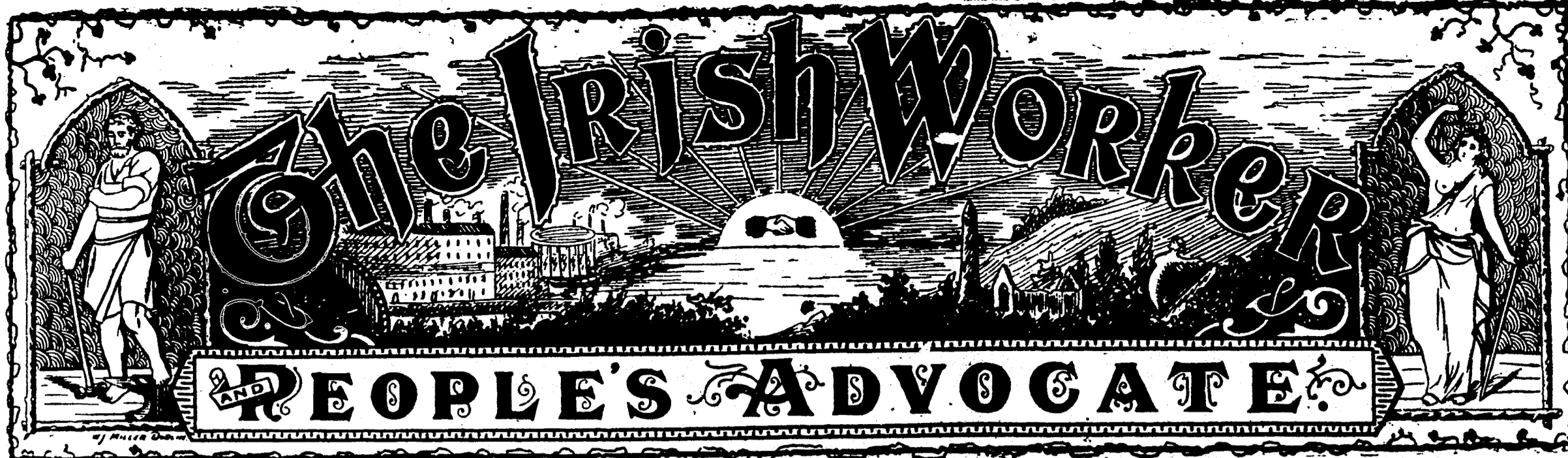


"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."  
James Fintan Lalor.



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!

Edited by Jim Larkin.

No. 5.—Vol. I.]

DUBLIN, SATURDAY, JUNE 24th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

## The Rights of Ireland.

By JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

(From the first number of the "Irish Felon," June 24th, 1848.)

(Continued.)

Not to repeal the Union, then, but the conquest—not to disturb or dismantle the empire, but to abolish it utterly for ever—not to fall back on '82, but act up to '48—not to resume or restore an old constitution, but found a new nation and raise up a free people, and strong as well as free, and secure as well as strong, based on a peasantry rooted like rocks in the soil of the land—this is my object, as I hope it is yours; and this, you may be assured, is the easier as it is the nobler and the more pressing enterprise. For Repeal, all the moral means at our disposal have in turns been used, abused, and abandoned. All the military means it can command will fail as utterly. Compare the two questions. Repeal would require a national organisation; a central representative authority, formally elected; a regular army, a regulated war of concentrated action and combined movement. On the other question all circumstances differ, as I could easily show you. But I have gone into this portion of the subject prematurely and unawares, and here I stop—being reluctant, besides, to trespass too long on the time of her Majesty's legal and military advisers.

The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is this, 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; that they, and none but they are the land-owners and law-makers of this island; that all laws are null and void not made by them, and all titles to land invalid not conferred or confirmed by them; and that this full right of ownership may and ought to be asserted and enforced by any means which God has put in the power of man. In other, if not in plainer words, I hold and maintain that the entire soil of a country belongs of right to the entire people of that country, and is the rightful property, not of any one class, but of the nation at large, in full effective possession, to let to whom they will, on whatever tenures, terms, rents, services and conditions they will; one condition, however, being unavoidable and essential, the condition that the tenant shall bear full, true, and undivided fealty and allegiance to the nation, and the laws of the nation, whose land he holds, and own no allegiance whatsoever to any other prince, power, or people, or any obligation of obedience or respect to their will, orders or laws. I hold further, and firmly believe, that the enjoyment of the people of this right of the first ownership in the soil, is essential to the vigour and vitality of all other rights; to their validity, efficacy, and value; to their secure possession and safe exercise. For let no people deceive themselves, or be deceived by the words and colours, and phrases, and form of a mock freedom, by constitutions, and charters, and articles and franchises. These things are paper and parchment, waste, and worthless. Let laws and institutions say what they will, this fact will be stronger than all laws, and prevail against them—the fact that those who own your lands will make your laws, and command your liberties and your lives. But this is tyranny and slavery; tyranny in its widest scope and worst shape; slavery of body and soul, from the cradle to the coffin—slavery with all its horrors, and with none of its physical comforts and security; even as it is in Ireland, where the whole community is made up of tyrants, slaves, and slave-drivers. A people whose lands and lives are thus in the keeping and custody of others, instead of in their own, are not

in a position of common safety. The Irish famine of '46 is example and proof. The corn crops were sufficient to feed the island. But the landlords would have their rents, in spite of famine and defiance of fever. They took the whole harvest and left hunger to those who raised it. Had the people of Ireland been the landlords of Ireland, not a human creature would have died of hunger, nor the failure of the potato been of any consequence.

There are, however, many landlords, perhaps, and certainly a few, not fairly chargeable with the crimes of their orders; and you may think it hard that they should lose their lands. But recollect the principle I assert would make Ireland, in fact as she is of right, mistress and queen of all those lands; that she, poor lady, had ever a soft heart and grateful disposition; and that she may, if she please, in reward of allegiance, confer new titles or confirm the old. Let us crown her a queen; and then—let her do with her lands what a queen may do.

In the case of any existing interest, of what nature soever, I feel assured of no question but one would need to be answered. Does the owner of that interest assent to swear allegiance to the people of Ireland, and to hold in fee from the Irish nation? If he assent he may be assured he will suffer no loss. No eventual or permanent loss I mean; for some temporary loss he must assuredly suffer. But such loss would be incidental and inevitable to any armed insurrection whatever, no matter on what principle the right of resistance should be resorted to. If he refuses, then I say—away with him—out of this land with him—himself and all his robber rights, and all the things himself and his rights have brought into our island—blood and tears, and famine, and the fever that goes with famine.

