am perfectly willing to answer.

Mr. Justice Gibson—You need not answer if you incur any criminal liability.

Mr. Atkinson (to witness)—Don't you carry on the business at present? Not with the S. P.

Do you not attend race meetings? I do.

And bet on the course? Yes, but that is a different thing.

You must have some means to do that? Naturally; I have something to start with.

Where do you keep your banking account? I have no banking account at present. I used to have an account in the Hibernian Bank, Camden street.

When did you give it up? About three years ago. I have had no account since.

Do you carry all your money in your pocket? Yes! It is all ready money business.

Do you bet inside the ring? No, outside.

Where do you get the money for that—the money you carry in your pocket? My wife sometimes advances me the money. I might win as much as £200 sometimes, and more times I might come home at a loss.

Is your wife well off? She is not poor, but she is not very well off; she is fairly well off.

Is your wife the general provider? Yes.

Is she worth £500 a year? Oh, no, nothing at all like it.

Where do you get the money to pay your rent? Well, if I had a good day I provided for it.

You are still a member of the Corporation? I am.

Did you pay your election expenses? I paid portion of the money at any rate; my wife advanced it to me.

Did she advance you all the money? Yes.

How much did she pay for your election expenses? £50 or £60.

Where did the balance come from? It did not cost me more than that.

Did it not cost you £270? £270! Absurd. Not at all.

You are in this glorious position—you are a member of the Dublin Corporation, with no means, and you bring an extravagant action against respectable people? I did not go on with it.

And you have no banking account now? No.

And you did not go on with the action? No, but I have an answer, Mr. Atkinson.

Had you any horses? No.

Had you ever any money? Yes, but I lost it through betting.

Have you any shares? No.

Do you always pay the fines that are imposed on you? I have paid them all.

Were you fined £10 last week? No.

When were you last fined? About three years ago. I think it was two years ago when you were my counsel (laughter).

Mr. Justice Gibson—I think that will do for the present.

"Leather Away with the Wattle, O."

I found myself with two friends within the precincts of Liberty Hall on Sunday last. Before entering I braced my nerves together, stiffened my neck, and hardened my heart. Outside it's whispered and shouted and said that when you enter Liberty Hall you leave on the door step your Religion, your Nationality, and your Respectability.

I determined to bring my Religion, such as it is, and my Nationality with me. When I sat down I had fenced my soul with the determination to resist all the rough and subtle influences of Liberty Hall.

Before the proceedings commenced the Hall was filled by a crowd of working people. They astonished me. Everything there astonished me. It was a remarkable entertainment—a remarkable lecture; a most remarkable audience. No need to praise Mrs. Kenny; the dons of the Royal Irish Academy of Music might sit at her feet and learn a few things.

The first song was one in Irish, "An Leamb Shidha." Does not tradition assign this as the air of the lullaby chanted by the Virgin over the cradle of the Holy Infant? The Choir, the Singing, and the Dancing were all good.

Jim's Lecture on "The Feeding of Necessitous Children" was certainly an example of how, in the matter of Social Reform, one can "Leather away with the Wattle, O." The Lecture was brimful of force, argument, statistics, and humour. Jim's himself! The Lecturer also used the wattle on some husbands who devoutly believe that from the day their sweethearts became their wives they bid good-bye to the world for ever and all the innocent joys thereof. He laid the wattle lightly on the shoulders of those who did not know the History or Language of their Country.

I don't think the workers altogether to blame. Small scope he got for learning either in the National Schools. And really the Gaelic League offers a hesitating and an insincere hand to the General Worker and the Docker.

The League is worse now even than it was. It has assumed now, instead of the picturesque and handsome filleach bocg and brat, the comical low-cut vest and the long-tailed coat. I had to laugh at the sight, during the recent reception of the American Delegates, of earnest Leaguers hopping about with their coat-tails flying like pannone on the stern of a flagship. Heavens, it's bad enough to meet a man in the filleach bocg who knows no Irish, but it beats the devil to hear a Gaelic Leaguer in long-tailed coat and shirt front speaking Irish!

At subsequent functions I hope we will meet you often, the "kilted Gael," and less frequently the "Robin Whitebreasts" of the Gaelic League. That's a digression, however.

The lecturer's arguments were attentively followed and instantly perceived. Although we cannot agree with all Jim's opinions, National, Social, and Biological, we are constrained to say what Schumann said to his friend Chopin, "Hats off, gentlemen; a genius!"

It is hoped that the children's cry may no longer fall on deaf ears. To neglect the children is to neglect the nation. I hope all Irish-Irelanders will help the work being done to save the children.

"The child's sob in the silence curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."

S. O. CAOMANAC.

Liberty Hall.

DON'T MISS THIS SUNDAY AFTERNOON

LECTURE AND CONCERT

Lecture by Alderman J. C. M'Walter, M.D., B.L., on "The Feeding of Necessitous School Children and Medical Examination of Same."

