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# 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."*

No. 27.

20th APRIL, 1918

Price ½d.

## BOTTOM-LIE THE BULL-Y

To the Editor of the Bottom Dog.

SIR,

After reading in your issue of the 13th last, the article by JOHN BULL [with reference to the Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan, I felt so indignant that I wrote as follows to H. Bottomley, alias Bottom-lie:—Sir, I believe the enclosed article, taken from a local paper, is a sample of your Editor-ship. I am taking it on myself to reply to it. The Most Rev. Dr. Hallinan is over 70 years of age and you can keep your unclean hands and thoughts away from that Rev. Gentleman, but it would give me great pleasure to give you the chance of putting a lump on my visage instead. I am about 10st. 7lbs. weight, age 54. If you have any advantage in age or weight it will be no bar. I expect to see this in your next issue with your reply.

ERNEST BROWN.

CLONBOY, O'BRIEN'S BRIDGE, Co. CLARE.

P.S.—You are welcome to put this in the B.D. if you think fit.

[We gladly print the foregoing, coming as it does from a most respected Protestant reader and exponent of the manly art.—B.D.]

## LIMERICK AGAINST CONSCRIPTION.

Sunday's big meeting under the auspices of the Trades Council and the overflow meeting outside the Town Hall on Monday night, showed clearly that Limerick workers will not have conscription. Let the people who made the war fight it and pay for it. Yes, and those who induced others to go out and build up the colossal total of ten million dead and fifteen million wounded while they stayed at home—let them go out now and fight. Those who follow the military band on Sunday might follow it further and don khaki. The present crisis has shown us who our enemies are. Don't be illogical. Don't shout them down and at the same time support them by purchasing their products, especially when you can get home-made articles instead. Don't send Irish food to feed the enemy.

CONSCRIPTION— TO BE OR NOT TO BE?

Plain talk from a Bottom Dog.

At the present moment we are up against a crisis that will test the mettle of every one of us. Let there be no fear of it, let us rather thank God that an opportunity has arisen for showing the faith that is in us. What is our position as B.D's. ?

- 1.—**As Democrats** we insist that all legislation must be subject to the consent of the governed.
- 2.—**As Workers** we know that in all countries, Conscription means the enthronement of Militarism, for the protection of capitalism and the further enslavement of the Bottom Dog. In short Labour *always* pays in life, in cost of living, in bad housing, in starved women and children, in ruined houses—and *Capitalism* (Top Dogs) *always* wins, Labour gives everything produces everything and Capitalism *lends* at 6 per cent.
- 3.—**As Men** we defy any Nation or any-body of men to make us hand over to them, the conscience given us by God, and become part of a brainless, blundering, soul-less military machine which finds itself in danger of being "crooked."
- 4.—We can if we will, by *united* action defeat this measure, but the strength of our *united* action will depend on the strength of our *individual convictions*. Let each man (and each woman) after weighing all considerations, settle for themselves the question of might against right. If they are satisfied that this is a war for the liberty of small nations and that it is Irishmen's duty to take part in it, then let them go, without being fetched, whatever their class creed or age, but if as B.D's., they are satisfied that "Right is right since God is God and Right the day *must* win" then let us be prepared for
  - (a) Absolute loyalty to our leaders; any hasty action would be disastrous.
  - (b) Perfect freedom to *all* to offer any opposition dictated by their own conscience.
  - (c) Sinking of all differences and a working together for the common good.

If this is our position, whether the struggle be long or short, there can be no doubt of the result. The choice is on us now, the crisis has arrived, let each man only to himself be true.

**TEA PROFITEERING.**

The developement in the tea trade is very interesting. Further investigations are being made, and part of the Council's resolution is being put into force. In the meantime, bear these facts in mind: The average price of tea sold in Minicing Lane during the years 1911-1912-1913 was 9d. per lb. ; the increased cost of production in India or Ceylon is not more than  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per lb ; the average railway freight on tea to any station in the United Kingdom is less than  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. Owing to the introduction of female labour wages in the distributive trade are less compared to turnover than in pre-war days. Lipton's, Maypole and others are paying higher dividends than ever. Now you can realise who benefits by a 2s. 8d. controlled tea, and who will fight hardest against a reduction.—"The Consumers Council."

