

### ST. PATRICK'S BIRTH DATE IS UNKNOWN

**A**LTHOUGH it is well known that when the conversion of the northern countries of Europe to Christianity was systematically entered upon by the early church workers there is a remarkable influence in securing records, there is a strange lack of any special work of the kind done by them in Ireland. While the Irish, the queen of the Franks, carried the faith to Clovis, and Bertha, the queen of Kent, and Gisela, the queen of Hungary, were leaders in their own countries, no Celtic woman's name is so identified with St. Patrick as to have had the chief work as he has the chief glory, in connection with the first religious training of the Emerald Isle.

Sent to Ireland by Pope Celestine in the early part of the fifth century he confined his labors to no special part of the country, but visited every chieftain and province in turn. To a Welsh invader who had carried away, among other prisoners, many neophytes and had committed many atrocities in his raid St. Patrick addressed the only letter of his authorship known to be extant. This and his "Confessions" are the only authentic remains of his literary work.

Both the birth and death of St. Patrick are involved in so much uncertainty that, as is the case with so



ST. PATRICK.

many heroes, the anniversary of either event must be fixed principally by conjecture. Some authorities give a latitude of ten years from 457 as the probable time when he was born, and opinions as to his death place the time any where from the year 490 to 493, thus giving him an age of from seventy-eight to eighty and a hundred years. If an authentic date cannot be fixed upon there may be some authority for the characteristically Irish assertion of James Whitcomb Riley that:

It was upon St. Patrick's day  
In the middle of July  
The weather it was cold and wet,  
But the day was hot and dry.

Some Irishmen hold that he was born on March 8, while others contend that his birthday was on the next day, and while they contended a solution based on peace suggested to split the difference by adding the two dates, and so name Patrick by his birthday, March 17.

Of the legendary story of the good saint's dealings is to have any credence he should be considered as the most chivalrous champion and friend of the weaker sex. As the destroyer even in his own country of that arch enemy which with and are here so continually associated with the fall of the race and the unhappiness of woman St. Patrick made the land of the Shamrock, as Moore tells us, so safe and glad a spot the maiden was secure from harm wherever she went.

St. Patrick, I feel not the least alarm:  
No son of Eve would offer me harm,  
For though they love woman and gold in store,  
I know they love honor and virtue more.

St. Patrick's day is usually celebrated in Ireland with a fair, or "patent day," when various ways of getting the simple peasants' money are devised by the wily tent owners, who sell "Apple American gold rings" for a shilling and sell their wares with all the attractiveness of Daniel O'Connell's "gab-woman."

A dance on the village green or near the town pump is one of the great features of the day. Shamrocks are worn by every body, and the little girls wear crosses made up of gayly colored ribbons on their right arms, over which they plighted a shamrock, denoting their loyalty to their country and the church. Local orators deliver patriotic addresses, toasts are drunk on the annual donkey races, priests preach long sermons on "the glorious patron saint," the people watch for revolutionary plots, and careful mothers look out for Cupid's shafts, but what there is a tradition in Ireland, that more people fall in love on that day and more matches are made than on all the other holidays, but no one names St. Patrick.

### A Rug From Mazandaran

In Wonderful Powers Are Verified

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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As the steamer drew away from Constantinople and that fairy city and the Golden Horn faded from view the little group of tourists on the Neptune turned to one another with a cheerful sense of companionship born of many days spent on board the hospitable vessel and other days employed in pleasant excursions ashore.

The Neptune carried a party of several unattached travelers, and her charter covered every part of interest in the Orient. Constantinople was the last stopping place, and now they were homeward bound.

Professor Traile and his pretty daughter Madeline were joined by several others when they had found congenial during the tour. At times they had been separated for a few days, as each party followed its own particular itinerary beyond the principal stopping places. Once more they gathered their steamer chairs into close proximity about the professor and fell to talking of the city they had just left.

There was Alexander Felton, tall and lean and never looking and very glad to be with Madeline Traile once more. There were James Hanford and his wife, seers after health and recreation. Miss Emeline Gray, a middle aged spinster, whose fad was collecting old rings from every country she visited, and lastly there was young Arthur Clayton, Miss Gray's nephew.

"I just hated to leave Constantinople," sighed Mrs. Hanford, "there were such heaps of things I wanted to buy—jewelry and lace, such sweet silver filigree work, and some of it looked as if it might have been made centuries ago and worn by—who knows?"

