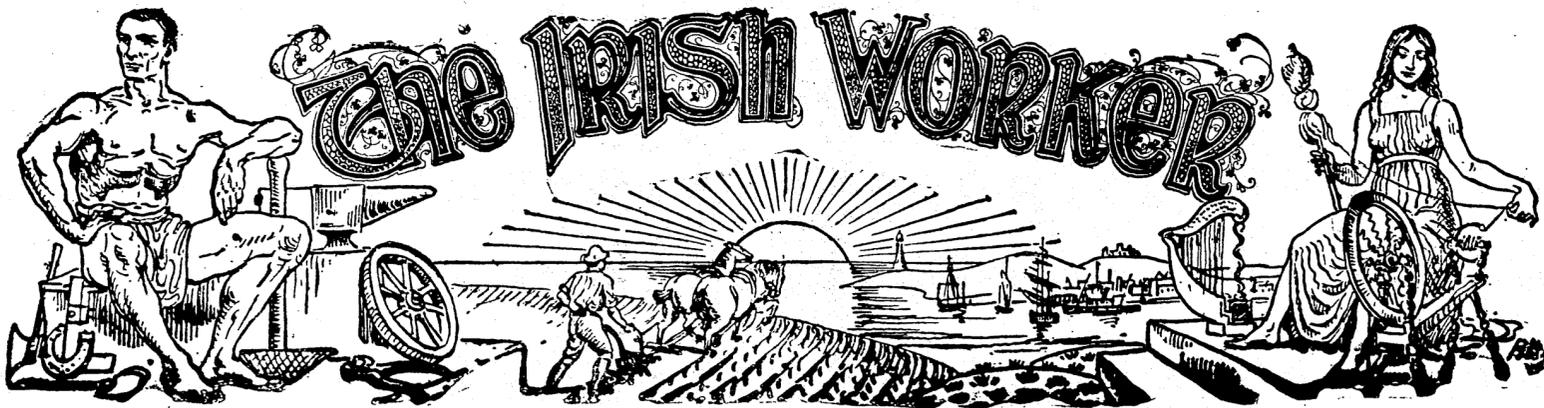


"The principle I state and mean to stand upon is:—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and materiel, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



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

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

Registered at G.P.O. Transmissible through the post in United Kingdom at newspaper rate, and to Canada and Newfoundland at magazine rate of postage.

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 14.—Vol. II.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, AUGUST, 24th, 1912.

ONE PENNY.]

LABOUR AND FRUGALITY.

No. II.—THE FRUGAL WORKER.

By "EUCALYPTUS."

In my last article I dealt with some of the final and outstanding blessings of frugality.

I showed how the average labourer, whom I called A. B., after working steadily for forty-five years at a wage of £1 per week, would manage to acquire, through saving two shillings of that sum every week, the final amount of £234.

I also showed that if he retired with that sum, he could keep himself just exactly five years before having to depart into the Union, or if he chose to invest it at 3% interest he would secure an income of the huge sum of 6d. per day until such time as a merciful providence put an end to his sufferings.

This week I propose to go a little more fully into the life of the frugal worker, and to show the extent of the sacrifice frugality demands from him.

I use the word sacrifice advisedly, for the working man who practises thrift is and must be sacrificing himself, his wife, and his children all the time. The advice offered by the preachers of thrift and frugality is of a choice quality. It is a gift of the kind that does not imply any sacrifice on the part of the giver. That fact alone should make it suspicious.

I have calculated the amount that it is possible for a working-man to save on the imaginary case of A. B., who had forty-five years constant work at a fixed wage of £1 per week.

It must be quite patient to anyone who knows the slightest thing about the modern conditions of labour that the case of A. B. is purely an imaginary one and nothing else. Everyone knows that no working man has a lease of any job for forty-five years, no, nor yet for five years, and in the majority of cases not even five months. Why then did I cite the case of a man like A. B., who can have no real existence? Simply because I wanted to give the advocate of thrift the best show possible under the most ideal conditions, and even then the greatest blessing frugality could offer was a beggarly 6d. per day of superannuation money.

That the average labourer cannot hope ever to have the heavenly conditions of a man like A. B. goes without saying. That he shall ever be able to retire on the miserable amount of six beggarly pennies per day, therefore, is not only improbable, but may be quite truthfully said to be absolutely impossible.

In his book "Riches and Poverty," Mr. L. G. Chiozza-Money, dealing with the subject of the aged poor, says:—

"From a considerable number of enquiries I have arrived at the conclusion that the full wage-earning capacity of the average skilled workman begins at 25-30, and ends at 50-55. Before 25-30 a man is inexperienced and not valued so highly as after that age. After 50-55 the age factor again begins to tell, and the workman trembles at the thought of the future. Each grey hair is a deadly enemy to his livelihood."

Then Mr. Money goes on to say:—

"If the skilled workman can hope to earn the full wages of his trade (full wages, it should be remembered, means about 2s to 4s weekly pay per annum in most trades) for about 20 to 30 years, what of the men who are hewers of wood and drawers of water? The answer is that after 45, good wages are difficult to obtain, and that for the rest of their lives, if not mercifully ended by death, the earnings are poor in the summer, and often at zero in the winter."

In spite of the vexed and uncertain conditions of the skilled worker his case is not nearly so bad as that of the unskilled worker. He can almost count upon having 5 or 10 years more opportunity of earning wages than his unskilled brother. Besides that, of course, the greater contributions and levies he has paid to his trade union can assure him of a fair superannuation when the employing class finally discard him as worthless. The outlook of the unskilled labourer is different however. It is for the most part, black and hopeless. His work is hard, laborious, and wearing; his wages are always miserable; and both work and wages are uncertain.

Let us take an example. This time we will discard the ideal A. B., and we will examine the more common case of Jack Brown who works down at the Wall.

Jack is a casual labourer. He is strongly built and a steady man and can almost be certain of getting into a gang when work is going. He has never had a day's illness in his life and does not know what it is to be out of sorts, therefore he has never had much difficulty in making an average income of 20s. per week. Secure in the sense of his own strength he got married and his wife like himself has heard of the blessings of frugality and tries to practise thrift. Jack was always thrifty, therefore he and his wife are at one in the endeavour to save every available penny they can. Margarine is cheaper than butter; therefore they buy margarine. Irish beef is dearer than frozen mutton; so they buy frozen mutton. Boots made of leather cost more than boots made of brown paper which look like leather, and they "economise" by buying brown paper.

I have said that Jack was strong and he laughs at illness. His wife also is strong, and, for her, sickness has no dread. By buying rubbishy food, clothes, and boots, they get a small nest-egg of a few pounds gathered together by degrees. Jack thinks that those few pounds are worth more than all the inconvenience and hardship he has experienced in acquiring them, for they will come in handy for the rainy day which he has learned instinctively to expect. The rainy day breaks more heavily upon him, however, than he ever imagined.

Jack has three children. The two first never gave much trouble; the third has always been inclined to sickness, and at last it is laid prostrate with a contagious disease. The doctor who is called in states quite frankly that nothing can be done.

The child, always weakly, has been improperly nourished and clothed. The wonder is it has lived so long as it has done.

The child dies and the other two children are stricken with the same malady. What with anxiety and want of proper rest and food, Jack himself loses his accustomed vitality, and the next wet day upon which he has to work out on the Wall he takes a chill which puts him on his back. The nest-egg does not last long in face of a sea of calamity such as this, and Jack and his wife are soon reduced to the most extreme poverty. Even worse than all is the fact that, even when restored to health, Jack is not the robust individual he was before, and his work becomes more casual than ever, for it is only when there is a large demand for labour that he can get a job, and when work is scarce his stooping shoulders and lack of vitality lose him the jobs which are only given to stronger-looking men.

I do not intend to further follow the case of Jack Brown. My would-be critics will say I am romancing and that such a case is overdrawn.

The case of Jack Brown, however, is not overdrawn, and it is not a romance. It is a plain statement of what does happen in the case of those who are thrifty and frugal, and what is happening every day in the city of Dublin. Even if he lives to the full extent of his miserable income, the average labouring man will have to undergo privations, and the health of his wife and children will be laid open to risks of disease due to bad nourishment, which would not be the case if he were better paid. If, on the other hand, a labouring man tries to be frugal or thrifty, that is to say, if he tries not to consume the whole of his income, then he is laying his own health and that of his wife and children open to even greater risks. Instead of preparing for a rainy day by being thrifty, he is making the rainy day inevitable. To keep his body fit for the heavy manual work he has to undertake, he must have good food and not rubbish; and if he tries to get good food, the merciless fact is brought home to him that, instead of saving any of the inadequate earnings he is at present getting, he needs must demand more wages in order to get the proper food at all.

