

# BATTLE ON HOME RULE

# AGAIN FOR IRELAND

Separate Government Will Be Established if Parliament Passes Bill.

Contest That Has Been Waged Since the Days of O'Connell Is About to End.

By JAMES A. EDGERTON.  
THE Irish have been looking forward to 1912 as "Ireland's year." Home rule is at last promised by the British government, and the power of the house of lords has been so curtailed that its expected veto will be only temporary. Premier Asquith is reported as saying that he can force the measure through within two years despite the peers' opposition. It has been nearly twenty years since the last Gladstone home rule bill was defeated in the house of lords, the first one of seven years earlier having been beaten by a slight margin in the commons. Much of the bitterness has passed out of the fight since those days, due in some measure to the failure of discussion and the modification of extreme views on both sides and in part to the fact that the measure proposed today is not so radical as that brought forward by the "Grand Old Man."

Throughout this long campaign Redmond has taken advantage of every recess to appeal to the people, addressing great audiences not only in Ireland, but in England. He recently spoke to a great meeting in Belfast, where serious trouble was for a time threatened, not so much against Redmond as against Winston Spencer Churchill, first lord of the admiralty, whom the men of Ulster charge with being a renegade. Lord Randolph

by the government was given out shortly before parliament gathered and in its main features is as follows:  
The bill provides that the Irish parliament shall have full control of customs and excise, but provision will be made for the continuance of complete free trade between England and Ireland.

Ireland is to receive for fifteen years an annual imperial subsidy of \$10,000,000, after which she will make contributions to the imperial expenditure based on a percentage of her revenues. The Irish parliament will consist of two houses—a legislative council of about fifty members and a legislative assembly of 103 members. The council will have a suspensory veto on legislation. In the event of a disagreement between the two houses after the second rejection of a bill by the council it will be submitted to the two houses, deliberating and voting together, and adopted or rejected according to the decision of the majority. Ireland will continue to be represented in the imperial parliament, but in greatly diminished numbers. The Irish parliament is to have no control with respect to the navy, army, militia, foreign policy, coinage, military camps and coast lighting and will be forbidden to establish or endorse any religion or deal with any religious matter. According to the forecast, it is understood that the Irish constabulary will be controlled by the imperial authorities for a period of twelve years. This is a rather tame and limited form of home rule, according to the standards of Gladstone and Parnell. Under it Ireland will not have even the powers of an American state. She will have no navy or army of her own.

## HUMOROUS QUIPS

**A Memento.**  
I gazed upon it long with feelings tender,  
That witness mute of her who left it there,  
I wonder whether she was plump or slender,  
And had she auburn, brown or golden hair?  
Romance awakes, and countless dreams come thronging  
Until the dusk is filled with thoughts of her,  
And all my soul o'erflows with deepest longing  
To solve the doubts that set my heart astray.  
Lo, even yet the atmosphere is laden  
With perfume faint that thrills me like old wine!  
I would I knew, ah me, the dainty maiden  
Who came and went and left that single sign!  
"The plain some smaller hand than mine  
Had fingers, and my hand I lay,  
Perhaps my one true soul mate here has lain,  
To dream of one without whom life were gray!"  
Yet, after all, it may be I have wasted  
A genuine, intense, poetic thrill,  
Perhaps some "right" has left its trail  
In the sand of my heart's desire.  
That wad of gum stuck on the window sill!  
—Puck.

## IN THE WORLD OF SPORT

Hatch Sure of a Place on the Olympic Team.



Sidney Hatch, the Chicago Marathon runner, who won the Yonkers (N. Y.) run Thanksgiving day, is one of the veterans of the game. He has won five or six Marathons and besides holds a record of running a hundred miles in 16 hours 7 minutes 42 seconds. It was his fifth attempt to win the Yonkers run, and he was always in the first ten. Hatch will undoubtedly represent the United States in the next Olympic games at Stockholm.

**American Yachts Abroad.**  
British yachtsmen and yachting men of the continent of Europe have had many opportunities in past years to see the best of the American built vessels, and the visitors from this country to the other side of the Atlantic have always attracted much attention and the models of the yachts have caused favorable comment. Long ago such craft as the Henrietta, Vesta, Fleetwing, Sappho, Dauntless, Coronet and in more recent years the Vigilant, Eudymion, Ingomar, Atlantic, Hildegarde and Westward crossed the Atlantic, and some of these made remarkably fast passages. Several of them, notably the Vigilant, Atlantic, Ingomar and Westward, participated in the regattas, and all were successful. The Westward captured every race except one in which it sailed, and that one was a handicap, and the yacht had little chance of success.

