

M'Kinley's Irish Home at the World's Fair

ST. LOUIS, July 14.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—At the eastern end of the Pike, and looking down the whole length of that brilliant thoroughfare, there rises a gray building, stern, majestic, and strangely contrasting with the gay and many-colored structures of that famous avenue. It is a reproduction of the St. Lawrence Gateway of the city of Drogheda in Ireland—a relic of the ancient Norman fortification of that town, whose name shines with a baleful light in Irish history, for it was the scene of the first and most dreadful of the wholesale massacres which marked Oliver Cromwell's brief and bloody campaign for the reconquest of revolted Ireland 250 years ago. Now the old gateway admits to a delightful scene, for within its portals the visitor will see around him on every side the signs of a rejuvenated Ireland, entering on a career of peace and productiveness, yet mindful of the wonderful story of her tragic and illustrious past.

To the left as the visitor enters is a simple building, nothing but a low, thatched cottage; yet to the American even more than to the Irish people this thatched cottage ought to be a sacred place, for it is an exact reproduction of the peasant home in the County Antrim where many generations of the McKinley family, ancestors of the great American president, lived and died. In the interior, not in reproduction, but the very original themselves, will be found as much of the furniture and other belongings of the McKinley family as could be authentically traced back to the period when the ancestor of the president emigrated to this land. Here is the old wooden bedstead with its rope netting made of twisted silvers of bogwood such as the Irish peasant still uses where rope is scarce. Here is the iron pot over the peat fire; the griddle pan for baking oatmeal cakes, the spinning wheel, and even that most pathetic sight, the little wooden cradle in which the McKinley children were rocked. The handles used for rocking are polished with generations of use, the plain boards are neatly hooped together with iron, the little relic, which ought never to be allowed to leave these shores, seems to tell a story of peasant life, with its honorable poverty, its thriftiness, its patience and its gleams of love and motherhood; a story impressive indeed when we contrast it with the great career which may be traced back to this starting place.

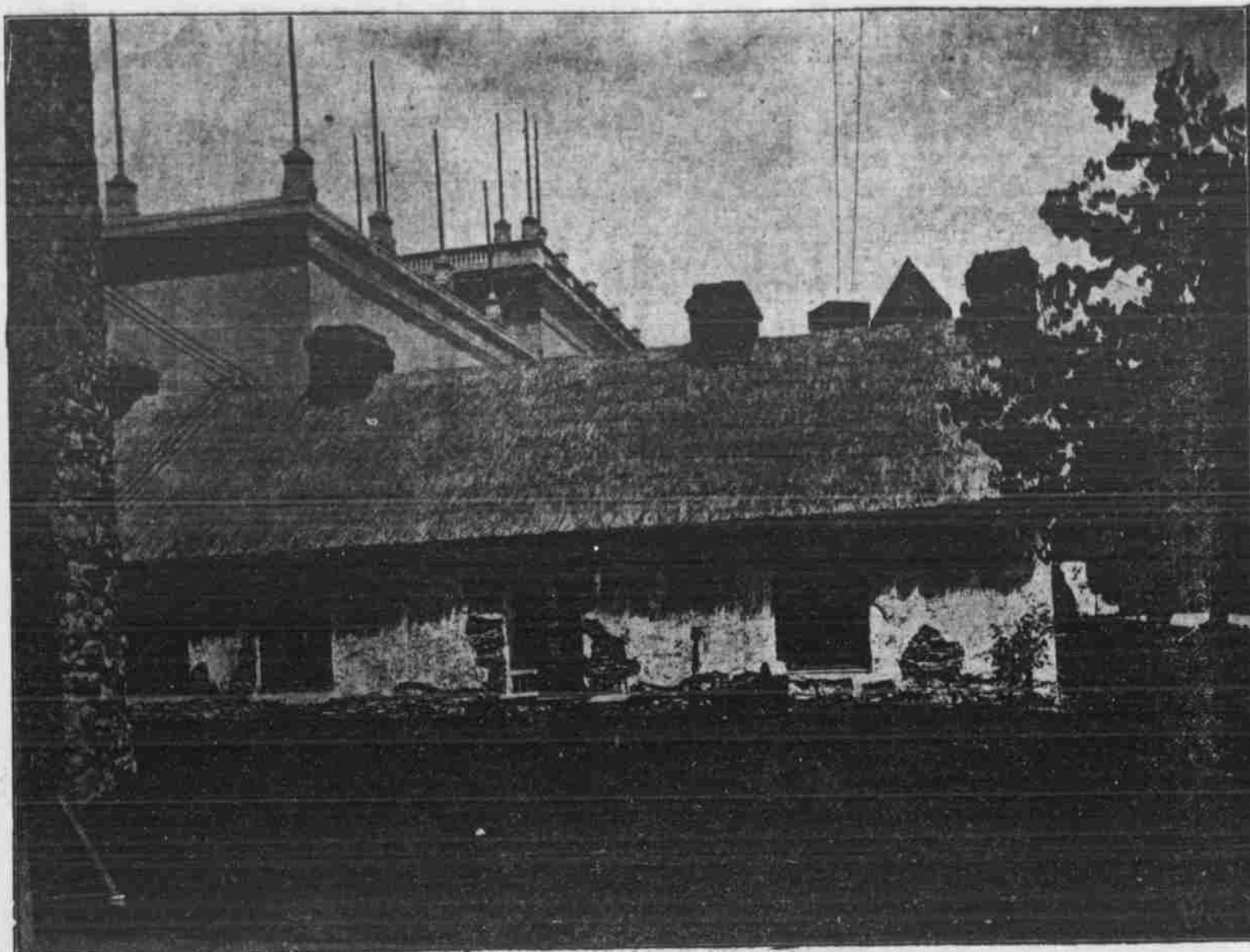
As the American story of the McKinleys ended in tragedy, so it began. From this cottage Francis McKinley, great grandfather of the president and a leader in the "United Irish" movement of 1798, was dragged by the soldiery of the crown and hanged before the village church close by. A striking picture of this event by a modern Irish artist hangs on the walls of the McKinley cottage at the World's fair. The organizers of "Ireland" were well inspired when they planned to include this cottage and its contents among the rich and varied attractions of their exhibition.