**WORKERS DAY OFF.**

The President of the Irish Labour Party states it is intended to fix a day next week—possibly Tuesday as a day off for all workers to take the Ante-Conscription Pledge. Limerick workers, please note!

**THE NEWSPAPER & COWHOUSE CONFECTIONERY COMBINE !**

The sooner Bottomley and his tuppence worth of Cowhouse contamination are dung-forked from the secret counter receptacles of some of the local devil's own muckmongers—the highly respectable and high-minded newsagents, *The Cowhouse Confectionery Combine*—ugh ! the better the B.D. would like it. This unladylike, barebreasted and not always snowy bosomed—and most unblushingly barefaced set of man-seekers who, sell their principles for a few miserable pence, procured by polluting the hearts and the homes of the people with Leicester Square way to Tipperary scourgings and munition works indecency wont stop until we make a few Gutter-Press public examples again. One flower from this beautiful bunch, in particular, is as persistent in pushing the sale of her odorous and literary nosegays as Friend Bennis of the two pound of mis-labelled margarine is in endeavouring to insure the lives of all and sundry for £100. peace-time or War-work, Voluntary or Scruff-of-the-neck conscription—divil a difference it makes to him, the ould Gaezer ! Newsagents take care of yourselves and your tills ! Hunt out Johnny the Bull and his calves—foot and mouth or we'll very soon clear the stench and the straw from your sweet-smelling stables. We can brag about, bear with, and brush off the mud, and heartily enjoy the cod-acting of the Good Health Committee, and un-Sanitary Gentry, but, one last word, once and for all. Stop the Sale of the bad papers ! or by the piper that played before Moses ! someone will suffer over it ! Rats ! Turn 'em out Towser

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## THE BOTTOM DOG.

### DROMBANNA CREAMERY DISPUTE.

Reinforcements have arrived for the "scabs" in the person of Morrison, late of Annacotty Creamery, who is now installed in Killonan Auxiliary Creamery, helping to carry on the war against the strikers. We hope his work won't interfere with his nocturnal visits to a certain house in Limerick. Blacklegs are all of a low type and Morrison is no exception. The new lady cheese-maker, who tea-d with Paddy Lynn, took a single ticket home some hours after her arrival when she became acquainted with the facts of the situation. Hats off to her! Tim Collins, Engine Driver, who has come out of the Repair shop, goes to work under police protection—a nice comment on his action. Tom Neill's Ballyneety Broze Emporium still shelters Collins and his family. Annie Toomey has blossomed from Assistant Butter Maker into a full blown Butter Maker, her sister being taken on as Assistant. She cooks the scabs' dinner as well.

Her Aunt's husband, Andy Ryan, G.S.W.R. Per-Way Inspector, had the interests of the Creamery at heart when he asked the Killonan milsmen to take up a fallen Drombanna milk can, which, to their credit be it said, they refused to do. The strikers Defence Fund is growing stronger day by day while the Creamery receipts are going like the milk—down the channel.

### TO JAMES CONNOLLY.

Proudly Ireland mourns to-day  
Her Leader wise whom God had sent,  
Who sleeps in blood-soaked prison clay,  
Yet Sorrow is with Triumph blent,  
For thro' the land his spirit goes,  
And Freedom's seed still deeper sows.

Labour, deep-stricken, sees dismayed  
The vacant Bridge—the watch asleep,  
And her arch-enemy arrayed  
On the grief-scattered fold to leap—  
Yet she shall not his teaching shame,  
But onward forge to his great aim.

And one who ever in him found  
A steadfast champion of her cause,  
Woman, by tyrant laws still bound  
Shall she not at his passing pause,  
To pay him from her House of Thrall  
The noblest homage of them all?

—MAEVE CAVANAGH.