

MOIRA SAINT PATRICK'S DAY STORY

By Clarissa Mackie

MICHAEL DOLAN stood in the doorway of his grocery store and watched the solitary pedestrian on the opposite sidewalk.

"Pretty, pretty," crooned Michael approvingly, "but only a week out of Ulster county, Ireland, or I'll eat me hat!"

The girl was looking anxiously at the numbers over the house doors. Suddenly she dropped her queer looking carpet bag and ran up the steps of a vacant house to stare in at the unshuttered windows.

"I'm looking for Mrs. Slattery," she said in a soft, rich voice. "The number's all right, but she don't be living there now, I'm thinking."

Michael frowned. He distinctly remembered Mrs. Slattery, who had moved a way owing him a small bill. "I don't know where she's gone," he replied.

"You just come in on the boat?" he asked hurriedly. "Yesterday I was to room at Mrs. Slattery's."

"You going out to housework?" asked Michael. "No, I'm going to mend lace in one of the big stores," she responded, looking past him into the street.

"Oh!" gasped Michael. This girl was not of the sort he had suspected. She had been educated at home and after a few months in the big city, would undoubtedly have found a niche for above Dolan's corner grocery.

He watched her covertly while he waited upon the customers that straggled in. She sat there, gazing dreamily out into the dingy street.

To Michael Dolan she typified the country that he loved so loyally-beautiful Ireland, waiting for the news that would awaken her to new life, that would turn her feet into other paths that led up and away from corner groceries and Michael Dolans and Michael's thoughts became chaotic here.

"You mane they've sailed?" he demanded. "Shure—yesterday."

"Oh, oh!" The girl had risen and was staring in a frightened way at Michael Dolan. "Whatever will I do? I don't know a soul here, and I'm afraid."

"The last customer had gone. The street was quite dark. The 6 o'clock whistles were blaring noisily."

"You can't go out tonight," declared Michael firmly. "Now, me mother lives upstairs, and she'll be glad of your help for a night's lodging. Tomorrow you can start out and look for a place if you want to."

"Oh, thank you!" cried the girl faintly as Michael picked up her bag and opened a door in the rear of the little store.

She followed him up a flight of stairs to a tenement over the store. A handsome black-eyed old woman who looked strangely like young Michael opened a door hastily.

Michael led the way into a neat kitchen. "Make us acquainted, Mike," commanded Mrs. Dolan, her arms akimbo. "Michael looked helplessly at the girl."

"My name is Moira-Egan," she said, smiling shyly at Mrs. Dolan. And while Michael told her story the tears quite blimmed over the green eyes.

"Worra, worra!" ejaculated Mrs. Dolan, holding out her arms to the forlorn little immigrant. "Go down about yer business, Mike. Moira an' me has plenty to do gettin' ready for the St. Patrick's banquet tomorrow."

"Moira and me—Moira and her—murmured Michael dizzily as he closed up the store. "I'll wake up tomorrow, he assured himself while he ate his supper, with Moira sitting opposite."

Mrs. Dolan was as deeply in love with the girl as was her son. "I always wished for a girl," she crooned in Moira's ear as they undressed in the tiny bedroom.

"Your son must be a comfort to you, he is so kind," said Moira. Mrs. Dolan wagged her head. "That he is," she cried warmly; "never a better son. But me arms long to hold a girl I'm wishful for Mike to marry."

THE BACK TO IRELAND MOVEMENT

By Dennis Flynn

IF the promoters of the "back to Ireland" movement ever pictured to themselves the overcrowding of the steamships by young Irish men and women eager to return and establish a permanent home in the land of their birth they are surely doomed to disappointment.

But the trouble with the average Irishman, who seems bent at first on spending his old days in his native country, is that when he looks around and figures out that there are more of his old friends right in his own neighborhood or in his own city than he could possibly find in the old country he has a change of mind and decides to remain at home.

Those who have watched the effects of the "back to Ireland" movement declare that it is more apt to take a firm root in an old bachelor than in any one else. In fact, one authority declares that there are more elderly unmarried men returning to Ireland to spend their declining years than any other class.

The average Irishman is willing, and with good reason, to concede that Ireland is a far better country to live in nowadays than it ever was before. He is also willing to admit that it is daily becoming more and more prosperous.

Only recently an Irishman who owns three restaurants in New York city received word from his father that he was to be ejected from his home because he could not pay the rent. Up to this time the New York Irishman did not know that his father's finances had become so poor.

The son sent a goodly sum of money to the father, and a few months later the father found the son his landlord. For no sooner did the son hear of the attempt to eject his father from his home than he made immediate preparations for a trip abroad.