"All that stuff is made right in the bazaars under your very noses," explained Arthur Clayton practically. "A fellow told me all about it—how they give 'em that aged look."

"Don't tell me about it," cautioned Miss Gray severely. "I don't want the romance knocked out of my adventures. Really, Arthur, you do turn things inside out in such a manner I wish I had left you at home! Can't you realize you've been in the land of enchantment? Did you never read your 'Arabian Nights'?"

Clayton joined in the laugh at his own expense and turned to Alexander Felton.

"I say, Mr. Felton, we haven't heard what you've been about for the last month or two. You dropped off at Constantinople on the outward trip."

"Yes," said Felton, "I made a little journey into Persia by way of the Black sea and Trebizond. I arrived in Constantinople just in time to catch my steamer."

"Persia?" exclaimed Madeline with a little catch in the breath. "You must have had a perfectly lovely time. Oh, and I wish we might have gone there!"

Professor Traile exchanged a glance with Felton. "Sounds very romantic, my dear, but really the traveling is very rough and fit for a woman, eh, Felton?"

The other nodded. "I rode horseback most of the way from Trebizond to Teheran."

"Did you find any treasures, Felton?" asked Hanford with interest.

"You said you were after something especially nice."

Felton hesitated as he glanced about the little group of friendly faces. Then he smiled as the call for dinner emptied the decks. "After dinner if you will meet me here, I will show you what I brought from Persia."

"Is there a story in it?" asked Madeline as they moved toward the cabinway.

"A down," he said lightly. "You may choose to add another," he concluded in a lower tone.

Somewhat mystified and with a strange, sweet content in her heart Madeline avoided his eyes and went below.

After dinner, when they had gathered about Felton on the moonlit deck, where they sat apart, they demanded that he show them his treasure from Persia. For answer he drew from his pocket a thick, square packet which unfolded into rather a large silken rug, which he threw on the deck between them.

"A Persian prayer rug!" cried Miss Gray eagerly. "How perfectly lovely! If we had known you were going you might have fetched one for each of us—if you would have been so kind."

"I would gladly have fulfilled such a commission," said Felton gravely. "But there happens to be no other in the world just like this one."

"Not in the world!" echoed Madeline dreamily. She leaned over and touched the silken surface, exclaiming at the silvery sheen melting into rose and pale blue and green. It almost seemed as if the rug palpitated with life, so changeable were its colors, so wonderful its intricate weaving and delicate harmony of pattern.

"Tell us about it, Felton, if you don't mind," suggested the professor after a little pause.

"It can be told in a few words, I heard of its presence in an obscure village in Mazandaran."

"Was it a history?" asked Mrs. Hanford.

"It is called 'the carpet of truth.'"

It is said to have belonged to one of the favorites of an ancient ruler, and its principal virtue is that whoever sits upon it is compelled to tell the truth while he sits thereon."

"That would prove invaluable when examining witnesses," observed Mr. Hanford, with twinkling eyes.

"I have thought of that," said Felton quietly. "Now that I have told you about my 'bad' suppose some of the rest of you relate what is the greatest treasure you have discovered in your travels."

"And be sure to sit on the carpet of truth while you're telling it," advised Clayton, with a laugh.

"I'm willing to, for one," agreed his aunt. "I want to test the verity of Mr. Felton's tradition. May I?"

"Certainly Miss Gray," returned Felton courteously, although apparently somewhat surprised by the request.

"Here, I will place this chair over the carpet and you may sit there with your feet well within its border."

"No, no! I wish to sit directly on the carpet. Just like an eastern story teller," cried Miss Gray, and she disposed herself amid much merriment.

"Of course my story is about a ring," she began. "This is the one, I picked it up in Constantinople only yesterday, and it involved an adventure." She gave the ring to Mrs. Hanford, and that lady passed it around the group with an exclamation of delight.

When it came to Professor Traile he studied it a long time with a peculiar smile on his kindly face.

"What is the inscription?" asked the professor quietly as he dropped it in Miss Gray's outstretched hand.

"Chaldean. So he told me," replied that lady, dreamily regarding the ring.

"He? Now for the adventure," teased Clayton.

"I had forgotten that I must tell it," said Miss Gray, slipping the ring on her finger. "Well, yesterday as I was strolling among the bazaars I came to the street of the silversmiths. I was looking at the wares of one merchant and trying to select a ring for my collection that might be very unique when a brown hand was thrust into my own, and left behind it this turquoise ring."

