

I'll be Back

By W. A. S. Douglas

Illustrated by William Meade Prince

You have heard of the luck of the Irish. Take, for instance, John Gilbreth and the girl he left behind him

YOUNG John Gilbreth leaned over into the belly of his boat and picked up a codling by the tail. He whirled the fish around his head a wheen of times and let it go. Fine shooting. An angry old man was standing on the strand of Rathlin Island, engaged very busily in telling John what he thought of him, his people, his drinking habits and his distaste for work. He had rounded off as pretty a piece of cursing as ever you listened to when the fish caught him square on his big, loud mouth.

"Och, och, och," spluttered Pat McNary, giving a wipe to the blood that was running from his split lips into his gray beard. Clean out of bad language the codling had knocked him. Like an old crab he started to skitter up and down the beach, looking for stones to throw at John Gilbreth. As much chance he had of finding one there as he would the grace of God in the Highlands of Scotland. Young John laughed his head off, set his spritsail, and then stood up, the sheet in his hand, for a last word with the man who was declining the honor of being his father-in-law.

"Listen to me, you old gaberlonie," he shouted across the stretch of bright blue water, "I'll be back for Kathleen in a coach and four as fine as your landlord ever rode in. Put that in your old clay pipe."

Pat, out of words and out of weapons, could only stand there shaking his fist.

"Take home that codling," yelled the young fisherman, "and eat what you didn't bite off when it lit in your mouth. I'll see you in the long by and by, Pat."

THE spritsail was bellying nice to the wind and the boat was heading as though she herself knew the way to Ballantrae and the Ulster coast. Young John sat him down, the sheet in his right hand and the helm in his left, turning his back on Rathlin Island. And he raised as fine a singing voice as you could ever hear in all Ireland—never mind John McCormack—and the words floated back to old Pat there, coughing with the rage:

*"With my bundle on my shoulder,
Sure there's no one could be bolder,
Though I'm loath to leave the country
I was born in.
But I've lately took a notion
For to cross the briny ocean,
And I'm off to Philadelphia in the morn-
in'."*

"God be praised, that's the last I'll see of him, the dirty, designing man," muttered Pat McNary. And then his eyes caught the fine young codling.

He picked it up and took it home, just as John had told him to, and had his wife, Mary Ann, a quiet, worn-out woman, cook it for him. He was a careful fellow, McNary, and that was how he had goats and donkeys and ponies and sheep and cattle. And for the same reason the other way round young John Gilbreth and all the other Gilbreths had nothing—nothing at all but good looks and a way with the women.

"Where's Kathleen?" asked Pat at the table, his mouth full of fish and potatoes.

"She's over in Bushmills at the party they're giving for John Gilbreth before he leaves in the morning," the tired woman answered him. "She'll be staying with Mary McMullan. There's no harm to that."

"Praise be, the lazy lad will be out of the way tomorrow," repeated Pat.

I've been calling the island where Pat McNary bred his sheep and goats and other odds and ends by the name of Rathlin. That's the way the English have marked it in the geographies. But as long as Ireland's been Ireland her people have called it Ragherly.

It was Ragherly when Robert the Bruce, hiding from King Edward the First of England, six hundred years ago, got his courage back by watching a spider give him a lesson in hanging on. It was called that when Queen Elizabeth's soldiers surrounded the four young sons of the terrible Ulster chief, Sorley Boy McDonnell, and put the boys and all their followers to the sword. Eight hundred men they killed in very cruel fashion at the massacre of Ragherly in 1584. But Sorley Boy soon balanced the ledger. He gutted a hundred Englishmen for each one of his dead boys, and three and a half for every clansman. He measured the halves very correctly by cutting every seventh man exactly across the middle in two neat pieces. Pretty close to three thousand heads were soon stuck on poles around the castle of Dunluce on the Ulster mainland overlooking Ragherly. Elizabeth pulled no more tricks on Sorley Boy after that showing.