Another of the buildings in the enclosure has interest of a different sort. In the northwest corner may be seen a strange antique building with towers and a high pitched roof, beautiful and original in its design, yet curiously unlike our general conception of mediæval architecture. It seems to belong to a race of other ideas and artistic conceptions than those of Western Europe—a train of something like Oriental fantasy seems to be blended here with the structural principles of early Gothic masonry. This building, or rather the original of which it is a faithful reproduction, is, in fact, one of the most remarkable in its way in Europe. It is the sole remaining specimen in perfect preservation of Celtic church building prior to the English invasion of Ireland. It is called "Cormac's Chapel," from the king of Munster, who caused it to be built in the early part of the twelfth century, and it stands on the rocky citadel known as the Rock of Cashel in County Tipperary, overlooking one of the most beautiful prospects in southern Ireland.

A great archaeologist has pointed out that in this building as well as the others now more or less ruined, dating from the same early period, we may trace a conception of church building quite peculiar to Ireland. The rest of Europe built its first churches on the plan of the Roman basilica or court of justice. The Irish, over whose country the Romans never stretched their conquering arm, were not influenced by the basilica, and planned their churches instead, on the conception of an ark or shrine.

Fronting the St. Lawrence Gateway, as one enters, is a stately building decorated in the Celtic style of ornament, and labelled "The Industrial Hall." The exhibits in this hall, which illustrate the arts and industries of Ireland from 2,000 years B. C. to the present day—a marvellous stretch of continuous national life for any people to show—were all collected and organized by a government body, the "Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland."

It may seem strange to find a government department working with a private concession, but this, according to the rules of the



M'KINLEY ANCESTRAL COTTAGE, REPRODUCED AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

exposition, was the only way in which a national representation of Ireland's arts, industries and history could be assembled under one roof, and the department, which was described by a recent writer as one of the most "human" and least conventional of state institutions in the British islands, undertook the task with characteristic energy and thoroughness. One of the most interesting of the exhibits is the case containing representations of antique Celtic metal work, such as brooches, pins, shrines, chalices, etc., used from a time prior to the Christian era down to the twelfth century. This case contains the famous Cross of Cong, a processional cross made in Roscommon in 1123, A. D., and used to enshrine a relic of the True Cross sent by Pope Celestine to the king of Ireland that day. A comparison of this magnificent work of art with the great stone cross of which a full-sized plaster cast (also lent by the department) is set up in the open air before Cormac's chapel, will show what thorough masters of decorative art, both in the minute and in the grand style, the mediæval Irish were.

There is abundant evidence here that the gift has not deserted the children of the Gael today. The stained glass, noble and severe in its dignity of line and color, the astonishingly beautiful carpets, hand-made by the Donegal peasants, the fairy-like films of delicate lace which fill so many of the cases and which keep women rapt in delight around them, the splendid colorings and designs of the poplin materials, the beautiful embroideries from Dun Emer as well as the very interesting and most promising display of pupils' work from the technical schools started in Ireland during the last few years—all these will give the visitor material for many days of study and enjoyment, as well as the assurance that a fairer destiny seems at last to be dawning on the Emerald Isle.

T. W. RALLESTON.

Man and Telephone Girl

Man—Hello, Central! Will you give me Mr. Smith's residence, 230 East Thirteenth street? The number is not in the book.

Central—Just a minute.

Man (after waiting patiently fifteen minutes)—Say, Central, have you found out what that number is?

Central (sweetly)—What number did you want?

Man (emphatically, with rising inflection)—I told you I did not know the number. I want Mr. Smith's residence, 230 East Thirteenth street.

