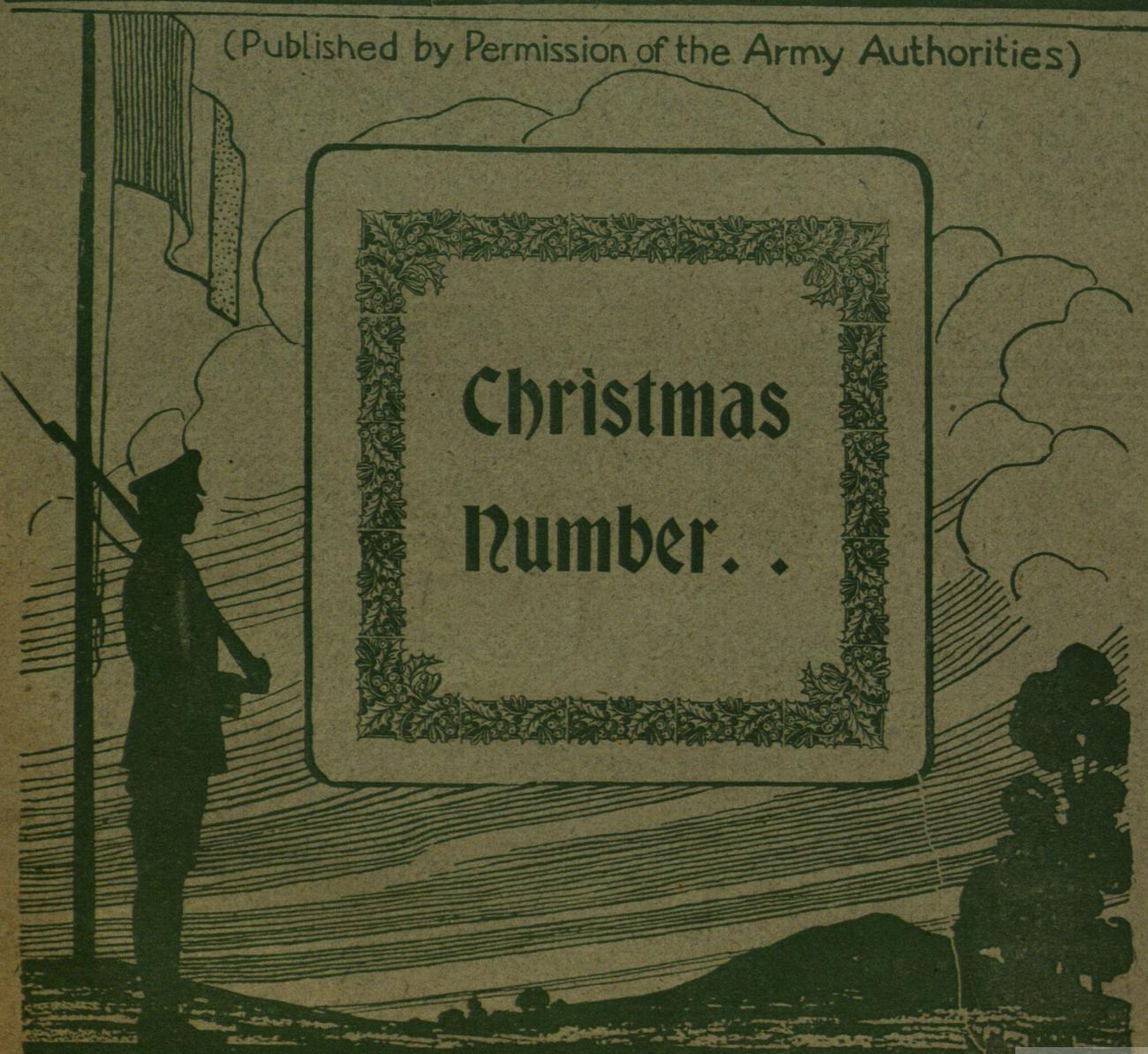




AN T-ÓGLÁC

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Christmas
Number..



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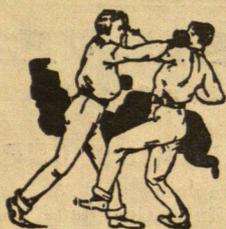
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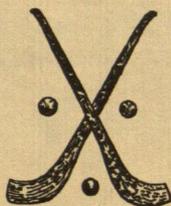


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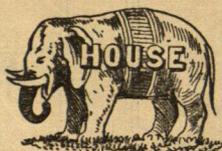
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No
**REWARD
OFFERED.**

We held this picture over from the last issue in order to try and find the soldier who owns this uniform. A number of men will want to know how a uniform can be trained to deputise in this manner. Also if it is permitted by the Regulations. Will the gentleman who managed it kindly communicate with us so that we may publish the glad tidings.

THE MAN WHOSE UNIFORM
WENT ON PARADE
WITHOUT HIM

No. 1 Army Band, Irish Free State

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An t-Ógláic

DECEMBER 20, 1924.

NOOLAIŞ SONA OIB, A OGLAIŞ.

Leading articles, even when thinned down to "Notes and Comments," have always seemed to us to be out of place in a Christmas Number. It is a season when the serious business of life is shelved as far as possible, and nobody wishes to be lectured even mildly. In another page we publish a message to the troops from the new Minister for Defence, Mr. Peter Hughes. It conveys in a few brief, well-chosen words all that any well-wisher of the Army could wish to say to the soldiers at this period. We do not see our way to improve upon this message, so we will content ourselves with a cordial endorsement of the sentiments therein expressed.

BILLIARDS.

A very enjoyable evening was spent on Tuesday, 10th inst. in the Recreation Hall of the Transport Sergeants' Mess, Collins Barracks, when a team of billiard players from Griffith Barracks tried their skill against a team selected from the Transport and Pay Office, Collins Barracks.

The game was 150 up, and as can be seen by the scores hereunder, Collins Barracks had very little difficulty in disposing of the Griffith Barrack team (who were assisted by Captain Coleman) winning five of the six games—"5 home and 1 away."

