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SAINT PATRICK

By BRYAN CONWAY.

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'T WAS *Conal, the hard, green white*
with years.
Chanted this lay in Cr-uach-an
While leaning around in their sparkling
spurs.
Shined the chieftains of his clan:

Let each's hand play my honny hand
And hush the pulse of my heart with it
For you the people that eat were dead
Respect me from the tomb of an.



MY HEART HAS SIGHED.

For many a year by Conal's grave
My heart has sighed for the power dead.
Shook between me to the green grass grow.
I go, for my clan from the grave is dead.

The first oak in the wind sang through
Whispered the name of the house of his.
The great oak in the mountain blue
Shook cones and caps in the shadow
work.

The trees that bowed and the fanning all
Of Patrick's land as they faded and fell.
The oak of the temple among the hills
Shook his cone in the hand of the well.

And of it hummed the twilight's hum
In two melancholy murmured hum.
The blackbird warbled it to the thrush.
The skylark quired it both hum.



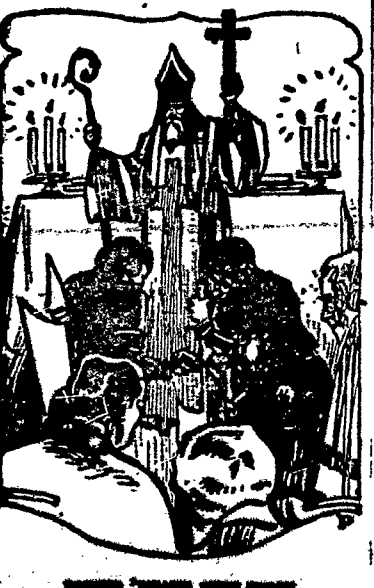
WITH MERVIO HIR.

I sipped on Ben Ede and saw the east
Kindle and flame with my eye.
And out of the glory God's high power
Walked on the golden camp of the Ede.

The king were writ in the council hall
On Ter's hill, but the stranger spoke.
And I had the idol of Ede fall
And a walking wild in the Dred's oak.

And the sword was stayed in the warrior's grasp.
Peace had the sword from bow to sheath.
And clear embossed as friendship's class.
Bowed 'neath the cross the stranger boss.

To God be glory! Mine eyes have seen
The dream and hope of my life fulfilled.
Grant this forever me side of quest!
His love in the heart of my husband hold!



DOWN 'MIDNIGHT'S HOUR.

On Patrick the best be known
Who brought the gospel to Erin's shore!
To Mary and her Saviour Son
To hush and praise for evermore!

This Conal, the hard, in Cr-uach-an.
While leaning around in their sparkling
spurs.
Chanted his lay while the evening came
Leaned around on their sparkling spurs.

THE SHAMROCK SO GREEN.

By JOHN M'MAHON

THOUSANDS of shamrocks are sent to this country from Ireland for St. Patrick's day. They are not sent as a commercial proposition, but as messages of love from those on "the old sod" to their dear ones here. The shamrocks that are sold in the United States are almost universally American clovers, which are larger than the Irish plant and can be taken at a glance by any true son of Erin. The real shamrock is not for sale. They are prized too dearly by their recipients to profane them by barter. They symbolize a sentiment, and sentiments cannot be bought—that is, unless they are the imitation kind. It is just so with shamrocks. They are counterfeits on the market.

So common has become the custom of sending shamrocks to America that there is now what is known as the "shamrock ship." This is the last possible mail steamer to get them here in time for St. Patrick's day, the senders delaying to the last moment in order to have the plants fresh. Most of the shamrocks are sent in letters and are water-proofed so as to keep. When the postal authorities handle a fat mail envelope bearing an Irish postmark they know it is a shamrock letter. This writing of the plants often plays havoc with the letters, rendering the supercription illegible in many cases or even causing the envelope to come to pieces in a few instances. It is also probable that the little plants are sent in newspapers and other packages. The postal authorities are not very strict at such times and do not inspect the Irish mail so rigorously. When the "shamrock ship" comes in the postoffice people are too busy to be unduly curious.

Tradition has it that St. Patrick actually brought the shamrock to Ireland. As the old song has it:
'Twas a dear little plant that grows in
our soil.
'Twas St. Patrick himself, sure, who set
it.
And the sun on his face with pleasure
did smile.
And the tear from his eye oft times we
ill.
It grows through the bog, through the
brake, through the mire and
And they call it the dear little shamrock
of Ireland.

