

For the Live Boys of Omaha

Boy Scout Camp Very Popular This Spring: Big Turtle Hunt On

When geese start flying north; when ice melts and turtles start swimming in the pond near Camp Girard, then the live boys of Omaha are ready to get out in the woods to try to rid themselves of burning spring fever by hiking through the reserve.

Last weekend the camp entertained 206 scouts and officials, who took advantage of the balmy spring weather to advance themselves in the scouting program. Signaling, cooking, bridge building, capturing the flag and other scout games, bird study and tree study comprised a few of the activities.

"Y" Has Big Plans for Members During the Spring Holiday Week

The first school week in April is to be the vacation week for the Omaha schools. During this time springlike weather will be here and it will be a time when every "Y" boy will be anxious to get out into the woods for hikes, woodcraft and other outdoor sports.

It has always been the policy of the "Y" boys' division to have something at the building every day for every member during these vacations.

This vacation there will be many interesting features for the "Y" members by the way of all day hikes, Bird club expeditions, trips, parties, game tournaments and many other features.

Advantage of the coming spring days will be used for two all-day hikes and one Bird club trip in the early morning to the Bird reserve in Fontaine forest.

Boys of the Y. M. C. A. Members Should Know

Among the younger high school boys who have shown talents as developing leaders Donald Shoup has earned a very popular place among the activities at high school and in the "Y."

In the gymnasium classes Don has been the office leader. He has been on the job helping the members of his squad through their apparatus work and is very highly respected by the physical directors and the boys of the class.

Last summer Don attended the younger boys period at Camp Sheldahl where he was a camper in the Cheyenne Cottage which won many of the highest honors of camp.

Y.M.C.A. Bible Clubs Plan Big Banquets for Closing Season

The boys' Bible study clubs at the "Y" will soon close their successful year's work with 750 different boys enrolled in the 43 different clubs and classes conducted. April 15 will see the close of all the clubs and banquets will feature the end of the year with each one of them.

Jr. Employed B Boys Plan Spring Program

In a few weeks the Bible class season will be over. Final meetings will have been held, examinations and regular gatherings will be suspended for all groups except the Junior Employed B boys, who have decided to carry on their club activities until the middle of May.

Among the coming events they are looking forward to is the April 15th party, Saturday night, April 16th, at the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. Plans are already being put into operation to make this the very finest of all parties ever given for the juniors of the night class.

Other coming events are: Big "Y" feed, Friday night, special speakers, movies, initiations, and speaking the season with a trip out into the woods for a supper and a big camp fire to close the season's activities.

Scout Activity Slides

Lantern slides showing scout activities during the past year are being prepared and will be available in the near future at headquarters. Our stereopticon machine is in good working order and any scoutmaster wishing to show these pictures at his troop meeting may borrow the outfit from headquarters.

"Y" Has Many New Members

During the last few days several new members have come into the "Y" membership and have entered enthusiastically into their privileges. They are Walter Ingram, Wayne Burns, Frank Hotch, Paul Willis, Billie Jennings, Alden Johnson, Joe Francis, Eric Caldwell, Ernest Weymuller, Alvar Lindell, Walter Gannon, Victor Holz, Leo Nalls, Lewis Mather, Ralph Talkington, Leslie Brinkworth, Dave Bialac, Clarence Johnson, Harry Olsen, Richard Kilpatrick, Harry Lane, Frank Marfil.

Building the Irish Free State

By COL. FREDERICK PALMER

Dublin, March 18.—The realist in Irish affairs says the future of Ireland depends more upon Mulcahy and Duffy than upon Griffith, Collins, De Valera or Lloyd George.

Mulcahy is minister of defense of the Dail Eireann, General Pershing, in a sense, had an easy and definite task in France compared to Mulcahy. Pershing knew who was his superior officer.

"Seeing" Mulcahy is not as easy as seeing some of the other Irish leaders. He is achieving a reputation for silence in both Gaelic and English. I was told to look for him in room 56 in a certain hotel. A young man who occupied the room said if I addressed a note asking an appointment the minister of defense would receive and consider it.

In several days I had a telephone message and an ingratiatingly gentle voice said: "This is Mulcahy. Would it be too much trouble for you to come to my house at 8:30 this evening?"

