



Vol. V. No. 10.

September 11th, 1926.

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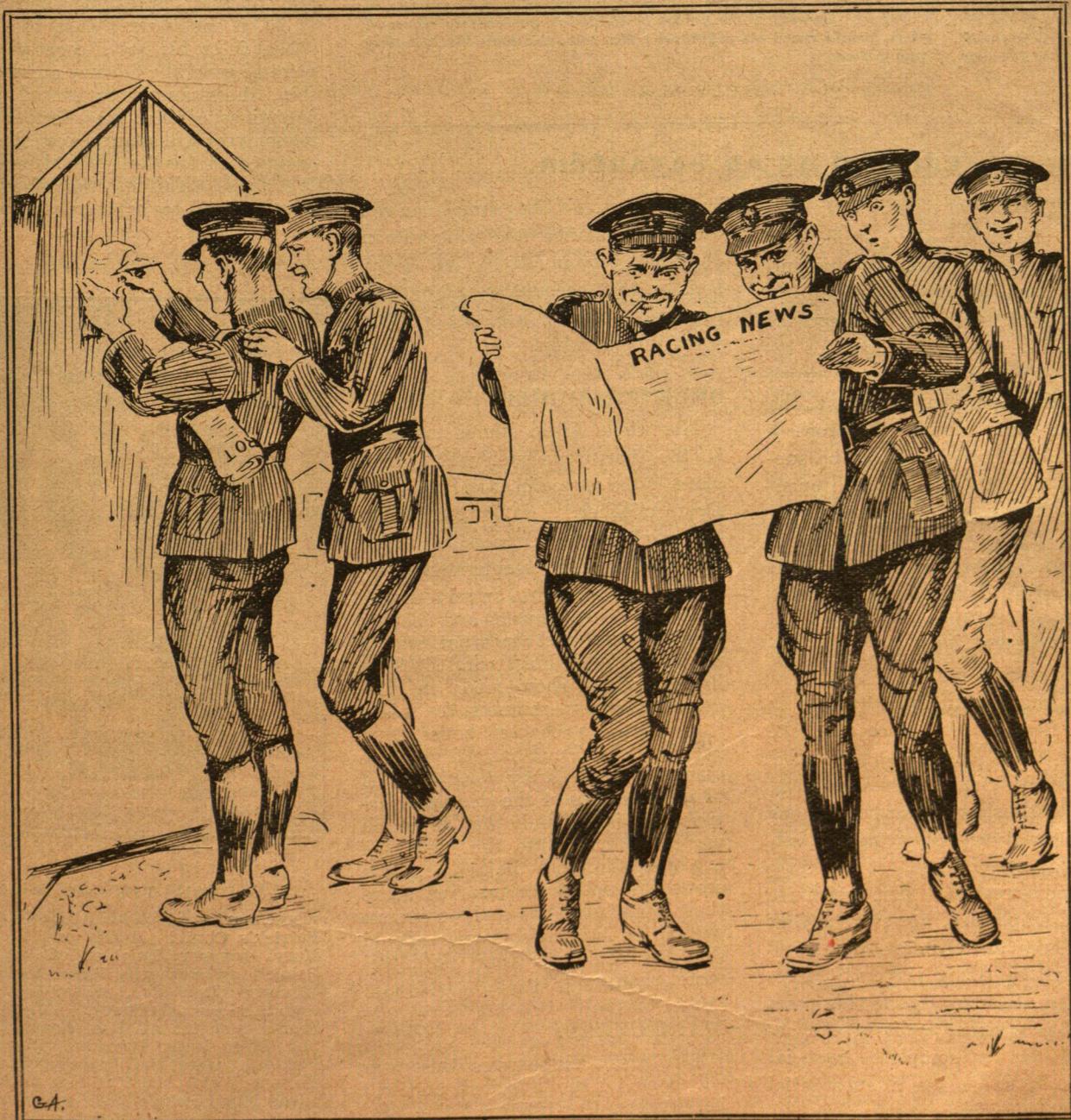
DUBLIN.

Αη τ-Όζλάç

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SEPTEMBER 11, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



Military Terms Illustrated :

No. 15—" PLOTTING."

An t-Óztlác

SEPTEMBER 11, 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 EASARÉDÓIR.

ATHLETICS.

WE referred at considerable length last week to this important topic. That it is an important subject will not be disputed, and that is our only excuse for referring to it again. Last week we emphasised the fact that the material was there if properly handled and brought out. The success of the Army Boxers in Copenhagen illustrates our point very neatly. These victories, won so far afield and solely on merit, adds fresh lustre to the Army athletes' laurels and will result in much good to the country which may not now be wholly apparent.

Last Sunday an epic struggle in Gaelic football took place in Croke Park. Close on 40,000 spectators gathered to witness what many Gaelic enthusiasts described as one of the finest football struggles witnessed in a generation. It was truly a titanic struggle. The point we wish to emphasise, however, is that both Kerry and Kildare were well supported by Army players. Moreover, the All-Army Sports this year, on the provisional audit of the accounts, was a complete financial success in so far as a substantial credit balance was concerned.

We believe firmly that there is a great future before Army athletes if they are properly handled and

brought out. The Army can do much for athletics, and athletics can do much, very much, for the Army. It is on that account we plead, and plead strongly, for a better sporting spirit in the Army.

* * *

DRUMCOLLOGHER.

The whole world stands appalled at the fearful disaster which took place in the peaceful little village of Drumcollogher. It is terrible to contemplate the spectacle of a couple of hundred people foregathering in the local hall to spend a couple of hours of enjoyment and looking forward with zest to what was a novelty in their quiet rural lives—a living-picture show—and in the space of a few minutes the place turned into a charnel house. A general Relief Fund has already been started by the Army for the relief of the relatives of the deceased victims. It is the only way in which we can demonstrate the reality of our sympathy with the people. We are the people's Army. We share their hopes and joys and we mourn with them in their sorrows. Would that we could do more, infinitely more, than we propose doing.

* * *

MANŒUVRES.

The Army manœuvres this year will begin on the 20th inst. and will be between the troops of the Eastern Command and those of the Curragh Training Camp. The area of the manœuvres will centre, roughly, around Kilbride, Co. Wicklow. The

manœuvres are the culmination of the year's training, which this year have been particularly strenuous.

Last year considerable interest was taken by the civilian population in the various Command manœuvres. Since then many civilian supporters and friends have expressed a wish to view the manœuvres "if they were permitted to do so." We have only to say that there is nothing to prevent them gratifying their wish. It is on manœuvres that the Irish soldier is on his best. Last year, in point of general efficiency and leadership, the manœuvres exceeded expectations, but the forthcoming manœuvres will mark a very decided advance on anything yet attempted. We hope, therefore, that they will be witnessed by an increasing number of friends.



Photo C. Neville Cook

Dun Laoghaire

EX-CAPTAIN LIAM D. WALSH

whose marriage took place recently at St. Patrick's Church, Monkstown, to Alice Mary, younger daughter of the late Patrick and Katherine Ryan, Westgate, Wexford. Rev. Fr. Dunlea, C.C., officiated at the ceremony. Miss Rita Sears, daughter of Wm. Sears, T.D., and Miss Ruth Corcoran, Riverside, Wexford, were the bridesmaids. Mr. Thomas Walsh acted as best man.

The happy couple, who spent an enjoyable honeymoon touring Belgium, are residing at "Waterloo," 1 Belgrave Square, Monkstown. Mr. Walsh is now a partner in the Dublin School of Commerce and is well-known in Cumann na nGaedheal circles.

IN CAPTIVITY

From "WITH THE IRISH IN FRONGOCH."

By COMMANDANT W. J. BRENNAN-WHITMORE, General Staff.

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

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[NOTE—After the Rising in 1916, all the Volunteers who took part in it, and very many who did not, were "swept up" by the R.I.C. and British Military, and hastily conveyed to various English jails. From these they were later concentrated in an Internment Camp, at Frongoch, Wales.—EDITOR.]

CHAPTER V.—(Continued).

In the civilian studies the major portion of our time was devoted to the Irish language, which was only as it should be. The classes in Frongoch were ideal, inasmuch as we had a large number of highly qualified teachers, and a considerable number of native speakers. At first "Buckshot" was opposed to the study of the Irish language; but we ignored him and went our way. However, he would not tolerate the names of the workshops and dormitories to be posted up in Irish. When we pointed out that the Germans were allowed to post them up in German, he replied that he understood German, but did not understand Irish.

One of the Camp censors, in a conversation with a prisoner clerk in his office, admitted that they were all very much surprised at the culture and standing of the prisoners. It was evident that at first they had expected a contingent of dirty, ignorant men, and their astonishment was unbounded when they discovered that many of them were university and college professors of no mean standing; and all of them clean, intelligent, and reasoning people.

In the large number of books and periodicals that passed through the censor's hands, inane literature or gutter journals had no place. And the contents of the prisoners' library, established by Mr. Henry Dixon, proved that the reading of the "rainbow chasers" lay essentially amongst practical subjects.

At 5.30 p.m. tea, which was a repetition of breakfast, was served. After dinner the cooks had a boiler of boiling water ready, and the prisoners whose taste inclined that way took small quantities of it to the dormitory and brewed themselves a cup of tea or cocoa. Just before the lock-up time came another boiler was ready, and the prisoners took a couple of can-fulls into

their dormitories and made a supper of tea or cocoa for themselves about 9 o'clock. Of course, we did these things purely on the strength of our own resources, and the kindness of our relatives and friends. We never could have had a supper from the government allowance.

At 8 p.m. the steam horn went again, and we all trooped back to our dormitories, and were drawn up in two ranks down each side of the room. The Orderly Officer of the Guard and his staff made their appearance, and we were counted all over again. After this the dormitory doors were locked on the outside by the British Provost.

Camp Orders were now read out in all the dormitories; men warned for fatigue, and all contentious matters were debated and voted upon. After that the men spent their time how they liked. Generally some indulged in the study of Irish; others in games of cards, chess, or draughts. Occasionally concerts were arranged in the dormitories. At 9.30 p.m. the Rosary was said *en masse* in each dormitory, and always in Irish. At 9.45 p.m. the electric light was switched off, except a pilot light at each latrine, which was left on all night. The men had now to retire to their beds and preserve silence until reveille next morning.

Such was the life of an Irish prisoner in Frongoch when things were smoothly conducted. That is to say, until the authorities sought to make us work for the State, and failing that endeavoured to conscript our comrades. Then the Irish showed their grit, and the camp regulations were thrown aside for self-made regulations that better suited our purpose.

The success of these self-made regulations constituted the justification—if any were needed—of the wisdom of the Military Staff in taking over control of the camp, and in insisting on supreme control being vested in their hands.

Had we refused to assume the control of the camp, and compelled the British authorities to assume it, or let the General Council wield supreme authority on question of policy and discipline, we would never have been able to save our comrades from conscription.

CHAPTER VI.

OUR guard at Frongoch consisted of a Commandant, Colonel F. A. Heygate Lambert, whom I have already described. An Adjutant, Lieut. J. T. Burns. This was a shrewd, capable officer who had risen from the ranks by sheer merit, and had a long period of service behind him. An unfortunate connection with an army canteen scandal* some years ago had impaired his chances of promotion. He was the only officer of the guard whose influence over the prisoners we feared. A Scotchman, he possessed all the native canniness, and his hail-fellow-well-met attitude to the prisoners was just the attitude we least desired to see. During the conscription troubles his efforts to win the Galway and other countrymen from their allegiance to their own officers and advisors was cunning and unceasing. That he only succeeded in one or two cases speaks very highly for the loyalty and good faith of the general body of the prisoners. But though he might wean a man or two from the fight of passive resistance, he could never secure an informer.

There were two Captains of the Guard also; but those, in normal circumstances, we never saw. Those we saw most were the four second lieutenants who performed the duties of Orderly Officer in rotation. "Brimstone" has already been described. Another of them named Bruity was an exceedingly tall man who was addicted to wearing khaki coloured rubber col-

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 102, Col. 1,547.

lars; and this peculiarity earned him the sobriquet of "rubber-neck." He was a kindly, courteous man withal, and he earned our respect. But the most hated individual was a lieutenant who was nicknamed "Leatherjaws." He hated the prisoners, and made no secret of his aversion, nor did we attempt to conceal our dislike for him. He was rather an aged individual with heavy fallow jowls, which suggested his sobriquet. The best liked of this quartette was certainly Lieutenant Lambert—no connection of "Buck-shot's" by the way. He was a rather small, insignificant personage; but he always treated the prisoners as honourable men. On one occasion, when we could not have our weekly route-march owing to a shortage of guards he offered to take us out without any escort, and offered to pledge his word that we would all return safely with him. Naturally, we took such a man to our hearts, or as much so as it was possible for Irish insurgents to do so with a British officer.

The pivot, or keystone, of the whole camp organisation was Sergeant-Major Newstead, or "Jack-knives." No one meant more honourably by the prisoners. He was a democratic individual, with a terrific voice, and a picturesque flow of language.

On one occasion I complained to "Jack-knives" that the British Provost-Sergeant had locked the door of No. 5 dormitory, thus preventing the men from getting to the latrine during the night. "*Gott Strafe* the b—, anyway," he exploded, and went in search of him. It is good to reflect that he learned no new swear words from the Irish Prisoners of War.

Next in importance, so far as we were concerned, was a provost-guard of two sergeants, a lance-corporal and six privates. The lance-corporal had charge of the cells, and the utensil, disinfectant and such like stores. One of the sergeants and three of the privates entered the prisoners' compound each morning at reveille and remained amongst us until retreat. One of the sergeants was a little Welshman named Philips, who tried to be pleasant with everybody, and who was always suspected of ulterior designs. The other sergeant was a little rotund individual, as broad as he was long. He might have stepped out straight from the pages of "Comic Cuts" so typical was he of the "little fat sergeant" of the funny papers. He was nicknamed "jelly belly." Both Philips and "jelly belly" were our chief antagonists in the anti-censorship campaign.

