

St. Patrick Blessing the Shamrock



Oh, send me some shamrocks from that distant isle
On which Erin's patron and saint still doth smile!
Oh, how I will treasure and fondly lay
Them near to my heart on St. Patrick's day!

THE Ancient Language of Ireland

By PATRICK O'SHEA

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BEFORE the Saxons and other Teuton tribes had effected a permanent settlement in England, the ancestors of the Irish nation were enjoying the blessings of a Christian civilization. A few centuries before the English language, even in the rudest form, was spoken, Gaelic had blossomed into poetry and eloquence.

Gaelic is admitted by philologists to bear a closer resemblance to the original language of the race than any of the other Celtic dialects. That it has remained unchanged in some respects during more than 2,000 years is evident from the fact, among others, that place names extending from the strait of Dardanelles to the western coast of Europe mean in Gaelic today what they meant to the ancient Celts.

It is now generally admitted among linguists that the Celtic languages stand in a much closer relationship to Latin than any other group. The features that differentiate the Brythonic dialects, comprising Welsh, Breton and Cornish, from the Gaelic dialects, Irish, Scottish, Gaelic and Manx, are supposed to have first appeared after the Romans had left Britain in the year 410. At the beginning of the Christian era the differences between the two groups were probably but slight. Of the Gaelic dialects, to old Irish must be assigned the priority, as both Scottish Gaelic and Manx can be traced back to that original source.

Even now the differences between the Gaelic spoken by the Irish and the Scottish Gaelic are scarcely greater than those local variations which distinguish the language as spoken in Munster, Connacht and Ulster.

There has been a continuous Gaelic literature from the seventh century, nearly all of it produced in Ireland, though some manuscripts written in that language by Irish missionaries and scholars during that and succeeding centuries are to be found in various European libraries. It was the language which St. Patrick used with such surprising and beneficent effect in converting the ancient Irish from druidism to Christianity. Gaelic was probably a familiar speech to him, even previous to his capture and enslavement in Ireland. That St. Patrick was a thorough master of the language might be inferred from the surprising result of his apostolic labors.

The Gaelic of St. Patrick's time was not the rude, uncultured speech of savages, but a highly developed exponent of thought and feeling, capable of expressing abstract notions as well as ideas limited to the daily exigencies of life. The literary and intellectual activity displayed in Ireland, in a period not long removed from the days of St. Patrick, seems to be only explicable upon the assumption that man-

tal activity and in a certain sense scholarship were not exotic in Ireland, even at the time when St. Patrick labored there.

During the past three decades the Irish have become keenly alive to the importance of preserving their venerable language from complete extinction. Gaelic is now taught in many of the national and parish schools, and an appeal to Irish patriotism in its behalf has not been in vain. Gaelic professorships have been established in Trinity college, Dublin, in the College of St. Patrick at Maynooth and in the University of Edinburgh, while in Oxford, the University of Paris and other prominent seats of learning professorships of the Celtic languages have been established. In the United States Gaelic chairs exist in Harvard university, in the Catholic University of America at Washington and in Notre Dame university of Indiana.

BROTHERS OF ST. PATRICK

The Brothers of St. Patrick, or Patrician Brothers, have played an important part in the educational history of Ireland. According to the Catholic Encyclopedia, this brotherhood was founded by the Right Rev. Dr. Daniel Delaney, bishop of Killdare and Leighton, at Tullow, in the county of Carlow, Ireland, on the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary in 1808, for the religious and literary education of the youth and the instruction of the faithful in Catholic piety. Ireland was just at that time emerging from the troubled times of penal laws. These laws made it treasonable for a Catholic parent to procure for his child a religious and secular education in consonance with his belief.

The nucleus of this body was chosen from seven young Sunday school teachers in his diocese. In later years additions were established with other dioceses.

Two Dishes For St. Patrick's Day. St. Patrick's Savory.—Boil six large potatoes with their jackets and let them cool in the skins. Then peel, slice and chill. Chop very fine a heaping tablespoonful of parsley and half an onion, mix lightly, cover with sauce tartare and serve on lettuce leaves.

