

ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN! W. T. SHEEHAN, MANAGER.

The Only Park in Louisville Playing High Class Attractions VAUDEVILLE, BOSTON LADIES' BAND, ALL KINDS OF WILD ANIMALS, FIREWORKS FRIDAY NIGHTS.

BUCKINGHAM

WEEK COMMENCING SUNDAY MATINEE AUG. 25.

Matinees Daily at 2:30 O'clock.

RUSH'S Bon Ton Burlesquers

McFarland and Murphy. Piquant Maggie Rogers. Snappy Burlesque and Smart Bits from New York.



REAGAN'S EXCHANGE

S. W. Cor. Preston and Market.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SPECIAL. Best Old Whiskies in bottles and jugs, six and eight years old, from \$2.00 per gallon up.

Hot Soup and Warm Lunch.

MOORE'S PLACE

1521 PORTLAND AVE.

Largest and Coolest Glass of Beer on the Avenue.

FINE WHISKY A SPECIALTY.

WINES AND CIGARS.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS

Any one sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion from whether an invention is probably patentable. Communication strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

Big Four

The Buffalo Route to



1901 Pan-American Exposition

Big Four Route in connection with Lake Shore & Michigan Southern and New York Central R.R. offers the finest equipped train service at frequent intervals to Buffalo from South & West.

M. E. Ingalls, President. Warren J. Lynch, Gen'l. Pass. Agt. W. F. Deppa, A. G. P. A., Cincinnati.

S. J. GATES, Gen. Agent, Louisville

BIG FOUR ROUTE TO Indianapolis Peoria CHICAGO

AND ALL POINTS IN INDIANA and MICHIGAN. BEST TERMINALS.

UNION DEPOT Corner Seventh St. and River. CITY TICKET OFFICE No. 218 Fourth Ave. S. J. GATES, General Agent, Louisville, Ky. WARREN J. LYNCH, G. P. A., WM. P. DEPPA, A. G. P. A., CINCINNATI, O.

SONS OF ERIN.

Will Have Their Reunion and Picnic Monday at Riverview Park.

It Was Postponed Because of the Very Inclement Weather.

Amusements Include Irish Bagpipes and Jig and Reel Dancing.

IRISH-AMERICAN SOCIETY OUTING

The heavy rains of the first part of the week caused a postponement of the Irish-American Society reunion and picnic at Riverview Park till next Monday afternoon and night, when the entire programme will be carried out.

The gentlemen composing the committees have done considerable hustling during the past few days, and Chairman Mike Francis informs the writer that among the amusing features will be a genuine performer on the Irish bagpipes, who will play old Irish airs for those who will dance reels and jigs as seen in Ireland many years ago.

Besides Scally's orchestra will occupy the pavilion and furnish the latest dancing music, and those who wish to trip the light fantastic can do so free of charge.

Large numbers were disappointed with the weather, but there is no doubt there will be a very large attendance of friends of the society, as this is the only distinctly Irish-American reunion held in Louisville for some years.

The society is composed of representative men, who have done splendid work for the members and others, and it would only be a proper recognition of their labors to attend in large numbers.

Among those specially looked for are Jim Moore, Mike and John Hickey, James Ross, Tom Camfield, Mayor Rick Quinn, Mike Carroll, Roger Nohaly, Jim Glenn, Pat Nelligan, John Fahey, Joe Cooney, Mike Sweeney, Frank McGrath, Frank Dugan, and scores of others equally well known, for whose entertainment every arrangement has been made.

With such a bunch of happy souls mirth and merriment will run riot.

This will afford an unusually good opportunity for those who would spend a day or evening of jollity, and the presence of every young Irishman and his sweetheart should be lent to make the affair the success it deserves.

SALE OF TARA.

Irishmen throughout the world ought to be interested in an advertisement just being inserted in several Irish journals.

This advertisement is none other than that, by private sale, and under instructions from executors of the late Patrick McNally, Esq., the far-famed and historic Hill of Tara is to be sold.

Think of it! Think of "Tara of the Kings with all its Historic Monuments, including the Old Council Chamber, where the Brehon laws were administered, the Croppies' Graves, the King's Chair, and supposed to be the resting place of the Ark of the Covenant, together with one of the best farms of fatening land in the County Meath, containing 155 acres (Irish), with farm yard, held under lease for 999 years, with covenant for perpetual renewal at the yearly rent of £240," in the language of the notice. Here is a chance for the O'Neill's and O'Briens, and all the descendants of Irish Kings to purchase the ancient site and reflect on the greatness of their ancestors.

OBSERVE ANNIVERSARY.

The American-Irish Historical Society will observe the anniversary of the battle of Rhode Island on Thursday, August 29, 1901. The exercises will take place at Newport, R. I., headquarters being established at the Aquidneck House, that city. During the day an opportunity will be presented the members to visit the many historic points in town.

