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WILLIAM J. SEMONIN.

William J. Semonin, candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Clerk, needs no introduction to the readers of the Kentucky Irish American. Billy was born and reared in Louisville, and none of our public officials have a more enviable record. For the past four years he has been the Assessor of Jefferson county, and the improvements introduced into that office by him have been many, and

the same policy will characterize his administration if elected County Clerk. Mr. Semonin is an affable gentleman, and his uniform courtesy to old and young, rich and poor, has won for him an army of friends who hope to see him elected County Clerk in November. Every worthy charity and public enterprise have had his earnest support, none ever appealing to him in vain. For

those reasons many influential young men have gone earnestly to work for him. He is a Democrat of the Jeffersonian school and deserves recognition from his party. During the years gone by he has exhibited a warm friendship for young Irish-Americans, several being appointed to office by him. He has conducted a clean campaign and feels confident of success.

THOMAS, JUNIOR.

Thomas McNamee, Jr., aged seven, sat on the steps of the parental porch on Saturday afternoon in summer eating a slice of bread and molasses. He was a picture of contentment and a living proof of the joys of a good conscience, if a boy of seven can be said to be burdened with such a thing as a conscience. The fact that Thomas' hair was of a sun-burned hue, that his face and hands were painfully dirty, and that his sturdy little legs showed signs of a recent ride in a coal-cart seemed in no wise to affect his appetite. Thomas had two weaknesses, one for bread and molasses; the other for sticking chewing-gum in other boys' hair. That he yielded to each was evident from his present occupation and the peculiar-looking bald spots on the heads of several boys playing in the alley. There was a sticky spot on either side of his mouth, where the projecting points of the crescent bites touched his cheeks. After each bite he held the slice of bread some distance from him, eyeing it in a contemplative way, as if to ascertain whether it was suffering any diminution in size. He bit off all the uneven places with a mathematical precision born of long practice, and having fashioned the piece of bread to suit his artistic eye he again bit into the center, and the mathematical process continued.

Thomas was enjoying his little treat to its full extent; the ecstatic look on his face was proof positive of that. His attention was distracted several times. Once it was a horse-fly that alighted on his shin and refused to move, until the other foot was rubbed vigorously up and down it. Then it was the sudden appearance in the alley of a hoky-poky man, ringing a bell and pushing his little hand-cart before him. The sight of the wet brown cloth being removed from the rusty can, the cover of the can lifted off, and the long handled spoon being plunged into the mysterious depths, to be removed a second later laden with golden ice-cream, had a terrible fascination for Thomas. In an instant the battle between hoky-poky and bread and molasses was on. Short was the strife and sharp, bread and molasses aided by habit finally winning the day. Thomas was not alone in his gastronomic rapture. Mary Josephine, his sister, and the twins, John Joseph and William Henry, were also in evidence, each with a slice of bread proportionate to age and appetite. Mary Josephine was so-called in honor of a certain Sister of Mercy of the same name, who was one of the kindest and gentlest of the Sisters who visit the sick in the alley. Her kindness and good works were rewarded by having half the girls in the alley named after her.

McNamee, Sr., previous to his untimely taking-off by a falling derrick, had endeavored to give his children a respectable "bringing up." He was assisted in the bringing up process by Mary Ann, his wife, a short, fat little woman, who was now doing her best to follow out the ideas of her departed spouse. She found it a hard task, however, to keep her four fed, clothed and respectable. Money was scarce and the washings she did during the week were scarcely numerous enough to keep the wolf from the door. Widows were so many and washings so few that had it not been for McNamee's thoughtfulness in having himself insured Mary Ann and her little ones would have gone hungry

and cold many times.

Mary Josephine was a good girl and was a great help to her mother. She was one of the brightest girls in the Sisters' school and had received several premiums for excellence in catechism. The twins, except for their unwonted and unnatural desire to quarrel, gave the widow little trouble. Thomas was the thorn in her side. In vain did she try to keep him clean. Day after day he was sent to school in a clean waist and an immaculate bow tie, which almost covered his chest, only to return at night, the waist torn and scarcely recognizable, the bow tie a soiled and shapeless rag. Many were the complaints she was forced to hear of him; the windows he broke, the fights he had; the trouble he gave the Sisters. He was even caught stealing green apples from Father Kelly's garden. Church nor State had any terror for him. At each successive misdeed the widow's heart failed her. Deep down in her soul she had the hope that comes to every Catholic mother, that she might one day see Thomas a priest of God, might hear his voice uttering the sacred words of the mass, and might receive from his hands the Bread of Life. In times when Thomas had been unusually good this picture would come before her only to be destroyed by some fresh complaint. She did not know what was to become of him, priest or man, if God did not change his heart. Today had brought the climax. Thomas was preparing to make his first holy communion, and to get him to study his catechism was labor untold. Excuses were on his tongue's end. His book was lost, his eyes were sore and he didn't know where the lesson was. This very morning she had sent him to instructions under the care of Mary Josephine. She was hoping for the best, when Mary Josephine burst into the kitchen where she was ironing with the awful news. Thomas had disgraced the family and blasted forever Mary Josephine's theological reputation! He had been asked three questions and had not only failed, but given vent to rank heresy in addition.

