

"The principle I state and mean to stand 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 Finian Lalor.



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Edited by JIM LARKIN.

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!

Man Mind Thyself.

An excellent rule which ensures that every member of the human race gets a certain amount of attention and makes the world more or less automatic, somewhat irreverently, many people call it the Eleventh Commandment. In sober earnest it is the one and only Commandment that exists in the great industrial countries whose "success" we are taught by our schoolbooks to admire and reverence. If our fanatics for one-eyed Nationality and A.O.H. bum-baliff theology had their way it would rapidly become for the whole country, as it has already become for a large portion of the "respectable" citizens, the only thinkable rule of life, the only Commandment acknowledged in act, however much lip-homage might be paid to the original ten or the official exponents of them. These stupid bigots want factory chimneys and what they call business, no matter what the working conditions are or the effect of the bogey called "success" on the health and lives of two-thirds of the nation—the workers.

We, workers, intend to have a say in the matter, however. The latest type of green Nationalist will tell us it is a sacred duty to give a preference to Irish-made goods without ever halting to inquire whether the so-called proprietor of the goods, the boss of the industry concerned, is not tying up Ireland in the meshes of capitalism like a cow in the grip of a bo-constrictor, and blasting the physical and moral health of the race, while he invests his surplus capital abroad and spends his money there in holiday time, all as a return for the use of the National trade-mark. The workers, the majority of the nation and the only people who know, will say through their trade unions whether their conditions of work are fair or not, and an enlightened public (when such a thing exists) will be guided by the workers' side of the case more than by the employers', which is often more than a case of greed gone mad. The organised hypocrites support the whole system of murderous individualism without reserve. Of their business they make a religion and of religion a business. Even some of the clergy do not hesitate to dishonour their livery by using the influence it gives them to supply scabs to distressed employers. People reared to our easy-going style in Ireland think when they arrive in New York or London that the people are all mad, there is so much more rush and rattle and fury in everybody and everything. No, it's not madness, it's only scientific savagery; "man mind thyself" worked to death by the "business" people.

Up to recent years, and in the case of all non-unionists to-day, the workers believed in minding themselves singly. Each man looked out for himself, and depended for his improvement in terms on his being "well in" with the boss. Some did well on this system, individualism: the majority did badly. Trade Unionism with its good level wage is the outcome of the conviction that no one man can look after himself by himself, because there is always an important portion of his interests in the keeping of his fellow-workmen, that portion which is common to all, and only the united action of all whose interests are in common can advance the common interests or save them from attack. One man may get exceptional wages and treatment because he is extra useful to his employer, but if his comrades are badly treated the status of his occupation continues low, and he discovers this himself if by accident he loses his well-paid job. He finds himself back at a low level again. The thing that really matters to any man, however selfish or ignorant, is the standard or average of conditions in his occupation, and the bosses know this well. Every badly treated worker lowers the average in his business, and is a standing menace to those who are better paid. He holds in his hands a certain portion of the common interest of his fellow-workmen, and in letting this down he lets down what does not belong to himself alone, but to all including himself. His fellow-workmen have every right to insist on better treatment for him, for "an injury to one is the concern of all." No man can carry out the principle "Man mind thyself" intelligently without bearing in mind that there is portion of what he calls himself in the hands of all his fellow-workmen. To mind himself, he has to mind his comrades also.

The City of Dublin is about to elect councillors and aldermen to transact her business, and many thousands of the citizens will as usual fail to record their votes in spite of all the efforts of election agents. In some wards less than half the electors take part in the election, and hundreds of the votes recorded are dummies or stubs. This indifference on the part of the electors to what takes place in the City Hall is stupid and criminal. It has its reward in the condition of the city. For workers especially it is nothing short of a crime. By their carelessness in not voting for the best available candidate or their stupidity in voting for employers large and small (because they pay so much a week in wages, out of pure charity, of course) they have handed over the control of the city with all its possibilities to their natural enemies, the employing class and their parasites and tools, the small shopkeeper and the solicitor. Whatever disposition a turnip has, it is in the direction of nourishing and sustaining life, but it is not half so nonsensical to expect blood from a turnip as to expect wise and beneficent administration from ignorant money-makers like Downes and Cotton (what soft names. These people have), from kindly shopkeepers like Scully and Alfie Byrne, or from solicitors like Murray, Drumcondra. The instinct that made all these people successful is the same predatory instinct that makes the spider spin her web. As children we smile at the simplicity of the fly that accepted the spider's invitation to her parlour; as adults we walk straight in ourselves, cheering in fact for the creature that poisons our body politic and sucks its life-blood.