Between the relative merits and importance of the two rights, the people's right to the land, and their right to legislation, I do not mean or wish to institute any comparison. I am far, indeed, from desirous to put the two rights in competition or contrast, for I consider each alike as the natural complement of the other, necessary to its theoretical completeness and practical efficacy. But considering them for a moment as distinct, I do mean to assert this—that the land question contains, and the legislative question does not contain, the materials from which victory is manufactured; and that, therefore, if we be truly in earnest, and determined on success, it is on the former question, and not on the latter, we must take our stand, fling out our banner, and hurl out to England our gage of battle. Victory follows that banner alone—that, and no other.

This island is ours, and have it we will, if the leaders be but true to the people, and the people be true to themselves.

The rights of property may be pleaded. No one has a higher respect for the real rights of property than I have; but I do not class among them the robber's right, by which the lands of this country are now held in fee from the British crown. I acknowledge no right of property in a small class which goes to abrogate the rights of a numerous people. I acknowledge no right of property in eight thousand persons, be they noble or ignoble, which takes away all rights of property, security, independence, and existence itself, from a population of eight millions, and stands in bar to all the political rights of the island, and all the social rights of its inhabitants. I acknowledge no right of property which takes the food of millions and gives them a famine—which denies to the peasant the right of a home, and concedes, in exchange, the right of a workhouse. I deny and challenge all such rights, howsoever founded or enforced. I challenge them, as founded only on the code of the brigand, and enforced only by the sanction of the hangman. Against them I assert the true and indefeasible right of property—the right of our people to live in it in comfort, security, and independence, and to live in it by their own

labour, on their own land, as God and nature meant them to do. Against them I shall array, if I can, all the forces that yet remain in this island. And against them I am determined to make war,—to their destruction or my own.

These are my principles and views. I shall have other opportunities to develop and defend them. I have some other few requisitions to make, but I choose to defer them for other reasons besides want of time and space. Our first business, before we can advance a step, is to fix our own footing and make good our position. That once done, this contest must, if possible, be brought to a speedy close.

(To be continued.)

## The Man with the Hoe.

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
Upon his hoe, and gazes on the ground,  
The emptiness of ages in his face,  
And on his back the burden of the world.  
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
Whose was the hand that started back this brow?  
Whose breath blew out the light within  
This brain?  
Is this the thing the Lord God made and gave  
To have dominion over sea and land;  
To trace the stars and search the heavens  
for power;  
To feel the passion of Eternity?  
Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped  
the stars  
And pillared the blue firmament with light?

Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf  
There is no shape more terrible than this—  
More tongued with censure of the world's  
blind greed—  
More fraught with danger to the Universe;  
What gulf between him and the seraphim!  
Slave of the wheel of labour, what to him  
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
Through his dread shape the suffering ages  
look;  
Time's tragedy is in the aching stoop;  
Through his dread shape humanity be-  
trayed,  
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,  
Cries protest to the judges of this world,  
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
Is the handiwork you give to God,  
This monstrous thing, distorted, and soul-  
quenched?  
How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Give back the upward looking and the  
light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs immedicable woes?

O masters, lords, and rulers in all lands,  
How will the future reckon with this man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the  
world?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with  
kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing  
he is—  
When this dumb terror shall reply to God  
After the silence of the centuries?

EDWIN MARKHAM.

## FANAGAN'S Funeral Establishment,

54 AUNGIER STREET, DUBLIN.  
Established more than Half-a-Century.  
Coffins, Hearses, Coaches, and every Funeral  
Requisite.  
Trades Union and Irish-Ireland House,  
Punctuality and Economy Guaranteed.  
Telephone No. 12.

## The Country Worker's Lot.

THE RULE OF THREE.

By A FARM LABOURER.

I am very pleased to find that there is such a paper started in Ireland as THE IRISH WORKER and wish it a long and prosperous career, which it is sure to have if the workers of Ireland only do their plain duty by it, and by so doing they will be only doing their plain duty to themselves.

A wealthy neighbour of mine saw me reading it the other day, and asked me to let him have a look at it. After perusing it for some time he returned it with the curt remark, that its teachings were totally opposed to all the ethics of sound economics. The word "economics" was a poser for me, as I am only a plain farm labourer, with a strictly limited education as a consequence; but the word "economics" leaves me totally at sea, as I have always confounded economics with finance, finance with money, and money with making the mare go.

Now, if it were economy, being a farm labourer, I could both speak and write with some authority on the subject, inasmuch as I am forced to study it, both night, noon and morning; therefore I should be very dull, indeed, if I failed to catch a firm grip of that particular science.

When a little boy I went to school regularly; when a little bigger not so regularly. Being but the son of a mere labourer, I had been often obliged to stay away from school to do odd jobs for the farmer who gave my father employment, and for the farmer's wife, who used to give my mother a little buttermilk now and again. Anyhow, the poor old schoolmaster did his best with me, under the circumstances, by teaching me to read and write fairly well, and in mathematics got me as far as the rule of three. He taught me other things also. He always made a point of telling me that if I wished to get on in the world I should be always truthful, honest, hardworking and thrifty; and that if I adhered to those principles I could always hold up my head with, and claim, the same respect as the highest in the land.

Well, when I became old enough and big enough to work hard, and consequently to leave school, I went to bid the schoolmaster good-bye, and I never realised until that moment the full extent of the affection that I had for him. When about to extend my hand to bid him farewell, somehow or other a couple of big tears rolled down my cheeks, which caused me to turn suddenly round to wipe them away unknown to him. And, strange to say, that when I turned my head around again he had his gaze averted, and seemed to be extremely interested in some rather common-place looking clouds that happened to be at that moment engaged in chasing each other across the sky—a not very unusual occurrence in this land of light and shade, smiles and tears. He remained silent in that position for some time, then, turning slowly around, he grasped my out-stretched hand, and, in a voice that I certainly did not recognise—as it was neither base, baritone, tenor or treble, but a mixture of all four—said: "Well, Paddy, avic, now that we are about to part I may throw aside all the reserve, which, in the interests of discipline, may have existed between you and I as pupil and teacher, and say that you were always a good, manly, self-respecting lad, who never gave nor took an insult, nor attempted to beat or bully any boy smaller or weaker than yourself. I have never known you to tell a single tale on any of your school-fellows, nor the smallest lie to save yourself from my displeasure. You have always applied yourself to your tasks, and consequently have acquired as much knowledge as it was possible for you to acquire under the circumstances in which boys of your station are placed; and it

gives me more pleasure and pride than I can express to be able to say that I have never had occasion to punish you, because you have never given me any reason for so doing. And I hope and trust that in your journey through life that you will never so far forget yourself and your old master as to give society any just reason for punishing you either. The only thing I regret to-day is that fate or fortune did not permit you to have attended more regularly and remain for some time longer at school to enable me to advance you something further.

