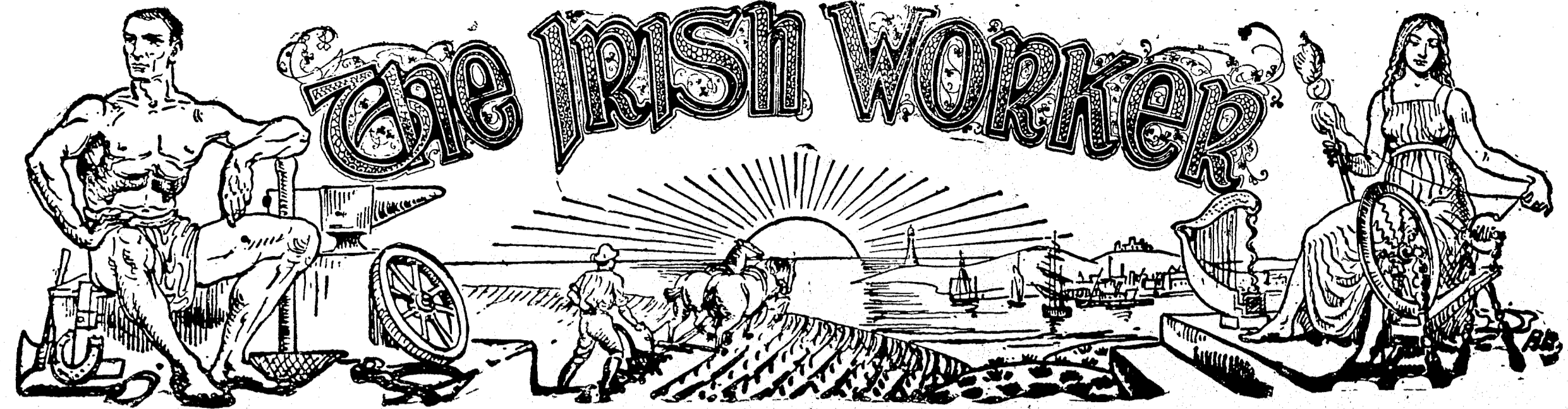


"The people I
saw and mean to
speak upon is—that
the entire ownership
of Ireland, moral and
material, up to the sun
and down to the centre
is vested of right in
the people of Ireland."
James Fintan Lalor.



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.

THE BANK HOLIDAY.

To be quite frank, I have a rooted dislike to Bank holidays.

It is this dislike of mine to be set down merely to a desire on my part to be perverse or odd, for it is nothing of the kind.

I dislike a Bank holiday for two distinct reasons. First of all because it is not a holiday, and in the second place because the very existence of banks prevents it from being a holiday.

According to the dictionaries a holiday is a day "pertaining to a festival," and from the same valuable books we learn that a Bank is "a collection or stock of money" or it is "the place where a collection of money is deposited."

There was a time when a holiday was "pertaining to a festival," but that time has for all practical purposes passed away. If it was not quite dead before the industrial revolution took place, that revolution certainly knocked the last remaining remnant of life out of it. If we still have an occasional holiday in the year of grace, 1912, it is not because employers like to see their workers in festive mood that it is given, or because of any festivals, but simply for the reason that commercial necessity demands it.

Manufacturing firms give their employees holidays because the machinery must be overhauled and repaired: furnaces must be damped down in order that boilers may be tested, renewed or repaired, and fires cleaned. Holidays are I repeat, commercial necessities to-day, but they are certainly not joy-days "pertaining to festivals."

In cities where there are large manufacturing concerns, such as Belfast, Glasgow, or Manchester, workers get one or two weeks idleness, because it takes that time to renovate the plant, but in a city like Dublin, where works are small, workmen only get one or two days idleness because there is so little plant to renovate, or rather, as is the general case in Dublin, because it takes one or two days to get the workshop whitewashed in accordance with the Factory Act.

I use the word "idleness" in preference to "holidays" advisedly, because if the fact that workmen are penalised to the extent of their wages for each day the works are closed down, therefore these days cannot be considered as holidays in any sense of the term, and in many cases, so far from being days "pertaining to a festival," they are more correctly described as being days "pertaining to want and privation."

There is, of course, a class of wage-earners who may think themselves justified in calling a bank-holiday, or any holiday they may get, a real day of festivity or relaxation because of the fact that their wages are not stopped for the time they are loitering about the Douglas promenade or waiting in the early door queue at some theatre. I refer now to clerks. But can a bank-holiday be considered as anything more than a day's idleness in their case also? I think not! True, they think they are being paid for being idle. Are they? Not by any means. Clerks as a class have ceased to be vertebrates; they merely crawl. Commission or garden workmen may have to start work to the sound of a whistle in the morning, but they make dead certain that they stop to the same sound at night. They have done what was required of them. They have worked for what they get, be it fourpence or eightpence an hour as the case may be, and there is no necessity, moral or otherwise, for them doing any more. If a workman works overtime he makes certain he will be paid over-time.

Is it the same case with a clerk? Not by a long chalk! I make safe to say that the number of offices in Dublin, outside of Government ones, that are overstaffed by even so much as one man, could be easily counted on the fingers of a man who has had both arms amputated. I guess the bulk of the Dublin commercial offices if inquiries were made, would be found to be understaffed. This means that the average clerk has to slog all day to keep his work free from arrears, and in the case of a rush he must go back every night, willy-nilly, until it is over, and work over-time. If he gets sixpence of tea-money he considers that his lot has fallen in pleasant places. As to getting paid for overtime, or asking for it, he never dreams of doing so.

