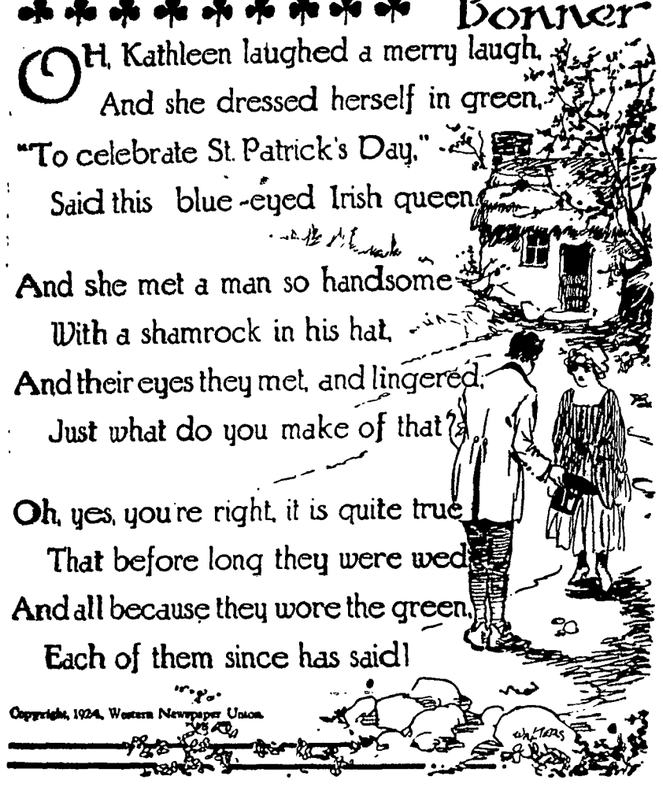
Wearing of the Green

By Mary Graham Bonner



OH, Kathleen laughed a merry laugh,
And she dressed herself in green,
"To celebrate St. Patrick's Day,"
Said this blue-eyed Irish queen.

And she met a man so handsome
With a shamrock in his hat,
And their eyes they met, and lingered,
Just what do you make of that?

Oh, yes, you're right, it is quite true
That before long they were wed,
And all because they wore the green,
Each of them since has said!

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St. Patrick's Day, and Why

By Willis F Johnson
in New York Tribune

THERE is no ground for wondering at the zeal and piety with which the Irish people commemorate the anniversary of their patron saint, since, for reasons based on fact, St. Patrick means more to them, and has for centuries meant more to Ireland, than any other patron saint in the calendar has meant to the land that reveres his name. Indeed, he is the only one who can be said to have been associated with his country to such a degree as to shape its destiny and to dominate all its subsequent history.

Some of the most famous patron saints have had only the most shadowy and legendary relations to the countries which adopted them. Such conspicuously is the case with St. George, who never was in England nor had anything to do with it. If we are to believe Gibbon, he was a most undesirable and discreditable person, a grafter, a tyrant and a heretic, who richly deserved the killing which was administered to him, and he was adopted as a patron by Richard Coeur de Lion because he saw him in a dream, before the Battle of Acre, as a precursor of victory. Butler, the Catholic historian, makes him an entirely different person, of saintly life, who suffered martyrdom under Diocletian, but was never near England. Finally, the erudite and reverent Sabine Baring Gould doubts if there ever was such a person, outside of a sun god myth.

St. Andrew was a real enough person, the brother of Simon Peter, of Bethsaida, in Galilee. But all that we know of him is in the New Testament, and there is only the most legendary foundation for the story that his body was taken to Scotland and interred where now stand the city and cathedral which bear his name. David, or Ddewi, was a real person, too, archbishop of Caerleon and primate of Wales. But he had no lasting influence over the life of the Welsh people, and, indeed, he was regarded as belonging more to England than to Wales—especially since he was reputed to have wrought the miracle which created the thermal waters at Bath.

Denis, or Dionysius, was an early—by no means the first—missionary to the Gauls, and was the first bishop of Paris; but his mark in French history is so slight as to be almost negligible—perhaps most remembered through the epigram of the irreverently witty lady of the old regime who, being reminded that after his martyrdom by decapitation the saint walked two miles with his head under his arm, before he died, observed: "The distance doesn't matter; it's the first step that counts!"

As for James the Elder, brother of John and son of Zebedee, he appears to have suffered martyrdom under Herod Agrippa in A. D. 44, and there is only legendary authority for the story that he preached in Spain and that after his death Spanish converts bore his body back to their country, where in the year 841 he rose from his tomb, mounted a white horse, led the army of King Ramiro of Leon against the Moors at Clavijo, and with his sword slew sixty thousand of the infidels. And Nicholas, our old friend Santa Claus, Archbishop of Myra—perhaps his remains were removed to Bari where those marvelous celebrations in his honor are yearly held; but it is quite certain that he had nothing to do with Russia.