"What were the questions?" asked the mother huskily.

"Now Sister Euphrasia asked him who the visible head of the church was, an' he said 'Father Kelly' was. An' she asked him who was the third person of the Blessed Trinity an' he said the Blessed Virgin was."

There was a long pause. Mary Josephine certainly understood dramatic effect.

"Well, an' the third one?" said the widow.

"Who was the only person that ever came into the world without the stain of original sin?" recited Mary Josephine.

"Shure he knew that, anyway. What did he say?"

"He said George Washington!"

"Oh, the heretic, the infidel!" the widow cried; "wait till I lay hands on him!"

The heretic was present at dinner, but received no sign of recognition from his mother. Mary Josephine made gestures across the table suggestive of the judgment to be visited upon him later. Thomas did not seem greatly affected, however, with remorse of conscience, and appeared at his accustomed hour for the usual slice of bread and molasses—and received it. This time he seemed to feel his mother's silence and stood in the

kitchen doorway watching her at the ironing board, seeking to find some sign of relenting. Receiving no encouragement he finally withdrew to the front of the house.

It went to the widow's heart to treat him so, but it was time for stringent measures. The kitchen was hot to suffocation and a clothes rack in the corner, laden with freshly-ironed pieces, showed for a long day's work. The last piece was on the board, a white waist that Thomas was to wear to mass in the morning. She looked sad and tired as she bent over her iron. It had indeed been a long and troublesome day. A large drop of perspiration formed on her forehead, and rolling slowly down her nose dropped softly on the clean collar of the waist, making a large damp spot. With an exclamation of impatience she put the flat-iron back on the stove, and then walked to the front door for a breath of air, and to see a sight that almost made her weep.

The twins, having eaten their respective slices of bread, were now engaged in trying to pull each other's hair out at the roots and screaming alternately. Mary Josephine, her pride, had stolen her mother's best black bonnet from the closet, and was now walking up and down the street, her dress uplifted in a most distinguished way, to the great admiration and envy of the surrounding children. Before the widow could master her emotions at the sight of her beloved bonnet in such philistine hands her eye was distracted to Thomas, who was engaged in conversation with a strange boy about his own age and size. The new-comer had a peaked pale face, very different, as she noticed with pardonable pride, from the healthy if dirty countenance of her own son. He was gazing hungrily at a piece of bread which Thomas held in his hand, and which was to be eaten when the conversation was done.

"Wot's yer name?" asked Thomas.

"Jimmie," was the reply. "Wher'd you live?" "Nowheres." "Wot, ain't you got no home nur nuthin'?" "Nope." "Ain't you got to go to catechism?" "Catechism? Naw." "Say," persisted Thomas, "ain't you got no mother?" "Shure," said Jimmie, "but she gets drunk an' then I ain't got no home."

The widow muttered, "God help ye, ye poor child."

"An' don't you never get no bread an' molasses when yer hungry?" inquired Thomas after a pause. Jimmie hung his head and said nothing. Here was a puzzle for Thomas. A boy who didn't have to go to catechism was certainly to be envied, but a boy who didn't get bread and molasses from his mother when he was hungry was certainly to be pitied. Perhaps he was hungry now. He turned his head to see if he was observed. No one was in sight. He never dreamed of his mother. He slowly stretched out the piece of bread until it was within reach of the other, and then turned away. Jimmie looked at the bread as if to refuse it, but the temptation was too strong. He took it with a muttered thanks and scampered down the street. Thomas, looking after him, heard a step behind him, and turned to find his mother's gaze full on him. He hung his head guiltily for a moment, and then raised it defiantly. "Well," he whispered, "he wuz hungry an' his mother's drunk."

She caught him to her breast and kissed him through her tears. "God

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THOMAS A. SHELLEY.

Thomas A. Shelley, whose picture is given with this article, is one of the most popular young Irish-Americans in Louisville. If Tommy has any enemies he does not know it. He is ever pleasant and accommodating. No one ever saw him in a bad humor. While he is naturally of a retiring manner he has a knack of making friends that comes to him unconsciously.

Tommy, as his friends love to call him, was born in Louisville thirty-one years ago. His father was the late John Shelley, a native of the Emerald Isle, than whom none stood higher, and who occupied many positions of trust during his residence here.

In fact, all of the late John Shelley's boys are popular. James J. was elected Tax Receiver when he was little more than a boy, but with such modesty and integrity did he administer the city's affairs that the people re-elected him by a tremendous majority. He held the place until his death in 1893. Jack Shelley, Will Shelley and Edward Shelley are all equally popular.