It is no use for a working man to try and be thrifty in order to lay up something for his old age, for the fact remains that if he persists in denying himself those necessaries of life which even his full wages are unable to provide, then it is very certain he will never have any old age to provide for.

I submit then that frugality is useless for the labouring classes, and that as a

remedy or panacea for the problem of poverty it is worse than useless.

Frugality not only penalises the man who practises it, but it penalises the butcher, baker, and clothier, who lose trade to that amount which the so-called nest-egg consists of. And who gets the benefit of this frugality? It is the doctor and the drug-seller generally. They are the only persons who stand to gain by the frugality of the workers and not the workers themselves.

The employing class also stand to gain indirectly, for if the workers are content to believe that frugality or thrift will enable them to regard the future without dread, then there is less danger of them grumbling or fighting against the present inadequate and unjust rates of wages.

I have said already that the advice offered by the preachers of thrift and frugality is a gift of the kind that does not imply any sacrifice on the part of the giver, and that that fact alone should make it suspicious.

I believe I have proved that it is the worker who has to make all the sacrifices for the sake of thrift, and if we have any suspicion now of the givers of the advice to be thrifty, then I have no hesitation in saying that such a suspicion is justified, for the motives of those who give the advice are not disinterested.

The whole conception of thrift in relation to the problem of poverty is choked full of fallacies, and I will deal with them in my next article.

Next Week's Article—"The Fallacies of Thrift."



Look on this Picture

Look at this picture! Is it not fine? See where the worker passeth his time! Wasting his time, his manhood and health; Giving his earnings to swell that wealth Which from the poor and needy is wrung By the soulless ghouls who deal in bung.

Why should the workers remain such fools! Cannot they see they are made the tools Of those very ghouls who heap flattery on Their silly heads till each penny is gone; Why can't they see they are being stung By those poisonous vipers who deal in bung?

And on This.

Look on this picture! Is it not one To cause the worker for ever to shun The ghouls who chatter his whole home life; The fiends who murder his children and wife; Let them and their products for ever be flung To that nethermost hell which was made for bang! "Mac."

ORGANISATION.

That organisation can smooth Labour's hilly, and dreadfully thorny, path goes without saying; for a glance—even a transient one—at the victories it has achieved in many departments of labour proves it to be the surest, safest, and best remedy for the regeneration of submerged humanity. Any sane person will admit that solidarity is the key-stone to success in every cause. Dismemberment never brought anything to a fruitful issue, and in matters social this is very conspicuous. Let not the recent labour setback in London influence the minds of the workers against organisation. Instead of retarding amongst them the progress of combination let it serve, only to accelerate. For, in all seriousness, the conquest of Labour is an absurdity. It would be Utopian to entertain an idea that the London Strike literally scalped Labour, therefore, workers, pay little or no heed to the calumniating effusions of the Press, these are misleading and detrimental to Labour's cause.

The appeal which emanates from the average labour leader, is—Unite! Why? Because when a leader has the handling of an united force there is always a spirit of hopefulness in him; always a sanguine expectation hovering in his breast that victory is his. And, no doubt, when work-

men set out with unanimity of purpose they invariably win. Just now the workers of this city are in a fairly sound state of cohesion. This state must be maintained; and as time goes on, augmented by the other workers throughout Ireland. Workers should not be allowed to isolate themselves. Centralise them by the consolidation of every skilled and non-skilled worker in Ireland, with a common Union for all. This scheme, if memory serves me aright, was admitted at the Trades Congress recently, and a step in that direction should be made.

Last week a voice cried out—not from the wilderness—but from Gloucester Place, craving space in these columns as the medium of ventilating its owner's grievances; and incidentally, pointing out to the workers, how he has been exploited by his dear, kind, and indulgent employer. This man is a window cleaner in the employ of Bob Morrison, 3 South Anne street. He was able to write his hardships, yet unable to right them. The window-cleaners might look through that last sentence again: it will not "pane" them.

Make sure that there is not a speck of a joke on either side of it. Rub it, if they like, but not too hard, in case I might fine them for scraping the print—not the paint! No doubt, this fellow's social hardships are legion.



I shall not be abrupt in going into them. Suffice it to say he has my condemnation, rather than my commiseration, for sticking in such conditions. When he was given the opportunity to organise, and improve his conditions, he did not grasp it. So it serves him, and his co-workers who are in the same predicament, jolly well right.

However, I am prepared to retract any harsh words I have used towards him, if he is prepared to accept a reasonable and friendly advice I forgive him for his indigency of observation; also, for his imperious attitude to organisation. The advice is this: The portals of Liberty Hall are still open to him; and make his preparation for past actions at the altar of organisation; which is also the altar of Liberty. He has seen that his employer was, and is, still making him similar to the matter which he has time and again wiped off windows—DIRT.

Again let me emphasise the fact that organisation is powerful! it is a tremendous lever for social good, if wisely used. Now let Ruskin speak: "I beg of you meet solemnly to convince you-selves of the partly comfortable, partly formidable fact, that your prosperity is in your own hands."

In conclusion, it would be mere rhapsody on my part, to state here that workingmen are ignorant. They have, at least, sufficient

intelligence to realise how exigent are the claims organisation has on them. Any thing they lack, by way knowledge, will be supplied by the workingman's literary pedagogue—the "Irish Worker."

Therefore, let the workers organise. Let them form themselves into a solid phalanx: a concrete body, the like of which all the hammers of Capitalism could not smash; no, not even a chip. If workingmen would do this, can, with all the exuberance of my heart, safely say, the culmination point of their hopes would be attained.

Thus giving sweating and miserable wage, and their concomitant evils, an exorcisingly painful, but justifiable, death.

R. B.

TELEPHONE No. 961.

Telegraphic Address—"Sugarstick, Dublin."

ENCOURAGE HOME TRADE.

S. ROBINSON & SONS,
Manufacturing Confectioners,
53 CAPEL STREET, DUBLIN.

BRANCHES—32 Capel street; 18 Talbot street; 80 and 81 Thomas street.

WOMEN WORKERS' COLUMN.

Trades Board Act.

ELECTION FARCE.

A meeting to elect a woman to represent the Tailoresses on the Trades Board was held on Tuesday, August 20th, in the Central Hall, Westmoreland Street.

On arriving at the Central Hall I was very much surprised to find a large number of girls standing outside—in fact, being kept outside is a better statement, by several men, who were supposed to be there for the purpose of seeing that only tailoresses entered the Hall, but who used their position to intimidate each woman and girl who entered.

On entering the Hall, which was now fairly well filled, there seemed to be an unbecoming current of uneasiness. However, time went on, and Miss Woodgate, who was presiding over the meeting, suggested that the voting take place.

However, the order was given for the papers to be collected, and Miss Woodgate, assisted by the two candidates, began to gather them in. On going round Miss Larkin was asked by a large number of the women if she would ask Miss Woodgate before the papers were collected to allow each of the candidates to speak for a few minutes and state their case.

This announcement was the cause of uproar and excitement, the few cheers for the elected candidate were drowned by the majority hissing and calling out that the proceedings were unfair, that they would not abide by the decision, nor yet recognize Mrs. Berkly as their representative.

Mrs. Berkly's speech was interrupted by cries of "boss's paid spy," &c. It was in reply to this remark that Mrs. Berkly condemned herself by her own words, which were:—

"I am not a boss's spy. I work for Mr. Brady, the best employer in Dublin, and have been with him 13 years."

Enough! She had in these few words explained everything. It was not as a workers' representative she would sit on the Trades Board, but simply and solely in the interest of the employers.

At this point Miss Larkin left the hall accompanied by a number of the tailoresses and was accosted by the creatures calling themselves men, who not content with intimidating the women voters, also started to bully Miss Larkin, wanting to know what right she had there, and also what right she had to protest against the voting.

Well, as a candidate she had every right there, and as to the right to protest against the voting, this she will always do at any time, and in any place, when illegal methods are used against the interests of the working women. The methods used at this meeting were absolutely illegal.