The fancy of the matter seems to be that St. Patrick used the three leaved shamrock as an illustration of the doctrine of the Trinity—three in one. As to just what plant the saint employed there is a question. Some maintain that it was the wood sorrel. The curator of the Dublin botanical gardens says it was the black seamrock. The general view, however, is that the word shamrock is Erse, from seamrock, meaning little clover, and that means that the *Trifolium repens*, or *Trifolium pratense* is the real shamrock. It is questionable, however, whether white clover is a native of Ireland. The use of the word seamrock by the oldest writers would seem to uphold the wood sorrel view, as seamrock means wood sorrel.

Legend of St. Patrick.
St. Patrick was a holy man
And minister, too, of old
And here on all his wanderings
A harp with strings of gold.
When Erin's harp was used to sing
With sword and lance and shield
In early times they lacked a flag
To follow on the field.

So good St. Patrick took the leaves
Upon the willow tree
And stitched the emerald stripes to make
A banner broad and free.
But ere his task was done he heard
The trumpet's wild refrain
And napped it to his golden harp
And joined the march again.

The banner of the willow leaves
Grew dry and fell to dust;
The strings that rang to battle songs
Were soon devoured by rust.
But still on Erin's ancient flag
The willow's tint is seen,
And still the legendary harp
Atones its fields of green.

St. Patrick.
St. Patrick drained the soil and up,
The devil had to give in.
He made grand old Eibharia
A bully place to live in.
So let us pluck a shamrock green
In honor of his sway
And plant the prairies for good luck
Upon St. Patrick's day.

Chess Balls.
To one cupful of grated cheese add
half a cupful of grated bread crumbs,
five drops of Worcestershire sauce and
an egg well beaten. Mix well together
and roll into balls, says Woman's
Life. Place in a wire basket and just
before time to serve them plunge the
basket into boiling hard. Cook a deli-
cate brown.

To Clean White Marble.
Put a little borax into a saucer, take
half a lemon, wrap it in a piece of
muslin, dip first into tepid water and
then into the borax. This will take
out all stains and make the marble
shiny new.

The Green Signal

A Story For St. Patrick's Day
By NORA ROURKE

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Why do story writers always describe the girl who is to be the heroine of their romances as beautiful? My observation goes to show that it is more often the homely than the pretty girl that catches the fellow. Pretty girls have a continued temptation to marry. Homely girls know they must rely on their wits, and between beauty and wits let the homely girl once get her start and she will win every time. But the strangest cases of girls who have all the lovers they want while others go begging is she who has neither beauty nor wit. And, after all, isn't the matter of a woman's fascinating powers a mystery anyway?

Kilt Tiernan had no beauty. As to her smartness, I don't know about that; but, being an Irish girl, it is natural to suppose she had her share. Anyway, she could do with it, and she liked. When she came to make us a visit one spring she was barely nineteen years old, a little over the medium height, of a sallow complexion, somewhat bony and not past that awkwardness often conspicuous in girls between fifteen and twenty. Her only good feature was her eyes. They were of a dark brown, and there was something in them to set one a-woo-woolering.

My intimate friend Tom Shea was a bachelor and a sort of woman hater. He was often at my house and used to say gallantly that when he found a good woman as my wife he would marry, but not before. Tom was a good catch. He was in the plumbing business, and every one knows that plumbers have a way of melting lead pipe down into gold. He was thirty years old and ran his own shop.

"Kilt," I said, "I wish you'd marry my cousin, Tom Shea. He would be better off with a wife, and if he were married he and I would have more in common. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. Let me see. This is the first day of March. If you'll lend Tom on or before the 17th, St. Patrick's day, I'll give you a check for a thousand dollars for a wedding present."

I wished that I could tell by the expression that came into Kilt's eyes how she felt about it, but I couldn't. I knew that the idea of possessing a thousand dollars was of great importance to her, but whether the husband that was to go with it moved her at all I had no knowledge.

"How should I begin?" she asked.
"Nonsense! Don't sit there looking at me that way, asking me foolish questions. How have you begun with the dozens of fellows you've had dangled about you?"
"I never did begin."
"Then how do you do it?"
"I don't know." And, looking into her eyes for information whether or not she was telling the truth, I saw only an innocent look that accorded perfectly with her words. Possibly she was unconscious of any attempt to inveigle her admirers.

