

IRELAND'S ANSWER TO MANY

John A. McChristal Gives Other Side of Country's Question.

ORANGEMAN IN ADVANTAGE

Writer Declares that Erin's Opposing Element is in Possession of Land, While Others Are Kept Poor.

To the Editor of The Bee—For several months past articles regarding Irish politics have been appearing at varying intervals in several newspapers. The authors of these compositions are evidently as ignorant of this theme as they are illogical in their conclusions. For as far back as English history concerns itself about the affairs of Ireland, it gives our country and our people a bad name. Ireland is described as a soil in which the seeds of good government could never be made to strike root, for the fruits of peace to grow up to maturity. Fertile to prodigality in the gifts of nature, her meadows fields are represented as incapable of good, and yielding no other return than a cadmium crop to the most arduous cultivator. On other topics, connected with our land, the British historians wrangle and tear each other's credits to tatters with the fierceness of contending mastiffs. But there is a provoking unanimity when they come to speak of the national character of the Irish people. Like the annals of old Rome they impute the good name of all other nations to the glory of their own, and Ireland, as if it were really alien in blood and in interest, comes in for an equal share of obloquy with France and Spain, the natural enemies of Great Britain.

Press Was Not Free. Had our native historians been allowed a perfect freedom of reply through the medium of the same press and the same language, which was used with so large a license for the purpose of traducing their country, doubtless they would have told the English reader and the world a different story. They saw their countrymen held up to scorn and abhorrence, as an inhuman, revengeful and perfidious race, whom no ties could bind, no kindness soften. But for one instance of fierce vengeance on the part of the bondsmen they could have cited ten of silent and rapacious cruelty on the side of the taskmaster. They could have borne down the charge of violence with authenticated cases of oppression on the other scale. They might have balanced impatience with extortion; the disregard of treaties with a profligate contempt of justice and disobedience to law, with proofs without end, that the laws, both in spirit and operation, were contrary to the will as they were adverse to the happiness of the Irish people. "If lions were carvers," said the king of beasts as he eyed a group of stately men which represented an animal of his own species prostrate and bedridden by a man, "these two figures should change place."

Orangemen Contemptuous. Every Orangeman launches out against the character of this people in a strain of contempt, from their very beginning down to the moment in which we write. They are distinguished by the same spirit of malice and exaggeration, the same excited pretense of piety, and the same exclusive assertion of loyalty which we see most strikingly exemplified in the writings and declamations of their most zealous leaders of today.

We own that in the past the plan of the Craighs, the Carsons, the Londonderrys has been too successful in perverting the most noble and generous of peoples. During several successive reigns, not to speak of the present, in which they are trying to be most rampant, the Irish is slandered and blackmailed by the Orange element, not alone in Ireland, but all over the world. By them the Irish have been pillaged without relaxation or remorse from the sixteenth century down to the beginning of the nineteenth, and since then with only occasional gleams of forbearance, up to the present moment. Fear and severity, persecution and the sword were the means employed during that dark and afflicting period of Ireland's history, to master its affections and win it to loyalty and obedience. What wonder if they failed? Men do not gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles. Why then should they look for a return of gratitude and attachment to a long series of galling oppressions? The real matter of surprise is that the Irish have not been rendered more wild, reckless and vindictive than even the hyperbolical malice and invention of their calumniators can paint them. For they are naturally high-minded and impatient, nor does their spirit tamely bend to a wanton wrong or an insult. Yet are they still found frank and open-hearted, unresponsive against the warnings of all experience; generous upon the faintest show of kindness, and ready to grasp the hand which may be held extended to them in amity, with all the confidence, honor and hope of men who had never been deceived.

Give Them Justice. Give them justice. Give them but a promise, such a promise as their sanguine and credulous hearts can rest upon, that they shall have justice, and at once their fierceness is turned to praise; the voice of complaint is no more heard in their streets, and a cheer can lead them. This is no idle declamation; the state of Ireland during the last year and at this moment gives it the proof. Ireland now fondly contemplating home rule sustains its peace to such an extent that even its enemies have to marvel. Never did the Orangemen of private life ply their task with

a more pertinacious energy. But those whom the people trust have promised that they shall have justice; and in full reliance on that promise, in undoubting faith in the integrity of an administration which holds its authority by no hollow pledge, they give themselves up to a thousand harassing and vexatious practices which are employed to goad them to violence. They hold the warmest and holiest feelings of our common nature in restraint and implicit subservience to the better hope which shines through their heaviest trials.

Not All Are Patient.

