

# Patrick McCarthy's Lucky Day

A Story of the  
Student of the  
March

By WILLIAM CALLAHAN

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TRIMBLE was an Englishman,

and McCarthy, as you perhaps

might surmise, was an Irish-

man. They were not upon the

best of terms, but the wrongs of Ire-

land had nothing to do with the case.

Jealousy is a strange creature. For

instance, Trimble was jealous of Mc-

Carthy's popularity, though he would

never have made any effort to be a

general favorite himself. He despised

that sort of thing. And yet it irritated

him to see McCarthy make friends so

easily.

Everybody liked McCarthy in the

boarding house in Boston where the

two young men lived. He had a fine

voice for ballads, and he knew an

enormous number of them. A delega-

tion, including all the pretty girls in

the boarding house, was always in

waiting to escort McCarthy to the

plaza after dinner. Trimble cared lit-

tle for music and nothing at all for

the girls, but he felt that he should

have been of far more importance than

McCarthy in any society. He would

often sit in a corner of the parlor with

another young Englishman named Cor-

win and discuss the thousand faults of

McCarthy and the general inferiority

of the Irish as he and Corwin figured

them out.

If Trimble and Corwin had not thus

acquired the habit of being jealous of

McCarthy it is possible that neither of

them would have been disturbed by

his attentions to Miss Bessie Carroll,

a stunning, pretty girl, who spent some

weeks in the boarding house with her

parents. Trimble and Corwin decided

almost immediately that Miss Carroll

was far above the social level of that

house, and especially above the level

of McCarthy.

So far as lay in their power, Trimble

and Corwin protected Miss Carroll

from these influences by offering her

various attentions. In fact, there were

times when Trimble thought that Cor-

win was protecting Miss Carroll too

much, and there were other times

when Corwin had similar notions

about Trimble. Miss Carroll was a

girl who liked amusements, and Mrs.

Carroll had American notions about

chaperons. So the girl saw all the

good plays in town, and most of them

at Mr. Trimble's or Mr. Corwin's ex-

pense, but between whiles she seemed

to like nothing in the world so well as

to play Mr. McCarthy's accompani-

ments when that young gentleman

could be prevailed upon to sing.

The Carrolls had a house in Winches-

ter, which is a suburb of Boston, and

when certain alterations had been com-

pleted in their home they moved back

to it. During the succeeding winter

Mr. Trimble, Mr. Corwin and Mr. Mc-

Carthy went out to Winchester quite

often. Englishmen think slowly, yet

they really do think down to the truth

eventually, and there came a time

when Trimble and Corwin began to

think that it was not much use for

them to go out to Winchester any more.

Neither was sure of this. Each pre-

sented an expectant attitude and ex-

pressed the suspicion that the superficial

attractions of McCarthy would weary

Miss Carroll at last, or that the Irish-

man's too easy popularity would be-

tray him into attentions to some other

girl, or perhaps lead a down, and that

Miss Carroll would bear of it. They

had so poor an opinion of McCarthy

that they were very sure of his ulti-

mate failure in any effort, and they

believed that he was always upon the

point of losing Miss Carroll's esteem.

On the evening of the 16th of March

Trimble knocked at McCarthy's door

had meditated celebrating it by a trip

to Winchester.

He opened McCarthy's door without

waiting for an answer to his rap and

was surprised to find that the room

was empty. He had thought that he

heard its tenant moving about therein.

Standing upon the threshold, Trimble

stared at the walls and the familiar

furniture in slow surprise.

"Well, upon my word," said he and

began to back out, closing the door.

At that moment his glance fell upon

the end of a yellow envelope which

protruded from under the rug by the

door. Obviously this was a telegram

which some servant had pushed in be-

neath the door without realizing that

it would slide under the mat.

Trimble's first intention was entirely

creditable to him. He knew that Mc-

Carthy must have come in and gone

out again without seeing the telegram.

It might lie there unperceived until

the next day, and with this in mind

Trimble picked it up.

The paper of the envelope was so

carelessly sealed that a mere touch

opened it. A single glance sufficed for

the reading of the message:

"Shall take steam car, not trolley. Meet

me Northern depot 11:30. E. C."

So Miss Carroll was coming in to

view the parade. Doubtless McCarthy

had made arrangements for entertain-

ing her, and there had been an appoint-

ment which this telegram was intend-

ed to change. If McCarthy should fail

to receive the message the chances

were ten to one that his meeting with

Miss Carroll would not take place on

March 17 and would be full of woe

and recriminations whenever it did oc-

cur. Trimble was well aware that

Miss Carroll demanded punctuality and

the most faithful devotion to her in-

terests on the part of her cavalier and

that she had her own methods of pun-

ishing delinquents. If Mr. McCarthy

should fail to be at the Northern de-

pot and Mr. Trimble should happen to

meet Miss Carroll in the midst of her

wrath, she might be very kind. It is

a feminine method of revenge describ-

ed in all the books.

