



Just a little splash of color. Sure it brightens up the day; Drab the world would be, and duller, But for good St. Patrick's day!

Who is he who would be scornin' When the shamrock smiles at him, With this good St. Patrick's mornin' Full of kindness to the brim?

## IS OLDEST NATION

IRELAND is the oldest European nation. The tin, iron, or stone of fate, was believed to be identical with the stone on which Jacob laid his head. The Tuatha de Danann brought it to Ireland by way of Norway. They were called the Tribe of God and were looked upon as superhuman because of their great attainments in artistic and scientific pursuits. "All who are skilled in the use of musical instruments; those who are gifted in the arts of divination and enchantment—such are the sons of the descendants of the Tuatha de Danann."



named Scotia and when she separated from the king her followers were called Scots. At first they gave the name of Scotland to Ireland and it was so described for many centuries. They and the Picts colonized north Britain and gave the name Scotland to it. The Picts came to Ireland shortly after the landing of the Gaels. These Gaels had lost a great many men in a stormy voyage from Spain and the widows were married to the Picts, who had no women with them.

Tara's Halls continued to be the seat of government until the Christian era, when it fell into disuse because of a curse that was placed upon it by St. Brendan.



God bless Ireland! We love her for her sins and her virtues. Her sins are the blunders of a zeal for freedom, and her virtues are the sweetest flowers that ever grew in human heart.

We love Ireland for the quality of her speech; the fertile charm of her fancy; the hostless fire of her blood.

We love the romance and magic of her; the daring and courage of her; the uncompromising idealism that invites martyrdom.

May she never lose faith in God and the fairies. May her harp never be stilled, nor her voice silenced. May she prosper in field and in loom. May she have the courage of righteousness and the patience of wisdom. God bless Ireland!

## The LUCKY SHAMROCK

By Beatrice Odle

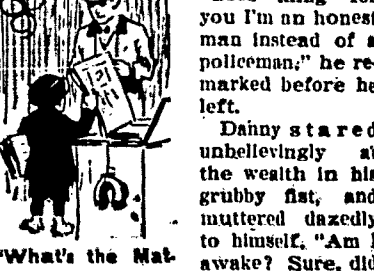
"A" N' so he found the lucky shamrock an' married the princess. But sure, who is ever completely happy in this world? After several years he lost it and with it half his contentment. It has never been found, but some day, Danny, maybe ye'll find it, an' Danny darlin', if ye do find it, guard it well!

Danny Malloy was recalling an Irish fairy tale his mother used to tell him. The tears gathered in his eyes and overflowed. When would she tell the tale to him again—ah, when? She had been dead these three years and the little boy she used to love had grown up since she left him. His father he could scarcely remember. What had become of him?

"What? A great big boy like you crying? Cheer up! Smile, red-headed son of Erin! Tomorrow is St. Patrick's day. Jolly chap, Pat!"

"P-paper, s-sir?" stammered Danny, confusedly.

"Well, yes, that's what I stopped for. But I hate to see a lad crying, especially the night before St. Patrick's day. Out with it—what's the matter?"



Danny drew back coldly. Then, seeing the commiserating expression in the kind eyes of the gentleman, he answered confusedly: "I was thinkin' of me mother, sir, an' wonderin'—"

"She is dead, then, poor lad?" asked the man huskily. Danny looked up quickly. Were those tears he saw in the stranger's eyes? Before he had recovered from his astonishment, the man turned and walked away.

"Paper, boy, and be quick—gracious! are ten-dollar bills so plentiful that you leave 'em lying around so careless?"

"Ten dollar what did you say, sir?"

"On this stack of papers; here, you idiot, put it in your pocket," and the man thrust a bill and a penny into the newsboy's hand.

"Good thing for you I'm an honest man instead of a policeman," he remarked before he left.

Danny stared unbelievably at the wealth in his grubby fist, and muttered dazedly to himself, "Am I awake? Sure, did I steal it? Oh, the gent left it; guess them was tears, all right."

"What you doin', boy—talkin' in your sleep? Slip us a paper, pronto; I want to catch a train."