Doors open at 3 o'c. p.m., close 3.30 p.m.

Usher's Quay Ward.

A PUBLIC MEETING

In support of the Candidature of
COUNCILLOR FARREN,
Will be held on SUNDAY NEXT,
December 15th 1912,
At The Fountain, James's Street.
Chair will be taken at 12.30 p.m.

Wood Quay Ward.

IRELAND'S OWN BAND will lead a Parade of Ward on Sunday, Dec. 15th, starting from Lord Edward street at 1.30 p.m.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

Mr. F Sheehy-Skeffington, M.A., lectures on "The Balkan War" to-morrow (Sunday) in the Antient Concert Buildings at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion invited. Admission free

Municipal Elections—New Kilmainham Ward.

Public Meetings

In Support of the Labour Candidate,

William Patrick Partridge,

Will be held as follows:

On Friday, December 20th, 1912,
CHAPELIZOD, 8 p.m
THE RANCH, 9.15 p.m.

On Sunday, December 22nd, 1912:

ISLANDBRIDGE ... 2 p.m.
GOLDENBRIDGE ... 3 p.m.
CORPORATION BUILDINGS 4 p.m.

Jim Larkin and other prominent labour leaders will address the meetings.

VOTE for PARTRIDGE and Principle.

DISTRESS INQUIRY.

THE L.G.B. REPORT.

MISS HARRISON'S STATEMENT.

At the meeting of the Corporation, held on Monday, Miss Harrison moved—

"That the Council request the Local Government Board to amend the schedule to the Order of the 16th November, 1905, so as to empower the Dublin Corporation to increase the number of their representatives on the City Distress Committee to fifteen, and the number of persons experienced in the relief of distress to eleven persons, and this with the least possible delay." ~~of the Act~~

[The consideration of this motion was postponed on the 10th of June pending the result of the Local Government Board inquiry.]

Mr. L. O'Neill seconded.

Mr. Murray moved as an amendment—

"That inasmuch as the working of the existing Committee has been subjected to a full and searching inquiry, and as the members of the Committee have not only been acquitted of the numerous charges made against them, but have also been commended by the Local Government Board for the work done; and inasmuch as no case has been shown for altering either the numbers or the personnel of the Committee, this Council believes that any increase in the number would only tend to make the work of the Committee ineffective."

He said that the existing Committee had been tried and had been acquitted, and no alteration should be made in it without sufficient reason (hear, hear).

Miss Harrison said she refused to give her intelligence or her conscience into the keeping of the Local Government Board any more than to the Distress Committee. The responsibility for gross illegality lay on the Local Government Board and not on the Distress Committee, and she hoped the resources of the law of the land were not yet exhausted to place the responsibility on the right shoulders. She need not go into the question of Councillor Crosier or the members of the Distress Committee. She had brought no definite charge against Councillor Scully; but her charge against Councillor Crosiar had been proved before the Inspector. The whole thing was a perfect farce, and she would not have it go forth that the Dublin Corporation condoned such a course of action.

CHARGE AGAINST L.G.B.

She denied absolutely that the Dublin Corporation would ever cloke, cover, or condone treachery on the part of the Chairman of the Distress Committee, and it was no good telling her that the Local Government Board had judged the case. She knew what they had done and how they acted. She felt overwhelmed in shame to have to believe that people had been allowed to do the things against the law which had been done and that the Local Government Board should condone it. She knew that Dublin was behind her in the matter, and rich and poor alike were thankful that she should expose the scandal. She assured the Corporation that she was going on with the subject, with or without their co-operation; but for their own sake and for the sake of the city she asked them to hesitate before, for the sake of friendliness to one or two individuals, they would betray the interests of thousands of starving people in the city, of whom there was nearly 9,000.

THE UNEMPLOYED FUNDS

The unemployed funds should not be used to pay to men for free labour. If they did work by means of the unemployed they should get back the value of that work, and in that way they would not be disemploying the general work given by giving free labour to private individuals. It was perfectly ridiculous and perfectly scandalous that the Local Government should allow its Inspector to write that there was not a shadow of foundation for the charges against members of misuse of funds or dereliction of duty. She refused to withdraw any charge. Her conscience was not in keeping with the Local Government Board, and she hesitated to believe that the conscience of the Corporation was in the keeping of that Board either. Councillor Beattie was incorrect in stating that she had not received certain returns for which she had asked. They had been forwarded to her, and by these returns she was able to find out what money had been spent on materials for private individuals out of that fund. It was an unspeakable scandal, and she would continue to say so and to speak of this matter until it was properly settled. Cable went back to the Distress Committee and found them still doing the same things of which she had complained before, including the erection of a lamp at the Donore road, in reference to which she considered that the Committee had not acted on right lines. She would leave it to the Corporation to vote as they liked, but it would be a test division.