THE island lies in the blue water of St. Patrick's Channel, about nine miles to the north of the Giant's Causeway. The causeway, as almost everybody knows, was built by the giant, Finn McCool, who piled these beautiful, many-sided stones together in very decorative fashion. Finn, you might say, was a fine architect, and gave present-day organ-builders their first models. He got angry one day at his grandmother and turned her into stone. That's hard to believe, but anyone who ever journeyed along the coast of the County Antrim can back me up—

for no one could miss seeing the old woman sitting there astride of a little mountain.

And another thing to show the temper of McCool. He was very friendly with the Scotch people—even to the extent of wearing a Scotch bonnet. Something that nobody seems to remember made him change that opinion one morning and what does he do but pluck the bonnet off his head, toss it into the sea, and at the same time turn it into stone

as he did his old grandmother. There it sticks out of the water today, to which statement thousands of people who have visited the causeway can testify.

You will naturally want to know what Finn McCool has to do with the island of Ragherly and old tight-pursed Pat McNary, his daughter, Kathleen, and Philadelphia-bound John Gilbreth. Well, McCool put Ragherly where it is. He was fond of taking a dander over to Scotland—this was before he threw away the bonnet—by way of the Mull of Kintyre, which sticks out off the lowlands into the sea, and points at Ireland. Well, big fellow and all as he was, Finn had in his latter days to take a running jump before he could make it—something over twenty-three miles it was. He was getting a bit old, and fat, and lazy.

"WHY the hell am I exerting myself?" he asked himself one hot morning after he had made the jump. He had lit a morsel short and gone into the water and the splash had flooded a big part of the lowland county of Wigtownshire, drowning about four hundred sheep-stealers. That hurt Finn, for all in all he was a kindly man with no time for the border English from whose farms the sheep-stealers got their decent living.

"I'll fix me a stepping-stone," he said. And sure enough, as soon as he got back to Ireland, he reached over to about the middle of the country, the part that is now known as the Bog of Allen and is just a soft hole in the ground. It's that way because Finn just pulled a piece right out, three miles wide and about eight miles long. He took it in his hands and dropped it into the sea—and that's the Island of Ragherly. From then on the giant just took two steps to Scotland, a short one to his stepping-stone, and a nice long throw of his leg to Kintyre.

Kathleen McNary stood on a corner of the



"Dear God," she said, "make the man see me"

island on which her father was doing such a fine job of farming and looked out toward Scotland. She had been there a couple of hours already and there she would stay till the Glasgow liner bound for Philadelphia would pass her by. Many's the time she had done the same thing, but there was a lot of difference in the watch she had now set herself. Her fine, big, red-headed playboy, John Gilbreth, was on board, bound for fame and fortune, after which he would come back, tell old Pat to jump in the sea if he offered any objections, and whisk her off to the States.

That was the plan. John had told her so many and many the time. Holding her close to him, that last night on the mainland when his friends had given him a fine goodbye party, he had gone over it all again.

"I'll always be playing here, my wee girl," he had said. "The gentry and the big farmers never think serious about men with my name. If they want a horse broke, or a day's gaffing with the salmon, or to make up a football or a hockey team, they'll send for a Gilbreth. But for steady work they mock us. I laugh at your father when he tries to shoo me off Raghery, but, deep down, Kathleen, the old penny-scraper is right. You could have any fine, hard-working young farmer you wanted, and what you see in me I can't quite make out."

She nestled to him, and he knew very well what she saw in him. He was the best-looking man in the county and there wasn't a girl, rich or poor, who wouldn't have taken him willingly. But Ulster fathers are dour men, and Ulster girls do what they are told—even though hearts are to be broken in the doing.

"You'll do fine in America, dear heart," she told him. "There'll be no distractions of any kind at all. All you'll have to do will be to leave the drink alone and build yourself up a fortune. And I'll be waiting always."

"Always, dear?" he asked her. "Always is a long time. I've set my limit at five years, and it wouldn't be fair to ask you to wait longer."

"I'll wait all my days," she whispered into the pocket of his vest.

