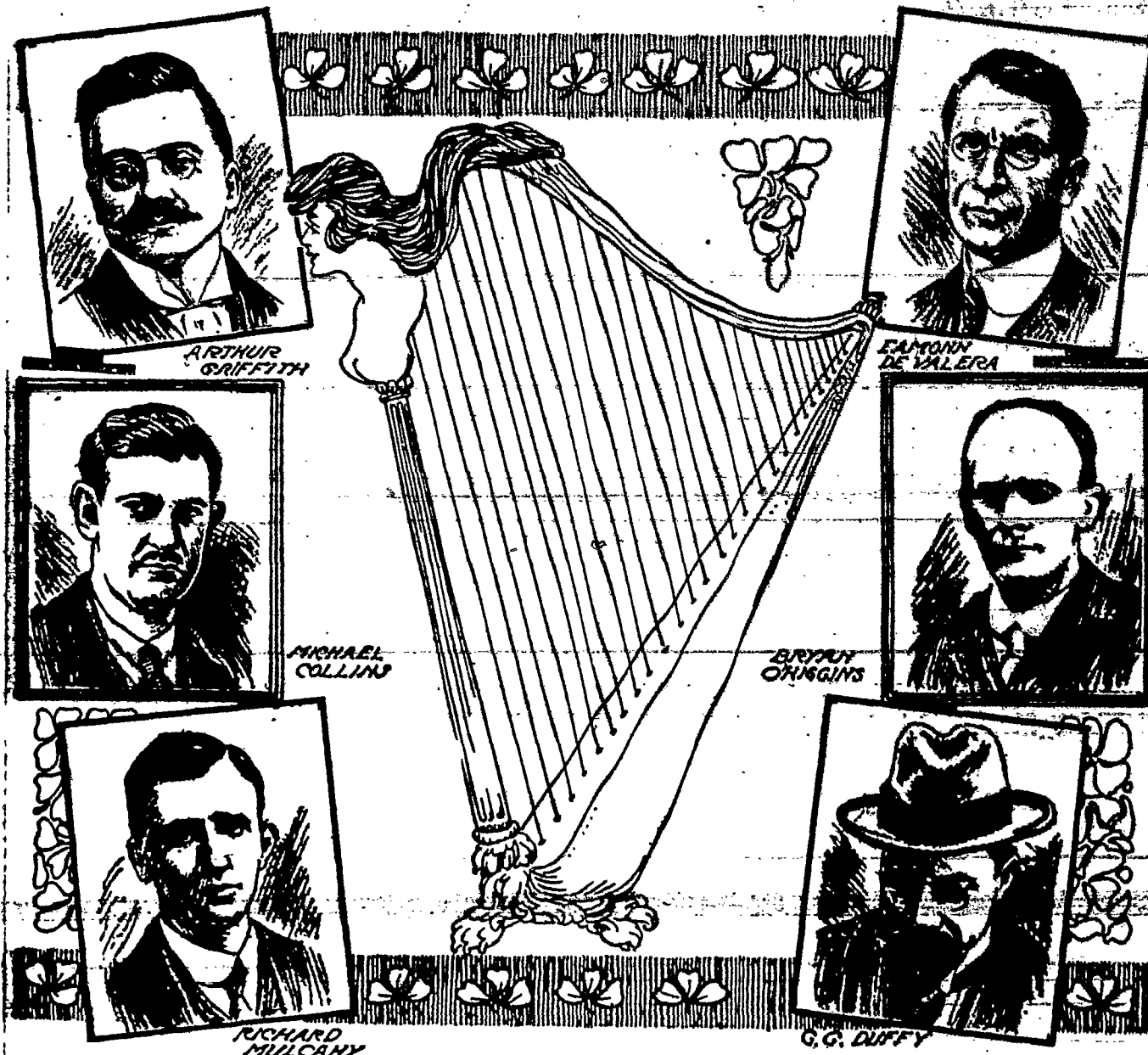


## STATESMEN AT THE HELM IN IRELAND



Out of the bitter struggle that preceded the ratification of the treaty with Great Britain creating the Irish Free State emerged a government headed by Arthur Griffith, one of the signers of the treaty in London, who, with Michael Collins, fought for it against the opposition of Eamon de Valera.

