

GENERAL

The Irish Trade Mark

The Irish Trade Mark was registered on December 8, 1906. Since that date the value of the Trade Mark has been recognised in every part of Ireland. Fully 400 firms, ranging from the largest employers of labor in Belfast to a small association of Kerry homespun weavers, are now using it, and not a week passes but the secretary receives applications from other Irish firms at the registered offices of the association, 13 'Marlboro' street, Cork. 'To symbolise a nation's trade,' writes Mr. John P. Boland, M.P., 'is a new conception. To Ireland, alone, of all the nations of the world, belongs the credit of giving effect to it. And just as the country flies its flag on days of national rejoicing, so should every citizen who takes a keen pride in his country's commercial welfare seek to make known far and wide the national symbol for probity in trade.'

President Roosevelt's Appreciation

President Roosevelt paid a notable tribute to the Irish race on January 16, when the members of the American-Irish Historical Society were received at the White House. 'Many different strains from the beginning,' he said, 'have contributed to make up what is now American citizenship, and from the beginning the men who themselves or whose forefathers came from Ireland have played a great and leading part in the affairs of the nation.'

A Doomed Aristocracy

'George A. Birmingham' (the Rev. James O. Hannay, Rector of Westport), writing in the *Westminster Gazette* on 'A Doomed Aristocracy,' says: The Irish aristocracy is perishing; perishing, not as that other Irish aristocracy which fought for the Stuart cause and went down like a stormy sun in a blaze of romance; not like the French noblesse, men and women, who, if they could not live wisely, at least knew how to die with a sneer or a jibe on their lips, contemptuous, even in the tumbrils, of the canaille which had conquered them. This aristocracy of ours is passing unsung, unlamented, in such a way that the world, cherishing a last vision of it, will think of it hereafter as a class of higglers driving belated bargains in a falling market. They have lived, these gentlemen of Ireland, aloof from their people and their land. They are dying aloof from them now. They have earned in the past no love. Humble folk have not gathered round them for shelter and protection. No beauty of service or sympathy has won the heart of Ireland to them. And yet they were men, and strong men. They are, in their isolation and their decay, strong men still. No other class anywhere, perhaps, has bred such sons. Read the roll of them—Wellesley, Gough, Napier, Nicholson, Dufferin, and a hundred more, the greatest of the great, the strongest of the strong. In spite of all the honor they have won, they are going to extinction without honor. Their houses are scattered about Ireland—fair houses, with green demesnes in the midst of desolate boglands, or stately among the mountains and lakes, or halls with varied gardens and fine trees, where the pasture land is rich in Western Leinster. There are pictures on the walls, battle-pieces and portraits of the men who won the battles. There are old arms stored, and curios from the East, trophies of the courage and skill of fathers and grandfathers who went empire-building, and to whose credit, more than to that of any other class, it stands that an empire has been built. Across the Channel in England, traders have grown rich by exploiting the countries which these Irish gentlemen of former generations won for them. And now the descendants of the great soldiers and administrators sit and grumble amid the gathered witnesses of old triumphs, the tarnished loot of many fights, the prizes of high energy in governing. They could win, these dead heroes, any land under the sun except their own, rule wisely everywhere except in Ireland. Their children pay the penalty; sit solitary in their great houses, complaining bitterly over their wine in the evening, staining the white honor of their pride now and again by whining to the leaders of a contemptuous bourgeoisie, or the chosen spokesman of a ravenous proletariat, new generations who know nothing of the older men and their deeds care nothing for them and their privileges. These gentlemen of Ireland, who have never cared for Ireland, sit grinding out the monotonous tale of their grievances while politicians laugh at them.

