# FOR IRELAND

A fierce flame burst, at boyhood's dawn, within my tender breast, Impassioned love my soul consumed for motherland, opprest; Her glories gilt my waking hours, her woes my dreams o'erca And the love that fed my heart's first fire, please God, shall light my last.

There's not a little bell that blows in Ireland's dewy glens, There's not a shagan shakes a spear above her many fens There's not a tiny blade of grass on all her thousand hills, But this fond breast with tender love to overflowing fills.

Oh, Ireland! for your holy sake I'll joyful bear all pain; your high cause I consecrate my heart, my hand, my brain. If life and strife avail me not to save that soul one sigh Then, crowning joy, in your sweet name let one unworthy die





four hundred and forty-two ago, on March 17, according to the most trustworthy accounts. the death and beatification of Saint Patrick took place. That is why, on the anniversary of that event, the shamrock is worn by every loyal Irishman. If he cannot obtain a genuine leaf from

old Erin, he wears the best imitation he can find, and if he can get no shamrock, real or counterfeit, he wears a green necktie or a strip of green in his coat lanel.

It was not many years ago that the more enthusiastic of the sons of Ireland on the day when they bedecked themselves with green would decline to tolerate the sight of a yellow em-Venders of oranges and bananas did well to keep their carts off the street. Even a belief in the same religion was not always sufficient to save orange sellers; that fruit was entirely too suggestive of the Orange men's association.

In these days of increasing toleration there is less and less friction of this sort. The custom of giving Saint Patrick's day parades is gradually dying out in this country. Many years ago the New York city council passed an ordinance imposing a penalty on anyone who abused an effigy of Saint Patrick, but no such law is now necessary. Patriotic Irish societies observe the day quietly, and there are service: in the Catholic churches, especially in those edifices named after the saint Even in Ireland there is less and less of bitterness between the wearers of the green and the yellow, and the crack of the shiilalah is not so often heard as formerly to the accompani-ment of the strains of "St. Patrick's Day in the Mornin'." The attitude of Queen Victoria had much to do with bringing about this change of feeling.

It was the duchess of Buckingham and Chandos who, in voicing her majesty's sentiments, wrote these lines which on each recurring Saint Patrick's day find warm response in the hearts of the Irish soldiery:

We're the most uplifted regiment, Bedad we're mortal keen! The shamrock's in our forage caps By order of the queen!

This song bears date 1900, for it was in the last year of her reign that Victoria, just before her memorable visit to Ireland, gave orders that her Irish regiments were to wear the shamrock in their headgear on Saint Patrick's day. That raised the national emblem of the island officially to the heart high position it had ever held in sentiment. It was a small and easy thing to do, but it made the tiny three-leaved plant popular as it never was before. In spite of all ingenious attempts to

discredit the beautiful story which represents the patron saint of the Emerald Isle as using the shamrock for an illustration of the Holy Trinity, in spite of the learned debates and academic differences of such scholars as Bentham and Britten, Colgan and Cook, your true Irishman the world over will ever cling to the chosen leaf which grows in the "moss, the moor and the mireland" of his old home, and the public indorsement of a queen

green, Though ages of sorrow thy past years

have seen;
From childhood's bright morning to man-hood's decline
Thy leaflet we wear o'er our hearts ever thine.

In Moore's poem on the shamrock he tells of the "triple grass" which Shoots up, with dewdrops streaming,
As softly green as emerald seen,
Through purest crystal gleaming.
O, the Shamrock, the green immortal
Shamrock!
Chosen leaf of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native Shamrock!

By many of the faithful in Wales and elsewhere Irish soil is imported to keep away serpents, and it has been declared that a bite of Irish clay will kill a snake

Patrick's labors in Ireland lasted more than 30 years. In Downpatrick, near the place where as a slave he once tended sheep, his ashes are now believed to repose.

In Down, three saints one grave do fill-Patrick, Bridget and Columb Kill.

The mere student of folk-lore little the feelings of the son of Erin who bears the shamrock in his cap or wears it on his breast. To him it embodies all the religious and romantic, mythical and national ideas which ever have stirred in the souls of his forefathers. The great love for the plant inspired the famous ballad "The Wearin" o' the Green," which tells that "They're hangin' men and women for the wearin' o' the green." This did not mean, of course, that people were being hanged for that, but it was poetical exaggeration im-plying their willingness to die, if nec-essary, rather than give up wearing it.

