

Vol. IV. No. 20.

May 29th, 1926.

TWOPENCE.

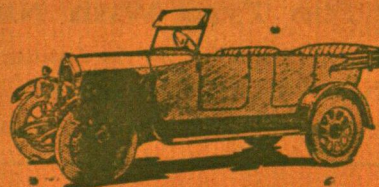
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An t-Ógláic

Vol. IV. No. 20

MAY 29, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



Farmer (trying to "palm off" a broken-winded nag) : " But look, sir, hasn't he a fine coat ? "

Officer : " Yes his coat is all right, but I don't like his pants."

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Óglaigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Oglach

MAY 29, 1926.

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.

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARÉÓIR.

THE SEAN HALES MEMORIAL.

IN last week's issue of "An t-Oglach" we drew our readers' attention to the appeal for financial aid made by the Committee for the erection of a fitting memorial to the late Brigadier-General Sean Hales, T.D.

The time has now come to do justice to that heroic figure of the Anglo-Irish War.

It is unnecessary to recall to the minds of our readers the military accomplishments of Brigadier Sean Hales. When the Volunteer movement was yet in its infancy, and when the people of Cork gave more attention to the shrieking of party leaders than to the true National Ideal, the Hales family were struck at by unjust landlordism. Sean struck back in a manner which proved his sterling worth. Here his campaign against the Gall commenced. The establishment of the Volunteers, the outbreak of the European War, and all that followed up to 1915 are well remembered.

During the year 1915, Sean Hales figured prominently in the movements of West Cork. Ballinadee and Timoleague learned to respect the young, energetic leader, and the dawn of 1916 found many, eager and brave, rallying to his standard. The countermanding of the mobilisation for the Rising came as a bitter disappointment to the zealous young leader.

In the years which followed his release from Frongoch, "Buck-shot" (the *leas ainm* by which he was then known), became endeared to all with whom he had intercourse. His dauntless spirit and his untiring efforts to break the power of the enemy compelled admiration and respect. When the story of the Anglo-Irish War comes to be written not the least brilliant episode will be that of Crossbarry, nor the least brilliant name be that of Brigadier Sean Hales.

In the lonely little churchyard of Innisshannon lie the remains of the one-time stalwart form, but in the minds of Irish patriots the memory of such a noble soul is worth preserving.

The Committee appeal in a special manner to the Officers and men of the Army for support and financial aid for this project, and the Secretary will be particularly grateful to the O/C.s of the various units for their co-operation in making the memorial worthy of the great soldier and statesman that the late Brigadier-General Sean Hales undoubtedly was.

Mr. John J. McCarthy, N.T., P.C., Rosscarbery, is Secretary of the Memorial Committee.

APPOINTMENTS AND TRANSFERS OF OFFICERS.

Comdt. D. Allis, General Staff ("A" Section, 1st Bureau), has been appointed Adjutant 3rd Brigade, *vice* Comdt. P. D. Scott, with effect as from 14/5/26.

In our issue of 8th inst. it was inadvertently stated that Comdt. Allis had been transferred to the 4th Brigade.

SOLDIER'S ACTION COMMENDED.

The shrewd action of Pte. T. Ryan in having a pickpocket apprehended at the Curragh Race Meeting on April 21st has been commended by the Garda Síochána.

Writing to the General Officer Commanding the Curragh Training Camp, the Superintendent of the Garda at Naas states:—

"I am directed by the Commissioner to bring the following facts under notice:—

"At the Curragh Race meeting, on 21/4/26, Pte. Ryan, T., 60182, Pipers' Band, Curragh Camp, reported to the Gardai that he noticed a man attempting to pick pockets. He described the man and assisted in making a search for him. The pickpocket was later arrested, and when charged admitted the offence. At the District Court the prisoner was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

"The Commissioner is gratified to learn that Pte. Ryan displayed this sense of duty to the public and comradeship to the members of the Sister Service, and wishes that the matter be brought to the notice of the Military authorities."

Commenting further on Pte. Ryan's action, the Justice, at the conclusion of the case at Naas Court, said that the facts disclosed a very creditable state of affairs. Pte. Ryan had acted as a good citizen and a good soldier.

The Chief of Staff has conveyed to the G.O.C., Curragh Training Camp, his appreciation of the highly commendable conduct of Pte. Ryan.

GALWAY WELCOMES THE TROOPS.

The Officers at Oranmore Camp have had the hospitalities of the Corrib Rowing Club extended to them, and they have been made honorary guests of the Galway Chamber of Commerce during the period of training at the Camp.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE G.A.A.?

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

A Chara,—I was much amused on reading a letter from "Interested" in a recent issue of "An t-Oglach" re foreign games being played at the Curragh. Why all this commotion about the "foreign" games? Would it not be more appropriate to call them international games? Were they adopted and catered for officially we would find our Army taking its place in international matches with armies of other countries.

The ban is a fraud since it applies only to Rugby, Soccer, and Hockey, while Polo, Golf, Tennis, Jazz Dancing, Billiards, even the pack of cards go without comment although no sane person will, for a moment, suggest these are not foreign games.

It has been stated that the Army is out of touch with the people, and what better way could this difficulty be overcome than by the Army taking its proper place in all sports. Surely one Army team following the Gaelic code is not sufficient representation for the Army in the world of sport in Dublin.

The ban is out of date. Will not the A.A.A. give the lead?

ANTHROPOLOGICAL



Oglach
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

FOUR COURTS AND NORTH KING ST. AREA IN 1916.

By Mr. JOHN J. REYNOLDS (*Author of "Footprints of Emmet"*),
Curator Municipal Art Gallery, Dublin.

FROM STATEMENTS MADE TO THE WRITER SHORTLY AFTER 1916, BY
ACTUAL PARTICIPANTS IN THE FIGHTING.

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

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

"REILLY'S FORT."

(Continued from last week.)

After a short consultation as to whether the garrison should rush out singly or in a group the latter method was adopted upon the advice of the officer in command. The word was given, and all simultaneously rushed across the fire-swept zone, whilst at the same time the Volunteers in front of the Chapel covered their retreat by heavy fire from the barricades.

When the military took possession of Reilly's they found themselves between two fires—from the massive brick barricades in front of the Chapel and on the other side from the Brunswick Street corner.

Some short time after the Volunteers had left, a party of soldiers charged out of Reilly's and in attempting to rush back towards Bolton Street were shot down.

A Volunteer Red Cross man who was under fire all day had been indefatigable in his exertions to help the wounded, was kept prisoner in Reilly's from 3 p.m. until 7 p.m. during its occupation by the military.

The North Brunswick Street Volunteers (about 60 men) on Saturday afternoon made a determined effort to drive the military out of Reilly's by encircling them. Through the rear of Monks's Bakery they worked round into Neary's shop in King Street, which they entered by the back. From this position they engaged the soldiers in Kavanagh's opposite. On the other side of Reilly's they outflanked them by sending men to Ball's Drug Store, and the soldiers in Reilly's were now cut off from the main body.

The fighting now became concentrated in an effort to hold the small portion of Upper Church Street lying between North King Street and North Brunswick Street, a space of about 50 yards in length.

The position was now as given in General Maxwell's official statement discussing the military plan to encircle the Four Courts area:—"One line of this cordon was to pass through North King Street. We discovered, however, that instead of being outside the rebel area the street actually cut through it, and very desperate fighting occurred before we could complete the cordon in

this street." As a matter of fact a truce was established before the surrender in North Brunswick Street, a few yards north of this position.

On Saturday from 3 p.m. to 7.30 p.m. the Volunteer forces at North Brunswick Street corner came into full play, making a determined stand to hold the last contested position. The military coming up King Street from Bolton Street were making persistent efforts to relieve the party of British soldiers in Reilly's and at the same time gain a position in Church Street itself. A civilian resident at this point described the firing and bombing as "perfectly infernal," as the soldiers and Volunteers were now only a few yards apart. The moment the soldiers turned the corner of Church Street they came under fire from Clarke's Dairy as well as from Moore's Coach Factory opposite and the barricades near the Church. Several soldiers fell, but others under cover gained possession of the Blanchardstown Bakery at the corner opposite Reilly's. In this building a sergeant-major and some soldiers were shot. In the height of the conflict a young British soldier fell wounded between the barricades and the firing ceased until he was removed.

In the afternoon of Saturday the military seemed to be gaining ground also in the rear of the R.C. Church and an armour car rushed by in Bow Street.

Rev. Father Albert, O.S.F.C., who had been on duty at the Richmond Hospital had heard rumours of the surrender at the G.P.O. Accompanied by Dr. O'Carroll and Dr. Miles he proceeded to the Volunteer position at North Brunswick Street. The Volunteer officer in command there (Patrick Holohan) told them he had heard nothing of the surrender and that he was determined to hold out to the death.

Rev. Father Augustine, O.S.F.C., had become anxious about the safety of the wounded, of which there was now a great number in the Father Mathew Hall. The supply of drugs and appliances was also running out, and communication with the hospitals was cut off.

About 4 p.m. on Saturday he sent a Volunteer Red Cross man with a note to the military commander asking for a brief interview. After an hour's absence the messenger returned and

stated that the officers had held a council of war and had given him the verbal answer, "You are all rebels and outlaws and you will get none of the amenities of war."

About 6.30 p.m. Father Augustine, accompanied by Father Aloysius and a Red Cross bearer, went up to the Blanchardstown Mills, then occupied by the military, and on arriving requested to see the officer in command. After some delay Lt.-Col. Taylor came. Father Augustine commented upon the nature of the reply he had received, as he had requested nothing but an interview.

It was decided to send the Red Cross bearer to the Brunswick Street position to interview the Volunteer officer in command. Just then a crash of bullets struck the pavement near the group. The military officer immediately wheeled round and covered the Red Cross bearer with his revolver. Father Augustine then volunteered to go himself and accordingly went up to Brunswick Street and made his presence known by calling up to the Volunteers manning the windows of Clarke's.

The Volunteer officer (Patrick Holohan), speaking for himself and his men, then stated that he would not personally make any terms with the military, but if the Fathers of Church Street considered it necessary he would agree to a temporary truce for the removal of the wounded. In this event he would require the officer in command to notify the military at Broadstone to cease fire also. A truce was then arranged—ratified by Lieut.-Col. Taylor and General Lowe's son—to last from 7.30 p.m., Saturday, until 10 a.m., Sunday morning.

Dr. O'Carroll of the Richmond Hospital, accompanied by a military sergeant and a corporal, consented to undertake the mission to the Broadstone. An unarmed Volunteer officer went with the party to the railway terminus, whilst another Volunteer officer was held by the military at North King Street as a hostage until their return.

It would be impossible to speak in adequate terms of the humanity displayed by the priests in this area as well as by the doctors of the Richmond Hospital. Utterly disregarding all question of personal safety they were to be found at all hours Copyrighted by the National Military Archives calling them amongst the wounded and.

dying. The physical strain alone was sufficient to break down the strongest.

One of the Franciscan Capuchin Fathers—whose church was fated to be the centre of the battleground—was, during the week, on duty in the Richmond Hospital, when a Volunteer Red Cross bearer brought word that Sean Bernard Howard had been carried into the Father Mathew Hall dangerously wounded, and that it was necessary that he should immediately be brought to hospital. This priest and Dr. D. Flanagan immediately volunteered to take the wounded man to the hospital. In going to the Hall they had to cross North King Street, then swept by a terrific cross-fire from both ends. On reaching the street they stood for a moment to breathe a short prayer, and then quietly walked across the street. Although the bullets whistled round them they reached the opposite side in safety. In the Hall a large Red Cross flag was thrown over the priest's shoulders, and thus enveloped he and the doctor, bearing the wounded man on a stretcher, made the return journey to the hospital in safety.

The same clergyman under heavy fire mounted the high, open, latticed-work tower of the North Dublin Union and conditionally anointed the two men who had been shot on the ladders in its upper framework.

During the final fight Peter Paul Manning and Patrick Farrell were shot in the large room over the shop in Moore's Coach Factory. The Volunteer lieutenant in charge, despite the heavy fire, immediately sent for a priest and a doctor. Dr. O'Carroll from the Richmond Hospital soon arrived, accompanied by a priest from Church Street. The two young Volunteers passed away about the same time. Their companions reverently placed their bodies in the rear of the factory and covered them with a cloth.

A Red Cross flag which was displayed from window in Moore's was riddled with bullets in a few moments.

Shortly afterwards Philip Walsh, who had laboured and fought indefatigably throughout the week, was shot dead in a gateway opposite Moore's and near the Christian Brothers' Schools in North Brunswick Street.

John Dwan is supposed to have fallen at the corner of St. Michan's Street and Chancery Street; and John Hurley of Clonakilty, who was fatally wounded at one of the Church Street barricades, was carried into the Father Mathew Hall and in his last moments was attended by Father Augustine.

On Saturday, about 6 p.m., Rev. Father Columbus, O.S.F.C., when returning from Jervis Street Hospital met Miss O'Farrell conveying the surrender order to Comdt. Daly at the Four Courts. He accompanied her bearing a small white flag, and on reaching the Four Courts they interviewed Commandant Daly at the Chancery Place entrance.

At the surrender the Volunteers arms were passed out through the railings at Chancery Place to the soldiers outside.

Comdt. Daly at the head of his men was marched under heavy military guard along the quays and by Capel

Street and Britain Street to the northern end of O'Connell Street. They were afterwards placed inside the Rotunda railings and throughout the night were confined on the grass plot opposite the hospital. Several of the Cumann na mBan were taken prisoners at the same time.

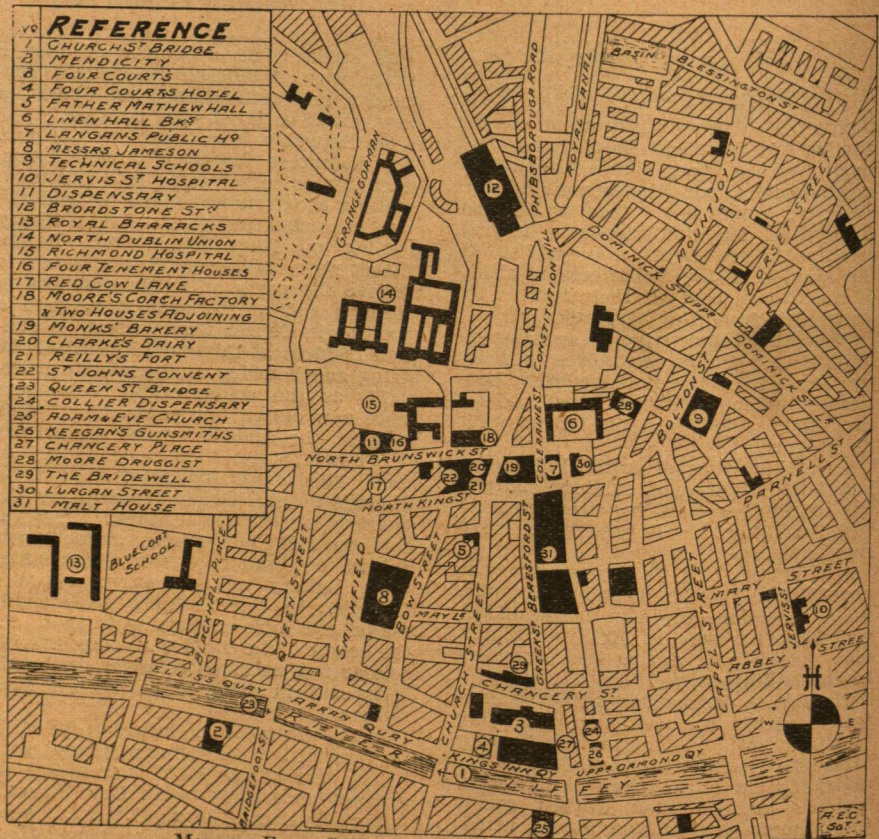
THE LAST STAND.