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People We Hear About

The Hon. Richard Campbell, who has been appointed a Supreme Court judge in Manila, was born near Belfast, and went to the United States in his early youth. He became a newspaper reporter in New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. He studied for the law in Georgetown University. He was appointed by President Roosevelt as assistant to the Attorney-General of the Philippines in 1902; served four years in the Department of Justice, and was promoted in 1906 to be District Attorney of the Moro Province and a member of the Legislative Council. Mr. Campbell is thirty-six years old, is a Catholic, and takes a keen interest in things Catholic in the Philippine Islands. Ex-President Roosevelt, who discovered Mr. Campbell, has often praised his work in the Philippines. Mr. Campbell is a member of the University Club, the Catholic Club of New York, and the Knights of Columbus.

The Most Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, the patriotic Bishop of Raphoe, is a prelate of remarkable zeal and energy. He will fix a day for visitation of some churches of his diocese. He will rise at 6, drive twenty miles, say Mass at 8, and speak to the people; then breakfast, drive another fifteen miles or so, and be present at the 12 o'clock Mass, and again address the people. Then he will go another twenty miles, have dinner with the local clergy, preside and preach at the evening devotions, and the same evening will return to Letterkenny. He is wonderfully beloved by his clergy and people, and justly so, for it would be difficult to find a more kind-hearted and fatherly man. He lives for his people, and spends himself and is spent for their spiritual and temporal welfare. He is a man of great scholarly attainments, and distinguished himself long ago, both as a student and professor in Maynooth College.

In the course of an article on the centenary of Sir John Moore, the London *Daily News* said: 'The English are a nation of captains.' This statement excited the ire of Lieutenant-Colonel Warburton, who wrote as follows: 'There has not been an English General since Marlborough. Wellington was born at Dangan Castle, Meath, of an old Irish family called Wesley, and christened in Dublin. Wolfe was born at Ferneaux Abbey, Kildare, and christened at Westerham, nearly in the same case as the Brontes (Bruneys). His grandfather defended Limerick against William III. Sir John Moore and the Napiers were Scotsmen; so was Abercrombie (Egypt); so were Napier, of Magdala, Crawford, and Clyde. Wolseley and Roberts are Irish. So was Gough. The generals and statesmen who saved India to Great Britain were Neill Nicholson, the two Lawrences (Irish), Edwards (Welsh), and Rose (Scotch). I know of Wolfe because my great-grandfather served under him at Quebec. I don't know whether Scotsmen like to be called English, but certainly Irishmen do not. Is it worth while, however, to feed the enormous selfishness of Englishmen, which you in your own columns have been known to condemn, by claiming as such the genius of other nationalities?'

Poetry does not evidently pay in the United States, as a contemporary draws attention to the fact that nearly all the Catholic writers in that country are engaged in other occupations for a living. Necessity compels them to be busy workers. With the exception of, perhaps, Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly, we doubt if there is a single Catholic poet in America who is not forced to rely upon some trade or profession for a livelihood. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney was, until recently, a town postmistress; James Riley, author of 'Songs of Two People,' is an employee of the Post Office Department; William J. Fischer, a Canadian, is a country doctor; Thomas A. Daly, whose poems are quoted everywhere, is the manager of a Catholic newspaper; Denis A. McCarthy, author of two volumes of poetry, is assistant editor of a Catholic newspaper; Helen Hughes, whose poems appear monthly in *Donahoe's Magazine*, is a woman country doctor at Mankato, Minnesota; Mary Curtin Shepherd is a clerk in the Marshall Field Store at Chicago; Daniel J. Donahoe, author of nine volumes of genuine poetry, is a hard-worked lawyer at Middletown, Connecticut; Charles Hanson Towne is a sort of under editor on the *Smart Set*; Thomas Walsh, whose work is found in the *Century*, *Harper's*, *Atlantic*, and similar, from month to month, is a general writer who knows what hack work is; James Jeffrey Roche was editor of the *Boston Pilot*. Finally—for one might continue this enumeration through a page—Father John B. Tabb was until recently a teacher of English literature at St. Charles's College, Ellicott City, Maryland.

'Human labor must be properly paid before the question of dividends comes in,' said Mr. Justice Higgins in the Broken Hill arbitration case.