"However, I am proud to be able to state that signs are not wanting that the time is not far remote when the sons and daughters of Ireland's honest toilers and wealth-producers, will be put on at least an equal footing—as far as education is concerned—with the sons and daughters of those who contribute nothing to the wealth and well-being of the community amongst whom they live; but, on the contrary, misappropriate and squander, recklessly and immorally, the wealth created by the long-suffering and honest toilers, and this is wholly due—I am sorry to have to admit it—to the apathy and carelessness of the toilers themselves, in so long neglecting to organise, marshal, and put into action the forces which they undoubtedly possess, and by which they could materially alter, or considerably modify the unjust, social, political, economic and legal systems under which they are at present existing—systems which loyally co-operate in punishing poverty created by themselves, as if it were one of the seven deadly sins, and in belauding and protecting wealth and power, no matter how unjustly or even infamously acquired, as if they were cardinal virtues, which punishes the half-famished wretch for stealing a loaf, even if it were to keep body and soul together in himself or his starving family, and allows the powerful and wealthy to go scot free, who, under their protection, flagrantly steal the loaf purchased by his own honest toil, from the honest worker. I won't trust myself to say any more to you on the subject until you come to know a little more of the world and see for yourself the base uses to which our so-called Christian and civilising systems are put, therefore, I will content myself with wishing you the height of good luck in your journey through life, and in expressing my pleasure that you were able—under adverse circumstances—to learn to read and write fairly well, and as far as sums are concerned I believe you will be able to solve any problem that is ever likely to present itself to you by the simple rule of three."

I bid good-bye to my old teacher and started off to look for work, which I got from a farmer, it being then the spring of the year. Being only what is known in those parts as a big gosson, I hired with him from the 1st of April until the 1st of November at 5s. a week and my support. He kept me on however at the same wages until the 1st of December. In obedience to my old teacher's precepts, I worked as hard as I was able for him, practising also truthfulness, honesty and economy; so when the 1st December came round I found to my great joy that my old teacher had been fully justified, inasmuch as I was possessed of £2 12s., after having bought a suit of clothes, boots, hat, &c.; contributing to the League, to be as good as another, buying an odd paper of sweets for the children of the farmer and those of my old teacher, and giving a few shillings altogether during that period in charity to those who were not as well off in the world as myself, and something to my mother as a slight recompense for all the sacrifices she had made on my behalf, and the disinterested love that she always bestowed upon me. I may say that I neither drink nor smoke.

When I settled up with the farmer I asked him if he could give me work during the winter, even at a much lower wage. I did not wish to leave him if possible, as he was both just and kind to me.



The above represents the  
Spacious Premises of  
**Hopkins & Hopkins**  
Jewellers,  
**DUBLIN,**  
Who employ 50 skilled men in  
the Manufacture of Gold, Gem-  
Jewellery, Medals, &c., &c.

THEY ARE REALLY MANUFACTURERS.

We made Badges for the Irish Transport  
Workers' Union, Corporation Workmen's  
Trade Union, and many others.

He told me that he could not afford to  
keep me any longer, and that if he was to  
do justice to himself that he would not  
have kept me longer than the 1st Novem-  
ber, but that I being a good lad he kept  
me on as long as he could; that he would  
have to try and do all the farm work him-  
self for the following four months except  
he were to commence to lay the founda-  
tion of his own bankruptcy. I went to  
several other farmers in the locality, and  
they all told me the same story, with  
slight variations; so to make a long story  
short I could only get 21 days work during  
the next four months, for which I received  
the sum of 15s. 9d., which, added to the  
£2 12s., made £3s. 7s. 9d., on which I had  
to support myself for the next four months,  
deducting the 21 days support which I  
got while I had been working. I had  
also to contribute something to my  
mother's support during those four  
months.

The foregoing has been my experience  
for the first two years, but since I became  
what was considered full-grown, now four  
years ago, my wages has been increased  
by 2s. 6d. a week, but can only get con-  
stant employment during seven months of  
the year. Consequently my financial  
position remains practically the same. I  
am now 22 years of age, and up to the  
present have practised hard work, truth-  
fulness, honesty and thrift for seven or  
eight months of the year, with enforced  
idleness for the other four or five months,  
the nett result of which is after passing  
the winter months studying and practising  
economy in all its phases, and trying to  
preserve my health and strength on a  
scant supply of the coarsest and cheapest  
food that this and other countries can  
produce, I find myself commencing con-  
stant work each spring without a penny in  
my pocket.

[Owing to great pressure we are compelled to hold  
over conclusion of this article until next week.—Ed.]

**DRAPERS'**  
**SPORTS**

**TO-MORROW,**  
Sunday, the 25th inst.,

**AT JONES'S ROAD**  
(Under G.A.A. Laws),

First Event, 12 o'clock, sharp.

Enormous Entries!

ALL THE CHAMPIONS WILL COMPETE!!  
The Best Sports of the Season.

Ireland's Own Band.

Admission 6d. & 1s.

## War—Why!

Give me a gun,  
That I may blaze away  
At him whom I ne'er met before this day;  
Yea, e'en at him whose face I scarce can  
see,  
He, afar off, a thousand yards from me.  
Mad work? Yes, 'tis, for both of us poor  
fools,  
For me and him, both of us merely tools.

Give him a gun,  
That he may fire at me  
If chance he gets. For that—let Fate  
decree;  
He's but a blot, a dot upon earth's crust,  
But now 'tis I or him must bite the dust.  
Quarrel? Not me; ne'er met the man  
before;  
We're simply fools and tools, I say once  
mere.

Arm both of us,  
That each may shoot at each.  
At home—his home and mine—the parsons  
preach  
All men are brothers. That I don't deny;  
But if 'tis so, then I would ask you why  
We should be faced now, strange friend  
and me,  
Having no quarrel? 'Cause 'tis fools we  
be.

Give me my sight!  
That's right!

Mate, give me thy hand!  
At last we understand,  
Guns, bayonets, swords, cannon and all hell's  
tools,  
These no men need when human reason  
rules.

Thy home is thine, sacred thy fatherland,  
Mine doubly safe, while true to Right we  
stand,  
Hell's agents only—Vice, Ambition,  
Greed—  
Thy foes and mine; from these we'll now  
be freed!

"An injury to One is the concern of All."

—THE—  
**Irish Worker**  
AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.  
Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—  
price One Penny—and may be had of any news-  
agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.  
All communications, whether relating to literary or  
business matters, to be addressed to the Editor,  
10 Beresford Place, Dublin. Telephone 3421.

Dublin, Saturday, 24th June, 1911.

