



AN T-OGLÁC

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Vol. IV.—No. 7.

February 27, 1926

EASTER WEEK, 1916.

THE EVACUATION OF THE G.P.O.

A Hazardous Sortie



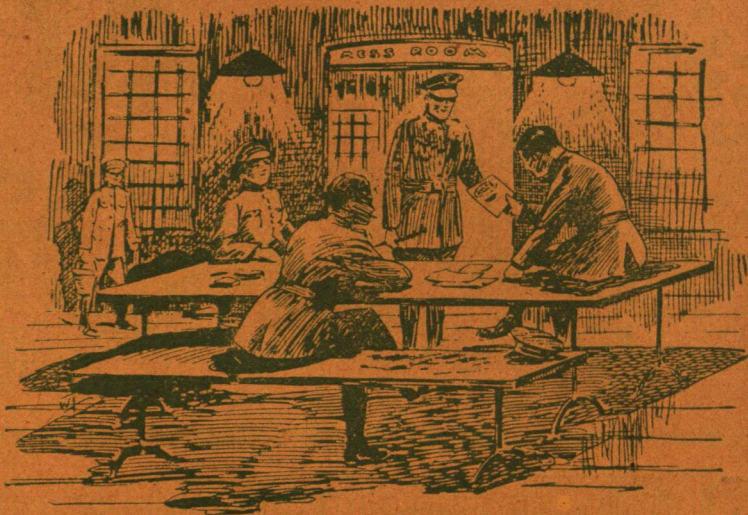
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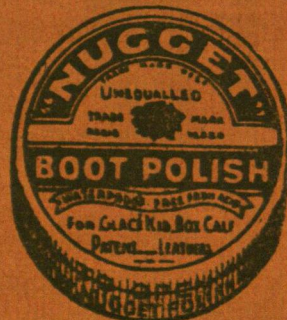
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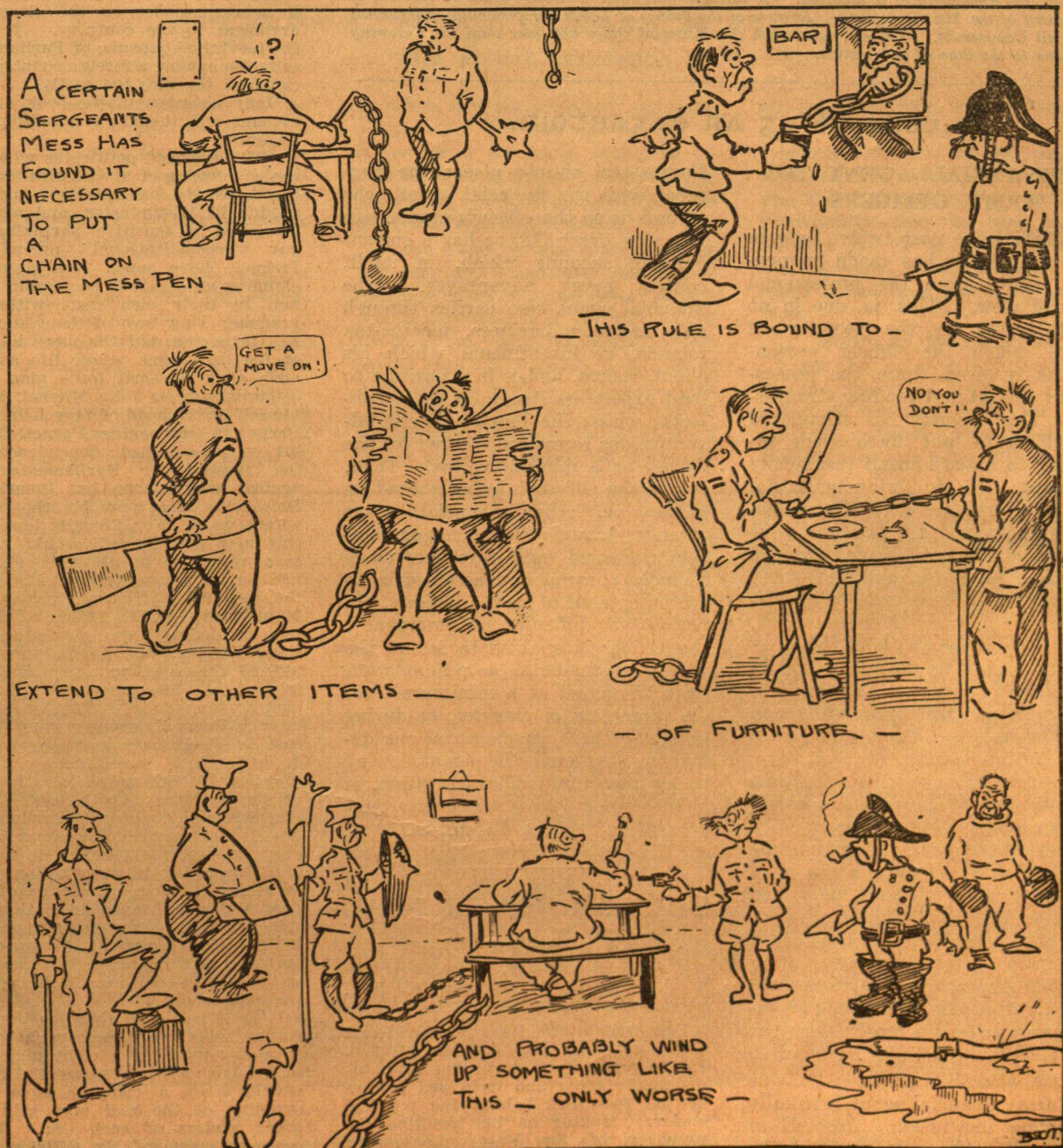


An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 7

FEBRUARY 27, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



AN T-ÓGLÁC

FEBRUARY 27, 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.

CÓMRAÐ AS AN EASARCIÓN.

A FINANCIAL AGENT FOR ARMY OFFICERS.

WITHIN the past twelve months the Army has made tremendous strides from the professional point of view. This is due in no small degree to the security of tenure which the Officer personnel has received from the possession of a legal and binding Commission. This security has stimulated the Officer to put forth every endeavour to make himself technically proficient; and to bring his social activities into line with his professional advancement. The establishment of a Literary Society at the General Staff Mess, and the excellent lectures which are being delivered there every Monday night, afford a typical example of the average Officer's desire to make good in every field of national activity; and to be a credit both to the profession of Arms and the community from which he has sprung.

We are of opinion that the time has now come when we can safely consider carrying the process a stage further. We are of opinion that the question of appointing a financial agent for the Officer personnel might, with considerable profit, engage the attention of the Army Authorities. Practically every army of repute enjoys the services of a financial agent for its Officer personnel; and we see no reason why the principle should not be extended to our own Army.

An army financial agent is usually a banking institution. Instead of sending the Officer his monthly or quarterly paying order direct, the

Paymaster simply places the payment with the financial agent, who records it to the officer's credit. In this way every Officer has a current banking account which, in itself, confers many advantages. The financial agent also carries through any insurance business, income-tax rebates, or investments which his client desires, and is in a position to lend expert assistance on these subjects; whilst the best and most advantageous terms are secured for the Officer at a minimum cost. Then, too, if the Officer is going abroad on a holiday, the financial agent arranges his traveller's cheques and the thousand and one necessary financial conveniences so essential to the enjoyment of such a holiday. In periods of difficulty or emergency, the Officer is enabled to secure the necessary financial accommodation from the agent at a minimum rate. On promotion or transfer, or during holidays, there are no vexatious delays in payment: the agent, owing to his recognised official position, is able to smooth over very many temporary and trifling difficulties.

THE PARNELL OF REAL LIFE.

By William O'Brien. Published by Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., London. Price 7/6 nett.

Few writers wield a more vivid and facile pen than Mr. William O'Brien. In the present volume he has given us a singular clear and lucid pen picture of the real man behind the political leader. Taking as his headline the prophecy of Sir Frank Lockwood: "Parnell was cruelly wronged all round. There is a growing reaction in England

in his favour. I am not altogether without remorse myself," and adding to it *The Times* recent statement ranking Gladstone, Gordon, and Parnell as the three outstanding figures of the Victorian era, Mr. O'Brien has set out to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" and in doing so has produced a work both instructive and interesting.

No work recently produced more effectively demonstrates, from the Irish point of view, the utter impossibility of Parliamentaryism. It inexorably broke Parnell by one method, as it broke Redmond by another. The claims set forth that it was the mean, sordid village ambition that put the great Parliamentary leader on the slope is no argument to the contrary. It is but the inevitable outcome of Parliamentary agitation against a foreign country. They can load the dice too easily.

Many passages in the book are both piquant and thought compelling. For instance:

"The seasoned politicians who set up the counterflag of a 'constitutionalism' based wholly on speeches and wire-pulling in Westminster, and who have developed a sensitive shrinking from any 'unconstitutional' procedure in Ireland, have much less excuse for claiming an apostolic succession to Parnell in their own feeble-witted programme. Only two of them knew Parnell in person, but the more important of the two began public life as a disciple of a physical force man so uncompromising as John Mitchel, and put himself at the head of 'the Kilmainham Party' in 1881 against Parnell for even his very qualified dependence upon the Westminster Parliamentaryism, against which none but lunatics and Bolsheviks must now breathe an irreverent word. For Constitutionalists of this new rite Parnell would have as scant respect as the Catholics of France had for the 'Constitutional Bishops' of the Revolution. Indeed, it may safely be affirmed that Mr. Dillon would have been hooted off any platform of the Land League had he in those days uttered the ultra 'constitutional' doctrines of his latter-day campaign against *Sinn Féin*. The two master-keys to Parnell's success were Obstruction in Parliament and Boycotting in Ireland. Both were frankly 'unconstitutional,' both were violently abused at the start, and both have imposed themselves on the world—Parliamentary Obstruction as the unbloody weapon of every minority struggling to be free, and Boycotting in substitution for armaments as the real sanction of President Wilson's League of Nations."

In this short, pregnant paragraph Mr. O'Brien has contrived to run-up the entire gamut of modern European—as well as Irish—politics. It is typical of the entire book.

It is to be hoped that the immediate future holds many more such books in store for us. For a right understanding of Irish history is essential that we should have a comprehensive understanding of the real man behind the great leaders of each era. In this sense we commend Mr. O'Brien's latest production to all our readers.

W. J. B. W.



EVACUATION OF THE G.P.O., 1916.

SORTIE UP MOORE STREET : THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE WALLS : NEARING THE END.

By LIEUTENANT CHARLES STEINMAYER.

(Being the Seventh 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.]

On Saturday, 29th April, 1916, at about 7 or 8 p.m., when the G.P.O., which had been held by a handful of Irishmen for nearly a week against the might of England, was blazing furiously, a little band of about 30 smoke-begrimed, dirty, and haggard looking men marched out of the side door of the Post Office into Henry Street led by

an officer carrying a Mauser automatic pistol. On reaching the corner of Moore Street the party, acting on instructions, split up into two sections, one taking the left-hand pathway, the other the right, at the double.

It was a case of take cover wherever you could find it and cover consisted of doorways about 6 inches deep. Bullets from a machine-gun at the other end of Moore Street rattled unpleasantly close on the path. I happened to be one of those who were on the right-hand path (from the G.P.O.) and during one of the temporary stops in the doorways I looked across the street just in time to

see the officer who led the section on the other side fall face downwards, evidently wounded, at the corner of what is known as Sampson's Lane. This was The O'Rahilly, and it was learned subsequently that he was mortally wounded and his dead body afterwards was recovered from Sampson's Lane, where it had been carried by his comrades.

Sortie up Moore Street.

I was then only one of the rank and file and cannot say definitely what our superior's intentions were, but it was generally understood that the sortie up Moore Street was made with the inten-



PHOTOGRAPH OF MOORE STREET, TAKEN LAST MONDAY.

The arrows on the pavement show how the men from the G.P.O. turned from Henry Street. The cross marks where The O'Rahilly fell, at the corner of Sampson's Lane. The arrow points to Tannery Lane, where the men who kept to the right took shelter.

[“An t-Oglach” Photo.]

tion of occupying Messrs. Williams and Woods' premises, which were built of granite, and situated in Parnell Street, nearly at the top of Moore Street.

In addition to the structural advantages of these premises, there were other considerations also which rendered their occupation very desirable. Possession of this point would have carried our forces right into the British line, and the proximity of both forces would then have rendered shelling too risky a method for the enemy to have adopted. This juxtaposition would have forced the British either to come to grips by an assault—in which event he would have lost heavily, and probably have suffered a repulse—or to retire in order to allow his artillery to come into play again. They were obviously more anxious to catch us in the open under the fire of their numerous machine-guns than they were to assault our positions.

A retirement of the British or an assault would have been decidedly to our advantage. It would have broken the completeness of their cordon. And a retirement under such circumstances—a retirement by young troops in a strange city would certainly have thrown them into confusion—would have enabled us to make an effort to slip through the net; and, perhaps, turn from the role of defenders to that of attackers. There was another reason, apart from these purely military reasons, why we desired to reach Messrs. Williams and Woods' premises. It was full of foodstuffs, of which we were getting short, and it was necessary to replenish our stock.

British Net Closely Drawn.

