IT WAS A GREAT DAY

SCRANTON MEN OF IRISH BLOOD IN SIGHT

GREEN WAS EVERYWHERE

Never in the History of That City Was There Such a Display—What the Celebration Stood for in Every Way—Observations That Impel One to the Highest Ethics in Observing St. Patrick's Day.

Scranton, Pa., March 18.—About every man you met, and about every pretty girl who smiled on you yesterday, bore some evidence of the day and the occasion. If it was not a green necktie, it was a pretty green ribbon, a green badge or a bit of shamrock. St. Patrick's day is no longer an Irish day. It is becoming a general holiday in this country. For years the Welsh have celebrated the day with eisteddfods. Other races have balls and dances. St. Patrick is the best advertised of all the saints. He's the Barnum of saintdom, and the more people read of him the more they like him and admire him for what he did.

The green of yesterday—on the bosom of so many people—indicated the feeling that is in the hind for the Irish cause. The display shows good will, kindness and appreciation in a land where for several generations the Irishman was not understood. Within recent years Americans are beginning to understand the elements of the Irishman. They realize he is more than a battle field hero—more than a low comedian, more than the rollicking devil-may-care man he has been pictured. The Irishman is faithful; he is consistent; he's loyal; he's grateful. He is the man men to-day who stand for religion, and whose fist is ever ready to knock down the man who profanes God or church. If you want to test the loyalty and fidelity of the Irishman, say a derogatory word of the Italian pope, or the German bishop, or the Polish priest. The Irishman is not satisfied with defending himself. He is the quick and beautiful butt-in, with physical and oral force, when the reputation of the one he respects is attacked. The good will of the Irishman is more than pleasant smiles—more than sweet words. It means your defense when you are absent.

* * *

In this and many things the Irishman is "strange"—strange only in his standard and his interpretation of good will. The Irishman is the church builder, the community builder. He is the policeman, the school controller, the councilman, the treasurer, the sheriff, the governor, or the holder of any office within his grasp. He's the railroad builder, the engine runner, the superintendent and the general manager. Wherever he is the Irishman is the "Off again, on again, gone again Finnegan."

* * *

Yesterday and last night he was the chairman of the town. He based him in oratory and he based him in song. He based him in the beautiful arrangement of the banquet table. He based his etiquette in the arrangement of the flags. Old glory, in all her grandeur, stood aloft. On one side of her was the state flag and on the other side the Irish flag. At the feet of these great emblems stretched the city flag. This is according to law, and the first time the city beheld the etiquette of flags. The banquet opened with the singing of "America." It closed with the singing of "The Wearing of the Green." The chairmanship of this arrangement would have been to open with "The Wearing of the Green," and close with "America." That is the correct form. In the seating of the guests the Irishman showed his knowledge of state and church etiquette. No one in the town ever saw a prettier or more impressive assemblage than that of last night. Do not say the Irishman is coming up. He is just making himself known. At the banquet the Irishman was not thinking wholly of himself. His toasts were to his mother, to his wife, to his daughter, to his sweetheart. There is no man more loyal to woman than the true Irishman. He never forgets his mother. He shares his bread with his wife. His heart and his soul are in his daughter. With the Irishman God is first, country second, and woman finishes the trinity, to which he clings, with the spirit of faith, hope and charity. The city had occasion to feel proud of last night's assemblage at the Casey. It was no gathering of men secretly sworn to any cause. There was no religion or politics in it. The church, state and hayseed met on the common social ground—one recognizing the rights of the other. There were no violent or incendiary speeches, no rebell songs. It was a gathering of gentlemen, who acted as gentlemen. The white haired man of Irish blood was there, and with him was his young son. The father told his boy: "I don't want you to forget your blood is Irish, and that Irish blood stands for valor, gallantry and decency." The heart of the Irish mother rejoiced when she saw her son fixed up in evening dress. In the quiet of the Irish home she gathered her boy to her breast, kissed him and said: "Gramachre asthore." And when the son came home this morning he pinned the shamrock to his mother's breast and he bedecked his sisters with pretty souvenirs of the dinner. It was all very pretty—all very human and affectionately emotional. Such dinners and such gatherings do a great deal of good for all the people of the town.