"How romantic!" breathed Mrs. Hanford softly.

"You would have thought so if you could have seen the donor, a tall, very thin man dressed in a native costume. I confess I cannot place his nationality, for he wore the baggy trousers and loose garments of the Turk, the muffling burghouse of the Arab."

"Did he wear green slippers, Miss Gray?" asked Madeline Traile, with sudden interruption of the narrative.

"Yes, I believe he did, for when he left me I looked after him, wondering what it could all mean and thinking there must be a mistake. All I noticed was his great height and his flying green slippers, and that is all."

"No, no!" exclaimed Professor Traile. "What did your stranger say? Are we not to know the whole story?"

"It was nothing only some silly rubbish you would not care to hear," evaded Miss Gray.

"Aunt Emeline, you are sitting on the carpet of truth," reminded her nephew. "What said your cavalier?"

"I have forgotten," faltered Miss Gray, her sweet face drooping.

"Oh, Aunt Emeline!" chided Clayton then hastily. "What is the matter?"

Miss Gray was staring at them with frightened eyes and loosely lipped lips to which she pointed with a hopeless gesture. "Can't you speak?" roared Clayton.

She shook her head despairingly.

Then Alexander Felton's voice broke the silence. When he spoke he seemed to be quoting from some authority which no one recognized. "He who speaketh the truth then shall his tongue be loosened," he said softly.

Miss Gray seemed to hear, for a lovely smile broke over her face and all at once she spoke.

"I will tell the truth. He said, 'Wear this for me. It is a Chaldean stone and came from the tomb of a high priest.' Then he ran away. Now that I have told the truth may I not leave this carpet?"

"Did it really happen? Could you not speak?" cried Mrs. Hanford nervously.

"Not a word until I spoke the truth," averred Miss Gray solemnly.

"Then please put it away for tonight," exclaimed Mrs. Hanford.

"It's growing late anyway," said Felton practically. "The moon has disappeared, and I believe it is blowing up a squall."

Hanford and his wife, followed by young Clayton, moved forward, while Professor Traile walked quietly by Miss Gray's side. When they were in a quiet spot he halted, with her hand in his arm.

"Your cavalier—did you recognize him, Miss Gray?" he asked in a low tone.

"Yes, professor," she said softly. "You poor, shy, bashful man, where did you get those wonderful garments?"

"I always wear them on such occasions to better mingle with the people. Er—Emeline—how about the ring, eh?"

"I am wearing it. Is that not enough?" she whispered.

Back in the darkness Madeline Traile was standing on the carpet of truth talking to Felton about the strange demonstration they had witnessed.

"I told you before dinner I would ask you to add another story to those connected with this prayer carpet," he said tenderly. "I want it to be the beautiful story of our love. Can you love me, Madeline? Will you love me?"

Madeline stretched out her hands to his, with a sighing little laugh. "I am standing here, Alex, and I must tell the truth. Yes, I can, and I will. You know the rest."

### WASP WAIST CONTESTS.

Curious Course of Training in Old Time Girls' Schools.

A letter recently unearthed from a trunk shows that in the sixties of the last century principals of girls' schools thought they were fitting the girls for society by urging them to retain small waists. Accordingly they offered prizes to the girls having the smallest waists. The girls were put through a course of training for reducing their waist measure. The conditions of the contest were that the corset should not be removed on retiring at night and that each pupil must be inspected every morning to make sure she had not loosened her corset. One of the persons who engaged in the contest afterward wrote of it:

"Some of us tried hard to be permitted to retire from the contest, but we were rebuked for stultifying ourselves and accused of making fools of our principals. On the following morning the underservants, with her maid, came as usual to superintend the toilets, and after satisfying herself that each lace was drawn in to the utmost she fastened it in a knot at the top and passing the ends through a piece of card placed her own seal on them, so that any attempt to loosen the corset during the night might be infallibly detected in the morning."—Detroit Free Press.

### WHITE DEER SKINS.

They Passed About as Banknotes at One Time in China.

In China, the first country in the world credited with using banknotes, certain skins were so valuable that they were accepted as cash and passed from hand to hand in the same way as banknotes are at the present day. The negotiability of these skins arose thus:

The Emperor Ou Ti, being in want of money, gave his treasurer to understand that such a state of affairs must not continue. At that time it was customary for princes and courtiers on entering the royal presence to cover their faces with a piece of skin. Taking advantage of this custom, the treasurer ordered a decree to be issued forbidding the use of any other skins for this purpose except those of a certain white deer in the royal parks. Immediately there was a demand for pieces of these skins, which, being a monopoly, were sold at a high price and the royal coffers refilled. The steady value of the skins thus secured made them readily pass and acceptable as an equivalent of coin of the realm.