To Maintain Order. Mulcahy's house address was not in a part of Dublin where the rich, or even the moderately well-to-do live.

Let us see what it means to be minister of defense of the Dail Eireann. The Dail Eireann is the congress of the Irish republic. It was proscribed from holding public meetings, its members were in hiding when the British reversed their policy of suppression of the rebellion by force and recognized the delegates by the dail for the negotiations which culminated in the treaty establishing the free state.

This was to be submitted to the British parliament and to the dail ratification. The dail ratified the treaty by seven votes after violent debate.

De Valera held the decision was not final. So he started his campaign for the repudiation of the dail's action. The British troops began their evacuation and the different government departments prepared to turn over all authority to the provisional government under Michael Collins.

Who was to maintain order? The Irish Republican army. The British were turning over to the I. R. A. arms and ammunition; recognizing its military succession.

Belief in "Dick" Mulcahy. De Valera's men say 75 per cent of the I. R. A. are irreconcilably for a republic, and the Collins men say 75 per cent are for the free state.

The provisional government has no minister of defense; it has no army. Officially the I. R. A. might not obey an order from De Valera, who was no longer president of the dail, Griffith was in his place. Might it obey an order from Collins? If not, might it obey one from Griffith?

As minister of defense of the dail, Mulcahy has his office at room 56 in the hotel. It is to be found during active business hours at the headquarters of the provisional government of the free state in the city hall. As a member of the dail he voted for the treaty, and his speech in its favor was said to have been the influence more than that of any other man which carried the day—because the army believed in him. That is his great asset; the army believes in "Dick" Mulcahy.

The night when I say him the news was bad. There had been a bombing in Britain about turning over imperial arms and munitions to an uncertain "republican" army; shooting and bombing again in Belfast; Ulster "specials" were kidnapping I. R. A.'s and I. R. A.'s were kidnapping "specials." As a result the evacuation by British troops had just been stopped.

But little Richard Mulcahy was not disturbed by all this. He had an office as agent for some firm or other within a few hundred yards of Dublin Castle from which he directed operations against its power. If anyone could pass as a civilian who appeared utterly dissociated from anything military or belligerent, it is Richard Mulcahy. Yet a reckless volunteer ready to sell his life for an enemy's life would look into Mulcahy's soft brown eyes and swear by him as a leader to the death. He is a natural strategist of the kind that Sinn Fein needed.

I had not come for an "interview" with him at this time. An interview with any real stuff in it such as is at his command—would have been as difficult to secure as one from Lord Curzon.

"If you begin answering the things said about you, you will have to answer them all. Why begin, then?" said Mulcahy.

If Richard Mulcahy had been born in America instead of Waterford, Ireland, where rebellion against England is bred hot in the blood, he would have worked his way through college, I should say, and now have a thriving practice, probably as a surgeon. As it was, he entered the postal service, and managed to begin the study of medicine.

"Resign—now," came a one-sided mumble from the depths where Babe's face was blissfully hidden. "Resign now, sweetheart!"

"Now!" cried Miss Ransome like a parrot—"I resign now! In favor of Mr.—Mr. Cutler." "Great gentilikins!" said Sid Carroll helplessly, "can you beat it?"

And the crowd, moving bewilderedly toward disintegration, agreed that it could not.

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Miss Putty-Face

(Continued from Page Five B.) many a dull month. In the midst of it the tall boy with the black head, knocked free of his hat, went down like a reed, for every hand was reaching for him hungrily.

For one awful moment Miss Esther Ransome was paralyzed with terror, her hand at her mouth and all the color gone from her pretty cheeks. Her dilated eyes took in the sprawling sentences on the board. And then that something inside her which made her sweet, courageous woman that she was rose up and cleared her brain with magic. She darted through the surging fringes of the melee and grabbed the Crawford boy by the shoulder with no gentle hand.

The dilated eyes devoured Babe's piteous effort. They shone and softened wonderfully for a second, then hardened with the light of battle.

In another moment she was among the fighters, swinging at heads, arms, shoulders like a veritable fury. "Stop!" she screamed wildly. "Stop! Stop this! Let me through!" They were pretty wild, but they heard that shrill keening and reluctantly obeyed. They backed lumberingly, leaving a cleared space in the lee of the platform.

