

## SELECTED READINGS FOR THE WEEK

# GLEANNINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

### THE INNER AND THE OUTER IRELAND.

By George W. Russell ("A. E.") in Pearson's Magazine.

The Irish character anciently was full of charm. The people were lively, imaginative and sympathetic, the best talkers possible, but their very power of sympathy and understanding, their capacity of seeing both sides of a case, made them politically weak. The oppression of the last years has made a deep and I believe an enduring change in that character. It has strengthened the will. The political rebels I meet today are the highest types of Irishmen I have met in my life of 54 years. I think of these young men, so cheerful, so determined, so self-sacrificing, and I grow more and more confident that something great must come out of a race which produces such men in multitude. I think the rank and file are ever finer than their leaders. But perhaps I should not say that. The real leaders are unknown almost. It is not a time when orators can make their voices heard. The press publishes a daring utterance only at the risk of suppression, and many papers have been suppressed. It is impossible to hold political meetings. Those who lead and inspire are nameless. They work in secret. They can only "convince by their presence." But I divine ardent and selfless leadership because of the spirit of the rank and file, just as when I see the clouds warm at dawn I know the glow comes from a yet hidden sun. The radiance of British caricature, based on the Handy Andys, Mickey Free and Charley O'Malley's of old novels, if there ever were originals of this type, have certainly left no successors. I find only a quiet, determined, much enduring people, so little given to speech that it is almost impossible to find among Sinn Féiners an orator who would attract a crowd or speak of Irish wrongs as the Redmonds, Sextons, O'Briens and Dillon's of the last generation did. Ireland has become for the present all will. I have no doubt when a settlement comes that the ancient charms of imagination and sympathy will be renewed, but they will spring out of a deeper life and literature, art and society will gain.

### What Right Has England in Ireland?

I am trying to explain the mood of my countrymen today. I think highly of them but I do not think Ireland is by any means an island of Saints, and things have been done by Irishmen which I at least will not attempt to defend. That may be because I am a pacifist by nature and I prefer to use intellectual and spiritual forces rather than physical force. But it is only fair to say that two years of raids, arrests and imprisonments, of which there were many thousands, preceded the adoption of their present method by the Volunteers. If it ever is right to use physical force, which I doubt, because I feel there are other ways by which right can find its appropriate might, then, when considering the tragic happenings during the past year in Ireland, praise or condemnation can only rightly be awarded when we have decided who have a right to govern Ireland, the Irish people or the English people. But where does the right of England to govern Ireland come from? On what is it based? Not on the will of the Irish people certainly. On ancient possession? But it is not generally conceded that a burglar who has long had stolen property is the more entitled to it the longer he possesses it. As to Ulster.

"Oh," it will be said, "there is Ulster!" Ulster is Unionist. Even in that province the balance of opinion is so even that the whole province could not be included in an Ulster Parliament lest it might at once vote itself in with a Southern Parliament. It is certain that if the Ulster counties were allowed to vote freely—whether they would unite with Nationalist Ireland or more than four would remain out, and I think it highly probable that only three would vote. This would make the partition of Ireland so ludicrous that free voting was not allowed, and counties predominantly Sinn Féin were included against their wish with the Ulster Unionist counties. The British Government which partitioned Ireland ostensibly because the Ulster people desired it, did not dare to allow a vote to be taken by the people in the counties included.