The Council then proceeded to vote on Mr. Murray's amendment to Miss Harrison's motion as follows:—

For the amendment—Aldermen Coffey, Corrigan, Delahunt, Messrs. Dunne, Crosier, Ireland, M'Carthy, Murray, Quaid, Lennon, Gallagher, Thornton, Scully, Vaughan, Mahon, the Lord Mayor, J. S. Kelly, O'Hanlon, Richardson, Byrne, Farrelly, Shortall, Duffy, J. Doyle, M. Doyle, Swaine, and Clarey—27.

Against—Aldermen Vance, Thos. Kelly, and M'Walter; Messrs. J. T. O'Kelly, R. O'Carroll, Bohan, L. O'Neill, Miss Harrison, Messrs. Beattie, Hopkins, Cograve, D. J. Cogan, Farren, and Lawler—14.

The amendment was accordingly declared carried, and was subsequently adopted as a substantive motion.

Miss Harrison then moved—

"That the Council decides that in future no materials of any kind shall be obtainable from the Corporation stores by the Distress Committee or any member of the Council, and hereby instructs the Paving, Improvements, Sewers, and Lighting Departments to this effect."

She observed that anybody who wanted work done by the Distress Committee should provide their own material. She did not think the Distress Committee should have to pay cartage for removing other people's materials free of charge, and under the Act, she submitted, that could not be legally done. It was absurd to expect recoupment where labour was given free.

Mr. O'Neill seconded the resolution.

The Lord Mayor moved as an amendment—

"That the Council decide that in future no materials of any kind shall be obtainable from the Corporation stores by the Distress Committee or by any member of the Council, except on the special order of the Committee concerned," etc.

This amendment of the resolution was accepted by the proposer of the resolution, and, on being put to the meeting, was adopted.

REMEMBER POOLE.

[On the 18th December, 1883, Joseph Poole, a Dublin artisan and member of the Fenian Brotherhood, was hanged in Richmond Jail, as the Government believed he was concerned in the "removal" of an individual suspected of giving secrets to Dublin Castle. "Joe," as he was familiarly called, had no connection with the affair, but although knowing the actual perpetrators he refused to purchase his own liberty at the expense of theirs, and went cheerfully and heroically to the scaffold.]

When Ireland takes her place amongst the nations,
Proud, erect once more,
The countless wrongs of thirty generations
Avenged in saxon gore;
When the hated foe with the foolish dream
he cherished
In his hour of power and pride
That he could make or mar a nation's weal
has perished
In that bloody English tide,
Shall we forget that noble Irish martyr—
Who stood so calm and cool
When a perjured judge pronounced the
last dread sentence—
Our murdered brother Poole!

Shall we forget when Erin's cause is
thriving—
When Freedom crowns the Gael,
That man of men who in the battle striving
For Eire did not quail;
And who when craven slaves were crawling
in the mireland,
To God and honour lost,
Resolved to strike a blow for holy Ireland
No matter what the cost?
Ah, no! for while the God of Justice
O'er earth and sky shall rule
His name and fame shall light our country's annals—
The name and fame of Poole.

And while above our land the Red is
flying
In all its brazen pride,
The spirit of brave Poole shall live undying
From Foyle to Slaney side;
Shall live until the glorious dawn of
Freedom
Comes with clash of steel,
Inspiring all the brave and those who lead
them
With true, unfaltering zeal;
Then when our serried hosts once more
advancing
March on to Freedom's goal,
Our battle-cry shall rend the highest
heavens—
Revenge! Remember Poole!

FERGUS.

Labour Meeting in Sligo.

A labour meeting under the auspices of the Sligo Trade and Labour Council was held in the Assembly Room, Town Hall, on Sunday evening last, Mr. E. J. Harte, T.C., in the chair. Those on the platform included Alderman Daniel O'Donnell, Mayor of Sligo; P. N. White, T.C.; J. Lynch, P. J. Farrell, M. Burns, J. Stafford, M. Lynch, P. Keely, P. Leyden, H. Monson, A. P. Wilson, etc., etc.

Alderman O'Donnell delivered a very practical address on the necessity of organisation amongst the workers, also referring to the housing for them and their families in Sligo.