In the first instance we find a number of men there in the interest of Mrs. Berkly intimidating the women.

Then the candidate and her friend in giving out the voting papers gave more than one paper to her supporters.

Some of the women present after writing the name of the chosen candidate on their papers quite openly showed their papers to other women in the hall.

A large majority of the women, before the papers were collected, protested against the methods used, but in spite of all this, the papers were collected, counted and the business finished.

The lady presiding over the meeting was advised of all this, but she quietly said that she could not prevent it. Surely a strange state of affairs!

This Trades Board Act is one of the means whereby a bettering of their conditions can be accomplished if the right people are elected to represent them. But if this is not done then the Act is going to be another means used to crush them.

Irish Women Workers' Annual Excursion.

The Irish Women Workers' First Annual Carriage Excursion will leave Liberty Hall, on Sunday, August 25th, 1912, at 10 a.m., for the Glen of the Downs, via the Scalp, Bray and Enniskerry.

IRISH WORKERS' CHOIR.

Choir practice will be as usual on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 8 p.m. Irish Dancing Thursday and Friday evenings.

Irish Women Workers' Union, Liberty Hall 18 Beresford Place.

Entrance Fee ... 6s. Contributions ... 2d. per week. Intending members can see the Secretary any evening after 8 p.m.

All communications for this column to be addressed to—

"D.L." Women Workers' Column, Liberty Hall, 18 Beresford Place.

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

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. All communications, whether relating to literary or business matters, to be addressed to the Editor, 18 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421. Subscription 6s. 6d. per year; 3s. 3d. for six months, payable in advance. We do not publish or take notice of anonymous contributions.

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, Aug. 24th, 1912.

The Showman is Dead! Long Live the Showman!

We have been somewhat amused reading the columns of fulsome gush about poor old dead Booth, the most successful showman of the century. Barnum's show was but a penny gaff to Booth's glorified well-advertised show. Admitted that Barnum's had more skillful performers than the self-appointed General, still it has been proved that Barnum never succeeded in advertising himself to the extent the General achieved; and though Barnum's show was patronised by Royalty in a spasmodic manner, the General had permanent patronage from various Royal families, not forgetting our own Beloved Royal Family (Capitals, my dear printer). Faith, why not, to be sure? If we have hereditary kings why not hereditary generals, even though the generals appoint themselves? After all, this fake of kings and showmen is a matter of luck. Take poor Dowie, the Scotch fakir, who ran Zionism in America. He struck a snag and his show went to pieces. Booth "struck it," so he was patronised and puffed up by all other successful pushers; and so the game goes merrily on—the bigger the hypocrite the greater his success. Try to think the problem out for yourselves. Here was a man—a common sort of man—with no exceptional gifts—neither a thinker, writer, nor speaker. Not a line he ever wrote will live. He never, in his eighty odd years, said anything worth considering throughout his career. His game was one of oedology. Hundreds of thousands of pounds have passed through his hands. Yet, he never produced a balance sheet. If any other confidence man had done what was done, and is still getting done, in connection with the darkest England scheme, they would have been indicted in a criminal court. And yet it is suggested that Booth's bones should be laid in Westminster Abbey. We wonder what the dead who built that Abbey think of the suggestion? Of course, there have been some curious fowl laid to rest there. Every time we visit it we are reminded of Madame Tussaud's—a place we suggest which would be more fitted as the resting place of one who, we believe, never had his equal in the showman line. We want you to understand we are not speaking derogatory of all the women and men who are in the Salvation Army (the very name is blasphemy in our opinion). We have known well-intentioned women and men connected with the movement, but we are convinced, from our knowledge of the work of the Army in many countries, that it is one of the most degrading soul-destroying agencies we have ever come across. Will any member of it or supporter point to one good work done? Will they produce any proof of any social improvement achieved by the Army and its too numerous generals? Will they give the name of any man or woman connected with the Army who has ever done anything to make the world brighter or better? Have they ever produced a poet, painter, architect, thinker, writer, chemist, or outside worker or man? No; a clique of mediocrities control the Army, and the Booth family control them. Think of the sublime impudence of the dead showman, who twenty-two years ago made a will handing over all the property of the army to his own son, appointing him General! Think of the intelligence of the army of woman and men who would allow such a thing to happen, remembering all the time these are the people who claim they left other Churches or organisations because they wanted to exercise their own opinions! Booth himself left the Church of England as a protest against authority,

and this protest appoints his son General without consulting his Army. Talk about the divine right of kings. Here we have the divine right of showmen. Men of brains and ability were not allowed in the Army. Half knave or half fool were and are the only qualifications necessary to get on in the Army. Two points we desire to make in this hurried notice. The most bitter bigoted section in the present Belfast outbreak are members or supporters of this Army. We speak of what we know and can prove. There are more Salvationists according to population in Belfast than in any other town in the world. People who don't know talk of the Army's work in the slums. But we know something of it—it is devilish! "Abandon hope all ye that enter here" should be inscribed over the portals of all the Army rescue homes, shelters, and elevators! Degradators, swarting dens, and scab shelters are the right and proper names; and then their emigration swindle. There never was a strike of any importance but the Army supplied scab; there is not an industry but they are employing swarted labour in competition with other employers; and as bad as the Prudential Insurance Society is the Salvation Army Insurance is infinitely worse. To conclude this week we would ask any sympathiser with the methods and work of the Army to tell us how many Booths and their relations monopolise all the best jobs in the Headquarters of the Army, and are they all divinely gifted. We have never thought it worth while to refer to this loud-mouthed, big drum, big-headed, and brainless Army before, but when we see columns of the Press filled with fulsome gush, supplied at so much a column by Kitching, the late showman's secretary, it makes us sick, and reminds us of a poster we saw in Glasgow when that arch-sweater and hypocrite, the late Lord O'Connell, died. It read as follows:—"Conservation in Heaven. Overton not arrived yet." Change Booth for Overton, and you have our opinion.

When the inquiry opens on Monday, we hope Councillor Miss Harrison will give some more attention to the system, or rather lack of system, by which the engagement of the workers is carried out. The act was intended to provide work for employable workers who were unemployed through no fault of their own; employment was to be given in the order of registration, after inquiries were made into the circumstances of the applicant. Cases have been reported to us where no inquiries at all were made; where men were employed without registration; where men in receipt of pensions were employed and men, with wives and families, depending on them, who had not a farthing coming to them from any source, were refused work; and where the inspectors inquired into the municipal politics of the applicants and reported accordingly. That is to say, where they favoured the "light weight" champions, or the champions of the "light weights," they were employed; where they did not, they were not taken on. It would also be interesting to have the cards given the men to start work produced; to find out who it was that signed them. We have heard that there is one man in constant employment who is in receipt of a pension of twelve shillings per week from Guinness's Brewery, acts as an insurance agent and is still employed on the distress work; that another of the "distressful" ones is employed during the racing season by a bookmaker who is a member of the Council, and then by the Distress Committee immediately the racing season is over; that another of the recipients of the benefits, not a member of the committee, is a three-card trickster; that another of them is a former light-weight champion—a pugilistic champion, however—who runs a boxing school in the off-season of the racing world; that still another is in receipt of a pension from the Corporation, receives rents from a number of rack-rented tenants in some cottage property owned by him, works in the graveyard at Clontarf, and is employed on distress work as well. Why? Simply because "Davie" is a handy-man with the "dukes" at election times, the Guinness ex-employee is a useful man at the same period, the ex-Corporation employee controls a number of votes, and so on all along the line! Who employed Tiernan, the agent for the Wood Quay Ward? When did he join the unemployed? Who employed the lady who presented the accounts for the women workers? Is she not the daughter of a man who is employed by the Corporation, and who has a son getting £200 a year from the same source? Was there never a clerk registered who was capable of doing the work? What is to be said of Magee, the "overseer"? The man whom it was sworn got presents of eggs and other backsheeh in order that poor people might secure a couple of days' work.

COAL. For best qualities of House Coals delivered in large or small quantities, at City Prices. ORDER FROM P. O'CARROLL, BLACK LION, INCHICORE. Wanted a "live" Stenographer and Typist; must know their value. Apply in writing, with reference, office of this paper, Liberty Hall.

The Dublin Trams and Municipalisation.