### Why the "Two Nation" Theory Was Started.

I think the British Government desired to retain a garrison in Ireland. The aristocracy were first its garrison. With the downfall of feudalism the aristocracy lost its power and a new garrison had to be found, so Ulster was informed that Nationalist Ireland would tyrannize over it and rob it, and the "two nation" theory was started in Great Britain and given effect to in the last Home Rule bill. I think the government has overreached itself, and in three years Ulster, even the now Unionist Ulster, will be as strongly anti-British as the rest of Ireland. If a contented Ulster garrison was wanted, the financial provisions of the act should have been such as recommended themselves to Ulster business men. But the six counties after providing for their own services have to pay a tribute of £7,920,000 (\$9,940,000) to Great Britain yearly. This sum was fixed in a time of inflated prices and profits, when ship-building and the manufacture of linen for aeroplanes during the war gave Ulster a fictitious and temporary prosperity. Now its textile industry is in a very bad way and there are thousands of unemployed. The Belfast Chamber of Commerce declared that the whole of Ireland could not rightly pay a larger tribute than £5,000,000 (\$25,000,000). The fact that six Ulster

counties have to find that and more than half as much again will, if I know my Ulster countrymen, work like madness in the brain. They will see the wealth they create drained away every year to be spent in England to pay English workmen while their own are unemployed. No, the Ulster problem is not really serious. If it was the British Government would have let Ulster counties vote according to their desires.

### As to the Possibility of a Settlement.

Is there any possibility of a settlement? I think Ireland truly desires to be at peace with its neighbor and once it achieved the freedom it desired, it would forget the past. Great Britain is the natural market for Irish products. All Irishmen recognize that. Irishmen can get along quite well with individual Englishmen, who are good fellows as a rule. But England as represented by its government they mistrust and will have nothing to do with. I was going to say it was Prussian in its methods with Ireland, but that would be unfair to the Prussians, for, so far as I know, in their treatment of Poles or Alsations there was nothing comparable in ferocity to the present British oppression of Ireland. Indeed, the Prussian oppression of Poles or Alsations appears in comparison mere ordinary good-natured government. What is to be the end of the Anglo-Irish conflict? I do not know. I am inclined to think that as between Ireland and Great Britain there never will be any settlement. The last is too greedy for Irish money and trade to let them slip out of its control, and too terrified of a powerful Irish Nation alongside it to allow Ireland freedom to develop and increase its population to the ten or twelve millions who might naturally inhabit it. Ireland, as its history shows, will be content with nothing less than complete freedom over its own affairs. Only some third factor arising out of world circumstance can make that freedom possible. It is not that British statesmen could not in the past have made Ireland friendly and contented inside the British Commonwealth, but they would not. When they dealt with Ireland they could not rise to the noble conception of their empire as a commonwealth of free nations developing freely endless varieties of culture and civilization. They allowed this in respect of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, countries they could not hope to hold long by physical force in subjection to Westminster politics. But, where the race was alien as in Ireland, Egypt or India, the ideal was not upheld, and hence it is that these three countries are in a blaze against their oppressors. I do not think the democracy of one country can rightly rule the democracy of another country. An autocrat, conceivably, might rule, subject nations with success because the individual can be appealed to, moved or educated. But who could attempt the task of educating forty million people about the needs of another race. It would be easier to get the mythical camel through the eye of a needle than to get into the brain of one of those forty millions the needs of the four hundred millions in their empire. The drop cannot contain the ocean. No democracy American, French, German or Italian could govern Ireland against its will with more success than the English. They would all be forced to adopt the same methods if they insisted on their right as overlords. I believe the British Government is prepared to wreck every city in Ireland rather than allow Ireland the freedom it desires. No other nation is going to intervene.

### Why the Phrase, "A Domestic Problem," Was Invented.

A man will prevent a bully kicking a child in the street, but all nations are licensed by other nations to deal with their subject nationalities as they will. The phrase, "A domestic problem," was invented to express this license, and is a recognition of the truth Nietzsche proclaimed when he said, "The state is the coldest of all cold monsters." In ancient Greece a slave who was ill-treated had the right to be sold to another master, but the subject nation has no world tribunal to appeal to, nothing but the Master of Life, that indefinable something we surmise in the government of the Cosmos. So here in Ireland people endure grimly, without hope of any other nation's intervention, waiting for world circumstance to enable them to escape from their conquerors, or for the mills of God to come at last in their grinding to the British Empire as they came to the Roman Empire, the Chaldean and other empires whose sins and magnificence have sunk far behind time.