Alas for Lothario! Limp, battered, one eye dreamily closing, the black hair like a witch's mop, Babe Cutler reposed against the raised edge of the dais.

Down on her knees went the schoolmarm. Straight to her breast she gathered the fallen head, while the gray eyes shot fire at the abashed crowd of adoring punchers who were but tilting in her honor.

"Fine bunch!" she cried bitterly. "A hundred to one fight! How many does it take to whip one man? And all before you know what it's about!" "Great Scott!" whispered Sid, open-mouthed, "what's it about? Ain't that enough?" He waved a bleeding hand at the blackboard—Babe had done some damage at least—"Miss Putty Face! Putty Face! Miss Putty Face!"

"Putty Face" nothing! Miss Ransome waved the soiled and crumpled missive.

will see us using our wits in ruling ourselves."

"It's an American," said another, "that ought to recognize in the Collins-De Valera campaign the sure signs that we are learning to rule ourselves. Aren't we lining up for an election?"

"The trouble has been," said another, "that when two Irishmen had a political difference some member of the British parliament rose and said that there was further proof that Ireland was by nature a disorderly country. And did you hear De Valera open his campaign the other day in O'Connell street?"

"I did. He's a good talker," I replied. "And did you see any fighting?" "Not a bit."

"There's the truth—disappointing as it is to some members of the house of lords."

"I'm not denying that 'Day' used some strong language about 'Mike.' I'm thinking that it may be stronger as the campaign grows hotter. Their followers' language will be even stronger than that—strong as Roosevelt men ever used about Wilson or Wilson men ever about Roosevelt."

I'd have you bear in mind, too, that all the voters are Irish."

Some experts in political tactics say that when Michael Collins and De Valera negotiated the treaty establishing the Irish Free State, they turned home they should have taken the offensive by saying:

"We have won a great victory. The British army is going—after many centuries. Our own army is to take its place. We have our own stamps, our own coinage, and control our own finances. Ireland is free. Michael Collins is the fair-haired boy who will lead Ireland to a new era. Trust him."

An Honest Irishman. "But Michael Collins is an honest Irishman," said De Valera. "He knew that the truth in his heart would not let the words come to his lips. Ireland could not be free if she had to take an oath to a British king. Ireland will be free only when she is an independent nation—and that is what Michael Collins is thinking himself."

Michael said that he took the best he could get. It was the treaty or war. But "Dev" is a fighter—a thin, restless, ascetic professional fighter. He instantly took the offensive; he hailed Michael Collins as a traitor and a culprit who had signed away the rights of the Irish republic.

It was a cry sounding deep into the Irish nature. It pictured Collins as a British partisan and De Valera, in apostolic fervor, as an Irish partisan. Collins wanted an immediate election. De Valera wanted to postpone it, as his following was increasing.

The growing power of De Valera was threatening Collins' position. Partisanship was becoming so bitter that it threatened to divide the nation. Yet it was said that Collins and De Valera had occasional personal interviews, in which they called each other "Mike" and "Dev."

De Valera was president of the Ard Fheis, the political machinery of Sinn Fein, which carried on the revolution. The Ard Fheis was called in convention in Dublin. Would De Valera or Collins carry the Ard Fheis?

There was a tempest of politics—but what was Ireland of the cottages and the markets thinking? I traveled about the country to ascertain their views. There were Mr. and Mrs. Reilly, white-haired and active at 70, who live in a picture post card thatched cottage in County Wicklow.

Mr. Reilly reads his newspaper and goes down to the village in the evening, occasionally, to learn from the young fellows what is going on in the world.

"Prices for butter and eggs are going down," said Mr. Reilly. "The elections? It's not voting time yet. We must have order." A neighboring farmer, who was a younger man and had a better house, took the same view.

It did not sound like the talk of a disorderly, but of a conservative people.

So Collins and De Valera were hearing from the country. A warning out of Ireland's past was being

written on the wall when nearly 3,000 delegates from all parts of Ireland, including the Sinn Fein clubs of England and Scotland, gathered in the Round hall, an annex of the old Mansion house, which was built in order that there might be a banquet room spacious enough for the occasion when King George III visited Ireland.

The delegates, some of whom had to stand, were packed shoulder to shoulder from wall to wall, with a narrow lane leading from the door at one end of the room to the platform at the other.