### EDITORIAL NOTE.

[We regret very much that many  
correspondents have been disap-  
pointed in not having their contri-  
butions inserted in THE IRISH WORKER  
owing to the limited space at our  
disposal. However, we are making  
arrangements for the permanent en-  
largement of the paper at an early  
date, when we shall have more space  
at our disposal for the ventilation of  
the views of the people. Meanwhile,  
we ask our friends' indulgence  
pending enlargement.—Ed.]

## Strike! Strike! Strike!

Friends and comrades, again have the  
Transport Workers of this country to take  
up arms. Again have we to go to the  
trenches to defend the cause that knows  
no failure, and to-morrow and the follow-  
ing days the "Evening Screechers" and  
"Daily Wailers" will inform you that the  
men came out without having consulted  
the employers—in fact that the employers  
would be untrue. The dockers in Dublin  
would still be at their work if it were not  
for the action of the Federated Employers  
of this port, who were not satisfied with  
carrying their own traffic by underhand  
trickery, and with assisting their friends  
to defeat the workers in other ports.  
Again, judge of the conduct of one ship-  
ping line in this port who have absolutely  
refused to treat with their employees col-  
lectively for the past two years—condi-  
tions agreed upon grossly violated—and  
to add insult to injury import blacklegs  
to take the places of Dublin workers, not  
only sailors and firemen, but others. The  
men have had to read in the columns of  
the alleged newspapers that the employers  
had made arrangements in case of dis-  
turbance to replace their men—advertis-  
ments appearing on hoardings and in the  
betting lists—for that is all the evening

papers of this city can be described. In  
the case of Ss Eddystone, the competent  
men who formerly worked the cranes  
were refused any redress and dismissed;  
scabs brought aboard to drive cranes over  
the Dublin dockers' head. Same applies  
to the Burns and Laird Line steamships,  
with this difference, that instead of im-  
ported scabs they got Irish scabs to do  
their dirty work, one of whom up to a few  
months ago was seeking a day's work him-  
self.

Every day, every hour, the employers  
violate the understanding and agreement  
entered into. If men complain, dismissal.  
In one firm of shipowners they actually  
have taken advantage of an agreement  
and pay their men 2d. for one hour;  
another firm, Burns, sack a casual man  
for daring to ask for his money after  
having earned it; some compel their men  
to pay to an alleged benefit society, or-  
ganised by Scotchmen and controlled in  
Glasgow—the position had become intoler-  
able. Keeping in mind the fact that this  
company dismissed men of 30 years' ser-  
vice for asking for a paltry few shillings a  
week increase, and even would not nego-  
tiate with them.

Well, the workers are realising what  
the word "solidarity" means. Many  
thanks for the employers' teaching. These  
are times that try men. I wonder what  
the North Dock United Irish League—  
Councillor Farrelly's pets—think of their  
vice-president, another whole-souled pa-  
triot? They are two prime boys, Mr.  
Doyle and Mr. Dunne, clerks in the Laird  
Line, who are now scabbing it—taking  
the places of men. Even Councillor Alf.  
Byrne tried his persuasive tongue on  
them—but Doyle and Dunne preferred to  
act the scab.

## Charity! Aye, Faith!

IMPORTANT—PLEASE PUBLISH.

Royal Society for the Prevention  
of Cruelty to Animals,  
105 Jermyn street, London, S.W.,  
June 15th, 1911.

THE EDITOR.

ANIMALS AND THE CORONATION.

I should like, with your assistance, to make a  
wide appeal to all those who keep birds, cats, dogs,  
or other animals, either as pets, or for some utili-  
tarian purpose in connection with their shops, ware-  
houses or homes, to see that these animals are  
properly cared for, and are supplied with suffi-  
cient food and water during the period of Coroni-  
ation festivities, which will naturally mean leaving  
the animals in the homes, shops, or warehouses.  
Wherever possible these animals should be put in  
charge of some responsible person who can look  
after their care and comfort, for it is little use  
leaving what may be considered an ample supply of  
milk, water, or food—since this may go bad, or be  
consumed before the end of the holiday. Neigh-  
bours are generally ready to oblige, especially if  
there be no financial responsibility, and the animals  
that protect the shop or warehouse, or those which  
are the pets of the home, deserve consideration. I  
would also remind owners of dogs not to take them  
out without a lead where they are likely to be lost in  
the crowd of holiday makers.

Further, I take this opportunity of asking car-  
penters and others responsible for the removal of  
the many Coronation stands and decorations, to be  
careful not to leave loose nails about on the foot-  
paths and roads, where they might do some injury  
to passing animals. A little care and thought with  
regard to this will prevent a lot of unnecessary  
suffering.—Yours faithfully,  
Edward G. Fairholme, Secretary.

We have received the above for publi-  
cation, and being cured with a tender  
heart we also add an editorial wail. Will  
those dear carpenters oblige my fellow-  
wailer, Fairholme, and myself by granting  
one small request. If they should chance  
to see any hungry children or half-starved  
men and women would they condescend to  
take their maul or adze and give these  
wicked, ungrateful persons a strong tap  
on the cerebellum, they might perchance  
get some of the food, and water, or even  
some of the milk. (Gracious heavens! to  
think that some poor, dear dog or cat  
would be deprived of its milk by these  
wretched humans.) Hesitate not, then,  
dear carpenter. Strike home! You  
know one has to pay 2s. 6d. per year for a  
dog, therefore they are of some value; but  
those rude work people actually are  
allowed to exist without paying any  
licence. Of course there was a carpenter's  
Son down in Judea who gave His precious  
life for these human beings, and who in  
life loved them—aye, and fed them, and  
in His death glorified them. But that  
was in Judea, and a long time ago—2,000  
years ago—and the pharisees of these  
days, like those of Judea, think more of  
their dogs than they do of their fellow-  
humans!

Yes, Mr. Fairholme, we are glad to pub-  
lish your appeal. We want to expose  
whited sepulchres like you and your  
philanthropic pals. Are there no hungry  
children in London wanting milk, clean  
water, good food; no wayward ones want-  
ing a lead; no foolish ones who may get  
lost in that Babylon of vice and wretched-  
ness? Yes, I opine there are. Go to—  
man—if it is not a libel on the name of  
man to call you one.

A man who loves a child requires no  
circular to remind him of his obligations  
to any of God's creatures. The writers

and readers of this paper, sir, are out to  
get milk, food, and clean water for the  
children of men who need it sorely; and  
you may be sure, in doing that, we will  
not forget the dumb animals. We tarry  
no longer in your company. You ought  
to come over here and join some of these  
alleged charitable societies which we are  
plagued with—societies which charge one  
pound to give away one penny. You are  
unctious enough to be enrolled.