However reluctant the British may have been to come to close quarters with us, they certainly had drawn their net very tightly around our G.H.Q., the G.P.O., for between snipers and machine-guns they compelled The O'Rahilly's little band to diverge into Sampson's Lane, as it was humanly impossible to proceed up the whole length of the street in the face of the fire that was directed on them.

A companion and I took cover in a large tenement house which stood in the corner of one of the laneways, and proceeding to the topmost room looked out to see if there was any sign of our friends, when crash, a religious picture opposite our window was smashed to atoms. Needless to say we did not seek the why or the wherefore, but dropped on our faces on the floor while

the unseen sniper tattooed the wall where the picture had been. We waited a while in this house until suddenly we heard shouts, words of command and great commotion in the lane outside. Remembering our friend the sniper we dared not look out to see if the noise proceeded from friend or foe, so we went downstairs to the hall-door, which we had bolted behind us, and endeavoured to obtain the desired information through the keyhole, which, however, was not in a line with the activity. Listening to the voices outside we were of opinion that they were friends so we opened the door slowly to be immediately covered by a huge revolver. But the man who held it was not in khaki.

Connolly on a Stretcher.

After rendering an account of ourselves which satisfied the gentleman with the miniature machine-gun, we were instructed to take a hand at building a barricade across the laneway with empty cases from an adjacent Mineral Water Stores.

As far as I can remember this barricade was never finished. Orders came to the O/C. of our unit, from where or from whom I knew not, to proceed to a block of houses which had been occupied by Pearse, McDermott and other

members of the Staff. This block of houses abutted on to Moore Street and, as has been described in a previous issue, each house communicated with its neighbour by a hole broken in the wall through which we crawled and through which Connolly, who had been wounded in the attack on the G.P.O., was carried on a stretcher. How the Staff, not to mention the wounded Connolly, ever got to this block of houses at the back of Moore Street, has been ever a mystery to me. Practically all the garrison of the G.P.O. were now concentrated in and around this block, except for some casualties, which were proceeding to Jervis Street Hospital by another route.

It is a well-known fact that in times of great stress when one's life or liberty is at stake, and when one's faculties should be devoted to escaping whatever threatens, that a trivial incident will remain as an outstanding landmark when the more serious or important occurrences have faded almost from memory. Such an incident is as fresh in my mind as if it only happened yesterday.

A Novel Knife Sheath.

In this sortie we were at a considerable disadvantage in so far as we did not know anything definite of the British dispositions and method of closing



Sampson's Lane, off Moore Street. The cross shows where The O'Rahilly fell and the arrow indicates Cole's Lane, leading to Parnell Street.

[*"An t-Oglach"* Photo.]

in. For all we knew they might be copying our plan of "holes in the walls," and creeping down to us under cover. We might, therefore, come suddenly into handgrips at any moment. We endeavoured to prepare for this eventuality by arming ourselves with daggers and hunting knives in addition to our rifles and pistols—not to mention our home-made bombs.

It can readily be imagined the many contretemps that befell 50 or 60 men crawling through "holes in the wall" under such conditions. We had gone some distance when suddenly there was

it along, continued to advance with his comrades.

Notwithstanding the fact that not one of us had had a decent meal or sleep for a week (owing to excitement, not scarcity) and although we could hear the rattle of enemy machine-guns, rifle fire and the bursting of shells around us, some of the remarks passed to the man with the unique scabbard were the essence of humour, and as this particular Volunteer had a brown leather belt over his civilian suit into which was thrust a Colt, and slung over his shoulder was a shot-gun with two bandoliers,

Some forager had collected about a dozen tins of preserved fruit and these were very soon disposed of, as we were all thirsty and very dry, but the majority of us were too fagged out to make any efforts to seek relief.

I must have fallen asleep on the floor of the front room where I had thrown myself, for suddenly I realized that some movement was afoot, and collecting my gun asked what was up now. I was told that a priest had arrived and was closetted with our leaders in a little room in the next house and it was rumoured that peace negotiations were proceeding although the noise outside did not sound very peaceful.

(To be continued.)

OPEN LETTER TO "ROS CAIRBRE."

Dear Ros Cairbre,—For some months past I have read your notes on the 12th Battalion, and have been pleased to note that at least one Battalion of the No. 4 Brigade has a scribe. The pleasure felt has, however, occasionally been clouded by the fondness you display at times for the pedantic style, and this fondness becomes so patent in your Notes of No. 5 of the present volume of the journal that I feel compelled to address you in remonstrance.

Since when has it been a matter for grief that "a sensible, efficient, and intelligent N.C.O." should read a "Buffalo Bill" story? If his sense, efficiency and intelligence are so obvious there can be no reasonable objection to his spending leisure hours in light reading, even though it is of the "Wild Western" type. If your objection is sincere you ought to advocate the exclusion of "Pte. Murphy sketches" from "An t-Oglach" and request reproductions of extracts from the Book of Kells.

Secondly, you express regret that good educational books are not accessible in Barracks for N.C.O.'s and men. I wonder whether you ever heard that the Soviet Government of Russia made the "borrowing and retention" of books a crime? They did this because they suffer in Russia from that type of book-borrower who permanently retains his borrowings. You of the 12th Battalion have had books issued on loan from the Brigade Library. Have you them now, or have you also suffered from the Soviet type? As a last word, may I suggest that heights must be scaled, not conjured to the flat.—Believe me to be, your very sincerely,

FRANCIS THE PHILOSOPHER.

[We publish the foregoing letter in pursuance of our policy of giving all sides a hearing, but it should be remembered that the opinions of our correspondents are not necessarily ours. We would like to say that "Ros Cairbre" has been one of the most faithful supporters of this journal since the present series was inaugurated and has always given us the utmost assistance in his power, in addition to being the most regular contributor of Battalion notes.—Editor.]



Offices of Messrs. Williams and Woods, in Parnell Street, which the defenders of the G.P.O. sought to reach. ["An t-Oglach" Photo.]

a fierce yell, and a voice angrily exclaimed:

"Who the h— prodded me with the knife?"

It appears that one of the men, who was carrying a large unsheathed knife at the ready, had accidentally jabbed it into the man in front of him. Several shouted to him to put his knife in the sheath, but he replied that he had lost it. Looking around for a substitute—for the victim of his ungainliness had threatened dire penalties if he did it again—he saw a number of hams hanging up. As he had no time for a search, if he was to keep up with the advance, he stuck the knife into one of the smallest of the hams, and carrying

and in his hand a Martini rifle, someone said to him, "I am a pirate king, ha, ha!"

Advance Checked.

Our advance was checked shortly after this incident and we found ourselves on the first floor of what appeared to be a druggist's small shop. We threw ourselves down on the floor, the stairs and anywhere we could stretch our limbs. The windows were strongly barricaded and the door bolted, and of all the strange things to be piled against it was a barrel half or three-quarters full of Colza oil. That this place escaped going on fire was a miracle.

WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY
Commandant J. SMYTH
 ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

CIGAR-BOX CRYSTAL SET.

Any amateur desirous of building a Crystal Set will find the following details useful. The materials required are:—

	£	s	d.
1 Cigar Box ... cost	Nil		
4 Brass Terminals ...	0	0	8
1 Crystal Detector unmounted	0	2	0
$\frac{1}{4}$ ounce No. 24 Gauge Enamelled Copper Wire ...	0	0	6
Control Knob and Spindle ...	0	1	0

Total (about) £0 4 2

Cut three cardboard discs of $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter and notch same as shown in Figure 1.

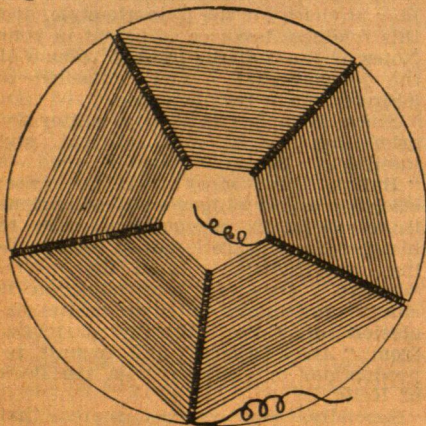


Fig. 1.

Wind 44 turns of enamelled wire on each of the cardboard discs. The winding will be under and over alternate sectors of the cardboard.

Attach two of the coils with drawing-pins or tacks to the underneath side of the lid as in Fig. 2, taking care to reverse the direction of the windings.

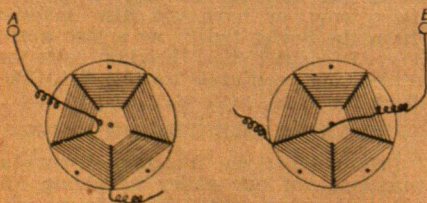


Fig. 2.

WIRELESS TWO BIG BOOKS 4d.
ROE McMAHON,
 11 HARCOURT STREET, DUBLIN.

Mount the other coil on a piece of stiff cardboard, thin wood, or other convenient material shaped and holed as in Fig. 3.

Bore a hole through the lid and fit the spindle through it with the knob on the upper side.

Clamp the cardboard, carrying the third coil on the lower end of the spindle. The spindle hole should be in such a position as to allow the centre of the moving coil to move in the arc of a circle over the centres of the other two coils.

Complete the connections between the three coils as in Fig. 4.

For the connections between the fixed and movable coils use a couple of inches of cotton or silk covered flexible wire.

The Crystal and headphones will be connected in series between aerial and earth.

The three coils are joined in series between A and E, i.e., aerial to first fixed coil, thence to moving coil, and

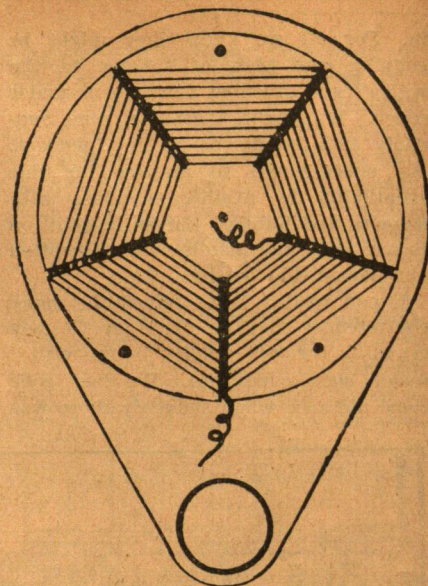


Fig. 3.

from that to the other fixed coil. The remaining end of the latter coil is connected to earth.

Note.—The windings of the two fixed coils must be in opposite directions to one another, the result being that when the moving coil is over one of the fixed

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THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY CAPTAIN J. JOHNSTON.

HISTORY.

SECTION II.

The First Civilizations.

It is now the intention to tell as briefly as possible of the earliest known civilizations; that is, the grouping together of mankind in a more or less cultured state in fairly large communities, or cities, the building of those cities and the culture that obtained in them.

It is still doubtful whether **Mesopotamia**, that is roughly the stretch of territory lying between the rivers **Tigris** and

Euphrates and extending as far as the head of the **Persian Gulf**, or **Egypt**, that is, the north-east portion of the Continent of **Africa** and the shores of the **Levant**, were the earlier scene of two parallel beginnings of settled communities living in towns or cities. It is fairly certain that both these parts of the world developed civilized communities almost simultaneously, but whether the peoples of these regions had a common origin or whether they were of different origin and developed separately and independently is not yet clear.

However, it is certain that 4,000 B.C. or 5,900 years ago, in both these regions

of the earth settled communities existed and had been in existence for a very considerable time. The **Babylonian** expedition organized by the University of **Pennsylvania** excavated at **Nippur** on the banks of the **Euphrates** evidence of a city which must have existed as early as 5,000 to 6,000 B.C. and that is earlier than anything known of in **Egypt**.

The reason for the settlement of large communities in these regions seems to have been that these areas were in those times the most fertile, or suitable for producing crops, and their climates must also have been equitable and much different from what they are to-day. That considerable changes of climate took place in various parts of the world throughout the ages is fairly evident, when it is realized that what is now the **Sahara Desert** must at one time, many ages ago, have been fertile and capable of supporting a fairly large population; similarly, great tracts of land in **China** are now gradually turning into barren desert, which were, up to a few hundred years ago, fertile and cultivated.

Now, the early settlements of mankind did not occur, as may be supposed, in any haphazard way, but only occurred where certain essentials or conditions necessary to real and permanent settlement prevailed, and further when such essentials or conditions ceased to prevail, the settlements broke up and migrated to a more favourable climate. Let us, therefore, consider the conditions or essentials necessary to the permanent settlement of mankind. They are, a trustworthy all-the-year-round supply of water, food for themselves, fodder for animals, and building material for their homes. There must be everything they could need at any season, and no serious want to tempt them to wander further. It may be argued that these conditions do not prevail in all cases, where large communities exist to-day, but we must not lose sight of the fact that in those early times of which we write, transport of heavy material was almost if not quite impossible, while trading between peoples, countries or communities, was only in its very beginning. To-day many cities and some countries are dependent for their very existence, almost, on imported food stuffs and materials.