"And I'm telling you it won't be necessary," he said. "Inside of five years—well inside of five years, I'll come for you in a coach and four—"

"You can come for me in a donkey cart, my dear," she told him. "Just so long as you can show my father you have a job. After all, and for all the noise he makes, he's looking out for me."

"A coach and four, or

better," John insisted—and inside the house the fiddler was playing "Rory O'More"; which is a song about another fellow who made big promises. "I'll drive up in such style that your father will be astonished out of curse words. I'll be like Peter Maher, the Irish heavyweight. They might even unhook the horses and the boys themselves haul me from the railway station."

"They couldn't haul you in a carriage over the water to Raghery," laughed the girl—with a tear in the laugh, for the parting was near by.

"I'll devise a stylish way of landing on Raghery," he told her. And they stood there on that warm August night,

taking a long, long time to say their long goodbye.

KATHLEEN thought of all that as the sea wind whipped at her skirt, and she stared out at Scotland. Do you know that the wee islands around Ireland seem to breed the most beautiful of women? Maybe it's the wind and the salt air, and the being away from the crowding up of all people. A skin like the petals of a rose she had. That's been said many a time before but was always exaggeration—politeness, you could put it. Her eyes were blue, and her hair blue-black. Western blood was in her—Connemara blood—and if you want to know what that means, have

Power O'Malley show you his painting of the Connemara girl.

There was a line of smoke to the northeast and the girl took out a long strip of white linen that she had by her for this very purpose and tied it to a broom handle. The smoke grew heavier and the nose of the American liner came into view.

"I'm hoping they come near by," said Kathleen to herself. "The water's deep enough, and if John has had a chance to speak to the captain I know he'll do it. He can talk a man into anything."

But she stood there for quite a while before the red-and-white-funnelled boat was across from her. She waved away at her flag, stopping every now and then to wipe the tears from her eyes. They would fill up despite herself.

"Dear God," she said, "make the man see me. Make him see me, soon, soon, soon."

And, sure enough, something took pity on her, for at the tail end of the boat a white streamer like hers showed up. It waved from the stern. There was a half mile of distance between them, too much to make out anything but their pitiful little flags.

"Till you come back again, my dear," cried the girl, the tears falling fast.

And on the stern of the Philadelphia boat John drew his great fist across his eyes. He waved his flag as long as there was a speck of Raghery to be seen.

The girl stood there on the point till even the smoke of the ship had faded out. She had kept the supper waiting, and her father started in to scold her. But he looked at her swollen eyes and thought better of it.

"She'll get over that," he said to himself, as he forked a potato.

A GOOD-LOOKING, friendly Irishman with an aptitude for anything but work may have the impression that he is running away from temptation when he goes to Philadelphia or any other American city where his own kind of people abound. Those good intentions of John Gilbreth's carried him along the line, but he was sore beset.

He landed at the foot of Washington Avenue and boarded a street car two blocks up. And who do you think was nickel-stealing aboard that craft? Nobody else but Henry McCrae from Dervock, the same man that had gone to school with John and poached salmon with him along the Bush River. The two of them acted like a couple of silly women. Then Henry climbed off the car with John at the first saloon and told the motorman to ring up the barn and get another conductor, that he was

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"Are any of you drunks willing to take a nice, easy passage to Liverpool?"

Ball of Fury

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

There's one Democrat in Washington who doesn't love the New Deal and doesn't hesitate to say so. Carter Glass, the baiter of Republicans, is now engaged in a one-man rebellion against Franklin Roosevelt. Democracy, in his experience, was never like this

CARTER GLASS is the unhappiest man in Washington. His state of mind has been of so much importance for a quarter of a century that almost everybody is asking, "What's the matter with Carter?"

Representing as he does the conservative South, his attitude is of historic rather than casual interest. He is a Democratic patriot, patriarch, prophet and often, as now, a Jeremiah. His old thatch, once a bright red, now white, has been at times the only splotch of color shining on political battlefields as a signal that one Democrat had not surrendered.