There are indeed exceptions to this general rule of patient endurance. Some indignant spirits break out occasionally against persecution, and those wild combinations which some years ago kept the whole government and the community in terror, can again summon their scattered adherents to take vengeance for oppressions to which all feel that they are subject. There are also hovering about their former homes, or rather about the spots where once they stood, many hapless outcasts, with minds as desperate as their fortunes, eager to inspire others with those burning thoughts, which form the wretched solace of their own dark and restless hours, and who are not unwilling to assist in the purpose which their counsels suggest. Whatever remains of agrarian outrage still survives in the south and west of Ireland, proceeds from the agency or the dictation of such perturbed spirits. But in comparison to the mass of suffering which is unparagonably inflicted on the state of popular feeling and action in Ireland is quiescence itself. The number of those who are in open war is utterly insignificant, not alone now, but in the past, when this sales, bills in exchange, the wholesale ejections and depopulation of entire villages and tracts of country, which were perpetrated without cessation and with every circumstance of aggravation and cruelty that unrelenting orangemen could devise. Compared with the provocation which the Irish race has received we say that the blood of Irishmen is tame and humble, nor is there any other people in Europe, nor in the rest of the civilized world, who would so long have brooked the wrongs they have endured and not risen up in a simultaneous effort to shake off the annoyance of such puny and connivance.

Advantage in Possession.

Temples oppressors. That which has given the orangemen of Ireland so great an advantage of the Irish is the possession of their land. The poor farming Irishman has nothing to look to beyond his "bit of land." He is rooted to the soil, he grows upon; he knows no other means of living, has no resource whatever, no taste, no aspiration, unconnected with the cultivation of his field. His children generally are not inured to any other species of industry. Driven from the fields which their sturdy labor has been accustomed to subdue and you render them totally helpless and destitute, without hope, without the opportunity and without the ambition to acquire subsistence by any other art or occupation. So when landlordism (which is merely a synonym for orangemen) visits a happy home with eviction what is the wretched peasant to do? Chased from the spot where he had first drawn his breath, where he had first beheld the light of heaven, incapable of procuring any other means of existence and too honorable to steal, can we be surprised that the peasant of unenlightened mind, of uneducated habits, should rush upon the perpetration of crimes followed by the punishment of the rope and gibbet?

Take the Case Home.

Let any parent make it his own case, for this is the best way to test it. When we are assembled at the domestic hearth, with our families around us, let us bring home to our bosoms the bare apprehension that for exercising an undoubted privilege, not only recognized, but actually enjoined by the constitution, it were in our power of some brutal tyrant, some abortive attempt at usurpation, of whom gold, amassed by speculation and public plunder, is the sole nobility, to put out our fire and drive us away far from that pleasant home. Let us suppose him by the word of his power destroying our only means of providing for that bright and joyous circle and turning our children and ourselves adrift, to lead a vagrant, hopeless, scrambling life, disowned, rejected, persecuted and maligned—could we bear it? Where is the father's heart that could endure it? What reverence for the law, what sacredness of private property, what abstract right of men to do as they please with their own, would be of force to restrain our thoughts from dark imaginings or our hands from giving them effect? We frankly avow we would not submit to such treatment, but would take the law into our own hands, and if possible redress ourselves. Our children have a right divine to claim from us the protection which may be denied to them elsewhere. And we cannot recognize any human obligation which should or could distract us to reject such an appeal. I say that no man owes a moral obedience to an exterminating decree, and the man who should, is an anachronism to this twentieth century civilization. No man, pretending or desiring to be free, would pay it an outward homage, one moment longer than superior force compelled him to bow his neck under its intolerable yoke.

Inaccessible to Piety.

The persecutor and slanderser of the people talk of their untamable souls, and vindictive nature. But if they believed that way, would they dare to oppress and harass them as they do? Would they expel fathers, mothers and infants at the breast and tottering age, if they really thought that blood alone could slake the burning heart of a ruined Irish peasant? No, too well they know that those domestic tyrants are inaccessible to piety. No sentiment of human kindness, no horror of the calamities mediated against fellow creatures, fellow countrymen, fellow Christians can make them relax their stern code of proscription. But they are not reckless of their own safety. Dogged and perverse though they be, an undefined apprehension of consequences to themselves, consequences such as would seem to be inevitable, were the Irish peasant the tiger which their invention would paint him—would restrain the arm which ply clubs in vain. Fear and prudence would operate where nature is rascally thrust aside and the intercessions of Christian charity, like its sacred author, are mocked, reviled and spat upon. But the persecution goes on. Never before was slander more unmitigatedly active. And yet its authors walk abroad unharmed by any lash, unless conscience, unseen and in its secret hour, may apply corrections to their souls. They repeat itself, let orangemen slay all it will her days of tyranny in Erin are consummated. They may appeal to what they designate as "the wholesome rigor of the law," and to the natural results of their own brutality as arguments for

forging new fetters, or riveting the old one upon limbs that should, and with the blessing of God shall be free. But Irish patriotism has them overcome, they fully realize this, and Carson & Co. are now not feeling more than to borrow from Tennessee.

