THE SIMMARIAN

ST. MARY'S

CHRISTIAN BROS'

SCHOOL

BELFAST

1939

THE Simmarian Magazine

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For
ST. MARY'S CHRISTIAN BROS. SCHOOL, BELFAST.

1939.

Christian Brothers' Secondary School,

BELFAST.

Students are prepared for the Certificate Examinations of the Ministry of Education, Northern Ireland, the Matriculation of the Universities, the preliminary Professional Examinations, and the Civil Service.

APPLICANTS FOR ADMISSION should be under 14 years of age on the 1st June, 1939. Only in very exceptional circumstances will pupils over 14 years of age be admitted, and a greater proficiency in the Subjects for Entrance Examination will be expected from this latter class.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION will be held at the School on THURSDAY and FRIDAY, 1st and 2nd June, 1939. The Subjects for the Examination are ENGLISH, ARITHMETIC, GEOGRAPHY, ALGEBRA or DRAWING, of the SIXTH STANDARD Programme of Public Elementary Schools.

Hardinge Street Junior Technical School,

BELFAST.

ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

This examination will be held this year, 1939, on June 14th (Wednesday) in the School.

SYLLABUS of the EXAMINATION.

English, Grammar and Composition, Arithmetic and Drawing. Standard VI. of the P.E. Syllabus.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Scholarships are awarded at the Entrance Examination. These Scholarships may be retained for a Second and Third Year.

AGE OF APPLICANTS.

Applicants should be under 14 years of age on the 1st of September in the year of the Examination. Students over 14 years of age find it very difficult to obtain Scholarships.

EXAMINATIONS PREPARED for in the School.

Students are prepared for (*a*) The Technical School Certificate. (*b*) Post Office. (*c*) Ordnance Survey. (*d*) Clerical Officers. (*e*) Royal Air Force. (*f*) Belfast Corporation. (*g*) Shipyard Draughtsoffice. (*h*) Engineering (Electrical and Mechanical). (*i*) Designers.

NOTE.—Of the students presented for the Technical Certificate during the past SEVEN YEARS 99 per cent. have passed.

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STEP OUT OF YOUR FOOT TROUBLES

SAYS—

SIR HERBERT BARKER

The eminent Specialist in manipulative surgery

"Foot weariness is unknown in the shoes I designed and wear myself."

A WEARER WRITES—"For twenty years or more I have searched for such footwear, I have tried all sorts of makes but it was not until I put on and began to wear my first pair of Sir Herbert Barker shoes that I realised how comfortable shoes could be."

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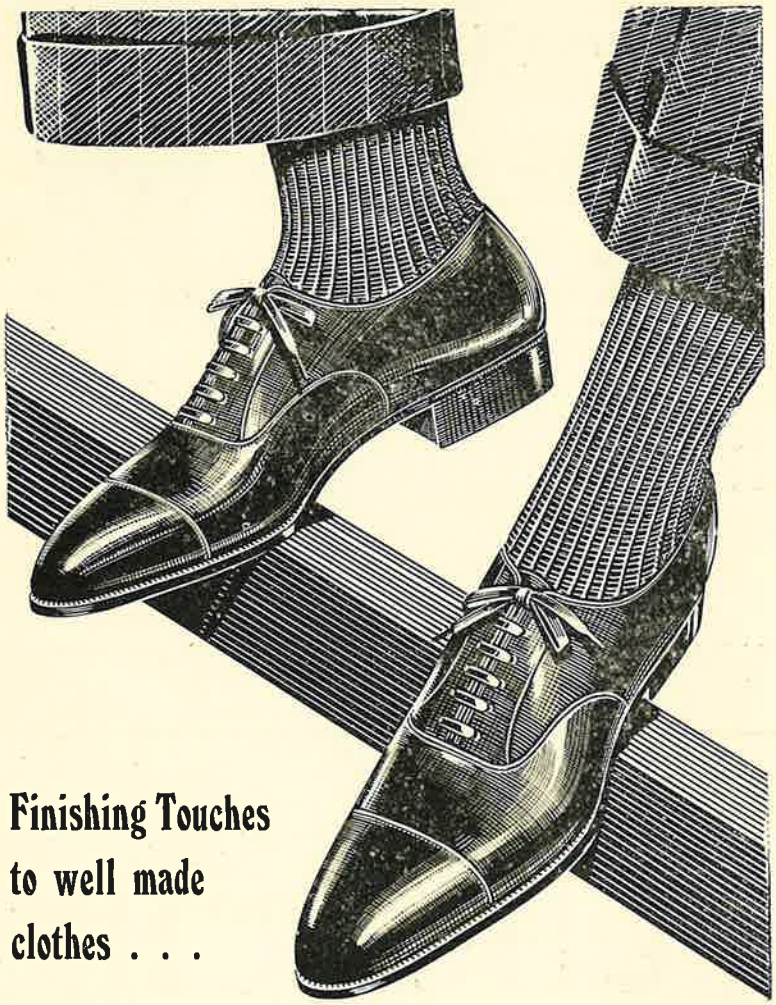


Finishing Touches to well made clothes . . .

TYLER SHOES and TYLER HOSE

THERE ARE TYLER BRANCHES IN:—

BELFAST, ARMAGH, BANGOR, LONDONDERRY, NEWRY, BALLYMENA, OMAGH, ENNISKILLEN, COLERAINE, and LISBURN, etc.

PIUS XII.

His Holiness the Pope,
Bishop of Rome and Vicar of Jesus Christ,
Successor of St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles,
Supreme Pontiff of the Universal Church,
Patriarch of the West, Primate of Italy,
Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Province,
Sovereign of the Vatican City.

Simmarian Magazine

MAY, 1939. FOURTH YEAR.

EDITORIAL.

Father Time has run his annual course, and once again "The Simmarian" makes its bow. In this, the fourth publication of the School magazine, we are fully conscious of the responsibility incurred by us in endeavouring to follow in the footsteps of our predecessors. They have constantly pleaded unworthiness. Reflecting on the success which attended their efforts, we cannot but be imbued with a like spirit of humility in submitting our attempts for your perusal.

Clough, however, reminds us that "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars," and so our humility is tempered with ambition. We entertain a hope that our labours may give you pleasure, and that, as you will not be sparing in your praise for whatever is deserving of merit, you will, with true benevolence, pardon the imperfections of adolescence. We ask you to remember that our contributors are merely raw recruits in the Armies of Art and Literature, and much allowance must be made for those who are shouldering arms in the first blush of enthusiasm.

Our ambitious scribes aspire to please you, presenting a variety of articles to suit your every mood, bringing

> "Whate'er delight
> Can make day's forehead bright
> Or gave down to the wings of night."

If the pages are interesting to the past pupils and stimulating to the present, and cause both a more lively interest in the present and future well-being of the School—by resuscitating the memories "of boyhood years" and by inciting our successors—we are amply rewarded.

HABEMUS PAPAM!

I remember, very vividly, one morning last February when I walked down one of Rome's narrowest and most crowded streets, the Corso Umberto. It had rained much during the night and the streets were still wet, but high above the buildings on either side, a blue Roman sky gave promise of a Roman day. Down the Corso, green buses, packed with business people, tore noisily; the narrow footpaths were crowded with the same hurrying, anxious throng. Shop assistants, not yet fully awake, removed the iron gates of their premises and gazed at the passers-by. It was a scene that was typical of almost any modern city at that time of the morning. And then, suddenly, as I moved in the midst of the crowd, I noticed a newsboy making in my direction, running, stopping, and running again, and always shouting the message which he bore on the placard before him. In a few moments he was passing me, and I could read his message and hear his voice: "E morto il Papa," he cried. The Pope is dead.

It is strange what turns one's thoughts will take in moments such as these; I remember thinking at that moment—how often has this street heard that cry? Those high buildings on each side of me, which now shelter modern shops and offices, have been worn and mellowed by the centuries. Charles Dickens had written of them while they were still palaces; long before his time Princes and Cardinals had lived in them. Even the name 'Corso Umberto' was something new in comparison with the street which bore it, for nineteen centuries ago the citizens of Imperial Rome had called it the Via Flaminia. As I stood there, and let the crowd flow past me, I thought of how often that cry 'E morto il Papa' had been heard in this street, and how often it had meant a turning point in the history of the Church. I thought of a December morning in 1521, when, at the height of Luther's revolt, it had echoed past these buildings and spread consternation through Rome. I remembered how, that morning, Cardinals were seen hurrying through the streets—some of them certainly through this one—towards the Vatican, and how the Swiss Guard were seen mounting their cannon on the Castlello San Angelo, for the Protestant princes of Germany were known to be dangerous men. 'La morte del Santo Padre' cried the newsboy's voice in the distance, and I knew that another page in the history of the Church was turning.

The Pope is dead. Pius XI. is dead. At first it was impossible to realize that it was true. We had been talking of him so much that very week; we had been speaking so much of all that was to happen in the next few days when he was to have celebrated the signing of the Lateran treaty; it was difficult to realize that now it would never happen. Almost involuntarily our steps—I was accompanied by an Irish priest—turned towards the Vatican City. Down the Via del Plebiscito we passed, but the news had been there before us. Newspaper kiosks were surrounded by people buying the special editions which had just come out; already booksellers stood in their shop windows balancing books on the late Pope, right in the front row; flags were creeping out slowly and hanging limply at half-mast. We crossed the Tiber and passed into the Via della Conciliazione, the great broad street which leads into the piazza of St. Peter's. Away at the end of it, the great basilica lay white and shining in the morning sun, and I thought it had never looked so beautiful as then. Against the bright blue sky it seemed to have all the delicacy and beauty of an ornament carved in ivory, the great dome resting gently over all, as if it had just floated down that morning. And yet, for all its beauty, I felt that this morning was different. I had so often looked at it before and thought of it as the living, beating heart of Christendom; that tiny city resting there on the Vatican hill had seemed a living thing. This morning it was dead, a beautiful structure of stone—but the heart within it, that which had given it life and meaning, had ceased to beat.

Away in one corner of the great white piazza a crowd of several hundred had gathered round the bronze door, the entrance to the Vatican palace. This morning it was half closed as a sign of mourning; camera men stood chatting here and there among the crowd, and scanned the faces of the dignitaries who now and then passed through. A great silence hung over all; the hissing of the great fountains was broken only by the carefree laughter of the children who played hide-and-seek.

We passed from the bright sunlight into the great basilica, and it was then that we felt something pulling at our hearts. Everything inside was in readiness for the triumphal entry of Pius XI. on the following Sunday, that entry which would never take place. Away at the end of the nave I could pick out the white canopy under which he would have sat; there were barriers down the nave to keep back the crowds that would have cheered him. We reached the great altar of the Confession; people knelt and prayed for the two hundred and sixty-first Pope at the tomb of the first. High up in the vast spaces of the roof a sanpietrino swung, spider-like, at the end of a rope, loosening the great red tapestries which he had only yesterday put up. The great pillars of brocade fell one by one to the ground with a dull thud. "They are hauling down the flag," said my companion, and I noticed that the woman in front of me was weeping.

That evening we procured permission to visit the Sistine Chapel, whither the remains of Pius XI. had been removed. We mounted the long vaulted Scala Regia, past the Swiss Guards on sentry; in the great silent ante-rooms Papal Knights, with pointed white beards and starched ruffs, put their fingers to their lips and whispered 'Piano'—'Softly!' In a moment we were gazing on the earthly remains of the late Pope, resting peacefully there in the dim candle-light. The healthy tan of the face had given place to the pallor of death, but otherwise he was unchanged; the Roman nose, the strong mouth, those features which we had known so well, were still there. As I stood there, my eyes wandered past the scarlet and white uniform of the Noble Guard to the spot, not twenty yards away, where, seventeen years before, the Cardinal Dean had addressed to Cardinal Achille Ratti the dread question: "Dost thou accept the election which has appointed thee Sovereign Pontiff?" I saw in my mind's eye that short, strongly-built figure tremble for a moment before he answered: "That it may not be said that I refused to bow to the Divine Will; that it may not be said that I fled from the burden which was to rest on my shoulders, and in spite of my unworthiness, which I feel profoundly, I accept." He had been elected on the fourteenth count. "We made the Stations of the Cross with him," said Cardinal Gasparri afterwards, "but we left him on Calvary alone." Alone, for seventeen years, he had carried that cross; Cardinals might help him in his work; Nuncios might collect information for him from every part of the globe, but the tremendous, heart-breaking responsibility of it all was his, and his alone. As I stood there, I remembered how a Vatican official had told me that often the Holy Father would come down to Mass in the morning with a sealed envelope on which he had written the words 'Jesus, Mary, and Joseph.' That envelope contained documents dealing with questions upon which an important decision had to be made, and Pius XI. would leave it on the altar while he celebrated Mass; it was his votive candle, asking for guidance and light. Such is the simple and child-like piety of the truly great. For seventeen years he had borne that cross, supported by the prayers of his children in every part of the globe. And now, that morning, as he prayed to take up the burden for another day, God stayed his hand and called him home.

The next day they carried him into St. Peter's, and, raised high on the scarlet-draped bier, he lay there in the Blessed Sacrament Chapel, while his children came to pay a lost homage to their father. They came there in tens of thousands, men and women, young and old, rich and poor. They stood in queues for long hours, at times in drizzling rain. They suffered tiredness, discomfort and hunger—and all that they might gaze for a few brief moments, but for the last time, on the face of Pius XI. I stood in the queue on Monday afternoon, and we were two and a half hours traversing the few hundred yards of Bernini's colonnade. I can still see the bronzed and wrinkled face of the old man in front of me, who, finding the heat and

tiredness unbearable, turned sadly away. "Ci vidremo in paradiso," he murmured to himself. "We shall see each other in paradise." I can still see the soldiers who sacrificed their day's leave to come and see the Pope for the last time; the young married people, with their babies dressed in white, who stood there hour after hour; he had always spoken so feelingly at those great audiences of young married couples, telling them of the great dignity and reponsibility that was theirs. At length the slowly-moving line passed into the Basilica, but it would take another half an hour to reach the Blessed Sacrament Chapel. Inside, all was strangely silent. We passed between two lines of Vatican Guards, with their Napoleonic hats, white doeskin breeches, and black thigh boots. The rise and fall of voices reciting the Rosary might have been coming from an Irish cottage in the Gaelteacht, so plaintive and sweet it was. Slowly, the line moved forward, until at last we reached the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. There was nothing sombre or mournful about the scene there; rather had it the appearance of an old, but richly-coloured, oil painting set in the shadows of a great cathedral. The scarlet and white uniforms of the Noble Guard, the doublets and hose of the Swiss Guard—slashed with red, yellow and blue—the martyrs red of the Pope's vestments, the golden grille of the chapel itself, all these became rich and mellow in the warm light of twenty-four great candles. In the midst of it all, Pius XI. rested, at peace, his eyes closed in death. Those eyes. I thought of that day, not long ago, when he had pressed his hand to the lips of a blind boy, and held it there. "My son," he had said, after a moment's silence. "My son, we are all blind." I gazed for a moment at the closed eyelids, and I knew that Pius XI. could now see.

The next day they buried him. I stood at the altar of the Confession and watched the long funeral procession come moving slowly down the nave. I had stood there one Sunday afternoon last November, and had seen Pius XI. carried in the Sedia Gestatoris for the last time. I remembered watching the steel casques of the Swiss Guards, moving slowly over the heads of the great crowd, the Noble Guard with their long flowing plumes and drawn swords, the violet and ermine of the Canons of St. Peter's, the brown habits of the monks, and the scarlet robes of the Cardinals. And then, at the end of it all, calm and serene above a sea of hands and handkerchiefs and cheers and Vivas, the venerable figure of the Pope, his hand raised in blessing. To-day, as I stood there beside the altar of the Confession, I could see the self-same procession move slowly towards me. Only the end was different. Instead of the Sedia Gestatoria they had a bier, and the mitred figure of Pius I. lay rigid and pale Sedia Gestatoria they had a bier, and the mitred figure of Pius XI. lay rigid and pale in death. There was something indefinably sweet and unearthly about this funeral procession. There were no cheers or Visas now; only the sweet heavenly chant of boyish voices and the ring of spurs on marble.

The days between the funeral and the Conclave passed quickly. Every day saw the arrival of another Cardinal in Rome; the Vatican was noisy with the hammering of hundreds of workmen. On the evening on which the Conclave opened we stood in the piazza and watched the Cardinals' cars go by, and went home with a pleasant sense of anticipation for the days that were to come.

And then came that never-to-be-forgotten day, March 2nd. Every detail of it, the very sounds and colours of it, will live, I think, for ever in my memory. I remember how, as we passed over to the Vatican in the morning, the white ruins of Imperial Rome shone coldly under a clear blue sky. I remember the great piazza loosely filled with people, who ambled, and chatted, and sipped their coffee in the open, and all the time kept half an eye on the long, narrow chimney which jutted up from the Sistine Chapel. I remember how the hours passed pleasantly, and how suddenly, before you quite realized it, a joyous little "ecco" ran through the crowd and the air was filled with the clicking of cameras; the little chimney was giving fitful little puffs of smoke, whitish grey at first, and then thicker and blacker until there could be absolutely no doubt about it, and people gave a disappointed 'Ah!' and then laughed and looked at it again and took snapshots of it, and laughed again. It was such a tiny, pathetic, little chimney that it seemed strangely out of place in the cycle of great events. We moved off to dinner, everybody pleasantly happy;

the piazza of St. Peter's was a delighted place in which to spend the morning, and the warm sun, and the crowd, and the sense of anticipation had given edge to appetite.

At dinner, of course, we talked of nothing else. "How long would it last?—hope the weather keeps up—there should be another smoke about seven o'clock this evening." In the late afternoon we set off again for St. Peter's. The shadows were beginning to lengthen, I remember, and as we passed down the Via del ' Impero the sun was turning the white columns of the Forum of Augustus into gold. We arrived at the Via della Conciliazione and strolled leisurely towards the crowd gathered in the piazza. Then the first thing happened. An Irish priest whom we knew came running out of one of the shops and called to us: "White! White!" He was saying "the smoke was white." Without waiting to question him, we began to half run towards the piazza, telling ourselves as we ran that it was only another rumour and couldn't possibly be true; and yet, it was clear that the crowd was intrigued over something, for it had formed itself into a series of tiny groups, each of which was the scene of an animated discussion. We pushed our way through the throng until it became so dense that we could go no further. Beside us a well-dressed man was holding forth in the centre of a small group. "I tell you there is absolutely no doubt about it," he was saying. "I heard the Vatican radio calling all nations to link up with them for the announcement." Over and over again we questioned him, until his patience was almost exhausted. The news, too, was spreading through the crowd; you could feel the excitement in the air. We looked at each other—' with a wild surmise ' almost—and said: "This is terrific; it must be true." We had been so confident that the Conclave would last for some days that the idea of an election on the first day was almost overwhelming. Yet every moment new signs appeared to confirm the news; over the heads of the crowd we could see the Via della Conciliazione almost impassable with a thick stream of buses, motor cars, taxis, and pedestrians; all Rome was flocking to St. Peter's. Only the great grey facade of the basilica remained motionless and silent; not a sign to indicate that anything had happened; a little puff of white smoke had been and gone, and that was all.

As I stood there gazing at the great structure before me, I thought of the great pylon of the Vatican wireless station behind it, and of the invisible bonds that were radiating from there, linking hundreds of thousands of homes to this spot and this hour. I saw in my mind's eye many a home in Ireland, in England, France, Germany, Italy, America, where families, clustered together round the home radio, stood with us in spirit in the piazza of St. Peter's.

"He will give the blessing from the balcony?" asked the man who had first confirmed the news for us, and then he went on to recall that historic day in 1922 when Pius XI. had given the blessing from the balcony for the first time since 1870. "My old father was here in this piazza that day," he said. "He was a good Catholic, but also a passionate lover of Italy, and when he saw the Pope make that magnificent gesture he came home, and sat down, and cried for joy."

So the minutes passed, each one telling his own story. What was it the Cardinal Deacon was to say—Annuntio vobis gaudim magnum: I announce to you a great joy, we have a Pope. It was difficult to remember when we had first read of those words; long ago, perhaps, when we studied Church History at school. Somehow, they seem remote from us; part of that great world of history which we could read about and enjoy, but never experience.

By this time twilight was rapidly deepening into darkness; the sky had become a deep translucent blue, and here and there a star peeped out and watched. The great arms of Bernini's colonnade stretched out to embrace a crowd that was now enormous, a vast, rolling, inky sky on which the great hanging lamps floated like ships at anchor. Before us the vast basilica loomed grey through the darkness, in the midst of it a vivid patch of gold, where the great doors of the balcony opened into the brightly-lit Hall of Benedictions beyond. The murmur of the crowd grew less and less until there was almost silence. The suspense became most painful; minute after minute slowly ticked by, until—ah, yes, there it was—a cross silhouetted

for a moment in the patch of gold, the ermine of the prelates, and then—oh, joy!—a flash of scarlet as the Cardinal Deacon passed into the balcony. There was a moment's pause—never have I felt such silence. The next moment it was shattered, and a voice, clear as a trumpet, ran over that vast, silent sea, down to the Tiber, and out beyond Rome to the ends of the earth.

"AN-NUNTIO—VO-BIS—GAUDIUM-MAGNUM; HABEMUS PAPAM."

And then the tide burst its gates, and from the great crowd rose a cheer that must have pierced the skies. In a moment all was silent.

"EMENTISSIMUM AC REVERENDISSIMUM DOMINUM—DOMINUM-EUGENIUM . . ."

"Pacelli!" roared the crowd, and gave itself over to joy. There are no words to describe that moment. People jumped and cheered, and waved and shook one another's hands, and cheered again, and shouted 'Viva Pacelli, Viva il Papa' until I thought they should never cease. After some moments, the Cardinal's voice continued:

"Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinalem-Pacelli, qui sibi nomen imposuit, Pium."

Slowly the procession formed again and left as it had come, as the multitude in the piazza intoned the Te Deum for the Church on earth.

"Thee, the glorious choir of Apostles . . .
Thee, the white-robed martyrs . . .
Thee, the Church scattered over the whole earth, doth praise."

As the last strains of that great hymn were dying away, another procession filled the balcony; a tall, erect figure stood in the midst. Another moment's silence, and then the voice of Pius XII., clear and sweet, but weighted with emotion, began to intone.

"May the Name of the Lord be blessed," he said, and a hundred thousand voices replied: "Now and for ever more."

Louder grew the voice of the Pope: "Our help is in the Name of the Lord," and the voice of the people, like the sound of many waters, rolled back: "Who made heaven and earth."

We fell on our knees, and, looking up, I could just see a hand raised to bless the world, and I heard the words:

"May Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, bless you."

He stood for a moment there as they cheered him, and then he turned and was gone.

Now that it was all over, the pent-up floods of joy rushed forth. "Gaudium Magnum, Gaudium Magnum," sang the great bell of St. Peter's, as it fairly danced for joy; "Lætitia, Lætitia, Lætitia," sang the little bell in the campanile of the Church of San Lorenzo. People talked and laughed and shouted and cheered. "Viva Pacelli," cried a man—I had never seen him before—who grasped my hand; "Romano di Roma," cried a shrilled-voiced boy beside me. "Habemus Pontificem," cried a group of University students, as they formed a circle. An old sailor hobbled past me, singing softly to himself, and with an effort I could just catch his words:

"Il Cardinale Pacelli e stato benigno,
Il Cardinale Pacelli e nostro Papa Pio . . ."—

Cardinal Pacelli is our Pope Pius.

We drifted with the great crowd down the Via Della Conciliazione, and when we came to the bridge across the Tiber we paused for a moment and looked back. Three hundred bells of Rome were still ringing for joy; stretching away back to the piazza, a long line of slowly-moving cars made a yellow river of light through the crowd. I looked for a moment at the great floodlit basilica, and I thought of that day three weeks before when I had seen it bathed in the cold sunlight of the morning. I thought for a moment of all that had happened since then, from the newsboy's cry in the Corso Umberto—"E morto il Papa," to the Cardinal's triumphant call to-night, "Habemus Papam," and I knew that I had heard the pulse of history beat.

W. CONWAY.

WORDS! WORDS: WORDS.

The majority of stammerers and stutterers belong to the masculine sex. This is due to the fact that women have, and use, fewer words, but they exercise such a mastery over this small stock that expression with them is perennially spontaneous and easy-flowing; whereas men, though having a larger fund of words at their disposal, seek precision rather than rapidity of expression, and for this reason are much more hesitant. But what about Mrs. Malaprop? you ask. Yes! she at once comes to the fore to prove the exception to this generality, differing from the rest of her sex in that she sought the precise word with admirable perseverance (even though results did not justify it). She would not say that a person was as "headstrong as a mule," but preferred to show her originality and say "as headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile." An ordinary homely housewife, after hastily scanning an advertisement for an "Easiwork" cooking apparatus, would throw it into the fire. Mrs. Malaprop, however, would "confine" the aforesaid document to the flames.

Nevertheless, precision of speech is not to be scorned. It is a virtue not easy to cultivate, and one may be deterred by dwelling on the fate of Mrs. Malaprop or on the words of Pope:

> "In words, as in fashions, the same rule will hold
> Alike fantastic, if too new or old.
> Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
> Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

If precision of expression is to be attained, it will be necessary to use new and bold metaphors and similes and to coin new words of one's own. It may be quite impossible to express one's thoughts in existing language, and it becomes necessary to mould new words to suit new ideas. The everyday expression, "boycott," has but a comparatively recent history, but it is a much better word than its ponderous predecessors—"ostracism" and "social excommunication."

This word resembles many other English words in that it is derived from the surname of a person. Captain Boycott was an English landlord's agent in County Mayo. On the advice of the Land League the rack-rented tenants were to offer what was considered (by them) a fair rent, and, should this be refused, no payment was to be made until the agents agreed to accept the fair rents. Captain Boycott's tenantry adopted this policy and were soon furnished with notices of evictions. The people's reply was to bring him to understand their point of view by the employment, against him, of a system to which he gave his name. Try as he would, the Captain was unable to find anyone willing in the farm work, nor could any offer induce them. Moreover, the servants left him, the blacksmith would not shoe his horses, and the postman showed remarkable reticence when he had to call at the Captain's. The Captain was truly "boycotted."

Dunce is another such word. Duns Scotus (1206-1308) was a learned scholar. His disciples, who were called Dunsers, were regarded by the enthusiasts of the Renaissance as antagonistic towards the "new learning," so that the name indicated an opponent to progress and learning, and hence "a dunce."

Hooligan, and the substantive Hooliganism, came from the name of a spirited Irish family whose gay mode of living enlivened the drab monotony of life in Southwark towards the end of the nineteenth century.

Mercator (1512-1594) was a Dutch geographer, who adopted as a frontispiece of his map-book a figure of Atlas supporting the world, thus explaining the current sense of "atlas."

Trollope used the word "pinchbeck"—"Where in these pinchbeck days can we hope to find the old agricultural virtue in its purity?" A word derived from one Christopher Pinchbeck, a manufacturer of cheap watches and imitation jewellery in Fleet Street.

"Sandwich" was initiated by the Earl of Sandwich, who passed whole days and nights in gambling, and, grudging to lose time eating, was in the habit of bidding the waiter bring him for refreshment a piece of meat between two slices of bread, which he ate without stopping from play.

January was the month dedicated by the Romans to the god Janus, a double-faced character who could look back on the old year and forward on the current year.

Pasteur's invaluable work may be realised by only a few, but everyone insists that his milk be pasteurized.

Jazz is a more doubtful word. The dictionary defines jazz as a "voluptuous dance of negro origin accompanied by a wild irregular kind of music," and has been broken off as "that synchronizing supersyncopation that, originating in New Orleans, has reached the feet and fingers of America into a shimmying, tickle-toeing, snapping delirium, and now (i.e., 1919) is upsetting the swaying equilibrium of the European dance." The dance and the music emerged from the negro shanties of New Orleans, and in March, 1916, Bert Kelly's Jazz Band (the first to be so named) was engaged in Chicago and scored an immediate success. It is suggested that the origin of the word has come from the name of a well-known band conductor of New Orleans. Others, however, contend that it was a spontaneous brain-wave of the aforesaid Bert Kelly.

These words have become part and parcel of the ordinary everyday stock of words—so much so, that they are now printed without the initial capital letter, with a consequent obscuring of their derivation. Others, while in commoner use, have, however, retained that initial capital letter. St. Vitus was a Sicilian youth martyred during the Diocletian persecution, 303. His feast day was yearly celebrated, but after the Reformation lost much of its former significance, so that in Germany, in the sixteenth century, it was believed that good health for a year could be secured by anyone who danced before a statue of St. Vitus on his feast day. This dancing gradually grew into a kind of mania and came to be confused with chorea, which was subsequently known as St. Vitus's Dance.

"At Strasbourg hundreds of folk began
To dance and leap, both maid and man;
In open market, lane or street
They skipped along nor cared to eat,
Until the plague had ceased to fight us,
'Twas called the dance of Holy Vitus."

Macdougallism is explained as "an inordinate display of modesty and delicacy imputed to the inhabitants of Scotland," in reference to the determined effort of a Mr. Mac Dougall, of the London County Council, to clean up the London music halls in the 'Nineties.

Comstockery, exaggerated prudishness, comes from America. It dates from the Comstock Postal Act of 1873, which gave authority to a busybody of that name to exercise a censorship of all postal matter in the United States. So inquistiorial was his pursuit of innocent words that he was suspected of some hidden moral turpitude, and his regime was described as the "Reign of Terror."

Oliver, thieves' cant for the moon, also belongs to this category. As the first highwaymen were Cavaliers, it seems legitimate to conjecture an allusion to the broad, red face of the Protector.

To give a Roland for an Oliver is give tit for tat. The exploits of Roland and Oliver, paladins of Charlemagne, are so similar that it has been by no means easy to identify their separate acts. What Oliver did, Roland did, and vice-versa.

A Muller hat was named after an Austrian, Franz Muller, who murdered a railway clerk, and, as a result of some unexplainable frugality, kept and wore the murdered man's hat—an act which greatly facilitated his "comprehension," as Mrs. Malaprop would say.

Place-names, too, have frequently formed words now in common use. "Bedlam" is a corruption of "Bethlehem," the great asylum for lunatics, named after St. Mary of Bethlehem.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century a dark-skinned nomadic race made its first appearance in England, and were thought to have come from Egypt. They were, accordingly, called Egyptians, later Gpcians, and hence to its present-day form, gypsies.

The use of the word, "loggerhead," was assisted by the fact that a certain popular inn displayed a sign having two faces and the inscription—

"We three loggerheads be."

Loggerhead originally meant a blockhead.

Calico came from Calicut, damask from Damascus, port from Oporto, and currant from Corinth.

Banagher was a town on the River Shannon, which, in the days before Parliamentary Reform, was a notorious pocket-borough and, because of the agitation for reform, was kept in the public ear (the eye was not then so well developed), for members vied with one another to discover pocket-boroughs "to beat Banagher."

"Tory" exemplifies the opposite change, being the name given to the Irish in the seventeenth century, who were turned out of their holdings to make room for English settlers, and so took to the hills, whence they made attacks on those who displaced them. Accordingly, they were branded as outlaws or, in Gaelic, toraidhe—a pursued person. During the English Revolution of 1688 it was applied to the Catholics fighting on the side of James II., that is, to those who refused to concur in excluding James from the throne. Some time afterwards it was adopted as the title of a political party, especially of those who wanted no change in the order of things. The name of this party was later changed from Tory to Conservative, though the least unbending in the principles of the party were still labelled "Tories."