Other officers are: Michael Collins, minister of finance; G. G. Duffy, minister of foreign affairs; Richard Mulcahy, minister of defense; Bryan O'Higgins, minister of economic affairs.

## SAINT PATRICK IN HISTORY AND LEGEND

St. Patrick was born in North Britain, in what is now Dumfries, during the second half of the fourth century. His parents were Christians and of noble family. His father, a Roman citizen, Calpurnius by name, held the rank of decurion, and was an ordained clergyman; the mother Concessa, was the sister of St. Martin, bishop of Tours.

Although his parents were rich, St. Patrick was brought up very simply, living for the most part with his foster parents, on a farm. Early he began to work those miracles and wonders for which he is so famous.

In those days the Picts and Scots made frequent incursions upon the British coasts and on one of these invasions a band of marauders alighted from ships upon the shore near the farm where Patrick, now a lad of about sixteen, was playing in company with some of his younger brothers and sisters.

The pirates kidnaped St. Patrick, carrying him off to Ireland, where he was sold as a slave to Milcho, king of the Dalriadas, and given the task of tending the swine. It was during his years of servitude that Patrick acquired his knowledge of the Irish tongue and his love for the country folk.

After six years of this servitude an angel came to him in a dream and told him how to escape. Accepting the angel's advice and his escape duty accomplished, Patrick traveled on foot to the West, and there took ship for Britain. After much wandering he arrived at his old home only to find that his parents had died during his absence. He settled down quite happily with his brothers and sisters until one night the angel appeared to him saying that Ireland needed him. Patrick never slept without hearing in dreams the voice of the children of Folchut Wood crying out to him beseechingly. "Return to us, holy youth, come once more and walk among us!" And the angel explained that this was the voice of the children yet unborn in Ireland. From that moment Patrick determined that he would carry salvation to them.

In order to prepare himself for the carrying out of this mission, he sought advice and counsel of his uncle St. Martin, bishop of Tours, who had founded a monastery at Marmoutier, in France. St. Patrick made all the land part of the journey on foot.

One night when near the end of the journey, he lay down to rest in the snow under the bare branches of a blackthorn tree, to sleep. When he awoke in the morning, to his amazement he found the thorn all out in white-scented blossom, while the country around was still frozen. To this day the traveler may still see St. Patrick's blackthorn tree in blossom in bleak December. Here the old legends blend with those respecting Glastonbury, where he is said to have remained and studied theology.

For eight years Patrick remained at Marmoutier, studying and fasting. But on one occasion he was given a piece of meat—meat was not allowed to those in training—which he hid in a jar, hoping for an opportunity to eat it in stealth. While awaiting this opportunity he came face to face with a strange being with eyes both at the

front and at the back of its head. When asked who and what it might be, the creature answered, "I am a servant of God, and with my eyes in front I see the apparent actions of men, but with the eyes at the back of my head I see a certain monk concealing a piece of meat, that he might eat it in secret." Then the apparition vanished.

Falling upon his knees, and smiting his breast Saint Patrick begged to be forgiven and promised never to eat meat for the rest of his life, which promise, it is said, he faithfully kept. His angel returned to him and telling him he was pardoned told him to take the offending piece of meat and cast it into the water. When he had done this, publicly confessing his guilt, the meat was suddenly changed into a quantity of fresh and shining fishes, which sufficed for all the brothers.

After the death of St. Martin, Patrick spent fourteen years in Auxone, and a few years more in the Isle of Lerins, where St. Vincent was among his companions.