Green Pepper Salad.—Open a can of asparagus tips, wash them lightly in cold water and let them to get them very cold. Cut a green pepper in half and remove the seeds. Lay the tips in this and cover with mayonnaise. Rest the cups on lettuce or escarole.

St. Patrick's Prayer at Munster. A blessing on the Munster people—Men, youths and women; A blessing on the land That yields them fruit!

A blessing on every treasure That shall be produced in their plains, Without any one being in want of help, God's blessing be on Munster!

A blessing be on their peaks, On their fair flagstones, A blessing on their glens, A blessing on their ridges,

Like the sand of the sea under ships Be the number of their hearths, On slopes, on plains, On mountains, on hills, a blessing!

An Unknown Friend

By JOHN N. LARNED

I was pretty well fixed when I was married, and the future looked inviting. But I had a falling-out at least my wife called it a falling-out—I couldn't stand to see any one suffer. I indorsed a note for a friend to save him from bankruptcy and loaned others money, not counting on the fact that I would need what I put out, and if I didn't have it I would come to grief myself. And so I did.

One day I received a letter from a manufacturer of automobiles that he wished for an agent in my city. My pay would be a salary of \$1,500 a year and a commission on every machine I sold. Who the man was or why he wished me for his agent I didn't know and didn't stop to inquire. I accepted the position at once.

Rathbone was the name of the head of the automobile company. Soon after being settled in the business I wrote him, asking how he came to choose me as an agent, but received no reply. The letter that came from the factory was dictated by the superintendent of the sales department, and I was not sure that Mr. Rathbone had ever seen my letter, or, if he had, whether he had found time to reply to my question. I sold a good many of his autos and was making money when another windfall came to me that surprised me more than the first.

Mr. Rathbone's auto works were incorporated, and one morning I received a registered letter which, on opening, I found to contain a certificate for a thousand shares of the new company made out in my name. I was never in my life so dumfounded. Then it occurred to me that as an employee of the concern I was expected to subscribe for the stock. Though I had laid up some funds, I had not enough to pay for the stock. While I was wondering what it all meant one of my employers called my attention to a newspaper item mentioning the organization of the manufacturing company for which I was agent at shares of \$20 each. The par value of my stock was \$20,000, and the item further stated that there had been sales at 120.

I wrote at once to ask if the stock had been sent me as subscribed stock and on what terms I would be expected to pay for it. A formal reply from the treasurer of the company came to me that the thousand shares stood in my name on the company's books full paid.

When I told my wife about the matter she said that the stock had been placed in my name to serve some purpose connected with the organization of the company and I would find out in time that I didn't own it. I wrote several letters to the main office about it, but they were not answered. My wife was fearful that if any financial breakdown occurred to the company we would be in as bad a fix as before I was offered the agency. I resolved to let the matter drop and await developments.

When the first quarterly dividends were declared I received a check for \$1,000. I looked at it in amazement, then, showing it to my wife, remarked that if this was mine I wished I might keep on being ruined in the same way as long as I lived. At this rate my stock was paying me \$4,000 a year. It didn't seem worth while to write for an explanation, for no such letters had been accorded an answer. My wife still feared that I was being used as a dummy to put through some financial scheme, but dummies don't usually receive checks for hard money. They are not the basket of the balloon, but the gas bag. I didn't put any faith in this interpretation. Since I could get no information I determined to leave my business in charge of my demonstrator, go to the office of the company and find out for myself what was at the bottom of my good fortune.

I carried out my resolution and one day walked into the office of the manufacturer. I was obliged to send my card to the president and received a reply to call at his home that evening. When I presented myself there, after being admitted, an elderly woman came in to receive me and said: "My husband has asked me to say that he is under a great obligation to you, which he is endeavoring to repay. But it is in your power to do him a great injury. He suggests that you return to your home and accept the benefits he has bestowed upon you and those he intends to bestow, asking no questions."

