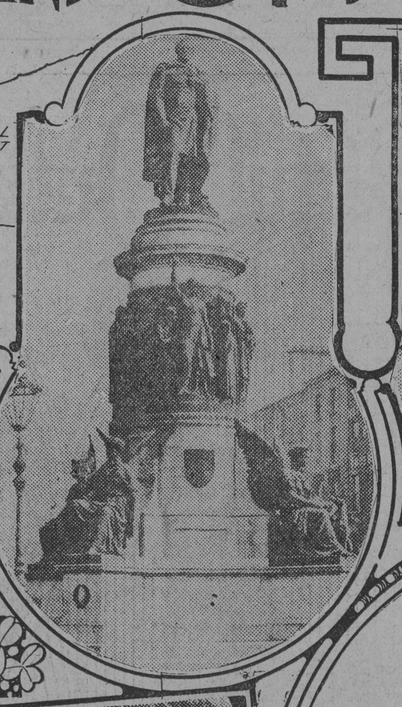
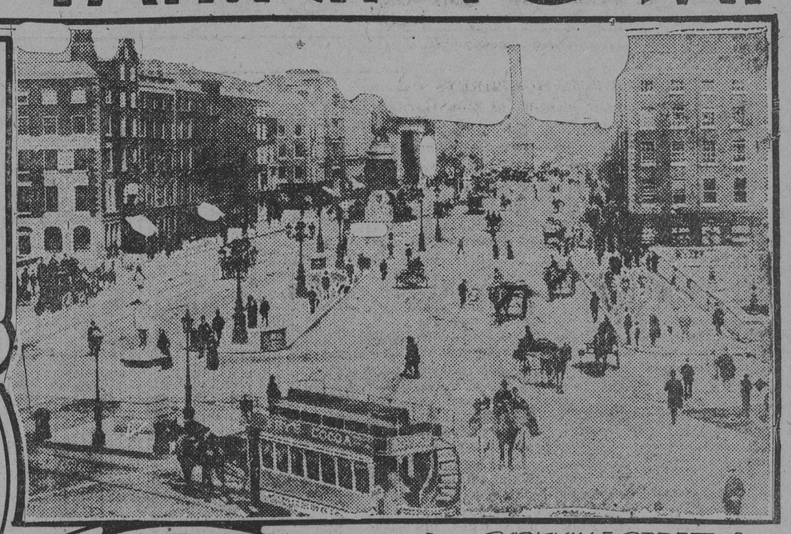
IN THE LAND OF ST. PATRICK TO-DAY

O'CONNELL MONUMENT IN DUBLIN

ERRIFF VALLEY, CONNEMARA

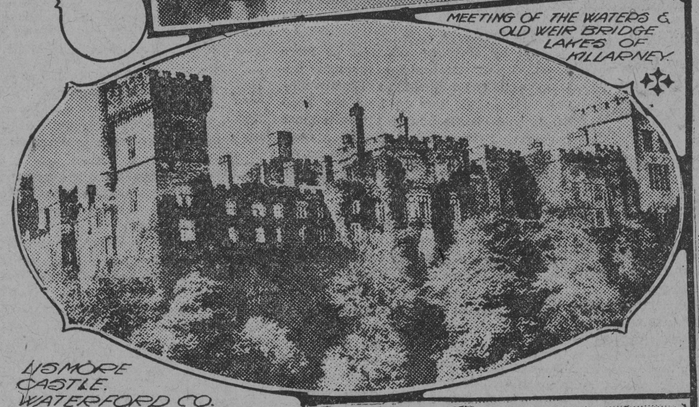




SACKVILLE STREET & O'CONNELL BRIDGE DUBLIN

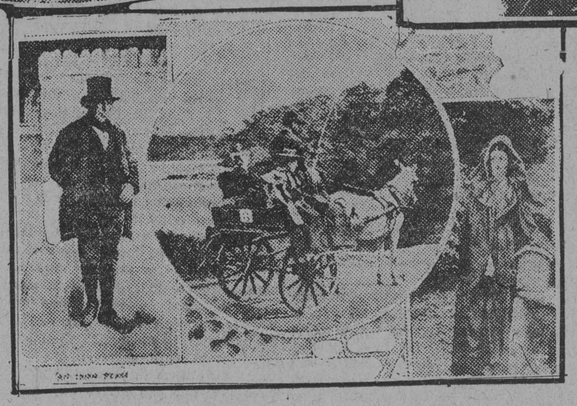
THE COLONY DUGORT, ACHILL ISLAND.