TRANSPORT, COLLINS BKS.	GRIFFITH BARRACKS.
O'Neill.....150	Gilham.....113
Blake.....150	Coleman (Capt).....122
O'Shaughnessy.....150	Rowe.....89
Jennings.....150	Quinn.....97
Wilton.....150	Kelly.....145
Nolan.....94	Higgins.....150

TOTAL ... 844

TOTAL ... 716

The tit-bit of the evening was the game between Wilton and Kelly, being of the "Tip and Run" order, each passing and re-passing the other till Wilton got in a final sprint, winning by five.

After the tournament the visitors were entertained to supper. They promised to administer the same medicine in the return games on the following Friday at Griffith Barracks.

The Collins Barracks Transport team are open to receive challenges from any other team of six from any Unit in the Dublin Area.

WHIST DRIVE AT MCKEE BARRACKS.

The Artillery and Remount troops stationed in McKee Barracks have arranged among themselves to pass away the long dark wet and dreary winter evenings in a manner both enjoyable and interesting. For some weeks past a series of whist drives have been in operation, and are looked forward to with the keenest interest. At the moment of writing, big things are expected around the coming festive season, for it is hoped that more spacious Recreation Rooms will be available in the near future. Father Casey, Command Chaplain, has shown himself deeply interested in the recreational welfare of the troops in McKee Barracks, and has presented a solid silver cigarette case as a prize for a Christmas tournament. Major Mulcahy and the Officers are deeply interested in the welfare of the men, and give excellent facilities and encouragement to recreational activities for all troops attached to the Barracks.



THE EARLY SOLDIER.

It may be of interest to military readers to recall that the profession of Arms dates from about sixteen centuries before the Christian era. To one general named Sesostris, an Egyptian, occurred the idea of dividing his country into a certain number of military sections, and raising a militia or warrior caste. When he had perfected his plan, and his warriors were sufficiently trained in the use of Arms he overran Asia as far as India.

The Persians were the next people to interest themselves in military matters, and from here came the plan of attack in mass formation with cavalry in intervals of squares. The Persians also established the system of a regular standing army, and garrisoned the places which they had conquered. In days of warfare this standing army was augmented, and the conquered territories were obliged to furnish their quota of auxiliaries.

The Greeks had no regular standing Army, but raised a militia when occasion arose. It is interesting to note that it was this militia that won the battles at Marathon, Platae and Mycale. The celebrated "Phalanx" was invented by the Lacedaemonians. This was mass formation of infantry with light troops to cover the front and flanks. The famous Miltiades, leader of the Athenian army at Marathon, invented the "Double-step," which increased the momentum of the charging troops. Column formation was adopted by the Theban Army, and by this they were able on occasion to pierce the phalanx and throw the opposing force into disorder.

To Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, belongs the credit of setting up the world's second standing army. He armed his troops with that formidable weapon known as the "Macedonian Pike." This instrument was 24 feet in length,

THE WHY OF IRISH.

Ireland's fight for freedom was a struggle for the right to give expression to Irish individuality.

The preservation of that individuality is the paramount necessity of this nation.

Ireland lies between two populations of 45 and 150 millions, respectively, each speaking the same language.

If the Irish language goes, no power on earth can stop one of these two civilisations assimilating ours.

and with a phalanx sixteen ranks in depth six rows of men could present the points of these long pikes protruding in front of the foremost ranks, thus forming a formidable steel pointed barrier to the oncoming foe.

About the year 200 B.C. every Roman citizen from the age of 17 to 46 was liable to be called up for military service. A very severe course of drill and discipline was imposed on the levies called each year, and in its day the Roman Legion easily excelled every other fighting force in discipline and *esprit*. When the craving for political power seized some of the generals, the army was filled with slaves and on occasion the gaols were opened and criminals of all classes were recruited. Naturally the discipline and *elan* of the army suffered from these circumstances and ere long the general laxity became a serious menace to the stability of the State.

During the Middle Ages there was very little attempt to keep alive military law or discipline. The troops who followed the Kings and princes on the Crusades were little better than armed mobs, and it was not until the invention of gun powder in 1476-7, that anything like regular military forces appeared in Europe.

Of the Turkish Army, and the development of the continental fighting forces during the 16th and 17th centuries it is hoped to deal in a subsequent contribution.



(Specially Written for "An t-Oglach.")

The great disadvantage of climbin' up on a height, said Mr. Pat Murphy, is that you're generally too giddy to get any good of the view. It's the same in life, too; an' a very good example is the case of my nephew, Joe Connor.

His father, Tom Connor, was a horse-trainer, an' when the Big War broke out Tom got a soft job buyin' horses for the British Government. Joe was an only child, an' on account of that got a deal better eddication than he was maybe entitled to, an' with the father comin' in touch with a lot of Big-bugs in the Army, an' winkin' at many a slippery job in the horse-buyin', here doesn't he get a commission for Joe, instead of puttin' him into the ranks, where, I may tell ye, the young fellow would have been a deal more at home.

As luck would have it, Joe was sent for trainin' to the big camp about ten miles from Ballygullion. Of course when the wife an' I heard he was an officer we made up our minds we wouldnt' see very much of him, an' when him an' half a dozen other young swanks trotted past me on the road, I took off my hat to him as if he was my lord.

But Joe was a dacent wee fellow all through, an' when he'd been in the camp a month or so he rid over to see us in his officer clothes, an' sat down at the kitchen fire for a crack just like anybody else. All I could do, though, I couldn't get him to talk about the army, an' I begun to see there was somethin' preyin' on his mind.

"How do you like the officerin', Joe?" sez I plump out at last.

"Better nor I expected," sez he, "but I'm in a hole now."
"How?" sez I.

"Well," sez he, "all the gentry about is very kind an' friendly, an' some of the officers is asked somewhere most week-ends, an' here amn't I asked for the next one to Miss Armytage's at the Hall. Oh, Lord," sez he with a groan, "it's terrible. I've been doin' well enough at the Mess up till now. There's nobody very tony in our crowd, an' a wheen of big farmer's sons I can do right well with, but up at the Hall there'll be all sorts of fancy eatin' an' drinkin', an' I'll disgrace myself. Why it's only this last week that I've got anyway handy at eatin' peas with a fork, an' when they're not well boiled they best me even yet. But there's no use showin' the white feather. I'm goin' there on Friday. I'll call down about Sunday night an' let ye know how I'm gettin' on. Tell me, is there any men-servants about the place?"

"Nothin' but the English butler that's been there this twenty years," sez I, "an' he's a pompous ould cod, an'll take no notice of ye."