Something lay on the sidewalk which glittered in the blaze from the thousand electric lights that lit the street. He stooped and picked it up.

"Oh, mother, I have found it! Can it be true? Yes, 'tis the lucky shamrock itself!" he murmured, gazing intently at the green enameled watch charm in the shape of a shamrock which he had picked up. The roar of the elevated trains, the shouts of drivers, the clang of street cars fell on deaf ears. Danny heard again the voice of his mother; he did not see the crowds of hurrying people, for he was back again in a cozy room, sitting with her by the window and she was speaking. He listened:

"It has never been found, but some day, Danny, maybe ye'll find it, an' Danny darlin', if ye do find it guard it well."

"Yes, mother, dear," the sound of his voice startled him. He heard again the clamor of the city. He saw once more the hurrying people; he opened his hand and looked again at the bauble.

"Danny, ye are a fool," he said to himself; "this is just a piece of jewelry that somebody has dropped," and he put it carelessly in his pocket.

St. Patrick's day brought sunshine and good luck to Danny Malloy. He was standing on his usual corner selling papers to one and another—almost everybody wore a silk shamrock in his buttonhole—when he saw a gentleman approaching. Where had he seen him before? Not until he spoke did Danny

recognize the sympathetic man or the night before.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, lad!"

"Same to you, sir. And, say, mister, here's a ten-dollar bill you left by mistake."

"Why here's an honest lad, to be sure! No, my boy; I left it, but not by mistake. And now, lad, maybe you'll tell me whether you found aught beside? A watch charm it was."

"Will it be a shamrock, mister?"

"Yes, yes; did you find it?" inquired the man eagerly.

"Here it is, sir."

"It's the very one, lad. Then, half to himself—"It's my lucky shamrock! Poor Eileen!"

"What did you say, mister?" asked Danny excitedly.

"I said this is what I lost—"

"No, sir," interrupted Danny. "Twas something about the lucky shamrock."

"And what about that, boy?" asked the man in some confusion.

"Oh!" moaned the boy, "an' she told me to keep it if ever I should find it. But, sure now, how was I to know 'twas the lucky—"

"What are you saying?" questioned the man suddenly and sharply. "Who told you to keep what?"

"Me mother—the lucky shamrock, to be sure."

"What's your name?" hoarsely asked the man.

"Danny Malloy," answered the boy, looking at the man in no little surprise. Then he drew back in awe. What was in the man's face? He was strangely drawn to him—why? He felt fearful and very queer. The man suddenly took his hands and looked into his face. Danny started and tried to wrench himself free.

"Don't be afraid, lad. Was your mother Eileen Malloy? You needn't answer, boy; I see it in your face. My son, don't you know your father? Look at me closely. I want you—will you come home?"

And then Danny knew why he had been so attracted by this man; why he had seemed familiar. For one instant his inward eye beheld a wonderful picture. It had been taken by that insatiable photographer, Time; by him developed, printed and pasted irrevocably in the book of life. It is seldom the happy lot of a mortal to catch a glimpse, ever so transient, of the finished pictures in this book. Only on an occasion like this will Time, for an instant, turn back the leaves.

A laughing baby sat on the knee of a big, blue-eyed man, and the man's wife—Danny's beautiful, black-haired mother—watched them.

Danny knew his father had come for him. He threw his arms around his father's neck and cried as he had in the faraway past, "Daddy!"

"Come home, lad," said his father in a voice that shook.

That night, sitting on his father's knee, Danny said, "What made you think I was your son?"

"Because you mentioned the 'lucky shamrock,' Dan. 'Twas your mother's favorite story, and she told me one day that I'd surely find it. I laughed, but she tossed her head in her saucy way and two weeks later I found this watch charm on my desk. I went to love, but she only said: 'You didn't believe me, Dan. You've found it. Sure, what had I to do with it?' and she would never admit she put it there. Then afterward we quarreled, Danny, and I went away. But never mind. I'll tell about that some other time."