The conditions under which mankind might settle very probably existed to some extent in many European and Asiatic Valleys, but the earliest historians tell us that nowhere did favourable conditions hold good so surely year in and year out as in **Egypt** and in the country between the upper waters of the **Euphrates** and **Tigris** and the **Persian Gulf**. In **Egypt** there was an abundant water supply from the Nile, there was clay for making bricks and stone that was easily worked, there were palms, many sorts of fruit and wheat also available there. In **Mesopotamia** there was an abundant supply of water from the two great rivers **Tigris** and **Euphrates**, there was clay which could be easily moulded into bricks; while palms, fruit, and wheat were plentiful. In such countries men settled down almost unawares, increased and multiplied, and by their numbers acquired comparative safety from the attacks of wild beasts and also the wandering and warlike tribes of mankind who had not yet become settled.

We will now endeavour to explain what form the early settlement of peoples took. In the Mesopotamian

WIRELESS NOTES—Continued from page 6.

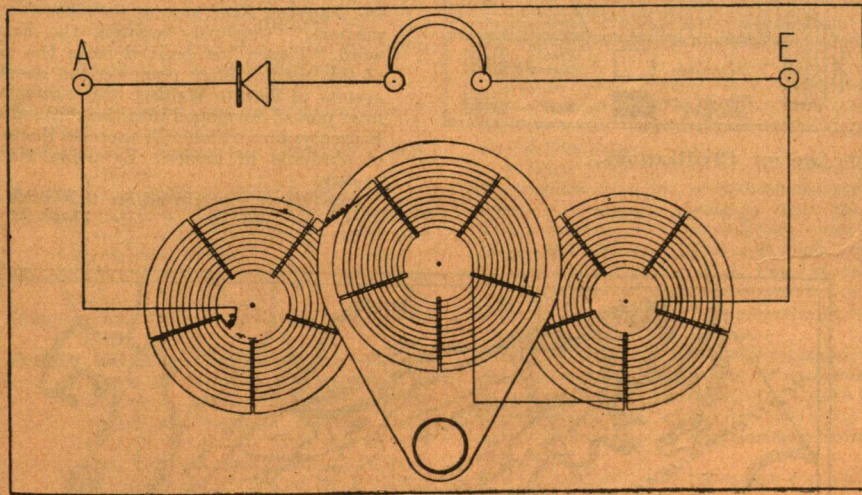


Fig. 4

coils the wavelength is increased, whereas if it is over the other coil the wavelength is reduced.

The clearance between the face of the moving coil and the faces of the fixed coils should be as small as possible.

The above arrangement is known as "Varimeter Tuning."

As the tuning depends on the capacity and inductance of the aerial as well as on the capacity and inductance of the coils, an absolutely correct number of turns guaranteed to give loudest signals on any aerial cannot be stated. The figures given above are good average values. Adjustment to a nicety is a matter for experiment.

READER'S QUERY.

Regarding "Wireless Notes" in No. 5 of the current issue of "An t-Oglach" I would like to know:—

(1) Is the function of a one-valve amplifier merely to increase the volume of signals that can ordinarily be clearly received on a Crystal set to such a

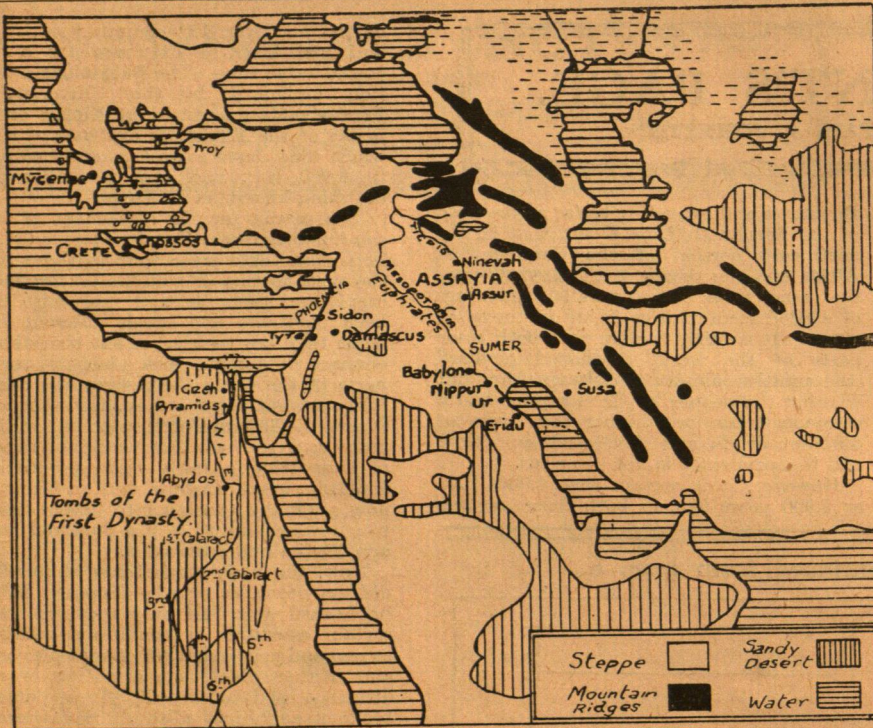
pitch that Loud Speaker results can be obtained; or

(2) Will it enable clear reception on headphones of signals which without an amplifier can be heard only indistinctly or not at all on the Crystal, e.g., will it enable clear reception of Daventry on the 'phones? D. X.

Answer (1) Before amplification you must have a clear and complete signal of reasonable volume. If any particular portion of the signal is inaudible that particular portion will not be amplified at all, the result being that the finer variations of sound are lost altogether. The resultant sound is somewhat analogous to an enlargement of a very small and indistinct photograph.

(2) When signals are already clear but faint the one-valve amplifier should give good signal strength on the headphones.

With an aerial 100 feet in length and 50 feet in height, clear of trees or other screening, and a good earth, Crystal reception from Daventry can be satisfactorily amplified.



1.—Map showing sites of Ancient Civilizations.

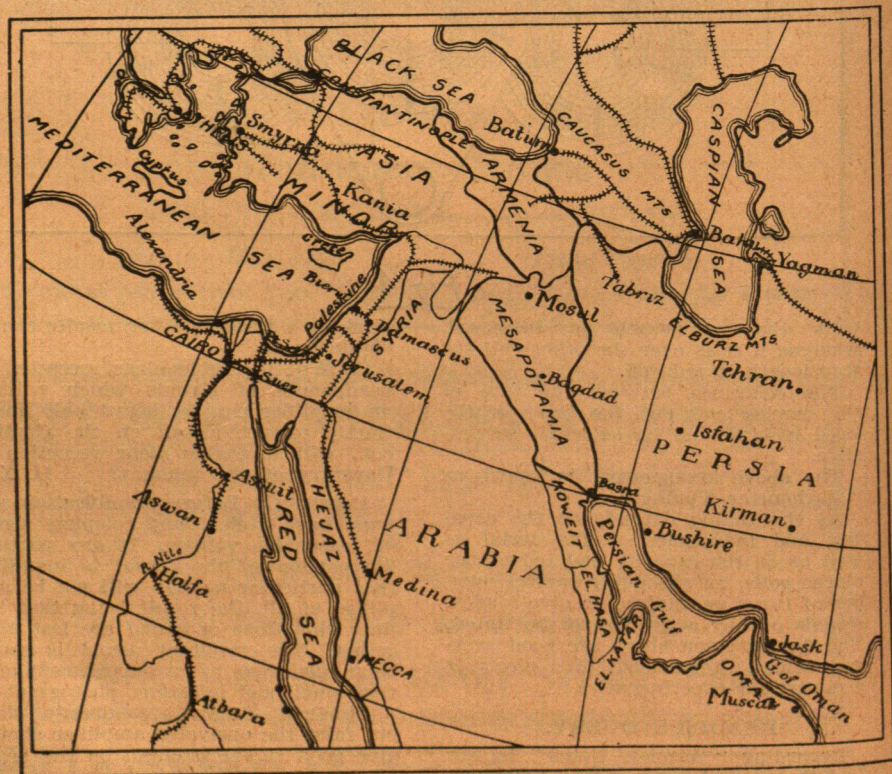
have divided up, as they grew numerous, into **City States** and it seems clear that the Cities of **Nippur, Eridu, Ur, Erech**, and perhaps other Cities existed between 6,000 and 5,000 B.C. or 7,900 to 6,900 years ago. These Cities were built and peopled by a race called the **Sumerians** who continued to inhabit them for something over a thousand years. The Cities were composed mainly of buildings constructed with clay bricks, and they built fairly large, tower-like buildings as temples to their Gods. In this country, they had little or no stone, and clay dried in the sun was a great factor in the lives of these people. They made pottery and earthenware images, they drew pictures, and at a later stage, wrote upon thin tile-like cakes of clay. These cities seem to have warred amongst themselves, and maintained their separate existence for many centuries, until they at last became more or less united to form the first known Empire in the World.

While the Sumerian peoples were thus developing, we had in **Egypt** another and parallel civilization, but there is as yet little record of its earlier stages. Known records of this civilization take us back to about 5,000 B.C., but it may have existed earlier. Here we had somewhat different conditions to those that prevailed in the Mesopotamian region; that is to say, a condition of comparative isolation and immunity from external interference, which tended towards more rapid development, also, there was easily worked stone available in abundance which enabled the peoples of that region to construct monuments which endure to this day. The earliest known phase of Egyptian History, known as the **Old Kingdom** comprised about four Dynasties lasting over a period of about thirteen hundred years, or perhaps more,

reached its highest stage of development in the **Fourth Dynasty**, which saw the erection of the world famous **Pyramids**, great stone piles which may have been utilised as burial places for the Kings and Princes of those days. These **Pyramids** were erected at the Command of the **Pharaohs Cheops, Chephren, and Mycerinus** by vast hordes of slave labour and their erection exhausted the resources of Egypt to much the same extent as a great war would have done. The reason for this enormous waste of wealth and labour on apparently senseless monuments of this kind is inconceivable to the modern mind. Some conception of the vastness of these piles may be gathered from the following dimensions of the **Great Pyramid**, the largest of the **Gizeh** group. This Pyramid is 450 feet high, 700 feet long, and is calculated to weigh 4,883,000 tons.

The Egyptian people of those times constructed houses of brick, wood, and stone, suitable clay being available for making bricks. This clay was, however, not so fine as the Mesopotamian clay, and the Egyptians made no use of it for writing or drawing on, but they began early to use the **Papyrus Reed** strung together for this purpose. Curiously enough, the English word "**Paper**" is derived from the name of this reed. They possessed an excellent system of **Picture Writing** which at a much later period developed into the conventional Hieroglyphics which still exercise the minds of students of ancient Egyptian History to-day.

The Maps reproduced in this page will give the student a fair idea of the



2.—Modern Map of area covered by No. 1.

Geographical positions of these ancient civilizations, and it will be instructive to carefully compare this Map with the modern Map of the same part of the World.

For the information of students the meaning of various words which are used in the text of the lesson are given below :—

Mesopotamia : meaning Mid-water, is the name of the land situated in Asiatic Turkey between the Rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

Tigris : river in Asiatic Turkey approximately 1,100 miles long, rising in Armenia, and after joining the Euphrates, flows into the Persian Gulf.

Euphrates : see remarks re Tigris—this river is approximately 1,800 miles long.

Levant : a sea on the West Coast of Turkey in Asia. It is the Eastern portion of the Mediterranean Sea. The Island of Cyprus is in the Levant Sea.

Parallel : equidistant for any distance—on similar lines.

Simultaneously : at the same time.

Babylonia : was the seat of the Babylonian Empire of great Biblical historical interest. Babylon is on the river Euphrates in Mesopotamia.

Equitable : impartial—fair—even.

Migrated : passed from country to country.

Isolation : placing alone.

Immunity : exemption—freedom from infection.

External : outside—outward—foreign.

Dynasty : a line of Sovereigns of the same family—the ruling family—term used in ancient times.

Pharaoh : the title adopted by the ancient ruler of Egypt.

Inconceivable : not imaginable—not formed in the mind.

Picture Writing—Hieroglyphics : ancient forms of writing in pictures or symbols. Ideas were conveyed by cutting an image or drawing it on stone or in clay. This was a very slow process and many of those pictures were conveyed by symbols, thereby somewhat speeding up the writing.

GEOGRAPHY.

SECTION I.

We now come to consider the Earth's crust ; by this I mean the solid outside portion, which we can observe. It is made up of **Mineral** masses called rocks.

The term **rock**, when used in the geological sense, does not merely mean hard stone, but any kind of stone, soft or hard. Sand clay, and coal, are just as much rocks as limestone or granite.

Rocks may be classified according to their mode of natural formation into two natural divisions, namely **Stratified** and **Unstratified**.

By **stratified** rocks I mean rocks that lie in layers or beds. You may have noticed these layers in railway cuttings or in quarries. These rocks are the result of

the action of water and hence these stratified rocks are sometimes called **Aqueous**.

At the place where a running stream enters a lake, its course is stopped, and the mud and sand that are carried down by the motion of the stream's current, sinks to the bottom, and is deposited in layers.

Where rivers reach the sea a similar action takes place. You will have noticed dredgers working near the mouth of a river. These dredgers scoop up from the river's bottom, mud, sand, etc., which the river has carried down. If this work of dredging was not carried on the layers of sand and mud carried down and deposited would rise to such an extent that navigation at the river's mouth would be dangerous if not impossible. In spite of dredging "bars" or banks of sand and gravel have formed at river mouths and continuous dredging of channels through these bars is necessary to allow of navigation. Sandstone, clay (where this becomes hardened it is called shale), limestone, chalk, coral, gypsum, rock-salt and coal are common forms of stratified rocks.