"Thank goodness," sez Joe. "I can work with the weemin' all right, but preserve me from these men-servants. My own fellow was a boilermaker before he 'listed, an' he's as ignorant as tea in a tin, so I can get on with him well enough, but the Major has a man was a vally, an' if I'd got him, by the Holy Poker I'd ha' deserted."

On the Sunday night back comes Joe as he had promised, an' he looked ten years older.

"Oh, Blessed Timothy," sez he, "I've had a hell of a time. It's the butler," sez he. "He's a divil. He's a bigger swell than our Colonel. You'd think to see him comin' down the hall he was Deputy Lieutenant of the County. I was just goin' to shake hands with him when I heard Miss Armytage tellin' him to see about my luggage. An' if ye'd seen the look he took at my wee hand bag. I suppose he'd expected I'd 'a had two tin trunks with me at the very least.

"I thought my luggage would ha' disgusted him, an' he'd hand me over to one of the maids, an' I wish he had; for there was one fine wee slip of a chambermaid there, an' her young, too. But no; I can't get rid of him. He's adopted me, by Heavens. He stands right at my elbow all dinner time, till I'm that flummoxed that I can't tell a fork from a spoon. I had to refuse every tasty-lookin' dish was put on the table for fear he'd spot me eatin' it wrong, an' I've swallowed enough gristle of meat an' plum stones to give a he-goat appendicitis.

"The worst thing of all was the first night, when I went up to wash myself before dinner. Here hadn't the old rip got my bag, an' was layin' out my bits of things all over the place. An' me hadn't a pair of socks without a hole in one toe, or maybe in both! If he'd even cracked a bit of a joke about it I wouldn't ha' minded; but the divil as much as a smile. 'Thon man never smiled. I'm more afraid of him than I am of my father. Blast these English. If the war was once over I'd turn Sinn Feiner, if it was only on account of that man alone. Tell me Uncle Pat," sez he, "dare I give him money when I leave?"

"Ye can't very well give him fresh eggs," sez I.

"But will he take money?" sez Joe. "I had a crack with the wee chambermaid, an' got out of her that he's well off."

"Never fear him but he'll take money," sez I. "If ye didn't give him somethin' when ye leave he'd blow up. Try him with half-a-crown."

"I'd better give him two," sez Joe. "I wonder would that be right? They'd tell me if I was back at the Mess; but that's too late."

"Have it in your pocket ready," sez I, "an' slip it to him as you leave; and then you won't care whether he's pleased or not."

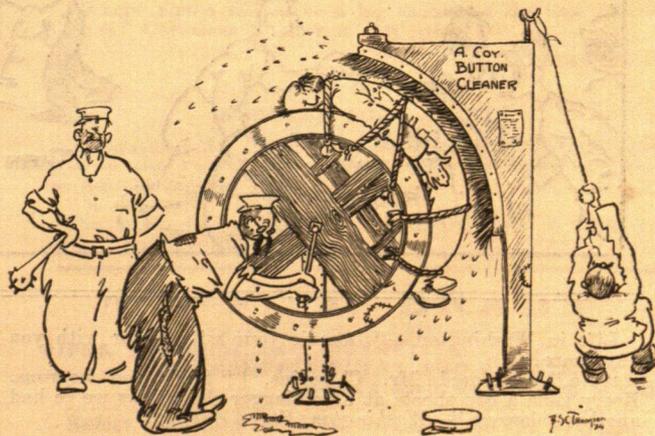
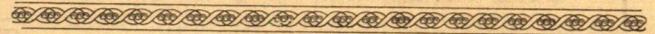
"It's not a bad notion," sez Joe. "All the same, if I do the wrong thing it'll come between me an' my sleep if ever I find out."

The next mornin' I was walkin' down the loanin' in front of the house, with the wee grandchild, when I hears the toot of a horn, an' up to meet me comes Joe.

"Well," sez I, "was he satisfied?"

"I don't know," sez he. "I had the two half-crowns ready, an' slipped them into his hand as I got into the car; an' blast him, he never looked at them. But I think it'll be all right. Thank God I'm out of the house anyway. Here, Tommy," sez he to the wee boy; "here's two new pennies your Uncle Joe kept for you."

"An' with that he puts his hand in his pocket—an' fetches out two half-crowns."



IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Button-polishing made easy.—(Patent applied for.)

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Life in Washington.—“Doesn't your wife motor with you any more?”
 “No,” answered Mr. Chuggins. “She's too nervous. Every time a cop shoots at a bootlegger she thinks we've had another blowout.”—*Washington Star.*

To Scrape or Hook.—Anyway, shaving the back of her neck isn't as hard as hooking her up the back used to be.—*Cincinnati Observer.*

Identified.—“Do you think that Professor Kidder meant anything by it?”
 “What?”
 “He advertised a lecture on ‘Fools.’ I bought a ticket and it said ‘Admit One.’”

Bernard Shaw said there would be terrible consequences if the Tories won in Great Britain. And now the Tories have won and he is writing a new play.

FROM COLLINS BARRACKS DUBLIN.

Battalion Commandant of 21st Battalion was pleased to hear news at Curragh of the football victory. This is the second year in succession for his team to be successful. Can it be done a third time?

* * * *

Our medical friend in his spare time can be seen training his black cats.

* * * *

Joe L. and Paddy S. had some conversation lately concerning their travels, and can tell some stories; both have been as far as Buenos Ayres. Some "Guys."

* * * *

A well-known Officer attached to Engineers has now followed the direction of Capt. Thos. F.

* * * *

A well-known figure about the Orderly Room, now domiciled in Married Quarters, had some experience recently in the purchase of a brush, and says it will be his last time shopping.

* * * *

News has now leaked out that a well-known chef is an ex-champion boxer, so "Scroungers" are advised to be careful.

* * * *

Some "gas" recently between two gentlemen over offal and coal. All is well that ends well.

* * * *

That Dundalk team went "down the Glen" recently, but reports say this is only a temporary lapse.

* * * *

P. A. Larkin is preparing hard for the big day.

* * * *

Are all the Ninepenny Men now pleased? Even "Mac" had a smile on a recent pay evening.

* * * *

A United Hurling team is mentioned in connection with Collins Barracks. If the report is true, opposition may look out.

* * * *

What progress is being made with the billiard handicaps and the cross-country running team?