But Patrick, or Sucoat (in Celtic), whether of Irish blood and birth or not, was, from his boyhood to his death, inseparably identified with Ireland and the Irish, and his teachings and his influence have for fifteen centuries been so closely interwoven with the intellectual and spiritual life of that people as to be bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, brain of their brain, heart of their heart.

The very map of Ireland is a record of his life. He landed at Innispatrick and thence went to Holmpatrick. Converting a chieftain in County Down on his own threshing floor, the place became known as Sabbulpatrick and Saulpatrick. In Antrim there is Templepatrick, and also Ballyligpatrick, and a mountain in Mayo is Croaghpatrick. In East Meath he founded the Abbey of Domnachpatrick; in Donegal there is St. Patrick's purgatory. In Leinster St. Patrick's wood, at Cashel St. Patrick's rock, and there are a dozen St. Patrick's wells. There is Downpatrick, where he died, and Downpatrick head. In other lands, too, his name is thus preserved. He was said to have been born at Kilpatrick, in Dumbartonshire; he lived at Dalpatrick in Lanarkshire; he visited Craigpatrick, near Inverness; he built churches at Kirkpatrick in Kirkcudbright, at Kirkpatrick in Dumfries, and at Kirkpatrick in Durham, he preached at Patricksdale or Patterdale in Westmoreland, he walked into Wales over Sarnpatrick, or Patricks causeway; the Isle of Man was called Innispatrick after he had visited it and had founded the Church of Kirkpatrick, and he sailed for France from Llanpatrick, in Anglesea.

Note, too, the manner in which various notable traditions have come to be identified with Patrick, though existing long before his time. The trefoil was venerated by the ancient Persians as emblematic of the Triads in their religion, and in Arabic it was called "shamrakh." But nobody ever thinks of it, or of oxalis, now save as the Irish shamrock, used by St. Patrick in his demonstration of the Christian Trinity. Again, centuries before his time, it was scientifically asserted that serpents were never seen where trefoil grows and that herb was a specific against their bite. But who thinks now of the Elder Pliny by the side of the story of St. Patrick's expulsion of all serpents from the land where the shamrock grows?

It might indeed be plausibly questioned whether, with the one obvious exception, any other single man has for centuries meant so much to the genius and the life of a people as St. Patrick has to the Irish race throughout the world.

St. Patrick's Day Dreams

I wonder today in old Ireland
If someone is thinking of me.
I wonder if thoughts are a-turning
To a wanderer over the sea?
I wonder, as shamrocks they gather,
If they're picking a one for me.
And when the peat fires burn in the hush of the night
In my face in the glow they [illegible]

I wonder if someone is praying
For a ship to come sailing the seas,
Or if someone is trying a message to catch
In the whispering sound of the trees.
Oh! I wonder if someone is thinking
Of other glad days long ago;
Oh! I wonder if someone is thinking of me,
Sure my heart is just aching to know.

—Katherine Eleiman.

The Shamrock's Mystery

AMONG the mysteries of Ireland is the shamrock. Nothing in the isle partakes more of the charm of the pervading mystery than this little plant of ancient memory. It is made of mystery. Even the question of which out of four or five little humble rival plants possesses by right and truly the name shamrock is a puzzle since centuries.

Then the shamrock is bound up closely with the life of St. Patrick, a man of holy mystery. And its own traditions of virtues and powers as a magic plant lead to more mystery, which is again deepened and widened by the questions over the use of the shamrock design in art.

The plant at present extensively accepted as the shamrock for wear and all actual purposes is a kind of clover. This species is by no means peculiar to Ireland, but it is common there and friendly to the eye, so it serves well as a national flower emblem.

The plant at the present day in most repute as the true shamrock, one of the hopclovers, is a slender trailing plant with small yellow heads. It is in use in many counties in Ireland and forms a great part of the shamrocks sold in London on St. Patrick's day.

The white clover is generally understood to be the common shamrock, and is most frequently mentioned as the national emblem of Ireland. But it is also variously supposed to be the red clover, wood sorrel (locally called shamrock in England) and the water cress. The latter, however, is not trifoliate and would have no traditional significance. Moore in one of his melodies couples the shamrock of Ireland with the olive of Spain, but such an association is possible only in song.

