



AN T-OGLÁC

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Vol. IV.—No. 5.

February 13, 1926

EASTER WEEK, 1916.

DUBLIN CASTLE FROM THE INSIDE.

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An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 5

FEBRUARY 13, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



A FURIOUS FIT OF "FITNESS."

An t-Oglach

FEBRUARY 13, 1926.

Managing Editor : Comdt. W. J. Brennan-Whitmore.

Literary Editor : Captain J. A. Power.

Editorial Offices : G.H.Q., Parkgate, Dublin.

Literary contributions are requested from all Officers, N.C.O.'s and Men. Contributions should be written on one side of the paper only ; and whilst every reasonable care will be taken of MS., no responsibility is accepted. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the MS. is desired. Reports of the doings of Units are particularly requested from all Commands. These should reach the Editorial Office not later than the Saturday previous to the date of publication.

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EAGARTEÓIR.

IT is not our place as the Army Journal to intervene in politics, but we think we are entitled to comment upon a scheme for the degradation of the Irish Troops to the position of uniformed labourers which has recently received the *imprimatur* of a leading Irish daily newspaper, in an editorial headed "Imagination in Politics." Despite this pontifical blessing, we do not regard the scheme as politics—certainly not as practical politics—and, whilst we are ready to credit its author with the most altruistic motives, we feel that he, like his journalistic sponsor, is hopelessly out of touch with Irish national sentiment.

* * *

Sentiment is a word that raises the gorge of many people when it does not happen to be their particular brand of sentiment. It is a fine thing to fight for a flag when it happens to be their Flag; it is a piece of absurd sentimentality (at the best) when it happens to be somebody else's Flag. People of this mentality take an amazingly materialistic view of other people's ideals—and call it "commonsense."

* * *

To-day the same press—or, rather, an Irish representative of it—which 120 years ago referred with pitying contempt to the "foolish-

ness" of Young America, points to the achievement of American military engineers in the construction of the Panama Canal and bids the Irish Army emulate them on the roads.

* * *

The gentleman who—with the best intentions in the world, we are sure—started this hare is a Mr. Hewson Cowen, of Little Island, Co. Cork. He stated in the opening sentence of a long letter (over a column in length) which the newspaper in question joyfully published on February 2nd, that he merely wished to "contribute a suggestion by which an economic liability now borne by the taxpayers may be converted into a first-rate economic asset." And the long and the short of his suggestion was that:—"Our first line of home defence, being a versatile and quickly mobilised military force, and our first line of economic defence an up-to-date road transport system, amalgamation of these two national services into one Civil Service" would be the finest thing that could happen Cathleen ni Houlihan.

* * *

In other words, with a view largely of making the country fit for tourists to visit (as Mr. Cowen admits), the men who manned the *Bearna Baoghail* in the days of Ireland's

fight for freedom shall degenerate into uniformed labourers, with their officers occupying the proud position of gangers. That is the fine destiny which our contemporary seeks for the Army of Ireland. It makes an effort to gild the pill with the obvious allusions to the road-making exploits of Caesar's Legions and those other *Legionnaires* of more modern date in Algeria. And, then, apparently realising the fatuousness of attempting such a parallel, it plays its trump card of the Panama Canal. But it does not tell us that outside the Department of the Panama Canal compulsory road-making is the destiny of long-term convicts in America and elsewhere.

* * *

"It is a fine vision," says the leader writer. Undoubtedly; it would be the Vision Splendid to all enemies of Ireland—an alleged Irish Army that was really a road-construction gang, with the Tricolour hoisted sardonically over the shack that housed the Clerk of Works. Later on, of course, we might be promoted to cleaning the streets and emptying the dustbins.

* * *

There's a destiny for you, Soldiers of Ireland! But the curious fact remains that a careful search of the files of the journal in question has failed to reveal any trace of such a suggestion having been made in its pages whilst another military force was in occupation of the country. The idea, apparently, has been born exclusively for our benefit.

ALL-ARMY HANDBALL CHAMPIONSHIP.

(To the Editor of "An t-Oglach.")

A Chara,—With reference to the contradiction published in your issue of the 6th inst. in connection with the statement embodied in my report to the G.H.Q. Command Council with regard to the All-Army Handball Championship, I regret that, through a clerical error, the words "Hard and Soft Ball Doubles" were inserted in the copy of the report submitted to you for publication. In this connection the report should have read, "G.H.Q. Handballers have annexed Hard Ball Doubles and Singles."

I desire to apologise for any wrong impression which may have arisen as a result of the erroneous statement referred to.—Mise,

JAS. P. HAWE, Capt.



EASTER WEEK, 1916.

DUBLIN CASTLE FROM THE INSIDE : TOUCH-AND-GO ON THE FATEFUL MONDAY : GRISLY SCENES.

THE NARRATIVE OF ONE WHO WAS THERE.

(Being the Fifth instalment of the History of the Anglo-Irish War.)

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

[NOTE.—All actual participants in the Anglo-Irish War, from Easter 1916, to the Truce with the British on the 11th July, 1921, who wish to establish the true facts of the history of the period, are cordially invited to communicate with the Editor.]

We who were compelled to be on duty in Dublin Castle that Easter Monday of 1916 were very sorry for ourselves when we saw what a fine day it was going to be. We were even more sorry for ourselves later on, when we saw what a day it turned out to be.

YOU may remember what a splendid morning it was: April 24th, and weather like the middle of June (better than some Junes I have known). I heard afterwards—when communications were re-established, as it were—from a friend in the North, that Belfast had a distinctively Aprilesque douche that day. He described the troops marching off to entrain for Dublin that night in a veritable deluge—but I anticipate.

Do you know those stuffy old offices in the Castle? Where they are not very Early Victorian they are mediæval. I remember going into the Police Canteen there one night shortly after I took up duty (I wasn't on duty at the time) and being forcibly struck with its resemblance to a smugglers' cave, or the secret cellar where desperately dramatic characters always met in the novels of my youth (penny to threepence a volume). And the illusion was not dispelled when the temporary god behind the bar turned out the naked and stupidly flaring gas jets and "shoo-ed" us all to bed with a huge candlestick like a wash-hand basin with an imitation of Nelson's Pillar in the middle.

The Calm Before.

Well, anyway, anyone who works in them has to pay tribute to antiquity. And on that Easter Monday we felt the stuffiness of our jobs more than ever; we, the desk slaves. We looked out at the blue

sky and the little woolly clouds, and thought of Fairyhouse, and Kingstown (as it was then), and Dalkey, and Howth, and all the places where we could have a jolly good time in the sunshine. Lord, how we envied the fellows who had got off for the day!

The Castle was almost empty. Police of assorted varieties were in the majority, and they were not too numerous. The place was practically denuded of troops—the Garrison Sergeant-Major and the whole lot had cleared out. Altogether there were only two Officers in the place—a Colonel and a Major; there were about seventy wounded soldiers from overseas in the Castle Red Cross Hospital, and there were half-a-dozen disabled soldiers in Ship Street Barracks. That was all.

The Bolt from the Blue.

And then came the bolt from the blue and sunny sky!

Whatever knowledge or suspicions others in the Castle possessed, I had not the remotest idea that anything so far-fetched (to the official mind) as a Rising against the might of England was likely to be attempted. Even the best-informed in the place, I think, regarded such a happening as a very remote possibility.

Somewhere about mid-day (I see the official reports give it as 12.15 p.m., but I should have thought it was ten or fifteen minutes later) we heard a shot from the direction of the Cork Hill Gate. We knew a shot when we heard it, and our first thought was that a revolver had been accidentally discharged. But then we heard shouts and sounds of unusual excitement outside, and then the clang of the big gates as they were swung to with a rush.

Alarums and Excursions.

There was a dash to office windows, and some of the staff went outside to investigate. In two seconds they were back with

the astounding news that the Sinn Feiners were attacking the Castle; that the policeman on duty at the gate had been shot dead, and that the gates had been closed only in the nick of time. Afterwards I was told that the attacking party had also thrown a bomb which went through a window, but did not explode.

Well, you can imagine the excitement! At first there was general incredulity. This was followed by considerable indecision as to the best action to take for the defence of the Castle.

I was not counted in on this, for good and sufficient reasons. In fact my existence was ignored for a considerable time after the first alarm. And then they remembered me sufficiently to tell me that I would have to stay in the Castle for the present, as it was impossible to get out. They also told me to keep under cover, as the snipers were beginning to be active.

An Agitated Officer.

The one thing that sticks out in my memory of those first few hectic minutes is one of the military Officers (the Major) rushing to a telephone and, after vainly wrestling with it for a few moments, exclaiming:

"My God! The wires are cut!"

I believe he was trying to get G.H.Q. at the time, on the direct line. Afterwards he managed to get through to the Telephone Exchange in Crown Alley.

What a difference it would have made in the history of Easter Week if the Sinn Feiners had captured the Telephone Exchange in time!

For hours that slender bunch of wires between Crown Alley and the Castle must have fairly hummed. Dribbles of information reached me occasionally as I sat in a safe corner and smoked as philosophically as I could. I heard that the "rebels" in the G.P.O. had shot down a number of cavalrymen in front of the building. I heard that British reinforce-

ments were already on the move from the Curragh. One minute I learned that the "rebels" held the most of the city, and that there had been frightful slaughter: the next I was told that they occupied only a few points and that there had been no fighting of any consequence as yet.

The Besieged.

One thing they were very pleased about, and that was the manner in which the half-dozen disabled soldiers had managed to shut the gates of Ship Street Barracks in the nick of time. I think they were vastly relieved when they heard that.

I think there were a few civilians in the Castle at the time. I believe a couple of the lady typists had to be accommodated with the wife of the Garrison Sergeant-Major (by the way, I saw him on the Tuesday morning, and somebody told me he had managed to get into the Castle on the Monday night). But I had not much opportunity of making investigations. All the surrounding roofs seemed to be densely populated by snipers, and it became quite a common thing to hear the whistle of a bullet and see chips knocked off a wall uncomfortably near to where you were standing. I can assure you, however, that nobody stirred from the shelter of the buildings if they could possibly avoid it; at least not in daylight.

Deadly Sniping.

Later in the week the sniping became even more intense, and there were many casualties within the Castle walls. There was shooting by day and by night. I remember seeing one poor devil of a soldier (this was after reinforcements arrived) being picked off as he was climbing the Tower at the Chapel Royal. It seemed to me, at the time, a damned silly thing to order a man up that way in the circumstances.

One of the worst points, so far as we were concerned, was the newspaper office just facing the Castle gates at Cork Hill, which seemed to have a very strong garrison of Sinn Feiners, including some amazingly good marksmen. They were also in force in the City Hall, the rear of which abuts on the Castle.

They had it all their own way for the first couple of hours on that Easter Monday, but, somewhere about two o'clock, I was astonished to see a lot of British soldiers in the Castle. There seemed to be two or three hundred of them, Royal Irish Rifles and Dublin Fusiliers, and I was told that they had got in by the Ship St. gate. And, as an instance of the unreliability of human evidence, I may mention that I had a terrific argument only

the other day with one of the people who were in the Castle all that week, as to when the first relief arrived. He maintained that no reinforcements entered the Castle until Wednesday! Why, some of the G.H.Q. Officers got in on the Tuesday.

Things Get Hotter.

I must say that the arrival of the soldiers made it hotter for us, if anything. They were immediately posted to the most advantageous positions and commenced to reply to the fire of the Sinn Feiners, who returned the compliment with emphasis.

From that onwards the strength of the Castle garrison steadily grew—and so did the casualties.

I suppose most people will remember the extraordinarily fine weather of that week—"Rebellion weather" was a phrase in use for years afterwards. Well, it was so fine that it made it imperative to allow as little time as possible to elapse between death and burial. We buried them in what was known as "The Pound"—without coffin or shroud, in their habit as they had lived.

The Castle Golgotha.

Before the end of the week the Pound was pretty full—British soldiers, Irish Republican soldiers, and civilians. It was a tough job, acting as amateur gravedigger, but the graves were not dug very deep, as they were intended to be only temporary.

I remember one of the lady typists, I forget her name, telling me how, when the whole business was over, she had to sit at her desk at a window overlooking the Pound, day after day, and see the pitiful bodies being exhumed. She shuddered as she told me about it, and I wondered what the devil kind of fool men were in her office that subjected her to such an ordeal.

Those poor dead folk came from all quarters—the Castle Red Cross, and other hospitals, and from the streets. Some of them, I am sure, had nothing at all to do with the business.

And I have often wondered since how many bodies "unidentified," still lie under the green sward of the Pound.

My memory straggles a little nowadays when I try to put day and date on the events of that week, and I sometimes wish I had kept a diary. But I was in no mood for keeping a diary at the time, even if I had the opportunity. You went to bed when you could and slept the sleep of exhaustion.

Rations Run Short.

All day, and every day, the rattle of musketry and, towards the middle of the week, the boom of the big guns drove in

on your brain. All windows were blocked up and darkened, and life indoors became almost as uncomfortable as life outdoors, if not quite so uncertain. At first the grub was all right, but, towards the end of the week, rations were getting pretty short, and the menu developed a damnable monotony. This, I suppose, was largely due to the manner in which British troops were crowding into the Castle, and the impossibility of getting much in the way of supplies from outside. On the Saturday we were down to the starvation stakes.

I remember the soldiers lying around in the Castle Yard for lack of accommodation, and I remember thinking that they were at least fortunate in the weather. The 11th Dublins (Pals' Battalion) were amongst them—some of them—I believe there were others on duty at the quays.

Thursday night we thought the whole city was going up in flames. The glow of the conflagration illumined both Castle Yards. Cut off as we were from detailed sources of information, we imagined all sorts of things, and those of us who had homes, friends, or relatives living in the city had a pretty anxious time of it—even worse than we had been enduring previously. We were, you must recollect, to all intents and purposes, in a state of siege, until peace was declared on the Saturday.

The Women Prisoners.