MEETING OF THE WATERS & OLD WEIR BRIDGE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.



LISMORE CASTLE. WATERFORD CO.

ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL



IRELAND, the land of St. Patrick and the shamrock, has at last shaken off the shackles which more than a century of poverty and oppression had forced upon her.

Within the last few years she has put behind her the memories of black despair and, with a new lease on life, is now stepping forth fearlessly into the new era, the dawn of which has already burst forth over her rugged hills and verdant valleys in a brilliant radiance of rejuvenated patriotism and prosperity.

Every integral part of her social and political system is responding to the magic touch of progress, and from a slough of despair she is rising a reincarnated spirit of ancient Hibernia, which, centuries before many of the now civilized nations of Europe were aught but roving tribes, was the seat of culture and learning of the west of Europe.

With Greece alone does she share the unparalleled honor of having preserved through the vicissitudes of two thousand years an unbroken language and literature, though herself suffering serious decline.

The little green isle has kept alive its mother tongue and rendered undying homage to the traditions of its birth.

All Ireland ever may hope to attain she owes to the unfailing devotion of her patriotic sons, many of whom, like Emmet, have given even their lives in her behalf. Today they are working all over the world, these Irishmen, to promote her industries, increase her prestige and revive her national characteristics.

One of the most successful movements to renew patriotic zeal was that of the Home-Going Association, which the first season alone brought more than 20,000 Irishmen back to the "ould sod" at Queenstown.

Mr. Kilkenny on Home Rule.

The president of this association, Mr. Francis J. Kilkenny of Washington, secretary of the controller of the treasury, in a recent interview spoke of the progress of his native land with convincing authority and understanding, acquired through a recent tour of the island. His observations were all the more noteworthy because of the comparisons which his ten years' absence enabled him to make. To him, as to all other thinking Irishmen, the paramount topic of the hour is the home rule bill, which is expected to become a law within a short time.

In reference to this bit of legislation, which has been the political bone of contention in the English Parliament for so many, many years, Mr. Kilkenny said:

"The recent action of the British House of Commons in passing the Asquith bill is a great step toward securing home rule for the Irish, and it now looks as if home rule will become a fact in the near future. The leaders of the Irish parliamentary party have worked untiringly to bring about the passage of this bill, and John Redmond and his colleagues and their allies among the English democracy are entitled to an everlasting debt of gratitude from all lovers of liberty for their noble efforts in behalf of the Irish nation.

"Should this bill become a law, outside capital, heretofore timid about going into enterprises in Ireland, will undoubtedly be attracted there. With home rule established, confidence will be restored, the mills and factories will start up and every line of industry will take on new life. By thus developing the resources of Ireland and upbuilding her industries the tide of emigration to foreign shores will be stemmed and her people find employment, and thus be satisfied to remain at home.

Beneficial Legislation.

"From the American point of view the outlook for the Irish is at present most encouraging. American sentiment has always been in favor of home rule for Ireland, and the opinion generally entertained throughout the country is that with the advent of self-government there will dawn a new era of peace, happiness and prosperity for the Emerald Isle.

Irish-Americans are jubilant over the brilliant future which the activity of today foretells. When the undeveloped resources of their native land become fully exploited Ireland should be one of the richest countries on the globe. She has 20,000,000 acres on which to farm and raise cattle. Her rich coal deposits are estimated at close to 200,000,0000 tons, and she has ample stores of iron which, like her other mineral riches, have remained undisturbed for centuries.