### Nations Denied Freedom Cannot Fill Their Destiny.

I am trying to interpret the mood of my countrymen rather than to express my own feelings. For myself I do not care whether I am governed from Moscow or Peking if my countrymen are happy. I am by profession an artist and man of letters, and I find the consolations of life in things with which governments cannot interfere, in the light and beauty the Earth puts forth for her children. The words "republic" or "empire" are opaque words to me. I cannot see through them to any beauty or majesty to which they inevitably lead. But I do believe in freedom. If the universe has any meaning at all it exists for the purposes of soul, and men or nations denied essential freedom cannot fulfill their destiny.

I do not write wishing Americans to pick a quarrel with Great Britain over Ireland. But the more understanding there is, the more will the good which is latent in life become the unconquerable force in human affairs it must be. We can go on enduring oppression. Personally I believe the

complete freedom of Ireland will come surely and some who are now living will see it. It will come through world circumstance, not because Ireland will have grown powerful enough by itself to win its independence, or because Great Britain will have become generous enough to allow freedom to the people who loathe its dominion over them. Perhaps when Irish people have suffered enough and paid the price in sacrifice they will win the truly good things which come from sacrifice. There may be a Justice which weighs the offering and has power to enforce its decrees.

## THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

### THE WAY HOME.

One summer afternoon two little sisters, Ray and Cassie, started out to walk. They both wore big hats to shade them from the sun, and each had a gingersnap tucked into the pocket of her apron.

Their plan was to walk down only to the edge of the woods that lay at the end of the garden, but soon they began to chase butterflies, and after that they forgot to notice where they were going. They ran in and out among the trees, on and on, farther and farther, until all at once they found that they were lost.

It was growing dark in the woods, and the gingersnaps were gone. Ray and Cassie were hungry and a little frightened.

"We must ask some one to show us the way home," said Cassie. "But there's no one to ask," said little Ray.

They sat down on some moss and looked round them. Suddenly a big yellow butterfly that they had been chasing, lighted on a bush near by. "Butterfly, butterfly," Ray said softly. "Do you know the way home? We want to go to bed."

"Bed? Bed?" said the butterfly. "Come with me. I know where there is a beautiful flower bed, big enough for you both."

"Oh, dear, no!" said Ray. "We mean a real bed with pillows and sheets."

"Never heard of such a thing," answered the butterfly. Then he flew to a vine and sat there waving his beautiful wings.

"And we want our supper," said Cassie.

The butterfly opened and shut his wings. "You like honey, I suppose," he said. "I'll show you a bush that's full of it—the best I've seen this season. You may help yourselves."

"But we can't eat honey that way!" cried the children.

"That's the way I eat it," cried the butterfly a little crossly, and away he flew.

A squirrel came racing round the foot of a tree. He stopped short and stared at the children with his bright little eyes.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "You are lost? Then come home and spend the night with me. I'll give you lots of nuts for supper—hazelnuts, hickory nuts, chestnuts, butternuts—all you can eat."

The children brightened at that. They jumped to their feet. "Where do you live?"

"Just follow me," the squirrel answered. He was off like a gray flash. A moment later the two little girls heard him calling high above their heads, "Just up this tree, down the second branch to the pine, one good jump—and we're home!"

Ray and Cassie gazed at him in much dismay. "We can't run up the tree," they said. "We never could in the world."

"Well, that's the way I get home," said the little squirrel, and he, too, seemed cross. On he ran down the second branch of the tree to the pine and was gone.

A bird had been watching the children from an opposite tree, and now he flew down to a branch just above their heads.

"I never could run up trees like that either," she said. "You can spend the night with me. That's my nest up there; you shall cuddle right down and rest, while I find something for supper—worms or bugs."

At that, Cassie began to cry. "I won't eat bugs!" she said. "It's what I eat," answered the bird. "Come on! Fly right after me."

"But we can't fly," Ray objected. "We can't get there that way."