I notice with a certain amount of satisfaction that the "Evening Telegraph" has started a crusade against the exorbitant fares charged by the Tramway Company.

My satisfaction is limited because, while the "Telegraph" is focussing public attention on the extortion which the company is indulging in, it is not pointing out the obvious remedy for this.

The only remedy possible—when a public necessity such as cheap transit is being abused and exploited for the sake of profit by a company—is for the Corporation to take over the service and run it for the well-being of the whole of the citizens, and not for the greater advantage of a few shareholders.

Most of the cities in the United Kingdom have found out by this that cheap transit is an absolute necessity for modern life, therefore the tramways have been taken over by the Corporation in these places.

Dublin is one of the very few remaining places where the tramways are worked by a company and the citizens have to pay through the nose in consequence.

It is worse than futile for the "Telegraph" to cite the cases of Belfast and Glasgow as an example of what cheap fares may be for the tramways in both of these cities are Municipally owned and the citizens are not left to the cupidity and mercenary dividend-grabbing propensities of such men as William Martin Murphy.

It is no use for the "Telegraph" to get down on its editorial knees and plead with the D.U.T. Co. to consider the question of halfpenny fares, for the company will do nothing of the sort as long as they are allowed to scratch 1d. and 2s. for the disservice which a halfpenny would amply cover.

Be it remembered that when private traders supply a service their object is to get profits for themselves!

On the other hand, when a Municipality provides a service their object is to benefit the whole community!

The "Telegraph" know that just as well as we do, and if that paper is in earnest on this matter let them cease holding up their hands in supplication to the company, and taking off its coat to the fray give Murphy and his gilt-edged pals on the D.U.T.C. directors a knock-out blow instead.

It is unnecessary to give figures to prove that the citizens of Dublin are being mercilessly robbed in this matter of tramway fares. No person could live in the city and have recourse to the tramway service for even so much as one week but knows the fact to his cost.

Glasgow has a tram service almost unequalled in the world. That it is an exceedingly cheap service the "Telegraph" has proved beyond dispute during the past week.

Did the Glasgow citizens go begging to a company for cheaper fares? No! This is what they did!

From 1871 to 1894 a private company had a lease of the tramways from the Corporation.

There was a strong public feeling in favour of the Corporation working the tramways. The company service was not efficient; it was dear, and their bad treatment of their employees had aroused general indignation. So the Corporation decided to manage the tramways, and the day after the company's lease expired they placed on the streets an entirely new service of car, cleaner, handsomer, and more comfortable in every way than their predecessors.

The result of the first eleven months' working was a triumph for Municipal management. They introduced "halfpenny fares," they lengthened the distance for a penny, they raised the wages of the men and shortened their hours, they refused to disfigure their cars with advertisements" thus raising a handsome revenue, and in the end were able to show a profit of £24,000, which was devoted to the "common good fund" and depreciation account.

That is what was done in Glasgow! We commend the example to the "Telegraph." Glasgow didn't supplicate to the Tramway Company. They got the Corporation to take the company out and set up business on their own account.

Dublin is just as bad in the matter of tramways as Glasgow was. Extortion practised on the public and slavery imposed upon the men. Cars allowed to travel through the finest streets of our city with flaming advertisements of immoral papers such as Murphy's "Herald" and "Independent."

I intend to pursue this matter from time to time. In the meantime I beg to state what the remedy for the gross extortion indulged in by the D.U.T. Co. is, and that remedy is "municipal ownership."

Is the "Telegraph" afraid to give the remedy, although they are diagnosing the disease? If the "Telegraph" is out to form public opinion on this matter, let them tell their readers frankly that the D.U.T. Company must be "smashed" before the robbery of the travelling public on the tramways can be stopped.

FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment. 54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN. Established more than Half-a-Century. Coffins, Hearses, Caskets, and every Funeral Requisite. Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House. Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed. Telephone No. 12.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Distressful Committee.

Every class in Dublin is expressing surprise and disgust at the evidence given before the Inquiry into the working of the Distress Committee. It has been shown that public men entrusted with money for the relief of poor starving women and children diverted a large portion of it into their own pockets and the pockets of their friends. These men were held in high esteem, and references to shady transactions made in this paper were not credited at the time by the general public. Now, however, opinion is turning our way, and an unscrupulous gang of tricksters and light-weight champions are being driven into a tight corner. When the evidence is completed we will take the interesting points, and starting with that noble "Guardian of the Poor"—Scully, give it for the edification of those who missed the details of the "organ" and "light weight" cases.

Drury's Decision.

It came as a sore blow to the gang to find that Mr. Drury would not permit the withdrawal of the prosecution against Margaret Doyle. The real owner of this milk and water emporium is John Doyle, T.O., Margaret's husband. It will be remembered that samples of the milk supplied by a contractor to the South Dublin Union was proved by the City Analyst to be about one-third water. A prosecution was ordered by the Guardians, but when it was discovered the offender was the wife of an ex-member of the South Dublin Board and a "great patriot"—now a T.O. for the B'yal Exchange Ward—the "Guardians of the Poor" decided to withdraw the summons. The same Mrs. Margaret Doyle, 11 Duke street, has been in the pillory before for the same offence. It seems Mr. Drury has ordered that the case be gone on with, so the tricksters have not succeeded this time. The adulteration scandals must stop, and a heavy prison term for second offenders would soon bring about a reform.

Tramway Fares.

Taking its cue from complaints in this paper the "Evening Telegraph" is now out on the track of William Martin Murphy, and special articles have been published to show that our Dublin Tramway's management is about three times as greedy as Belfast, Liverpool, and Glasgow. Halfpenny fares are in vogue in some of those towns, and children are carried half fare. Here we have fivepenny or fourpenny fares over distances that would only cost a penny or twopence in the towns mentioned, and children are charged full fare. Our concern is primarily with wages and working conditions. In all the towns referred to hours are shorter and the wages higher, notwithstanding cheaper fares. The Tramwaymen are also well organised, and have fighting Unions, hence their improved conditions. Here in Dublin the poor Tramway slaves are fined on the least pretext, tyrannised over by officious Inspectors, and discharged on the slightest provocation. It would be to their advantage to help on the public clamour against the D.U.T.C. by telling us some of the hard knocks they have to put up with. These columns are always open for bona-fide complaints.

Vaccination.

Arising out of the article published last week showing that calf-lymph is taken from small pox corpses and passed through monkeys and calves before being put into the children, we have had a large number of inquirers. Parents should remember that both the North and South Dublin Unions have adopted motions not to prosecute anyone who fails to have children vaccinated. Notices and threats are being sent out by several doctors, particularly one Eastace, of Lisburn street Dispensary, but the notices and postcards should be put into the fire. Dr. Eastace cannot order prosecutions. No doctor in Ireland could prosecute. That power of proceeding against a person under the Vaccination Acts is vested solely in the Boards of Guardians. North and South Dublin Boards also Retdown have adopted motions not to prosecute. All parents residing in Dublin are perfectly safe in ignoring all the unauthorized threats emanating from officials who are now losing some of their fees for "free" vaccination. At the moment of writing there are several children in the city covered with frightful sores as a direct result of vaccination. Many a mother's heart has been broken when striving to keep alive a little one whose blood had been poisoned by the vile stuff known as "calf-lymph."

Dublin Trades Council.

Letters, evidently inspired, have appeared in an evening paper, urging that another and "skilled workers" Trades Council be formed. Workers, whether skilled or unskilled, are not simple children that would divide themselves into different camps at the bidding of anonymous writers, who betray total ignorance of labour matters. There is a big change in the workers to-day as compared with ten years ago. Labour is not bluffed or in leading-strings any longer, nor will it be split by the old party cries, or newer ones of "Socialism" or "Larkinism." All labour forces are uniting to front the common enemy. It seems the real sore spot is that an "Independent Labour Party" has been formed to secure direct representation on all boards. The anonymous writer, whose style closely resembles an editorial writer of the "Freeman," laments this fact and postulates that labour must seek representation "within the Irish Party." It should now be plain to our "boss" poli-

ticians that labour means to advance, and that they cannot keep back the rising tide. The decision of the Trades Congress merely meant "Clear the decks for action." Under Home Rule we will take a man from the quay-side or from off a barge, or off the top of a coal heap, and put him into the Irish Parliament if he be capable and knows our grievances. Home Rule does not soon materialise, we will send such men to the English Parliament. It is plain that the Irish Party foresaw and feared this much, because they have so arranged that the town will be practically disfranchised under the Home Rule Bill. Knowing that their strength now lies in the ready money-farming element, they are proposing to give this class "unredeemed" representation. But, as we said before, "the tide is rising," and anonymous scribbles, backed by the editorial etc., etc., will not stay the onward march of labour.