Unstratified Rocks, as their name suggests do not show traces of beds or layers. They have been produced by the action of heat and generally are glassy or crystalline in appearance. Some have been ejected from Volcanoes in the form of lavas and volcanic ashes.

Others have cooled and under great pressure beneath the earth's surface have become solid. Granites of various kinds are in this class.

A third class of rock is also found. It is stratified and yet crystalline in appearance. Common examples are **marble** which is limestone crystallized, quartzite or crystallized sandstone and slate which is hardened shale. This class is called **Metamorphic** (meaning changed in structure) that is stratified rocks altered by heat, pressure or chemical action.

Soil. This of course is the most important part of the earth's crust as far as mankind is concerned. It is in this upper part that vegetation grows, and it is formed by the gradual breaking up and wearing down of the rocks.

This gradual breaking up has come about through several causes. The changes of atmosphere (rain, frost, heat and cold), the action of the roots of plants and the operations of animals that live in the ground are some of the causes.

Severe changes of cold and heat cause

the rocks to crack, rain falling, the water finds its way in and by dissolving the soluble portion of these rocks, the remainder crumbles away. This crumbling away of course is not the work of a day or weeks, but this action has been going on for thousands of years. The water sinking into the ground freezes, expands and thus again this action breaks up the rocks. You will have noticed the small amount of soil on mountain sides and again heard of fertile valleys. Has it occurred to you how this is, the rain of course falling on the mountain side carries the surface soil with it and deposits it in the valley.

For the information of beginners the meanings of various words which are used in the text of the Geography lesson are given below :—

Mineral : any inorganic body found on the surface of the earth.

Geological : pertaining to the science that investigates the surface of the earth.

Deposited : laid down or placed.

Aqueous : of the nature of water—formed in or by the means of water.

Crystalline : having the form of a crystal—clear—transparent.

ARITHMETIC.

1. Write down in Arabic notation the following :—

(a) LCXC, (b) DCCCC, (c) MM, (d) XL.

2. In a school there are 160 pupils. Of these 104 are boys and girls, and 90 are girls and infants. How many boys, girls, and infants are in the school ?

3. A soldier had 21s. in his pocket. He lost a ten shilling note, spent 3s. on amusements, and found 7s. 6d. How much had he then ?

4. The product of two numbers is 6,666,363 and one of them is 7689. Find the other.

5. How many times may 860 be subtracted from 861720 ?

6. The difference between two numbers is 1926. The smaller is 6728. Find the greater.

7. A soldier takes a pace of 30 inches when marching. How many paces will he take in a march of 3 miles. $\frac{1}{4}$ A mile equals 63360 inches.

(To be Continued).

TEXT BOOKS

All the books required for the work conducted in the Students' Page and any other aids to study can be obtained by return of post from

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is usually the beginning of a fairy tale, but "To See McHugh Himself About A Bike" is to "live happy ever after."

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Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER IX.—continued.

Almost opposite to his window stood a small mean house fallen into neglect and disrepair. The windows were curtained with dust, many of the panes were broken, the shutters hung upon broken hinges, the paint was peeling from the door. The house had the most melancholy aspect of long disuse. It seemed to belong to no one and to be crumbling pitifully to ruin like an aged man who has no friends. Yet this house had its uses, which Gaydon could not but perceive were of a secret kind. On the very first day that Gaydon sat at his window a man, who seemed from his dress to be of a high consideration, came sauntering along that sordid thoroughfare, where he seemed entirely out of place, like a butterfly on the high seas. To Gaydon's surprise he stopped at the door, gave a cautious look round, and rapped quickly with his stick. At once the door of that uninhabited house was opened. The man entered, the door was closed upon him, and a good hour by Gaydon's watch elapsed before it was opened again to let him out. In the afternoon another man came and was admitted with the same secrecy. Both men had worn their hats drawn down upon their foreheads, and whereas one of them held a muffler to his face, the other had thrust his chin within the folds of his cravat. Gaydon had not been able to see the face of either. After nightfall he remarked that such visits became more frequent. Moreover, they were repeated on the next day and the next. Gaydon watched, but never got any nearer to a solution of the mystery. At the end of the sixth day he was more puzzled and interested than ever, for closely as he had watched he had not seen the face of any man who had passed in and out of that door.

But he was to see a face that night.

At nine o'clock a messenger from Edgar the secretary brought him a package which contained a letter and the passport for these six days delayed. The letter warned him that Edgar himself would come to fetch him in the morning to his audience with James. The passport gave authority to a Flemish nobleman, the Count of Cernes, to make a pilgrimage to Loretto with his wife and family. The name of

Warner had served its turn, and could no longer be employed.

As soon as the messenger had gone Gaydon destroyed Edgar's letter, put the passport safely away in his breast, and since he had not left his room that day put on his hat. Being a prudent man with a turn for economy he also extinguished his lamp. He had also a liking for fresh air, so he opened the window, and at the same moment the door of the house opposite was opened. A tall burly man with a lantern in his hand stepped out into the street; he was followed by a slight man of a short stature. Both men were wrapped in their cloaks, but the shorter one tripped on a break in the road, and his cloak fell apart. His companion turned at once and held his lantern aloft. Just for a second the light therefore flashed upon a face, and Gaydon at his dark window caught a glimpse of it. The face was the face of his King.

Gaydon was more than ever puzzled. He had only seen the face for an instant; moreover he was looking down upon it, so that he might be mistaken. He felt, however, that he was not, and he began to wonder at the business that could take his King to

this mysterious house. But there was one thing of which he was sure amidst all his doubts: Rome was not the safest city in the world for a man to walk about at nights. His King would be none the worse off for a second guardian, who would follow near enough to give help, and far enough for discretion. Gaydon went down his stairs into the street. The lantern twinkled ahead; Gaydon followed it until it stopped before a great house which had lights burning here and there in the windows. The smaller man mounted the steps and was admitted; his big companion with the lantern remained outside.

Gaydon, wishing to make sure of his conjectures one way or the other, walked quickly past him and stole a glance sideways at his face. But the man with the lantern looked at Gaydon at the same moment. Their eyes met, and the lantern was immediately held aloft.

"It is Major Gaydon."

Gaydon had to make the best of the business. He bowed.

"Mr. Whittington, I think?"

"Sir," said Whittington politely, "I am honoured by your memory. For myself I never forget a face though I see



"The man with the lantern looked at Gaydon."

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it but for a moment between the light and the dark, but I do not expect the like from my acquaintances. We did meet, I believe, in Paris? You are of Dillon's regiment?"

"And on leave in Rome," said Gaydon a trifle hastily.

"On leave?" said Whittington idly.

"Well, so far as towns go Rome is as good as another, though to tell the truth I find them all quite unendurable. Would I were on leave; but I am pinned here, a watchman with a lantern. I do but lack a rattle, though to be sure I could not spring it. We are secret to-night major. Do you know what house this is?"

"No," replied Gaydon. "But I am waited for and will bid you good-night."

He had a thought that the Chevalier, since he would be secret, had chosen his watchman rather ill. He had no wish to pry, and so was for returning to his lodging; but that careless, imprudent man, Whittington, would not lose a companion so easily. He caught Gaydon by the arm.

"Well, it is the house of Maria Vittoria, Mademoiselle de Caprara, the heiress of Bologna, who has only this evening come to Rome. And so no later than this evening I am playing linkboy, appointed by letters-patent, one might say. But what will you? Youth is youth whether in a ploughboy or a— But my tongue needs a gag. Another word and I had said too much. Well, since you will be going, good-night. We shall meet no doubt in a certain house that overlooks the Tiber."

"Hardly," said Gaydon, "since I leave Rome to-morrow."

"Indeed? You leave Rome to-morrow?" said Whittington. "I would I were as fortunate." And he jerked his thumb dolefully towards the Caprara Palace. Gaydon hesitated for a moment considering whether or not he should ask Whittington to be silent upon their meeting. But he determined the man was too incautious in his speech. If he begged him not to mention Gaydon's presence in Rome he would remember it the more surely, and if nothing was said he might forget it. Gaydon wished him good-night and went back to his lodging, walking rather moodily. Whittington looked after him and chuckled.

Meanwhile in a room of the house two people sat—one the slight, graceful man who had accompanied Whittington, and whom Gaydon had correctly guessed to be his King; the other Maria Vittoria de Caprara. The Chevalier de St. George was speaking awkwardly with a voice which broke. Maria listened with a face set and drawn. She was a girl both in features and complexion of a remarkable purity. Of colour, but for her red lips, she had none. Her hair was black, her face of a clear pallor which her hair made yet more pale. Her eyes matched her hair, and were so bright and quick that a starry spark seemed to glow in the depths of them. She was a poet's simile for night.

The Chevalier ended and sat with his eyes turned away. Maria Vittoria did not change her attitude, nor for a while

did she answer, but the ears gathered in her eyes and welled over. They ran down her cheeks; she did not wipe them away, she did not sob, nor did her face alter from its fixity. She did not even close her eyes. Only the tears rained down so silently that the Prince was not aware of them. He had even a thought as he sat with his head averted that she might have shown a trifle more of distress, and it was almost with a reproach upon his lips that he turned to her. Never was a man more glad that he had left a word unspoken. This silent grief of tears cut him to the heart.

"Maria!" he cried, and moved towards her. She made no gesture to repel him, she did not move, but she spoke in a whisper.

"Had His Holiness the Pope consented to our marriage, what would I not have done for you?"

The Chevalier stooped over her and took her hand. The hand remained inert in his.

"Maria!"

"Would that I were poor! Would that I were powerless! Then I should not grieve so deeply. But I am rich—so rich. I could have done so much. I am alone—so much alone. What would I not have done for you?"

"Maria!"

His voice choked upon the word; his lips touched her hair, and she shivered from head to foot. Then her hand tightened fast upon his; she drew him down almost fiercely until he sank upon his knees by her side; she put an arm about his shoulder and held him to her breast.

"But you love me," she said quickly.

"Tell me so! Say 'I love you, I love you, I love you.' Oh that we both could die, you saying it, I hearing it—die to-night, like this, my arm about you, your face against my heart! My lord, my lord!" And then she flung him from her, holding him at arm's-length.

"Say it with your eyes on mine. I can see though the ears fall. I shall never hear the words again after to-night. Do not stint me of them; let them flow just as these tears flow. They will leave no more trace than do my tears."

"Maria, I love you," said the Chevalier. "How I do love you!" He took her hands from his shoulders and pressed his forehead upon them. She leaned forward, and in a voice so low it seemed her heart was whispering, not her mouth, she made her prayer.

"Say that you have no room in your thoughts except for me. Say that you have no scrap of love—" He dropped her hands and drew away; she caught him to her. "No, no. Say that you have no scrap of love to toss to the woman there in Innspruck!"

"Maria!" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" said she with a woeful smile. "To-morrow you shall love her; to-morrow I will not ask your eyes to dwell on mine or your hand to quiver as it touches mine. But to-night love no one but me."

For answer he kissed her on the lips. She took his head between her hands and gave the kiss back, gently as though

her lips feared to bruise his, slowly as though this one moment must content her for all her life. Then she looked at him for a little, and with a childish movement that was infinitely sad she laid his face side by side with hers so that his cheek touched hers.

"Shall I tell you my thought?" she asked. "Shall I dare to tell you it?"

"Tell it me!"

"God has died to-night. Hush! Do not move! Do not speak! Perhaps the world will slip and crumble if we but stay still." And they remained thus cheek to cheek silent in the room, staring forward with eyes wide open and hopeful. The very air seemed to them aquiver with expectation. They, too, had an expectant smile upon their lips. But there was no crack of thunder overhead, no roar of a slipping world.

The Chevalier was the first to move.

"But we are children," he cried, starting up. "Is it not strange the very pain which tortures us because we are man and woman should sink us into children? We sit hoping that a miracle will split the world in pieces! This is the Caprara Palace; Whittington drowns outside over his lantern; and to-morrow Gaydon rides with his passport northwards to Charles Wogan."

The name hurt Maria Vittoria like a physical torture. She beat her hands together with a cry: "I hate him! I hate him!"

"Yet I have no better servant!"

"Speak no good word of him in my ears! He robs me of you."

"He risks his life for me."

"I will pray that he may lose it."

"Maria!"

The Chevalier started, thrilled, and almost appalled by the violence of her passion.

"I do pray," she cried. "Every fibre in me tingles with the prayer. Oh, I hate him! Why did you give him leave to rescue her?"

"Could I refuse? I did delay him, I did hesitate. Only to-day Gaydon receives the passport, and even so I have delayed too long. Indeed, Maria, I dare not think of the shame, the danger, her Highness has endured for me lest my presence here, even for this farewell, should too bitterly reproach me."

At that all Maria Vittoria's vehemence left her. She fell to beseechings and entreaties. With her vehemence went also her dignity. She dropped upon her knees and dragged herself across the room to him. To James her humility was more terrible than her passion, for passion had always distinguished her, and he was familiar with it; but with her passion pride had hitherto gone hand in hand. He stepped forward and would have raised her from the ground, but Maria would have none of his help; she crouched at his feet pleading.