Precision, which has called many of these words into being, is commendable up to a certain point. If precision was responsible for such words as honorficabilitudanitatibus or quadrimensionality or antidisestablishmentarianism, surely it is time to call a halt.

For words half reveal
And half conceal
The soul within.

These, however, are but the exceptions to the general rule—that they are more expressive than the ones they displace. Let us strive always to adopt the methods of the first settlers in Australasia, who, entering into a region of new Flora and Fauna, did not hesitate to name the numerous animals, etc., they came upon by such words as 'friar-bird,' 'frogs-mouth,' 'honey-eater,' 'ground-lark,' 'sugar-grass,' 'hedge-laurel,' 'iron-heart,' 'thousand-jacket.'

How simple, how expressive, how *precise*!

B. WOODMAN, E.2.

Tiġearna Innis Eoġain.

Lánaṁain ḃoċt, ḃí sin ann am aṁáin i n-a gcoṁnuiḋe i n-Innis Eoġain. Ḃí mac aṁáin aca. Ḃí siad i n-a gcoṁnuiḋe i mbotóig ḟóid agus ní ṫug muinntir Innis Eoġain mar leas-ainm ar an t-seanduine aċ Leaird Innis Eoġain, a' magaḋ air ar a ċuid boiċtíneaċt'. Ḃí gabar aṁáin aca. Sin a raḃ de ḟaiḋḃreas an t-saoġail aca.

Nuair a ḃí an mac bliaḋain 's fiċe d'imṫiġ sé ḟad leis an Oileán Úr fá ċoinne traiġfeall airgid a ḟaoṫruġaḋ do n-a ṁuinntir agus iad do ṫabairt amaċ ar an ḃoiċtíneaċt. Nuair a ḃí sé dáta beag ins an Oileán Úr ċuaiḋ sé a d' obair ag tiġearna. Ḃí inġean aṁáin ag an tiġearna seo agus ṫuit sé i ngráḋ léiṫe agus ṫuit sise i ngráḋ leis. Ba ġnáṫaċ leoḃta ḃeiṫ amuiġ a' siuḃal 'aċan tráṫnóna. Lá aṁáin casaḋ a h-aṫair orṫa. Fuair sé greim ar an Éireannaċ 's duḃairt sé go raḃ sé a' gaḃail a ċaiṫeaṁ ar ḃeiṫ a' siuḃal amuiġ le n-a inġean. Duḃairt an t-Éireannaċ caidé 'n fáṫ a sgaoilfeaḋ sé é, naċ raḃ sise i n-a inġin ag tiġearna agus go raḃ seisean i n-a ṁac ag tiġearna i n-Éirinn. Duḃairt an tiġearna ins an Oileán Úr leis go gcuirfeaḋ sé glas ar an t-seomra agus go gcuirfeaḋ sé buitléar go h-Éirinn go dtí go ḃfeiceaḋ sé an raḃ an buaċaill ag innse na fírinne agus má ḃí sé ag innse na fírinne go ḃfuiġeaḋ sé a inġean le pósaḋ agus má ḃí sé ag innse bréige go sgaoilfeaḋ sé é.

Cuireaḋ an t-Éireannaċ boċt isteaċ sa t-seomra 's cuireaḋ an glas air agus cuireaḋ an buitléar go h-Éirinn agus ar ṫeaċt go h-Innis Eoġain le fáġail amaċ goidé'n dóiġ a ḃí ar ṁuinntir an ḃuaċalla i n-Éirinn. Nuair a ṫáinig an buitléar go h-Innis Eoġain ċuaiḋ sé a ċur ceiste cá h-áit a raḃ Leaird Innis Eoġain. Ní raḃ duine ar biṫ san áit i n-innim innse dó. Fá ḋeireaḋ d'innis sean-duine aṁáin dó fá dtaoḃ de'n ḟear seo a raḃ an leas-ainm sin air agus go raḃ buaċaill aṁáin aige 's gur imṫiġ sé ar an tír le tréan boiċtíneaċt'. Ṫeisbeán sé dó an cró d'ḟód a raḃ an t-sean-lánaṁain i n-a gcoṁnuiḋe ann. Ṫáinig an buitléar ḟad leis an ċró agus ṫáinig sé isteaċ. D'iarr an t-sean-ḃean air teaċt aníos go dtí an teiniḋ. Ṫug sí cuirtóg dó agus d'iarr air suiḋe uirṫi, d'ḟiafruiġ dó an raḃ ocras air. Ṡeall ar fios a ḃeiṫ aige ar aċan rud agus caidé'n biaḋ ḃí aca duḃairt sé go raḃ. Ṫug sí aníos teallaċán préataí ar faoi'n leabaiḋ agus ċuir sí ins an ġríosaiġ iad. Nuair a ḃí siad bruiṫte aice ṫug sí go dtí an tábla iad agus ġearr sí iad suas le sganóig. Ḃí an gabar ceangailte ar ċois an tábla 's nuair a ċuaiḋ an buitléar a ḋ'iṫe na bpréataí ċuaiḋ an gabar a smuirṫíneaċt ar na préataí agus ḃí obair ag an buitléar é a ċoinneáilt ar gcúl. Nuair a ḃí a ḋóṫain iṫte de an préataí aige d'éiriġ sé agus ċuaiḋ amaċ. Ċuaiḋ an seanduine amaċ i n-a ḋiaiḋ. Duḃairt sé leis gur ċreid sé go raḃ uisce a ḋíṫ air le n-a ḋá láiṁ a niġeaḋ aċ naċ raḃ deor ar biṫ sa teaċ, go gcaiṫfeaḋ sé seileóg ar a ḋá láiṁ agus go dtiocfaḋ leis iad a niġeaḋ ag an ċéad ṗoll uisce. Ṗill an buitléar isteaċ fá ċoinne slán a ḟáġáil ag an t-seanḃean. D'aṁarc sé i n-áirde ins na creataí agus ní raḃ aċ caor puill 's solas an lae a' teaċt isteaċ fríd. D'ḟág sé slán aca 's d'imṫiġ sé 'un an Oileáin Úir arís. Ḃí an buaċaill boċt faoi eagla nó ḃí sé a' deánaṁ go sgaoilfiḋe é nuair a ṫiocfaḋ an buitléar 'na ḃaile. Aċ nuair a ṫáinig an buitléar isteaċ ar an dorus ag tiġearna an Oileáin Úir d'iarr sé air gan suiḋe go n-innseoċaḋ sé dó goidé'n dóiġ a ḃí ar ṁuinntir an ḃuaċalla i n-Éirinn. Duḃairt an buitléar go raḃ caisleán ag aṫair an ḃuaċalla i n-Éirinn a raḃ fuinneog

air or coinne 'acan lá dá rab ra bliadain agus an cadaoin a fuair ré le ruide uirce, nac bfaca ré a leicéid ran Oileán Úr ariamh agus an trát bíd a fuair ré ag mácair an buacalla nac bfuair ré a leicéid ariamh agus an cailín-tábla nac bfaca ré a leicéid ran Oileán Úr ariamh agus an cnúircín a bfuair ré uirce amac ar le n-a dá láim a migead nac gceannócad a rab d'airgead ran Oileán Úr é. D'éirig an tigearna 'r beir ré ar a migean 'r cug ré do'n buacaill í. Pórad iad agus bí bainféir acú a mhair lá 'r bliadain.

AS NA GLEANNTAÍ

(S. Ó h-ANNAIN a rcriob síor).

BALMY BOOKS

"A Cliff Mishap," by Eileen Dover.
"The Great Plague," by Ivan Astikoff.
"Way Out West," by Laura Norder.
"The Treasure Hunt," by Isaac Gold.
"Our Relations," by Ivan Ant.
"The White Sheet," by Dryden Areyd.
"Hothouses," by Tom Atose.
"In the City," by Rosa Howses.
"Have a Quick One," by Y. Knott.
"Champagne Effects," by Carrie Holme.
"The Chinese Dagger," by Howitt Cutts.
"Israel Tottered," by Andy Fel.
"The Man at the Wheel," by Laurie Dryver.
"Easter," by Gladys Koolshutt.
"The Midget," by Izzy Small.
"Mr. Grouser," by Mona Lott.
"Jack is Here," by Wendy Goaway.
"Still Lakes," by R. Depe.
"The Frozen North," by I. C. Cold.
"Bankrupt," by Noah Kash.
"We Only Live Once," by Nora Pete.
"Gold Reef," by Peter Dout.
"Deserted," by I. Malone.
"Bacon for Breakfast," by Henry Fused.
"Music," by Panna Jewette.
"Friendly People," by Amy Abille.
"A Million Pounds," by Lotta Doe.
"10,000 Feet Up," by Eym Dyizze.
"Try Again," by Percy Vere.
"Black Eyes," by Brokyn Nowse.

WM. McDERMOTT, C.I.

CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSION: EXAMINATION ANNOUNCED.

The Civil Service Commissioners have announced an examination to be held on the 31st June, 1938, for SIX vacancies in the Meteorological Station. Age limits, 19 to 39.

We have been supplied, by our skilled Bureau of Push-Overs, with an advance copy of the Examination papers, together with many valuable hints which will be of service to Candidates.

PAPER I.—GENERAL LITERATURE.

1 Who wrote the following:
(a) "All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."
(b) "Step on the gas, brother."
(c) "A stitch in time is worth two on the bush."
(d) "Any evening, any day, as you go down Lambeth way."

2 Write a brief appreciation of any two of the following:—"The Tempest," "Typhoon," "Hurricane," "Mad about Music," "Pennies from Heaven."

3. Who said the following:—
(a) "You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the mainflood bate his usual height."
(Suggestion—Captain of McRory Cup team during match with Cavan).
(b) "I say the earth did shake when I was born."
(Suggestion—Hitler at the Munich Conference).

PAPER II.—GEOGRAPHY.

1. Where is Iceland? What comes from it? Why are they always "deep"? Has it any connection with the Azores?

2. What is the approximate distance between Belfast and Dead Corpse? (Log tables not allowed in this question, but dual desks permitted).

3. What is a Secondary Depression? How is it affected by the results of Examination?

PAPER III.—HISTORY.

1 Write a short history of Ireland.
For this question we have a valuable suggestion.
1169—19—? England tries to conquer Ireland.
19—— Hollywood conquers both England and Ireland.

PAPER IV.—SCIENCE.

1. How would you prepare pure rain water from tap water?
(It may be presumed you have the permission of the Water Board).

PAPER V.—GENERAL KNOWLEDGE.

1 Discuss the following: "Judging by the salary offered, it will be a long time before these officers can put by anything for the rainy day." Refer to the advisability of living in the Sahara.

2. Armed with a barometer and thermometer, how would you determine whether it is raining or not?

INTERVIEW.

Have you any ambition?

(Candidates are advised to disclaim all desire of being appointed Managers

or Accountants in the various suppressed Boards of the country. Note, also, that there is no truth in the rumour that, at the Interview after the last Examination, the candidate who when asked the above question replied that he would never rest until he had ousted the Minister from his post, was turned down).

N.B.—Candidates should not be more than 5 feet 2 inches in height, as the beds in the Meteorological Station are a job lot purchased from a children's hospital.

J. DUIGNAN, D.*1*.

"SCHOOL LIFE."

When I think on the happy days
I spent in my childhood years,
And then reflect on the present time,
I am almost moved to tears.

Possum—I am able,
Dicas—you may say,
Oh, why must it be that a school-boy should
Hear such things day after day.

Give a general analysis and parse . . .
How oft have I heard these words,
They echo and jingle in my ears
And torture my heart like swords.

And then the grind at Chemistry,
H Cl, CO_2—quite enough,
I'm puzzled and worried and wonder
Why burden my brain with such stuff.

"Not by words, but by blood and iron,"
That's what stern Bismarck said,
Now what could have caused him to say it
Is the question that tires out my head.

Dí mé—I was; Dí cú—you were,
It's quite easy to learn such things,
But when it comes to "Fíon na Fuirdeacta"
I get the pain that Bismarck brings.

An apple fell from a tree one day,
Sir Isaac Newton was there,
It's a pity the tree did not fall on his head,
For his Laws of Motion then who'd care?

Now many are of the opinion
That the best days of life pass at school,
Ah, me, it saddens my heart to think
That the world contains such silly fools.

P. McKEEVER, E.*2*.

"LATE NEWS."

If you have never had the opportunity of visiting Constonzia, it will be necessary for me to give a brief account of this country's history, though you may not discover it in your atlas, as map-printers find it impossible to keep up with the times.

In the struggle for its existence, General Redetztein played an important part, his efforts finally resulting in the Declaration of Independence.

A former Austrian Duke, the older brother of Redetztein was appointed King and was opposed to all forms of autocracy, which revealed itself in the person of Redetztein. The General made several efforts to gain controlling power, but he was suppressed. He appealed to the people, but only a small fraction of these contented individuals answered his call. His efforts terminated in an unsuccessful revolt, and the King asked the people to decide for his fate. Eventually an agreement was reached, and he was exiled for life.

In the years which followed, Constonzia prospered by her large exports of peanuts, which also formed the staple food of the country. Everyone was prosperous, but people began to tire of the monotony.

About seven years after the exile of Redetztein a rumour reached Rupert, the King, that he had returned to the country. The countryside was combed as thoroughly as possible, but there was no sign of Redetztein. The King became more at ease, and even ventured outside without his spectacles, for in Constonzia a man wearing spectacles is as safe from harm as a mail-clad knight in olden days.

In actual fact, Reetztein was in hiding in a cave, a few miles from the Capital. Only his supporters knew for certain of his presence. Gradually, and secretly, the ranks of his supporters swelled until many of the most important officials were under an oath of secrecy and allegiance. Periodic meetings were held at an official's house, a short distance from Redetztien's humble abode, and plans of campaign were outlined. Needless to say, all his supporters were not present, but ten trusted delegates were selected. At each meeting a watchman, who was a butler at the royal palace in private life, was on duty. Three years after his return from exile, Redetztein was practically ready for his coup-d'état.

On a moonless night, Redetztein, his ten delegates and watchman were gathered in their usual meeting-place. Redetztein was haggard-looking as he rose to address his men. "Gentlemen, to-night we strike," said he. "I will now give you an idea of your duties. You, Kraff——"

He broke off as the heavy boots of the watchman were heard thudding down the corridor. An instant later the door was thrown open by a very agitated-looking sentry.

"I beg your pardon, General Redetztein, but——"

"Go back to your post, you fool," roared Redetztein, in a bull-like voice. "Do you want my campaign to fail at the last moment? If you don't return to your post I'll have you shot." The meek sentry wilted at the sound of his voice, and cringingly made for the door.

The General, breathing hard, resumed the outline of his final plan. It was an ingenious one.

"You, Kraff, will go to the north gates of the palace; station a man a short distance away. Instruct him to fire a few shots at a nearby shop, opposite the palace. This will distract the attention of the guards, who will venture out towards the shop. Then, when the backs of the guards are turned, get two men to climb on to the top of the wall. When the guards are returning to their posts, strike them down with a rifle. When it is ascertained that they are unconscious, remove their uniforms; put one on yourself and another on your friend Conda, here. Capalla, you will take care of the unconscious guards and place them in Kraff's house. Kraff's motor car is at your disposal. Condon and Duke Richard, you——"

Just then the sentry stumbled undecidedly into the room.

"General," said he, "I came to tell you——"

Redetztein rose, his face purple with passion.

"Manta, I will place you in irons as soon as you are relieved by the other sentry, and if you try to leave before he arrives I will shoot you down like the dog that you are." He returned to his plan.

"You, Condon and Duke Richard, will treat the eastern gate in the same fashion, wearing the uniforms yourselves. If necessary, you can obtain the password, but we will have no difficulty with the other two gates, as the guards are in our service. That is why I selected to-night. Station the 'guards' in the proper positions, ready to receive our band of armed men for the purpose of capturing Parliament Street, where our only enemies live. But, before this row of houses is captured, we must decoy the King out of his bedroom. Duke Richard, you will be able to enter our brother's room unchallenged. Tell him the truth—it will be sufficient to get him out. Garibanden will be waiting in the passage and, between you, you will have no difficulty in overpowering him. In the meantime, to ensure your safety, the interior guards will be overpowered by our regular armed men. You can leave the castle by the back road, with which you are well acquainted. When the King is captured and hidden, give orders to the men to attack Parliament Street. Try to avoid bloodshed. By dawn the city shall be under our thumb, and I don't think that any other part of the country will put up any fight. Work silently at the early stages, for once the interior guards obtain the least suspicions of our plans the whole castle will be roused and Parliament Street will be ready for action, and I know that the houses have not got chinks in their shutters for nothing. Very well, that will suffice," he snapped curtly.

One by one, the delegates filed out through the back entrance, and hurried into the waiting cars.

General Redetztein reclined in his couch and rang for the sentry.

"Manta," he said. "If it were not for the fact that I am ensured of success, I would deal harshly with you. But, as it is, I will pardon you. By the way, what were you trying to tell me?"

"Near the beginning of the meeting, General Redetztein, I received a flashlight signal from the town, stating that King Rupert had just died from pneumonia, and you, being his nearest relative, succeed to the throne."

R. HUGHES, E.*1*.

HISTORICAL SIDELIGHTS ON BELFAST.

In last year's publication of "The Simmarian" there was a very informative article on 'Historical Belfast.' Besides dealing with the history of Belfast and some of its surroundings, it also explained how some of the Belfast streets got their names. In this article I propose to give a few interesting facts, as well as explanations of some of the street names which were omitted in the former article.

It is very interesting to trace the familiar names of the places we know, back to the beginning, and find the reason for some peculiar names. Carrick Hill was in ancient times called Carrickfergus Street, as it was then the direct road to Carrickfergus. Not far from Carrick Hill is Carlisle Circus, which was named after the Earl of Carlisle, who was Viceroy of Ireland at the time it was planned. Why "Arthur" is so frequently used in Belfast street names is accounted for by the fact that five Earls of Donegall, all named Arthur, lived there in regular succession for 150 years, and five ladies of the Donegall family gave the name "Ann" to many places. "Letitia" was the name of one Lady Donegall, and it was after her that Lettice Hill, now John Street, got its name. It was then a famous country retreat, surrounded by orchards and gardens, and the Lady Letitia spent much leisure time there.

A very old place and name is the "Friar's Bush," on the Stranmillis Road. It was once the site of a monastery, but it owes the curious name to a holy friar, who is said to have been endowed with miraculous powers, and it was beside the ancient tree in the centre of the graveyard that he performed his daily devotions, hence the name "Friar's Bush." He must have been one of the early disciples of St. Patrick, because the inscription on his tombstone is: "This stone marks Ye Friar's Grave, A.D. 483."

Waring Street was named from Thomas Waring, who had tanneries there in 1645. At his death he made a curious will, leaving his wife "fifteen pounds each year, two rooms and the kitchen furniture, also the beds there in, one sylver cupp, two best sylver spoons and one park of land near the North Gate." Waringstown is named after the same family. Thomas had a son William, whose daughter, Jane Waring, was known as Dean Swift's "Varina." She refused to marry him, although it was said that he waited for her for four years.

Bridge Street was the site of the principal bridge over the river Feirste in High Street, and the Maypole was a striking feature here for many years. Incidentally, the last remaining Maypole in Ireland is still to be seen in High Street, Holywood. Beside Bridge Street is Rosemary Street, which was so called because of the gardens of roses and herbs which surrounded the residences of the merchants in the street. There are very few roses to be seen there now. Not far from Bridge Street is Church Lane and Church Street, which were so called because of the old Corporation Church which was situated near the Albert Memorial, where the present St. George's stands. All over fifteen years of age were obliged to attend this church under pain of fines from five shillings upwards.

About the year 1800, Smithfield was, and for many years later, the Cattle Market. It is of interest to recall how the cattle were confined by coarse wooden pailings, on market day, which was then, as it has been for the past three hundred years, on Friday. Besides cattle being sold here, there were also pedlars' stalls erected, somewhat like our present "Variety Market." On all days of the week, except Friday, Smithfield was deserted, except for the covered square in the centre, where

brewers and distillers purchased their grain. As well as being a market, Smithfield was used by visiting showmen for amusement purposes.

Mustard Street—now known as Library Street—was named after the mustard works which were there, and Mountpottinger and Pottinger's Entry after the famous Pottinger family. Thomas Pottinger paid £20 a year rent for all Ballymacarret, less than the rent of a small present-day dwelling-house. It was once a forest, and from the Queen's Bridge to the Ropeworks at Connswater there were only two houses. At the Queen's Bridge the Blackstaff River entered the Lagan. It was Sir Edward May who reclaimed all the land along Gt. Edward Street where the high water line was.

When Donegall Street was built it was the widest in Belfast, except for High Street, which had a stream running down the centre. In about the year 1801 it must have been a damp place, for a gravelled footpath was ordered to be made for the health of the soldiers, as " dry feet are of the utmost importance, and wet ones a most fertile cause of disease for armies." This street, along with York Street and Talbot Street, were formed out of Buller's Fields. This man, Buller, was a very well-known Belfast citizen. From Donegall Street was a lane, which formerly was very long, but now very short, called Long Lane. It branched off North Street through Donegall Street and York Street, which were then meadows, as far as Carrickfergus Road. While talking of North Street, I must mention that this is one of the oldest streets in Belfast. It was so called because of its direction northward.

Cornmarket was in the past a scene of great activity on market days. The whole length of High Street was crowded with cattle, corn, produce and merchandise, which must have presented a strange scene. Close to Cornmarket is Donegall Place, which was for a long time the residential area for the aristocrats of Belfast. The Marquis of Donegall had a mansion, with its square garden plot, at the right-hand corner facing the City Hall. At the other corner stood another mansion surrounded by tall trees. The Bank Buildings was at one time the residence of the Protestant Bishop of Down. At this time a brick wall, surrounding a grass enclosure near where the Tramway Junction is, was built, with fruit trees overhanging it. While talking of walls, it may be interesting to note that walls of turf were found when rebuilding High Street about 35 years ago.

About 60 years ago Queen's Island was a public park, with gardens and trees, and a great crystal palace with a zoological collection. The shallow water behind was used for bathing, where a row of bathing boxes was placed. There was also a bathing pond in the Lagan, and small ferry boats carried the people there at a charge of ½d.

About 1810 there was a row of small two-storey cottages in High Street, which were used as the Blind Asylum of the town. The last thatched house in Belfast was in Frederick Street, and it was said that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was hidden in the roof of it when a price was on his head, but no reward, however large, would have tempted the owner of the small house to betray his visitor.

And so, we can see that although Belfast can boast of no very ancient history, it has a very interesting story to tell.

J. GREENE, D.*1*.

Bainrioġain an Uaiġnis.

Duine ar biṫ a ḃí i Rann-na-Feirsde anuraiḋ béiḋ cuiṁne aige ar an lá a ċuaiḋ muinntir na Coláiste ar turas go Carraig Ḟinn agus ar an Tráiġ Ḃáin. B'féidir go gcuala síḃ an sgéal seo agus b'féidir naċ gcuala, aċt ar sgor ar biṫ seo díḃ anois é; sgéal beag suimeaṁail ar an loċ atá le feiceáil indiú ar Ċarraig Ḟinn.

Ṫíos ansin ar an Ċarn Ḃuiḋe ḃí caisleán mór déanta ag fear, ins an trean-tsaoġal. Fuair a ṁuinntir uilig bás agus ní raḃ aige aċt é féin. Fear moḋaṁail macánta a ḃí ann, ḃí dúiṫċe mór talaiṁ aige, neart de ṁaoin ṡaoġalta, ór agus airgead agus le n-a ráḋ i n-aon ḟocal aṁáin, ḃí sé i n-a ṡuiḋe go te. Níor ṗós sé ariaṁ mar duḃairt sé féin nar caraḋ cailín ar biṫ dó i n-aon am, go dtiocfaḋ leis taitneaṁ a ṫaḃairt ḋíṫe.

Ḃí tobar fíor-uisge ag taoḃ an ċaisleáin, aċt ní raḃ na daoine ag déanaṁ mórán usáid de'n uisge, na ḃí uṁaċ fá ġiota de'n tobar agus deireaḋ na daoine aosta go raḃ cailín óg dóiġeaṁail i n-a coṁnuiḋe san uṁaiġ agus go raḃṫar dá feiceáil go luaṫ ar maidín, agus go mall 'san oiḋċe, ag gaḃail 'un tobair fá ċoinne uisge. Aċt níor ċreid an duine uasal go raḃ 'san sgéal aċt amaidiġ go dtí lá aṁáin ag seilg, ṫáinig táirneaċ agus balc ḟearṫainne, ċuaiḋ sé ar forgaḋ agus ní raḃ sé i n-inniṁ an sgáṫ a ḃí aige a ḟáġail gur stad an ḟearṫainn. Mar sin de, ḃí sé eadar dall agus dorċadas, nuair ṫáinig sé go dtí an caisleán, agus cé tċíḋ sé ag fágail an tobair aċt an cailín.

Dar leis naċ ḃfaca sé aon ċailín ariaṁ a ḃí coṁ dóiġeaṁail léiṫe. Riṫ sé i n-a diaiḋ agus fuair sé a ḟad léiṫe sul a dteaċaiḋ sí go dtí an uṁaċ. "Ar ṁisde doṁ 'ḟiafruiġe duit," ar seisean. "Cé'n t-ainm atá ort nó cá ḃfuil do áit ċoṁnuiḋe?" "Ní misde duit," ar sise. "Bainrioġan an Uaiġnis is ainm daṁ agus sé an Ċarn Ḃuiḋe m'áit ċoṁnuiḋe." "Narḃ ḟearr duit féin agus daṁsa ġaḃail i gcuideaċta agus ṫógfaḋ aċan duine againn an cian de'n duine eile?" ar seisean. "Tá mé toilteannaċ ar aċt," ar sise. "Caidé an t-aċt é?" ar seisean. "Tá," ar sise. "Naċ mbíonn cead agat fear nó bean muinntearḋa nó coiṁṫiġeaċ a ṫaḃairt 'un Ċarn Ḃuiḋe ḟad is ḃéas mise ann. Caiṫfiḋ mise a ḃeiṫ a ċoiḋċe in mo Ḃainrioġain an Uaiġnis. Naċ doiliġ duitse sgaraḋ ó'n tsaoġal mór ar ṁaiṫe liomsa?" "Tá mise sásta a ċur suas le mo sgiar féin de'n uaigneas, agus cad ċuige naċ mbéaḋ?" ar seisean.

Lá ṫar na ḃarac pósaḋ an lánaṁain agus ċoiṁnig an duine uasal a ġealltanas, na níor ṫug sé cuireaḋ do ḋuine ar biṫ ó n-a ṫoiġ agus ní ṫeacaiḋ sé féin ná a céile mná a ḋaṁarc ar a gcuid coṁṗranaiġ, aċt mar sin féin ḃí siad go sógaṁail na níor ṫug ceaċtar acú 'bréagac do'n duine eile agus ní raḃ focal searḃ nó salaċ eatorrú ar feaḋ an ama.

Ḃí beirt ċloinne acú, mac agus ingean. Ḃí an mac cosaṁail le n-a aṫair agus an ingean cosaṁail le n-a maṫair. Ċuiḋ an t-am ṫart aċt ní ṫearn na bliaḋantaí áṫraċ ar biṫ i n-a cosaṁlaċt air, aċt mar sin féin ḃí an duine uasal ag éirġe tuirseaċ de'n a ḋóiġ agus ba ṁaiṫ leis ġaḃail amaċ fríd na daoine arais.

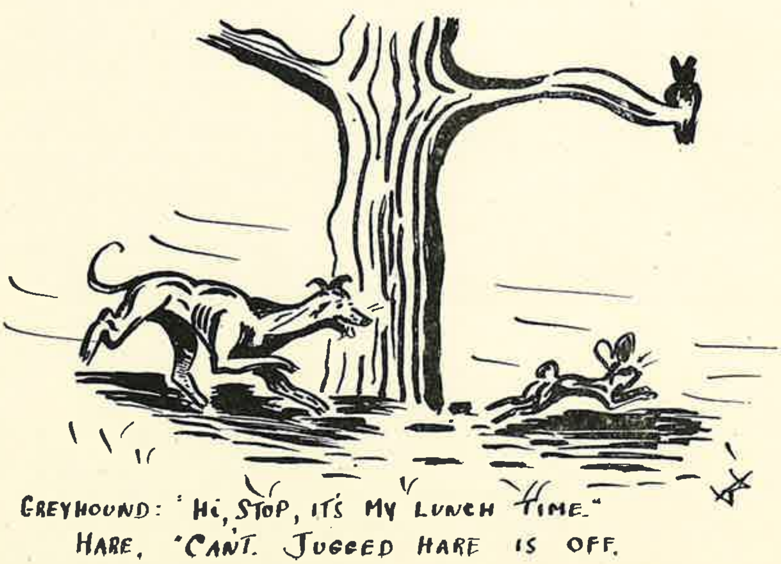
Ḃí rásaí beaṫaċ le beiṫ ar an Tráiġ Ḃáin lá ṫar na ḃáraċ agus ḃí capall rása ag an duine uasal, agus duḃairt sé le n-a ṁnaoi go raċfaḋ sé go dtí na rásaí le n-a ċapall. "Maiṫ go leor," ar sise, "aċt má tá gráḋ agat orm agus an Ċarn Ḃuiḋe, tar arais leat féin."

D'imṫiġ sé féin agus a ċapall ar maiḋin ċuig na rásaí agus ḃain an capall an ċead duais. Ḃí áṫas mór ar an duine uasal fá dtaoḃ de'n ċapall. Ċruinniġ na daoine ṫart air agus duḃairt fear acú go mbéaḋ bród ar a ḃean-a'-toiġe, nuair a ċluinfeaḋ sí an sgéal. "Ḃéiḋ," ars an dara fear, "má tá bean-a'-toiġe aige." "Tá an ḃean agam is deise i n-Éirinn," ar seisean. "Taisbean dam í agus creidfiḋ mé tú," ars an fear eile. Ḃí fearg air leis na fir agus duḃairt sé leoḃṫa. "Taraiḋ liomsa agus tċífiḋ siḃ í."

Ḃí na fir leis go dtí n-a ṫeaċ féin agus níor smaointiġ sé ariaṁ ar an ġealltanas go ḃfaca sé a ḃean agus a ḃeirt ṗáisde i n-a seasaṁ ar ḃruaċ an tobair. Ṫug sé rása i n-a n-airicis a ḋ innse an sgéil dúiṫe, aċt ḃí sé ró ṁall, ná sul a raḃ faill aige ġabail go dtí í, ċuaiḋ sí féin agus na páisdí de léim síos an tobar agus ní ḟaċtas amarc ar ċeaċtar acú ó'n lá sin go dtí'n lá inḋiú. Táinig brón mór ar an duine uasal, cionn's gur ḃris sé an gealltanas agus ṫáinig caṫuġaḋ ar na fir eile mar b'iad a ba ċionntaiġ, aċt ní raḃ mórán faill cainnte acú, na mar ḃuailfeá do ḋá ḃois ar a ċéile d'éiriġ an t-uisge a ḃí ins an tobar i n-áirde agus b'eigean daoḃṫa teiċeaḋ. Spréiḋ an t-uisge agus ċúṁdaiġ sé na cuibrinn ṫart fá dtaoḃ de'n ċaisleán agus le bánuġaḋ an lae lá ṫar na ḃáraċ, ḃí an caisleán cuṁdaiġṫe agus tá loċ mór i n-a áit ó'n lá sin go dtí an lá inḋiú; agus deir daoine eolaċ nuair a ṫig lá soiléar go ḃfuil sgáil an ċaisleáin le feiceáil san uisge agus trí eala ar snáṁ aniar agus siar sa loċ.