Needless to say, the cute employer knows much better than the average clerk how indispensable it is for him to have an able counting house staff, and he realises also that it is much better to have them crawling and subservient than to

have them standing up for their rights. It is much easier to tread on a worm than to hit a man. To keep his clerks thoroughly subservient, therefore, he pays them their few shillings for the week or ten days' idleness, called holidays, which they are allowed during the course of the year, and the humble clerk, in order to show his gratitude, will even wheel merchandise, or drive carts during a strike, much to the detriment of his already frayed cuffs.

Clerks, whether they know it or not, are not being actually paid for the days' idleness known as the August bank-holiday or Boxing-day, as the case may be, but they are getting a very small bonus at these particular times for work already done and which will never be properly paid for. Should any clerk read these lines and disagree with me I will be glad if he will write to me and tell me why.

The first reason I gave for disliking Bank-holidays was that I believed they were not holidays at all. I think I have justified that belief.

As to my second contention, that it is the "existence of banks which prevents them from being holidays"; that can be most easily proved by a brief repetition of the arguments used in support of my first contention.

The so-called holidays given by indulgent employers of to-day serve a double commercial purpose. They get rid of the workers for a few days, without the necessity of paying them their wages, in order that machinery may receive that attention which it would not pay to give it when the engines are going. They also serve to keep clerical staffs subservient and contented owing to the idea held and fostered by the clerks themselves, that their employers have given them wages without an equivalent amount of work, whereas, as a matter of hard fact, they have only received a very small bonus for a large amount of unpaid work.

Modern commerce requires these two things in order that it may obtain the largest possible amount of profit, which, of course, is lodged in the banks. It is profit that makes it necessary for the workers to leave off earning wages for a day or so now and then in order that machinery may be brought up to concert pitch and engines and workshops made conformable with statutory laws. It is profit that demands that the non-profit-producing fraternity, such as clerks, should be content with their beggarly small wages, and humbly thank heaven and the bosses that their salaries (save the mark) are not docked when the first Monday in August comes round.

A non-paid days idleness is not a holiday for a workingman, and a paid day of idleness for a clerk is merely the manner in which the employers love to sandbag him and keep him under.

There may come a day again in the history of the world when a holiday will not be a bank-holiday as we now know it, but will be a real holiday in the fullest sense of the word... a day "pertaining to a festival"; a day of real joy and gladness!

If that day comes one thing is certain, and that is that the present-day modern-commercial mad search for profits, dividends, and bank-balances must end before the happier dawn shall break.

All men, women and children need a time of festivity and holiday. The dock-labourer with his wife and kiddies, who live near the Wall, just as much as the rich employers, who with their ladies and their children live in Dalkey or Rathgar.

It is the bank-balance made from the toil of the workers that enables the employer to have his holiday, and it is the very same bank-balance that prohibits the workman or clerking-back from having his much-better earned one. It is for the worker of both hand and brain to decide whether he will continue having bank-holidays or begin having holidays without the bank.

In any case the modern bank holiday is a thing which I not only dislike but it is a thing which I detest!

"EUGHAN."



"The Guardian of the Pace."

"G'long out o' that," says the limb of the Law.
"D'ye hear me spake? Now, none o' yer jaw!"
If yez stand on the footpath I'll run yez
An' you an' yer apples to the Station will go!"

"Is it me an' me apples ye wud like to run in?
Be bad it's the hard job ye are goin' to begin,
And I'll not stir a step, neither me nor me fruit,
For yerself, Mr. Polisman, ye ugly ould brute!"

"Ah, sure, leave her alone, Mr. Polisman, do?"
Said a "K-nut" standing by to the big man in blue
The Peeler looked round and saw Johnny was quiet,
So ran him in promptly for inciting to riot.

"Just moind what yer sayin'!" roared the man in blue.
"Oh, I moind what I'm sayin', but I won't stir for you.
It's not me nor me apples that's obstructing the street,
But yerself, Mr. Polisman, yerself an' yer feet!"

"I'll not have yer lip and I won't have yer jaw,
Put I'll ask yez to move on according to law.
"If yez don't, and intend to obstruct the police,
Then I'll charge yez with that besides breach o' th' peace."

"Mac."

"THE PICTURE SHOW."

Kate's a great girl!
When I say that Kate is a great girl, I mean, to quote her own phrase, that she is "great value."

Kate is really rather small although, if I were talking to her, I would probably say she was dainty. Another feature about Kate is her great good nature, and when she smiles—as she very nearly always does—she smiles with all her face. Even her nose shares in the general ripple which passes over her face. Her brother says that the reason for that is that her nose is "tip-tilted," but I, who am not her brother, scorn the statement and say that her nose is "retroussa."

Kate believes me, but she doesn't believe her brother, which shows her good sense.

The other evening I had tea with Kate, and she was in great good humour.
"Do you know, 'Mac,' I was down seeing the pictures the other evening," she said.
"Which gallery?" I asked. "The Royal Hibernian or the National?"
"Don't be silly, 'Mac,' I saw them in O'Connell street!"
"O'Connell street? But, my dear girl, there is no picture gallery in O'Connell street!"
"Who was talking of a picture gallery?" she said, disdainfully. "It was the moving pictures I saw, silly!"

