

FOR IRELAND

A fierce flame burst, at boyhood's dawn, within my tender breast...

There's not a little bell that blows in Ireland's dewy glens...

Oh, Ireland! for your holy sake I'll joyful bear all pain...

ST. PATRICK, OF IRELAND



One thousand, four hundred and forty-two years ago, on March 17...

Dear Shamrock of Erin, so sacred and green...

old Erin, he wears the best imitation he can find...

It was not many years ago that the more enthusiastic of the sons of Ireland...

In these days of increasing toleration there is less and less friction of this sort...

It was the duchess of Buckingham and Chandos who, in voicing her majesty's sentiments...

We're the most uplifted regiment, Bedad we're mortal keen!

This song bears date 1900, for it was in the last year of her reign that Victoria...

In spite of all ingenious attempts to discredit the beautiful story which represents the patron saint of the Emerald Isle...

On St. Patrick's day, with tender heart and moist eye, we set before ourselves the far form of Ireland...

Her very early history contains an air of romance, and has, running through it, a depth of color which invests it with a peculiar charm.

Her very early history contains an air of romance, and has, running through it, a depth of color which invests it with a peculiar charm.

THE LEGEND OF ST. PATRICK

'Twas the days of the hedge-school; Mullarky was then— At the side of the ditch the most dreaded of men.

When this had been done, sorra one durst complain— Though the land were his own and his father's domain.

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

Next the wraiths that inhabit the winds and the floods, Then they danced holy jigs in the scantiest of duds.

Was approachin' an' so the good mas-



An Bit at Their Will All the Colleen an Byes.

their once more Gave a taste to the byes av his legends an' lore.

Patrick banished the snakes and the sinners, you know, To a place where I hope there will none of us go.

At Tara he preached to the king and the chiefs His Decalogues, Catalogues, Psalms and beliefs.

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

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

Now, Patrick, me byes, you need scarcely be told, Was funny an' tricky, though holy an' bold.

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.

The preachers don't speak such plain Irish as we), In youth a spalpeen taught me herdin' of swine—

Now the Druids held serpents as sacred, you see; In England they larned that, betune you an' me.

And the Druids saw Fate was now hard by the door. Then they prayed to the giants that ravaged the isle

When ten foot of spine was the height of the style. There was one who from Mona oft waded to Wales,

Oh, those were great times when the factions forgot What side they were of, and what side they were not.

It was Patrick alanna, we turn at ye please Wil' guyn' an' Gospel the land was ablaze.

Such dippin' an' dippin', baptizin', confessin', Such prayin' an' preachin', such primpin' an' dressin'!

Had their skins an' their souls now most thoroughly scrubbed. For the saint told them plainly for e'er they were shriven.

So the pigs ate the snakes and rooted up eggs From the round hill of Howth down to Bally-kil-begs.

From the Gap of Dunloe to the Glen o' the Downs, And Sileb-na-mon grandly Killarney's lake crowns.

There was rootin' an' preachin' an' laughter an' prayer, No wonder for Satan to leave must prepare.

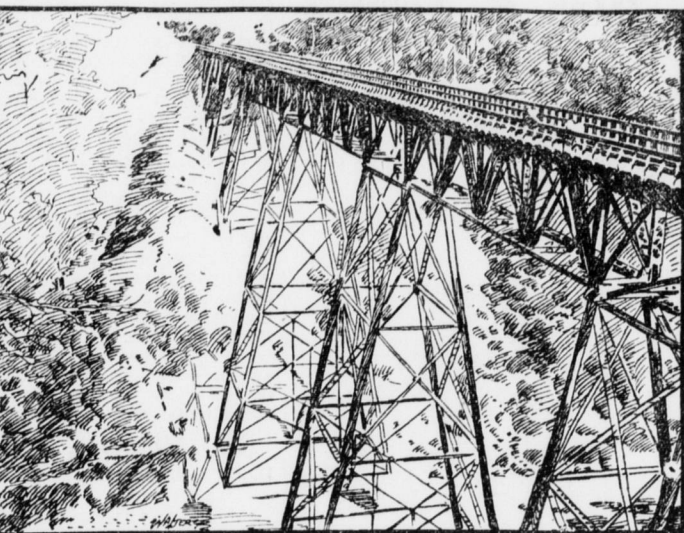
For barrin' the Saxon and whisky I'll say— Saint Patrick has rid us of evil to-day.

From the Gap of Dunloe to the Glen o' the Downs, And Sileb-na-mon grandly Killarney's lake crowns.

There was rootin' an' preachin' an' laughter an' prayer, No wonder for Satan to leave must prepare.

For barrin' the Saxon and whisky I'll say— Saint Patrick has rid us of evil to-day.

GREAT RAILROAD BRIDGE IN NEW YORK



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

AGENT PROVED BOSS

SIX-SHOOTER HIS MOST EFFECTIVE 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.

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 on 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.

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.

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.

Half an hour before the train was due the Blizzardino agent had his yellow "flimsy" orders for No. 21 to pick up five empties of designated numbers on the sidetrack and pull them in to the nearest terminal.

O'Toole shut off steam and jumped from the cab for the station entrance just one lap behind Bingham. But as he entered he saw something which 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, and his eyes wide.

"Ah, t'ell!" said O'Toole. "We'll take 'em, Jack. Wot's the blinkety blank numbers 'o thim cars, annyhow?" "They're on the flimsy somewhere. When the cars were shunted into the train the little agent lifted the block.

Helped Out by Government. The Eastern Chinese railway has been in serious financial trouble since its profitable southern part has been under Japanese control.

Twelve Gallons to Mile. The engine of an express train consumes 12 gallons of water for each mile traveled.

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.

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.

The engineer in question. He asked me to go with him one trip as a fireman, saying that if we could make good with the engine I was certain of a job as engineer if I wanted it. I agreed to go.

There was nothing to be done but let things go until my friend could get the throttle into working order. This took some time and all the while, to our great surprise, the engine steamed more easily than it did before.

A famous runaway disaster, that near Barnsby, on the Manchester, Sheffield & Lincolnshire railroad, on December 12, 1870, by which 14 persons lost their lives, was proved to have been due to a broken coupling-pin; while the failure of the vacuum brake through cold caused the wreck of a runaway L. & N. W. express near Carlisle in March, 1890.

Probably, too, some such contretemps was the proximate cause of the appalling catastrophe—the worst recorded in railroad history—which happened through a train running away on the Morelos (Mexico) short line on the night of June 24, 1881.

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 Carlisle 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.

Roads Easy to Build. The Canadian Pacific road from Arcola to Regina, Saskatchewan, a distance of 75 miles, is a perfectly straight line from terminal to terminal.

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 1,400 feet.

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.

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.