"It's the way I get there," said the bird, and she spread her wings and soared away.

"That bird has no sense," said a little voice suddenly. "How ridiculous to ask you to spend the night in a nest at the top of a tree! Now my nest is snug and warm on the ground."

It was a little field mouse that spoke; the children had to look twice before they saw her.

"And how foolish," the field mouse went on, "to offer you bugs and worms. I know all about children. My cousins lived one winter in a nursery, and they told me what children eat. Come into my nest and I'll find you something."

"Where is your nest?" inquired Cassie and Ray, much relieved. "Why, right here! Don't you see? I'm sitting in it now."

"But that's too small to hold us," said Ray regretfully. "I'm very sorry," she added.

The field mouse looked disappointed. "It's big enough for me," she said, and she shut her little bright eyes and pretended to be asleep.

Their next invitation came from a rabbit. "Lots of room at my place, and warm as toast," he said. "Right at the foot of that big tree. Saugle right in."

But the children shook their heads sorrowfully. "We could never, never in the world sleep in the grass," they declared. "We want to go home!" they added, with one voice.

"Well, here is the way I go home," said the rabbit; and he began to snuggle down in the grass.

trying to ask us home to their ant hill."

She and Ray bent down to listen, but they never knew what the ants were trying to say, for just then they heard another voice, a big, strong voice that called them by name.

"Here we are, father!" they cried as loud as they could. Oh, how good it seemed to hear those steps coming nearer and nearer through the bushes!

A few seconds afterward they were telling the whole story.

"All the little animals invited us to their homes," said Ray. "And when we said no," added Cassie, "each one of them said, 'Well, that's the way I go home.'"

The children's father took from a paper bag two warm buttered rolls and two apples and gave them to his little daughters. Then he swung Ray up on his back and took Cassie in his arms and plunged into the underbrush.

"This is the way we go home!" she said.

### NICKNAMES OF CITIES.

Brooklyn, N. Y., City of Churches.  
Buffalo, N. Y., Queen City of the Lakes.  
Baalbee, Syria, City of the Sun.  
Cairo, Egypt, City of Victory.  
Cincinnati, O., Queen City, Porkopolis, Queen of the West, Paris of America.  
Chicago, Ill., Garden City.  
Cleveland, O., Forest City.  
Cork, Ireland, Drish-reen City.  
Crawfordsville, Ind., Hoosier Athens.

Dayton, O., Gem City.  
Detroit, Mich., City of the Straits.  
Edinburg, Scotland, Maiden Town.  
Northern Athens, Modern Athens, Athens of the North.  
Gibraltar, Key of the Mediterranean.  
Hannibal, Mo., Bluff City.  
Havana, Cuba, Pearl of the Antilles.  
Indianapolis, Ind., Railroad City.  
Jerusalem, Palestine, City of Peace, City of the Great King.  
Keokuk, Iowa, Gate City.  
Limerick, Ireland, City of the Violated Treaty.  
Lowell, Mass., City of Spindles, Manchester of America.  
London, England, City of Masts, Modern Babylon.  
Lynchburg, Va., Hill City.  
Milan, Italy, Little Paris.

There is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty.

### THE BISHOP'S MEDAL.

(Continued from page 3.)

On the corner of the street where the union headquarters was located, Manuel Rossetti stopped. He had often stopped there before, in fact, almost every night now he made it a practice of spending considerable time listening to different men who mounted soap boxes and talked to the crowd of idlers. There was one man in particular, a small smooth-shaven man with a red necktie and a piping voice who seemed to command most attention, and to whose words Manuel Rossetti had listened more than to those of any other.

Just when Manuel and Romeo walked up he was engaged upon a violent discussion of the wrongs of the working men.

"I tell you," he said, "we will never get our rights as long as the capitalists have the government, with its soldiers to shoot us down, and as long as they have churches and priests to lie to us and to deceive us. We must overthrow them and until we overthrow them we are slaves."