"Father," said Danny gravely as he looked for the twentieth time, but with unabated wonder, at the richly furnished room and remembered the rest of the house, to him a fairy palace. "Father, mother was right. 'Twas the lucky shamrock you lost and I found. This is what she said:—"

"Some day, Danny, maybe ye'll find it. An' Danny darlin', if you do find it, guard it well. We must do that father, mustn't we?" And his father answered earnestly and solemnly: "With our lives, my son."

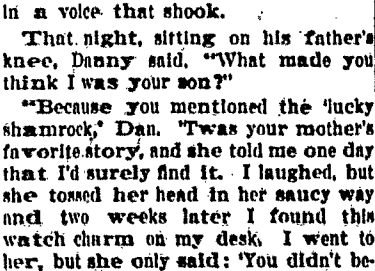
When the temperature is 32 degrees, sound travels 1,000 feet a second and one additional degree of temperature. Electricity over a wire where there is no resistance travels 192,024 miles a second.

Some Velocities.

When the temperature is 32 degrees, sound travels 1,000 feet a second and one additional degree of temperature. Electricity over a wire where there is no resistance travels 192,024 miles a second.

Irishman makes his home, there an altar to St. Patrick is established, and on the seventeenth of March a trail of green enriches the globe. The shamrock from the old sod reaches faraway places and decorates thousands of pillant fishermen who by the symbol proclaim their devotion to St. Patrick. This year, owing to the war and the uncertainty of the future, the celebrations are somewhat saddened.

Historians tell us with unflinching zest that St. Patrick was born of pious and God-fearing parents in the year 372 of the Christian era. The little that is known of his youth has been sadly garbled by chroniclers who, being ambitious to produce something new, seem to have forged some points of the history. Of these chroniclers some are, no doubt, correct, but which? On this account some painstaking writer has given us the facts as far as truly known, and with these we must be content.



In 387 he was sold as a slave to a chief of Ulster. To the youthful slave Ireland seemed God-forsaken and overrun by hosts of evil power. There was no church, no sacraments. He could find no priest nor any one who paid any attention to religion. He was "alone among scoffers and the worshippers of graven images."

His life of prayer and self-sacrifice continued during the long years of his term of slavery, which were three. Finally freed from his bondage he entered the priesthood as he had so long desired. After he had finished his studies he was ordained and the seal of his soul became a conflagration. As many devout souls have prayed to see, and as all desire, he prayed pathetically to wear the martyr's crown. France knew of him and there he labored for a time, as he did in Italy and the Thyrrenton sea islands. But it was to Ireland his heart turned most eagerly and he was permitted a vision in which he saw the people of Erin stretch forth their arms to him in supplication, and this vision determined him to undertake the difficult task of the conversion of Ireland. He traveled to Rome to get the permission of the pope and submitted his labor and himself to that high dignitary. He was consecrated bishop and, having received his instructions and having been blessed, he began his jour-



Since time out of mind it has been the custom to associate the harp with Irish music, perhaps because the harp is the emblem upon the flag of Ireland, or perhaps because "the harp that once through Tara's halls its soul of music shed" has echoed through the succeeding ages, stirring the imagination to vision of past glories. At all events, in spite of the fact that the origin of the harp antedates the earliest records of civilization and that now the harp has become almost extinct in Ireland, it seems probable that the historic association will persist.

## Hail St. Patrick!



St. Patrick! blest and loved Apostle, To thee in heaven we raise The tribute of our soul's affection, Our earth-wide psalm of praise.

## ST. PATRICK'S LIFE

Early Days Obscure, But Glorious Deeds Will Live Forever.

WHEREVER an Irishman makes his home, there an altar to St. Patrick is established, and on the seventeenth of March a trail of green enriches the globe. The shamrock from the old sod reaches faraway places and decorates thousands of pillant fishermen who by the symbol proclaim their devotion to St. Patrick. This year, owing to the war and the uncertainty of the future, the celebrations are somewhat saddened.

Historians tell us with unflinching zest that St. Patrick was born of pious and God-fearing parents in the year 372 of the Christian era. The little that is known of his youth has been sadly garbled by chroniclers who, being ambitious to produce something new, seem to have forged some points of the history. Of these chroniclers some are, no doubt, correct, but which? On this account some painstaking writer has given us the facts as far as truly known, and with these we must be content.