Foot-and-Mouth Disease.

The graziers and eleven-month men are being badly hit by the cattle plague. They employ little labour. One herd could tend fifty or more cattle. If the outbreak would cause a reversion to tillage even in a small way, it would be a blessing in disguise. It is economically sound to rear cattle and child rearing. We must export the children from Ireland because the graziers want the land to rear cattle for the Englishman's stomach, which is of his God. It also reveals that many efforts are made to stamp out disease when it occurs in beasts that are worth a few pounds. Thousands of children of the poor are dying in Dublin from disease brought on by hunger or bad wages or unemployment. We have no army of Departmental experts to see if these diseases can be stopped. If the children were as valuable at the cattle, from the graziers' point of view, something would be done to stamp out industrial disease. It is plain the Department is in a panic. In Swords they shot some caged canaries as a promotion, but did nothing about the carrion birds that had been attracted to the infested fields. They ignore the fact that some of our gentry import Hungarian pheasants and partridges, which carry this disease, to rear them, and then shoot when they are quite tame in the name of "sport." They shoot the poor man's canary, but the rich man's game is "preserved." If the farmers had any sense, and knew how often foreign game had been the vehicle of infection, they would insist on the slaughter of all game in Dublin and Meath.

CRAB COLLECTOR ADEPT AT NEXT SUNDAY.

On next Sunday an adept at collecting will be held under the auspices of the Dolphin Branch of the Gaelic League at Dolphin House Grounds, Dolphin Barn, commencing at 3.30 o'clock. The Committee in charge of the event are working hard to make it a great success, and with this view have secured the services of very prominent artists, including the Misses A. Treacy, F. Ryan, Misses Murtagh, Miss L. Pembroke, Mr. P. O'Connell (Bandon), Mr. Sean Connolly, Mr. Brian O'Higgins, Mr. J. O'Toole. The Father Matthew and Jacob's Choir, under the able conductorship of the popular and genial P. P. Walsh, will render some choruses. The Glenores Band and the St. Laurence's Priests Band will also attend. One of the features of the day will be a jig and hornpipe danced by some of the Gaelic boys. We understand that the Transport Workers of Sligo are having an excursion to the city on Sunday, and we hope that as many of them as possible will go to this delectable evening. The price of admission is small, as can be seen by our advertising columns, and we trust that the efforts of this most democratic Branch will be rewarded. For the information of our country members we may say that they can secure the tram for Dolphin's Barn at the Nelson P. Bar at 2d., or from Bishop's street for 1d.

SINN FEIN.—DRUMCONDRA BRANCH.

The usual meeting of above was held in the Sinn Fein rooms on Monday evening, the 11th inst., Mr. P. J. Cassidy in the chair.

After transacting some routine business, a notice of motion on the agenda of the North Dublin Union Guardians for Wednesday 28th, which proposes to pay £2,500 of the ratepayers' money for a premises adjoining the Union, was discussed. It was pointed out that this premises having been used for a number of years as a fever hospital would render it unsuitable for the proposed extension of the workhouse, and also that in view of the proposed changes in the Government and general conduct of affairs in this country, which may possibly lead to the abolition of workhouses in the near future.

It was resolved to call upon the representatives of this district to attend the meeting of the Poor Law Board on Wednesday, 28th August, and vote against this resolution. It was decided to hold a general meeting of the branch on next Monday evening, at 8.30 o'clock, as there is important business to be transacted; it is requested that all members will attend.

S. O. O'SHEA, Hon. Sec.

When You Get on a Good Thing Stick to it.

Get in and Stick to Irish-Made Boots

JOHN MALONE,

Irish Boot Manufacturer,

67 NORTH KING STREET, DUBLIN

SPECIAL NOTICE

Irish Transport & General Workers' Union
Badge and Card Inspection
IN ALL PORTS,
Monday, 26th August, 1912,
BY ORDER.

Remember! Bring your Badges and Cards with you. Remember, Card Inspection. Don't say you forgot.

The arrival of the members from Sligo is expected on the 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31st, and 1st September. Be on the look-out for a strike.

Telephone 1266 and 597.

PAT KAVANAGH,

PROVISIONS,
Beef, Mutton and Pork.
GOOD QUALITY. FAIR PRICES.
74 & 77, Cross-street; 37, Wexford Street;
71, 72 & 73, New Street; 4, Dean Street,
DUBLIN.

Great Clearance Sale
OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

200 Pairs of Men's Canvas Shoes, with or without laces, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, a pair; usual price 1/6, 1/2d. a pair.
150 Pairs of Men's Leather Boots, laced; put on or laced; going sale, 2s. 6d. a pair. Marvellous value.
600 Pairs of Boys' and Girls' Canvas Shoes, black, brown or grey, sizes 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, a pair; sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, a pair. Bare bargains.
120 Pairs of Men's Leather Boots, smart shapes, black or brown, 1/2, 1/4, a pair.

Garlick's Boot Stores

61 & 62, St. Andrew's Railway Arch,
DUBLIN.

WORKERS! WORKERS! WORKERS!

Heridheacht

AT DOLFIN'S BARN,
On to-morrow, Sunday,
Commencing at 3.30.
Chorus by the Father Mathew Choir and Jacob's Choir. Glenree Band and the St. Lawrence O'Connell Pipers Band will attend. Admission 3d.

Dear Sirs and Madam, - We sincerely thank you for your kind support and recommendations during the past year. For the Autumn and Winter seasons we have made most elaborate preparations in anticipation of another record time, and have on show at both Warehouses the grandest display of New Goods in this City, as usual at rock-bottom Cash Prices. Our stocks are large - the variety enormous - every item new, stylish and the latest. We take the greatest living margin of profit possible, which accounts for the marvellous value we offer. Our buyers are recognised specialists in their line, and we come without fear of contradiction, to sell Drage's Goods superior in quality and lower in price than any other firm in the trade. Our motto has always been to press no one to buy, but instead are always delighted to show you our best lines, and we are certain the result will lead to business.

It has been widely said that the prices charged increase as the pressure of making your purchases at BELTON & CO. We have built up our great popularity and reputation by giving honest value. We ask for your trade and support on the merits of our goods alone. If you are not already a customer of ours, give us a trial, we will prove to you that we are the cheapest people in the trade. Thanking you in anticipation, We are, Yours respectfully, Belton & Co.

Correspondence.

"MILK AND WHITWASH."

[The letter given herewith speaks no very eloquent for itself that we might, without comment, say that it cries aloud. It's cry is about JEREBBY and CORRUPTION; but our readers will listen to the clamor and, we trust, note its rotten significance.]
11 Duke street,
12th August, 1912.
DEAR SIR, - I hope it will be convenient for you to attend meeting of the South Dublin Union on Wednesday next, the 14th inst., and support the undermentioned Notice of Motion, and oblige Yours faithfully, JOHN COYLE.

TRADES SOCIETIES,

Football Clubs, and any other Working Class Societies requiring rooms for meetings, &c., would do well to call on Caretaker, LIBERTY HALL, 18 Beresford Place. Lighted throughout by Electricity.

LIBERTY HALL,

18 Beresford Place.

BOOTS FOR MEN,

Box Call & Chrome Boots at 6/11 as sold elsewhere at 8/11. Hand-Pegged Bluchers at 4/10 AS SOLD ELSEWHERE, &c. THE SMALL PROFIT STORE, 78b Talbot Street.

"Labour and Frugality."