Tom was at the house more frequently than ever after Kilt came. He affected to regard her as a chit beneath his notice. It wasn't long, however, before he would chat with her banteringly and my wife and I would make excuses to leave them with each other. At such times as we all came together again Tom would wear a shamefaced look, as if it were not quite satisfied with himself for spending time with so slight a creature as Kilt. I could understand Tom somewhat, but Kilt was as much of a puzzle as ever.

TO WAVE AT THE PARADES.
When "Tom" Shea appeared half a block away I saw him looking nervously at our window. As he came nearer he waved a white handkerchief at him. A look of terrible disappointment came in a twinkling. His eyes opposite the window and gave one a prophetic look, when Kilt drew her green handkerchief and waved it. I knew in a twinkling that the green was a signal of his acceptance. And so it was. She married Tom Shea, and I paid the \$1,000.

A Collector's Bargain.
Lord Spencer of Althorp, one of the greatest of book collectors, was at home only in his own field. One day he was browsing about Bond street, London, he went into the shop of a dealer in bric-a-brac. The dealer, who knew him by sight, said persuasively:
"Here is a fine bit of pottery which your lordship really ought to have, and you shall have it very cheap—only 2 guineas."
So Lord Spencer bought it and took it home and set it in a high place. One day a connoisseur of china paid him a visit, and Lord Spencer showed him his bargain.
"What did you give for it?" asked the connoisseur.
"Two guineas," answered Spencer rather proudly.
"H'm!" said the connoisseur. "At that price the marble should have been included."
"What do you mean?"
"Why, that precious piece of yours is nothing more or less than a willow marble pot with a green glaze painted on it."

Shocking the Questioners.
A French gentleman who had been with M. de Talleyrand for twenty years accompanied him to the congress at Vienna, after Napoleon's battle of Wagram. People naturally considered that his long intimacy had made him familiar with a number of particulars of the minister's life and bearing also upon the events with which he had been mixed up. Worried with questions, the friend invariably replied that he knew nothing, but the questioners would not be satisfied and returned to the charge.
"Very well," finally said Talleyrand's confidant; "I'll tell you a peculiar and altogether unknown fact in connection with M. de Talleyrand. Since Louis XV. he's the only man who can open a soft-boiled egg, with one backward stroke of his knife without spilling a drop of the contents of the shell. That is the only 'secret' I know in connection with him."
"Discretion had secured a decisive victory. From that moment the questions ceased."

The Sting of Impatience.
A young physician in the east side, New York city, spends much time in charitable practice, says the Newark Star. In fact, he sometimes gives to a poor patient enough money to pay for prescriptions. "I'm not getting rich," he explains, "but I simply can't see them suffer for medicines that may put them on their feet again."
Not many days ago the doctor had occasion to visit a woman who occupied one small tenement room with her three children. After making out a prescription he gave her \$2. He told her to buy the medicine and to see the change for needed food. On the following day as he was about to enter the tenement for a second call he met the ten-year-old daughter of the patient.
"How is your mother?" he inquired of the child.
"Oh, she's all well!" was the answer. "She took the \$2 and got a real doctor."

When to Stop Advertising.
An English journal requested a number of the largest advertisers to give their opinions concerning the best time to stop advertising, and the following replies were received:
When the population ceases to multiply and the generation that crowded on after you and never heard of you stops coming on.
When you have convinced every body whose life will touch yours that you have better goods and lower prices than they can get anywhere else.
When you stop making fortunes solely through the direct use of this mighty agent.
When younger and fresher houses in your line cease starting up.
When you would rather have your own way and fail than take advice and win.—Nashville American.

The Ingenious Magpie.
The magpie is nothing if not ingenious. He always barricades his bulky nest with thorn branches, so that to plunder it is by no means an easy matter, but when circumstances oblige the "pie" to build in a low bush or hedge, an absence of lofty trees being a marked feature of some northern localities, he not only barricades his home, but also the entire bush, in a most formidable manner. Not to be stopped here, to make assurance doubly sure, he fastens a "needle" of willow as well as an entrance to the nest, so that if disturbed he can get away by the back door, as it were.—London Standard.

THE JOLLY IRISH LAUNDRY

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THE JOLLY IRISH LAUNDRY

ANCIENT IRISH BROWN TOWN

ANCIENT IRISH BROWN TOWN

THE THATCH ROOFED COTTAGE

THE THATCH ROOFED COTTAGE