The duties of sentries were performed by 250 of the Royal Defence Corps. This corps consisted of men unfit for active service, being chiefly over the military age; and some of them subject to infirmities. During the day they were armed with single-shot Martinis', and during the night with double-barrelled shot guns, and cartridges of buck-shot.

Outside the barbed-wire entanglement were five sentry boxes on elevated platforms, so that the sentries in each could overlook the doings of the prison-

ers. Besides these five elevated watchers, another paced up and down the station road; a seventh was on duty at the entrance gate; and another took up his post at the entrance to the engine room in the inner yard.

When prisoners were in the recreation ground a fresh batch of sentries surrounded the field; and when we went on a route-march a big escort had to be furnished.

Thus it will be seen that the daily Quarter Guard of the two camps required no less than forty-eight men. When we deduct from the total of two hundred and fifty privates those on permanent employment, such as officers' servants, store-keepers, etc., and the sick, it will be seen that the average private was out of bed every third or fourth night. And when in addition to this the privates had to furnish recreation and route-march guards, it will readily be understood that the life of the Royal Defence Corps at Frongoch was not exactly a happy one. A fact that was of considerable advantage to us later on.

The two doctors were civilian practitioners from Bala, who came up every morning and spent from ten a.m. to twelve noon in the camp.

Two civilian censors employed by the Home Office had an office when we arrived there. To this office we supplied a clerical staff of six prisoners. Later on one of the civilian censors was withdrawn, and replaced by a young officer named Bevan, who had been wounded at the front. Later still the other civilian was withdrawn and 2nd Lieut. Bevan reigned supreme until the end. In addition to our clerical staff, a private soldier, who was formerly a policeman, was employed in this office to open and examine the parcels. We did not realize the full significance of this individual's position until we were in the thick of the conscription fight.

Our parcels were delivered direct to the camp, but our letters were first delivered to the office of the Chief Postal Censor in London. Here they were opened, examined, and expunged, officially re-sealed and sent on to the camp. They were again re-opened and censored by the camp authority before being given to us! Surely a strange "system."

Our letters were collected, and without being read by the Camp Censor, were sent on to London for examination. If any sentiment offended this gentleman our letter was destroyed,* and the stamped envelope sent back to us, together with a formidable-looking document setting forth the reasons why the letter was destroyed.

Thus the difference. Inward letters containing offensive references were mutilated and clipped; but outward letters were destroyed altogether.

This individual in London who had the oversight of our letters seemed to have very peculiar ideas of what constituted "loyal" verbiage and what "disloyal." Sometimes the most harmless phrases led to a letter being de-

stroyed; and at other times the most dreadful sedition was passed through. On one occasion I wrote two letters to friends of mine: both letters were exactly alike. One was destroyed "on account of seditious expressions"; but the other was delivered intact to its delighted recipient.

On another occasion a prisoner writing a perfectly harmless letter to a friend in Dublin asked in the course of the epistle: "Have you had any hard-tack since Easter week?" Meaning did he drink any whiskey since the rebellion. The letter was destroyed.

Books in Irish had to go on to London also. This gentleman certainly held very queer views on the cream of Irish literatures; a "queerness" which was only equalled by his gross carelessness. Many valuable Irish books sent to him were never again heard of, and some of them were afterwards found on second-hand bookstalls in the East-end of London.*

CHAPTER VII.

The first rude awakening we had on the question of the acceptance by the authorities of our status as Prisoners of War occurred on the franking of our letters.

For a few weeks after our arrival we were officially supplied twice per week with notepaper and envelopes for letter-writing to our friends. The envelopes had "Prisoner of War" printed in heavy type on the top; and in the stamp square at the top right-hand corner the direction "No stamp required" was also printed. Plain envelopes were issued to us quite suddenly and we were informed that a penny stamp would have to be affixed to each letter. To say that we were indignant was to say the least of it.

It was felt that this grievance was essentially a matter for the General Council to take up and put right. The General Council at this time was in full vigour of its claim for supreme authority. The question was debated at considerable length at several meetings; and eventually two of the members were appointed to wait upon "Buck-shot" and discuss the question with him. On the morning that they were to carry out this instruction the "deputation" waited upon Commandant O'Connell and asked him to take the matter up. He very naturally refused to do it, under the circumstances. So the "deputation" failed to tackle "Buckshot" on the subject, and to the disgust of everybody the matter fell through.

Whilst the Military Staff was insisting on the proper performance of all necessary camp duties, and in every possible way instilling discipline and orderliness, they were also attending to the comfort and well-being of their men. As soon as the Austrian chaplain was removed a very strong demand was made for the services of an Irish priest.

Some time after this demand was lodged the Secretary to the Archbishop

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 102, Col. 1,545.

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 86, No. 97, page 555.

of Dublin, in writing to Sean T. O'Kelly, raised this very question of an Irish priest. That letter was delayed for a very considerable time, during which the Rev. Laurence Stafford, C.F., was appointed to us. Then the letter was delivered to Sean.

Father Stafford came to us in his full khaki war kit as a chaplain to the forces. His appearance was both a shock and a rebuff to us. Let it go at that.

Complaints were made to the effect that the dormitories were stuffy and malodorous, and over-run with rats; that the roofs and skylights leaked abominably in wet weather.* Commandant MacSwiney was particularly persistent in his complaints about No. IV. dormitory. And no wonder. It was an abomination. But perhaps the strongest complaints were made concerning the quality and quantity of the official rations supplied. We made a particular point against meat being supplied to us on Fridays. The chaplain was required to explain to us that no obligation in this respect rested upon us; and that owing to our circumstances we were excused from this law of abstinence. We however, were obdurate in our complaints; and after some time fish, in the form of cured herrings, was supplied to us. These herrings had been cured with the guts in them, and were uneatable. So eventually Friday's dinner had to come out of our own pockets.

Our complaints were always listened to, and considerable correspondence on the subject passed between Frongoch and London, but never with any practical result.

Even the boon of leaving the dormitory doors open at night was denied to us. The only concession readily granted to us was that of having a second route-march per week; and circumstances fell out in such a way that we could but seldom enjoy ourselves in this manner.

Withal we were as happy as prisoners could possibly be at this time. Our relatives and friends were very good to us, and the inequality of the rations did not trouble us very much. The relations between the authorities and the prisoners were on the whole very good.

Our days were passed in a round of concerts and games, tournaments and sports. On wet mornings when the prisoners could not go to the recreation field they generally foregathered under the big archway. Here they indulged in a game which for the first few occasions astonished our guard, and led them to think that the Irish were really a race of lunatics.

The prisoners held an Irish Fair under the archway. Quite suddenly one wet morning as the crowd stood huddled under the archway, bulls began to bellow, cows to low, sheep to bleat, pigs to squeal, and horses to neigh and champ. Dogs barked furiously from various quarters, and the strident voices of buyers and sellers

rose in bellicose bargaining. The effect was wild and ludicrous. The Censors came to the office door and stood looking on with astonishment and even dismay on their faces; and the provost guard congregated a little way off, and watched the performance as if the prisoners might suddenly charge and gobble them up.

Thus we killed time.

CHAPTER VIII.

THERE was one subject on which opinion was very much divided between the General Council and the Military Staff. That was the subject of an appeal against the Internment Order.

It was laid down in the Order that: "If within seven days from the date of his receiving this Notice the above-named person submits to the Secretary of State any representations against the provisions of the said Order, such representations will be referred to the Advisory Committee appointed for the purpose of advising the Secretary of State with respect to the Internment and deportation of aliens; and presided over by a Judge of the High Court, and will be duly considered by the Committee."

The General Council advised all the prisoners to lodge an appeal against their Internment Order. To enable them to do so with the fullest effect a sub-committee of lawyers and law clerks was appointed to draw up the appeals for the prisoners. Of course the logical thing for a "Civil" government to do would be to lodge an appeal, and to get out of internment as quickly and as gracefully as possible. From the "civil" viewpoint no other course was feasible.

No doubt many men had been wrongfully interned. One man, a Martin Kinery, from the County Cork, stated that he had never been associated with the Volunteers, and had no connection whatever with the rebellion. According to his own version to us he was inordinately fond of cock-fighting. He had been summoned for indulging in this pastime on several occasions, but had always beaten the police on the evidence and secured dismissal. Jealousy on the part of the police over this matter, he alleged, was what led to his arrest and internment.

It was the duty of such men to appeal against their Internment Order and to get back home. But the Military Staff asserted that no prisoner who belonged to the Irish Republican Army, or who approved of the principles and objects of that Army, should appeal against the Order. Moreover, we asserted that such an appeal against such an Internment Order would be cringing and slavish. Of course, it was equally obvious that from their viewpoint, and in respect of their objectives, the Military Staff could adopt no other attitude.

From the terms of the Order it is plain that only those who appealed were intended to be sent before the Advisory Committee. The number of these appeals which were lodged were

so few that the authorities decided to send all the prisoners, without exception, before the Advisory Committee!

Politicians have tried to make capital out of "their sympathy with the men who were innocently led into the insurrection." Here was a golden opportunity for these men to assert their "innocent," aye, to assert it honourably if they were "innocent," and thus get out of captivity. But the appeals were so few that the authorities were compelled to "assume" that all the prisoners had appealed *in loco* and send them before their precious Committee in order to save their face.

"Most of the serious troubles in the Camp," wrote the inspired Special Correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, "may be traced to one fundamental grievance of the prisoners—the feeling that they had been wrongfully interned and made to undergo these hardships without ever having had the chance of defending themselves in a trial."

Comment would be superfluous.

Are we not all a-weary of hearing of the disunion and quarrelsomeness of the Irish race: of how the affairs of the country would be reduced to chaos and disorder if left to the free will of the people. To their shame be it recorded that the Irish politicians, and their Press organs, have been the worst offenders in this respect. Frongoch Camp was a complete refutation of that vile slander.

Here were hundreds of Irishmen swept up higgly-piggley from the four corners of Eire, and dumped down in an Internment Camp amidst particularly exasperating conditions. Hundreds of full-blooded men as different in their individual temperaments, as in their provincial and even county characteristics. As remotely separated in their physical and mental equipment as in the demarcation of their social status. What an opportunity for quarrels and disunion!

Yet during all these seven months not a single quarrel ever occurred amongst us. Difference of opinion there were in plenty; and many a keen debate; but once a question was threshed out and a decision finally promulgated by the Staff both sides bowed to the discipline. And even when opinion was so sharply defined that a minority could not always see its ways to participate in extreme measures, there was no recrimination from either side; and in every such case agreements were mutually come to whereby the enemy was never allowed to know that we were not completely unanimous, or to take advantage of the fact.

I, for one, am convinced that when the authorities collected us in the one great camp, and allowed us to assume complete control of it, they did so in the sincere belief that before many weeks would elapse we would be tearing one another's throats. Then the military would make a dramatic entry and take over the camp in the interests of peace and honour. And the world would be told what a lot of lawless termagants those Irish Republicans were.

How the continuation of the reports

*Vide Hansard, Vol. 87, No. 110, Col. 994.

of good conduct, cleanliness, and discipline from Frongoch must have upset those wily politicians. For be it understood that the efforts of the Military Staff were winning golden opinions from the authorities of the Camp Guard.

One day the entire body of prisoners were drawn up in the field for "Buckshot's" inspection. To our surprise he delivered a rather long address to us. He praised us unstintedly for our cleanliness, good conduct, and discipline; and added that he never had the honour and pleasure of commanding so well conducted an Internment Camp. He told us in conclusion, that it had afforded him the greatest pleasure to have furnished a special report to this effect to the Home Office. That report I ventured to say must have come as a bombshell to those scheming politicians.

It is significant that not many weeks had elapsed from the despatch of this Special Report, when the Home Office sent word that we were to be engaged on quarry work. Only too well did the politicians know that when they attempted to force us to undertake work which was against our principles the reports of good conduct would cease to arrive from Frongoch, and political capital would accrue in plenty. Little indeed did they understand the physical grit and mental capacity of the men whom they were vainly trying to use as pawns in their political chicanery. We saw ahead of their wiles; and were prepared to counter their every move. And thus it came to pass that after seven months' incarceration they had to open the gates and let us go forth—such was the pass they had brought themselves to by sheer muddling.

But this is anticipating.

(To be Continued).

IRISH ARMY v. BRITISH ARMY

Forthcoming Boxing Tournament.

Cork, September 4th, 1926.

The Editor, "An t-Oglach."

Dear Sir,—It was recently announced in the daily Press that representatives of the National Army were to meet representatives of the British Army in a series of boxing bouts in Dublin on October 27th, 1926.

Now there are a considerable number of followers of the noble art in Cork who would very much like to witness the fights, but alas, times are not as good as they used to be and the ordinary train fare would be too much of a strain on the weekly income.

Would it not be a good idea if the railway company ran an excursion—or better still—issue special cheap tickets for the 8 a.m. train leaving here on the morning of the 27th October which would be available, say, till 2, 3, or 4 p.m. train (whichever one of these will be running) the following day. I have no doubt but that a good number of people would take advantage of the trip, and I hope the Army authorities will take this matter up with the Great Southern Railways Co. and have something done.

Best wishes.—Yours, etc.,

CORKONIAN.

WIRELESS NOTES

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

DEFINITIONS (continued).

Harmonics—Secondary frequencies which accompany the natural frequency of a tuned circuit (transmitter or receiver). The first is three, the second five, and the third seven times the natural frequency, and so on. Dealing with harmonics in terms of wavelength, the first harmonic wavelength would be one-third, the second one-fifth, the third one-seventh, and so on, e.g., if you are receiving on 1,600 metres it would be possible to get the same signals by tuning down to 533, 320 metres, etc. Signals on a harmonic frequency are much weaker than on the fundamental resonant frequency.

