

St. Patrick's Day Memories

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

(From his Volume of Poetry, "Voices of Erin.")

Here in the strangers' city
The winds blow bitter and keen,
But over the sea in Ireland now
I know that the fields are green;
I know that the fields are green, and the snow
From the hills has melted away,
And the blackbird sings, an' the shamrock
springs.

On dear St. Patrick's Day!

I know that the bells are ringing
From many a belfry quaint,
In many a chapel the sagart tells
The glory of Ireland's saint;
From many a cabin lowly and poor,
From many a mansion gay,
The strains arise to the list'ning skies
Of sweet "St. Patrick's Day."

I know that the boys are gathered
Outside on the village green,
Where many a feat of stalwart strength
Enlivens the sunlit scene;
And who would be blaming an Irish youth
For letting his glances stray
To the callins dressed in their Sunday best
On dear St. Patrick's Day?

Here in the strangers' city
Are fortune and fame galore,
The poor man's son may win if he will
A measure of golden store;
But ever when springtime comes again
I wish I were far away
Where the Suir flows and the shamrock
grows,
On dear St. Patrick's Day!

St. Patrick's Greatness

An Englishman who had toured the United States said to an American friend:

"I cannot understand it. On the 22d of February I supposed there would be a grand national demonstration in honor of George Washington. But nothing occurred. On the 17th of March the city was in green and decorated in green flags and Irish emblems fluttered everywhere, the hotel menu card was in green ink and the evening paper came out in green."

"Bands played in the streets, men paraded, the city police force and military turned out, there were balls, banquets and public speaking. What I want to know is whether St. Patrick or George Washington is the nation's patron saint."

Some idea of how powerful a figure St. Patrick was may be gained by comparing the memory of St. Patrick, born 1,535 years ago, with that of George Washington, who has been dead a little more than a century.

St. Patrick went into Ireland when it was plunged in the darkness of paganism. He confronted a hostile people with a dozen assistants. He carried the new civilization with him. He met a fighting race and subdued it single-handed.

His first work in reaching a community was to preach the gospel in the native tongue of the people. This he did with Pauline fervor and a fire of conviction which fired the heart and imagination of the people. You can look at the work of any Irish priest to-day and see the duplication of St. Patrick's method. First a talk to the people, then the building of a church, then the erection of a school, and then the exhortation to practice the Christian virtues, the succor of the widow and the orphan, the weak, the fallen and the aged.

Patrick established universities which, by the labor of the inmates, were self-sustaining, and to which the youth of England flocked by thousands. Europe, during his lifetime, was in conflagration. Hordes of the north, Goths and Vandals, ravaged the south, and the lamp of learning, extinguished on the continent, burned brightly in the cloisters of the monasteries and universities of Ireland. Patrick translated nothing into Irish. He taught the Irish Latin and implanted, full born, the civilization of Christian Rome.

He introduced the arts and crafts, developed agriculture, taught industry, application and love of work. Institutions of learning, churches and homes of religious workers, training schools and seminaries, were supported, not by contributions, but by labor of the inmates.

From idleness to industry, from fighting to the arts of peace, from Druidical worship to Christian practice and ideals, St. Patrick turned the whole island by personal effort and example, by incessant exhausting toil. He died as he lived, without the possession of a groat.

The arts and letters, science and biblical knowledge which fled from the continent took refuge in the famous schools which made Durrow and Aragh the universities of the west. To the eternal honor of Irish hospitality he said that these thousands of strangers from every country in Europe were not only welcomed, but supplied gratuitously with books, clothes and food.

The scholarship thus engendered re-furnished Europe when, a century's anarchy over, the Irish missionaries

emerged from schools and flashed over the charred remains of European civilization the sacred light of learning.

So, when the bearer of the name Patrick, laborer and toiler though he be, remembers that his title is descended from one of the proudest in Rome, patrician, and thinks in his poverty and humility of the ancient glory of his people, where is there an American who will not honor in him the survival through the centuries of the pride and learning and achievement of his ancestors, and join him on St. Patrick's day in singing "All Hail to St. Patrick?"