* * * *

A recently formed Mess Committee is making things look up.

* * * *

"Berry" and "Brown" are now amongst the "Boys" of fame.

* * * *

Joe Toner says the boys must all be saving these times.

* * * *

"Jackson" has been spoken of lately in connection with a certain class of vehicle.

* * * *

Have you heard the Engineers' "Rhyme," composed by one of their Officers?

* * * *

The "Choir" boys are going ahead.

JOTTINGS FROM GALWAY.

On the occasion of his retirement from the Army, Comdt. P. Callanan, O.C., 6th Battalion, Galway, was presented with a very handsome drawing room suite by the Officers of the Battalion.

He also received a very handsome presentation from the N.C.O.s and men consisting of a solid silver tea set and tray engraved, and made to order by Messrs. Faller, Williamsgate Street, Galway. The set was a most artistic specimen of the silversmith's art. Comdt. Callanan will be long remembered by the Officers and men of the 6th. Sincere regret was felt by all on his relinquishing command of the Battalion.

* * * *

Comdt. Callanan fought in 1916 in East Galway and afterwards escaped to America with Liam Mellows and others. He returned in 1918 and was later arrested and interned in Frongoch. He was, however, released from internment in 1920 and returned to his native Galway where he carried on a vigorous campaign. Several attempts were made to re-arrest him but each met with failure.

* * * *

The appointment of Captain C. Dillon, as O.C. of the Battalion, is a very popular one. Captain Dillon is an "old soldier" and is held in high esteem by both Officers and men. We trust his services as O.C. of the Battalion will long be retained.

* * * *

A very successful Retreat was conducted in the Garrison Chapel during the past week by Rev. Fr. O'Brien of the Redemptorist Order. There was a full attendance both morning and evening of the Officers and men of the Garrison, and at the close a branch of the Sodality of the Sacred Heart was formed when almost all the Garrison became Members. The Retreat came to an end on Monday, the 8th inst., when the Papal Blessing was administered to all present.

* * * *

Special thanks is due to the Officers and men who composed the choir. They included Captain Coakley, Lieuts. Maguire, McNamara, Dunleavy, Kelly and McGrath, B.S.M. Lynch, Sgts. Lewis and Ennis, Ptes. Tracey, Dempsey, Green, Murphy and Smith.

Much thanks is due to Lieut. and Mrs. J. Sherry who rendered a splendid selection of sacred music in the evenings throughout the Retreat, and also to Pte. and Mrs. P. Gibbons who so tastefully decorated the church for the occasion.

* * * *

Lieut. McGrath, Asst. Q.M., 6th Battalion, was recently married to Miss Keane, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Keane, Oranmore, Co. Galway.

We wish Lieut. and Mrs. McGrath every happiness in their married life.

* * * *

When may we expect the N.C.O.'s to give the long promised dance?

* * * *

May we suggest that they acquire the Dominican Hall for same.

* * * *

We hope Simon will make a big success of the Sale of "An tOglach" Christmas Number in this Area.

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN."

ANOTHER FORD STORY.

A Bargain.—An Ancient car chugged painfully up to the gate of the races. The gate keeper demanding the usual fee for automobiles called:

"A dollar for the car."

The owner looked up with a pathetic smile of relief and said, "Sold."—Bison.

TRY—**F. J. BRADY**

(late of Oglagh na hEireann) for
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PURE CONFECTIONERY AND SWEETS.
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DUBLIN OPINION

... THE ...
NATIONAL HUMOROUS JOURNAL
OF IRELAND.

... GRAND ...
XMAS NUMBER
NOW ON
SALE.

TAKES NO SIDE
BUT THE
BRIGHTER
SIDE.



(Author of "Another Marseillaise," "The Stranger," "Christmas in Cremona," etc., etc.)

Episode I.—HIS FACE HIS MISFORTUNE.

"**B**E dam," said Jack Maher, "but it's just like Stephen's Green, with Brase's band playing in it."

"Except," commented Brendan O'Farrell, "that the municipal band of San Isidro does not come within several streets of the Army No. 1, that the Plaza de Armes is full of tropical flora, and possesses no ducks, that the sexes are strictly segregated instead of mingling promiscuously, that the weather is more summerlike than it has been in Ireland since the day Cuchullain beat Ferdiad —"

"If it wasn't that I was your paid secretary," interrupted Jack, "I would tell you to dry up. At any rate the scene suffices to recall old times at home. And as for ducks—did you notice that one in the spangled mantilla that passed just now, with the ould cake on guard?"

He sighed, and, discovering that his glass was empty, loudly demanded another "Bible" from a passing waiter.

"You were never so fond of the Bible at home, Jack," smiled his friend.

"Don't blame me for the outlandish names they put on the drinks here," said Jack. "I find 'El Bible' very mild and soothing. Look at that Englishman over there drinking 'Wiski Sour.' Another few of those and he'll have a terrible head in the morning. Que quiere?"

"If you're not careful you'll learn the language. But I notice you rarely try your phrases on anyone but me."

"Oh, anything will do to practise on, as the young recruit said when they rebuked him for saluting the sergeant."

Brendan ordered a glass of wine as the least harmful drink in the Cafe Estrella, and the two Irishmen sat back taking in all the details of San Isidro's "Happy Evenings for the People."

Through the open window they had an excellent view of the "fair women and brave men" of the Puertorian capital, indulging in the usual summer evening promenade. Also of the vast majority who deserved neither adjective, similarly engaged.

A very sedate affair this evening promenade of San Isidro. Somewhere in the middle of the Plaza, in a bandstand half-hidden by tropical flowers and trees, the band of the local police delivered its soul in music with a strong Castilian flavour. Around and around, dignified, unhurried, paced the citizens. Young ladies carefully shepherded by unromantic, middle-aged or elderly relatives; young gentlemen, spruced up after the day's alleged toil, getting in the best long-distance flirtation work possible with the language of sighs, shrugs, gestures and langorous glances. In San Isidro the best Society—and even the second and third best—maintains the starched formality of the early-Victorian period, and young ladies are supposed to model themselves on the "prunes and prisms" English miss of a century ago. The hopeless absurdity of which is better recognised when you remember that they are Spaniards. But they make a very good pretence of it—while the senior officers of the family are looking on.