For the last half dozen years, under the inspiring influence of the Shamrock league, happily instituted and even more happily carried on by the Countess of Limerick, there has been an unprecedented demand for the Irish national emblem. Thousands upon thousands of little green boxes filled with tiny bunches of the trefoil have annually been packed by that greathearted woman and her friends and sold the world over, the proceeds going to aid disabled Irish soldiers and the destitute relatives of those Irishmen who have fallen in battle. Last winter nearly 300 of the poor in Coun-ties Clare and Limerick alone tided over the hard weather on the profit derived from the patriotic sale of

And where does all the shamrock come from? It grows wild in every county of Ireland. Along the mountains, in the old hill-pastures and in the venerable meadows, it may be picked in small quantities as early in the year as February 25, and a fortnight later in luxurious abundance. The tiniest and therefore the most prized variety is usually found along the bank of a dry ditch where there is no grass, for the poorer and more arid the soil the better the shamrock. Not a bairn in Ireland but knows all best places near his home to look for the little green leaf. It is the children who are the gatherers. For days just before the good saint's festival the hills around Stepaside and Stille gan and the Scalp will be dotted over with the industrious diminutive toil ers whose profits may in no case ex-ceed two dollars but who are supremely happy in their patriotic task.

There are national emblems that may be eaten. Not so the shamrock A man may eat a leek and enjoy it, a Scot might even try a thistle Irishman must drown his shamrock. surely did not weaken that affection. That is as sure as is March 17 itself.



#### IRELAND'S PLACE IN HISTORY

On St. Patrick's day, with tender heart and moist eye, we set before ourselves the far form of Ireland, garlanded with the deeds of the past, and bedecked with the colors of bygone days. The pages of Irish history are without doubt, familiar to all. The briliant lights and deep shadows, the intense joys and keen sorrows, the failures and triumphs which mark the annals of Erin are an old and familiar

Her very early history contains an romance, and has, running through it, a depth of color which invests it with a peculiar charm. In its primal days Druid worship held the hearts of its people and the cult of

sylvan deities formed its religion. The beauty and richness of legend, in whose lap Ireland then slept, are rivaled by none perhaps, save those of classic Greece herself. Tradition supplies an endless number of crags, hill sides and valleys, which were the subects of legendary lore, and which can tivated the feelings of the Celt with an irresistible spell. The history of hose times is obscured by the many myths and fables interwoven with the facts handed down to us. Amid all this vagueness, however, it is plain that, in the early stages of Ireland's career she left upon the world the impress of a most excellent civilization and that her people possessed much merit and many virtues.



durst complain-

father's domain. It was sacred, and then for the sake

of his sowl.

holy likewise

a growl.

an' byes.

ruin begun.

hate

Though the land were his own and his

He must part wid it, barrin' a sigh or

Then the snakes represented were

An' bit at their will all the colleens

Well, the pigs went to rootin', bedad

it was fun
To watch the ould Druids when their

Wid faces of fury and hearts full of

They would curse the dear pigs, I'm

They invoked all the planets and far

as they knew, The fixed stars and comets, the sun

and moon, too.

Next the wraiths that inhabit the winds and the floods,

Then they danced holy jigs in the

But the pigs took no notice, but ate all

And the Druids saw Fate was now

Then they prayed to the giants that

When ten foot of spine was the height

There was one who from Mona oft waded to Wales,

And one who in coughin' produced the

Another in sport tried to bridge the

The Causeway in Ulster bears witness

Then the one who at Powerscourt

An' the one who complained "Devil's Bowl" was too small.

The priests cursed the pigs loud and

On the snakes and their eggs they

Oh, those were great times when the

What side they were of, and what side

The thousand would follow all jeerin'

The Druids who could them no longer

When rivers they'd reach as the Bann

or the Boyne,
Baptizad, they the ranks of believers

It was Patrick alanna, me turn at ye

Wil guyin' an' Gospel the land was

Such dippin' an' piungin', baptizin',

Such prayin' an' preachin', such prim-

It was good for their souls and their

The record for bathing his saintship

And thousands who'd never been lath-

Had their skins an' their sowls now most thoroughly scrubbed.

For the saint told them plainly for e'er

That nothing onclanely was welkim

So the pigs ate the snakes and rooted

From the round hill of Howth down

'That's Aisy, Says Patrick, This Dear

Little Plant."

From the Gap of Dunloe to the Glen o

And Slieb-na-mon grandly Killarney's

There was rootin' an' preachin' an'

No wonder for Satan to leave must

For barrin' the Saxon and whisky I'll

say— Saint Patrick has rid us of evil to-day.

So now you all know how the snakes met their doom,

And the class will its studies in Gaelic

laughter an' prayer,

the Downs.

lake crowns.

prepare.

resume.

grew fatter and fatter.

long, but no matter,

drank up the fall,

factions forgot

they were not

the while

beguile.

would join.

plaise

ablaze.

confessin'.

had broken,

in heaven.

up eggs

pin' an' dressin'!

bodies' by token-

ered or rubbed,

they were shriven,

to Bally-kil-begs.

ashamed to relate

scantiest of duds

hard by the door.

ravaged the isle

of the style.

wild gales.

broad say,

to-day.

the more.

