St. Patrierdi pend

To Armanda to Manual and

St. Patrick St. St.

"At Armant let the state
And to Cheffe of the state
Indeed; thou size reason
That obtained to head

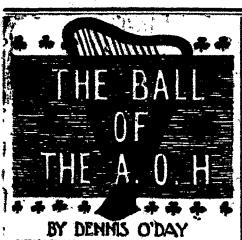
#OUT COM

"A bymn which you done

Shall to Calls a project a And at indement the Delical

Their father, their satisfied After Patrick 2005 Theses

When Patrick to Taken



T cannot truly be said that Leonard Doyle was spoiled by too great and too swift prosperity, yet it may be admitted that he made a few unimportant mistakes while he was adjusting himself to the new conditions of his life. One of these mistakes is connected with the dinner which he didn't eat on the evening of

St. Patrick's day. But I am getting

aboad of my story.

Mr. Doyle is the young architect who make a sensation by winning first place in the competition for a design for the new municipal building. Up to six months before this triumph Doyle iwas an employee of a firm of architects decidedly third rate. He was utterly obscure professionally, and he was very poor, for he had earned his own education with this for his motto: "I'd rather put money into my brains than into the bank." In the end he awoke suddenly to find that the problem of this life had been gloriously solved.

Incidentally the problem of the life of Mr. Patrick Carroll was solved also Mr. Carroll was a fine man on his own account, and he had the great good for tune to be the prospective father-inlaw of Leonard Doyle. He was a master mason and had ventured once or twice to be a contractor on a small scale. With Leonard Doyle as architect of the new building the luck must be extremely hard if Patrick Carroll could not get a chance to turn an honest penny in the course of its construction In fact, within a very few months both Dovle and Carroll saw themselves well upon the way to pecuniary ease, if not to actual wealth.

The young architect, whose design had really made a great hit with those men of good taste who always fear the worst in any public work, began to receive social attentions, and to fore gather with the "upper ten" both in and out of the profession, and, as he was an overmodest fellow, his lack of social training grieved him exceeding ly, as he confessed to Annie Carroll one evening.

"You could go anywhere," said Doyle with artistic as well as emotional conviction, "but I couldn't. I've had to hustle hard for my living ever since was knee high, and it shows on me." "Don't be ashamed of what you

were," said Annie. "It has made you what you are."

"Very true," responded Doyle argumentatively. "It's no disgrace to sworkingman that his hands are rough but it is a mortal disgrace to him if he says they aren't rough when they are Let's be truthful," he continued, sur veying his image in a long mirror, "and admit that I'm a mighty crude speci-

"I like you fairly well as you are." said Annie, standing beside him and looking critically into the glass. "But then, I'm as crude as yourself. Don't depend on my judgment."

"Now, let's get down to the practical part of it," said Doyle. "I'm a good student. I can get a great deal from observation. If I see the right sort of men, I can learn, and you can help me Let's go out together to places where the best people go, to art galleries and -and swell restaurants and that sori

"I don't think much of your motive," treplied Annie, "but your invitation suits me exactly. We've had nothing fift to eat in this family since mother stopped doing the cooking. I'll go out to dinner with you now if you say so and I just got up from the table." "Gluttony is a sin," said Doyle, "but

"Tomorrow? St. Patrick's day? We shan't have time."

"Oh, yes, we shall," he responded. " shall be through with the parade and the rest of it by half past 6. I'll dress and come around for you, and we'll have time for the swellest kind of a dinner before the A. O. H. ball."

Many small mishaps delayed Doyle on the following evening, and it was nearly 8 o'clock when he called for An nie. It was phenomenally cold for the 17th of March, and the young man was thus able to display to better advantage the chief extravagance in which he had indulged since the change in his fortunes, an overcoat with a very handsome fur collar. Annie also was protected from the weather by a long garment trimmed with expensive fur, beneath which was her ball gown, a

dream of elegant simplicity. They went to a certain widely known and fashionable hotel, and in a series of reception rooms near the entrance they paused to examine some fairly good pictures on the walls. In this artistic pursuit Annie was interrupted by the pressure of Doyle's hand upon

"Do you see those people?" he whispered, indicating a couple who were alivancing across the room. "There's

the sort of man I meal."

He was a tall, thin man, beyond middie life, very elegant in dress and deportment, yet wholly without affectstion. There were about him the indefinable charm of gentility and the grace line deference which the tall, genteel that comes of an easy existence and an rascal had taught him to express as assured position in society. His com- Annie passed before him. panion was a prim looking little woman of thirty, dressed with quiet distinction and accomplishing a miracle ser?" of dignity with 5 feet 2 inches of stat-

"I'm willing to admire the man by request" said Annie, "but the weman is not my style."