SEONAIḊ SÉAMAISÍN A D'AIṪRIS.

P. S. UA C. a sgríoḃ síos.



"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

After long and profound cogitations, for I am, if anything, a seasoned philosopher, I am forced to the conclusion, historically, mathematically and scientificially, that never yet has the importance merited by the subject, beyond any shadow of doubt, been paid, at least in a positive form, to—"Nothing."

Obviously, in conformity with the highly scientific training and mentality acquired at St. Mary's, it behoves me, primarily, to define my subject. This may be done, say topographically. In Co. Antrim "Nothing" is defined as

"A footless stocking without a leg."

It may be defined, industrially, for example in the brewing trade, as "A bunghole without a barrel round it." In the New World nothing is defined as "Nix"; in the electrical trade, "That which is contained within an electrical globe, a vacuum," not to be confounded, of course, with the place where the Pope lives.

Again, we are told there is another definition, based upon a well-known characteristic—

"What a Scotsman gives you for holding his horse."

Nothing is often lookwed upon as something inferior (what do a few noughts matter, anyway?), in fact, as a minus quantity. Yet, such is its overwhelming importance that I defy any and every reader to extract its square root. The square root of "something" presents no difficulty. The old and valued sayings, reputed to be as full of wisdom as an egg is of meat, are constant reminders of the importance of nothing. Who dare deny, for example, in these days of geographical change, that nothing succeeds like success. And to-day is as true as ever the saying: "Nothing attempted, nothing gained."

In examinations, it plays an important, if distressing, part. When preparing us for Junior, our teachers insist that nothing must be left to chance. We are more conscious of it in the examination room, when our blank looks and furrowed brows convey instantly to the supervisor, and indeed to the other candidates, that we know "Little or Nothing."

Many people are firmly convinced that it is impossible to express "nothing" in terms of value. But the advent of a famous multiple store to our city puts it beyond doubt, anyhow, that "Nothing is over sixpence," as to how far over, nothing has yet been declared. In studying the sciences of economics and politics, one is struck by the amazing extent to which "nothing" enters into our lives. For example, a Prime Minister may have "Nothing to add," the unemployed have "Nothing to do," the traveller (in these bad times) "Nothing to write home about," the conjurer "Nothing up his sleeve," the Shakespearean company "Much Ado About Nothing," and the boot trade inform us, by a slogan, that what they supply is "Nothing like leather" (we hope we haven't mis-read this).

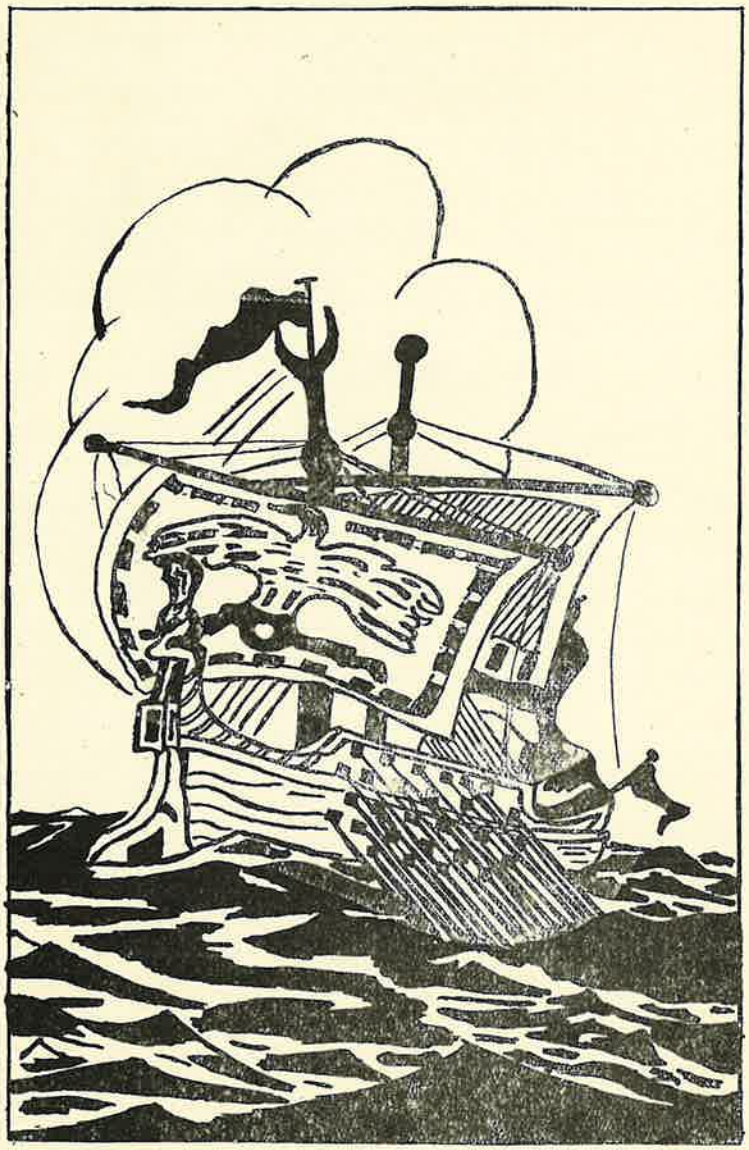
In times of crises "Nothing is left undone," and the population has "Nothing to fear," while the man in the street was, up to lately, inclined to the belief in connection with aggressive Continental gentleman that "Nothing can stop him." Need it be said in the case of royalty that "Nothing is too good for them."

War or no war, the beggar has "Nothing to lose," and the miser has "Nothing to spend," except, perhaps, spare time. In conclusion, as a recent poet said, for nothing has ever invaded the realms of poetry—

"Oh, doesn't the day seem terribly long
When everything's right, and *nothing* goes wrong,
And isn't your life excessively flat
When you have *nothing* whatever to grumble at."

Finally, I trust this scientific thesis will earn—*nothing*—but approbation.

M. GLENNON, C.4.



Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet, white wine.

THE MAN WITH THE BEADY EYES.

"Get him—Tony—won't you—him with the beady, black eyes and the yellow face,"—whispered Larry, and Tony Maguire, crime reporter for the "IRISH HERALD," whose only seeming care and aim in life was fruit, got him, and at the same time sent a couple of quick-trigger American blackmailers to the dock.

I leaned back luxuriously in my armchair and inhaled a cigarette. I placed my feet on the table and surveyed the telephone.

"Mr. Telephone," I admonished, "I'm a hard-working reporter, I am, and, thank goodness, there are only seven days in the week. Otherwise I'd be dead. At any rate, I'm a hard-working reporter and I'm going to take a rest, see?"

But the telephone merely maintained its usual pouting expression.

"Yes," I continued, "I'm gonna smoke this cigarette and then I'm goin' to sleep, and you aren't gonna stop me, either. Nope, you're just goin' to sit there as quiet as a mouse—I mean—as any other respectable telephone.

"B-r-r-r-r-ing," said the telephone.

I got to my feet and grabbed the instrument.

"Yeah," I called. "What?—another job?—a murder? Okay, I'll be down—at the Ormonde, did you say?—okay—so long."

I grabbed my hat, and two minutes later hailed a taxi. "To the Ormonde Hotel," I directed the driver. Leaning back in my seat, I reflected. What a life a reporter's was? Here, there and everywhere. Especially a crime reporter. Writing in the same old story of a body found in the Liffey, a dead man lying in an alley, and perhaps, an occasional suicide—no wonder one got fed up. There were other times, of course——

The taxi wormed its way through the traffic and halted outside the brightly-lit hotel. I hopped off, paid the fare, and ran up the stairs. I showed the Garda my Press badge and got past. On the landing were two plainclothes men, a Garda and Private Detective Larry Kane. Kane turned his curly knob towards me.

"Hello, gossip monger," he grinned.

"Huh, you here again!" I scowled, walking up to the door. "Who's the poor guy this time?"

Kane opened the door and indicated the dark brown-haired victim sprawled across the table.

"James Twickenham, they call him, some kinda sort of an explorer or globe-trotter, or somethin'," he explained, soberly.

On the table and on the floor were dark red blotches. In a brown hairy hand he clutched a blood-stained knife.

"Looks like suicide," I remarked.

"But it isn't. Just a clumsy attempt of the murderer to cover up his tracks," said Larry.

"Yeah," I agreed. Two police photographers had finished packing up the apparatus, and were about to leave. Downstairs I could hear Detective-Sergeant Fred Marston of the C.I.D. questioning the servants.

I sat down on a soft, comfortable sofa, leaned back and stretched my arms.

"Hey, Larry—I say, Larry," I yawned, "you wouldn't have any fruit on you, would you?"

"Why, what's wrong?" said Larry, surprised. "Taken a bilious attack?"

"Nope, but the doctor says it's good for you. Makes a good detective outta you," I grinned. "You should take some, Larry, an' then maybe you could become a real detective."

"Funny guy, ain't you," he snorted, and resumed his investigations.

I watched him as he examined the mantelpiece and the floor. He bent suddenly, picked up a round ball of paper and flattened it out in his hand. A frown puckered his forehead as he studied it, and suddenly, as if acting on impulse, he went over to the dead man and smelt his lips. He shuddered for a moment, and then grinned delightedly at me.

"Got a clue, Mr. Holmes?" I asked, respectfully.

"Just watch, my dear Watson," he mocked gaily, "a sleuth in action," and next moment bolted from the room.

. . . . . .

I sat on the table, skinned a banana, and frowned at a grinning "cub."

"My dear boy," I lectured, "you don't eat fruit. If you did, you would be tidier and more conscientious, and you wouldn't wear that awful grimace which you call a—er—smile. Furthermore, you would wash your neck. Now look at me as an example——"

"Hey, Maguire," yelled the chief reporter, ducking his head in the door. "Cut the prattle. Mr. Jacobs wants you."

I took a final bite from my banana, dropped the skin into a wastepaper basket and closed an eye at the junior reporter.

"We will refer to this—er—fruit question again," I remarked, and proceeded to the editor's office.

"Hello, Tony," he said, gravely, as I entered. "I've got bad news for you. About an hour ago Larry Kane stepped off a car down at the docks, walked three paces and collapsed. He had a bullet in his lungs. Nobody seems to know what the car was like."

"Dead?" I gasped.

"No, not quite. One of the boys happened to be on the spot. He got the story and telephoned immediately. Hard lines on you, Tony."

It was. Larry Kane was a great guy and one of my best pals. Involved in many a breath-taking and exciting adventure,we had fought crime side by side for nearly ten years now.

I turned and ran for the door.

"I'll be back, chief," I shot over my shoulder.

. . . . . .

Ten minutes later I was looking at Larry's strained white face.

"Tony—Tony," he whispered, "get him—won't you—Tony—him with the beady black eyes—and—and yellow face—Tony—they—they—drugged——" He paused for a moment, small flecks of foam forming on his lips. Then, slowly—"Brad—Bradford —p—poisoned—Twickenham. Clue in—in my—raincoat——" His voice died away as he slipped back into unconsciousness.

"I'll get him, Larry," I promised, grimly.

Turning, I met the gaze of the tall, bespectacled man at the doorway.

"Any hope, doctor?" I snapped.

"There is," he said, gravely, "a very slight one though, and we must operate immediately."

"Good egg, doctor," I said, and left.

I hailed a taxi, gave the driver Larry's address, and pondered over his disjointed phrases. "Get the man with the black beady eyes and the yellow face," he had said, and, tightening my lips, I swore softly. I found myself wondering over his almost incoherent words: "They—they—drugged——Bradford—poisoned—Twickenham." Bradford had evidently poisoned Twickenham, but who was Bradford? Who were "they" and who was drugged? These three questions kept whirling round in a crazy roundabout in my oppressed brain. Perhaps, I consoled myself, the clue Larry had mentioned would reveal something.

Two minutes later found me in his bedroom. The raincoat was lying on the bed. I walked over to it, delved through the pockets, and was finally rewarded by a small ball of paper. I flattened it out and stared. It was an empty yellow packet. Little grains of a brownish powder trickled out in my hand. On one side was inscribed "J. Corbett, druggist," and an address. On the other side was "Deadly Poison, useful for killing rats, etc." This was the paper which Larry had picked up in the hotel, and I remembered how he had gone over and smelt the man's lips. Therefore, Twickenham had been poisoned and, afterwards, knifed. Why should a murderer poison his victim and then knife him, leaving the knife clutched in his hand? The answer came readily. To make it look like suicide. But the attempt to bring about this had been clumsy, too clumsy, in fact, and I felt deep down in my heart that there was another and more important reason.

Once again I issued out in the street. I stepped into a telephone box on a sudden impulse and rang up the offices of the *Irish Herald*. "Chief," I called, "Is there any guy Bradford in the files there? Look 'em up, will you? Thanks." I waited for what seemed an hour, and then I heard the editor's crisp voice.

"I think this is the guy you want, Maguire," he said. "Charles Bradford and James Twickenham led an expedition into Central Africa on May, 1935, and this same

guy, along with Twickenham, talked a lot about another one, on June, 1937, to the North Pole, but——"

"Okay, Chief," I snapped, and put down the instrument. That was one point cleared up, and now for J. Corbett, druggist.

"Yes," he said, in answer to my questions, "a man *did* get poison here on Monday and another fellow on Wednesday." I had showed him Larry's detective badge, which I had taken from the latter's room, and posed as a "cop."

"Describe 'em," I ordered.

"The first one was small and sallow and——"

"With beady eyes?" I asked, eagerly.

"Yes, he had small beady eyes," he nodded, slowly. "The second guy was younger, with curly hair; said he was a detective——"

"Gosh," I exclaimed, "that was Larry."

"Eh?" asked the chemist.

"Skip it," I said.

Outside, I ran into a tall, lean-faced man with a thin gash for a mouth. I apologised hurriedly and tried to get past. He stood in front of me and smiled, and immediately I noticed the cold expressionless look in his narrowed eyes and the cynical twist of his thin lips.

"Watch your step, snooper," he whispered with a distinct American accent, and stepped to the side.

Back in Larry's apartment, I sorted through his desk. In a corner my fingers touched a small shining pistol, and then——

"TURN ROUND, BUDDY, an' no funny stuff!"

Despite the grating harshness of the voice I recognised it immediately. It was the voice of the man who had accosted me outside the chemist's shop. Slowly I turned.

"Hello, snooper," he sneered, the big blue automatic never wavering from my stomach. A cold shiver passed down my back.

"Hello, honey," I retorted, summoning a smile with difficulty. "You aren't gonna give me a kiss, are you? You nearly did the last time, you know."

Cold fury blazed expression into his eyes.

"No," he said, softly, the inflexion in his voice mockingly sad, "I ain't gonna give you a kiss—Nope—I didn't give the other snooper a kiss neither—Somehow—I don't think I did——" with a deliberate slowness, the big blue gun came up in line with my heart. Perspiration broke out in my forehead as I saw his finger whiten on the trigger. I visualised the paper blaring out my death, and then—Larry's white face. No, I resolved, I just couldn't die. Next moment—

"DON'T SHOOT, d—— you," I screamed suddenly and raucously, "or you're a dead man."

He was surprised for a moment and, following my eyes, he shot a glance backwards. Immediately my hand came up in a wide arc, swept the small alarm clock off the mantelpiece and hurled it in his face. Flame spurted from the nozzle of his gun, the slug nipping my arm as it tore past. With a loud thump, he crashed to the floor and lay still, blood trickling from a deep red gash in his forehead. I ran to his side,

and my hands travelled through his pockets. Next moment the landlady stuck a frightened face round the door.

"It's okay, lady," I reassured her. "Nothing will harm you. Call up the police."

In an inside pocket I found a letter. It hadn't been posted yet, and I whistled as I saw the name. It was addressed to Mr. C. Bradford. Tearing it open, I read the contents.

Dear Sir (it said),

We are at present running a little short of funds and would be greatly obliged if you would forward the small sum of two hundred pounds. If we do not receive this money by Saturday we will take great pleasure in informing the police of the little affair in the Ormonde last Tuesday.

Yours respectfully,
JOS. BURLEY.

"Gosh," I gasped, "blackmail," and the next moment Detective-Sergeant Marston burst into the room.

"Sergeant," I snapped, "take this guy into custody on a charge of attempted murder and—blackmail. I'll be back."

"What the——" began the surprised Marston, but I was already halfway down the stairs.

It took me half-an-hour to ferret out Bradford's residence, and soon I was knocking at a neat little boarding-house in the centre of the city.

"Does a Mr. Bradford live here?" I asked the maid who opened the door.

"Yes," she said. "Will you come in?"

Next minute I was tapping on a green baize door with the barrel of my would-be murderer's automatic.

"Come in," said a gruff voice.

I slipped back the safety-catch of my gun, stepped into the room and gaped. This was not what I had expected. Instead of a small sallow-faced criminal with beady eyes, I was staring at a tall, grey-haired, middle-aged man. I noticed the fear showing in his pale blue eyes as his glance travelled from the automatic in my hand to my face.

I said, "Aren't you—Mr. Charles Bradford?"

"Yes—Y-yes," he stammered out hoarsely. "Who are you?—One of—of B-Burley's crowd?"

"Take it easy," I drawled. "I'm merely investigating the murder of James Twickenham and the shooting of Larry Kane. I would advise you to tell all you know."

Slowly he sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. He looked suddenly old and haggard.

"Yes," he muttered, "yes, I'll tell all. I murdered Twickenham, or at least—I think I did. Never heard of the other guy."

"What d'ye mean?" I snapped, "you think you did?"

"Well, you see, it was like this," he answered slowly and wearily, "me an' Twickenham were always good pals. Travelled a lot together. At any rate, he invited me up to the hotel and we must have drunk too much, 'cos—everything got

blurred and—and we probably quarrelled. I can't remember anything more until—until——" He stopped for a moment.

"Go on," I prompted. The mystery was getting deeper and more complicated as I went along.

"When I wakened up, I—I found Burley and—and another tall guy and Johnson the waiter. They all looked shocked, and said I had killed Twickenham, but promised to keep quiet if I paid them. Johnson helped me to escape out a back entrance, and they have blackmailed me since."

My brain had become a babel of thought, and I tried desperately to reduce order out of the chaos of confused facts. Then I thought of Larry. What was this he had said about "They drugged?" Suddenly, like a flash, the solution burst on me. Larry had meant "They drugged Bradford and poisoned Twickenham," and not 'Bradford poisoned Twickenham." What a sap I had been. Burley had, with the help of this "waiter guy," drugged Bradford's whiskey and poisoned Twickenham's. They had stuck a knife in their victim and told Bradford that he had done it in a drunken fury. As an afterthought, probably they had placed the knife in the victim's hand to prevent the police making too close an investigation. Then through my thoughts came Bradford's strident yell—

"Look out!" he howled.

I pivoted and hurled myself sidewise. For a split second I caught a glimpse of a sinister blue barrel as it appeared round the door, blossomed rose-coloured flame and vanished. The door slammed, something whined by my head, and I heard the sound of breaking glass. Next moment I was on the landing, my automatic bucking spasmodically. The man at the foot of the stairs spun round, his gun spouting scarlet flames, reeled against the bannisters and collapsed. When I reached him he was dead, a blue hole in his left temple. I turned him over, and started. Black, pain-glazed, beady eyes stared up at me, and his face was a queer yellowish brown. It was the man who had procured the poison at the chemist's and whom I had sworn to kill.

"That," whispered Bradford at my elbow, "used to be Burley."

Meanwhile, scared and startled faces had appeared, and downstairs I could hear the landlady hysterically calling up the police. Next moment Marston burst into the hall and came up the stairs two at a time, with two Gardai close on his heels.

"Hey, you!" he roared, "do you think you're playing hide-and-go-seek or somethin'? What's the big——" His eyes settled on the corpse, and his jaw sagged.

I looked at him innocently. "Oh, Sergeant, I thought you knew all about it. Everyone does——"

"Eh?" He gaped at me foolishly. "Oh, of—of course. I—but—Hi-i'm 'ere—hi, you can't do that," as I made for the stairs. "Hi—you're a witness—an'-an'——"

"Okay," I grinned. "Then pick up Johnson, a waiter of the Ormonde Hotel, and take him along to headquarters. I want to write in my story, and I'll tell you all about it afterwards."

. . . . . .

I leaned back in my wicker chair and grinned at Larry and Mr. Jacobs at the other side of the bed. The operation had been successful and Larry was recovering.

"And," I concluded, "it all panned out like a fairy story, except that——" My eyes turned up to the ceiling in an expression of acute sorrow and regret. "Except that out of the whole bloomin' affair I didn't get as much as a blessed fig."

"Ye gods," implored Larry, feebly.

S. CREGG, D.*1.*

THE CONCERT OF THE SONG-BIRDS.

No place on earth is so filled with bird music as our own native woodlands. It is there at all times of the day, though most of us associate it with the morning hours. Is it because of those precious moments twixt waking and rising that we then have most leisure to be conscious of it? Or is it because the world of man has not as yet started its cacaphony of sound in competition? Whate'er it be, early morning seems to stir up a mysterious impulse in the birds to express themselves in united thanksgiving, for before seeking a morsel of food they throw themselves into continuous communal song.

Ere the first streaks of dawn shoot from the horizon the concert is in full swing. To a regular admirer of these early symphonies, the birds seem as automatic musical boxes which, being wound up by the invigorating morning air, have no other option but to give vent to their feelings in

"Notes of many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out."

Though the competitive spirit of ousting one another, in notes "of full-throated ease," may exist, there seems to be something else in common—something not so closely related to the worldly concerns of bird or man.

The skylark nearly always obtains the honour of opening the programme, and his voice acts as a rising bell to his feathered companions. Hence the skylark may be heard from the darkness above "startling the dull night from his watch tower in the skies" long before the sun has risen. Gradually the thrushes and blackbirds find their voices, soon accompanied by linnets, robins, wrens, yellow-hammers and warblers. By the time the sun has risen above the horizon, it is quite impossible to detect individual voices, and a listening mortal may then surrender to the enjoyment, without bothering to think of the separate vocalists.

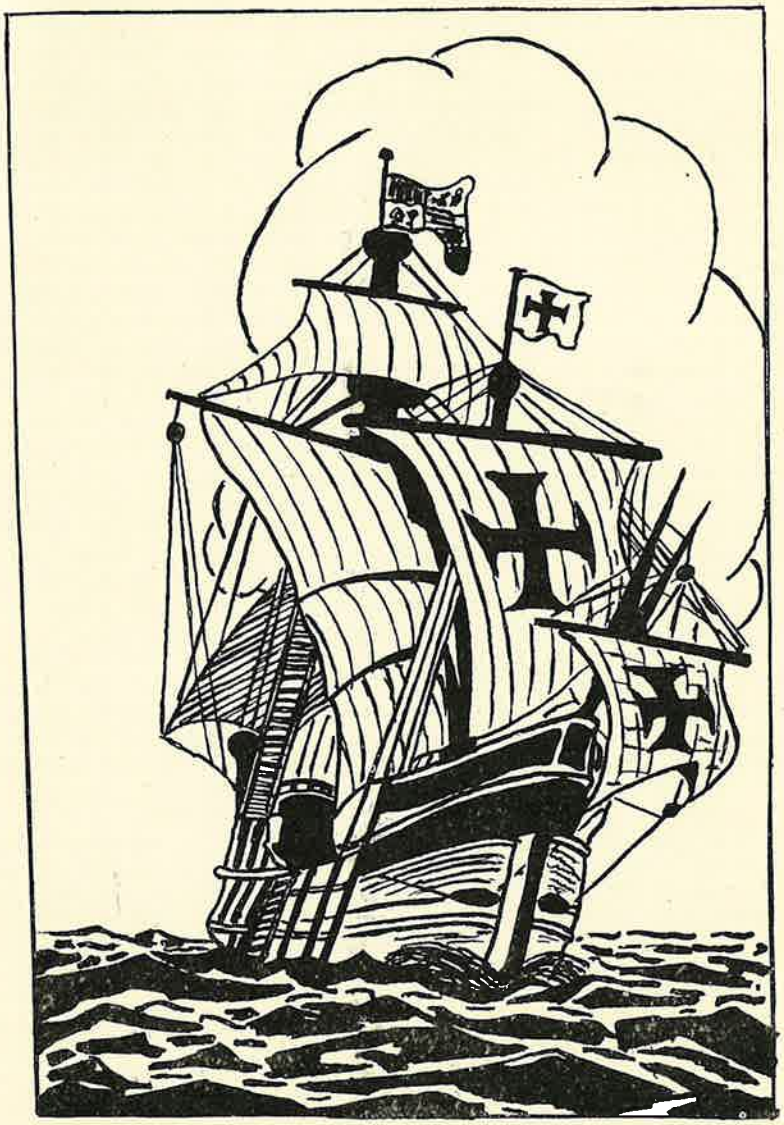
It is most surprising the varied types of song to be daily heard in the woodlands and fields that lie adjacent to our cities. Perhaps the most striking and beautiful of all is that of the song thrush, whose clear ringing voice, characterised by those familiar repeats, carries far in the clear, fresh, dewy air. The blackbird renders his melodious and fluty song from the midst of a thick hawthorn bush, while the tiny wren proclaims himself important as he goes right down the scale. The busy robin gives forth his intermittent song, while perched on a stone or a lump of soil, as he rests in his search for food; while the tapping sound of the shy woodpecker is just audible from a cluster of fir trees.

Sometimes the melodious harmony is suddenly interrupted, and the air, which a minute previously had been resounding with varied paens, is now permeated with a death-like silence—suddenly stilled—a foreboding portent of danger. In a flash, the cause bursts upon one as the grayish-brown form of the sparrow-hawk, with eyes ever alert and fast-beating wings, cleverly winds his way among the trees in search of his morning meal. Disappointed, he wings his way to some fresh hunting ground, and gradually the bolder spirits of the birds appear from their leafy shelters, and, giving courage by their example, restart the feathery breasts rippling once again.

When the sun is well advanced on its daily journey, and normal life begins and men are astir, the birds go about their business, and the air is silent again. Perhaps a straggling starling, the only remnant of that beautiful choir, sits enjoying the sunlight which brings to light the hidden colours of its seemingly dark feathers.

Evening comes, and the golden sun gradually sinks to rest. Once again the air pulsates to the myriad notes as the birds sweep and swoop homeward. Once again the melodious mingling of varied and tuneful songs blends in the cool air, gradually dying and fading away, till as the stars twinkle and the moon shines forth, but intermittent notes are heard as now and then some feathered songster wakes from sleep or chirps his neighbourly good-night to his feathered choirsters of the day.

N. KENNEDY, D.1.



Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

CELEBRITIES OF E.2.

Dedicated to the heroes of St. Mary's veterans who have grown old in the service of "Alma Mater." Brave men plodding along in the harness of study, determined to drop in the traces rather than yield. A class composed of the hoary aged and the boisterous youth, of the debonair swash-buckler and the stolid sage. Now, reader, bow your head with due solemnity, as with reverent lips you frame each name.

JACK SH——Y.—Known to his compatriots as "Tooth," the proud possessor of the most perfectly-waved hair in the establishment. Lost the "key tooth" of the top row in action, May, 1924. At present holds the record for the obstacle race from the corner of Hastings Street to the foot of the School stairs. Envied because of the cunning way he overcomes the most formidable obstacle—the Head—by a flash of what is supposed to be a note. Those in the know say it is his Latin Exer.; the great secret is shared only with "ειμι."

TOM MCL——T, "ειμι."—A staid lad, bosom friend and number one tout of the "Tooth." Rumour has it that he excells in gardening. If so, he will be an eligible member for the MacRory Cup Team, who are noted for the precise manner in which they tear up the pitch, rather than their opponents or the score.

A. MCD——E.—A shrewd customer, commonly called "McToot." A "punter" of no mean repute, "chancy," sagacious, and a keen student of current form. A Higher Mathematician who uses his technical knowledge in the working out of systems. "May he introduce many to our happy little circle," quoted from the "Chief" Littlewoods—Odes to the mugs, Liber IV., Chapter X.

JOHN W——H.—Christened by our wag "Spike." A barbarian but lately imported from the wilds of Cobh. Known to be an exponent of the art of the uncultured savage—Rugby. May be "drummed out" of the MacRory Cup Team for aggressive tactics towards the opposition. But why dig up the dead to illuminate the vices of the living?

PHIL MCK——R.—Still without a nickname, *mirabile dictu*, the wag must be losing his grip. A keen student nevertheless, the bright spot on the pedagogues' horizon. Studies with a kick which reminds one of that Kruchen or Andrew's Liver Salts feeling.

JIM C——Y.—Sur-named Cicero, the living replica of the great Roman lawyer. A good sprinter, does the 8-59 Handicap in great time every morning. The course running from Alexander St. West to the School portals is always in fine condition. A contest between him and the "Tooth" seems to be about to be held somewhere in the paulo-post-future. At present they are both at even money, but "Course Liar" informs me that S.P. may see "Tooth" returned at a comfortable 3/2.

BRENDAN O'C——N.—Known as "Tough." A youth of herculean proportions and leonine aspect. Patronizes the teachers and treats the world with a calm condescension. Looks on his wayward class-mates with humorous tolerance, ignores wise guys, and seems to work in a perpetual phlegmatic lethargy.

BRIAN D——T.—Blonde wiseacre. Another of our semi-paralysed footballers. Quick on the offensive and not easily suppressed by authority, legitimate or otherwise.

KEVIN F——Y.—Who bears the extremely appropriate nickname "Rosie." Carries his burden with an embarrassed blush. In spite of his handicap, however, he

journeys through life in excellent good spirits, the perfect example of " mama's little fair-haired boy."

DOMINICK Q——Y.—Nicknamed the " Rattler." Seems at times to be possessed by " Beelzebub." Like the unfortunate in the Bible, he has to work off superfluous energy through some medium; he usually chooses a member of the class.

BRENDAN W——N.—Affectionately (?) called Percy. A colossal pillar of magnanimity, the genius of the class, the originator of the delightful practice of hurling paper balls at the innocents. A good trencher-man, gorging himself on the fat of the land from noon to 12-30. It is reported from a reliable source that during the holidays he sits at a table and, for the period of one half hour, eats bread surreptitiously from a paper bag. " Force of habit damns souls."

F. J. CU——, Connacht—Christened " Philomena," divides his " working " hours between Maths and Irish. His period of leisure, so they say, is passed in the exercising, washing, combing and grooming of an animal called " Bubbles." What this creature is, is not well known, but it is reasonably suspected to be a cross between a Pommeranian and a Cheshire cat. It is also stated to be the only one of its kind in captivity.

VINCENT M——N.—Aptly named " Skinny," is a curious blend of genius and maniac of acrobat and contortionist. An object worthy of the study of the most eminent psychologist. Owing to his having a warped idea of ambition, he took to cat-burgling at a very early age. The " crib " he tried cracking shows him to have an extremely optimistic nature. Who mentioned a rogue breaking into prison? He has also tried to emulate the ancient Borgias, but he failed owing to salt mixed with sugar not being so deadly as he considered it. Quite recently he took up the national game—Poker—much to the sadistic amusement of a certain clique.

MATHEW JAMES.—Having " Mahahi " for his pseudonym, is well known in high-class operatic circles. He is also a highly accomplished scaler of back-yard walls. Little is known, however, of his achievements in this line, though an extremely large number (?) of the feline tribe, with a decidedly artificial me-i-ow, was seen lately around Lasalle Drive.

JAMES F——N.—" Little Fla," a youth in whom there is no guile; has to be seen to be believed. I here take the opportunity of correcting the erroneous opinion that he is an outside agent for a well-known funeral furnisher. If the name, " Brylly," is mentioned in scorn, inadvertently in his presence, the speaker should follow the following instructions to the letter:—(a) duck, (b) dodge to the right, (c) seek refuge in immediate and speedy flight.