OLDEST RIVER IN THE WORLD

St. Lawrence Has Remained Unchanged Since Earth Was Formed.

What is the oldest river in the world? The St. Lawrence. It is also one of the few rivers that did not make its own bed, and has remained unchanged since the very beginning of the American continent.

Try to think of a time when the earth was covered by a mass of water, hot, steaming and often tremendously disturbed by the throes of a globe beneath it that was shrinking because it was becoming cooler. As the globe shrank, every particle of the outside was naturally pulled toward the center, and the hardening crust, which could not be packed any more solidly than it was, had to wrinkle, sinking down here and bulging up somewhere else. After a time certain of these rising wrinkles, or folds, the thicker, or firmer, parts of the earth's crust stood the strain and became permanent ridges. The oldest of them that geologists know, and apparently the first that bulged up above the universal ocean, and remained high as a dry, was the broad mountain which Canada now rests. It is a part of the original crust of the earth, and we can see it today, wherever it is not covered by newer rocks or soil, just as it crystallized and cooled out of the primeval molten material.

This mass formed a broad V from Labrador down to Lake Huron, and thence northward to Alaska, an account of its shape, geologists call it the Canadian shield. It is the oldest land known, and apparently the strongest, for there are no signs of any extensive changes in it (except the wearing away of the surface) since it first rolled the ocean off its shoulders.

Off the eastern coast of this primitive continent lay a chain of lofty islands, about on the line of the Blue Ridge, White Mountains, the Maine coast, and Nova Scotia. Between these islands and the mainland was a trough-like space that ran from eastern Quebec southward to Ohio. It was 200 or 300 miles wide and filled with a shallow sea; and just outside the island chain was the great hollow that held the Atlantic ocean.

Time went on. For ages the straining and cracking of the shrinking globe, earthquakes, sun and frost, bounding surf, running water, blowing gales, ice—all labored to tear down the mountains and carry the wreckage of rocks and dirt away into the valleys and seas. In this way vast masses of rocks, in layers of shales, sandstones and what not were laid down in that narrow, trough-like sea between the chain of islands and the continent. All these "sedimentary" rocks were soft and weak as compared with the solid old granite deeply footed on either side of them; and the trough itself, a lagging fold, was a line of weakness in the crust. As the load of deposits became heavier and heavier, the floor of this trough slowly yielded, and as it sank toward the heated region below the under side melted and grew thinner and thinner.

That could not go on forever and soon the continual shrinking of the globe and the enormous pressure of the weight of the ocean became irresistible. The Canadian shield was immovable, so the rock in the trough began to bulge or crumple all along its length. Gradually, not all at once, but by slow and varying movements, those folds were squeezed up, which in their broken and worn-down form we know as the Appalachian mountains.

Toward the south there was room for this action to be rather gentle and regular, but in the far northeast the trough was narrow; and the soft rocks were set on edge, overturned and splintered against the solid continent. Very early in the struggle a great fracture of the earth's crust occurred here along a curving northeast and southwest line. It left a deep and broad trench between the crushed and displaced rocks of the trough and the granite shore of the Canadian shield. Into this trench rushed all the interior waters of the continent, draining away to the sea, and the St. Lawrence river was born! There, no doubt, it will remain as long as the earth keeps its present form.

At that time there was no Gulf of St. Lawrence. The land extended out to a point like that stretched unbroken from Nova Scotia, Labrador. The present gulf is the result of a sinking of the coast region. Most of it is very shallow, but a chart of soundings shows the ancient river bed as a channel winding out between Newfoundland and Cape Breton to the deep ocean.—Youth's Companion.

COLORADO'S RADIUM PIONEER

Expert Tells of Thomas F. Walsh's Efforts to Save Yield to the Public.

"The United States government, in my judgment, should take immediate steps to protect its rights in radium producing territory," said Stephen T. Logwood, a Buffalo lawyer who is in Washington on business with the bureau of mines.

