

# WHY 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.

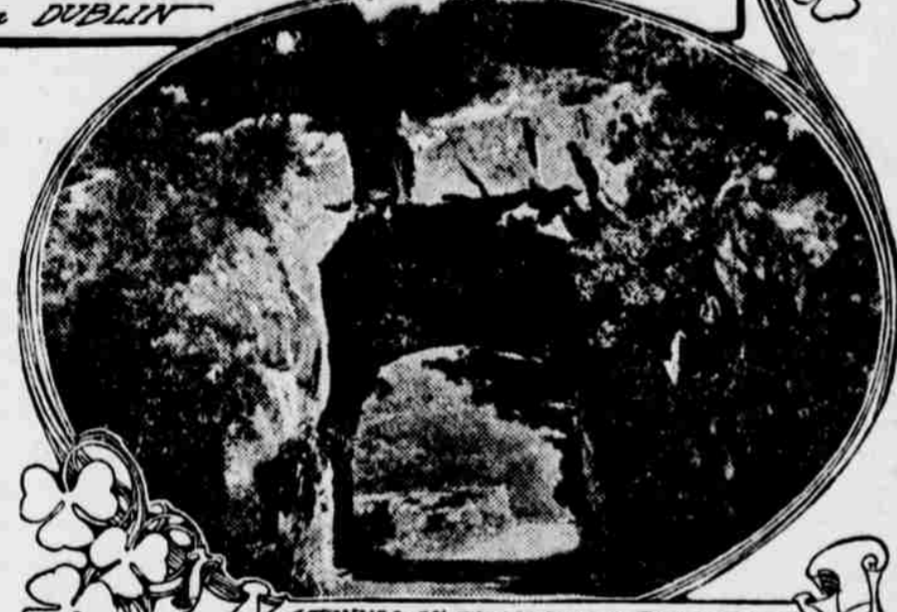
Imagine the policemen, the natural protectors of life and property, being hated by the people! That is the condition in Ireland yet, and has been so almost from the beginning. That does not mean that the Irish do not want to have life and property protected. It means that they have so long seen the policeman 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. It was told that in one week no less than three shooting outrages had been perpetrated on offending 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



A TUNNEL ON THE KENMARE ROAD, KILLARNEY



COLLEEN BAWN and VICTORIA PARK, 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 Bartley. 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

he was too good to last long. Another said he might be a Government spy who would get them all in trouble. That he went to mass regularly was admitted, but there were some who remarked that his manner of blessing himself revealed the amateur worshiper. The conjecture that he might be a Government spy came to Bartley's own ears, and at once he set about to explode it.

"The first thing Bartley did was to go to a liquor seller's and get drunk. When he was told to get out he became abusive, cursing everybody in authority, especially the Government, the Lord Lieutenant, and the Queen. Rolling in the gutter, he called for three cheers for an Irish Republic and a Parliament in College Green. When the police came, Bartley became more abusive. At the station house he assaulted two of them, and challenged any miserable bound that ever wore the Queen's uniform to a stand-up fight. When he appeared before the magistrates he was fined heavily, and, in accordance with the part he was playing, would have gone to jail instead of paying the fine, had not a crowd of sympathizing Nationalists in the body of the court subscribed the amount of the fine between them. After giving this incontestable proof that he was a genuine Nationalist and no Government spy, Bartley's reputation was re-established.

## AS TO VACANT LAND.

### Deputy Labor Commissioner Sends Out Circulars.

Louis V. Guys, deputy labor commissioner, after a personal investigation of the lands open to homestead entry in Nebraska, has issued the following circular letter, which is being sent out to all who have made inquiry, regarding the matter of homesteads.

In reply I wish to say that my delay in answering has been caused owing to the fact that I have been making a personal investigation of the entire district having lands open to homestead entry. I have pursued this plan as the means of furnishing to those interested in taking up lands reliable information based upon actual observations.

Generally speaking, I find this land to be quite sandy, well adapted to stock raising, dairying and poultry raising with the valleys fairly good farming lands, especially for the root crops, potatoes, etc.

The majority of the land is under fence, being used as range by the large ranches. The land yet open to settlement is equally as good as that which is taken, but, naturally, it is farther from the railroads, ranging from five to twenty-five miles. Each claim, which consists of 640 acres, is capable of caring for from fifty to 100 head of stock. The rancher very readily leases all land, not pastured by the homesteader, paying about 25c per acre per year. Deeded sections are selling for \$2,000 to \$4,000.

Rural mail delivery and telephone lines extend in all directions. Schools are rarely found outside of the small towns, and I would advise only that class to make settlements who have no children of the school age, or who may be able to place their children in the town schools.

The climate is very healthful; water good; an inexhaustible supply being found at from ten to fifteen feet. Cattle and horses live on the range the entire year round without shelter or food, although, in my judgment, such is necessary as a guarantee of perpetual success.

As a class the homesteaders of this section appear to be exceptionally prosperous, their success being obtained with but slight effort. The ranchers as a rule seem to be very willing to assist the earnest homesteader in making a success by selling him stock on time, etc. One should be possessed of a few hundred dollars to invest in stock as a means of assuring success, otherwise help will be necessary or his progress will be slow.

The chief drawback to the pioneer life in the sandhill country under the Kinkaid law is its monotony, isolation and desolation made certain owing to the fact that the minimum sized farm is 640 acres, which places neighbors one mile apart. To those who can adjust themselves to the conditions of pioneer life I can cheerfully recommend this country as affording opportunities never again to be secured under the homestead laws of this or other states.