I confessed I was silly, and I apologised for my silliness.
"Were the pictures very nice?" I asked, humbly.
"Oh, they were simply gorgeous!—some of them—but I did laugh at John Bunny!"
"Surely that was a very rude thing to do, Kate. Why did you laugh at the poor man?"
"Really, 'Mac,' you are too absurd for anything. John Bunny is one of the actors in the pictures."
"So you even know the names of the actors?"
"Of course I do! There's—oh, well, I don't like him so much, but John Bunny's a dote!"
"Really, Kate, a dote?"
"Yes, 'Mac,' a perfect dote! He has such a funny face! You would have to laugh!"
"I suppose I would," I remarked, not too enthusiastically; "but did you say he had a Bunny face?"
"No, I did not say he had a Bunny face!" she said, mockingly. "I said he had a funny face."
"And do all people with funny faces appear in the pictures?" I asked, seriously.
"Well, not exactly, 'Mac,' she replied, quite innocently, "or you might appear in them."
I paused for a second to see if she had any malice in her remark before I asked:

"And what was John Funny—I beg pardon—I mean John Bunny, doing in the pictures?"
"Oh, it was great value."
"Tell me about it, do!"
"You won't interrupt with silly remarks?"
"I promise."
"Very well. You see, John is married and his wife is a great "swank" She had on—"
I just managed to evade the description of her dress by ejaculating hurriedly:
"Was she pretty, Kate?"
"Well, she was fairly pretty, but I didn't like the way she did her hair. Anyway she went to a friend's house for tea and she had a bracelet which she wanted very much—"
"Just a minute, Kate; this isn't a silly remark, but would you kindly tell me which "she" had the bracelet, and which "she" wanted to have it?"
Kate's eyes opened wide.
"Thought you were listening, 'Mac'?"
It was the friend who had the bracelet and it was John's wife who wanted it. Well, she went to the jeweller's and saw one just like it, but the man wanted 250 pounds—no, it wasn't pounds. What are those things they use in America instead of pounds?"
"Dollars!" I suggested.
"Yes; well the man wanted 250 dollars for the bracelet and poor Mrs. Bunny hadn't the money, but she told him that she would send John to buy it, and the jeweller had to let him have it for 150 dollars and then she would pay the rest after."
"That was deceit, Kate!"
"Oh bother, 'Mac,' don't be silly. I think it was great value. When she told John he just made a funny face and said 'No!'"
"Did you hear him?"
"No, but every one knows what a husband does say when his wife asks for money."
"And was Mrs. Bunny content when John said No?"
"Of course not. Wouldn't she be a fool? She wheedled him."
"She what?"
"She wheedled him. Then John went off to buy the bracelet. It was great value!"
"The band played then I suppose?"
"No, the band wasn't on at the time but the pianist played. You know the March from Tannhauser, well that was what was played. It goes:—
"Rum tum te diddle um; te diddle rum te rummy rum te rum tum; Rum tum te diddle um!—just like that!"
"I think he must have been a 'rum' pianist!" I remarked.
"What a silly joke, 'Mac,' to come from a serious-minded man like you. Anyway, you are wrong, for the pianist wasn't a 'he,' but was a young lady. She was a lovely player, but I did pity the poor thing."
"Because she was a lovely player! surely not?"
"Of course not! Isn't it a great fool you like to make yourself appear. But just think, 'Mac,' that poor girl has to sit there for hour after hour, hammering away for those pictures. It must be a hard, horrible, monotonous job."
"I suppose it is," I said.
"Oh, you needn't suppose anything about it, for it is a hard job. I know a girl who has a great friend, and his sister says that these picture-pianists, especially the girls in the Grafton street, O'Connell street and Mary street picture-halls, are awfully badly paid!"
"Surely, Kate," I said, "it is to the interest of the company to see that these girls are well paid, for good music is one of the best attractions to a picture house."
"Yes, but, 'Mac,' I believe they are not engaged by the company but by some musician in the city who has a contract to supply the music."
"Oh, now, I begin to understand. It is the old case of the middleman who is the joker. Do you know?"
"I think his name is Larchet, 'Mac,' but I am not quite sure!"

CAUTION.
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Watch, Clock and Jewellery Repairs
A SPECIALITY.

"Oh, well it doesn't matter what his name is very much, but it is a pity he could not be made to pay more money to his musicians, for it is, as you say, a horrible hard, monotonous job, and one too where skill and education are required."
"Perhaps, 'Mac,' if the company who own the halls knew, they would pay the pianists more and engage them direct."
"Perhaps they might, Kate, but in any case they certainly should."
"I am glad I am not a picture pianist, 'Mac'!"
"So am I, Kate, but what about John Bunny, you never finished your story, you know!"
"Oh, yes, I was forgetting poor old John. Where was I? I remember now. Well, when his wife got him safely away to the jewellers she sent out and pawned her rings to raise the rest of the money."
"Poor Mrs. Bunny seems to be getting into bad habits," I remarked.
"Oh, it was great value to see how she ran away to the jewellers and paid in the money, and then when John came home—"
But just how the complicated story ended, and how John Bunny was received, and whether or not Mrs. Bunny got her bracelet, I never heard, for just then Kate's brother rushed in and Kate forgot all about the fact that she had left Mrs. Bunny standing in the jeweller's shop.
I suppose Mrs. Bunny is still there.
The story, however, so far as it went was "great value," and Kate is a great girl.

"MAC."

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.

Workers! Support the Only Picture House in Dublin Owned by an Irishman.

THE IRISH CINEMA
Capel Street (next to Trades Hall),
New Open Daily 2.30 to 10.30.

PRICES, 3d., 4d., 6d.
Change at Pictures—Monday, Thursday and Sunday.

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ARIEL CYCLES,
2/3 Weekly;
TOTAL PRICE £6 15s.
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Trade Union Shop.

THREE HOURS' OVERTIME FOR IS.

