

SAINT PATRICK.

A Bishop in the Land Where He Had Been a Slave.

It is said that no other people under heaven have so scattered to the four corners of the globe as have the Irish. Wherever they have gone, they have taken their veneration for the saint of the Emerald Isle, and the story of his life is a story of the greatest missionary. The story of his life is a story of the greatest missionary. The story of his life is a story of the greatest missionary.

These had studied twelve long years before he could put on the white feather-trimmed robe of his order, or the six-colored dress that it was lawful for none but the king or an Ollamh (a wise man) to wear.

Patrick saw clearly that, to convert the nation, he must first reach the king and this powerful court of learned men. He must be educated to do this. So for years he buried himself at the school or church of Candida Casa, so called because Bishop Ninian had built it of beautiful white stone. This was in south Scotland, and Ninian, noble-born, educated at Rome, and who had himself converted the south Picts to Christianity, was of all men the best qualified to train ardent and enthusiastic Patrick for his life work.

He was nearly, or quite, 30 when he reached Ireland, which he vowed never to leave. At first every obstacle was thrown in his way, and once he was thrown in fetters. Nothing daunted, he preached on every hill and plain. He used to ring a hand bell to call the people together. This queer, four-square bell of Patrick's is still preserved at Belfaust. It was long known as "the bell of the Ollamh Phadrige." The bell of St. Patrick's will. It is six inches high, and is made of thin iron plates riveted together. Doubtless it was plain enough in his day, but now it is set with gems and adorned with gold and silver filigree.

When a crowd gathered, Patrick's wont was to read his text in Latin, then to translate it into the Irish tongue. After this he preached a plain, earnest sermon, couched in terms that all could understand. On one occasion when he was preaching in the open air, in the presence of the king, he perceived that the doctrine of the Trinity, the oneness of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, was not grasped by his hearers.

Stopping down, he plucked a leaf from a shamrock at his feet, a plant much like our clover. He showed that each of the three leaflets was a perfect leaf in itself, yet together they formed but a single leaf, a fit type of the Trinity. The illustration made a profound sensation and to this day—

"When Erin's sons go marching down the street, and fair ones lean from balconies, with glowing cheeks to hail the flag of green; The while they love their native land—from south to northern bay. They wear a leaf of shamrock green on each St. Patrick's day."

For five years Patrick preached the gospel with small success. Then King Leogaire McNall and his court of sages became Christians. The common people followed them, so that the nation may be said to have changed its faith in a day. There must have been something singularly winning about the man. The king heaped honors upon him; the pope made him a bishop, and the haughty Ollamhs, or court sages, submitted their rites and rules to him for revision. There was nothing of the fanatic about Patrick. He prohibited the Druid mysteries, magic and incantation, but left everything else as it had been.

The busy bishop established 365 churches. He ordained hundreds of priests. He started several schools where Greek, Latin, Hebrew and the learning of the day were studied. He baptized more than 12,000 converts. He was revered so much that his words were treasured almost as though they had been spoken by an angel. Yet in his modesty he speaks of himself as "I, Patrick, an unlearned man, to-wit, a bishop constituted in Ireland. What I am, I have received from God."

He was full of courage. When some of the new converts carried off captives and sold them for slaves, he promptly excommunicated them. The king was not so thoroughly converted but that he yet swore "by the old god," and the common people greatly feared an idol that stood on the Bloody Plains, and to which human sacrifices had once been made. With his own hands

Patrick thought this dream a call to carry the gospel to the Irish, but his people thought him with tears and persuasions not to go. He grew sick with anxiety, but at last vowed to go, when he at once began to mend. "I sold my nobility for this nation," (the Irish he says, "but I am not ashamed, neither do I repent. I became a servant for Jesus Christ.")