**New York's Baseball Plants.**  
More than \$2,500,000 is being spent on new baseball plants for the fans of Greater New York. New stadiums are either under way or under contemplation for the Giants, the Yankees and the Brooklyn Superbas. These and their cost are: Giants' stadium, \$1,000,000; Yankees' new park, \$850,000; Brooklyn's new park, \$750,000. Within a year the three fields in Greater New York will be able to seat 110,000 fans in one afternoon. The Polo grounds will seat 50,000, the Yankees' new park will seat 30,000, and the stadium to be erected in Brooklyn will accommodate 30,000.

**Would Head Off Our Athletes.**  
The foresightedness of the governing athletic powers in the United States in taking advantage of their knowledge as regards preparations for the Olympic games in Stockholm this year apparently has many of the enthusiasts of other countries busy devising ways and means for putting a stop to the winning career of Uncle Sam in these world's championship events, which have since the arrival of a new epoch along such lines in 1896 gone to the credit of the track and field men coached along systematic lines, which obtain in the United States.

**English Oarsman Gets Jewel.**  
Ernest Barry, the English professional sculling champion, was recently the recipient of a handsome silver cup and a diamond ring in recognition of his three victories for the English sculling championship, which were gained over G. Towns of New South Wales, W. Albany of Lea Bridge, England, and W. H. Fogwell of Australia. The first success was on Oct. 12, 1908, when Barry established a record for the Putney to Mortlake course, and the last on Sept. 11, 1911.

**A Brad in the Bone Tiger.**  
Princeton university's football captain for next fall's eleven, Talbot Taylor Foxton, is surveying a born "tiger." His great-grandfather was a member of the class of 1795, his grandfather was graduated in 1835, and he had uncles in the classes of '33 and '34. Foxton's father went to West Point, but prepared at Lawrenceville, the Princeton prep school.

**South Africans Take Up Hockey.**  
An artificial ice rink has been opened in Johannesburg, the ceremony connected therewith being performed by Lord Methuen. The structure covers an area of 40,000 square feet, the ice surface being 150 feet long and 80 feet wide. The club has a membership of 500. Hockey is to be played there this winter.

**Sherlock Holmes.**  
"Drowned? Evidently, the poor fellow couldn't swim."—St. Louis Times.

**A Get-rich-quick Office.**  
A note inscribed on frosted glass. A type machine, an auburn lass. A cell tap desk, a telephone. Quoth fixtures give a phelone. —Buffalo News.

Saying that her 17-year-old son Hermon sleeps 14 hours a day and is the laziest boy on earth, Mrs. Ida McGray of Chicago caused the lad's arrest.

## THE WITCH OF DAHLGREN

A Witch In Fancy, but Not In Fact

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The three traveling men drew closer around the hot stove in the parlor of the little hotel at Dahlgren, Pa. Benton, the cigar salesman, was continuing a conversation that had begun at the supper table a short while before. "Gentlemen," he said impressively, "I know it sounds mighty fishy, but I actually did see what they call 'The Witch of Dahlgren!'" "When?" asked Cooper, the clothing drummer. "On my last trip to this forlorn hole," was Benton's caustic reply. "And that was?" "Last April. It's a short story. Want to hear about it?" "Yes, go ahead," urged the third member of the group, Joel Gifford, who represented a great wholesale grocery house. He was a tall, good looking, quiet sort of man, well liked everywhere. There had been a tragedy in his life which many had guessed at, but few knew the real facts in the case.

Benton passed the cigars around and lighted one for himself. "Now, gentlemen," he began, "please understand that I shall not feel in the least offended if you do not believe what I am about to tell you, but it really happened to me in this town. Last April I arrived here in the regular course of my travels and put up at this same hotel. It was the only great that night, and after supper I got to talking with our host, whom you may have sized up to be just what he is—a narrow minded country bumpkin."

"You're right," agreed Cooper promptly. "Joel Gifford smiled and shook his head. 'I can't express an opinion, Benton, because I haven't seen the chap. This is the first time I've covered this territory.'" "You haven't missed much in not making his acquaintance," growled Benton, continuing his narrative. "As I said, I fell into conversation with Linden and asked him a question that had been on the tip of my tongue for several hours—in fact, ever since I had heard a woman threatening her children with the wrath of the old witch on the crossroads. 'You certainly haven't got a witch in this commonplace town?' I asked him jokingly.

"For a moment he was silent, and then he stroked his long black beard and muttered: 'We certainly have, Mr. Benton. The crossroads is a good place to keep away from. Why?' I demanded. 'Because there is an old woman there who can work a charm or cast an evil spell over anybody. Man, I know it!' And the old fellow got quite excited. 'You're joking, Bill Linden,' I laughed. 'He scowled like the villain that he must be from his looks. 'Mr. Benton, when I tell you that that woman has ruined my life you'll understand that I know what I'm talking about. She ought to have been hanged long ago—that's the way they did with the witches in the old days. If I had my way she'd hang high now!' And he fell to muttering to himself and cursing.