## Another Sweating Den.

We have discovered another philan-  
thropist. He has a drapery establishment  
in Earl street, and his name is Hickey.  
Now, Hickey is a tricky boy, and instead  
of paying his porters a reasonable wage,  
he gives them the magnificent sum of 9s.  
a week, and allows them to eat the scraps  
left over after the shop assistants have  
dined. Most of the men who work as  
drapers' porters are married and have  
families. Hickey's are no exception, and  
some of his men have as many as five  
children. We would like to know does  
Mr. Hickey think it possible to support a  
family, buy clothes for them, and pay rent  
in Dublin out of this amount? If he will  
let us know how to do it we will be very  
thankful. Hickey knows it can't be done,  
but Hickey doesn't care. It is usual for  
two or three of these men to leave every  
week-end. When you read what they  
have to do for 9s. you won't be surprised.

The hours are from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.  
daily, except Saturday, when the porters  
do not get finished before one or two  
o'clock on Sunday morning. Three deli-  
veries must be done daily; four on  
Saturday. If a man cannot manage to be  
back at the shop at the time appointed for  
meals he has often to go without them.  
When a man gets his load of parcels—  
which may weigh anything up to a cwt.—  
he has to walk with them to Dollymount,  
Grangeogorman, or Island Bridge. He is  
sometimes given two penny tram tickets,  
which he cannot use, as a penny would  
not take him very far; and if he did use  
the tickets he would have to pay twopence  
out of his own pocket for the bag going  
with him on the tram.

We believe that one of the men in  
Hickey's is there eight years, and has still  
only 9s. The man who would work for  
this sum for so long deserves no more.  
The excuse may be put forward by Mr.  
Hickey that these men get "tips." We  
will anticipate it and say that we ques-  
tioned one of the men who was some  
months in Hickey's and he told us he got  
during that time three halfpence in tips.  
Others did not even get that much. Now,  
it does not matter whether these men get  
much or little in tips, they are entitled  
to fair treatment and fair wages. They  
are working for Hickey and he should pay  
them. The customers buy and pay for the  
goods and are under no further obliga-  
tion to the firm. If they care to give a  
few pence to the man who delivers the  
parcel it is their own business, and the  
shopkeeper has no claim on it. "The  
labourer is worthy of his hire"—we are  
trying to make it higher.

Another thing of which the men com-  
plain is that on Saturday all parcels for  
far away places are kept over till the last  
delivery, and it is nine or ten o'clock  
before they are given out. The time when  
most of us are going to bed on Saturdays  
is the time Mr. Hickey's porters are given  
a load of parcels to deliver beyond Dolly-  
mount. As well as being compelled to  
walk, perhaps, 24 miles daily, delivering  
and collecting parcels, these men have  
to clean the shop and do all kinds of  
work inside. There can be no excuse  
for such inhuman treatment as the poor  
fellows receive, and what we can do to  
help them to better their lot will be done.  
If Hickey cannot manage to pay better  
wages to his porters, then so much the  
worse for Hickey. The men do not want  
to be fed in the shop on scraps—they  
want enough wages to enable their wives  
to buy good food and clothing, and 9s. is  
not enough. Now, Mr. Hickey, it's your  
move.

## David Allen's Laundry

The following entry appears in the  
Dublin Gazette this week:—

N.C. LAUNDRY, LTD. (Private Company).  
—Registered June 16th, 1911. Regis-  
tered Office—Cowley place, N.C. Road,  
Dublin. Nominal Capital—£2,000 di-  
vided into 2,000 Shares of £1 each.  
Names and descriptions of Subscribers to  
Memorandum and Articles of Associa-  
tion:—

Subscribers of one Share each.  
David Turner, 1 Mountpleasant square,  
Ranelagh, Co. Dublin, commercial  
traveller; John M'Atamney, 19 Upper  
Gardiner street, Dublin, book-keeper.  
Names of First Directors—Not stated.  
This is another of the Allen institutions  
which we will keep our eye on. We will  
see that the workers in this establishment  
will be treated better than the unfortunate  
sandwich men.

## A Few Biscuits from Jacobs

We are undone! The slave-drivers in  
the Bishop street firm have held a meet-  
ing, and discussed the pros. and cons. of  
our last week's article. After whining  
and howling for some time, one hero sug-  
gested a libel action, but another wily  
crawler cried, "Pause, friends; the cure  
would be worse than the disease—the cat  
would then be out of the bag properly"  
(a voice interjected—"Pull them up on  
ye," which, we are informed, is the salute  
all applicants for work receive). The  
culprit, remaining undiscovered, the lug-  
biters and earwiggers adjourned. We  
are not done with this scientific sweating  
den yet. Our commissioner, who has now  
succeeded in getting employment there,  
will let loose the cat among the pigeons!  
But we want to point out one or two little  
facts this week.

If a girl who makes a collection for an-  
other work girl, either in the way of a  
wedding present or for some other pur-  
pose, deserves instant dismissal according  
to the firm's rule, what do the snivellers  
who terrorise the employees into giving a  
donation (voluntary, moryah!) for a wed-  
ding present to Miss G. M. Jacob deserve?  
—the snivellers think promotion. I think  
a summons under the Truck Act would  
partly meet the case. I am sorry Miss  
Jacob took that alarm clock away with her,  
its ticking, mayhaps, would awaken the  
workers in that firm to a sense of their own  
dignity and power; and instead of men  
(so-called) working for 14s. a week, with a  
promise of 6d. per year increase, which  
increase goes on until they are receiving  
the magnificent salary of 16s. per week,  
when, by a singular coincidence, they  
commit some trivial fault, get dismissed,  
and are then taken on in a few days  
at the good old fourteen bar per week  
(silver bars!).

Another sweet rule is, that any worker  
late one minute on three occasions in the  
month is not only fined for each lapse,  
but is further penalised by being locked  
out for three days! If one hour late you  
lose a quarter. If you are caught eating  
a biscuit instant dismissal. Perhaps this  
rule was made in the interest of the health  
of the employees, yet when Herself con-  
descended to visit the establishment she  
kept nibbling all the time. I wonder  
would she come under the description of  
one of "Josser's mice?"

How would you, reader, like to pack  
8,000 biscuits for one penny? This is  
what is called "philanthropy"; and for  
14s. per week men have to slave ten and  
a-half hours per day, except Saturdays;  
and, when away from the factory, you are  
under espionage of the most despicable  
character. As a friend put it to me on  
one occasion, "they sell everything in  
Jacobs, from flower pots to pots of tea;  
flour bags to false teeth; and pay for your  
own gas." They have everything except  
a pawnshop—for the poor creatures have  
nothing to pawn, not even their dignity.  
Join a trades union! Oh, no! they are  
too "respectable." They might offend  
the little tin god, Jacob, who provides  
them with work because he loves them!  
and incidentally makes an enormous profit  
from their unpaid labour.

