

and the reluctant followers of the chase swore to their leader that never would they think again of abandoning the enterprise.

The party moved on. When they reached the defile, where Joe had been cutting and where he had seen the animal, even the iron nerves of those determined heroes began to feel the tension. Once more their courage was on the point of being challenged. Angus, their leader, who kept in advance of the company was a brave character but a heedless and imprudent young man. Uttering a wild cry, intended as a war-whoop to his men, he leaped forward and shouldering his musket, fired. The warriors facing about took to their heels and fled, regardless of the order of their going.

When they had gained the edge of the wood the fugitives reunited. They were unable to speak, much less to inquire into the strangeness of their situation. At length, when they had recovered their breath all that they could think or say was: "Poor Angus, poor Angus, Angus wasn't a bad fellow after all."

In the midst of these lamentations over their forsaken comrade, Angus suddenly fell upon them.

"Bless my soul Angus, we all thought you'd got killed," they cried.

"Not by no means," replied that staunch hero, "I ain't that far gone yet, no but I damn near killed the infernal——. I fought 'im and got the best of 'im but the beggar seein' that retreated. 'Ive followed his tracks up ever since and till I got up to you cowards."

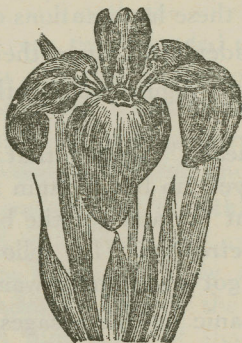
The signs of panic on the visages of the downcast warriors shifted for those of utter shame. They now entreated Angus never to spread abroad their disgraceful action. In return they would follow him anywhere, even to the death. Angus made them pledge their word of

honor never to forsake him again, and accordingly they reentered the forest.

Straightway they made for the spot of Angus's encounter. They paused. Instantly, their eyes caught the glimpse of brown fur in the hollow of a tree, and the musketeers taking deliberate aim fired a volley. When the smoke had cleared and the firing squad had picked themselves up from the undignified position in which they had been deposited by the rare action of their firearms, they proceeded cautiously to the hollow in the tree, to find—a poor little brown dog who, in the rigor of death seemed mutely to reproach them for their needless cruelty.

For a few moments they stood over their fallen victim, muttering the words: "Poor Fido! He must have been hunting squirrels. Poor Fido! He was a good dog."

—A. Gallant '24



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Editorial

In Ireland. On March 21st, T. P. O'Connor asked Mr. Churchill in the Commons whether the [Ulster] border situation was not due to the progroms against Catholics in Belfast. To this the Secretary for the Colonies answered: "I am bound to state that conditions in Belfast are lamentable in the extreme. Considerably more Catholics have been killed and wounded than Protestants; but I know that Premier Craig and his ministers are doing everything to try and restore order in what you might call the underworld of Belfast." On the same day Premier Craig told a deputation of the Catholic workers, who had been driven from

the industries of Belfast by mob violence, that it was impracticable at present to carry out the agreement with Michael Collins regarding their restoration to their places of employment. It is to be noted that Collins carried out his engagement and lifted the boycott on Ulster trade. Now Churchill's restrained language and Craig's Pilot language, taken together, document the historical facts for the year 1922, that there are progroms of Catholics in Ulster and that the government of that Province are letting the mob have its head.

It is gratifying to observe that there is no appearance of retaliation upon the Protestant minorities scattered throughout the rest of Ireland, nor will there be, I am sure, no matter what the provocation from the north.

But the latest brutality, the murder of seven members of the McMahon family by men in Ulster uniform on the morning of March 24th has overflowed the cup and unless there is speedy investigation and some show of awakened conscience on the part of Sir James and his ministers the borders of Ulster will smoke with such reek as Ireland has not seen during these six years. They seem to desire to bring about precisely that condition. The Turk had the same kind of assurance of inviolability at Constantinople once, but the limit of endurance was reached at last.

Democracy and Diplomacy. During the conference at Washington, now done and dead, official America worked with all its might and through all its agencies to manovver France into a false position on naval reduction ratio. A most unpopular Press campaign

affected to represent a popular outcry against France for "wrecking the conference" by having an opinion of her own as to what armament she should retain. But outside the conference chamber popular America was hanging on every word and gesture of Marshal Foch, and, through him, sending pledges of undying friendship to the land where so many of their children had left their bones. There was nothing to be gained by accentuating a position which had become ridiculous. The campaign was called off: the big guns ceased firing and therewith all the resonance boxes of Propaganda throughout the land were suddenly mute.

Popular America did not approve the treaties that were prepared in the conference. They were objectionable as the League of nations was objectionable; they belonged to the order of entangling alliances. There was the further objection that American honor was compromised by the involved recognition of the spoliation of China. Finally there was the very general feeling that the administration was traitor to the hopes of the overwhelming millions who had put them in place by voting down the League. This situation was met by a ruse. The delegates had scarcely convened at Washington when there began to be talk of another conference to meet at Cannes, to devise ways and means for the financial rehabilitation of Europe, or some such wind as that. No one hoped to rehabilitate Europe by talking; but the Cannes Conference could serve incidental purposes. It could be used, for instance, to manouver France into the position of an obstacle to European peace, should she, as foreseen, stand to her rights. It would moreover furnish President Harding the opportunity of drama-

tically declining to participate in affairs that did not concern America, and of thus giving earnest of his assurance that the treaties then being negotiated did not mean entangling alliances. The treaties have got through the Senate, sure enough; and France is like to wreck the Genoa Conference, for she insists that Russia shall not participate unless and until she undertakes to pay in gold all the damage done to Frenchmen in Russia by the revolution.

Other instances of the separation between popular and official America are not wanting. In purely domestic affairs the Volsted Act is official; it is probably not popular, for popular America would rather buy than brew. In some of the states officials elected by popular majorities have been removed from office by sentence of the state judicature, which is a plain theft of the right of the franchise. In other of the states compact minorities are sedulously forging legal instruments to the same end; so that the Mayor of New York, for instance, in spite of an overwhelming popular majority in his favor, might be removed from office for some statutory disability.

Where popular majorities can be constantly thwarted by compact minorities the form of government is not Democratic, but, by definition, Autocratic. And popular America sees it; therefore is each successive strike becoming larger and more imperative. Not that the striking laborer makes any one of these anomalies his grievance; but the persuasion that the government of the country is in the hands of an inner ring gives him a light heart in rejecting its proffered offices and embarrassing its operation.