Since the purchase of the town he has discovered vast water power possibilities which in time are likely to build another fortune for him, for he now proposes to establish industries in his town and to operate them with the power which he is to have generated.

True, the movement to revive the Gaelic language has done much to encourage the "back to Ireland" movement, but possibly no one does as much real good as the young Irishman who, having prospered on native soil, comes for a visit to his Irish American cousin.

Only recently a young organist from Belfast came to America on a visit. His clothes were cut in the latest English fashion. His friends believed that they were going to meet a poor struggling musician who had saved a few shillings a week out of his two pound salary. Instead they met a young man dressed in the height of English fashion and with an income, between his work as organist and teacher of music, of nearly \$100 a week.

Another instance is related of a young man from Ireland, on a visit to New York city. His American cousin took him to a vaudeville performance. The young Irishman did not enthuse very much, and the American did not understand until he found that most of the acts on the bill had played the Irish circuit.

Still another Irish cousin promised to take his American relatives for an automobile ride on one end of Ireland to another. "For," he explained, "we have a system of good roads in Ireland which cannot be beat in the whole world."

The Nests of Silkworms. A naked man is always in attendance in the hatching room of the silk worms of China. The worms, being so very frail that the temperature and humidity of their chamber must not vary, their guard is taken, so that they may detect any slightest change in the sensitiveness of his skin.

After the worms are hatched no more talking is permitted near them, and there are even guards whose duty it is to keep the flow of them. These guards must bathe before entering the worms' presence, and their breath must be sweet and inoffensive. Onions, for instance, are forbidden fruit.

Such precautions seem absurd. Yet it is unquestionable that China leads the world in silkworm culture. A Chinese silkworm farm breeds the strange, industrious creatures by the million, in one of the great silkworm houses it is possible to hear the worms feeding; yes, it is even possible, so numerous are they, to hear the sound they make in spinning their cocoons, a sound like the ripple of rain.—Chicago Record-Herald

Eyes of the Barnacle. In the barnacle we have a unique and wonderful case of a creature that can afford as age comes on to dispense with the eyelids that was so useful in youth. For the young and old barnacle are as different, one from the other, as fishes from seaweed.

Those deadly undertows which so often prove fatal to swimmers are produced by tides and coast currents. The former only carry out at ebb tide, the latter usually zigzag along the shore.

Waterloo in London. Waterloo bridge was pronounced by Canova the noblest bridge in the world. He declared that if there was nothing else to see in London the sight of Waterloo bridge was well worth the trouble of a journey from Rome.

Blood as Food. Blood as an article of diet may seem somewhat gruesome, but it is in reality a very beneficial and, to the Mamelukes, particularly so, as it serves as a substitute for salt, which they do not possess.

Riding a Camel. A man who has experienced the sensation described the doubtful pleasures of camel riding.

Up and Down. "That would be great at home when the baby is peevish," remarked Mr. Yungbusund as he watched the ship's heaving deck.

Fortunate. Goodfellow—I'm sorry to say my wife has an aggravating habit of interrupting me in the middle of a sentence.

An Excuse. Bessie—Did you scream when he tried to kiss you? Jessie—No. There is a poor man across the street who is dreadfully sick.—Philadelphia Telegraph

Exact Justice. Exact justice is commonly more merciful in the long run than pity, for it tends to foster in men those stronger qualities which make them good citizens.—Lowell.

The love of liberty is the love of others. The love of power is the love of ourselves.

A Study in Slang. "Yes, I've cut out the slang stuff," Nell was telling her latest "gentleman friend."

Gossip and Furniture. Besides his skill and taste as a cabinet maker and his fortunate judgment in adopting varied and sundry styles to the needs and wishes of his British patrons, Chippendale was a good business man and thoroughly understood the art of advertising as then practiced.

Located the City. Among other anecdotes of university life, Dean Hoote tells of an occasion when there was some doubt as to the locality of a city mentioned in a Greek text.

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Tombs of Confucius. Confucius was buried in the year 479 B. C. at his birthplace at K'ufu, near Yenchowfu. There lives at K'ufu today the seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius on a large estate belonging to the descendants of the family of Confucius.

Disguised the Smoking Rooms. The number of smoking rooms now distributed over Windsor castle would considerably astonish Queen Victoria could she but see them.

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Proved His Contentment. The mother was at the zoo with her little boy, and the boy said, "Mother, come and see the kangaroo."

Foreign Polish. "She says she went abroad to finish her education. I wonder if she learned much."

Sharp Boy. "Now," asked a music teacher, "what is the note above F?" "F sharp."



CAPTAIN MICHAEL DOLAN MARCHED



MOIRA EGAN