



ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, NEW YORK CITY. [Finest example of Gothic architecture in America.]

# O'Connell's "St. Patrick"

By BERNARD QUINN

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Doyle was in a mighty bad way, and he knew it. He was the victim of circumstances and a quick temper. Here are the circumstances:

About two years ago his sister and her husband died in one month, and there was nobody to take care of the three orphaned children but Pat. They came to him with nothing but the clothes on their backs.

He rented a little tenement, and the eldest girl, who was eleven, "kept house." Pat was twenty-five, a metal worker earning fair pay, but suffering from labor's bane, unsteady employment. Expenses are never laid off, rent works every minute, but wages and savings are subject to interruption.

In the house where Pat and his newly acquired family first lived there was a solitary old man who was reputed to be a miser. One day Pat did a little job of tinkering for this man for nothing. There was a stove in the room, but no fire, though the weather was cold.

"I suppose you have that thing to keep your money in," said Pat, touching the stove with his foot.

Singularly enough, this was true. The money was in the lower part of the stove, and a small fire could be built without endangering it.

On an evening in that week the miser was knocked senseless in his room, and the stove was almost pulled to pieces by a thief in a hurry, but the board had been transferred to another hiding place as a result of Pat's jest. So in reality Pat saved the miser's money for him.

The old man survived his injuries, and as soon as he learned what had happened to the stove he accused Pat, even claiming to have recognized him. The fact is that he had not seen his assailant, who struck from ambush.

Pat was arrested, and, though his three little girls and a neighbor were with him at the undoubted time of the assault, he spent nearly three months in a cell, at the end of which period of misery he was released without trial.

In every considerable company there will always be one fool who thinks that such an experience as this is a proper theme for endless gibes. Pat was not quarrelsome, but he was perhaps a bit too ready, and, what was worse, he always had the better of the other fellow, whether with his tongue or his fist. So of course the other fellow had to "get square" in some underhand fashion, and the result would be that Pat would lose his job. He

had been out of work a few days, just long enough to have the cold fact settle into him, when the good old 17th of March came around. It will be understood that Pat's gait was not more than skin deep when he went out with his little niece to view the celebration.

Reflecting upon his situation, he perceived that he ought to move to another city where his story was not known. But how could he do it without money? Alone, yes, but not with the children. Neither could he leave them behind, and if he stayed how could he take care of them with this blight upon him?

"I wonder," said he, not irreverently, "if St. Patrick himself can see any way out of this."

He bought the little girl a five cent bag of candy, and then they walked uptown to save car fare. "So, you see," said Pat, "we've made a nickel by that transaction, for it costs you nothing to ride on my shoulder when you're tired."

Presently they were posted in an eligible spot on the avenue, the child, perched on Pat's shoulder, clasping the remains of the bag of candy in one hand and Pat's hair or sometimes his ear in the other, while she gazed wide eyed at the approaching spectacle.

After awhile Pat was aware that he was the object of a peculiar scrutiny. It was no new thing for him to be stared at, but this was different. A man of thirty-five or thereabout, richly but rather oddly dressed, with a heavy jacket of fine cloth, a rolling collar, a flowing tie and a soft hat, was studying Pat from various points of view. He kept his eyes half shut, yet they had a strangely searching look, which finally affected Pat with that familiar nightmare sensation of being on a crowded street in painfully insufficient attire.

This was getting on Pat's temper when suddenly the stranger walked up to him and offered a card on which were the name Stephen O'Connell and an address, with the word "Artist" written in pencil.

"Did you ever pose?" asked O'Connell.

"No," answered Pat.

"Never were asked? Well, that's strange. Would you be willing to pose for me? Religious subject. It would be a chance to make some extra money in the evenings. I suppose you're employed?"

"Not just now."

O'Connell seemed highly pleased. He explained what he wanted and named his price, which was much above the usual rate, but Pat did not know that. He knew only that in his present situation he would have posed on the peak of the cathedral spire you-der for half of the money. A few weeks at that figure and he could save enough to get away and make a fair start at his trade somewhere else.

"And there'll be nobody to bother me this time," he said to himself. "I can keep this job till it's over."