Henry—The practical unit of inductance. A coil is said to possess unit inductance when a change in current value of one ampere per second produces a back or counter electro-motive force of one volt.

Heterodyne Reception—A local frequency of different period is superimposed on the received frequency. The resultant beats have a frequency which is the difference between the received and local oscillatory frequencies. This beat frequency when rectified is within the range of audibility.

Horse Power—The power required to raise 550 pounds one foot per second. The equivalent in electrical power is 746 watts.

Hysteresis—Lag of magnetic condition behind magnetising force may be defined as magnetic friction which absorbs power in the course of the process of magnetising (see Dielectric Hysteresis).

Howling—Audio frequency notes in wireless receivers due to heterodyne effect between two or more local receivers in a state of oscillation. Sometimes due to faulty construction or adjustment in a receiver introducing either high or low frequency reaction.

Impedence—The sum of all factors opposing the flow of electrical current, i.e., resistance, inductance and capacity. In a tuned circuit the latter two factors being equal and opposite neutralise one another. The impedence is then the actual ohmic resistance of the circuit.

Inductance—That property of an electrical circuit or portion of an electrical circuit in virtue of which it stores up electro-magnetic energy. A circuit possessing inductance opposes any change in current value. Such change either increases or decreases the strength of

the magnetic field in the circuit. This magnetic field reacts as a counter or back electro motive force in opposition to the impressed voltage. The better the magnetic condition of a coil the greater is its inductance, e.g., a coil wound on a soft iron core has a very high inductive value as compared with a core of any other material.

Induction (Electric)—The alteration of the electric condition of one body in virtue of its proximity to another body electrically charged, e.g., a charge on one plate of a condenser induces an opposite charge on the other plate. The influence of one magnet or electro-magnet on another, or on a piece of soft iron at a distance, is termed magnetic induction. The interaction between two coils in one of which a current is varying is also termed magnetic induction, and the relative position of the coils is known as a magnetic coupling. A varying current in a wire or coil introduces a varying magnetic field around that wire or coil. This varying field in cutting or threading neighbouring wires or coils introduces in them varying currents.

Inductive Coupling—The relative arrangement of two or more coils forming part of different circuits so that a change of current value in one coil will produce voltage and current changes in the other coils, e.g., the ATI and reaction coils in a simple one-valve set.

Inertia—That property of matter in virtue of its weight which it opposes a change in position.

Ion—An atom carrying more or less than its normal amount of negative electrons.

Ionisation—The conversion of molecules into ions by electric current.

Jar—The $\frac{1}{500}$ th part of a microfarad.

Jigger—A term sometimes applied to inductively coupled coils in oscillatory circuits.

A SHIP TIP.

Your ship will not come home to you
Unless you chance to want it to
Enough
To puff,
And puff,
And blow
The sails until you make it go
Exactly where you want it to.
It's hard, I know, but if you do,
Your ships will all come home to you!

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

ARITHMETIC.

Lesson No. 28.

RECURRING DECIMALS.

Subtraction.

1. Example: Subtract 2.46216 from 9.214.

Work: 9.214214214214214214 etc.
2.462166216621662166 etc.

6.752047997592552047998

6.7520479975925. Answer.

The student will notice that we have one non-recurring decimal and that there are four recurring decimals in one, and three recurring decimals in the other numbers. The L.C.M. of 3 and 4 being 12.

The answer shows one non-recurring and 12 recurring decimals.

2. Example: Subtract 4.67890 from 6.12345

6.123		454545		45
4.678		908908		90

1.444		543636		
-------	--	--------	--	--

1.444543636 Answer.

The student should make a note that, in addition and subtraction of recurring decimals the procedure is:—

(a) Write the decimals to be dealt with so that the recurring periods commence at the same place, and (b) are of the same length.

The explanation of this rule is that the periods can only commence after the last non-recurring decimal—therefore the number containing the largest number of non-recurring decimals will decide the commencing point. If they are to be of the same length, that length (in places) will be the L.C.M. of the number of recurring figures in each number.

Recurring Decimals—Multiplication.

3. 3.1532̄ × 7

Work: 3.1532̄ 532
7
22.0727

22.0727 Answer.

Write down the decimal and carry the recurring period a couple of places to the right. Mentally multiply these extra places and carry forward anything over. In the above example we carry three. The work is then as in ordinary multiplication. Our answer contains one non-recurring and three recurring decimals as does also the multiplicand.

EXERCISES—LESSON 28.

1. Add .12̄, .45̄, and .78̄.
2. Add 3.42̄, .36̄, and 3.5.
3. Subtract .02̄ from .1.
4. Subtract 3.425̄ from 44.294̄.
5. Multiply 3.45̄ by 8.
6. Multiply .2669841̄ by 9.

TOPOGRAPHY.

SCALE DRAWING AND MAP READING.

Lesson No. 24.

TEST EXERCISES.

1. Construct a scale of 2 inches to 1 mile to show hundreds of yards.
2. Construct a scale of $\frac{1}{250000}$ to show miles.
3. Construct a diagonal scale of 1 inch to 500 feet showing tens of feet.
4. Construct a scale of paces having a R.F. $\frac{1}{10550}$ (pace = 30 inches).
5. If 1 inch on a plan represents 300 paces, construct a scale of yards suitable for the plan.
6. If 2.5 inches on a map represents 5 furlongs, what is the R.F.?
7. Two towns are shown $3\frac{1}{4}$ inches apart on a map. A man cycling at the rate of 9 miles an hour travels from one town to the other in $31\frac{1}{4}$ minutes. Construct a suitable scale for the map, giving the R.F.
8. In a French map 5 centimetres represent a kilometre (1) What is the R.F.?
(2) Draw a scale of miles to suit the map.

GRAMMAR.

Lesson No. 11.

COMPARISON OF ADJECTIVES
(Continued.)

In the previous lesson it was pointed out that Adjectives underwent a certain change of form to denote a change of quality or degree; also, it was shown how some Adjectives did not admit of this change because of the nature of their meaning. It would be well for the student to review, at this point, the last lesson carefully.

Method of Comparison:—

Adjectives may be divided into two classes—

- (a) Regular Comparatives.
- (b) Irregular Comparatives.

(a) There are two methods by which Regular Adjectives may be compared

(1) For Adjectives of two or more syllables, we use the adverb "more" to form the Comparative, and "most" to form the Superlative degree. For example—

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
Handsome.	More handsome.	Most handsome.
Bountiful.	More bountiful.	Most bountiful.

(2) By this method, we add *er* to the Positive to form the Comparative, and add *est* to the Positive to form the Superlative degree. For example—

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
Small.	Small-er.	Smallest.
Large.	Larger.	Largest.

NOTE.—

If the Positive ends in "e" we add "r" and "st" only.

If the Positive ends in "y" preceded by a consonant, the "y" is changed into "i" before "er" and "est" as—

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
Happy.	Happier.	Happiest.

(b) Irregular Comparatives.

These Adjectives do not conform to any of the foregoing rules. To form the different degrees of comparison, it is very often necessary to call upon an entirely new word:

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
Good.	Better.	Best.
Bad.	Worse.	Worst.
Little.	Less.	Least.
Much.	More.	Most.
Old (Persons and Things)	Older (Persons and things).	Oldest.
	Elder (Persons only)	Eldest.

There are five words which are adverbs in the Positive degree, but adjectives in the Comparative and Superlative degrees—

Positive.	Comparative.	Superlative.
Far.	Farther.	Farthest.
In.	Inner.	{ Innermost. Inmost.
Up.	Upper.	Uppermost.
Out.	{ Outer. Uter.	{ Utmost. Uttermost.
(Be)neath	Nether.	Nethermost.

Guns -- Rifles -- Revolvers -- Cartridges and SHOOTING ACCESSORIES of every description.

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Gun Works—36 Upper Ormond Quay. 3 INN'S QUAY — DUBLIN. 'Phone 2574

MARSHAL FOCH PICTURES THE FUTURE WAR.

Battles will be Fought by Machines and Lethal Gases and Non-Combatants Will Suffer Heavily. But Victory will be Determined by the Qualities of the Men.

Tired, war-worn Europe has a vision of disarmament, and even now is trying to find a formula that will satisfy all the nations; but the task is surrounded by numerous difficulties, not the least of which is the inborn fear that war is never far away. What Marshal Ferdinand Foch, Generalissimo of the allied armies, has to say about disarmament is therefore of deep interest to the world.

Marshal Foch does not believe that disarmament is a practical doctrine in a world where jealousy, greed, revenge and the desire for empire control the hearts of peoples and Governments. War, the Marshal thinks, may come from any point at any moment, to involve the whole world.

Such a war, Marshal Foch said, when I saw him recently in Paris (writes Fitzhugh Lee Minnigerode in the "New York Times") would be more terrible than the last, and it might actually be won or lost in the laboratory, the gun foundry and the munitions factory. It would be a contest between peoples rather than between armies; yet the defeat of armies, not the destruction of cities and non-combatants, would be the decisive factor. And because such a war would be unprecedentedly terrible did not mean that it would also be necessarily short.

The Marshal of France received me in his office. Rising from his desk, over which was spread a large military map, he seemed very young for a soldier who has seen more than half a century of service and for a man in his seventy-sixth year. He was as buoyant as an athlete, and his eyes were as bright and cheerful as if he had never known a greater responsibility than that of amusing himself.

Naturally, the first question put to Marshal Foch was what he thought of the prospect of disarmament.

"There can be no disarmament nor any serious consideration of the question until Germany has the will to disarm. To-day she has no such disposition," was the response.

"When you say Germany lacks the disposition to disarm, do you mean that she wants to prepare for another war?"

"I mean," the Marshal replied, "that mentally Germany is arming. Physically she cannot do much, so long as there is an Allied Commission of Control. But when that comes to an end we shall see better what is in her mind. Disarmament is not what she will be thinking of."

Did he think that Germany is secretly arming?

"There is much talk about it. Doubtless Germany is arming to some extent. But as long as the commission

watches things there is not much danger. The point is that the only reason she is disarmed is because she has to be—not because she wants to be."

"What about Italy, with her imperialistic ideas and fiery Mussolini at the head of the Government?" he was next asked.

"Mussolini has balance," replied Marshal Foch. "What he says is for Italian consumption, largely. When he rattles the sword he is not rattling it at other countries. It pleases his followers."

Then came a question about the possibility of another great war and where it might originate. Marshal Foch spread his arms out like a man in doubt; but at the same time he included the world in his gesture.

"It may come unexpectedly, from anywhere, he said, "and will be more terrible than the last. No one can see far ahead in these days; but of this we can be certain. Mechanical devices for winning battles will be the predominant factor. Brave men will be essential to the proper handling of war machines, but it will be a war of machinery rather than a war of flesh."

He was asked whether he gave any credence to the many reports of wonderful new discoveries for making war. A few days before the correspondent had been told about a gas so deadly that a sufficient amount could be contained in two or three shells to poison every living thing within a radius of nine miles.

"Geneva notwithstanding," answered Marshal Foch. "We know that every nation is engaged in research work; trying to perfect a poison gas that will ensure the complete annihilation of an enemy. That very deadly gases have been perfected is entirely probable. I have not heard of the particular gas you mention."

He had heard, he said, about the death ray an Englishman claims to have perfected, one said to have been proved capable of killing a rat some distance off. But Marshal Foch felt that the claims made for this ray seem to lack authenticity. When asked about the German rays reported to have brought down several French aeroplanes by putting the engines out of order, he said he did not think that such a thing had happened.

Would gas, did the Marshal think, be used in the next war?

"If gas can be legislated out of use by putting a ban on it, why could not war be banned as well? I think every weapon that makes victory surer will most likely be used in another war. As for generalship, that must change with changed conditions and be prepared and trained to meet new elements."

Napoleon's strategy and tactics, it was hazarded, would not have been very successful in the last war, a hundred years having wrought too many changes. But at the mention of Napoleon's name fire came into Marshal Foch's eyes.

"Ah, Napoleon!" He spoke the name with reverence, for every French soldier reveres the memory of the Little Corporal. "He would have won battles in the last war. He would win battles in any war. It is genius that wins battles. Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar. They would win battles in any war because they were military geniuses. So, too, the Great Napoleon. Tactics may change, the methods of conducting battles may have undergone all manner of alterations, new weapons may be employed, and still the man of genius will win. Napoleon would have won."

"Armies in the future," he continued, "will be composed of so many different services that each will be largely dependent upon the others. Infantry, as we know it—the man with the ordinary rifle—will cease to exist. Every so-called infantryman will carry a light machine gun, and that will be only a defensive weapon, like the revolver of to-day. Cavalry, while it will never actually fight mounted in modern warfare, is still a valuable arm. Motor transportation has not done away with cavalry, for mounted troops ready to move rapidly from place to place may still be regarded as important. Here the value lies in mobility."

"Do you think that tanks will remain valuable?"

"Yes. Tanks are not restricted in value to their psychological effect upon the enemy. They are, and I think will continue to be, an effective weapon. I do doubt, however, the value of dreadnought tanks. They would be too vulnerable and too unwieldy. As for high-speed tanks, they may come; but fifty kilometres an hour sounds impossible, except along very good roads. You know what roads become under artillery fire."

The Marshal then spoke of artillery. He thought that artillery of greater range than in use to-day will not prove practical. "It will be too far away from the objective to do very efficient work. It might damage or even destroy distant cities; but wars are won by destroying armies, not cities."

"Many to-day believe that the destruction of great cities from the air will make the next great war an exceedingly brief one," he went on; "that if the air power of France, for instance, were to shower high explosives, incendiary bombs and poison gas on Berlin and the air power of Germany were to do likewise over Paris—both nations would be ready to call a halt."

"In that connection," I remarked. "I recently read a book entitled 'Air Power Is World Power,' and the author inclined to the belief that there was no adequate defence against enemy aircraft."