Mr. P. T. Daly, in the course of a long and eloquent speech, dwelt on the victory of the Transport Workers of Sligo, which was only possible through organisation. He also spoke of men connected with the different trades of that town, who refused to throw in their lot with their brothers in their own trade unions. Some of them thought they could hold themselves higher than the labourers, but he could tell them they were fools not to seize the opportunity that was open to them to win the same battle in the same way as the members of the Transport Workers Union won for themselves (hear, hear). The men who were not in the Transport trade could not realize the victory they had won in Sligo. Before they came to Sligo some people used to pray to St. Anthony to send a sugar boat (laughter). They changed all that, and now they didn't care whether they send one sugar boat or two, or a coal boat or a flour boat, they were perfectly satisfied they were going to get just exactly what they earned, not a penny more nor a penny less (applause). They won that fight, and at the time they were fighting it on behalf of the Union he said to the men that when they had got what they fought for there was to be no bitterness behind. The employers were entitled to their support to carry out the agreement in the spirit and to the letter in which it was made. He had been told that some of the men were not giving their support to the fair employers, but he was going to say there publicly, and he would say it more forcibly the following night at their private meeting, that if any of the members were not prepared to carry out their contract the Union was prepared to deal with them. That was all he would say on that point. They refused to give any labour to any man whom they regarded as a blackleg (hear, hear). There was a statement that they had the same law for the rich as the poor in this country. If they wanted any indication of the accuracy of that statement they only had to go to Dublin last week. On a panel of jurymen name after name was called, and every other man belonged to the Employers' Federation. These people were determined to put Jim Larkin out of Dublin. They were put into the box and took the oath to try the issue on the evidence, and they agreed on a verdict of conspiracy and mulcted him in a certain sum of money. He came from Dublin under those circumstances, so that he was tied for time. One of the maxims of their organisation was that when one man was down they had another man to step into his place (hear, hear).

The previous morning the vessel Shona, which was one of the causes of the dispute, slid away from Dublin with her cargo unloaded, because the Shipping Federation would not permit any other stevedore to do it. He wished to show that Labour had a long arm. She was now tied up on the Clyde with the same cargo until she was ready to come back to Dublin. There was an example of what Labour was able to do. There was an illustration of the wealthiest corporation fighting their organisation, with its headquarters in the capital of this country. Either they would have to come to terms or leave the timber in the hold until it grew to the top (laughter).

Mr. Daly then proceeded to speak of the state of organisation among the tradesmen of Sligo. He said that in the town of Sligo there were at least twenty carpenters outside their own society, and were not ashamed to call themselves men. Perhaps it was because these twenty men did not not examine their consciences. Perhaps if they joined the bosses would tell them they had no further need for their services. When he came to the town of Sligo first he heard that the doors would be closed against them; but the employers didn't keep their doors open for charity. If they didn't keep them open they would not go about in their motor cars. Let the carpenters take that lesson to themselves.

Mr. Daly then proceeded to say that organised nothing could stand against them. How did they (the tradesmen) like to acknowledge that the man working on the quays was able to earn more for his labour in one day because he was organised than they were able to earn in three? How was that? Because they were wise men in their generation. (applause).

WEXFORD NOTES.

The latest development with regard to the now famous Stafford Hoarding is that he has been presented with a letter from the Corporation telling him that it must be hauled down inside twenty-four hours, or, failing that, they will send down their own men to take it down for him, and that he be charged for their time.

* * *

Also that the two lanes be cleaned out thoroughly, and that no such rubbish be deposited there any more.

* * *

And by the way we have on reliable authority that more people than Stafford used these lanes for a dumping ground. It is alleged that Wickham when he was getting his wall rebuilt, dumped the stuff belonging to the old wall there.

* * *

People have been asking since this matter came on, what was the Borough Surveyor doing this last two years that he did not report this matter to the Council? If a poor man had a heap of mortar or an empty box outside his door he would not think twice about reporting it.

* * *

When he was asked about it during the debate he told the Mayor it was only there six or seven months. It's wonderful how many lies we can tell for convenience sake. Pat, is it any harm to ask you were you out of town, or have you lost your eye sight?

* * *

We would also like to ask what was Eddie Byrne doing that he did not report the filthy state of the lanes?

* * *

Paul Carroll, in his usual oratorical style at the Corporation meeting on Wednesday night last, condemned, in all the moods and tenses, Lloyd George's Insurance Act as being a fraud. Of course all the EMPLOYING CLASS say this, and I suppose it's fashionable at present to run it down on account of the attitude of Lady Maurice Fitzgerald.

* * *

And of course the whitewashed Yank is an employer himself in a SMALL way (he keeps a boy).

* * *

He also added that the employers in Wexford generally paid their men when they fell sick. If that is so we would like him to publish a list of them, as we have never heard anything about it.

* * *

And, by the way, he is to go out in January, and will, we suppose, appeal to the workers for their suffrage. We hope they will have better sense.

* * *

Wexford's Siberia is still filling up with scabs, but not workmen, as instanced by John Pierce himself when he went up to one of his foreman last week and said, "Well, it's a d—— shame we haven't got a man in the firm able to make a pot."

* * *

Yes, John, it is a shame; and when you had them in it you would not keep them, but listened to people who held spite and wanted to get shut of them.

* * *

And if you don't stop this infernal victimization (or should we say try and get it stopped?) there won't be much of a foundry in the Folly inside ten years.

* * *

And when we are on this thing, would it be too much to ask you to inquire of the Pencil Sharpener and the Sultan of Hayestown how many of the ilk that they have at present adorning the forge would it take to turn out the amount of work that the terrible Pat Saunders and John Jordan used to do?