Beyond the roofs of the buildings on the other side of the Plaza the two Irishmen could see the snow-capped peaks of the distant Andes—crystal minarets to glow pearl-pink and aquamarine in the rays of the setting sun a brief hour later.

The heat of the day was pleasantly tempered by the approach of evening. Now and again a faint breath of wind set the dust imps dancing in the long, slanting rays of the sun. In the Cafe Estrella, as became the most respectable establishment of the kind in the capital, the customers sat at the little tables, swopping drinks and gossips with the utmost decorum. The entire atmosphere of San Isidro at the moment was peace, perfect, not to say stodgy peace, despite the efforts of the police band in its floral ambush.

"Do you know, Brendan," said Jack, "I have reluctantly come to the conclusion that the Republic of Puertoro is not up to the advertisements. I think we should ask for our money back when we are leaving."

O'Farrell merely grunted. It is a regrettable fact to have to record. He would have had a good chance of being made the hero of this story if he hadn't done that. But no really posh hero ever grunts.

"That darned Yankee Pressman," continued Jack, "lead us to believe that this was a picturesque country of romance and high adventure, where two ex-officers of the Irish Army, even if they didn't find an oil well, or a silver mine, would be repaid for their visit by the striking similarity between the population, pursuing the even tenour of their way, and a performance by the Rathmines and Rathgar Operatic Society. Instead of which alluring spectacle what do we find?"

Brendans' drooping eyelids closed completely. In view of his previous regrettable behaviour one would not have been surprised to hear him snoring in another minute.

Jack looked at him disgustedly for a moment, and, then, reaching across, slapped him violently on the knee.

"I asked you," he said, as the other sat up with a stifled yelp, "what do we find?"

"If you do that again you'll find trouble, young fella me lad," said the aggrieved Brendan.

"In the absence of a satisfactory reply from the leader of the expedition," continued his companion, "I may state briefly that the only remarkable thing we have found in this chunk of South America is the quality, variety and nomenclature of the beverage. The drinks are weird and wonderful. If they stocked anything like them in the ante-room of the Mess at home I shudder to think of the consequences. Apart from its liquid assets, however, the Republic of Puertoro is damnably commonplace. The people dress like the people of New York, Paris, London or Merriion Square. Perhaps there is a slightly exotic touch pertaining more to the boulevards than to Grafton Street about the attire of the young bucks, and the mantilla has not yet come out of fashion amongst the ladies, but that is all. The shops are disgustingly modern—I am surprised Woolworths haven't got a branch here—and the general architecture is ditto. I

haven't seen a hacienda yet. Not that I would know one if I met it, but it wouldn't be like these smug buildings anyway. There is no local colour worth a curse. I want to see a hacienda, and an old mission church and a real old Spanish grandee. I haven't seen anybody since we came here who looks as if he should be called Don Whiskerado or something like that."

He paused, picked up the glass containing "El Bible," studied it critically against the sunshine, and drank it at one gulp.

Brendan, who had sunk back in his chair and was watching the scene through half-closed eyes, roused a little.

"There's a chap over in that corner," said he, indicating the place with a feeble gesture, "who looks like the Don of popular fiction."

Jack studied the individual in question, who sat at a table by himself. He wore a broad-brimmed black hat pulled well down over his eyes, and the rest of his face was hidden behind a black beard, roughly trimmed. Also he wore a romantic-looking black cloak, which seemed to be a cross between a poncho, a serape and an ulster.

"Theatrical-looking bird," commented Jack.

"Yes," agreed Brendan. "Funny thing is, he reminds me of somebody, but of whom I can't say."

"That other bunch that's just come in seem to be mightily interested in him. They're a bit theatrical-looking, too. Probably they're the orchestra from the local cinema, out for the evening restorative, and he's the solitary variety turn."

"He must be a rotten turn, then, to judge by the unfriendly way they are looking at him."

"Band parts a bit intricate, perhaps," suggested Jack.

"Look! There's that Englishman going over to him. Wonder what he's doing here?"

"Doesn't look like a tourist," said Brendan. "Probably represents English commercial interests of some sort. They are being hard pushed by the Germans for South American trade. Remember the way the German prisoners of the European war used to devote all their time to studying Spanish?"

"Aye," said Jack, "and if I had thought I would ever be coming here I would have studied it while I was in Ballykinlar."

THE Englishman had taken a seat at the table of the be-whiskered stranger, and they were deep in conversation. In sharp contrast to his *vis-a-vis*, the Englishman was clean-shaven—a well-set-up man of about thirty, sleek of hair, natively attired in a light grey lounge suit, and looking almost aggressively clean. The two ignored the group at the next table who were in a very epileptic fit of discussion, gesticulating violently, to the imminent peril of the glasses before them.

In the Square outside the band drew near to its last paroxysm. The sauntering crowd thinned as the slanting sunbeams vanished from the Plaza. In the remote distance the austere Andes flushed with pleasure as the last rays touched them.

"I think," said Jack, "I will go to the pictures to-night. To judge by the posters there is a very raw and bluggy film at the joint in the Calle Octubre."

"Where's the Calle Octubre?"

"This is it, this street. I just gave it its proper name to see if you knew where you were. You have no bump of location, Brendan, a mbic; I don't know what you'd do without me."

"Can't you think of anything better to do than spend the evening at a blood-and-thunder film show?"

"I can. I can think of a whole lot of things I'd like to do, but they are not possible in this God-forsaken town. So, as I feel the need of excitement, I am going to find out what all the Spanish on the cinema posters is about. You can come if you like."

"No, thanks."

Jack yawned and stretched himself mightily.

In the act he jerked suddenly alert as a table crashed and a tumult of Spanish voices broke out close at hand.

Don Whiskerado's table was down, and he and the Englishmen were on their feet facing the alleged members of the cinema orchestra, who were brandishing fists and making noises like a hot-water cistern after bursting.

Brendan got up lazily.

"You needn't go to the pictures, Jack," he remarked. "I think they have come to you."

The Englishman was expostulating with the Cistern Setette, but it was quite clear that his Spanish was not as colloquial as theirs. Also his national shortcomings debarred him from using his hands, shoulders and eyes in the conversation as they were doing.

Don Whiskerado's great idea seemed to be to get away with a whole skin. With his hat pulled down more than ever, and his theatrical cloak slung over his shoulder to conceal the lower part of his face, he covered behind the other, glancing here and there for an avenue of escape.