DANNY and BILLY.—" The Heavenly Twins," must, like the proverbial Siamese, be treated as a whole undivided unit. Meteorological officials have but recently solved the mystery of a minor gale which blew every morning from somewhere about the Whiterock Road towards the Junction. Strange mutterings, such as " I got $3x+y$ in the 4th " and " Do you know the Virgil," were borne along by this breeze. The whole affair was quite simple, as it was just the " Twins " cantering down to school.

OWEN G——N.—Or Owneen, a youth with a Gaelic name, yet who follows his native language and customs with little zeal. While snoozing peacefully in his desk during Maths., he has been heard to murmur " Bully off," " Roll on " and other expletives characteristic of the Hockey Pitch. This seems to confirm our worst opinions that he is a devotee to that Sassanach game, which turns women into strong men and strong men into women.

JOE MCG——N.—"Rocky Ardoyne Joe." Wanted by the Northern Ireland Customs officials for bringing various types of "sweet-meats" to certain of his admirers in this city from the Gaeltheacht. Being a lad of great "depth," he easily eluded the guardians of our Border in carrying out his nefarious work. I believe he is a Parochial dignitary, no local function being complete without "Rocky" officiating. He has even been known to have sunk to the sordid depths of doing M.C. at a Ceilidh.

JOE T——Y.—A lost sheep who has but lately returned to the fold. Owing to his youth and his inexperience, he has yet been spared a nickname by the wag. Boxing circles should be prepared to receive this dynamic youth in their midst. I should strongly recommend him to put in some tough work with the "bag" and "ball." Our next issue may see us asking you to remember "Skinny" in your prayers.

DENIS M——Y.—Popularly known as "Speedy." Is a real dark horse as far as sport is concerned. He kicks the leathern sphere, I believe, with great zest and accuracy which has entitled him to a lucrative (?) position on the school team. Unfortunately, however, he has his price, and for a certain sum he has been known to have sold valuable secrets about a certain outside football team to a member of the faculty. "*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis auri sacra fames.*"

C. O'DOHERTY, E.2.

TO A BIRD.

Skimming lightly through the sky,
Without a single worldly care,
Onward ever on you fly
Above a world both bleak and fair.

Leave behind the shades of night
As to the blushing morn' you fly,
Singing on your carefree flight
A song to Him Who smiles on high.

When the even' sun does stain
With streaks of red a sky of grey,
Then to your nest you fly again,
To rest until another day.

P. CASEY, C.1.

I WRITE AN ARTICLE . . .

For almost half an hour, I have been racking my brains for a subject to write an article on. So far I have drawn an absolute blank. Ideas have entered my head, and they seem suitable enough, but when I attempt to put them on paper it is a different matter, for I can't find enough material to support them. Whether this is due to any obtuseness on my part I don't know, but writing an article is not as easy as it seems.

In pictures and books, the author goes away from all cares and worries, and is soon typing a story. In a few days his book, which is almost certain to be a best seller, is on sale. All this *seems* easy, and, although I don't pose as a great writer, I think on the grounds of the law of proportion, that I should be able to write a short article.

Now, let me see. What can I write about?—a story is out, so it must be in essay form. But—an essay needs a subject. One of the boys at school wrote an article about "Nothing." Now, if I could get an idea like that. "The Beauties of Ulster." That's not too bad, I suppose, but, as one of my teachers says, it's a "time-honoured essay." If I started writing about Spring, I would almost automatically put down about Spring being the first season of the year, and about Nature throwing off her Winter attire; so that's definitely out.

My sister's suggestion is "A Walk into the Country." I think this is the best so far, and I'll take a note of it, in case I have to fall back on it. Ah! I know—"Colloquialisms." There ought to be plenty of scope here, but—if 'thou consider rightly of the matter,' the idea may not be so good after all, for, although I hear colloquialisms every day, I can't bring so many to mind now. It's a great pity a story is out, because I have quite a lot of ideas for one. Likely, if I was writing, or trying to write, a story, I wouldn't have one. That's the way.

If I could only think of some new idea, that nobody else would think of, my problem would be settled. Such titles as "A Day in the Country," "A Visit to the Seaside," or "A Bicycle Tour," are as well known as the alphabet.

I often wondered why writers are usually portrayed as being temperamental, but I cease to wonder now, because if they have the same brain-racking getting an idea for a book as I have getting an idea for a small article, I don't blame them. I admire them the more.

Oh, to be an Irving or a Stevenson. At last! A good idea. Something I know plenty about, something I experienced, and something I have fresh—very fresh—in my memory. An article on writing an article. What title will I give it. "An Author at Work"? No, that's praising myself too much; I have yet to reach the heights of being an author. "I Write an Article" would be better. Well, here goes—

"For almost half an hour I have been racking my brains . . . . . ."

G. ROBINSON, C.4.

Sgéal Ġoll Ṁac Móirne.

Lánaṁain a ḃí ann fad ó ṡoin agus nuair a ḃí siad tamaillt pósta ḃí mac aṁáin aca. An oiḋċe a ṫáinig an mac ar a' tsaoġal ċuaiḋ an t-aṫair amaċ 'un an ġarraiḋ agus ċuir sé crann agus d'iarr sé gan an crann sin a ṫarraingt go dtí go mbéaḋ a leanḃ ábalta é a ṫarraingt. D'iarr sé ar an ṁáṫair gan leigint do'n leanḃ ġabail 'e ċoṁair an ċrainn go dtí go mbéaḋ sé seaċt mbliaḋna. Duḃairt sé go raḃ seisean ag gabail 'un an Oileáin Úir go saoṫróċaḋ sé dornán airgid. Nuair a ḃí sé bliaḋain ins an Oileán Úr fuair sé bás agus ḃí brón mór ar an ṁáṫair is ar an ṁac. Nuair a ḃí na seaċt mbliaḋna ṫuas ag an ġasúr d'iarr an ṁáṫair air ġabail amaċ agus féacaint leis an ċrann a ṫarraingt. Ċuaiḋ an gasúr amaċ agus rinne sé a ḋíċeallt agus ní raḃ sé ábalta beangaḋ a ḃaint ar an ċrann. Ṫáinig sé isteaċ agus duḃairt sé leis an ṁáṫair naċ raḃ sé ábalta é a ṫarraingt. D'iarr sí air fanaċt seaċt mbliaḋna eile. Nuair a ḃí na seaċt mbliaḋna ṫuas ċuaiḋ sé amaċ arís. D'ḟéaċ sé go cruaiḋ leis an ċrann a ṫarraingt agus ní raḃ sé ábalta. D'iarr sí air fanaċt seaċt mbliaḋna eile agus nuair a ḃí na seaċt mbliaḋna ṫuas ḃí an gasúr bliaḋain ⁊ fiċe. D'iarr sí air ġabail amaċ ⁊ féaċailt go cruaiḋ an dtiocfaḋ leis an crann a ṫarraingt a ċuir a aṫair bliaḋain agus fiċe ó ṡoin. Ċuaiḋ sé amaċ agus ċuir sé a ċos ar aċan taoiḃ de'n ċrann. Ḃí rutaí cuiriġṫe ag an ċrann aċan áit fríd an ġarraḋ agus nuair a ṫarraing an gasúr an crann ḃí leaṫ an talaiṁ leis na rútaí. Ṫáinig sé isteaċ ⁊ d'innis sé do n-a ṁáṫair go raḃ an crann tarraingṫe aige indiu ar scor ar biṫ. Duḃairt an ṁáṫair leis gur ṁór an gar go raḃ, na go dtug sí a ċuid go maiṫ dó ó d'imṫiġ a aṫair agus go raḃ deireaḋ dá raḃ sá teaċ-reaiṫte anois, naċ raḃ piġinn airgid aice faoi ċreataċa an toiġe a ċeannóċaḋ coṁ beag le punt de ṗlúr. Duḃairt sé go raḃ sé a' gabail a ḋ'imṫeaċt go raċaḋ sé ar fastóḋ áit eiġinteaċt fiacáil an ḃfuiġeaḋ sé dornán airgid dó féin agus do n-a ṁáṫair. Nuair ḃí sé giota ar ṡiuḃal ó'n teaċ casaḋ fear air. D'ḟiafruiġ an fear dó an ndeánfaḋ sé fastoḋ leis. Duḃairt an gasúr go ndeánfaḋ. Rinne sé é a ḟastóḋ ar feaḋ bliaḋna ar ṡé ṗunta agus rinne an gasúr margaḋ leis an ṁáiġistir. Dá gcuirfeaḋ sé fearg air cead a ḃeiṫ aige leaṫ na cluaise a ġearraḋ dó ⁊ dá gcuirfeaḋ an máiġistir fearg ar an ġasúr cead a ḃeiṫ aige an rud céadna a ḋéanaṁ leis an ṁáiġistir. Ṫug an máiġistir leis an gasúr 'un a' ḃaile agus ṫug sé a ḋinnéar dó. Nuair a ḃí a ḋínnéar críoċnuiġṫe aige duḃairt sé leis ġabail amaċ ċun an sgioḃóil agus súiste a ṫabairt leis agus ġabail a ḃualaḋ coirce. Nuair a ċuaiḋ an gasúr amaċ d'aṁarc sé ar an tsúiste. Duḃairt sé leis féin go raḃ an súiste i ḃfad ró ḃeag. Ċuaiḋ sé amaċ agus ṫarraing sé dá ċrann ins an ġarraiḋ. Ċeangail sé le rópaí iad. Ċuir sé a dá láiṁ fá dtaoḃ de ċruaic a ḃí sa ġarraiḋ. Ṫug sé isteaċ 'un an sgioḃóil í. Nuair a ċuaiḋ sé a ḃualaḋ leis an tsúiste a ḃí deánta aige ċuir sé amaċ fríd an ġarraiḋ í. Ní ṫiocfaḋ leis an ṁáiġistir labairt leis go feargaċ nó ḃí an margaḋ deánta aca, an ċead duine a labarfaḋ go feargaċ barr na cluaise a ḃaint dó. Ċuaiḋ an máiġistir amaċ. D'iarr sé air ṫeaċt isteaċ 'un toiġe. Ṫug sé a ṡuipéar dó agus d'iarr air a ġabail a luiġe. Nuair a ḃí an gasúr na luiġe, d'imṫiġ an máiġistir ḟad le sean-dall a raḃ 'ḟios aige agus d'innis sé dó fa dtaoḃ de'n ġasúr agus d'ḟiafruiġ sé dó caidé an dóiġ a b'ḟearr a dtiocfaḋ leis é a ċur ċun báis. Duḃairt an sean-dall leis nuair a d'éireóċaḋ an gasúr ar maidin é 'ċur síos ḟad le páirc a ḃí ṫíos faoi'n teaċ, péire beaṫaċ a ċur leis ⁊ naċ deaċaiḋ aon duine ariaṁ ḟad leis an ṗáirc sin ⁊ a ṫeaċt ar ais beo. Nuair a d'éiriġ an gasúr agus rinne a ḃricfeasta, d'ḟiafruiġ

sé do'n ṁáiġistir caidé ḃí sé ag gabail a ḋéanaṁ. D'iarr an máiġistir air péire beaṫaċ a ṫabairt leis ⁊ ṫeisbean sé an ṗáirc dó a raċaḋ sé a ṫreabaḋ. Ċuaiḋ an garsún síos ḟad leis an ṗáirc. Ṫosuiġ sé a ṫreabaḋ. An ċead uair a ḃí sé ag gabail suas an cuibreann, d'éiriġ péist ṁór ⁊ ṡlug sé ceann de na beaṫaiġ. Ḟad 's ḃí sé ag slugaḋ an ċinn eile ċuir sé an uġam ar an ṗéist ⁊ ṫreabuiġ sé leis go dtí an oiḋċe. Ṫug sé an ṗéist na ḃaile tráṫnóna agus ċuir sé isteaċ insan ḃoiṫeaċ í agus ṫáinig sé isteaċ fa ċoinne a ṡuipéir. D'ḟiafruiġ an máiġistir dó caidé mar ċuaiḋ sé ar aġaiḋ ó ṁaidin. Dubairt sé go ḃfuair sé ar aġaiḋ go measarḋa. Nuair a ċuaiḋ sé suas an cuibreann an ċead uair go dtáinig péist ṁór amaċ as uaṁaċ ⁊ gur ṡlug sí an ċead ḃeaṫaċ ⁊ go dteaċaiḋ sí a ṡlogaḋ an dara beaṫaċ ⁊ ḟad sí ḃí sí ag slogaḋ an dara ḃeaṫaiġ gur ċuir sé an uġam ar an ṗéist ⁊ gur ṫreabuiġ sé léiṫe go dtí an oiḋċe. D'ḟiafruiġ an máiġistir do caidé rinne sé leis an ṗéist. Dubairt sé gur ċuir sé isteaċ insan stábla í. D'iarr an máiġistir air ġabail amaċ agus an ṗéist a leigint ar ṡiubal sul a n-íosfaḋ sí an beaṫaċ deireannaċ a ḃí sa stábla. D'iarr sé air annsin a ṡuipéar a ḋéanaṁ agus a ġabail a luiġe. Ċuaiḋ an máiġistir ḟad leis an sean-dall ⁊ d'ḟiafruiġ sé dó caidé ḃí aige le deánaṁ leis an ġarsún no goidé an dóiġ a dtiocfaḋ leis a ċur cun ḃáis. Dubairt an dall leis naċ raḃ a ḋaṫ fágṫa aige aċ a'n rud aṁáin. Nuair a d'éireóċaḋ sé ar maidin 'iarraiḋ air 'ġabail síos go h-Ifrionn agus a ṁáṫair ṁór a ṫabairt aníos; go ḃfuair sí bás tá ceiṫre bliaḋna ó ṡoin: gur droċ-ḃean a ḃí innti agus gurḃ é a ḃaraṁail go raḃ sí i n-Ifrionn. Dubairt an garsún leis naċ dtiocfaḋ leis ġabail go h-Ifrionn gan beaṫaċ 'ḃeiṫ leis. Dubairt an máiġistir leis naċ raḃ fágṫa aige aċ a'n ḃeaṫaċ aṁáin ⁊ é a ṫabairt leis. Ṡíl an máiġistir nuair a raċaḋ an garsún go h-Ifrionn go gcoinneóċaḋ na diabail é agus naċ leigfeaḋ siad ar ais é. Aċ ní'n aṁlaiḋ mar ḃí. Nuair a ċuaiḋ an garsún síos go geaftaí Ifrionn, sgairt sé isteaċ. "An ḃfuil máṫair ṁór mo ṁáiġistreasa istiġ annsin?" Ṫosuiġ siad uilig go léir a ġáiriḋe faoi. Ní raḃ aiṫne ar biṫ ag an ġarsún uirṫi agus ní raḃ 'ḟios aige caidé ḋéanfaḋ sé. Fuair sé greim cos deiriḋ ar an ḃeaṫaċ agus ġread sé amaċ ar an ġeafta a raḃ i n-Ifrionn uilig. Ċuir sé aníos iad go dtí dorus a ṁáiġistreasa. Sgairt sé isteaċ ar an ṁáiġistir ⁊ d'iarr air a ṁáṫáir ṁór a ṫabairt leis anois, naċ raḃ aiṫne ar biṫ aigesean uirṫi. Nuair a ṫáinig an máiġistir go dtí an dorus ⁊ connaic sé an sgaifte a ḃí na seasaṁ amuiġ ṫuit sé i laige. Reaṫ an garsún agus ṫug sé iarraiḋ air agus ṫug sé friḋ é. D'iarr sé ar an ġarsún an sgaifte a ġreadaḋ go h-Ifrionn arís ⁊ go dtabarfaḋ sé a ṫrom féin d'ór dó. Fuair an garsún greim dá ċois deiriḋ ar an ḃeaṫaċ agus ċuir sé an t-iomlán síos go h-Ifrionn arais. Ṗill sé 'na ḃaile ag an ṁáiġistir ⁊ ṫug an máiġistir ualaċ óir dó. Ṫáinig sé go Leitir Ceannain ⁊ ċeannuiġ sé teaċ mór agus ċuir sé siopa ar bun.

SÉAMAS UA H-ANNAIN a sgríoḃ
síos insna Gleanntáir.

"HE WAS LUCKY."

In a trench there lay two soldiers. They were silent, smoking thin cigarettes and listening to the far-off rumble of guns, accompanied now and again by a swift glaring flash which would light up a region, once peaceful and fruitful, now a churned mine of filth, strewed with rotten bodies, broken guns, battered helmets, pools of slimy stagnant water, and more horrible proofs of the extent of "man's inhumanity to man."

At last, one of the soldiers turned, half round on his side, and addressed his companion.

"You go home to-morrow, Josef?"

"I do," came a soft reply. "But to what?" he added. "Ferdinand, I am leaving this battle-field, leaving shells, machine-gun fire, poison gas, no doubt; but will the memory of them ever leave me? There are no dead men, no awful fears of bombs from 'planes, and yet, I will always re-live these torturous months on this field."

Ferdinand grimaced and threw away the end of his cigarette, and, as he watched it splutter out on the wet ground, he spoke.

"You know, Josef, I think you are lucky to be going away from here. You may not think it, but you'll soon find a few days in a happy land will make you forget all the horrors of the front line. You'll have a soft bed at night, not a muddy ground like this; and companions, not hardened soldiers like myself, but young men and women, gay, cheery; and think, Josef, good wine and food. Ah, my friend, I advise you to make the most of this short leave."

Josef laughed softly, bitterly. "You make it all sound so attractive, Ferdinand. But you know as well as I do that war imprints something in your soul that time or place cannot erase, and then your thoughts are only taken up with—death, slaughter, blood, mud, days without food, nights without sleep, suffering and—Ough! you know it all, too."

Ferdinand was grinning as he listened to his comrade, and then he spoke. "Josef, that is all the more reason you should look forward to home. Can't I ever make you realise how lucky you are? You have been lucky all through this damned war, you got soft jobs, easy commissions, everything that makes life at the front more easy. Josef, you are lucky!" Ferdinand's voice was growing shriller, and his speech came more vehemently. At last he quietened a little, and added softly, viciously: "Josef, court lady luck when you can; remember you are lucky."

"How can you say those things?" asked Josef in a peevish tone. "You, a hardened soldier; you said so yourself," he went on pleadingly, and at the same time easing himself into a more comfortable position. "Ah, yes, Ferdinand, I was lucky during the war, but will I be as lucky away from war? I tell you, war is in my blood now; I cannot think of anything else now, nor can you, for that."

Rising cautiously, Ferdinand peeped over the top of the trench. "Come here, Josef," he said. "Look at that." He nodded towards the vast desolation, torn, reeking, and the pale moon causing a weird, ghastly effect, adding a new horror to what was already horrible. Then he spoke again. "Do you think a man wants to remember that?"

"Do you think a man can forget that?" retorted Josef, bitterly.

They both laughed, and returned to their former positions. Then Ferdinand hissed into Josef's ear. "Listen, you lucky fool, go to sleep; your talk is silly and childish."

As he turned on his side, Ferdinand heard the answering grunt of his companion, followed by a sarcastic "Lucky."

For a full five minutes there was silence. Then both men sat bolt upright. It came nearer and nearer, growing in loudness; at first a low hum, developing into a harsh roar, only interrupted by the sharp chattering of a machine gun. Both men knew what was happening. An enemy 'plane spraying the trenches with leaden death. As one man, Ferdinand and Josef flung themselves flat on their faces, while all around them bullets were chipping the surface of the earth. Then, just as quickly as it had come, the roar died away again, restoring calm silence.

Ferdinand raised his head and looked about him, then he whispered: "You all right, Josef?" There was no answer. "Josef--Josef!" Ferdinand's voice was getting louder. Then he became silent, and gazed at the blood oozing through his comrade's jacket. He choked a sob, and closed his eyes, murmuring: "I always said you were lucky, Josef."

T. FOLEY, E.*1*.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

I will arise and go now, and go to my daily toil,
And spend the day in torment, as do all of us poor boys;
Nine "stingers" will I get there, or maybe twenty-four,
But for all that I'm caring, I could take half as many more.

I know I shall have no peace there, for peace is never had
Where schoolmasters always hurry with never-ceasing pad;
There morning's an endless torrent of questions dry and sour,
Thrown at us by cruel teachers that we may whinge and cower.

But soon it will be all over, this life of lessons and books,
And I will be a-fishing up the clear and babbling brooks;
For as I sit in the classroom, writing away with haste,
I think of the glorious holidays which in a few days I shall taste.

A. McRANDALL, *U.2.*

PROVERBS.

A proverb is a short saying based on long experience. It is also defined as "the wisdom of many and the wit of one," or "the wisdom of the wise made up in small doses for the foolish." Perhaps the best definition is that a proverb is a short pithy saying in general use. It must be brief and epigrammatic in order to teach its lesson, or point its moral; that is, it must have directness, wit and terseness to fulfil its object.

A proverb is no mere "chit-chat" or small talk of conversation. It must be sensible. It must, too, be brief—"much matter 'decocted' into few works"—so that it may be easily remembered. Above all, a proverb must be popular.

There are many wise sayings which have not become proverbs. They have all the sense and depth of thought which go to compose a proverb, but they do not possess the point and sting which "comes home to the bosoms of men."

Much can be said about the nature of a proverb. It expresses a general, not a universal or literal truth; for example, "more haste, less speed," or "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." Very often it is literally untrue: "a watched pot never boils"; "early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise." Quite often proverbs are contradictory, thus we find: "too many cooks spoil the broth," while against this is "many hands make light work," and again: "look before you leap" and "he who hesitates is lost," are in direct opposition. From this it follows that, although proverbs are true in the main, they cannot be taken without certain qualifications.

Proverbs may be divided up into numerous groups, of which the chief might be classed thus:—

Proverbs of guidance: "Honesty is the best policy."
Prohibitary proverbs: "Don't look a gift-horse in the face."
Hortatory proverbs: "Look before you leap."
Prophetical proverbs: "After a gather comes a scatter."
Predicatory proverbs: "Still waters run deep," etc.

These proverbs, in their various divisions, have each a certain type of lesson to point out. Some may appear quite sensible, others absolutely absurd, but each proverb has a motive or duty to fulfil. They possess the same qualities in some respects, but may be in opposition to one another according to their types.

All proverbs are not equally interesting, nor do they appeal to the same extent. They attract our attention through different devices. Some are pleasing to the ear. It is the rhyme which helps to make them easily remembered: "Who goes a' borrowing goes a' sorrowing," "East, West, home is best." Proverbs such as these may be found in many languages.

Another quality often found in a proverb is alliteration: "A friend in need is a friend indeed," "No cross, no crown." In others it is the "tartness" or bitter sting which draws attraction: "Liars should have good memories."

Many of us unthinkingly make use of proverbs in our daily conversations. We have heard them so often that they come naturally to our lips. The greatest poets, dramatists, the most profound thinkers and writers, the "savants" of all ages have delighted in using them.

The origin of the proverbs might be disputed. They have lasted through many ages, and will last through many more. It is impossible to discover the venerable age and antiquity of many of them. One thing we do know about them is, that they are the poor man's philosophy; or, one may say, the safety valve for popular sentiments.

The majority of proverbs were originally spoken by some philosopher, monarch or hero, and, being fully appreciated when first spoken, have been handed down to us that we may profit thereby. Perhaps the interest in the wise saying has gradually worn off and we receive it with little or no appreciation, or again the proverb may have stamped such an impression on the past generations that it comes to us in its original form and beauty, as "a rolling stone gathers no moss," or "all that glitters is not gold."

Proverbs are universal. They are found in all countries, although some countries are richer in them than others. They express the same thoughts in the different languages, but often they lose their beauty and sparkle when one tries to translate them.

"The genius, wit and spirit of a nation are discovered in the proverbs," said Bacon. The truth of this is evident, for "proverbs are habitual to a nation, being transmitted from father to son." These brief "saws" reveal the universal character and genius of the people amongst whom they are current. They disclose the secrets of their life and habits. Even from the style of proverbs in a country we can gain some estimate of the calibre of its inhabitants. From the thoughts and ideas expressed in the proverbs we can judge, whether the nation is thoughtful, refined and civilised or crude and unlettered.

Proverbs may or may not have an influence on those who hear them. The indolent may mend his ways, and the slacker become industrious. Again, a proverb heard, read or studied may cause more harm than good—It might even cause a revolution. For it may cause the individual who notices it to learn the truth and, by so doing, conform to the wisdom of the saying, and thus upset his own efficient routine. Finally, a proverb may go unobserved by some and only be scanned by others. What effect, therefore, could it produce on those who go their own ways and possess their own beliefs of truth and wisdom?

The influence of a proverb is generally cited after the event. That is, when the occurrence or happening—for instance, a war—is finished and done with.

The imperishable beauty of some proverbs have been excellently expressed by Tennyson:—

"Jewels five words long
That on the stretch'd forefinger of all time
Sparkle for ever!"

O. GALLAGHER, E.2.

FOOTSTEPS OF ST PATRICK IN COUNTY DOWN.

There must be many people living in Belfast who know comparatively little of the scenic beauties and historic associations of a county that lies very near their doors, namely, County Down, appropriately described as the cradle of the Faith in Ireland, the county in which St. Patrick began his glorious Apostolate, and which, of all others, was most dear to him. Let us take a tour, in fancy, round this very interesting county.

We shall first take the main Belfast-Downpatrick road. About fifteen miles from the city is the village of Saintfield, pleasantly situated among the fertile hills which are a feature of County Down. Its name is a literal translation from the Irish, Tulach na Naomh, but tradition is silent as to the saint to whom reference is made. It was here the United Irishmen of Down first appeared in arms in the Rising of '98, winning a victory over the York Fencibles under Colonel Stapleton. Continuing our journey, we pass through Crossgar, the town of the Short Cross, and reach the Quoile Bridge, about twenty miles from Belfast. Here we turn sharply to the left for Saul. The River Quoile is very beautiful at this spot, especially at full tide. A couple of miles' run brings us to Saul (Sabhal, a barn). Here St. Patrick said his first Mass in Ireland, in a barn presented to him for the purpose by Dichu, the chieftain of the district, and St. Patrick's first convert. St. Malachy erected a monastery on the site of Patrick's Barn in the twelfth century. Part of the site of the abbey is now occupied by a Protestant Church, built about 1770. Two miles from Saul is the ancient Church of Raholp, the See of Bishop Tassach, Patrick's metal-worker and friend during life, and loving attendant during his last hours. This little church of St. Tassach is one of the oldest buildings in Ireland, and was probably founded by St. Patrick himself. The local people call it " Church-moyley " (the uncovered or roofless church, Irish ' maol '). Midway between Saul and Raholp is Sliabh Patrick, upon which a splendid memorial to St. Patrick has been erected. From this hill is obtained a view of almost unparalleled beauty—a magnificent panorama which, once seen, cannot easily be forgotten. In the foreground beneath the hill lies Ringbane, at the mouth of the Slaney River, where Patrick first landed. Looking northwards, one can discern the Hill of Slemish, where the youthful Patrick tended his flocks. To the west one can see the site of the ancient Barn of Patrick, and the monastic house of St. Malachy. A little farther south-west lies Downpatrick, where Patrick sleeps, and beyond are the majestic Mountains of Mourne. To the south one can see Struel Mountain, upon which is St. Patrick's Chair, and below which are St. Patrick's Wells. To the north and east lie the shimmering waters of Strangford Lough (Loch Cuan) and its numerous islands, and, to the south-east, the Isle of Man.

Resuming our journey, we proceed to Strangford, a charming little town on the shores of Loch Cuan, whose Norse name recalls the many Viking raids on the coast of Down. Audley's Castle, one of the twenty-seven castles built by De Courcy around Strangford Lough, a picturesque ruin, deserves a visit. Turning to the left from Strangford, and keeping to the road washed by the waters of Loch Cuan, we soon reach Kilclief Castle, about two miles distant from Strangford on the road to Ardglass. This castle was built about the middle of the fourteenth century. At one period it was occupied as a see-house and manor of the Bishop of Down. It is in an excellent state of preservation. Tighearnach, Abbot of Clonmacnoise, who died 1088, recorded that in the year 1002, Sitric, King of the Danes, arrived with a fleet in Uladh, and plundered Kilclief and Iniscorsery (Inch). In the vicinity is an old corn mill, which is said to have been used by the monks of Kilclief in the days of the Normans.

Ballyhornan Bay next comes into view. Here there is a lovely stretch of beach and, within wading distance when the tide is out, is Guns Island, the scene of romantic smuggling tales, and incidents of '98. The Catholic Church at Chapletown repays a visit. Here we may examine a remarkable statue of Our Lady, built into the gable of the church. This statue has a most interesting history, and dates back to pre-Reformation days. It was smashed to fragments in the days of Elizabeth. But the faithful people of the district gathered most of the pieces and preserved them through the ages. Other fragments were unearthed near the ancient church of Dunsford. The late Mr. Francis Joseph Bigger and others interested themselves in the matter, and the fragments were lovingly and tenderly collected and pieced together and restored to an honoured place in the Catholic church, in the very district where it was smashed and thought to be for ever destroyed over three hundred years ago.

A mile or so farther on, we see the ruin of the very ancient Church of Ardtole (Ard Tuathail, Tuathall's Height). This was formerly the parish church, and was dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors. This townland contained the dividing line between the Irish and Anglo-Normans. The Ordnance Survey marks the southern part as "English Ardtole" and the northern as "Irish Ardtole," the church lying just midway. This isolated position was on occasions found dangerous, particularly so when the owners of the fortified castles came to be at variance with the Irish clans of the district. There is a tradition that some of the Anglo-Irish henchmen of Ardglass, finding the chieftain of the MacArtain Clan in a deep sleep on the grass, fastened his long hair to the briars around. But they dearly paid for this insult when, some time later, MacArtain, at the head of his clann, surprised and massacred the Ardglass men who had gathered to Mass in Ardtole Church. This disaster took place about the middle of the fifteenth century, and it led to the abandonment of the church as a place of worship for Ardglass.

Close to this ruin is a fine souterrain. These souterrains, or artificial caves, were constructed by the earliest inhabitants of the country when the natural caves and open woods did not afford sufficient shelter to an increasing population. Caves of this kind are numerous in County Down. They vary in size, but their general characteristics are much the same. They consist of one or several chambers from three feet to five feet wide, and from five to seven feet high. The sides are built of rough unhewn stone, built dry, inclining inwards towards the top, and covered with a series of flagstones. The entire cave is sunk below the ground several feet, although occasionally they are found not more than two feet below the surface. The chambers branch off the main passage at irregular intervals. Often there are sewer-like passages leading from the chamber to the surface of the earth. Although usually detached, these underground dwellings are sometimes found in connection with earthen forts or raths.

Here we get a magnificent view of Ardglass, the "City of the Seven Castles." This town has many associations with stirring scenes in our history from the days of the Norsemen to the days of '98. John De Courcy lived here, and in 1217 was confirmed by Henry III. in his possessions here. Shane the Proud, tradition says, lived here. His castle, a magnificent pile, is in a wonderful state of preservation, and contains within its walls scores of objects of historical and antiquarian interest. Its gloomy interior and antique furnishings give an excellent idea of what life must have been like in such a building, when, in addition to the owner and his family, it housed a retinue of soldiers and servants. Ardglass has associations with the Kildare family. After the revolt of Silken Thomas, the English, under Lord Grey, took the castle. The people of Ardglass still show the tower chamber in the old castle which was searched for Lord Edward Fitzgerald in '98.

