

THE WORKER'S BULLETIN.

No. 13.

April 3rd, 1919.

One Penny.

THE PLEBEIANS.

God's gift to Adam and his poor children for ever—to have and to hold, without let or hindrance, this good, green earth, all it produces and all it holds from the centre to the sky—is the charter of human liberty. Every man and every woman born of the children of Adam is heir to the Divine Command "Go forth and earn your bread." But some men and some women, relying on the Divine right of Capital, have ignored the implied obligation to work, and insist on getting their bread through the work of other people. Strange contrast—men who won't work get bread and many other things that make for ease and comfort; men who work and overwork themselves to death are often without bread. Still the non-workers complain of the Godlessness of the "lower" classes when they demand a little more of the produce they help to create! The working class are growing conscious that they are indispensable, and that the Bosses can, without any serious dislocation, be dispensed with. This is no new theory; it was demonstrated in a practical manner thousands of years ago. 500 years before the Christian Era the Roman workers in their own rude way suddenly became possessed of the knowledge that they could live without the Boss, but that he could not live without them. The Rich People made war, much as their class do to-day, against a neighbouring people and sent out the Poor Plebeians to fight for justice, democracy and small nations, and the war went in favour of Rome, but the fighting warriors mused as they were returning that though Rome was the victor they still were the slaves. So they did not return to Rome, but instead pitched their tents on the Sacred Mount, where they settled down, founded a new town and proclaimed their freedom. The Rich Patricians became alarmed both at the audacity of the Plebeians and their own blighted future. For a rich man without a slave is great no longer. A deputation was sent from the Mighty ones to beseech the Plebeians return to Rome on their own terms, and seeing that the strike was a masterstroke the Plebeians insisted on terms they felt would henceforth make them free men; they demanded Nationalisation of the land, equality in public affairs, equal suffrage, and the full produce of their labour—and all were granted, and the workers returned to their former labours. But again the working class was betrayed—the Consul who wished to legislate on the lines laid down by the agreement was beheaded, and the Worker's Charter was torn up. The workers were too trusting, they believed the Patricians honest, they accepted concessions where they might have obtained a Dictatorship, and they lived to regret their duplicity, but they never again got the opportunity of achieving their independence.

We are heirs*in slavery of these gullible Plebeians, who being too trusting were betrayed by their astute Bosses. Let us make no mistake, we will not accept any promise that McBIRNEY & CO. will make us ; we want a living wage and Trade Union conditions, and if McBIRNEY & CO. promised us Heaven and Earth we'll tell them "give us these things even what we ask, because nothing else will compensate us if you withhold these."

A Change of Plan.

I.

He'd read all the dope on attending to work ;
And toiling to suit your employer ;
He knew that to loaf or to laze or to shirk
Was quite an ambition destroyer,
So he plunged into work with a zest and a vim,
And he did more than double his share of it ;
He needed a raise, for his wages were slim.
But he knew that the boss would take care of it !

II.

For hadn't the books made this simple fact plain—
That people would recognise talent ;
That if you would work with your might and your main
The boss, with a manner most gallant,
Would give you a raise, though you said not a word,
To show you were worthy of credit ;
So he toiled and he sweated, but nothing occurred,
And life didn't go as he read it !

III.

The boss was aware of his merit, all right,
But he said, "why the deuce should I raise him,
So long as he's willing to work day and night
For what his position now pays him ?"
But, weary with waiting, the worker grew wise ;
He said to himself, "why, dod rot it !"
These books on success are a bundle of lies !"—
So he struck for a raise—and he got it !

Published by the Strike Committee at their offices,
National Monument, Limerick.