The Volunteers in this area made their last stand at North Brunswick Street, which after the Four Courts surrender continued to be held under the armistice until Sunday morning. The Volunteers stood to arms and the truce was closely observed by both of the belligerents.

During the truce, in the upper part of Church Street, two military officers

THE HARDEST TASK.

On reading this order the young Volunteer captain in charge (Patrick Holohan) decided, after consultation with his men, to surrender. As they were lined up in the street in the presence of the military near "Reilly's Fort" he addressed his men in a few final words of simple unstudied eloquence:—"Fellow-soldiers of the Irish Republican Army, I have just received a communication from Commandant Pearse calling on us to surrender and you will agree with me that this is the hardest task we have been called upon to perform during this eventful week, but we came into this fight for Irish Independence in obedience to the commands of our higher



MAP OF FOUR COURTS AND NORTH KING STREET AREA.

advanced a short distance beyond the line agreed upon. They were warned off by a Volunteer sentry, but as they did not withdraw two armed Volunteers came from under cover at Clarke's and presenting their rifles at them ordered them into their own lines. They walked back a short distance again, crossing the line agreed upon, and continued their promenade in safety in front of the Volunteer position.

An official copy of the order for surrender in Pearse's handwriting was brought by one of the Franciscan Capuchin Fathers to the North Brunswick Street position on Sunday morning. The clergyman had had a personal interview with Comdt. Pearse earlier on Sunday at Arbor Hill Detention Barracks, where he was then confined.

officers and now in obedience to their wishes we must surrender. I know you would, like myself, prefer to be with our comrades who have already fallen in the fight—we, too, should rather die in this glorious struggle than submit to the enemy. The treatment you may expect in the future you may judge from the past." He then informed his party—consisting of 58 men—into military order and was marched under guard to the Castle.

[The first and second instalments of the Fighting in the Four Courts and North King Street Area have appeared in "An t-Oglach," Nos. 18 and 19, respectively.—Ed.]

WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

TRACING OF FAULTS IN SETS.

THE CRYSTAL SET.

No noise whatsoever in the telephones. This fault is probably due to a disconnection in the telephone receiver cords or in the coils of one of the ear-pieces. Test for the latter fault by short-circuiting one of the ear-pieces. If the ear-piece has terminals on the back, join the two terminals of one ear-piece together by a piece of wire and listen in on the other ear-piece. If signals are not received try same experiment with the other receiver. If signals are received in either case the short circuited receiver is faulty. The remedy for this fault is to re-wind the coils or replace by new ear-piece.

A short circuit on the aerial tuning condenser ATC, or on the telephone condenser TC, would also produce the above fault.

To test for this fault disconnect the telephone condenser. If signals are now received it proves a fault in the telephone condenser. Most crystal sets function quite well without a telephone condenser, so in this case the condenser need not be replaced if the signals equal their original strength and quality.

If matters not rectified by the removal of the telephone condenser, disconnect and remove the aerial tuning condenser. The set will, of course, be out of tune now. But if the fault was in the ATC fairly loud signals should still be received from the local station. If very far away from the local station, you should hear slight atmospheric noises. Complete silence before removal of the condenser, and noise on its removal indicates a short-circuit in the condenser, i.e., the two sets of plates are touching at some point. This gives a complete electrical circuit through the condenser, and is equivalent to joining the two ends of the ATI marked X, by a piece of wire. The remedy for this fault is the adjustment of the plates, which can usually be effected by bending back the touching plates by the insertion of a knife-blade or other such convenient article.

Great care should be taken not to over-do the bending, or a similar fault will be introduced on the opposite side of the delinquent plate.

Intermittent fault, i.e., losing signals momentarily. This fault is usually due to a disconnection in the cords to the head-phones. The wire conductor in the cords is broken, and the broken ends touch one another as the cords are moved about. The obvious remedy for this fault is the replacement of the faulty cords.

Weak signals with faint noisy back-

ground. This fault is probably due to a bad earth or partial disconnection in the aerial or earth lead at some point. A dirty connection at any point would introduce this fault.

Considerable noise and (Morse) ships' signals. Local station still heard, but at poor strength. This fault is probably due to a disconnection in the aerial tuning coil. Remove the coil. If the same noise at the same strength continues, the ATI coil is probably broken; or there may be a bad contact at the points marked X, Fig. 1.

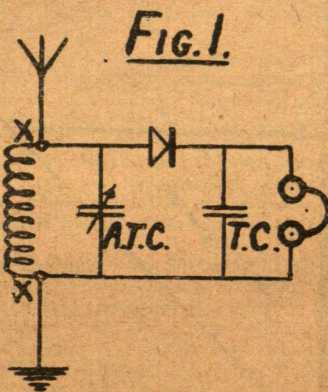


Fig. 1. Faults in simple one-valve set.

The set won't react.

Remedy 1.—Try a different valve of reaction coil.

Remedy 2.—If no by-pass condenser across telephone, try one of .01 mf. or greater value.

Remedy 3.—If no result, change over the leads marked X, Fig. 2.

If still no result, look for leakage to earth on aerial circuit, i.e., aerial touching some metallic conductor.

Remedy 4.—See to correct joining up of HT Battery, i.e., positive pole to plate

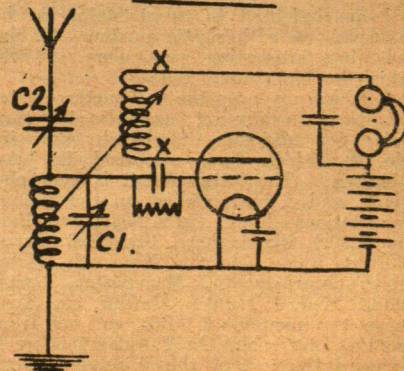
via the 'phones and negative to filament battery.

Remedy 5.—See that the proper low tension voltage is applied to the filament, i.e. that LT battery is not unduly run down.

Remedy 6. Examine aerial tuning condenser for short circuit, i.e., plates touching.

Remedy 7. If still no result, the HT Battery is probably exhausted (polarised) and requires replacement.

Fig. 2.



Set reacts all right, but crackling noises in 'phones. This fault is usually due to faulty HT battery. Before the battery is finally exhausted, it develops an intermittent high resistance which is always accompanied by crackling noises.

As in the crystal set, an intermittent disconnection in the 'phone leads also produces crackling noises.

Crackling noises in Summer are usually due to atmospherics. These noises will be very fierce in the neighbourhood of a thunderstorm, and sometimes sufficiently strong to stop any attempt at reception.

It is advisable to connect the aerial direct to earth during thunder.

In arranging a simple one-valve set with reaction, as Fig. 1, it is better practice to put the aerial tuning condenser in the position C2. As a result of this arrangement it will be necessary to use a coil of bigger inductance for the ATI, i.e., a greater number of turns. This will give a higher voltage effect across the coil, and relatively higher voltages are then thrown on to the grid of the valve with resultant

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louder signals. It will also be found that most sets react better with the condenser in series.

The ATI coil and the reaction coil are now nearly of the same value, consequently, in the ideal condition for correct mutual interaction on one another. The magnetic field around a coil is proportional to the number of turns in the coil. Therefore the magnetic field which may develop in one coil is in or about the value of the magnetic field in the other coil. Ideal conditions thus exist for the interlinking of the two magnetic fields for reaction effects on one another.

SETS CONSTRUCTED.

I am indebted to Sergt.-Major R. P. Kearney—an enthusiastic amateur—for the following interesting particulars of sets which he has constructed:—

"I have made up the variometer crystal set, the one-valve set, and also the two-valve set (diagram of circuit, Vol. iv, No. 9), which have appeared in 'An t-Oglach.' The latter circuit is very efficient, and I have picked up the following stations—Radio Paris, Daventry, Berlin (1,300), Birmingham, Frankfurt, Paris, Belfast, Rome, Glasgow, Newcastle, Hamburg, Bournemouth, Manchester, Union Radio Madrid, London, Cardiff, and Toulouse, two amateurs 6 GB30, and one from Bootle, Liverpool. On Tuesday this week I heard the test of the Wireless Society of Ireland on 128 metres (?).

"Only the first three can be successfully tuned in whilst Dublin is working—the other stations were tuned when Dublin was not working.

"I use DE2 H.F. & L.F. valves, and find about 30 volts H.T. works best; also a .0003 fixed condenser and 2 meg. leak. If any of your readers desire, I will supply point to point connections, which might assist them in building the set."

"An Officer should sympathise with the likes and dislikes of his men, their pleasures and annoyances, being ready at all times to listen attentively to their grievances, be they supposed or real, until at last they regard him as one of themselves, a companion and a friend. For and with such a man they will brave any danger or endure any amount of privation."—Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED

for reproduction in "An t-Oglach" **MUST** bear the name and address of the sender on the back. A full description of the picture should be written on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the photo. Stamps must be enclosed if the return of photographs is desired.

An Atlantic liner was coming into harbour, and in the way was a grimy coal barge.

"Clear out of the way with that dirty old barge," shouted an officer.

A weather-beaten face appeared over the cabin hatchway and said: "Are you the captain of that vessel?"

"No," answered the officer.

"Then speak to your equals. I'm captain of this."

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

SCALE DRAWING AND MAP READING.

Lesson No. 4.

CONSTRUCTIONS—(Continued).

Exercise 9.—Draw a straight line parallel to a given straight line AB through a given point C. See Fig. 1a.

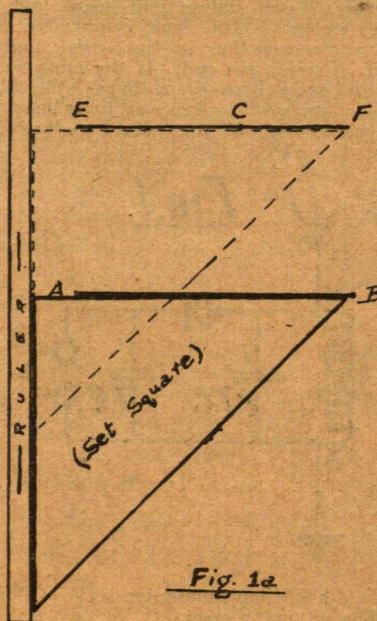


Fig. 1a

Construction (1st method).—Place your set square below the line AB so that one of the edges containing the right angle rests evenly on the line. Place ruler against the other edge of right angle and slide set square to the back until the edge makes contact with the point C. Then draw a line EF along the edge of the set square without altering its position. EF is parallel to AB.

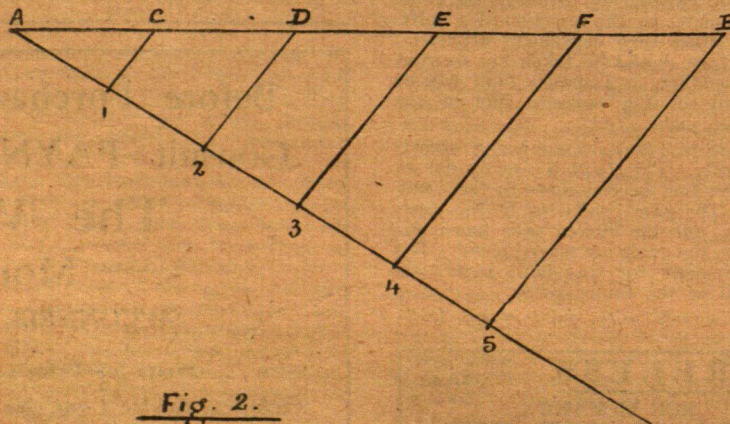


Fig. 2.

Fig. 1b. (2nd method).

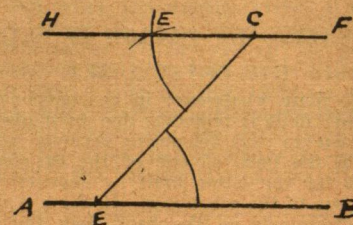


Fig. 1b.

Join the point C to any point in AB. Call this point D. At C construct an angle DCE (as shown in Exercise 3, Lesson 1) equal to the angle CDB and on the opposite side of the line CD. Produce EC both ways to H and F. Then HF is parallel to AB.

NOTE.—In the second construction the set square is not used.

Exercise 10.—To divide a given straight line AB into any number of equal parts—say five. See Fig. 2.

From point A in the line AB draw a line at an angle to AB and below it. From this line with ruler or compass mark off 5 equal parts of any convenient length. Number these parts from 1 to 5 as shown. Join the point marked 5 to the point B. From points 4, 3, 2 and 1 draw lines parallel to 5B as shown in Exercise 9 (1st method), cutting AB in F, E, D and C respectively.

Then AB is divided into 5 equal parts.

NOTE.—A line can be divided into any number of equal parts by this method.

Points to be remembered.

- (a) The set square should be placed on the line 5B in such a manner that the ruler when placed in position lies clear of the line AB and also of all the numbered divisions in the line drawn from A.
- (b) It is advisable to place the set square on the right of the line 5B, otherwise it will cover up both lines to the left.
- (c) The set square may be so placed that the ruler can be placed either above or below it.
- (d) Don't move the set square until the ruler is firmly in position.
- (e) Do not move the ruler while sliding the set square from point to point. If you do the lines will not be parallel and the divisions will be unequal.
- (f) In sliding the set square from point to point be careful to keep the edge firmly pressed against the edge of the ruler.
- (g) It is always better to check the accuracy of the division. This is done by taking the length of the first division AC on the compass or dividers and comparing it with each subsequent division.
- (h) If, on checking, the divisions prove to be unequal you have allowed the ruler or set square to slip and the exercise must be repeated with greater care.
- (i) Do not be satisfied until you have obtained absolute accuracy.
- (j) The greater the number of divisions required the greater should be the angle the line drawn from A makes with the line AB.
- (k) The points should be as small as possible, but nevertheless clearly marked.
- (l) After some exercises have been worked correctly the joining lines need not be drawn. It will be sufficient to place the set square on the points 5 and B and then slide it to the remaining points marking the line where the lines if drawn would join it.

EXERCISES.

1. Draw a line $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and divide it into 7 equal parts. Find the length of each part in millimetres.
2. Construct a triangle having a base AB 3 inches, the side AC $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches and the side BC $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Bisect the side AC in D and from D draw a line DE parallel to the base AB, and meeting BC in E. Compare lengths of CE and EB, also lengths of DE and AB. What do you learn from this?
3. Divide a line 7 inches long into 3 parts. Sub-divide the first or left hand part into 8 equal parts.

HISTORY.

Lesson No. 2.

Alexander the Great having conquered practically all of Southern Europe and a considerable portion of Asia died at Babylon in the year 323 B.C. After his death the

great Empire he had built up began to disintegrate as a result of internal strifes and racial dissensions.