Leaving Ardglass, on the return journey, we pass Coney Island, and a few miles on we turn into a lane leading to the Holy Wells of St. Patrick in Struel.

These wells are very ancient, and although they were blessed by St. Patrick, they are really pre-Christian, and most likely were connected with Druid worship. Hosts of pilgrims, rich and poor, gathered to these wells on Midsummer's Day and on the Friday before August 1st. (La Lughnasadh, or Lugh's festival or fair, was celebrated in pre-Christian Ireland on August 1st). The pilgrimages on a large scale were stopped for some years, but in recent years they have been resumed. According to local tradition, St. Patrick himself often came to spend the night in prayer and fasting at these holy wells. There are four wells in all here: the eye well, a bathing well for men, one for women, and the drinking well.

We continue our journey to Downpatrick (the fort of Patrick), where we visit St. Patrick's Grave. It is situated near Downpatrick Cathedral, and is marked by a huge stone upon which is a carved cross and the name "PATRIC." This grave also contains the remains of St. Brigid and Columcille. In this graveyard is a tenth century granite Celtic Cross which formerly stood in the centre of the town. It was re-erected from scattered fragments in 1897. The carving is partly obliterated. There is a representation of the Crucifixion at the intersection of the arms, and beneath are four rows of figures covered with interlaced work.


St. Patrick's Grave, Downpatrick.

Downpatrick Cathedral has an interesting history. On the site of the present structure stood an ancient Abbey, said to have been founded by St. Patrick himself. This Abbey and the whole district suffered greatly at the hands of the Norsemen, being plundered no less than four times between the years 824 and 1103. In the latter year a great battle was fought by the Irish against the plundering Norsemen under their king, Magnus Barfod (Barefoot), in the vicinity of Downpatrick. The Norsemen were defeated and their king was left dead on the field. He was buried by the Irish near the Abbey which he had come to plunder. The Abbey was repaired and restored to something like its former splendour by John De Courcy about the end of the twelfth century. He also changed the dedication from Holy Trinity to St. Patrick. In 1316 the town was plundered and the Abbey burned to the ground by Edward Bruce. It was again destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII. by his ruthless Lord Deputy, Leonard de Grey, who first profaned it, turning it into a

stable and destroying the monuments of Patrick, Brigid, and Columcille. It lay roofless and derelict for more than two centuries until 1790, when its rebuilding commenced as a Protestant Cathedral, and the ancient round tower, which had withstood the ravages of time and hate, was ruthlessly pulled down, the pretence being that it might fall upon and damage the new Cathedral.

A short distance from the Cathedral is the great mound or dun from which the town derives its name. This ancient fort was known to Ptolemy as Dunum. Locally it is known as Rath Celtair, the fort of Celtchair of the Battles, a warrior of the Red Branch Knights, who lived there in the first century. It is also called Dun-Da-Leath-glas, the fort of the two broken locks, or fetters. Jocelin accounts for this name by a legend that the two sons of Dichu, having been confined by King Laoghaire, were removed from the place of their confinement, and the two fetters by which they were bound were miraculously broken. Tradition states that for over three centuries Kings of Uladh resided here. The castle which once stood on the Rath was sacked by Edward Bruce in 1316.

Resuming our return journey, we cross the Quoile Bridge, near Finnebrogue (Fiodh na mbroc, the badger wood, or, perhaps, Fiodh na mbrog, the wood of the shoes). Almost two miles from Downpatrick we reach a road-sign which indicates the way to Inch Abbey. We follow this road until we reach an iron gate, through which we pass into a shaded avenue. We follow this avenue for a short distance, and there opens before us one of the most impressive sights we have yet seen, for here, on the left bank of the Quoile River, in quiet and beautiful surroundings, are the ruins of the once-important and imposing Cistercian Abbey of Inish. The site, as the name Inch implies, was insular in early times (Gaelic inis, an island). About 1180, John De Courcy, in atonement for his destruction of an Abbey at Erenagh, founded the Cistercian Abbey here. The full name is Inishcourcy. Harris, in his History of Down, was in error in stating that this name was derived from De Courcy, for we know that there was an earlier monastery here named Inis-cumhscraith, that is Cooscraigh's Island, long before a Norman set foot on Irish soil. The Annals of the Four Masters record that in 1001, "Sitric, son of Amlaff, set out on a predatory excursion into Ulaidh in his ships, and plundered Kilclief and Inis-Cumhscraigh." Tighernach of Clonmacnoise records this also (Tigernach died in 1088), and Aodh Maglanha, Abbot of Inis-Cumhscraigh, was one of those who signed the Charter of Newry, a document of about the year 1160. It is highly probable that the person whose name is commemorated in the place name was Cumhscrach, one of the sons of Conor Mac Nessa, who succeeded his father as King of Ulster in the first century. It was in Inch Abbey that Jocelin, a monk of Furness, about 1183, wrote a biography of St. Patrick, most likely attracted to his subject on finding himself in view of Patrick's last resting-place, and living amidst the scenes of his earliest missionary labours in Ireland. The Cistercian Abbey from the first was a centre of English influence, and, to strengthen that fast-decaying influence, the Anglo-Irish Parliament decreed in 1380 that membership of the Order at Inch should be confined to English or Anglicised Irish.

To-day, amid a scene of exquisite beauty and peace by the placid waters of the Quoile, Inch Abbey is at once a picturesque and impressive sight. In this secluded retreat the silence seems more penetrating and peace more profound than elsewhere we have visited. There is something of sadness and solemnity in the very atmosphere of the place that makes a deep impression on us. Our minds are carried back in fancy to the days of its past glory. We picture the impressive scenes of a thousand years ago, its rich glass windows reflecting the beautiful sunset, its stately tombs, its silver-toned bells calling the monks to prayer, the long-robed monks chanting prayers and hymns in cadences sweet as the fragrance of the summer air, their sounds carried over the still waters of the Quoile and through the space of wild wood resonant with the songs of birds. Little wonder we find ourselves unwilling to leave this hallowed spot. But we tear ourselves away, and continue our homeward journey, passing on our way Loughanisland, with its ancient island churches, and

historic Ballynahinch, the scene of the fiercest battle of '98, where the "Hearts of Down" won glory, under gallant Harry Munro, by their stubborn fight for freedom against overwhelming odds. Near Ballynahinch, in a quiet glen, is the grave of Betsy Gray, the heroine of the Battle. The monument erected to her memory was

INCH ABBEY.

smashed to fragments in 1898 by the unworthy descendants of those who fought by her side, and the inscribed fragments on her tombstone mark the grave to-day.

A little over half an hour's run from Ballynahinch, through a rich and fertile countryside, brings us home. We shall long retain pleasant memories of this day's enthralling scenes.

M. D. M.

THE FILM SOCIETY.

The session 1938-'39 was a lean one from the point of view of meetings—as our honorary operator, Mr. F. Collins, was unable to attend as often as we would have wished. Nevertheless, the few meetings that were held were quite enjoyable, giving a mixed programme of educational and amusing films, with emphasis on the latter type. "Our Gang" pictures were found particularly amusing; while "Felix"—though the blasé admirers of Donald Duck found him a bit tame—was much enjoyed. An excellent film of "Finland" was a feature of our last show. The use of the large screen added very much to the enjoyment, as it was found to be much easier on the eyes and gave a much clearer representation. The best thanks of the Society is due to Mr. F. Collins, who has given his valuable time and apparatus unsparingly to us. He has promised to give us a show, with amplifying apparatus for music, during the coming Winter term.

STAMP-COLLECTING.

The hobby of postage stamp-collecting or philately, as it is called, is a most interesting, profitable and educational pastime.

Few are the hobbies which suit both young and old alike, but stamp-collecing takes a firmer hold on the collector as the years pass, and some of the most noted philatelists are elderly men.

Among many collections are stamps which have been sold for hundreds of pounds. What is the reason for the value of these stamps? It is because they are rare. The rarer a stamp is, the more valuable it becomes, and thus a collector may pick up a veritable gold mine some day.

Sometimes a certain set of stamps of some country has a blemish, or a wrong shade of colour, and when the next set is printed the error is corrected. The wrongly printed stamps have then a value which increases with age, for many of the incorrect set are lost or destroyed, and the careful collector who has a copy in his collection finds that stamp a profitable investment.

But the true stamp-collector does not collect stamps in order to make money on them. His interest in the world is quickened and his knowledge broadened as a result of his hobby. He will wish to read about the countries of which he gets stamps. He will begin to take an interest in geography, history and biography.

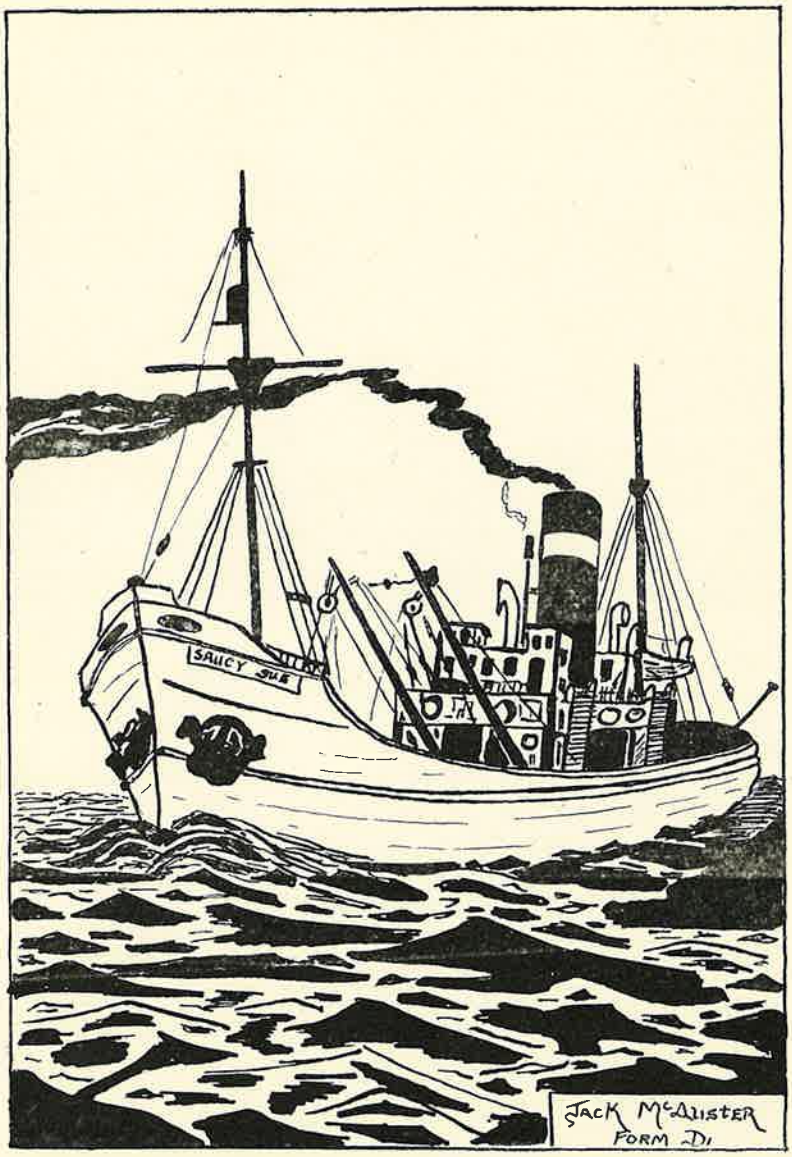
Certain types of stamps may be collected, such as zoological stamps, bearing pictures of animals, birds, etc., or portrait, view or map stamps. On the other hand, you might prefer to collect stamps of different countries regardless of the type. You can collect galleries of kings, queens, princes and presidents; you may seek portraits of famous saints, scientists, dicoverers, etc., or scenes of historical interest. In the stamps of the U.S.A. alone you may build up a gallery of presidents of that republic, and in doing so find out all about them.

There are all shapes and sizes of stamps, from the tiny narrow stamp issued by the state of Victoria, Australia, to the triangular stamps once issued by the Cape of Good Hope and the very large stamps of Paraguay. Sometimes there will be found stamps which have been over-printed. These stamps are sometimes very valueble. An example of this kind is the English stamp which, on the founding of the Irish Free State in 1922, was over-printed until a new set could be issued. This is a stamp with a history, a stamp no longer being printed and, therefore, a stamp that becomes more valuable as the time goes on.

Wars come and go, empires fall and republics arise. Kings' heads disappear from postage stamps and those of dictators appear—so the stamps bear a record of world upheavals, redistribution of land and the rise of new governments. What a fascinating hobby it is! Collectors who started before the Great War must be proud of their albums. Here are stamps of Servia, Montenegro, Bosnia, German West Africa and Russia, of the Tsars, and other countries which have nowadays changed their form of government or have merged into other countries.

Stamps are not expensive to buy, and by collecting them from foreign letters a fine collection may be built up at no cost whatsoever. It is safer to invest in an album to protect your collection from loss or damage. Stamp-collecting is a fascinating hobby, and will become more entrancing as time goes on and will increase the collector's general knowledge.

J. CONWAY, D.*1*.



Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road rails, pig lead,
Firewood, ironware, and cheap tin trays.

FAIRIES.

Fairies nowadays are regarded as a means of amusing children, or sometimes frightening them. Fairy tales are to the child what novels and all kinds of imaginative literature are to the grown-up person, a means of relaxation, pleasure and amusement. But, as children are gifted with such a wealth of fancy, such ready sympathy, and such power of identifying themselves with others, the fairy tale means much more to them than any story can possibly mean to one of older years. Hence the region of fairy lore is often described as a kind of enchanted land, a half dream, half real world, entrance to which is the peculiar privilege of the little ones.

Belief in the fairy world is so inconsiderable that it will never harden into a creed. It is of no use our asking how the belief sprang up, or when; nor need we inquire too precisely into its nature, for many of the most common nursery legends are of great antiquity and very early history is strangely interwoven with stories that closely resemble them, and while fairy lore belongs to every country, it has been able hitherto to defy those of the learned who would trace its origin or reduce it to a system. Science cannot examine nor reason grasp it, for what they touch is not the entrancing secret of the fairies, but some trace of it rather, some shining in the fields and forests, in poetry and in childhood; some glamour of the morning world, left there, perhaps, by the passing of the little people. Fairy tales form the natural outlet for imagination, uncontrolled by the laws and circumstances of daily life, and hence afford scope for the wildest fancy.

It is significant that, except to the child and the seer, they have always passed. It is not for nothing that the immemorial beginning of our fairy tales should be: "Once upon a time, long, long ago." It all happened, tantalizingly, in the "good old days," and the good old days recede, as we know, for ever.

In fairyland there is no time, nor space, and no logic, but only the glamorous twilight and the soft beauty of the Borderland. They are a strange company—giants, goblins, brownies, imps: wood, tree, and water spirits: heath-people, hill-watchers, good people, little people, leprechauns, pixies, gnomes—and strange regions are the homes of the fairy folk: a delicate little people, yet whimsical; mischief-loving, yet given for the most part to homely and helpful tasks, full of the laughter and the dancing joy of childhood.

Fairy tales have little to teach or to explain, but frivolous and even absurd as they are, yet they have such charm, and lure us into a world so glamorous and gay, that we are happy to go and sad enough when we must at last return

> "With a fairy hand in hand
> To a world more full of weeping than we can understand."

This race, then, whose home is so close to and yet so far from the human world, may well claim from us the attention which its fascination demands. Its main characteristics are agreed upon strikingly in every country. The grandmother, busy at her spinning-wheel in an Irish cabin, has much the same store of tales for her children's children as the old peasant woman on the steppes of Russia or even in the hills of Hindustan. They tell of men and women coming along a lonely road by moonlight, who heard

> "Very softly chiming in, magically clear,
> Magically high and sweet, the tiny crystal notes
> Of fairy voices bubbling free from tiny fairy throats,"

and saw the merry dancing of the elves, and were lured to join them within their magic circles. And everywhere are stories of new-born babes mysteriously taken by some night-tripping fairy from their cradles, and of the changelings left in their stead. There are other tales of domesticated brownies who come to help and to reward the careful housewife and to torment and punish the lazy one, who will gratefully accept any dainties which may be set aside for them and yet are grievously offended if their hosts are so tactless in their mitsaken goodwill as to leave them the present

of a garment. Indeed, a Yorkshire story tells that

"Hob red coat: Hob red hood
Hob do you no harm, but no more good"

was shouted angrily by a hitherto friendly and helpful little goblin to his peasant host, who on account of this grievous but well-meant insult must do without his household services for ever: and how valuable these were we may gather from Milton, who

"Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end."

But the mischief-loving fairies are as numerous as the good ones, and nursery literature abounds in toads and lizards, and dwarfs and wizards and hideous monsters of every description. Really terrible and wicked fairies are, however, comparatively rare, and the "bad" fairies exist to punish evil and the good fairies to reward the virtuous. Many of them, especially gnomes and dwarfs, dwell underground and in the mines, and are acquainted with the interior mysteries of the mountains. They are skilled metal workers and can often make money, but prefer to fashion magical ploughs and scythes. In Irish fairy lore the leprechaun is usually regarded as the fairy cobbler, who mends the tiny shoes by moonlight.

We always think of the fairies as being very small and delicate, and we even hear of them being not a half-an-inch high. But this seems almost too tiny, till we remember that the elves can grow smaller and bigger as they please, and they can assume at will the forms of men or of monsters. Thus, Alonso and his companions mistake Ariel for a foul harpy and drew their swords upon him—yet Ariel was wind-rocked in a cowslip's bell. The fairies have power, too, to explore regions long closed to the enterprise of man—all places are open to the blithe spirits whose privilege it is

"To fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curled clouds."

They have the freedom of the elements.

Opinions of different writers vary as to the nature of the fairies, yet even if we are saddened by the thought that the fairies, who are but air, must miss for ever the warm delights of humanity, we may be comforted by the wind-borne fragment of Ariel's freedom song:

"Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough"

and by that still more distant echo:

"Come unto these yellow sands."

And we shall not do ill if we trust in this, the judgment of the greatest among the poets.

At any rate, it is clear that the little citizens of fairyland have one supreme quality—that of singlemindedness. Whatever their whimsies, they are steadfast in their love and gratitude, in the fierce tornadoes of their childish hate and in revenge. They are certain to keep all promises: they never waver in their serene conviction as to what is evil and what good. Kindness is good, and gaiety, and honest labour, and the fruits of the earth and the alternating beauty of day and night. It is of these things that their lives are full, and they will come about us, the elves and fays, in proportion as we can share with them unregretfully this clear simplicity.

Even if we are not of these, of the elect; if we cannot receive and do not desire their gifts; if we do not see with our own eyes their tiny dancing forms; if we are just ordinary people, we may yet believe in the fairies: we may still set their cream bowl upon the hearth, and in the absorption of our worldly occupations and our haste and our ambition, we may love them well, and think of them as existing through all ages, the dear companions of the child-hearted.

A. QUIGLEY, E.2.

THE LAMENT OF THE WINTER WIND.

I'm alone! I'm alone!
As I howl and as I cry,
With a cold dismal sobbing
Thro' the dark and leaden sky.
All the trees they are bare,
All the little birds have flown
To other lands in fear.
I'm alone! I'm alone!

With a long-drawn wail
I glide upon my way,
My moaning and my groaning
Can be heard throughout the day.
On my vengeful wings I bring
The cold and frost and rain,
And I splash it, and I dash it
Thro' deserted streets—in vain!

Far below me I can see,
Thro' the cottage windows bright,
The happy children gathered
In the cosy fire's light.
As they listen to the rain
Beating on the window pane,
They laugh with glee
As if they wished
To hear my scream again.

Round the swaying chimney stacks,
Thro' the many little cracks
I quiver and I sigh,
Like a soul for ever lost,
While the cold rain ever drips
And my cold breath ever nips
And the chimney-smoke in anger
By my twitching hand is tossed.

Then away, away I scream
Over fields that once were green,
Doors and gates from off their hinges
Ripping as I go.
Thro' the gaunt and barren boughs,
Thro' the bleak and bare hedgerows
I sigh and cry and scream
As I go dashing to and fro'.

For my life is one of hate,
Mine the sad and bitter fate
Of causing life to freeze
And Death to follow in my wake.
On my coming birds will fly
And the little budlets die,
And every living thing
Before my blasting breath will quake!

I'm alone! I'm alone!
As I howl and as I cry,
Like some lost forgotten soul
Thro' the dark and leaden sky.
The countryside is bare,
Every living thing has flown
Before my breath in fear,
I'm alone! I'm alone!

S. DYNAN.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

The workmen were repairing the wires of the school-house.
WONDERING YOUTH: "What are you doing?"
WORKMAN: "Installing an electric switch."
YOUTH: "I don't care. We've moved, and I don't go to this school anymore."

The teacher had written the following sentences on the board and asked the pupils to correct them:—

"A hen has three legs."
"Who done it?"

One small boy wrote: "The hen never done it. God done it."

This road sign won a prize in an American contest: "Even a speeder can't do thirty days in less than a month—so go slow!"

JIMMY: "Teacher says I'm inventive."
MOTHER: "Fine! What did he say you could invent?"
JIMMY: "New spellings."

MOTHER: "Stop reaching across the table. Haven't you got a tongue?"
JOHNNY: "Yes, but me arm's longer."

HEAD TEACHER: "Why are you sitting there, Tommy?"
TOMMY: "Mr. B—— told me to sit there for the present and I waited all the time, but he hasn't given me the present yet."

OLD GENT: "What does your father do for a living?"
YOUTH: "Chops down trees."
OLD GENT: "And what does he do after he chops them down?"
YOUTH: "Chops them up."

BOY: "Mother wants a chicken."
FARMER: "Do you want a pullet?"
BOY: "No, I want to carry it."

"Mother, what does D—D stand for?"
"Doctor of Divinity, my dear. Don't they teach you such things in school?"
"Oh, yes; but it doesn't sound right here."
"Read it out loud, dear."
"The witness said he heard the defendant say, "I'll make you suffer for this; I'll be Doctor of Divinity if I don't."

When asked to paraphrase the sentence, "He opened with a few cursory remarks," a wee scholar wrote as follows: "He began by swearing."

REV. PATRICK O'DONNELL, C.SS.R.

IRELAND AND THE CULTIVATION OF THE ARTS.

As it is the office of the Arts to refine, elevate and humanize, it is natural to suppose that they existed only in countries pervaded by an atmosphere of culture and learning and where the soul of every man cried out for emulation in the fine arts rather than in the useful arts.

Considering the cultivation of the arts in Ireland, however, this supposition is very clearly disproved, for, according to the earliest writers of Ireland, it would appear that the Irish nation possessed a nature the essence of which was not only invincible ignorance but uncivilization itself. They were a rude and barbarous people, not yet departed from the primitive habits of pastoral life, and lived in a manner which was as wild and unrestrained as the life which their fathers led in the woods. They were seemingly unwilling to abandon their old habits, ideas and customs and to learn anything new.

Realizing the dilatoriness which prevailed in Ireland, one is justified in saying that in a people born into the world with seemingly a double dose of original sin there could not possibly exist the glowing ember of culture, and that the arts which were cultivated and flourished among the civilized nations could not be found in Ireland.

Now it was here that the greatness of the Irish nation shone forth with undefying brightness, for not only did the existence of the arts influence the lives of the people, but Ireland was conspicuous among the great nations in the field of culture. As this is somewhat contrary to ordinary reasoning, there may be some who, being dubious regarding the veracity of the assertion, will consequently say that the whole idea is a little exaggerated. Now, any dubiety which may exist must be dismissed when the writings of Cambrensis are considered, for he says, with surprise rather than gratification: "The only thing to which I find the people of Ireland apply a commendable industry is playing upon musical instruments, in which they are incomparably more skilful than any other nation I have ever seen."

This is indeed something very great and wonderful, and the realization of it must fill the heart of every Irishman with joy and gladness; that the Irish described as rude, so very rude, yet excelled all other nations in music, an art which among the fine arts themselves may be justly called the queen. The magic influence of music, which is indeed truly wonderful, is felt among all nations, and both savage and wild man are at times under its enchanting spell. The wild war dance of the savage appears almost inhuman, and to ears accustomed to higher forms of music there is little which is pleasing in the beating of their tom-toms. But amidst that chaos of sound, however, there is rhythm, regularity and a certain eveness in the order of the sounds, though it is difficult to recognise. In a word, little of what is called music is produced in that beating. Such rude beginnings, it must be realized, are separated by an enormous interval of time and skill from the proficiency displayed by the Irish in the time of Cambrensis. That proficiency in music was not acquired suddenly; not in one day did their ears become so skilfully attuned to melody; music was in Ireland at the beginning of history in a rudimentary form, but that form, so very delicate and plaint, was tended, fostered and encouraged. Thus it was that by repeated and untiring efforts, by the exercising of patience which knew no limits, the harpers arrived at a perfection when they could

"Swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desires."

The Irish nation, evidently realizing that an intense devotion to one art has the power or tendency to destroy a healthy balance of the mind, did not confine themselves to developing music alone. They were a cultured race, and so were anxious to explore new ground in the field of art, and so introduce new works of learning and refinement—works which they hoped would make the name of Eire immortal.

Among the other fine arts in which the Irish excelled was that of illuminating manuscripts, and the proficiency and skill in this was equal to that displayed in music. It would, indeed, be interesting to know what inspired the Irish to cultivate this art to the degree which can only be described as bewildering, for it would give one a deep insight into the character and very soul of the ancient Celt. After considering the subject thoroughly, it will be found that the only probable solution is one which for its plausibility is very simple.

Ireland was being converted from the basic level of paganism to the lofty heights of Christianity, and so the preacher required his copy of the Scriptures to teach the people who, with unbounded zeal, flocked to hear him; the priest required his ritual to administer the Sacraments and the missal to celebrate Mass. To satisfy all these demands, monks were constantly employed in the monasteries which had established themselves very rapidly, in making copies of the required books. But to copy these sacred books, and to copy them plainly and legibly, was not enough for these zealous men. The Scriptures were the inspired word of God, and so they thought it only right that something should be done to decorate and ornament those works in which the wisdom of God was contained. And so, inspired by that grand thought, those fervent monks took upon themselves the task, which was indeed glorious, of embellishing the sacred books.

Considering the illuminated manuscripts which are still in existence, the most widely-known, and certainly the most beautiful, is the Book of Kells. It is a copy of the Four Gospels, and as it was sometimes called the Gospel of Columcille, it is believed to be the work of St. Columba, who, by constant practice, attained considerable artistic skill.

Now, to describe the beauty of the Book of Kells is by no means an easy task, for it is very difficult to find words which will convey, even in a small degree, the enchanting beauty which it possesses. A cursory glance at it would declare that there was a redundancy of lines and curves, a too great wealth of colour, and that even disorder and confusion existed. But on a closer examination the true magnificence of the work is revealed; indeed, the more it is examined the greater appears its wealth of beauty, the figures, lines and colouring are so skilfully blended that the effect is truly amazing. Yes, the Book of Kells, with its superb artistry, bears testimony to an Ireland of great culture, learning, beauty and tradition.

. . . . . .

Realizing there is always a peculiar interest in dwelling on anything which relates of Ireland, arising not only from the fact that it is our native country but from the pleasure which is found in learning of its greatness and glorious history, I sincerely hope that I have, even in a little way, aroused your interest in the Ireland of old, and that you now realize that Ireland, as well as having given soldiers and statesmen to the building of empires, poets and musicians to its adornment, historians and writers to record its achievements, has added many bright and beautiful gems to the world's treasure house containing masterpieces of the fine arts.

C. DE LARGY, D.2.

SNOBBERY.

The question of independence is not the only one to which Ireland should pay attention. There are more matters wrong than those everyone sees, and they are matters that need drastic remedying. In the times when the Irish people were most oppressed, they displayed the noblest of their traits, and earned a name for dauntless courage, steady fidelity and generosity. Now, when things are going easier, we are beginning to slip. We are practising the vices of the modern world as freely as other countries. We are changing our ideals from those of freedom and of virtuous existence to those of opulence and ease; and not only are we falling in with the trend of modern "progress," but we are developing our own typical vices, in common with other races. From what I see, snobbery bids fair to exceed all these, in being most widespread, as it is most pernicious of the number. We all are to some extent inclined to it, and the majority succumb to it. As to its evil effect, a casual perusal of the newspapers will provide one with plenty of examples.

Few of us would be prepared to countenance snobbery in an active and open fashion; but too many inwardly excuse themselves, and give themselves dispensations to do what they condemn in others. They denounce the "nobs" who disdain to commune with their "inferiors," while at bottom they themselves are just as bad; for they entertain petty pride and contempt, and though they are outwardly convivial, yet they like to distinguish themselves, by some trifling points of superiority, to assert their high accomplishments and liberal education. To the less obdurate of this class, I recommend the works of Thackeray, who veritably pilloried the snobs in a number of his books. Indeed, it will be found that no good writer ever described snobs in a fashion complimentary to them. Better still, let them look at the men of really great character. Not men of genius or of letters, but those whom all can like or respect, men who practised generosity in thought and action. Thus Mr. Chesterton, though he did possess many-sided genius, yet very often laughed at himself, and this in a sincere fashion. He said, as it were, "I know I have gifts not given to others, but I can look at myself and find much to laugh at; nevertheless, I can see in myself as great a fool as any, but I am not ashamed to let all know of it. Whatever others may be, I am just what I am, and there is neither use in nor inclination for denying it." This was a man of tremendous intellect. But he was fearlessly generous and amazingly humble. He treated himself harshly, but he was too kind to judge others. If all judged themselves as he did, what should they find? Certainly, all would discover their own weaknesses; for even the greatest geniuses are foolish in some way or other, and, if they are professors of the things they know, they are as children in other affairs. At any rate, since the men whose opinions are worth while unanimously condemn snobbery, and as, besides, everyone knows full well from his own conscience that it is not right, what excuse is there either for its practice or its condonement? Whoever practises it, therefore, against his better knowledge is thereby doubly guilty.

In rural Ireland a special type of snobbery is only too prevalent, and its effects are far-reaching and destructive. The monied farmer never thinks of allowing his children to marry "outside their sphere." The poorer people, to complete the "kettle of fish," see no benefit in their children's marrying any but the rich. "Sure, what's the good o' marryin' a galoot like Barney——?" they say. "Set your eyes at old Tom, with his five thousand and his big farm, an' think o' me an' your father." The outcome is that there are few marriages and little settling-down in the country. The young men and women flock to the town, where they can earn "easy money." Instead of twenty-four shilings for a week's farming, they now can earn three pounds in the same time. It is an attractive change, to inexperienced eyes, and many seek it. So the country is growing more and more desolate. A statistician says

that at the present rate of depopulation it will be like the Sahara in ten years—even now it is becoming tragically empty. Why? Because we Irish are cursed with an inordinate respect, if not greed, for money. We want money, less for the sake of the luxury it will bring us, than for the sake of the homage it commands. Even those who suddenly come into wealth are not immune from this disease. They realise their new dignity, and take steps to show it. From a little side-street house, their abode changes to a suburban villa. They adopt a new accent, and recreate themselves by walking at leisure along the main roads. In truth, as a nation we are snobs at bottom. The only cure is by each man's taking thought and stopping it straight away, restraining the surge of contempt which the sight of a tattered collar of worn boots earns for their unfortunate possessor, and forcing himself to respect every man on account of his dignity as a man.

