

IRISH PROGRESS IN AMERICA

Found in Every Nook and Corner of the Land and in All Vocations.

SEUMAS MACMINNUS WRITES OF HIS KIN

How They Have Asserted Their Striking and Lasting Qualities—Chunks of Native Wit to illumine the Text.

Of an old American plutocrat, who hated the Irish like poison, it is told that crossing the Atlantic for the first time he desired the steward to be sure to awake him in the early morning on which they were due to sight the Irish coast in passing.

In America, anyhow, the Irishman has been a marvelous success as a fighter, as a worker and as a man. It was going to say ruler, but shall content myself with politician.

Domination of the Crowd. After looking about me in America I saw conclusive proof that my countrymen were not by Providence intended for merely one or two vocations.

A flashlight on his character in this respect is the story of the Irishman who landed in a strange country when a political fight was raging and who, on being surrounded by both parties and questioned, "What side are you on?" replied, without any hesitation, "I'm agin' the government."

Political Leadership. Your Irish political leader in the Cincinnati, who has been by Providence, called from the spade to lift the reins of power in America, to guard you and to look after your destinies.

The Irishman in America, while he has acquired new, seldom notices many of the qualities which distinguish him at home. An Irishman is nothing if not fluent and eloquent. I have seen and heard unlettered old men in the mountains of Donegal who could put to blush professed orators; but in the American climate they grow from

greater practice, I suppose yet more eloquent. If you want an impromptu speech at any time on any subject under the sun, a speech that will deceive the listener into the idea that it is a really fine one and that the speaker knows what he is talking about, call upon an Irishman, someone has said to me, adding, "and the less he knows about the subject the more eloquent he will be." That, despite the hard facts of life which he is continually knocking against in America, he never loses the poetry of nature, which is in him in Ireland, is seen at once when one touches the reminiscent chord in the breast of the Irish-American.

Satire of a Tramp. He has, I think, no less wit than his brother in Ireland; the simpler and more naive humor is less apparent, I admit, but his sense of humor is not less keen and his wit has gained more point and force, and he can make it score like a rapier. When an Irishman retains the naive and combines it with the caustic he has an effective weapon indeed.

The old faction spirit still clings to our people abroad as well as at home, and our ill-wishers are fond of saying that you cannot leave two Irishmen in a room alone, or that they are always in violation of the method of freeing Ireland. And so they tell us that this want of cohesion, of agreement, of unity is one of the big defects of our nature in America as well as at home.

Once, I remember, a poor man whose struggle for existence was sore wished some help from his son in Georgia, in case the boy could easily spare it. "There's another year's rent comin' due," said he, "so I'll have to let him know that the yella cow died last Sunday night."

Tolerance a Trait. For, though the Irish-American does not get proper credit for it, he is a very tolerant individual—much more tolerant now than before he quit his home. Even the North of Ireland Orangeman, who, with the possible exception of the Mahanoy and the Jew, is the most intolerant individual that ever stalked over the earth, grows broad, liberal and Irish in America.

Some Late Inventions. To protect the window frames of a building from the rain, a building is on fire, a portable fire-proof curtain has been patented, having a bracket or support on the wall, and a hook on the window, which supports an iron pole on which the curtain is hung outside the window.

For holding a shovel rigid for polishing the floor, a handy device is formed of a bracket attached to the wall, with a vertical rod, which carries a vertical screw, which is lowered until it clamps the heel of the shovel.

A Massachusetts man has designed a street car with double end sections mounted on hinges to swing out, at least, one end to the other, with a single door sliding through the center of the panel to close the opening on either side when the street crosses the opposite side.

A Night of Terror. A awful anxiety was felt for the widow of the brave General Burnham of Machias, Me., when the doctors said she would die from pneumonia before morning.

drawn "Praise God" which was given with such an exquisite Irish brogue that my curiosity was very much awakened, for I had never seen an Irishman in such an unbecoming dress as that which Patrick had fallen upon. "I saw you in the same old clothes and his clothing showed it, and the gaps in his boots spoke loudly to the same effect. His eye met mine, at length, and the humor of the situation proving too much for me I smiled. I fear, rather quizzical smile the lines about the poor fellow's mouth instantly relaxed, and smiling, too, at being caught, he dropped his eyes to the ground.