Might I make a suggestion to the work-  
ing women and men of Dublin. If you  
have not the moral courage to form a  
Union, get someone to make an application  
to have the Factory included in the Trades  
Boards' Bill; and don't forget, that if you  
would pay one penny per week into a  
trades union for one year—that is, 4s. 4d.  
per year—the following year you could  
make Messrs. Jacob pay you £4 a year  
more in wages. "A nod is as good as a  
wink to a blind horse"—and any of you,  
men or women, who feel the spark of dis-  
content glowing within you, send on your  
grievances to this, your paper, which is  
run in your interest—and your interest  
alone!

At the meeting of the Paving Com-  
mittee on Tuesday last, the Chairman,  
Councillor J. P. Farrelly, was anxious to  
know "how Larkin's paper got the re-  
port" of the Paving Committee's meet-  
ing, held some time ago, regarding the  
flagging dispute. Perhaps Councillor  
Farrelly would also want to know how he  
managed to smuggle his brother-in-law  
from the country into the Corporation  
service over the heads of old employees?  
It's a good job one Corporation was honest  
enough to expose the job.

We have received the following:—  
DEAR SIR—As a reader of your paper I  
desire to know why Mr. O'Looney, of  
stonemason fame, cannot eat any bread  
but Johnston, Mooney & O'Brien's, pro-  
duced by the essence of scab labour.  
This is beyond contradiction, as the van  
calls every day to his house, M'Lean's  
lane.  
[Perhaps he has got a delicate stomach.—  
EDITOR.]



## Seamen's and Firemen's Strike.

PUBLIC MEETING IN DUBLIN.

ADDRESS BY MR. LARKIN.

GRIEVANCES OF CITY WORKERS.

On Sunday, a public meeting of the workers in Dublin was held in Beresford Place, which was addressed by Jim Larkin, who dealt generally with the Seamen's and Firemen's Strike, and also with the grievances of workers in Dublin and the harsh and objectionable conditions that prevail in certain establishments run by firms in the city. There was an extremely large attendance, the square being crowded. A detachment of police was prominent and listened attentively to Mr. Larkin's address—their sole duty on the occasion.

Mr. Thomas Foran, who presided, in opening the proceedings said the question of the Seamen's and Firemen's Strike was of great importance to workers generally, and the meeting had assembled to learn about its position from one who knew all about it, and without further remarks he did not wish to delay them in listening to the story which Mr. Larkin would unfold (applause).

Mr. Larkin, who was received with cheers, said this was a momentous event not only in the life of quayside workers of Dublin, but it would affect very vitally in his opinion the organisation to which himself and themselves were attached on transport workers' union of the world. If they read the evening "lyres" they would notice that already it was assumed that the men were beaten. According to the prophets who speak through the so-called newspapers in the city, the men have not a ghost of a chance. Well, he was not going to give information away that would be useful to his opponents, but he was going to take the meeting around to a few of the ports of Great Britain and Ireland and dwell on the conditions that affected the Seamen and Firemen. At the beginning he might say this so-called strike was just as much a lock-out as a strike. All those who go down to the sea in ships know what seafaring life is, and they also know the conditions under which seafarers existed, but no newspaper, not even the organisation of the Sailors and Firemen, could at present tell how this strike would end, because when they started to interfere with or dislocate the transport industry, they might only start in a small way—it might only affect forty workers to-day, but before many days had passed they might have the whole of industry messed up in this affair.

A Voice—The sooner the better.

Mr. Larkin—Well, I hope not. He should admit straightaway that the transport workers were not organised. But there was no need to feel a bit worried. If in a few weeks it would have to be admitted that the sailors and firemen had not succeeded that would not be an admission of failure or defeat, because the seamen's and firemen's section of the transport workers have not been sufficiently organised. Twenty years ago the sailors' and firemen's union was a strong and powerful organisation. He remembered sailors who had only been paid £3 10s., when they joined that union were able to get £5. These men have been classed as unskilled workers, but he claimed that they were skilled in the best sense, and he illustrated that claim by stating that if they took some of the ordinary unskilled in Dublin and the great Continental ports and put them into a ship's hold they would be just as much out of place as he would be if sent to paint a picture. So it was that twenty-five years ago a great wave of enthusiasm passed over the country, and under its influence these so-called unskilled workers marched from victory to victory without money and without organisation. But the labours of the last twenty-five years have not been as fruitful as they might have been because they had not men fitted to train and bring these workers together. Now, however, there has arisen a group of young men who have studied economics and organisation, and who know what to achieve and how to achieve it, these were now in the different unions, and the men who did not understand organisation and the basis of organisation should pass out. The basis of organisation did not lay with a meeting. The basis was laid by the men fitted to deal with the problem—men who knew their opponents and were able to meet them with their own organisation. So it was with the immense great mass of unskilled workers in Great Britain and on the continent, these young men whom he had referred to were permeating the atmospheres of the unions, and were going amongst their fellow-workers in every port and spreading new ideas amongst them which would yet fructify. The old style of official trade unionist was the real enemy to advance and progress. They had no difficulty with organised employers. These men could be beaten to a "frazzil" if it was not for