It would be doing neither justice to the title of my jottings, nor satisfaction to my own feelings, to end without saying something of what first led me to write on this subject. Briefly, it is the snobbery that I see all around me in this Falls district. This local brand, unlike the English type, which is regarded as fairly general, does not depend on blood or high breeding, but is largely a question of £ s. d., though I have met with some slight variations. What bears me out in this is the fact that our worst snobs are such as extract their money from the very lowliest people. They have their premises in some obscure though very lucrative area, but they live in semi-detached, nay, at times even wholly-detached villas, and are very fine and disdainful gentlemen. Not that I wish to disparage either these people or their professions for what they are—but they really have nothing to boast of except money. Why, then, do they give themselves airs? I can see no answer, except that money is in real earnest their god; and this it is to such an extent that if the President of Eire himself were to come their way, and happen to be out of funds, he would fail to command any real respect. Even some of the poor in our locality are snobs, for they assume a pitfully obvious accent, and pronounce their words with great labour and affectation when they inform a neighbour of some acquisition, in the shape of a new type of wireless set or, perhaps, even a washing machine, or, failing that, a large laundry bill, to show that they no longer do the washing at home.

What a race are we! Money does not serve us so much as we serve it. We have let its importance grow so that it is now a name to tremble at, particularly if we are not in its good favour. Some of us, I fear, will soon fall down and adore it; and not till then will all realize clearly how matters stand. For all walk blindly in their own path, barely aware of the servitude of others, and completely unaware of their own.

"Trade marks," too, are a curse among us. We are too apt to take things at face value, to accept only recognised and censored things, and to look at everything in the conventional light. This creates prejudice, which, coupled with ignorance, constitutes snobbery. These "brands of authenticity," false standards of measurement, are only too common in our area. There are, besides common brands, living and walking trade marks, which distinguish the authentic from the inferior goods, in too many eyes. Whatever does not bear the stamp may be mediocre, but cannot touch at the coveted mark of perfection. No!

I can only hope, if what I have said be ignored and do no good, as indeed is most probable, that I myself will pay strict regard to what I have laid down, give an ear to my own advice, and reform myself as I have so ardently urged others to do.

D. MARRON, C.4.

Searḃḟoġantaiḋṫe na Cinneaṁainte.

"Fágṫa ar an tráiġ ḟoilim, a deir tú?" arsa Siúġaiḋe Mór.

Ḃí cuṁaċt ag an t-sean-ṁnaoi siubailciġ seo agus í ag seanċas naċ leigfeaḋ duit ceaḋ bealaiġ a ṫabairt do d'intinn. Ḃí a sliocht uirthe; ḃí aċan nduine dá raḃ i láṫair, ḃí sin ag aṁarc go smaointeaċ staideartaċ ar an sgéalaiḋe udaí agus ba dall i gceart an t-é adeárfaḋ gur ar ḃeagán spéise a ḃí siad ag éisteaċt léiṫe. Ḃí siad cruinn i n-a suiḋe de ċois teineaḋ beo-ḋeirge tarrantaiġe—ḃíṫear a' cur síos do ċorr-ḋuine dá mbíoḋ ag áirneál aice mar Ṡiúġaiḋe Móir gur i ṁaiṫe le tear agus sócaṁlaċt an ṗáruis a ṫigeaḋ siad. Ḃíoḋ sin mar ḃí; aċ ba tearc duine naċ gcuirfeaḋ cuid scéaltaċ Ṡiúġaiḋe Móire oireaḋ faoi ḋraoiḋeaċt é agus go múċfaiḋe smaointiġeaċa de'n ċineál sin. Má's ag innse sgeil fá'n Éirġe Amaċ a ḃí sí, ṁoṫuiġ aċan nduine an imniḋe agus an uaisneaċt scáṫmar a ḃí ar an luċt luiġeaċáin agus iad a' fuireaċas le teaċt na nduḃ-ċrónaċ; má's a' canstan "Scéal an Iascaire" a ḃí sí, ba ḃeag duine naċ dtáinig aoiḃ na lúṫġáire air le linn an dá ġráḋuiġṫeoir casaḋ ar a ċéile. Le fiċe focal a ċur i ḃfocal aṁáin, ciḃé eaċtra nó raḋarc a ḃí dá léiriú aice, ḃí sé ar ḟir coṁ soiléir suaiṫniḋ ag n-a luċt éisteaċta agus dá mbíoḋ siad ag aṁarc orṫa le n-a súile agus ċan le súile na Saṁluiḋeaċta.

"Fágṫa ar an tráiġ ḟoilim, adeir tú" Ṡiubail mé liom agus gan ḟios faoi'n spéir agam caidé ba ḃealaċ daṁ-sa. Ḃí forḋorċa na h-oiḋċe ann. Ṡiubail mé liom agus ḃ'iomḋaiḋ smaointiú a ṗlodaiġ go h-aċrannaċ isteaċ in mo ṁeanmnaiḋ an oiḋċe udaí. Ċuaiḋ mé a ċuiṁniuġaḋ ar an t-sean-ḃaile, ar an am aoiḃinn álúinn a ḃíoḋ agam agus mé in mo ṗáisde. Aċ ḃí smaointiú buan aṁáin naċ leigfeaḋ do smaointiú ar biṫ eile barraiḋeaċt 'e ġreim a ḟáġáil ar m'intinn, mar ḃí, bás m'aṫara. Ṁaċtnuiġ mé ar an tórraṁ ḃeag ḋeileoir a ḃí leis ar a ṫuras ḋeireannaċ. Ḃás ar an ċoigcríġ! Ḃí sin agus a ṁacasaṁail féin eile a' síor-líonaḋ agus a' síor-ḋeifriú fríd mo ċeann. Ġluais mé 'un tosaiġ go mailltriallaċ. Ċonnaic mé solus uaim sa dorċadas. Aċ dálta gaċ soluis dá ḃfaca taisteallaiḋṫe claoiḋte connaílte ariaṁ, ḃí sé i ḃfad uaim agus i ndeas daṁ san am ċéadna. Ḃog mé a ṫarraingt ar an t-solus ṁeallacaċ sin. Ḃí sé ag éirġe ní ba ṁó aċan ḃomaite, dar liom. 'Ḋia, nár ḋeas ḃeiṫ mo luiġe mo ṡuan faoi éadaiġ ḃána? Naċ mairg naċ raḃ mé i lúḃ na gcarad i n-áit ḃeiṫ i measc na gcoiṁṫiġeaċ. Noċt ċugam an teaċ a raḃ an solus ann. Spágáil mé liom, fuair an caḃsa, 'un dorais. Ba mise a ḃí buiḋeaċ beannaċtaċ as siocair gur seolaḋ go h-áit a dtiocfaḋ liom díḋean a ḟáġáil innte go maidin.

"Buiḋeaċas do Ḋia, bui——"

Níor ḋual daṁ an dara focal a ċanstan an oiḋċe sin.

. . . .

Ṁuscail mé as an t-suan. Má's rud é gur ṁuscail tú i seomra naċ cuṁan leat go dteaċaiḋ tú fá ċoṁnuiḋe ann, tuigfiḋ tú caidé'n moṫuġaḋ iongantais (naċ raḃ saor ó imniḋe) a ṫáinic orm. Le linn mé a ḃeiṫ a' gabail siar ar ar ṫarlaiḋ an lá roiṁ ré go ndeánainn amaċ caidé b' úġdar daṁ-sa ḃeiṫ sa t-seomra ċoiṁṫiġeaċ sin, ṁoṫuiġ mé an duine a' bogaḋ ar mo ċúl. Ṫáinig fear mór gairḃ-éadaiġṫe ionns' ar an leabaiḋ.

"Caidé mar atá tú ar maidin, a ċailín maiṫ?" ar seisean de ġlór ḋoṁain láidir a raḃ blas na tuaiṫe le h-aiṫneaċtáil air.

Dá mbíoḋ mo ḃás i n-a ṁuinnġin, ní ṫiocfaḋ liom innse díḃ goidé'n

freagar a ṫug mé air, ar ṁéad agus ḃí de ḟonn orm fáġáil amaċ goidé mar casaḋ san áit sin mé.

“ Mur misde leat innse dam, cá h-áit a ḃfuil mé?” arsa mise, a' déanaṁ mo ḋíċill ḃeiṫ macánta moḋaṁail. B'ḟada liom aċan ḃomaite go gcluinninn sgéal an ḟir ṁóir a ḃí ag colḃa na leabṫa.

“ Níl mise gan ċupla ceist agam le cur ort. Aċ innseoċaiḋ mé duit a ḃfuil ar eolas agam fá na gnaiṫe i dtús ama. Teaċ feilmeora é seo agus mise fear a' toiġe. Nuair a ḃí mé a' gabail amaċ a ḋ' aṁarc ar an eallaċ aréir le h-am luiġe doṁain, go díreaċ sul a dtéiḋinn a luiġe, c' air a dtáinig mé trasna aċ tú in do luiġe ar leic an dorais agus cuma ort go raḃ tú giota maiṫ fríd. Tugaḋ 'un toiġe agus cuireaḋ a luiġe ṫú. Aċ sul a dtéid mé níos fuide, sgéal cinnte é go dtiocfaḋ leat braon tae agus plaic aráin a ċaiṫeaṁ. Ḃéaḋ sé ar miosúr maiṫ le do ċuid briġe a aṫ-ṫógáil?”

Ċarḃ eagal dam-sa a ḋiúltaḋ a ḃeiṫ orm. Cé go raḃ tallann ṁór fiosraiġle orm, bíoḋ geall ar naċ gcuirfeaḋ ganntanas eolais mo ċuid a ḋíṫ orm. B'ḟíor do'n ḟeilmeoir; ṫug an biaḋ ċugam féin mé. “ Anois, b'ḟéidir gur ḋána an ṁaise dam é,” ar seisean go caoin, “ aċ goidé ḟeol an bealaċ seo ṫú fá'n am sin de'n oiḋċe?”

Caiṫfiḋ mé a ráiḋt agus a ráiḋt go fírinneaċ go ḃfuil mé ar cuimse buiḋeaċ duit as dídeán na h-oiḋċe a ṫabairt dam, a ḟear a' toiġe. Leoga, níl ḟios agam-sa cá h-áit ar ċóir toiseaċt ar mo sgéal. As Ḃaile an Trontáin mé—sin baile beag i dtuaisceart na h-Éireann. D'ḟág mé an áit udaí tuairim 's ar seaċtṁain ó ṡoin i gcuideaċta m' aṫara—go ndeánaiḋ an Rí A ṁaiṫ air. Ḃí muid 'ar mbeirt a' triall go Lonndain go ḃfeiceaḋ m' aṫair doctúir ar leiṫ de ċuid na caṫraċ sin. Ḃí an t-sláinte ag éaloḋ uaiḋ le tamallt ḟada agus ba é an deireaḋ 'ḃí ar na gnaiṫe gurḃ éigin dó ġabail i gcionn an turais seo, má b'ḟada a ṡeal ar an t-saoġal seo feasta. Dia Doṁnaiġ seo ċuaiḋ ṫart fuair sé bás agus muid-inne ar ár mbealaċ go Ḃirmingham. Ġoill sé orm, ní naċ iongnaḋ, ġoill sé orm an oiread sin agus gur imṫiġ mé amaċ ar an ḃaile ṁór go ndeánfainn mo ḃrón liom féin ar an uaigneas. Ṫainig an dorċadas agus gan ḟios agam cá h-áit a raḃ mé. Ṡiubail mé liom agus mé ag éirġe ní ba tuirsiġe agus ní ba trom-ċroiḋṫiġe le aċan ċoiscéim. Noċt solus róṁam. Is cuṁan liom ḃeiṫ a' deánaṁ ar an doras aċ, diomaiḋte de sin, ní raḃ eolas dá laġad agam fa'n dóiġ ar ḃain mé an seomra seo amaċ go dtí gur innis tú dam é.

Ṫost mé. Ċuaiḋ mé a ṁeaḃruġaḋ 's a ṁaċtnaṁ ar an am a ċuaiḋ ṫart. Fear tuigsionaċ a ḃí i ḃfear a' toiġe. D'éiriġ sé agus ṫéaltuiġ sé leis as an t-seomra gan trup gan tormán gur ḟág sé mé liom féin.

Lá ṫar n-a ḃáraċ ḃí mé ar mo ṡean-léim arís. Níl mé a' ṡéanaḋ naċ n-éaluiġeaḋ corr-ḟúġóg léiṫe a ḟliuċaḋ mo leicne an uair a ba treise do'n ċuiṁne in mo ċuid smaointiġeaċ aċ ba furas a ḟeiceáil go raḃ aċan nduine de luċt a' toiġe, go raḃ sin a' briseaḋ na laḋar, ġeall ar an ċian a ṫógáil díom. Go fiú an puisín féin naċ raḃ a' baint grinn a's subailce as gaċ cor dár ċuir mé díom. An oiḋċe seo nuair a ḃí an ċuid a b' óige de'n teaġlaċ fá ċoṁnuiḋe, isteaċ le fear a' toiġe gur ṡuiḋ sé ag mo ṫaoiḃ agus ṫoisiġ a ċainnt liom go muiniġineaċ.

“ Anois, a ċailín maiṫ (ní ṫug sé a aṫraċ d' ainm orm ariaṁ ó labair sé liom an ċéad uair),” ar seisean liom-sa, “ baḋ ṁaiṫ liom cibé cuidiú a ṫig liom, ba ṁaiṫ liom sin a ṫabairt duit. Deir tú naċ ḃfuil de ġaoltaí beo agat aċ aon aintín aṁáin atá 'na coṁnuiḋe ṫall san Oileán Úr. Mar a duḃairt tú féin ġlacfaḋ sé dornán maiṫ airgid le ġabail anonn agus ó ṫárla go ḃfuil an oiread—goidé mar deirfeas mé é?—ó's rud é naċ mian leat bronntanas beag airgid a ġlacaḋ, dá luaṫas a raċas tú a ḋ' obair is aṁlaiḋ is fearr duit féin. Tá bean sa ċoṁursain

seo a dtugtar an Ḃean Ṁór uirṫe agus creidim go ḃfuil bean ḟreasdala a ḋíṫ uirṫe—bean a ḃéas mar ċompánuiḋe aice, má ṫuigeann tú i gceart mé. D'ḟéidir go raḃ rún eile agat le luaċ do ṗasóide a ċur i gceann a ċéile aċ ar ndóiġ ní ṫearn sé doċar ar biṫ é a ċur in do láṫair."

Ḟad 's ḃí sé a' gaḃail do'n ċoṁráḋ seo, ḃí sé ag aṁarc isteaċ sa teiniḋ agus a ḃearáḋ dá casaḋ aige i n-a ċrága de ṫairḃe a raḃ de ċearṫaiḋ air—cearṫaiḋ go dtearn sé mé a ṁasluġaḋ le n-a ċuid briaṫar. Ṁeaḃruiġ mé ar a ċuid cainnte. D'ḟíos dó; b' iomḋaiḋ rud a ḃí beartaiġṫe agam. Aċ ca ḃfios caidé'n toraḋ a ḃéaḋ orṫa? Ba í sin an ċeist a ḃí deacair a ḟuasclaḋ. Cibé ar biṫ, ḃí rud aṁáin socair agam—'sé sin go gcruinneoċainn oiread 's ḃéarfaḋ ċuig m' aintín mé. Nár ċuma caidé'n dóiġ a ḃfuiġṫiḋe é aċ mé á ḟáġail. Ḃeiṫ 'mo ṡeirḃíseaċ ar feaḋ tamaillt? Naċ n-abrann siad naċ ḃfuil toġa agus roġa aige, mar riaċtanas? Ar ndóiġ, ní ḟéadfaiḋe trom a ċur orm i ndiaiḋ coṁ cúṫaċ 's rann an Ċinneaṁaint liom? D'innis mé do ḟear a' toiġe go raḃ mé toilteannaċ obair 'e ċineál ar biṫ a ġlacaḋ ar láiṁ a ḃéarfaḋ gleás daṁ airgead a ṡaoṫrú. Leig sé orna as, a' cur i gcéill go raḃ sé sásta.

"Raċaimíd ċuice tráṫnóna i mbáraċ," ar seisean.
Ḃí an méid sin socair.

. . . .

Ḃí an Ḃean Ṁór i n-a sáiṫ de'n t-saoġal. Ní raḃ buaiḋreaḋ ar biṫ uirṫe i dtaca le maoin a' t-saoġail de aċ ḋeaṁan piġinn a ḃí taisgiḋṫe aice i mBainnc na Sláinte. Ḃí sí i n-a clairíneaċ ċreapallta ariaṁ ó leag sí cos san ċeanntar sin do'n ċéad uair. Caṫaoir a raḃ roṫaí faoiṫe a ḃí mar ġléas aice le ġaḃail ó áit go h-áit. Ḃí fárus mór aice—foirgneaṁ árd maorḋa de'n t-sean-ḋéanaṁ a ḃéarfaḋ caisleán in do ċeann. Ḃí cuid ṁaiṫ talaiṁ aice agus páirc ṗríḃéideaċ aice a dtéiġeaḋ sí amaċ ann i dteas an tsaṁraiḋ.

Ḃain mé féin a's fear a' toiġe an teaċ amaċ an tráṫnóna sin agus rinn' an Ḃean Ṁór mé a ḟastóḋ gan mórán moille. Tċíṫear duit gur saoiṫeaṁail an rud é sin aċ ċa ḃéinn a' tnúṫ le duine ar biṫ a ḃéaḋ ag iarraiḋ ciall a ḃaint as cuid eaċtraí na mban saiḋbir. Le clap-ṡolus, ḃí mé mo ṡuiḋe ag n-a taoiḃ agus í saipriġṫe go dlúiṫ i n-a caṫaoir mar ba ġnáṫaċ léiṫe.

"Bíoḋ ḟios agat naċ saoġal an ṁadaiḋ ḃáin atá róṁat, ' leanḃ," ar sise liom dúṫraċtaċ, "béiḋ do ṡeaċt sáiṫ agat le déanaṁ eadar beiṫ a' taḃairt aire daṁ-sa agus a' coinneáil cuideaċta liom. Aċ má ċuireas tú róṁat beiṫ dlistineaċ in do ċuid dualgaisí ní ḋéanfaiḋ an Ḃean Ṁór dearmad de, ní ḋeanfaiḋ."

Le sin ḃog muid ár mbeirt as an t-seomra le ġaḃail a luiġe.

. . . .

Leis an iomlán a ċur i mbeagán focal, d'ḟan mé ag an Ṁnaoi Ṁóir agus mé ag éirġe ní ba ġeallṁaire uirṫe-se agus, ar feaḋ m' eolais, ise mar a gcéadna liom-sa go dtí go raḃ an ḃeirt againn mar ḃéaḋ máṫair 's iníġean ionainn. Dá ḃliaḋain a ḃí caitṫe agam léiṫe fá'n am seo.

Oiḋċe aṁáin, i ndúḃlaiḋeaċt an Ġeiṁriḋ, an ġaoṫ a' roiseaḋ go fíoċṁar fiaḋain fríd na géaga loma agus é a' cur 'e ḋíon a's 'e ḋeora, ṡuiḋ an ḃeirt againn isteaċ le teas na teineaḋ agus as deis a ċéile tarraingeaḋ an coṁráḋ ar laeṫe sona na h-óige.

"Ba ṁinic a ṁeall mé ṫú le do sgéal a innse aċ ċár ċualaiḋ tú caidé'n cineál giorraiġe a ḃí ionnam fadó agus caidé d'ḟág ar an dóiġ seo mé," ar sise. Ḃí loinnir le feiceáil i n-a gnúis an oiḋċe seo, dar liom, naċ ḃfaca mé go dtí sin. Sgil sí rún a saoġail liom agus nuair ḃí sé aiṫriste aice, ba léir agus ba ró-léir daṁ nár ḋadaiḋ a dteaċaiḋ

mise fríd le taoiḃ ar ḟuiling sise agus í a' streaċailt fríd aċrann agus aiṁréiḋtiġ an t-saoġail.”

“Sin agat mo sgéal,” ar sise, a' cur deiriḋ leis, “ba dona an dóiġ a ḃí orm tráċt de'n t-saoġal. Aċ naċ ḃfuair mé cúiteaṁ ar fóġnaṁ ar an scafaire sin a dtugann siad an Ċinneaṁaint air? Tá teaċ, talaṁ, seirḃísiġ agus gaċ uile rud agam. Tá, tá aċan ċineál agam aċ aṁáin an t-sláinte.”

Stad sí ar feaḋ leaṫ-ḃomaite ḃig agus stánuiġ sí uaiṫe go meaḃruiġṫeaċ. Annsin, ḃeir sí greim éadtrom sciaṫáin orm.

“Goidé'n ṁaiṫ atá sa ṁaoin, mar sin de?” ar sise.

“Ba áḋaṁail an ṁaise do ḋaoine boċta na dúṫaiġe seo gur caraḋ neart airgid fá'n láiṁ agaṫ,” arsa mise. Ċár ḃréag ar biṫ daṁ-sa an méid sin ná ḃí a h-ainm i mbéal an ṗobail le féile 's le flaiṫeaṁlaċt.

“Ba réiḋ agam é,” ar sise agus ḃain sí bogaḋ as a láiṁ mar ḃéaḋ sé ag iarraiḋ neaṁ-iongantas a ḋéanaṁ de mo ċuid focal, “an té a ḃfuil an t-airgead i n-a ṁolltaí aige, naċ furas dó cuid de a scabaḋ ṫart le greamannaí na boiċtíneaċta a scaoileaḋ de ċuid de na daoine boċta. Aċ ó'n lá seo amaċ tá rún agam níos mó 'e ġar a ḋéanaṁ le mo ċuid maoine. Agus nárḃ ḟeairrde toiseaċt fá'n ḃaile, toiseaċt a ḋ' ais-íoc na muinntire a ḃí láġaċ cineálta daṁ-sa. Naċ dtug tusa aire ṁaiṫ daṁ a's naċ dtearn tú do ḋíċeall sean-ḃean ċrosta ċolgaċ mar mise a ṡásaṁ. As siocair d'aintín ḃeiṫ anois ar ṡluaġ na marḃ níl duine ná daonnaiḋe fágṫa ar an t-saoġal agat agus caidé eireoċas duit-se nuair a imṫeoċas an t-sean-ḃean seo? Aċ tá rud agam duit, bíoḋ geall air go ḃfuil,” ar sise a' claonaḋ a cinn anonn bealaċ an ċaibinéid, an áit a gcoinniġeaḋ sí i dtaisgiḋ cibé ba luaċṁar léiṫe. “'Sé, ní ḃéiḋ airgead i n-a ċúis imniḋe agat, ċa ḃíonn. Ġeall ar Ḋia, tá an ṗianaiġ a' pilleaḋ. Seo treoruiġ 'un mo ṡeomra féin mé.”

Rinneaḋ sin. Níorḃ ḟada go raḃ an Ḃean Ṁór cuaċta istiġ go socair róġaṁail ins na braiṫlíní. Nuair a ḃí mise á fágáil, d' ḟáisc sí mo láiṁ agus laḃair sí liom i nglór ḃeag ċogarnaiġe.

“Socróċfar na snaiṫe udaí ar béal maidne agus fada gairid do ṡaoġal ċa ḃíonn tú i muiniġin na bpiġneaċ a ṡaoṫruiġear tú ar allus do ċolna. Codlaḋ sáṁ duit.”

Ċa raḃ a ḋaṫ a' cur isteaċ ar mo ṡuaiṁneas aċ oiread leis na h-éanaċa beaga a bíos a' seinm ċeoil ar ḃarrai géag agus iad ar steallaiġ saoṫair ag iarraiḋ fearaḋ na fáilte a ċur roiṁ an Earraċ. I n-áit clagarnaċ na fearṫainne mí-ṡuaiṁneas 's éadóċas a ċur orm, 'sé rud a ḃí an tuaim mar ċeól ag m' intinn ṁéiḋriġ; ṁoṫuiġ mé trup na doininne agus na roisteaċa gaoiṫe móire mar ḃéaḋ siad na mílte i gcéin. Aċ ċualaiḋ mé go soiléir cuid focal na Mná Móire—“Ní ḃeiḋ airgead i n-a ċúis imniḋe agat.” Ní ḃéaḋ an ḃoiċtíneaċt ná eagla na boiċtíneaċt a' bagairt orm as sin amaċ.

Caidé sin a ṁoṫuiġ mé? Sgread ṗianaċ ó ṡeomra na Mná Móire, a b'é? Níorḃ é; crann a leagaḋ ag an ġaoiṫ a ḃí i n-a ċionntaiġ leis. Sin arís é! I ḃfaiteaḋ na súl léim mé amaċ as an leabaiḋ agus isteaċ liom 'un a seomra. Níor ḃain sí i ḃfad asam aiṫneaċtáil go raḃ an Ḃean Ṁór i rioċt an ḃáis.

Seal ċupla bomaite i n-a ḋiaiḋ sin d'imṫiġ an Ḃean Ṁór ar an astar fada sin atá rómainn uilig. Níor ṡeirḃíseaċ ní ba ṁó mé—'sé sin i dtaca leis an Ṁnaoi Ṁóir de, ná naċ Searḃfoġantaiḋe na Cinneaṁainte sinn uilig?

BREANNDÁN MAC GIOLLA COILLEAḊ
a scríoḃ.

"A SLIGHT CASE OF ——?"

"What can be keeping Jack?" said Mrs. Gallagher, nervously.

"Oh, I don't know," retorted her husband, angrily, "and I don't care, either. That boy is up to something, and you may be sure it's nothing good."

Mrs. Gallagher made no reply. She went to the door and looked up and down the street, all the while muttering to herself: "What can be keeping him, what can be keeping him?"

At ordinary times, if Jack Gallagher had been late coming home for tea, no remarks would have been passed.

But this last few weeks a queer change had come over Jack. His friends knew him as a dashing, carefree youth, who was the life and soul of his home. His pleasing manner and quick humour endeared him to all who knew him. Now, all this had changed. At times, it is true, Jack seemed to be himself again, and he laughed and joked with the other members of his family, but most of the time he seemed to be in a restless, nervous state. He used to spend most of his time at home, but now he was seldom in his home, and while he was there he remained thoughtful and conversed little.

The air of mystery which surrounded him puzzled and worried his parents. Once or twice they ventured to ask him the reason for his sudden change, but they were greeted by a hasty, heated reply on each occasion. What could have come over Jack?

Mrs. Gallagher had returned to the kitchen, and the family was at tea, when a key turned in the door and in walked Jack.

He came into the kitchen, sat down, and began to read a newspaper which was lying on the couch. A keen observer would have noticed that he wasn't really reading the paper, but he was gazing at it with a vacant stare. He was contemplating something in his head.

"How's business at the store, Jack?" ventured Mrs. Gallagher, in an attempt to relieve the strained atmosphere.

"Not bad."

Again there was silence.

Mrs. Gallagher rose and prepared his tea.

"Would you like some toast?" she asked him.

"No, thanks."

She poured out his tea. He threw down the paper and began sipping the steaming brew. He ate very little, and even refused a piece of his favourite cake. He seemed very nervous.

"You ought to see a doctor, you don't look well," ventured his father.

"Oh, I'm all right."

He rose from the table and went upstairs. When he entered his bedroom he was so nervous that he found it difficult to find the electric switch. The door banged behind him. He went over to a desk and opened a drawer with a small key.

His eyes gleamed when he saw the object in the drawer. He lifted it out cautiously, a little black, gleaming instrument. As he opened and loaded it, a sinister smile crept over his serious face. He muttered under his breath as he slipped it into his hip pocket.

In the kitchen again, he could settle down to do nothing. He turned on the wireless—his favourite dance band was playing all the latest tunes, but he switched it off again. He lifted the evening paper, saw the headline which announced that his favourite football team had won the cup, but he read no further. He didn't even check his football coupon.

About eleven o'clock he prepared to go out. As he adjusted his hat and coat, he muttered: "I'll get him this time and make no mistake, either."

"I hope he is up to no evil to-night," said Mrs. Gallagher, when he was gone.

"I hope not," said her husband. "Anyway, I'm going to bed."

But Mrs. Gallagher had no intention of going to bed. She would remain there, hoping and praying for her son until his return.

The streets were deserted when Jack Gallagher arrived near his destination. He swung into a small, dimly-lit side street. Near the far end there was a sign which said: "Glove Boxing Club." Here Jack halted, and slipped into the shadow of a nearby doorway. He was now more nervous than ever.

After about half-an-hour, there was a bustle at the top of the stairs which led from the front door of the club to the gymnasium. Jack's eyes gleamed when he saw a tall, broad-shouldered fellow coming down the stairs. That was Mike Smyth, heavy-weight champion of England, who was paying a surprise visit to his old club. Nobody was supposed to know about it, but Jack Gallagher did.

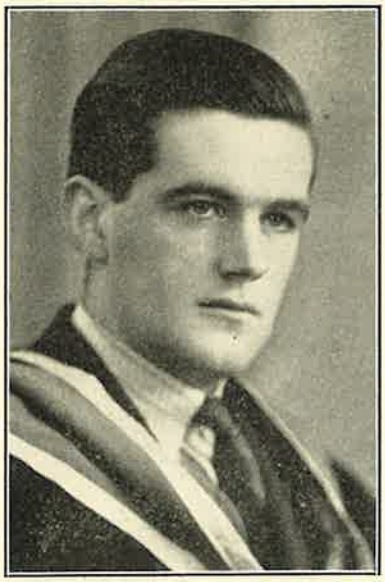
Smyth came on down the stairs. Jack took his weapon from his hip pocket. He took aim. Smyth was now at the door. Jack's finger slipped on to the trigger, and as Smyth turned to shake hands with his old trainer, he pulled it. There was a flash, and the next moment Jack was running silently down the street, hugging the protecting shadows.

When he arrived home, he went straight up to his bedroom, locked up the weapon, and slipped into bed.

His mother, who was in the kitchen, now, after a night of worry, prepared to retire. As she passed her son's room she peered in at the sleeping figure, and thanked God that he was safely home.

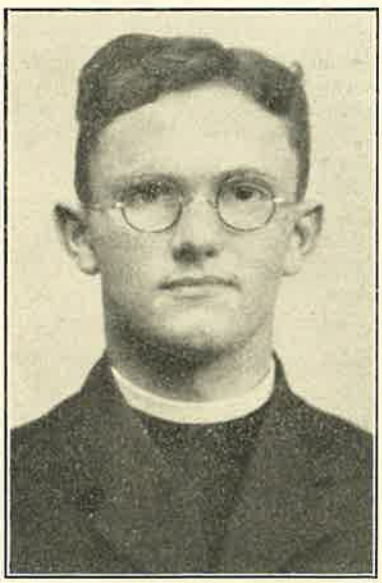
Such is the life of a mother whose son is a candid camera fan!

GARRETT McGRATH, E.*1*.



ART O'FRIEL, M.B., B.A.O., B.Ch.

REV. WILLIAM CONWAY, D.D.



BRO. P. P. O'REILLY.

BRO. A. P. McDONALD.

A TOUR THROUGH ANTRIM.

During the holidays last Summer a friend invited me to go for a tour round Antrim in his car. I readily accepted.

The morning we left the weather was fine, and the sky clear and blue above, though a mist lay over the water. Now and then the ghostly shadow of a ship was discernible as it cautiously made its way out the Lough.

For some miles along the road we saw strings of handsome country houses and neat-looking churches, with factories and cottages gathered round them, like villages of old at the foot of feudal castles. Gradually the mist lifted, and soon the sun appeared to make that wide expanse of water a shimmering width.

The first town we met was Carrickfergus, noted for its real and romantic-looking castle jutting out bravely into the sea. Once a bulwark of defence, it is of little use now, however, except as a background for pictures.

Driving on, we came to the small town of Larne, after having passed which we reached "the Antrim Coast Road." This, besides being one of the most noble and gallant works of art to be seen in any country, is also a route highly picturesque and romantic. On one side the sea spreads wide before the eyes, tall cliffs of limestone rise abruptly on the other.