The Celts.—This decay of the Macedonian and Greek peoples was observed by the Celts a hardy warlike race of people who, about 600 B.C., occupied that portion of Europe lying between the Elbe and the Rhine (Germany). While the Greeks and Macedonians were holding Southern Europe against the Carthaginians and Persians, the Celts were laying the foundations of a great Empire in Western and Central Europe. They conquered Gaul, now known as France, and some years later extended their dominions into the Iberian Peninsula (Spain and Portugal). They succeeded in mastering the Germanic tribes, crossed the seas to England and Ireland and conquered both these Islands. Crossing the Alps they occupied Northern Italy and penetrating southward as far as Rome (then a great city state) they burned that city to the ground. Taking full advantage of the dissensions in Macedonia they invaded and subdued a considerable portion of Alexander's Empire and even established a strong colony in Asia.

The Celtic Empire was too scattered and unwieldy and could not be maintained as one great dominion by the Celtic warriors who were conquerors rather than governors. It remained for the Romans to establish a still greater Empire and to spread throughout Europe and the borders of Asia and Africa that splendid civilization which originated and flourished in Greece.

The Romans.—In Southern Italy there dwelt a race of people known as the **Latins** who founded the great city state of Rome. For many years Rome governed by the upper classes and ruled over by a King made little headway, and, as we have seen, fell an easy prey to the fierce Celts. The common people known as **Plebeians** eventually succeeded in wresting the control from the aristocracy (Patricians) and established the Roman Republic in place of the erstwhile Monarchy. The now democratic Republic turned its thoughts to conquest and gradually subdued the other Italian peoples, including the Greek settlements on the extreme south and the Celtic settlements in the northern portion of the peninsula, so that Italy became entirely Roman and potential mistress of the Mediterranean.

The peoples of Carthage had, however, to be reckoned with. These had again become very powerful, and, being a sea faring people, had built up a large Navy to protect their coastal and island settlements and to extend their commerce. They now came into direct conflict with the Romans and, for a time, due to their naval supremacy, were successful. Nothing daunted, the Romans set to work and built a fleet even stronger than that of their rivals. The great Carthaginian general, Hannibal, who is regarded as being one of the greatest military leaders the world has seen, defeated the Roman armies time after time, but his victories were nullified by the supremacy of the Roman fleet. Hannibal was finally defeated by the Roman General Scipio at the battle of Zama. Exiled from his own land this great General poisoned himself B.C. 183.

Rome had now become supreme mistress of the Western Mediterranean.

GEOGRAPHY.

LESSON No. 16.

IRELAND.

Position.—Ireland is an island situated off the western coast of Europe and directly west of the larger island of Great Britain (England, Scotland and Wales). It lies between the parallels of 51° and 56° North Latitude and between the meridians of 5° and 11° West Longitude. It is separated from Great Britain by the North Channel on the north-east, by the Irish sea on the east, and by St. George's Channel on the south-east. On the south, west, and north it is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean.

Ireland occupies the central position in the land hemisphere of the world, being the nearest European country to the Great North American continent and being within easy reach of all the European countries of importance. The commercial importance of this "key" position is obvious, though as a result of centuries of subjugation by a foreign power it has not hitherto been utilised to any considerable advantage.

Size and Population.—The greatest length from Fair Head in Antrim to Mizen Head in Cork is about 300 miles, while the greatest breadth from Slyne Head in Galway to Howth Head in Dublin is about 180 miles. Its area is estimated as being about 32,000 square miles, or, roughly, $20\frac{1}{2}$ million acres. The area of Ireland is slightly larger than that of Scotland and a little more than half that of England.

The population of Ireland is, roughly, about $4\frac{1}{2}$ millions, which gives an average of 1 person to 5 acres, or 135 to the square mile. As compared with other European countries Ireland is sparsely populated. Less than a hundred years ago, in 1841, Ireland had a population of over 8 millions, and had the country been allowed to control her own destinies it is quite probable that the population to-day would be equal to, if not greater than, that of 1841. Penal enactments, having for their object the extermination of the native Irish and culminating in the dreadful and devastating famine of 1847, impoverished the country, depleted her man power and ruined her industries. It is only through industrial development that Ireland can hope to become once more a well-populated country.

Coast Line.—In comparison to its size Ireland has a long coast line of about 2,000 miles. The Northern, Southern and Western seabords, exposed as they are to the full force of the Atlantic, are deeply indented and contain some of the finest natural harbours in the world. Throughout centuries these coasts have been gradually succumbing to the superior force of wind and wave until the present rocky and rugged coast line has been reached. Ireland owes its preservation from complete inundation to the presence of its mountain chains in the North, West and South, particularly the South-west.

which is the portion most affected by the prevailing South-westerly winds. A glance at the maps of Scotland and Norway will show similar inroads of the sea on the western and exposed coasts of these countries. The east coast is comparatively well sheltered and though flat and sandy for the most part is practically free of indentations. This coast, though not naturally adapted to shipping, is, however, nearer to the markets of Great Britain, and in addition to the few natural harbours artificial harbours have been provided.

Climate.—The climate of any country or place depends almost entirely on—

- (a) Its latitude, *i.e.*, distance from Equator.
- (b) Its nearness to or remoteness from the sea.
- (c) Its prevailing winds.
- (d) Ocean currents.
- (e) Height above sea level.
- (f) Position of its mountain ranges.

Of these b, c, d and f may be said to be the principal factors in determining the climate of Ireland. Though Ireland is fairly remote from the Equator and has the same latitude as Labrador (on the Canadian coast) and central Russia, yet its climate is mild and temperate, while the climate of Labrador and Russia is cold even to frigid. Now a large portion of the ocean current known as the Gulf Stream flows by the southern and western coasts of Ireland bringing the warm waters of the Gulf of Mexico (from whence it gets its name) within a short distance of our coast. The temperature of this large volume of water is considerably higher than that of the waters proper to our latitude. Blowing directly over this current and from it to Ireland is the prevailing south-westerly wind, bringing with it the vapour-laden atmosphere of the warm waters and supplying us with heat and moisture. As it meets the high mountains on the south and west of Ireland the vapour is condensed and falls as rain. As a result the mountainous districts to the south and west are also the districts which have the greatest rainfall, while the eastern coast from Dublin to the mouth of the Boyne has the lowest rainfall. Ireland, then, enjoys a temperate climate; the north and east being slightly colder and drier than the south and west. The south-westerly wind generally betokens rain, the easterly wind dry weather, and the northerly wind cold frosty weather.

Other Names.—Ireland is known by many other names, viz., Eire, Erin, Hibernia, The Emerald Isle, and in his- toric poetry as Dark Rosaleen, Caitlin Ní Houlihan, Innisfail, Queen of the West, etc.

“Many pass their lives without discovering that the military career has any higher aim than that of moving men on parade, and that of keeping order amongst them at all times by a system of severe punishment and rigid espionage, which is believed to be discipline.”—Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley.

No. 4 GROUP, G.H.Q. COMMAND, A.A.A.

Capt P. J. Kelly presided at a meeting held on 18th inst.

A cheque for £9 19s. 6d, received from Sgt. Flood, Treasurer of Group last year, includes £1 16s. 6d. subscriptions for last year's Tennis Tournament. This amount is to be expended on prizes, and Lieut. J. J. Walsh, Hon. Treasurer, was instructed to arrange for the distribution as follows:—

1st prize, value £1, to Sgt. Nugent—Records.

2nd prize, value 15s., to Major M. A. O'Connor, A.C.E.

The Officer i/c Marriage Allowance sent a donation of £2 (two pounds) to the Group Funds, representing £1 each from his own and Officers' Pay Sections. The Hon. Secretary stated he had received no answer from other Group units in reply to his appeal for subscriptions to the Group funds.

After some discussion it was decided to communicate with the Army School of Music and with the Secretary, G.H.Q. Command Council, in reference to the grants which have not yet been received. Lieut. Walsh was to interview Major O'Connor, O.C., Army Corps of Engineers, in this connection.

FOOTBALL AND HURLING.

The taking up of “Soccer” by very many members of the Group interfered in no uncertain manner with Gaelic games. Accordingly, Capt. P. J. Kelly said he would arrange with Capt. Hawe as to the postponing of either the football or hurling fixture until Saturday, the 29th inst.

The Hon. Treasurer was instructed to provide a complete set of knicks, jerseys, and boots, which can be used by both teams, and the Hon. Secretary was detailed to issue same before each match and collect them at the conclusion. The picking of the teams was deferred until next meeting.

The Secretary was directed to ascertain from Capt. Hawe when the set of hurleys he so kindly promised would be available.

BOXING.

In connection with the forthcoming G.H.Q. Command Novices Boxing Competition, Lieut. Walsh reported that there were no entrants from the A.C.E., Griffith Barracks.

FOOTBALL FIELD FOR A.C.E.

Lieut. Walsh reported that he had not yet interviewed the owner of the field which it was proposed to rent.

Capt. P. J. Kelly and Sergt. Kiely proceeded to interview Lieut. Nolan, O/C H.Q. Coy., A.T. Corps, Portobello Barracks, in connection with that unit's representation at Committee meetings and sport generally, and after some discussion arrangements were made which will enable the Group to benefit by the inclusion of several members of the Transport in Group teams.

21st BATTALION (Collins Barracks, Dublin).

The poor scribe is blamed for the scant news from this unit each week, but what better can be expected when all the glorious promises don't materialise. Every little helps, but some of the Companies forget that, and then what's everybody's business is nobody's.

The Command Headquarters team is to be congratulated on their victory in the Brigade Hurling contest. The 19th Battalion play was very much below that displayed in their match against the 24th at Dundalk in the previous round.

The 21st Battalion tried conclusions recently in a friendly with the 19th, from which the Collins boys emerged victorious. Pat McAlevey was well in the limelight, and if he did not score every goal, he had a large share in the credit.

Cpl. Bill Roy has the general sympathy of the Battalion in his sad bereavement.

We hope our pals in “D” Coy. are enjoying their sojourn at Mullingar.

There is a rumour that a set of medals are being put up for a challenge match between Command Headquarters and 21st Battalion, but mum's the word for the present.

This week's slogan: “Is that Right?”

DEATH OF SERGT.-MAJOR O'TOOLE,

19th BATTALION.

It is with feelings of deep regret we have to announce the death of Sgt.-Major O'Toole, of the 19th Battalion, which occurred at the General Military Hospital, Curragh on Saturday, 15th inst. Deceased, who was a native of Ballinrobe, played a leading part in the fight for freedom against the British, and had a splendid record in the Army. In social life he was a general favourite amongst all who knew him. Since the beginning of his illness some three months ago nothing that medical skill could accomplish was left undone, but all proved unavailing. To his relatives in their bereavement we offer our sincere sympathy.

COMMAND SECRETARIES A.A.A.

The following is a list of the Command Secretaries of the Army Athletic Association:—

Eastern Command—Comdt. Hegarty, Portobello Barracks.

Southern Command—Capt. Chisholm, Collins' Barracks, Cork.

Curragh Training Camp—Capt. Carmichael, Curragh Training Camp.

Western Command—Lieut. Heuston, Custume Barracks, Athlone.

G.H.Q. Command—Capt. Hawe, G.H.Q., Parkgate.

The art of command is not that of thinking and deciding for one's subordinates as though one stood in their shoes.—Foch.



Clementina

BY

A.E.W. Mason

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CHAPTER XX.—continued.

"How long is it till the dawn?" she said.

"We have half an hour," said Wogan.

"Well, that old man—Count von Ahlen, you said—received you, heaped logs upon his fire, staunching your wounds, and asked no questions. Well? You stopped suddenly. Tell me all."

Wogan looked doubtfully at her, and then quickly seated himself over against her.

"All? I will. It will be no new thing to you." And as Clementina raised her eyes curiously to his he met her gaze, and so spoke the rest looking at her with her own direct gaze.

"Why did he ask no questions, seeing me disordered, wounded, a bandit for all he knew, with a murder on my hands? Because thirty years before Count Philip Christopher von Königsmarck had come in just that same way over the lawn to the window, and had sat by that log fire and charmed the old gentleman into an envy by his incomparable elegance and wit."

"Königsmarck!" exclaimed the girl. She knew the history of that brilliant and baleful adventurer at the Court of Hanover. "He came as you did, and wounded."

"The Princess Sophia Dorothea was visiting the Duke of Württemberg," Wogan explained, and Clementina nodded.

"Count Otto von Ahlen, my host," he continued, "had a momentary thought that I was Königsmarck mysteriously returned, as he had mysteriously vanished, and through these thirty years retentive of his youth. Count Otto could never think of Königsmarck but as a man young and tossed in a froth of passion. He would have it to the end that I had escaped from such venture as had Königsmarck; he would have it my wounds were the mere offset to a love well worth them; he would envy me. 'Passion,' said he—'without passion there can be no great thing.'"

"And the saying lived in your thoughts," cried Clementina. "I do not wonder. Without passion there can be no great thing! Can books teach a man so much?"

"Nay, it was an hour's talk with Königsmarck which set the old man's thought that way, and though Königs-

marck talked never so well I would not lightly infer from his talk an eternal and universal truth. Count Otto left me alone while he fetched me food, and he left me in a panic."

"A panic?" said Clementina with a little laugh. "You?"

"Yes. That first mistake of me for Königsmarck, that insistence that my case was Königsmarck's—"

"There was a shadow of truth in it—even then?" said Clementina, suddenly leaning across the table towards him. Wogan strove not to see a light of joy suddenly sparkling in her eyes.

"I sat alone, feeling the ghost of Königsmarck in the room with me," he resumed quickly; and his voice dropped, and he looked round the little cabin. Clementina looked round quickly too. Then their eyes met again. "I heard his voice menacing me. 'For love of a queen I lived. For love of a queen I died most horribly, and it would have gone better with the queen had she died the same death at the same time.'"

And Clementina interrupted him with a cry which was fierce. "Ah, who can say that and know it for the truth except the queen? You must ask her in her prison at Ahlden, and that you cannot do. She has her memories, maybe. Maybe she has built herself within these thirty years a world of thought so real it makes her gaoler's shadows and that prison a place of no account, save that it gives her solitude, and is, so, more desirable than a palace. I can imagine it." And then she stopped, and her voice dropped to the low tone which Wogan had used.

"You looked round you but now, and most fearfully. Is Königsmarck's spirit here?"

"No," exclaimed Wogan; "I would to God it were. I would I felt its memories chilling me as they chilled me that night. But I cannot. I cannot as much as hear a whisper. All the heavens are dumb," he cried.

"And the earth waits," said Clementina.

She did not move, neither did Wogan. They both sat still as statues. They had come to the great crisis of their destiny. A change of posture, a gesture, an assumed expression which might aver the small, the merely awkward indiscretions of the tongue, they both knew to be futile. It was in the

mind of each of them that somehow without their participation the truth would be out that night. For the dawn was so long in coming.

"All the way up from Peri," said Wogan suddenly. "I strove to make real to myself the ignominy, the odium, the scandal."

"But you could not," said Clementina with a nod of comprehension, as though that inability was a thing familiar to her.

"When I reached the hut and saw that fan of light spreading from the window, as it spread over the lawn beyond Stuttgart, I remembered Otto von Ahlen and his talk of Königsmarck. I tried to hear the menaces."

"But you could not."