"What is the book?" asked Marshal Foch, showing quiet interest. "Who publishes it? I want a copy."

"The book has not yet been published, but the author permitted me to read it in manuscript," I told him.

"I should like to see it," said the Marshal. "No really adequate defence against enemy aircraft has yet been devised. It is a thing all nations are working on, and doubtless a successful defence will in time be found. Certainly there is none known to-day, and air power is a most important attribute for any nation at war. Yet I do not think that the destruction of great cities—even of capitals and industrial centres—will end war. Armies in the field, victories over armed enemies, superior mechanical devices and better trained men, led by better officers, will continue to spell victory or defeat. You cannot scare a great nation into submission by destroying her cities."

And then Marshal Foch was asked if he would hazard a description of a great battle, such as the Battle of the Marne, but fought in 1946, twenty years from now. What would it be like, with the machine in the main rôle as against the man in the last war?

"No man can tell what twenty years will bring forth," he said. "We can see, however, a vast increase in the number of mechanical devices that we now know. All these things will be present in tremendously augmented numbers."

As Marshal Foch talked on about a great battle of the future it was diffi-

cult to keep mental note of the many elements involved. When it was ended there remained in the mind a picture of terrible confusion; a picture in which little men handling death-dealing machines seemed almost blotted out. Countless thousands of mighty guns were pouring millions of shells upon the opposing forces—high explosive shells of a destructive power not known in the last war; poison gas shells whose deadly vapours penetrated through the protective masks and killed in a few minutes; shells scattering unquenchable phosphorous that burns through human flesh to the bone in half a minute.

Hundreds of tanks were spitting death at the rate of a thousand shots a minute each. Machine guns spoke. Light automatic rifles (nothing so slow as the ordinary rifle in the next great struggle) in the hands of millions of men poured out hundreds of millions of bullets a minute—barrages so devastating that even a small bird could scarcely hope to get through untouched. The sky was darkened with thousands of aeroplanes, raining a ghastly dew upon the earth below.

That is not the whole picture. Far back of the lines, cities and villages crumbling and in flames from the devastating fire of artillery and bombs dropped from the air (shells and bombs that would raise a city block by the force of high explosive, or incendiary shells that seem to set the world on

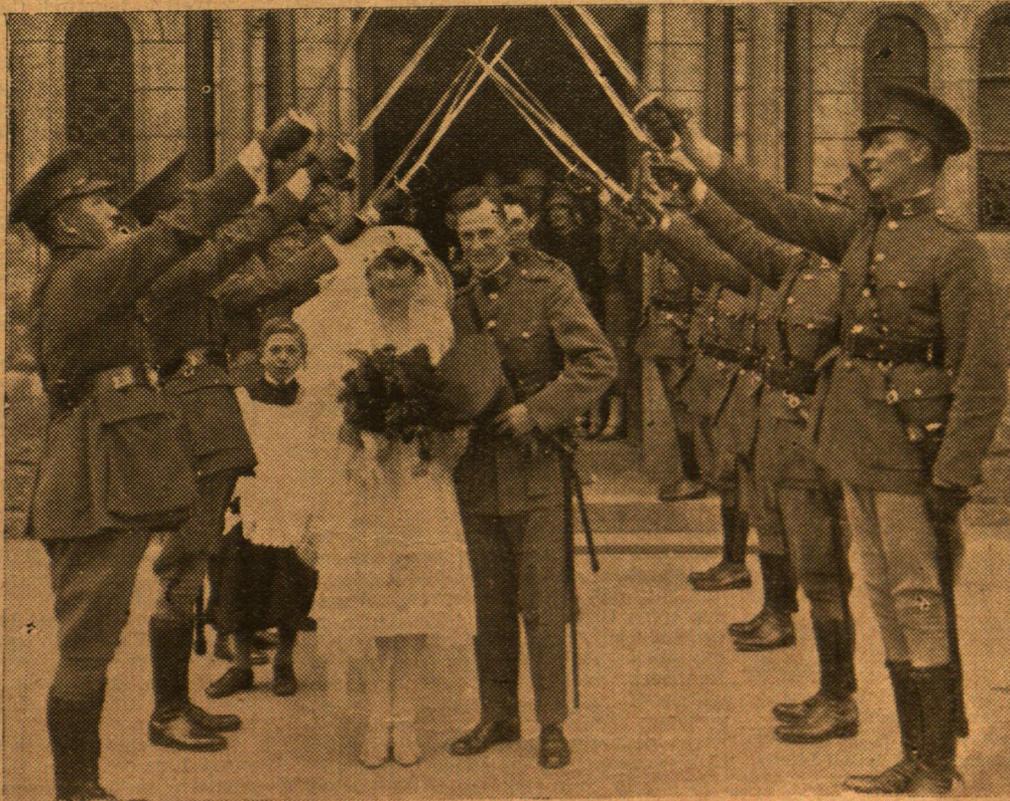
fire. These are but the known factors. Imagination went even further as the greatest soldier of his generation was speaking.

Aerial torpedoes, radio-controlled aeroplanes, even radio-controlled tanks and other engines of destruction guided by hands miles away—that seemed not beyond the bounds of the possible. Tomorrow the world may be startled with a realization that death may be borne on the wings of the wind by radio; that men may be electrocuted by contact with the very air they breathe or stabbed by an invisible ray.

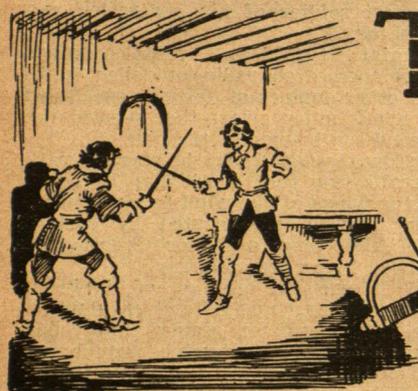
With such a picture of typhoon, poisoned air, quake and avalanche, fire and metal, it seemed impossible that drought and famine should not follow to complete the annihilation of all living things within the battle zone and perhaps far beyond.

"In such a battle as you have pictured, General, how will it be possible for a commander to keep himself advised as to the progress of the fight?" I asked, remembering how difficult communication was in the last war, when the artillery destroyed and kept destroying the telephone and telegraph lines, and when a wireless outfit, newly installed, would be blown to bits almost at once.

"We shall have recourse to the human element; messengers who carry orders through in spite of everything. There is no machine yet in sight to substitute for these men."

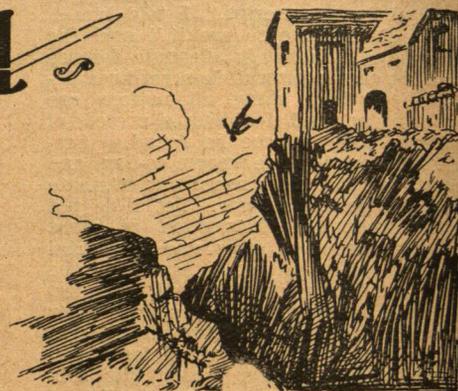


CAPTAIN PATRICK KAVANAGH, Adjutant 24th Infantry Battalion, Dundalk, whose marriage took place on Wednesday, at Terenure, to Miss Bridie Massey-Mohan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Mohan, Ardee. [Irish Independent Photo.]



The Sword of O'Malley

By
Justin Mitchell



CHAPTER XIX.—continued.

The Princess felt suddenly interested in the personality of her golden-haired *vis-à-vis*. Could it be possible that Monica was in love! And with whom? Her pose of wistful reverie suggested that mind and heart had followed the boar-hunters on the road to Wuldner. Irene remembered, with a little pang of jealous misgiving, that Monica and O'Malley had been thrown into each other's company a good deal of late. Here, indeed, was a pretty complication.

The Princess had a disquieting sense of grievance. O'Malley and Monica, forsooth! Really something must be done!

"Blue-eyes," she cried softly, "awake from your musing day-dream. You look as though your mind were a thousand miles away, yet, I'll wager, 'tis no farther afield than a mile or two on the Wuldner road."

She shook the painted fan accusingly at her companion.

Monica's shy, wistful glance met the full battery of Irene's inquiring eyes. Then a rose-leaf flush mantled her cheeks and her head drooped in maiden modesty. The Princess's suspicion hardened into certainty. Monica's girlish heart was no longer free. And what of the Irishman? Was he aware of the fair-haired maiden's new-sprung affection? And did he reciprocate it? Irene determined to bring the pair together and watch them narrowly. Warily she chose her plan.

"Dear lady," she said, "I grow weary of this broiling heat. The city is like an oven. It stifles me. I pine for the fresh, green coolness of woodland aisles and flower-strewn meadow-paths. What say you to a little secret trip into the country?"

"I should dearly love it," Monica said.

"Haply we may find some shadowed by-way, bird-haunted and secluded, yet not too remote," Irene mused. Her tone was wistful and dreamy, but she watched her companion with hawk-like keenness.

"Would the fringe of the Forest of Wuldner be too far afield?" Monica asked innocently.

The Princess repressed a laugh. "A

bad case!" she commented inwardly, and took refuge behind the painted fan.

"Suppose we devise a little plan?" she said presently. "I am, of course, a gipsy, with all a gipsy's wild irresponsible craving for the freedom of the greenwood bowers. In truth, I am a vagabond at heart. For a few golden hours, dear Monica, you shall be a gipsy too. Come! I bid you welcome to the spacious fellowship of the glad-some woodlands!"

Monica smiled gaily. "You infect me!" she cried in a key of sheer delight. "I, too, am a damsel-errant. I am possessed by a spirit of adventure! Let us go!"

She rose to depart. Over the outspread fan, Irene's keen eyes noted her companion's eagerness to hasten to Wuldner—to O'Malley!

"Stay," she said. "It occurs to me that we may combine the rôles of gipsy maid and Lady Bountiful. Huntsmen, you know, are proverbially hungry. Let us provide ourselves with a supply of food wherewith to fortify any starving huntsman whom we may chance to encounter by the way."

They quitted the balcony and went off to make ready for the gipsy adventure.

Both girls had quite determined to be near the hunting-lodge at sundown when the huntsmen were due to return from the chase. But neither disclosed her resolve to the other. So do jealousy and misunderstanding create reserve and aloofness between even the closest friends.

At the Inn of the Green Dragon, in the room above the river two men sat facing each other across the table, a dice-box and a litter of cubes and golden coins between them. The Duke of Ungvar and Prince Karl of Ulmo had, for weeks after O'Malley's arrival in Rhonberg, avoided the Inn above the whirlpool as a plague spot. The pale, accusing shade of Coqueran seemed to hover near the place. But gradually this repugnance had lessened, and the pair began to revisit their old haunt. It was so conveniently near to the Karlst trooper's camp, so remote from the busy city, so unfrequented by travelers! The lonely inn exactly suited the

purposes of the scheming Ungvar and his beetle-browed colleague.

Ulmo gambled as he did everything else—with a surly air of heavy pomposity. The Duke, on the contrary, paid little or no attention to the game. He appeared to be thinking of something else.

A footstep sounded outside. Someone was ascending the stair.

The Duke, who sat with his back to the door, wheeled round in his chair and spoke a permissive "Yes" to the newcomer's knock.

The door swung back and Brant entered the room. His manner showed that he bore news of importance.

"Well!" inquired the Duke with a trace of impatience. "Have they set out for Wuldner?"

"An hour ago," Brant replied. "They were a mile or two on the road before Captain Bartolome discovered that his horse was lame."

Brant's yellow teeth showed in a hideous smirk and he chafed his hands furtively. Perhaps he could have accounted for the sudden lameness of Bartolome's favourite hunter.

The Duke nodded twice or thrice to Ulmo. "'Tis better so," he murmured. "We cannot afford to antagonize the Cardinal by incurring suspicion of his brother's undoing. You have done well, Brant. But you must do better. Your task has only begun. See that you carry it to a successful finish! Let there be no bungling! Remember what it means if you fail—if they escape. The vengeful Irishman will pursue you to the bitter end."

Brant's pale eyes gleamed viciously. "Ere the morrow," he snarled through grating teeth, "O'Malley shall have done with vengeance, and I shall have done with fear!"

He turned to the door. The Duke had a final word to say.

"You have made complete preparation?" he questioned. "You have gone over the ground thoroughly and matured your plans?"

"There can be no escape," Brant assured him. "When the weary huntsmen are in deep sleep, I shall fasten the doors and window-shutters on the outside. They are trapped."

With head slightly inclined, Ungvar surveyed the situation and reckoned

the chances. Evidently he felt satisfied.

"Good! You may go," he said to Brant. The scoundrel then departed and the gamblers took up the dice and resumed play.

CHAPTER XX.

The broiling day was drawing to a close. The still, stifling atmosphere became intolerably heavy as sundown approached. Overhead, a brassy sky slowly and sullenly assumed a hue of angry saffron flecked with crimson tinges. There was a vague menace of evil in the air, and on the far horizon thunder-clouds loomed ominously.

In the forest unbroken silence reigned. Bird and beast, frolicking in woodland sanctuaries of pine and laurel, had suddenly made for shelter as at some disturbing hint of impending disaster. A strange stillness held the forest as in a nightmare spell. Not a leaf moved. There was trouble brewing!

Prince Rudolf and O'Malley riding leisurely adown the woodland paths, took little heed of the threat in the air. The day's hunt was over and the twain were returning wearied to repast and slumber at the hunting-lodge. As they neared the fringe of the forest, the Prince broke the silence.

"How stifling is the heat!" he said. "The air seems surcharged with it!"

On the thick carpet of pine needles the soft pad of the horses' hoofs made no sound.

At the edge of a little clearing, Edmund suddenly raised a warning hand and the horsemen paused in amaze.

"What wood-nymphs have we here?" the Prince whispered.