the fact that besides defeating the employers, they had to defeat the old-time conservative trades unionist, who knew nothing outside the ordinary benefits of his union, and who did not want to make progress. The old system of trade-unionism had to go altogether by the board. The new spirit, based on scientific knowledge would enable them to contend with the employing classes. But this big question would take some time to solve properly, and it was better to wait for the psychological moment when they could achieve victory than to go haphazard into a fight which meant defeat. So far, the men in Liverpool had determined—though they knew they were not properly organised and knew also that there was no money behind them—they had determined that they would get better terms on board ship. They all knew what shipping life was, and those who went to sea as firemen and sailors should receive instead of £6 a month, £3 a week, while on foreign traffic, and even then they would be badly paid. They knew what the sailor had to contend with in the fo'castle, getting starved on measly biscuits and fed by a captain who was making a profit out of the food. They all knew the conditions on the upper decks, but what about the men below? What about the firemen with a furnace fire in front and another behind—a hell in front and a small hell behind him—in an atmosphere over 172 degrees, and with some engineer commanding him to keep up steam or he would drive a shovel through the unfortunate fireman's skull? Those who knew these conditions knew that a fireman could not be paid too well for his work. There was no wages commensurate with the work of such a man. The sailor, at all events, had the advantage of enjoying fresh air, but the fireman was bound down and was surrounded by furnaces front and rear, and when down there the doors were battened down and closed upon him, so that he might keep the fires going; these men experienced conditions of work that were unknown in factory or workshop. Take the food, for instance, in a vessel going to 'Frisco'; they were given, biscuits that had been rejected and were sent back to the steamer again in the hope of passing the Board of Trade Inspector. Then the meat supplied is putrified pork. Every sailor or fireman crossing the Bay of Biscay knew that every time he signed he signed his death warrant. Long was the history of the calamities that befel those who had taken ships from Spain. Leaving Barcelona every hour, they were pulling across the Bay of Biscay, which might be their last. The whole line of their coast was dotted with the wrecks of those boats—old ships that have been kept going for 30 or 40 years—quite done up, so that the slightest thing might break them down. The men working these vessels, knowing the conditions under which they were living, thought they were right to get up to £5 per month. About twenty years ago they got £6, but through lack of organisation they have been going back in wages, and in some ports that he knew the wages were as low as £3 5s. per month. On board these vessels men had to live like beasts. They could not go to music halls. They had to lie in the fo'castle for an hour or two until called to their posts again. From the time they signed on and left port until they came back it was only sleep and work, and work and sleep. A man, under such circumstances, becomes less than a human being. But what about the women and children he leaves at home? The first month he was working for nothing. He has got his money from some shark he has given his note to, and who generally pays himself well. These men were working less than the minimum that men should work for; and they should be allowed when signing to have one of their own officials to see that they were paid properly. A man was brought in like a beast, and supposed to sign what he knew nothing about. Was there in that meeting any fireman who ever heard the articles read out to him? When they came back to port there was an officer, supposed to ask if anyone had complaints, but they all knew that if they made complaints they would become "marked men," and would be badly recommended for another ship. Again, the Shipping Federation had a book—a continuous discharge book—which sailors and firemen were compelled to sign. He (Mr. Larkin) at Newport was asked, when going to South America, to sign the Federation book; but he refused, and said if he could not ship without signing a book like that he would never go to sea. By means of the entries in that book they became marked men, and would be known in every port they went to. Sailors and firemen demanded that that book should be done away with. If a man could prove he was a competent sailor, he was entitled to a job; and a man who made mistakes was entitled to be excused. The sailors have asked that a Conciliation Board be formed in every port, so that when a question of wages arose it would be discussed and possibly reme-

died. The Employers' Federation was an octopus that sucked the life-blood out of the country, that organisation had made the conditions of life for the firemen and sailors fifty times worse than before it was started. He (Mr. Larkin) protested most strongly against the practice adopted when sailors were signing for a foreign-going vessel, of having to line up naked, so that it might be seen by a doctor whether they were fit and proper persons (shame). Even some persons put a stamp on the shoulders of the men, showing that they had passed the test. As a result of accidents on board sailors were most liable to rupture, and two out of every twelve got hernia, owing to the nature of their employment, and the accidents consequent on it owing to the breaking of a rotten rope or some such cause. A man who was injured permanently was debarred from getting a job, and had ultimately no hope but the workhouse. The men who were backing up the Shipping Federation, were some of the most prominent members of the Liberal Party and Cabinet. Mr. Runciman, for instance, the Minister of Education, was one of the Shipping Federation. In Glasgow, the most prominent Liberals were members of it, whilst in Dublin, McCormick was chairman of the Dublin branch, and Murphy was an active member of it. They should demand that this Shipping Federation should be broken up because it was against the law. They employed their own blacklegs and their own policemen and detectives, and free labour associations, and he should say they had the police in Dublin in their pay. During Saturday night and Sunday morning the Transport Union had put up posters on the quays and two of the Dublin police, Nos. 145 and 132, tore them down. If they had orders to do that, he (Mr. Larkin) was going to know, and if he was not informed by the police superintendent he would have an answer through the British House of Commons. The police had no right to pull down those posters. Referring to the Burns' Company he charged that they were bleeding this country in the matter of freights, which were forty per cent. higher from Dublin to Glasgow than from Glasgow to Dublin. Everything was worked by that company in the interests of their own country, and they were working with imported scabs, and they were inducing men in Dublin to become blacklegs. All their staff in Dublin was imported. It was hitherto a case of no Irish need apply, but now, when there is a strike, they have come over here with love in their hearts and falling on the bosoms of Dublin men, they want them to do the blackleg for them. He (Mr. Larkin) appealed to the men around him, and especially to those out of work, not to go and assist this firm or injure their brother workers in Scotland. In reference to the conditions of the strike on Saturday evening, Mr. Larkin read telegrams from Mr. Wilson and other leaders, and, continuing, said it remained with the men in Dublin to watch their corner in this fight, which was their fight as well as most of those in other ports, and he hoped they in Dublin would do nothing to injure their fellow-workmen across the water. They, in Dublin, should take no action until they got advice from headquarters, and if anything was going on in Dublin he asked to have information sent to his own office (laughter)—the offices of the Transport Union.

### DUBLIN TOPICS.

Referring to the Dublin "Evening Telegraph," he pointed out that at the Congress in Galway the so-called "Workers' Union" in Dublin was unanimously expelled as a blackleg organisation. There was in reality no such organisation, and yet the "Evening Telegraph" published reports of it. Eleven weeks ago he (Mr. Larkin) went to the editor of the "Evening Telegraph" and explained how this union stood McIntyre gets his epistles published in that paper, and time after time, when the Transport Union sent reports they were not published, or if put in it was so emasculated that you would not recognise it. They only wanted the same courtesy as everyone got. He could tell the workers in Dublin who read that paper that it was a mass of hypocrisy. No later than last Wednesday they had a report from John S. Kelly, another organiser. These were the kind of organisers they had to stamp out. The man who drafted the rules of the Railway Workers' Union and called it a trades union was a worse scab than anyone in the Glasgow boats. Kelly, for eighteen years, was working at Inchicore, and he never thought it worth his while to join a trades union. Some of the men were only paid 14s. a week because they would not join a bona fide Trades Union that would fight for better wages for them. Referring to the employees of Brooks, Thomas & Co., Mr. Larkin outlined what they had been doing in the interests of these men, and promised they were not going to lose on the job. It was proposed to form a Union of the Window Cleaners who would conduct the business in their own interests on co-operative lines. Referring to

### JACOB'S BISCUIT FACTORY.

he detailed how things stood in regard to the girls and others workers in that establishment. No one knew the severe conditions under which they worked—conditions that were sending them from this earth twenty years before their time. Some of them had the tips of their fingers burnt from handling hot tins. Miss Jacob, who was about to be married, had sent a beautiful message to those workers who had subscribed for a wedding present, but she did not inquire how money for the present was extracted from the workers. Miss Jacob had been given a clock, and he hoped that every time that clock struck she would be reminded of the blood-sucking that went on in the biscuit factory, and which was taken out of the poor girl workers, and who were driven to their graves before their time. Mr. Larkin next dealt with the poor men who act as

### THE SANDWICHMEN

for Allen's—a job that was degrading to their humanity. He asked one of these men what wages they got, and was informed 6s. a week. Allen took pounds and pounds every week out of the wages fund. That, however, was a little below what he took. The rest would be told by the balance sheet, and that was a matter they would see to.