"No. I saw you through the window," he cried, "stretched out upon that couch, supple and young. I saw the lamplight on your hair. I could only remember how often I have at nights wakened and reached out my hands in the vain dream that they would meet in its thick coils, that I should feel its silk nestle about my fingers. There's the truth out, though it's a familiar one to you ever since I held you in my arms beneath the stars upon the road to Ala."

"It was known to me a day before," said she, "but it was known to you so long ago as the night in the garden."

"Oh, before then," cried Wogan.

"When? Let us have the whole truth, since we know so much."

"Why, on that first day at Ohlau."

"In the great hall. I stood by the fire and raised my head, and our eyes met. I do remember."

"But I had no thought ever to let you know. I was the King's man-at-arms, as I am now." And he burst into a harsh laugh. "Here's madness! The King's man-at-arms dumps him down in the King's chair! I had a thought to live to you, if you understand, as a man writes a poem to his mistress, to make my life the poem, an unsigned poem that you would never read, and yet unsigned, unread, would make its creator glad and fill his days. And here's the poem!" And at that a great cry of terror leaped from Clementina's lips and held them both aghast.

Wogan had risen from his seat; with a violent gesture he had thrown back his cloak, and his coat beneath was

stained and dark with blood. Clementina stood opposite to him, all her quiet and her calmness gone. There was no longer any mystery in her eyes. Her bosom rose and fell, she pointed a trembling hand towards his breast.

"You are hurt. Again for love of me you are hurt."

"It is not my wound," he answered; "it is blood I spilt."

"For me."

He took a step towards her, and in a second she was between his arms, sobbing with all the violence of passion which she had so long restrained. Wogan was wrung by it. That she should weep at all was a thought strange to him; that he should cause the tears was a sorrow which tortured him. He touched her hair with his lips, he took her by the arms and would have set her apart; but she clung to him, hiding her face, and the sobs shook her. Her breast was strained against him; he felt the beating of her heart; a fever ran through all his blood. And as he held her close a queer inconsequential thought came into his mind. It shocked him, and he suddenly held her off.

"The blood upon my coat is wet," he cried. The odium, the scandal of a flight which would make her name a byword from London to Budapest—that he could envisage; but that this blood upon his coat should stain the dress she wore—no! He saw, indeed, that the bodice was smeared a dark red.

"See, the blood stains you!" he cried.

"Why, then I share it," she answered with a ringing voice of pride. "I share it with you." She stood before him, erect and beautiful. Through Wogan's mind there tripped a procession of delicate ladies who would swoon gracefully at the sight of a pricked finger.

"That's John Sobieski speaking," he exclaimed, and with an emphasis of despair, "Poland's King! But I was mad! Indeed, I blame myself."

"Blame!" she cried passionately, her whole nature rising in revolt against the word. "Are we to blame? We are man and woman. Who shall cast the stone? Are you to blame for that you love me? Who shall blame you? Not I, who thank you from my heart. Am I to blame? What have we hearts for then? I have a thought (it may be very wrong; I do not know; I do not trouble to think) that I should be much more to blame did I not love you too. There's the word spoken at the last." And she lowered her head.

Even at that moment her gesture struck upon Wogan as strange. It occurred to him that he had never before seen her drop her eyes from his. He had an intuitive fancy that she would never have done it but as a deliberate token of submission. Nor was he wrong. Her next words told him it was her white flag of surrender.

"I believe the spoken truth is best," she said simply, in a low voice which ever so slightly trembled. "Unspoken and yet known by both of us, I think it would breed fancies we are best without; our eyes would question each the other at every meeting; there would be no health in our thoughts. But here's

the truth out, and I'm glad, in which-ever way you find its consequence."

She stood before him with her head bent. She made no movement save with her hands, which worked together slowly and gently.

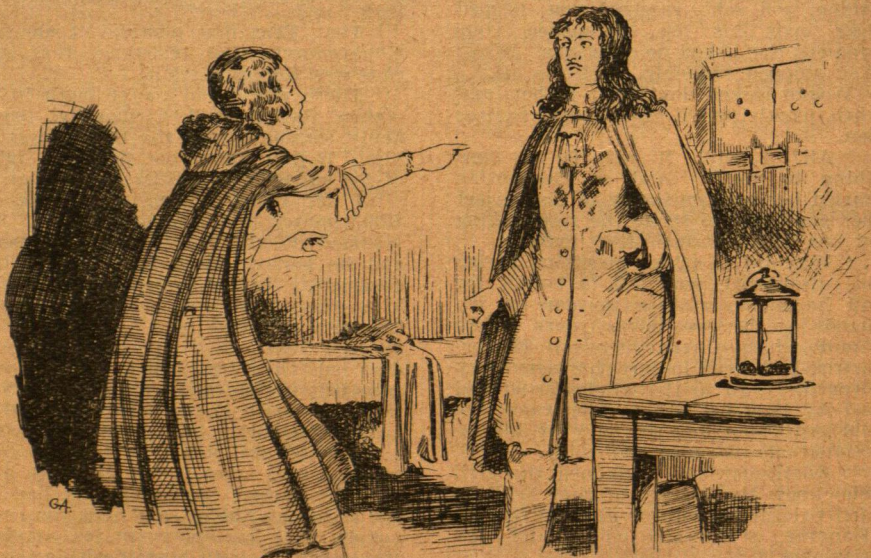
"In whichever way I—" repeated Wogan.

"Yes," she answered. "There is Bologna. Say that Bologna is our goal! I shall go with you to Bologna. There is Venice and the sea. Bid me go there, hoist a poor scrap of a sail in an open boat, I shall adventure over the wide seas with you. What will you do?"

Wogan drew a long breath. The picture which she evoked was one to blind him as with a glory of sunlight. He remained silent for a while. Then he said timidly, "There is Ohlau too."

The girl shivered. The name meant her father, her mother, their grief, the disgrace upon their home. But she answered only with her question, "What will you do?"

"You would lose a throne," he said,



"You are hurt. Again for love of me you are hurt."

and even while he spoke was aware that such a plea had not with her now the weight of this old down. "You would become the mock of Europe, you that are its wonder." And he saw the corners of her mouth curve in a smile of scorn.

"What will you do?" she asked, and he ceased to argue. It was he who must decide; she willed it so. He turned towards the door of the hut and opened it. As he passed through he heard her move behind him, and looking over his shoulder he saw that she leaned down upon the table and kissed the pistol which he had left loaded there. He stepped out of the cabin and closed the door.

The dark blue of the sky had faded to a pure and pearly hue; a colourless grey light invaded it; the pale stars were drowning, and all about him the trees shivered to the morning. Wogan walked up and down that little plateau torn by indecision. The issues were

quite clear before his mind. Conscience and the fiend spoke their diverse counsels at his elbow, and he was as sure as Lancelot Gobbo in distinguishing their voices. He knew, too, that those very considerations which Clementina had despised he, on her behalf, must take into account. But he could not decide. He looked about him, half hoping that something perhaps might happen which would decide for him, some stroke of the theatre which would relieve him of his responsibility. But in that solitary eyrie nothing could and nothing did happen except a broadening of the daylight and a flush of rose beyond the mountains in the eastern sky. He must decide without help.

Inside the sheltered cabin sat, waiting, the girl whose destiny was in his hands. He had a sentence to speak, and by it the flow of all her years would be irrevocably ordered. She had given herself over to him—she with her pride, her courage, her endurance. Wogan had seen too closely into her

heart to bring any foolish charge of un-maidenliness against her. The very completeness of her surrender raised her to a higher pinnacle. If she gave herself, she did so without a condition or a reserve, body and bone, heart and soul. Wogan knew amongst the women of his time many who made their bargain with the world, buying a semblance of esteem with a double payment of lies. This girl stood apart from them. She loved, therefore, she entrusted herself simply to the man she loved, and bade him dispose of her. That very simplicity was another sign of her strength. She was the more priceless on account of it. He went back into the hut. Through the chinks of the shutter the morning stretched a grey finger; the room was filled with a vaporous twilight.

"We travel to Bologna," said he.

As she had not argued before, she did not argue now. She nodded her head and fastened her cloak about her throat.

"I will not have you wasted," he continued awkwardly. "Other women may sink into kennels and stop their ears—not you. The King is true to you. You are for the King."

"We will not argue it," said she.

She followed him out of the hut. Though the gorge at their feet was black, in the north-east the sky already flamed and the sun was up before they reached the road. They walked silently towards Peri, and Wogan was wondering whether in her heart she despised him, when she stopped.

"I am to marry the King," said she.

"Yes," said Wogan.

"But you?" she said, with her brows in a frown—"there is no compulsion on you to marry—any one."

Wogan was relieved of his fears. He broke into a laugh, to which she made no reply. She still waited, frowning, for his answer.

"No woman," he said, "will ride on my black horse into my city of dreams. You may be very sure I will not marry."

"No. I would not have you married."

Wogan laughed again, but Clementina was very serious. That she had no right to make any such claim did not occur to her. She was merely certain and resolved that Wogan must not marry. She did not again refer to the matter, nor could she so have done had she wished; for a little later, and while they were not yet come to Peri, they were hailed from behind; and turning about they saw Gaydon and O'Toole riding after them. O'Toole had his story to tell. Gaydon and he had put the courier to bed and taken his clothes and his money, and after the fellow had waked up they had sat for a day in the bedroom keeping him quiet and telling the landlord he was very ill. O'Toole finished his story as they came to Peri. They went boldly to the Cervo Inn, where all traces of the night's conflict had been removed, and neither Wogan nor the landlady thought it prudent to make any mention of the matter; they waited for Misset and his wife, who came the next day. And thus reunited they passed one evening into the streets of Bologna and stopped at the Pilgrim Inn.

CHAPTER XXI.

COMPLICATIONS AT BOLOGNA.

In the parlour of the Pilgrim Inn the four friends took their leave of the Princess. She could not part from them lightly; she spoke with a faltering voice.

"Five days ago I was in prison at Innsbruck, perpetually harassed, and with no hope of release but in you. Now, I am in Bologna, and free. I could not believe that any girl could find such friends except in fairyland. You make the world very sweet and clean to me. I should thank you. See my tears fall! Will you take them for my thanks? I have no words which can tell as much of my thoughts towards you. My little woman I keep with me, but to you gentlemen I would gladly give a token each, so that you may know I will never forget, and so that

you, too, may keep for me a home within your memories." To Major Gaydon she gave a ring from off her finger; to Captain Misset a chain which she wore about her neck; to O'Toole, "her six feet four," as she said between laughter and tears, her watch. Each with a word of homage took his leave. Clementina spoke to Wogan last of all, and when the room was empty but for these two.

"To you, my friend," said she, "I give nothing. There is no need. But I ask for something. I would be in debt to you still deeper than I am. I ask for a handkerchief which I dropped from my shoulders one evening under the stars upon the road to Ala."

Wogan bowed to her without a word. He drew the handkerchief from his breast slowly.

"It is true," said he, "I have no right to it," and he gave it back. But his voice showed that he was hurt.

"You do not understand," said she with a great gentleness. "You have every right which the truest loyalty can confer. I ask you for this handkerchief because I think at times to wear it in memory of a white stone on which I could safely set my foot, for the stone was not straw."

Wogan could not trust his voice to answer her. He took her hand to lift it to his lips.

"No," said she; "as at Innsbruck, an honest handclasp, if you please."

Wogan joined his three companions in the road, and they stood together for a little, recounting to each other the incidents of the flight.

"Here's a great work ended," said Gaydon at last.

"We shall be historical," said O'Toole. "It is my one ambition. I want to figure in the history books, and be a great plague and nuisance to children at school. I would sooner be cursed daily by schoolboys than have any number of golden statues in galleries; it means the more solid reputation." And then he became silent. Gaydon, apart from his joy at the rescue of Clementina, was privately satisfied that matters which were none of his business had come to no uncomfortable issue. Misset, too, was thankful for that his wife had come safely to the journey's end. O'Toole alone had a weight upon his mind, and when Gaydon said, "Well, we may go to bed and sleep without alarms till sundown to-morrow," he remarked, "There's Jenny. It was on my account she ventured with us."

"That's true," said Wogan, "but we shall put an end to her captivity now we are safe at Bologna. I have friends here who can serve me so far, I have no doubt."

O'Toole was willing to leave the matter in Wogan's hands. If Wogan once pledged himself to Jenny's release, why, Jenny was released; and he went to bed now with a quite equable mind. Wogan hurried off past the towers of Asinelli and Garisenda to the palace of the Cardinal Origo, whom he found sitting at his supper in the great hall of Hercules overlooking the piazza. The Cardinal welcomed Wogan back very warmly.

"I trust, your Eminence," said Wogan, "that Farini is now at Bologna."

"You come in the nick of time," replied the Cardinal. "This is his last week. There is a great demand for the seats, but you will see to it, Mr. Wogan, that the box is in the first tier."

"There was to be a dinner, too, if I recollect aright. I have not dined for days. Your Eminence, I shall be extraordinarily hungry."

"You will order what you will, Mr. Wogan. I am a man of a small appetite, and have no preferences."

"Your Eminence's cook will be the better judge of what is seasonable. Your Eminence will be the more likely to secure the box in the first tier. Shall we fix a day? To-morrow I shall have the honour, then, to be your Eminence's guest."

The Cardinal started up from the table and stared at his visitor.

"You are jesting," said he.

"So little," replied Wogan, "that her Highness the Princess Clementina is now at the Pilgrim Inn at Bologna."

"In Bologna!" cried the Cardinal; and he stood frowning in a great perturbation of spirit. "This is great news," he said, but in a doubtful voice which Wogan did not understand.

"This is great news, to be sure." And he took a turn or two across the room.

"Not wholly pleasant news, one might almost think," said Wogan, in some perplexity.

"Never was better news," exclaimed the Cardinal hastily—a trifle too hastily, it seemed to Wogan. "But it surprises one. Even the King did not expect this most desirable issue. For the King is in Spain. It is that which troubles me. Her Highness comes to Bologna, and the King's in Spain."

"Yes," said Wogan, with a wary eye upon his Eminence. "Why is the King in Spain?"

"There is pressing business in Spain—an expedition from Cadiz. The King's presence there was urged most earnestly. He had no hope you would succeed. I myself have some share in the blame. I did not hide from you my conviction you would fail."

Wogan was not at all reassured. He could not but remember that the excuse for the King's absence which the Cardinal now made to him was precisely that which he himself had invented to appease Clementina at Innsbruck. It was the simple, natural excuse which came first of all to the tongue's tip, but—it did not satisfy. There was, besides, too much flurry and agitation in the Cardinal's manner. Even now that he was taking snuff he spilled the most of it from the trembling of his fingers. Moreover, he must give reason upon reason for his perturbation the while he let his supper get cold.

"Her Highness, I cannot but feel, will have reason to think slightly of our welcome. A young girl, she will expect, and justly, something more of ceremony as her due."

"Your Eminence does not know her," interrupted Wogan, with some sharpness. His eminence was adroit enough to seize the occasion of ending a con-

versation which was growing with every minute more embarrassing.

"I shall make haste to repair my defect," said he. "I beg you to present my duty to her Highness, and to request her to receive me to-morrow at ten. By that hour I will hope to have discovered a lodging more suitable to her dignity."