But to Tom. When his brother died

in 1893 the late Mayor Tyler appointed Tom to fill the unexpired term caused by his brother's death. Some question arose as to the Mayor's right to appoint a Tax Receiver under the circumstances, so the General Council was called in joint session and by a unanimous vote Thomas A. Shelley was elected Tax Receiver, which position he held until his term expired. He understood the business from end to end, having been a clerk in the office since 1888.

In September, 1899, Tom returned to the Tax Receiver's office as one of Mr. James B. Camp's assistants. He has proved invaluable and has been retained ever since.

Tommy Shelley has been asked to remain in the office as one of Mr. James B. Brown's first assistants in case Mr. James B. Brown, who aspires to the Democratic nomination for Tax Receiver, is nominated and elected.

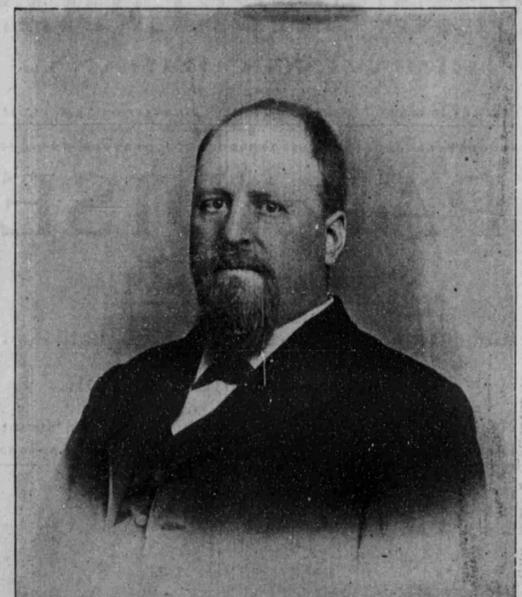
Mr. Shelley will certainly prove a big help to Mr. Brown in his campaign, because while he has always been a Democrat he is also popular among the Republicans.

SECURES TOM BURKHOLDER.

Thomas E. Burkholder was born at Frankfort, Ky., July 24, 1874. He was taught in the parochial schools of Frankfort and completed his education at St. Patrick's school of this city. He accepted a position as book-keeper with the F. A. Menne Candy Company and is now book-keeper for E. G. Duckwall & Co., grain merchants. He is a member of Mackin Council, Y. M. I., and has held nearly every office within the gift of

the council. He is making the race for Deputy Assessor with C. C. Roe, who is a candidate for the Democratic nomination for County Assessor. Should Mr. Roe win Tom Burkholder will become a valuable member of the County Assessor's office. Tom's friends are hustling for C. C. Roe and it can be said truthfully that Mr. Roe has no more popular or capable man on his staff.

The most distinctive shirt waists are buttoned down the back.



'SQUIRE JOHN MCCANN.

John McCann, who has announced himself for the Democratic nomination for Judge of the City Court, is one of the most popular and capable men in the city. He has served the people faithfully and well as a Magistrate for thirty years. No man in the city is better qualified to fill the position of City Judge than he. He is a man of splendid judgment, fine legal acumen and acquisitions and absolutely free of all bias and prejudice in

dealing out justice from the bench. He also possesses those kindly traits of nature which enable him to temper justice with mercy when necessary. In all respects he would make an admirable Judge of the City Court, one who would give general satisfaction to all classes and one who would deal with the criminal classes in a fearless and just manner. His election to the position he seeks would be a great public good and benefit to the city.

bless ye, child," she murmured. "God bless ye."

She left him there on the porch and went back to the ironing. Mary Josephine, the hat, the fighting twins, the hot kitchen, the spotted collar, and the catechism lesson were all forgotten. She was happy for she remembered Thomas, Jr.—[By James William Fitzpatrick in Donahoe's.]

SOME READY CURES.

Mother-of-pearl articles should be cleansed with whitening and cold water. Soap discolors them.

In blowing out a candle hold it aloft and then blow upward. This will prevent scattering of the grease.

To remove varnish stains from the hands is quite easy if, before washing, you rub them with a flannel dipped in methyated spirits.

To cure a corn, tie a tiny pad of cotton wool that has been dipped in linseed oil over the corn every night after washing, and keep it on all night. A bit of oiled silk tied over the pad will prevent the oil soaking the sheets. This treatment gives

wonderful relief in the case of a hard corn.

Cod-liver oil, when taken regularly, will generally have a beneficial effect upon the complexion. Those who dislike the taste may take it with orange bitter or orange and ginger wine.

For an Invalid—Take some water crackers, steep them in milk for ten minutes, take them out, dust them with a little salt, cayenne and black pepper and bake them in a slow oven for twenty minutes.

Rice contains more nutriment than any other food, beside being the easiest to digest. Most of us admit the claims made for it—but refrain from using it on our tables, unless as the basis for an insipid pudding.

Have you ever tried the white of an egg, well beaten and mixed with lemon juice, to whiten your arms and hands? It is excellent and softens as well as whitens them. Wash your hands and arms first, then rub the mixture well in.

Mauled—Can you speak French? Mabel—A little. That is, I can shrug my shoulders.