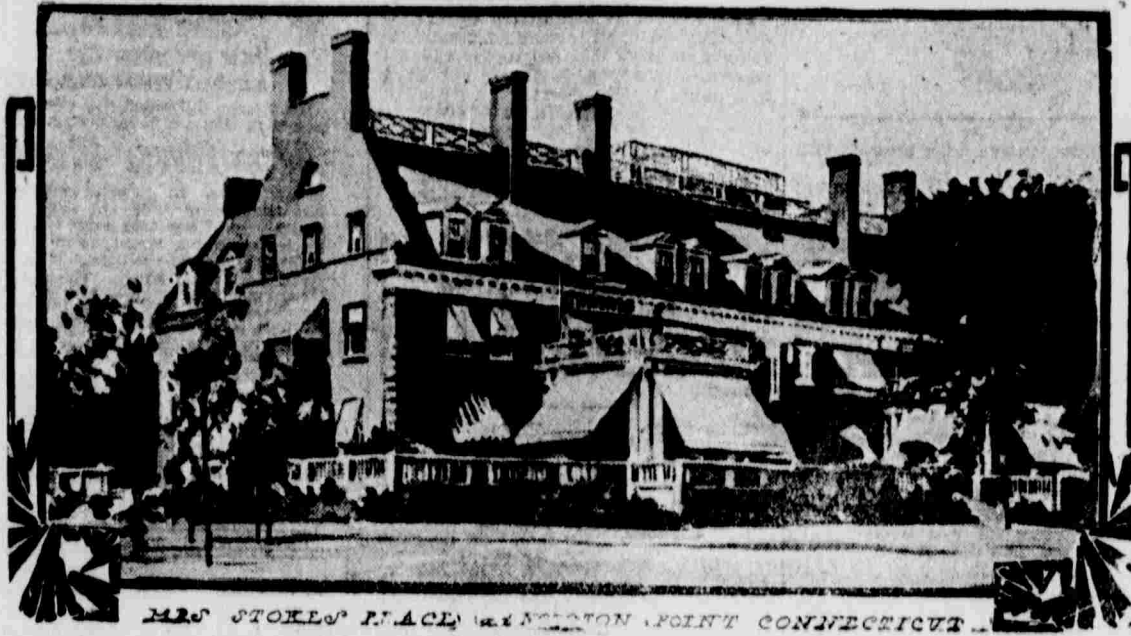
Now in those days, Ireland had a high civilization. At the king's court were many bards and sages. Each of

Bishop Patrick broke down this image of Crom, and shivered it into a thousand fragments. An old Gaelic poem preserves a reference to Patrick's teaching on blood sacrifice. The three forbidden bloods, Patrick preached therein. Yoke oxen and slaying of milch cows. Also, by him, the slaying of the first-born.

Of many legends, the best known is

of how Patrick rid Ireland of her snakes, when, as a son of Erin said: "They were so thick all over the swate island that you couldn't sit your fut down without triddin' on many av their tails." The story runs that the bishop invited all the toads on the island to the Hill of Howth, and when they came, invited the serpents also. The snakes ate all the toads up and then began on each other, until the last one had

eaten all his fellows, when he was dispatched. Some say Patrick died at 63, others that he was nearly 80; still others that he was 116 at death. An old manuscript speaks of him as "Senn Patraice"—"Old Patrick"—as though his age marked him out from all other men. He certainly died on March 17, at Downpatrick, the most remarkable man of his century.



MILLIONAIRE SOCIALISTS HOLD CONFERENCE DE LUXE.

The "Millionaire Socialists" conference held at the country residence of J. Phelps Stokes at Noroton Point, Conn., during four days of last week, has caused a big stir in political circles all over the country.

The spectacle of a gathering of rich, with a sprinkling of poor, political reformers assembled in a beautiful country house to listen to the denunciation of the "money power" by the mistress of the house, who only a year ago was unknown beyond the boundaries of New York's east side, was not the least of the interesting features of the conference. This young woman is Mrs. J. G. Phelps Stokes who will be remembered as Miss Rose Pastor, "Settlement worker who married a millionaire."

The announced purpose of the meeting was to open up the interchange of ideas among the prominent persons, who were to be brought together to discuss methods for a change in the scheme of things governmental and sociological. The conference served to introduce the latest wealthy convert to the cause of Socialism, in the person of Joseph Medill Patterson, son of R. W. Patterson, editor of the Chicago Tribune. Young Mr. Patterson occupies the unique position of having forewarned municipal ownership principles as being too tame, resigning an appointment as commissioner of public works under Chicago's municipal ownership regime, and fostering sociological ideas which his father describes as "the wildest kind of fanaticism."



BRITISH SAILORS GUARDING MISSION HOUSES IN SHANGHAI.

The killing of missionaries by natives in Nanchang, China, on the night of Feb. 25th has caused the eyes of the world to be turned again upon the Orient. The now well founded belief that the demonstration of violence against the missionaries is but a forerunner to a more tragic sequel is each day being more firmly established by the preparations being made by the government. The first step was taken several weeks ago when the U. S. gunboat El Cano was ordered up the Yangtze Kiang. This vessel had reached Nankin when orders were received to proceed to Kiukang, four hundred miles away, where the fourteen American missionaries who escaped from Nanchang were taken on board.

THROUGH SIMPLON TUNNEL.

The First Journey Made by a Newspaper Correspondent.

AT 8:30 in the morning of Thursday, Jan. 25, 1906, an ever-memorable day, I found myself shivering with cold on the platform of the new station at Brigue, waiting to be whisked into Italy through the mighty Simplon tunnel, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The tops of the snowy pinnacles, piercing the blue, were touched with opal and pink—the virgin silent heights seemed to be blushing at man's sacrilege. A little over a hundred years ago, up there, in yonder pass, Napoleon and his army were engaged in a pitched battle—one of the greatest battles that the "Little Corporal" ever fought—with the same mountains. History tells us that Napoleon won—at the cost of one-third of his men. Napoleon's weapons were perseverance and pluck, but he was in a hurry, and overlooked the perforator, deadliest enemy of the Alps. Branded, the Napoleon engineer, armed with this trinity, has laid the mighty mountain low forever at the foot of the world.