"You admire only tall women," responded Derie. "It is a species of vanity. But I say, let's follow those peo-

ple. I have a presentiment that they're going in to dinner, and if we chase after them and do exactly as they do we shan't make any mistakes."

Annie accepted the suggestion readily. She was not averse to some such pilotage. In the wake of this distinguished couple they crossed the office, traversed the corridor beyond and turned toward the dining room,

The tall stranger paused at the entrance of the ladies' cloakroom and bowed with gentle reverence as his companion passed in. Doyle immediately executed a similar maneuver, not without grace, and then followed his guide into the gentlemen's room, where the stranger removed his overcoat, but instead of intrusting it to the attendant he laid it over his own arm. Doyle followed this example, which seemed good to him. He thought that the attendant was a sleepy and stupid looking animal, and he was not sorry that etiquette permitted him to keep his overcoat under his own care.

Following the stranger back to the door of the cloakroom, he found Annie and the short woman ready. Both were carrying their wraps.

Instead of turning toward the dining room, the guides now led the way up a broad flight of marble steps to the second floor.

"I guess the really swell banquet hall is up here," whispered Doyle. "I hope nobody's having a private

banquet in it," responded Annie. At the head of the stairs the distinguished strangers turned to the left and traversed a long corridor, at the end of which they turned to the right and walked the whole width of the ho-

cise," whispered Annie. "I was hungry enough before. Why, what does this mean? They're putting on their things again."

It was true. The tall gentleman was getting into a fur lined coat and the lady into her wrap, which she supplemented with a beautiful neck piece of sable. Annie clutched Doyle's arm hard. "Where did she get that?" she whispered. "It isn't hers, and if isn't the one she wore when she went into the cloakroom."

At this moment the strangers, who had paused beside an elevator shaft, got aboard a descending car, and Doyle and Annie, not knowing what else to do, got in with them. They emerged just beyond the office, having made in the course of their wanderings on two floors the complete circle of the hotel.

"They're going out," exclaimed Annie. "Really, we ought to do something."

She started forward, and at the same instant Doyle saw two men halt directly in front of the couple whom he had been following. Doyle heard the gentleman say: "This is absurd. You shall answer for this." Then a hand was laid upon the young man's shoulder, and a gruff, low voice said: "You too! Both of you! Come this way."

There was a single instant when Doyle's mind was bent on slaughter: then he perceived the folly of resisting a command which expressed his own personal preference exactly and doubtless Annie's as well. They were both glad enough to be ushered into a quiet room behind the office, from which direction a stout man presently came hastily in.

"Well, well," said he, "what's this?" A red faced, burly individual who held the tall, thin gentleman by the

arm replied: "These two," said he, "are the slickest pair in the business. The man is English. The Lord knows which one of forty names is his right one. The woman is known all over the continent. Swiping furs from cloakrooms is one of their specialties. This fellow could change a cheap overcoat for one worth \$500 right before your eyes and you'd never see it. As for the other pair"-

he jerked his thumb toward Doyle and Annie-"I don't know them, but they're pretty smooth people, I guess. The po-

lice will probably identify them." "Thank you," said Doyle; "that is an excellent suggestion. Police Captain Healy of this precinct knows me very well. Send word to him that you've got yourself into trouble by arresting Leonard Doyle for stealing his own over-

The hotel detective and the assistant manager, who had come from the office, exchanged a troubled glance.

"Leonard Doyle, the architect?" said the detective, and his memory was busy recalling photographs that had appeared in the papers. "I guess that's right, Mr. Doyle. We're very sorry for this mistake. We have a terrible load

an our minds bere-overren with all kinds of queer people. Reilly, you know"-

Deyle turned his back upon him and stood by the door, bowing with the

"Annie," he said when they were outside, "where shall we go to din-

"My appetite is not what it was," remonded Annie. "What time is it?" Doyle consulted his watch. "Nearly half past 0," he said:

"Let's omit the dinner and go down to the ball," said size. "We can get something to eat down there at midnight, and I don't want to miss any of the dancing."

It was indeed a fine cellation which

Ireland's Sorrow

By Michaek J. O'Leary

When the Saxon roamed a savages

By the sullen Baltic shore,

Had no reason to deplore;

Long before the English people.

In Erin learning flourished

Had a language or a name,

And extended was her fame.

Four hundred years before a name

For scholarship, or there was one,

The Gaelic tongue had blossoured

And Irish saints in distant lands

Then Danish hordes came from the north

Taught right should rule, not wrong,

Then the English followed after.

So But had we kept together

The island of the free.

CATHEDRAL, ISLE OF MAN, WHERE ST. PATRICK PREACHED.

Don't Forget the Orphans Benefit

St. Patrick's Evening.

