

BOTTOM DOG

"We must look at life in all its aspects from the point of view of the 'Bottom Dog'—the oppressed—be it nation, class, or sex."

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ATTACK ON THE BISHOP OF LIMERICK

A reader has drawn our attention to the following extract from Horatio Bottomley's intelligent organ of English opinion "John Bull"—

"We observe that the Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan, Bishop of Limerick, is on his hind legs because photographs of his recent consecration have been shown at a local cinema house side by side with films of a more secular character. With a tortured logic which we cannot pretend to follow, his Reverence believes that this kind of thing will gradually prepare the way for the establishment in our midst of the leper hospitals for the treatment of the horribly revolting and highly, infectious disease begotten of the immorality of the British soldiery. If ever it is our misfortune to meet his dis-Grace of Limerick, our strong inclination will be to raise a lump on his unholy visage." This is not surprising to those who know the character and career of Bottomley. What does surprise us is that Limerick citizens who inaugurated the crusade against unclean imported English papers should allow periodicals of the type of "John Bull" to continue to be sold in our midst. Worse still "John Bull" is sold—and bought—by local Catholics whose revered Bishop has been so grossly attacked by this sample of the gutter-type Press.

DROMBANNA CREAMERY DISPUTE.

The "B.D." was honored by being produced in Court at the hearing of Ryan's claim for compensation. Ryan got £500, so the "B.D." must count for something. This ought enable Davey Ryan to live without scabbing. Conscription looms large in the Irish horizon and if it is put into force farmers' sons who can be spared from the land to blackleg in a Creamery will surely be the first to don Khaki. Davey Ryan can then make a present of his new suit to some poor relation.

ALL IRISH EXCEPT MURPHY !

An Irishman, or an Irishwoman without a spatter of the Tongue of the Gael is or ought to be as big a curiosity as a canal boat with a Wireless Telegraphist or a can of Condensed stowed away in the depths of her Charthouse locker. The Irish Tongue and the Irish Trade Mark are the true tests of the thorough-going Irishman. You may brag of your ancestry and boast of your blood, and shout at the risk of your lungs—in English—"A Nation again!" and "Separation!" They count but little if you personally give everything Irish the go-by and hang on to the step of the car to impede or retard its movement. But wait one moment. Take off that hat, or cap for a second, astore. Read that label with your own two eyes! Lift up your leg. "you asked him for hand-made ones." Hand sewn and Irish from Northampton! And the stocking itself! And the trench-coat from Shoreditch, more over! Well, well, this beats all! And you shout that you're ready, and anxious to die for the Ould Sod. Ready-made shoddy and Brummagen jewellery! Wisha Johnny, I hardly knew you. Your pipe and tobacco pouch, and even the very matches themselves come forth to proclaim you a fraud. Even your beads and prayer book were made in Bavaria, you combination of hypocrite and traitor. Kneel down, and ask God and Mother Erin for pardon. Perhaps, Mary Agnes too, like the poor man just top-dressed, would give the last drop of her blood for her country. How much of Patsey's wages do you spend on Irish made purchases? Women are generally speaking, but it is only the solid staunch sisters of the League that combine practice with precept. Irishman indeed!

THE COOK & THE CAT VERSUS THE B.D.

We learn with regret that Messrs Cleary & Breen have again a dispute with the Society of Coachmakers'. This is not the first occasion that this "imported combination" have assumed the role of Dictator to the Society mentioned but fortunately the men though young in Society affairs had nevertheless the wisdom of the elders and acted thereon, with the natural result that the men won. We trust that the same spirit will now prevail and though C. & B. may import scabs under pretence of teaching them the fine art of coachbuilding (we learn that old Shylock is credited with inventing a nut), we can guarantee that it will be far easier to twist that rusty old knut than to turn the men off their demand for a 51 hour week in place of C. & B's. 54 hours. Is it necessary to remind Limerick men of their duty. In this respect, Munchin's curse is we are told ever on us. Let us try and remove it and shift from our midst the "excellent" combination of Irish Co-partnership Kilkenny and Cork (Cat and Cock) versus the B.D. of Limerick.

THE COUNTER OFFENSIVE.