But if our lot was pretty bad, that of the prisoners whom they began to bring in was infinitely worse—especially that of the women prisoners. But, by Heavens, how they did keep a stiff upper lip!

There was no accommodation in Ship St. Barracks for these women and girls—that is to say, no half-way decent accommodation—and there were some people in the place who seemed to be rather sorry that the accommodation wasn't even worse. I suppose if there is any scum in a person it comes to the surface in times like those, just as you can always tell a man by the way he holds his liquor—like a gentleman, or otherwise.

When those decent Irish women and girls were marched up to their meals they had to run the gauntlet of coarse and brutal jeers from some of the soldiers, and nobody in authority ever attempted to check the Tommies, at any rate, never on any occasion when I was there. The women took it splendidly: they ignored the offensive taunts, and during their scant term of exercise danced Irish dances with as much appearance of care-free delight as if they were at some kindly *ceilidh* of the old days, instead of prisoners in the grip of the great British Empire. It was an honour to be ever so unworthy a member of the same race.

On the Sunday, I commenced an Odyssean homewards, over a path of ruins studded with raucous-voiced sentries for milestones. It took my portentous Castle permit all it could do to frank me the whole way.

(To be Continued).



PROGRESS OF AVIATION IN 1925.

A SYNOPSIS BY COLONEL C. F. RUSSELL, Army Air Service.

Although the year 1925, compared with previous years, cannot be said to be outstanding in the way of Aeronautical development, certain steps forward of great importance have been made during this period. On the technical side the invention of the "Autogiro" by the Spanish engineer, Juan de la Cierva, deserves first mention. This machine, now under examination by the British Air Ministry experts at Farnboro', although not a helicopter, appears to have all the advantages claimed for this type of craft, without any of the disadvantages. It differs from the ordinary aeroplane in that the lifting surfaces are provided by four blades, in the shape of a windmill, mounted on a vertical axis. These blades are driven by the force of the wind obtained from horizontal propulsion by an ordinary engine and propeller mounted in the orthodox way in the nose of the fuselage. The great feature of Cierva's machine, and one which was amply proved during flying tests, is its low landing speed of 15 miles per hour. Ordinary aircraft require a landing speed of from 45 to 65 miles per hour, and consequently a proportionately larger aerodrome area is necessary. In other respects also many advantages are claimed by the inventor, but sufficient time has not yet elapsed to prove their correctness or otherwise.

Next in importance to this innovation of 1925 is the successful construction of a three-engined aeroplane. During the period under review the Handley Page firm introduced their "Hampstead" machine fitted with three engines, one being mounted in the nose of the fuselage and one on each side in the wing rigging. The "Hampstead" has accommodation for 14 passengers and a considerable amount of luggage. It can remain in the air and climb on any two of its engines, and thus represents a considerable step forward in load capacity and safety. Resulting from recent tests of this machine it can be said that the danger of forced landings on three-engined machines is negligible. It is to be noted that orders have been placed for three-engined machines for the British London-Paris Service.

Finally, to the efforts of 1925 must be recorded the construction of flying boat-hulls of duralumin. As a result of this work the inconvenience and danger of water-logged hulls are removed, and the future of the flying boat considerably improved.

On the practical side of Flying the outstanding event of the past year has been the inauguration of Light Aeroplane Clubs, through the medium of which flying has been brought within the reach of the ordinary man. In Great Britain, where this scheme has been well advanced, it is possible for the Club members to learn to fly at a cost of from £5 to £6, and subsequently to hire an aeroplane at £1 per hour. The Clubs are assisted, of course, by

State grants in the way of equipment, but everything points to their financial independence in the very near future.

Another feature under this heading is the number of long distance flights completed in 1925. Most notable of these highly practical tests of flying was Cobham's 17,000 miles flight from England to India, the Japanese flight from Tokio to London, and the Italian airman's 35,000 miles flight from Rome to Tokio and back via Melbourne.

On the commercial and sporting side the period under review has been dull and disappointing. In regard to the latter, the only events worthy of note are the American speed record of 246 miles per hour, the French duration flight without landing of 45 hours 12 minutes, and the Dutch "useful load" record of 3,300 lbs. for 3 hours 3½ minutes. On the commercial side the single subsidised company in England flew a total of 825,000 miles, carrying 11,000 passengers and 600 tons of cargo, representing a decrease under these heads in England for previous years. The figures for "Aero Loyd," the French London-Paris transport concern, and the Dutch concern operating Amsterdam-London are no less encouraging for the same period. In America, however, the various State Postal Services record further progress, 600 million letters having been carried in the year. In Germany also an increase of 57,900 passengers carried over a total of 2½ million miles is reported.

In general the past year has not been a good one in the matter of Aeronautical progress, and one hopes for something better in 1926. The recent change in construction policy from wood to steel and duralumin is at least one bright spot in the immediate future of Aeronautics.

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No. 2 BRIGADE HURLING AND FOOTBALL LEAGUE.

In beautiful weather, on Sunday, 7th inst., Command Headquarters Battn., Athlone, travelled to Galway to fulfil their Hurling and Football League fixtures with the 1st Battn.

At 2.30 the Referee started the proceedings with the Football match, and a large crowd of spectators (military and civilian) were treated to a fine exhibition of real grit and determination which could not be excelled in an All-Ireland Final. Of course it could not be expected that these teams were the equal of finalists for All-Ireland honours in stylish, classic hurling or football, but their clean, dashing determination was certainly becoming Irish soldiers and good sportsmen and could be held out as an example to some outside clubs playing at present who at one time or another held premier honours in the Gaelic fields.

From the throw-in play was fast and furious, good catching and kicking being conspicuous. Both teams showed up well in stylish bouts of neat play, in which the 1st Battn. had the advantage and ran out winners with the score:—1st Battn., 11 points; C.H.Q. Battn., 4 points.

The Referee lost no time in starting the Hurling match, and after a very stiff and evenly divided first half the teams changed sides with only a point difference in the score. The second half proved to be a rather one-sided affair, and although C.H.Q. Battn. fought obstinately they could not hold the "Men of the West," who ran out easy winners by a big score.

The feature of this match was the brilliant saving of Pte. Donnelly, A.S.C., the C.H.Q. goalie, who repeatedly saved his side from a reverse. It can truly be said that it was no fault of his that C.H.Q. were beaten. His brilliant play was applauded by the spectators, including the followers of both teams. The 1st Battn. were best served at centre field by some very useful hurlers.

C.H.Q. Battn. are anxiously looking forward to the return games with the 1st, when they hope to reverse the decisions and incidentally to reciprocate the hospitality extended to them by the officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the 1st on the occasion of their visit to Galway.

Lt. J. Kelly (25th Battn.) had charge of the whistle in both matches, and conducted both games in a thoroughly impartial manner.

OTHER REPORTS

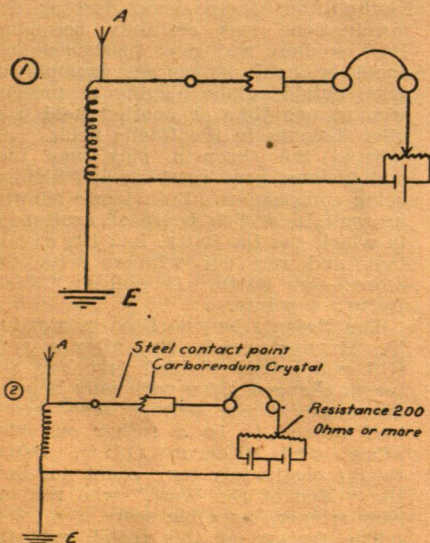
Of Athletic Contests, etc.,
will be found in the
"Gossip of the Barracks."

WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY
Commandant J. SMYTH
 ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

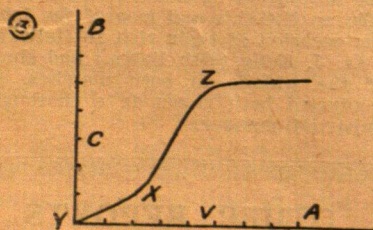
CRYSTAL SETS—continued.

The Carborundum steel detector across which a local voltage is required may be joined up either as in Fig. 1 or Fig. 2. In the latter diagram the local voltage may be reversed by moving the slider on either side of the centre point of the resistance.



Referring to Fig. 3, let the perpendicular line represent current in the Crystal circuit and the horizontal or bottom line represent voltage. The point Y is zero as regards both voltage and current, and the points A and B represent maximum values.

Assuming that the Carborundum steel combination is used without a local voltage we would get quite clear reception but very weak signals, except when close up to the Broadcasting Station.



Now, if we introduce a positive voltage as in Fig. 1 or Fig. 2 and move the slider to a point on the potentiometer, which increases the current through the Crystal to the point X on the current curve, the signals will be much stronger. What actually hap-

pens is that the positive half cycles of voltage from the receiving aerial add themselves to the local voltage and raise the current to a high value, say, to the point Z on the current curve. On the other hand the negative half cycles of voltage from the aerial oppose the local voltage and reduce the current. But it will be seen from the curve that the reductions of current in virtue of the negatives are very small indeed compared to the increases in virtue of the positives. The reductions may therefore be disregarded.

If sufficient local voltage is applied the rectifying point may be transferred to the point Z, the result being that the positive half cycles give a very small increase in current, whereas the negatives give a big decrease. The volume of sound in the receiver is pretty much the same in either case (an increase or decrease of current in a telephone receiver produces about the same volume of sound).

THE VALVE.

The three electrode valve which has made wireless telephony a practical proposition consists of a glass bulb from which nearly all the air has been extracted. Enclosed in the valve are the filament, the grid, and the plate.

The filament consists of a very fine wire which can be heated to certain critical degrees of incandescence by means of a battery in the same way as the filament of an ordinary electric lighting bulb. Around the filament is a perforated metal screen which may take the form of a spiral of wire. This screen or grid does not touch the filament. Around the grid but not touching it is the plate, which is usually in the form of a cylinder.

Both grid and plate have wire connections to the outside of the valve.

Fig. 4.—Theoretical Sketch of Valve.

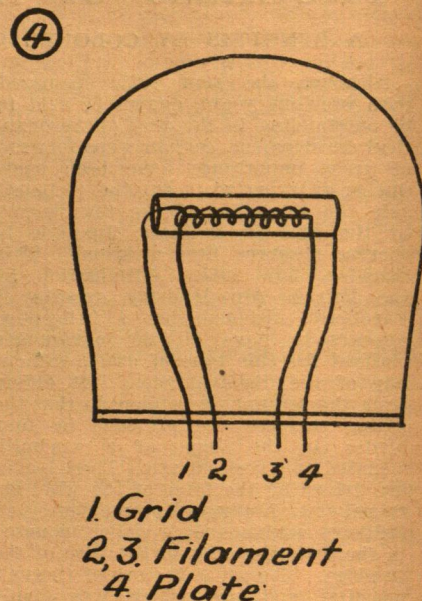


Fig. 5—Conventional method of representing Valve:—

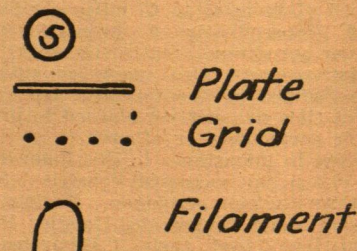


Fig. 5 shows a simple One-Valve Amplifier added to a Crystal Set. The components necessary are:—

- 1 Low frequency Transformer "T."
- 1 Valve Holder.
- 1 Low Tension Battery (4 volts) LT.
- 1 Resistance R for regulating the filament current.
- 1 High Tension Dry Battery, HT (66 volts).
- 1 Loud Speaker.
- 1 Dry Cell—Grid Battery.

Before Purchasing your **WIRELESS**
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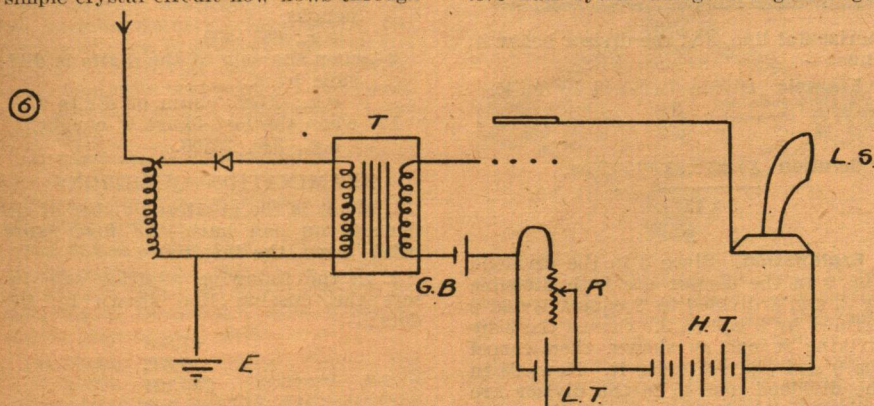
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The primary coil of the Transformer replaces the 'phones in the Crystal circuit. The secondary coil is connected to the grid and filament of the valve.

The alternating current which flows through the telephone receiver in the simple crystal circuit now flows through



the primary coil of the Transformer. Alternating current carrying the same characteristics but of a higher voltage depending on the type of Transformer flows in the secondary coil. This latter coil impresses the voltages on the grid and filament of the valve.

Normally in virtue of the H.T. Battery a current is flowing in the plate circuit, i.e., Plate Loud Speaker, H.T. Battery, and the interior of the valve.

Negative electrons are thrown off continuously from the heated filament.

The plate which is charged positively by the H.T. Battery attracts the negative electrons.

The positive half cycles of current from the secondary of the Transformer when thrown on the grid assist the plate in attracting more electrons from the filament, therefore increasing the current in the plate circuit. The negative half cycles charge the grid nega-

tively and reduce the flow of current in the plate circuit. These increases and reductions in the current through the coils of the Loud Speaker are much greater than in the case of the telephone in the simple Crystal Set, the result being that the diaphragm vibrations are sufficiently vigorous to give the effect of loudness.