* * *

We can imagine the answer you'd get if they spoke according to their conscience.

* * *

Mahoney is in a terrible way to find out who reports for "The Worker." Is it annoying him? As we often said before, facts are stubborn things. We could say more only for——

* * *

Billy and Andie Doyle are at the same game as Pierce's. On last Saturday night eight men were discharged, and they are taking in strangers every day.

* * *

These are the men who were acting during the lock-out on their clergy's instructions—we don't think.

* * *

Peter O'Connor was going along the quay on Tuesday last when Stafford and Barry, the policemen, were standing at the coal yard at Paul Quay. Stafford said to Barry, "There is a man having a right time going around with his hands in his pockets," not thinking the delegate heard him, but Peter was on the alert, and made answer, "When I have to take them out, Jemmy, I'll start a cabbage shop, and I might be a merchant some day.

WE HEAR—

That Billy Byrne has gone commission agent for the horsey men in Pierce's.

That he is a great lover of the turf himself.

That Slate Face gets all his tips from him.

South Dublin Union Scandals.

We learn from the report of the proceedings of the South Dublin Union, published in the evening papers of last Wednesday, that the Visiting Committee, "having inquired into the charges, etc., etc., were convinced that there had been a shortage in the milk supplied to the inmates. They were also convinced that the other irregularities complained of had been proved."

And in the course of the discussion one of the Guardians, a Mr. Martin, better known as "Crook," informed the assembled P.L.G.'s that he had been informed by an inmate that he had received more in one meal than he ever got before in three. No wonder. But what did Mr. Martin or any other P.L.G. do to remedy the state of affairs that existed until the articles appeared in the IRISH WORKER?

The improvement—the enormous improvement—both as regards the quality and the quantity of the food now supplied to the inmates leads one to make a little calculation. The inmates are now receiving about 8 ozs. of bread additional, their rightful allowance. Now, since last July twelve months they were cheated out of about 8 ozs. of bread per day per man. The amount, of course, for the whole House must have been something prodigious for this item of bread alone. It is truly appalling to think or try to imagine what it would amount to if tea, sugar, butter, meat, potatoes, which the inmates did not receive either, were all totalled up. It completely staggers humanity.

As the Visiting Committee have started upon the careful inquiries I trust they will investigate the charge that I made in the Press, viz., the taking from the inmates of their little religious objects, prayer books, etc., and afterwards handing them over to the tender mercies of an English Protestant. These objects were brought out and BURNED on the cinder or rubbish heap immediately outside the upper gate of the Garden Infirmary, near the mortar bank. Now I desire to know by whose orders were these objects burned? Who was it put the match to them? Why was it these cowards did not burn the Protestant books and Bibles? Who are they afraid of?

To do Wardmaster Brannigan justice he brought this English Protestant to book for having burned the religious books of the Catholics. But why, I ask, do the supposed Catholic wardmasters and the higher Catholic officials allow the religious objects of the Catholic inmates to be thrown into the hands of any person to treat them as he thinks proper?

☞ This question of the religious objects is one that must be inquired into. We are not living now in the Penal days, and surely Catholic inmates of a union should be allowed to have their little religious objects without let or hindrance.

Your readers have noted that the Visiting Committee have recommended that Wardmaster Brannigan be transferred to another position of less responsibility. Now, there is none of us (and least of all I) wish to make Brannigan the scapegoat for the irregularities that have taken (and are taking) place. The Guardians of the Poor and the higher officials are to blame. Were the Guardians and the higher officials attentive to the duties of the office they undertook the irregularities complained of continually by us could not have gone on unchecked for years. One is tempted to ask whether the Visiting Committee in making this recommendation had in their mind's eye the making of one of the supernumeraries at present employed there a permanent official. I understand that Francis Tiernan, of North Louth fame—the objector to Miss Harrison retaining her vote—has a job up there as supernumerary. Perhaps they may give the job to him. By the bye he is not known as Tiernan in the Union. The inmates know him as Tierney. So now it appears that when a wardheeler cannot get a job as timekeeper in the Distress Committee, he can be pitchforked into the S.D.U. as an official. The good old system of graft brought to perfection.

How can this fellow Tiernan be employed in the S.D.U. in face of the fact that he was reported to the speaker of the House of Commons as having been guilty of bribery, treating, &c., in the North Louth Election (as I pointed out in a previous article?). Perhaps Stephen J. Hand who allowed him on the Register for the Wood Quay Ward can explain this.

Another interesting item of news is that Charles H. O'Connor, L.G.B. Inspector, dropped on 13½ lbs. deficiency in the meat of another department on Monday last. Most interesting, is it not?

MICHAEL MULLEN.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

No. 3 BRANCH.

Ballot for Election of Officers and Committee for ensuing year will take place on to-morrow (Sunday), at 17 and 18 High street, from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. All members are requested to record their votes.

JOHN BOHAN, Sec.

The Ballad Singer.

