

# WAY IRELAND HATES ITS POLICE



DEMONSTRATION in DUBLIN

**T**HE traveler in Ireland can generally get plenty of information from the policeman, who is sure to be not far off, having in these days little to do except to scrutinize strangers at railway stations and street corners. Although often frigid and uncommunicative to natives, the policeman is free enough with strangers, and his information is apt to be reliable about the country generally, for, as he is never kept long at any one place, his local knowledge is extensive. It is true that he is apt to be biased against the peasantry, because, although a peasant's son himself, his training and employment have made the people hate him, for the common people have no use for the "peeler," as the constabulary are contemptuously called by them.

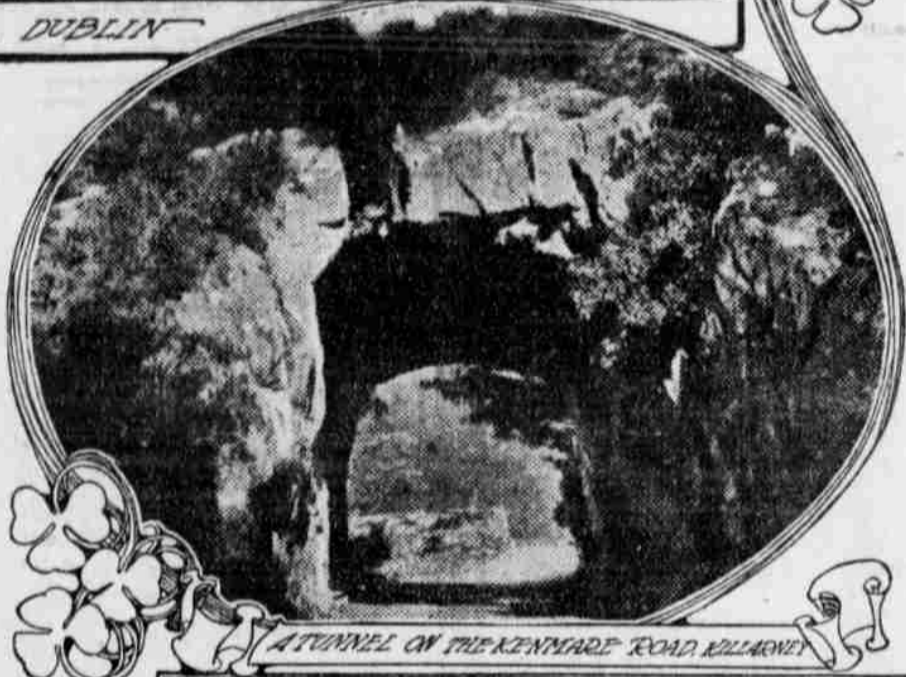
Imagine the policeman; the natural protectors of life and property, being hated by the people! That is the condition in Ireland yet, and has been so almost from the beginning. That does not mean that the Irish do not want to have life and property protected. It means that they have so long seen the policeman identified with the protection of a particular kind of life, to-wit: the landlord's and bailiff's, and a particular kind of property, to-wit: the landlord's property in land, that they overlook his other useful public services. It is a most unfortunate state of things. The policeman has been made the buffer between the English Government and the Irish people, and the efficient instrument of coercion of the latter, and between the two his lot has not been a happy one. When home rule becomes an accomplished fact, the Royal Irish Constabulary will be disbanded. It will no longer be necessary to keep an "English garrison" in Ireland.

The estrangement between the police and the people is indeed remarkable. In the lawless districts of which there are still too many, the people who could give information to the police will not do so. Hence, there is a good deal of unpunished crime in those districts. One of the worst counties in this respect is the county of Clare, the historic constituency that first elected O'Connell to Parliament. Here the old wounds of the agrarian war have never closed up. During my stay I saw in one of the papers a pastoral letter of the Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, giving a blood-curdling description of outrages which continued to be committed with impunity against life and property in Clare. I visited Ennis, the capital of the county. I was told that in one week no less than three shooting outrages had been perpetrated on unoffending men. One of the victims was an ex-soldier, who was acting letter-carrier, and who was shot in the highway in open day. Although many people passed his wounded body on the road, not one would comfort or relieve him till the police came several hours afterwards. These passers-by doubtless felt that if they gave any help to the victim they might meet the same fate as himself. So helpless has British law become in the county of Clare.

Sauntering round the narrow streets I fell in with an old man who did not object to conversation. He proved to be an ex-policeman. This man did not mince matters in detailing his views and experiences. "Clare was the most peaceable county in Ireland," said he, "when I joined the force, but the cursed Land League came upon us, and since then things have been different. Most of the men you meet on the road are Fenians or Ribbonmen, and many of them are criminals." I told him I thought this was too strong a description of his countrymen. He, however, stuck to his opinion, and took me to an elevated spot at the back of the Court House, from which he pointed out the scenes of as many as seventeen assassinations, all more or less successful, but for which only one man was ever brought to justice.