In honoring this anniversary the society, at the same time, honors the memory of General John Sullivan, who commanded the American forces in the battle which was fought August 29, 1778. This will be the society's third observance of the battle's anniversary.

CATHOLIC SUPERINTENDENT.

Prof. Edmund E. Briggs, of the Catholic University of America, has been appointed a divisional superintendent of schools in the Philippines, and with six or eight teachers sailed from New York Saturday for Manila by the Suez Canal route. Prof. Briggs is an ardent supporter of the administration's imperial policy.

PRIEST COUNCILMAN.

Up at Oswego, N. Y., they are talking of nominating Father Barry for member of the City Council. It is generally conceded that he can be elected if he will consent to make the race. Some years ago another priest, Father O'Connell, was a member of the Board of Education, and it is said, rendered splendid service.

GAELIC LEAGUE BALLAD.

(Air, "Patrick Sheehan.") Come all ye Gaelic Leaguers who love old Ireland well

And listen for a moment, a story I will tell

About a famous argument I heard the other day,

Which I will now repeat to you without the least delay.

In famous London City one Sunday afternoon

The sky was black and gloomy, all in the mouth of June,

I strolled along so carelessly—my journey wasn't far,

But fearing it would come to rain I stepped inside a car.

Seated right forinst me was a cailin young and fair,

Beside her was a gentleman, the truth I do declare;

I scorn all accusation of intention to intrigue,

I chanced to overhear these words about the Gaelic League.

The cailin said, "The movement is intended to revive

The ancient Irish language and to keep the same alive;

It is our great ambition, and to that I say 'fadsuighal.'

To preserve the ancient language and traditions of the Gael."

"Och, nonsense," says the gentleman, his voice was very rough,

"I really was surprised," says he, "to hear such foolish stuff;

If that is your ambition you're surely doomed to fail

To preserve the ancient language and traditions of the Gael."

The cailin said, "'Tis evident your ignorance is great,

Your conversation, too, is saturated with conate,"

Thinks I, "Begor! the cailin dhonn will make this fellow quail

For traducing of the language and traditions of the Gael."

I listened most attentively in wonder and surprise.

Says she "I know some people who desire to Anglicise

Our ancient Irish nation; it is their dire intent,

And facts and figures they ignore or falsely represent.

"For still a million of our race can speak the Irish tongue;

They fondly love and cherish it and teach it to the young.

Besides these million people there's many millions more

Would dearly love to speak it too; its loss they do deplore."

Her bosom heaved tempestuously and lightning filled eyes,

Majestic as Diana descended from the skies.

I gazed with admiration on this child of Granaile

Defending of the language and traditions of the Gael.

"Excuse me," says the gentleman, "I see that I am wrong,

You've totally converted me with argument so strong.

Henceforth I'll do my utmost and with others will prevail

To preserve the ancient language and traditions of the Gael."

So now, bold Gaelic Leaguers, my story I have told,

Such cailins to old Ireland are worth their weight in gold.

Be strong in advocacy in the cause of Innisfail,

And preserve the ancient language and traditions of the Gael.

[—M. K. in Dublin Freeman.

THEATRICALS.

Daily matinees will be given at the Buckingham all next week.

For next week during the conclave the Avenue announces the great scenic success, "The Heart of Chicago."

This play has proven very popular and will doubtless draw crowded houses.

Manager Shaw has secured a fine list of attractions for this season.

Col. Meffert has completed all arrangements for the coming Temple season.

The fact that Julia Stuart is to be the leading woman augurs well for the Meffert Stock Company, which will in all respects be much stronger than its predecessors.

The opening will not take place before the middle of next month.

Manager McCauley will not begin his regular season until the latter part of September.

From the present outlook the season will in many respects be the longest and best that Macauley's has had.

He returned last week from New York, where he succeeded in booking his season almost solidly, the list including the best attractions on the American stage.

The Buckingham Theater tomorrow opens its season of 1901-2 with Rush's Bon Ton Burlesquers as the attraction.

This company has earned an enviable reputation for the excellence of their programme and entertainment.

The opening burlesque embraces a satire on a few "smart bits" from the latest New York successes, and the olio that follows is up-to-date, introducing McFarland and Murray, jolly Irish comedians; Maggie Rogers, a piquant soubrette, and several other stars of the vaudeville stage.

The closing burletta is entitled "The Bon Ton Girls En Route," and depicts the funny incidents that happen at one of the many railroad stations.

Varied shades of light brown are to be very much worn during the coming winter, with shades of yellow for a contrast in finish.

All the shades of brown, from tan to the delicate biscuit tones, are included in the promised list for millinery as well as gowns.

The beauty, variety and becoming qualities of brown furs seem to have suggested this scheme of color for the autumn, and many other pretty contrasts besides the yellows will be employed.