"Damme," said the Englishman, reverting to his home tongue at last, "there's only one way to argue with you swine."

With which remark he substituted good fisticuffs for bad Spanish, and proceeded to set about the orchestra.

"The odds are a bit uneven," remarked Brendan. "I'm afraid we'll have to go to his assistance. Here! That's a bit too thick, Fernando!"

He shot out the crook of his walking-stick and hooked by the throat a sallow gentleman who had just produced a knife with the obvious intention of putting a summary end to the Englishman's boxing career.



"For a minute or two the three stood their ground."

The knife went flying as its owner crashed to the floor, but he was up again in an instant, and, with great presence of mind, substituted a chair for the weapon. Brendan dodged the chair as it was flung at him, but it struck Jack. Whereupon the war-cry of the O'Meaghers rent the air, and he went into action with a fury that would have appalled his friend if Brendan had time to notice it.

But Brendan was too busy. A large section of the patrons of the Cafe Estrella suddenly decided to come to the rescue of their countrymen, and the two Irishmen were beset from all sides by furious Spaniards.

IT was a tight fight, confined mostly to fists. The South American gentlemen were willing to employ anything that came handy as a weapon, and cheerfully smashed the furniture so that they might utilise the legs of tables and chairs as clubs, but the jam was too great to permit of these being used without the risk of hitting a friend. A water carafe smashed on the wall over the Englishman's head, and the Irishmen heard him swearing above the surrounding din.

"Get to the stairs!" roared Brendan, from the midst of a scuffling group. "The stairs! Get to the stairs!"

"Stairs it is!" yelled Jack, and wielding in the scientific manner a stick which he had snatched from an opponent—short jabs of the ferrule into the softer portions of the enemy—he forced a way in the direction indicated.

The Englishman and he reached the foot of the stairs at the same moment and turned to face the mob. Both were bleeding about the face—"If they couldn't use their fists," said Jack afterwards, "they could use their nails. I'm afraid I'll get lockjaw from the dirt."

Brendan was making heavy weather, and, seeing this, Jack again plunged into the crowd in his direction. This time he did not scruple to use Jiu-Jitsu, and yelps of pain marked his progress. At last he reached his friend, and the two fought their way backwards to the foot of the stairs. The journey was made easier by the fact that a large number of the enemy had retired from the battle to nurse their hurts at a safe distance.

"Thanks, awf'ly," said the wreck of the Englishman, as they reached it. "Jolly good scrap! What?"

Brendan grunted. Jack grinned. And then the mob, which had hung back for a second, came at them again in a wild rush.

For a minute or two the three stood their ground, but the enemy was using sticks now, and various missiles were hurtling through the air. The position was untenable.

"Back up the stairs!" cried Jack, and they began to retreat slowly. The diminished front reduced the odds, for the attackers could only get at them in about equal numbers, and this, coupled with the fact the trio had the advantage in position, checked the fiery ardour of the mob. But the flying jugs, glasses and bottles were a distinct menace, so as quickly as possible the three retreated round the first bend. Then they turned and darted up to the landing.

Promptly Jack seized a small table and a couple of chairs that stood there, and sent them crashing down to block the way. A heavy vase filled with flowers, which stood in a window recess, he thoughtfully dropped on an unwary head that peered around the bend. No more heads peered around.

"And now," he observed, as he took a seat on the top step, panting somewhat after his exertions, "what's the next move, as they used to say in the G.H.Q. Chess Club?"

"I think," said the Englishman, "it would be a jolly good idea if we cleared out. Those dirty little police will be on the scene in another minute, thirsting to put us in clink."

"But we are not to blame," protested Brendan. "My dear old lad, that is all right, but as a chap who has had considerable experience in South America, I have always found that trifles like that do not weigh with the local bobbies. I am strongly in favour of a strategic retreat."

"Do you know the way?" asked Brendan. "No, but I rather fancy my friend, Svengali, has found a safe exit. He streaked for the stairs the minute you shouted."

"Well, let's shove that sofa down the stairs to help the blockade, and then make tracks," said Jack.

They acted on the suggestion. As the red-plush heirloom followed in the wake of the chairs and table, a howl came up from the unseen mob mingled with cries of "Policia!"

"Did you hear that?" asked the stranger. "The little Johnnies in blue and silver have arrived. Come on."

They followed him quickly along a corridor, climbed through an open window, dropped on to the roof a lean-to, and thence descended swiftly to the ground.

They found themselves in a sort of kitchen garden at the back of the Cafe Estrella. From the other side of the building came an uproar like a particularly noisy election meeting. The police band had stopped playing: either it was unable to face the competition, or its members had been hurriedly summoned to attend to sterner duties.

Cautiously they reconnoitred the ground. There was nobody in sight: everybody had gone around to see what the fun was.

The trio went swiftly through the kitchen garden, and by devious lanes and alleys, until they finally emerged in a quiet street, far away from the Plaza de Armes. Only two or three people were in sight: they seemed to be suffering from ennui.

"By jove!" said the Englishman, "there's a barber's shop. Let's go and have a wash-and-brush-up."

"We need it," agreed Brendan, glancing at his disaraiment as it were, "but is it safe?"

"Oh, yes. These people expect all sorts of eccentricities from Englishmen."

"We are Irish," said Jack.

The Englishman laughed. "Same thing out here. We speak the same language and—"

"I am an Irish speaker," said Brendan.

"Oh, well," said the stranger, after a brief pause, during which he stared curiously at them, "I'm afraid you wouldn't find it much use out here. But, damn these international problems; let's go and get cleaned up."

AN hour later three renovated figures emerged into the twilight, leaving behind them a barber who thanked the gods for all rich madmen as he counted over the proceeds.

Future action had been discussed in the barber's shop, and it had been decided to take a coche to the Casa del Rojas, outside the city. The Englishman, who gave his name as John Harcourt, said "old Rojas" was a friend of his and a very big noise in San Isidro. He would be able to square things with the authorities.

Presently they encountered one of the ancient wrecks that did duty as cabs in San Isidro. The driver stared at them too intently for Jack's liking, but the others paid no attention to this, and the three piled into the coche. The venerable horse, after one long reproachful look behind, was persuaded to start, and the equipage jolted away over the dilapidated cobblestones.