Rounding a huge rock that lies on a turn of the road, we suddenly came upon Glenarm, and the place looked so comfortable that we stopped for a while and visited its historic abbey and castle. The abbey exists now, but in the unromantic shape of a wall, but the castle is in the most complete order, an antique restored to its original appearance and design. The port is a very busy place, and yearly hundreds of ships visit it, stone and lime being the chief exports. If one travels the mountains at night the kilns may be seen lighted up in the lonely places, flaring red in the darkness.

If the road from Larne to Glenarm is said to be beautiful, the coast route from here to Cushendall is much more so. At three miles' distance, near Carnlough, Glenarm looked more picturesque than when close beside it, and looking back as the car travelled on to the mighty Garron Point, I had a view of the whole line of coast southward as far as Island Magee, with its bays and white villages and tall precipitous cliffs, green, white and grey.

Rounding Garron Point, we came to an inlet called Red Bay, the shores and sides of which are of red clay, that has taken the place of the limestone, and towards which, between two ranges of mountains, stretches a long green plain, forming together with the hills that protect it and the sea which washes it, one of the most beautiful landscapes of this country. It is sometimes called "Switzerland in miniature," but it is doubtful whether words can describe its beauty.

Rounding this beautiful bay and valley, we passed by some caves that penetrated deep into the red rock. These caves are occupied; one is used as a forge by a blacksmith. The road then passes under an arch cut in the rock, and beside a conical hill where previously the ruins of an old castle could be seen. From a distance this ruin looks very majestic up on its height, but on coming close it dwindles down to a mere wall.

Quickly we reached Cushendall, and from there the road led us for fourteen miles

by wild mountains and across a fine aqueduct to Ballycastle. Not far from Ballycastle we saw an old ruin, Bonamargy Abbey, and by it the River Margy flowed into the sea. We did not stop long at Ballycastle, but continued on our journey to the Giant's Causeway. The road to here was bleak, wild and hilly. The little houses along the way were more separated from each other, and here and there we saw mansions with no trees around them, only the wide expanse of open fields. Hills rose and fell in front, and beyond them was the sea. The occasional view of the coast was great; Bengore rising eastwards as we went along; Rathlin Island before us, in the steep rocks and caves of which Bruce took shelter when driven from Scotland; away in the north-east the blue coasts of Scotland itself.

After passing through this somewhat gloomy land, we came to the great sight of the day—the Giant's Causeway. We remained here for a time, and then went on to Portrush.

Now, the name of Portrush recalls to some the happiest days of childhood, to others the choicest experience of a lifetime, but to all who have been there it brings a whiff of the freshest, purest and most exhiliarating air and a vision of glorious ocean sunsets. Yes, it has been called the Brighton of Ireland, but, needless to say, only on the ground of its social and popular charm, for when had gay Brighton golden sands, romantic cliffs and a world's wonder at its very threshold?

Somewhat reluctantly we left Portrush, and proceeded towards Portstewart. This town, snuggly sheltered from the bitter east wind, is, like so many other towns along the Antrim Coast, rich in history, and for that alone will Portstewart always be not only interesting, but even enchanting.

From here we journeyed to Ballymena, and hence to Antrim—we did not stop at Ballymena, for it is a busy market town and possesses nothing which would in any way arouse interest—that town which so majestically watches over the rippling waters of Lough Neagh. The word 'Antrim' is derived from 'Entruim,' meaning "the inhabitation upon the waters," and so one inevitably associates a town with such a beautiful name with one possessing a wealth of rare beauty.

We duly departed from Antrim, and, as the outline of the Round Tower grew more and more obscure, we sensed a certain loneliness, and even became melancholy; we realized that our tour through Antrim was drawing to a close, and soon we would once again be in the noisy city of Belfast. The road upon which we were now travelling was indeed a very fine one, and so we raced along at a thrilling speed. Only one thought, however, tended to mar our great joy and happiness—that every minute, every second we were leaving further and further behind those glorious scenes which but a few hours before were ours to behold and enjoy. But, however, we found comfort, great comfort, in realizing that our minds that been enriched on that day with a too great wealth of beauty, and that the memory of such enchanting and even mysterious beauty would be difficult, nay, very difficult to efface.

D. DIFFEN, E.*1*.

NEWS IN FLASHES.

My name is not Walter, and I don't wish to be burdened with the name "Wench" (fellow sufferers, please note).

FLASH:—Rumour has it that a new wing is being added to St. Mary's to store the trophies won by the Macrory Cup team, or maybe it's to store the team.

FLASH:—Mr. C—— did the waste-ground opposite the school in eight seconds. I'll bet Mr. K—— and Mr. McG—— are burning with envy. That reminds me—The boys of E.2 would greatly appreciate it, if Mr. C—— would kindly finish the sentence he began yesterday, just before the clock struck twelve.

FLASH:—Lord Rocktyre is thinking of buying the City Hall; he feels cramped at Calmvale. Speaking of Calmvale, I hear it is to be moved to an island in the Mediterranean Sea, so that Lord Rocktyre will be near his work.

FLASH:—I hear that the boys who do private study during the Geography class have their little differences; some quiet game should be introduced. "Fla" tells me he has a good dart-board for sale. How about it, boys?

FLASH:—A new sport has sprung up in the school—duster-flinging. "Percy" took quickly to the sport, and even now is a master at the art. With the slightest provocation, he boasts of the lamp-shade he broke.

FLASH:—It is reported that the "umbrella-man" has been sent for, to settle the dispute between Bro. M—— and the school late-comers. "Jeck," the leader of the late-comers, tells me that he will take half the school as a reconciliation; but something tells me he will have to be satisfied with the yard and the bike-shed, for the present anyway.

FLASH:—The twins of E.2 have a grievance. None of the masters appreciate the wonderful art of day-dreaming, which they have brought to a very fine state of perfection. After all, someone said at some time—

"What's this life if full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare."

FLASH:—I wish to take advantage of this space to deny the rumour that after leaving 'Doc' at the Springfield Road I walk the rest of the way home talking to myself. Jim Flanagan is always with me.

FLASH:—Poor Jim Fla. was playing football last week when someone kicked him on the jaw. His chin has swollen so much that he is almost visible.

FLASH:—Jake Sherry came to school early yesterday morning. Bro. M—— is suffering from shock. Jake, would you please give me that unused excuse; I might need it sometime.

FLASH:—The 'Head' has a marvellous cure for Saturday morning sickness. This sickness is caused by Friday night pictures or long spells of billiards; the illness reaches a climax with an intense longing for bed on Saturday morning.

FLASH:—Mr. K—— has a mania for the sound of breaking glass. He hails the noise with "That's good." It is a sheer delight to see his beaming smile when you have accidentally broken a retort. By way of showing our appreciation of all the work he has done for us (or, we have not done for him), the boys of E.2 have decided to gather all the glass retorts in the laboratory, into the

centre of the floor, and to drop bricks on them. I'm sure Mr. K—— will simply be overcome with gratitude. Even now I can hear him say "*That's good.*"

FLASH :—My friend 'Doc' has lately become a Ceilidhe fan. I am waiting impatiently for that great day when he will appear in a collar and tie. Mr. McG——, looking for prospective swimmers for the school swimming club, put the matter before E.2. A heated argument arose when someone said that 'Doc' was a frequenter of the baths. The argument, however, waned to nothingness when 'Doc' used his neck as exhibit 'A.'

FLASH :—Many false reports have it that after every practical exam. in the lab. there are collections for the re-building of the school. Wouldn't it be terrible if the school caught fire; we would not be able to estinguish the flames, because every c.c. of water used is registered.

FLASH :—There is a movement on foot to have a small addition built to the school. Bro. B—— keeps talking of "casting pearls." By the by, if there are any juniors who would like to hear the story of 'The Baldman and the Fly,' let them go to Bro. B—— any day at 12-30 p.m., and I'm sure that illustrious gentleman will take pleasure in imparting the tale. Boys leaving school should pay their 'library money.' (Mr. C——'s request).

FLASH :—There was a daring robbery in the tuck shop a short while ago. Three toughs attacked Joe Mac—who happened to be in the shop at the time—and gagged him (that was the first time he had stopped talking since he was born). Two other toughs filled their pockets with buns, and all five made a clean getaway. However, five men answering their description were found lying dead in Falls Park. The police are prompted in their conviction that these are the same men by the fact that each man, when found, had a half-eaten bun in his hand.

FLASH :—The best news of the year—I'm not going to write any more.

MATT RODGERS, E.2.

"THE COAL-MAN."

Though loudly blows the winter's blast,
And sifting snow falls white and fast,
The coal-man drives along the street,
Perched upon his waggon seat.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat,
His coat is blacker far than that,
'Tis strange to see his sooty form,
All speckled with the feathery storm.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labours much for little pay,
Yet in the home such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

D. McBRIEN, U.2.

YOUR CAMERA AND YOU.

The advent of the " Simmarian " heralds the approach of Summer, and with it—we hope—warm, sunny days, and some outdoor life. To many of us this means a search for bathing togs, tennis rackets, and—the camera; of the latter, however, it may be said, without much fear of contradiction, that probably no other article in one's possession can give rise to so much pleasure and benefit if used intelligently, or so much disappointment and waste of money if used otherwise. Yet, how many camera owners—and they are legion—really understand their cameras, or know how to obtain the best results from them? Judging from the spate of " snaps " with which one is confronted both during and after the Summer holidays, one is inclined to the belief that the only gain is to the film manufacturers and the processing chemists, in a large number of cases, because most of the efforts by aspiring " amateur " photographers are nothing more than studies in " still life!" And often, not very good studies at that. This short article is, therefore, written in the hope that it will stimulate the interest of those readers who already possess cameras and know nothing about their function, or who intend to become owners and would desire to know how to set about obtaining passable results. To begin with, we will first discuss the camera

Now, the essential parts of a camera consist of a lens, a support for the film or plate, and some opaque material connecting the two, so as to shut off all light other than that passing through the lens. To-day, however, even the cheapest camera has more than that to offer, as, for instance, a shutter to cover the lens, and a trigger to open and close it. A camera which consists merely of the foregoing, however, would need little understanding, as—the shutter mechanism being automatic in action—there is nothing to go wrong, or to present difficulties to the operator. On the other hand, except for the very cheapest camera on the market, *all* cameras possess at least one other " gadget," namely, a means of decreasing the aperture of the lens, thus reducing the amount of light entering it. It may be a sheet of metal with holes of different sizes cut in it, used in the box type of camera, or a circular ribbed diaphragm—known as the iris diaphragm—as in the folding type. In the former the holes—known as " stops "—can be brought into position by raising or depressing the strip of metal which protrudes on top of the box, whereas in the latter a small lever, with an indicating arrow, can be moved to different positions marked on the circular disc surrounding the lens. The stops in this case are marked F8, F16, and so on. It is important to remember that the higher the number the smaller the stop, and vice versa. It is imposible in an article of this length to deal fully with the purpose and use of these stops in photography, but they are there for a definite purpose, and the manufacturer intended them to be used. Generally speaking, it is inadvisable for the beginner to become *too bold* in experimenting with them, photography being a somewhat expensive hobby, but the use of three stops for routine work is to be recommended, and will quite definitely improve results: f/8 or f/11 for rapid exposures, f/16 when there is not very much difference in the distances of the various objects in the picture from the lens, and f/32 when it is desired to include very near and very distant objects on the one film or plate. However, as altering the aperture of the lens means altering the time of exposure, it should be remembered that each decrease in the size of stop used must be taken into consideration when estimating the exposure. This latter is most important, but it is by no means easy, especially for a beginner. Every photographer, amateur or professional, is forced to rely upon his own judgment in this matter, and judgment comes only with experience. For a few shillings, however, very excellent exposure meters may be obtained, and while none of the cheaper varieties can be considered really accurate, they *do* help to form some estimate of the time required. The following brief *general* rules might also prove of benefit:—

(a) Subjects of an open character, with no masses of deep shadow near the camera, require short exposures, whereas, where there are heavy shadows in the foreground, near the camera, longer exposures will be necessary. Where a larger proportion of the subject is under trees, *very* long exposures will be required, as the light is being filtered through the foliage, and the same amount of activic or chemically-active radiation does not reach the film.

(b) The colour of the object must also be considered. Yellow requires a longer exposure than white, and red even longer.

(c) Seascapes, where a large proportion of sea and sky are in the picture generally require very short exposures.

(d) While a cloud in front of the sun actually makes it necessary to increase the exposure, white clouds *opposite* the sun mean a shorter exposure than an absolutely clear sky.

(e) Very early in the morning, and towards sunset, exposures must be longer than during the early forenoon and afternoon. Finally—*when in doubt, over-expose.*

Focussing is another matter often calling for attention. Most box cameras are of the "fixed focus" type, and therefore there is no chance of an error in using them. Folding cameras, however, have to be accurately focussed on the subject, and for this purpose have affixed on the bottom plate, clearly seen when opened out, a slide rule with an indicating arrow, which can be set at different points, usually three, six, nine feet, and infinity. Now, it is of no use whatever trying to obtain a picture of a subject six feet away if the camera is focussed at any other point. It *must* be focussed at six feet. Nothing more, nothing less. Furthermore, the distance from the subject should be carefully measured (the usual "pacing" is sufficiently accurate), and the camera held perfectly level and still during exposure. It is as well to hold one's breath during the actual exposure, as, when the camera is being held in the hands, it is otherwise almost impossible to avoid movement. "Infinity" should be used for all subjects more than 9 feet away if the maximum near focus marked on the rule is 9 feet. It may not be out of place here to suggest that in choosing a camera—unless one is entering the lists as a serious "amateur" photographer—simplicity of design should be as important a consideration as cost. To the average person, a camera with a multiplicity of devices becomes a nuisance instead of a pleasure, and roll after roll of spoilt films can go a long way towards spoiling one's holiday enjoyment.

In conclusion, one would like to say a word regarding the taking of "snaps" and holiday photographs. Do not take a group of people—and by "group" I mean any number from two upwards—as if they were facing a firing squad, or waiting for the dentist. Do not—I pray thee!—line them up in front of a bathing hut, tree, tent, or merely the top of Cave Hill, like so many nine pins, and take them with dreadfully fixed smiles like tooth-paste advertisements! Bring vitality into your pictures by posing your subjects in natural every-day postures or attitudes, or, better still, "get" them before they are aware of your presence, and they become camera-conscious!

Again, why waste roll after roll of expensive film taking faces you see about you all the year through, and of the very sight of which you should by this time be weary unto death? No! While the glory of Summer and Autumn are about you, try to capture some of it on your films to cheer you with happy recollections during the long, long Winter months. Flower and woodland, heath and mountain, stream, river and bye-way offer a myriad beautiful objects on which to try your skill—and your luck! Go to it!

S. DYNAN.

OUR FOURTH FOREIGN LEGION.

On either side the yard are places
For putting youngsters through their paces,
Inhabited by " heady-cases "
Both in the desks and on the daises
Of our many teachered school;
And up and down the people pass
Gazing at the sickly grass,
Or at Paddy bungling a pane of glass,
Distracting all the A.2. class
With his putty-knife and rule.

Four brick walls loom through the fogs
Opposite a place of hogs
And a sporting ground for dogs
And within the swotter slogs
From nine o'clock till three.
Especially in Number Two
Where you may never hope to chew
The bread of—well we'll say "The Brew,"
'Tis there that life means "stew" and "stew"
Until the day you die.

At nine o'clock—nay five to nine—
A breathless, hurrying, scurrying line
(Reminding one of herds of kine
Pursued by flies when the day is fine)
Comes tearing in the gate.
But who has seen them reach the hand?
Or at the cloak room seen him stand?
And has he got his magic wand?
And does he cry " you're late?"

Only boys who come not early
Hear a voice that echoes clearly
And a noise that very nearly
Makes the late one wish sincerely
That he was never born.
But when the sun is overhead
Then it's too hot to lie abed
So Wilson brilliantines his head
And sallies forth with milk and bread
To greet the laughing morn.

And when the clock 10-30 strikes
Along the Crumlin road he hikes,
Despising buses, trams and bikes,
For there is something else he likes
To spend his tram-cash on.
He enters round eleven-five,
All smelling of a honey hive,
But also of some huge whist-drive
Where old Virginian odours thrive,
But Time marches on.

So now since all the boys are in
We think it time we should begin
To sketch each one—Hold up your chin
Pat Brophy, even though 'tis thin
And let us see your face.
Cute as a fox, with merry eye
As blue as April morning sky,
He looks around, a tough wee guy,
And bites his lip and heaves a sigh
And shuffles in his place.

'Tis said that Pat did once behold
Upon the screen a very bold
Young rascal who on being told
To go a message did but scold
His loving mama dear.
Thought Pat "That's just the proper stuff,
Of messages I've done enough,
When I go home I'm getting tough."
He tried it on, but—smack! whack! cuff!
And now, boys, see his ear!

His partner in the daily toil
Is the over-lively Thomas Boyle,
Who'll never lose a chance to spoil
And make Pat's little jokes recoil
Upon his curly head.
Tom Boyle, whose voice is strong and true
But seems to travel from his shoe,
Can sing and play and dance and " stew,"
He can torment the master, too,
By trying to swing the lead.

All beaming like an Autumn moon,
Red as a full-blown rose in June,
Is Leslie Graham, the stout gasoon
Who looks for jokes from dawn till noon,
While fatter he doth grow.
Beside him nestles Brendan Clarke,
Who chirps his answers like a lark
And revels in the beagle's bark,
He'd love to sing from dawn till dark
A hunting we will go.

A pair we'll introduce to you—
Tom French and Desmond Walsh, the two
Who side by side in friendship grew
The palliest pair you ever knew,
And, oh! so very good.
This happy pair of Old Park foxes,
As plump and sturdy-built as oxes,
Bring over the lunch from Mrs. Rocksos,
For masters, too, need food.

We say without much hesitation
That nowhere in the Irish nation
Is to be found a better station,
It took first prize (for your information),
That's Randallstown I'll tell ye.
Our Vincent cometh from the same
(Be careful how you spell his name),
T-e-a-g he will disclaim,
As well as Buggles Kelly.

Pat Murray and Mr. Ivory
Are the friendliest pair you'd wish to see
Since Pat advanced two desks or three
And tackled his Geometry
You might say by the throat.
With hands on hips and haughty chin,
Gilmurray doesn't care a pin
Who calls him Garbo—He can spin
The tallest yarns, without a grin,
About his motor boat.

If anyone wants to learn "Poker,"
We can direct him to a joker
Who knows a street where every stoker
Has frequently with venom broke her
Neighbour's gentle nose.
Mulholland is gone Celtic-mad,
Tom Powderly is Princely clad,
No doubt he is a first-class ad.
For tailor-mades, you know his dad
Makes all wee Tommie's clothes.

Has anyone heard James Canning say
That he who rides and runs away
May live to ride another day,
But let him run once more we pray,
He'll need to run his best.
We've heard the cat sat on the mat,
But we know one who cheats the cat
And on his tummy lies down flat
Before the fire—Eoghaneen, hear that,
Get up and brush your vest.

Another boy whom pussy mauls
Owns a sweet shop up the Falls,
But he continues to make calls
To his sister's shop, for in the thralls
Of fragrant weed he's found.
Jack Thompson's mastered all the arts
Connected with that game of darts,
A little man of many parts,
He visits Ma's to purchase tarts
And eats them coming round.

If you want a sweet refrain
To soothe your nerves and ease your brain,
We'll call on Henry Hart again
(The savouring slight of Icho-Crane)
To cheer you with his song.
Yet, careful, Henry! make no noise
Or you'll disturb "Avoirdupois,"
Where he so carefully enjoys
The heat with which he never cloys
As it comes the pipes along.

The spotlight on McRory focus—
Ego praesto hocus pocus!
Sweets from nowhere up in Crocus,
Good boy, James! Don't wish to choke us!
For you won't get the chance.
'Twas Willie Reynolds saw the store,
Gave the signal for uproar
Just as he was packing more,
And the usual rosy blush came o'er
Young James's countenance.

While Willie tunes the strings, twing, twang,
Ed Campbell on the keys doth bang,
A, B. C. D., clang, cling, clang,
At other times he follows "Strang,
The Terrible," they say.
A heavy growth of facial stubble
Is honest George's greatest trouble,
Every day it seems to double,
But soon the blade and soapy bubble
Will clear it all away.

McCann once ventured at a joke
About a certain bear-skin cloak,
He thought it was a master-stroke,
But he rues the day on which he spoke
That sentence of derision.
The Duffys have no movie craze,
They go instead to all the plays,
For they possess some extra rays
Of sweet refinement in these days —
At least, that's our decision.

The prefect in room number three
Is Gerry Burke, who has to see
That compass, ruler, set and T
Are gathered up. His "housemaid's knee"
Is now completely cured.
Des. Donnelly and John Gracey sing
In such a manner as to bring
The neighbouring cats all clamouring
Outside the gate in choral ring,
And both must be endured.

Ed Bennett does his comp with care,
And Bubbles titivates his hair,
There's nothing in this world would scare
Brian Mallaghan into doing his share
Of fireside preparation.
We must admit that we can't throw
A single thing at Nalty Joe,
Congrats, old man, on being so,
But still you're not alone, you know,
Deserving such laudation.

Another name we'll mention yet
Concerning whom, to our regret,
We can't crack wise ones; never fret
We'll capture him within our net
Before the year is out.
Now, who has got himself so steeled
Against our wit as not to yield?
Let his name be now revealed—
Even money on the field—
Jim Rice, without a doubt.

Davy, Murphy, Ross and me,
Poets of high qualitie,
Are very sorry we can't see
Our way to turn our artistrie
Against our own combine.
We hope we've kept you all amused,
And that we shall not be accused
By anyone who feels abused—
So, lest we should become confused,
We'll finish with this line.

Amen.

By the A.2 DOGGEREL-MONGERS.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.

In the boat there are eight men and one to coax them.

National government is when all parties forget themselves and go for each other.

Napoleon called the English a nation of shoplifters.

Lancashire is famous for its cotton because of its humility.

He suffered from a compound fraction of his leg.

My uncle put his foot on the exhilerator and the car was exhilerated directly.

During the French Revolution many nobles were gelatined.

Cars are run by eternal combustion engines.

A virgin forest is one where the hand of man has never set foot.

Moths can't grow big because they only eat holes.

A refugee is a man who blows a whistle at a football match.

The horse you bet on is called a cert; if it loses it is called a dead cert.

Double dealing is when you buy something wholesale to sell retail.

Fictitious assets are assets you think you have got but you haven't.

Correct the sentence: "It was me that has broken the window." *Pupil*: "It wasn't me that has broken the window."

Compliment is when you say something to someone which he and we know isn't true.

Our Parliament assembled in March and dissembled in April.

Use the words *cool* and *collected* in a sentence. "The man was cool before the accident, but he was collected afterwards."

In Holland they use water power to drive their windmills.

Henry VIII. died of a painful melody.

A suburb is a place where trees grow on the footpath.

Deficit is what you've got when you haven't as much as you had when you had nothing.

New York is behind Greenwich time because America was discovered a lot later.

"Basil, what happens to boys who tell stories?"—"They ride half-fare on the trams."

THE LAST CHORD.

"You know," said Tim to me one evening as we sat talking by the fire, "all the ghost stories you hear are always told by someone who has heard them from someone else. At least, that is how they have been told to me."

"Well Tim," said I, jokingly, for Tim could always better anyone's yarn by one of his own, "if there is one man in Ireland who had the right to see a ghost it's yourself, for no one could beat the story you'd make of the poor creature." At this I could see Tim's chest swelling out, for he was very proud of his reputation as the best story-teller in the parish.

"No," he answered, and he shook his head as though he was sorry for himself. "No, I have never seen a ghost. But one time I came as near to a queer happening as I ever want to be again." He stopped and gazed into the fire, his fingers playing a tattoo on the arm of the chair. I kept my peace, for I saw he was preparing to tell one of his yarns.

"It was a good while ago," he began, "when I first met Tom O'Grady, and from the very first we became the best of friends. Tom was a good chap, but very inclined to be melancholy now and again. I used to think it was his work or money matters that depressed him, and I never passed any comment on his sorrowful mood. Then one day, when I found him deeper in the 'blues' than ever before, I pressed him to tell me what was the matter. He looked at me, and he said: 'You may laugh at me, Tim, if you want to, but it's a ghost that I once saw that makes me so afraid and melancholy.' 'Tom,' said I, 'you know and I know there are no such things as ghosts, but if telling your story might help you, I'm willing to sit down and listen to you.' 'Right you are,' said Tom, 'here it is.'

"I once went down to the country for a holiday. As you know, I am very fond of rooting about the old ruins which Ireland is so rich in, and so I made my head-quarters in a little village near the Abbey of Melliford. The abbey had been sacked by the Danes and all its priceless treasures smashed or carried off by the wild robbers. That is, all but one masterpiece of the sculptor's art which, for some reason or other, the 'Winged Hats' left alone. It was a stone organ marvellously carved in granite, with a keyboard of white and black marble.

"This keyboard was the most beautiful part of the whole carving. Although composed only of rectangular strips of black and white, nevertheless the artist had so wrought them that they appeared to be inviting one to play them.

"The villagers had a legend about that self-same organ. They said that when the Danes attacked the abbey one of the monks, in order to show them they were attacking a sacred monastery, sat down and actually played on the stone keyboard. But the Danes, instead of being awed, were infuriated and cut the monk down in the middle of the music. The villagers said that at odd times the monk would appear and play the part of the music which he had played before the Danes had killed him. They also said that if anyone ever heard the monk's part of the music, and then heard the finish of it, he would die.

"Of course I put no faith in the yarn, but it served to rouse my interest in the organ. So, one bright morning, I set out for the abbey. I had some little difficulty in finding it, for it was set in the heart of a small wood. It was dark amid the crumbling stone walls, and at first I felt an odd sensation of fear, which soon passed, however, as my interest deepened in the wonderful stonework. I had almost

forgotten about the organ when I came upon it in a small niche. As I have said before, it was wonderfully carved, and the artistry of it took my breath away. I spent quite a while examining it, but soon my attention wandered to another part of the ruin, and so I gradually drifted to the massive stone portals. I stopped to admire their fine stonework, and as I did so I became aware of the sound of soft, sad music. It came from the stone organ, and as I rushed into the abbey it ended in one pealing chord as if suddenly cut off. I looked at the organ. It seemed the same as usual, and then I noticed that half-a-dozen of the stone keys were pressed down. I could not believe my eyes, and felt the marble with my fingers. The keys were down alright, and, as I withdrew my hand, rose back into place. I placed my fingers on them again; they were stiff and unwieldy. I clenched my fists and brought them down with full force on the keyboard. But the marble remained unmoved. Then I remembered the villagers' warning that if one heard the monk's part and then the complete tune he would die. In the grip of a terrible fear, I rushed from the abbey. The next day I took the train home.

" Tom sat silent after he had finished, and then he turned to me. ' Don't you see, Tim, I am afraid of a ghost? But there are no ghosts. Why should I fear what does not exist?' I tried to calm him down, but it was of no use. I told him that he had fancied he heard the music, but he shouted: ' Not hear it; why, man, I have the very score in the house at this moment.' With that he rushed off and came back in a few minutes with two sheets in his hand. One was of parchment, the other of ordinary music paper. ' There!' he said. ' There is the original music, and here is where I have transcribed it. Now, just to see whether there are ghosts or not, I'm going to play it from beginning to end.' His nervousness had by this time affected me, and I said rather hurriedly to him: ' Now, Tom, don't do anything hasty.' He laughed wildly, and crossed the room to where the piano stood. Then a sad, soft type of music filled the air. It went on, slowly and sweetly, till it crashed on a chord. I knew this was where the monk must have finished. Tom sat rigid at the keyboard, his face glistening with sweat, as he steeled himself for what must come. Then his hands began to press the keys, but it was not the sound of a piano that rang out. It was the sound of an organ, pealing forth in thunderous majesty.

" When the last echo had died away, Tom stood up, reeled, and fell; and I knew before I reached him that he was dead."

R. MAGEE, E.1.

MORE HOWLERS.

Milk is imported in tins and is called condemned milk.

Science is what you don't hear when you listen.

A volcano is a mountain that interrupts all the time.

The Minister of War is the clergyman who preaches to the soldiers in the barracks.

The Equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth.

An Equinox is a man who lives near the North Pole.

Poetry is where every line begins with a capital letter.

The Pyramids are a range of mountains between France and Spain.

The cold at the North Pole is so great that the towns there are not inhabited.

The Gulf Stream is a stream which is shaped like a gulf field.

A Doldrum is the name of a wind given by sailors.

A Volcano is a stream which boats pass and are lifted to the other side. Two examples are the Lagan and one at Ravenhill Road.

Rainfall is warm moisture which rises into cold space which makes drops of water fall. For example, when the steam rises out of a kettle and one puts his hand to the steam, in no time water will be in his hand.

A SCHOOL MORNING.

Bed is the finest place on earth on a school morning; at least, schoolboys think so, and they should know. During the holidays they have no hesitation in jumping out of bed immediately they are called, but on a cold school morning they prolong the agony by dozing off every few minutes, all the while trying to muster up sufficient courage to enable them to brave the unsympathetic cold. And aren't the bedclothes warm?

The required courage is mustered as the hands of the clock slip around indifferently; the fear of being late works wonders. Although I say it myself, I think I would bag all the prizes going for the quickest dresser, for I get plenty of practice during the winter months, when it is no use defying the morning cold.

Then, washed and dressed and striving not to appear sleepy, I speed down the stairs like a rocket; or, perhaps, it would be more appropriate if I said like a jumping jenny.

Some boys state that breakfast is the most enjoyable meal, but I fail to agree. The tea is either too hot or too cold, bacon and eggs resemble leather, while toast looks like nothing on earth. And yet, if it were a Sunday morning, I could tuck in and find no cause for complaint. As it is, I have no time to complain. Scarf and overcoat three-quarters on, I grab my books and hurry out. Plop! ouch! Oh, why will I never remember that on a frosty morning the steps at the front door are coated with ice? Even the pavements have been decorated by Jack Frost, and I have to slowly pick my way along the footpath and refrain from running should a trolley 'bus hove in sight from around the corner. If I have to wait for a 'bus I do so with a crowd of others—schoolboys, men who destroyed their otherwise blameless characters by becoming schoolmasters, civil servants, clerks, shop assistants, et cetra. As the 'bus comes slowly along there is a scramble in which the strong triumph over the weak; it is evidently a case of women and children last. Upstairs there is just sitting room for one, and I win the race to bag it. Then the gangway is crowded with late-comers, who have run and are out of breath. They and the conductor blandly ignore the notice which reads: "No standing allowed"; even the B.C.T. inspectors do not know such a regulation is in existence, but everyone sitting wishes that it were enforced, for the 'bus seems like a portable Black Hole of Calcutta. If I am late it will dawdle along the road, pulling up at every stop to discharge a few passengers and to take on many more. It is really wonderful the number of persons who can fill a single trolley 'bus.

We are near the school now, so I rise and force my way through packed humanity until I reach the platform. By this time we have arrived at the desired stop, and I hop off. I join the steady stream of boys who are marching on the school from the four points of the compass. Classmates always enquire: "Have you all your maths done?" And the answer is always the same.

If I am late, while hurrying as best I can, I interest myself in watching boys coming along the road at a steady jog trot, to break out in a furious spurt when they reach the precincts of the school. An old school custom the unacquainted imagine, but little do they know what awful and dreadful fate awaits the late-comers just around the corner.

And in the school itself, a good time will be had by all for the next six hours—Oh—yeah!