They had all seen the victory that was won for the men employed by Watkins, Jameson & Pim. He (Mr. Larkin) had told the men that they could win without resorting to a strike, and they did win peacefully and successfully through the means of publishing the men's grievances in THE IRISH WORKER, the new paper now at the disposal of the workers. Mr. Eason had refused to sell it as wholesale agent, but Messrs. Dawson, in Abbey street, had taken it up as wholesale agents, and since then he (Mr. Larkin) had a letter from Mr. Eason, who asked him to call to see him, but he was not going to call again on Mr. Charles Eason.

Referring to Wallis's carters, Mr. Larkin asked those men how long were they going to stand outside the Union? In conclusion, he appealed for support for THE IRISH WORKER. He asked the men that their wives should see that they dealt only with houses that advertised in THE IRISH WORKER, which wanted only a reasonable share of support. Only genuine advertisements would be published in it, and no publican's advertisement would be given a place there. In fact, he (Mr. Larkin) could have got a half page brewery advertisement, but he declined to take it. Having urged that they should all attend the Independence meeting, to be held at Beresford place on Thursday evening, the meeting concluded.

### Vaccination.

DEAR SIR,—In the first issue of your much needed paper you asked for information regarding the amount of money taken from the ratepayers for the upkeep of the practice known as vaccination. In 1909 Mr. Walter Long, M.E.P., supplied a return to the English Parliament showing that £381,648 of Irish money was taken from the Poor Rate and handed over to the medical profession for putting a dirty animal disease called cowpox into the blood of our children since the year 1854. Vaccination means injecting a disease into the blood. Pure Calf-Lymph is a false name applied to the runnings, or pus, taken from cowpox sores cultivated in the abdomen of calves. That is the stuff forced into our children by a law that dare not be enforced in England, Scotland or Wales. Over the water there is no compulsory vaccination in the sense we Irish workers know it. Why should it be compulsory over here?

We, anti-vaccinators, are led by eminent doctors who have proved that vaccination cannot prevent smallpox. There has been a vast improvement in sanitation, in hospital treatment, in medical skill during the past century. Our towns are sewered and equipped with water supply. The slums are being slowly, much too slowly eliminated, and all zymotic or dirt diseases, like smallpox, are being brought under control. The advance of sanitary science has caused a decline in smallpox, but the doctors try to prove that vaccination has done it. Vaccination is the goose that lays the golden eggs for them and they won't kill the valuable bird. That must be done by the parents whose little children are tortured and polluted with a filthy animal disease, at the tender age when they want all their puny strength to gain a footing in this hard world of ours. Did God, when He gave us a babe made in His own image and likeness, mean us to take a disease from a beast and put it into the pure blood of the little infant? The medical profession, which, a century ago practised blood-letting—drawing off a quart of blood if you happened to have a toothache, stomachache or a broken leg—now injects a disease into our children to improve on God's handiwork. We owe a

duty to our children and should resist and break the immoral law that steps between the father and his child to pollute the child's pure blood with disease taken from a beast. If it is not good enough for the English and dare not be enforced on their children, it is high time Irish parents killed "the goose that lays the golden eggs."

If any parent wants information as to the best way to escape having their children blood-poisoned with "Pure Calf Lymph" (how can a disease be "pure"?) send a postcard to address below and we will take charge of your case. If any branches want a lecture on the subject write to us at once. We have a lot of leaflets exposing the methods by which Calf Lymph is obtained, which will be sent gratis to anyone sending a postcard with name and address. It is time Irish parents studied this question for themselves. Like many other evil practices it is an importation. Thanking you in anticipation—Mise do cara,

F. GREENE, Secretary.

Irish Anti-Vaccination League,  
37 Richmond Road., Dublin,  
June 12th, 1911.

### VACCINATION CONDEMNED

By CHARLES CREIGHTON, M.D., M.A.—"In my opinion vaccination affords no protection against smallpox." (Royal Commission on Vaccination, Question No. 5,430.) "The anti-vaccinists have knocked the bottom out of a grotesque superstition." (Royal Commission on Vaccination, Question No. 5,121.)

By E. M. CROOKSHANK, M.D. (London), M.R.C.S., Professor of Pathology and Bacteriology in King's College, London.—"I maintain there is no scientific support for vaccination, and the practice is destined to fall into desuetude." (Letter in "The Lancet," May 24, 1890.) "We have no known test by which we could possibly distinguish between a lymph which was harmless and one which might be harmful to the extent of communicating syphilis." (Royal Commission on Vaccination, Question No. 11,119.)

By GEORGE CORDWENT, M.D., Deputy Coroner for West Somerset, for 20 years a public vaccinator—"Vaccination should not be practised; I see no justification for it." (Royal Commission on Vaccination, Question No. 12,787.)

By R. HALL BAKEWELL, M.D., M.R.C.S., formerly Vaccinator General and Medical Officer of Health for Trinidad, author of "Pathology and Treatment of Smallpox."—"I have very little faith in vaccination even as modifying the disease, and none at all as a protective in virulent epidemics. Personally, I contracted smallpox less than six months after a most severe re-vaccination." (Letter dated November 8th, 1890.)

By SIR J. SIMON—(City of London Health Report, vol. i., p. 142.)—"No city, so far as science may be trusted, can derive immunity from epidemic disease except by making absolute cleanliness the first law of its existence."

By GOVERNMENT BLUE BOOK—"Vaccination has no power, apparently, over epidemic smallpox."—"Sanitary Measures in India," vol. xiii., p. 142.)

RE-VACCINATION USELESS.—3,953 re-vaccinated soldiers in the British Army suffered from smallpox, from 1860-88, of whom 391 died of the disease. (Royal Commission, 2nd Report, p. 278.) "Notwithstanding all the precautions taken in Cairo, and due regard having been paid to vaccination and re-vaccination, the disease kept on the increase." The admission rate was 12.2 and the death rate, 1.75 per 1,000. (Smallpox in the British Army in Egypt, "Army Medical Report for 1889," p. 190.)

DANGERS OF VACCINATION.—1,069 children have been killed by vaccination in England and Wales according to the admission of medical men themselves.—(Registrar General's Reports, 1850-93.)

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