In the green glade a strange scene confronted them. Two maidens in gipsy attire moved hand-in-hand over the velvet turf treading a measure quaint and stately, not lacking in gaiety yet instinct with a certain courtly grace. One of the dancers kept time to the measure with a low lilt of rare *contralto*. Edmund thrilled at the sound. To his mind the Princess's singing voice always suggested honey and gold.

Nearer and nearer the maidens moved in rhythmic swing until the dance ended in a final whirl almost at the horse's feet.

The damsels looked up at the amused faces of the cavaliers.

"Oh!" cried Irene, with the faintest frown of annoyance.

"Oh!" cried Monica, with a radiant smile of utter gladness.

The Princess marked the happy glow in her companion's eyes, and her own dark orbs narrowed slightly in watchful scrutiny. She remembered that she hadn't come a-gipsying in mere idleness. She had a mission. Only on Irene's part was there the slightest trace of embarrassment, and that but momentary.

At Edmund she shot a pleasant smile and a glance of arch defiance, as though challenging him to dare make mock of their quaint masquerade. He returned her smile, but held his peace.

It was left to gentle Monica to relieve the tension.

"Welcome from the chase, gentlemen," quoth she. "I trust the sport has been to your liking."

The Prince dismounted. "The day's choicest pleasure has been reserved for the close," he said, with a courtly bow.

Edmund sprang from the saddle.

"Where are your palfreys tethered?" he asked.

Irene indicated a little alley between the straight pine-stems; and here the Guardsman found the ladies' steeds. Assembling the four horses, he established himself between them, two on either hand, and slowly led them down the forest pathway towards the hunting-lodge.

The Prince took his place between the ladies, and the trio followed the horses.

Irene felt checkmated and slightly annoyed. In Edmund's action she read his determination to compel her to accept Prince Rudolf's escort. She rather resented the Irishman's tacit pose as arbiter of her behaviour. He chose to act the part of osler in order to throw her into the Prince's society. It would have been more tactful, she thought, to have paired off with Monica and let Rudolf act as his own groom.

They had quitted the forest and gained the highway before Irene became aware of her own moody silence. But at the same moment she realized that it was passing quite unnoticed by her companions.

Monica chatted and prattled with astonishing vivacity. The Prince seemed charmed. He bore himself with courtly deference and, as Irene thought, a sort of half-amused forbearance towards the talkative maiden.

The Princess felt irritatingly balked. She had so much desired to see O'Malley and Monica *vis-à-vis*.

Entrrenched behind his barrier of horseflesh, Edmund stalked silently along.

Presently the peaked gables and tall chimneys of the hunting-lodge showed through the trees ahead.

The house stood on the bank of the Blume, well back from the highway, and so close to the stream that the hither side-wall seemed to rise straight from the water's edge. It had long lain tenantless, and its aspect was dreary and desolate. Not a soul was about.

Irene eyed the forlorn edifice with a sense of chill depression.

"What an eerie place!" she cried, with a little sudden shiver. "Let us rest here for a moment. The gloomy aspect of the house fills me with mis-giving."

She leant on the parapet of the rustic bridge spanning the Blume. Rudolf and Monica paused beside her. The trio gazed silently down on the shadowy stream sliding silently past the house of gloom.

Tall pines, like spectral skeletons, made a weird darkness around the silent lodge. In a small stable behind the house Edmund bestowed the horses. Returning to the little lawn which separated the lodge from the road, he glanced upward and around, a trace of anxiety in his eyes. The sky frowned in thun-

derous blackness; the air was sullen and without a stir.

O'Malley approached the trio on the bridge. None of the three seemed conscious of the menace overhead.

"Let us go inside," the Irishman said. "I like not the aspect of the evening."

They moved towards the lodge. The Princess was stirred by something in Edmund's voice. She had learnt to read a meaning in its every tone.

"It grows dark and menacing," she remarked, with a slight shudder; "perchance the day may end in storm."

The lodge had but one entrance. The door yielded to Edmund's touch, and the party found themselves in a little square hall from which a stairway rose straight and steep to the sleeping-rooms on the upper floor. To the right was the large apartment used as kitchen and living-room. The smaller chamber on the left was a store-room.

In the kitchen the table was set for a meal, but no fire burned on the open hearth. The Prince called for lights, and the quartette seated themselves around the board. The men ate heartily and with relish, but the ladies merely toyed with the viands.

Irene was in indifferent spirits and rarely spoke. Monica chatted incessantly.

Presently the Princess rose. "Look," she said. "The evening light seems quenched in midnight blackness. We must be going."

"I fear a storm is toward," Rudolf said, anxiously scanning the darkened panes. "We will ride with you to the city gates, lest the tempest surprise you unescorted."

They quitted the lighted kitchen and stood for a moment in the obscurity of the hall. An eerie sound stole vaguely, insistently through the stillness—a sort of swishing, hissing murmur.

"'Tis the patter of heavy raindrops on the river," Edmund said, and, raising a hand to the latch, he threw open the door.

It seemed as if this commonplace act were the signal for awful happenings.

Midnight darkness reigned without. Against a background of inky sky there shot a sudden wicked zigzag of flame. Then came the thunderclap, a sudden deafening roar of appalling menace. Peal upon peal rent the air above and shook the earth beneath. The heavy artillery of the clouds volleyed in ear-splitting tumult. Surely the bandogs of Satan were let loose in the tortured air, worrying, growling, rending with demonic fury!

Stricken sightless for the moment by the dazzling glare, the group at the doorway involuntarily huddled closer.

In moments of cataclysm, when the elemental forces of earth and sky are let loose in destructive warfare, how insignificant, how pitifully impotent, does man appear and feel! He is, so to speak, reduced to his lowest terms.

During his warrior career, mid Alps and Apennines, O'Malley had witnessed and weathered many a storm, but never had he seen the equal of this. The lightning was continuous, the thunder

incessant. It seemed as if, in a chaos of earth-rocking tempest, the end of all things had come.

Shaking off the spell of fascination in which the stupendous spectacle had held him, Edmund awoke to the fact that he held the Princess in his arms. In moments of deadly danger a man instinctively seizes his most treasured possession, a woman seeks the succour of her natural protector. And Irene's trembling form was now enfolded in O'Malley's sheltering embrace.

The quiet tones of Prince Rudolf recalled them to the realities.

"No good comes of watching a storm," he said, and, taking Monica by the hand as one who soothes a frightened child, he led the way back to the kitchen.

(To be continued.)

WEDDING OF LIEUT. WOODLOCK, CURRAGH.

We have much pleasure in extending through our columns to Lieut. Richard Woodlock, Curragh Camp Headquarters Staff, our hearty congratulations on the occasion of his marriage to Miss A. Flemming, Railway House, Sallins, which took place with Nuptial Mass at Naas Catholic Church on Wednesday, 17th ultimo. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Fr. Tierney, Curragh Camp, was attended by Lieut. J. J. Murray, Asst. Pay and Accounts Officer, Curragh, as best man, and Miss N. Flemming (sister of bride) as bridesmaid. The wedding breakfast subsequently was held at the home of the bride's father, amongst the guests being Mr. and Mrs. Woodlock and Mr. and Mrs. Flemming, parents of the contracting parties, members and relatives of both families, and Capt. Patrick J. McKenna, Curragh. Towards midday the bridal couple left for Llandudno, where the honeymoon was spent. Lieut. Woodlock is a young officer who is highly esteemed by all who know him, and as one always evincing a keen interest in sport is well and popularly known in the social and athletic life of the Army. He and Mrs. Woodlock were the recipients of many beautiful wedding presents, including one from the staff of the Camp Bakery, all wishing them, as we do, many years of married bliss and happiness.

OFFICER'S CANTEEN ACCOUNT.

For exceeding the stipulated amount of his monthly wine bill, thereby disobeying a superior officer, Lieutenant Norman M. S. Seeger, of the battleship "Malaya," was ordered to be dismissed his ship and severely reprimanded at a court-martial at Portsmouth.

The direction was that his bill should not exceed £2 a month. It was stated that from February 1st to 27th his bill was £2 5s. 1d. Lieutenant Seeger explained that he had to entertain guests other than his own.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES.

To borrow the expression of a veteran pressman of my acquaintance there has been nothing "sticking out" in recent gramophone recordings—that is to say, nothing of unique merit. H.M.V. and Columbia both did the Aldershot Searchlight Taftoo, the former actually on the spot and the latter in the recording room. The two recordings are very dissimilar, but those who like that sort of thing will probably find merit in both. Personally I don't think H.M.V. have succeeded as well as with the Wembley Tattoo.

Vocalion, with its little brother, Aco, are responsible for what is probably the best all-round September list. Those who have heard and enjoyed the performance of that remarkable Scots duo, the Houston Sisters, will be glad to learn that they can now be heard "to the life" on two Aco discs at 2s. 6d. per disc. The firm are to be congratulated on securing the first recordings of these artists who have created such a furore in the Big Smoke. Mario de Pietro displays his amazing skill with guitar and banjo in another Aco issue. All his recordings should be in the possession of those who like guitar, banjo or mandoline. Another Aco which should prove popular is Billy Desmond singing "Big White Moon" with "When Love comes stealing in your heart" on the reverse. The Pacific Marimba Band is excellent in the waltz "Most of all I want your Love," but I can't enthuse over the Green Gables Orchestra's fox-trot on the other side. Bell and Xylophone versions of the Bridal March from "Lohengrin" and "Le Chevalier Breton" by Ernest J. Gillegin are as good as anything of their kind and the Welsh Guards' band provides pleasing interpretations of "The Nightingale and the Frogs" (Eilenberg) and "The Grasshoppers' Dance" (Bucalossi). One Aco record which I strongly recommend is that of Elsie Francis-Fisher (Contralto) singing Eric Coate's "Song of the Little Folk," together with Michael Head's "Beloved" and "A Funny Fellow." Those interested in Irish folk songs will find these strangely reminiscent and the singer shows great promise.

For a robust, rousing vocalist commend me to Horace Stevens (bass-baritone): few records possess the tone and volume of his "Sulla Poppa" from Rieci's "La Prigione di Edinburgo" and "Young Dietrich." Phyllis Archibald's spirited singing of "To the Sound of the Tambourines" from "Carmen" is a triumph for the vocalist, for the recording and for the orchestra, but there is rather too much tremolo in her version of "O Mio Fernando" from "La Favorita." Of recent 10-inch Vocalion records the Sea Shanties of John Buckley and chorus rank amongst the best of their kind. "Bound for the Rio Grande," "Blow the Man Down," "Billy Boy" and the rest should be immensely popular in any barrack-room, mess or recreation hall. Another good 10-inch Vocalion is Howett Worster's "Gavotte Song"

and "No Possible Doubt Whatever" from the "Gondoliers," though the chorus is on the weak side.

Prominent amongst recent Beltona De Luxe issues is Justine Griffith singing Easthope Martin's "Wayfarer's Night Song" and "I hid my Love." She has a rich powerful contralto which she makes the most of. Another good contralto record in the same series (Beltona de Luxe, 3s.) is that of Catherine Stewart singing "Linden Lea" and "Weep you no more." TONE ARM.

CURRAGH SPECIAL SERVICES.

Amongst recent transfers to the 15th Batta. are Sgt. John Mooney (Jack) and Pte. Patrick Arthurs (Paddie No. 2). Those two have been very popular members in the sporting circles of the Curragh for the past few years, figuring very much in Command and Inter-Command events (Football and Hurling). Their loss is felt very much by the R. & T. Depot.

The Special Services are at present making great preparations prior to firing their course. They are evidently taking a very keen interest in their training, as the finish of the day's work is the start of long consultations in the barrack rooms. The "prone position" is generally the most popular topic.

At the All-Army Swimming Competition held at Blackrock, Co. Dublin, on the 28th of August, Cpl. Kelly, of Beresford Barracks, won the 50 yards open handicap, and on the 29th of August very exciting sports were held at the College grounds, Newbridge, Capt. McKenna and Lt. Woodlock carrying away a few of the prizes.

Rumour has it that the privates of the A.S.I. are to hold a dance in the near future, and that Beresford privates intend to have a charabanc excursion soon. We sincerely hope both events will come off and that they will meet with the success they deserve.

PERCIVAL.

ARMY BOXERS' SUCCESS AT COPENHAGEN.

We are pleased to extend our congratulations to Corporal J. MacDonagh, of 25th Battalion, and Pte. "Mossey" Doyle, 18th Battalion, on their victories with the Irish Boxing Team at Copenhagen on Friday of last week.

Corporal MacDonagh defeated Ekberg (Denmark) on points in the Flyweight Championship, and Pte. Doyle in the Featherweight defeated Gotterup of Denmark.

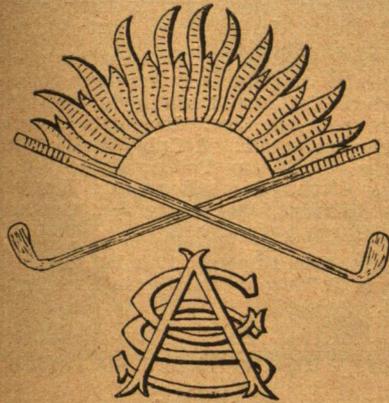
EASTERN COMMAND REVIEW.

As we go to press the Eastern Command Review is being held at the Fifteen Acres, Phoenix Park.

The Chief of Staff is the Reviewing Officer and the parade is commanded by the General Officer Commanding Eastern Command.

Report and photos will appear in our next issue.

ARMY GOLFING SOCIETY.



The inaugural competition for the General Michael Collins Memorial Cup presented by Messrs. Liam Devlin was held at Milltown Golf Links on Wednesday, 1st inst.

The tournament, in which there were no less than fifty competitors, was a most interesting and enjoyable one and resulted in a victory for Lieut. O'Flaherty, Army Medical Services, who playing from a handicap of 9 went around in 79, or a nett return of 70. The winner was closely followed by Fr. Clavin, C.F., Eastern Command, and Capt. Feely, Curragh Training Camp, whose returns were 71 and 72, respectively.