"It was a Washington man, the late Thomas F. Walsh, who first gave personal and financial encouragement to the efforts to locate such ores and to extract from them their contents of radium salts. As long ago as 1903 a prospector in Utah gave me a fine specimen of carnotite ore while I was visiting there. He requested that I endeavor to learn the value of his find, and to do so I experimented in a crude way, and finally ascertained that carnotite, as well as pitchblende, contains radium.

"In 1904 I built the first experimental plant for the reduction of carnotite ores in Buffalo, but it was not until 1908 that I came in contact with Mr. Walsh. He was deeply interested in the production of radium, not from a commercial standpoint, but because of his desire to develop the mineral resources of Colorado and to give radium to the world for scientific use. It was largely the result of his efforts that a bureau of mines was created.

radium in the form of crude barium sulphate salts. The only known process then and now was the process of fractional crystallization. No specific reagent had been found to separate in one operation barium and radium.

"In April, 1908, I made and reported to Mr. Walsh a discovery of a process which, in my judgment, will reduce the time and cost element of refining radium salts by 90 per cent. I made this report to Mr. Walsh alone, and submitted the evidence of the effectiveness of the process in the form of a radiographic test plate, which was then placed and now reposes in the Vincent Walsh memorial collection.

SOLDIER MOTHERS AT HOME

There's a Heroism as Commendable as Glory Won at the Front.

Volunteers are needed in the army for a dangerous service. Instantly there spring forward ten times the number of men required. Those selected become heroes by their choice on the spur of the moment. The United States needed men to sink the Merrimac in the neck of the channel of Santiago harbor. Hobson and his brave comrades sank the vessel and bottled up the Spanish fleet. And the world proclaimed them heroes all, which they were.

But the world hears little of the everyday acts of heroism stretching over years instead of hours. What of the widow left with a family of small children, and no money? There can be no trumpet sounding the "Charge!" to lend courage; no knowledge that the eyes of the world are focused on her; she does not march to the battle with banners flying and stirring music urging her on. She is face to face not with an act of bravery that may be commemorated a few minutes or a few hours, and that will be blazoned through all the land—she is confronted with a struggle that must go on for years, with nothing to lend strength but her love for those for whom she must labor.

The charge of the Light brigade at Balaklava! "Cannon to the right of them, cannon to the left of them, collected and thundered." The "noble 600" were in the heat of battle. They were filled with unholly battle fire. Inspiration could point to nothing else than "to do or die." John Paul Jones "I have not yet begun to fight" deserves no greater place in the annals of heroism than the silent resolve of the widow: "I'll keep them all together, God giving me strength." It is premeditated heroism that enables a mother to say that premeditation that sees the long, weary struggle, perhaps days over the washtub, back-breaking task; mending the children's clothes long after the wearers have been tucked into bed; twelve and sixteen hours of work a day; scheming and planning, instead of sleeping, in order to keep the little flock together. There can be no thought of self for the mother who elects to keep her children together. She is and must be "thankful to work for all the seven, trusting the rest to One in Heaven."

There are dark days in the self-imposed task-days when it seems that life is not worth the struggle, days when it seems that flesh cannot stem the tide, days when there is no vista beyond the dreary monotony of doing for a brood that is too young to appreciate the herculean struggle.

SHIP'S FREEDOM FOR WOMAN

Unique Reward Given for Fighting Bold Eagle Bent on Kidnaping.

Miss Leona Perkins, a young woman of 25, of St. Helen's, Ore., has been given the "freedom" of the steamship Merced, and can voyage on it whenever she likes free of charge, as the result of a successful battle with an American bald eagle which attempted to snatch a child from the deck of the vessel. The incident of the killing is regarded by the oldest seamen entering San Pedro as one of the strangest in the annals of the port. The steamer Merced, one of a large fleet owned by a big lumber company on the Pacific coast is the newest of the fleet. It plies between the Columbia river, San Francisco, and San Pedro, the port of the city of Los Angeles. In its history, it has carried many thousand feet of lumber the vessel also

"Excellent Tonic"

MRS. S. A. WEIR, 627 W. 15th St., Pueblo, Col.