But all through these years, the voices of the children of Folchut Wood kept on crying to St. Patrick: "All we Irish beseech thee, holy Patrick, to come and save us from the wrath to come. O holy youth, come once more and walk among us!"

Finally the angel appeared again to Patrick and said: "Go to Ireland, for thou shalt be the apostle of thy people." Patrick at last set out for Rome to seek advice from its Bishop Celestine.



I wonder in the evening,  
In the dusky evening hour,  
If a thrush is singing sweetly  
In the glen at Ballybower;  
If his notes are rapturous, golden  
As on dusk-sweet eyes I knew,  
When the fairies crept to listen,  
As I stood alone with you.

I'm hoping in the evening,  
In the calm, sweet evening hour,  
That there's sadness in a thrush's song  
In far-off Ballybower;  
That a lingering note of longing  
Falls upon your listening ear,  
Stirring vague regrets and yearnings  
For a voice you cannot hear.

—Katherine Edelman in Kansas City Star.



front and at the back of its head. When asked who and what it might be, the creature answered, "I am a servant of God, and with my eyes in front I see the apparent actions of men, but with the eyes at the back of my head I see a certain monk concealing a piece of meat, that he might eat it in secret." Then the apparition vanished.

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Patrick and a band of foreign mission-workers landed on the eastern coast of Ireland, where St. Patrick stopped and picked a leaf of shamrock to illustrate to his simple hearers the doctrine of the Trinity, the Three in One, and so the shamrock is to this day the symbol of St. Patrick.

After various tests and proofs, the king Laegaire with his entire court and thousands more besides, submitted himself to baptism and promised to accept his persuasion and protection to the spreading of the Christian faith throughout his realm, which made the beginning of the saint's great work.

Year after year he traveled, preaching and exhorting, founding monasteries and convents, erecting churches, baptizing thousands, and tens of thousands, ordaining priests; consecrating bishops, rebuilding some of the churches still remaining from the older Christianity preached there in earlier days. All this while he had to fight against enemies both bitter and powerful who opposed and tried to thwart him at every step.

It was toward the end of his days that Patrick built the glorious church of Armagh—and here he would have lain him down to finish this earthly course. But it so happened that when he was at Saul, he realized that death was near, and started to travel back to Armagh; but the angel met him on the road and said: "Go back to Saul, for at Dichu's Barn where thou didst say thy first service on Irish soil shalt thou die."

As ever, Patrick bowed to God's will and there he breathed his last.

Where he was buried is not known for certain, though it is supposed he lies with Columcille and Bridget at Downe.

ON GOOD ST. PATRICK'S DAY  
Worthy Time for Irishmen to Reflect on Proud History of Their Race and Nation.

It is an exceedingly good thing that on this one day of the year, at least, people of Irish nativity and race should assemble around the festive board to hear something that shall take them away from the miserable, selfish thought of their business, of their own even laudable though at the same time petty domestic cares, and remind them of their ancestors, to tell them something of the place of their race and nation in the history of the world, and in the work that the universal Father surely has to do for each of the races that He has placed upon earth, as He has given work for each of the individual children that He sends into the world.—Dr. Edward McGlynn.

Length of Skirts Important.  
A superstition that is seasonal with the short skirts of the present day, is told by Yeats in the Celtic Twilight. "A lady I once knew saw a village child running about with a long trailing petticoat upon her and asked the creature why she did not have it cut short. It was my grandmother's," said the child; "would you have her going about yonder with her petticoat up to her knees and she dead but four days? I have read a story of a woman whose ghost haunted her people because they made her grave clothes too short so that the fires of purgatory burned her knees."

## TARA IN HISTORY

For Centuries Sacred in the Eyes of Irishmen.