Irishmen spoke of the prolonged cheering for De Valera and Collins when they came in; but either would have seemed a meager tribute at an American political convention. Organized applause is not yet the fashion in Ireland.

Discussion and Vote. There was to be discussion and then a vote by which the Ard Fheis committed itself either to the De Valera or Collins program. De Valera had the chair—very much had the chair. He was meticulous in his effort to be fair.

Even before he made his impassioned speech it was evident that the majority of the convention was for him; but unity was the word that was always sure of applause when mentioned by any speaker. It was

little Richard Mulcahy who moved adjournment. He is responsible to all the firebrands in Ireland for order as head of the republican army; this was the only occasion when little Mr. Mulcahy had the floor, although he is a mighty man in the councils of Ireland today. "A fine boy," Mrs. Reilly and the other mothers of Ireland who are not in politics would call him, and not unlearned himself in the ways of politics.

Meanwhile he and Arthur Griffith, that phlegmatic father of Sinn Fein, and Collins, De Valera and other leaders were holding conferences, as they considered that word "unity."

The convention met at 11 the next morning. For an hour it sat, and no De Valera to preside or Collins to cheer. There were no catcalls, nor complaints. There was not much talking. At length a man in the gallery sang a song, then another sang a song, and then two others gave recitations. Not one of the entertainers said one kind word about England, and some of them spoke some very unkind words, not to mention things at British stupidity.

Every Hand Was Up. After nearly two hours had elapsed De Valera came down the aisle. After he had received his portion of cheers Collins appeared for his. Griffith may have been considered as being also mentioned in the applause,

but not so little Richard Mulcahy. He was nowhere to be seen. It was lunch time. The hall was close and crowded. When De Valera announced that the two parties had come to an agreement—that was the news delegates wanted to take back to the countryside—every hand was up in an assenting vote.

This may be taken as another tribute to De Valera as a chairman. He did not even have to use a gavel. When he rose and held up his hand there was silence, and the delegates patiently listened to speakers putting questions about the agreement which did not interest them further.

The agreement, as you know, is that the election shall not take place for three months. Meanwhile De Valera shall not strive to upset the provisional government by a majority of the Dail Eireann and the Collins party will submit a draft of the constitution for the free state, which shall be the issue in the election which will choose members of a constituent assembly. So the political problem revolves around how republican that constitution will be made.

Politics seems to be played in Ireland much as it is in other countries; and all the clever political talent of Ireland seems not to have emigrated. And that talent is being used to press every advantage that will win more concessions from England.

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Cuticura Heals Face Disfigured With Large Pimples