These words came to Romeo's ears as a shock. He had naturally been brought up with a devotion and reverence for the Church and its priests, and his study of American history had taught him to be loyal to the government of the greatest free country on the earth.

"That man isn't saying what's right," he exclaimed to his father in an undertone.

Manuel Rossetti had thought the same thing when he first heard the speaker with the red necktie. But as he had listened night after night he became more and more convinced that the things he said were true. In fact, he had reached the stage where he was disposed to discuss the statements of this man with his fellow workers and to defend them when they were attacked. So he bade Romeo be quiet.

"You are too young to know anything about these things," he said. But as Romeo listened he became more and more indignant with the speaker. The crowd was growing larger and larger, and some of the men were beginning to cheer the man with the red necktie as he grew more violent.

Finally he swept himself into a fury. "Down with capital, I say," he cried. "Let the workingmen take what is his. These buildings and these streets, all this city was built by the hands of workingmen, and they ought to own it. Why should we slave when the capitalists live in luxury. Why should we work when the government officers can ride in their

**TEACHERS** You are seeking better positions. It is our business to tell you about them. It costs you nothing to register. If we fail to help you—we lose; you don't. See

**Minneapolis Teachers Agency**  
602 Nicolet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

fancy cars paid out of our taxes. Why don't the priests and the bankers and the government officers come out like us and work with their hands instead of living on our money?"

This was too much for Romeo. He had stood somewhat ashamed for the moment when his father failed to answer the man's first attack on the priesthood and the government, but now he had forgotten his father and remembered only some of the things he had studied and some of the things he had read in his Christian Doctrine and American history classes.

"It's a lie," he cried. "It's a lie. A priest doesn't work for money. Some priests don't even get a cent. They give up their lives to save people's souls, and you know it. And this government is the best government in the world."

There was consternation in the crowd for a moment. The speaker looked down at the boy and then at Manuel Rossetti. The boy faced the stare boldly, but Manuel Rossetti looked shamefacedly at his son as if he wanted to apologize for him.

Many men in the crowd started talking at once. It was easily seen that some admired the courage of the youth who had taken issue with the speaker. But others were plainly angry at the interruption.

"Is that your son, Rossetti?" asked one of them. "It's well seen he's going to the church schools."

The speaker with the red necktie was not disconcerted at the interruption. In fact, he had heard the last remark, and meant to make the most of it.

"That's the way they're bringing up the children," he cried. "That's what they teach them. They know more than their fathers nowadays. They are brought up to believe all the fairy tales they tell them in the schools about their gods and their commandments and their submission to the people who have the money. That's the way they bring up our children, filling them full of lies and tommyrot."

Just then another voice broke out in the crowd. It was a man with a blue sweater, a tall man, and one whose voice was stronger and more clear-cut than that of the man with the red necktie.

"The boy is right," he cried to the speaker. "It is you who are talking the lies. Where did you come from anyhow?"

"Russia," said the man on the soap box, "the only free workers' republic!"

"Are you an American citizen?" asked the man in the blue sweater.

"No, I wouldn't become the citizen of any capitalist country," said the man with the red necktie.

"Then you ought to go back to Russia where you belong," cried the man with the blue sweater. "This is no place for you to try to spread discontent among honest men. The people of this country rule themselves. They are a free people, and if things don't go the way they want them, they have a right to vote and to remedy them. They don't want revolutions and bloodshed like Russia has today. If things were so fine in Russia, why didn't you stay there?"

There was now a confusion of voices. Men who had listened to the speaker with the red necktie night after night, as if under a spell, seemed to find themselves.

"The boy was right," one of them cried out. "It is the man who has been telling the lies."

Several joined in similar cries. Others shouted out defending the soap box orator. The confusion grew general. Romeo found himself in the midst of a babel of tongues and was being swayed back and forth as the bodies of strong men pressed against him. Then he saw the man with the red necktie leap from his box and dart quickly up the street. The crowd followed him. Romeo was left standing alone with his father and the man with the blue sweater. There was something strangely familiar about it—yet he could not at first recognize the man.