"Peruna is an excellent tonic for the weakness that follows grip. If everybody could have a bottle or two of Peruna after they have had grip they would get well a great deal sooner than they usually do. There is no better medicine in the world for colds and grip than Peruna. One bottle did more to relieve me of a bad cold and a case of grip than any remedy that I have ever taken. Other things being equal, the ready-to-take medicine is the cheaper. On this phase of the subject Mrs. Weir says: "I am a widow with a very small income, and have to look to every penny very closely. Under these circumstances your medicine is a godsend to me. One bottle of Peruna has accomplished for me more than an expensive course of treatment of any other sort. Of this I feel sure. As a matter of economy every one ought to have a bottle of Peruna in the house."

carries passengers. On July 21 last, the Merced was several miles off Point Conception at 5:30 in the evening en route for San Pedro. Miss Perkins was on deck amusing the children. Glancing curiously at the sky, she saw what she at first believed to be a gull making for the steamer. Idly watching the gyrations of the bird high in the air, she did not realize what it was until the eagle seemingly stopped in midair many hundreds of feet above the steamer and dropped like a plummet for the deck of the vessel. It was making direct for one of the

children, when Miss Perkins, aware of the danger, seized a bookhook, fortunately near at hand, and struck at the bird. She missed it, but frightened it away. Striking it a second time she called for aid. The captain of the vessel, seeing the predicament of the young woman and child, rushed to the engine room and there securing a rifle, made for the deck. Here, handing the rifle to one of the crew, he told him to shoot the eagle, which by this time had perched itself on one of the yards of the vessel. The man shot at the bird and missed. Another of the crew at-

tempted the shot, but missed four times. Miss Perkins, watching with interest the futile attempts of the men to hit the bird, aimed for the gun and fired once, missing. Nothing daunted, she took careful aim, and at the second shot the eagle dropped to the deck, dead. When the eagle was taped it was found to measure eleven feet eleven inches from tip to tip of its wings. Miss Perkins is a stenographer employed by a lumber company with offices in St. Helen's.—Wide World Magazine.

JOHN A. SWANSON, Pres. The Nebraska WM. L. HOLZMAN, Treas. Choice of Any Trimmed Hat IN THE HOUSE In Three Great Lots Monday \$2.00 All Hats worth up to \$7.50, Monday \$2 \$3.00 All Hats worth up to \$15, Monday, \$3 \$5.00 All Hats up to \$25 Monday, \$5 Nothing Held in Reserve No matter what the former price was, Monday, choice of the house, \$2.00, \$3.00, \$5.00. Nebraska Clothing Co. JOHN A. SWANSON, Pres. WM. L. HOLZMAN, Treas. FARNAM AT FIFTEENTH ST. See Motion Picture Exhibition of Hosiery Manufacture at Elite Theater No. 2, opposite W. O. W. Building. We offer largest showing of these celebrated hose.

OUR NEW CREDIT TERMS \$5 Down on a Hundred The wage earners of Omaha and vicinity surely appreciate our efforts to help them fight "the high cost of living." When we reduced our credit terms to "\$5 down on a hundred" we benefited hundreds of families who needed that help. We have absolute confidence in the wage earners of Omaha. They have proven themselves worthy of the best things that we can possibly favor them with. \$50 Bill, \$3 Cash, \$3 Monthly \$100 Bill, \$5 Cash, \$5 Monthly Larger bills will be sold on proportionately low terms. This is the store for the wage earner—the store that does most for people of moderate income. No other store in Omaha renders the service or grants the favors that we do. We guarantee you lower prices, easier terms of payment and the greatest accommodations at all times. Solid Oak 9-75 \$1.00 Cash—25c Weekly Very unusual value, splendid Table, genuine solid oak. Price exceedingly low. LIBRARY TABLE Made of solid oak, well-built Table, should sell at \$15.00. Sale price... \$6.75 Credit Terms to Suit. SOLID OAK DRESSER Substantially made of genuine solid oak, golden finish. One of several big values in low-priced dressers. Now at \$7.50 at... \$7.50 GO-CARTS One motion Collapsible Go-carts, 1/4-inch rubber tires, complete with hood and adjustable dash; price only... \$2.98 RUBEL'S 1513-15 HOWARD STREET

Are Wrinkles More Common?

Because life is more complex—Because women are interested in so many more things than they used to be—Because they have more household duties, politics, clubs, charities, society, business, and personal care is a strenuous thing—and strenuous life makes marks upon the face, the wrinkles of today who wants to look right has long since started to aid Nature in its unweary fight and many of the wisest and best have decided upon this economical vegetable jelly cream as the simplest wrinkle remover and skin stimulator. It protects the surface of the skin and brings the blood to the surface where it performs its upbuilding work. It is not a drug; it is a fruit jar and add half a pint of water and two tablespoonsful of glycerine. Let this mixture stand for several hours, stirring occasionally during this time. Before retiring, apply rather thickly over wrinkled or flabby surface and allow it to dry. It will harden rapidly and, when applied, you will not notice tightening of the skin. In the morning remove with hot water and note the immediate effect, which is lasting.—Advertisement.