"You told me business would call you to Spain. Go there! For a little—oh, not for long! But for a month, say, after your Princess comes triumphing into Bologna. Promise me that! I could not bear that you should meet her as she comes. There would be shouts;

I can hear them. No, I will not have it! I can see her proud cursed face aflush. No! You think too much of what she has suffered. If I could have suffered too! But suffering, shame, humiliation—these fall to women, always have fallen. We have learnt to bear them, so that we feel them less than you. My dear lord, believe me! Her suffering is no great thing. If we love we welcome suffering. Each throb of pain endured for love becomes a thrill of joy. If I could have suffered too!"

It was strange to hear this girl with the streaming eyes and tormented face bewail her fate in that she had not won that great privilege of suffering. She knelt on the ground a splendid image of pain, and longed for pain that she might prove thereby how little a thing she made of it. The Chevalier drew a stool to her side, and seating himself upon it clasped her about the waist. She laid her cheek upon his knee just as a dog will do.

"Sweetheart," said he, "I would have no woman suffer a pang for me had I my will of the world. But since that may not be, I do not believe that any woman could be deeper hurt than you are now."

"Not Clementina?"

"No."

Maria uttered a little sigh of content. Her pain gave her a sort of ownership of the man who caused it. "Nor can she love as deep," she continued quietly. "A Sobleska from the snows! Love was born here in Italy. She robs me of you. I hate her." Then she raised her face eagerly. "Charles Wogan may fail."

"You do not know him."

"The cleverest have made mistakes and died for them."

"Wogan makes mistakes like another, but somehow gets the better of them in the end. There was a word he said to me when he begged for my permission. I told him his plan was a mere dream. He answered he would dream it true; he will."

"You should have waked him. You were the master he the servant. You were the King."

"And when can the King do what he wills instead of what he must? Maria, if you and I had met before I sent Charles Wogan to search out a wife for me—"

Maria Vittoria knelt up. She drew herself away.

"He chose her as your wife?"

"If only I had time to summon him back!"

"He chose her—Charles Wogan. How I hate him!"

"I sent him to make the choice."

"And he might have gone no step beyond Bologna. There was I not a mile distant ready to his hand! But I was too mean, too despicable—"

"Maria, hush!" And the troubled voice in which he spoke rang with so much pain that she was at once contrite with remorse.

"My lord, I hurt you, so you see how I am proven mean. Give me your hand

and laugh to me—laugh with your heart and eyes and lips. I am jealous of your pain. I am a woman. I would have it all, gather it all into my bosom, and cherish each sharp stab like a flower my lover gives to me. I am glad of them. They are flowers that will not wither. Add a kiss, sweetheart, the sharpest stab, and so the chief flower, the very rose of flowers. There, that is well." And she rose from her knees and turned away. So she stood for a little, and when she turned again she wore upon her face the smile which she had bidden rise in his.

"Would we were free!" cried the Chevalier.

"But since we are not, let us show brave faces to the world and hide our hearts. I do wish you all happiness. But you will go to Spain. There's a friend's hand in warrant of the wish."

She held out a hand which clasped his firmly without so much as a tremor.

"Good-night, my friend," said she. "Speak those same words to me and no word more. I am tired with the day's doings. I have need of sleep, oh, great need of it."

The Chevalier read plainly the overwhelming strain her counterfeit of friendliness put upon her. He dared not prolong it. Even as he looked at her, her lips quivered and her eyes swam.

"Good-night, my friend," said he.

"But you will go to Spain," she said obstinately. "You will not meet her in Bologna."

To that one petty wish she clung. James was at a loss to reconcile its reiteration with the nobility he knew in her. But she was set upon the infliction of this humiliation on her successful rival. She waited till she had her answer. Then she conducted him along a wide gallery to the great staircase where her lackeys waited. Then he bowed to her and she curtsied low to him, but no word was spoken by either. This little comedy must needs be played in pantomime lest the actors should spoil it with a show of broken hearts.

Maria Vittoria went back to the room. She could have hindered Wogan if she had had the mind. She had the time to betray him; she knew of his purpose. But the thought of betrayal never so much as entered her thoughts.

She hated him, she hated Clementina, but she was loyal to her King. She sat alone in her palace, her chin propped upon her hands, and in a little in her wide unblinking eyes the tears gathered again and rolled down her cheeks and on her hands. She wept silently and without a movement, like a statue weeping.

The Chevalier found Whittington waiting for him, but the candle in his lantern had burned out.

"I have kept you here a wearisome long time," he said with an effort. It was not easy for him to speak upon an indifferent matter.

"I had some talk with Major Gaydon which helped me to beguile it," said Whittington.

"Gaydon!" exclaimed the Chevalier; "are you certain?"

"A man may make mistakes in the darkness," said Whittington.

"To be sure."

"And I never had an eye for faces."

"It was not Gaydon then?" said the Chevalier.

"It may not have been," said Whittington; "and by the best of good fortune I said nothing to him of any significance whatever."

The Chevalier was satisfied with the reply. He had chosen the right attendant for this nocturnal visit. Had Gaydon met with a more observant man than Whittington outside the Caprara Palace he might have got a number of foolish suspicions into his head.

Gaydon, however, was at that moment in his bed saying to himself that there were many matters concerning which it would be an impertinence for him to have one meddlesome thought. By God's blessing he was a soldier and no politician. He fell asleep comforted by that conclusion.

In the morning Edgar, the Chevalier's secretary, came privately to him.

"The King will receive you now," said he. "Let us go."

"It is broad daylight. We shall be seen."

"Not if the street is empty," said Edgar, looking out of the window.

The street, as it chanced, was for the moment empty. Edgar crossed the street and rapped quickly, with certain pauses between the raps, on the door of that deserted house into which Gaydon had watched men enter. The door was opened. "Follow me," said Edgar. Gaydon followed him into a bare passage, unswept and with discoloured walls. A man in a little hutch in the wall opened and closed the door with a string.

Edgar walked forward to the end of the passage with Gaydon at his heels. The two men came to a flight of stone steps which they descended. The steps led to a dark and dripping cellar, with no pavement but the mud, and that depressed into puddles. The air was cold and noisome, the walls to the touch of Gaydon's hand were greasy with slime. He followed Edgar across the cellar into a sort of tunnel. Here Edgar drew an end of candle from his pocket and lighted it. The tunnel was so low that Gaydon, though a shortish man, could barely hold his head erect. He followed Edgar to the end and up a flight of winding steps. The air grew warmer and dryer. They had risen above ground; the spiral wound within the thickness of a wall. The steps ended abruptly; there was no door visible; in face of them and on each side the bare stone walls enclosed them. Edgar stooped down and pressed with his finger on a round insignificant discoloration of the stone. Then he stood up again.

"You will breathe no word of this passage, Major Gaydon," said he. "The house was built a century ago when Rome was more troubled than it is to-day, but the passage was never more useful than now. Men from England, whose names it would astonish you to know, have trodden these steps

on a secret visit to the King. Ah!" From the wall before their faces a great slab of the size of a door sank noiselessly down and disclosed a wooden panel. The panel slid aside. Edgar and Gaydon stepped into a little cabinet lighted by a single window. The room was empty. Gaydon took a peep out of the window and saw the Tiber eddying beneath. Edgar went to a corner and touched a spring. The stone slab rose from its grooves, the panel slid back across it; at the same moment the door of the room was opened, and the Chevalier stepped across the threshold.

Gaydon could no longer even pretend to doubt who had walked with Whittington to the Caprara Palace the night before. It was none of his business, however, he assured himself. If his King dwelt with unnecessary emphasis upon the dangers of the enterprise, it was not his business to remark upon it or to be thereby disheartened. The King said very graciously that he would hold the Major and his friends in no less esteem if by any misfortune they came back empty-handed. That was most kind of him, but it was none of Gaydon's business. The King was ill at ease and looked as though he had not slept a wink the livelong night. Well, swollen eyes and a patched pallid face disfigure all men at times, and in any case they were none of Gaydon's business.

He rode out of Rome that afternoon as the light was falling. He rode at a quick trot, and did not notice at the corner of a street a big stalwart man who sauntered along swinging his stick by the tassel with a vacant look of idleness upon the passers-by. He stopped and directed the same vacant look at Gaydon.

But he was thinking curiously, "Will he tell Charles Wogan?"

The stalwart man was Harry Whittington.

Gaydon, however, never breathed a word about the Caprara Palace when he handed the passport to Charles Wogan at Schlestadt. Wogan was sitting propped up with pillows in a chair, and he asked Gaydon many questions of the news at Rome, and how the King bore himself.

"The King was not in the best of spirits," said Gaydon.

"With this," cried Wogan, flourishing the passport, "we'll find a means to hearten him."

Gaydon filled a pipe and lighted it.

"Will you tell me, Wogan?" he asked "I am by nature curious—Was it the King who proposed this enterprise to you, or was it you who proposed it to the King?"

The question had an extraordinary effect. Wogan was startled out of his chair.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed fiercely. There was something more than fierceness in the words—an accent of fear, it almost seemed to Gaydon. There was a look almost of fear in his eyes as though he had let some appalling secret slip. Gaydon stared at him in wonder, and Wogan recovered himself with a laugh. "Faith," said

he, "it is a question to perplex a man. I misdoubt but we both had the thought about the same time. 'Wogan,' said he, 'there's the Princess with a chain on her leg, so to speak;' and I answered him, 'A chain's a galling sort of thing to a lady's ankle.' There was little more said, if I remember right."

Gaydon nodded as though his curiosity was now satisfied. Wogan's alarm was strange, no doubt—strange and unexpected like the Chevalier's visit to the Caprara Palace. Had Wogan forced his King to allow him to attempt this rescue? Was the King over-reluctant? Was Wogan over-ready? Gaydon had a glimpse of dark and troubled waters, but he turned his face away. They were none of his business.

CHAPTER X.

A MONTH OF WAITING.

In an hour, however, he returned out of breath and with a face white from despair. Wogan was still writing at his table, but at his first glance towards Gaydon he started quickly to his feet, and altogether forgot to cover over his sheet of paper. He carefully shut the door.

"You have bad news," said he.

"There was never worse," answered Gaydon. He had run so fast, he was so discomposed, that he could with difficulty speak. But he gasped his bad news out in the end.

"I went to my brother major to report my return. He was entertaining his friends. He had a letter this morning from Strasbourg, and he read it aloud. The letter said a rumour was running through the town that the Chevalier Wogan had already rescued the Princess, and was being hotly pursued on the road to Trent."

If Wogan felt any disquietude he was careful to hide it. He sat comfortably down upon the sofa.

"I expected rumour would be busy with us," said he, "but never that it would take so favourable a shape."

"Favourable!" exclaimed Gaydon.

"To be sure, for its falsity will be established to-morrow, and ridicule cast upon those who spread and believed it. False alarms are the proper strategy to conceal the real assault. The rumour does us a service. Our secret is very well kept, for here am I in Schlestadt, and people living in Schlestadt believe me on the road to Trent. I will go back with you to the Major's and have a laugh at his correspondent. Courage, my friend. We will give our enemies a month. Let them cry wolf as often as they will during that month; we'll get into the fold all the more easily in the end."

Wogan took his hat to accompany Gaydon, but at that moment he heard another man stumbling in a great haste up the stairs. Misset broke into the room with a face as discomposed as Gaydon's had been.

"Here's another who has heard the same rumour," said Wogan.

"It is more than a rumour," said Misset. "It is an order, and most per-

emptory, from the Court of France, forbidding any officer of Dillon's regiment to be absent for more than twenty-four hours from his duties, on pain of being broke. Our secret's out. That's the plain truth of the matter."

He stood by the table drumming with his fingers in a great agitation. Then his fingers stopped. He had been drumming upon Wogan's sheet of paper, and the writing on the sheet had suddenly attracted his notice. It was writing in unusually regular lines. Gaydon, arrested by Misset's change from restlessness to fixity, looked that way for a second, too, but he turned his head aside very quickly. Wogan's handwriting was none of his business.

"We will give them a month," said Wogan. "No doubt we are suspected. I never had a hope that we should not be. The Court of France, you see, can do no less than forbid us but I should not be surprised if it winks at us on the sly. We will give them a month; and take my word for it, not one of you will be cashiered."

"I don't flinch at that," said Misset, "but the secret's out."

"Then we must use the more precautions," said Wogan. He had no doubt whatever that somehow he would bring the Princess safely out of her prison to Bologna. It could not be that she was born to be wasted. Misset, however, was not so confident upon the matter.

"A strange imperturbable man is Charles Wogan," said he to Gaydon and O'Toole the same evening. "Did you happen by any chance to cast your eye over the paper I had my hand on?"

"I did not," said Gaydon in a great hurry. "It was a private letter, no doubt."

"It was poetry. There's no need for you to hurry, my friend. It was more than mere poetry; it was in Latin. I read the first line on the page, and it ran, 'Te, dum spernit, arat novus acola; mox ubi cultam—'"

Gaydon tore his arm away from Misset. "I'll hear no more of it," he cried. "Poetry is none of my business."

"There, Dick, you are wrong," said O'Toole sententiously. Both Misset and Gaydon came to a dead stop and stared. Never had poetry so strange an advocate. O'Toole set his great legs apart and his arms akimbo. He rocked himself backwards and forwards on his heels and toes, while a benevolent smile of superiority wrinkled across his broad face from ear to ear. "Yes, I've done it," said he—"I've written poetry. It is a thing a polite gentleman should be able to do. So I did it. It wasn't in Latin because the young lady it was written to didn't understand Latin. Her name was Lucy, and I rhymed her to 'juicy,' and the pleasure of it made her purple in the face. There were to have been four lines, but there were never more than three and a half, because I could not think of a suitable rhyme to O'Toole. Lucy said she knew one, but she would never tell it me."