Wogan made his way back to the Pilgrim Inn, dashed and fallen in spirit. He had thought that their troubles were at an end, but here was a new difficulty at which in truth he rather feared to guess. The Chevalier's departure to Spain had been a puzzle to him before; he remembered now that the Chevalier had agreed with reluctance to his enterprise, and had never been more than lukewarm in its support. That reluctance, that lukewarmness he had attributed to a natural habit of discouragement; but the evasiveness of Cardinal Origo seemed to propose a different explanation. There was another reason why the Chevalier had gone to Spain. Wogan would not guess at it. But, in spite of himself, a fear crept into his mind that the Chevalier was avoiding Clementina.

"The King is to marry the Princess," said he fiercely. "I brought her out of Innspruck to Bologna. The King must marry the Princess." And quite un-awares he set off running towards the inn. As he drew near to it he heard a confused noise of shouting. He quickened his pace, and, rushing out of the mouth of a side street into the square where the inn stood, came suddenly to a stop. The square was filled with a great mob of people, and in face of the inn the crowd was so thick that Wogan could have walked upon the shoulders. Many of the people carried blazing torches, which they waved in the air, dropping the burning resin upon their companions; others threw their hats skywards; here were boys beating drums and grown men blowing upon toy trumpets, and all were shouting and cheering with a deafening enthusiasm. The news of the Princess's arrival had spread like wildfire through the town. Wogan's spirits rose at a bound. Here was a welcome very different from the Cardinal's. Wogan rejoiced in the good sense of the citizens of Bologna, who could appreciate the great qualities of his chosen woman. Their enthusiasm did them credit; he could have embraced them one by one.

He strove to push his way towards the door, but he would hardly have pierced through that throng had not a man recognized him by the light of a torch and bawled out his name. He was lifted shoulder-high in a second; he was passed from hand to hand over the heads of the people. He was set tenderly in the very doorway of the Pilgrim Inn, and he found Clementina at the window of an unlighted room, gazing unperceived at the throng.

"Here's a true welcome, madam," said he cordially, with his thoughts away upon that bluff of hillside where the prospect of these acclamations had seemed so distant and unreal. It is possible that they seemed of small account to Clementina now, for though they

rang in her ears and were visible to her eyes she sat quite unmoved by them. This is one tiny square in a little town," he continued, "but its noise will ring across Europe."

And she turned her head to him and said quietly, "The King is still in Spain, is he not?"

Wogan's enthusiasm was quenched with alarm. Her voice had rung for all its quietude with pride. What if she guessed what he for one would not let his wildest fancy dwell upon? Wogan repeated to himself the resolve which he had made, though with an alteration. "The King must marry the Princess," he had said; now he said, "the Princess must marry the King."

He began hurriedly to assure her that the King had doubted his capacity to bring the enterprise to a favourable issue, but that now he would immediately return. Cardinal Origo would tell her more upon that head if she would be good enough to receive him at ten in the morning. And while Wogan was yet speaking a torch waved, and amongst that close-pressed throng of faces below him in the street one sprang to his view with a remarkable distinctness, a face most menacing and vindictive. It was the face of Harry Whittington. Just for a second it shone out, angles and lines so clearly revealed that it was as though the crowd had vanished, and that one contorted face glared alone upwards at the windows in a flare of hellfire.

Clementina saw the face too, for she drew back instinctively within the curtain of the window.

"The man at Peri," said she in a whisper.

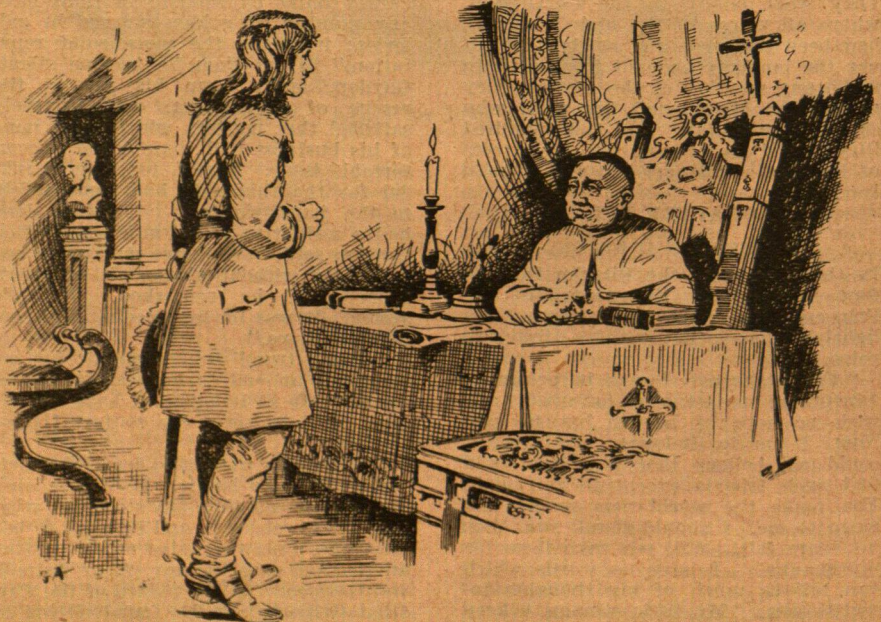
"Your Highness will pardon me," exclaimed Wogan, and he made a movement towards the door. Then he stopped, hesitated for a second, and came back. He had a question to put,

as difficult perhaps as ever lips had to frame.

"At Peri," he said, in a stumbling voice, "I waked from a dream and saw that man, birdlike and cunning, watching over the rim of the stairs. I was dreaming that a star out of heaven stooped towards me, that a woman's face shone out of the star's bright heart, that her lips deigned to bend downwards to my earth. And I wonder whether those cunning eyes had cunning enough to interpret my dream."

And Clementina answered him simply, "I think it very likely that they had so much skill." And Wogan ran down the stairs into the street. He forced his way through the crowd to the point where Whittington's face had shown; but his hesitation, his question, had consumed time. Whittington had vanished, nor did he appear again for some while in Bologna. Wogan searched for him high and low. Here was another difficulty added to the reluctance of his King—the pride of his Queen. Whittington had a piece of dangerous knowledge, and could not be found. Wogan said nothing openly of the man's treachery, though he kept very safely the paper in which that treachery was confessed. But he did not cease from his search. He was still engaged upon it when, a few days afterwards, he received a summons from Cardinal Origo. He hurried to the palace, wondering what new thing had befallen, and was at once admitted to the Cardinal. It was no bad thing, at all events, as Wogan could judge from the Cardinal's smiling face.

"Mr. Wogan," said he, "Our Holy Father, the Pope, wishes to testify his approbation of your remarkable enterprise on behalf of a princess who is his god-daughter. He bids me hand you, therefore, your patent of Roman Senator, and requests you to present your-



"Nay, your Eminence," said Wogan, "I do not underrate so high a distinction. But I had three friends with me who shared every danger."

self at the Capitol in Rome on June 15, when you will be installed with all the ancient ceremonies."

Wogan thanked his Eminence dutifully, but laid the patent on the table.

"You hardly know what you refuse," said his Eminence. "The Holy Father has no greater honour to bestow; and, believe me, he bestows it charily."

"Nay, your Eminence," said Wogan, "I do not underrate so high a distinction. But I had three friends with me who shared every danger. I cannot accept an honour which they do not share; for, indeed, they risked more than I did, for they hold service under the King of France."

The Cardinal was pleased to compliment Wogan upon his loyalty to his friends. "They shall not be the losers," said he. "I think I may promise, indeed, that each will have a step in rank; and I do not doubt that when the Holy Father hears what you have said to me I shall have three other patents like to this." And he locked Wogan's away in a drawer.

"And what of the King in Spain?" asked Wogan.

"I sent a messenger to him on the night of your coming," said the Cardinal, "but it is a long journey into Spain. We must wait."

To Wogan it seemed the waiting would never end. The Cardinal had found a little house set apart from the street with a great garden of lawns and cedar trees and laurels; and in that garden, now fresh with spring flowers and made private by high walls, the Princess passed her days. Wogan saw her but seldom during this time, but each occasion sent him back to his lodging in a fever of anxiety. She had grown silent, and her silence alarmed him. She had lost the sparkling buoyancy of her spirits. Mrs. Misset, who attended her, told him that she would sit for long whiles with a red spot burning in each cheek. Wogan feared that her pride was chafing her gentleness, that she guessed there was reluctance in the King's delay. "But she must marry the King," he still persevered in declaring. Her hardships, her imprisonment, her perilous escape, the snows of Innsbruck—these were known now; and if, at the last, the end for which they had been endured—Wogan broke off from his reflections to hear the world laughing. The world would not think; it would laugh. "For her own sake she must marry," he cried, as he paced about his rooms. "For ours too, for a country's sake." And he looked northwards towards England. But "for her own sake" was the reason uppermost in his thoughts.

But the days passed. The three promised patents came from Rome, and Cardinal Origo unlocked the drawer and joined Wogan's to them. He presented all four at the same time.

"The patents carry the title of 'Excellency,'" said he. O'Toole beamed with delight.

"Sure," said he, "I will have a toga with the arms of the O'Tooles embroidered on the back to appear in the Capitol. It is on June 15, your Emi-

nence. Upon my soul I have not much time." And he grew thoughtful.

"A toga will hardly take a month, even with the embroidery, which I do not greatly recommend," said the Cardinal dryly.

"I was not at the moment thinking of the toga," said O'Toole gloomily.

"And what of the King in Spain?" asked Wogan.

"We must wait, my friend," said the Cardinal.

In a week there was brought to Wogan one morning a letter in the King's hand. He fingered it for a little, not daring to break the seal. When he did break it he read a great many compliments upon his success; and after the compliments a statement that the marriage should take place at Montefiascone as soon as the King could depart from Spain; and after that statement a declaration that since her Highness's position was not meanwhile one that suited either her dignity or the love the King had for her, a marriage by proxy should take place at Bologna. The Chevallier added that he had written to Cardinal Origo to make the necessary arrangements for the ceremony, and he appointed herewith Mr. Charles Wogan to act as his proxy, in recognition of his great services.

Wogan felt a natural distaste for the part he was to take in the ceremony. To stand up before the Cardinal, and take Clementina's hand in his, and speak another's marriage vows, and receive hers as another's deputy—there was a certain mockery in the situation for which he had no liking. The memory of the cabin on the mountain side was something too near. But at all events the King was to marry the Princess, and Wogan's distaste was swallowed up in a great relief. There would be no laughter rippling over Europe like the wind over a field of corn. He stood by his window in the spring sunshine with a great contentment of spirit, and then there came a loud rapping on his door.

He caught his breath, he grew white with a sudden fear; you would have thought it was his heart that was knocked upon. For there was another side to the business. The King would marry the Princess, but how would the Princess take this marriage by proxy and the King's continued absence? She had her pride, as he knew well. The knocking was repeated. Wogan in a voice of suspense bade his visitor enter. The visitor was one of her Highness's new servants. "Without a doubt," thought Wogan, "she has received a letter by the same messenger who brought me mine."

The servant handed him a note from the Princess begging him to attend on her at once. "She must marry the King," said Wogan to himself. He took his hat and cane and followed the servant into the street.

CHAPTER XXII.

CLEMENTINA TAKES MR. WOGAN TO VISIT THE CAPRARA PALACE.

WOGAN was guided through the streets to the mouth of a blind alley, at the bottom of which rose a high garden

wall; over the wall the smoking chimneys of a house showed among the tops of many trees freshly-green, which shivered in the breeze and shook the sunlight from their leaves. The alley from the first day when the Princess came to lodge in the house had worn to Wogan a familiar air; and this morning, as he pondered dismally whether, after all, those laborious months since he had ridden hopefully out of Bologna to Ohlau were to bear no fruit, he chanced to remember why. He had passed that alley at the moment of grey dawn, when he was starting out upon this adventure, and he had seen a man muffled in a cloak step from its mouth and suddenly draw back as though to elude recognition. Wogan was wondering who at that time had lived in the house, when he was admitted through a door in the wall and led along a gravel path into a little room with French windows opening upon a lawn. The garden seen from here was a wealth of coloured blossoms, and amongst them Clementina paced alone, the richest blossom of them all. She was dressed simply in a white gown of muslin and a little three-cornered hat of straw, but Wogan knew as he advanced towards her that it was not merely the hat which threw the dark shadow on her face.

She took a step or two towards him, and began at once without any friendly greeting in a cold, formal voice. "You have received a letter this morning from his Majesty."

"Yes, your Highness."

"Why does the King linger in Spain?"

"The expedition from Cadiz—"

"Which left harbour a week ago. Well, Mr. Wogan," she asked in biting tones, "how does that expedition now on the high seas detain his Majesty in Spain?"

Wogan was utterly dumbfounded. He stood and gazed at her, a great trouble in his eyes, and his wits with that expedition all at sea.

"Is your Highness sure?" he babbled.

"Oh, indeed, most sure," she replied with the hardest laugh which he had ever heard from a woman's lips.

"I did not know," he said in dejection, and she took a step nearer to him, and her cheeks flamed.

"Is that the truth?" she asked, her voice trembling with anger. "You did not know?"

And Wogan understood that the real trouble with her at this moment was not so much the King's delay in Spain as a doubt whether he himself had played with her and spoken her false. For if he was proved untrue here, why, he might have been untrue throughout—on the stairway at Innsbruck, on the road to Ala, in the hut on the bluff of the hills. He could see how harshly the doubt would buffet her pride, how it would wound her to the soul.

"It is the truth," he answered; "you will believe it. I pledge my soul upon it. Lay your hand in mine. I will repeat it standing so. Could I speak false with your hand close in mine?"

He held out his hand; she did not



move, nor did her attitude of distrust relent.

"Could you not?" she asked icily.

Wogan was baffled; he was angered. "Have I ever told you lies?" he asked passionately; and she answered "Yes," and steadily looked him in the face.

The monosyllable quenched him like a pail of cold water. He stood silent, perplexed, trying to remember.

"When?" he asked.

"In the berlin between Brixen and Wellishmire."

Wogan remembered that he had told her of his city of dreams during that stage of their journey. But it was plainly not to this that she referred. He shrugged his shoulders. "I cannot remember."

"You told me of an attack made upon a Scottish town, what time the King was there in the year '15. He forced a passage through nine grenadiers with loaded muskets and escaped over the roof-tops, where he played a game of hide and seek among the chimneys. Ah, you recollect that story now. There was a chain, I remember, which even then, as you told of it, puzzled me. He threw the chain over the head of one of those nine grenadiers, and crossing his arms jerked it tight about the man's neck, stifling his cry of warning. 'What chain?' I asked; and you answered—O sir, with a practised readiness—'The chain he wore about his neck.' Do you remember that? The chain linked your handlocks, Mr. Wogan. It was your own escape of which you told me. Why did you ascribe your exploits to your King?"

"Your Highness," he said, "we know the King, we who have served him day in and day out for years. We can say freely to each other, 'The King's achievements they are to come.' We were in Scotland with him, and we know they will not fail to come. But with you it's different. You did not know him. You asked what he had done and I told you. You asked for more. You said, 'Amongst his throng of adventurers, each of whom has something to his credit, what has he, the chief adventurer?'"

"Well, sir, why not the truth in answer to the question?"

"Because the truth's unfair to him."

"And was the untruth fair to me?"

Mr. Wogan was silent.