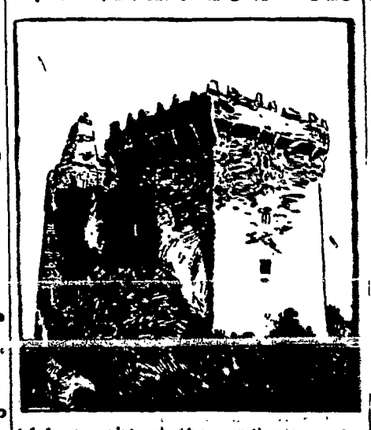
The clover in general is regarded among emblematists as the emblem of promise. But patriotism, even more than love or friendship, is the symbolism which the shamrock portrays today for the Irish people. It has received many tokens of regard for its good qualities from Hibernian poets. The following anonymous verses well express the sentiment with which it is regarded by the sons and daughters of Erin the world over:

Brave sons of Hibernia, your shamrocks display
For ever made sacred on St. Patrick's Day.
'Tis a type of religion, the badge of our saint,
And a plant of that soil which no venom can taint.
Then with shamrocks and myrtle let's garnish the bowl,
In converse convivial and sweet flow of soul,
To our saint make oblations of generous wine—
What saint could have more?—sure 'tis worship divine
May the blights of disunion no longer remain
Our shamrock to wither, its glories to stain,
May it flourish forever, we Heaven invoke,
Kindly sheltered and fenced by the brave Irish oak.

The Druids are thought to have held the clover in great repute, dreaming it to be a charm against evil spirits. Hope was pictured by the ancients as a little child on tiptoe holding one of the flowers in its hand. If the moorlands of North England and some parts of North America are turned up for the first time and strewed with lime, white clover springs up in abundance, typifying to the wondering farmer promise of future bounteous crops.

Blarney Castle, in Ireland

THE "Emerald Isle" abounds in lovely bits of scenery, of which some ivy-mantled abbey or historic castle forms a charming feature. One of the most renowned of these old Irish ruins is Blarney castle, not far from Cork. On the



highest point of the northeast angle of the tower is a stone bearing the date of 1703, and held in position by two iron bars. In 1825 Sir Walter Scott, while on a tour through Ireland, kissed this "Blarney Stone," as thousands of tourists do every year.

St. Patrick: His Day

By Blanche Elizabeth Wade
in New York Times

WHEN dear St. Patrick sailed the sea.
(Yo ho, my lads, the anchor weigh!)
The waves were green as they could be,
The tars piped up in merry key.
And sent the good ship flying free.
(Yo ho, for the wind in the riggin'!)

He said farewell to Scotland's shore.
(Yo ho, my lads, let out more sail!)
Her bluebells he might see no more.
Their boss he did not then deplore,
For shamrocks he would have galore.
(Yo ho head her straight for old Ireland!)

The shamrock cast its threefold spell,
(Yo ho, my lads, now mind your eye!)
More potent charm than asphodel
The poets praise in verse so well,
And there St. Patrick chose to dwell
(Yo ho, for the green shores of Ireland!)

Good luck began for that green isle,
(Yo ho, my lads, now trim the sails!)
For there he banished vermin vile.
The people loved his tender smile
So genuine—so free from guile.
(Yo ho, for the heart of old Ireland!)

They say one serpent would not leave.
(Yo ho, my lads, all hands on deck!)
When this St. Patrick did perceive,
A scheme he then began to weave,
The bad old serpent to deceive.
(Yo ho, for the wits of old Ireland!)

And so beneath the ocean green
(Yo ho, my lads, three rousing cheers!)
The serpent sank and left the scene
And that's why all the world is keen
To sing St Patrick's [illegible]
(Yo ho for the Saint of old Ireland!)

Tipperary Party on St. Patrick's Day

A Tipperary party is the thing to give on St Patrick's day, March 17. Write as many of these invitations as you girls are going to have guests to attend your St. Patrick's day gathering:

"It's a long long way to Tipperary,"
We know that very well,
But we'll all get there in spirit,
No matter where we dwell;
So come, all of you, on Monday
To the Tipperary "meet."
To remember dear old Ireland
And her shamrock so sweet.

Now for the games to play at the "meet." Some of the quaint old games should be chosen, only altered a bit to suit "the day we celebrate." "Going to Tipperary" can be made a very jolly journey by providing one chair or seat of some kind less than the number of players. Then start your ring of players marching around the room to the tune of "Tipperary," played on the piano, and then have someone call out in a loud voice "Tipperary!" Then there must be a scramble for seats. One player will be left out, of course and he cannot play again, but will sit down on one of the seats, and so there will be another seat "short", keep on playing this way till only two players will be left and the one of these two girls or boys winning the coveted empty place will win the game.