With fear and trembling many poor-city folk are forced to face the counters of certain O'Connell Street caravansaries, kept up or controlled by the contributions of their co-religionists of the wage earning class. We refer to the increase in the number of complaints regarding the conduct of counter cads and cadesses, and their two sets of Tea Service behaviour for the Big Bugs or Quality and the poor Nobodies or Bottom Dogs. Scene 1—A city shop—everything in stock from a needle to a noodle but civility. The B.D. approaches the counter and nervously taps the mahogany with his tupence. "Three-haypence worth worth of so and so, if you plaze, Sir," "I brought the bottle, Sir." The Beggar on horseback (in a towering temper) "ah, get away to hell our that, yourself and your halfpence." "We make no hayporths here! The poor B.D. slopes out with his tail between his legs and a good chaw-the-rag between his teeth. A minute later, Mrs. Dooley, fur coated and seal skinned driver up to the door and the scene in a jiff is all changed. Nothing but compliments and handshakes and how-do-you-do's. Ah, all goes merry as a marriage bell when the Missus has that precious metal, £ s. d. Supposing your mother walked in with her shawl would they give her a cordial reception? ~~from the man or result and impertinence,~~ it is high time to teach some of these mushroom growth merchants (?) a salutary lesson. Let the Trades Council compile a Civil List and a List of the Uncivil for the benefit and guidance of their women at home and the neighbours. Everytime a Grocer, Draper, Newsagent, or Post Office Official darts his fang at the under dog report it to "The Room" and never darken the door of that trader again or mingle as much—or as little as a "make" of your money in his two-faced unmannerly till. Mind now what I'm telling you! Bottom Dogs, mark your men.

BOQUETS AND BRICKS.

Those responsible for the production of "Miss Hook of Holland" deserve congratulations, but we cannot congratulate the artistes who wanted to run the show on the extra nights without the aid of the Coach and his wife. Now for the bite. Mr. Ml. Gough, father of the engaging "Miss Hook" is carting second-hand bricks to the back of his house in O'Connell Avenue. They are dumped at his back gate and the unfortunate domestic servant has to remove them, and for all we know may have to store them within the sacred precincts of Ml. Gough's Bouvelard residence. This is a new class of work for the helpless maid servant but what can we expect from a man like Gough. By the way where is his big Coliseum door-man gone to?



DEPRIVED OF HIS COMMISSION.

A customer of Mr. F. Kiely, Baker, who used get his bread from the vanman now calls to Mr. Kiely's shop for his supplies with the result that the vanman, who is paid by commission, is minus £1 a week. This is very unjust to the vanman especially as Mr. Kiely has not lost a customer, and in all fairness we think Mr. Kiely should, as is the custom in the trade, compensate the vanman for his loss in wages.

THE SHANNON SMELLS.

With deep dejection on Watch inspection,
I often think of these city smells,
Oh, don't talk of wildwood, our abode for childhood,
You could sail the cradle on the poisoned swells.

And where'er I wander, I the same thoughts ponder,
Have countries yonder "ozones" like we,
Could "The Watch" disband them, or by brute force
land them,
In the city cesspool out by Corkanree?

There's a smell in Moscow, "Petro Paul McClosko,"
For this is the name from the Russian it gets,
Wisha, dont be gawkin', what's the good of talkin',
Sure the slums are "walkin'," but McGrath forgets.

I once saw the Liffey and begor 'twas whiffey,
'Twas one Summer's evening and the tide was out,
But to sewers near Shannon—Ah, pop gun to cannon!
I sniffed "some" air in them and I have no doubt.

You've heard bells chiming, aye, many a time, Tim,
"Hurry up!" "Ten o'clock!" Corporation Time—
When from lane and ailey, young and old forth sally,
All save Bung Mullally who has bags of "Twine."

When I these things ponder does it make me fonder
Of those swivellers yonder—they've no wish for me.
Oh, I'd love to roll some, faith they'd find it wholesome,
From Proud Peacocke's quarter to the Tivoli.

Though a light weight bantam, I'd "cut" and "plant" them
And sing no anthem—none of that for Joe,
Faith a few good "rousers" placed behind their trousers,
From the Bottom Towsers, might stir up the show. —K.C