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Our Blouses and Waists

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Parnell as a Cambridge Undergraduate.

STORIES OF THE GREAT IRISH
LEADER—RELATED BY ONE
WHO KNEW HIM.

No more complex character has ever played a part in the political life of this country than Charles Stewart Parnell, the great Irish leader, the story of whose romantic love and tragic downfall is so sensationally revealed in the book which is the talk of the hour.

That the greatest bond of love, sympathy, and understanding existed between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea, who became his wife after her divorce, no one who reads her Reminiscences can doubt. And yet to his friends and followers, who regarded him as the unswerving King of Ireland, and who were ready to do anything and everything at his bidding, he was a puzzle, and at times their despair. He fascinated them with his fiery eloquence and enthusiasm while repelling them with his arrogant and haughty manners.

A Piquant Revelation.

Even Mrs. Parnell herself admits that the Irish leader treated his followers at times in the most contemptuous manner. One of the most piquant passages in her book relates how more than once, when he was due to attend a meeting in Ireland, he missed his train and his meeting to sit with her, but he never apologized for his non-attendance, saying:

"You do not learn the ethics of knighthood, Queenie" (his pet name for his wife). "Never explain, never apologize," adding, with his rare laugh, "I could never have kept my rattle together if I were not above the human weakness of apology. It is a strange thing I

found out early in political life. They think I am much more wonderful when I do nothing than when I am working hard."

Parnell a Lazy Man.

Not very pleasant reading, perhaps, for the men who fought so strenuously under his banner; but his remarks on that occasion simply bear out the statement that at times Parnell was really lazy, although when the fit seized him he could work as no man worked.

His tutor, Mr. Patrick, at Magdalene College, Cambridge, where Parnell went after being educated at Yeoil under private masters, has left it on record that Parnell was one of the ablest men at Cambridge in his time, but, alas! one of the laziest. It is said that he never passed nor tried to pass an examination.

Further amazing revelations regarding Parnell's early life are made in an article which reaches us from one who knew him and his associates intimately when he entered Magdalene College in 1865. This writer relates that six members of the college, including Parnell, formed themselves into a sporting club. They pledged themselves not to attend a single lecture, not to keep chapel except on Sundays, and during matings they frequently played pitch and toss for sovereigns.

This club was mainly instrumental in the attack on the mayor's house when a band of undergraduates pulled down the railings and broke nearly every pane of glass in the windows in consequence of a speech against the Varsity made by the mayor at the opening of the New Corn Exchange.

From which it will be gathered that

Parnell was a bit of a pickle. He was asked to leave the Varsity for knocking down a farmer and dislodging five of his teeth, because the farmer had accused him of being drunk.

As An Auctioneer.

The college authorities took notice of this officially, according to our informant, and Parnell was requested to take his name off the books. He was told by his tutor, however, that he might come up again next term, an invitation which Parnell did not accept. On going down he sold his wine and other effects, and was his own auctioneer.

It would seem, however, that it was with considerable misgiving that Parnell's mother, who was a daughter of Admiral Charles Stewart, of the United States Navy, allowed her son to go to Cambridge; for when he entered the college she came up with him and warned the then master, the Hon. L. Neville, that "Charlie was subject to somnambulism." The consequence was that the courts of Magdalene were carefully watched at night by the porters during Parnell's first term.

At Magdalene, however, the future Irish leader indulged in no sleep-walking feats, and while he certainly did not distinguish himself in the scholastic sense, he carried quite a reputation among the "sports" of the college.

Such little use did Parnell make of his educational opportunities that his knowledge of literature practically amounted to nothing, while at the beginning of his career he could scarcely make a speech. The Right Hon. Robert Fergusson, talking of Parnell in his reminiscences, says: "He was no orator in the ordinary sense of the term, and when he came into the House, I am told that he could hardly frame twenty consecutive words. But by dint of increasing practice he at last gained a power of expressing his ideas in a very clear and even forcible form."

His Engineering Tastes.

As a matter of fact, Parnell spent most of his time at Cambridge among the stables in the "Pickering Yard," where at one time a Magdalene aristocrat stabled as many as fifteen horses. So whenever Parnell was not on the river, or in the cricket fields, or riding with the drag, he was to be found in the hotel-yard.

Parnell had very few friends at Cambridge, for he could be distinctly unsocial at times, and when in one of his melancholy frames of mind he appears to have shut himself away in his rooms and devoted himself chiefly to mechanics and engineering.

The famous Irish leader was an able metallurgist and assayer. A story told by Mr. Henniker-Heaton not only illustrates Parnell's knowledge in this direction, but provides an example of his amazing power of being "stale" during the most exciting and strenuous political times, to detach his mind absolutely from the momentous questions which were exciting the House.

Mr. Henniker-Heaton's Story.

It was at the time when, accused of writing the famous Pigott letters, Parnell with fury and indignation had denounced them in the House of Commons as "An infamous forgery." Afterwards he walked into the lobby and engaged Mr. Heaton in earnest conversation. Everybody thought he was talking of the actual political event then stirring men's minds.