"A Liverpool Railway Clerk" writing to the "Daily Herald" says that "The allowance is the Midland Railway Company's selfish and innocent designation of a provision of their methods to save properly staffing their goods offices, and to get a good deal of clerical work done for practically nothing. For at least a week in each month the clerical work in all railway goods offices is highly increased owing to returns and clearing up. Until now the Midland Company have not paid goods clerks for overtime, but now, partly owing to the growing strength of the Railway Clerks' Association, and partly because of the 'free' selfish nature of all railway clerks, they have offered them a shilling reward if they work for more than three hours overtime. If the clerical staff are to be enough not to get through what the company's scheme means they will have to work more and more overtime. The company will stop appointing clerks, and so the work increases so will the miserably-paid overtime. The Railway Clerks' Association must take this matter up now, and members must give so far individually as to object to this suggested railway sugar-coated plan.

"RAILWAYS AND RAILLERY!"

It seems to be the season of half-yearly meetings. Wednesday afternoon of this week saw the meeting of the G.S. & W. Railway Company at Kinshirbridge. Although I wasn't there I read the report of the meeting with great amusement. It was very funny! Particularly the Chairman's speech! We heard at the time of the Coal Strike how the trade of the country was being ruined. We have heard since that it is ruined. At all these half-yearly meetings it has been more or less graphically pointed out to the public how the strike has upset trade. The railways particularly, we are told, were hard hit, and the directors had almost got to the point of begging the Government to Nationalise the Railways and relieve the companies of their hard and thankless task. I never had much belief in the tale of woe, and any flickering remnant of it has been effectually squashed by the report of the last meeting of the G.S. & W. Railway Company. I have gone over the Chairman's speech, and append herewith a few of his most amusing remarks on the Coal Strike and its diabolical effects.

GREAT SOUTHERN & WESTERN RAILWAY CO. MEETING. SIR WM. J. GOULDING, BART, Presiding.

THE STRIKE.

I estimate that we lost through the six weeks of the deplorable coal strike about £6,000 in traffic, such as coal, fertilisers, and other season traffic, which we never recovered.

It is, indeed, a deplorable matter to have to record these Industrial Disputes that have occurred so frequently of late, since after strike driving away the trade and commerce of our country which it has taken so many strenuous years of work to acquire, and carrying starvation and anguish to the women and children of the workers.

I do trust and hope that the Government may prove successful in their legislative next session, to effect some means of maintaining the industrial peace of the nation.

During the coal strike the directors thought it well to provide for it, and, therefore, they were prepared when the strike came on them.

THE EFFECTS.

We are enabled to pay what will be called in future our Interim Dividend of 4 1/2 per cent., which has been fully earned in the last year, and to carry forward the very nice surplus of £53,156, or £17,012 more than in 1911, towards the final, and we hope larger payment for the year ending 31st December next.

It speaks well for the prosperity of the country that our receipts for the half-year showed an increase of £13,331.

Turning to the traffic department, we find the gross receipts were £735,902, an increase of £13,126.

Third-class traffic, in spite of a somewhat restricted service, shows an increase of £3,907 in receipts.

In goods traffic we have an increase of £7,904 in receipts, which is satisfactory.

In live stock traffic we had an increase of 89,421 in numbers, or 13.43 per cent., and in receipts of £6,259, or 9.28 per cent over 1911.

He again congratulated the Company on the year's working. They were very disturbed times and although they were disturbed it was well to see such good results and their receipts going up (hear, hear).

It is quite unnecessary to add anything to these various remarks of the humorous Baronet's. He has said all that can be said so capably and fully.

The total result of the Coal Strike upon the funds of the railway was to raise them by £17,012.

I suppose the shareholders are all praying for a continuous supply of strikes when they have such a beneficial effect upon trade and railway dividend, and as for Nationalisation of Railways, we may bid good-bye to such a scheme for ever.

"CALIBAN."

Great Open-Air Entertainment AT CAMBRIDGE ROAD, RINGSEND.

To-morrow (Sunday) at 3.30 p.m.

Irish Workers' Choir will be represented by Miss M. McMahon and A. P. Wilson.

Jacob's Choir—Sean Connolly and Tom McCarthy.

Rathmines Dancers, Ringsend Trio, &c.

Proceeds for New Church.

Admission 3d. Commencing at 3.30.

Tickets on sale at Liberty Hall.

You Can't Afford to Look Old!

Dr. KING'S Hair Restorer

Keeps your Hair from getting Grey. Shilling Bottles. Made in Ireland.

LEGNARD'S MEDICAL HALLS

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STRONG BOOTS FOR WORKINGMEN.

Box Calf & Chrome Boots at 6/11 as sold elsewhere at 8/11.

Hand-Pegged Bluchers at 4/10 AS SOLD ELSEWHERE, 6s.

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Workers! Support the Old Reliable Boot Warehouse.

NOLAN'S, Little Mary Street.

The Oldest Foot Warehouse in Dublin. Irish-Made Bluchers a Speciality.

Independent Labour Party of Ireland.

Public Meetings

Will be held on Sunday, August 11th, in PHOENIX PARK at 12.30,

And in BERESFORD PLACE at 8.

Speaker—Miss SAVAGE (Belfast).

Ringsend Aeridheacht,

SUNDAY, 11th AUGUST.

Dancing Competition. Carriglea Band. Jacob's Choir.

Miss M. McMahon (Irish Workers' Choir).

Mr. P. McInerney (Irish Workers' Choir).

Sean Connolly, Rathmines Dancers, Ringsend Trio.

SALE. SALE.

We are the Cheapest People in the Drapery World all the year round, but during sale times we have no regard for cost prices. Come to Belton's Summer Sale: A hearty invitation to all. We want your business; and if you appreciate value, civility and attention, we must get it.

No time like the present! Come To-Day!

BELTON & CO., Drapers, 35 & 36 GREAT BRUNSWICK ST., 48 and 49 THOMAS ST.;

That the man blamed for doing it is in Australia this four months.