Twas the days of the hedge-school: Mullarky was then—
At the side of the ditch the most

dreaded of men.
Sure the flight of the bird, or the speed of the hare

To watch for a moment there's no one would dare.

An' when circles and squares on the dirt he would trace Twas amazin' the larnin' that showed

in his face. While the thoughts that revolved in his towsy ould head

Were deep and tremendous, himself often said. Religion, of coorse, was a thame he

well knew, Not your new-fangled notions, but stuff

that was true. Wid that he taught love for the sacred

ould sod, Thus helpin' his kind, an' so plasin' his God.

Now the seventeenth of March, reckoned then by old style, The jewel of days in the darling ould

isle

Was approachin' an' so the good mas-



An Bit at Their Will All the Colleens an Byes.

ther once more Gave a taste to the byes av his lagends an' lore.

Patrick banished the snakes and the

sinners, you know,
To a place where I hope there will none of us go

That's the lagend accepted, but I have it right-A tale that bates that out o' mind, out

o' sight. At Tara he preached to the king and

the chiefs His Decalougues, Catalogues, Psalms and beliefs.

Once the king says to Patrick, "The Druids all say That you're settin' the minds of me

Firbolgs astray How can one be in three, and be one all the time?—

Come, laddy-buck, answer in prose or in rhyme.'

That's aisy," says Patrick, "this dear little plant,
(Praise God! 'twill te famous the

oceans beyant)-Has a stalk all in one, but divides into three:

Yet the shamrock is one, three in one, don't you see Bedad!" says the king, "that bangs

Banagher sure byes (to the Druids), ye now have the flure."

But the sorra a word could those clargymin find; So from then his respect for the Druids declined.

Patrick, me byes, you need scarcely be tould, Was funny an' tricky, though holy an' bould.

So now of the Druids he'd got the whip hand Bethought him of blessings he'd show er on the land.

To the king then says he, "For the favors you've shown, I'll put e'er a back and new legs to

your throne. Not manin' the laste disrespect, but you see

The preachers don't speak such plain Irish as we). n youth a spalpeen taught me herdin' of swine-

Your majesty's pardon, the fault was et me here introduce the boneen an' over the evils of Erin the pig will pre-

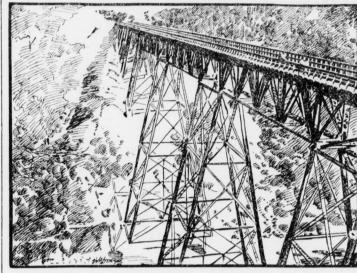
vail. Now the Druids held sarpints as sa-

cred, you see; n England they larned that, betune you an' me.

They would cast up in line sometimes nearly a mile

The sods all as one as a sarpint's pro-

GREAT RAILROAD BRIDGE IN NEW YORK



The Buffalo & Susquehanna bridge near Rushford, Allegany Height of trestle, 185 feet; length, 754 feet; weight, 1,178,000 pounds.

# AGENT PROVED BOSS

SIX-SHOOTER HIS MOST EFFEC-TIVE ARGUMENT.

For Once Conductor and Engineer Took Orders from the Man Whom They Had Considered an "Easy Mark."

Twenty years ago the man who was locomotive engineer on a freight train under any circumstances imagined himself boss of the freight traffic for his especial jerkwater line. He would get his train out of the way of a passenger train that was coming head on, but he swore at having to do For the rest he dictated everything just as far as he could make it go. Ordinarily his dictation went for awhile at least.

The engineer always told the conductor in the terminal yards just how many cars he meant to pull out on any given occasion. It went, too. At the way stations both the engineer and the conductor got together en banc to oppose any orders of the station agent relative to "cutting" the train and switching in two or three lonesome box cars on the country siding. And that always went with the new agent for awhile.

But away up in the northwestern country one winter a new agent was given the station at Blizzardino. He was a round-faced, jolly little chap, about 20 years old, who looked unusually easy. He was, too, for about a week, when the siding at Blizzardino began to bank up with empties which the conductors swore they wouldn't pick up for 1,000 years at the least.