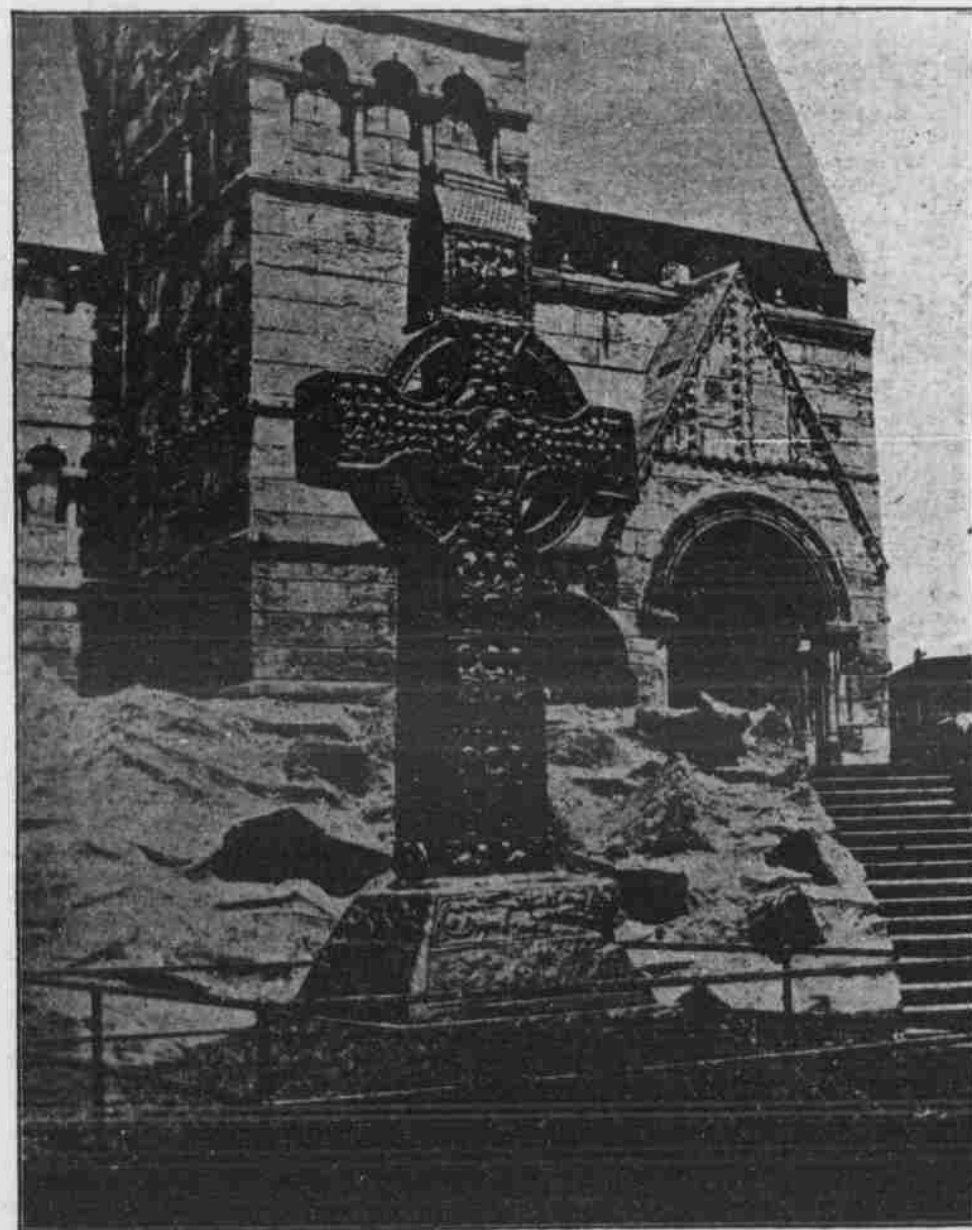
Central—A-I-I right. I'll call you.

(Within next half hour bell rings frantically.)

Man (hopefully)—Hello! Did you get the number?

Central (in an injured tone)—Mr. Smith, 230 East Thirteenth street, hasn't got a telephone.

Man (thinks inexpressible thoughts, counts ten, then answers)—Oh, yes, he has a telephone. I used it myself yesterday.



CROSS OF MONASTERROICE (TWELFTH CENTURY) AND CONNAC'S CHAPEL, REPRODUCED AT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

Central (doubtfully)—I'll see. Wait a minute.

Man—Very good of you, I am sure. Don't be in any hurry about it!

Central (ten minutes later)—Wire's busy now. Shall I call you?

Man—I think I can save time by going to see him. (Picks up telephone book and reads on back: "The mail is quick, the telegraph is quicker, the telephone is instantaneous." Prints.)—Town Topics.

Tabloid Philosophy

When a man isn't square the fact will soon get 'round.
A puny little dentist can take the nerve

out of his biggest patients.

It is impossible to lay out a base ball diamond without base designs.

Whisky won't make a man drunk unless the whisky itself is drunk.

The jailer seriously objects when his prisoners make themselves too free.

The fellow who shoots off his mouth never seems to run out of ammunition.

The man with more money than brains naturally has more dollars than sense.

The financial editor is not necessarily pedantic, but he is apt to indulge in quotations.

When somebody takes the shine off of you, remember that there are plenty of bootblacks.—Philadelphia Record.