"Be all right when we reach the Casa del Señor Rojas," volunteered Harcourt. "Fine old boy! Tons of money an' two damn fine daughters. He'll put us up for the night and settle this affair in the morning. Does a good deal of business with my firm."

Brendan protested against inflicting themselves upon a complete stranger.

"Not at all," declared Harcourt—"not at all. Hospitality is about the only virtue in the blamed country. Old Rojas will be delighted, and the girls will regard us as a dispensation of Providence."

The ancient horse tottered into a better part of the city, and the going was easier over the asphalted roadway.

Suddenly Harcourt jumped up and stuck his head through the window to shout at the driver. The latter passed on the shout to the horse, and whipped that unfortunate into a ghostly memory of a gallop.

"The fellow's going the wrong way," said Harcourt, over his shoulder. "Hi, you yellow-faced assassin! Hi! Stop!"

But his shouts only served to completely unnerve the horse, which accelerated its pace to fully six miles an hour.

"We're euchred, boys!" shouted Harcourt, frantically struggling to open the door. "Get ready to jump. The old blighter is taking us to police headquarters!"

Almost as he spoke the car pulled up in front of a building whose importance was testified by the fact that it was three storeys in height—a most unusual feature in the architecture of San Isidro. Also there was an elaborate entrance with elaborate uniforms ornamenting it.

As the cab pulled up, the uniforms hurried forward with shouts of joy. A large portion of the civilian population in the background acted as a sort of Greek chorus. It annoyed Jack considerably, his knowledge of Spanish, poor as it was, being better than Brendan's, to discover that the three occupants of the vehicle were being uniformly classed as "English"—with derogatory adjectives prefixed.

Resistance would have been merely asinine, so the three submitted to being hustled into the building, where they were brought immediately into a large, lofty room, where an enormously fat man sat at a desk on a dais. Over his head hung the colours of Puertoro, and at smaller desks to each side of his mightiness sat two obvious clerks. The room was lit by electric chandeliers of ornate design.

"Who's the elephant?" asked Jack of one of his uniformed captors, nodding towards the fat man.

"El oficial de policia," said the blue-and-silver uniform, guessing his query.

"Police official. That might mean anything. Is he just the station sergeant, or is he a police magistrate?"

"Si, si!" said the little policeman nodding vigorously. "Mah-jist-rahto."

The fat man, who had so many chins that one felt he should have worn a beard in the interests of public decency, said something in Spanish, and Harcourt, stepping forward, replied

volubly in the same language. He had to stop and chase around for a word now and then, but on the whole he seemed to make himself clear to Don Falstaff.

The magistrate did not seem to be much impressed by Harcourt's speech for the defence, and apparently told him so. Harcourt tried again, and a quick-fire dialogue ensued between the two. After ten minutes of this, Harcourt threw the towel into the ring.

"I'm afraid we're in the soup, you chaps," he said, turning to Brendan and Jack. "These people have been searching your luggage at the hotel. I can't make out exactly what they are getting at, but the living skeleton up there says they have got hold of a photo in your bag"—he nodded to Brendan—"which they consider cooks your goose."

"What the devil are they driving at?" asked Brendan. "Ask the magistrate to let me see the photograph."

AND then the Fat Man threw a Mills bomb.

"Certainly, young man," said he, in English that had no trace of foreign accent. "You may look at it, but you must not touch it."

He lifted a photograph from his desk and held it so that the prisoners could plainly see it. It appeared to be a very good likeness of Don Whiskerado minus the slouch hat and the theatrical cloak.

The Englishman whistled.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "My old pal, Svengali!"

Brendan was still staring seriously at the picture when Jack suddenly startled the assembly with a bellow of laughter.

"My hat!" he chuckled, as soon as he had recovered somewhat. "Don't you see what it is, Brendan?"

"Of course I do. But why are these people kicking up a row about it? What is there extraordinary about it in their eyes?"

"Only this, young man," said the obese magistrate, gravely. "It is the portrait of a person who is engaged in plotting against this State. It is the picture of a man whose political activities compelled him to fly from this country a year ago. To-day he had the supreme audacity to venture back to San Isidro. Doubtless he had received word that the political pendulum had swung so far over to his side that it was safe to do so. But he was recognised in the Café Estrella by some true patriots and compelled to flee for his life. He was assisted to escape by three foreigners who were obviously in league with him, for this photograph of him was found in the valise of one. They made their way to a barber's shop, where the traitor had his beard removed, trusting that this would prevent his recognition until he could leave the city and bring about a coup from a safe distance."

He waved a fat hand languidly.

"I trouble myself to explain for the Señor Inglesse, whose Spanish is childish. So, he may, if he pleases, explain to his consul. The fourth man we shall also arrest without doubt speedily."

The two Irishmen stared at each other in amazement.

"Well, I'm damned," ejaculated Jack.

"What's it mean?" asked the Englishman. "D'you know old Svengali? But you must, of course, if you were carting his counterfeit presentment around in your suit case."

"That's not him—" began Jack, but the Englishman suddenly yelled and began to wave to a dignified elderly Spaniard who had just entered the room.

"Señor Rojas!" he called. "Hither, amigo, Hither!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the Señor Rojas, as he came forward and shook hands cordially. "The Señor Harcourt is welcome. But what is this little affair? I am in town and I hear a whisper that my young English friend is in trouble. So I make inquiries and—here I am. Señor Barriga will, perhaps, explain."

He turned to the magistrate, who became fussily obsequious.

"If the Señor Harcourt is a friend of Don Rojas there must be the mistake," he declared, "but, see you—"

He relapsed into a torrent of Spanish directed at Rojas. The latter listened with serious mien, and interrupted a few questions. Then he turned to Brendan.

"Apart from the photograph," he said, "the affair would be trifling. With the famed gallantry of your countrymen you went to the assistance of one who was fighting against many. The Señor Harcourt has told the magistrate that he had never met the original of that portrait until he encountered him in the Café Estrella. The Señor Harcourt recognises you most clearly as yourself—how do you put it—he says you are not the other man. He denies that you wore the beard. But, how then, comes this other mans portrait in your valise? You know him it seems"—he held up a hand as Brendan was about to speak—"Pardon. If you are a friend of his you cannot be a friend of the Government of Puerto. But there is perhaps the explanation."

"Of course there is—" began Jack and Brendan.