"And he will not see me?"
"He prefers not."
"May I ask why?"
"Because you may recognize him."
"And if I do?"
"I can answer no more questions. I will say this, however—I consider my husband overpaid about the matter."
"I cannot conceive why I should injure one who has so befriended me."
She remained silent, and I withdrew. I returned to my home and within a week received a certificate for another thousand shares of stock.

One night while lying awake memory brought me a possible explanation. When a youngster, some fifteen years before, while hunting I started from the bushes a man wearing stripes. He begged me not to betray him. Instead of doing so I secured ordinary clothes for him, which he put on and went his way. I never heard from him. I do not doubt that this man became successful and was my benefactor. After thinking the matter over I decided to respect his wishes and never again tried to see him.

SIRE AND SON

Evangelist William Sunday has two young sons.

Dr. I. L. Leucht has completed forty-five years of service as a rabbi in New Orleans.

William K. Scott, the new vice president of the Southern Pacific railway, came up from the ranks. He began his railroad career as a wiper on the Santa Fe.

The casual builder pronounces his name "Go-th'la," with the accent on the "go." This pronunciation is touched for by Peter C. Macfarlane, the writer, and by others who know the colonel personally.

Professor Samuel P. Capen, who has accepted the appointment as specialist in higher education for the United States bureau of education, is a noted educator and since 1902 has been professor of modern languages at Clark college, Massachusetts.

Joseph von Madarasz, a Hungarian who has entered his one hundred and first year, is the oldest parliamentarian in the world. Uncle Joseph, as he is familiarly called, was elected a deputy of the Pressburg diet in 1833. Until four years ago, when he retired, the electors of his constituency never failed to return him.

Fashion Frills

The notion that girls dress to keep warm was discarded long ago.—Detroit Free Press.

Followers of extreme fashion now wear rainbow hair. Beauty, once at least skin deep, has become an optical illusion.—Washington Star.

According to a fashion editor, there is a great deal of personality seen in dress these days. It almost seems at times as if there might be more personality than dress.—Cleveland Leader.

The blue and green and other colored wigs introduced at a recent dinner party in London are reported as sure to become the fashion. If so the circus clowns will have to invent something new to make themselves look funny.—Philadelphia Press.

Baseball Tips

Chance out, Murphy unassisted; Evans out, Murphy unassisted; Murphy out, Johnson to Toner.—Boston Herald.

It doesn't seem quite correct to say there is no panic in the country. Look at what the new baseball league is doing.—Topeka Journal.

The way in which some of the baseball players have been jumping around would seem to make some of the spring training unnecessary.—Philadelphia Press.

If baseball as played professionally has been a monopoly the indications are that it is going to have plenty of competition this year without any help from the Sherman law.—New York World.

Flippant Flings

Admiral Peary says there should be a national wind map. But what's wrong with the Congressional Record?—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Designs for the new money are about finished. But designs on it, of course, will develop from day to day as it appears.—Indianapolis News.

A visiting Italian duke declares that Americans neglect their women for money. But how are dukes to marry our money unless we earn it first?—Washington Post.

If John D. would purchase Walter Johnson's release for, say, \$200,000 and turn him over to Cleveland there would be no more talk of taxing him \$12,000,000.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Aviation Notes

A number of gas companies in France have arranged to paint direction and geographical signs on the roofs of their gasometers for the guidance of aeronauts.

Instead of the rigid planes used on most aeroplanes two Austrian inventors have equipped their air craft with circular planes revolving in opposite directions 300 or more times a minute.

A series of hangars for the British army's dirigible balloons is proposed that will radiate from a central turntable, like a railroad roundhouse, the turntable being provided to receive a balloon from any angle.

Current Comment

The German admirals evidently believe that the penis is mightier than the sword.—Boston Herald.

Between German and French locomotives and American officials the English railroads will soon be English only as to the passengers.—New York Tribune.

In ten years the income of New York's central heat and power stations has grown from \$16,000,000 to \$57,000,000. And electric development is only in its infancy.—New York World.

Automobile Runs

The license of the Japanese chauffeur is carried on the steering post. Gasoline supply cans operated by a coin slot are in successful use in several places.