The word "bloodsucker" applied to people who waste or fatten the civic funds is no misnomer, for the revenue of the city is its life-blood, and the health of the city depends on its proper circulation. With so much to be done in a progressive way, so much helpless poverty to be lifted out of the mire, the man who misapplies the city's money is a criminal beside whom Crippen and his class are harmless. The man who takes one or two lives is small fry beside the man who blasts the lives of thousands by wasting or diverting to their own use the money that should be used to save the thousands of our poor from the hell upon earth they are condemned to live in. The revenue of our city is large enough with steady and prudent handling to gradually transform our back streets and ease the strain of the struggle for existence for all working citizens. But for the consistent butchery of unworthy corporators, for example, the giving away of the trams to Murphy & Co., and the signing away by drunken aldermen of the magnificent Pembroke estate property, the civic funds would be much more ample, unless indeed the corruption we complain of had kept pace with the increase of income.

It is notorious that there are offices in the City "Haul" where hundreds of pounds are paid yearly in salaries that are never earned. In many offices the "work" is done by a junior clerk or two, the "swank" by four to six first-class clerks with fat salaries for nominal hours. The amount of money belonging to the poor that is thus squandered in jobs for which the city gets no return is large but difficult to calculate, for if the typical Irish "shark" can do nothing else, he can twist, and lest the expenditure on salaries should shock the citizens, the city accounts are so rigged for publication as to give a minimum of information for a maximum of labour. None but armour-plated heroes need attempt to shake up this system and then it will take a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull together of all clean men to shift it. For Hibernianism rules all the smaller posts, and Freemasonry rules all the jobs at four figures, and these two great forces of jobbery have entrenched themselves strongly behind barriers of precedent, legality and red-tape. Inside these barriers wonderful things are possible and are actually done in comparative safety. For example the Charles St. consumptive dispensary, built with money contributed by J. D. Collier, a New York millionaire, at a cost of about £3,000 the donation was £5,000 on the strength of Lady Aberdeen's fairy-stories was sold to the city for a £1,000 down and an annual sum for maintenance and all but paid for when a corporator with some public spirit (who had been travelling and was not expected back so soon) saw

the entry by chance and refused to sign the payment sheet. How was this sale got past all the dogs of war down to the last man on the Finance Committee? Such transactions are highly criminal in view of what we all know at last about the housing conditions of the poor. Such things should not be possible even to the Freemason clique who rule our Hibernian Corporation and our professedly Catholic city. Such things would not be possible but for the sleepy indifference of the toiling thousands. We pity the sheep that are driven to the markets in flocks to be butchered on the spot, or otherwise disposed of at the will of their masters. More pitiable still, but shamefully so, are the unthinking crowds of men and women who, having brains refuse to use them, who have the vote but do not know its power, and use it only to perpetuate their slavery. Another generation won the vote for the people in the teeth of the opposition of the ruling caste; our generation use it only to hand back to the master class the power we could take from them by the mark of a pencil. The ruling vampire class are as safe in your hands as they were in their own. Meanwhile they laugh and toot their motor horns for you to clear the way. How long, my comrades, how long? Do you know, my friends, that a man

may wear a five-guinea suit and look very wise, yet be a fool. Do you realise that many lordly people who hold big positions and must be approached with every deference are really scoundrels more contemptible than a besotted drunkard? Why do so many of you want what's called "men of substance" to represent you, men whose only title to your respect is that they have property and pay wages (their men ought to work for nothing)? Why not trust your own class, the others have misrepresented you long enough, and you're not much the better of it. The game of government does not require genius in a man. Your representatives have a horde of overpaid officials to do any work that requires school training. In your representatives you want men of character and honesty of purpose; above all they must be devoted to the interests of the workers and the real welfare of the city. Such men are being put forward by the Labour Party at the coming elections, and others, proved friends of Labour interests, have come forward to seek your votes. Some of the latter have proved their worth in times of stress, though class prejudice and the selfishness that rots humanity would have led those less worthy of the name of man to forsake the turmoil and stress of public life for the