POWDERLY.

His Intensely Eloquent Address to the Hibernians of Washington.

Irishmen Skilled in the Art of Peace Better Than Warfare.

The Story of Ireland Should Not Be Lightly Dealt With.

POLICEMAN'S CLUB, SOLDIER'S SWORD

At the recent annual excursion of the Washington Hibernians the principal speaker was Terence V. Powderly, whose intensely eloquent address evoked most enthusiastic applause from his hearers.

His speech is one that should be read by young Irishmen, and for that reason we print the following portions:

When I inquired what subject I would be expected to discuss with you this evening, the answer I received was, "Oh, say a few words on the Irish question."

The Irish question is one that can not be disposed of in a few words, nor can the tale be told by everybody.

While I feel complimented and honored in being selected to talk on a theme so old, so fruitful, and indeed so inspiring, I must admit my lack of ability to do justice to the subject, for the Irish question is the story of a nation's hopes, heart-breaking failures, victories, triumphs, reverses and successes.

It is a story so interwoven with sadness and tears as to require in one approaching it the elements of the artist as well as the orator.

It is not a story that can be told in a few words, and it is one that should not and can not be lightly dealt with.

I shall not attempt to discuss the Irish question to-night, and will say but a few words on some phases of it as they occur to me.

Those who discuss Irish affairs, and particularly the Irishman, are apt to stop short of his true character and true nature, for the world has been taught to regard the Irishman as a warrior, a fighter, forgetful of the greater fact beyond, that he is sentimental as well as brave, skilled in the arts of peace much better than in the science of warfare, and that the tracing of his master hand may be found upon the map of every civilized nation on earth.

We frequently hear it said, in a joking way, that the Irishman makes a good policeman. I admit that the indictment is well laid, but it should be remembered that a policeman is the conservator of peace, that it is his duty to prevent the unruly, the riotous and the criminal from exercising their vocations.

To be a good policeman is to be a good citizen, and surely no Irishman need blush when charged with an offense of that kind.

Let us forget, it is well to recall the fact that if the Irish policeman's club guards the peace of cities, the Irishman's sword has carved the foundation stones of many a nation, and his pen has written the constitutions of kingdoms and commonwealths.

There must be a reason why men regard the Irish as warlike; they were not always so regarded. It is true that Irishmen fight the battles and are to be found in the armies of all nations, but that does not argue that they are not as skilled in the arts of peace as in war.

When the Irish people were charged with idleness, one of England's foremost men, John Bright, gave testimony in their behalf in these words: "They are the hardest working people in the world; they are willing, effective and generous with their muscle and brain."

Ireland was once a prosperous nation, and her marts of trade were as busy as any in the world.

She raised and exported cattle, living and cured; she exported leather, hides and wool, both raw and manufactured, and these exportations were carried in Irish ships, built in Irish cities by the hands of Irish mechanics and laborers, and these ships carried their burdens to England, the American colonies, the nations of the East and West of Europe and the Orient.

It is true that the Irish are both sentimental and warlike, but they were a manufacturing and a commercial people until the free trade policy of the Kingdom to which her people are subject gained the mastery over her industries by combining the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland in one.

Look at the map of Ireland and you will see that of her thirty-two counties nineteen are kissed by the waves; her navigable rivers flow down to the sea, and in her harbors may ride safely at anchor the fleets of the world.

If ever nature intended a land to be a garden of industry, that land was Ireland; if ever land was favored by the God of nature, Ireland is that land, for she possesses climate and soil, men and women fitted for any work that can be done in any land beneath the sun.

In the debates in the Irish Parliament on the question of union Henry Grattan and Hussey Burgh demanded for Ireland the right of free and unrestricted commercial intercourse with other nations, but when they spoke of free trade then the words did not convey the same meaning that that term does today.

What they sought was a release from the restrictions on Irish trade imposed by the British Parliament for the benefit of alien manufacturers.

The historian, Mitchell, in explanation of these statements of Grattan and Burgh, says: "They did not mean that imports and exports should be free of duty to the State, but only that the fact of import and export itself should not be restrained by foreign laws; they meant that the duties to be derived should be imposed by Ireland's own Parliament and in the sole interest of Ireland herself. This distinction is the more important to be observed because modern free traders have appealed to enlightened men and cited the words of Grattan and his colleagues as an authority in favor of abolition of import and export duties. The citation is by no means applicable."

If one should doubt the truth of Mitchell's statement he has but to turn to the report of the meeting in Waterford held in 1779 and read the resolution there adopted. Resolutions of like kind were passed all over Ireland and they became so notorious, their effect became so marked that in spite of the restrictions of British legislation the trade of Ireland began to take on new life, and then it was that the struggle to amalgamate the Parliament of Ireland with that of Great Britain became fiercer and continued to wage until in 1800 the articles of union were passed and signed.