With a good aerial and earth the above Amplifier will give quite good volume of sound in an ordinary room up to four or five miles from the Broadcasting Station.

(To be continued.)

the Executive Council with a view of having a decision arrived at. It was pointed out that this matter had been outstanding for some time.

The question of the composition of the Special Committee, referred to in the Secretary's report to the Convention, for the purpose of checking expenditure from Command funds exceeding £5 was fully discussed and the following members were unanimously elected for that purpose:—Capt. J. Hawe, B.S.M. Woods, and Cpl. D. O'Neill.

The Council directed that the Secretary attend the next meeting of the Executive Council with regard to the transfer of Artillery. Pending the next meeting of the Executive Council the matter was held in abeyance.

Handball.

Cpl. McGuire raised the question of the portion of the Secretary's report in connection with the Command Handball Competition which was not adopted. Discussion on the point revealed the fact that the Portobello team failed to present themselves for the final fixture and accordingly the competition should have been automatically awarded to Gormanston. Gormanston, however, very sportingly offered to play Portobello in the final, at a date to be arranged.

In connection with the competition in the Command Handball League, the Council decided to purchase medals for same, the medals to be of silver with gold centres.

The Council decided to appoint Pte. Delaney (P.A.'s) and Pte. Brown (Gormanston) as delegates.

G.H.Q. COMMAND COUNCIL A.A.A.

A meeting of the Command Council was held in G.H.Q. on Wednesday, the 25th January. Lt. C. S. Doyle, Acting Chairman, presided (in the unavoidable absence of the Chairman, Major McGrath) and there were also present: Capt. J. Hawe (Hon. Secy.), Lt. Sean Kavanagh (No. 4 Group), B.S.M. Woods (Signals), Cpl. D. O'Neill (No. 5 Group), and Cpl. McGuire (Gormanston).

On a proposal of B.S.M. Woods, and seconded by Cpl. McGuire, the Command Council unanimously approved of the affiliation of the McKee Hurling and Football Club to the Dublin County Board, and on a proposal of Cpl. O'Neill, and seconded by B.S.M. Woods, it was decided in this connection to make an initial grant of £25 thereto.

New Playing Ground.

In connection with the acquisition of a new playing field at Blackhorse Lane, negotiations in connection with which are pending, the Council were of opinion that the matter should at once be expedited.

The Council directed the Hon. Secy. to communicate with Commdt. Ennis on the subject with a view of having the necessary arrangements completed as soon as possible.

Custody of Cups.

It was the unanimous opinion of the Council that the present distribution of Cups in the Council's custody was entirely unsatisfactory.

The Chairman said as the Council had accepted responsibility for their safe custody he was of opinion that arrangements should be made for the handing over of all Cups at present in the custody of the Council to the President of the G.H.Q. Officers' Mess for retention, and that all Cups handed over should be fully insured by the Command Council.

This proposal was seconded by B.S.M. Woods and carried unanimously.

The question of procuring medals for the Garda-Army match was fully discussed, and the Secretary was directed to write to the Commissioner, Civic Guards, to have the matter expedited as far as possible.

Gate Receipts.

In connection with the gate receipts of the match of the All-Army Hurling and Football Final, it was proposed by B.S.M. Woods, seconded by Cpl. McGuire, and passed unanimously by the Council, that the Secretary be directed to attend the next meeting of

WORDS OF WISDOM.

"The single test is the bravest test, the noblest test, and 'tis the test that offers the surest and greatest victory. For one armed man cannot resist a multitude, nor one army conquer countless legions; but not all the armies of all the empires of earth can crush the spirit of one true man. And that one man will prevail."—(Terence MacSwiney in "Principles of Freedom.")

Efficiency is an extraordinary capacity for taking pains.

The great secret of happiness is to accommodate ourselves to things external rather than to struggle to accommodate external things to ourselves.—Dugald Stewart.

If you give only half your mind to what you are doing it will cost you twice as much labour.

The Irish language is a surer barrier, and more important frontier, than fortress or river.—Thomas Davis.

Lands and population make the frame of a nation; a thoughtful, proud, valorous, pious mind, deriving its nurture from the peculiar nature and history of the country is its life.—Thomas Davis.

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

In this issue Section I. of Arithmetic is concluded and no further Arithmetic lessons will be given for the next two weeks, but a set of Examination Questions in Arithmetic, as far as we have gone, will appear in each issue. A further lesson in Geography is also given.

A set of Examination Questions appears in this issue which covers the whole course up to the present, and I would be glad to see all students work this paper and send it in to me for correction.

The Managing Editor has very kindly informed me that in order to stimulate interest in the course he will in a few weeks' time be in a position to offer a few prizes for the best worked Examination Papers submitted by regular students and I hope to be able to give further details of the prize scheme shortly.

ARITHMETIC.

SECTION I.—(Continued).

CANCELLATION.

19. **Cancellation** is the process of shortening operations in division by casting out equal **factors** from both dividend and divisor.

The **factors** of a number are those numbers which, when multiplied together, will produce that number. Thus, 7 and 3 are the **factors** of 21, since $7 \times 3 = 21$. Also 5 and 7 are the **factors** of 35, since $5 \times 7 = 35$.

A **prime number** is a number that cannot be divided by any number, except itself and 1; 1 is not considered a **factor**. Thus, 2, 3, 11, 29, etc., are **prime numbers**.

A **prime factor** of a number is any **factor** that is itself a **prime number**. Any number that is not a **prime number** is called a **composite number**, and may be produced by multiplying together its **prime factors**. Thus, 40 is a **composite number** and is equal to the product of its **prime factors** $2 \times 2 \times 2 \times 5$.

Two numbers are said to be **prime to each other** when they have no common factor, such as 14 and 27, for there is no number except 1 which will divide both 14 and 27 without leaving a remainder.

Cancelling equal factors from both the dividend and the divisor does not alter the quotient. The cancelling of a factor in both the dividend and the divisor is the same as dividing them both by the same number, and it does not alter the quotient.

To carry out division by **cancellation** the dividend will be written above a

horizontal line, and the divisor below it, thus:—

Example Divide $3 \times 25 \times 81$ by 9×45 .

$$\begin{array}{r} 3 \\ 5 \ 9 \end{array}$$

Solution $3 \times 25 \times 81 = 15$ Ans.

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \times 45 \\ 3 \ 9 \end{array}$$

Explanation. Since 3 in the dividend and 9 in the divisor are both divisible by 3, and 3 divided by 3 equals 1, and 9 divided by 3 equals 3. Cancel the 3 by striking it out as shown, then cancel the 9 and place 3 under it. Now, 25 in the dividend and 45 in the divisor are both divisible by 5, so you will cancel 25 and place 5 above it, and cancel 45 and place 9 below it. Now, 81 in the dividend and 9 in the divisor are both divisible by 9, hence, you will cancel 81 and place 9 above it, and cancel 9 in the divisor. Now, 9 in the dividend and 3 in the divisor are both divisible by 3, so you will cancel 9 in the dividend and place 3 above it, and cancel the 3 in the divisor. When the figure 1 is the result of cancellation you will omit it, as a number multiplied by 1 does not alter its value. We now have the figures 5×3 in the dividend and no uncanceled numbers in the divisor, therefore the answer is 5×3 , which equals 15.

The rule for cancellation is:—

- Cancel the common factors from both the dividend and the divisor.**
- Then divide the product of the remaining factors of the dividend by the product of the remaining factors of the divisor and the result will be the quotient.**

Cancellation is a very important aid to rapid calculation and students will be well repaid for all time spent in making themselves expert in this section. By constant practice students will soon be able to recognise factors quickly, and the following examples, which are given for practice, should be worked out carefully:—

Examples.

Divide:

- $14 \times 18 \times 16 \times 40$ by $7 \times 8 \times 6 \times 5 \times 3$.
- $8 \times 4 \times 3 \times 9 \times 11$ by $11 \times 9 \times 4 \times 3 \times 8$.
- $50 \times 100 \times 200 \times 72$ by $1,000 \times 144 \times 100$.
- $3 \times 65 \times 50 \times 100 \times 60$ by $30 \times 60 \times 13 \times 10$.
- $164 \times 321 \times 6 \times 7 \times 4$ by $82 \times 321 \times 7$.
- $48 \times 63 \times 55 \times 49$ by $7 \times 21 \times 11 \times 48$.

Answer:

- 32.
- 1.
- 5.
- 250.
- 48.
- 105.

The following rules should be learned by heart and will be found very helpful in the factorising of numbers:—

A number is divisible by—

- 2—when the last figure is even or a nought,

e.g., 2376, 1490.

- 3—when the sum of the digits is divisible by three,
e.g., 4167. Sum of digits 18.
- 4—when the last two figures are divisible by 4 or are noughts,
e.g., 384, 7900.
- 5—when the number ends in 5 or nought,
e.g., 695, 430.
- 9—when the sum of the digits is divisible by 9,
e.g., 26586. Sum of digits 27.
- 10—when the last figure is nought,
e.g., 340, 29700.

EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

1. What is the greatest number of six figures you can have—the first figure being three, the last four?

2. In the following addition sum insert the missing line shown by the dots:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 67,864 \\ 5,392 \\ 706,124 \\ 129 \\ \dots\dots\dots \\ 592 \\ \hline 840,332 \end{array}$$

3. In a Company there are four Section Sergeants whose daily rate of pay is 5/- each; eight Corporals, daily rate 4/- each, and eighty Privates at 3/- each per day.

What amount is required by the Company Commander to pay each N.C.O. and man one week's pay, there being no deductions.

4. How many times will a bicycle wheel seven feet in circumference revolve during a journey of 2,240 feet?

5. Using the cancellation method divide:

$$14 \times 18 \times 9 \times 10 \text{ by } 6 \times 7 \times 8 \times 5.$$

6. We are told in the first History lesson that even up to the 17th century people believed the earth was flat. Is this so, and if not, give a brief statement of your views in the matter.

7. Give a short account of one of the early travellers who did much to advance the Science of Geography.

8. Write a brief account of how men lived and found their food in pre-historic times.

9. How many (a) motions has the earth, (b) name them, and (c) state the motion that determines light and darkness for the earth.

10. What is Latitude and Longitude?

11. Of what does Physical Geography treat?

12. Compare a modern map of Europe with the map shown in Vol. IV., No. 4, of "An t-Oglach."

GEOGRAPHY.

SECTION I.

Geography is a description of the earth on which we live—its size, shape, and products. It may be divided into four branches, namely:—

(1) **Mathematical Geography** dealing with the earth as a planet, its motions and their results, latitude, longitude.

and the means by which its surface may be shown on maps.

(2) **Physical Geography** treating of the natural features of the earth's surface, its climates, products, and distribution of animal and vegetable life.

(3) **Political Geography** treating of the various countries into which the earth's surface is divided and occupied by man. Political and social institutions, and the occupations and condition of the people inhabiting these countries.

(4) **Commercial Geography** treating of the exchange of goods—the place and manner of their manufacture—transport and trade routes.

The Shape of the Earth. The surface of the earth looks flat to us. This is not so, and there are many reasons for believing it is round. The following simple reasons will suffice:—

- People have sailed round the earth, sailing eastward round Africa to Australia, and returning by Cape Horn.
- When a ship is approaching land the tops of the masts and funnels first come into view, the bodies or hulls of the ships come into view lastly. Were the earth's surface flat, the hull, being the largest part, should be visible first.



If two vessels approach each other the observer at A sees only the portion above the line AB, while the look-out at C sees all above the line CD.

Day and Night.—The earth has two motions, namely:—

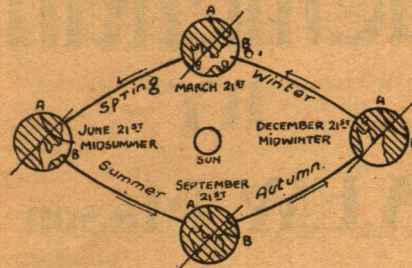
- (1) **Rotation:** the daily or diurnal turning on an imaginary line which passes through its centre and is called the **axis** of the earth.
- (2) **Revolution:** the yearly or annual motion round the sun.

From the above (1) and (2) you will notice that the earth whilst turning on its own **axis** also revolves round the sun.

By rotation on its own **axis** the earth gives us alternate periods of light and darkness which we know as day and night, respectively. It will be clear that the earth being more or less round in shape the sun can only shine on a certain part of it at a time, and that the remaining portion must be turned away from the sun and in darkness. Now we know that alternate periods of light and darkness occur within 24 hours, or one day, in every part of the earth, it follows, therefore, that the earth must make one complete turn or rotation on its own **axis** in 24 hours; that is to say, every portion of the earth is presented towards the sun for a certain period in every 24 hours, the length of the periods of light and darkness varying with the seasons of the year.

The earth makes one complete revolution round the sun in 365 days, and this period is called a year.

Diagram to illustrate the seasons and the earth's orbit.



In above illustration the earth is represented in its position relative to the sun at the different seasons of the year. The arrows denote the direction of the path in which the earth travels round the sun, and this path is called its **orbit**. You will notice that the earth's **axis** is inclined to the path it takes round the sun. If the **axis** were not inclined, but perpendicular, it is clear that every place on its surface would have a 12 hours' day and a 12 hours' night, but this is not the case.

For example, looking at the diagram it will be observed that a place situated in the zone above the arc marked AB receives more sunlight at the period June 21st, midsummer, than it does in the period December 21st, midwinter, thus giving us a longer day and extra heat in June and a short day and less heat from the sun's rays during December.

The Equator.—The Equator is an imaginary line drawn round the earth at an equal distance from each pole.

Latitude.—Places above the Equator are said to be in North Latitude. Ireland is in North Latitude. Places below the Equator are in South Latitude. Australia is in South Latitude.