life of simpering ease that beckoned to them with outstretched arms. The simple, plain and easy duty of every citizen who lives by earning wages and of every Christian who has the moral courage to think for himself is to travel as far as the polling-booth on the 15th January and there register their votes for Labour. Luckily leading events have made it much easier than formerly to know our friends from our enemies, and the very injuries we received from the uniformed ruffians whose chief was decorated the other day by a Liberal Government, will make us think more clearly about things as they are and ought to be. Having found out what class we belong to, let us work a little for that class, and now is the time to do something, before and not after the 15th January. We are not mules or sheep but men. The other animals have limbs, bodies and appetites as well as ourselves. Our distinguishing mark is brains; let us use them, and refuse any longer to be rounded up by our so-called masters to be used up according to their own sweet will. Man, mind thyself, but don't forget that portions of thyself are elsewhere and have also to be looked after, the interests of thy comrades, thy class, and thy city!

SHANE O'NEILL.

CAUTION.

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rent of a convenient farm, and erected thereon cabins for the shelter of the evicted.

The landlords were filled with alarm as to the outcome of the agitation, and were appealing to the Government to come to their rescue with Coercion and military intimidation, to compel the payment of back rents. The landlord Press was teeming with false and sensational accounts of plots, conspiracies, and outrages, which the Government made a prompt pretence of believing as the excuse for bringing the militia down upon the unarmed and defenceless people.

The climax of these brutalities, the "Massacre of Belmullet," soon occurred. A crowd of women and children had gathered to watch the departure of a force of police upon eviction duty. Suddenly, taking offence at some children's observation of a little boy, the police charged bayonets, and then fired upon the fleeing people. Sixty persons were wounded, ten afterwards dying from their injuries. Two women were killed upon the spot, one seventy years of age being shot through the throat. The other, a young girl, was running away, when she tripped over a stone, and before she could rise a policeman plunged his bayonet twice through her body. In order that it might appear that there was some justification for the attack, and that the police were afraid of being assaulted by the people, they tried to force a military escort upon the coroner when he went to hold an inquest upon the bodies of the murdered victims. The coroner indignantly refused the escort and went alone. The Parish Priest, Father Hewson, endeavoured to have legal proceedings instituted against the police, but they were shielded by the Government, and nothing came of the attempt to bring them to justice. The cup of horrors was not yet full. At Ballina, a Children's League was formed, and two hundred boys assembled in a field carrying banners with such mottoes as "Pay No Rent," "Hold the Harvest," etc. Forster saw danger in this boyish movement, and issued orders that it should be suppressed. Well did the police carry out their instructions. Soon after a meeting of these little ones in honour of Michael Davitt was dispersed, not by canes or switches, but by volleys of buckshot, many of the children being wounded and some of them crippled for life. One boy was killed; others, aged from six to twelve years, were so seriously wounded that their lives were for months despaired of. This terrible tragedy occurred in May, 1882, and was the result of one of the last Irish official orders of Forster.

PAUL (Not the Saint.)

[Readers should remember Forster was a Liberal. The Government in power at the time was a Liberal Government. All the Nationalist papers at that time cursed the Government with bell, book, and candle. Times have changed. The workers suffered imprisonment and assassination that the farmer might get the land. Now, when the workers are agitating for improved conditions and better wages, the farmer, the Nationalist Press, and the Liberal Government are all combined against the workers, and instead of condemning the brutal attacks on defenceless women, children, and men, and the murder of both men and women, actually praise the murderers and assist them in the fell work.—Ed.]



LORCAN'S WHITEWASHING.

HOW THE COUNTRY WORKERS FOUGHT AND WON.

A Few Incidents of Buckshot Forster's "Reign of Terror."

What struck me most, on reading the following, was the fact that the Government of the day refused to punish these uniformed murderers of the people, and the consequent vengeance taken by the secret societies on many notable public men.

The merciless baton charge in the Phoenix Park in 1881 was followed by the assassinations there in 1882.