How often have we heard it said that "the Irish fight the battles of all countries but their own?" and while it is true that Irish valor has stemmed the tide of battle and Irish blood has flowed upon the fields of all lands it has never been dishonorably shed, and in the heart of every Irishman who has taken part in the wars of any of the nations of earth there lives the hope that the science of war acquired on alien fields may one day be turned to good account on the hills and plains of his own native land.

While the Irish are regarded as a warlike people they are essentially a commercial, a manufacturing and an agricultural people. Their arts were the arts of peace until treachery at home and numbers from abroad broke down opposition and welded the Irish Parliament to that of its sister kingdom across the channel.

The Irish question today, put in a few words, is: Shall Ireland have a Parliament of her own through which to express the will of her people? The struggle of late years has been around that one pivotal point, and surely it is not asking too much to give to Ireland the same rights now enjoyed by Canada and Australia.

Call the roll of the English armies now living and summon from the trenches her soldier dead and nearly every other man will respond to an Irish name. This can not be said of the men of either Australia or Canada.

When the destinies of Europe trembled in the balance, when the red cross of England and the standard of Prussia met in triumph on Waterloo, it was an Irishman who led those combined armies to victory, so that if for no other reason than because of gratitude for the valor of her sons England should mete out justice to her and her people by the re-establishment of an Irish Parliament in College green.

As I said in the beginning, the Irish question is one that would take too much of your time and attention to discuss on an occasion like the present, and I will not weary you with a further reference to the Irish people or Ireland.

Let me say a few words of the Irish people of America, and if what I say shall appeal to you as an attempt to give advice, bear with me and after leaving here think it over and see if some profit may not be derived from an application of the lesson intended to be conveyed.

Leaving the heroes of the battlefield to one side, let me direct your attention to an Irish hero who at the present time endeavors to occupy the center of the stage, and who rallies around him the untalented who might otherwise be more profitably engaged.

The Irish character is in a large measure judged by the men we thrust forward as our representatives, and who are they? I may be pardoned if I say that the Corbets, the Mahers, the Sullivans and others of the prize-ring, who represent the brutal rather than the refined in man, are pointed to as typical of Irish manhood and nationhood.

I rode up to the Capitol some time ago on an "F" street car. Two gentlemen sat behind me discussing various phases of our national life. One of them casually remarked that "the Irish are quick to learn but do not learn the best. They are given to drinking and prize-fighting and you rarely find one of them occupying an exalted position."

The conversation was carried on until near the Capitol, and one of the gentlemen asked me a question as to the best means of reaching the galleries. I then had an opportunity of breaking in on the conversation, and took occasion to say to him that I had been an unintentional but not unwilling listener to their discourse, and that if they would pardon me I would suggest a visit to Arlington before they left Washington; that if they in doing so would pass up and down the serried columns of marble monuments erected to commemorate the heroism of men who lay under the sod, they would see such names as Murphy, Kelly, Rafferty, O'Donnell, Campbell, O'Reilly, Cannon, Doherty, Shaughnessy and O'Rourke; that if they took occasion to carefully scrutinize the gate through which they passed they would see the name of Sheridan above it, not only as they entered, but on coming out as well.

That the names they would read there testified to the deeds of patriotism of Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, and were not inscribed upon these stones or monuments because of work done between the ropes of the ring of the prize-fighter.

The honorable distinction was won on the field of battle in defense of a nation's life, and surely every man who loves his country and his country's flag should be willing to accord the poor meed of praise due to the dead who have not died in vain.

I was asked not long ago to deliver a lecture at a university on some phase of the Irish question, and I have in mind several distinct types of the Irish character that I intend to speak about and, strange as it may appear to you, none of these ever drew sword on the field of battle. None of them ever invaded the precincts of a prize ring, and all of them represent the highest type of manhood and patriotism. More than that, all of them may justly be claimed by the United States as well as Ireland.

The man to whom I refer are John Boyle O'Reilly, A. J. H. Duganne, Theodore O'Hara, Charles G. Halpine and Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South.

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pens have illumined page upon page in American life that shine as brightly as the brightest among them all. I shall leave that, however, to another time, and, directing your attention to one more duty—for it seems to me to be a duty—will detain you no longer.

We have been regarded as light-hearted, as frivolous, as jolly, and as good-natured people, because we have permitted misrepresentation of the Irish character on printed page as well as on the mimic stage, and hereafter every person in whose veins flows a drop of Irish blood should refuse to patronize the stage on which the Irish character is represented in other than a dignified and respectful manner.

Bear in mind that we are judged according to our acts; that the estimate which we ourselves place upon our actions will not be enhanced or added to by others, and, if we frown down attempts to belittle the Irish character