To enable us to fix the position of a place north or south of the Equator more accurately other imaginary circles are drawn parallel to the Equator, and hence these circles are called **Parallels of Latitude**. For easiness in measurement the circles are divided into 360 degrees and through each of these degrees the imaginary parallel circles are drawn.

Longitude.—The Equator is divided into 360 degrees, and an imaginary circle is drawn through the poles through each of those divisions, giving us lines of **Longitude**.

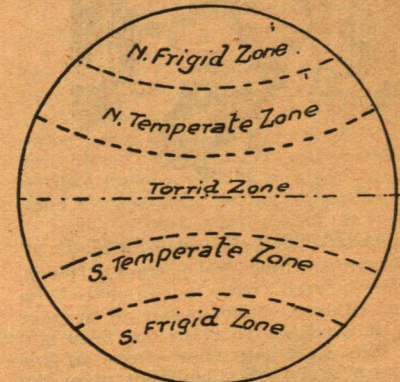
Meridian.—Each half circle of the lines of Longitude is called a Meridian.

It will thus be seen that by means of Latitude and Longitude you can give the exact position of any place on the earth's surface.

Zones.—The earth is divided into five **Zones**. The part of the earth near the North Pole being called the **North Frigid Zone**, that part near the South Pole the

South Frigid Zone. Around the Equator we have the **Torrid Zone**. Between the **Torrid Zone** and the North Frigid Zone we have the North Temperate Zone, and between the **Torrid Zone** and South Frigid Zone we have the South Temperate Zone.

The following diagram shows the position of the Zones:—



(To be continued).



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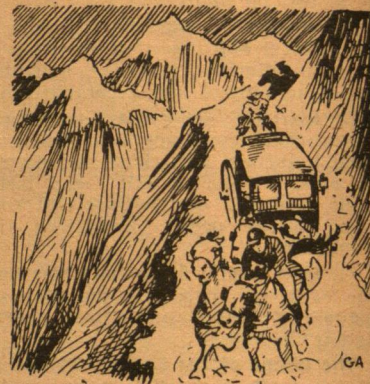
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CHAPTER VI.—continued.

Wogan continued his journey. Towns, it was proved, were no safer to him than villages. He began to wonder how it was that no traps had been laid for him on the earlier stages of his journey, and he suddenly hit upon the explanation. "It was that night," said he to himself, "when the Prince sat by the Countess with the list of my friends in his hands. The names were all erased but three, and against those three was that other name of Schlestadt. No doubt the Countess while she bent over her harp strings took a look at that list. I must run the gauntlet into Schlestadt."

Towards evening he came to Stuttgart and rode through the Schloss Platz and along to Königstrasse. Wogan would not sleep there, since there the Duke of Würtemberg held his court, and in that court the Countess of Berg was very likely to have friends. He rode onwards through the valley along the banks of the Nesen brook until he came to its junction with the Neckar.

A mile farther a wooden mill stood upon the river bank; beyond the mill was a tavern, and beyond the tavern stood a few cottages. At some distance from the cottages, along the road, Wogan could see a high brick wall, and over the top the chimneys and the slate roof of a large house. Wogan stopped at the tavern. It promised no particular comfort; it was a small dilapidated house, but it had the advantage that it was free from new paint. It seemed to Wogan, however, well-nigh useless to take precautions in the choice of a lodging; danger leaped at him from every quarter. For this last night he must trust to his luck; and besides there was the splash of the water falling over the mill-dam. It was always something to Wogan to fall asleep with that sound in his ears. He dismounted accordingly, and having ordered his supper asked for a room.

"You will sleep here?" exclaimed his host.

"I will at all events lie in bed," returned Wogan.

The innkeeper took a lamp and led the way up a narrow winding stair.

"Have a care, sir," said he; "the stairs are steep."

"I prefer them steep."

"I am afraid that I keep the light

from you, but there is no room for two to walk abreast."

"It is an advantage. I do not like to be jostled on the stairs."

The landlord threw open a door at the top of the stairs.

"The room is a garret," he said in apology.

"So long as it has no cupboards it will serve my turn."

"Ah! you do not like cupboards."

"They fill a poor man with envy of those who have clothes to hang in them."

Wogan ascertained that there were no cupboards. There was a key, too, in the lock, and a chest of drawers which could be moved very suitably in front of the door.

"It is a good garret," said Wogan, laying down his bag upon a chair.

"The window is small," continued the landlord.

"One will be less likely to fall out," said Wogan. One would also, he thought, be less likely to climb in. He looked out of the window. It was a good height from the ground; there was no stanchion or projection in the wall, and it seemed impossible that a man could get his shoulders through the opening. Wogan opened the window to try it, and the sound of some one running came to his ears.

"Oho!" said he, but he said it to himself. "Here's a man in a mighty hurry."

A mist was rising from the ground; the evening, too, was dark. Wogan could see no one in the road below, but he heard the footsteps diminishing into a faint patter. Then they ceased altogether. The man who ran was running in the direction to Stuttgart.

"Yes, your garret will do," said Wogan in quite a different voice. He had begun to think that this night he would sleep, and he realized now that he must not. The man might be running on his own business; but this was the last night before Wogan would reach his friends. Stuttgart was only three miles away. He could take no risks; and so he must stay awake with his sword upon his knees. Had his horse been able to carry him farther he would have ridden on, but the horse was even more weary than its master. Besides, the narrow staircase made his room an excellent place to defend.

"Get my supper," said he, "for I am very tired."

"Will your Excellency sup here?" asked the landlord.

"By no manner of means," returned Wogan, who had it in his mind to spy out the land. "I detest nothing so much as my own company."

He went downstairs into the common room and supped off a smoked ham and a bottle of execrable wine. While he ate a man came in and sat him down by the fire. The man had a hot, flushed face, and when he saluted Wogan he could hardly speak.

"You have been running," said Wogan politely.

"Sir, running is a poor man's overcoat for a chilly evening; besides it helps me to pay with patience the price of wine for vinegar." And the fellow called the landlord.

Presently two other men entered, and taking a seat by the fire chatted together as though much absorbed in their private business. These two men wore swords.

"You have a good trade" said Wogan to the landlord.

"The mill brings me custom."

It was the first time that ever Mr. Wogan had come across corn-dealers who wore swords. But he kept silent about this novelty. He pushed his plate away and called for a pipe. He thought it might perhaps prove well worth his while to study his landlord's clients before he retired up those narrow stairs. The three men gave no sign of any common agreement, nor were they at all curious as to Wogan. If they spoke at all they spoke as strangers speak. But while Wogan was smoking his first pipe a fourth man entered, and he just gave one quick glance at Wogan. Wogan, behind a cloud of tobacco smoke, saw the movement of the head and detected the look. It might signify nothing but curiosity, of course, but Wogan felt glad that the stairs were narrow. He finished his pipe and was knocking out the ashes when it occurred to him that he had seen that fourth man before; and Wogan looked at him more carefully, and though the fellow was disguised by the growth of a beard he recognized him. It was the servant whom Wogan had seen one day in the Countess of Berg's livery of green and red galloping along the road to Prague.

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"I know enough now," thought Wogan. "I can go to bed. The staircase is a pretty place with which we shall all be more familiar in an hour or two." He laughed quietly to himself with a little thrill of enjoyment. His fatigue had vanished. He was on the point of getting up from the table when the two men by the fire looked round towards the last comer and made room for him upon their settle. But he said, "I find the room hot, and will stay by the door."

Wogan changed his mind at the words; he did not get up. On the contrary, he filled his pipe a second time very thoughtfully. He had stayed too long in the room, it seemed; the little staircase was after all likely to prove of no service. He did not betray himself by any start or exclamation; he did not even look up, but bending his head over his pipe he thought over the disposition of the room. The fireplace was on his right, the door was opposite to him, the window in the wall at his left. The window, he regretfully remarked, was high from the ground and at some distance from him. On the other hand he had certain advantages. He was in a corner, he had the four men in front of him, and between them and himself stood a solid table. A loaded pistol was in his belt, his sword hung at his side, and his hunting-knife at his waist. Still the aspect of affairs was changed. "Four men," thought he, "upon a narrow staircase are merely one man who has to be killed four times, but four men in a room are four simultaneous assailants. I need O'Toole here, I need O'Toole's six feet four and the length of his arm and the weight of him—these things I need; but are there four or only three?" And he was at once aware that the two men at the fire had ceased to talk of their business. No one indeed was speaking at all, and no one so much as shuffled a foot. Wogan raised his head and proceeded to light his pipe; and he saw that all the four men were silently watching him, and it seemed to him that those four pairs of eyes were unnaturally bright.

However, he appeared to be entirely concerned with his pipe, which, however hard he puffed at it, would not draw.

No doubt the tobacco was packed too tight in the bowl. He loosened it, and when he had loosened it the pipe had gone out. He fumbled in his pocket and discovered in the breast of his coat a letter. This letter he glanced through to make sure that it was of no importance, and having informed himself upon the point he folded it into a long spill and walked over to the hearth.

The four pairs of eyes followed his movements. He, however, had no attention to spare. He bent down, lit his spill in the flame, and deliberately lighted his pipe. The tobacco rose above the rim of the bowl like a head of ale in a tankard. Wogan, still holding the burning spill in his right hand, pressed down the tobacco with the little finger of his left, and lighted the pipe again. By this time his spill had burned down to his fingers. He dropped

the end into the fire and walked back to his seat. The four pairs of eyes again turned as he turned. He stumbled at a crack in the floor, fell against the table with a clatter of his sword, and rolled noisily into his seat. When he sat down a careful observer might have noticed that his pistol was now at full cock.

He had barely seated himself when the polite man, who had come first, hot and short of breath, into the room, crossed the floor, and leaning over the table said with a smile and the gentlest voice, "I think, sir, you ought to know that we are all very poor men."

"I, too," replied Wogan, "am an Irishman."

The polite man leaned farther across the table; his voice became wheedling in its suavity. "I think you ought to know that we are all very poor men."

"The repetition of the remark," said



"As he stood facing the swordsman."

Wogan, "argues certainly a poverty of ideas.

"We wish to become less poor."

"It is an inspiration which has pushed many men to creditable feats."

"You can help us."

"My prayers are at your disposal," said Wogan.

"By more than your prayers." And he added in a tone of apology, "There are four of us."

"Then I have a guinea apiece for you." And Wogan thrust the table a little away from him to search his pockets. It also gave his arm and his body more play.

"We do not want your money. You have a letter which we can coin."

Wogan smiled.

"There, sir, you are wrong."

The polite man waved the statement aside. "A letter from Prince Sobieski," said he.

"I had such a letter a minute ago, but I lit my pipe with it under your nose."

The polite man stepped back; his three companions started to their feet.

The servant from Ohlau cried out with an oath, "It's a lie."

Wogan shrugged his shoulders and crossed his legs.

"Here's a fine world," said he. "A damned rag of a lackey gives a gentleman the lie."

"You will give me the letter," said the polite man, coming round the table. He held his right hand behind his back.

"You can sweep up the ashes from the hearth," said Wogan, who made no movement of any kind. The polite man came close to his side; Wogan let him come. The polite man stretched out his left hand towards Wogan's pocket. Wogan knocked the hand away, and the man's right arm swung upwards from behind his back with a gleaming pistol in the hand. Wogan was prepared for him; he had crossed his legs to be prepared, and as the arm came round

he kicked upwards from the knee. The toe of his heavy boot caught the man upon the point of the elbow. His arm was flung up, the pistol exploded and then dropped on to the floor. That assailant was for the time out of action; but at the same moment the lackey came running across the floor, his shoulders thrust forward, a knife in his hand.

Wogan had just time to notice that the lackey's coat was open at his breast. He stood up, leaned over the table, caught the lapels one in each hand as the fellow rushed at him, and lifting the coat up off his shoulders violently jammed it backwards down his arms as though he would strip him of it. The lackey stood with his arms pinioned at the elbows for a second. During that second Wogan drew his hunting-knife from his belt and drove it with a terrible strength into the man's chest.

"There's a New Year's gift for your mistress, the Countess of Berg," cried Wogan; and the lackey swung round with the force of the blow and then

hopped twice in a horrible fashion with his feet together across the room as though returning to his place, and fell upon the floor, where he lay twisting.

The polite man was nursing his elbow in a corner; there were two others left. These two had swords and had drawn them. They leaped over the lackey's body and rushed at Wogan, one a little in advance of the other. Wogan tilted the heavy table and flung it over to make a barricade in front of him. It fell with a crash, and the lower rim struck upon the instep of the leader and pinned his foot. His companion drew back; he himself uttered a cry and wrenched at his foot. Wogan with his left hand drew his sword from the scabbard, and with the same movement passed it through his opponent's body. The man stood swaying, pinned there by his foot and held erect. Then he made one desperate lunge, fell forward across the barricade, and hung there. Wogan parried the lunge; the sword fell from the man's hand and clattered on to the floor within the barricade. Wogan stamped upon it with his heel and snapped the blade. He had only one opponent left, he thought with relief; and the thought was immediately proved vain. For as he stood facing the swordsman, out of the tail of his eye he saw his first polite antagonist pick up from the ground the pistol which had been kicked from his hand. One small consolation Wogan had: the fellow picked it up with his left hand; his right elbow was still useless. But even that consolation failed to cheer Wogan for more than a moment. For the fellow grasping the pistol by the barrel sidled up towards the table, waiting for a moment when the swords had crossed, that he might make a serviceable use of the butt upon Wogan's unprotected head. Wogan suddenly sprang on to the edge of the table, gave one sweeping cut in a circle with his sword, and darted across the room. The two men gave ground; Wogan passed between them. Before they could strike at his back he was facing them again. He had no longer his barricade, but on the other hand his shoulders were against the door.

The swordsman crossed blades with him, and at the first pass Wogan realized with dismay that his enemy was a swordsman in knowledge as well as in the possession of the weapon. He had a fencer's suppleness of wrist and balance of body; he had a hand of quicksilver; he pressed Wogan hard and without flurry. The blade of his sword made glittering rings about Wogan's, and the point struck at his breast like an adder.