A material resembling celluloid, but clearer, tougher and more durable, has been invented in England for automobile wind shields.

An underground garage thirteen blocks long is proposed for Chicago to relieve business streets of the crush caused by parking automobiles in them.

Why Carl Becker Came to America

By LOUISE I. CLARINGS

A stagecoach drove up to a tavern in a far western mining town. A young man with flaxen hair and light blue eyes jumped out nimbly and, walking as if stepping on springs, entered the bar and office rooms and told the landlord that he wished to stay with him for a short time.

"My name is Carl Becker. I had just from Cologne, and I'm going to settle down in this country."

"What did you do there making it necessary for you to leave?" drawled the landlord.

"What I do? How you know I do anything?"

"Well, most of 'em that comes here have had to light out from what they come."

"I say nothing about why I come from home, except that I must spend a year in a fortress if I stay here. My father he says: 'Carl, you spend a year in a fortress, then you serve your time in de army, and when you come out you haf lost a good deal of time. Suppose you go to America. Lots of people go to America, and they all get rich. Vot you say, eh?'"

"I say: 'Vader, I go to America. I spend de time I spend here and in de army making money, and then I come back to de waterland and take care of you and mutter.'"

"A good idea," replied the landlord. "What was they going to put you in the fortress for?"

"Vot for dey put me in de fortress? Ach, I think I don't talk about de'."

"I reckon it wouldn't make much difference about here unless it was for how stealin'. That's about the only thing they don't like in these parts. You kin shoot all you like and it's nobody's business but yours, but you take anybody's horse and if they catch you you'll have to dance what the grass is too short."

"Vot you mean, dance?"

"The hangman's jig."

The landlord took young Becker to a room and when he returned remarked to a few persons who happened to be present:

"That's the kind we want out here." Carl Becker was among the higher grade of emigrants and came not over in the steerage; instead he came first class and when he reached Nevada had \$1,000 in his pocket. That was the day when silver mining was new in this region, and a new country is proverbially a rough country. The evening of Mr. Becker's arrival he came downstairs with a singular looking cap on his head. A number of the rougher element of the country were standing at the bar drinking. A man with a red beard in sheepskin breeches happened to turn as Becker entered the room and fixed his gaze on the cap.

"Well, now," he remarked, "that's the purtiest piece of headgear I ever seen in these parts. If it had a feather from a peacock's tail stuck into it it would be a dandy ornament for a woman."

Becker heard the criticism, and his lips broke into a beautiful smile.

"Say, young man," pursued the man with the red beard, "whar did you git yer bonnet?"

"My bonnet—ha, ha! You call dot a bonnet?"

"I axed you whar you got it."

"I got dat when I vas in de university."

"Pshaw, the university! You don't mean you've been to college?"

"Yah, Heidelberg."

"Well, we don't stand no sikh rain-bow tops as that out yere." And the speaker, drawing a knife about sixteen inches long from between his shoulder blades and catching Mr. Becker's cap on its point, tossed it on to the floor.

A change came over Carl Becker. He stood looking at the man who had removed his cap with an expression of serious dignity.

"Pick up my cap," he said, "and gif it back to me."

"Well, I like that!" replied the other. "I'd have you know, young man, that we don't take orders out here, and we don't allow young men to wear any headgear except the sombrero of the country. If you want a fair fight you shall have it. Reckon you ain't armed or I'd heered from you afore this. Jim, give the boy a gun or whatever he likes."

The man addressed as Jim thrust a revolver into Carl's hand, but he declined it and said he would take a knife such as had been used in the removal of his cap. A knife the same length as the other was handed him, and he put himself in the posture of a fencer.

"You got a lot of style about you, ain't you?" said Becker's opponent. But before he could finish the young German gave him a cut in the cheek that concentrated his attention on his enemy's knife. He made a thrust at Becker, but Becker nimbly retreated out of reach, and before his enemy could recover for another attempt he received a cut on the other cheek. Then Becker cut off the tip end of his nose. Lastly he gashed his forehead, and the blood running down into his eyes stopped the fight.

"Whar did you learn to handle a knife like that?" asked the landlord of Becker.