(To be continued.)

NEW GARRISON CHURCH IN LIMERICK.

His Lordship the Most Rev. Dr. Keane formally opened the new Garrison Church of the New Barracks, Limerick, on Sunday, February 14th. The Church is dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes. The Lord Bishop said the first Mass in the building, and Fr. McCarthy, 4th Brigade Chaplain, acted as Chaplain to His Lordship.

Most Rev. Dr. Keane, addressing the troops, reminded them of the care the Church took of all her children and the way she gave every facility for leading good lives. He said that though their army might not equal the great armies of the world in quantity it certainly could equal them in quality and should show an example to all other military forces.

There was a full parade of all officers at the ceremony. Comdt Whelan represented the 4th Brigade in the absence of Col. D. Reynolds, at present on the Curragh. G.H.Q. was represented by the Q.M.G. Major-General Cronin and the Head Chaplain, Rev. D. Ryan; the Command by Major-General S. MacMahon, G.O.C., Col. Hayes, Administrative Officer, Major Cooney, Command Quartermaster, and the Rev. H. O'Neill, 3rd Brigade Chaplain. Comdt. Conroy, Commanding Officer, 14th Battalion, took the parade of the 14th Battalion.

After Mass the Lord Bishop received the officers and was entertained to breakfast.

The Church was restored by the Army Corps of Engineers and every credit is due to them for their excellent work.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

It is surely a strange world when we can not only see men long dead "in their habit as they lived" on the cinema screen, but can hear their voices with all the vigour of reality on the gramophone. I have never played Gervase Elwes' record of "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" and the "Sea Dirge" (Columbia) without a faint, eerie feeling, but this may have been due in some measure to the nature of those songs. Certainly I did not experience the same feeling when playing the new H.M.V. record of Caruso (10-inch Red, 6/-). The wonderful, golden voice throbs with robust life in these two little Italian songs, and it is almost impossible to believe that the singer has been in his grave for half-a-dozen years.

It is one of several records made by Caruso shortly before his death and it is good to know that others yet remain to be issued. For sheer realism this record would be difficult to excel, and the countless admirers of the great vocalist will have to admit that it is in every respect worthy of him.

Another new H.M.V. record which I confidently commend to my readers is Miss Anne Thursfield's sympathetic singing of Arnold Box's setting of the "Rann of Exile" and "Cradle Song" (10-inch, 4s. 6d.). The latter piece, by the way, is Padraic Colum's "Men from the Fields," but I prefer Miss Stella Murray's interpretation of Herbert Hughes' arrangement on an Aco record, to which I referred about three months ago.

Some of the comments on Lionel Tertis's playing during his recent appearance in Dublin were mildly unfavourable. This is difficult to understand, because he is indisputably the best viola player in these latitudes. Perhaps he was at a disadvantage; perhaps the viola does not appeal to these critics; perhaps his selections were badly chosen. His mastery over the instrument is clearly shown in the Vocalion record of "Les Reves" and "Sunset" (10-inch, 3s.) though the music does not give him much scope.

Organ recording continues to improve as is shown by the H.M.V. 12-inch disc (4s. 6d.) of Whitaker-Wilson playing Handel's "Largo" and Gatty Sellars' "The Lost Chord" on the great organ in Kingsway Hall, London. The tone is amazing round and full, particularly in the Handel composition.

Another version of "The Lost Chord" is to hand this month—a Beltona recording (2s. 6d.) of a cornet solo by Lieut. H. M. Pell, Musical Director of the 7th Battalion, Durham Light Infantry, with "The Holy City" on the

other side. Those who like cornet soli will like it very much, and it will be interesting to compare it with the cornet solo in the Army Band's record of Sullivan's famous song.

"TONE ARM."

DEATH OF SEUMAS FINN.

We regret to announce the death of ex-Lieutenant Seumas Finn, of Ballylanders, County Limerick, who had been in failing health for some time. The news will be heard with deep sorrow by all who knew him, but by none more than his old comrades of the East Limerick Flying Column. Though but a boy he took a man's part in the Anglo-Irish struggle and displayed conspicuous bravery in many an encounter, notably in the Dromkeen Ambush. He also served with the Column in West Limerick. Kindly, openhearted and chivalrous, his indomitable spirit sustained him to the last through the illness which resulted from the hardships of those campaigning days. Trocaire De ar t-anam, a Sheumais.

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GOSSIP OF THE BARRACKS.

No. 1 BRIGADE H.Q., FINNER.

Brigade H.Q. Football team was drawn to meet "C" Coy., 2nd Battalion, in the second round of the Finner Football League on the 17th inst. Notwithstanding the very short notice given the Brigade fielded a very strong team, but it was decided by the referee that the field was not fit for play, as no goal-posts were erected nor the ground marked. We would like to see the Sports Committee pay more attention to these points before ordering matches, as calling off of games at the last moment does not encourage men to strip during this cold weather.

Since the announcement of a course of instruction for junior N.C.O.'s in a recent issue of "An t-Oglach" there has been a sudden rush on drill manuals in the Camp. The N.C.O.'s who have undergone a course at the School of Instruction will need to look to their laurels.

We hear that a Billiards Handicap is at present being played in Ballyshan-non. A number of budding "Willie Smiths" have made—and got—quite a number of big "breaks" recently.

"N R 2."



3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

The semi-final of the Inter-Company Football Competition was brought off on the 13th inst. between "H.Q." and "A" Coys. at Boyle and resulted in a victory for "A" Coy. Keen interest in the match was taken by everyone, and it was generally admitted to be one of the best matches ever played in the town.

"A" Coy. winning the "toss" played with a strong breeze, and in the first half, despite the splendid play of the "H.Q." backs and Lieut. Flynn in goal, succeeded in setting up a good lead, which they increased in the second half. The "A" Coy. team were superior all through and deserved to win the match. Coy. Sergt. Hanley of "A" Coy., who played for Co. Roscommon last year, and for Co. Sligo the previous year, was in his usual form. In the "A" team we also noticed Corpls. Doherty, McGee (who has a fine style), Ptes. O'Donnell, Mullen, Ferry, and last but not least Corpl. Michael McAnulla. In the "H.Q." team the most prominent players were Corpls. Flynn, McMenamin (Mattie can always play a good game) and Roarty, who made perfect play. Barney also gave a good account of himself.

Great excitement and enthusiasm prevailed at the final on the 17th inst. between "A" and "C" Coys. at Boyle. After what was certainly the hardest contest of the season "A" Coy. suc-

ceeded in winning the laurels of the Battalion by the narrow margin of two points. The "C" Coy. team showed better combination and played the better game throughout. Carr, in the backs, left nothing undone, whilst Lieut. Donnelly, Ptes. McKeown, Bell, Blee and McHugh kept the "A" Coy. backs and goalie busy. During the last stages of the match "C" Coy. pressed hotly for superiority, but the sounding of the whistle left "A" Coy. with the lead of two points, scoring 13 points.

A supper, followed by an enjoyable concert, took place in Barracks on Shrove Tuesday evening. At the concert contributions by Sergt. O'Donnell, Corpl. McGee, Ptes. Kelly, Quigley, McKee, Duffy, etc., were loudly applauded. Coy. Sergt. Hanley in a brief address thanked the Commanding Officer and the Adjutant for their keen interest in the welfare of the Third.

The proceedings were brought to a close by Corpl. McGee, who has a splendid voice, and was loudly cheered, singing the Soldier's Song, the audience joining in the chorus.

The Battalion has acquired the use of the Boyle Sports Field and Show Grounds for the season. Corpl. McMenamin wished to erect hurdles and Lt. Sheerin has acceded.

We understand that a Basket Ball pitch is also being contrived—in short there will be nothing undone to foster the spirit of sport in this Battalion.

The Secretary of the Battalion Sports Committee was instructed to communicate with the Rosecommon County Board G.A.A. with a view of having the Battalion team registered. The civilians of Boyle challenged the above team on Sunday, the 14th, at Boyle, but from what they noted on the previous Saturday they declined to suffer defeat on the field.

We have noticed an increased demand for "An t-Oglach" during the past few weeks, and we hope to see that demand still further increased, even though many are unable to locate our aeri-als.

"BROADCASTER."



4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

On Thursday, 11th inst., the Battalion held a very successful Boxing Tournament in the Barracks, Ballina. As anticipated, all seats were occupied and not even standing room was available long before the first pair entered the ring. The tournament being the first of its kind to be held since the Battalion's arrival in the West, no stone was left unturned to give the sporting population of Ballina and district a most enjoyable evening. Prior to the

last contest Commandant J. Haughey, Battalion O/C., thanked the audience for their splendid attendance, and in reply to numerous requests he promised to endeavour to run another tournament in the near future. Results:—

4 Rounds Contest: Pte. Byrne, "H.Q." Coy., beat Pte. Doyle, "D" Coy., on points—a good bout.

4 Rounds Contest: Pte. Donovan, "A" Coy., beat Pte. Clifford, "C" Coy., in the second round. Pte. Clifford retired.

6 Rounds Contest: Pte. McNamara, "B" Coy., beat Pte. McCaule, "D" Coy., on points.

6 Rounds Contest: Pte. Grainger, "A" Coy., knocked out Pte. Logan, "C" Coy., in the 4th round by a right to the head.

6 Rounds Contest: Pte. McGuigan, "A" Coy. and Pte. Foley, "B" Coy., boxed a draw after a determined and hard-hitting bout.

Pte. Halpin and Pte. Allen of the 25th Battalion, Athlone, boxed six rounds exhibition. Both these lads showed a good knowledge of the game, and received great applause from the audience.

Pte. Moysten, "H.Q." Coy., and Pte. Harrington, "B" Coy., boxed four rounds exhibition. This was the tit-bit of the evening, both being loudly cheered during the intervals between the rounds.

The Battalion Boxing team is now in training for the Command Championship to be held in Athlone on the 16th and 17th March, 1926. They hope to bring back not a few of the championships. (We congratulate our correspondent upon his clear, concise report of the Boxing tourney, and hope all other correspondents will take it as a pattern. —Ed.)

On Sunday, 14th inst., the Battalion was represented at the Mayo Annual Convention, G.A.A., at Claremorris by Lieut. Sean Clancy and Sergt. John Haran. Lieut. Clancy, on making application for the affiliation of teams in the County Championships for 1926, referred in appreciative terms to the loyal co-operation which existed between the Gaels of Mayo and the military during 1925.

In affiliating teams for this year's Championships the Battalion Athletic Committee did so not through ambitious motives, but for the furtherance of the national games in the West, and assured the delegates present that they could rely on the Gaels in the Battalion to give every assistance to the County Board during the present year. The application was discussed for some time, and on the proposition of Mr. Ruane, Kiltimagh, seconded by Mr. Kenny, Westport, the Battalion was allowed to affiliate both Senior and Junior Hurling and Football teams, the voting being:—For, 18; Against, 6.

On Wednesday, 17th inst., both Football and Hurling teams travelled to Athlone to meet the Command Headquarters in the Brigade League, and both our teams were successful, thus adding yet another victory to their long roll of success.

It would not be unjust to say that when teams travel long distances by road and in such inclement weather, as at present, matches so arranged should start punctually and players should not be kept stripped waiting in the rain for the grounds to be marked out and goal-posts erected. Perhaps the Committee of Command Headquarters teams will in future endeavour to rectify this practice, which is not only detrimental to players, but to national pastimes.

"A" Company, Westport, held their weekly Whist Drive on Monday night, 15th inst. The winner of the first prize was Cpl. Nally (£1 10s. 0d.), and the second, Cpl. Devlin (15/-).

The installation of a Listening-in Set is under consideration in this Garrison. It is hoped it will be a huge success.

Ballina Garrison are looking forward to another Boxing tourney. I wonder have they unearthed another "Kid Doyle"?

MAYO OBSERVER.



6th BATTALION, FINNER CAMP.

"B" Company, under the command of Capt. J. Hogan, left for Longford on Monday morning, 15th inst., marching from Finner Camp to Sligo. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather and the bad condition of the roads, the Company "stuck it to a man," and completed their "27" in good form. They arrived in Longford off the 7 p.m. train and were accorded a good reception by "A" Company on their arrival.

As anticipated, an energetic Committee of N.C.O.'s are working hard to bring off a "big night" in Longford. Although it has been remarked that it will take them the whole seven weeks of Lent we are confident the event will be worth waiting on, and hope the efforts of the Committee will be crowned with success. It has been learned that the services of No. 2 Army Band are to be requisitioned for the occasion.

We congratulate Lieut. McGrath on his achievements in the 1925 Inter-County Championships. We understand he was presented with three gold medals at Ballinasloe Annual Gaelic Dance held on 10th February. Galway County team, of which Lieut. McGrath is a member, won the Connaught Championship, the National League, and the All-Ireland Championship, 1925.

We desire to express our regret at the absence of Ptes. Barry and Durcan, who have left the Army, from our Battalion Football team this year, and we wish them success in their new sphere of life across the water.

Training is going strong in the Battalion. The Educational Classes which were inaugurated some months ago are proving very successful, and an addition to the Instructional Staff of these classes will soon be imperative owing to the large numbers attending same.