Fr. O'Callaghan, Chairman of the Army Golfing Society, presided at a dinner given subsequently at the Clubhouse, and which was attended by Mr. Dermott O'Hegarty and Mr. Liam Devlin, the donor of the magnificent trophy. The toasts honoured were "Eire," "Mr. Liam Devlin," "Lieut. O'Flaherty, the winner of the Cup," and "The Army Golfing Society."

The following were the leading scores:—

	Gross	H'cap	Nett
Lt. J. O'Flaherty (A.M.S., Curragh) ...	79	9	70
Rev. J. Clavin, C.F. (Eastern) ...	85	14	71
Capt. Feely (Curragh) ...	88	16	72
Eugene Sheehy, B.L. ...	90	17	73
Comdt. Maguire (A.M.S., St. Brice's) ...	91	18	73
Capt. M'Intyre (A.M.S., Curragh) ...	93	18	75
Capt. Fitzpatrick (A.M.S., Eastern) ...	94	18	76
Lt. Walters (A.M.S., Eastern) ...	88	10	78
Major D. J. Doyle (A.M.S., G.H.Q.) ...	90	11	79
*Comdt. Byrne (Eastern) ...	80	3	77
Comdt. Delaney (A.M.S., Eastern) ...	92	12	80
Comdt. O'Sullivan (Eastern) ...	103	22	81
G. Downes ...	93	15	81
E. Dalton ...	85	4	81
Rev. T. J. O'Callaghan ...	93	11	81
Capt. Boland (A.M.S., Curragh) ...	100	18	82
P. O'Daly ...	93	11	82

*Prize for best gross.

WEEK-END RETREAT FOR N.C.O.'S AND MEN.

A reference to "An t-Oglach" for February 24th, 1923, will recall the fact that, during the previous week-end, a large number of officers had assembled at the Hibernian Military School, in the Phoenix Park, and attended a week-end Retreat, conducted by the Rev. H. Fegan, S.J. At the conclusion of the Retreat on Monday all who attended were highly pleased with their experiences and returned to their duties strengthened by God's grace, better Catholics and members of O'glaigh na hEireann.

The good example of the officers who attended that first week-end Retreat has been followed ever since, so that year after year we find numbers of our Army attending the exercises of the Pilgrimage to Lough Derg and taking part in the ceremonies at that hallowed shrine.

A further interesting development has been that numbers of N.C.O.'s and men group themselves together and make a week-end Retreat at the Jesuit Fathers' Retreat House, Rathfarnham Castle, Dublin. Last week-end from Saturday evening, September 4th, to Monday morning, September 6th, a large group of N.C.O.'s and men from the Mechanical Transport Corps, Portobello Barracks, with the blessing of the Brigade Chaplain, arranged through Sergt. O'Hanlon and Pte. T. Moynihan to attend the Retreat at Rathfarnham. They were accompanied by Corporals H. O'Brien and Hanna of the M.T.C., Manston Camp. In a group they arrived at the Retreat House on Saturday evening and were received with open arms by Rev. Father Barrett, S.J., and after being shown their rooms entered on the exercises of the week-end Retreat.

It would be impossible to describe in the pages of this journal the expressions of joy and delight which were apparent on their return to the routine of barrack life on Monday morning. One and all agreed that their week-end was interesting from every viewpoint—even to keep silence while enjoying the facilities of the large swimming pool at Rathfarnham on Sunday afternoon was in itself an experience not to be forgotten.

Here again surely is history in the making to see such a large group of N.C.O.'s and men sacrifice their week-end leave to examine their lives in the light of the great Eternal Truths. Here we have a beginning, and we feel sure that the good example of the Mechanical Transport Corps, N.C.O.'s and men will be followed by the members of other units, especially those stationed in and near Dublin. It is essential that arrangements be made in advance, and same can be made through any of the Chaplains, or direct with Rev. Father Barrett, S.J., Rathfarnham Castle, Dublin. Bail o Dhia ar an obair chum Gloire Dé agus Onora na hEireann.

ATHLETICS IN THE ARMY. NEED OF A TRAINING CENTRE.

To the Editor, "An t-Oglach."

Sir,—The reason why the Army does not get anywhere in athletics is because it does not go the right way about getting anywhere. Those who could help to foster an athletic spirit don't; those who try to can't because of the former, and the athletes themselves, whose ideas and suggestions would really be worth hearing cannot broach their views in the right quarter. Army athletes' observations on this phase of athletics would make interesting reading; schemes could be proposed; grievances aired and criticism provoked. Then some candid Commanding Officer or other might explain why exactly C.O.'s dislike the idea of an athletic training centre. The assumption that an athlete once attached to such a centre is lost so far as his unit is concerned is a very unfair one, both to the athlete himself and to those who are endeavouring to put Army athletics on a higher and more honourable scale. Moreover, it is a bad policy; the C.O. who would allow his athletes freedom to train in such a school would return to his unit trained in technique, which is everything. Brute force and bulldoggedness are helpful factors, but they don't win trophies.

An athletic centre for technical instruction is absolutely essential though as a scheme it is not novel. It has been broached before, but no practicalist, to the writer's knowledge, has so far handled it. If such a one would be must see that, were they put into technical training at once, Army athletes of the calibre of Pte. Curtin, Lieut. Coughlan and Capt. McKenna might be chosen to represent Ireland at the next Aonach Tailteann. That would be an honour to the Army worth striving for for its own sake; a greater would be to produce, in two years, soldier athletes good enough to stand a chance of winning in international competition, and a greater still would be the prominence gained if it could be said with truth that the Army had created a new and successful efficiency in Irish athletics.

To attain such eminence it is necessary to rally a great and enthusiastic effort. Can that be accomplished? If attempted, yes; without a seething and fiery enthusiast to lead the rally, no.

Another phase of Army sport needing the immediate attention of Command Councils and Units' Committees is boxing. In view of the fact that the best contestants in the Championships, October 6th and 7th, will be chosen to represent the Irish Army against the British on October 27th it is fairly obvious that to bring honour to the Army boxers must commence training right away. The stake is so great that not a moment should be lost nor a likely winner overlooked. For this reason full teams representing the best possible talent are expected to participate in the forthcoming championships.

ATHLETE.

ALL-IRELAND FOOTBALL FINAL. Sunday's Historic Struggle—Record Figures.

Twenty-three years ago Kerry and Kildare met in the Final of the All-Ireland Football Championship and it took three terrific games to settle that dispute. Again on Sunday last both teams left the field with the issue undecided, and he would be a bold man who would prophesy the result of the return encounter. Never has there been witnessed a more heroic display, and it is fitting that there has never been a greater assembly.

The official figures read 37,500, and £3,540 gate receipts, easily eclipsing the previous best. The arrangements left much to be desired and it is hoped that the next game will see an improvement. The crowd converged at all points dangerously close to the field of play, the result being that wing play was a good deal hampered.

To attempt to adequately describe the graphic encounter is the best we can do, for the match is bound to go down in history as the best of a long series. Kerry were left to face a stiff breeze in the first half and sharp to time the game commenced amidst a thunderous clamour from every side of the densely packed arena. A scuffle in midfield and the ball emerges with a white shirt. Quick as a thought Paul Doyle has it, and though to my mind he infringed by bouncing twice, he placed beautifully for the goalkeeper to tip over. First blood to Kildare in the first minute of the game, and all the natives of the short grass arose to proclaim.

From the return Kildare resume the offensive and Stanley picking up a loose ball is fouled by Sullivan. The resultant free is abortive and in the moments following O'Sullivan's injured knee gives way and he is replaced by Clifford. And now the game sweeps to the other end. Sheehy, the untiring, has it and beating two men races headlong to the forty-yard mark amidst a roar that is heard re-echoing in four corners of the city he places the ball unerringly over the bar for the equaliser. Anybody's game. Back and forward sweeps the play. Stanley is again in possession. But he is blocked almost in the very corner opposite the famous Hill 60. There is amazement in the ranks of the men from the Kingdom when from what was seemingly an impossible position Stanley scores a point. The balance of play is now in favour of Kildare and Stanley is again in prominence. With a leap high into the sky he secures, steadies himself, and shoots with the accuracy of a rifle. Goal! No. Murphy appears from nowhere and with a despairing leap deflects the ball. Agonized dismay with a vast sigh of relief. Garda Siochana to the rescue, which reminds me that Stanley is another. Twice already has Murphy stood between Kildare and a score. It is only when the ball sails

high over his head that he admits defeat. Half-time and the crowd returns to normal. The babel is hushed. "Kerry's game now" is heard on every side. What possible human agency could stem the tide now that God and the elements are behind them? But the sages reckoned without the bravest team that ever donned a shirt. With their backs to the wall they fought back and even had the audacity to register the first score per Doyle, who placed over from the spot where half-an-hour ago Sheehy had scored in the first half. Poetic justice indeed! Four minutes of midfield play and in a melee in the Kildare goalmouth Gorman punched over. Kildare, three points; Kerry, two points. And now the sterling quality of the Kildare defence is tested while wave on wave is turned back and with the Kerry midfield caught twice napping the chances are not wasted, Stanley and Loughlin, the born captain, both register minors. Kildare, 6 points; Kerry, 3 points. Barely ten minutes remaining and the multitude half crazy with excitement. No one seemed to expect the ball to be anywhere else now except around the Kildare goal, where four gallant men faced disaster and defeat with the courage that is begotten of despair. And then the anticlimax. The ball is never on the grass. From hand to hand it flies. Loughlin has it. Now he is robbed. Back it goes to Brosnan, who is tackled by Higgins. The gallant officer from the 10th Battalion parts with it at just the right time and Walshe rushes dangerously forward. Without a second's hesitation he sees Gorman unmarked and deftly places the ball across to him. Gorman pivots on his heel, steadies up and half volleys low and away from the goalkeeper's right hand. Cummins leaps, but the ball is dancing fantastically in the rigging behind him as he lies prone and helpless on the ground. Who can forget that wonderful scene which followed? Did I say before that the cries had re-echoed through the city? Now they are borne on the wind until they are picked up and answered among the wild hills of Kerry. Kildare, 6 points; Kerry, 1 goal 3 points. Even play and only seconds remaining. Had any other team but Kildare or any other men but Graham and his comrades been faced with the situation Kerry must surely have won, but with the indomitable spirit of Horatius they held the bridge and staved off what seemed disaster inevitable. Bravo Kildare! With what was virtually the last ball of the match Sheehy gained possession and expertly sidestepped an opposing half-back, he shot with the left foot and disgustedly watched the ball skim the upright for an over. Had he stepped to the right and opened the angle more widely he must surely have scored. But the Fates decided otherwise and Kildare lived to fight another day.

ITEMS OF THE MATCH.

Six Army men, two ex-Army men, and three Gardai took part in the struggle. They were:—

B.S.M. J. Cummins, Artillery Corps, Kildare; C.Q.M.S. Paul Doyle, 21st Inf. Batta; Sergt. Jos. Higgins, Eastern Command Staff; A/Cpl. Wm. Goff, Corps of Military Police; Philip Sullivan, Clerk, Gen. Headqrs.; Ex-Cpl. Geo. Higgins, Ex-Private Jos. Curtiss, and Garda Larry Stanley.

Capt. Con Brosnan, 10th Inf. Batta.; Garda J. Murphy and Garda Paul Russell.

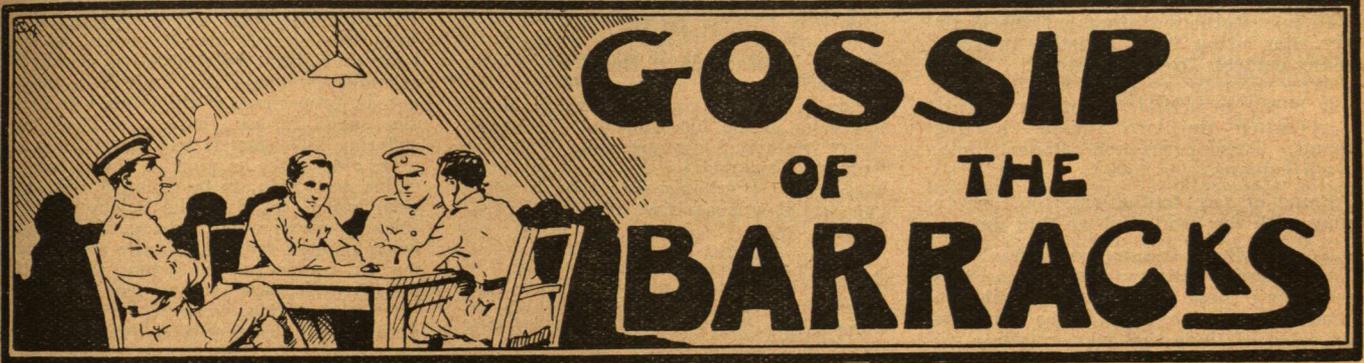
Kerry and Kildare to Battle Again.

(By FOAM.)

On Sunday last, at Croke Park, Kerry and Kildare played a draw when all records for attendance at an Irish sports gathering went by the board. The day was a triumph for the Gael, and the housing of close on 40,000 earnest and enthusiastic spectators a complete verdict in favour of business-like methods and well-nigh perfect organisation. From early on Saturday evening the Capital bore evidence of the morrow, and only an hour before the kick-off did the various railway termini cease to deliver their loads of human freight from all parts of the country. Throughout the morning, it was a common thing to find in groups here and there the "wee men" from the North discussing the prospects of the teams with his more burly brother from far-off Tralee or more central Kilmegau.