* * *

In shops, stores, and where men gathered yesterday, there was song and story. It was a great singing festival all over the town. The barber who shaved me—he is a Welshman—hummed over my face, "Believe Me." The other barbers picked up the refrain and the shop rang with melody. The Italian boy who polished my shoes, whistled "The Wearing of the Green." The young man who sold me a necktie hummed Irish melodies. The young man behind the cigar counter hummed "Darry Owen." Indeed, there were few places in town yesterday or last evening where song was not heard. It is remarkable the hold St. Patrick's day is getting on all the people. The young ones, who are coming up, like Irish music. It comes to them without an effort. Some time I think the real Irishmen have not been born, and that when they come it will not be through Ireland, but rather through these United States. I fancy that America will in time produce the great Irishman. It seems to me here the Irish are the happiest—the most contented and the most progressive.

A DAY OF JOY FOR GOOD MR. BOWMAN

Mine Bosses, and Others, in a Spirit of Deepest Gratitude, Tell Why They Gave Him Their Political Support.

[Special to the Telegram.]

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 18.—The Bowman-McLean contest hanging today proved a veritable comedy. The inquisitors had the men of Avoca on the rack, and loyal and true they proved to Mr. Bowman.

Mine Boss O'Brien testified that it was Bowman who gave him his start ten years ago and notwithstanding he is a Democrat he worked tooth and nail for his benefit. Mr. O'Brien demonstrated that he is a true friend and a man whose friendship is worth having. He intimated, however, that while he did everything in his power for Bowman he did not try to influence the vote of any man working under him.

Mike Mullin, a white haired old gentleman testified that while he always voted the Democratic ticket he became a Republican last November for Mr. Bowman who had always been kind to him.

Mr. Mullin's old, white haired chum, Thomas Meehan, testified that he knew Mr. Bowman over thirty years and that he never knew a better man.

When Attorney Campbell told the old man to stop winking at Mr. Bowman's counsel he said "Before I left old Ireland I was riding a jackass one day when a blackthorn on a hedge hit me in the eye and that eye has been winking ever since. If you can stop it from winking, Mr. Campbell, I'll vote for you every time you come up for a county office."

I have never in my newspaper career heard of a coal operator being so roasted before. The tribute which these old veterans of the mines paid Mr. Bowman to-day amply repaid him for all the money he spent.

Jimmy Joyce, the Pittston reformer, testified that he was influenced to vote against Mr. McLean by an article which appeared in the Record the day before election.

When asked by Mr. Jones on what ticket he ran for mayor of Pittston, he said the Republican, and that he cut his associates on the ticket.

"That will do, sir," thundered Mr. Jones in an indignant voice, and Jimmy sank off very much abashed.

John O'Brien, Frank and John, of this city.

* * *

Howard M. Butting, aged sixty-seven years, died this week at his home in Clinton Center, Wayne county.

LATE SCRANTON SOCIETY.

Ed. Keeley, of Wilkes-Barre, was a caller during the week.

—M. D. Brescini, of Clay avenue, has returned from New York.

—Mrs. Arthur Salmon, of Lock Haven, is visiting her cousin, Mrs. Leonard G. Van Norman.

—Miss Julia Kelly, of Perth Amboy, was the guest of Mrs. Noone, of Penn Market street, this week.

—Miss Adelaide Bullock, of Adams avenue, entertained the members of the W. C. T. U. Friday afternoon.

—Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Rankin, of Capouse avenue, celebrated the silver anniversary of their wedding Friday.

—Mrs. Alfa Williams, a former resident of this city, but now of Buffalo, is visiting her sister, Mrs. James B. Stickland, of Price street.

—Frank Beier and Miss Rose Shearer, both of Dunmore, were wed Wednesday evening in St. Peter's Lutheran church. Rev. Paul Kommer officiated.