The voice rose clear through the foggy December air, and, surprised at its perfect intonation, I arose and went to the window. Again and again it rose and fell with the ease and *eclat* of a trained and intelligent singer that appreciated the sentiments clothed by words and the music accompanying them. This is not usual in street singers, so I delayed, watching the figure in the street. It was a tall, girlish figure, with a crown of jet black hair shining 'neath the electric bulb, a pale, refined countenance that told not so much of delicate health as of delicacy of thought, and a carriage that revealed a natural pride of soul. In her arms she carried a little infant, swathed in woollens; and now and again she lifted aside the corner of a shawl to peep at the pretty face of the sleeping little child, nestling close to the mother's warm breast. She was poorly clad—a threadbare cloak hung from her shoulders to her knees, and but served as a poor covering against the pitiless winter rain that drove along the half-deserted streets, and splattered with force on the walls and window panes of the houses.

Now and again a window was lifted, and some coppers jingled on the pavement, and sometimes a passer by paused to look at the tall, girlish figure singing so sweetly and with such evident feeling 'neath that downpour in the streets of Dublin. The night wore on, and the streets became partly deserted. The trams had ceased their unearthly grindings, and only one or two late stragglers were getting home by car or on foot. Now and again an automobile passed by carrying some fashionably-dressed ladies from one or other of the theatres to their homes. From the windows of a tenement house the ballad singer now watched the streets. Her child lay on a bed, covered with a few rags, and a little fire of coke burned in the grate. The feeble light of a halfpenny candle made the shadows dance grotesquely around the walls of the room, which boasted of very little furniture. The child was in a state of fever. The cold winter's rain had reached it in the streets, despite the mother's earnest efforts, and now it lay, with a quickened pulse and flushed cheek and superlustrous eye, tossing from side to side. But the mother herself was far from being well. She, too, was feverish. The rain had drenched her through, and for an hour she sat in that cold room endeavouring to light a tiny fire. She had not a second round of clothing, and so she absorbed the moisture into her bones until now her blood was heated and her brow palpitated. But she should wat h over her child ere she could think of herself.

It was the first hour of morning when the child died, but the mother was too wearied to weep. After about an hour she slept, and what a happy thing it was to sleep! How green were the fields of Kildare, and how pretty were the farmhouses, with their spiral columns of blue turf smoke rising calmly from the chimneys to the fleecy clouds hanging from the blue ether. How white was the home of her father, how clean the floor, and how cosy the back parlour, where the piano stood, and where she and Jack Higgins had some two years ago—just twelve months after she had left school—been married. How kindly she turned over the leaves as he played, and how fondly he kissed her and praised her when it was done! And then the joy of that little boy, that first pledge of conjugal affection, and then her husband's illness, following the smashing of the bank in which he had invested all his money. But even with all it was happiness. He was recovering, he might live, and they might be happy even in their poverty—yes, live and work together. But it was he on his death-bed, his hand pressure and his kiss, and, oh, the joy of living with him, of living, living, or was it—dying?

When the room was opened in the morning the mother and infant were dead, but their happy souls, departing, had left smiles of indescribable sweetness on their countenances.

But Dublin knew little of it, and its pampered minions who fly about to escape *ennui* may weep crocodile tears over the bodies of those whose sustenance they drag from their lips.

An Claidin Dub.

PASSAGES FROM THE POETS.

Going by Daly's shanty I heard the boys within
Dancing the Spanish hornpipe to Driscoll's violin.
I heard the sea-boots shaking the rough planks of the floor,
But I was going westward, I hadn't heart for more.

All down the windy village the noise rang in my ears,
Old sea-boots stamping, shuffling, bringing the bitter tears,
The old tune piped and quavered, the lilts came clear and strong,
But I was going westward, I couldn't join the song.

There were the grey stone houses, the night wind blowing keen,
The hillsides pale with moonlight, the young corn springing green,
The hearth-sticks lit and kindly, with dear friends good to see,
But I was going westward, and the ship waited me.

—John Mansfield.

Our School Children.

Just now, the Feeding of the School Children question is engaging the attention of many of our public leading lights. And justly so! A person could not set out to perform a higher or nobler task than the alleviation of our little ones' hardships. If a man has the interests of his country at heart he should see that its future men and women are nourished and fed. Children, being a vital part of a nation, should be looked after. Unfortunately, the poor school children of Ireland are forgotten; but in England, Scotland and Wales care is being taken of them. So much for the comforts of the children of these latter countries. I believe the Very Rev. Father Flavin, Adm., Pro-Cathedral, Marlborough street, has instituted a system of school feeding in the new schools, Rutland street. This is rather a plausible and meritorious piece of work; and all praise is due to the Very Rev gentleman. And, by-the-by, these new schools are the very acme of perfection!

Now, how can it be expected to build up a clean and healthy young people, when present economic conditions cannot adequately provide for them? And how can it be expected to have a moral and law-abiding children, when their stomachs are famished and hungry? For this reason, therefore, our school children should, and must, be fed.