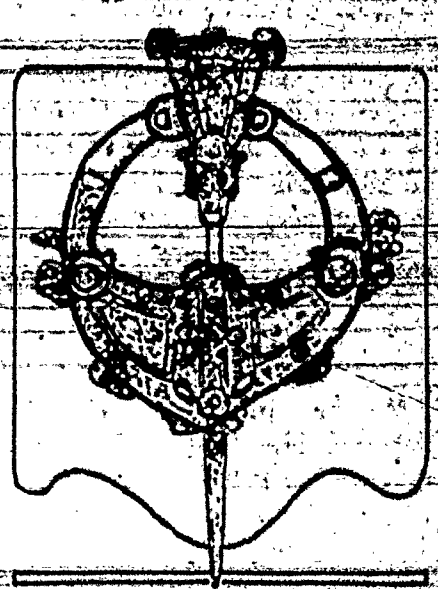
Royal Residence There Many Years Before the Dawn of the Christian Era, It Is Recorded.

Though "The harp that once through Tara's halls the soul of music shed" be now silent, the hill itself has lost nothing of its pristine fascination and popular favor. The oldest historic site in Ireland, it is also, probably, the most interesting, and cold indeed would be the heart and dull the ear that could listen unmoved to its story. Now, as in ages past, the hard who sings of Tara will have a sympathetic audience, whether the strains awakened be sad or gay, and whether its verdant summit be bathed in the glory of sunburst or darkened by storm-clouds. Through a mist of memories that makes the mere mention of its name more full of meaning than that of any spot in Ireland, the Hill of Tara looms as something sacred in the eyes of Irishmen the world over.

Some 19 centuries ago, before the Christian era, there was a royal residence at Tara, the first king to build a palace there being Sialingo, who, according to ancient annals, was contemporary with Abraham.

Sialingo was of the Firbolg race, and therefore of either Greek or Oriental origin. It is with the coming of the Firbolgs to Tara that the authentic history of the Irish people begins, the colonists who preceded them having left little or nothing by which their footsteps can be traced. They appear to have been fairly advanced in civilization. "They had laws and social institutions," says Sir William Wilde, "and established a monarchical government at the far-famed Hill of Tara, about which our earliest centers spring."

Although not more than 500 feet above the sea level Tara commands a beautiful and far-reaching view, and on its broad, flat summit the five great roads of ancient Ireland had their meeting point. The Firbolgs reigned at Tara for about 17 years when they were supplanted by the Tuatha-de-



The Tara Brooch.

Dannans, whose queen, Crofinn, gave the name Cathair Crofinn to the hill.

Nearly at the palace of the celebrated King, Cormac MacArt, to whom the most important buildings at Tara owed their existence. During his reign the chronicles of Ireland were assembled at Tara, and by his order wrote the "Fleisher of Tara." The Tuatha-de-Dannans introduced the art of hand writing into Ireland and brought to the Hill of Tara the Eas Fall, or Stone of Destiny, on which the kings of ancient Ireland were crowned. This colony was in its turn supplanted by the Milesians, an eastern tribe that came from Spain to Ireland. In one of their number, it is said to have given his name to the whole island, just as the lovely and accomplished princess, Tea, cousin and wife of his brother Heremon, gave hers to "The Beautiful Hill." The legend tells us that as the Milesians sighted "the Isle they had seen in dreams," Tea begged as a special favor that her husband would give her as a dowry whichever hill in Erin pleased her best. The request was granted and her choice fell on the same hill that had charmed both Firbolg and Tuatha-de-Dannans before her, and it became Tenmure, or Temair, the Mound of Tea. In time Temmure was latinized Temora, from which we get the modern name Tara.

ST. FINBAR'S



Famous Old Cathedral, the Pride of the City of Cork.

The old Irish parliament building at College Green, now occupied by the Bank of Ireland, is destined to become the official home of the legislature of the new Irish Free State, according to the political correspondent of the Freeman's Journal.

"When Michael Collins and William Cosgrave visited the handsome historic building," the writer says, "their visit was not entirely concerned with matters of finance. When arrangements appointing the Bank of Ireland as financial agents of the new government were concluded, the ministers were conducted around the building with a view to investigate its suitability to house the parliament."