A Criticism. Whether the ordinary workingman who read the article appearing in last Saturday's issue of the "Irish Worker," will have detected the extraordinary blundering of its contributor "Euohan," in the matter of the case he selected for the illustration of his subject must be received as a point open to question. "The Irish Worker," however, it may be taken for granted, counts amongst its readers a certain proportion of educated thinkers. To these the "blundering" of "Euohan" in an otherwise interesting article must have occasioned a somewhat discouraging sensation. For in his apparent desire to combat in a workingman the utility of "frugality" he elaborates a case by way of illustration, and bases on it a conclusion at variance with the merits of the very case he has selected. He takes the case of a labourer with £1 a week, and who, espousing "frugality," begins in his early manhood, say at twenty years of age, to save 2s. weekly. After forty years "Euohan" tells us that this labourer will have accumulated, roughly, £200. And here, or just at this juncture, "Euohan" proceeds to give a knock-out to the "preacher of thrift." This man, the labourer in question, is now about sixty years old, and after forty years' savings - 2s. weekly, with inter-upture - finds himself "independent" as a reward for his thrift, as "Euohan" may be said to have sarcastically put it. He had been living on 18s. weekly for forty years, and so, according to your contributor, he must now, in his declining years, although free from "toil," and, consequently, with less demand on his resources of physical force and nervous energy, he must still live on 18s. a week. This necessity will extinguish his "independence" in a few short years, unless, as "Euohan" adds, he invests the £200, and lives on the interest ("6d. a day"), with some relative who, keeping an eye on the £200, will grudge the "frugal" labourer the breath of life! In the words of "Euohan" this will be the "crowning blessing" of this labourer's life of "frugality and thrift." Now "Euohan" allows in this illustration that the £200 which has been the product of "frugality" may be invested after "forty" years at 5 per cent. It is here, then, that he badly hits himself, and not the "preacher of thrift." For for the "frugal and thrifty labourer" saving fourpence a day will not have waited for forty years before thinking of investing his savings. Instead of having waited for "forty" years to bank or invest his "fourpence" a day at 5 per cent., if he has banked or invested it, say, when he has had £20 saved, and that will have been at the end of the fourth year, "Euohan's" "frugal" labourer will have accumulated not £200, but considerably more than double that amount - more than £400! Will "Euohan" now admit - I am sure he will - that he has gravely blundered? He also surely misconceives the necessities of the case when he considers his assumed labourer would need "fall" wages in his declining years. Moreover he, the "frugal" labourer, at the expiration of forty years, with the tidy sum of £400 to his credit, would be under no necessity to live with any relative whose opulence might be excited, for he could have his £400 converted into a life annuity, thus securing a competence which would confer on "Euohan's" "frugal" labourer an independence suitable to his requirements. Batimines, August 19th, 1912.

WEXFORD NOTES.

Wickham is again, we hear, breaking the law by allowing policemen on duty and some civilians into his "pu" on Friday night last at ten minutes after 11 o'clock. The following were amongst the select few: - Constable Barry, Constable Murphy, O'Hara (Pierce's traveller), Trook Parle, Paddy Scallan (the Ballymitty angel).

WEXFORD NOTES.

Can anyone inform us how it is that this man is allowed to sell on Sunday, and after hours, while other publicans are being watched by policemen in plain clothes? We heard a great deal lately about the magnificent settlement that was made of the recent labour troubles in Ennis-coorthy and about the men getting a substantial increase in their wages. But the public are not aware of what is going on there at present. Any men who were in any way prominent in the demand for the increase of wages are being victimised one by one, and cheaper men brought in in their places. This is the way all settlements are carried out when there is not an organisation behind men's backs to make the employers stick to their agreements. Which is it for love of their workers or fear of the Transport Union that made the Ennis-coorthy employers give the rise of wages? Or would it ever have been given only for the appearance of Daly and O'Connor in the town? At the Wexford Petty Sessions this week Captain Orsbie, R.M., complimented the town on being so free from drunkenness, to which District Inspector Fitzsimons made answer: "It's the way you deal with cases, your Worship." If he (Captain Orsbie) had been here during the lock-out the D.I. would not have it all his own way. The following is a cutting from the "Francis and Terrier" for this month: - WORKERS! COURAGE AND PRUDENCE. "During his life St. Francis was a fearless defender of the rights of the poor, and it is for his boundless sympathy for those in need that his name has been ever since held in veneration by humanity. He wished to be regarded as the least of all, yet the Poorveller of Assisi has been enshrined by the world's verdict in the Temple of Fame. He has left this legacy of brotherly love to his spiritual children, and we may be sure that he looks with a loving eye on those who strive for the realisation of his cherished ideas. The charity of St. Francis was practical, and were he with us now he would by word and deed try to better the condition of the poor. They are the tolling masses, who have barely enough to keep body and soul together, and there are tens of thousands of these all over Ireland at the present time, and their condition calls loudly for improvement. We have no sympathy with Godless demagogues, nor with intemperate language, nor with misdirected zeal; but we are not of those who turn all their ardour against Socialism, and seem to forget that injustice to our fellow man cries to heaven for vengeance. There are the rich people to day, who enjoy the fruits of wealth and fritter away their substance in the follies of fashion, who feed their servants badly, and pay them worse. There are poor girls, toiling in emporiums of trade and in factories for a mere pittance. "The best way to stifle Socialism is to remedy abuses; to give fair play before it is wrested with a violent hand. The majority of our Tories are workers, and they have a perfect right to do what they can to obtain more equitable recompense for their labour. Their presence in the Labour movement must have a good effect, for they are imbued with common sense and religion, and will exercise a sobering influence on those who in their own rough way are tempted to use drastic methods." You will find some selfish employers who will call this Socialism.

WEXFORD NOTES.

We hear That Croppy Sinnott, who was in the Fenian movement in '67, can find no companions now but ex-policemen. That he is on the beer at present. That John A. Connick has disposed of his goats to John E. Barry, the alleged "poor man's friend." That Dr. Farling is very fond of golf. That he would sooner be playing golf than minding his duties in the infirmary. That he is very unwell to anybody who may be unfortunate enough to have to go to that institute. That John Kehoe did not like the jobbery showed up. That neither did Joe Kelly. That Jim Morris, Barrack street, who was going to put "Slate Face" out for being a scab during the lock-out, supplied Rock Stafford's slave this week. That Mrs. Jackson's monkey was let loose in the Bazaar. That Mrs. Hayes, corner of Chapel Lane, has turned note taker for Daly. That the workers in Wexford are very pleased at the admirable letter written by Councillor Richard O'Carroll, Dublin, to the "Evening Telegraph" in defence of unskilled workers. That Kelly, corner of Monk-street, is supplying Brocreek and his clique. That Leslie Harris often played cards with Stafford Gaffney.

WEXFORD NOTES.

That Mrs. Connors, John street (religion of Tuttle's) invited Dilly Rouke's Missus up to see the Lawn Tennis Tournament. That when three Dock Labourers went into Kelly's and saw two of Pierce's scabs there they came out again without making a purchase. That people are saying if this were done with all the publicans who supply scabs it would soon bring them down a bit. That although Lar Busher, Jimmy Mahoney, and a few Ennis-coorthy men have bought Sifford's oat, he owes her himself still. That all these people were supposed to have bought her to try and bluff the deluge. That Denny McGhee, Spite Richard's man, followed the oaps who sell THE WORKER with a bill book. He evidently does not like that paper. That Mick Rositter dragged his scab down to scab it this week against the boys' will. That Paul Carroll is in an awful state about his little scabs being known. That Hutchison's, South Main-street, are supplying the scabs who are stopping at Evoy's. That Dolan does be playing pitch and to. That Mrs. Jenny Walsh and Mrs. Daly are very intimate just now. That Bobbie Malone is gone on his holidays. That the men are wishing they will be long ones. That people are anxious to know why it is that Mickey, of Wheelbarrow fame, always has his bicycle clips on. That George Legge and Pidd-D noh are amongst the latest of Wickham's Sunday supporters. That Peter Dolan only paid a man who sowed his garden at the rate of two shillings per week. That there was great weeping in or about South Main street when the Mastig men were going away. That the six men already arrested by Stafford's scab (I don't think I) to try and bluff O'Connell. The Harbour Master being amongst the number.