Accordingly he went to the studio address next day with a high heart. It was in an eight story business building, rising like a square tower from a small corner lot. A single elevator served the tenants, and who should be

looking out of the door of it—in a blue suit with brass buttons and a uniform cap—but Johnny Hacker, a bull-necked cockney Englishman who used to live in the same building with Pat and knew all about the miser and his stove.

Pat stood back and stared at this man, oppressed by the mystery of human destiny.

"Well, there's no getting away from it," he said to himself, and then aloud, "How are you, Johnny?"

"My heye," responded Hacker. "If 'ere hadn't the stove fixer! No; nothink in your line today. We 'eat by steam."

"It sticks in my mind," responded Pat, "that you used to heat by steam mostly. You'll find steam more wholesome for your complexion."

"Dear me! And 'ow's all our friends in the 'jyle?"

"Well, the last I heard they were wondering what kept Johnny Hacker away. I'm blessed if I ever knew."

And they continued to exchange compliments while Pat rode up to the eighth floor in the car.

A double surprise awaited him—first, to find at the top of a plain business building the most luxurious and beautiful habitation that he had ever seen; second, to learn that the painting in which he was to figure was of his own patron saint and that it was destined for the walls of the cathedral.

"My conception is of St. Patrick in early manhood," said O'Connell. And he proceeded to speak of the projected work in a spirit of reverence that filled Pat with awe. Was it right for him to pose for such a picture, he that had been in prison on a hideous accusation from which his name had never been cleared?

"You have precisely the face and figure that I want," continued O'Connell. "It's the happy-go-lucky, care free expression that will bother me. For a saint we need some recognition of the world's sorrow and evil, and that I must supply from my own inner consciousness."

"Well, you don't seem to be having much hard luck right now," remarked Pat, glancing around the room.

"Oh, I'm rich, if you come to that," answered O'Connell lightly, "but there are other things than money in the world."

"Yes," said Pat. "I've had 'em, never the money."

It may have been O'Connell's notion of him as an easy going fellow who had never taken any sorrow to heart that diverted him from telling any part of his story. In such circumstances it would sound like a wall, an appeal for sympathy, and Pat despised a whiner. Therefore he held his peace.

"It's like enough that Johnny Hacker will tell him if he gets the chance," thought Pat. "I must not quarrel with that fellow. It's my little girl's bread that I'd be quarreling with. I'll not ride in his car. I'll walk up and down."

This was the most momentous decision that Pat ever made. He walked down that day when O'Connell dismissed him for luncheon. "And, by the way," said the artist, "whenever you're up here at any mealtime it's 'on me.' That's only fair." So Pat fed well that day and felt quite equal to climbing seven flights of stairs when he came back. But what surprised him was that a very pretty girl chose to climb six of those flights along with him, and in the balance of that week the same thing happened twice.

"Now, why does she do that?" said Pat to himself. And he vainly gazed his brains about this mystery.

She was a girl of his own race, with the incomparable Irish blue eyes, fine spun dark hair, white skin with a faint rose in each cheek and bright red lips—a healthy girl, but not over robust. It couldn't be that she regarded climbing six flights of stairs as an agreeable exercise.

The fourth time he saw her start to walk those stairs Pat's curiosity broke bounds, and he asked the girl point blank.

"Is it anything to do with that animal that runs the car?" said he. And after much hesitation the girl admitted that such was the fact.

"I was in an accident once," said she. "A car fell, and I was hurt, but not very much. It has made me very nervous, and that man knows it. He makes the car jump to frighten me."

"Come right back here," said Pat. And she obeyed him, wondering at herself for doing so, and they waited for the car.

"Now, Johnny Hacker," said he,

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"I've found out what you've been doing, and if you ever annoy this young lady again there'll be not a whole bone in your skin. You have my word for that."

This was the beginning of an acquaintance that cost Pat many a pang. It was hard to put love out of his heart, to drive the thought of it from his mind, to remember his situation and the responsibilities that were upon him and the meager, uncertain promise of the future. In the course of a few weeks it had come to the point that he could wish not to see her again. She looked upon him kindly, how kindly he couldn't know, but the light in her eyes was torment to him for the hopelessness of it all.

