

GUARD PRESIDENT AS NEVER BEFORE

White House Surrounded by Intricate Protective System.

SECRET SERVICE ON WATCH

President Cannot Dodge His Guards—
—Almost as Hard to Get Out of White House Grounds as to Get Into Them—When Night Comes Guard of Soldiers Is Thrown Around the Grounds.

Washington betrays every symptom of having its last awakened to a sense of interest in the president of the United States. The average Washingtonian formerly stared languidly after the presidential automobile. Now, as he drives, he does not like to see the president take chances. Washington is beginning to feel that the president had a more secluded spot to which to play golf than the Country club.

The president is quite aware of the changed sentiment of Washington and the country at large on presidential escapades, and not since war was declared has Mr. Wilson attempted to evade the White House bodyguard.

Back in his first administration he once slipped off and got as far as his bank, several blocks away, before the secret service men caught him and frowned at him disapprovingly, but since America entered the world war the president has not even tried to go out alone. It is doubtful if he could slip away.

In the first place, it is almost as hard to get out of the White House grounds as it is to get in. Particularly in this time of night.

At the west side of the White House grounds one gate is left open to admit visitors to the executive offices, but one must enter the executive offices or pass out. Once inside the executive offices one walks straight into the arms of two large policemen, who inquire concerning his business and pass him along to the proper officials.

Telephone Alarm System.
In addition to the guards on the White House gates, an inspection of the gate police stations will disclose a telephone box at each one. Every policeman in the grounds has a telephone at his elbow and he can call for help or notify the White House guardroom of any emergency. When night comes on a new force of policemen goes on duty inside the gates and a detachment of United States regulars are thrown completely about the White House, where they stand guard until morning.

Washingtonians occasionally gratify their sense of curiosity by walking up close to these soldier guards, just to see how the soldiers will behave. The men in uniform patrol their beats with fixed bayonets and loaded rifles and as a pedestrian approaches each guard always manages either to stop and face the pedestrian or to be walking toward him.

The whole city was laughing not long ago at the story of a White House attaché who tried to use the east gate of the White House one night after the military guard went on duty. The soldier who was stationed in front of the east gate had orders to let nobody enter and he believed in carrying out his orders. The civilian who applied for admission was firmly told to keep on walking. He protested that he was attached to the White House and had been in the habit of using the east gate.

"You heard what I said," warned the guard.
"Yes, I heard you," replied the man, "but I'm going in this gate."
Changed His Mind.
The next thing the civilian knew was a sharp pain in the back of his thigh, where the sentry had inserted the point of his bayonet and was pushing the pedestrian rapidly toward the curb. The man in black calmly waited the attaché's next move. That gentleman decided he had better use the west gate, and made haste to do so.

Of course, these precautions are all that Washington can see on the surface. It knows nothing of the intricate inner system of White House defense, organized on an electric basis and backed by the entire police force of the city. The nature of this real defense system is a mystery and no good American would write about it if he knew.

Cranks are no longer much trouble about the White House, thanks to the rigid guard system there, but they do vary trouble other government offices about town. Most of them are men of unsound mind who have been worked into a high pitch of excitement by America's participation in the war, and they all have the idea that they must tell their troubles to the government.

The police in Washington "strain out" a large number of the worst types of cranks by placing a "hut squad" at the railway entrance to the city, and here a corps of men is constantly on duty, watching for the gentleman who may get his story out of his chest. Usually the policemen lounge to get the story and the Washington Asylum hospital gets the visitor.

Son Shaves Him—Dies.
While being shaved by his son Frank Farnsworth, sixty-eight, expired in a barber chair at Madison, Wis. Heart disease was the cause.

GIVES AMBULANCE TO ITALIAN GOVERNMENT



Emmanuel de Luynes, Du de Chaulnes, a grandson of Theodore P. Shonts, at the wheel of the ambulance presented to the Italian government by the New York friends of Capt. Pierre Tezal of the Italian army.