Then he spoke the sentiments of both—"Poor devil and how he relapsed into blissful peace again. Rank and riches and all the other things of this world are not all-in-all to the soul of the Celt, no matter how unlettered he may be or unfortunate his lot. One who had been very poor and had prospered here, on being asked, "Well, Mat, this is the country for you—you never had as happy times in Ireland?" "Well, Mat said, deliberately, "as regards that country entirely. But as for myself—well, I may get a better bite to eat, and am sure of it, an' a better drink to wear, an' a sounder roof over me, but that's all."

The folks at home. That they will forget those that they left behind them in Ireland does not infirmly credit. And if, by chance, an Irish boy goes ashore in (astray) here and ceases to help his father at home, bad as this may be or grow, he makes a heroic effort to keep his father in the knowledge of his heart, he knows well, would break if only they knew. And as he thinks chiefly of saving them, so they, in turn, like not for their leads to rest upon "the poor boy who is away." Because of my poor requisitioned a man in my country, I was washed to write to his boy in America and often the most beautiful and touching thing about these letters was what they refused to put in them.

My countrymen in America have, despite desperate disadvantages, asserted their solid worth and sterling qualities and compelled the American, the German and the Jew to acknowledge and esteem that worth and those qualities. The Irish navy of yesterday is a man of position and power today, who has helped to gain for our race the right of having the green floated over the city hall. An indignant northern Irishman was, to an American group, rating the contemptible mayor at a grand pace. One of the Americans interposed, "But, Charlie, if he granted you Irishmen such a privilege on this day the Dutch would ask to have their flag hoisted on a day of their celebration."

Lightening the Gloom. Into the full dress mourning suit a gleam of light may be cast by the scarf and pin, though for the funeral and knowledge in the cravat of silk as ludicrous as the facing of the coat lapels and pierced by a dull black enamel pin paved the way to a cravat of black and gray brocade and an onyx pin touched with gold.

Significant Details. No discussion of mourning could assume to be complete without reference to the handkerchief and the visiting card. The first should not be mentioned in black and many men ridicule the notion, and with justification, that it is necessary, mainly or seemingly to carry with mourning dress other than a purely white nonchance. There is undoubtedly a number, however, who cling to the tradition of the mourning handkerchief and have in the corners of their purely white linen squares a small oval or diamond of black linen set and on this the initials in chastely simple white embroidery done. Surely there is nothing conspicuous or offensive in this device as may be urged against the black border, and it serves perfectly to satisfy the conscientious, quiet of those who love to do everything in decency and order.

Concerning evening dress for a man in mourning for the first month, nothing need be said, for he who respects his own grief and the conventions sufficiently to wear carefully considered mourning does not for at least four weeks appear at any function where evening dress is required. At home or dinner the conventional is that a man customarily worn, the waistcoat matching the trousers and short dinner coat, the tie of lustrous black silk, the sleeve links as such as he wore with his afternoon dress and the shirt studs of white enamel. When the days of mourning are not chronologically completed, but healthy human nature turns nevertheless to social intercourse and



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MOURNING DRESS FOR MEN

Suitable Toilets for the Various Stages of Bereavement.

SIGNIFICANT DETAILS OF THE COSTUME

Black-bordered Handkerchiefs and Black Shirtstuds Outfitted by Fastidious Men—Footwear and Headwear.

Dignified and decent mourning dress for a man does not permit the use of a black band on the sleeve of a tan-colored coat. The variety-loving city brawler may be permitted to enjoy this indecorous means of publishing the loss of one both near and dear, but the well-bred man of to-day in the proper trapping and suit of wool, or make no pretensions to mourning dress at all.

The complete outfit for the individual who has lost a near relative, a parent, child, sister or brother, is for business hours and for the morning a full suit of the roughest wool in black, the sacque coat, trousers and waistcoat all from the one piece of goods. With this white linen and a dull black silk tie in which no pin appears.