Wogan was engaged with his equal if not with his better. He was fighting for his life with one man, and he would have to fight for it with two. For the polite man was already creeping up with the pistol raised along the wall at his right.

Wogan suddenly pressed upon his opponent, delivering thrust upon thrust, and forced him to give ground. As the swordsman drew back Wogan swept his weapon round and slashed at the man

upon his right. But the stroke was wide of its mark, and the heavy man struck at the sword with his pistol—struck with all his might, so that Wogan's arm tingled from the wrist to the shoulder. That, however, was the least part of the damage the pistol did. It broke Wogan's sword short off at the hilt.

Both men gave a cry of delight. Wogan dropped the hilt.

"I have a loaded pistol, my friends; you have forgotten that," he cried, and plucked the pistol from his belt. At the same moment he felt behind him with his left hand for the knob of the door. He fired at the swordsman and missed; he flung his weapon at the man with the pistol, and as he flung it he sprang to the right, threw open the door, darted into the passage, and slammed the door to.

It was the work of a second. The men sprang at him as he opened the door; as he slammed it close a sword-point pierced the thin panel and bit like a searing iron into his shoulder. Wogan uttered a cry; he heard an answering shout in the room; he clung to the handle, setting his foot against the wall, and was at once aware that some one was moving stealthily in the dark passage behind him. That some one, he reflected, must be the landlord. Wogan dropped the door handle and turned in a violent passion. Possessed by rage, he was no longer conscious of wound or danger; he was conscious only of superhuman strength. Wogan grappled with the innkeeper and caught him about the body. The door of the room, now behind him, was flung violently open. Wogan, who was wrought to a frenzy, lifted up the man he wrestled with, and swinging round hurled him headlong through the doorway. The two men were already on the threshold. The new missile bounded against them, tumbled them one against the other, and knocked them sprawling and struggling on the floor.

Wogan burst into a laugh of exultation; he saw his most dangerous enemy striving to disentangle himself and his sword.

"Aha, my friend," he cried, "you handle a sword very prettily, but I am the better man at cock-shies." And shutting the door to, he ran down the passage into the road.

He had seen a house that afternoon with a high garden wall about it a quarter of a mile away. Wogan ran towards it. The mist was still thick, and although he could feel the blood flowing warm from his wounded shoulder, his sustained strength taught him that the wound was not so deep. He looked backwards once over his shoulder and saw a lantern dancing in the road. He kept doggedly running, but his pace slackened; he heard a shout and an answering shout behind him. At last he stumbled and fell, but as he fell he struck against the sharp corner of the wall. He picked himself up and stood labouring his breath and dizzy. If he could find an entrance into the garden on the other side of that wall! He turned off the road to the left and ran

across a field, keeping close along the side of the wall. He came to another corner and turned to the right. As he turned he heard voices in the road. The pursuers had stopped and were searching with the lantern for traces of his passage. He ran along the back of the wall, feeling for a projection, a tree, anything which would enable him to climb it. The wall was smooth, and though the branches of trees swung and creaked above his head, their stems grew in the garden upon the other side. He was pouring with sweat, his breath whistled in his ears, he had the sound of innumerable armies marching across the earth, but he stumbled on. And at last, though his right side brushed against the wall, he none the less struck against it also with his chest. He was too dazed for the moment to understand what had happened; all the breath he had left was knocked clean out of his body; he dropped in a huddle on the ground.

In a little he recovered his breath; he listened and could no longer hear any sound of voices; he began to consider. He reached a hand out in front of him and touched the wall; he reached out a hand to the right of him and touched a wall again. The wall projected then abruptly and made a right angle.

Now Wogan had spent his boyhood at Rathcoffey among cliffs and rocks. It had needed an astute sea bird to keep its eggs out of the reach of Wogan's fingers in those days. This wall, he reflected, could not be more than twelve feet high. Would his strength last out? He came to the conclusion that it must.

He took off his heavy boots and flung them one by one over the wall. Then he pulled off his coat at the cost of some pain and an added weakness, for the coat was stuck to his wounds and had roughly stung them. He could feel the blood again soaking his shirt. There was all the more need then for hurry. He stood up, jammed his back into the angle of the wall, stretched out his arms on each side, pressing with his elbows and hands, and then bending his knees crossed his legs tailor fashion, and set the soles of his stockinged feet firmly against the bricks on each side. He was thus seated as it were upon nothing, but retaining his position by the pressure of his arms and feet and his whole body. Still retaining this position, very slowly, very laboriously he worked himself up the angle, stopping now and then to regain his breath, now and then slipping back an inch. But he mounted towards the top, and after a while the back of his head no longer touched the bricks. His head was above the coping of the wall.

It was at this moment that he saw the lantern again, just at the corner where he had turned. The lantern advanced slowly; it was now held aloft, now close to the ground. Wogan was very glad he had thrown his boots and coat into the garden. He made a few last desperate struggles; he could now place the palms of his hands behind him upon the coping, and he hoisted himself up and sat on the wall.

The lantern was nearer to him; he lay flat upon his face on the coping, and then lowering himself upon the garden side to the full length of his arms he let go. He fell into a litter of dead leaves, very soft and comfortable. He would not have exchanged them at that moment for the Emperor's own bed. He lay upon his back and saw the dark branches above his head grow bright and green. His pursuers were flashing their lantern on the other side; there was only the thickness of the wall between him and them. He could even hear them whispering and the brushing of their feet. He lay still as a mouse; and then the earth heaved up and fell away altogether beneath him. Wogan had fainted.

CHAPTER VII.

WOGAN IS MISTAKEN FOR A MORE NOTABLE MAN.

It was still night when Wogan opened his eyes, but the night was now clear of mist. There was no moon, however, to give him a guess at the hour. He lay upon his back among the dead leaves, and looking upwards at the stars, caught as it seemed in a lattice-work of branches, floated back into consciousness. He moved, and the movement turned him sick with pain. The knowledge of his wound came to him and brought with it a clear recollection of the last three nights. The ever-widening black strip in the door on the first night, the clutch at his throat and the leap from the cupboard on the second, the silent watching of those four pairs of eyes on the third, and the lackey with the knife in his breast hopping with both feet grotesquely across the floor—the horror of these recollections swept in upon him and changed him from a man into a timorous child. He lay and shuddered until in every creak of the branches he heard the whisper of an enemy, in every flutter of leaves across the lawn a stealthy footstep, and behind every tree-stem he caught the flap of a cloak.

Stiff and sore he raised himself from the ground, he groped for his boots and coat, and putting them on moved cautiously through the trees, supporting himself from stem to stem. He came to the borders of a wide, smooth lawn. On the farther side stood the house—a long, two-storied house with level tiers of windows stretching to the right and the left, and a bowed tower in the middle. Through one of the windows in the ground floor Wogan saw the spark of a lamp, and about that window a fan of yellow light was spread upon the lawn.

Wogan at this moment felt in great need of companionship. He stole across the lawn and looked into the room. An old gentleman with a delicate face who wore his own white hair was bending over a book at a desk. The room was warmly furnished, the door of the stove stood open, and Wogan could see the logs blazing merrily. A chill wind swept across the lawn, very drear and ghostly. Wogan crept closer to the window. A great boarhound rose at

the old man's feet and growled; then the old man stood up, and crossing to the window pressed his face against the panes with his hands curved about his eyes. Wogan stepped forward and stood within the fan of light, spreading out his arms to show that he came as a suppliant and with no ill intent.

The old man spoke a word to his hound, and opened the window.

"Who is it?" he asked, and with a thrill not of fear but of expectation in his voice.

"A man wounded and in sore straits for his life who would gladly sit for a few minutes by your fire before he goes upon his way."

The old man stood aside and Wogan entered the room. He was spattered from head to foot with mud, his clothes were torn, his eyes sunken, his face was of a ghastly pallor and marked with blood.

"I am the Chevalier Warner," said Wogan, "a gentleman of Ireland. You will pardon me. But I have gone through so much these last three nights that I can barely stand." And dropping into a chair he dragged it up to the door of the stove and crouched there shivering.

The old man closed the window.

"I am Count Otto von Ahlen, and in my house you are safe as you are welcome."

He went to a sideboard, and filling a glass carried it to Wogan. The liquor was brandy. Wogan drank it as though it had been so much water. He was in that condition of fatigue when the most extraordinary events seem altogether commonplace and natural. But as he felt the spirit warming his blood he became aware of the great difference between his battered appearance and that of the old gentleman with the rich dress and the white linen who stooped so hospitably above him, and he began to wonder at the readiness of the hospitality. Wogan might have been a thief, a murderer, for all Count Otto knew. Yet the Count with no other protection than his dog opened his window, and at that late hour of the night had welcomed him without a word of question.

"Sir," said Wogan, "my visit is the most unceremonious thing in the world. I plump in upon you in the dark of the morning, as I take it to be, and disturb you at your books without so much as knocking at the door."

"It is as well you did not knock at the door," returned the Count, "for my servants are long since in bed, and your knock would very likely have reached neither their ears nor mine." And he drew up a chair and sat down opposite to Wogan, bending forward with his hands upon his knees. The firelight played upon his pale, indoor face, and it seemed to Wogan that he regarded his guest with a certain wistfulness. Wogan spoke his thought aloud,—

"Yet I might be any hedgerow rascal with a taste for your plate, and no particular scruples as to a life or two lying in the way of its gratification."

The Count smiled.

"Your visit is not so unexampled as you are inclined to think. Nearly thirty years ago, a young man as you are came in just such a plight as you, and stood outside this window at two o'clock of a dark morning. Even so early in my life I was at my books," and he smiled rather sadly. "I let him in, and he talked to me for an hour of matters strange and dreamlike and enviable to me. I have never forgotten that hour, nor, to tell the truth, have I ever ceased to envy the man who talked to me during it, though many years since he suffered a dreadful doom and vanished from among his fellows. I shall be glad, therefore, to hear your story if you have a mind to tell it me. The young man who came upon that other night was Count Philip Christopher von Königsmarck."

Wogan started at the mention of this name. It seemed strange that that fitful and brilliant man, whose brief, passionate, guilty life and mysterious end had made so much noise in the world, had crossed that lawn and stood before that window at just such an hour, and maybe had sat shivering in Wogan's very chair.

"I have no such story as Count Philip von Königsmarck no doubt had to tell," said Wogan.

"Chevalier," said Count Otto with a nod of approval, "Königsmarck had the like reticence, though he was not always so discreet, I fear. The Princess Sophia Dorothea was at that time on a visit to the Duke of Würtemberg at the palace of Stuttgart, but Königsmarck told me only that he had snatched a breathing space from the wars in the Low Countries and was bound thither again. Rumour warned me afterwards of his fatal attachment. He sat where you sit, Chevalier, wounded as you are, a fugitive from pursuit. Even the stains and disorder of his plight could not disguise the singular beauty of the man or make one insensible to the charm of his manner. But I forget my duties." And he rose. "It would be as well, no doubt, if I did not wake my servants?" he suggested.

"Count Otto," returned Wogan with a smile, "they have their day's work to-morrow."

The old man nodded, and taking a lamp from a table by the door went out of the room.

Wogan remained alone, the dog nuzzled at his hand, but it seemed to Wogan that there was another in the room besides himself and the dog. The sleeplessness and tension of the last few days, the fatigue of his arduous journey, the fever of his wounds, no doubt, had their effect upon him. He felt that Königsmarck was at his side, his eyes could almost discern a shadowy and beautiful figure, his ears could almost hear a musical vibrating voice. And the voice warned him—in some strange unaccountable way the voice warned and menaced him.

"I fought, I climbed that wall, I crossed the lawn, I took refuge here for love of a queen. For love of a queen all my short life I lived. For love of a

queen I died most horribly; and the queen lives, though it would have gone better with her had she died as horribly."

Wogan had once seen the lonely castle where that queen was imprisoned; he had once caught a glimpse of her driving in the dusk across the heath, surrounded by her guards with their flashing swords.

He sat chilled with apprehensions and forebodings. They crowded in upon his mind all the more terrible because he could not translate them into definite perils which beyond this and that corner of his life might await him. He was the victim of illusions, he assured himself, at which to-morrow, safe in Schlestadt, he would laugh. But to-night the illusions were real. Königsmarck was with him. Königsmarck was by some mysterious alchemy becoming incorporate with him. The voice which spoke and warned and menaced was as much his as Königsmarck's. "I fought, I climbed that wall, I crossed the lawn, I took refuge here for love of a queen. For love of a queen all my short life I lived." Whose words were these? Königsmarck's—or Wogan's? Of whom were they true? Of Königsmarck—yes. But of Wogan too? Lady Featherstone had doubtfully asked Charles Wogan whether he was frank even to himself. Well, he had never been nearer to that frankness than on this night when he crouched over Count Otto's fire and heard the warning sound upon his ears.

The old Count opened the door and heard Wogan muttering to himself as he crouched over the fire. The Count carried a basin of water in his hand and a sponge and some linen. He insisted upon washing Wogan's wounds and dressing them in a simple way.

"They are not deep," he said; "a few days' rest and a clever surgeon will restore you." He went from the room again and brought back a tray, on which were the remains of a pie, a loaf of bread, and some fruit.

"While you eat, Chevalier, I will mix you a cordial," said he; and he set about his hospitable work. "You ask me why I so readily opened my window to you. It was because I took you for Königsmarck himself come back as mysteriously as he disappeared. I did not think that if he came back now his hair would be as white, his shoulders as bent, as mine. Indeed, one cannot think of Königsmarck except as a youth. You had the very look of him as you stood in the light upon the lawn. You have, if I may so, something of his gallant bearing and something of his grace."

Wogan could have heard no words more distressing to him at this moment.