"I think I understand," she continued bitterly. "You thought, Here's a foolish girl aflame for knights and monsters overthrown. She cries for deeds, not statecraft. Well, out of your many you would toss her one and call it the King's. You could afford the loss, and she, please God, would be content with it." She spoke with an extraordinary violence, in a low trembling voice, and she would not listen to Wogan's stammered interruption. "Very likely, too, the rest of your words to me was of a piece. I was a girl, and girls are to have gallant speeches. Oh, but you have hurt me beyond words. I would not have thought I could have suffered so much pain!"

That last cry wrung Wogan's heart. She turned away from him with her eyes shut tight upon tears. It was

this conjecture of hers which he had dreaded, which at all costs he must dispel.

"Do not believe it," he exclaimed. "Think! Should I have been at so much pains to refrain from speech if speech was what I had intended?"

"How should I know but what that concealment was part of the gallantry, a necessary preface to the pretty speeches?"

"Should I have urged your rescue on the King had I believed you what you will have it that I did—a mere witless girl to be pampered with follies?"

"Then you admit," she cried, "you urged the King."

"Should I have travelled over Europe to search for a wife and lit on you? Should I have ridden to Ohlau and pestered your father till he yielded? Should I have ridden across Europe to Strasbourg? Should I have endangered my friends in the rush to Innspruck? No, no, no. From first to last you were the chosen woman."

The vehemence and fire of sincerity with which he spoke had its effect on her. She turned again towards him with a gleam of hopefulness in her face, but midway in the turn she stopped. "You spoke to me words which I have not forgotten," she said doubtfully. "You said the King had need of me. I will be frank, hoping that you will match my frankness. On that morning when we climbed down the gorge, and ever since, I cheered myself with that one thought—the King had need of me."

"Never was truer word spoken," said Wogan stoutly.

"Then why is the King in Spain?"

They had come back to the first question. Wogan had no new answer to it. He said, "I do not know."

For a moment or two Clementina searched his eyes. It seemed in the end that she was satisfied he spoke the truth, for she said in a voice of greater gentleness, "Then I will acquaint you. Will you walk with me for half a mile?"

Wogan bowed, and followed her out of the garden. He could not think whither she was leading him or for what purpose. She walked without a word to him, he followed without a question; and so pacing with much dignity under the arcades, they came to the steps of a great house. Then Clementina halted.

"Sir," said she, "can you put a name to the house?"

"Upon my word, your Highness, I cannot."

"It is the Caprara Palace," said she suddenly, and suddenly she bent her eyes upon Wogan. The name, however, conveyed no meaning whatever to him, and his blank face told her so clearly. She nodded in a sort of approval. "No," she said, relenting, "you did not know."

She mounted the steps to the great iron gates at the top. An old broken serving-man admitted them to a tiled courtyard, prettily set about with flowers, and told them that the Princess Caprara was in Rome. It was permitted him, however, to show the

many curiosities and treasures of the palace to such visitors as desired it. Clementina did desire it. The old man led her and her companion to the armoury, where he was for spending much time and breath over the trophies which the distinguished General Caprara had of old snatched from the infidels. But Clementina quickly broke in upon his garrulity.

"I have a great wish to see the picture gallery," said she; and the old man tottered onwards through many shrouded and darkened rooms. In the picture gallery he drew up the blinds and took a wand in his hand.

"Will you show me first the portrait of Mlle. de Caprara?" said Clementina.

It was a full-length portrait painted with remarkable skill. Maria Vittoria de Caprara was represented in a black dress, and the warm Italian colouring of her face made a sort of glow in the dark picture. Her eyes watched you from the canvas with so lifelike a glance, you had a thought when you turned that they turned after you. Clementina gazed at the picture for a long while, and the blood slowly mounted on her neck and transfused her cheeks.

"There is a face, Mr. Wogan, a passionate, beautiful face which might well set a seal upon a man's heart. I do not wonder. I can believe that though to-day that face gladdens the streets of Rome a lover in Spain might see it through all the thick earth of the Pyrenees. There, sir, I promised to acquaint you why the King lingers in Spain; I have fulfilled that promise." And making a present to the custodian she walked back through the rooms and down the steps to the street. Wogan followed her, and pacing with much dignity they walked back to the little house among the trees, and so came again into the garden of blossoms.

The anger had now gone from her face, but it was replaced by a great weariness.

"It is strange, is it not," she said with a faltering smile, "that on a spring morning, beneath this sky, amongst these flowers, I should think with envy of the snows of Innspruck and my prison there? But I owe you a reparation," she added. "You said the King had need of me. For that saying of yours I find an apt simile. Call it a stone on which you bade me set my foot and step. I stepped and found that your stone was straw."

"No, madam," cried Wogan.

"I had a thought," she continued, "you knew the stone was straw when you commended it to me as stone. But this morning I have learnt my error. I acquit you and ask your pardon. You did not know that the King had no need of me." And she bowed to him as though the conversation was at an end. Wogan, however, would not let her go. He placed himself in front of her, engrossed in his one thought—"She must marry the King." He spoke, however, none the less with sincerity when he cried, "Nor do I know now. No, and I shall not know."

"You have walked with me to the Caprara Palace this morning, or did I dream we walked?"

"What your Highness has shown me to-day I cannot gainsay, for this is the first time that ever I heard of Mlle. de Caprara, but I am very sure that you draw your inference amiss. You sit in judgment on the King, not knowing him. You push aside the firm trust of us who know him as a thing of no account. And because once in a mood of remorse at my own presumption I ascribed to the King one trivial exploit which was not his—at the best a success of muscle and not brain—you strip him of all merit on the instant."

He saw that her face flushed. Here at all events he had hit the mark, and he cried out with a ringing confidence,—

"Your stone is stone, not straw."

"Prove it me," said she.

"What do you know of the Princess Caprara at the end of it all? You have told me this morning all you know. I will go bail if the whole truth were out the matter would take a very different complexion."

Again she said, "Prove that to me!" and then she looked over his shoulder. Wogan turned and saw that a servant was coming from the house across the lawn with a letter on a salver. The Princess opened the letter and read it. Then she turned again to Wogan.

"His Eminence the Cardinal fixes the marriage in Bologna here for to-day fortnight. You have thus two weeks wherein to make your word good."

Two weeks! And Wogan had not an idea in his head as to how he was to set about the business. But he bowed imperturbably.

"Within two weeks I will convince your Highness," said he; and for a good half-hour he sauntered with her about the garden before he took his leave.

(To be continued).

BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

Friday, 14th inst., marked the departure from the Curragh of one of the station's most prominent and popular Officers in the person of Commandant Hugh C. Byrne, Camp Commandant and O/C Beresford Barracks, who left to fill the appointment of Adjutant, 6th Brigade. While congratulating the 6th Brigade on its acquirement of the services of Commandant Byrne, we have to say that the Camp has lost a most efficient Officer. In Commandant Byrne the troops always found a friend in all matters affecting their individual and collective welfare. His worth was no less appreciated by N.C.O.s and men of the barracks than by the Officers with whom he was associated. A farewell dinner was given in his honour in the Officers' Mess on the eve of his departure. The function was attended by Major-Gen. McKeown, G.O.C., Curragh Training Camp; Major McDonald, Commandant, Noonan, and Officers of the Headquarters Staff. The esteem in which he was held was further testified to on the preceding Wednesday, when he was

presented with a magnificent marble clock, the gift of the Officers, N.C.O.s, and men of the barracks, and with personal tokens of remembrance in the form of a gold wristlet watch each to Commandant and Mrs. Byrne from the Barrack Adjutant, Capt. J. J. Clinton, and the Barrack Quartermaster, Captain Harper. After the ceremony of the presentations, which were made by Captain O'Donovan and Captain Robinson, with representatives of the N.C.O.s and men in attendance, the Commandant, in a brief but suitably worded address, returned his best thanks to those who "thought so well of him and had actually proved it."

Beresford "An t-Oglach" readers take this opportunity of bidding welcome, through the columns of the Army Journal, to their new Commanding Officer, Commandant B. Dunne, on his taking over command of the barracks in room of Commandant Byrne. Commandant Dunne may be new to his present responsibilities both as O/C of Beresford and Camp Commandant, but he is not new to Camp Headquarters. So all the more good wishes to him in his new sphere of duty.

Under ideal weather conditions, and with a very good attendance of members present, the Curragh Lawn Tennis Club opened on Saturday, 22nd inst.

"K.P.K."

IT IS TO YOUR INTEREST —AND OURS—THAT YOU SHOULD SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

23rd BATT., PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

Since our last instalment the "H.Q." Company ghost, much to the relief of some of our N.C.O.s, has not been seen or heard.

The Inter-Company Football League commenced on Friday, the 21st instant, with a match, "H.Q." v. "D." "D" won a rather scrappy game by 5 points. "H.Q." are not at all pleased with the result.

The Battalion Football team are drawn against the 20th Battalion in the Eastern Command Championship. With a little bit of training, we expect the boys will be in good form and pass into the final, on June 2nd.

We regret to announce that a large number of those on "Foreign Service" at Islandbridge are suffering with "Flu." We all wish them a speedy recovery.

We have received an invitation from the Carlow team for a football match at Carlow in the near future.

Another consignment of hurleys and hurling balls has arrived. Now, boys, there's no excuse; so let the Gym Field be your Mecca as often as possible during the summer. "Rory" is as enthusiastic about football as he is about cross-country running now. He has volunteered to give the Battalion team every assistance. Good man, Rory! "That's the stuff to give them."

This week's slogan: "Come on the road-makers!"

At a meeting of the Portobello Dramatic and Minstrel Troupe, on the 21st instant, it was decided to give the boys in Kilbride a "Show" on Saturday, the 29th instant. The programme drawn up is one of the best, and that ever popular sketch, "Dinny O'Dowd," will be again staged. All the old members are in their best form, and a most enjoyable entertainment is anticipated. The event will owe its success in a large measure to the practical assistance of the Officer Commanding the 7th Brigade—Colonel J. H. McGuinness. On the following Sunday and Monday nights, May 30th and 31st, a really first-class programme will be presented in Portobello Barracks, and "Spud," Hawkins, Brum Prowse, Meggs, McCormack, Humphreys, De Botte, "Mac," and the Brothers Grogan will be seen at their best. The sketch will be "Special Pleading." I can safely say that anyone desirous of a good night's entertainment will make no mistake by paying a visit to the Recreation Hall, Portobello Barracks, on any of the above nights, and the admission is absolutely free, gratis, and for nothing.

"COLLAR-BADGE."



15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Now that we have got a Pipers' Band, we are feeling more proud of ourselves than ever. The only things we look forward to are Church Parades, and I needn't tell you we can do the 120 to the minute through the Camp in fine style.

We have the Barracks completely to ourselves since our neighbours the 5th Battalion went under canvas. We wish them the very best of luck, and hope to have them back with us soon again.

Since "C" Coy. went to Kildare sport seems to be the order of the day. The hurling team, which was narrowly beaten last year, are anxiously looking forward to this year's Brigade Championships (Inter-Coy.), and are confident of victory. What have the other Coy. teams to say to that? The Army Champion Cyclist is also confident of retaining the trophy again this year. We hear he is going the pace.

"H.Q." Company have been dug out at last. Quite a shock to most of the lads. Nevertheless, they can hold their own on the square, despite the fact they were dug in for so long.

"C" Company Handball Tournament is now nearing the final. Some excellent games have been witnessed, and exceptional talent was shown in the match between Ptes. Hanlon and Hayes v. Ptes. Ryan and Hastings, the former qualifying for the final. We believe the C.S. and C.Q.M.S. are about to challenge the winners.

On Saturday, 15th inst., No. 1 Section "C" Coy. played No. 2 Sec. in a 7 aside hurling match, No. 2 Sec. winning by a narrow margin. The scores were—No. 1 Sec. 3 goals 1 point, and No. 2 Sec. 2 goals 3 points. The play of Cpl. Pentony, Ptes. Casey (99) and Delaney for No. 1 Section was very sound, but failed to penetrate the back line of No. 2 Section, comprising Cpl. Loughlin, Ptes. O'Brien and Mitchell (25).

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With the Chaff winnowed from the Wheat by "Ned," who supplies his own Chaff.

3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

The first round of the Inter-Handball Competitions, for a set of medals presented by the Officers of the Battalion, was brought off at Boyle on Saturday, 8th inst. Headquarters Company was drawn against "B" Company, and both companies sent forward their best representatives. Corpl. Cassidy and Pte. Douglas represented Headquarters Company, and Corpl. Dillon and Pte. Mitchell represented "B" Company. The three games were keenly contested, and "B" Company won by two points. These competitions promise to be very exciting, as the play in the first round was faultless.

The final of the Inter-Company Hurling League matches was brought off at Boyle on Wednesday, 12th inst., between "C" Coy. from Sligo and "D" Coy. from Longford. Both teams travelled by char-a-banc to Boyle, where the Abbey Park presented the appearance of a miniature Croke Park. The match was most exciting from the start, as both teams were out to win. The standard of the Hurlers this year has even surpassed expectations, and in this match the displays given by C/S. Younge, Sgt. Power, Moran, Cpl. Maloney, Pte. Williams, McSweeney, etc., was highly creditable. In the first half "C" Coy. seemed to have the upper hand, as Power and Healy, in the backs, were an impregnable defence, and in the forwards McSweeney and O'Neill did the needful. "D" Coy. pulled up well in the second half, and Younge sent in several shots for full marks. At the long whistle the scores stood:—

"C" Coy.	...	20 points
"D" Coy.	...	16 points

The Loud Speaker and all the paraphernalia of modern Wireless Telegraphy has reported its arrival under supervision of Corpl. McGee (First Mechanic) and Pte. Scannell (Second Mechanic). The musical and news programmes from everywhere are fully appreciated, and the Recreation Room is filled to its utmost every night. Several chaps are taking the matter seriously, and on the night of the 12th some of these actually saw Amundsen crossing the North Pole.

The Battalion Barber proceeded to Roscommon on the 9th inst. to witness Galway defeat Roscommon in a Football League Match, and to note any outstanding features of the game. His return was less imposing than his departure, and his now lasting opinion is that there are still some very bad sportsmen in Boyle.

The Battalion Junior Football Team made its debut on Sunday, the 15th inst., at Strokestown, when they defeated Tarmonbarry in the Roscommon Junior County Football League. The team as usual was its best, and from the beginning of the game the result was obvious, the ball only entering the Military defence three times. At the long whistle the scores stood:—

Boyle Military	...	19 points
Tarmonbarry	...	2 points

The forthcoming march to Finner Camp for the month's training is causing much consternation, and all classes of feet soothers are being resorted to. Sergt. McLoone, on the last route march, soaped one sock to see what effect it would have on one foot, but has not yet given his report on the experiment. Others have tried it sans socks, with dire results. (Not a word about Lofly.)

Mohill Outpost was evacuated on the 20th inst., and the Garrison marched to Longford. Sergt. McCole's boots were undergoing repairs, and his C.Q.M.S. made arrangements to have them delivered to him personally on the 19th.

His many friends will be glad to learn that Cpl. McMenamin has now fully recovered from his recent illness.

"BROADCASTER."



PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

A Challenge Football match between teams representing Eastern Command and 23rd Bn. took place here on Wednesday, 12th May. There was a strong wind blowing when the teams lined up at 3 o'clock. The 23rd Bn. won the toss and the Command team were set to face a stiff breeze. It was evident from the large crowd present that a treat was in store. From the throw-in, Command got going, but were driven back by the sturdy defence of the 23rd Bn. The wind changed and play was confined to mid-field, neither team making much headway. For a slight infringement, Command were awarded a free, which resulted in the opening score. Cpl. Brennan, receiving the ball on the side line, sent across an oblique shot which completely deceived "Kelly," the 23rd goalie. From the goal kick 23rd Bn. pressed and had very hard luck in not equalising. The Command now had a hand in, and took control of the game. Their persistent attacks enabled "Cocker" Daly to increase their score by a minor. This reverse to the 23rd Bn. caused them to re-

new their efforts, which, however, were checked by a sound defence. The Command again increased their lead. "Cocker" Daly receiving from Lt. Maguire, passed to Conyard, unmarked, who scored from close range, giving the 23rd Bn. goalie no chance. With so much in arrears, the 23rd Bn. now pressed hard, and "Cockney" Keogh opened their account by scoring a minor. The 23rd Bn. supporters now gave vent to their tongues, and, with cries of encouragement, the players responded to their call. Paddy Murrighy accepting a pass from Higgins, scored a goal with a fast, low shot, the same player obliging with another a few minutes later. With both teams now level, excitement ran high. Eventually Command took the lead, Cpl. Brennan scoring a point just on half-time.

Half-time score:—

Command	...	2 goals 2 points
23rd Bn.	...	2 goals 1 point

On resuming, the pace became very fast, each side doing their utmost to increase their score. The ball kept travelling from end to end, and both defences were having a gruelling time. As is often the case, free kicks were now frequent, and from one of these Lt. Maguire increased Command's lead with another minor. Some give-and-take play followed this, and the spectators were treated to a fine exhibition of football. With only five minutes to go, "Cocker" Daly scored another point for the Command with an overhead kick. With three points now behind, the 23rd Bn. fought hard, and Mick Heavey levelled up matters with a high dropping shot from thirty yards range. The closing stages were fought out in a hurricane of rain, and the final whistle sounded leaving both teams even.

Full-time score:—

Command	...	2 goals 4 points
23rd Bn.	...	3 goals 1 point

Lieut. Kennan controlled the game in a very efficient manner and gave every satisfaction. Both teams are to be highly complimented on such a fine exhibition of football.

The 27th Bn. have gone to Kilbride, with the exception of a few about to be discharged. "Away to the hills, Away," is a call we will all be obeying in our turn during the next four months.

It is rumoured that some of the Battalions will hold their Annual Sports in Kilbride, but we are selfish enough to hope that that will not be the case.

A good crowd assembled at the Gymnasium on Thursday evening.

dance. A very enjoyable evening was spent until 10 o'clock, when the entertainment concluded with the "Soldier's Song."

The second semi-final of the Brigade Billiard Tournament has not yet taken place. We desire to refute the rumour that the contestants are loth to come together to try conclusions. What between Kilbride, movements of troops, quartering, and many preliminary musketry courses, the Commandant and all concerned have their hands full.

It is wonderful what fellows can do when they make up their minds to do it. Two people from this barracks went down town during the week to purchase curtains, etc., for the new Recreation Hall. They are both single men. Sliding unostentatiously into a big store they gazed around for awhile trying to locate some of the things they wanted. On the approach of a smiling shop-walker, doing the "Uriah Heap" stunt, they pulled themselves together and tried to convey the impression they knew their way about, and so they strolled on. After awhile, however, No. 1 stopped and interrogated No. 2, "For Heaven's sake, do you know what counter we have to go to?"

But they came back with the stuff all right.

STRIKING.

I cannot call myself "B.A.";

I couldn't if I would;

But it struck me the other day

"Strike" as a word 's no good.

It seems to me that such a word

As "strike" we should erase

From Dictionaries—it's absurd,

It strikes so many ways.

The boxing "Pro" to do his bit

Strikes hard where'er he can;

But then, you see, he's paid for it,

And does it like a man.

A blacksmith's striker strikes all day,

And gets his weekly "Dough."

If soldiers struck for some more pay,

Would they get it?—Oh, No!

The clock in our Town Hall once struck;

It wouldn't strike, I mean;

A passing tinker struck some luck,

Who got the clock to clean.

But when he brought it back once more,

It struck us all as great,

That when 'twas twelve the clock struck four,

And twenty, when 'twas eight.

When lucky chaps locate a mine

Of Diamonds, Rubies, Gold,

Or Silver, Copper, even Tin,

They have struck "Oil" we're told.

The Actor strikes an attitude;

A Band strikes up a tune.

When Patriots strike it's misconstrued

As crying for the Moon.

Ideas strike a person, too;

A lack of them is sad;

A good one helps a fellow through;

A bad one makes him mad.

It just struck me I make you reel,

And wish that I was dead;

I'd better stop before I feel

Some bricks strike on my head.

It must have been a sadly disillusioned soldier who said to his chum: "Mac., why even her teeth are false."

"Soccer" has made an appearance here. On Monday evening, 17th inst., a team from the Engineers, Griffith Barracks, defeated the Army Medical Corps' representatives by 3 goals to nil.

There was a meeting of the Entertainment Troupe on Friday, 21st inst. Colonel J. H. McGuinness, O.C., 7th Brigade Area, presided, and an extensive programme for the summer months was drawn up. Visits to Kilbride Camp are contemplated, and the troupe will be certain to receive a cordial reception there. A very commendable idea, indeed, and it is hoped that the venture will attain the success it deserves.

The usual weekly dance was held on Thursday night, 20th inst., and was well patronised. The number of devotees of the art has diminished, but that is only to be expected these fine long evenings.

"Karachi," of the 22nd BATTN., says he has not finished with football. Glad to hear it, son. "George" turned out the other evening to play. We believe the fearful atmospheric disturbance which occurred later that night was caused by the amount of air he displaced in his vigorous efforts to get at the ball.

The Command Chemist has had to put in a supplementary indent for liniment. There is a great run on embrocation, and "Joe" is working overtime supplying thoracic lubrication to thirsty lads.

"Georgie" Collins got beaten on points by McDermott, of the Phoenix Boxing Club, at Kevin Street Depot, on Thursday, 20th inst. He nearly brought the bacon home though, for he floored his man for six in the last round. To put up such a good show against a man of the experience of McDermott indicates that our "Georgie" is coming on well. Good lad!



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

We regret the departure of Sgt. Fox from our midst. He returned recently to resume his civilian duties, and he carries with him our hearty good wishes.

Now that Inter-Coy. Hurling and Football is starting in the Brigade, all Companies are hustling to get into training, in the hope of being the winners of the Brigade Tournament. "Milo" of "A" Coy. says "A" Coy. will wipe any Coy. in the Brigade off the field. We only hope so, "Milo," and we are confident you will give them no small hand to attain this end.

The (7) Aside Football Tournament has not yet come to a close. We are to meet the 15th Bn., and I am confident the spectators will witness a good, fast match from both teams.

"GRAVEL CRUSHER."



20th BATTALION, KILKENNY.

On Tuesday, 11th inst., the Batt. Hurling team played a "friendly" with the local "James Stephens." The weather was fair, and before a good crowd a nice game was witnessed, the hurling at times reaching a high standard. The 20th team proved superior, and were at the finish easy winners.

From the "throw in" the "James

Stephens" pressed, an over resulted. Geoghan got possession from the puck out and, with a long drive, sent the forwards away for Meagher to notch the Batt. opening score with a point. Midfield play followed, and Gray added another point from a long way out. A faulty puck out by the "J. S." custodian gave Saunders possession, and from 21 yards he registered a goal. The "James Stephens" attacked now with vigour, and Scully was well tested in goal. At this period they were doing best, but the work of their forwards left much to be desired. Capt. Lennon was injured, but resumed in five minutes. The "J. S.", keeping up the pressure, tried hard for a goal, and once Scully saved at the expense of a "70," which, taken by Holland, was well placed, but Culleton cleared to midfield, where Geoghan got possession and sent to Gray, who scored a goal. Good hurling was witnessed at this stage, Power and Geoghan doing splendid work at centrefield.

Burke had a good try for a point from a difficult angle and only missed by inches. From a bad puck out the "J. S." got every chance, but the forwards were slow, and Culleton cleared. They however renewed the attack, and from a scrum around the "20th" goal Walsh registered their first point. Play was "lively" after that, and the "J. S." goalie saved at the expense of a "70." The free, taken by Power and well placed, was finished by Meagher for a goal. From the puck out the "J. S." spoiled their chance by fouling in good ground. The resulting free sent the Batt. forwards moving and Grey registered yet another goal. A few minutes later he added a point, and just before the short whistle Meagher advanced the Batt. scores by a goal, which left the scores at half-time:—

20th Batt.	...	5 goals 3 points
"James Stephens"	...	1 point

On resuming the "J. S." got away, but fouled. Play was kept in their territory, and Butler, in goal, made a fine save from Gray. The "J. S." were awarded a "free," taken by Holland, which went for nought. Fast, clean hurling was the order and play was equally distributed, until Holland, with a long drive, sent the forwards away. They fought hard for a goal, and after a strong melee they notched their second score. Returning to the attack, the Batt. were kept working, Hennessey and Culleton clearing in succession. Walsh added another score for the "J. S.," and shortly after one of their players was injured and had to retire. His place was taken by Murphy. The Army lads now pressed and Saunders got away. Burke scored a minor. Continuing to press, the Batt. gave Butler plenty to do, and he won merited applause by his splendid saving. The long whistle found the 20th good winners, the scores being:—

20th	...	6 goals 5 points
"J. S."	...	2 goals 2 points

Of the winners Meagher, Power, Saunders, Kiely, Geoghegan, Culleton and Hennessey were best, while of the losers Walsh, Holland, Murphy and Butters were really good.

On Thursday, 13th inst., the same team qualified for ribbons *ad lib* when they travelled to Wexford and succeeded in lowering the colours of the "James Stephens."

team. As our man, Howlett, said, "He couldn't hold the scores in his head they were so numerous."

The Barracks represents the "Deserted Village" since "C" and "D" Coy.s moved off. As "Cocker" puts it, it's all up when H.Q. have to do their 4 on and 2 off. In this case the sword is mightier than the pen.

Machine Gun Instructor: "And now, can any of you tell me what is it you use to fire the hand grenade from a rifle?"

Bright Specimen: "An egg-cup, sir!"
"ARGUS."



4th BATTALION.

On Sunday, the 16th May, the Battalion hurling team travelled to Ballinrobe to fulfil their engagement with Westport in the Mayo Co. Championship. The day was a splendid one, and a large number of spectators who anticipated a good exhibition of the code were not disappointed. There was almost a total absence of fouls, and Mr. P. Ranysford, Castlebar, who had charge of the whistle, handled a fast game in an exemplary manner.

Westport, with a strong sun behind them and with the aid of a slight breeze, started well. After a few minutes' play Westport succeeded in hoisting the white flag. From the puck out the Military got possession and brought the leather to their opponents' territory, Flynn failing with a hard ground shot. There were some lively exchanges in midfield. After ten minutes' play Flanagan, with an overhead shot, gave the Military the lead. Immediately afterwards Westport failed by inches to take the lead. The game at this stage was very fast, both teams working hard. Houlihan (Military) getting the ball, succeeded in beating his attackers and scoring a neat point. This did not undaunt the Westport men, who worked harder and were awarded for their efforts by a goal. Scores were now level, making the game very interesting. A lively spell now followed. Houlihan, who was now playing a great game for the Military, succeeded in adding another point. Westport again returned to the attack to be beaten by the sound tactics of "Ginger" Kearney. The Military were now putting in lively work, and Flynn succeeded in beating the Westport goalie with a hard shot from a difficult angle. Again the Westport forwards tried hard to reduce the lead, but the Military goalie withstood the onslaught. The ball being brought to the Westport territory by clever play, Houlihan, intercepting a pass from "Siki" Brennan, added another goal, which was quickly supplemented by a point from the same player. Shortly before the interval Flynn raised the red flag.

The following were the scores at half-time:—

J. McBrides (Military) 4 goals 3 points
Westport ... 1 goal 1 point

On the resumption the Military, who had the sun and breeze in their favour, were early attacking, but Mallon, in goal for Westport, saved well. The Military, however, remained superior, and succeeded

after a dour struggle in scoring a goal. A "70" to the Military enabled them to register a point. McMahon, for Westport, who was playing a hard game, tried to rally his team, but the experience of the McBrides gave them no chance. At this stage Flynn (Military) met with an accident and had to leave the field, his place being taken by Elliss.

The Military were again aggressive, but O'Leary, in back for Westport, was working like a trojan and was mainly responsible for keeping the scores down. Shortly before full time the Military succeeded in scoring two more goals.

Final scores:—

J. McBrides (Military) 7 goals 4 points
Westport ... 1 goal 1 point

We have now evacuated the Gaol and are living under canvas in the burnt-out Barracks (Caisleann na Barraig), a good change. Many who were dug in are now dug out.

"MAYO OBSERVER."



EASTERN COMMAND SIGNAL COMPANY

(Kilbride Camp).

Thanks to our C.Q.M.S., we were not without our "An t-Oglach" out here.

We all wish to convey our best wishes for success in "civvie" life to P. Carroll and J. Waldron (Kilkenny), who are leaving us shortly.

His pals in "The Camp" wish Con Leslie luck on his departure for McKee Barracks.

We hear that the "Mascot" at "Athlone" is still at the "blem stuff." Is the old slogan, "It's me leggins, Sergeant," good down there yet?

"SPEED COP."



14th BATTALION, LIMERICK.

Since our last appearance in those pages some changes have taken place in our Officer personnel. Capt. J. Byrne, O.C. "A" Coy., will be with the 12th Battn. when he finishes the course he is at present undergoing at the Curragh. We are sorry to lose this popular Officer, and we are inclined to envy the 12th Battn., which gains by our loss.

Yet the hand of welcome is extended, in 14th Battn. spirit, to his successor, Capt. Murran, who hails from the disbanded 11th. This Officer's popularity is increasing with his acquaintance; and from what I can gather we have in him a good champion of sports.

"Francis" has gone to Kilworth, where the collective training of the Southern Command has already started. Now that the 12th Battn. are also there, I expect he has met his old literary rival, "Roscairbre."

"D" Coy. have gone to Templemore to relieve the 12th Battn. for the period of training already referred to. I hope some of its bolder spirits will give us a spasm now and again from McCann Bks.

The reconstruction of the Garrison Recreation Rooms is now nearing completion. An air of comfort and happiness lingers there, and already we are relieved of any terrors the coming winter may have had for us.

Seeing that Roscarbre's suggestions was instrumental in changing the name of Richmond Barracks, Templemore, to McCann Barracks, may I make so bold as to suggest a possible change in the names of the New and Castle Barracks in this city? Might I suggest that the New Barracks be renamed "Sarsfield" Barracks, in memory of that renowned soldier of other days who has forever immortalised Limerick's name in the annals of war?

As regards King John's Castle, now known as the Castle Barracks, I would suggest that the name "Treaty" Barracks be substituted for its present name. The Treaty Stone, that silent reminder of a blot on a conqueror's honour, stands beneath its walls; and I think those two landmarks, named alike, would make a good combination.

"TRUMPETER."

ARMY SPORTS.