One day when Pat came to the studio there was a man with O'Connell, a very quiet, inconspicuous person, sitting in a corner.

"Pat," said O'Connell, "a week or two ago I received this." And he gave a half sheet of soiled paper on which was scrawled:

"Your saint is a jailbird."

"Well," said Pat, "it's true."

"I was rather afraid it might be," responded O'Connell. "You'd said so little about yourself that I had already scented a mystery. And it happened at that time that I had a few diamonds belonging to my mother in a drawer of that desk. I was going to have the settings repaired. So when I got this pleasant communication from some friend who didn't sign his name I opened that drawer. The diamonds were gone."

"You thought I took them."

O'Connell hesitated.

"The fact is," said he at last, "I didn't know what to think, being very fond of you by that time, my boy, so I employed this gentleman here to think for me. It's his business."

"And what do you think?" said Pat, turning to the stranger.

"I don't think; I know," responded that individual. "I've got the man and the goods. And in the course of that investigation I discovered who broke the store."

The blood sang in Pat's ears.

"The man that wrote that paper," said the detective, "is the man that got the diamonds, and he is the man that broke the store and the man that frightened the girl in the elevator car, and his name is Johnny Hacker. He's on about his last trip right now. I'm going to get him in a couple of minutes."

He glanced at O'Connell, who made a gesture, and the man went out.

"And now, Pat," said the artist, "I did you a 'I'm going to get wrong in my mind, and I owe you a debt for that. I like you right well besides. I have the power and the will to help you. You have the character and the ability to rise. There's a future before you, Pat, my boy."

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murdering Miss Rosen, has been arrested at Des Moines, and has confessed to the murder, but denies the assault. Says his motive was robbery, and he was crazy drunk at the time. The officers will keep him at Des Moines, hesitating to bring him back here for fear of lynching, which is almost sure to occur, in the present state of the public mind.

Why do we mention this case? Because it has a bearing on Alliance affairs at this time. Ottumwa like Alliance is a Division point on the Burlington road. In 1907 it was without saloons and their satellites. The panic of 1907, continuing into 1908 came on. Railroad forces were reduced. Depression existed. And the saloon element, howled just as they are howling in Alliance today "See what your dry policy has done. It has drove money away from town. Trade is dead. The town is dead. Grass will grow in the streets. You cant stop selling liquor, therefore you better get the license money. People are going to other places to trade, because they can get a drink there. Better license the saloons and make things lively. These same old boiler plate stereotyped lies, are being used by the whiskey element in Alliance now. Enough shortsighted, narrow minded convinced of this, to make a majority, and the people declared themselves last April for a wide open policy, in order to "make things liven up." It did all right. The vultures that prey upon human society came in droves to Ottumwa. The painted courtizan, the gambler, the thief, the burglar, the tramp, hobo, the saloon-keeper, the swamper the pickpocket, the holdup, the black brute, and every type of criminal known to the calendar.

Result:—Six foul murders, seven crimes against women in eight months. Innumerable burglaries. Police corrupted. Holdups a nightly occurrence. A reign of terror existed. Women feared to leave their homes after nightfall. Men go armed after night and keep in the middle of the street. Ottumwa is atoning for her sin in sackcloth and ashes. The people see their mistake, and promise to right the wrong at the coming election, but it is too late. It wont bring the beautiful and talented, pure minded loveable Clara Rosen, back from the grave. It wont restore the murdered one to their families and friends. It will take a long time to restore Ottumwa's blasted and ruined reputation and make it a decent place in which to live. The men of Ottumwa are threatening dire vengeance on Junken who committed the crime. They have even gone to the neighboring town where he is confined in jail, and tried to shoot him through the window of his prison. Is the poor ignorant negro who committed the fol deed wholly to blame? Was it not the wide open policy that attracted him? Was it not rotten whiskey that aroused his passion and maddened his dull brain? Are not the men who voted for this policy primarily to blame? These men are now trying to avenge with rope and bullets the mistake of their ballots. Men of Alliance, husbands brothers, fathers, profit by the mistakes of your sister city of Ottumwa. Think of your wives, sisters, sweethearts, and daughters. Think of them, for a moment like poor Clara Rosen, in the clasp of a vile brute, like Junken with reason dethroned by vile and deadly liquor and then vote for a saloon policy if you can. Pause for a moment on our main street, at noon or evening, when our schools close for the day, and watch the hundreds of young girls as they pour out from the high school, the central school the Academy and the Emerson school, wit silvery shout, laughing eyes, dimpling cheeks, waving tresses and merry jest, full of life and joy, gaze upon these our treasures and our pride, then thin of their endangered lives and honor if the saloon policy be inaugurated as it was in Ottumwa, if you dare. Think of the smiling, winsom young ladies in our stores and offices, of the music teachers and others who are compell-