It is not alone the malcontents and the secret society men that refuse to tell the police what they know about outrages. Even the relatives of the injured persons are often known to adopt a similarly uncommunicative attitude. To give information to the police is to be branded as an "informer," which is the most offensive epithet in the Irishman's vocabulary, being worse than that of "hangman." The stigma descends from father to son, while there is any of the family left to endure it. My ex-policeman friend told me that he himself had heard a Clare mother, whose son was shot before her eyes, make the avowal that she would rather see all her sons lying dead beside her than become a hated "informer." She brought the secret to the grave with her.

I asked my friend for his opinion as to why the force was so unpopular. He laid the blame unhesitatingly upon the English Government. The Government have employed the police almost exclusively at evictions and other such unpopular tasks, when they might have employed the regular soldiers or the militia. The result is that the



TUNNEL ON THE KENTNARE ROAD, KILLARNEY



COLLEEN BAWN and VICTORIA ROCKS, KILLARNEY

latter forces are popular, or at least are treated with some toleration, whereas the police are detested. It may be that recruiting reasons were back of England's policy of keeping the army and militia out of Irish agrarian troubles. Ireland used to be a good recruiting ground for these latter forces, and it is important to England that it should continue so. This consideration would dictate the wisdom of keeping the military force neutral in Irish internal affairs.

One of the allegations made by Nationalists is that outrages have often been "manufactured" by police agents at the instigation of the Government itself, in order to furnish an excuse for coercive laws. I asked this police veteran if there was any truth in this statement.

"It is no longer true," he said. "But," he added, "I can well remember when there were some very queer methods employed by the Dublin Castle authorities to get evidence about outrages. Did you ever hear of the Tubbercurry conspiracy?" he inquired.

I told him I had not. He thereupon told me the story of how a Government spy, disguised as a blacksmith, settled in a Western town, got into the confidence of the people, became sworn in as a secret society man, and ended by making things so hot that nearly one hundred young men had to flee the country.

"It was," said he, "in the early Land League days, when the famous, or infamous, Jimmy French was at the head of the detective department in Dublin Castle. I was a recruit in the constabulary depot then. Tubbercurry is a little town in the west, and many outrages were committed around that spot, but not a man was punished for them, nor was any word of information given to the police. Secret societies ruled the place. Going among the raw recruits one day, and questioning them, Jimmy French picked out a young man, named Morris, a blacksmith's son, who had also learned the trade himself, and instructed him to repair to Tubbercurry, set up a blacksmith's forge there, make himself popular with the people, keep his ears and eyes open, and if he got any bit of important information, to take it himself to Dublin. He was not to divulge his identity to the local police, for this would ruin his chances. They were to be kept in the dark as much as the peasantry. Of course, Morris was to have plenty of money for the job, but he was to live poorly and dress poorly on the profits of the forge.

Morris carried out his instructions to the letter. He took the name of 'Billy Bartley.' Bartley's forge soon became a rendezvous for the idle or half idle youth of the neighborhood. The kind young blacksmith would only charge a few coppers for shoeing a horse, or mending a spade, and smaller jobs he often did for nothing, espe-

cially when his clients were of the poorer sort. He acquired a reputation as 'the broth of a boy;' he was a willing gamester, being always ready, if a game of cards was proposed, to cease work and reach over for the cards, which were always kept on the top of the bellows, and continued playing as long as he found company. He omitted no opportunity of making himself known and liked, went to every fair, dance, wake and festival where people congregated. In the political life of the village he was always on the popular side in giving his opinions, and even his money. Had he continued this gait he must have found himself in some public office. A Poor Law Guardian, or a Justice of the Peace he might have been if the plot had been allowed to develop so far.

"Of course, there were those who had their suspicions of young aBartley. Where did he come from, and what were his antecedents? When this kind of questioning got too close, he managed to turn it off in some adroit way. Beyond the statement that he had had some trouble with his parents, and that he had resolved to earn his livelihood away from them, he would confide nothing as to his past. The old men shook their heads, and warned the young men to shun him. One said

# WHO WHO - and Why

## DR. WILEY FAVORS KISSING



Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, pure food expert and former chief of the bureau of chemistry, department of agriculture, is acquiring an elaborate handicap to his name. It is no longer just plain "Doc" Wiley. When you address the illustrious food expert now you must say "Hon. Harvey W. Wiley, M. D., Sc. D."