**Four Pins Cause Disturbance.**  
Four common pins were the cause of a great disturbance at the state university convocation. During a piano recital by Prof. Johannes Magendanz of the music faculty the pins began to make noise their presence on the inside wires of the instrument whenever a high note was struck. The discords caused quite a little amusement, and the obstructions had to be removed before the recital could proceed.

**For Maneuver Camp.**  
About 500 Nebraska National guardsmen start July 29, for their maneuver camp at Pole Mountain, Wyo. They land at Laramie and march eighteen miles northeast to the camp. They will be away from home ten days. The first regiment and companies G and K of the Second will go.

**Wheat on State Farm.**  
Land Commissioner Cowles has received a report showing that the seventy-five acres of wheat on the state farm at the soldiers' home at Grand Island will yield about thirty bushels to the acre. It is being sold as fast as it is threshed for 88 cents a bushel. The crop may bring nearly \$2,000 to the state institution. The state pays \$175 a month for farm help, but the men employed do other work besides raise wheat.

**Burlington Prepares Ballast.**  
The Burlington railroad is preparing to ballast 100 miles of track with burned gumbo, manufactured from soil to be taken near its track close to Havelock, about six or eight miles from Lincoln. The railroad company purchased the land several years ago.

**Barton Goes West.**  
Auditor Barton left for Seattle, where he will attend the annual meeting of the state insurance commissioners of the United States. He will advocate a reduction of fire insurance rates and a more uniform set of laws throughout the country.

**Treasurer Buys Bonds.**  
State Treasurer George has bought \$18,000 of municipal bonds from Cambridge, \$8,000 from Rosalie and \$7,000 from Beatrice and has notified several other towns and school districts that are on the waiting list that he is ready to buy their bonds. The bonds which he is prepared to buy are as follows: Benson, \$23,000; Bristow school district No. 30, \$1,500; Superior, \$4,500; Hebron school district, \$20,000; Hayes Center, \$2,000; school district No. 10, Scottsbluff county, \$1,500.

## SPLENDID OUTLOOK FOR CROPS IN WESTERN CANADA

RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE GRAIN FIELDS SHOW THAT THE PROSPECTS ARE GOOD.

This is the time of year when considerable anxiety is felt in all the northern agricultural districts as to the probable outcome of the growing crops. Central Canada, comprising the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, with their 16,000,000 acres of wheat, oats, barley and flax, of which 6,000,000 acres may be said to be sown to wheat alone, has become a great factor in the grain markets of the world. Besides this, government returns show that every state in the Union has representatives in these provinces, and naturally the friends of these representatives are anxious to hear of their success. It has never been said of that country that it is absolutely faultless. There are, and have been, districts that have experienced the vagaries of the weather, the same as in districts south of the boundary line between the two countries, but these are only such as are to be expected in any agricultural country. The past has proven that the agricultural possibilities of this portion of Canada are probably more attractive in every way than most countries where grain raising is the chief industry. The present year promises to be even better than past years, and in a month or six weeks it is felt there will be produced the evidence that warrants the enthusiasm of the present. Then these great broad acres will have the ripened wheat, oats, barley and flax, and the farmer, who has been looking forward to making his last payment on his big farm will be satisfied. At the time of writing, all crops give the promise of reaching the most sanguine expectations.

In the central portion of Alberta, it is said that crop conditions are more favorable than in any previous year. Heavy rains recently visited this part, and the whole of this grain growing section has been covered. Reports like the following come from all parts:

"Splendid heavy rain yesterday. Crops forging ahead. Great prospects. All grains more than a week ahead of last year. Weather warm last week. Good rains last night."

From southern Alberta the reports to hand indicate sufficient rain. Crops in excellent condition. Labor scarce. Throughout Saskatchewan all grains are looking well, and there has been sufficient rain to carry them through to harvest.

From all portions of Manitoba there comes an assurance of an abundant yield of all grains. Throughout southern Manitoba, where rain was needed a few weeks ago, there has lately been abundant precipitation, and that portion of the province will in all probability have a crop to equal the best anticipations. A large quantity of grain was sown on the stubble in the newer west, which is never a satisfactory method of farming, and may reduce the general average.

Taken altogether, the country is now fully two weeks in advance of last year, and in all grains the acreages sown are much larger than in 1911. This means that with auspicious weather the west will have the grandest harvest in its history. Two hundred and fifty million bushels of wheat has been mentioned as an estimate of the present growing crop, and it looks now as if that guess will be none too large.

**Keeping Mice From Planos.**  
To prevent mice entering planos there has been invented a simple sliding plate to be mounted on a pedal so that it covers its opening.

Only a married man can fully appreciate heaven if there are no wash days or house cleaning seasons there.

## Be Well!

The First Step Towards Good Health is a Strong Stomach  
Is Your Appetite Poor  
Is Your Digestion Weak  
Is Your Liver Sluggish

These are Nature's warnings of stomach weakness and impending sickness. You should try

**HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**  
AT ONCE. IT WILL HELP YOU

**DAISY FLY KILLER** placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Fast, clean or non-toxic, convenient cheap. Kills all species. Made of metal, one application over, will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers or sent prepaid for \$1. HAROLD SOMERS, 100 DeSoto Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

W. N. U., LINCOLN, NO. 30-1912.