A Little List of Councillors to be thrown out in January.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR, - I give herewith a list of Councillors who ought to be thrown out in January. First there is John Carolan, Arran Quay Ward. I would not care to put him out, but I would give him a very straight talk and exact a pledge that he would cease to be the tool of anyone if allowed to go back to Cork Hill. Next there is Fox, North City. Of course, he must go. By the way, is it the fact that the Lord Mayor has guaranteed Fox's rent for a holding in Dominick street? And if so, why so? And is it a fact that Messrs. James and Union were elected on the pledges that they should not sit, vote, and act with the Aldermen of the Ward? Mr. John Ryan, of Abbey street, who has been selected for this ward, is a trades union employer, and safe to vote on the Labour side. Clontarf East - What price O'razier? He is - an emergency man for the plunder hunters. Clontarf West - M. O'Carthy. A good corporation, though an acid Unionist; he should not be touched. Derwin must go out of Drumcondra. Surely to heaven it is time for the Drumcondra people to stir up and return one straight voter amongst their Councillors. It would be easy to get a better man than Kennedy for Fitzwilliam. He is a most indifferent attendant at Council meetings, and can seldom be relied on to vote for the right side. Christy Monks is not the worst of a bad lot but Glanavin can scarcely return him again after his late record. What about Ode, of Cuffe street? Too much Bug. This ward has a distinct majority for the right side, and men like Ode and O'Brien should no longer be tolerated. Johnny Vaughan shou'd get the push - say - from Merchants' Quay if any kind of a half-good man is put up against him. Is Mountjoy going to return Paddy Mason? I think not. He got in on a straight Labour vote, and has become a mere Mansion House utensil. Paddy Carroll, of course, is all right for N.W. Kilmsham, and with Partridge should make things hum. By the way, what has happened the Kilmsham Alderman? If North Dock returns J. P. Farrelly again, it has no right to call itself a Labour Ward. L. O'Neill, safe for the Rotunda Ward. John M. Cogan is no great shakes for the Royal Exchange. They might easily find a better man. Is James J. O'Neill to be returned for the South City? He is a decent fellow, personally, but in his Corporate capacity is a most strenuous voter on the wrong side - though he is keeping away from the Council lately that people might forget about it. Marty O'Beirre, of course, must go. It is discreditable to the South Dock Ward to have let O'Meara step in. It must not occur again. Farren is right for Usher's Quay, and O'Tools for Trinity, but every nerve must be strained to shoot M'Kerry Swaine out of Wood Quay Ward by a champion majority. Yours, etc., IDOLATOR.

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Patk. J. Whelan,
82 QUEEN STREET.

AN AFFAIR OF SMOKE.

AS TOLD IN VERSE.

[According to the "Evening Telegraph," at a recent meeting in the Verdun Hotel of the North Dock Ward U.I.L., a deputation was received by that illustrious body in reference to the "Smoke nuisance" created by the pumping station at the East Road. Councillor Byrne, we are told, assured the visitors that the matter would be attended to forthwith, and that they would soon have nothing to complain of in the direction indicated.]

They sat around the Tap-room board
The Marshal in the Chair;
Bold Alfie, I and Kelly Tighe,
But William was not there.
"Say, boys, what had we best to do?"
Frisid Alfie loudly spoke;
The chairman muttered 'neath his breath,
"I'm going to have a smoke."

"Good bin," the Councillor replied,
"Now this is where I shine."
The pipe was lit on every side,
And 's'en the Wild Woodbine.
They bowed their heads with placid smile,
And as'er a word they spoke;
And all the air was filled the while
With most delicious smoke.

An hour went by, then Alfie said:
"Methinks we've had enough."
The Chairman's pipe was glowing red,
He answered with a puff.
"Quoth Alf, 'I'll say one word to you,
But do not think I crack;
Oh! Is there nothing else to do
But smoke and smoke and smoke?"

Just then a most terrific noise
Was heard in Talbot Street,
And, half-afrighted, all the boys
Had scrambled to their feet.
The door swung open noiselessly,
But not a sinner spoke;
When all the eyes were strained to see
What happened through the smoke.

In came a stalwart veteran,
And he had walked afar;
The stranger said—and scratched his head,
"Ain't this the Verdun Bar?"
"Quite so," and Alfie swelled with pride,
"But say what is the joke?"
"Oh! none at all," the man replied,
"It's just a case of smoke."

"The City smoke is awful, Sirs,
You can't imagine it;
I'd rathe'r be in durance vile,
Or buried in the pit.
The people say no longer they
Will tolerate this joke;
And men like you so good and true
Must free us from this smoke."

"How does the smoke affect you, sir?"
The Chairman loud did holler;
The stranger then turned down his coat
And showed him smut stained collar.
"The spot is scattered far and wide,"
And here his voice high broke,
"Why, even in me pist o' beer
I get the taste o' smoke."

"Oh, my! oh, my!" cried Kelly Tighe,
"How cruel are the Fates!
By gum! if things go on like this
They'll raise the bloomin' rates,
An' not a cent I'll get of rent
If people hear this bloke!
He then jumped up and grabbed his hat
And vanished in the smoke."

The silence round was most profound,
The Marshal said "Well! Well!
Please say what smoke has got to do
With us, the U.I.L."
"Ah! do not mock," the stranger sighed,
"Ye gallant bears of oak;
God save us all from mockery,
God save us all from smoke."

W'e M'Intyre on balance sheets
And Richardson on "Pits,"
And all the other funny men
A-giving people fits.
The U.I.L. are coming out,
With never mask or cloak;
They're going to wipe out Larkin just
As they have wiped out—smoke!
OSCAR.

The Marshal looked at Alfie then,
And gave a knowing wink;
He tapped his forehead meaningly
And muttered "Mad, I think."
"Believe me, sir," the stranger moaned,
"This is no idle joke—
Thy mental vision's been obscured
By all this beastly smoke."

"Aha!" the North Dock hero cried,
"Here is our life-long dream;
We'll heighten all the chimneys and
Ourselves in men's esteem.
The firemen now must burn less coal
And use a bit more coke,
To save the people that we love
From being o'erpowered by smoke."

"O, stranger, this is my advice,"
The Councillor then said
"Go—let thy troubles cease to-night,
And get thee to thine bed."
The stranger stumbled on his thanks,
The others thought he'd choke,
And as he staggered out they heard
Him mutter, "Holy Smoke!"

"We must take up this smoke affair,"
Thus quoth Sir Sugar Hags;
"And to facilitate the world
I'll give up sellin' fags.
So, men, call in the jaiter,
Let's have a proper soak."
And o'er the flaming pewter-pot
They swore the doom of smoke.

Full soon the mandate issued forth,
The chimneys would go higher,
To send the fumes up to the skies,
And not down to the mire.
And on the North Wall to this day,
Awhile the fire they poke,
They tell how Alfie filled the breach,
And saved them all from smoke.

The City Fathers, too, I hear,
Will make an order soon
To regulate the weather and
The sun and stars and moon.
But still one problem lies unsolved
That many hearts has brke;
There are too many "pints" involved
In this affair of smoke.

I hear that Ulster now won't fight,
And Carson's in despair,
And Redmond, too, is locking blue
And madly tears his hair.
The "Rising" now will not come off
(It must have been a joke!);
They heard of Alfie's doings, so
It ended up in smoke.

This is the tale—this is the wail—
This is the wondrous yarn;
You'll hear it from the Stebbins's all
The way to Dolphin's Barn;
The word is still a fearful one
Among the East Road folk;
And mothers hush their crying kids
With threats of "Here's the 'Smoke'!"

Go read it in the "Telegraph,"
Go read it in the "Mail,"
Go read it in the Murphy rag,
The green one or the pale.
A portrait in the City Hall
Is hung in gilded oak,
Inscribed: "This is the valiant man
Who saved the town from smoke."

A MINOR TRAGEDY.

There never had been much happiness
in the life of Mrs. Devlin.
As a young girl she had worked in a
laundry, where the proprietor had built
up a large business by undercutting
his fellow laundry proprietors; and his
work was had to bear the brunt with
slavish work and hours, and starvation
wages.

Mary Crossan, for such was Mrs. Devlin's maiden name, had married young. She was only 18 when Pat Devlin, a young man in the same laundry, proposed to her and was accepted.
Some eighteen months later, just after the birth of the first little boy, Pat took a chill after being out on his van one very wet day. The chill developed into pneumonia, and five weeks later poor Pat Devlin was dead.

Seven years had elapsed since then, and Mrs. Devlin was preparing to go out one morning to the laundry, where she had resumed work shortly after the death of her husband.

Her little boy, Jack, now a sturdy little fellow, and the apple of his mother's eye, was making a brave show of washing his own face over by the fire while his mother completed her simple toilet.

"How are you getting along now, Jack?" asked his mother, smiling to herself as she watched the sponge being carefully rubbed round his face without once coming into contact with his ears.