Belafst, besides the linen industry, has one of the largest shipyards in the world, employing more than 22,000 skilled mechanics and laborers, with a weekly payroll exceeding $175,000. During the last 10 years Ireland has profited greatly through various legislative acts. The old-age pension law—which gives to reputable citizens of threescore and ten and over a small pension in proportion to whatever little property they may possess—has worked wonders in restoring a self-respect and certain independence among the aged, by assisting them to finish their days without recourse to the poorhouse.

Then, too, the laborers' cottage board is a potent factor in the establishment of awakened energy and industry. Now, all over the rural districts one sees neat cottages with their little patches of four or five acres of ground. These, too, are only the privilege of the worthy citizen who has worthy people to indorse his application. He pays from 20 to 50 cents weekly rental for his place and occupies a house costing between $500 and $600 to build. These cottages are placed convenient to roads and highways

Thatched Cottages Disappointing.

The old primitive industries, so peculiarly Ireland's own, are rapidly passing away. No more are the roadside rock piles holding the industry of the stonebreaker who used to sit on his straw mat and with his little hammer break up the rocks into a certain size and carefully pile them up for the road contractor to measure and buy.

No longer are the sons of Erin content to bask in sunshine and passing gossip while perhaps a whole week's desultory labor yields them a dollar. Now the modern stone crusher is a familiar accompaniment of the road contractor and good roads are becoming popular.

Likewise, the picturesque thatched cottages are disappearing, for thatching is becoming a decadent art. Thrashing machines are a common sight and mowing machines and other farm paraphernalia are being sent into the country through the aid of American relatives, and in many communities are owned and worked upon a co-operative basis.

The sewing machine and the automobile, too, have intruded themselves and, with their speed, are shaming the primitive method of accomplishment.

The spinning wheel and the jaunting car, the little donkey with his creels of peat or his quaint market load, are so interwoven with Irish life that Ireland without their presence must lose half its charm.

The thatched cottage, with its peat fire, and the story-telling groups, with their fanciful tales of fairies and their beautiful old legends of love and war, so dear to the hearts of the Irish, are still controlling elements in their daily lives. With all the innovations progress has created she has left them their folklore and their imagination.

Language Still Survives.

Dr. Joseph Dunn, professor of Celtic language and literature of the Catholic University of America, the only endowed chair of the kind in the United States, places his faith in Ireland's future welfare upon the revival into common usage of her native tongue. The language lived on from prehistoric time in spite of the "plantations," the penal laws of Cromwell's time, which imposed fines upon those who spoke Irish and made education possible only through the medium of English until 1600 or 1700. Said Dr. Dunn:

"The truest indication of the survival of a national sentiment among a people who are in conflict with a stronger political power is the preservation of their native tongue; so long as they possess that, though conquered, they are not assimilated. The native language and native literature are alone sufficient to mark off the Irish people with a distinct history and a distinct civilization; they constitute their title deed in the court of nations, their charter to stand before the world as a political entity.

"The banning of Irish from the schools of Ireland was one of the greatest causes for the woful decline of the language. Then followed the series of famines and the exodus of emigrants. With all these agencies arrayed against it, the Irish language had but slender chances of existence. If we consider that at the beginning of the nineteenth century there was probably not a man, woman or child of Irish race in Ireland who could not speak or understand Irish, and that their number has dwindled today to about 700,000, or, roughly speaking, one-sixth of the entire population, it will perhaps not be too much to say that probably no parallel could be found of such a wholesale, rapid and almost complete blotting out of a language within the limits of a half century."

Cathedral and Castle.

One of Ireland's chief beauties is her splendid old castles, of which perhaps the best preserved is Lismore Castle, located in Lismore, Waterford county. At one time Sir Alfred Austin paid a visit to Lismore Castle and upon approaching it was so fascinated by its magnificence of construction and location that he exclaimed, "Lismore is much more beautiful than Warwick."

St. Patrick's Cathedral in Dublin is the most celebrated of all Irish churches, since tradition says it was built over the well where St. Patrick baptized and preached Christianity to the early pagans. A small church is said to have been erected on the spot by St. Patrick in 448. In 1190, the year of the great fire of Dublin, Comyn, Archbishop of Dublin, removed the ruins of the former church and erected a more spacious edifice in its stead.