"I learned dat at the university. I vas champion of my corps."

"Reckon the reason you came over here was for killin' a man?"

"No, but I came pretty near killin' him."

GAMES AND DAUGHTERS

Sarah Edwards, the colored woman who in thirty-two years of age has been the grandmother of twenty-five grandsons and twenty granddaughters.

Miss Charles M. Wilson, who has been elected president of the American Genealogical Society, society of genealogists.

Miss E. T. Bessborough, with a one-millionaire banker, recently visited the Philadelphia night court to see how the women prisoners are treated.

Miss Nellie Williams, a poetess of English at the Ecole Normale of Fontenay-aux-Abbes, has been made a lady of the Legion of Honor, being one of the few English women whom this distinction has been conferred.

Lady Mount Stephen, whose husband is likely to succeed Lord Bunsford as high commissioner for Canada, is probably Queen Mary's oldest and most intimate friend. Before his marriage in 1807 to the Canadian millionaire peer she was Miss Glean Turbell and was lady in waiting and the favorite companion of the late Duchess of York.

Pat, Chas and Brut

Robert Louis Stevenson's description says of him: "In every language he learned the grammar remained in his mind, but his knowledge of the meaning of his own tongue was dark to him to the very last."

Francis Darwin Wood, the English sculptor, has been commissioned to make a replica of the famous statue of William Pitt, which stands in the house of lords, for presentation to the country by American women who have subscribed \$10,000.

Fired with the ambition of painting his name farther north than ever a painter has done before, Jacques Bassane, an artist and a huntsman, has started for the arctic regions, his name has a number of Eskimo dogs, one of which was presented to him by Admiral Peary.

Pert Personals

Manuel still wants his throne. His mind is not a kingdom to him.—Atlanta Constitution.

Vincent Astor is to be a good sport. As an authority on various sports, terrapin and bar-b-que he should be peerless.—Boston Herald.

If Queen Mary gets a free telephone line to Paris she'll be able to succeed in the usual mode through ordering the credit a number of things she'd have paid cash for.—Washington Post.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman says: "I have told women the women's rights harmless little animal and had been sweet and agreeable fur. I've said: 'What is the Enkubitor kind of beast to this?—New York World."

Aerial Flights

The bird man who will spread their wings to the transatlantic flight will be the scapular of aviation.—New York American.

Speaking about the aerial flight around the world, our advice is to wait late Jules Verne and do it with a typewriter.—Boston Transcript.

It is not surprising that the new Kappellin ship flew sixty-five miles an hour. The surprise is that it never blew up.—Philadelphia Ledger.

That British aviator who glides twenty miles from a height of 15,000 feet has found something that beats the balloon because he does not have to walk back.—Chicago News.

Train and Track

The Tanganyika railway, crossing German East Africa, has been finished. It is 700 miles long.

For railroad signals and locomotive and car marking lamps, a lens has been invented that spreads the light over an angle of ninety degrees, making it visible in any position it is likely to be needed.

A submerged tube railway between Scotland and Ireland is proposed by a Chicago engineer named H. G. Tyrell. He suggests that a tube carrying a double railway track could be constructed between Black Head and Port Patrick for \$25,000,000 or \$30,000,000.

Town Topics

A saloon for women is talked of in Pittsburgh. But Pittsburgh always was a goosely old village.—Washington Star.

The news that gutter gurns may be transmitted in drinking water adds a new terror to Cleveland's water supply, but only a minor one.—Cleveland Leader.

You can ride twenty-eight miles in Chicago for a nickel, which is most fortunate, as after a stranger has spent a day in Chicago that's usually all that the footpads leave him.—Boston Transcript.

The Cookbook

Wash eggs as well as poultry, meats and vegetables before using them.

Don't put pastry into a slow oven. The fat will melt out, and the pastry will be hard.

If bacon is soaked in water for a few minutes before frying it will prevent the fat from running.

If you wish your roast to be juicy and tender put it in a very hot oven and let the oven gradually become moderate. Bake with a minimum of steam to a golden brown.