"O stop, sir. I pray you stop!" he cried out violently, and noting the instant he had spoken the surprise on Count Otto's face. "There, sir, I give you at once by my discourtesy an example of how little I merit a comparison with that courtly nobleman. Let me repair it by telling you, since you are willing to hear, of my night's adventure." And as he ate he told his

story, omitting the precise object of his journey, the nature of the letter which he had burned, and any name which might give a clue to the secret of his enterprise.

The Count Otto listened with his eyes as well as his ears; he hung upon the words, shuddering at each danger that sprang upon Wogan, exclaiming in wonder at the shift by which he escaped from it, and at times he looked over towards his books with a glance of veritable dislike.

"To feel the blood run hot in one's veins, to be bedfellows with peril, to go gallantly forward hand in hand with endeavour—" He mused and broke off. "See, I own a sword, being a gentleman. But it is a toy, an ornament; it stands over there in the corner from day to day, and my servants clean it from rust as they will. Now you, sir, I suppose—"

"My horse and my sword, Count," said Wogan—"when the pinch comes, they are one's only servants. It would be an ill business if I did not see to their wants."

The old man was silent for a while. Then he said timidly, "It was for a woman, no doubt, that you ran this hazard to-night?"

"For a woman, yes."

The Count folded his hands and leaned forward.

"Sir, a woman is a strange inexplicable thing to me. Their words, their looks, their graceful, delicate shapes, the motives which persuade them, the thoughts which their eyes conceal—all these qualities make them beings of another world to me. I do envy men at times who can stand beside them, talk with them without fear, be intimate with them, and understand their intricate thoughts."

"Are there such men?" asked Wogan.

"Men who love such as Count Königsmarck and yourself."

Wogan held up his hand with a cry.

"Count, such men, we are told, are the blindest of all. Did not Königsmarck prove it? As for myself, not even in that respect can I be ranked with Königsmarck. I am a mere man-at-arms, whose love-making is a clash of steel."

"But to-night—this risk you ran; you told me it was for a woman."

"For a woman, yes. For love of a woman, no, no, no," he exclaimed with surprising violence. Then he rose from his chair. "But I have stayed my time," said he "you have never had a more grateful guest. I beg you to believe it."

Count Otto barely heard the words. He was absorbed in the fanciful dreams born of many long solitary evenings, and like most timid and uncommunicative men he made his confidence in a momentary enthusiasm to a stranger.

Königsmarck spoke for an hour, mentioning no names, so that I—who from my youth have lived apart could not make a guess. He spoke with a deal of passion; it seemed that one hour of his life was paradise and the next a hell. Even as he spoke he was one instant all faith and the next all de-

spair. One moment he was filled with his unworthiness and wonder that so noble a creature as a woman should bend her heart and lips from her heaven down to his earth. The next he could not conceive any man should be such a witless ass as to stake his happiness on the steadiness of so manifest a weathercock as a woman's favour. It was all very strange talk; it opened to me, just as when a fog lifts and rolls down again, a momentary vision of a world of colours in which I had no share; and to tell the truth it left me with the suspicion which has recurred again and again that all my solitary years over my books, all the delights which the delicate turning of a phrase or the chase and capture of an elusive idea can bring to one may not be worth after all one single minute of living passion. Passion, Chevalier! There is a word of which I know the meaning only by hearsay. But I wonder at times, whatever harm it works, whether there can be any great thing without it. But you are anxious to go forward upon your way."

He again took up his lamp, and requesting Wogan to follow him unlatched the window. Wogan, however, did not move.

"I am wondering," said he, "whether I might be yet deeper in your debt. I left behind me a sword."

Count Otto set his lamp down and took a sword from the corner of the room.

"I called it an ornament, and yet in other hands it might well prove a serviceable weapon. The blade is of Spanish steel. You will honour me by wearing it."

Wogan was in two minds with regard to the Count. On the one hand he was most grateful; on the other he could not but think that over his books he had fallen into a sickly way of thought. He was quite ready, however, to wear his sword. Moreover, when he had hooked the hanger to his belt he looked about the room.

"I had a pistol," he said carelessly; "a very useful thing is a pistol—more useful at times than a sword."

"I keep one in my bedroom," said the Count, setting the lamp down, "if you can wait the few moments it will take me to fetch it."

Mr. Wogan was quite able to wait. He was indeed sufficiently generous to tell Count Otto that he need not hurry. The Count fetched the pistol and took up the lamp again.

"Will you now follow me?"

Wogan looked straight before him into the air and spoke to no one in particular.

"A pistol is, to be sure, more useful than a sword, but there is just one thing more useful on an occasion than a pistol, and that is a hunting-knife."

Count Otto shook his head.

"There, Chevalier, I doubt if I can serve you."

"But upon my word," said Wogan, picking up a carving-knife from the tray, "here is the very thing."

"It has no sheath."

(To be continued).

SHRAPNEL.

At a local railway siding a man asked the foreman if there was a vacancy.

"What can you do?" asked the foreman.

"Anything," replied the man.

"All right," answered the foreman; "take this oil-can and oil the points and crossings up the line."

After an absence of three days the foreman received a telegram which read: "Dear Sir,—Arrived at Dublin. Please forward more oil."



The captain of an Atlantic liner was bothered by a woman who was always inquiring about the possibility of seeing a whale. A dozen times she besought him to have her called if one hove in sight.

"But, madam," the captain asked her, rather impatiently, "why are you so eager to see a whale?"

"Captain," she answered, "my desire in life is to see a whale blubber. It must be very impressive to watch such an enormous creature cry."



Out of curiosity a farmer had grown a crop of flax and had a tablecloth made of linen. Some time later he remarked to a visitor at dinner, "I grew this tablecloth myself."

"Did you, really?" she exclaimed. "How did you manage it?"

It was plain she had no idea of how tablecloths came into being, so the farmer lowered his voice mysteriously as he replied, "If you promise not to give the secret away, I'll tell you."

The guest promised.

"Well," proceeded the farmer, "I planted a napkin."



John and George, small sons of a Baptist minister, after listening to one of their father's sermons, decided that they must baptise their family of cats.

The kittens made no objection. One by one they were put in a big tub of water.

But when it came to the mother cat she rebelled—and fought—and scratched—until at last John remarked:

"Just sprinkle her, George, and let her go to H—!!"



A student had been spending too freely and was short of cash. It was near the holidays, and he hated to write home for money. As a last resort he pawned his dress suit.

When the time came to leave for home, the suit was still unredeemed. He hurriedly scraped together enough cash to get it back, packed it in his bag, and was off.

At home his mother was helping him unpack.

"Henry," she asked, "what is this ticket on your coat for?"

"Why, mother," he replied, "I went to a dance the other evening, and that's the cloak-room ticket."

She continued putting away his clothes. Finally she lifted his trousers. They, too, were ticketed.

"Henry," she exclaimed, "what kind of a dance was that?"

"Sorry to say my sister has had rather a bad accident. She's been bitten by an adder."

"Good gracious! An adder? Where was this?"

"Well, perhaps not exactly an adder, but she got her fingers mixed up in the machinery of the cash register."

"Dear, dear! Is she getting better?"

"Well, the latest report is 'no change.'"



Extract from a letter sent to 2 RN:—

"I have not yet bought my wife a pair of headphones, as she has to go out to work, but when she happens to be home I repeat every turn to her, just as I hear it, songs and all, and she is more than delighted with your programmes."

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

A correspondent wept inky tears in a trade journal the other day over the effect of the new recording on the bands, and in a Dublin picture house this week a devout gramophone "fan" told me he was going to abandon the instrument "unless they stop it." I am sorry for these hyper-sensitive souls, but I am of opinion that the people who are neither highbrow nor lowbrow, the people who comprise at least 50 per cent. of record purchasers, are welcoming the new recording of the bands. Though its sentiment may not appeal to everybody there is no doubt that the H.M.V. recording of the Wembley Tattoo is one of the most magnificent examples of realistic recording yet achieved. Put the discs on with a loud steel needle, leave the door open and listen to it from another room. Another fine record of this type just issued is by the Coldstream Guards, "Naval Patrol" and "Scottish Patrol." The strains of "God Save the King" are somewhat obtrusive in the former, but the second piece is very well balanced and played with splendid verve (H.M.V., C 1234, 12-inch, 4/6).

In view of Miss Luella Paikin's visit to Dublin readers may wish to know of her recordings. She is at present recording exclusively for the Vocalion Company and they have done her justice in all the discs issued so far, the latest being a 12-inch (A-0251, 5/6), containing "Non so più cosa son, cosa faccio" and "Je Veux Vivre." Her singing bears an amazing resemblance to that of Galli-Curci, and in the famous waltz song from "Romeo et Juliette" and the sparkling number from "The Marriage of Figaro" she is heard at her best.

A Bulgarian tenor rapidly advancing is Mr. Armand Tokatyn, and an excellent sample of his full, rich sympathetic voice is afforded by the new Vocalion 10-inch (4/-) record of "Amor ti vieta di non amar" (Giordano's "Fedora") and the ever-popular "Siciliana."

"TONE ARM."

ATHLETIC DOINGS.

A quartette of Army boxers took part in the recent International Tournament at the Garda Siochana Depot, Phoenix Park, viz., Corpl. McDonagh, Ptes. Treacy, Harte and Doyle.

* * *

Corporal McDonagh and Private Treacy gave a good account of themselves, both being narrowly beaten on points.

* * *

Private Doyle, who holds the Army Lightweight Championship, and the Tailteann and Irish Featherweight Championships, added further to his laurels by knocking his man out in the 4th round.

* * *

Private Harte was putting in some nice work until his opponent landed him a heavy right in the solar plexus towards the end of the first round.

* * *

The Irish Amateur Boxing Championships have been fixed for April 13th at Dublin. Command Sports Secretaries can have entry forms on application to the Hon. Sec., A.A.A., G.H.Q. Entries will only be accepted from bona fide amateurs. The entry fee for each competitor is 5/-. In the case of competitors from the country taking part entry fees are refunded.

* * *

McKee Hurling and Football team will be seen in action shortly. Army folk will no doubt watch their progress with interest in the Dublin Leagues and Championships.

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The personnel of the teams will include many All-Ireland players. Certain Dublin clubs will feel the loss of some of their stalwarts as a result.

* * *

Two of our most prominent boxers left the Army recently, viz., Pte. Buckley, 15th Battalion, and Pte. O'Flaherty, 17th Battalion. Both were always very popular in the Army and civilian boxing circles. Their many admirers will wish them every success in the U.S.A., whither, we understand, they are bound.

* * *

It is rumoured that the Garda are selecting a boxing team to meet the North of England Amateur Champions at Liverpool on March 17th, and that the names of several Army boxers have been mentioned as among the selected.

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The proposed boxing contests at Berlin between the Irish champions and the German champions have been postponed. Three of our Army champions will thereby be precluded for the present, at least, of exhibiting their prowess in the German capital.

GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

6th BATTALION, FINNER CAMP.

It is learned that the N.C.O.'s of the 6th intend holding their Third Annual Dance in the near future. We hope the same success will attend their efforts as on other occasions, and we look forward to the enjoyment of a good social night.

The contributor was "reminded" the other day of the phrase in one of his recent articles from the Camp which read, "However, we are quite happy in Finner," and would now apologetically alter the phrase to read, "We are quite unhappy in Finner."

We regret that a few of our most popular N.C.O.'s are about to leave the Army, particularly Cpl. Donegan, "A" Company, who intends emigrating. In Donegan we will be losing a famous hurler who on many occasions helped the Battalion team to victory. He was a member of the Battalion Sports Committee, and possesses many good qualities, which will not be forgotten by his comrades, among whom he was very popular. We take this opportunity of wishing Cpl. Donegan every happiness and prosperity in his new sphere of life. We extend the same wishes to Cpls. Hastings and Murtagh.

A rather sad spectacle was witnessed on Sunday evening, the 31st ulto., when the body of Pte. Mackey, one of the unfortunate victims of the recent drowning accident was recovered from the sea at the Fairy Bridges, Bundoran. Mass for the happy repose of the deceased soldier's soul was celebrated in the Camp by the Brigade Chaplain on the morning of the 2nd inst. The funeral took place afterwards to the family burying ground at Derrygrail, Leitrim. The coffin draped with the tricolour was borne on a Crossley tender and was accompanied by a guard of honour from deceased's own Company under Lieut. J. Coen. A firing party and bugler attended from the 3rd Battalion.

Now that the Inter-Coy. Competitions in Football, etc., are making their appearance we expect the Sergeants, owing to the recent change in their Mess, will be able to enjoy a good hour's football occasionally.

Why is the new Soccer team in Finner called the "Bundoran Uniteds?"

When will we hear from the A.A.A. again—or when will this year's programme be disclosed?

CURRAGH GENERAL NOTES.

The Camp Officers' Annual Ball, which was held in the Garrison Gymnasium on Friday night, 5th inst., constituted a record in the history of the Camp's social events. The attendance, military and civilian, was representative of Dublin, the Midlands, Cork, Belfast, Waterford, Limerick, and as far west as Achill Island, and numbered close on a thousand. The spacious "Gym" just accommodated the dancers, and was most artistically decorated within with evergreens, flags, etc., whilst a special blaze of electric lights had been arranged in the immediate vicinity of the building. Dancing was to the music of Manahan's Band, whilst during supper the No. 3 Army Band played operatic airs.

The early hours of Saturday morning saw the end of a "perfect night" and brought to the members of the Committee the congratulations of all present, including the Chief of Staff.

Commdt. Green-Foley and his assistants, The Curragh Camp Concert Company, are to be congratulated on the success of their concert and variety entertainment at the A.M.C. Theatre on Thursday evening, 4th inst. The occasion afforded an "overflow" audience an opportunity of witnessing an excellent performance of "Tactics" and "The Workhouse Ward." In the former the cast was:—James Cullinan, Capt. Cunningham, 26th Batt.; Bridget Cullinan, Lieut. Kennedy; Mike Mahon, Sgt. Cunningham, 15th Batt.; Mrs. Mary Webster, Miss Ryan; and a Tramp, Capt. J. Moran, A.M.C. In the latter:—Mike McInerney, Capt. Moran; Michael Kinsella, Capt. Cunningham; Honor Donoghue, Miss O'Toole. The success of the concert which followed was due to Capt. O'Carroll, B.Q.M.S. Birch, Sgt. Singleton, Corpl. Smith, Mr. McCarthy, the Curragh School children, Mrs. Madden, who acted as accompanist at the piano, and to the No. 3 Army Band.