This was partially consumed by fire in 1362, the damage being repaired in 1370 by Archbishop Minot, of Clogher. In point of architectural grandeur St. Patrick's has very considerable claims, which have been much enhanced by the exhaustive restoration carried out by the late Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, Bart., at an outlay of £160,000.

The dignity and the beauty of the cathedral is not its only claim, as its varied history presents many features of interest. It has been used as a court of law, "a grammar scole," a military barracks, a prison, a parliament house and stable for cavalry. The venerable walls have re-echoed to the clash of arms, when the followers of Earls Ormonde and Kildare engaged in battle, a sacrifice for which the mayor of Dublin—who, poor gentleman, had nothing to do with the fray—was ordered by the Holy See to walk every Corpus Christi day barefoot through the city.

Among its less exciting annals are many notable ceremonies, such as the assembly of both houses of Parliament within its walls in 1541, and the conferring upon Henry VIII. of the title King of Ireland, whose adherents, during the Reformation, acknowledged the favor by despoiling the church and destroying its ornaments and images. Sunday, July 6, 1690, five days after the battle of Boyne, King William came to the church and gave thanks for his victory over James II.

The O'Connell Monument.

The chief objects of interest in Sackville street, Dublin, are the O'Connell monument, Nelson's pillar and the statue of Sir John Gray, to whose unselfish efforts Dublin owes its present magnificent supply of pure water, brought from the distant Wicklow Hills.

The O'Connell monument is one of the public memorials in Dublin. It stands 40 high, and is surmounted by a 12-foot figure of O'Connell, who appears habited in the "repeal cloak" that formed a rarely absent item of his walking attire. The foundation stone was laid on the 8th of August, 1864, and the work was designed and commenced by Foley, the Irish sculptor. In 1874, when the work was very far advanced, Foley died and the completion was left to one of his pupils, Mr. Brock.

The bronze drum encircling the central portion of the pedestal is ornamented with a grouping of 50 figures, each significant of some ennobling theme, the chief being the symbolic figure of Erin breaking her fetters and grasping her charter of liberty with one hand, while with the other she points triumphantly to the central figure above. The church, arts, people and trade have also their representatives in the grouping, while at the base "in cunning allegory" are placed patriotism, fidelity, eloquence and courage. The statue tells the story of this peerless patriot and defender of the Irish race. The Cascade of St. Stephen's green park is one of the beauty spots in this place of recreation for the citizens of Dublin.

Erriff Valley, Connemara, flanks both sides of the river from Leenane for a portion of the way to Westport. The road and river combine to heighten the picturesque beauty of the scenery. Here one sees the quaint thatched cottages and the huge rock piles and rock walls which bear mute testimony to the struggle the farmer must make in order to get space enough to raise his crops.

The Colony, Dugort, was founded in 1833 by the Rev. Edward Mangle, a clergyman of the Established Church, with a nucleus of two or three cottages and about 75 acres of land. Through strenuous efforts and in spite of many obstacles he succeeded in establishing this Protestant colony in the midst of a strictly Catholic district.

The jaunting car is the principal means of travel for the sightseer through the country. It is peculiar to Ireland alone, and from its construction might be called, instead, the jolting car.

Dress of the Peasantry.

The dress of the peasantry, while not differing so greatly from that of many other lands, is yet distinctively Irish. The tall hat and the rough boots, like the little shawl worn about the shoulders of its women, are never associated with any other class than the Irish lads and colleens.

Killarney holds more beauty spots perhaps than any other section of Ireland. Its lakes, abbeys, caves, falls and mountains are unsurpassed for picturesque beauty and charm. In such wealth of beautiful scenery it is hard to select one point above another. But surely all will agree upon the Lakes of Killarney, of which there are three so closely connected as almost to appear one.

The upper lake is remarkable for its wild magnificence and the mountains, completely inclosing it. The lower lake is richly dotted with fairy islets clothed to the water's brink with evergreen, while Muckross, or the middle lake, combines the beautiful features of the other two.

The lakes are formed and supplied by numerous minor lakes that exist in the surrounding mountains and may be described as an immense reservoir for the several rivers that also flow into them. The upper lake is considered the most beautiful of the three, although it is the smallest of them.