BROUGHT OLD FOES TOGETHER.

Two Results of Deep Potations on St. Patrick's Day.

Here is an echo of St. Patrick's day in a story that is going the rounds of the police officers in a certain district. In fact, the story began two years back from the 17th of last March. At that time a certain son of Erin, in honor of the patron saint of his country, imbibed just freely enough to make him a bit peevish. A gentleman whose ancestors hail from the land of the Kaiser Wilhelm did the same thing, possibly because it was not the day dedicated to the patron saint of his country—the average man can find an excuse in anything when he wants to take a little more than is good for him.

With such inspiration on St. Patrick's day, 1907, it did not take much to get up a goodly-sized quarrel between the Irishman and the German, and each said mean and horrid things about the land which the other delighted to honor. By and by it reached the "You're another" stage.

And for a whole year the two guardians of the peace were enemies. But on St. Patrick's day next year the twain again indulged in frequent libations, and this time with different results, for each one was inspired with a great and deep love for all mankind.

With this love in their hearts the old enemies met.

"Herman," said the Irishman, "be-gorra, but I'm a mane man. Will ye forgive and ferget for the sake of auld times?"

"Sure Mike, but dat iss von ting I will do."

There is not any moral to this story unless it is that there are queerer things than green snakes to be seen on St. Patrick's day.—Cleveland Leader.

The "True Shamrock."

The "true shamrock" to an Irishman, is the plant which is known by that name around the spot of his or his father's birth. But the botanist has as much trouble in identifying it as he has in identifying the "mayflower" of New England, a name which is applied in different localities to the trailing arbutus, to the saxifrage, to the hepatica and to two or three other plants. In spite of the fact that the hailing arbutus is the mayflower of New England literature, the word is much more commonly and popularly applied to the saxifrage than it is to the arbutus.

St. Patrick's Iron Hand B.W.
No visible memorial of Patrick has escaped the chances of time with one possible exception. This is a four-sided iron hand bell, preserved in the national museum at Dublin, which, if it were not actually used by the saint, may have been in use at Armagh a hundred years or so after his death.

A SCHOOLHOUSE ON WHEELS



Without some scientific knowledge the farmer of to-day cannot expect to succeed. Realizing this, several agricultural experiment stations throughout the country are using railroad trains as moving schoolhouses and are teaching those engaged in agricultural pursuits how they should follow their business. Lectures on farming are given in the cars and stops are made wherever it is thought necessary. It is a fact worthy of note that many women attend these lectures.

CAPE TO CAIRO LINE

WORLD'S LONGEST RAILROAD TO BE DONE IN FEW YEARS.

Chief Engineer of Syndicate Which Has Charge of the Great African Project Tells of Advantages Railway Will Give.

New York.—F. von Gheel Gildemeester, chief engineer of the Cape Town-Cairo railway syndicate, now in charge of the operations which, within a few years, will form the connecting link between North and South Africa, is stopping at the Waldorf-Astoria. He is in the United States to make a study of the railway systems of this country.

"In the Cape Town-Cairo railway," said Mr. Gildemeester, "there is at present a stretch of about 2,500 miles to be completed. It lies between Khartoum, in the British Egyptian Sudan, to Broken Hill, a point in Rhodesia. It is estimated that this remaining mileage will be completed within three years, and then the longest railroad in the world, covering in the neighborhood of 6,400 miles, will be finished."

"What do I estimate the total cost to be? Very close to £200,000,000, or about \$1,000,000,000, I should say, but a comparatively small amount when it is considered what a glorious thing it will be for Africa, one of the greatest and richest countries of the world. It will be possible for the traveler to journey from Berlin or Paris to Cape Town in ten or eleven days—just think of that! And then it will open up a country that is rich in almost everything in the mineral world—gold, silver, copper and diamonds. What else they will find there remains to be seen."