The Camp Commandant (Commdt. Hugh C. Byrne) has announced through Barrack Orders that in future Orderly Sergeants of Units will draw each week a supply of copies of "An t-Oglach" from the Barrack Q.M. This action has been taken with a view to ensuring that each man will receive a copy. If this splendid lead is followed generally by Officers Commanding other units there will be little doubt that the journal will find its way into the possession of every man wearing the uniform.

We are happy to announce the return to duty on Monday last of Capt. Robert Deyell, Pay and Accounts, Curragh, after a fortnight's indisposition.

K. P. K.

12th BATT., TEMPLEMORE.

Some evenings ago I was grieved to see a sensible, efficient, and intelligent N.C.O. reading a "Buffalo Bill" story. Is it not to be regretted that good educational books are not accessible in barracks for N.C.O.'s and men? What about Canon Sheehan's books, the writings of P. H. Pearse, and the poetry of Tomás MacDonagh? This little incident emphasises the necessity for up-to-date Barrack libraries.

The Command Courses which the Army authorities are inaugurating, and of which we read in the latest issue of "An t-Oglach," suggest a step in the right direction. Hitherto the Curragh called our bravest and best, but we feel ourselves that Richmond Barracks, Templemore, can turn out as good soldiers and Irishmen as any training centre if given the proper opportunity.

February, 1926, is upon us, but the weather has no suggestion of Spring. This causes a set-back to athletics so far as outdoor sports are concerned. Perhaps this "bad" weather has its compensations, for somebody says "There's no such thing as bad weather—only different kinds of good weather."

Basket-ball is specially adapted for weather like the present, and it has got a great "footing" (or is it handling?) in the Battalion. I imagine that Basketball comes next to Handball for combined mental and physical activity, and perhaps it beats Handball as a physical exercise.

The winter has been allowed to slip from us without our making a single effort to learn one word of Irish. It is to be hoped that Oglagh na hEireann has some practical scheme to put forward this year for doing justice to Irish in the Army.

We had great hopes of having a good play learned and ready to stage by St. Patrick's Night, but, *mó bhrón!* the Dramatic Class is "marking time."

But we are not altogether inactive. The songs of our land are to be heard in the barracks. All the old airs are returning, one in particular has become so popular that the boys call it "Roscarbery's March." In course of time we'll have all the old songs and airs learned to the boys.

The Tug-of-War team has had poor chances for training, but we hope they will give a good account of themselves on Sunday.

"ROS CAIRBRE."



ARTILLERY CORPS, KILDARE.

Things have been very quiet in the Corps lately.

Since we last wrote "D" Coy., of the 26th Battn., have left here. They had been Garrison Company here for some months and made many friends. They were played away by the Corps Band and marched out to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

"B" Coy., of the 8th Battn., are now stationed here.

FOUND in train from Curragh on 6th inst. Suitcase containing part uniform. Apply O/C. 13th Infantry Battalion, Gormanston Camp, Co. Meath.



The new issue of "An t-Oglach" has been very well received.

The Dramatic Class are at present preparing another production and we are all eagerly looking forward to it.

The next public appearance of the Corps Band is awaited with interest. We believe they have lately augmented their instruments.

The suppers have been temporarily suspended, but we believe they will shortly restart better than ever.

The Sergeants' Mess Dance to be held on the 10th promises to be a huge success.

The first Billiard Tournament since the installation of new table was very successful.



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The interest in "An t-Oglach" is getting greater than ever in the Battalion. The Student's Page is exceedingly instructive, and all ranks are devouring it eagerly. If this enthusiasm continues I am confident that a good many of the boys will be eligible for a University career in the not far distant future.

A Battalion Sports meeting was held on the 28th ultimo, when the following Committee were appointed:—Capt. D. Coates (President); C.Q.M.S. Lowbridge (Secretary), and Lieut. Kevin Lord (Treasurer). A representative from each Company was also appointed. It was decided to inaugurate an Inter-Platoon Football Competition and the result of the draw will be made known at a later date. This competition will cause keen rivalry in the Battalion, and all teams are at present training hard.

We have organised a Boxing Club under the able management of the "Mick Whelan" assisted by the "Yank Little." The Club is well equipped with the necessary appliances, and it is hoped that every man in the Battalion will avail himself of this splendid opportunity of perfecting himself in the first law of nature—self-defence.

In order to encourage the "noble art" throughout the Battalion an Inter-Company Competition is to be staged in the course of a few days. The officers of the Battalion are presenting a Cup to the winning Company, and we are assured of an interesting competition for this trophy.

The Sergeants' Mess are contemplating holding a Billiard Tournament this month, and we believe a very valuable prize is to go to the winner.

Our Corporals are anticipating holding a Whist Drive and Dance in the near future. (Well done, the Corps!)!

The catering of the Corporals' Mess has changed hands since my last notes. All the members of the Mess regretted the departure of Corpl. Griffen, as during his period of catering he made the Mess second to none. If the new

caterer, Corpl. Conway, gives the same satisfaction his name shall be exalted.

The departure into "civvies" of Johnny Savage, "A" Coy.'s left wing, was deeply regretted by his old Company, and in fact by the Battalion at large. We hope to hear of Johnny getting a place in his County Football team, and I am sure if he plays as well for his County as he did for his Company in the Inter-Coy. final for the Brigade Cup last year Longford will want watching.

GRAVEL-CRUSHER.



21st BATTALION (Collins Barracks, Dublin).

As these notes are being prepared many strangers to the Football field are engaged in a practice match, and methinks the effects of the strain on a percentage of the participants will cause much gossip next morning. The particular game is a hard one, and no doubt with plenty of practice a challenge in the near future will be sent to near neighbours, who are known to be adepts at the Code.

The return Billiard match, Sergts. v. Cpls. and Men, took place on Wednesday night, 3rd inst., in the comfortable Mess of the Sergts., and after many close and interesting contests the result was four games to the credit of each, but the Cpls. and Men had a winning margin of points of about 100. Many thanks are due to the Sergts. for the appetising tea served up, and although it was doubtful up to the last hour if the match was to materialise, a good night resulted.

The Corporals and Men Billiard team are now open for engagements with teams of other units in any of the City barracks. The N.C.O. in charge of our Recreation Room will deal with any response.

Our Mess caterer has blossomed out a Billiard player, and made some "breaks" lately.

"Mack" was in a terrible predicament during the week as he had two football engagements for Sunday, but it was accepted that he would travel to assist the Battalion team at Navan. Good sport, Pat!

The one and only Sergt. Joe Lawless has left us for another unit, and carries with him the best wishes of all who had the pleasure of coming in contact with him while he was in the 21st.

General sympathy goes out to Pte. George McDermott on his recent bereavement through the death of his father.

The Wireless owners are increasing.

The time is wearing near for the "Big Day" for a certain C.M.Q.S.

The frequenters of Recreation Room (Men's) are becoming impatient *re* that new Billiard table.

Our new Scoutmaster for the Arbour Hill boys has been appointed.

13th BATTALION, GORMANSTON CAMP.

The First All-Night Dance by the members of 13th Battalion Sergeants' Mess was held on Wednesday, 3rd inst., in the Mayoralty Rooms, Drogheda, and was a big success. The hall was tastefully decorated by Sergeant M. Craig, who was ably assisted by members of the Committee. The music was supplied by Mac's Novelty Band, Drogheda, and the catering left nothing to be desired.

The function terminated at 6 a.m., the band playing the "Soldier's Song."

Much regret has been felt in the Battalion at the transfer of our Adjutant, Captain J. J. Harpur, who has proceeded to the Curragh on temporary duty.

ME BARKIE.



WESTERN COMMAND H.Q. CO. ATHLONE

We were very sorry to lose some of the "Old Brigade," who took their departure during the past week, and desire to wish them the best of luck in their new ventures.

If sport of no other kind is provided for the Company that of rat hunting has engaged the attention of No. 4 Room. The "game" being plentiful some splendid sport was witnessed during the past week, the quarry eventually going to ground. Alarming preparations have been made for the next visit.

Our promised Library has materialised at last, to the great relief of all concerned. It will be in full swing, it is hoped, within a fortnight's time.

Great interest was aroused by the announcement in "An t-Oglach" of the new Command Course of Instruction for N.C.O.'s.

Our Alpine N.C.O. has added to his ambitions and is now rapidly developing into a "Pugilist" of no mean ability. We are all looking forward to an entertainment from this quarter in the near future.

Where is our "Sports Committee?"
PLUS FOUR.

DON'TS for Correspondents.

DON'T write if you can get it typewritten.

DON'T crowd the lines together.

DON'T write on both sides of the paper.

DON'T use a worn-out typewriter ribbon.

DON'T indulge in personal jokes.

DON'T write in pencil.

DON'T forget to mention dates.

DON'T send in your contribution later than the Saturday of the week before it is to appear.

4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

On Sunday, 31st January, 1926, at the Golf Links Field (the use of which was kindly granted by Mr. Carson, Castlebar) two interesting Gaelic matches were played off—Hurling and Football—No. 2 Brigade League, between the 4th Battn. and 25th Battn., Athlone. Honours were evenly divided, the 25th Battn. springing a surprise on the Command Champions (1925) by a small margin. Both matches were played in a downpour of rain, this naturally affecting the class of play. The Hurling match was a hard-fought struggle, the 25th holding the upper hand throughout and eventually running out winners by a small margin: 25th, 17 points; 4th, 11 points.

The Football match which followed was a still more strenuous game, the homesters being determined not to allow their opponents to secure the "double victory." From the throw-in the 25th took command and after a few minutes opened the scoring with what appeared to be rather an easy goal, soon following it with another. After a few more minutes' play in midfield the 4th became dangerous and stormed their opponents' citadel, O'Hagan shooting a great goal. This was shortly followed by two minors per Harney and Mostyn. In the second half both teams started very determinedly, the ball travelling from end to end. The 4th settling down to a great game played their usual combination, fairly outclassing their opponents, and ran out winners as follows:—4th Battn., 16 points; 25th Battn., 9 points.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of the military referee, Mr. P. Raynsford and Mr. James Durkin took charge of the games, respectively, both refereeing most impartially.

The Battalion Boxing Committee has decided to hold a tournament in Ballina on the 11th inst. It is hoped that it will be well patronized, as a first-class tourney is assured.

A seven-valve wireless set with loud speaker is now installed in the Recreation Room, Ballina. We congratulate the officers, N.C.O.'s and men who so ably negotiated the purchase and installation of the set. It is hoped that other garrisons in the Battalion area will follow this example.

From inquiries made at the railway stations and Post Offices in the area we learn that large consignments of sports gear are being received by all Companies in the Battalion. This is a good omen for the national games during the coming months.

The game of Basket-Ball (foreign to the West) is obtaining a great hold in Castlebar through the able instruction of Lt. Young, who has introduced the game from the A.S.I. Each Wednesday afternoon sees many teams at it. I would direct any member of the Battalion who has not a knowledge of the game to that officer for a book of rules.

"MAYO OBSERVER."

3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

The Sports Field has once more become the arena of much enthusiasm, and this year's blossoms promise to eclipse all previous records. We expect to see the 3rd well represented in the Western Command Football team this year.

Inter-Company Football competitions are now coming off and much excitement prevails. The H.Q. Company believe they will secure the honours. Hurling is not quite as outstanding a feature as Football so far, and I don't see why some of our "Socialists" who are spouting a lot of late about Hockey should not take up the Irish game. We hope to be able to give more particulars concerning this next week.

The runners are still running and for the present no one knows where or when they will stop. Sergt. O'Donnell and Corpl. Boyle are indeed very zealous in the general training of these. We believe the Cross-Country team will give a good account of itself. The three-mile event will come within the province of many of the runners, and the many minor events will be within the scope of several others.

Corpl. Roarty, of Boxing repute, is amongst the latest to join this Battalion. We hear there are already some boxers in the Battalion, and we would like them to take a pace forward and see what can be done to set up a Boxing Tournament.

"A" and "D" Companies have arrived from "foreign service" in outposts, and while the "A" Company chaps are having a rest on the square under the supervision of the graduates from the Curragh University the "D" Company boys are enjoying a guard respite.

The Brigade Dentist arrived this way during the week and we notice some long faces about his quarters. I wonder is it safer to chance Orderly Room than get them out.

"BROADCASTER."

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF

"An t-Óglách."

5th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Since our last notes appeared the Billiard Handicap spoken of therein has concluded and the "Maiden City," in the person of Corpl. D. Elliott, of H.Q. Coy., is to be congratulated on winning the silver medal presented as 2nd prize. I am given to understand that overconfidence in this player's case was the cause of failing to secure 1st place, but, be that as it may, our heartiest congratulations are extended to the winner—Cpl. Wagner, 15th Battalion.

Our Dramatic Class is going ahead like wildfire. It is quite safe to fore-

cast that the first "Sketch" will be presented early in the present month.

I am in a position to announce that the energetic Committee of our Sergeants' Mess have concluded their arrangements to run off a Billiard Handicap on "30th February, 1929." I am informed by the Treasurer—in the strictest confidence of course—that the only hitch experienced up to the present is the want of a table and some cues. He confidently hoped to have these "details" remedied in time for the Handicap.

Speaking of the Mess, after careful investigation by our Battalion Scout, Pte. Y-Ezed, it is officially announced that crockery is *not* washed up with the aid of a 7lb. hammer.

"A" Company finished training on the 11th inst. A very good Company and looks very smart. A rush on leave is expected.