DOG ROUTS BANDITS

Saves a Woman's Life and Protects \$5,000.
Nero, a big St. Bernard dog, the other night saved \$5,000 for his owner, Mrs. Eugenia Graf, by fighting off four bandits who held up her saloon in Chicago.

Mrs. Graf had the money to cash checks for stockholders employees. She was in a room back of the bar counting out money for a check when the bandits entered. Each of the men carried a revolver. One covered the two bartenders and several customers in the barroom. A second robber ran behind the bar and opened the cash register.

Mrs. Graf saw the bandits coming in time to slam the door and turn the key. She gathered up her money and fled through a back door. The robbers fired two shots through the door and killed it in just as Mrs. Graf vanished from the room. The men sprang after her and Nero attacked them.

The robbers fired four shots at the dog but he drove them back into the barroom and ran behind the bar to attack the man at the cash register. The bandit leaped over the bar and ran, followed by his companions.

NOT ALL AT ONCE

Farmer Forty-Eight Years Old and Wife of Forty Four, Have 16 Children.
Peter Anderson, a farmer of the township of Ryland, in Polk county, Minn., owns a 7-passenger auto, which, even when loaded to normal capacity, only carries about one-third of the family. Another seven-passenger car and a four-cylinder are needed by the Andersons to take all their children.

Anderson is the father of 16 living children. The youngest a daughter, arrived last week and has been christened Marie. They have been 18 children in all, but two are dead. The oldest son is now twenty-one on Jan. 27. There are no twins or triplets in the family. The mother was forty-four years old on January 25, 1918. The father is forty-eight years old.

Anderson has 237 acres of land, worth \$100 an acre and can do all his farming without help from outside of the family circle.

FERTILIZER ACCUMULATES

Congested Transportation Facilities in East Responsible.
A loss of 5,000,000 bushels of wheat and other grains faces the nation's crop next season unless huge amounts of fertilizers are moved from the Atlantic seaboard at once.

Due to congested transportation facilities vast amounts of the fertilizer have accumulated. At one plant near here 60,000 tons of acid phosphate await shipment. This must be moved before more can be made, and unless some of it is shipped at once the plant will have to close for lack of storage space.

Enlists to Get Revenge.

To avenge the death of Admiral Grandcock of the British navy, who went down with his flagship, Good Hope, off the coast of Chile in 1914, before a superior German enemy, Frank Carter Grandcock, a distant relative of the admiral, has enlisted in the United States navy.

Parrot Tries to Nag Smokers.

Zion City waits with eagerness the efforts of Overseer Wilbur Glenn Voliva to teach a Mexican parrot how to talk English. For hours Voliva sat in his home and every time a tobacco smoker passed he would hiss "Stinkpot." The bird tried to imitate him, but the word was too much.

DEAD SHOTS IN CONGRESS

Two Marksmen Who Would Shine in Any Company Are Natives of Arkansas and Arizona.

If all the members and officers of the house and senate were drafted for service in the firing lines in France, there would be two veterans who would prove themselves to be the equal of most marksmen of France, England or any other country. The Washington Post says there are very few good shots in either house of congress. It is said that no member of either body can compare with Jerry Smith of Arizona and Frank Smith of Arkansas.

Mr. Smith was known in Arizona as the "bullet shot" in that part of the country in his younger days and he is still there with the eye. The "bullet shot" is the name of a school of marksmen in Arizona.

It is a very difficult thing to put five shots in a silver dollar at a hundred yards, yet Jerry Smith has done it a dozen times. Senator Smith has tried to do the same thing, but he has never done it. He has tried to do it to the outer edge of the dollar. He attributed his failure to impatience of powder or shell or the whim of the wind. The senator said he had even tried placing a rifle in a vise and seeing that nothing moved the gun but invariably one shot would fail of its mark. The old Marksmen's muzzle loader—such was used in the early days of the war and days of big game hunting, was the best rifle ever invented, according to Senator Smith.