That when the Peeler got his skull split on the cross of John street some time ago Keating was going around trying to find out who did the deed. Good man, Sorap. How many inches in a foot?

That Johnnie Daly was the first man to beat Keating for scabbing it twenty-one years ago.

That the Italian has turned into the Forge.

That his ABLE BODIED son is his body-guard.

That country people who were in the habit of getting tea in Whelan's were surprised to see paper at 2d. per doz. on show where the tarts used to be.

That Stafford is in for a lively time over the stopping of Sinnott's lene.

That the dockers are saying if O'Keefe does not mind himself, he will find himself in the one boat with Stafford.

That the workers are very pleased with Mr. James O'Farrell for refusing to see Connors the scab. Mr. O'Farrell showed he was in sympathy with the workers before now by giving them a subscription of £7 10s. when they were looked out.

That the scabs in Pierce's are allowed to keep Bank Holidays.

That M'Clane spends his in Rossare with the Gostooker.

That people are anxious to know what became of the £5 sent by Peter Ffrench.

That the aforesaid Peter is in for a lively time at Ennisworthy on Sunday. Who whitewashed the police when they murdered M. Leary?

That Jimmy Mahoney said he hoped the new arrival in Ffrench's yard would not bring the Transport Union in there.

That 'Frankie' Corish wants to run the 'Star' as cheaply as possible. Heaven help us!

That Stephen Rowe, of Burnawheel was advised by John E. Barry not to pay the insurance on his men, and that if it came before him he'd get it dismissed.

That a nice little bill arrived in Daly's the other morning for Christmas presents, which were given to the Pealers.

That the "boys" at the cross of John street are anxious to know does Ormond the scab know anything about a sow.

That Dicky Richards was in his coat last week when he was told he was in the WORKERS.

That the workers and their friends were very pleased when they read Larkin and Daly's eloquent addresses last week at the London Industrial Conference.

That Bobbi, parcel clerk at Wexford North, thinks very hard in giving the parcel of WORKERS on a Saturday.

That Farrell, the station master, who scabbed it in Kingstown some years ago, is tutoring him well.

That Salmon's new gas house would have been finished by now only for the lock-out.

That Salmon has taken a house in Rossare for three months.

That there is plenty of staff in the Mill road Iron Works.

That Malone visits him every Saturday, with his caddie on his shoulder, to play golf.

That English and Jones, the great trade unionist, are "in the one boat."

That Dick Murphy says some of the picketers will have to be sent to jail.

That Johnnie Daly says he is a decent scab, but that "Big Win" is a wheeler and a double dyed scab.

That Wickham is losing some of his customers.

That he is very fond of hurling.

That the foreman fitter in the "Star" is always running down Joe Vjse. How much would he give to be half as good a man.

That Stafford's crate won't be stopped at the packet wharf.

That the wheelbarrow clerk is canvassing for scabs.

That Jimmy Walsh actually bought the WORKERS last week.

That "Slate Face" refereed a boxing match in Barrack street last Saturday night.

That Frank Horan says he did not scab it. Who built the Hoos?

That Carry the scab is constantly in H ran's shop.

That people are saying the farmers are giving the workers a very poor return for fighting for them in the days of the Land League. It's enough to make Parnell turn in his grave.

That it was very soothing in and about the Forge on Monday last on account of "Big Win" being Bank-Holidaying.

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NOTE ADDRESSES—57, 139 and 113 Great Britain St.; 5 Wexford St.; 4 Cornmarket Buildings, Phibsboro'; 26 Nth. Strand; 28 Bolton St.; and 15 The Mall, St.

Ringsend Aeridheacht and Carriglea Band.

Should the weather be favourable, the above open-air entertainment—the last of the series for the new church—will excel any of its predecessors. The programme is one that has rarely, if ever, been brought together on any local platform, and will include Miss M. McMahon and Mr. A. P. Wilson (Irish Workers' Choir), both of whom possess fine voices, and are sure to render a good account of themselves. Jacob's Total Abstinence Choir, which is being specially trained by Mr. P. P. Walsh, will sing some choice choruses. Rousing Irish songs will be contributed by Messrs. Tom McCarthy, J. Cusack, B. Bulger, T. Hannigan, and P. Hgan, &c. Miss E. M. Catmoot (Prize Winner Aeridheacht) will make her first appearance at an Aeridheacht. The Dance items will be looked after by the Bathmines Dancers (Aeridheacht First Prize Winners). Ringsend Trio (Dublin) and Bray First Prize Winners—The Misses Josephine Kennedy, Bridget Maguire, and Madeline Walsh, all who have won prizes in their own inimitable style. In connection with the Aeridheacht a Horrapipe Competition will be held, and a keen competition for the Gold Medal is anticipated. The famous Band from Carriglea School will march from Westland Row at 2.30, and it is hoped that the efforts of the Committee in charge will be rewarded by a Record Gate on the occasion. The charge for admission is 3d. Commencing at 3.30. Tickets on sale at Liberty Hall. Mr. Sean Connolly will look after the humorous items.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

7th August, 1912.

DEAR SIR,—It is obvious that Mr. P. J. M'Intyre takes a great interest in the doings of trade unions in general. Well, if all his statements relating to other unions be as correct as the one he makes about the Hairdressers, I think very little reliance may be placed on them. In the course of a lengthy epistle to the "Independent" of the 6th inst. criticising the "Transport Workers' balance sheet, he says:—"It is morally certain that in a union like Larkin's with such a wretched balance sheet, if they are in it, they will have to pay heavy levies when the Government comes to value it. It is for that reason that the Hairdressers' Union and the Hotel Workers' Union refused to pool with Larkin's union for insurance purposes, but joined the Drapers' Assistants' Association instead." Now, the facts are as follows:—The Drapers' Assistants' Association, being more akin to our union nor any other body, on becoming an approved society were approached on our behalf with the object of joining them, but mention being made of an approved society being formed by the different unions affiliated to the Trades Council who had not the numerical strength to start separately, we decided to wait. After experiencing some delay and the time getting limited, our members decided to reopen communications with the D.A.A., and so we joined them.