"'Guess I'll go and have a look at her,' I said half jokingly. 'You better not,' I was warned. 'She keeps a gun and winged Mason Smith when he got drunk one day and attacked her house. Just opened her window and took aim, and Mason went around with his arm in a sling for three months after that. 'Is she an old woman?' I asked. 'Must be,' was the reply. 'Hair as white as snow.' 'Where did she come from?' I inquired. 'Nobody knows. Suddenly appeared in that little deserted house on the crossroads about five years ago. Never comes out in daytime, but I've seen her face at the window, and some say that she rides at night on a snow white horse. I don't know whether to believe that or not.'

"You might as well believe the whole thing while you're about it, my friend," I grinned at him, and I immediately went down to the crossroads and took a stroll along the lonely way that cut through dense woods. Why, they must be back of this hotel!" Benton paused to relight his cigar and to marvel for a moment on the idea that had just taken possession of him. Then he resumed: "About a mile down the road I saw a lonely little house—more of a cabin than a house—set back in the woods and overgrown to the very door with underbrush. Smoke curled from the chimney, and I was staring at the windows when all at once a face appeared at one of them. I could not see whether she was young or old, but the face was white as a sheet and on either side of it hung two heavy braids of snow white hair. The great dark eyes were turned toward me, and two arms were lifted either in supplication or malediction. 'For an instant I was rooted to the spot, and then I rubbed my eyes in a daze, and suddenly she jerked backward, almost as if some one was behind her compelling her away from the window. She disappeared from view, and I walked on, quite convinced that the apparition I had seen was that of some crazed person. Nevertheless there was an air of mystery about the whole matter, and the village gossip concerning the so called witch determined me to stroll around there late in the evening. I did so near midnight and was rewarded by a strange sight.

"Just as I passed in front of the little house, which I could locate only by a glint of light from one curtained window, I heard the tramping of horses' hoofs and there broke from the tangled growth in front of the house a dim white shape that I knew to be a horse and a suggestion of dim white above that I was convinced must be the face and hair of the witch of Dahlgren. Beside her rode a black bull that must have been another rider on the other side, and for the instant I thought the witch must be riding with her master, the devil himself. 'I had to fall back in the bushes to save myself from being trampled upon, so furious was their dash into the road. They turned away from the village toward the open country and disappeared. Gentlemen, I was curious enough to remain there until their return an hour later, when a pale moon peeped from the drifting clouds. 'They were riding slowly now, and the woman was pleading with the other rider, a man, I could see her wringing her white hands, and her voice, a low, sweet contralto, did not sound like that of a deranged person. Her accents were cultivated, but the man spoke roughly in reply, and I heard her break into sobs as he hustled her toward the house and they disappeared beyond it. Later I heard the crashing of branches as if the horses were being led off through the woods back of the hut, and now that I think of it I must have been in the direction of this hotel.'

Benton frowned as he opened the stove door and tossed in the end of his cigar. "I've often felt that I'd like to investigate the matter, you see, I had to leave early the next morning, and this is the first time I've struck this town since then, but my first question when I met a man I knew was, 'Is your witch still here?' And he said she was. There's a mystery in the matter, because"—Benton paused and stared thoughtfully at the top of his polished boot. "Because"—suggested Cooper impatiently. "Because the voice of the black rider that night sounded mighty like the voice of mine host here, Bill Linden," returned Benton in a low tone. "Joel Gifford aroused himself from the half lounging position he had assumed when Benton began his narrative, and, although he had been a close listener to the story, his own thoughts must have made a sad running accompaniment to the tale, for his eyes were full of troubled reminiscence. He lifted his eyes to the mantelpiece, where an old fashioned mirror hung in such a position that it reflected the door into the hall. Joel Gifford saw a picture framed in that doorway, and he half rose from his chair and pointed with a shaking finger at the face he saw in the glass. It was the face of a tall, black bearded man, with a narrow head and little black eyes gleaming wickedly beneath bushy brows. He was staring at Joel Gifford as if fascinated by the younger man's face. There was ferocity in his gaze, as well as surprise and fear. "Who is that man?" cried Joel Gifford excitedly as he whirled around toward the doorway. "It's Bill Linden, our landlord!" cried Benton. And then he pulled Gifford violently aside, for there was the deafening report of a pistol, and the bullet that had been intended for Gifford found another mark and shattered the mirror. There was another report, and the landlord of the Dahlgren hotel dropped dead upon the floor, killed by his own wicked hand. Gifford reached him first and turned him over and looked closely at the dead man's face. "He is dead," he said briefly, and then, rising, he continued to the little crowd of people that had gathered at the sound of the pistol shots: "Gentlemen, this man is not Bill Linden. That must be an assumed name, for he has been well known to the world as Chas. Chapman, a well known banker who disappeared five years ago and who was supposed to be dead. At the same time he disappeared my young wife, who was his only daughter, also disappeared from my house, and from a note that reached me a few days later I could only judge that both of them were dead. The note was signed by my father-in-law, and he said that as he had failed in business he would end all and that he would take Gertrude with him. My search for them both has covered five years, and it must end tonight, for I believe I have found the solution to the mystery. "Chas. Chapman was passionately fond of his only child and always hated me because I loved and married her. It is my belief that he lured her away and has kept her prisoner in this hotel in the woods back here, allowing her to ride forth only at night for air and exercise. Gentlemen, the witch of Dahlgren is my wife!"