"Oh, I can wash my own face now, mother. I'll soon be a big man and go out to work to help you. Won't I, mother?"

A tear glistened in Mrs. Devlin's eye as she gently patted the boy on the cheek and took the sponge from him.

"Yes, you'll be a big man soon now, Jack, and you'll go to work and then we'll have great times. Won't we? But big men, Jack, always wash their ears, you know, and I think you have missed them this time. I'll just give them a little rub."

"But I washed my ears, mother, I think."
"I know, Jacky, but I'll just give them another little rub, so that you can go up to your auntie's and show her what a nice big man you're going to be, until I come back in the evening from the laundry."

The gentle fatherly at once made Jack submit to having his toilet completed for him.

"And will I tell auntie what I am going to be when I grow up? How I am going to buy a motor and drive it, and take you away, away far, on a Sunday when the laundry's closed."

"Yes, Jacky, you'll tell auntie all about it, and you'll be a good little lad, won't you? I don't know what I would do without your auntie, Jack. It is so kind of her to take you and look after you when I am working. I could not go to work, Jack, and leave you all alone."

"But why do you have to go to work, mother? All mothers don't work, do they? I saw a lady with a lot of little boys in a motor yesterday. She wasn't going to work, was she?"

"No, Jack, but that was different. She was a lady, you know."
"Yes, but you are a lady, too, mother—aren't you? Little Paddy Nolan said to me once that you are a washerwoman, but I fought him and he cried!"

"You shouldn't fight, Jacky."
"Yes, but I wasn't going to let him say things about you, was I?"

"No; still you shouldn't fight, you know—it's only bad little boys that fight, and you're going to be a good boy, aren't you?"

"Yes, and I'll be a big man!"
"Yes, Jack, you'll be a big man."
"And I'll work for you?"
"Yes, my little man, you'll work for me."

"I'll have a motor, mother, and go far, far away, through the park, where we go on Sunday, and away among the trees and the flowers?"

"Yes, Jacky, you'll do all that, please God, when you are a big man."
"But you'll come with me, mother, won't you?"

"Yes, Jackie, I'll come with you."
"And we'll have such fun, won't we? And you won't need to go out to work any more; and when the rent-man comes, you won't cry, will you mother, because I will have plenty of money with my motor to pay the rent, won't I?"

A hot tear splashed down on Jack's upturned face.
"Why, mother, you're crying. Don't cry, mother. When I am a man we'll have such great times, and then you won't cry any more, will you?"

"No, Jacky, never again, when you are a big man."
"And I'll buy you nice clothes like the lady in the motor car had. Oh, it will be nice, won't it?"

"Yes, Jacky, it will be very nice, and you'll be a big, brave, good man."
"I'll be a big man like my father, mother, won't I?"

"Yes, Jacky."
"How did I never see my father?"
"He died before you were old enough to remember him."
"I suppose I wasn't born soon enough."
"I suppose not, Jacky," said his mother with a smile.

"He hadn't a motor, had he?"
"No, Jacky, but he had a horse and van."
"That's not so good as a motor, is it? Horses can't go so far away as motors. Did father go far away with his horse and van?"

"He went very far away, Jacky."
"Did he go through the park, away to the trees and flowers?"

"Yes, Jacky," said his mother in a low voice. "He went far, far away to a beautiful country, where everything is bright and glad."
"Is there any rent to pay, mother?"

"No, Jacky, no rent."
"And is there always nice things to eat and wear and no cold days or wet ones?"
"Everything is beautiful, Jacky."
"Why didn't father take you (with him)?"
"Hush, Jacky."
"But if I go there on my motor, won't you come too, mother?"
"You won't go there on your motor, Jacky. You'll just be a big man and stay with your mother, won't you?"
"Yes, but—"
"That's right, Jack; I was sure you would. Now get your cap from behind the door there and run away up to auntie's. Tell her I might be up to-morrow night to see her, and if you see little Paddy Nolan on the way up don't stop to fight!"

"But if he says you're a washerwoman what will I do?"
"Never mind him, for you know that your mother is a lady, besides being a washerwoman, don't you?"
"Yes!"

"Very well, then. Give me a kiss—that's right. Now be very careful in going up the street, and don't get into any mischief at your auntie's. That's a good boy, and to-night when you come home I'll have a nice apple for you, and you can tell me some more of the things you are going to do when you are a big man."

Another kiss and Jacky ran out of the tenement passage into the street.
Mrs. Devlin paused a minute and looked round the single room before locking the door.

As she turned the key in the lock there was a shrill scream of terror from the street, and it was immediately followed by the angry snarl of a motor horn.

With a great fear clutching at her heart she rushed to the curer door.
A neighbour woman was standing there wringing her hands helplessly.

"What's wrong?" cried Mrs. Devlin.
"My God, that motor has knocked down a little lad, and he's surely killed!"

With a great sob Mrs. Devlin rushed to the motor, from under which the driver was dragging out a small limp body.
She seized the body in her arms and clasped it fiercely to her breast. "My boy, Jacky. My boy, speak to me," she cried pitifully.

But Jacky had gone far, far away through the Park. Away amid the trees and the flowers.
He was dead.

"Mac."

Remove the Grievance by Removing the Man.

The above method is both old and effective. A powerful Railway Company with its great wealth and mighty influence can disdainfully brush aside the puny individual worker who dares complain, knowing full well that the Press will conceal their action by suppressing his letters. And were he the fellow-worker who displays sympathy with the victim of their wrath, for they, too, shall be marked out for victimisation, while a small section of the workers themselves seek to excuse their own slavishness, and conceal their cowardice by joining in the condemnation of one of their own class.

At ten minutes to five o'clock on the 7th instant my foreman sent for me, and in the presence of a witness handed me the following notice:—

Locomotive Department, Inchicore,
Wednesday, 7th Aug., 1912.

DEAR SIR,—You are hereby informed that your services are not required by the above Company after this date, and you will receive one week's pay in lieu of a week's notice. (Signed),

R. STEPHENS, Foreman.

Mr. William Partridge.

New what was the nature of my offence? I had the audacity to complain to the Board of the promotion of incompetent persons, and because I would not accept a "lying" contradiction of my complaints I am immediately discharged.

But I am told "you had no right to voice the religious question!"
My reply is: "It would be rank cowardice to ignore it." The question was made inevitable by the fact that all the incompetent persons promoted belonged to one religion, while the competent persons to whom promotion is denied belonged to another. I am not the person to harbour thoughts I fear to speak.

The real question raised by my dismissal is:—
Should a workman who had a grievance, and who seeks redress through recognised official channels, be dismissed because he refused to betray his conscience and accept as correct a statement which he knows before God to be false in substance and in fact. I have stated my case fully in a pamphlet I am publishing at twopence each for the purpose of keeping the pot boiling; and next week and each subsequent week I shall in the columns of THE IRISH WORKER publish short paragraphs dealing with the dark doings of the officials of this railway (Editor permitting).

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Printed for the Proprietor at the Old Printing Works, 13 Stafford Street, and published by him at 18 Bedford Place in the City of Dublin.
[This Journal is exclusively set up and hand labour and printed on Irish paper]

Some Definitions.

No. 2.—Wages.

That portion of wealth created by labour and returned to it by the owners of machinery.

Wages are of two kinds—small and large. They are generally small. Especially is this the case in Dublin. Wages are not regulated by the amount of work a man does. This is proved in the case of labourers. These men are doing the hardest and most unpleasant work, yet they are paid the lowest and poorest wages.

Wages, then, may be said to be regulated by what a man is fool enough to take, or what the employer or man who owns the machinery is knave enough to offer. Is there any means by which the workers may hope to obtain a decent share of that wealth which they create, returned to them in the shape of wages?

There is only one way by which the workers can hope to get their wages improved, and that is through the powerful and concerted action of their trade unions. Should all working men belong to trade unions?

All working men and women also should belong to their trade unions! Employers and owners of machinery force wages down in order that profits may go up. Employers love their profits better than they do their workers. A single worker cannot influence an employer to give more wages.

A united, organised mass of workers in a trade union can compel employers to disgorge a larger amount of the wealth they grab in wages. Better wages can only be got by better and more consolidated trade-unionism. "OMAR."

(Next week's definition, Machine-y.)

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