At no meeting of our society was the name of the Transport Union referred to in the manner stated, and where Mr. M'Intyre got the information for to make his erroneous statement no one knows.

I may add that had the D.A.A. or the amalgamated trades not become approved, it is certain a large majority of our members would have joined the Approved Section of the Transport Workers' Union, it being non-sectarian and connected with a genuine trade union.

Yours truly,

D. HAYDEN,

Chairman Dublin Journeymen Hairdressers' Trade Union.

ALL WORKERS should support The Workers' Benefit Stores, 47a New Street, Groceries, Eggs, Butter and Tea all of the best at Lowest Prices

Police constable McCormack said that Norman made the following statement to him: "I remember firing a shot, but I only fired at random, and I did not know I had shot any persons."

The magistrates ordered a further demand, admitting Norman to bail in £10.

National Sailors' and Firemen's Union. (DUBLIN BRANCH).

A District Committee Meeting of officials for all Ireland was held at Belfast on Wednesday the 7th inst., when matters in connection with the forthcoming Annual General Meeting in London, to be held on the 23rd September, were fully discussed, and all matters appertaining to the Union's business in Ireland having been considered and instructions given in connection therewith, the meeting adjourned.

A Special Meeting of the above branch, for the purpose of electing delegates to Annual Meeting and other business, will be held next Monday at Liberty Hall at 12 o'clock. All members to attend and produce their cards.

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convenient there is an Irish Establishment which supplies Goods on EAST PAYMENT SYSTEM. It is THE DUBLIN WORKMEN'S INDUSTRIAL ASSOCIATION, LTD., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

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BUTTER. Pure Farmers' Butter, 9d., 10d., and 1s. per lb. Path. J. Whelan, 82 QUEEN STREET.

THE REVOLUTION OF SOCIETY.

We give here a reprint from a contemporary of a speech delivered by Sun-Ye-San, the talented leader of the Chinese Revolution and late Provisional President of the Chinese Republic, on the occasion of his giving up that office. It was published originally in "The Chinese Recorder," a Shanghai journal, and the following is a translation:—"The Republic is established in China, and, though I am laying down the office of Provisional President, this does not mean that I have ceased to work for the cause. After I relinquish my temporary office, still greater matters will demand my attention. China has been under...

THE DOMINATION OF THE MANCHUS for 270 years. During that time many attempts have been made to regain independence. Fifty years ago the Tai-ping Rebellion was such an attempt, but this was merely a revolution of the rice (Chinese against Manchus). Had the Rebellion proved successful, the country would still have been under an autocratic government. Such a contingency would not count success.

Some years ago, a few of us met in Japan, and founded the Revolutionary Society. We decided upon THREE GREAT PRINCIPLES.

- (1) The Chinese to be a free race; (2) The people to be supreme in government; (3) The people to be supreme in wealth production. Now that the Manchus have abdicated, we have succeeded in establishing the first two of these principles, but it now remains for us to accomplish the revolution of Society.

This subject is much discussed in the world to day, but many Chinese are ignorant of what is involved in such a question. They suppose that the object of the regeneration of China is only that we may become a great and powerful nation, and resume equality with the great powers of the West, but such is not the end we have in view. At present there are no wealthier countries than Britain and America, and there is no more enlightened country than France. Britain represents a constitutional monarchy; America and France are essentially Republics; yet in all these countries the gap between the poor and the wealthy is too great. Therefore it happens that in these countries also thoughts of revolution rankle in the minds of many. For if

THE REVOLUTION OF SOCIETY

be not affected, the people cannot enjoy their due share of happiness. For capitalists only is reserved the possibility of a peaceful felicity, while those who labour suffer bitterness and distress. Under such conditions there cannot be mutual rest. It may appear to many that revolution against a race, or revolution against a government, is comparatively easy. But the revolution of Society is a matter of extreme difficulty, and only people of high attainments can accomplish the desired change. Some may say to us, "We have so far proved successful in the Chinese Revolution; why not be content to

WAIT AND SEE?

Why seek to accomplish what Britain and America, with their wealth and knowledge, have not yet undertaken? This would be a mistaken policy! In Britain and America civilization is advanced and industry flourishes, hence the difficulty of accomplishing a revolution of Society. In China we have not yet reached this stage, therefore such a revolution is easy for us. In Britain and America it is difficult to dialogue the severely entrenched capitalists and their vested interests. In China neither the capitalists nor their vested interests have as yet appeared, hence our revolution of Society will be comparatively easy. It may be asked, "To accomplish such a revolution as you fore-shadow, will military force be necessary?" I reply, "In Britain and America it will be necessary to employ military force, but not in China." The recent

COAL STRIKE IN BRITAIN

is a proof of what I say. Yet the coal strike cannot be called a revolution; it is only evidence that the people desire to obtain possession of the sources of wealth, and find they can only do so by using violent means. If we do not, at the beginning of our Republic, take thought for the future, by and by, if capitalism is allowed to develop, its oppression may be worse than the despotism we have just thrown off, and again we may be compelled to pass through a period of bloodshed deplorable to all. There is an important point to which we ought to devote immediate attention. When the Republic is established it will be necessary to change

THE LAWS AND DEEDS RELATING TO LAND.