Accompanied by a crowd of interested villagers, the three traveling men hastened to the house in the woods and broke open its barred door. There, facing them with beautiful white face frozen into fear and her grief whitened locks hanging in heavy braids over her shoulders, was Gertrude Gifford, Joel's lost bride. "A man of joyful recognition as her husband took her in his arms once more the people backed out of the house and left the reunited couple alone with their happiness. Thus passed the witch of Dahlgren. An English coal strike is believed to be imminent as a result of the failure of the national conference of coal owners and miners to effect a settlement. David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, declares that since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have been actual rulers of Europe, and that European nations are so in debt to them that they can never pay them off.



Prominent Figures in the Home Rule Battle.

Churchill, father of the present minister, was opposed to home rule and gave the slogan, "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right." That the son should now appear on the other side of the fence filled the Ulster men with several varieties of wrath, which was intensified to the boiling point when they heard that he would enter Ulster to speak. Rioting that might lead to a civil war was threatened for a time, but saner counsels prevailed. Had a hostile demonstration been made against Churchill, as looked certain for a time, Redmond would have shared the danger.

There are still mutterings of rebellion among the Protestants of Ulster if the home rule bill becomes a law, but it is believed that such safeguards can be thrown around the civil and religious minorities that any serious clash can be averted. Lord Randolph Churchill's shibboleth of "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right" is still heard, however, in the north of Ireland. In response Mr. Redmond has repeatedly said that "if Protestants are not satisfied with experiences of the past they can have safeguards placed in the bill itself."

Mr. Redmond and other Irish members have impressed upon their audiences that what Ireland demands is not separation, but "the right of managing her own local affairs in a subordinate parliament, subject to the supremacy of the imperial parliament, a demand that has never been made by any community of white men in the empire and refused, except in the case of Ireland."

With the approach of the reconvening of parliament on Feb. 14 the fight has grown warmer. Every one understood that the chief issue of the session would be Irish home rule, and both sides prepared for the supreme struggle. Arthur J. Balfour, former leader of the Unionists, even went so far as to denounce home rule as "political idiocy." When former premiers get to the point where they call names think what must be the tenacity of feeling among the underlings! A forecast of the bill in preparation

even the Irish constabulary remaining under the control of the imperial parliament for twelve years. Every other self governing English colony has the right to maintain an army and navy, to enter into negotiations, upon the consent of the imperial government, with all foreign nations on all economic subjects, to have its own coinage and to care for the lighting of its own coasts. These are all denied to the proposed new Irish legislature.

**Intended as an Experiment.**  
The one feature prominent in the proposed plan is that it is an experiment. The grant of a subsidy of \$10,000,000 per year for fifteen years, the imperial control over the Irish constabulary for twelve years and the fact that the bill is little more than a charter subject to amendment or repeal, all show its experimental nature. If it is found to work well the subsidy will cease in time, as will the English control of the constabulary, after which Ireland may be allowed to stand on her own feet. This modified home rule is far from independence, far even from complete local autonomy, yet it is an entering wedge. Under it Ireland's destiny will be in her own hands. With such a beginning she will be in a position to gain other points in the future.

This suggests one of the chief objections to home rule urged by Mr. Balfour. In the case of the United States or of the states making up the German empire he pointed out that the movement had been from separation to federation which was in the direction of unity. But in the case of Ireland it would be from unity to federation, which would be in the direction of separation. It is hard to think of an Irishman shedding tears over the prospect of separation, since many of the Irish leaders have sought for this very thing, but such an outcome is remote. Ireland will be as completely subject to the imperial parliament as at present and will have a less voice. However, who will have her own parliament and will control her own affairs, and that is much.

**Smallpox in St. Johnsbury.**  
All the churches, public schools, public library and the Y. M. C. A. rooms in St. Johnsbury have been ordered closed for an indefinite time and all public gatherings forbidden as a result of efforts by the board of health to prevent a further spread of smallpox. Ten cases of the disease have appeared in four different families.

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