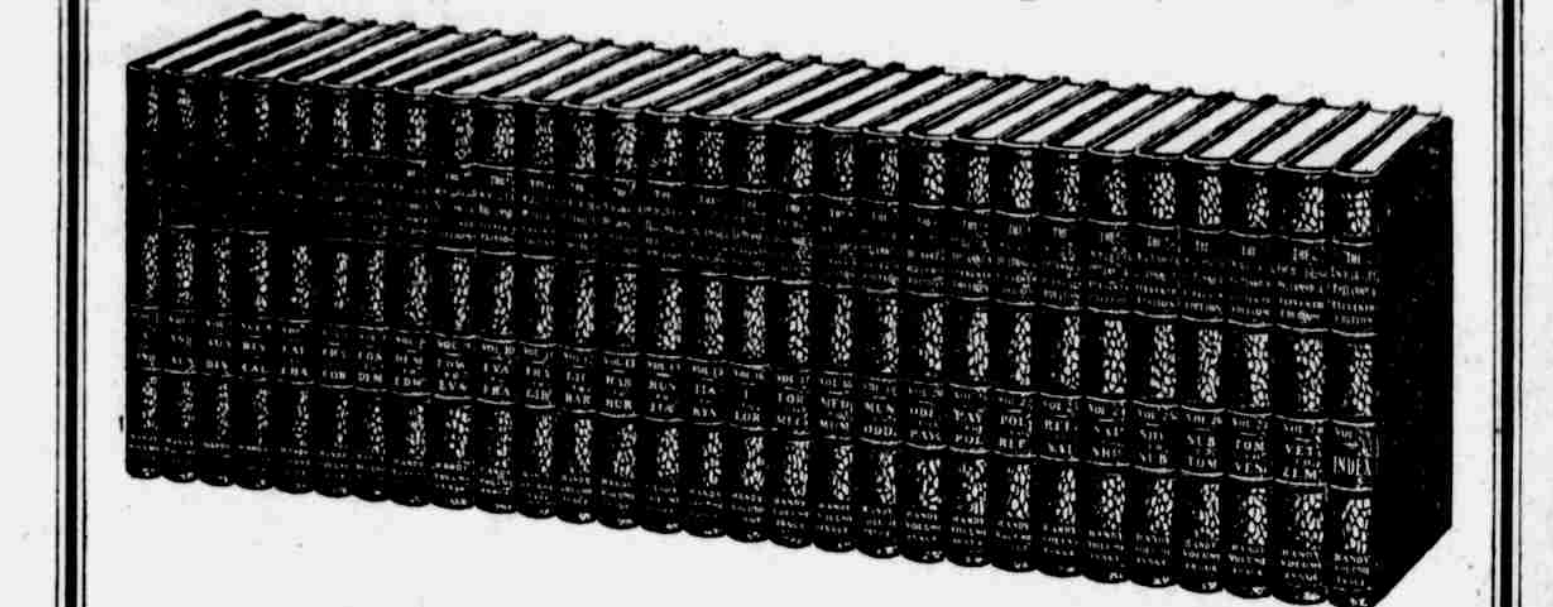
"I was troubled with pimples and blackheads on my face. The pimples were hard, large and red, and (swelled and) itched so badly that I could not rest at night, and my face was disfigured. The trouble lasted about two months."

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a box. I bought more, and after using two boxes of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment I was healed." (Signed) Miss Ruby Thomas, R. R. 2, Somerset, Ohio, July 18, 1921.

Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify. Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume are for daily toilet purposes.

Sample Book Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. B, Malden, Mass." Send money order, check, or cash. 10¢ per box. 25¢ per box. 50¢ per box. 1.00 per box. 2.00 per box. 3.00 per box. 4.00 per box. 5.00 per box. 6.00 per box. 7.00 per box. 8.00 per box. 9.00 per box. 10.00 per box.

Bees Want Ads Are the Best Business-Getters.



Why Do Men Build Bookshelves in Their Homes?

A fair question, isn't it? Why does a man when he builds his own home carefully provide space for bookshelves in his living room, in his library or den in the same manner as he builds pantry shelves, closet shelves or shelves in his medicine cabinet? The answer is a simple one, the obvious one. To put books in, of course, in the same manner as pantry shelves are to put food on, closet shelves to put clothes on and shelves of the medicine cabinet are to put medicine in.

But there's more of an answer to the question. A man puts bookshelves in his home or buys bookcases because he knows that either as necessary in his home as pantry shelves or closet shelves. He knows that books are as vital a necessity to every man and his home as his food and his clothes and medicine.

The Corner Stone of Every Home Library

In the same manner as a man chooses his food for the good it is going to do his body, and his clothes for their serviceability, he chooses the books to put in these shelves for their ability to feed and strengthen the mind; books that clothe the man and his family with knowledge and give protection against ignorance. He probably has not unlimited means, so he must choose with utmost care to give his family such books as will be of the most value day in and day out. He is not interested in having books that simply look nice on the shelves. He insists that the books he selects must represent a worth while investment in knowledge, books from which he and his family can obtain a definite, material and lasting benefit.

He selects and purchases first the Encyclopaedia Britannica and builds his library around this great work. Why?

Because it furnishes him with authoritative information on every conceivable subject written by the greatest authorities the world affords.

Because it gives to every woman information which she needs to keep posted on the events of this intensely interesting world.

Because it furnishes the son and daughter of the family the information to satisfy the children's expanding minds and supplements their school studies.

Because the Encyclopaedia Britannica has been for generation after generation, since 1768, the standard encyclopaedia of the world.

The Luxury of India Paper

He chooses the Encyclopaedia Britannica because it is well made from the physical standpoint. It is printed on the genuine India paper which makes the Britannica far more usable than any encyclopaedia ever was before. The beautiful and serviceable bindings make it a book that he is proud to have in his library.

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