This is a natural corollary of the revolution. Formerly people owning land paid taxes according to the acreage, distinguishing only between best, medium, and common land. In future taxes will be levied according to the value, not the acreage of the land. Land in Nanking differs in value from land on the Bund (harbour frontage) in Shanghai, and if you assess it after the old method of three degrees only, there must be palpable injustice. The valuable land is mostly in busy commercial centres, and being possessed exclusively by wealthy men, to tax it heavily would be oppression. The common land is occupied chiefly by our poor agricultural people, for which only a nominal tax can with justice be levied. For instance, land on the Shanghai Bund is taxed equally with inland agricultural land, at the nominal rate of a few dollars per acre.

THIS IS FAR FROM JUST!

If taxes were levied according to the value of the land, this injustice would at once be swept away. For if you presently compare the value of land in Shanghai with its former value exactly one century ago you will find that it has increased MORE THAN TEN THOUSANDFOLD. Industry is now about to be developed in China; commerce will make a rapid advance; and within fifty years there will be many commercial ports equally prosperous as Shanghai. Let us take care by the forelock, making certain that the unearned increment of wealth shall belong to the people and not to private capitalists or landowners who might surreptitiously obtain possession of the resources of the soil!

Like our contemporary, we cannot share the belief of Sun-Ye-San that China can accomplish the "Revolution of Society" without passing through the capitalist stage of development. For years International Capitalism has had its eyes on China and has been drawing the circle closer. Now that China has shown that she desires to develop her resources on modern lines, interested assistance will not be lacking from all the other capitalist nations.

The present financial loans which are being negotiated will not be made for the accomplishment of the Social Revolution but for the successful domination of capitalism. That way is nearing its end in the older capitalist countries, and as the Chinese proletariat starts with the experience of the world's workers ready to its hand, its development will be rapid, but its drilling and discipline will be got in its passage through the capitalist stage of development.

PRESENTATION TO MR. T. BRITTON.

A very interesting function took place on Saturday evening last, when the engineering staff of Messrs. Jacob & Co.'s biscuit factory met to give a send-off to one of their number, Mr. T. Britton, who is leaving for Australia, to present him with a small token of regard, and to wish him every success in his new venture.

Mr. W. C. Long, foreman of engineering department, presided, and before making the presentation said, that having known Mr. Tom Britton most intimately as boy and man for over ten years, he very much regretted parting with him, and he felt as though one of his very own was going from him to a far distant land. He felt sure Mr. Britton was bound to succeed, and he was sure that he was voicing the heartfelt wishes of those present that his success might far surpass their most sanguine expectations, and that, with God's pleasure, he may be able to return to his own land in a few years, if not to remain altogether, at least for a holiday, when some of those present might have the pleasure of meeting their old friend once more. In concluding, he said:—"And now I will proceed to the pleasant part of my duties as chairman to-night in presenting to our friend on your behalf this watch chain and 'pendant,' in the hopes that in the future it will remind him of the golden hours he has spent amongst us and the many links that will connect him with the old land we all love so well, and we heartily wish him long life and prosperity to wear it."

"Now, Mr. Britton, please accept from your shopmates this souvenir of our respect and esteem, and may God's blessing be with you in that distant land to which you are about to proceed."

Mr. Long resumed his seat amidst the singing of "He is a Jolly Good Fellow" by all present. Mr. Britton, in his reply, said: "Fellow-workers, I do not know what to say or how to thank you for your most beautiful gift as words on this occasion fail to do my feelings justice. No heart, however hard, no nature, however ungrateful, could ever forget the manifestation of friendship and goodwill you have shown to me, not alone on this occasion, but in the past, and whenever I look on this chain it will always remind me of the chain of friends I leave behind me in the dear old land." In concluding his remarks, he said:—"I ask one and all, those absent as well as those present, to accept from me my heartfelt thanks for this present, and it only remains for me now to wish you all many very happy years to live and enjoy this world's greatest gifts, health and happiness." Mr. Britton resumed his seat amidst prolonged cheers.

Afterwards a very pleasant evening was spent, with Mr. T. Law presiding at the piano. Amongst others who contributed to the evening's enjoyment were Messrs. E. Maxwell, H. Egan, A. Mager, J. Finn, T. Law, E. Gibson, P. Byrne, A. Ampleford, T. Dunne, W. Jones, P. L. O. Clarke, J. Finanagar, and Mr. Sam Malone.

The usual votes of thanks being given, the proceedings came to a close with the singing by all present, with hands joined, of "Auld Lang Syne" and "He is a Jolly Good Fellow."

On Tuesday night a very large number of friends assembled at North Wall to give Mr. Britton a hearty send-off and to wish him bon voyage.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store, 39 BUNGIB STRAIT (OPPOSITE JACOBS) FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

LEADERLESS.

Where trailers the Leader? The days are speeding fast; The puny ones that led have faded— The creed they taught is east.

When shall rise a Leader Such as Eire knew When Tone held high in his strong hands The Torch that all might view? Come, forth, oh, Leader, A scattered army we, Irresolute, with flickering lights, We stand awaiting thee. Meadó Caoimhánac.

THE HUMAN LOCOMOTIVE.

The directors of the Rock Island Railway have invented a new equation. In a circular recently issued to their staff they explain that a 1,000 dollar a year clerk represents the income at 4 per cent on 25,000 dollars, or the cost of a modern locomotive. These 1,000 dollars men are asked to make themselves as valuable as the other property—such as locomotives—in which the company has invested a similar sum of money. "You earn 1,000 dollars a year," says the communication. "At 4 per cent, that is the yearly interest on 25,000 dollars. In other words, the company capitalises you at 25,000 dollars and willingly pays interest on that sum for the use of your energy and faculties. You are thus capitalised for just about what a modern locomotive costs. You can last a lot longer and run a great deal farther than the best engine ever built. Most of all, you can make yourself constantly worth more, while the locomotive is never worth a cent more than it was on the day it was built. Make your 25,000 dollars valuation climb to 50,000 dollars, to 100,000 dollars, to 500,000 dollars. Select your food with care. Treat decently the body in which your mind depends for its strength and sanity. Above all feed your mind—read, study, observe."