"Messieurs, en voiture pour Iselle!" shouts the porter in the familiar railway voice, and seems rather offended when the announcement is received with a burst of laughter. Midst cheering and the booming of cannon we start. It is 8:45 a. m. Exactly 11 minutes later we arrive at the mouth of the tunnel and enter the colossal bore, the eighth wonder of the world.

The train is traveling at the rate of forty kilometers an hour. The coaches have not been warmed, and it is cold. I open the window and a warmer air enters the compartment. It becomes warmer and warmer. We have reached the center of the tunnel. The thermometer registers 25½ degrees centigrade. Gradually the atmosphere cools. A whistle blows, and we rush into sunshine and Italy. It is 9:35 a. m.—27 minutes since we left Brigue. The journey is over. As we descend on to the permanent way the cannons boom again, and the waiting crowd give us a warm welcome, but now the "Hoch" of the Swiss has given place to the more melodious "Evviva!" of the Italian.

In thirty-seven minutes we have accomplished the distance that it takes the diligence and four horses ten hours

to cover over the pass, in fine weather and favorable conditions! As the train does not start on the return journey until 3 in the afternoon, we have plenty of time to look around. Two clouds of vapor issuing from the mouth of the larger and smaller tunnels at once arrest one's attention. They are caused by the heated air, forced out of the tunnel by powerful electric fans fixed near the northern portal, coming in contact with the cold air outside, the difference in temperature being nearly 35 degrees at the mouth of the southern portal. About Iselle, which is an insignificant little town, are hundreds of deserted hovels and wooden shanties, which were formerly inhabited by Italian workmen. At the foot of the town flows the River Diveria, through picturesque meadows and woods, and typical Italian villages.

At Iselle are stationed a couple of companies of Italian sappers, whose business it is, I discovered, to destroy the tunnel—at a moment's notice! With this end in view, the sappers have been engaged for the past month in constructing a tunnel on their own account about fifty yards above the southern portal. They have nearly finished their work, which will enable them, by pressing a button, to wreck eight years of toil and skill in a second, and scatter 24,000,000 to the winds!

On the stroke of 3 we took leave of our hospitable friends and reentered the tunnel, the locomotive puffing at the back. Near the center the train stopped, and we descended in order to examine the vault. Every stone in this circular mass of masonry has been tested by experts before being used, and another inspection takes place shortly. We walked on a little farther guided by the brilliant lamps of the engine, until we came upon the frontier, which is marked by a simple brass plate let into the stone. "Schweiz-Italia." Some twenty yards farther we found two huge solid iron doors, weighing many tons, with their hinges well greased, ready to be shut at any moment by means of specially constructed machinery, in the face of Italy! It was uncomfortably warm at this spot, and a corpulent member of the party went up considerably in our estimation when he suggested an adjournment to our seats.

And here we are Brigue again. "Au revoir" Simplon, until April next, when I hope to revisit you. It was a fair and plucky fight between your kind and my kind, between man and mountain—and you have lost.

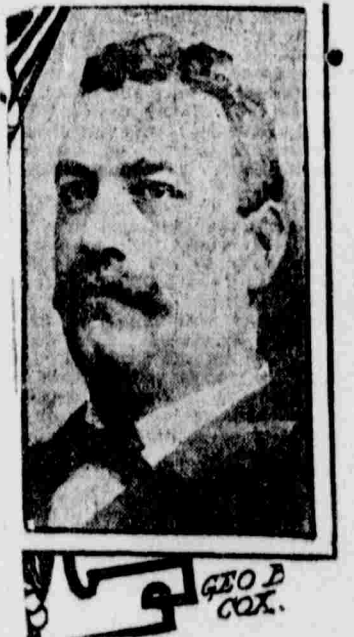
COX'S GRAFT \$7,000,000 A YEAR.

"The money was given to me. I got it."

These are the words used by County Treasurer R. K. Hynicka of Cincinnati, Ohio, long the principal lieutenant of the noted leader of that city, George B. Cox, in a frank statement before the legislative committee that last week commenced an investigation of charges of corruption in Cincinnati made during the last campaign.

The startling statement was made by Hynicka after listening to the testimony of several bankers that they had paid money to officials of the county treasury, in return for having deposited at their banks county funds, on which no interest was paid.

Hynicka said the "gratuities" for the first year of this term were from \$15,000 to \$20,000, and declared the Cox collections averaged about \$7,000,000 a year.



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