"B" Coy. commenced training on the 12th inst. A rush on Eason's is expected.

During the past fortnight the Battalion lost the services of two very good soldiers in the persons of Ptes. Conroy and Flynn, who proceeded on discharge, "time ex." Both men are of the "Old Brigade" and hail from Ballinrobe and Ballinalee, respectively. We wish them every success in their new sphere.

We understand that in the near future we are to lose the services of some more of our best, including Sgt. Kit Keogh of Sports fame. Our genial "Dan Mack" is also leaving us.

What is the brand of "Invisible" ink used by a certain Mess caterer when ordering Extras?

What is the date fixed for the Corporals' Mess Dance?

What was the cause of the recent lack of harmony in our Orchestra?

When is "B" Company going to produce in public that "Musical Four" now training in secret?

If the Medical Officer, having been informed of the decision to run an Inter-Coy. Basket Ball Competition, has yet decided as to the size, etc., of the muzzle to be worn by players?

* * *

THIS WEEK'S SHORT STORY.

Questioner.—I am Officer i/c Magazine. My place is in the Guard hut up here. You are a Sentry at a post 50 yards away. A bomb is thrown at you. What action would you take?

Candidate for Class 2 Private's Pay—I'd go up with the report.

"JAY."

Mention "An t-Óglách" when dealing with our Advertisers.

MILITARY POLICE, CURRAGH.

During the week the P.A.'s made several raids on all the four-footed monsters at large ("Bow-Wow") in the camp, and they were up against a stiff proposition.

The invitation issued by the Corporals of Beresford to the Whist Drive and Dance was availed of by a large number, A/Cpl. Kelly (40) winning the first prize. No so bad a start, "eh." All are looking forward to the next.

A challenge has been received from Captain Harper on behalf of the "Second" Billiard team, the matches to be played on the 6th and 7th inst. They say they will get their own back this time, but "I have me doubts."

The Shield and Relay Cup have already got their Spring cleaning. The D.A.P.M. is very anxious that the men should have a few runs to keep themselves fit, as he says we must retain "both" at all costs. So now, boys, get to work.

Another Billiard handicap has just started and several exciting games were witnessed during the week, some of the backmarkers being "counted out" at the first fence.

"PUSSYFOOT."

**"SCRAPS" FROM GORMANSTON.**

The First Annual All-Night Dance held by the N.C.O.'s of the M.T. Depot on Friday, 29th January, in the Balbriggan Town Hall was a wonderful success. A charabanc which was run from Dublin on the occasion was availed of by a large number of our Dublin friends and the attendance numbered 100 couples.

The music, which was supplied by Mitchell's excellent band, was a treat and the players are due thanks for the splendid manner in which they responded to the countless encores.

The Committee may well be proud of the success of their first venture, and a particular word of praise is due to

Cpl. P. Kelly and Sgt. Jacob, who had charge of the catering.

Carnival novelties, confetti, etc., were distributed, prizes were given for spot dances, and the night was further enlivened by the vocal numbers contributed by Mr. Harry Renolds of Balbriggan. It was a great night and everybody was sorry when the last dance was called. There is a general demand for another all-night dance at an early date.

OBSERVER.

**ARMY SCHOOL OF MUSIC.**

A recital by the No. 1 Army Band at Wicklow on Sunday, 31st January, ended a very successful tour of the Eastern seaboard towns. Mr. Sean Collins was an enthusiastic member of the audience and paid an eloquent tribute to what Colonel Brase and his famous combination are doing for the country.

On Sunday, 14th February (tomorrow) the Band will give a further performance at the Theatre Royal, and it is hoped on this occasion that the troops in Dublin will accord the Band a stronger measure of support than hitherto, especially as the admission charges for the occasion will be considerably reduced.

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Six Months	6	6
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The School staff and the No. 2 Band recently clashed on the Football field, the former winning a deserved victory by two goals to nil. The bandsmen have asked for their revenge, and the School staff will be only too happy to repeat the medicine.

Which reminds me that our popular Resident Medical Officer, Dr. Cox, has become a member of our Sports Committee. Perhaps this accounts for the confidence of the School staff Football team, as the Doc's skill in manipulative surgery is well known.

"Our Doc" must feel proud that the School showed an absolutely clean bill of health for 1925. This satisfactory state of affairs is in a great measure due to the doctor's never-failing interest in the general health of the men, and the preventive measures which he adopts.

The usual monthly meeting of the Sacred Heart Sodality took place on Thursday, 4th inst. All the members attended Mass and received Holy Communion on the morning of the First Friday. Rev. Dr. Quinn kindly assisted our Chaplain, Father MacLaughlin, in the Confessional, and it is very gratifying to record that over 80 per cent. of the available strength availed of the opportunity.

The School Chaplain has certainly worked wonders since coming amongst us, and has endeared himself to all. Since forming our Sports Committee we have been able to purchase complete rig-outs in football togs, and it seems like the old days again, when the sporting activity was at its zenith. It would be a wonderful thing if we could revive that spirit in the world of sport which entirely permeated us in the summer of 1923, when our Army for the first time held its Sports at Croke Park. What a wonderful spectacle, and what talent! a never-to-be-forgotten memory will be kept green by the magnificent array of trophies, cups and medals, the like of which has never been, I feel sure, surpassed on any sports field amongst the armies of the world.

"MUSICA."

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2nd BATTALION, FINNER CAMP.

On Saturday, 30th ult., Battalion Headquarters Company met "D" Company in the Finner Camp Gaelic Football League. "D" Company are such a greatly improved team that everyone looked forward to an interesting game, and they were not disappointed. The favourites, H.Q. Company, received a shock in the first few minutes of the game. The "tactics" of "D" Company would not allow the H.Q. boys to settle down to their usual play and the backs had their work cut out to keep back the repeated attacks on their goal. Sheeran shot wide for "D" when well placed, and another player of the same Company missed two open goals—he had only the goalie to beat when he sent the ball yards wide. Warnock and McCarthy of the H.Q. team were very much "off colour." Captain Whelan, as is usually the case, was a "stone wall" and saved his side time after time. Flynn was well watched by three of "D" men, who paid more attention to him than the ball, but Flynn got the leather from a scramble to score the first point of the match. H.Q. now put in some good work and Donnelly after two attempts shot a fine goal. Play was now of the give-and-take order, but one or two of the players let temper rule them and the referee stopped the game for a few minutes to tell them what he was there for. One now saw good play by both teams and Byrne shot another point for H.Q. team. The second half was much better, but the only score came from Jack Kavanagh, who sent in a lovely goal for the H.Q. boys. Time came with Headquarters running out winners by 2 goals 2 points to nil.

The H.Q. goalie did all that he was called upon to do in great style.

Beatty, Cleary, and C.Q.M.S. Sheeran were the pick of "D" Company, but Lieut. Higgins is improving wonderfully and played a fine game for his side.

"Sago" is a trier for H.Q. team, and Jack Kavanagh with more play such as we saw by him in this match will ensure that the Battalion Selection Committee will keep their eyes on him.

The favourites will require to take their games seriously if they are really keen on getting those medals. Now for "B" and "C" Companies.

Brigade H.Q. Company v. "A" Company—This game in the League was played on Sunday afternoon, 31st ult., in very bad weather. Brigade H.Q. Coy. won, but the notes from this match are not yet to hand. (Our correspondent—than whom we have few more capable or conscientious—will be interested to know that his notes took seven days to travel from Finner to G.H.Q.—Editor.)

That good sportsman, Captain Bernard Whelan, Quartermaster of our Battalion, was married on Wednesday, 3rd February, 1926, to Miss Cissie Kelly of the Marine Hotel, Bundoran, at the

Bundoran Catholic Chapel. We, the Sports Committee, players of the Football and Hurling teams, and the N.C.O.'s and men of the Battalion, wish both Captain and Mrs. Whelan long life and happiness.

The members of the Finner Camp Football team turned out in the Battalion colours to meet the happy pair as they were leaving the Chapel and "roped" the car to the Marine Hotel.

The Battalion owe Captain Whelan their thanks for the example he has set to all in the Battalion in regard to sport. He has always been a leading light and has encouraged N.C.O.'s and men in every way possible.

Since the Battalion arrived at Finner they have won the Command Football Final two years in succession, were runners-up both years in Hurling, secured the Tennis Tournament medals,

An t-Ád ar Hans.

(ar leanamaint).

Leis sin 'do ceangail sé an bó 'de bun éirinn, agus 'do cuir sé a cairín leatáir pé út na bó 'd'fionn í 'do éirúad ann; aet ní raib oiread agus braon ar pasáil aige. Nuair a bí sé 'sá éirial, agus gan san 'sá véanam aige aet go tuaithealac, 'do buail an beatairéac boet ciapta speac sa ceann air. 'Do leasao é, agus 'do luig sé mar ar tuit sé go ceann ahpao agus é i laige.

Ba maí an bail air gur éimig búistéir an tslioge, agus muc 'sá h-ioncár aige, i gcairtéid. "Céard tá ort?" arís an búistéir, as cabrúgao leis éirige ó'n tcalam airis. "Dinnis Hans 'do cao a bain 'do, agus cuir an búistéir corn 'na láim. "Sead," ar seisean, "ól 'deoc as san agus bainpíó sí an tuirse 'd'ort; ní tabairpíó 'do bó aon bainne uairé, ní inné aet seana-beatáiréac; ní piú tava í aet aóbar 'do'n feóileatóir." "Paraoir, paraoir gáar," arsa Hans, "cé a chreipeao san? Má marbuisim í, cé an maiteas 'doim í? Tá gráin agam ar feóil bó, ní sí maot mo 'dóicín 'doim. 'Dá mbuó mhuc í, cuir i gcás, 'do féatpáí ruo éigin 'do véanam léiri; 'do féatpáí maróga 'do véanam ví ar aon cúma." "Sead," arís an búistéir, "má's amlaí is fearr leat í, véanpao malairciúgao, agus tabairpao an mhuc uairé ar an mbuin." "Go stuagao 'dia luac 'do maiteasa uairé!" arsa Hans.

'Do tús sé an bó 'do'n mbúistéir, agus 'do tós sé an mhuc as an gcairtéid, agus 'do tiomáin sé leis í, agus greim aige ar an otéir a bí ceangailte 'd'á cois.

Agus siúto leis as bogao an bótar, agus gac aon ruo ceart aige anois, 'de réir veallraim; gan ahras, bí sé 'd'éis roinnt tubaist 'do cur éairis; aet anois bí sé ar muin na muice i n'á nírbí! 'Do b' é an céad uaine eile 'd'á mbuail uime ná an fear tuaithe agus sé breá géal 'sá ioncár aige pé n-a ascaill. 'Do stao an fear tuaithe, agus 'd'iaipruig sé 'de cao a élos é; agus 'd'innis Hans 'do i tsaob an áda a bí air, agus i tsaob na marasao go léir a bí véanta aige.

'Do buairt an fear tuaithe leis go raib an sé 'sá tabairt aige cún baistíó.

the Golfing medals and Boxing medals at Command Headquarters and in Dublin. In all the Battalion has won no less than 132 (one hundred and thirty-two) medals since their arrival. Is this a record, or can any other Battalion beat it?

REMEMBER DATES.

PLEASE GIVE DATES of all happenings. What is "last Friday" when you are writing may be "last Friday fortnight" when the date of the issue containing your notes is taken into account.

"féac," ar sé, "an meatócáint atá ann, agus gan aige aet oet seactáine. An t-é a véanpao é 'do róstaó agus 'd'ite, beiró a 'dóicín blonoge le baínt 'de aige, agus an cotúgao maí atá air!" "Is píor uairé," arsa Hans agus é 'sá tómas 'na láim; aet ní h-aon maíao mo mucsá." Le n-a linn sin éimig féacáint duiblaiteac i ngnúis an píor tuaithe, agus 'do crait sé a ceann. "Éist, a cara óil," ar sé, "b'féoir go ttabairpao 'do mhuc pé veara mísean 'do teact ort lá éigin; 'do goveao muc as a cró ar éigearna na sráide ó n-a tóanag anois beas. Bí críteasla orm nuair a connac é, go raib muc an éigearna agat; níor maí an bail ort 'do mbeirí ort. Sé ruo a veunpar, ar a luigeao, ná tú cáiteam isteaó sa locán."

Bí scanraó croíde ar Hans boet. "A uaine cóir," ar sé, "saor ó'n gcrúatósas so mé, iarraim ort é. Tá eólas níos fearr agat-sa ar an uairé seo ná mar atá agam-sa, tós leat mo mhuc agus tabair uóim-sa an sé." "Ba cóir go ttabairpao ruo éigin mar uóiract 'doim," arís an fear tuaithe, "aet ó's amlaí atáir i gcrúatósas, ní beao cruair ort." Leis sin 'do ruig sé gréim an otéir, agus 'do tiomáin sé an mhuc roimis an casán síos, agus 'd'iméig Hans leis pé uéin a baile, agus gan paic ná fráigeas 'do véanam buairéarta 'do.

"Mise atá beirte leis an marasao so, t'éis an tsaozáil," ar sé 'na aigne péin; "sa céad uul síos beiró rósta tarr-barr agam, agus annsan beiró lán mo 'dóicín 'de'n g'reisc agam go ceann sé mí; agus 'na tearnnta san is uile, beiró an clúim géal bán agam, agus cuirpao isteaó am' éluasóir é, agus is annsan a éolócáo go trom sám gan aon bogao. Ná ar mo mátar a beiró an t-éas!"

Ar a teact 'do uí an tsráio veireannac, 'do connac sé an fear agus é as cur paobair ar síosúir, agus an fáir is a bí sé as obair, bí sé as crónán:

"Tré énoar is coilltí ná meiréac mo éirial,

An spéar géal mo 'dion, 's toga bíó 'sam is uige,

'S ní tréiginn mo saozal-as ar séadom an Rí."

(cuille le teact).

seósam ó paítrisc.



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