Some big events in sporting circles in the Battalion are expected to come off shortly.

10th BATTALION, VALENTIA ISLAND.

The officers, N.C.O.'s and men of Valentia and Waterville posts wish to convey to Lieut. Hessian through this journal their deepest sympathy on his recent bereavement in the death of his sister.

Shrovetide has passed without any casualties to its credit or our discredit.

A few of the old boys have recently departed. We wish them the best of luck in the choice they have made.

We wonder will we find the people of Ireland just as we left them now that our term of foreign service has almost expired.

Who was the gink that was recently ordered to scrub the red tiles until they were white? Was it the same chap who remarked on Kit Inspection that his housewife and mug "walked" together?

Who asked for the loan of a flash lamp to see if the lights were out?

Where are the "European" quarters on this island?

Who was the "boatman" who sang "She is far from the Land" when his engine stopped?

Who was the lad who recently applied for a week-end pass to proceed to Ireland? Did he get it?

What are the Wild Waves saying:—

Sergt. (at Musketry Lecture)—"This is a rifle because it is rifled. Now, Pte. X can you tell me anything else that is rifled?"

Pte. X—"Yes, Sergt. My kit bag was rifled last night."

WIND AND RAIN.



ARMY AIR CO., BALDONNELL.

During last week's spell of fine weather our Flying Headquarters assumed a very busy aspect. The first of a series of night flying experiments took place and was a thorough success. It calls for great credit on the part of Capt. Fitzmaurice and Lt. Gogan, who carried it out. Indeed when they landed safely a great cheer greeted them from the onlookers.

Our Rugby team "although in its infancy" is going "great guns" and our hopes for its future are very high. But what about the set of hurleys we were promised some time ago? It is a pity they are not forthcoming, as we certainly have the material for a first-class team.

"H.Q." Coy. seems to have got a "move on"—the farming is about to start. At any rate some of us noticed the arrival of a new plough. We are informed that it is a "recruit's appetizer."

Some of the Garrison have gone on their "ticket." We wish them luck in civilian life.

Thanks to our Chaplain and the Corps S.M. our weekly Whist Drives are a wonderful success.

BAWN.

21st BATTALION (Collins Barracks, Dublin).

The Scribe offers apology for the non-appearance of notes in last week's issue. The lapse was due to unavoidable circumstances which have already been explained to many inquirers. (Glad to know it was only a temporary and involuntary desertion. Carry on.—Editor.)

The new game is making great headway, and an invitation has been received to visit Baldonnell in a friendly encounter, which is likely to have been availed of by the time this issue is on sale.

Another successful dance was held by the officers here on 13th inst. These dances have proved very popular, and as soon as one is over inquiries are made as to when the next is due. Guests come from far and near, for we have a reputation of doing things well in Collins.

Are the N.C.O.'s going to hold a dance before the season ends, and, if not, why not?

Best wishes are extended to C.Q.M.S. Fahey and his bride.

The Recreation Room was packed to overflowing on the occasion of the visit of the Billiards team from Baldonnell in the match with the Corporals and men of Collins Barracks. Each game proved interesting and after some close finishes the Collins boys came out on top. The winners are fast coming to the front and the team that beats them will have its work cut out for it. The Corporal in charge of the Recreation Room did his part with the other members of the Committee to make the evening an enjoyable one for all concerned. A return match is to take place at Baldonnell on the evening of the Football match there. Our best thanks are due to the Officer Commanding the Battalion, who is ever ready to afford facilities for all classes of sport, either indoors or outdoors.

Congratulations to Coy. Sgt. O'Connor on the recent success of his little daughter, who carried off 5 silver medals and one gold medal at a recent Dancing Tournament. This brings the total of this clever girl's medals up to close on three figures.

Some "Hards" made their departure in classic attire during the week, and carry with them the best wishes of all their soldiering comrades.

A former Battalion boxer, Paddy Burns, now at G.H.Q., is, it is gratifying to note, displaying great form at present, and his future engagements will be closely watched by his many admirers.

Our officers are very keen on the establishment of an Officers' Club, proof of which is given by the letter of the Commanding Officer in last week's issue. The under ranks, too, would like same to materialise.

If 2 RN could pick up the cheers of our "Skittle" stalwarts from time to time, listeners-in would wonder what was wrong. The harmony that exists amongst so many units is a treat.

The Sports Committee contemplate an early move towards making all necessary arrangements for the second anniversary of the formation of the Battalion, which takes place on April 3rd.

Handball enthusiasts are asking if a new alley will be available when the season opens.

Our friend Boland, the King of Jazz Bandism, will be leaving the boys shortly and will be missed in his many interesting items.

Sergt. Hennessey of running fame is hard at practice these days.

Many of the Old Brigade are amongst the A.C.C. arrivals.

The recent outing and football match with Navan Gaels was an interesting affair.



27th BATT., PHOENIX PARK.

It is so long since anybody from the 27th sent any notes to "An t-Oglach" that some people have almost suspected an epidemic of sleepy sickness (old soldier's) in our midst. Well, it happens to be the very reverse. We are very much alive at the moment, and up to our eyes in work, and when the various sports take place we can promise to be very much in the limelight like last year. Perhaps a summary of the present situation will be found suitable for publication on this occasion.

To begin with, "A" Coy. are finding all the Guards, and the Orderly Sergeant says that he is like a dispensary doctor, because he is getting all the practice he needs.

"B" Coy. are in training, and as one might naturally expect, "Muckcross" firmly asserts that they are the pride of the Battalion.

"C" Coy. are in Islandbridge Barracks on outpost duty. The sentry who heard that eerie moaning the other night and saw "something white" moving about refuses to believe that the moaning came from a sick cow in a neighbouring field, and that the white ghost was only a shirt that the wind had blown off a clothes line.

As far as I can learn there is nothing unusual to report from "D" Coy. beyond the fact that they have all gone mad on boxing, and their idol, Metcalfe, is hard at it getting some of the likely young 'uns in form. By all accounts they will sweep all before them, whenever they make their debut, which I hope will be very soon.

As far as indoor sport is concerned everything seems to progress very favourably. At a committee meeting held recently a remarkable amount of business was transacted. Amongst many other things it was decided to start a Billiards Tournament for the Corporals and men. By now it is started and the excitement is nearing hurricane pitch. I heard about one individual who has been backed to win a bundle, but I cannot tell you his name because I have a bit on him myself.

At the meeting referred to above the C.O. announced his intention of having a Loud Speaker Wireless set installed

in the Men's Recreation Rooms. Consequently the men are all looking forward to cocking their ears to the beautiful strains that emanate from 2 RN.

It is also worthy of mention that Mr. Lawlor's latest innovation, the Gym team, is doing remarkably well, and promises to be able to produce some remarkable "stunts" this summer.

"James" still holds the job of Mess President in the Sergeants' Mess, and with the able assistance of Tom he has made the place a Paradise for N.C.O.'s after duty hours.

The weekly Whist Drive in the Officers' Mess is proving a great success. We are still waiting for the Sergeants to start something like a weekly Whist Drive.

Good-bye now until the spirit moves me to again scribble. (None of that, my lad! Come along with the "Hibernian" Nights' Entertainment every Saturday, and rest assured you will be very welcome—Editor.)



"MURPHY."

17th BATTALION, MULLINGAR

The Whist Drive and Dance held in the Sergeants' Mess on the 11th inst. was an unqualified success, and the Committee are to be heartily congratulated. Our civilian friends were loud in their appreciation. A particular word of praise is due to C.Q.M.S. Healy, who had charge of the catering.

The men did equally well at their Whist Drive held in the Recreation Hall on the 16th inst. All the tables were occupied and a very enjoyable night was spent. Pte. T. Holland, "C" Coy., topped the score, and Pte. M. Deehy, "B" Coy., received second prize.

The Hurling match between "D" and "H.Q." Coys. played on the 17th inst. was lively, and splendid hurling was witnessed. Though the ground was in a bad condition both teams kept the game interesting. "H.Q." Company still hold the lead in hurling; "D" Company gave them the best game yet. The "stars" in each Company held their laurels. "H.Q." won by 3 points.

"C" Coy. lost the Football match with "B" Coy. on Wednesday, 17th inst. The second half was very exciting. "C" put up a great fight, but luck was against them.

"B" Coy. are lucky in having secured Pte. Gaffney for their team. He is not "long up," but he is "well up."

What brought all the motor cars (from our late outpost) to Mullingar on Sunday, 14th inst.? "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," evidently.

"B" Company finished training on the 11th inst. A very smart Company on the square, and equally so on the Sports' field.



"CARLOW."

18th BATTALION, CORK.

Now that we are settled down in the "old" city once more we are glad to see our Battalion runners are getting to training again. On Wednesday, 10th inst., they went for their first cross-

country run since their return from the Curragh.

We are waiting particularly for our Boxing team to start training and expect they will go a long way in the tournament this year. It is hoped that "Ginger" the Welter will enter this time, as good boxing can always be expected from "the man with the dangerous left."

Baker is becoming a promising young boxer, too, and we expect to hear a lot more of him in the near future.

The Battalion hopes that Costello will bring home the "laurels" in our next cross-country run.

The work in the Camp Field is now in full swing. Is it a fact that they are going to run excursions on it next summer? We are informed that it will be a "Young Wembley."

Who is the orderly who said he could out-run the "Flying Scotsman?" Does he boast?

When is the "Cha" man going to report to us again? Does he realise we are here yet? BALL-HOP.



G.H.Q. CALLING.

Gink—"I'm going sick, Sargin', I hear noises in my ears."

Sergeant—"Well, where do you expect to hear them—in your elbows?"

WHERE THE SOLDIERS OF IRELAND HANG OUT IN MCKEE. (2nd spasm.)

Oh, Mary, McKee is a quare healthy spot,

If the weather is cold, at drill sure we're hot;

We don't grow our hair more than half inch on top.

They stop 3d. a week and hang on to our mop.

We have barbers and tailors and cobblers go leor,

All you need is a chit from the Quarter-bloke's store,

You hand in your boots or your clothes and sure then

You can bid them good-bye till you see them again,

You can hand in your washing, but alas and alack!

You may find a surprise when your bundle comes back;

But one consolation at last we can see, The Spring has arrived—in the beds at McKee.

The meek shall inherit the earth. "Aye," says your man on the Pioneers, "and a few buckshee shovels, too!"

Privates G. and W. have returned to McKee after a refresher course in beeswaxing at G.H.Q.

Overheard at a recent N.C.O.'s exam.:—

Examiner—"Can you tell me the nationality of Napoleon?"

Prospective N.C.O.—"Of Cors-i-can!"

Collapse of Examiner.

A *propos* of our new Bugle Calls:—Little boy Bugler come blow up your horn.

The crowd's on parade, the clerks shaven and shorn,

With hair grease and heel ball they really look fine,
So Bugler blow the new "fall-in"—the clock is striking nine.

Best Sellers—See the Press.
Salt Cellars—See our Mess.

Jack Price of Panto' fame is now domiciled with the Riffs in "G" Block. "G" Block is now quite in demand as a quasi-residential quarter in McKee. With its salubrious surroundings, its panoramic back view of such places of interest as the cookhouse, wet canteen, and coal yard—which, I may add, looks its best, according to Tiddy Payne, on a wet day—and the aerial display of our old neighbours the Signallers. The view from the front has also its charms and advantages. From the windows one can at once spot the approach of the Orderly Sergeant on the warpath for a Fatigue party—so with a little strategy you can have sufficient time to "geldy" and do the "fly-away-gentlebirdie" stunt before he enters. Oh, yes, "G" Block in addition to Room 26's Jazz Band, hath its charms.

The Gink was hard up and decided to auction off his suit of "civvies":—

Gink—"Now, lads, give me a start."
Mac—"Threepence."

Gink—"What—threepence for a suit of civvies."

Mac—"Aye, I thought that would give you a start—and it's the only start you'll get here."

The Islandbridge Scribe had a grouse on in last week's issue because he never sees the G.H.Q. runners in the Park. As our old friend Liam Shakespeare hath it, "Twere passing strange" if he did see them—considering the fact that they *don't run in the Park*.

In connection with cross-country running it might be opportune to inquire as to the personnel of the team that competed in the recent Junior Cross-Country Championship under the head of "Army Athletic"—there have been quite a lot of enquiries about same. Personally I am of opinion that the G.H.Q. runners were not cognisant of the constitution of the team that succeeded in obtaining only 12th place in a junior event.

A medical journal states that snakes, lizards and hedgehogs were very popular dishes in the Middle Ages. How did they manage to overlook our old breakfast friend, coddle?

Around the fire one winter's night
The Barrack Fire Picquet sat,
The hut's debris lent blazing light,
And lies were swapped and smart
"back chat."

When lo! a whistle loud they hear,
Then wind up, belts on, and off they clear.

Since the advent of the new 8.45 and 1.45 parade for the Scribes' Squadron the retrenchment of a lot of valuable breath has been effected and the one-one-sevens are a trifle non-effective.

Mac (acting as locum tenens for Corporal i/c of Room at Reveille)—"Hi! there, get up. I've been calling you for the last ten minutes."

The Gink (sleepily)—"Well, who do you think you are anyway—2 RN?"

Booking is very brisk now for spare seats in the Sergeants' Exchange and Mart in "A" Block.