Dear Erin still would be

The land of peace and plenty-

Came among us as our friends.

Soon accomplished their own ends

And by fost ring feuds and discord

In England won renown

To wear the poet's crown

Into eloquence and song

To Erin's fated shore,

And ruin followed in their track

And Irish hearts were sore;

But at Clontari Ireland taught them

And the Danes, dismayed, defeated,

Fook to ship and sailed away.

The ancient glories of their race

The Gaels can ne'er forget,

Revive the grandeur of her past,

As once she did before she felt

In pristine splendor glow,

The yoke of Saxon foe.

Nor cease to cherish fondest hopes

That Erin, free, may yet UN

Gaels could fight as well as pray,

And the British isles his presence

And Her Hope

was certy at the board and she pre-seed the fare to her right hand heighbor. The knew that it needed no praise to Doyle.

"I guess you were too busy dressing to est much it home," said the gentleman

"I didn't dine at home," replied Annie, "I was at the Ardsley."

"Swell dinner, I suppose."
"Well, I didn't care so much about
the dinner," responded Annie, booking
at Doyle out of the corner of acr says "I was more interested in the people.
You know you meet some of the best peeple in the world at the Ardeley Really it's in education to watch

"Don'th grouped Doyle.

HE metrical life of Ireland's pa-

trou heigh here printed in full was trapplated from the original Gault by Rev. Japon Great darktone was and a control of the property of the control of O'LASTE, D. D., compiler of the "Lives of St. Patrick" published by P J. Kenedy of New York city. St. Pieck wrote the metrical life in 40%. A. D., busing it upon statements which he asserted catoe dewn to him from serilor traditions. The trains for says that this account of St. Patrick "is waplaced.
To distance of proof to the And faithment to Deputabatha
For let farms from Tempera doubtedly the most anchust and the furthest removed from saintly imagtnings of miracles' and that it convey an estimate of the salest about the time of his despite But Suit hands in the con-Last under the con-Comply with solder passed. For Yiche has away and the past in water. Burned briefit has a

At Namther St. Patrick was been, As history banded it down And when but sixteen veers of any A captive, was led from that town. Sleenth was St. Patrick's first pame. His father Calphurn without paise:

His grandfather Olide was styled; He was nephew of Descon Odlass. Bir years did he live in dark boods and the food of the gentile ate not, And Cathraige by men he was called Since to work for four homes was his lot.

To the servant of Milcho twee seld To pass o'er the seas and the plaint Then stood augel Victor on rook, And his footprints to this day remain.

Departed St. Patrick o'er Alpa; On his way all successful he hies, And with German persained in the south Neath Letavia's wide spreading skies. In the isles of the Twrrhenian was St. Patrick some period awaits,

And as canon with German be reside. As his history still to us gittes. To Hibernia St. Patrick paturact. By visions from angels induced, or visious appeareds to him oft. And his mind to published and balon will but

Soul saving was Pairick's intent For twee to far Booluge dark food He had beard the entreaty and wall Of children in Booker's far woods. For asked they the saint to make his to And Letavic's wife lands described That from errors dark ways him a many He might in thee's pathways direct. Foretold Elre's beers years of peace. Which were to receal through all

But the grandeurs of Para, the proof.
Were to vanish in dust as earthr

Po Leary, the monarch/Druds teld Of the advent of Patrick, the saint, And their visions were true, as we know From the facts which his disjorters paint

Daint. Manowood was St. Pasiring through life. and of error he was a dipe foe; Hence forever-his name shall be grand Among the nations as ages shall fore. The Apocalypes sang he sha by sans And three fifty full praises day by

day; He instructed and present and baptime and all time he continued to pray.

Nor could any cold e er prevent That he stayed in the water o'er

And to gain the grand kingdom of heav-Through the day he used preach on

... the heights. By the far famous fount of the north, Benibarka thy waters shan't cesse.

For a hundred full passing he used sing Each night the Lord's praise to in-



PARTICLE CRIM BOT CLERY

For the pight was Bo the Color of Back of Color of Color

Bethoren a battle belief Of great Non against Of In Which its profession (%)
As the Seepimes places For brave Josus stood the To winings the wideof of Wily not for St. Sarrios inc. To illumine Hibernia's pla for all Bire's good elergy a To bury St. Patrick with W and the sounds of the s Cast them, sleeping, a

St. Patrick's purs soul flat (Elle works Immorialis) And on the first night of the The augels of God, was the and when Patrick departed To the other St. Pairiek And to Jesus, of Mary 1980. The two pessed, bright great and free. la Patrick pridës sisha sish And great wors the works to

With God's hiessing 90 An Elaborate Pré The scener cres will be Mr. Robert B. Massall&

desima, "This Paulgonous S suaprad ricum Tosape Sasso