—The students of Mt. St. Mary's seminary celebrated St. Patrick's day with an entertainment. The programme which was delightful, was of a musical and literary nature.

—Harold Kjellestedt, of this city, has been appointed a member of the committee of honor of the Philatelic section of the International exhibition at Turin, Italy, in October, 1911.

—Milton James Moir, of No. 131 Penn avenue, was forty-two years of age, Friday, and in honor of the event the employes of the Scranton house called and tendered him a surprise.

—Mrs. John Kelly and daughter, Catherine, have returned to their home in Perth Amboy, N. J., after a visit with Mrs. Kelly's mother, Mrs. Catherine Noone, of West Market street.

—The members of the Central High school, entertained at the Central High night in the Y. M. C. A. building. Attorney Edgar A. Jones and P. O. Koehler were guests and speakers of the evening.

MORE SAD HOMES.

John V. Rodner, aged sixty-seven years, of Honesdale, died Thursday.

* * *

The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. William Newberry, of Jermyn, died this week.

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Mrs. Charles Gray, a well known resident of Honesdale, died Friday at the age of forty-one years.

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Bradford Parsons, aged sixty-five years, a resident of Towanda, died Thursday. The funeral took place this Saturday afternoon.

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Michael Cummings, of Dyberry, Wayne county, Pa., died Thursday at the age of seventy-five years. The funeral took place this morning with services in St. John's church. Interment was made in St. John's cemetery.

* * *

Mrs. Jane Daniels, widow of William Daniels, died at her home in Spring Brook, Friday morning, at the age of sixty-six years. Deceased was the mother of Mrs. Milton Weinhacker, of this city; Mrs. T. A. Ayers, of Tacoma, Wash.; Mrs. W. E. Griffith, Mrs. Thomas Snaitgerberg, Morgan and Rachel Daniels of Spring Brook; David and Albert Daniels, of this city. The funeral will take place, Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from the Methodist church. Christians will meet the morning trains at Moscow station to convey all relatives and friends wishing to attend the funeral.

* * *

Miss Sarah Oliver, aged twenty-three years, died Friday at her home, 512 Mineral street. Deceased was a delightful young woman and she beloved by all who knew her. The funeral will take place, Monday, with services at St. Luke's Episcopal church.

* * *

The funeral of the late Mrs. William Pray, of Golden street, took place, Friday afternoon, with services at the Memorial Congregational church. Rev. Dr. Jones officiated. The bearers were C. E. Roberts, pastor of the church attended, Thomas Evans, Evan Evans, Thomas J. Owens, Griffith Jones, David Evans, William Jones. The flower bearers were: John Evans, David J. Jones, Willard Evans, John L. Evans. Interment was made in Forest Hill cemetery.

* * *

Mrs. John Costello, who died at her home in Denver, this week, was a former resident of this city, she maiden name was Ellen O'Hara, she resided at No. 1,102, Pittston avenue. The following named brothers and sisters survive Mrs. M. J. Rogers, Mrs. George McClure, Thomas, William, who reside in Denver; Mrs. E. J. Healey, Mrs. Richard Dunn, Mrs. John Dailey, Mrs. Arthur Donnelly, of New York; Mrs. Jeremiah Lynch, Mrs. John O'Brien, Frank and John, of this city.

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AWARDED $6,500.

Scranton, Pa., March 18.—Referee George W. Morgan has awarded Mrs. Mary H. Gratten $6,500 for the loss of her husband—s D. & H. conductor, who was killed last November in a collision with an Erie train. The Erie and D. & H. companies have agreed to pay the award.

Be sure and buy the Telegram.

Men's $10 Spring Suits

While on a buying trip last week our buyer met a Clothing Manufacturer in New York who was in need of ready cash. He sold our buyer 400 new Spring Suits at about one-half the cost of manufacturing. These Suits are the very latest Spring styles in light colors---also a few blue serges ---Come early to get your choice. Sizes 30 to 40. $10.00 Suits.