ed by their occupations to go about our streets after the shades of night have fallen as poor Clara Rosen did. Think of the thrill of horror that would run through your very soul, would chill your blood, and check the beating of your heart, were you told that one of these young lives had been crushed out by a fiend in human form had suffered as Clara Rosen did, then your wild cry for vengeance upon her destroyer as the people of Ottumwa are rying for vengeance, now, will be too late. Men of Alliance, dont make the mistake that your brothers in Ottumwa did. Dont vote for the saloon or for men who favor a policy that affords, produces and fosters the conditions that led to Clara Rosen's death and dishonor.

Our neighbors on the north, Crawford and Chadron are making herculean efforts to make their towns dry at the coming election and we hope that they will succeed. However they are not so wholly disinterested in the fight as Alliance people were a year ago because the realize that they are liable to become rival candidates with Alliance for the location of the State Normal School the bill, for which has passed the lower house. They know that in determining this question the State Board of Education would be largely influenced by the fact that Alliance is without saloons. They know that under present conditions, they would be very heavily handicapped with their load of saloons to carry.

Two of the principal stock-in-trade arguments, or rather statements of saloon advocates in Alliance, are:

First, "There is just as much liquor shipped into town and drank now as there was when we had saloons."

Second, The no-saloon policy has driven trade away, and decreased the merchants business."

They make no effort to defend the saloon on moral grounds knowing that it is useless, but seek to appeal to one of mans strongest passions that of avarice. The Law and Order League is ready to meet them on their chosen ground, and show the fallacy of their financial arguments. Below is a statement of the Burlington agent at Syracuse, Nebr., making a comparison of amount of liquor received at his station in corresponding "wet" and "dry" periods. This shows a decrease of 316,696 pounds or about 3,166 gallons in favor of a dry town, while merchandise receipts increased more than a quarter million pounds. More of these statements will appear in these columns.

In response to many requests as to the amount of liquor and merchandise received at Syracuse since the closing of the saloons as compared with the year previous. I beg leave to submit the following figures taken from the monthly report issued to Interstate commerce commission which are absolutely correct:

May 1 1907 to March 1, 1908.	
Liquor received, .....	365,436 lbs
Decrease .....	316,696 lb
May 1, 1908.	
Merchandise received, .....	1,978,559 lbs.
May 1, 1907, to March 1, 1908. 8	
merchandise received, .....	2,218,406 lbs.
Increase .....	238,847 lb
This does not include any carload freight of any kind.	
D. W. Vanhorn, agt.	

C. B. & Q.  
"You see from this statement that 238,847 pounds more of merchandise has been shipped into our town during the past ten months without saloons than during the same period last year with saloons. This merchandise has been hardware, dry goods clothing, groceries, shoes, furniture and all articles of consumption. All this with panic, flood and shortage of crops besides.

DOES THIS LOOK LIKE RUIN?

The license people claim that as much liquor was drank in a dry town with saloons while the facts are that 316,696 pounds less of liquor was shipped into our town under no license than during a like period with license.

## Palace Meat Market

I. W. HERMAN, Prop.

Having taken charge of the Palace Meat Market I am prepared to serve all customers to their satisfaction.

Special attention to telephone orders. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prompt delivery.

TEL-  
E-  
PHONE 131

## Grand Restaurant

Plenty of tables Good, clean linen  
Meals served promptly

We serve Meals that Satisfy Try our noon dinner, 25c  
TOM TUCK, Prop.