It would be impossible in the limited space to even catalogue the many police and Crown Brigades atrocities occurring during Forster's brief reign in Ireland. Through the whole of 1880 Forster strained the ordinary law to its utmost extent, and in the month of June, 1881, he issued a proclamation, under which he gave notice of his intention to arrest

any man, standing at his own door, of life and property, and for restricting the carrying and possession of arms in Ireland. These two Coercion Acts gave Forster and his police myrmidons full swing for their Cromwellian tactics. Outrage followed outrage. Mills were crammed with the champions of the people. Rent was extorted at the bayonet's point. Meetings were dispersed by batons and buckshot. In August, 1881, Michael Davitt called the Chief Secretary "Outrage Forster." The enraged officials had Mr. Davitt seized and spirited away to an English dungeon. Davitt's arrest was followed by other leaders, also on warrants signed by Forster and also without accusation, the only reason being that the former had advised the people to hold the harvest. A Dublin correspondent of the "Irish World" was also arrested. Police butcheries became matters of everyday occurrence. At Lismerick, on Sept. 4, eleven men, women, and children were bayoneted. At Millstreet, about the same time, a man, standing at his own door,

was killed by the police, receiving a charge of buckshot in his left side. The coroner's jury brought in a verdict of murder against two constables; but Forster refused to take any action in the matter. At Pallyragget, Kilkenny, an ambushed force of police charged upon a land meeting, killing one man and wounding eighteen others. In Dublin a meeting to protest against the arrest was attacked by two hundred constables, and men, women, and children were blood-guessed without mercy, over thirty serious cases being treated in the hospitals. During all this period the land agitation was being pushed. Trusty agents were travelling Ireland advising and encouraging the people, and funds were being poured into the treasury of the League by the "Irish World," and the articles of transatlantic, Michael Davitt, and other correspondents, were read with greater interest by the friends of the cause on both sides of the Atlantic. Where wholesale evictions were ordered by the landlords, the League prepaid the



Pembroke Notes.

On Thursday next, January 16th, the Electorate of the district will have an opportunity of casting a vote for the representatives of the newly formed Pembroke Labour Board...

A large number of those gentlemen who have been in office go forward again; this time in company of three representatives of Labour chosen by the electorate of Ballisbridge, Donnybrook, and Ringsend...

Bray Notes.

Workers are ready for the elections are near, and don't be misled by the soft-mouthed gentlemen who will be paying you every attention now for your vote...

Workers of the East Ward, I appeal to you to support Jack Plunkett, who always supported the workingmen of Bray and always proved a good and true friend when wanted.

One of the candidates contesting Little Bray against the workers' candidate contested the West Ward last January on the same ticket which he is putting before the electors of Little Bray Ward...

Well done, Bray Jarveys, for the manly action you showed last Saturday when you refused to drive the scab and returned convict and sacrilegious robber of Little Bray chapel.

Cork Notes.

The Municipal Elections. The elections are upon us, and it is noticed already that both of the political parties are united in their hatred of the workers' candidates...

Another collection of patriots are seeking the votes of the workers in this ward, which has for representatives men in both political parties who have been notoriously out for what they could make...

This is the Ward where most of the Dockers reside, and here it is at the beck and call of political leaders they have delighted to break each other's heads until Jim Larkin came and helped to put some soul into them...

Workers, it is your own fault to still remain in the state you are, and it is nearly time you wakened up to the fact that the men you have been returning to the Council to look after your interests...

When "E.X.B." sends his name and address we will consider the question of publishing his matter.—Ed.]

Wexford Notes.

The elections are at hand and the workers of Wexford are in the trenches ready for war, they have as their opponents the greatest lot of tricksters a town was ever pestered with.

In St Ibarius Ward, where Clancy (who has served his class well for six years) and Rossiter are going forward, the Mollies are running John Kirwan and Phil Cowman...

Vote for Clancy and Rossiter. In Selkirk Ward the standard-bearers of Labour are Joseph Kingsberry (outgoing) and Nicholas Reid, two men who have given most of their lives to the cause of Labour...

On Monday last, Councillor Clancy made reference to the fact of the hall leading to the Polling booths being always filled up with canvassers stupid in drink.