"They spent a little time in the old house of lords, which is practically unchanged after the 122 years that have rolled away since it put the castle within reach of the suburban Grattan's parliament."

## THE SHAMROCK

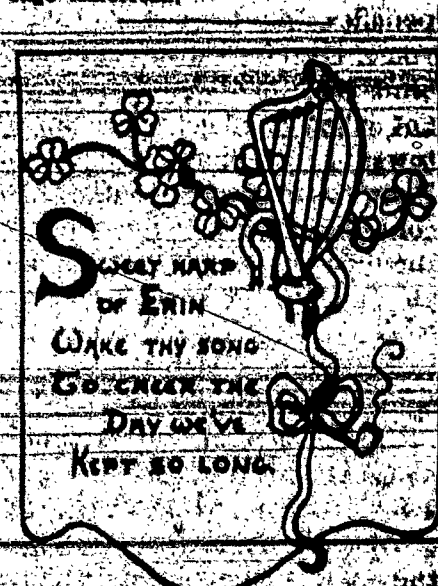


Almost everybody wears a shamrock or a bit of green in honor of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland. How many know why they do?

The shamrock, or small white clover, was used by St. Patrick, then a missionary in the island, as a symbol of illustration of the Trinity in speaking to the three pagan natives. Manacced by the Druid priests of the pagan faith, St. Patrick picked a shamrock at his feet and asked, "Is such a thing more unbelievable than 'thou' the plant should have three leaves?"

"If it is a curious coincidence," the text continues, "it is a curious coincidence that the trefoil in Arabic is called 'shamrock' and was held sacred by the Druids. Pagan, the ancient Druids, and the saints are never seen apart in the folk."

It is recorded to mention that the Irish had inscribed mystical symbols to the Irish or shamrock emblem. St. Patrick's arrival and on a sign of the Trinity they faced some he called across in that already sacred plant in shadow forth the magic revealed and mysterious doctrine of the Chicago American.



FAMOUS OLD DUBLIN CASTLE

Historic Edifice Dates from 12th Century. First Royal Occupant.

Dublin castle, recently brought into the limelight by the evacuation of the English military, followed by Irish occupation, has figured as prominently in old world affairs as any vaulted traditional "castle on the Rhine" or stronghold of medieval "robber barons," remarks the Kansas City Times.

Its first royal occupant was King John, who spent two days there in 1210. Richard II. returned there for nine months two centuries later, following King John's visit. Many sovereigns at different times have spent short stays there, including King George IV. and the present prince of Wales.

King John ordered its building in 1200 and from then on many wings and additions were built in the mode of architecture favored by the reigning monarch. As in the monarch's case, so in the castle's case, the more the better. The castle has presented an appearance as variegated and variegated as the Irish themselves.

The castle yard is likewise historic. Back in 1688 it was the scene of a trial of combat. Two cousins, both O'Connors, were called before the lord justice to settle the responsibility for the killing of a fellow clansman. They were each given a sword and a shield and after taking oath that each believed his cause a just one they fought. The victorious O'Connor cut off the head of his cousin and presented it to the lord justice.

Some men do fight only because they are too cowardly to do wrong.

Getting credit when you don't deserve it doesn't help any when it is wanted.

It's not poverty we mind, it's the lack of it. It's just what we need.

## Uncommon Sense

By JOHN HARRIS

## ANALYZE MISTAKES

WHEN you make a mistake, find out why you made it. Think over a few minutes. Do it in the manner in which it happened. Be ashamed of it if it is a bad mistake. Score yourself about it as a dangerous one.

The child never forgets the mistake he makes when he gets his head stuck in the door. The adult never forgets the mistake he makes when he gets his head stuck in the door.

When the mistake is a bad one, it is a bad mistake. When the mistake is a good one, it is a good mistake.

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