MARTIN J. TUOHY, D.7.

DON'T READ THIS—FOR ECCENTRIC PEOPLE ONLY!

Oh! so you are going to read it. Well, now that you have made the admission that you are eccentric, I will tell you the story of, perhaps, the most famous of all eccentrics.

Silas Hornby had spent an adventurous youth engaging in prize-fighting and equally frolicksome affairs. Indeed, Silas had proved himself a regular playboy on more than one occasion. Then he had married, settled down respectfully and proved himself a devoted husband.

Perhaps the peaceful life did not agree with him, or maybe it was his wife—but, whatever the cause, Silas Hornby developed into one of the greatest eccentrics on record in the year 1870.

His first obsession came about in this way. One day, during a heavy thunderstorm, Mrs. Hornby happened to glance out of the window and beheld, to her amazement, Silas standing upright among the flowerbeds, regardless of the rain that soaked his fine velvet coat. To Mrs. Hornby's entreaties and expostulations he merely raised a finger and said: "Hush, my good woman, I am a flower," and he stood swaying gently beside the hollyhocks, an expression of idiotic bliss on his face, and not until the storm had passed did he return indoors.

Silas went on with this strange mania, and persisted in taking the "forms" of chairs, teapots, etc. Once while in this strange mania, under the "form" of a cat, he caught and ate a mouse, to the utter horror of Mrs. Hornby, who fled from the room. The most amazing part of this role was that he persisted in behaving exactly like a cat, sleeping by day and going for nocturnal rambles.

Despite the strain of her husband's eccentric behaviour, Mrs. Hornby preferred to keep him in comfort at home rather than subject him to the horrors of the asylums of those days. However, his most amazing role proved to be his last.

One morning Silas did not get out of bed. This well pleased his wife, who thought him as well there as anywhere else. But, when he remained there all day without moving, his eyes closed and his body rigid, she grew alarmed. She called in the local doctor, who was a shrewd man. "Silas," said he when he saw the spectacle, "I hear you are ill."

"More than that," came the answer in sepulchural tones. "I have been dead 24 hours."

"Indeed," said the doctor, "there can be no doubt about it. I will arrange for the funeral to-morrow."

Next day the unresisting Silas was lifted and wrapped in a winding sheet and placed in a coffin. The funeral procession then made its way towards the graveyard, with all solemnity. A grave was dug while the presiding clergyman read the burial service. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and the grave-diggers commenced filling in the grave. Silas could stand it no longer, for, at the sound of the first shovel full of earth as it clattered down on the lid, he uttered a fearful shriek, and, flinging himself against the loosely-fastened lid, leapt from the grave and ran all the way home, the winding sheet billowing out behind him.

Next day Silas met the villagers with sheepish eyes, and from that time on he was completely cured.

An eccentric story, written by an eccentric would-be author for an eccentric reader. But I hope you have seen its moral. Cease now your petty superstitions, and remember the words of Scripture: "He that contemneth small things shall fall by little and little."

J. McALLISTER, D.*1*.

WAR AND THE POETS.

War has always been a very important and deciding factor in the life of mankind, so it is only natural that the thoughts of the poets should have tended towards it. Thomas Moore, the famous Irish poet, wrote many rousing war songs to stir the blood of his oppressed country.

"On to the field, the battle field,
"Where Freedom's standard waves,
"This sun shall see our tyrant yield,
"Or shine upon our graves."

In the "Lusitanian War Song" he says:—

"The song of war shall echo through the mountains
"'Till not one hateful link remains
"Of slavery's lingering chains,
"'Till not one tyrant tread our plains,
"Nor traitor lip pollute our fountains."

The same spirit is prevalent in "Remember the Glories of Brian the Brave":—

"No! Freedom, whose smile we shall never resign,
"Go, tell our invaders, the Danes,
"That 'tis sweeter to bleed for an age at the shrine
"Than to sleep but a moment in chains."

The fighting spirit is also present in "The Minstrel Boy":—

"The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
"In the ranks of death you'll find him;
"His father's sword he has girded on
"And his wild harp slung behind him,"

and in "Song of the Battle Eve":—

"To-morrow, comrade, we
"On to the battle plain must be,
"There to conquer or both lie low!
"The morning sun is up—
"But there's wine still in the cup,
"And we'll take another quaff ere we go, boy
"Go!"

Campbell, also, arouses the war spirit in "Hohenlinden":—

"The combat deepens. On ye brave
"Who rush to glory or the grave!
"Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
"And charge with all thy chivalry!"

He relates the feasting and other acts of rejoicing to celebrate victory:—

"Now joy old England raise,
"For the tidings of thy might,
"By the festal cities blaze,
"Whilst the wine cup shines in light."

Tennyson praises the 'noble six hundred':—

"Half a league, half a league,
"Half a league onward,
"All in the valley of death
"Rode the six hundred.
"'Charge!' was the captain's cry,
"Their's not to reason why,
"Their's not to make reply,
"Their's but to do and die,
"Into the valley of death
"Rode the six hundred . . ."

"The Gathering Song of Donald the Black" breathes the same rousing spirit:—

"Fast they come, fast they come,
"See how they gather,
"Wild waves the eagle plume,
"Blended with heather,
"Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
"Forward each man set,
"Pibroch of Donail Dhu
"Knell for the onset."

Dryden, in his "Song for St. Cecilia's Day," says:—

"The trumpets' loud clangour
"Excites us to arms
"With shrill notes of anger,
"And mortal alarms,
"The double, double, double beat
"Of the thundering drum
"Cries Hark! the foes come,
"Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat."

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori, and this side of war finds much favour, too, with the poets. Brooke gives us his epitaph:—

"If I should die, think only this of me,
"That there is some corner of a foreign field
"That is for ever England."

Moore, again, in "Before the Battle," echoes:—

"But, oh, how blest they sink to rest,
"That close their eyes on Victory's breast . . .
"Many a heart that now beats high
"In slumber cold at night shall lie,
"Nor waken even at Victory's sound,
"But, oh, how that heroes sleep
"O'er whom a wondering world shall weep."

In another poem we have:—

"Forget not the field where they perished,
"The truest and last of the brave,
"All gone—and the bright hope we cherished,
"Gone with them, and quenched in their grave."

But a more cheerful note is struck when the same poet writes:—

"O blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
"The days of thy glory to see,
"But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
"Is the pride of thus dying for thee."

Campbell talks of "singing glory to the souls of the brave," and in "Ye Mariners of England" stirs up the war spirit by recalling the deeds and fame of the old 'sea-dogs' who have won glory on the battlefield of the raging deep:—

"The spirits of your fathers
"Shall start from every wave,
"For the deck it was their field of fame
"And ocean was their grave.
"Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
"You manly hearts shall glow,"

and continues—

"Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
"Our song and feat shall flow
"For the fame of your name
"When the storm has ceased to blow."

Of the noble six hundred, Tennyson asks:—

"When can their glory fade?
"O, the wild charge they made,
"All the world wondered."

and says:—

"Honour the charge they made,
"Honour the Light Brigade,
"Noble six hundred."

As time wore on, the "all for glory" spirit gradually disappeared and other poets paint the other side of the picture. The terrible side of battle, the waste of life, the wanton misery of war, all find expression in:—

"Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
"Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
"The midnight brought the signal sound of strife,
"The moon the marshalling of arms, the day
"Battle's magnificently stern array.
"The thunder clouds roll o'er it which, when rent,
"The earth is covered thick with other clay
"Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and rent,
"Rider and horse, friend, foe—in one red burial blent."

or in this:—

"They say it was a shocking sight
"After the field was won,
"For many thousand bodies here
"Lay rotting in the sun."

There is no glory in this poem, giving the combatant's point of view:—

"Why do you lie with your arms ungainly huddled
"And one arm bent across your sullen, cold
"Exhausted face? It hurts my heart to watch you,
"Deep-shadowed from the candles guttering gold;
"Any you wonder why I shake you by the shoulder,
"Drowsy you mumble and sigh and turn your head.
"*You are too young to fall asleep for ever;*
"*And when you sleep you remind me of the dead,*"

Wilfred Owen gives us the present idea of war in his " Anthem for Doomed Youth " :—

" What passing-bells for those who die as cattle?
" Only the monstrous anger of the guns,
" Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle
" Can patter out their hasty orisons.
" No mockeries for them from prayers or bells,
" Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs—
" The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells."

Robert Nichols says:—

" Entreat you for such hearts as break
" With the premonitory ache
" Of bodies, whose feet, hands, and side
" Must soon be torn, pierced, crucified.
" Sue for them and all of us
" Who the world over suffer thus,
" Who have scarce time for prayer indeed,
" Who only march and die and bleed."

Owen gives us another poem, " Strange Meeting," full of burning satire and despair, in which two soldiers meet in Hell, one having killed the other the day before:—

" I am the enemy you killed, my friend,
" I knew you in this death; for so you frowned
" Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed,
" I parried; but my hands were loth and cold.
" Let us sleep now."

It is a most moving poem. The two dead soldiers meet, the one with uplifted hands " as if to bless." The first man, who had killed the other the day before, greets him as a friend, with words of passionless acceptance of Fate, " here is no cause to mourn," but the second more sensitive and understanding, with touching unforced eloquence gives utterance to the tragic pathos of " the undone years," the frustration of the hopes and long, long thoughts of youth, and with poignant mordancy reflects that because he and his companion can never return to tell the world what war means, " men will go content with what we spoiled," or " discontented boil bloody and be spilled."

" But what good came of it at last?
" Quoth little Peterkin.
" 'Why, that I cannot tell,' saith he,
" 'But 'twas a famous victory.' "

G. MOONEY, E.2.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES IN SPORT.

During this last year school games have not held the same attractions for the pupils as was manifest in the past. This state of affairs is surely a passing one, and eventually all the old ardour of past years will be revived. Even with this lack of enthusiasm, St. Mary's had football teams competing in the Macrory Cup, Junior Colleges' competition, and the Minor League competitions of the South Antrim Board of G.A.A.

In the Macrory Cup competition, games were played against St. Patrick's College, Cavan; St. Patrick's, Armagh; St. Macartan's, Monaghan; St. Mary's, Dundalk, and Newry C.B.S. The standard of play in all games was up to first-class county standard, and in none did the school record a victory. These defeats were not due to want of football ability on the part of the school's representatives, but rather to errors in tactics and inability to last out a full hour's play at top pace, faults which could be remedied by regular training and systematic practice. Other factors in our defeats were the ground and weather conditions in practically all games, conditions which militated against good play and weighed heavily against our light team. In a friendly game against Omagh C.B.S. the school gained a narrow victory, and thus only one Senior game went in our favour. Still, we admire the pluck and courage of those lads who strove valiantly to register victory or prevent defeat. The best thanks of all associated with the school football teams are due to Mr. Geo. Nash, well-known Co. Antrim referee, who took charge of all our home games; also to members of Grounds' Committee for use of Corrigan and Macrory Parks.

In the Junior Colleges competition our really Junior team gave a good account of themselves, without even the consolation of one victory. But these defeats in no way damped the ardour of the Juniors, who will be better prepared to wear the "Blue and Gold" in the Senior competition later on. Matches in this competition were played with C.B.S., Newry; St. Mary's, Dundalk; and C.B.S., Omagh.

In the local Minor competitions, which were rather belated in starting, the school's record is much better. Easy victories over Gaedhil Uladh, McDermott's and Shauns and a very narrow defeat by St. Peter's have resulted from matches played to date. A maintenance of the same standard of play in remaining games should result in the school occupying a high place in the League tables at the end of the season. A new departure in Minor League activities is a competition for teams under 16 years. Here high hopes are entertained for the ultimate success of the school team, which has taken part in only one match that resulted in a victory over Wolfe Tones.

Owing to circumstances which it was difficult to change, there were no activities in the Junior school. However, with the approach of fair weather and dry pitches, the usual House Competitions for the Davey and McMahon Cups will be got under way, and the "Preps" will be initiated into the niceties of Gaelic football and so prepared to their places various school teams later on.

It is with pleasure I record the successful appearance of Alf. Murray and Eddie McLoughlin, two former stalwarts in the school team, on Ulster selection against Leinster in the Final of the Railway Cup on St. Patrick's Day.

Swimming is a new departure, and the initial enthusiasm for this venture augurs well for its permanent success. Inquiries amongst pupils discovered a large number of "crawl specialists." The plunge was taken, a meeting was called and officials from the boys were appointed to organize and run this section. A squadron team was "fished out" and competed at St. Malachy's College Gala after a short period

of training. They were defeated, after a close struggle, by "Inst.," who won an exciting race by a "touch." The squadron consisted of Joe Jennings, Tony Jennings, Chas. Vernon and Davy Collins, and they were ably coached by Pat Bradley, who is deeply interested in the art of natation.

To return to the club, which is controlled by Joe Jennings, Senior Captain; Tony Jennings, Junior Captain, with Davy Collins as Secretary and Treasurer, there is an active membership of fifty. Every Monday from 5 to 6 p.m., thanks to the courtesy of Mr. Dowling, Baths Foreman, a pond in Falls Baths has been placed at our disposal at a small charge of five shillings. Each practice has had an average attendance of forty boys who, with very few exceptions, are fine swimmers. Kevin Brady, with several other Old Boys, are giving their services as instructors, although few non-swimmers put in an appearance. Here is an incident which looks like a record and should be encouraging to non-swimmers. A "prep land-lubber" succeeded in swimming across the pond after one lesson! Now then, non-swimmers, take heart and join our band. Points races are organized according to classes, and the leaders in each section are as follows:—

"PREP."—J. Thompson, A.2.; J. Rice, A.2., and J. McPartlin, A.1.

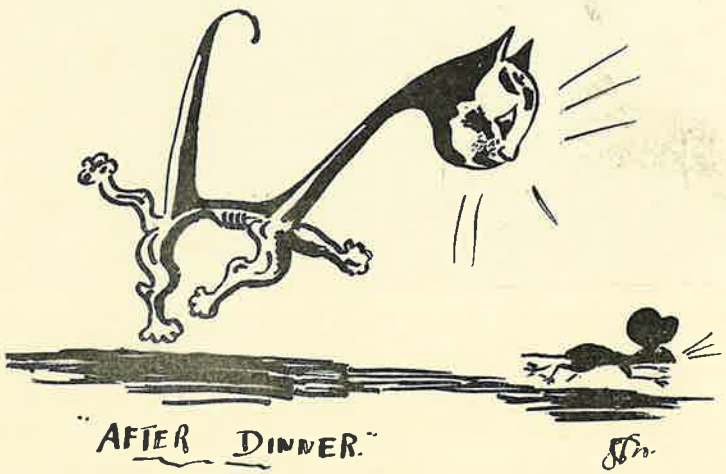
"JUNIORS."—T. Jennings, B.2.; J. Connell, C.3.; S. Toman, C.4.

"SENIORS."—J. Jennings, D.2.; C. Vernon, D.1.; J. Connell, E.1.

Royal blue costumes, with a bright yellow shield worked in Royal blue lettering with the name of the school and a neat monogram, have been adopted as club colours.

The squadron team is training assiduously with a view to taking part in other school galas, in which they hope to give a good account of themselves.

From this review it is obvious that healthy recreations and pastimes are receiving plenty of encouragement from the staff, and all that is necessary to place St. Mary's in a position worthy of the School is the whole-hearted co-operation of the boys.



SECOND PRESIDENT CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' PAST PUPILS' UNION.

PROFESSOR J. J. F. MURPHY, M.Sc.

PAST PUPILS' UNION.

THE UNION'S SECOND YEAR.

In a brief summary such as this it will not be possible to do more than notice the more outstanding happenings and activities of the Union's second year.

The first event we have to record was the resignation from office of "Paddy" Charleton, that most popular and efficient of secretaries. After unanimous re-election at the Second Annual General Meeting in September he had perforce to take this step at the first Executive Meeting on account of having to leave home to take up a post in London. Our pleasure in the knowledge that this appointment meant promotion for him in his career was tempered with regret, in that it also meant the loss of his active assistance to the Union. In paying tribute to Mr. Charleton at the first "Smoker" of the new session, the President, Professor J. J. F. Murphy, expressed the conviction that Members of the Union would undoubtedly desire to show their appreciation of his services in a more tangible form at a future date.

Speaking of "Smokers" reminds us that three of these most popular of Union activities have been held up to date, the outstanding one being that held on the Tuesday before Christmas. At this function the members of the Dramatic Society (including, by special permission, the ladies) were the guests of the House Committee. At it, also, the cup presented by Mr. C. O'Neill to the Golf Section for competition was handed over to the winner, Mr. J. Elliott, by Dr. E. McEntee.

The idea underlying the "Smoker" is to give Members the opportunity of coming together in an informal and social way and getting to know each other better. In this respect great stress is laid upon it by the Executive Committee as a means of realizing the Union's aim of promoting a spirit of mutual co-operation and camaraderie.

The next happening of importance is what might be called the blossoming of our Dramatic Society.

This Society was one of the first sub-sections founded in the Union, but during the year 1937/'38 the note it struck was quiet and workmanlike rather than brilliant. It was the chrysalis stage.

On the 26th October last, however, it awoke, like Byron, to find itself famous. Those Members who attended St. Mary's Hall to witness the production of J. B. Priestley's "Laburnum Grove" will not readily forget the feeling of pride they experienced when the final curtain fell.

Since then the Society has gone from strength to strength. For the first time in her history, if we are to believe reports, the Maiden City was taken by storm when next month the same play was entered for the annual Feis. Anyhow, we carried off the first prize, and arrived home in the small hours of the morning with our blushing honours thick upon us. At the recent Catholic Drama Festival we again annexed the trophy with "Quinn's Secret." With two plays to be presented in St. Mary's Hall at Easter, this gives our Dramatic Society the really fine record of four plays produced in just over twelve months. Well done!

The big noise in the Union after the august Executive Committee is the House Committee. This is the body in charge of the Club Rooms and all activities therein.

Their bye-laws are the viaduct along which the delights of snooker, darts, chess, table-tennis and cards are conveyed to devotees. They are the commissariat of the Union. Self-sacrificing souls!

Their big achievement this year has been the running of a very enjoyable informal dance each Sunday evening and the installation of a book-case and formation of a small library.

Our most successful activity last year was the Study Circle. At the beginning of this year the time of meeting was changed from Sunday afternoon to Friday evening, and this seemed to have an adverse effect upon the attendance. Upon reversal to the original time, however, the Circle picked up again and some excellent work is being done. The subjects for study are "The Church" and the immortal encyclical "Rerum Novarum."

This year saw the formation of a table-tennis team, which has been entered for the Catholic and District Table-Tennis League. Their opponents in the opening league match were Ballyclare, before whom they fell resoundingly. However, they have won all their other matches in the first half of the programme by a convincing margin, and the annexation of another trophy is not beyond the bounds of possibility.

In December we gave expression to the wishes of a big number of Members and friends (particularly the friends) and held our first Annual Dance. The venue was the Carlton, and a very enjoyable business it was.

The second Annual Ceilidhe was held in January—also in the Carlton. The hall was packed—very much so, indeed—but nobody seemed to mind. On the whole, it was not quite the success of last year, but enjoyable nevertheless.

On the 27th of this month was held a Special General Meeting—the first in our short history. The business before the Meeting was the election of an honorary secretary in place of Mr. Charleton, and two resolutions from the Executive Committee affecting additions to the rules governing membership.

Only one name was before the Meeting, that of Mr. E. Gallagher, who had been Acting Honorary Secretary, and he was accordingly elected.

The additions to the membership rules were the creation of a Junior Membership of the Union and the admission thereto of past pupils between the ages of 18 and 21, the first year of which membership should be free and the following years at reduced fees.

The Meeting adopted the proposals unanimously and closed at 8-55 p.m., having lasted just twenty-five minutes. The Union certainly can get things done at the double!

The foregoing is but a very bald and sketchy account of what up to date has been a most full and active year. If it induces even one past pupil to take an active interest in our organization, then it will have served its purpose. The Union, however, wants all past pupils, young and old. All can find a suitable place within its framework, and all can help to further the objects for which it was founded, namely, the spiritual, social, intellectual and material welfare of the Members.

E. GALLAGHER, Hon. Secretary.

FRANCIS CRILLY.

PATRICK LEYDEN.

DERMOT LENNON.

ANTHONY GARTLAN.

MAURICE McCAVANA.

SEAMUS O'REILLY.

DENIS J. MAGUIRE.

COLUM BRUCE.

PAST PUPILS.

We wish to congratulate, on his elevation to the Priesthood, Rev. Patrick O'Donnell, C.SS.R. We wish him many years of successful labour in his illustrious Congregation.

We must also congratulate:—

Rev. Father William Conway on his obtaining the Doctorate of Divinity in Maynooth, in September, 1938. He is now in Rome doing a Doctor's course in Canon Law, and we wish him every success in his labours.

Bro. A. P. McDonald, who got his B.A. degree with honours in National University, and is now teaching in the Christian Brothers' College, Pretoria, S.A.

Bro. P. P. O'Reilly, having completed his training at Christian Brothers' Foreign Missionary College, Marino, is now teaching in Christian Brothers' College, Greenpoint, Cape Town, South Africa.

Art O'Friel on obtaining in December, 1938, the degree M.B., B.A.O., B.Ch., in Queen's University.

Patrick Charleton on his promotion to the Air Ministry in London.

Joseph Charleton on passing the Examination for Inspector of Taxes in Eire. He is now Assistant Inspector of Taxes in Limerick.

Desmond Spence on passing, taking a high place, the recent Customs and Excise Examination.

Frank Park is in St. Malachy's College, studying for the Priesthood.

Peter Carey has entered the Augustinian Order, and is at present in Devon.

Frank Kelly has gone into the Passionate Novitiate in England.

Brendan Anglin, Gerard Gartlan and David Wylie are in the Christian Brothers' Juniorate, Baldoyle.

Gerard Cannon, James Cunningham, Charles McGettigan, James McKenzie and Walter Heaney are at present studying Chemistry.

Colum Bruce, having passed the Examination for Wireless Telegraphist, has been appointed to the ss. Duchess of Atholl.

Frank Crilly, Dermot Lennon, Patrick Leyden, Kevin McCusker, Thomas Wilson, Peter Mallaghan, Tom McLister, were all successful candidates in the Clerical examinations of 1938, and are all at present stationed in London.

Hugh O'Neill secured an appointment with the Hibernian Insurance Company.

Anthony Gartlan was successful in the examination for a post in the Great Northern Railway, and is now in Strabane.

Patrick Thornton and Laurence Hyman, having obtained the Senior Leaving Certificate and Pre-Registration Examination of the Faculty of Medicine, are now pursuing their Medical Course in the Queen's University, Belfast.

Terry McCavana, Kevin Robbin, Cecil Forrester, Patrick Donnelly have joined the Royal Air Force.

Maurice McCavana and Seamus O'Reilly passed the examination for Preventive Officers in the Eire Civil Service. Maurice is stationed at Castlefin, Co. Donegal, and Seamus at Kinlough, Co. Leitrim. Joe Maguire passed the corresponding examination in the Imperial Civil Service, and is stationed in London.

Bernard O'Neill, who was a Clerical Officer in London, is now a Sorting Clerk in G.P.O., Belfast.

KEVIN McCUSKER.

THOMAS McLISTER.

PETER MALLAGHAN.

THOMAS WILSON.

THE STUDY CIRCLE, 1938-'39.

"CERTA BONUM CERTAMEN."

What is the purpose of a Study Circle? A Study Circle is composed of a small group of members—the cell of Catholic Action—who meet weekly for the purpose of forming in themselves a Catholic mind by the study of Catholic Doctrine and Catholic Social Principles. The members take an active interest in all that concerns the Church, and in the social problems of the day and their relation to the Catholic position. They aim at developing in themselves natural qualities of mind, heart, and will, so as to become good, earnest Catholics who consider their religion a matter of everyday life and do not relegate it to the position of something which is put on with one's Sunday clothes, and as quickly taken off again. Having prepared themselves by their self-sanctification and by the studies already mentioned, they can become natural leaders and lay apostles in their own professions, and thus increase the Kingdom of Christ by drawing men to the knowledge and service of God.

This year our Study Circle has completed its fourth year of existence, and its members have successfully trodden the trail blazed by their predecessors. At the outset an optimistic note can be struck, for though at the end of the last School Year we lost most of our former members—who have gone to do their part in the battle of life—the influx of a band of earnest, enthusiastic and devoted newcomers gave fresh life and strength to our efforts in the cause of Catholic Action. The new members certainly lacked none of their predecessors' ardour and zeal, for they gave of their best by their regular attendance at the meetings, their careful preparation of Papers, and their intelligent participation in the discussions.

The intellectual development that was secured by the pooling of the knowledge and experience of the students, and the frank and friendly examination of each other's views in the light of Catholic Truth contributed in no small way to the general success of the year's work. The encyclicals studied gave ample scope for thought and discussion, and that these Papal Letters were appreciated was evident from the interesting and illuminating papers that were read, and the attention with which they were received.

May the work done by the Study Circle this year, as well as improving those who took part in it, be a clarion call to future members to go and do likewise. May St. Mary's School Study Circle flourish!

J. McALLISTER, Secretary.

PROGRAMME OF STUDENTS' STUDY CIRCLE.

CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' SECONDARY SCHOOL, ST. MARY'S, BELFAST.

FOURTH YEAR, 1938-'39.
CHAIRMAN: RAYMOND A. E. HUGHES.
SECRETARY: JOHN McALLISTER.
Meetings every Friday at 7-30 p.m., in School.
FIRST TERM———SEPTEMBER TO DECEMBER, 1938.

Dogmatic Course—by Spiritual Director. Papers—by Students.

THE KINGSHIP OF CHRIST.
Text: "The Kingship of Christ"—Msgr. Toth.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL ACTION.
Encyclical—"Quadragesimo Anno."

30th September, 1938.

1. The Idea of the Kingship of Christ.

1. The Occasion of "Rerum Novarum." Its chief headings. Scope of the "Quadragesimo Anno."
Peter Carey.

7th October, 1938.

2. Christ's Right to the Kingship.

2. Benefits due to "Rerum Novarum." What has been done (*A*) by the Church, in the matter of teaching, in practical application; (*B*) by the Civil Authority.
Brian Devitt.

14th October, 1938.

3. Christ King of our Earthly and of our Eternal Homes.

3. Benefits contd. What has been done (*C*) by the parties concerned, in (*a*) Working Men's Unions, and (*b*) Associations of Employers. The "Rerum Novarum" is the Magna Charta of the Social Order.
Kevin McCusker.

21st October, 1938.

4. Christ is King of the Church.

4. Authority of the Church in Social and Economic Spheres. The Right of Property. The Obligations of Ownership. The Power of the State. Obligations regarding Surplus Income. Titles in acquiring ownership.
Joseph McGowan.

28th October, 1938.

5. Christ is King of my Soul.

5. Capital and Labour. Unjust claims of (*a*) Capital. (*b*) Labour. Principle of just distribution. Uplifting of the proletariat. Proletarian conditions and property.
Kevin Finlay.

4th November, 1938.

6. Christ is King of Youth.

6. A Just Wage. Three points to be considered: (*a*) Support of the Working-man and his family, (*b*) state of business, (*c*) the needs of the common good.
John Sherry.

11th November, 1938.

7. Christ is King of the Family.

7. The Reconstruction of the Social Order. Collaboration between vocational groups. The restoration of a guiding principle.
Thomas McLister.

18th November, 1938.

8. Christ is King of Sufferers.

8. The change in Economic Conditions. Domination has followed from free competition. Disastrous consequences. Remedies.
Brendan O'Callaghan.

25th November, 1938.

9. Christ is King of Believers.

9. The Changes in Socialism. (*a*) The more violent—Communism; (*b*) the more moderate—Socialism. Its attitude on Class-warfare and property. No middle course possible. Catholic and Socialist contradictory.
Raymond Hughes.

2nd December, 1938.

10. Christ is King of Human Life.

10. The Root of Social Disorder. Moral renovation. Ruin of Souls—cause of this.
Garrett McGrath.

9th December, 1938.

11. What does Christ's Birth Signify to the World?

11. Remedies: (*a*) Economic life must be inspired by Christian Principles. (*b*) The Law of Charity must operate. A difficult task. Course to be followed. Intimate union and harmony necessary.
Robert Magee.

SECOND TERM———JANUARY TO MARCH, 1939.

Dogmatic Course—by Spiritual Director. Papers—by Students.

CHRIST THE DIVINE TEACHER.
Text: "The Great Teacher"—Mgr. Toth.

Pope Leo XIII.'s Encyclical: "Sapientiæ Christianæ."

13th January, 1939.

1. Christ's Revelation of God as our Father.

1. Outline of course of study for term.

20th January, 1939.

2. Christ's Revelation about the Human Soul.

2. The Evil of Neglecting Christian Teaching. A Godless Government self-condemned. The decline of Religion and its dangers.
Gerald Park.

27th January, 1939.

3. Christ's Revelation about our purpose in life.

3. Duty of Catholics towards Church and Country. True love of Church and Country not opposed.
Charles Delargy.

3rd February, 1939.

4. Christ's Commandment that we love one another.

4. State Laws at variance with the Law of God invalid. Scientific Progress a pretext for rebellion against God.
Martin Tuohy.

10th February, 1939.

5. Christ and Work.

5. Need of Catholics to be well instructed in their Religion. Catholics should defend the Faith.
Patrick Hughes.

17th February, 1939.

6. Christ and Wealth.

6. Catholics should profess and spread the Faith. The Need of Action in Common.
Gerard McGivern.

24th February, 1939.

7. What is the Following of Christ?

7. Complete Obedience and Submission to the Church and the Pope necessary. The extent of the Obedience due to these. The Nature of the Church. The Rights of the Church.
Peter McCann.

3rd March, 1939.

8. How we are to Follow Christ.

8. The Church does not disapprove of any lawful form of government. State Laws must help Religion and Morality.
John Mitchell.

10th March, 1939.

9. The Joy of Following Christ.

9. Necessity of Union of Mind among Catholics. False Prudence condemned and described. False Zeal and Rashness reprobated.
James Flanagan.

15th March, 1939.

10. Christ the Master of Life.

10. The Right Qualities of Public Action. Due subordination in the Church necesary. Christian Virtue necessary.
Christopher O'Doherty.

24th March, 1939.

11. A World without Christ.

11. Just punishments for Wrong-doing. Practice of Christian Charity strongly urged.
George Boyle.

31st March, 1939.

12. Has Christianity Failed?

12. Right Training in the Family. Rights and Duties of Parents.
George O'Neill.

THE EDITOR AND COMMITTEE

Wish to thank Rev. Father L. McKeown, C.C., St. Peter's, Belfast, for Photographic Block of St. Patrick's Grave; also the "Belfast News-Letter" for Photographic Block of Inch Abbey.

We also wish to thank our Advertisers, and request our readers when purchasing to give them a preference.

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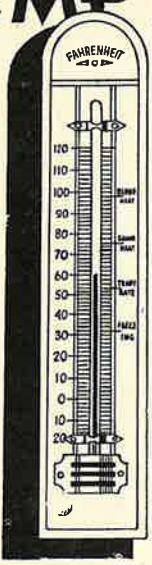
GIVES
EVEN TEMPERATURE



It is surely real economy to see that the fabric of your buildings is properly protected and the comfort and well-being of the occupants provided for.

Efficient Central Heating is an absolute necessity in carrying out these objects.

Installations are planned for existing or projected buildings by an efficient staff of expert heating Engineers.

We offer you the benefit of over 60 years' experience and can quote you competitive prices no matter whether a single stove or a complete hot water or steam installation is required. Satisfactory service guaranteed.

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