A short time ago a meeting in connection with the feeding of school children, was held in the Mansion House, at which some distinguished people spoke. The meeting was under the auspices of the Ladies' School Dinners Committee. Judging by the resolutions passed, something of a practical nature may be done. One of the speakers—Professor J. M. Kettle—proposed:—

"That this meeting calls on the Irish Members of Parliament to get the Free Meals Act extended to Ireland in a form suitable to this country."

This resolution was carried unanimously. One trusts that it will have some material result.

A week or two since an open-air meeting was held at the Custom House, having as its object the feeding of the school children. Strange to say, the Christian (?) Press of this city had little, if anything, to say about it. Ah! but if Lady Noosance gives an "At Home," or gives a Garden Party, a column or so is devoted in describing the rainbow colourings of the dresses worn by all the old and young jades present. True, the social columns of our newspapers provide interesting reading—for those in Fashion's line of course; or for those who are extravagantly disposed! But when a genuine, philanthropic movement was initiated, the Dublin papers refused to give its first meeting the common courtesy of space.

No matter. The cry is gone forth in Dublin. Let it reverberate throughout Ireland—from Dark Donegal to Rugged Connemara, and thence to the Cove of Cork. That cry is: that our school children should, and must be fed!

Treadgh.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AUSTRALIA.

Melbourne, 15th Sept. 1912.

Dear John,—I was expecting a letter from you long before this, as I wrote to you twice. I really forget your name, as I have mixed so many names that I can't think of yours. I asked you about my poor cat; did you get it all right? I would not like anything to happen it. I was very sorry I could not take it with me. I hope it is well cared for. Perhaps when I go back I might see it, as some time I expect to go back. I do not like this country. People are fools to come out here For my time I am sick and tired of it; not that I want for anything, but the people are very curious—not like home by no means. The poor immigrants coming here are fooled; they are starving and made as little of as dirt. The Government here only want to populate the country If you know of anyone coming here tell them to stay at home if they have only a crust to eat It is a terrible place—nothing only men and women living together and no marriages, except very few You would be knocked down on the street and robbed and assaulted, if you were not careful; very few police about

Now, John, what I want to know: If you come across a pocket-book belonging to my husband in the bag you packed for me; it was in that, with my marriage certificate and priest's letter in it. I wish I could get the marriage certificate and priest's letter, and let the pocket-book go. I am very much annoyed about it, as it will cost me a good deal to get a new certificate. If you know anything about it, I'd be glad if you would let me know. I may see you again soon. Have you ever heard anything of Eagar since? I wonder is he still at 46 North Wall, the place where he was the night I was leaving. Are O'Keeffes still in the house where I was living? Now, John, for old time sake, answer this, and let me know any strange news or if you know anything about the pocket-book or certificate. Send a paper if you can, that I can see the news of home.

I will finish now, hoping you are well, and that you will answer this as soon as you can.

Yours, &c.,

Mrs. Eagar.

INCHICORE ITEMS.

The public meetings in support of the candidature of William P. Partridge, held in Chapelizod and Inchicore on Sunday last, were an unqualified success.

***

The respectable residents are realising at last how much they were deceived by the other side, and are determined to no longer assist John S. Kelly in his career of misrepresentation.

***

It is alleged that John is giving Christmas presents in the form of small sums of money to certain persons in this district. It would be better for John to pay the rent due to the landlord who holds his furniture in lieu of rent on his "late" Club House in Inchicore, and if the persons who are alleged to have received this money retain same I shall be compelled to publish their names in "The Irish Worker."

***

A man residing in Inchicore who is out of employment tramped all the way to Lombard-street last week to apply to John S. for work in compliance with the invitation published in the virtuous "Telegraph," which suppressed my letter of exposure.

***

This poor man was given an Insurance Card and a note to "Skully's" Committee, and was requested to pay the "Kelly Gang" the sum of two pence.

***

The poor fellow had not handled a penny for some weeks. He went to the District Committee, where he was informed that John S. had no more power to put on unemployed men than any other member of the Council—respectable or otherwise. So this man is still without employment, and John has not got that two pence.

***

Here is the respectable "Telegraph" practically assisting the Kelly Gang in deceiving and robbing the poor, and in aiding John S. to build up the Approved Section of an imaginary Trade Society.

***

I see that the Ushers' Quay Branch of the U.I.L. is to be re-organized by the Lord Mayor and others for the purpose of fighting the Labour Candidate in January next.

***

There is the U.I.L. opposed to Labour, and not Labour opposed to the U.I.L., as alleged. Where would the Home Rule cause be in England without the support of organised Labour—where!

***

One of John S's. alleged auditors waited on me last week to disclaim his signature to the balance sheet published in "The Worker." This gentleman had better write above his name to "The Worker" if he would free himself from the odium attached to those who revolve around Saturn(us).