He is really all of that. Only a few days ago he was all of this minus three letters. Those letters were "Sc. D." They were conferred upon the food expert the other day as an honorary degree by Lafayette college, at Easton, Pa. Those three little letters mean that Dr. Wiley is a doctor of science.

Dr. Wiley returned from Easton to the national capital safely with the new handle to his name. The other night he showed, however, that he was the same Dr. Wiley, regardless of the appendage to his name, by expressing his views upon the subject of prohibitory osculation, which is now worrying many of the lovers of the Capital City.

Dr. Wiley is utterly opposed to the movement on foot for the abolition of kissing on the ground that it is a menace to public health.

"Prohibit kissing?" queried the food expert. "Oh, no! I'm not in favor of that procedure by any means. I don't want osculation prohibited while I am living. I don't care what they do when I am dead."

"But do you think it is a menace to public health," he was asked. "I have known mothers," he replied, "who were evidently of that opinion with respect to the kissing of their daughters. But for myself I think it is rather a danger to one's health to refrain from kissing."

## HEIRESS FINDS A REAL MAN

Miss Lilla B. Gilbert, heiress to the \$15,000,000 estate left by her father, H. Brandhall Gilbert, has found her ideal man and her engagement to Howard Price Renshaw, son of a millionaire manufacturer of Troy, has been announced.

Miss Gilbert, who is one of the most beautiful and popular young women of New York society, has been wooed by many men, but none of them was accepted because he did not meet the specifications of a perfect husband, as laid down by Miss Gilbert herself.

"How much better it would be," Miss Gilbert is reported to have said, "if every girl would carefully formulate her ideal and then paste it up prominently where the right man could come along and see it. What a lot of trouble and disappointment would be saved."



Here is the type Miss Gilbert insisted upon:

He must be 6 feet tall, a brunette and fond of athletics, a good rider and fond of animals; clean shaven, with a firm jaw and ears close to his head; a Republican and a money maker.

He must have thick curly hair—not red—over his left ear, a straight nose, large and intelligent eyes, but not soulful ones.

He must have decided ideas on the raising of poultry and pigs.

He must like lemon with his tea and eat ice cream with a fork, like Robert Chambers' stories; dance the turkey trot and wear his clothes like John Drew does; swear like a gentleman and be gentlemanly even in his cups.

He must not wear pink neckties or jewelry, or ever have been really in love.

## MISS IDE'S WEDDING GIFTS



Colonel and Mrs. Leslie there is a corsage ornament of diamonds and pearls. Mr. and Mrs. Cockran gave a string of large pearls.

Gifts from Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie are connecting links between the historic past and the present. Sir John gave an old diamond and ruby bracelet that had been given to Mrs. Fitzherbert by King George IV. of England. The gift from Lady Constance is a miniature by Cozway, which was also presented to Mrs. Fitzherbert by King George.

Society, both in this country and abroad, was greatly interested in the marriage recently of Miss Marjorie Ide, daughter of Henry C. Ide, American minister to Spain, to Shane Leslie, son of Col. and Mrs. John Leslie of New York, and grandson of Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie of Castle Leslie, Glasgow, Ireland. The ceremony was performed at the country home of the brother-in-law and sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. W. Bourke Cockran, Sands Point, L. I. Not in years has any bride, outside royal circles, received so remarkable a collection of gifts as that presented Miss Ide. From King Alfonso and Queen Victoria of Spain came autographed photographs and an old Spanish fan, a piece from the Royal museum. The President and Mrs. Taft sent a large silver basket and Miss Helen Taft a silver tea caddy. Mr. Ide's presents are a diamond necklace and stocks and bonds. From

## SCOTT DID REACH THE POLE

The latest news in regard to Captain Scott's South Pole expedition has been brought by Herbert G. Ponting, the first member of the expedition to return to London. Ponting is a widely known traveler. He accompanied Captain Scott's party as a photographer. He says he accompanied Captain Scott for some miles into the great barrier the night the explorer started on his march toward the pole when he left him. Mr. Ponting took cinematograph pictures of the party as they disappeared in the distance in the vast desert of ice. Captain Scott, he says, was then about seven hundred miles from the pole.

Ponting says there is little doubt that Scott reached the pole about January 15, because when Lieutenant Evans left him January 4 he was only 145 miles from the pole with ample food supplies and all other necessities. He was then traveling about fifteen miles a day and should have reached the pole ten days later. Ponting continues:

"Captain Scott was due back where we were waiting for him with the Terra Nova March 15, or earlier, but the sea froze up rapidly and March 15 we believed it unwise to remain any longer. No news can now be received of Captain Scott until the Terra Nova returns from its next trip south in March, 1913."