Home hints states that 2 pinches of borax and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of vinegar makes board and table scrubbing a pleasure. We should smile. Just imagine asking the Quarterbloke for 2 pinches of borax and a $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of vinegar on a Saturday afternoon for bed-board scrubbing!

This week's Fairy Tale: Insomnia in McKee Barracks.

Colour-Sergeants, you see,
We've now in McKee,

At least that's what I've been told;
Sergeants sometimes look blue
At Mess meetings it's true,
But Colour—the thought leaves us cold.

Mac—"How can I get a stain out of my tunic?"

Gink—"Outline it with chalk and cut neatly round the edge with a sharp scissors."

Nosey Gent (to junior N.C.O. who is vainly endeavouring to "tune in")—"Hi, Corporal, what stations are you getting?"

Fed-up N.C.O.—"Tara Street and the Broadstone, and you'll get Arbour Hill if you don't clear to h—l out of this."

This week's Slogan: "I wouldn't be able, Sargent."

"ME LARKIE."



12th BATT., TEMPLEMORE.

Major Mason's story, "Clementina," is like good wine—it improves with age. If other contributors to "An t-Oglach"

supply serial stories as good we won't be without interesting reading while we subscribe to the Army journal.

The winter that has just passed from us was remarkable as a dancing season. The most casual observer that attended any social function—military or otherwise—could not help being struck by the absence of Irish dances. I am not speaking of Irish step and figure dancing, because they seem to be altogether forgotten.

The O.C. of "B" Coy., Capt. Tuohy, was recently married in Dublin. He is deservedly popular in the Battalion, the members of which heartily wish him and Mrs. Tuohy happiness and length of days.

It now appears that the ban on foreign games is to remain. We thought the necessity for its retention had long since been removed. There are great men for and against, and for the sake of sport we hope the divergence of opinion will not lead to friction.

It seems that Lieut. Smith will become as popular here as he was in No. 3 Brigade. Himself a runner of merit, he is already training some of the Garrison here, and held the initial test on Saturday, 20th inst. He has a few promising pupils.

Since our Barrack Library has proved worse than useless the Corporals are trying to establish an independent library.

The Corporals recently received a supply of very artistic stationery. Not only is it artistic, but what is more important, it is Irish manufactured. The notepaper bears the Army crest, and the envelopes the crossed rifles and numerals of the Battalion.

Since we are on the subject of Irish-made articles one cannot help remarking what poor support they get. Yet the necessity for supporting Irish manufacture is as great to-day as it was some few years ago.

That the friendliest relations exist between the Garrison and the people of Templemore is unquestionable. These relations will be made even more cordial by the part played by the military in assisting to clear off the big debt on the Parish Church. The proceeds of the Dance held recently in the Gym. Hall surpassed our expectations and have now been handed over to the Parish Priest.

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No. 5 BRIGADE NOTES (19th & 20th Batts., Kilkenny).

It is refreshing to know that we are to have a Boxing Tournament on Monday, 22nd inst. (it will be over ere these lines are printed), and as there are quite a number of Inter-Battalion bouts the results will take up quite a lot of my space next week. Our old friends McCullogh, Marley, Joynt, McGlinchey and Morrison are on the "Bill," not to mention a few especial and mysterious proteges of Capt. Farrell, "A" Coy., 19th. I understand that it is due to the enterprise of the B.A.C. that the tournament is made possible. They are putting up several valuable prizes for the bouts.

While on the subject of Boxing perhaps it would not be out of place to suggest that tournaments should be held oftener in order that encouragement would be given to "novices" and "dark horses." There are plenty in the Battalions, and their only defect is bashfulness.

It is pleasing to note that very keen interest in the promotion of the sale of "An t-Oglach" is being shown by the Officer Commanding Brigade and the Officers Commanding the 19th and 20th Battalions. During the past fortnight the latter officers have made it a point to see personally that the journal is properly distributed through their respective Battalions, while as a result of the efforts of the Brigade O/C. the distribution to the Brigade Staff and Special Services has been multiplied by six. (Our sincere thanks to the officers mentioned. If only their fine example were followed throughout the Army!—Editor.)

General sympathy is extended to B.Q.M.S. Dempsey, 19th Battalion, in the sad loss he sustained by the death of an infant daughter.

Since my remarks last week on "Wireless" I understand that a "Loud Speaker" set has been very kindly placed at the disposal of the Barrack Amusements Committee. We can now look forward to some very pleasant, and to us novel, evenings in the "Garrison Theatre."

A very successful Mission conducted by Fr. Kickham, of St. Peter's, Phibsboro', Dublin, concluded on Sunday, 21st inst., and great numbers received Holy Communion.

The numerous friends of Pte. Waldron, Signal Corps, will be pleased to hear that he is speedily recovering from his very nasty accident.

I omitted to mention in my last week's notes that prior to the departure of Sergt. Hennessey, 19th Battn., for civilian life, he was the recipient of a handsome little memento from friends in the Sergeants' Mess.

The Cross-Country team is still conspicuous by its absence. What about it?

A new Sports Committee has been formed in the Brigade with the intention of giving a much-required fillip to athletics for the ensuing year. When

things get properly going we hope to see No. 5 Brigade figuring prominently and successfully in athletic spheres. Capt. T. P. O'Gallagher is Hon. Secretary.

Heartly congratulations are extended to Captain O'Grady, "C" Coy., 20th Battalion, Maryboro', on the occasion of his recent marriage. We wish him every happiness.

A move has at last been made to repair the Billiards table in the Sergeants' Mess. But why not also do something for the men's Billiards room, which is in an infinitely worse state than the Sergeants'? This is a matter which is taking a long time to remedy, and the men are waiting.

A new 30 yards "range" is being prepared under the direction of Lt. O'Donoghue and B.S.M. O'Neill on the Hayburn Road. This addition to the "Musketry School" will prove a boon and a blessing to the men of the 19th Battn., especially to "C" Coy. with its 100 per cent. quota of "Marksmen."

General sympathy is extended to Pte. E. Ryan, 19th Battn. O/Room, on the death of his wife in Clonmel. Pte. Ryan and his wife were very popular both in Kilkenny and Clonmel.

"ARGUS."



26th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

We are glad to see that the Army journal has so promptly and ably replied to that road-making visionary, Mr. Cowen.

I quite agree with "Ros Cairbre" as to the necessity for up-to-date libraries for N.C.O.'s and men. The 26th is rather fortunate in this respect, as we have got one in which Canon Sheehan, C. J. Kickham, Thomas Davis and other Irish writers are well represented and, I am glad to say, appreciated.

The Inter-Coy. Football League is finished and "A" Coy. have gained first laurels, being declared the winners with a total of 13 points, "D" Coy. second with 10 points.

A set of medals for above League were presented by Capt. Higgins on behalf of the Battalion Sports Committee on Saturday, 13th inst. In a short speech he congratulated the team on their victory and exhorted them to redouble their efforts to retain possession of the Brigade Inter-Coy. Championship Cup.

We regret to announce the departure into civil life of several of our best athletes, including Ptes. Masterson, Hanley and Murphy, and wish them every success.

The outbreak of "Jazzmania" mentioned by one of your correspondents seems to be spreading. The Corporals held a very successful dance recently, while the Sergeants followed a week later with one equally successful.

Is it a fact that a Reception Committee has been formed in anticipation of the welcome return of "Paudeen"?

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We must congratulate the boys of the 'Bello on having such a sportsman as Father Casey. It is certainly very encouraging to the youthful sports in the Army to have the cordial assistance of a sporting Padre.

Surely there must be some cross-country runners at the Bridge who only want a little encouragement to put forth their best. Soon the day will come when men will be asked for different sporting events in the Army, and as matters stand here at present we see no hopes of being represented.

We are now on the threshold of Spring and beginning to ask ourselves "How are we going to spend the long sunny evenings"? (Bit of an optimist about sunny evenings, aren't you?—Ed.) Many at the Bridge, I am sure, are natives of the city and have never wandered afar, although the Counties are well represented in our ranks (even the Six Counties). Might I suggest the appointment of a committee to arrange excursions monthly, say, from April to September. They would, I am certain, be well supported by all ranks at the Bridge. (Seems an excellent idea: go to it—Ed.)

And isn't it about time something was done on behalf of the native tongue in this district? (Maith an fear!—F.E.)

When will the workers of the various Committees, especially the "Sports Committee," give an account of their stewardship. All we can hear is that numerous meetings have been held of late. It is about time they "woke up," as many things appertaining to the welfare of the troops in barracks seem to be at a standstill. For a start I would suggest the running of a Billiards Tournament.

AHOY.



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Since my last notes we have been reinforced by a small draft of 160 R's from R. and T. Depot. From all accounts we have in them a few footballers and boxers, but we have not as yet tested their merit.

We also welcome into our midst two officers from the R. and T. Depot, namely, Lieut. M. Cummins and 2nd Lieut. T. Hoey. Both these officers have been posted to "A" Coy. for duty, and I am confident that they will be well pleased with the Battalion and their Company.

The Sergeants' Mess Billiards Tournament is now in full swing, and the first round has concluded. The defeat of "Napper Tandy" by the Barrack Service representative was the surprise of the whole Mess, and I hear a return match has been arranged between them for a side bet. I am confident that the Sergeants of the Battalion will put their last shilling on Napper, and we are looking forward to a very interesting and exciting game, for both of them are past masters of the cue.

The Inter-Platoon Football competition is progressing very slowly owing to some members of the Platoons being down with illness. So far "H.Q." Coy. has done very well in playing two matches and winning both.

The Platoons from "A" and "B" Coys. have not met yet, but we are assured of a thrilling game when they do meet.

We met the 26th Battn. in a friendly Football match on Wednesday, 17th inst. The day was miserably wet and the ball very hard to control, which I am sure accounted for the very poor display by both teams. We lost by 2 points. "Milo" of "A" Coy. made his initial appearance with the team and scored the only point for the Battalion. We have great expectations of this famous and enthusiastic Gael, whom we may thank for knowing as much as we do about football.

Two of our boxers are to take part in the Command Boxing tourney which is staged for some day next week. We know our boys will do their best to uphold the name of the Battalion and we all wish them luck.

GRAVEL-CRUSHER.



13th BATTALION, GORMANSTON CAMP.

Games and pastimes are expected to go ahead now that a new Sports Committee has been formed.

At a meeting presided over by the Commanding Officer, Lieut. James Keenan was appointed Sports Secretary, and we hope that under his able direction sport of all kinds will get a big impetus during the coming season.

If the programme outlined is strictly observed the 13th will be a force to be reckoned with in the All-Army Sports Week. We believe that some new stars in the athletic world will be discovered who are at present "hiding their light under a bushel."

We expect to have our hurling team in full swing in a short time and to regain some of the laurels which from various reasons we were unable to secure last season.

There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in some quarters now that the Sergeants' Mess weekly practice dance has been discontinued owing to the Lenten season.

Our B.S.M. has reported for duty after a long and severe illness in the Curragh Hospital and looks quite fit and well.

The Students' Page of "An t-Oglach" is very popular here and diligently perused by some who hope that they are, so to speak, carrying a marshal's baton in their knapsacks.

There are many arguments as to the definition of the word Gormanston. One bright recruit claims to have found it in this week's Geography section as follows:—

Gormanston (Bog, swamp, marsh)—A wet plain.

ME BARKIE.

15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

The first Whist Drive and Dance held in the Brigade Institute by the Corporals of the 5th and 15th Battalions on the 15th instant proved a wonderful success. The attendance, both military and civilian, was from all parts of the Co. Kildare and numbered not less than 200. The large room in the Institute just accommodated the dancers and was tastefully decorated by the Committee. Dancing was to the music of Mr. McNamara's Band, Newbridge.

Much pleasure was felt at the visit of Comdnt. O'Conlon, O.C. 15th Battalion, but owing to the recent death of his brother he was unable to participate in the game and present the prizes. Captain Coughlan, Adjutant, 5th Battalion, who took part in the whist drive, presented the prizes and congratulated the Committee responsible for the enjoyable night. The function terminated at 1 a.m.

The Billiards Handicap on the 20th ult. brought the first prize, a beautiful gold medal presented by the Brigade Commander, to this Battalion. It was won by Pte. Magner, who is to be congratulated for his splendid play.

We now have our own Sports Ground allotted by the Command A.A.A., and since two sets of goal-posts, Basket Ball pitch complete with standards, and other athletic requirements were installed, all the boys thoroughly enjoy themselves. By the time the work of fitting this field out is complete it will be a second Croke Park, we hope. Great things are expected of our boys when they get training on this spacious ground at Tintown.

"C" Coy. are now on their special course of training. They seem to be working hard as if they intend beating "B" Coy. in their close order movements, and on the range. Of course, as notified in Battalion Routine Orders, special concessions with reference to leave will be granted by the C.O. for the best all-round Company. Are "C" Company going to win?

We have pleasure in saluting the M.O., who said it was a pleasure to inspect our dormitories.

Is it true the Sergeants are getting a full-size Billiards table this week-end?

When will our privates have their next Whist Drive?

The Inter-Coy. Cross-Country run was held on the 24th inst. and the Command Cross-Country Championships will be held on the 6th prox. The Inter-Coy. Competitions were run over a course of 4 miles, and the Battalion test will not exceed 6 miles. Full details in our next notes.

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