"You did very well, Romeo," said the man with the blue sweater. Romeo now knew this man. Of all men in the world, it was the one he most hated and most despised, Brother Thomas.

"You are to be complimented on your son, Mr. Rossetti," said Brother Thomas. "I have stood here many nights myself and listened to this man, but I have never seen any one contradict him till tonight. The people of this community owe a lot to Romeo."

Romeo's ears tingled. From any one else in the world the words would have been sweet. But from that man! "Romeo, my boy," said Brother Thomas, "you have done nobly. This year we are going to give out two Bishop's medals. And one of them will go to you, the boy who not only knows the TRUTH about his Country and his Faith, but who has the manhood to defend them."

—Daniel Dorgan, in the New York Leader.

## College of Saint Teresa

WINONA, MINNESOTA

Registered for Teachers' License by the New York Board of Regents. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Holds Membership in the North Central Association of Colleges. Standard degree courses in Arts and Science leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science.

ADDRESS THE SECRETARY

## THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

A STANDARD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

## DERHAM HALL

A COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

SAINT PAUL

MINNESOTA

ADDRESS: THE OFFICE OF THE DEAN

## ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY

A thoroughly equipped High School for Girls

SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

SAINT PAUL, MINN.

Telephone Dale 0535

## LARGEST SPRING OPENING

In the History of the Rasmussen School

The earnest teaching, progressive methods and splendid equipment of this big school induce students to come from far and near.

To meet the great demand for graduates, the school has day and evening sessions the entire year.

Students are enrolling now for spring and summer term. Illustrated catalog mailed free anywhere upon request. Phone Cedar 5338.

**Rasmussen**

PRACTICAL BUSINESS SCHOOL

125 E. Fifth St., bet. Robert and Jackson Sts. One of the largest and best equipped business schools in America.

WALTER RASMUSSEN, Proprietor

## ST. AGATHA CONSERVATORY

OF MUSIC AND ART

25 EAST EXCHANGE ST. COR. CEDAR, ST. PAUL  
Piano, Harmony, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Zither, Banjo, Voice, Elocution, Language, Painting, Drawing, China Decorating

Pupils may enter at any time  
Call or send for terms  
Lessons given during vacation

## St. Benedict's College and Academy

ST. JOSEPH, MINNESOTA.

CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE ORDER OF ST. BENEDICT. Under the patronage of the Right Reverend Joseph F. Busch, D. D., Bishop of St. Cloud.

EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE EDUCATION OF CATHOLIC YOUNG WOMEN

THE COLLEGE—Offers a four years' course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

THE ACADEMY—Offers a four years' course, preparing for College. UNIVERSITY AFFILIATION.

Catalog mailed upon application to "Sister Directress."

## SAINT CLARE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION

WINONA, MINNESOTA

An Institution for the Professional Training of Grade Teachers for Parochial Schools

Affiliated to the College of Saint Teresa

ADDRESS: THE SECRETARY

## AN ACCREDITED TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES, at

St. Joseph's Hospital

ST. PAUL, MINN.

For particulars—

Address: Superintendent of Nurses

## Villa Maria Academy

FRONTENAC, MINN.

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES

ACCREDITED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Conducted by the URSULINE NUNS

Send for Catalog and Complete Information.

## MARQUETTE UNIVERSITY

MILWAUKEE

## SUMMER TERM

June 27 to August 5

Courses in Philosophy, Economics, Education, Ethics, English, Latin, Greek, French, Spanish, German, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Biology.

COURSES LEAD TO DEGREES

Write for summer school booklet to

Dean of Arts and Science Marquette University

1192 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

## Ambition Leads to Training

and training opens to you the wide field of business with its great opportunities.

Decide today—now—to enroll

Day or Night School

**GLOBE Business College**