Those who held memories of Kildare-Kerry games in the recent past "replayed" the games during the past few weeks, for the edification of the younger Gaels in their homes; and so old and young lived in expectancy for the great clash. And great it was. The huge throng was kept at fever pitch from start to finish—not a dull moment, for every minute of the sixty played was brimful of interest and excitement, yet withal clean. It was one of the greatest exhibitions yet seen, and for either team to lose would indeed be a tragedy, inasmuch as we would have been denied the pleasure of a repeat performance. In the game we had a marked contrast in styles, for the vigour and determination of well directed Kerry onslaughts was only equalled by the alertness and at all times effective place-kicking and catching of the "Short Grass" team. To the teams which have reflected so much credit on themselves and the game is due congratulations for the splendid sporting spirit which marked the game throughout.

It was pleasant to see the Army well represented, for at least thousands of troops, as well as Army chiefs and members of the Army Athletic Association, were in evidence in all parts of the grounds. Some of the Army players took part in the game. Capt. Con Brosnan and Phil. Sullivan appearing for Kerry and S/M Cummins, C.Q.M.S. Paul Doyle, Sergeant Jack Higgins, and Cpl. Goff playing for Kildare, Doyle and Higgins scoring for Kildare. There should be little need to advise Army Gaels to be in time for the re-play.



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

A.C.E., GRIFFITH BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

The Corps was well to the front at the Army Swimming Gala, but as the details have already appeared in "An t-Oglach" there is no need to repeat them here. We were unlucky in being defeated in the Inter-Unit Squadron Race, but the boys have vowed to carry off the prize next year.

The tug-of-war team is still in training, and nothing has as yet transpired as to when and where the contest for which they are preparing is to take place. The Sports Committee are reticent on the matter, but then—

The Corps has recently lost the service of two officers, viz. :—

Capt. Jeremiah Collins (Southern Command).

Lieut. E. F. Moran (Corps Headquarters).

Both officers have been in failing health for some time past and resigned their commissions on that account. We are very sorry to lose their services, and wish them the best of luck and prosperity in civilian life.

Extreme regret was felt at the news that our old friend "Me Larkie" was a patient in Portobello Hospital. With "Ned" and Portobello Scribe we join in the hope that he will soon be restored to health, and that his facile pen will shortly be heard at work once more.

"CAT'S WHISKER."



3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

DAN MCGINTY'S CAR.

Oh! Sergt. Dan McGinty
Had money once in plenty,
And feeling rather reckless,
He bought a motor car.

He brought it home to Boyle
Where he got tyres and oil,
(And sometimes he got petrol, too)
All for his motor car.

Himself and Corpl. Brilly.
They acted rather silly,
They drove away to old Athlone
One Sunday in the car.

'Twas after Second Mass
They went and got a pass,
And swanked it off quite gaily.
In Dan McGinty's car.

But some petrol from a pump
Gave the poor old car the hump,
And it refused to travel back,
Did Dan McGinty's car.

On Monday, tired and weary,
They said they felt quite cheery
As the Major marched them in to tell
The C.O. about the car.

The C.O. sure was frantic
That a car should play such antic
So he gave them both a reprimand
And said nothing to the car.

You'd have thought this a warning,
But the following Sunday morning
Dan got himself up early
And washed the motor car.

He started off to Finner
(He got there before dinner
With two Corporals and a driver,
All in McGinty's car).

History repeats itself, they say,
The car behaved in the same old way,
And late on Monday morning
Came back McGinty's car.

Now Corporals, take warning,
Don't on a Sunday morning
Get into your "civies"
And Dan McGinty's car.

For if you do you'll rue it,
For Dan can't drive like Hewitt,
And the car is not a Crossley,
It's Dan McGinty's car.

BROADCASTER No. 2.



BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

His friends in Beresford wish Pte. Francis Conlon, Orderly Room, every good luck in his new post—24th Battalion—to which he was transferred on Saturday, 4th inst.

The Billiards Challenge issued by Beresford through "An t-Oglach" in April last has been accepted by the A.S.I. It is now only a matter of completing the necessary arrangements, which by the way are in the hands of

B.Q.M.S. Birch, representing Beresford, and Sgt. McAlinden, the School, and what should prove an interesting contest will commence. Speaking for ourselves, of course we are only waiting for the chance to publish the result (if our correspondent will remember to take the cue—Ned).

There are a few of its members no doubt whose attendances at the evening practices could be more regular, but apart from that the Camp Choral and Dramatic Union referred to here last week is making steady and, everything considered, rapid progress towards its objective—Perfection. Outside these slight exceptions there seems to be no lack of enthusiasm on the part of the personnel of the Union, of which next week, perhaps, we shall be able to give particulars. At the moment everything points to it that those awaiting the class's debut this year will be amply rewarded for their patience.

A "Grow-rich-Quick" system through joining "£20 for 2d." sweeps, raffles, etc., at present exists, it is said, in places. If this be so it is to be hoped that in the event of such tempting offers being held out to any of our soldier boys they will be "Quick" enough.

K. P. K.



12th BATTALION, TEMPLE- MORE.

Since the publication of my last Notes little of military interest has occurred in Barracks.

As I expected, I had as little difficulty in disposing of copies of the Army List and Directory during the week as I had some months ago in selling some drill-books.

The Companies of the Battalion who are finding duties elsewhere will be glad to know that, in their absence, we are leaving no stone unturned (I don't mean in the field) to keep athletics going ahead. In fact the Sports field each evening presents nearly as animated an appearance as it did when the "league" contests used to be played—before we left for Kilworth.

Templemore G.A.A. Athletic Club, like many others throughout the country, has often been assisted in their many contests by the military.

We expect to see some half-dozen of our lads "in action" again next Sunday, when the two famous hurling teams, Toomevara and Boherlahane, clash camans.

Some of our footballers, too, are to play with the local Club on that date.

To all whom it may concern of the Templemore Military Dramatic Class who read these Notes I would like to send a reminder that a big effort is expected of them this winter (when we hope to be all together again) to make the Class a success this season.

Of course we will miss the services of our coach, Captain O'Donnoghue, but our Commanding Officer won't be long in appointing a substitute if he sees that we are anxious to carry on.

On Sunday, the 5th inst., at Templemore Town Park, Pte. Bill Scanlan and Pte. Mick McCarthy, of the 12th Battalion, assisted the local club in a Gaelic football contest, when the latter met Mullinahone (representatives of South Tipperary) in the County Final (Senior).

The match was well contested throughout and the play evenly divided. During the first half of the match neither side had registered a score.

In the second half, after a hard tussle near Mullinahone posts, Pte. Scanlan sent in a lovely pass from a difficult angle which resulted in a goal for Templemore per Jim Ryan of Loughmore.

The final whistle saw the teams level on the scores—1 goal and 1 point each.

Pte. McCarthy, playing full back, offered a stout resistance against the dash of the Mullinahone forward line.

"ROS CAIRBRE."

PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

C. S. M. Kennedy ("Our John") is to be heartily congratulated on his achievements in getting second places to Major O'Connor in the 100, 220, and 440 Yards, Army Swimming championships held last week at Blackrock. No mean performance, eh! (Certainly not; though someone said it was a stroke of good luck.—Ned).

On the same occasion the 22nd Battn., in an exciting finish, won deservedly the Inter-Unit Squadron Race, in which no fewer than twelve teams competed. In this race Pte. Campion showed to great advantage and should, with luck, figure prominently in the lists next year.

In the All-Army Handball Championships, which took place at the Curragh, the representatives from No. 4 Group, G.H.Q. Command, Ptes. Scanlon and Keavney (Army School of Music) went out in the first round of the soft ball doubles to the men from the Southern Command. In the hard ball doubles, however, they knocked out the Southern representatives in the first round, but were beaten in the semi-final by the Curragh Command players. In the singles soft ball competitions Pte. Scanlon beat the Southern and Curragh representatives in the second and semi-final rounds, respectively, but was beaten in the final by Pte. Brennan, of the Western Command.

We beg to record our heartiest congratulations to Cpl. Myles McDonagh (Little Mac), 25th Battn., and Pte. Mossy Doyle, 18th Battn., whom all 'Bello-ites know so well, on their victories at Copenhagen, Denmark, over the Fly-weight and Feather-weight Amateur Champions, respectively, of that country. Notable achievements, surely, "Mac" has tucked away a good few scalps now, but Mossy has enough gathered to stuff a sofa, and a double-sized one at that. (Good lads; we are proud of you.—Ned).

The Camp in Phoenix Park, near the Hibernian Schools, where the Battalions from this barrack are at present located, looks all right. Nice situation, you know, splendid turf, and dry underfoot, but to get the proper idea of the Camp as a Camp you ought to ask Barney. That long-suffering individual is looking at least five years older since he went up there, in spite of his promotion, to be Chief of the particular squad to which he belongs. The splendid situation and dryness of the Camp being pointed out to him the other evening as compensating factors to all the grievances he was pouring from a sorrow-laden soul, "Dry, you say. Dry! Why, man, it's the driest auction I ever saw."

On Wednesday, 1st inst., an Inter-Coy. Hurling match between H.Q. and "A" Coys. of the 27th Battn., had been arranged, but owing to the pressure of duty it was found impossible to bring it off, two "scrap" teams, "Impossibles" and "Improbables," tried their hand (and the referee's patience). In some cases it was their first appearance on a hurling pitch and, judging by the moans and groans heard at Reveille next morning, it will be their last appearance, also. The game was well contested, however, and played with a good sporting spirit. "Jerry" Long, 25th Battn., made a very patient and capable referee. Result:—"Impossibles" won by 4 points.

In the Football arena, H.Q. Coy., 27th Battn., once more demonstrated their superiority over the "remainder," by gaining a decisive victory, the score being 2 goals 2 points to 1 goal 1 point. Danny figured prominently for the losers, and even after being beaten (this is the second time) is not yet satisfied and fondly hugs the delusion that his team will come out on top. Well, Danny, that's the spirit, old son—"Never say die till you're dead"—and then you can't say it either.

The H.Q. Basket Ball League is going great guns, thanks to the energy of the "Sergt.-Major" and "Mess Tin Maker," who are always willing to cancel their outside appointments in order to lend a hand. The local war cry is "Give us a flat one."

A very pleasing function took place during the week when Pte. Jas. Mulherne, "B" Coy., 27th Battn., was presented with a silver wristlet watch by Mr. J. R. Byrne, Dolphin's Barn, in recognition of his pluck and presence of mind in going to the assistance of his son, who was set on fire by an accident to his motor cycle on Clondalkin Road, on 24th July last. The young man was being burned to death and the whole roadway was a sheet of flame, and many civilians attracted to the spot were timorous of approaching the fierce conflagration. Pte. Mulherne, coming on the scene, immediately dragged the young man clear, wrapping his greatcoat round the unfortunate sufferer and extinguished the flames. Through his action the young man's life was prolonged for several hours, thus enabling his relatives to be with him at the end and ensuring that he received the last rites of the Church. The fact of the presentation and the reason therefor was published in Battalion Orders.

"KAY."



1st Soldier—"I say, isn't he awful like a human being?"

2nd Soldier—"Oh, hump! he's no more like a human being than I am."

Character is not ready-made, but is created bit by bit, and day by day.

25th BATT., PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

We are glad to welcome back our Commanding Officer amongst us again after his well-earned holiday.

It is almost too late to be congratulating Lieut. Gerald N. Coughlan on his successes in the All-Army Athletic contests in his native city, but better late than never. It is hardly necessary to give a detailed account of his successes here as it has been given in the Press and in "An t-Oglach."

Well, Corpl. McDonagh has again shown that he can still give a good account of himself, and we, one and all, join in congratulations on his victory over Ekborg, of Denmark, at Copenhagen.

We have also to extend our hands and the polite words to the exponents of the lively ball, namely, Ptes. Brennan and Murphy, who have also given a very good account of themselves. We have only to refer to the "Independent," of the 2nd inst., to see that they proved their worth. Brennan won the singles (soft) in easy fashion from Pte. Scanlan by 21-6, 21-3; while in the doubles (soft) the pair of them defeated Ptes. Higgins and Brown (Southern Command) by 21-16, 21-5. In the hard ball, our pair did not do so well, but we cannot expect to play hard ball when we have not a suitable alley. Brennan gave the winner a good run in the semi-finals by putting him to 21-20, 21-7, all without practice.

Even though we find ourselves very busy at the moment we are all glad to hear that a friendly hurling match has been arranged between the 27th Battalion and ourselves for Wednesday, the 8th inst. It will give us great pleasure to renew the friendly rivalry of the Curragh days in the 9th Brigade long ago.

J. P. K.

ARTILLERY CORPS, KILDARE.

Since our last note we have lost two very popular officers. Capt. Wm. Tierney has resigned his commission and returned to his native place, and Lieut. C. Trodden has proceeded to America for a course of training at the Artillery School at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. To both of these officers we send our best wishes for their success in their different spheres.

No. 1 Battery strike the trail again on 3rd September. They are proceeding to Dublin to be attached to Eastern Command for manoeuvres, etc. No. 2 Battery will be attached to Curragh.

Arrangements are being pushed forward to hold the annual Corps Sports on the 8th and 9th October. The sports last year were a huge success, and they are sure to be even better this year. The mounted events alone will prove very enjoyable. In later issues we hope to give further particulars.

"TRAIL EYE."

8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

We have now established two detachments at Kildare and Newbridge. "C" Coy. are the lucky fellows again. But I hear they are sweating on being relieved

from their convalescent homes for the forthcoming manoeuvres. And you may bet they will sweat more by the time they have ascended the Wicklow Hills. (Good "old sweats."—Ned).

We welcome into our midst Comdt. Sean Cullen, who has taken up the duties of 2nd in Command of the Battalion, and Capt. J. Devine, who has taken over Adjutancy from Capt. J. McCarthy. The latter officer is posted to 9th Bde. Headquarters. We are all sorry to have lost the services of Capt. McCarthy. During his short term as adjutant he made himself beloved by all ranks in the Battalion. It is needless to point out that his connection with our Battalion dates back from the time we were in Athlone. We wish him the best of good luck with his exchange of duties.