"It's a great work, is this building of the longest railway, and what it all means to Africa and the world is not fully appreciated, I am afraid."

"To the business man, to be found everywhere, and especially those having affairs in Africa, it will be a wonderful thing. Where now, in traveling from Paris for example, he is compelled to take a long sea trip, he will be able, after the completion of the road, to take train to Brindisi, Italy, thence by boat to Alexandria, Egypt, and a short journey to Cairo, where he will take the train that will land him in Cape Town, at the southern extreme of Africa, all in 11 days."

"Just at the present time we are working in a rather disagreeable country—that is to say, a country which has a fair climate, but fever is quite prevalent. The engineers on the work are German, American and English, with, of course, the Kaffir as the laboring factor."

INVENTS MOTOR ICEBOAT.

Yankee Hopes to Attain a Speed of a Mile a Minute on Ice.

Springfield, Mass.—A motor iceboat, the invention of Philip E. Taft of Stebbins Place, has been attracting much attention on Watershop pond. The machine has already attained a speed of 30 miles an hour, and Mr. Taft expects to increase this to 40 miles before the winter is over.

Another year he will build a new boat, which he expects to easily travel at a mile a minute clip. The boat he is now experimenting with is about ten feet long and four and one-half feet wide at the bow, tapering to nearly a point at the stern. The highest point is the gasoline tank, which is

HAD GREAT MEMORY

ST. LOUIS' WALKING ENCYCLOPEDIA PASSES AWAY.

"Count" Fred Gerike Solved Many Difficult Questions of Law for Justices—Kept Diary for Forty Years.

St. Louis.—With the passing away of "Count" Fred Gerike, who was asphyxiated in the rear of Justice "Marty" Moore's office on Chestnut street the other day, justices of the peace, lawyers and attaches of courts in St. Louis have lost the services of a walking encyclopedia. For 30 years the "count" has been solving difficult law points which arose in justices' courts and settling questions of history which no one but he seemed able to answer.

When he was not making himself useful in many little ways around the courts the "count" was reading and studying. No one knew where he got his rest and sleep. The light would burn in his room on South Second street until far into the morning and he was always the first man at the bar of the corner saloon when it opened at 5 a. m.

"Count" Gerike was born in St. Louis about 65 years ago. From early boyhood he was a constant reader studying many languages and especially history. He knew the history of the formation of every government, could tell the names of every ruler of the different countries down to the present time, and could give practically all information about these countries, their people, art, literature and religion.

"Count" Gerike is believed by former Justice "Bobby" Carroll, who was one of his best friends, to have had a right to the title which he assumed, and by which he was known. His grandfather was under sentence to be shot in Germany, where he was a member of the nobility, but escaped to America. He died in Philadelphia.

During the earlier years of his life the "count" was a student of law and medicine, and for 35 years has been a voluntary attaché of different justice courts in St. Louis. Less than a year ago he was left \$4,000 in the will of Henry Boemler, a lawyer he had known for many years. The legacy was conditioned that the "count" should enter the ministry. He had studied for the Lutheran ministry, but would have had to devote considerable more time to study to have qualified himself to preach. He declined the legacy, saying:

"I'm too old for that sort of thing." For many years the "count" had been a hard drinker. His friends say there was never a day that he did not drink. Sometimes it would be only a little, and at other times he would be in a stupor for weeks.

The "count" made a number of temperance speeches, usually while intoxicated. He would tell his friends he was a living example to others.

The "count's" wife died three years ago, and since that time he had been living in two rooms on South Second street. These rooms are filled with books and memoranda. For more than forty years he kept a diary of daily happenings. His rooms contain many manuscripts he had written, mostly essays on history, philosophical and moral subjects. He had at least 10,000 newspaper clippings on a great variety of subjects.