In the Russian seal fisheries of Alaska the workmen were formerly paid in the currency stamped on squares of walrus hide.—London Tit-Bits.

### A Stenographer's Stumble.

A judge in one of our middle west states advertised for a stenographer with experience in legal work. A number of applicants called at his office for the purpose of making application for the position. Each applicant was given a trial to test her speed, accuracy, etc. Among the applicants was a young lady whose anxiety to make a good showing evidently overruled her. The judge dictated to her a few sentences in legal language, one of which was, "That would give him time to complete the desatation of the assets." The sentence as transcribed by the young lady on the typewriter read as follows: "That would give him time to complete the devil's station with a hatchet." Although much amused at her ludicrous blunder, the judge permitted her to go away without telling her of her mistake.—Case and Comment.

### Madrid's Fearful Climate.

Madrid is afflicted with the most changeable climate of any European capital. The temperature varies from as much as 107 degrees in the summer to as little as 16 degrees in the winter, and at all seasons of the year it indulges in violent fluctuations. It is by no means uncommon in December to wake up with the thermometer registering about 20 degrees and to find it mount to more than 60 degrees by the afternoon. Some years ago an oscillation of 37 degrees was registered in one day. No wonder, therefore, that lung troubles are far more prevalent in Madrid than in St. Petersburg.—London Chronicle.

### How Music Affected Boswell.

Boswell had a good deal more feeling for music than Dr. Johnson and suffered at his master's hand. Once in a moment of exasperation he told Johnson that music "affected him" to such a degree as to agitate his nerves most painfully, producing alternative sensations of pathetic dejection, so that he was ready to shriek, to weep, or of daring exultation, or that he was inclined to rush into the thickest of the battle.

"Oh," replied Johnson, "I should never hear of it if it made me such a fool."

### A Human Tendency.

"You approve of economy, don't you?"

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum; "only too many of us are apt to economize on the cigars we hand our friends instead of those we smoke our selves."—Washington Star.