Moreover, it might be possible to in-

crease Miss Carroll's natural resent-

ment against poor Pat by a cleverly

devised story. The stupidest man

thinks that he can tell a clever lie, and

Trimble never doubted his own ability.

What should he do with it? A vision

of the penitentiary rose before him at

the thought of destroying it, and steal-

ing it was no better. In a moment of

panic he hastily resealed the envelope

and stooped to replace it where he had

found it. From this act came his in-

spiration. With a trembling hand he

thrust the telegram entirely under the

rug, and this trick seemed to him so

safe and so clever that his self esteem,

which had suffered considerable in-

jury when he opened that envelope,

was completely repaired.

Having his own plans for the next

day, Trimble was afraid that his

friend Corwin would suggest some

plan which it might be embarrassing

to escape from, so he dodged Corwin

during the evening and spent the time

in roaming about the city alone. Re-

turning near midnight, he found the

door of McCarthy's room open and

saw the young son of Erin within.

"Great times tomorrow, I suppose?"

said he, pausing by the door.

"I'm expecting the day of my life,"

responded Pat.

Trimble expressed the polite hope

that Mr. McCarthy would not be dis-

appointed.

"Disappointed tomorrow?" said Pat.

"Me? I guess you've forgotten my

name. I'm bound to be lucky on St.

Patrick's day."

"Far be it from me to unsettle your

faith," said Trimble, "but accidents

will happen."

"Not to me on the 17th of March,"

Trimble said.

"I'm expecting the day of my life,"

responded McCarthy. "I'm insured.

But what do you mean by accidents?"

"Nothing; absolutely nothing what-

ever," said Trimble. "I was thinking

of the weather."

McCarthy, who was standing by the

window, drew aside the curtain and

glanced out, and Trimble had the

chance to lift the edge of the rug with

his foot and see the yellow envelope

safe in its hiding place.

"It'll be a fine day," said Pat.

"I hope so," said Trimble. "I've ar-

ranged a bit of a celebration, and I

wouldn't wish it to be spoiled."

Trimble was early at breakfast next

morning, for he was still afraid that

Corwin might try to spend the day

with him, and Corwin was as sticky

as a bur. Upon this occasion, however,

he was so kind as to keep out of the

way. By 11 o'clock Trimble was at the

Northern depot elegantly arrayed and

prepared to make the effort of his life.

He spent a nervous half hour which

seemed very long, and then a still

more nervous ten minutes which seem-

ed much longer. Trains arrived, and

people poured out of them. Green ban-

ders waved, and bands played, and

pretty girls with Irish blue eyes and

shamrocks displayed upon their hol-

iday raiment hurried by, but Bessie

Carroll was not among them.

At 1 o'clock the most melancholy

Belton under the blue canopy of heav-

en gave up the game and returned to

his room in the boarding house, where

he stuffed a black pipe with strong to-

bacco and sat down to "think it out."

There was a rap at the door, and Cor-

win entered. The two men seemed to

be in the same mood. They exchanged

greetings, and Corwin dropped into a

chair. Ten minutes of silence ensued.

Then Corwin spoke.

"There's no way to beat that blasted

Irishman!" he said.

Trimble smoked gloomily.

"Look here!" said Corwin. "I can

trust you, and I'm going to tell you

something. I found out yesterday that

McCarthy had an engagement to meet

Bessie Carroll at Arlington and Boyl-

ston streets. She was coming in from

Winchester by trolley. So, just for a

bit of a joke, I fixed up a bogus tele-

gram, telling him to meet her at the

Northern depot, and I chucked it under

his door."

"You did!" said Trimble.

"Yes, I did," responded Corwin.

"And then I went to the corner of

Arlington and Boylston streets to see

whether I might be of some service to

Miss Carroll, and, by the living jingo,

there was Pat McCarthy! What do

you make of it?"

Trimble shook his head.

"Don't know what to make of it," he

said. "Never heard of such blasted

luck in my life."

St. Patrick's Pence in New Jersey.

Coins bearing the image of St. Pat-

rick were once legal tender in New

Jersey.

These were issued by the confeder-

ation of Kilkenny when it ruled Ireland

with but little interference from Lon-

don, raised armies and sent out am-

bassadors.