The "count" appeared in Justice Moore's office and asked permission to go into a rear room to sleep. When Justice Moore and former Justice "Bobby" Carroll went to the room to look for him late in the afternoon they found him propped in a chair, dead. The room was filled with gas, which had escaped from a gas stove.

A NURSE'S EXPERIENCE.

Backache, Pains in the Kidneys, Bloating, Etc., Overcome.

A nurse is expected to know what to do for common ailments, and women who suffer backache, constant languor, and other common symptoms of kidney complaint, should be grateful to Mrs. Minnie Turner, of E. B. St., Anadarko, Okla., for pointing out the way to find quick relief.



Mrs. Turner used Doan's Kidney Pills for a run-down condition, backache, pains in the sides and kidneys, bloated limbs, etc. "The way they have built me up is simply marvelous," says Mrs. Turner, who is a nurse. "My health improved rapidly. Five boxes did so much for me I am telling everybody about it."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lost Articles Department.

Bridget, who had administered the culinary affairs of the Morse household for many years, was sometimes torn between her devotion to her mistress and loyalty to the small son of the house.

"Bridget," said Mrs. Morse, in a tone of wonder, after an inspection of the storeroom, "where have those splendid red apples gone that the man brought yesterday—those four big ones?"

"Well, now, ma'am," said poor Bridget, "I couldn't rightly say; but I'm thinkin' if you was to find where my loaf o' hot gingerbread is, likely thim four red apples would be lyin' right on top of it, an' I'm hopin' his little stum-mick can stand the strain."—Youth's Companion.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Thanks to the Burglar.

The dark lantern flashed through the flat. Then came the gleam of a revolver.

"Hands up!" hissed the head of the family. "You're a burglar."

"Y-yes," gasped the intruder, as he faced the cold steel.

"What have you stolen?"

"Your wife's pug dog."

"H'm. Er—if that's all you may sneak out quietly."

"And your mother-in-law's parrot."

"You don't say. Well, here is some loose change."

"And your daughter's phonograph."

"Good! Here's some more loose change."

"Also your son's punching bag."

"What! Great Scot, man, come out to the library and I'll open a special bottle."—T.H.H.

Might Look for Recovery.

The following was told of the patient of a well-known New York physician:

The patient, an elderly gentleman, became quite ill while the doctor was absent upon a vacation, the indisposition being the result of too frequent potations. A female nurse was at once engaged to care for him in his hotel.

A lady, residing in the same hotel, became aware of his illness, and interested herself to the extent of one morning inquiring concerning his condition of the chambermaid.

"Shure, ma'am," replied Maggie, "an' I think he do be getting along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'!"

CONGENIAL WORK

And Strength to Perform It.

A person in good health is likely to have a genial disposition, ambition, and enjoy work.

On the other hand, if the digestive organs have been upset by wrong food, work becomes drudgery.

"Until recently," writes a Washington girl, "I was a railroad stenographer, which means full work every day."

"Like many other girls alone in a large city, I lived at a boarding house. For breakfast it was mush, greasy meat, soggy cakes, black coffee, etc."

"After a few months of this diet I used to feel sleepy and heavy in the mornings. My work seemed a terrible effort, and I thought the work was to blame—too arduous."

"At home I had heard my father speak of a young fellow who went long distances in the cold on Grape-Nuts and cream and nothing more for breakfast."

"I concluded if it would tide him over a morning's heavy work, it might help me, so on my way home one night I bought a package and next morning I had Grape-Nuts and milk for breakfast."

"I stuck to Grape-Nuts, and in less than two weeks I noticed improvement. I can't just tell how well I felt, but I remember I used to walk the 12 blocks to business and knew how good it was simply to live."

"As to my work—well, did you ever feel the delight of having congenial work and the strength to perform it? That's how I felt. I truly believe there's life and vigor in every grain of Grape-Nuts."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

GOVERNOR OF KENTUCKY



Gov. Augustus E. Willson, of Kentucky, who has become prominent in the public eye recently through his efforts to maintain law and order in his state by trying to abolish the dreaded night riders.