***

Mr Halls, of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants, won a warm corner in the hearts of the people of Kilmainham on Sunday last.

***

The "Telegraph" has already proclaimed the need of Labour Halls in Inchicore.

***

Will the gentleman (?) who was wishing me the compliments of the season—not exactly in the language of flowers—in Maldowney's "drunkery" on Sunday evening last kindly call up to the Emmet Temperance Labour Hall any time he is at leisure, and I will give him the pledge?

***

The approach of Christmas puts me in mind of the distribution of premiums to the apprentices of Inchicore, and I hope Mr. Watson will personally investigate every boy's claim, so that it may no longer be possible for a boy to receive top prize simply because his father happens to be a gaffer.

***

May I suggest that a list be prepared showing the marks allotted for shop conduct to each boy, his attendance at school, certificates gained, and premiums to be presented? Thus proving fair play and no favour.

***

I received the following anonymous note on Sunday morning last:—

"Mr. ——, clerk for 36 years practically, dismissed for alleged incompetency, although he was chief clerk to the late Chief Engineer for 15 years. Another matter is that there are only three recognised departments on a railway, and of the three on the G. S. and W. Railway, only one, the Traffic Department, recruits its clerical staff through open competitive examinations. Permanent Way Department, where late engineer died, had a clerical staff in the proportion of 2 Catholics to 1 Protestant. Since the present man was appointed there are 3 Protestants to every Catholic. This is all the result of the non-competitive system, which is not in operation in the Permanent Way Department, so that the place could be flooded with Protestants."

***

While appointments are not made by results of competitive examinations, it will be seen thus—nothing but dissatisfaction, jealousy and suspicion. If matters be as alleged in above note there is an admirable association of clerks in existence that may be safely looked to to find a remedy. I will be glad to receive assistance in exposing grievances of either Catholic or non-Catholic, but in all cases the writer must give his name as a guarantee of good faith, and I give him a working man's word that his confidence shall not be abused.

It is proposed to re-open the Emmet Temperance Hall with a Complimentary Concert, which will take place immediately following the closing of the Annual Retreat at the Church of the Oblate Fathers.

***

The writer will be glad to hear from those willing to assist in making the above Concert a success.

***

I sat amongst the unemployed barristers at the King's Bench last week, and enjoyed the spectacle of Jim-in-the-box.

***

A gentleman, who evidently knew Jim Larkin from the description published continually in our putrid Press, was unable to locate his man in the court.

***

I directed his attention to the man in the box, and he was astonished.

***

Evidently he expected to see Jim adorned with a pair of horns and ornamented by a tail.

***

"Why," he exclaimed, "that cannot be Larkin, of whom I have read so much. That's a young man and an intelligent man."

***

"And," I added enthusiastically, "the honestest man in the court." For Jim-in-the-box was a credit to his Union and to the Labour movement.

***

Larkin as he is, not as he is misrepresented, will be the title of a paper to be read in the near future by [Editor, please note]

William P. Partridge.

The Bennett Raffle.

The above took place on Sunday evening last at the rooms of the Transport Workers, High-street, the highest throw being registered (33) by a young lad (J. King) for Mr. J. O'Neill, who was declared the winner. At the conclusion a meeting of the Committee was held, and a hearty vote of thanks was unanimously passed to Jim Larkin for his kindness in placing the rooms at the disposal of Bennett and for the magnificent assistance he has rendered throughout, and to the other members of the Union who so kindly assisted.

The raffle has been very successful (without the assistance of the "Private," of W. D. M. fame, and his "pals.") It is requested that all money still outstanding will be returned to Bennett immediately.

Disgraceful Conduct of Mick Canty towards a Member of his own Union.

10th December, 1912.

Dear Sir,—To-day (Tuesday) during the meeting of the Markets Committee, between the hours of 3 and 4 p.m., in the City Hall, a disgraceful and cowardly attack was made by the Secretary of the Corporation Labourers Union on one of its members, who was, with others, trying on the grounds of promotion, to secure the position of porter in the Iveagh Market. "It would appear the renowned Mick and his pal, Tarleton, who were there for some time previous to the assembling of the Committee, were interested in an ex-soldier, who, I am told, enjoys also reserve pay from His Majesty." The other young man, whose name I heard is O'Keeffe, and who is since his boyhood in the service of the Corporation, and paying his subscriptions regularly for the past nine (9 years), into Canty's Union, was set upon and accused of trying to take the bread off the Saxon soldier's table. Mick went further, and stopped Paddy Mahon, the chairman of the Cleansing Committee, and said, "Look at this man here canvassing for a job during his working hours," (although this young man had leave). To satisfy his Excellency, Michael, the Lord Mayor's pet, Mr. P. Mahon, T.C., said he would see about it, fearing a conspiracy to injure might be set on foot. I send you those rude facts.

Yours truly,

Onlooker.

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