In 387 he was sold as a slave to a chief of Ulster. To the youthful slave Ireland seemed God-forsaken and overrun by hosts of evil power. There was no church, no sacraments. He could find no priest nor any one who paid any attention to religion. He was "alone among scoffers and the worshippers of graven images."

His life of prayer and self-sacrifice continued during the long years of his term of slavery, which were three. Finally freed from his bondage he entered the priesthood as he had so long desired. After he had finished his studies he was ordained and the seal of his soul became a conflagration. As many devout souls have prayed to see, and as all desire, he prayed pathetically to wear the martyr's crown. France knew of him and there he labored for a time, as he did in Italy and the Thyrrenton sea islands. But it was to Ireland his heart turned most eagerly and he was permitted a vision in which he saw the people of Erin stretch forth their arms to him in supplication, and this vision determined him to undertake the difficult task of the conversion of Ireland. He traveled to Rome to get the permission of the pope and submitted his labor and himself to that high dignitary. He was consecrated bishop and, having received his instructions and having been blessed, he began his jour-

ney to his new mission.

The inhabitants of Erin were considered in an advanced state of civilization, and St. Patrick began his labors by denouncing Druidism, astonishing his followers by the wonderful deeds he accomplished in the name of God, and little by little they believed and accepted the mysteries of the true religion. He explained to them the mysteries of the Trinity by picking from the sod a shamrock and discoursing on its trefoil leaf on one stem; then on the crucifix he explained the birth of the Christ and the purpose of his death and the beginning of the church. The religious fervor of St. Patrick appealed to the warm hearts of his listeners and his teachings swept Ireland like a conflagration. God's churches arose out of "Druidical ruins and the houses of the Druids became monasteries. Bearing aloft the banner of his Master, St. Patrick's travels over Erin were triumphantly successful.

It is not given to many workers to see the fruits of their labors, but under St. Patrick's teaching, in his life, Ireland became known as the Island of Saints. He lived to be one hundred and twenty years old. Another saint of Ireland said of him: "A just man with a purity of nature like a patriarch's; a true pilgrim like Abraham; gentle and forgiving like Moses; a praiseworthy palmer like David;

in wisdom like Solomon; a chosen vessel of God like the Apostle Paul, and full of grace and knowledge like John, the beloved disciple of Christ."

St. Patrick's Day.

March 17th is celebrated by Englishmen of all creeds and denominations as the birthday of their patron saint, Patrick. There is a story that once there was a dispute between two nations, one claiming that the patron saint was born on the eighth, the other that he came to this world on the month of March. As the quarrel could not otherwise be settled, the 17th was decided on by the simple compromise of adding eight and nine together. But there appears to be no reason at all in doubting that St. Patrick was born either at Kircpatrick (or Dunbratney) in Scotland, or perhaps in France, in the latter part of the fourth century, on the day usually kept as his birthday. St. Patrick's day is purely a national celebration irrespective of any religious belief.

Temperature Seldom Varies.

About the only place in which the daily temperature varies but narrowly from the annual mean is the weather on the eastern side of the island of Hawaii. It is the proud boast in Hawaii that within thirty miles of that any desired climate may be found from the torrid beach to the eternal snows of Mauna Kea, and that when a spot of the desired climate is found it will be unchanging day after day. Meteorological facts are not all that are needed. A change of climate for purposes of health should not be made except under competent medical direction.

Her Delightful Task.

"My! What's coming of up there in front?" asked the chef of the restaurant. "Chaudine has suddenly turned as sweet as posies. She trilled that last order to me like a lilla-la-lou. Is she practicing up her 'vod'vool?" "No," replied Hobbes of the same establishment. "She is waiting on a lieutenant."—Kansas City Star.

Physician.

Lady—"What caused you to become a tramp?" "Ragged Tim—The famous physician, mum. He advised me to take long walks after meals, and I've been walking after them ever since."

Delicious Compliment.

Charles received a wagon on his birthday and promptly broke a wheel. His father soon mended it. "Thank," he said, "you are smarter than I look."



Pilgrims at St. Patrick's Cross, Saint's Island, Lough Derg.