FAIR EXCHANGE IN TRENCHES

Wealthy "Poult" Handed Out Hundred-Franc Notes and Poorer Comrade Furnished Merment.

Soldiers of the same age, fighting side by side, a Frenchwoman says in her "Notes on the War" may be of very different social classes, but often become the closest friends.

She tells this story in illustration of the fact. A very merry young soldier entertained his companions in the "dugout" most delightfully by his irrepressible jollity. One day his spirit failed. Asked the reason by one of his mates, he said: "In ordinary life I am a clown in a circus hall. It's my business to make people laugh. But today I got a letter from my wife telling of the illness of our two children. She can't go out to work and things look black. That's why I don't joke today."

A few days later the same inquirer said: "Comrade, you're merry again. What's happened?" "Why, a letter from my Louise says a man called and bought her three hundred franc notes from his client, M. Jean Breton; so things are bright again for us. But who can M. Breton be? The other man was silent but badly spoke: 'Don't worry, again, I am Jean Breton. I'm rich enough to afford it. Now sing us one of your comic songs, please!'"

British Humor
The number of consulting physicians in England has become so reduced as a result of mobilization and overwork on the part of those not called to military duty owing to the fact that invalids and those subjected to excessive military duties are requested to refrain from consulting the doctor for fear of the "war" and "patriotic" duties.

It will be a proof of patriotism on the part of everyone during the war that the number of consulting physicians in England has become so reduced as a result of mobilization and overwork on the part of those not called to military duty owing to the fact that invalids and those subjected to excessive military duties are requested to refrain from consulting the doctor for fear of the "war" and "patriotic" duties.

The above is the advice found in an English newspaper. Americans should profit by this advice.

Direct From the Farm.

Nor will the world be so pitiful as good as it ought to be as long as the fresh food and ingenious appearing country woman drive into town early in the morning and stock up on old storage eggs and chickens at the places at which such things are purchased before starting out on their rounds and selling their produce direct from farm to consumer; and we have some evidence that this is a more or less common practice now.—Ohio State Journal.

They Sure Would.

Homer V. Winn was talking before the Indianapolis Advertisers' club about salesmanship, recently, and commented on the fact that salespeople were too often untruthful.

"Even the merchant himself is often untruthful," the speaker said. "He does not act in his store as he does at home."

"And if some of them did comment on the fact that the salespeople of the club should drive their last customer away."

The Girl of 1918.

It is not to be denied that a club woman sits in a club bridge room, a sports suit, a three-frock, some ball gown, and a few other togs. Yet at nineteen she falls gloriously in love with a shipping clerk and is profoundly convinced that two can live on less than one real salary.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

St. Patrick's Day

I cannot write of Ireland's hills as I would write today.

For I am here and Ireland's there, full half the world away;

And Ireland's lakes are emerald green and round her the green seas,

And I can't hear the colleen's call till on the Irish breeze

The way it tilted to me, and I cannot see the downs,

Nor see the part smoke rising from the chimney of the house

The green hills and the rock walls are all the world away.

And my heart will break in my breast when comes St. Patrick's Day.

She stood by the lone stone wall

And her laughing call

The mocking bird I hold so dear

Can't call like that at all!

For there was a bit of honey and a bit of laughter, too,

Asingh' in the call and, oh, her eyes were Irish blue—

Her eyes are Irish blue and, oh, I know they walk for me

Until the golden sun has sunk into the western sea!

And then I know she sends her call

And then she turns away—

And my heart will break in my breast when comes St. Patrick's Day.

A little lilt o' laughin' and a little lilt o' song—

And she is half the world away and all the days are long!

No love is like the love that swells within the Irish heart!

Her heart's with me, my heart's with her, however far apart!

And sometimes in the night I hear her call and call and call,

And sleep has gone from me and won't come back at all, at all!

And she is standin' on the hills and lookin' far away—

And, oh, my heart is like to break when comes St. Patrick's Day!