The old Wier bridge is a quaint structure, consisting of two arches, of which only one is navigable by boats and through which the waters of the upper lake rush into Muckross lake. When the current is running rapidly the shooting of the rapids beneath the bridge is both exciting and exhilarating.

At Dinis pool, the principal island in the middle lake, the current divides; the stream turning to the right enters Muckross lake, while that turning to the left runs its course between Dinis Island and Glena Mountain and joins the lower lake in Glena Bay.

It is recorded that Sir Walter Scott as he surveyed this junction of the waters of the three lakes exclaimed, in a quotation from Coleridge, "Beautiful exceedingly!"

Story of St. Patrick.

Mr. Joseph D. Sullivan, secretary and treasurer of the Irish Home Going Association, who has become an authority on Irish antiquities, tells some interesting stories of the great man of Ireland, whose fame never diminishes. In a recent interview Mr. Sullivan said:

"One cannot travel in Ireland without frequently finding reminders of St. Patrick. No man has ever impressed his individuality upon a country to such an extent as he. In this place a mountain, in that a lake, in another a well or a church is associated with his name. And the old people of that particular locality can give you in minute detail the tradition of his visit, an entertaining story of waht the great man said or did when there.

"The Gaels are a people of intense emotion and vivid imagination, and to them worker of great works, the common father of them all. There is, to them, nothing of myth or mystery about him. His memory is fresh and vivid, and he is affectionately revered and honored beyond the greatest of their kings and heroes.

"Patrick came to Erin as a captive, they will tell you, and on the rough side of the hill called Slemish they will point out the spot where in early youth, as the slave of Milinc, a local chieftain of considerable power, he tended the herds of his master. In after life St. Patrick recounted his sufferings and privations in this cold northern region, swept by the mists and storms of the North Sea. Here it was that he received the call as a missionary.

"After he had prepared himself for his labors Patrick again returned to Slemish, and the account relates that his old master, Milinc, hearing of his coming, entered his house, shut himself up with all of his possessions and then set fire to the building. The flames from the burning castle were the first thing that greeted Patrick's vision as he mounted the hill. Of Milinc nothing further is known, so completely has the slave triumphed over the master.

"At Downpatrick he founded the first of his churches, and it is here his remains were deposited after his death. An annual pilgrimage in his honor to his grave is attended by thousands from all over the island.

A Queer Old King.

"At Tara, the seat of the royal palace, Patrick was a familiar figure. He visited Leary, the high king there, and when he appeared in the king's presence Dubtach, the chief poet, disregarded the royal command and arose to salute him, so venerable and distinguished was the bearing of the saint. The story is related that Dubtach was converted to Christianity, and in his zeal desired to become a monk.

"His brightest pupil, Flace, however, argued him out of the idea. The loss to poetry, he said, would be too great, and he volunteered to take orders in the poet's place; he eventually became a celebrated bishop With King Leary, stolid in his paganism, Patrick had no success, and, although numbers of the court embraced the faith, the stern monarch never surrendered, and died as he had lived, a pagan.

"Another famous spot where Patrick resided was at Armagh. Daire, King of Oriel, ruled in that portion of Ulster. Patrick requested as the site for his church the crown of the high hill where the Cathedral of St. Patrick stands today. Now, as this hill towered high above his own palace, Daire refused the request and gave instead a location on the low ground. Once the King sent St. Patrick a beautiful cauldron as a token of his esteem.

"'Gratias agani' " (Let me thank you), said Patrick.

"But, as Daire knew no Latin, and, thinking that the saint had not thanked him and that the gift was not appreciated, he sent his servants to take it back.

"'What did the Christian say to you when you asked for the cauldron?' questioned Daire.

"'Gratias agani,' they replied.

"'Gratias agani when it is given and gratias agani when it is taken away!' thundered the King. 'The word must be good; go and bring it to him again.'

"Afterward Daire visited the saint, and was so charmed by him that, recalling the incident of the desired site for the church, he granted its location on the Hill of Willows first requested.