The first meeting of the new Executive Council of the Army Athletic Association was held at G.H.Q., Parkgate, Dublin, on Saturday, 22nd May, Major-Gen. D. Hogan, chairman, presiding. A heavy agenda was gone through.

The following are the draws and fixtures for the 1st and 2nd rounds of the All-Army Championships in both hurling and football:—

1st Round.—Eastern v. Western Command, at Newbridge, Sunday, June 13. Hurling at 2.30; referee, Lt. Fitzpatrick. Football, 3.45; referee, Capt. F. O'Doherty. Byes—Curragh Training Camp, G.H.Q., and Southern Command.

2nd Round—Southern Command v. Winners of Eastern and Western, at Cork, Sunday, June 20. Hurling at 2.30; Capt. Hawe. Football, 3.45; Lt. G. Fitzgerald. G.H.Q. v. Curragh, at Newbridge, Sunday, June 27. Hurling, 2.30; Rev. S. Pigott. Football, 3.45; Capt. P. Tuíte.

It was decided that these matches be played to a finish on the respective dates fixed, and referees to be notified to play extra time of 10 minutes each way in the event of a draw.

ANY DIFFICULTY

experienced in procuring "An t-Oglach" should be immediately reported to this Office.

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Oglaigh
na hEireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

13th BATTALION, KILWORTH CAMP.

I promised in a recent issue of "An t-Oglach" that when our Battalion changed its headquarters from Templemore to Kilworth Camp, I would supply regular news of happenings within the unit.

The transfer of the Battalion and the long route march, amongst other things, accounts for our absence last week.

The Battalion left McCann Barracks at about 8.30 a.m. on 14th inst. (we were relieved by a Coy. of the 14th Batt.), and entrained at Templemore, from which place we travelled to Emly. We disembarked at Emly, from where we marched in full marching order to Kilworth Camp, a distance of about 20 miles.

We had comparatively few casualties, and our improvised band did their part to keep up our spirits on the march and helped the Felixs to "keep on walking," despite the heavy roads and heavier packs. We arrived in Camp somewhere around 7.30 p.m.

Saturday, 15/5'26.—Fairly tired after Friday's march, and settling down to camp life—or trying to.

Sunday.—Divine Service in Camp, attended by 12th and 18th Battalions and attached services in Camp. Parade headed by Pipers' Band.

Monday.—Range Practice for a Platoon of "A" Coy. of our Battalion.

Tuesday.—All looking forward to a large mail, preferably parcels. Wet and dry Canteens opened in Camp.

Wednesday.—Recreational training. Games of the Gael hold premier place. A contest between the Twelfth and the Eighteenth Batts. in hurling and football was expected, but it did not take place.

Thursday.—Speculation is rife as to when Pay-day is going to come.

"ROS CAIRBRE."



No. 4 COMPANY A.M.C., ATHLONE.

For a while past we have "got lost," but let us hope that it won't "happen again." Severe rep. will do! Right turn!

Now that that long waited for "Sports Field" has arrived, there should be a great improvement in sporting affairs generally in Custume Barracks. Rumour hath it that there is to be a Inter-Coy. Football Competition for the Special Services. Good luck to the project!

I have no wish to "rub-it-in," but that was certainly some "licking" we gave to the A.C.C. on Wednesday (the 19th inst.)—the score says enough, 5 goals clear win. Murphy, Williams, and McCarthy excelled, and McEvoy was delighted to add a point to the total, and even "Siki" couldn't "put-the-wind-up" George.

Murphy played a great game on Sunday last (the 16th inst.) when assisting Donegal in its All-Ireland tie against Cavan.

"WESTERN WAVE."

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

nótaí ó'n laθ cāt saebealaθ.

SPÓIRT.—Tá sé le ráθ aθam sur tusaθ airo ar nótaí a b' aθam éana. Tá Cumann Lúθ-Cleas an cātā eirigthe as an t-rom-cōlaθ a b' orā le vōanāi agus b' cruinníū aca ar an 27aθ lá 'de aibreān, agus rinne an coisde mōrān ruθaí a socrū. Tá an fūireann bāire 7 an fūireann peile sa bpāirc airis agus ar an sāsān cōsāro i sōoir na bliāna seo.

Ac céaro paoi'n Cumann Uramuiocta, nó an bfuil siad beo ar cor ar bit? Cé'n pāt naθ nōineann siad "An Cluīte Cārtāi" 7 "An Crapāi ōs" a léiríū i mbliālan na bpeir nó i sōeann des na billēioi nua?

B'féoir ná fuil pios aθ saigtiūirí an cātā seo go bfuil "Navy" aθ baint leis an sōcāt. Beil, tá agus sé an leipt. páoraiz 'de paor an máirnéulac i sōeannas. Tá na h-earcaiz aθ teact isteaθ go mall pōs cūige, ac na bac leis sin.

B' an paoraθ agus a cūto earcaθ ar an bpaimez trātōnā eicinnit an t-seactmāin seo caite agus cūalas uine eisin a ráθ sur tōbar sur tuit ruθ eicinnit uathbasac amaθ orā. Dubairt liaiz an cātā sur stop croitōe uine aca. Ac, pé scēal é, veirtear go mbionn sāt tōsnū laθ i sōcōinnūre. (Cé hé an máirnéulac sur stop a cōitōe?).

(Fuairas an tōn seo leanas ó uine eicinnit as Compl. "b"—ac níl pios aθam cé hé péin. Cūaleas ó sāirt. ō R—go bfuil sāirt. Compl. "mick" in a fīle agus tá amras aθam air).

1.

"A bālōs, b'fé sur cuimn leat na mīosa pāda seimhriū nuair b' tú annso sa Rinn Linn sāt oitōe is sāt lá:

Le t'ceasasc caoin aθ eisteact is leu' ōrōū tōrille mēirēac, is sinn go léir i t'ēimpeall sa cōarōis nō sa bpāirc.

B'ioθ ān tōreallān tōnnac sōillseac, ār muscātoai glān nār laθra agus tūirseac nām nī beirōmīs tōā b'pāda ó an lá:

B'ioθ ān sōcōirōe go h-ēatōraom 'cuim-neam ān pāraō pāsa na hāoine, sé an 'mīotōs—nasc, nō a scaotēatō, a b'ioθ go brīōsmār glān."

2.

"Sa saillm ānois 'nār sōcōinnūre, cuim-nigimō ort sa cūrsa

go dian a vōanāθ distriūcān tōi an sēatōilge ar tēangāro sēān, nō istōitōe aθ cur sīos air na pōclāir 'āro-sāoirse."

'S aθ cur ionnāro ān na tōaine—ar an mēitō pēasa 'tā ro' cōann.

Deannūigimō cūgāt a cūnō, is impiigimō Ceann-Ceātūna

tū sēōlāθ aīs, a b'acail, tōi Rinn mīor sa tēamrāθ slān.

Go n-āireōcāimō tū aθ mūscaile macalla aθ sāt cūinne ann

le t'ōrōuigthe pōrsāmīa; sin sūitōe ōo' cāitōe pāil."

Cé hé an t-O.N.C. a tōubairt go mb'fearr leis an t-amrān—"A tōinnāillīn"—a tūg "Scor ar bit" uatō nā breicpēasta san sōile.

Veirtear go bfuil Comōrtas roir "Scor ar bit" 7 O.N.C. an "pīopa-Rippeac."

Cé hé an t-O.N.C. t'fiapruiz tō cōlēreac an sōnō-Seomra:—

"Cé hé mājistear an Stāisiūn in Oileān ārainn?" (Tā sūil aθam go bfuil pios aise ānois).

Oipigeac le saigtiūir ar cōisreacēt sēnear-āta:—"Ar bearr tū tū péin imiū?"

Saigtiūir:—"Oo bearras, a tūine uasail."

Oipigeac:—"An raib sēacān aθat?"

Saigtiūir:—"Bī, a tūine uasail."

Oipigeac:—"Beil, b'ioθ rāsūr aθat an cēat uair eile."

An bfuil pios aθ bail b'acailne na sāirsint pōs—"Cé hé 'mick'."

SCÉALTA "AN CĀBĀM."

(Is iatō seo na scēalta a séio an sōoit paoi "Neo" agus a cūr tōicāib air cōinneal a cōimeatō lasta in a sēomra san oitōe).

AN CĀT SCĒAL—SARRAIOE NA TĀIOSE.

Oitōe pāda seimhriū agus mé aθ teact ābailē ó mīsiūn, tō cūalas tōrann cois-cēime aθ teact im'ōiāro. Oo tōeac mé lastiar tōiom agus cōnnac mé fear mōr tōub in a sēasam tōāb tīar tōiom agus cosa beirōis fīatōān air. Cāinis eāsla an tōmāin orm agus tō cōisrīgeas mé péin agus annsan t'ēalūis an fear uaim.

B' go maiz agus nī raib go tōna. O'imōis liom go tōi go tōāimis mé go tōi sārōin ar a tōusacāi "Sarraioe na tōāise." Oo cāit mé tōi tōi an sarrāioe seo cūn tōi go tōi mo tēac. Nuair a b' mé aθ tōi tōi an sarrāioe tō tōeac mé isteaθ i sōcōinne agus cōnnac mé beir pēar agus iatō aθ imirt Cluīte Cārtāi. Glāoirō siat orm agus t' iarr orm cluīte a beir aθam leō. Oo sēill mé tō'n tēcūige agus tō sūirōas sīos aθ an mbōro agus tōsnūigeas aθ imirt "Cūis is pīce" leō. Oo tuit ceann tōes na cārtāi uaim agus tō cōromas cūn é tō tōgānt sūas. Ar cōmāθ tōom tō tōeacac pē'n mbōro ar cosa na bpeir agus is beas nār tuit mé as mo sēasam nuair a cōnnacēas tōā cōis capall agus tōā cōis boin. Nī raibas aθam cat a vōanpāinn. Sēarr mé an cōitō cōist orm péin agus aθ go brāt liom cōm mēar i n-ēirinn agus t'pēatōas.

Sēallam-se tōit nāc nōeacāro mé i n-āice le sarrāioe na tōāise ó'n lá sin go tōi 'n lá atā imiū ann.

"NĪ FĒATĀRAM."

[Nīor fēatōamair an cēat cūro tōes na nótaí a cūis cūgāinn tō cūr isteaθ. Nī raib slīge aθāinn agus ruθ eile, tā cōgar pācta aθāinn go bfuil cūnn an āirm aθ pēacānt cūn na ceiste agus go bpeicpear an tōarō ar ball. Ac cōmāile tōit, a b'acail, ba cōart tōit péin gnōm tō vōanāθ tō rēir t'pōcail. Nīor sāt an seolāθ ar an sēlōac beir i mbēarla agus ba luā nā san an sāt a b' leis an mbliūre mbēas i mbēarla i nōeire na nótaí. Cūir uat tēangā na n-sāil pēasac,—"Neo."]

We offer a Prize of Half-a-crown for the Best Joke received each week.

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"Laughter is the one gift that God has denied to beasts and birds."—Pearse.

Contributions to be sent to our Editorial Offices: General Headquarters, Park-gate.

Write on only one side of the paper. Postcards [preferred].

Recruiting Officer (to old soldier rejoining): "Who is your next-of-kin, laddie?"

Old Soldier: "My mother was, sir."

Recruiting Officer (suspiciously): "Your mother was? Where is she now?"

Old Soldier: "She's dead, sir."

R. Officer (sympathetically): "What did she die of, Sonny?"

Old Soldier: "'Time expired,' sir."

(63863 Pte. Sparling, J. E., A.G.'s Dept., G.H.Q., to whom our prize of 2/6 is awarded this week.)

"Where did the car hit him?" asked the Coroner.

"At the junction of the dorsal and cervical vertebrae," replied the medical witness.

The Foreman of the Jury rose from his seat.

"I've lived in these parts for fifty years," he said, "but I never heard of that place."

Mrs. Jiggins, who was reading a newspaper, observed to her husband that it contained an article entitled "Women Work for the Feeble-minded."

Now Mr. Jiggins was in a reactionary mood. So he grunted, and said:

"I should like to know what women have ever done for the feeble-minded."

"They usually marry them, my dear," replied Mrs. Jiggins, sweetly.

Prisoner: "Forty shillings for stealing a pair of shoes?"

Peace Commissioner: "That's what I said."

Prisoner: "Why, your worship, they don't fit."

First Golfer: "I say, how do you address the ball?"

Second Golfer: "Do you mean before I hit it, or after I lose it?"

"Here, this shilling don't ring very well."

"What do you expect for a bob, a peal of bells?"

Pte Smyth: "Last night I dreamt I was married to the most beautiful girl in the world."

She: "Oh, George! Were we happy?"

Fond Mother (to Vicar): "My little son will steal sugar, for which he seems to have a perfect mania."

Vicar: "Have you gently suggested to him its association with cane?"

Grandma: "What do you think would have happened to me, Myrtle, if I'd smoked at your age?"

Myrtle: "You'd have been sick, I expect, Grandma!"

At the trial of a somewhat elderly man the counsel for the defence, in his eloquent plea for mercy, continually referred to the fact that his client in the dock was an orphan.

"Don't keep harping on the fact that he's an orphan," interrupted the judge. "He's fairly old, anyway. If it comes to that, I am an orphan myself."

"I am very sorry to hear it, m'lud," said counsel, "and all I can say is that I sincerely hope that, should your ludship ever find yourself in such a distressing position as is my client at this moment, the judge will note and allow for the fact in the same way that I am convinced your ludship will to-day."

In an Irish County Court recently a farm lass was called as a witness in a case where there was a dispute as to the ownership of a cow. The girl happened to mention that her sweetheart knew something about the matter.

"Oh," said the County Court Judge, "then we had better call him into court."

The girl blushed furiously. "It won't be any good, sir," she protested. "Ah'm fair put to it to get him to court when we're alone, an ah'm sure he won't do it before all ye gentlemen."

Women are always complaining of being misunderstood. But who ever heard of a woman trying to make herself plain?

Two newsboys were sitting in the gallery watching their first performance of "Hamlet." The final act, in which Hamlet does some wholesale killing, brought them to a high pitch of excitement. As Hamlet himself expired, the younger of the lads exclaimed:

"By Jove, Bill, what a time for selling extras that must have been."

A lady was entertaining the small son of a friend.

"Are you sure you can cut your own meat, Tommy?" she inquired.

"Oh, yes, thank you," answered the child. "I often have it as tough as this at home."

Mr. Whatley, a commercial traveller, is a very light sleeper. One night he was obliged to stop at a small hotel, and, after much tossing about, he finally succeeded in getting into a sound sleep. In answer to loud, repeated knocks on his door, he nervously sat upright in bed.

"What's wanted?" he grumbled.

"Package downstairs for you, sir."

"Well, let it stay there; it can wait till morning, I suppose."

The boy shuffled down the corridor and after a long time the guest fell into a sound sleep again. Then another knock came at the door.

"Well, what's up now?" queried Mr. Whatley.

"Taint for you, that package!" said the boy, peeping round the door.

He rushed into the room where his wife was sitting.

"What do you think, dear?" he cried excitedly. "Intelligence has just reached me—"

"Thank Heaven for that, Harry!" she said, rushing to embrace him.

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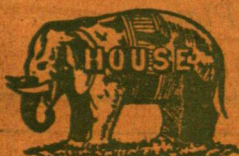
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