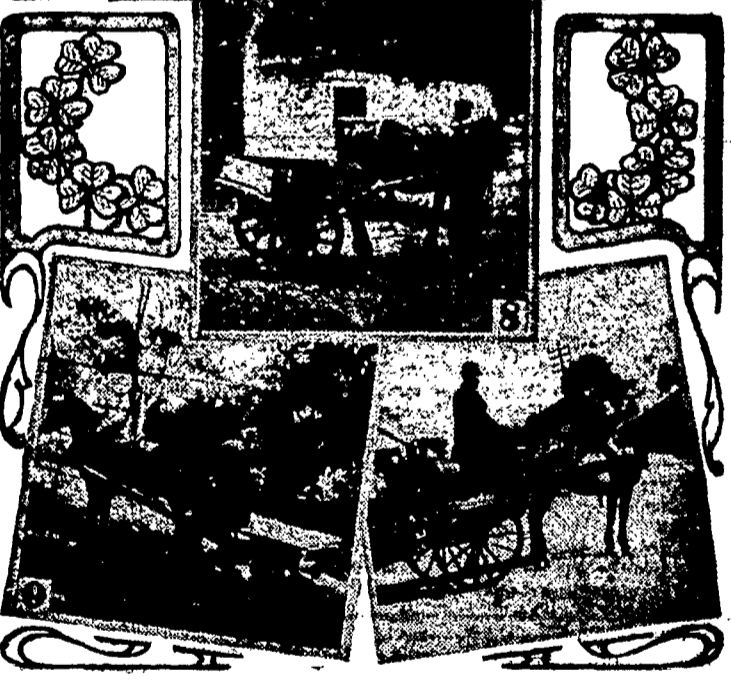
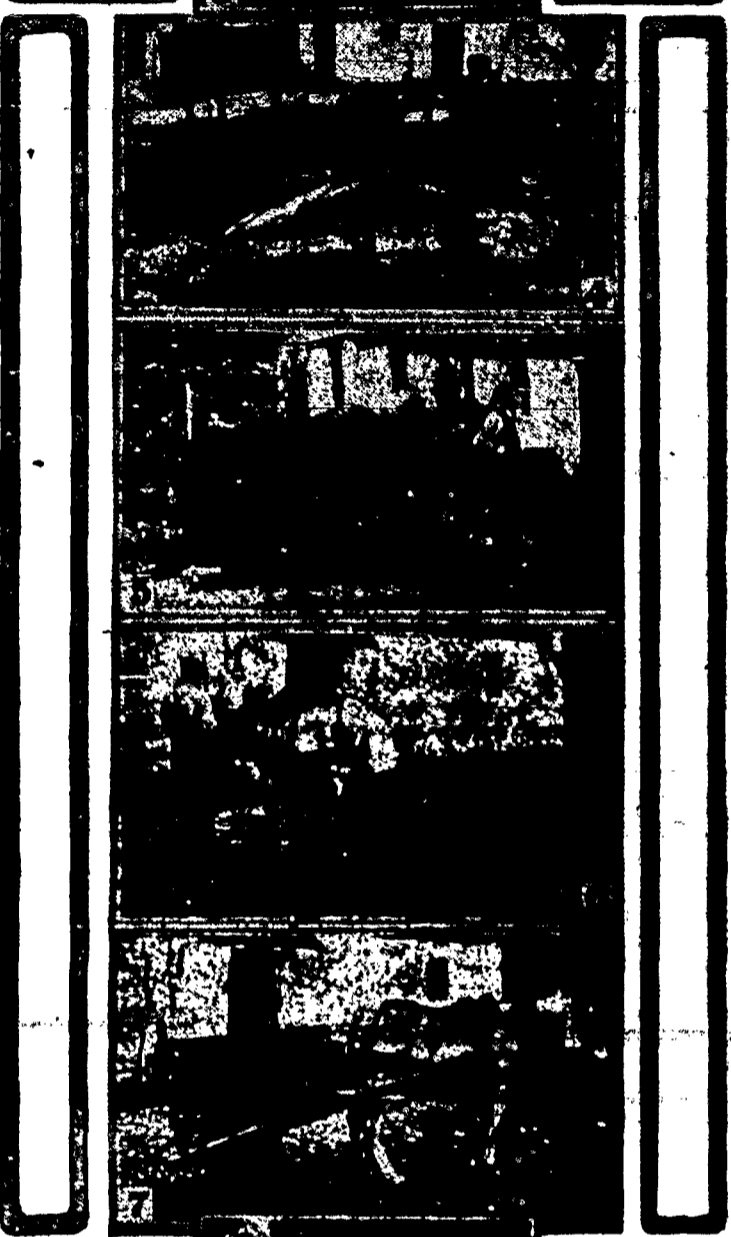
### The Influence of the Trees.

When we plant a tree we are doing what we can to make our planet a more wholesome and happier dwelling place for those who come after us, if not for ourselves.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

If there were no pride in our hearts we should not complain of the waste of others.

## EVOLUTION IN OLD IRELAND

### How the Jaunting Car Has Been Imperceptibly Evolved



Ho, ho, for the jolly jaunting car  
Of old St. Patrick's island!  
Don't mind the jolt, don't mind the jar,  
But jaunt you many a mile and  
You'll find the sport is truly noble,  
Albeit not so up to date  
As the nineteen 'leven automobile,  
Which has another sort of gait.

ONE of the institutions of Ireland is the jaunting car. It is to the Emerald Isle what the Jirikisha is to Japan. Though the bicycle and the motorcycle and the automobile have invaded St. Patrick's domain, still the jaunting car remains the poetic symbol of transportation, and every Irishman who revisits his native land, likewise every tourist who travels thither, feels that he has not "done" the country properly until he has jaunted in a jaunting car.

The jaunting car wasn't invented. It evolved. Imperceptibly it has developed by ten stages—to wit: (1) The peat or market basket borne on the back; (2) the basket carried a la donkey; (3) the double crate along across the donkey's back, with the boy in charge also enjoying a ride; (4) the hay or straw drag, where the shafts first come into use; (5) the drag carrying the basket of produce to market or filled with potatoes bound from the field to the storehouse; (6) the drag fitted with a box wagon bed; (7) a single wooden wheel raises the drag from the ground and makes it a vehicle; (8) two wheels appear now, with a box bed for hauling produce, the driver walking; (9) the driver finds a place to ride; (10) the jaunting car at last—seats extended back over low wheels, the passengers riding sidewise. Jump in for a jaunt!