"Hunt the Shamrock" will be another pretty game, and to play it the hostess will provide some little article like a stickpin in the shape of a shamrock. This must be a small article, necessarily, as it will have to be hidden somewhere in the room. The one finding it will be the prize winner.

If you have a really humorous guest at the Tipperary party, one who has the "gift of gab," let him or her take each guest in turn and "fire out" at the unfortunate victim a lot of questions, to each of which the victim must answer without smiling, "Tipperary." Sometimes the questions will be so comical and the answer, "Tipperary," so very far from the mark that it will be almost impossible not to laugh. The one who succeeds in answering all the questions without laughing will be the winner of the game.

Some dancing should be done, and the tune should be "Tipperary," if possible, or some old Irish air like "Rory O'More," "Wearing of the Green," or other fine old Irish tunes. Another game which would make lots of fun would be to send one of the players out of the room, and then choose some Irish character of fiction or real life, and when the player comes in again, he or she must guess who it is from the answers to the questions put to the company.

For the decorations of your room you can have shamrock leaves cut out of crepe paper, wired, and tied in a bouquet with green ribbon, or real green leaves from the greenhouse, ferns or manufactured shamrock leaves from the stores. If you have some refreshments, use green and white paper napkins, sandwiches with lettuce filling, green candles, green ice cream and cakes with green icing. Any green china you may have will be splendid to serve your refreshments upon.

FIND GRANDDADDY OF BUILDINGS NEAR UR

Makes King Tut Look Like a Modern.

Philadelphia.—The oldest building in the world still standing above ground has been found by the joint expedition of the British museum, London, and the University museum, Philadelphia, at Tell El Obeid, Babylonia, four miles from Ur of the Chaldees of Biblical fame.

This was announced by Dr. George B. Gordon, director of the University museum, in making public a report from Dr. C. Leonard Wooley, head of the joint expedition on the banks of the Euphrates.

The excavation of this building, a temple, has moved the already ancient history of Babylonia back another 1000 years. The building is more than six thousand years old, and its history is placed at a period as far removed from King Tut-Ankh-Amen in the past as the present generation is removed from him in known history.

The Temple of Bulls.

Doctor Gordon announced that the expedition had unearthed remarkable carvings. One of the choicest finds was a small golden scarabold bead inscribed with the name of the builder of the temple, King A An-Ni Pad-Da of Ur, who reigned 4,500 years before Christ.

In the report describing the building, Doctor Wooley says in part:

"A broad flight of stone steps led to a platform about twenty feet high, on the north corner of which stood the temple proper, its gate tower fronting on the stairway. Its facade is set back from the edge of the platform so as to leave a narrow step on which stood a row of statues of bulls sculptured in the round. These stood some three feet high and were made of thin copper plates beaten up over a wooden core.

Two Statues Recovered.

"Two of these statues have been recovered, though in a bad condition owing to the crushing of the metal under the enormous weight of the brickwork which had fallen and to the enemy hands which had torn off the golden horns.

"Of the frieze of cattle lying down, we have now a dozen examples. Some show bulls advancing in solemn procession. The most interesting, a panel scene cows and their calves, and men milking the cows into tall jars.

"An important discovery was that of two columns ten feet high encrusted with mosaic work in black paste, red stone and mother o' pearl."

Infant Hercules Shows Great Lifting Power

The Harlem infant Hercules, Johnny Modugno, aged eleven months, weight 26 pounds, lifting three chairs with his two hands while his father, Michael Modugno holds him. The little babe performs many other feats which put him in a class by himself as a husky knight of the swaddling clothes.

Heart of Voltaire Taken From Pedestal of Statue

Paris.—A bronze plate, inscribed "The Heart of Voltaire," found on a pedestal designed for a plaster statue of the great French thinker in the National library was removed, disclosing a hollow space containing a small wooden box. Inside this a large gilded wooden heart was found inscribed "Heart of Voltaire—died Paris—thirty May 1778."

When the receptacle was shaken a liquid was heard, undoubtedly that in which the heart was preserved. The minister of fine arts did not open the wooden heart. An inscription indicated that the pedestal was donated to the National library by the heirs of the Marquis de Villette in 1864.

Orders Christian Schools to Observe Turk Sabbath

Constantinople. The police authorities of Constantinople have issued an order directing all Christian institutions to observe the Moslem Sabbath which falls on Friday. Schools refusing to close on Fridays will be heavily fined. The ministry of public instruction has rescinded an order exempting American institutions from operation of the decree.

Seek Jobs for Veterans

Washington.—Jobs for 18,556 veterans of the World war will be needed by July, when the men will have completed their schooling. Director Hines, of the veterans' bureau, has appealed to business men and manufacturers to aid him to find positions.

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