We also notice that the Mollies are starting their place-hunting campaign. We notice by the Harbour Board meeting that George Bridgen came in for some comment for having absented himself from duty for some hours.

FITZWILLIAM WARD.

CARPENTER IS THE MAN TO VOTE FOR

Vote for Him.



He will Work for You.

WALTER CARPENTER, Labour Candidate.

Will hold Meetings on To-morrow, Sunday,

AT PORTOBELLO, 8 P.M. Monday—Bleeding Horse, 7.30; Charlemont Mall, 8.30. Tuesday—Lad Lane, 7.30; Grantham street, 8.30. Wednesday—Martin street, 7.30; Portobello Harbour, 8.30; Bleeding Horse, 9.30; Charlemont Mall, 10 p.m.

What he meant was that it was election time, and that he wanted George's vote. Surely, at the time of year, a man should get some little leniency. It is not so easy getting back to the Fort in such bad weather.

Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

TO THE EDITOR "Irish Worker." DEAR SIR,—At the weekly meeting of the above, the following resolution was carried unanimously:—"That we the District Committee of the above, do heartily endorse the candidature of Mr. H. Donnelly for the Councillorship of New Kilmainham Ward and pledge ourselves to support him as the adopted candidate of the Labour Party, against all forces of reaction."

RESOLUTION. That this meeting of the Joint Dublin Branches of the Boilermakers Society protests most emphatically against the action of the E.C. in withholding from the members the opportunity of electing and instructing delegates to represent the society at the Special Trade Union Congress held to consider the Dublin Lock-out; and further protests that any permanent officials who did represent us could not possibly represent our views, as we had never been consulted, though there was three weeks to do so; and declares that the action of the E.C. in our opinion, lends support to the charge that the Congress was purposely packed with permanent officials of the various trade unions.

RESOLUTION. Resolved that since the Commission now sitting ostensibly to enquire into the Strike Riots in Dublin is constituted in direct breach of a pledge given by the Chief Secretary, and with the evident intention to whitewash the conduct of the Police and the Police Magistrates, and since, on this account, the citizens principally concerned have felt unable to resign such a questionable enquiry by giving evidence before it, this meeting hereby requests the Lord Mayor to hold a independent enquiry at the earliest possible date before which the large mass of accumulated evidence can be brought.

Meeting will be held in O'Connell street, on Sunday, at 3 o'clock to impugn the whitewashing Police Enquiry, and pass the above resolution.

Northern Notes.

The Falls Branch of the Irish Textile Workers Union (textile section of the Irish Women Workers Union) has secured new rooms in 65 Mill street. Craig street will know the old familiar faces no more. The old rooms have had their merry gatherings and historic confabs, but the Mill street rooms have advantages that Craig street lacked. By the way, an excellent address on Davitt was delivered there by Lindsay Crawford some few years ago.

Addressing the Head Line men on strike on Tuesday forenoon, Mr. Connolly did some straight talking on the position in Dublin and Belfast. Dublin was safe, he said, so far as the Transport Workers were concerned. But they would never desert their comrades of other trades who had stood by them in the fight.

The meeting voted unanimously in favour of strenuous fighting and picketing, so as to give the scabs a miserable time of it. Meetings in the different pitches in the city and a widespread distribution of bills and posters will help to expose the vile wretches who are assisting the capitalists to flitch from the workers the little of their own they fought so hard for and won in 1911.

Mr. James Flanagan was chairman. Fine fighting speeches were made by Mr. Connolly and Mr. Gordon. Mr. Connolly described how the Belfast Dockers were brought out of bondage in 1911. Were they going to allow the scabs to send them back to slavery? The scabs were stealing the workers' living, taking the loaf from their table and the coal from their fire.

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Ally Ri tear al, ri oor al, li ay's Address to the North Deck Ward. God save all men true to the fame of the Ward! From the labourer down to the titled "m-lord"; To the voters I come, my addresses to pay— See Ally Ri toor al ri, oor al li, ay!

For winter's fierce cold will be stifled with hate; In summer, the snow 'll be under yer fate; Ye's won't know the night from the sunny-robed day— See Ally Ri toor al li, oor al li, ay!

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