See Window Display

$5.90

Men's $12 Spring Suits	$7.90
Men's $12 Blue Serge Suits	$9.00
Men's $1 Shirts	85c
Children's and Boys' Suits	$1.90
In Serge and Fancy Weaves. Sizes 3 to 16 years. Only 85 suits in lot. $2.49 value.	
200 Heavy Suits Ages 4 to 16 years.	$1 and $2 Reductions
Our Famous Marathon Hats	$1.50
50c Neckwear	39c
The New Spring Derby, Schobble Make The very latest for Spring wear.	$3.00

Women! Do You Need New Spring Gloves?

WOMEN'S TWO-CLASP KID GLOVES
Made of selected skins in tan, black or white; regularly 89c. For 69c

THE FAMOUS CENTEMERI PIQUE GLOVE
Also the Empress. Two-clasp Kid Gloves in tan, white or black; $1.50 value $1.19

WOMEN'S LONG KID GLOVES
Twelve-button length; made from the best selected skins; tan only; worth $2.50. For $1.59

WOMEN'S SILK GLOVES
Twelve-button length; double tipped fingers; in black or white; $1.00 value 69c

Famous for Prompt and Courteous Treatment

Clark Bros

ELMIRANS ATTEND

A Funeral in Scranton That Was a Large One, Indeed.

Scranton, Pa., March 18.—A large concourse of relatives and friends attended the funeral of Thomas E. Shields, who died at his home on Price street, Scranton, Pa., Saturday evening, March 11, at the age of sixty-three years. The funeral was held Wednesday morning at 9:30 from his late home. A solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated at St. Patrick's church and interment was in Cathedral cemetery. The pall bearers, all nephews, were: Messrs. William and James Madigan, of Scranton; Joseph and James Shields, of Sayre, Pa.; John and Thomas Shields, of Scranton. Mr. Shields was born in St. Josephs, Susquehanna county, Pa., was a son of the late Patrick Shields and a brother of the late James Shields, the well-known engineer of this city, who later became the first superintendent of the elevated road of New York city. He came to this city when a young man and learned the trade as machinist in the old D., L. & W. shops. He also worked for many years at the Cliff works, and was recognized as one of the best mechanics in the valley. He married Miss Bessie Campbell, of West Scranton, daughter of the late Frank Campbell, formerly of Hawley. He is survived by his wife and the following children: Anna, Kathryn, James, Thomas E., Mary and Frank; one sister, Mrs. Thomas Madigan, of this city, and two brothers, Peter, of Sayre, Pa., and John, of Elmira. Those who attended the funeral from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. John J. Shields, Elmira; Mr. and Mrs. Peter Shields, Sayre, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Houghton, Elmira; Miss Rose Shields, Sayre; Messrs. James and Peter Shields, of Sayre; Joseph Shields, Elmira, and Misses Alice and Bess McAloon, of New York city.

$12 A MONTH.

Scranton, Pa., March 18.—Thomas Morgan, of Kyson street, was to-day sentenced to pay his wife $12 a month.

Half-tone and photo-engravings executed by Telegram on short notice.

MISS BAXE WINNER.

Scranton, Pa., March 18.—Miss Bessie Baxe, of Pittston, has been declared the winner of the recitation contest of the Kwapisz Academy. Miss Romain Lenington, of this city, secured first and Miss Mildred Wolle, of Factoryville, second honorable mention.

ORIGINAL PLEDGE.

[Special to the Telegram.]

Scranton, Pa., March 18.—Governor Tener says the original Father Mathew pledge was written in the home of his grandfather by Father Mathew, who was a close friend of the Teners.

Want a Woman?—If so, read the "want" columns of the Telegram every week—and you'll get one.

THE SPECIAL SPRING

BOCK BREW of

Peerless Bock Beer

Costs more to brew, but no more to you.

Peerless Beer

Call for Peerless Bock

You'll taste its goodness in every swallow

Is now on draught at hotels

CASEY & KELLY BREWERY,

P. J. CASEY, Manager.