



THE WINDMILL

[By E. E. E.]

With St. Patrick's Day in the offing, two old pictures have been brought to light from Sam Kerschner's collection that goes back more than 30 years. One is of the play, "Innisfail," a drama of Irish life, given in St. Augustin's Hall, March 17, 1914. The other shows the Hibernian Rifles, 50 strong, in full uniform on the steps of St. Joseph's Church.

Those in the principal roles in the St. Augustin's play were James Morris, William Honnen, William Crowther, Francis Winters, Arthur Leary, Michael Collins, John Galvin, Elizabeth Vaughan, Viva Smith and Elizabeth Nuss. The maids of Erin were the Misses Viva Smith, Katherine Devine, Helen Fagan, Mary Lenihan, Margaret Vaughan, Minnie Moore, May Egan, Alice Vaughan, Sadie O'Hanley, Irene Burns, Teresa Morgan and Margaret Halpin.

Greta Morris and Charles Fitzpatrick were soloists. The gossoons in the Kerry dance were Edward Lynch, Francis Conneheeny, James Ebbitt and Emmett Phelan. The colleens were the Misses Eileen Leary, Gertrude Walters, Josephine Lenihan and Anna Nuss.

In the picture of the Hibernian Rifles, the company is commanded by Colonel Michael J. Kelly. Among those noted were Lieutenant Tom Finn, William Donovan, John J. Connors, Patrolman Patrick J. Lyons, James McGillicuddy, John J. Sullivan, Patrick Connors, Bartley Noonan, Captain Dan Shea, Patrick Morris, Patrolman Edward C. Sullivan, Councilman John W. Blake, Timothy Sullivan and Michael J. Curran.

"Hoarders Unmasked" or the "Story of the Gold Crown" is a mystery play which it is understood several city officials are working on in their spare moments with the idea of producing it in one of the summer theatres.

The mystery opens at a gala festivity at which one of the city officials is seen frequently smiling broadly so his gold-crowned

busy keeping touch with current events at the noon hour to attend the weekly meetings of his luncheon club, but he managed to make it for the St. Patrick's Day festivities a few days ago. One of the newer members of the club saw him at a meeting for the first time and inquired whose guest he was. Such is fame.

The identity of those in an old photograph, taken at the corner of Thames street and Commercial Wharf, where the Newport Trust Company now stands, has been given by an old timer, who knew the men and recalls the time when the United States Express Company and the Postal Telegraph used to be at the site.

He recognizes Harvey Lockrow and Henry Rankin, and Bufum, Essex, Child and Littlefield, although he could not remember the first names of these.

E. E. E.

Let's talk about the weather. Do you realize that next Sunday is the Spring equinox, when the day and night are the same length, exactly 12 hours, and that the almanacs say that Spring begins next Wednesday? The ground may still be frozen, and the field brown, but signs of spring are everywhere.

There are signs of coming spring everywhere. See the seed catalogs in the mail, the farmer rebuilding his walls and fences, the haystacks that dotted the field being torn down to supplant the winter supply being exhausted, the cows and other livestock showing impatience for the days when they will be released to go into the fresh air, and everyone everywhere looking forward to getting the outdoors with its touch of spring. Already the early spring flowers are coming to life. Crocuses and snowdrops are being seen, the former with their cups of bright yellow and purple and the latter with pure white bells whiter than the snow that gave them their name. Even the yellow daffodils are pushing their way through the

been quoted as to the significance of the coincidence of St. Patrick's Day and Palm Sunday, one being "When the Palm and Shamrock meet."

Blood shall run in Dublin street." Another is to the effect that when the two festivals are coincident there shall be a "great and lasting peace," while still another says that on that date Ireland will be free.

Referring to the fact that the last time the two days coincided was in 1799, a writer in the Irish Press, of Dublin, says: "It happened in the dread days after '98 when the Union was being engineered and Ireland's saddest days were happening. Nothing exceptional happened on the other days. I think things were just going from bad to worse as usual."

At any rate, the St. Patrick's Day and Palm Sunday will not fall on the same date again until 2103.

ALL MEN WITH LONELY HEARTS

[Beulah May in The Step Ladder]

I love to greet an old man
Who wakens with the quail,
And calls "Good morning" to the sun
When striding up the trail,
Who knows the deer and mountain cat
And where the gray goose flies.
Who camps and dreams by mountain streams
With the wood smoke in his eyes.

I love to greet an old man
Who walks a slanting ship,
The wind of tropics in his hair
Or salt fog on his lip.
Who's seen the ports of Borneo,
The Southern Cross arise
On wastes forlorn around the Horn,
With the blue sea in his eyes.

I love to greet an old man
Who treks the world, and turns
From Tokio and Leningrad
To where the desert burns.
Who stakes with death and mystery
Out where the tundra lies,
Whose every word is like a sword,
And a far look in his eyes.

I love to greet an old man
Who dwells with stars and trees,
Who stoops to pat a horse and set
A young child on his knees
Who waits for seed and harvest time
With simple faith and wise;
And like his grain shall rise again
All heaven in his eyes.



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