EXCURSION TO SLIGO.

The M'Hale Branch of the Gaelic League announce an excursion to Sligo on Sunday, 18th August. The fare, as will be seen by our advertising columns, is 4s. return, and those who travel are promised satisfactory accommodation by the committee in charge. The train starts from the Broadstone at 8.45 a.m. and leaves Sligo in the evening at 7.30. Sligo and its environment have unrivalled scenic attractions, and any of our readers who wish for an enjoyable outing cannot do better than avail themselves of the excursion organised by this democratic branch of the Gaelic League.

Eniscorthy Home Rule Demonstration.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. Dear Sir,—The Wexford I.N.F. and St. Brigid's Bands are going to Eniscorthy on next Sunday to the above meeting. The members of the above bands must have forgotten the manner in which the "gentlemen" that are going to speak at the meeting treated them during the six months' lock-out. Peter Frensh, M.P. for Wexford, is one of the speakers. Have they forgotten the manner in which Peter conducted the inquest on Mike Lerry, who was murdered by drunken policemen, and when he whitewashed the police and ordered P. T. Daly out of the room? And from the newspapers even one would think that Peter held a brief for the police. Wexforders must have lost any manhood they had. This will be a fitting opportunity for the 'foundrymen's' esemies to boast of the stuff they are made of.

THE DEAD IDEAL.

It lies in the dust before me, Lo! at its side I kneel. And the soul of me faints as I grieve alone Over my dead ideal.

I can see the sweet days passing, Hear the voice of the far-off world; And I shuddering look at the dizzy heights, Whence my soul's ideal was hurled.

Oh, fair sweet thing on the seeming, Even in death still dear, I go where the life work labours on, But I leave the heart of me here.

Meadó Caoimhánac.

TRADES SOCIETIES,

Football Clubs, and any other Working Class Societies requiring rooms for meetings, &c., would do well to call on Caretaker,

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WAS IT ACCIDENTAL?

A thrill of horror stirred the public conscience early last week, when a young man cycling home, fell in some unaccountable way, right in the track of a tram-car weighing about ten tons, and his body being literally cut in two halves. The Jury said it was "accidental," and the solicitor added that the rich Tramway Corporation sent "sympathy" to the widow and sorrowing relatives.

Owing to the criminal negligence of the Tramway Company, accidents to cyclists are becoming alarming frequent. Usually they are of a minor kind and settled out of Court, but the recent sad case was not so. Not a single Jurymen expressed a wish to view the scene of the accident, or to examine the Tramway rails, or the sets. The rails in many parts of the city have sunk in their beds, and are below the street surface proper. If one's cycle wheel slips down the unfortunate rider gets a bad fall, and well-dressed pedestrians who happen to be near usually smile and pass on. On the night of the fatal accident the darkness saved the Tramway Company, because no one can see if the cyclist skidded into the metal tracks.

The average man does not appear to realize that William Martin Murphy owns and uses for the purposes of profit, the centre of our principal streets and roadways. If this man, and a few others, have obtained unlimited powers with regard to the roadways of one of the finest capitals in Europe, is it not reasonable that we should expect him to turn aside from profits and dividends occasionally, to make resolvable provisions for the safety of that section of the public who have not the "business ability" to grab or steal the centre of the highways?

The Tramway Company construct and maintain the roadway within six inches of the outer rails. Often their road is higher or lower than the abutting roadway. It is sometimes of a different and harder material. Constant traffic wears a rut where the tramways sets end and when an unfortunate cyclist is precipitated under a passing tram because his wheel skids, a lot of wooden-headed jurymen regard it as "the Will of God," exonerate William Martin Murphy, and call it "accidental." It is no use blaming the Creator for the omissions of the Tramway Company. They have no right to run a distinct or harder roadway in the middle of the roads. They should be compelled to pave from kerb to kerb, and the sooner our Paving Committee desert from their slavish obedience to the commands of the aforesaid company controlled by William Martin Murphy the better. We will have these "accidental deaths," and sorrowing widows, and hungry children so long as we are afraid to ask the Tramway Company to make the roadway, which they own, safe for us. It is a nice thing to see the citizens of Dublin helpless while financiers are using the streets of Dublin to create dividends—and hold days in Switzerland. We cannot tolerate the killing of our citizens to oblige these men of "business ability."

Some day owing to the same negligence a car will run from the tracks at some of the points where the metals are dangerously worn. People will be killed, William Martin Murphy's solicitor will no doubt allege that the motor man and conductor were drunk, and a simple jury will believe it, and say "accidental." At the moment of writing the metals at the bottom of Grafton street are much worn; same also at Dame street and South St. George's street, Westland row and Brunswick junction are dangerously worn. Dorset street turn is also worn. We sincerely hope there will be no accidents, but more of the dividends must be spent on labour if the public are to be properly safeguarded. Shareholders may want something, but we do not think they all desire that risks should be taken so that dividends will be certain.

There are large rats in Lower Abbey street. The writer has seen cyclists thrown in Summerhill, in a point of which the metals are up above the sets. Perhaps some readers will try and locate the recent accident and ascertain if the sets stood up above the macadam. If the harder tramway road stands up only one inch and the back wheel of the cycle ridden by the deceased just touched it in turning, it would no doubt throw him down under. This article is written in the interests of the public, and the writer is not a disgruntled employer. P. OR U.

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