The little station agent lay awake most of one night figuring just where he stood. He wanted to hold his job if he could. But he couldn't hold it if he couldn't get his orders obeyed by the freight crews. The result of that agent was ready next morning for the giants, Conductor Bingham and Engineer O'Toole, who were due south-bound with No. 21 about ten o'clock, railroad time.

due the Blizzardino agent had his yellow "filmsy" orders for No. 21 to pick under similar conditions, and from up five empties of designated numbers that time on there was no further later Conductor Bingham was jumping | nel. on the orders with both heels in the snow and signaling Engineer O'Toole to go ahead. O'Toole was going ahead, too, when suddenly dead ahead across the track the red arm of the block Sheffield & Lincolnshire railroad, on signal fell, vibrated for an instant, Deveraber 12, 1870, by which 14 per-

from the cab for the station entrance pin; while the failure of the vacuum just one lap behind Bingham. But as he entered he saw something which of a runaway L. & N. W. express near made him gasp. Bingham had one leg through the wide window of the agent's inner office and had stuck there for some reason, his jaw fallen, appalling catastrophe—the worst reand his eyes wide. The telegraph instrument was clicking "H-C," "H-C,"

it. Paul. Stepping to one side, O'Toole saw why Bingham was stuck in the window. The "kid" operator and agent was using his left hand for the at a comparatively low rate of speed, sounder and in his right held a six shooter of large caliber and at full cock, pointing directly at the man in the window! "Ah, t' 'ell!" said O'Toole, "We'll

take 'em, Jack. Wot's the blinkety blank numbers 'o thim cars, anny-

"They're on the flimsy somewhere When the cars were shunted into the train the little agent lifted the block. He's not an agent now, though. He's a Chicago millionaire.

Helped Out by Government. The Eastern Chinese railway has

been in serious financial trouble since its profitable southern part has beca under Japanese control. The part remaining under Russian influence has practically no more freight business. The road has therefore already sold to the state 2,000 freight cars, which are now to be used in the grain traffic of European Russia. The line will receive a loan of 7,500,000 rubles from the government for the construction of

Twelve Gallons to Mile.

The engine of an express train con-sumes 12 gallons of water for each

WITH THROTTLE WIDE OPEN.

Engineer Found That Locomotive Did Its Best Work. "Locomotives are curious things,"

said T. B. Brown at the St. Charles. Sometimes you think they are almost human. They certainly can be as irritating as any human being. Some years ago I was up in Minnesota and one of the short lines had only recent. ly purchased a half dozen new engines. When they arrived they proved flat failures. To make them steam and draw anything like a decent load was impossible. In consequence there were a number of engineers who stood in great danger of being broke through no fault of their own. But the officials had bought the engines and then put it up to the engineers to get the work out of them or get fired. That was the situation when I arrived. A friend of mine was one of the engineers in ques-tion. He asked me to go with him one trip as a fireman, saying that if we could make good with the engine was certain of a job as engineer if I wanted it. I agreed to go. Just be fore we started the master mechanic served notice on my friend that his position hinged on the work he could get out of his engine that trip. got along well at the beginning of the run and by careful feeding I was able to keep steam up fairly well. The engineer's seat was not securely fastened and somehow it broke down. The engineer in catching himself gave a hard pull on the throttle until it was wide open. When he tried to shut it off he found it had caught so it was impossible to move it. We thought we were up against it with the engine being pounded along with the throttle wide open while even by nursing before it had been hard to make steam. There was nothing to be done but let things go until my friend could get the throttle into working order. took some time and all the while, to our great surprise, the engine steamed more easily than it did before. That sleepless night was that the little was all that was needed, just to be pounded along wide open and there was no trouble. When we reached the end of the run there was a message from the superintendent compliallroad time.

Half an hour before the train was the Blizzardino agent had his yellother engines worked equally well menting him for the excellent time he on the sidetrack and pull them in to the nearest terminal. Half an hour and making time."—Milwaukee Senti-

## Famous Accidents.

A famous runaway disaster, that ear Barnsby, on the Manchester, near Barnsby, on nd hung still.

O'Toole shut off steam and jumped show been due to a broken coupling-

Probably, too, some such contretemps was the proximate cause of the corded in railroad history-which happened through a train running away "H-C," the emergency call for the of-ce of the general superintendent in was seen to be in difficulties at a way station, and an inspector jumped on the engine, which was then traveling in order to try and render assistance

Almost immediately afterwards the locomotive was observed to-in the words of an eye witness—"leap forward like a thing of life." A few minutes later it tore through Cuartla at 60 miles an hour, and on to a trestle bridge built on a curve over the San Antonio river, which was in flood at the time The heavy train crashed through the flimsy structure as though it had been of glass, and every living soul aboard, to the number of more than 200, perished.—London Telegraph.

## Roads Easy to Build.

The Canadian Pacific road from Arcola to Regina, Saskatchewan, a dis-tance of 75 miles, is a perfectly tance of 75 miles, is a perfectly straight line from terminal to terminal. Another straight line is on the New South Wales Government railway, 126 miles long. The Canadian National Transcontinental road has a straight stretch of 120 miles.

Long Railroad Bridge in Africa. A bridge recently built for the Cape to Cairo railway over the Kafue river is the longest in Africa. It measures