"This," says Mr. Heaton, "is what he said to me:

"I have just read in the afternoon paper that a mountain of gold has been discovered in Western Australia, and that some tons of the specimens have been sent home to you."

"I replied that it was true, and that I had in my locker in the House some of the crushed specimens. We proceeded to get them, and I gave him about a wineglassful of the crushing."

"He took it away with him, and to the bewilderment of his party, no one saw him for a week, and very few indeed knew his address. On that day week, almost at the same hour, he again appeared in the lobby. Walking up to me, he said, smilingly:

"I have analyzed the specimens, and they go thirty-two ounces of gold to the ton."

"I said he was wrong. He then took from his pocket a scrap of paper and read:

"Twenty-seven ounces of gold and five ounces of silver."

"I replied that it was indeed remarkable, for it exactly coincided with the analysis of Messrs. Johnson, Matthey and Co., the famous metallurgists. Parnell then showed me the small pin's point of gold he had obtained. I expressed surprise at his work. He said:

"The fact is, I take an interest in the matter. I have a small workshop to test the minerals in the mountains of Wicklow, some portion of which I own."

"The astonishing thing is that while his hundreds of thousands of adherents were fulminating against the 'Times,' he was quietly working away testing minerals in his laboratory."

Why He Became a Nationalist.

Referring again to Parnell and Cambridge, it is a fact not generally known that it was while an undergraduate that Parnell changed from an aristocratic Tory to an ardent Nationalist. Parnell belonged to an old Chesbire family of great Tory traditions, but when the three Irishmen Allen, Gould and Larkin, were executed in Manchester for the murder of Police-Sergeant Brett, on the occasion of the rescue of the two Fenians, Kelly and Deasy, the affair made such an impression upon his mind that he decided to devote whatever abilities he had to the Nationalist cause.

Parnell, of course, was not the only one whose views and opinions were affected by this terrible episode, for thousands of people regarded the three men as martyrs, the execution and funeral being followed by memorial services which attracted people from all over the country, and the historical phrase, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," has never received a more striking fulfillment than in this dramatic change in the career of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Many women are choosing crepe de chine, instead of fine cottons, for their underclothes; it is said to be very durable.

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Time and Worry.

Time and Worry met one day Travelling along the way.

"I said Time, 'am greater far With my people than you are.' Worry smiled and said 'It's true You get blamed for much I do.'"

"You go lightly on your way, Gently brushing hair with gray, Wrinkles now and then you place In some sweet and loving face, But you're blamed for many a line And a furrow that are mine."

"You," said Time, "make people old Long before my years are told; I would keep folks young but you Bring on age before it's due. I take years to furrow cheeks, You accomplish it in weeks."

"Yes," said Worry, that is true, Rapidly my work I do; You are patient, kind and slow, Quickly to my work I go; Many a sturdy back I've bent Long before its strength was spent."

"Why," asked Father Time, "do men Let you keep them company then? Why are you allowed to stay Withering youth in such a way, They could quickly bid you go, Many a sturdy back I've bent Long before its strength was spent."

Worry answered: "I don't know."

Wm. Hammerstein Dead.

Son of Noted New York's Impresario

Passes Away.

New York, June 11.—William Hammerstein, son of Oscar Hammerstein, the impresario, and who was for many years manager of Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre in this city, died here last night, of Bright's Disease; he had been active in his usual occupations until ten days ago, when he was taken to a sanitarium in a critical condition. He was forty years old.

NEW B. & R. Rubber Heels.

These heels are made with a non-slipping Duck Plug and have Real Rubber where the Rub comes.



Men's, 25c. pair.
Women's, 23c. pair.

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June 13, 1914

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CHARLES HUTTON,
June 4, 1914

Sole Agent.

Fishermen, Motormen.

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A Practical Handbook of Gas, Oil and Steam Engines, by John Rathborne, \$1.10.

The Motor Mechanics' Handbook, with many illustrations, by F. Heron Rogers, A.M.I.M.E., \$1.50.

The Marine Oil Engine Handbook, a book of instruction for all who have to do with Marine Motors for commercial purposes, particularly for fishermen and coasting vessels, only 35c.; post paid, 37c.

The Motor Boat Manual, a book of technical instruction for marine motorists, 25c., post paid.

How to become a Successful Motorman, by Aylmer Small, \$1.60.

The Steam Engine Catechism, a series of direct practical answers to direct practical questions, by Robert Grimshaw, \$2.25.

The Gasoline Engine on the Farm—construction, management, operation and repair, by Xenon W. Putnam, \$2.50.

Motor Cars or Power Carriages for common roads, by A. J. Wallis Taylor, C.E., \$1.50.

The Automobile Engineer Year Book for 1914—tables and data of special application to automobile work, 6c.

The Modern Gasoline Automobile, its design, construction, maintenance and repair, by Victor W. Page, M.E., \$2.75.

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5 lb. boxes.

Local Rhubarb.
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