Although the senator from the Blue Ridge erupts openly now and then, his natural diffidence and aristocratic reserve prevent him from giving the public a close look into the fiery center of his mind, his emotions, his heart. But shifting sourly in his Senate seat or pacing restlessly in the cloakrooms, this elder statesman from Virginia, who reveres the Democratic party as an inherited religion, who hates all Re-



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obvious. He may suffer some twinges of disappointment, but Carter Glass is not a spiteful or superficial man.

The New Deal of Franklin Roosevelt, in his eyes, betrays the New Freedom of Woodrow Wilson. He cannot become reconciled to what he assails as an "administration of insanity," fanatical Democrat though he would like to be. Although other party graybeards, including such a contrasting personality as Alfred E. Smith, deplore the Administration's trend, the distance the Democratic party has traveled from the idealistic Wilson to the realistic Roosevelt may be measured most accurately by considering the plight of Carter Glass. He is the old Democrat sitting in judgment on the new.

The Protagonist of an Old Order

The times—and the Democrats—are completely out of joint for him. He denounces the NRA and AAA as "communist," and wonders why Russia has the temerity to recognize us. He spits



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Wide World

Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, Wilsonian gentleman-Democrat who is the arch-antagonist of his party's new policies, and highly articulate about it. Below (left) he is talking Banking Bill business with Senator McAdoo, and (right) passing a pleasant moment with a couple of fine Democratic fellows, ex-Secretary Woodin and Senator Byrnes

publicans individually and collectively, sputters and snarls at the policies and purposes of that great, contemporaneous Democrat, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Glass' state is vividly portrayed by a sympathetic friend, who calls him a "red, rolling ball of fury."

The quarrel between him and the Administration is epic rather than personal. The two principal figures are illustrious Democrats, cultured and aristocratic gentlemen, and both were servitors of Woodrow Wilson. Washington has witnessed many feuds, but it has seen nothing to compare with this. Hiram Johnson's hatred for Herbert Hoover was a deep, personal thing, flaming as brightly over a napkin rebuff as over an affair of state, and Bill Borah's amused contempt for recent Republican Presidents was something to chuckle over and gossip about around tea tables. But the disillusionment and disgust of this proud, con-

scientious Virginian have a quality of high tragedy and suffering.

He is not so much an angry politician as a King Lear battling with the strange and strident elements on the national heath—a temporarily futile rebel against the spirit of a new day—and a New Deal—as embodied in the gay young iconoclast in the White House.

The 1932 Explosion

It would do the senator some good if he would vent his snarls and feelings more frequently and fiercely, as he did during the 1932 presidential campaign. So sick that he was under a doctor's constant care, he rested on the shady veranda of his farmhouse in Lynchburg, and planned to let younger men make the speeches. He was not sure, anyway, that he liked the premonitory rumblings and birth pains of the New Deal. But he could not abide Mr. Hoo-

ver's claim that all ability and honesty had been providentially placed in the Republican party, and, much to his wife's alarm, he set about the preparation of a reply.

He grew, as he often does, emotionally apoplectic. But when the hurriedly summoned physician examined the fuming, choleric patient, he said: "It will do him more good to let him get rid of the poison in his system than to have him go on this way."

The speech was by common agreement the most devastating of the campaign, and it helped to restore the senator's health and, an even greater feat, his good nature.

His reaction to the "Roosevelt revolution" represents more than the prejudices of a seventy-five-year-old senator who sees the parade passing by without him at the head. He could have been Secretary of the Treasury, but he declined for reasons which are now

out such words as "dishonest and dishonorable"—and he is the soul of honor—in referring to abrogation of the gold contract clause, and submits the same opinion to the President at their infrequent meetings.

For the present, however, he is only a Democratic voice crying in a Rooseveltian tumult. Most of the colleagues who once heeded his every word when he spoke on financial and monetary matters, now traipse after Mr. Roosevelt and his youngish professors. Old friends remonstrate with him, trying to temper his hostility, but without much luck.

The only man he will obey, and then only on matters of health, is his friend and physician, Admiral Cary Grayson. One day, having run away from doctor and nurse so as to get rid of some poison at his senatorial office, he answered the phone, to find that Dr.

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