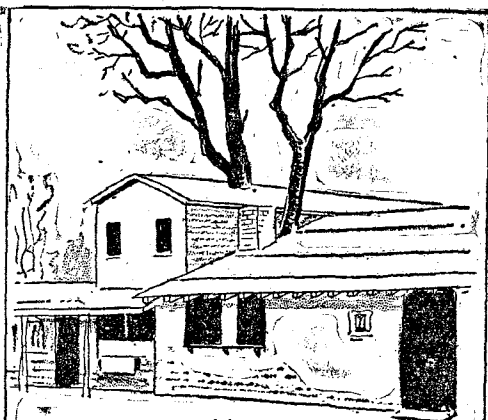


BELIEVE IT OR NOT . . . By Robert L. Ripley

On request, sent with stamped addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will furnish proof anything depicted by him

12-13-1934



TREE GROWING THROUGH A HOUSE
De Soto Park, Tampa, Fla.



A
THREE-SOME
PLAYED A HOLE
IN 1-2-3

DRAWN BY
JIM HENDERSON
CHARLOTTE N.C.

F. HYATT - S. NORTHRUPP and J. OWENS
17th HOLE - Pinehurst, N.C.



DANIEL
O'CONNELL

GREAT IRISH LIBERATOR
AND MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

HAD 4 SONS ELECTED TO PARLIAMENT
AND 3 DAUGHTERS WHO MARRIED MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

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EXPLANATION OF YESTERDAY'S CARTOON Daniel O'Connell.

The great Irish liberator and patriot (1775-1847) was elected to the English parliament from County Clare in 1828 to test the law under which a Catholic could not become a member without taking an oath contrary to his conscience. It was due to O'Connell's action that this law was repealed. He sat in parliament until his death in 1847. The great veneration in which O'Connell was held by the Irish people is reflected in his children. Of his four sons, Maurice was elected an M. P. for Tralee, Morgan for Meath, John for Athlone and Daniel, Jr., for Tralee. Of his three daughters, Ellen married Christopher Fitzsimon, M. P. for Dublin, Catherine married Charles O'Connell, who represented Kerry, and Elizabeth married Nicholas French, who represented Dublin.

Monday: Leper Money.

DANIEL O'CONNELL

Wendell Phillips

Wendell Phillips, known as the "silver-tongued orator", was born in Boston in 1811. His heart went out to those who suffered from oppression and injustice. He died in 1884, having spent his life as the champion of human liberty. For many years the rule of England over Ireland was hard and severe. It was natural that Phillips should sympathize with the Irish people and admire their leader, Daniel O'Connell.

I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; I know the eloquence that lay hid in the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had. It has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean. But I think all of them together never surpassed, and no one of them ever equalled, O'Connell.

Nature intended him for Demosthenes. Never since the great Greek has she sent forth anyone so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place, he had a magnificent presence, impressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. Webster himself hardly outdid him in the majesty of his proportions. To be sure, he had not Webster's craggy face and pre-pipice of brow, nor his eyes glowing like anthracite coal; nor had he the lion roar of Mirabeau. But his presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all.

There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke; and he added to it what Webster had not, what Clay might have lent, -- infinite grace, that magnetism that melts all hearts into one. I saw him at over sixty-six years of age; every attitude was beauty, every gesture grace. You could only think of a greyhound as you looked at him; it would have been delicious to have watched him if he had not spoken a word.

His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, Bulwer has well described:

Even to the verge of that vast audience sent
It played with each wild passion as it went, --
Now stirred the uproar, now the myrmer stilled,
And sob or laughter answered as it willed.

Webster could awe a senate, Everett could charm a college, Clay could magnetize the million. O'Connell was Clay, Everett, and Webster in one. He was once summoned to court out of the hunting field, when a young friend of his of humble birth was on trial for his life. The evidence gathered around a hat found near the body of the murdered man, which was recognized as the hat of the prisoner. The lawyers tried to break down the evidence, confuse the testimony, and get some relief from the directness of the circumstances; but in vain, until at last they called for O'Connell. He came in, flung his riding whip and hat on the table, was told the

circumstances, and taking up the hat (in evidence) said to the witness, "Whose hat is this?" "Well, Mr. O'Connell, that is Mike's hat." "How do you know it is?" "I will swear to it, sir." "And did you really find it by the murdered man?" "I did that, sir." "But you're not ready to swear to that?" "I am, indeed, Mr. O'Connell." "Pat, do you know what hands on your word? A human soul. And with that dread burden, are you ready to tell this jury that the hat, to your certain knowledge, belongs to the prisoner?" "Yes, Mr. O'Connell; yes, I am."

O'Connell takes the hat ~~the~~ to the nearest window and peers into it, --"J-a-m-e-s, James. Now Pat, did you see that name in the hat?" "I did, Mr. O'Connell." "You knew it was there?" "Yes, sir; I read it after I picked it up." "There is no name in the hat, Your Honor."

O'Connell had neither office nor title. Behind him were three million people steeped in utter wretchedness, sore with the oppression of centuries, ignored by statute. For thirty restless and turbulent years he stood in front of them, and said, "Remember, he that commits a crime helps the enemy." And during that long and fearful struggle I do not remember one of his followers ever being convicted of a political offense, and during this period crimes of violence were very rare. There is no such record in our history. Neither in classic nor in modern times can the man be produced who held a million of people in his right hand so passive. It was due to the consistency and unity of a character that had hardly a flaw. I do not forget your soldiers, orators, or poets, - any of your leaders. But when I consider O'Connell's personal disinterestedness, - his rare, brave fidelity to every cause his principles covered, no matter how unpopular or how embarrassing to his main purpose, -- that clear, far-reaching vision and true heart which, on most moral and political questions, set him so much ahead of his times, in the senate, and before the masses; when I see the sobriety and moderation with which he used his measureless power, and the lofty, generous purpose of his whole life, I am ready to affirm that he was, all things considered, the greatest man the Irish race has ever produced.