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

HAVE ALWAYS FREELY GIVEN

Openhandedness a Characteristic of the Irish Race Wherever They Have Settled.

The following sentences are quoted from "The Old World in the New" (1914) by Edward Alsworth Ross, professor of sociology in the University of Wisconsin.

"Along with their courage and their loyalty the Irish did not bring the economic virtues. Charity visitors know that the Irish are often as openhanded and as unscrupulous as the Bedouins. They are free givers, and no people are more ready to take into the family the orphan of their relatives. The Irish are near the foot of the list of virtues. Among a score or more of

nationalities, the Irish stand nearly at the foot of the list in the commission of larceny, burglary, fraud or highway robbery. Rape, pandering and the white slave traffic are almost unknown among them. No immigrant is more loyal to wife and child than the Irishman. As compared with their immigrant fathers, the proportion of laborers among the sons of Irishmen is halved, while that of professional men and salesmen is doubled, and that of clerks, copyists and bookkeepers is tripled. This is no doubt in part a result of the Irish character.

Put Cross Over Right Grave.
He had a habit of setting a cross at the grave of a Christian whenever he could. In his travels one day he came upon two newly made graves at the head of one of which was a cross. St. Patrick stopped and asked the man in the grave what his religion was. The man replied he was a pagan.

"Why, then, is this cross placed at your head?" St. Patrick asked.

The man replied that his companion had become a Christian and that a cross had been made in placing the cross. St. Patrick then corrected the error and placed the cross over the other grave.

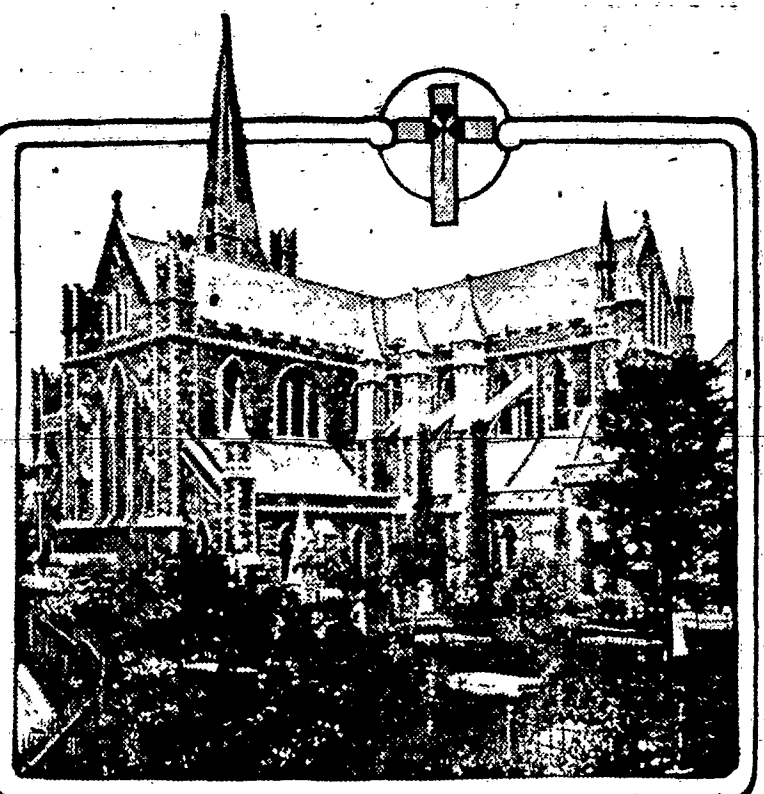
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ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL AT DUBLIN.

MANY LEGENDS OF ST. PATRICK

Picturesque Variety of Incidents Crowded into Life of the Great Apostle.

EXPOSITION OF THE TRINITY

Something That the Druids Could Understand—His Ridding Ireland of Snakes is of Course More or Less Mythical.