"Over in the west you will be shown, near Kilbannon, the print of his two knees made in the rock, where the holy man knelt in prayer with his disciple, St. Benen. Overlooking the Atlantic, rises the towering mountain of Croag-Patrick, where he often retired to meditate far from the busy haunts of men.

"On the top of this mountain it was that he collected all the toads, reptiles and snakes from every part of the island, and, driving them down into the sea before him, destroyed them. All perished except one, which escaped his watchful eye, and was chased by the saint south into County Kerry. He overtook it in the gap of Dunlope, and in a convenient little lake, called Serpent Lake to this time, the last of the disagreeable lot was drowned.

"The market places of trading towns of Ireland frequently are decorated with a stone cross of great antiquity. And it is because of the teaching of St. Patrick that they are placed there. The saint admonished his followers always to be honest and fair in their dealings with one another and to erect a cross in the market place as a reminder to them and to those who came after them of this precept.

"Now, it is claimed that, because of this, nowhere are traders so fair in their transactions as in the market towns of Ireland, and if you consider the fact that horses and cattle are the chief commodities dealt in, you will realize that this is no slight boast.

"Pilgrimages of 'patterns' are made to many spots in Ireland in memory of St. Patrick. Not only will they be attended by people from the locality, but thousands will come from all parts of the country. The visitation to Lough Derg is the most extensive and important. There many thousands, rich and poor, mingle together on an equality; professional and business men, with laborers and paupers, all barefooted and bareheaded, undergo severe fasting, imitating the penance which Patrick is related to have undergone at this spot.

"St. Patrick means so much to the Irishman, reverence for his name is so interwoven into his daily life, the familiar spots of his country are so identified with him, his language, his literature, that to completely understand and appreciate it—well, you must yourself be an Irishman."

Sawdust Is Valuable

THERE was a time when sawdust was "the stuff that floated downstream from sawmills," says a writer in the New York American. Later it was used as the internal economy of dolls and filling for icehouses, but today it can be truly said that sawdust is used to eat, drink and to live in.

It is true that we do not eat sawdust ourselves to any great extent, but it is successfully used for cattle. There is the old story of the man who put green glasses on his cow to get her to eat sawdust, thinking it was grass—and just as he got her used to it she died. But that story lacks its point now, as a "wood meal" is made for cattle, which has proved of great value. Of course, the cattle that eat this do not subsist on it, as it is not, strictly speaking, a food; but this is mixed with rock salt and the combination acts as a splendid appetizer or digestive for the cattle, so it can truly be said that sawdust is eaten. As for drinking, no doubt a great many people "drink" sawdust, although few of them are aware of it. The alcohol that is made from sawdust is not good to drink unless one has suicidal intentions, but it is used in the distillation of a brandy. Chemists have been able to distill from sawdust, with the aid of other chemicals, a very passable brandy that is free from the taste of turpentine.

As to living in sawdust, a great many houses are partially constructed of sawdust, and some of them are nearly so, as in the instance of a form of brick which is made from this valuable by-product. Mortar containing a large quantity of sawdust, and a sort of stucco, is now being made entirely of sawdust. Sawdust is also pressed into various forms and objects and finished in good imitation of oak, rosewood, mahogany and other high-priced woods.

We also walk on sawdust, inasmuch as a very fair grade of linoleum is made from this, instead of the more expensive cork dust.

The other uses of sawdust are almost innumerable. Everyone knows of the white powder which is practically smokeless and far more powerful than the old-fashioned saltpeter gunpowder.

It is also used in making gas of various kinds; pressed into stoppers for bottles, used in laundries in place of soap, in making dyes, in giving wall-paper a velvet appearance and in many other ways.

Takes After His Father.

Grace—I think Mrs. Styles' son takes after his father.

Edith—Why so?

Grace—I understand sometimes he buttons up his mother's dress in the back.—Yonkers Statesman.

He Takes Precautions.

"With all your wealth, you are not afraid of the proletariat?" asked the student of sociology.

"No, I ain't!" snapped Mr. Pheurich. "We boil all our drinking water."—Philadelphia Ledger.

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