"Cupid" is playing havoc amongst our ranks. The latest to join the matrimonial club is Pte. (Kate) O'Leary, "D" Coy. We wish Pte. (Kate) and Mrs. (Kate) O'Leary long years of happiness and prosperity.

A new form of recreation has been set up in the Battalion. It is known as "Bird Catching." The originators of the game are a well-known N.C.O. and a barber of H.Q. Coy. We believe that this malady has spread throughout the whole of the Coy., and it is feared that more Coys. may follow suit. We would like to know was this one of the reasons we were deprived of our recreational half-day on Wednesdays? It is hoped that these amorettes of the feathered race will dispense with their aviary during the manoeuvres for those Knights of the Birdlime might try to catch one of our aeronauts with this glutinous substance.

The Inter-Coy. Bde. Football Competition, which was held here and aroused so much enthusiasm amongst all Units, seems to have come to an abrupt conclusion. We hope that this grand Gaelic game will be re-started forthwith, and that the same old sporting rivalry will exist between Units as in the past.

We congratulate the 20th Battalion on winning the "Premier" Cup. During their short stay among us last June they proved themselves excellent soldiers and good sportsmen.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."

FINNER CAMP.

Our Tug-of-War team, which "clicked" a beautiful silver cup in winning the Brigade championship on 22nd August, travelled the 80 odd miles to Buncrana on the 29th ult., to compete in the open event. Finner team looked mere boys compared with their hefty opponents—a team of Civic Guards, who were the only other contestants, in the event. The Guards won the toss for choice of ground, and appeared to be utterly "flabbergasted" when our lads ran them over the line in quick time.

They seemed then to realise that they were up against something and pulling like demons they got the soldiers over in the second pull.

Teeth were clenched in grim determination as both teams got down for the third and deciding pull.

They strained and heaved for at least two minutes without advantage to either side. Then Finner gained a little, lost it, regained it, and with a final mighty effort, amidst fierce excitement, they literally ran close on a ton of Civic Guard brawn and muscle over the line for a well-deserved victory, and a fine set of medals.

The Guards cannot understand it yet, but they were very good-humoured about it, and we unhesitatingly take off our hats to them.

Our supply of copies of the "Army Directory" sold like "hot buns."

"FINN."



23rd INFANTRY BATTALION, PHOENIX PARK.

Fresh fields and pastures new, to wit, the Phoenix Park, where we are in occupation of our summer residence and preparing with might and main to render a good account of ourselves at the Review.

Pastures new, did I say? The grass here is of a luxuriance that astonishes the men from the "Short Grass," and bids fair to eclipse some of us who are designed by nature for the centre of the Company.

"Wooder," on 7 a.m. parade: Dress up, that man in the centre; if you can't step over that tuft of grass, step round it.

Incidentally, and in the intervals of our rehearsals, we are putting in some useful work in the Company Football League, being blessed with a choice of ground at a very convenient distance from the Camp. "D" Company have, so far, an unbeaten record, and, with the luck for which they are famous, should win out.

On Friday, 27th ultimo, "C" Company easily disposed of "A" Company, who, strange to say, appeared to have lost all the dash they displayed against "B" Company, to whom they had previously administered a decisive beating, the scores reading:—"A" Company—5 goals and 3 points; "B" Company—3 goals and 3 points. The match between "A" and "C" was a very one-sided affair, and the scores give a good idea of the general run of the game. The final scores were:

"C" Company ... 6 goals and 2 pts.

"A" Company ... 1 goal and 2 pts.

On Wednesday, the 31st ultimo, "D" Company snatched a narrow victory over "H.Q." Company, who were decidedly unlucky in failing to annex the points. "H.Q." Company maintained a lead of 2 points, to within ten minutes of full time, when "D" Company scored a goal which they followed immediately with a minor. All efforts on the part of the "Dug Inns" to equalise were fruitless, an open goal was missed which decided the fate of "H.Q." and the final score read:

"D" Company ... 1 goal and 1 pt.

"H.Q." Company ... 2 pts.

It is authentically stated that the "Grazy Man" has received a most portentous missive. It was the subject of quite a committee meeting in the Sergeants' Mess kitchen (or the place that does duty as such). Some say it was a mouse, others say it was a fig—. It was proved, however, that it was a portion of wedding cake. In any case, good luck to the sender.

"COLLAR-BADGE."

4th BATTALION.

On Sunday, 29/8/'26, the Battalion Hurling and Football teams travelled to Sligo to meet the 2nd Battalion, Finner, and 3rd Battalion, Boyle, in the final of the Command Championship. On arrival in Sligo both teams were heartily welcomed by the Officers, N.C.O.s, and men of that garrison. A large number of civilian spectators had arrived on the Show Grounds long before the time the games were due to start. Military from Ballina, Castlebar, and Westport in charabanc and other conveyances came pouring on the grounds. Oh! but, oh! how many were disappointed when it became known that the 2nd Battn., Finner, had failed to travel to play the hurling. However, no one was more disappointed than the 4th, as they wanted to prove their superiority in this code, and had trained hard to do so since their victory over the 25th Battn. The Football match was a keenly contested game. Sharp on time both teams lined up, and at a glance it was seen that a great game was in store for those who were lucky to gain admittance. From the throw-in the 4th pressed, and, after some neat play, Harney beat the 3rd goalie for first blood. From the kick out the 4th again got possession, but were unlucky to put wide. Play now centred round the 3rd goal and some lively exchanges took place. However the 4th were not to be beaten. O'Hagan, gaining possession, shot over a great point, amid unheard of cheers. This did not deter their opponents, who smelt disaster and determined to avoid it at all cost, gaining possession, and, after neat work, succeeded in bringing the ball to the danger zone, only to be beaten time and again by the clever work of the 4th backs (Capt. Dillon and Pte. McNicholas), who were working as they never did at this time. Play by both sides was swift and neat. The 3rd again got possession and rallied themselves well, and from a free were successful in forcing a goal after the 4th goalie had twice saved, this score putting both teams on their mettle. Play ran high with a few minutes to go for the interval, the 3rd were again successful in scoring a minor from a free 20 yards out. Scores at half-time:—

4th Battn. 1 goal 1 point.
3rd Battn. 1 goal 1 point.

On the resumption both teams let themselves out, to what was going to be a hard game. The 4th had slightly the better of the exchanges and succeeded in putting over a minor, per O'Hagan. From the kick out the 3rd got possession, and after a good run were again stopped by the 4th's backs, who were playing like Trojans. Try as they could the forwards of the 3rd could not penetrate their defence. From a free far out the 3rd again got possession and, after a ding-dong three minutes' play, succeeded in hitting the upright. The ball rebounded into play to be sent back again for the 4th's goalie to try his skill, and he succeeded in beating off a determined attack. After he had cleared the ball travelled fast and sure to the 3rd's territory, and, through good combination of their forwards, brought the ball almost to their opponents' goal, only to fail at the critical time. The 3rd, now realising that it was do or die with them, fought every inch of ground and succeeded in putting over the bar to bring things even. Excitement was now very high on both sides; the 3rd again made a determined attack, only

to be again beaten. However, through a free they were again successful in raising the white flag. Now the excitement started. Up-and-down play was the feature of the game, when a minute to go the 3rd from a free sent over a minor, thus winning the Command Championship by a small margin of two points, full-time score being:

3rd Battn. 1 goal 5 points.
4th Battn. 1 goal 3 points.

The 4th Battalion, though beaten, put up a great fight against a better trained team, and we congratulate the 3rd on their well deserved victory. We only hope that we will have the pleasure of seeing them at this Headquarters in the near future, when we will be happy to prove as good a sports as they proved; and, in conclusion, I am directed by the Officers, N.C.O.s, and men who were lucky to travel to Sligo, to thank all ranks for the warmhearted welcome and kindness shown to them.

By the time these notes appear in print the Battalion Sports will be old and many championships will have changed hands. Great rivalry exists presently amongst the Companies, as there are several valuable cups to be won and lost.

On Wednesday, 1/9/'26 a friendly football match was played between H.Q. Coy. and "C" Coy. After a great game "C" Coy. won by the small margin as:

"C" Coy. 2 goals 1 point.
H.Q. Coy. 2 goals.

Let us hope that this is the first of many of these matches. I noticed that some of the old players excelled themselves in the game, especially the backs of both teams. It was great to see Miceal on the field again after 12 months' absence.

For Westport Carnival Sports, to be held on Sunday, 12/9/'26, the Battalion have entered many competitors, including the Marathon runners, also the Tug-o-War team.

Pte. Lynch had an easy victory in the Pole Vault in the All-Army Sports, easily clearing 9ft. We congratulate him. At the recent Garda Sports, held in Castlebar, he was also successful in winning the Pole Vault from a number of competitors from various parts of the country. On this occasion he cleared over 10ft. and his style of vaulting was greatly admired.

"MAYO OBSERVER."

SOLDIERS' CLUB,
5a College St., Dublin.

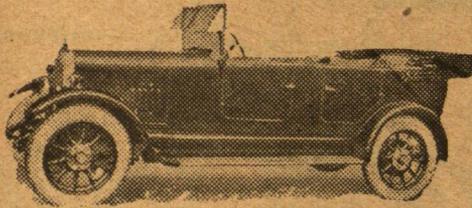
We are glad to note that the Soldiers' Club at 5a College Street (near College Green), Dublin, is increasing in popularity with the N.C.O.'s and men of the Army. The Committee of Cumann Sugraídh an Airm have left nothing undone to make the premises attractive and homelike, and in a word, to make the Club a genuine rendezvous for our N.C.O.'s and men. Reading rooms, writing rooms, billiard and games rooms, are provided, and a magnificent loud speaker 4-valve wireless set nightly helps to entertain. During last winter the piano and musical facilities offered were much availed of by many members, and occasional impromptu concerts were rendered. Whist drives were also organised, and it is hoped this season to inaugurate billiard tournaments, with handsome and valuable prizes for the winners. Last Sunday, on the occasion of the All-Ireland Football Final between Kerry and Kildare, the restaurant and club facilities were availed of to the full—and several hundred N.C.O.'s and men enjoyed the privileges of the club. The Lending Library, with over 600 volumes on travel, fiction, history, Irish literature and antiquities has also, we are glad to say, been used extensively. Books are given to members of the Army free of charge for two weeks, and it is encouraging to the Committee to note that so many avail of this. The books are constantly being added to, so that the tastes of all are catered for. The sleeping accommodation for soldiers visiting Dublin at the moment is limited, as extensive improvements are being carried out in this respect, but things will be normal in this respect in about three weeks. A postcard to the Manageress will be appreciated, so that members of the Army coming to Dublin for week-ends and annual leave may not be disappointed.

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

Private Cronin (to Dining Hall Orderly): "Mac, this jam is all stalks."

Orderly (showing jam label): "Don't you see 'branches everywhere.'"

Prize of Solingen razor to No. 18027, Cpl. Joseph O'Connor, C Coy., 18th Battalion, New Barracks, Fermoy, Co. Cork.

* * *

"We had a sensational case of kidnapping in our house lately."

"Really! How did it happen?"

"The baby slept the whole night."

* * *

Hostess: "Good-bye, dear; and come over again some time."

Little Girl: "Thank you, but mother said I could stay to tea now if I was asked."

* * *

Motorist (in a country hotel): "I'm almost certain that I must have run across your face somewhere or other before."

Waiter: "No, sir; my face has always been like this."

* * *

A Scotchman went to a dentist to have his teeth examined. The dentist said that six must come out and told his patient the charge for extraction would be £1.

"Doctor," said the Scotchman, "what will the cost be if I just have them loosened?"

Small Daughter: "Mother, what is an optimist?"

Her Mother: "An optimist, my daughter, is a woman who thinks her friends think she looks as young as they say she looks."

* * *

O.C.: "I have some very valuable papers here. Can you tell me where they would be safe from thieves?"

Clerk: "Course, sir; you should put them in a filing cabinet. No one is ever able to find anything there."

* * *

Claude: "Why is she so nice to that hotel clerk?"

Hobson: "Because opposite her name on the register he wrote 'Suite 16.'"

* * *

The farmer came out of the cattle market with a herd of cows, and noticed a man under a motor car which he was repairing.

The farmer went on a little way, then suddenly turned back again and shouted to the man under the car: "I say, young fellow, you can come out now, they won't hurt you!"

* * *

Man at Dinner: "Waiter, what's wrong with this chicken?"

Waiter: "It's been in a fight, sir."

"Well, take it back and bring me the winner."

"So your doctor has ordered you to give up smoking, drinking, and late hours? You'll have to change your ways, won't you?"

"No, I shall change doctors."

* * *

Parent: "Now on the question of money—can you keep going?"

Suitor: "Well, sir, you—er—I'm afraid"

Parent: "Precisely. Well, if you can't keep going; don't keep coming."

* * *

"Yes," the teacher explained, "quite a number of plants and flowers have the prefix 'dog.' For instance, the dog-rose and dog-violet are well known. Can any of you name another?"

There was silence, then a happy look appeared on the face of a boy at the foot of the class.

"Please, miss, collie-flowers!" he said.

* * *

A zealous, but untrained, reformer, had secured permission to speak at the county jail. "Brothers," he pleaded, "lose no time in turning to the pathway of righteousness. Remember, we are here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Don't kid yourself," came a gloomy voice. "I've got eighteen years here yet."

* * *

Two boys halted before a brass plate fixed on the front of a house. On it was inscribed in bold letters the word 'Chirrupodist.'

"Chirrupodist!" remarked one of them. "What's that?"

"Why," replied the other "a chirrupodist is a chap who teaches canaries to whistle."

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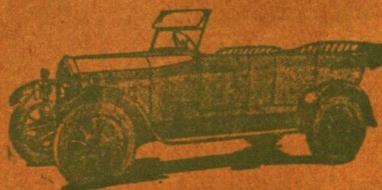
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