POPULAR tradition has surrounded the life of St. Patrick, whose festival all loyal Irish celebrate, with a more picturesque variety of incidents than has been the fate of any other saint. Whether they are true or not is a matter of little importance. If the stories are good, they have to be good, for the Irish are the authors.

One of the most famous of the myths connected with St. Patrick, perhaps the most famous after the traditional expulsion of snakes from Ireland, is the story of how the saint became connected with the shamrock. When St. Patrick first began to talk to the heathen Irish of the Trinity they did not believe him till he picked a shamrock and illustrated the doctrine by three leaves growing on one stem. This concrete analogy appealed to the druids and most of them became Christians.

These druids were St. Patrick's worst enemies, and he was forced by their hostility to act in a manner some what inappropriate for a saint. He cursed their lands for them so that they became waste and drear bogs; he cursed their rivers, so that no fish could live in them; he cursed their kettles, so that they would not hold and finally he cursed the earth, so that it was no land swallowed them up.

His Most Famous Act.
The saint's most famous achievement was the ridding Ireland of snakes. The story of the legend was novel at least. He simply called all the serpents together to the top of a mountain and compelled them to swallow each other until there was none left but one, the Englishman said, that seems quite probable.

A more authentic account is that he drove the snakes out by kicking a drum and that in his enthusiasm he knocked a hole in it, which an angel at once came and mended. One huge snake he is said to have chained in Lough Dilveen, and even to this day, every morning the snake calls out in good Irish:

"It's a long Mohday, Patrick!"
St. Patrick seems to have taken a great delight in performing miracles. Once when he was in England he saw a leper who wanted to make a voyage in a certain ship, but the captain would not let him. St. Patrick took a stone altar which had been consecrated by the pope and threw it into the water. He then made the leper sit on the altar, which floated and kept up with the ship for the whole voyage.

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with those in the back of his head saw secret things and he now saw monk holding some fresh meat that he might eat it secretly. St. Patrick as at once struck with remorse and raved for forgiveness. An angel then appeared and commanded him to put the pork into water. This he did, and was immediately changed into fishes.

His Memory Worshipped.
Such tales as these are told of by the Irish themselves with no hint of disrespect. They are merely the evidences of the all-pervading humor of his light-hearted people and should be taken in the same spirit by others, a spite of them the Irish worship the memory of St. Patrick above all other saints.

It should not be imagined, however, that the traditions concerning the patron saint of Ireland are all humorous. Some of them embody that sense of the beautiful which is also an Irish characteristic. One of the most attractive of these tales is that of St. Patrick and the king's daughters.

In the year 433 he celebrated Easter by converting many thousands of the inhabitants. After the termination of his services he went to Tara to try to convert the king. But the king would

have none of the new religion. And St. Patrick's life was in danger. In despair he was departing from the town when he passed a fountain near which were two fair maidens. The maidens, full of wonder at St. Patrick's white garments, asked him who he was.

Brought King Into Fold.
St. Patrick told them he was a bishop of God and expounded the principles of Christianity. They were delighted with his discourse and became converted at once. Then they asked St. Patrick to return to Tara, where their father was king.

St. Patrick, much surprised to hear that the two maidens were daughters of the king he had just visited, accompanied them back to the castle. Here the king was persuaded by the princesses to accept the new religion. The next day 12,000 of the people followed the example of their king and princesses.

Ireland's Patroness.
The first day of February is the anniversary of St. Brigid, or Brigit, the "patroness" of Ireland and of Fleet street. She was the beautiful daughter of an Irish bard, and her story seems to have been the Celtic equivalent of the early Irish misadventures wandered in western Europe. From Cologne to Seville, churches or abbies will be found dedicated to her honor, and wherever the "patroness of Erin" may migrate the name of Brigid marks a woman of Irish race. The spire of her church in Fleet street has been repeatedly struck by lightning and is now much reduced in height, but remains one of the three tallest steeples in London.—London Chronicle.

Interior of St. Patrick's

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