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diversion, the long-tailed coat with the black waistcoat tie and black gloves are worn to the theater and to dinners, while the simple enamel studs appear vastly more appropriate than the undarkening effect of black enamel or even gray pearls that a few men have adopted. Better it will be to wear the more than ever popular white pearls than the ash gray ones that are costly and give too nearly an aspect of an ink spot or a finger mark on the immaculate linen.

It seems apropos here to make mention of some of the prices paid for the three-pearl studs without which no smart man's evening toilet is fashionably complete. Sixty dollars is a just and generous price to pay for a trio of well colored, perfectly spherical and properly proportioned gems; for \$25 very good ones can be had, but as high as \$600 per set has been paid several times this winter by men who scorn to wear any but absolutely perfect jewels.

A man who is said to have married twenty wives and was sentenced to the penitentiary by a jury in a Chicago court wept long and bitterly as he was led away. This incident merely goes to show the complexity of human nature. Some men would have shouted loud hosannas at the idea of escaping twenty wives, even in the seclusion of a penitentiary.

The appraisers of the Richard Cole estate in Detroit met the other day and listened to the financial affairs of the estate as told by the widow. It seems that Cole, not believing in savings banks, had placed his money in tiles hid in the cellar wall. Last summer some of the bills became moldy and stuck together so badly that he took \$2,000 or \$3,000 worth out to the orchard and laid them on the ground. A cow came along and ate most of the amount, according to Mrs. Cole's story, and also masticated a deed of the farm which was in the pile. No money was found in the house, but she claimed that Mr. Cole had filled a tile with bills and had buried it in the orchard, just where she did not know. The appraisers have no occasion to doubt the story as given. Several thousand dollars was found in the house after the old man's death, and it is probable that considerable more is secreted around, as he was known to have been quite wealthy.

When Arthur Edwards of Brooklyn asked the pretty little woman who is now his wife if she would marry him her reply was that she would be living to death. Her husband was under arrest, charged with having tickled the soles of her feet until she was driven almost crazy. Mrs. Edwards has the housework and a small baby to look after all day, so that often she is in bed and asleep when her husband returns from his duties as a street car conductor. This increases him. He proceeds to invoke the welcoming smile by tickling his wife into hysterics. "Don't you think your husband is simply foolish?" asked the magistrate. "No, I do not." "He almost tickles me to death," Edwards admitted the tickling, but said he did it because he persisted in being asleep when he got home. He liked to see his happy home filled with laughter. The court concluded the tickling was no laughing matter and ordered the conductor to ring off.

Your papa is a very funny man, is he not?" asked the visitor of the humorist's little daughter. "I guess strangers think he is," replied the little miss, "but we are used to him and don't worry about it any more."

Inquiring Child—Father, there's a lot in this book about Othello. Who was Othello? Father—Othello? Why, bless me, my boy, do you mean to tell me you go to Sunday school and don't know a simple thing like that? I'm ashamed of you.

Whenever little Tommy spoke a piece at a Sunday school entertainment the editor of the local weekly paper, knowing what would please Tommy's father, who owed him for four years' subscription, told him "little Tommy Wiggins acquired another feather to wear in his cap at the Sunday school entertainment this week." "Ma," said Tommy one day, "if I keep this thing up long enough I'll be a regular little rooster, won't I?"

Tommy, aged 5, was playing with two pennies his uncle had given him, and putting his finger on one he said, "This one I am going to give to the heathen and the other one I am going to buy candy with." He kept on playing until one of them rolled away and he couldn't find it. "Which one did you lose?" asked his mother. "The one I was going to give to the heathen," replied Tommy.

A small boy living in Mount Salem, Mich., published monthly— one dollar a year. Ad sense description, 6 months, send 50 cents. Send a dime to Ad Sense Co., 35 Fifth Ave., Chicago.

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CHARGES LOW

The Good One Does Should Not Be Measured By Dollars and Cents

Thus it is that Dr. McGrew has placed his charges for treatment of Diseases and Disorders of Men within the reach of all. Even the poorest may have treatment. The Doctor is well known throughout the west as one of the Most Skilled and Successful Specialists in the treatment of all forms of Diseases and Disorders of Men Only. 22 Years of Unlimited Experience—12 Years in Omaha. Medicine and Treatment sent everywhere by mail or express, enclosed from view.

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