"It is not a photograph of the other fellow," continued Brendan, as Jack stopped. "It is a photograph of me, of myself."

The Spaniards looked incredulous.

"It is true," protested the Irishman, noting their looks.

"Picture to yourselves—"

He paused and looked around.

Then, deliberately upsetting an inkwell, he dabbled his hand in the black fluid and smeared it on his chin and cheeks. In a moment he bore, at a cursory glance, a remarkable resemblance to the photograph. The fat magistrate held up his hands and there were exclamations from the "gallery" of uniforms.

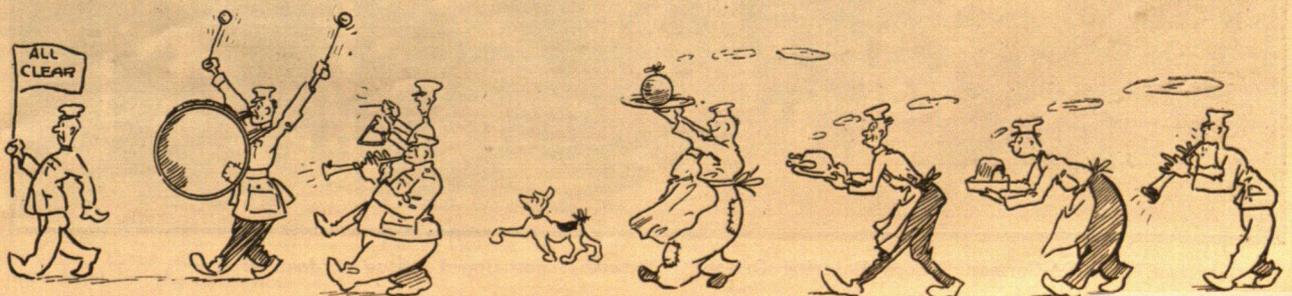
"But—" began Rojas.

"It is an old snapshot that was taken after I had been released from Frongoch," said Brendan.

And proceeded to explain the meaning of Frongoch.

Fifteen minutes later the Señor Rojas was escorting the trio to his carriage. As far as they could gather they had been acquitted without a stain upon their characters.

(EPISODE 2, "THE WRITING ON THE WALL," WILL APPEAR IN OUR NEXT ISSUE.)



❖ Christmas in a Besieged City. ❖

A Bitter Day for the People of Paris in 1870.



On the worthy citizens of Paris the Feast of Christmas in the year of grace, 1870, was indeed a gloomy one. The menacing armies of the Prussian had defeated the French in a series of battles during the preceding five months, and now they closely invested the very capital itself.

Even the horrors of the siege did not deter the Parisians from making some attempt—pitiful though it was—to observe the festival of Christmas.

The day was one of bitter frost with snow in the offing, but the white flakes did not descend to cover ruin and desolation with their white picturesqueness. As a matter of fact snow did not begin to fall until December 27th. Many shops were open, but a considerable proportion were closed. It seemed possible to purchase everything save edibles. There was assuredly no lack of intoxicants, yet tipsy revellers were the exception rather than the rule.

The food shops had done the best they could, but there was a very sparse display in their windows. There were confections, jellies, preserves, etc., but solid comestibles were conspicuous by their rarity—and by their price. Horse fat was sold in large shapes resembling lard. The bakers' shops were closed, and the gratings were down before those of the

butchers. There was some store of oatmeal, but the Parisians preferred almost anything to porridge.

Here and there a fortunate few achieved remarkable counterparts of a real Christmas dinner, but the vast majority of the inhabitants considered themselves lucky if their festive fare consisted of horseflesh steaks, ragout of dog and the ghastly pretence of bread that then obtained—a sort of dingy paste, of which about one-half was sand. Some people preferred their dog with mushrooms, but others swore that it went best when eaten cold in a pie. Horseflesh had a curious sweetish taste: the tenderest joints, it was found, were furnished by a young grey animal, and the toughest by a chestnut horse advancing towards middle age.

On the whole, however, the French capital, on that stark winter day, half-a-century ago, presented an appearance of desolation and dejection. Not a shadow of its old-time gaiety lingered about the streets. All the hotels of fair size were hospitals, the Red Cross flag floated from almost every house, bandaged cripples limped along the pavements, and almost the only wheel traffic consisted of interminable processions of funerals, which did not cease even on Christmas Day.

There was no gas, because there was no fuel to make it. Once dusk set in, dim lights became visible in the kiosks, and the streets were "illuminated" by oil lamps, which were not much more effective than their predecessors of two centuries earlier. By ten o'clock even this feeble illumination had



1870—German Troops Entering Orleans. Note the snow-tipped statue of Joan of Arc.

vanished, and the city was wrapped in darkness and silence. It was a remarkable fact, however, that during the Siege there was an utter absence of crime—no murders, no robberies—nothing but a raw, war-born virtue.

To get food at all—even the awful substitute for bread, which seemed to consist of putty and chopped straw, bound together with starch and a little (a very little) flour—gentle and simple had to wait in queues, in the bitter cold, outside the bakers' and butchers' shops.

Hardly a cannon shot disturbed the hours of the Christmas festival, such as it was. The troops got a special treat in honour of "the day that was in it"—rations of beef, with a small portion of butter per head, were served out instead of horseflesh. Active Siege operations were resumed by the Germans immediately after Christmas. The Armistice was signed on January 27th, 1871.

To the worthy citizens of Paris the Feast of Christmas in the year of grace, 1870, was indeed a gloomy one. The menacing armies of the Prussian had defeated the French in a series of battles during the preceding five months, and now they closely invested the very capital itself.

On September 19th the Prussian forces occupied the heights on the left bank of the Seine, and with little difficulty succeeded in capturing the unfinished redoubt at Chatillon. From this time the investment of the city was complete, and as the days advanced the distress among all classes of the inhabitants grew more and more acute.

Food was sold at a price almost prohibitive, even to those who could afford it. On December 21st a resident of the besieged city who noted his doings that fateful Christmas with meticulous care, entered one of the chief restaurants and found the following on the bill of fare: "Ass, horse, and English wolf from the Zoological Gardens." The last-mentioned delicacy, the narrator informs us, was a Scotch fox, which a native of the Highlands loudly praised as being excellent food. "I tried it, but was forced to content myself with a slice off the patient ass."

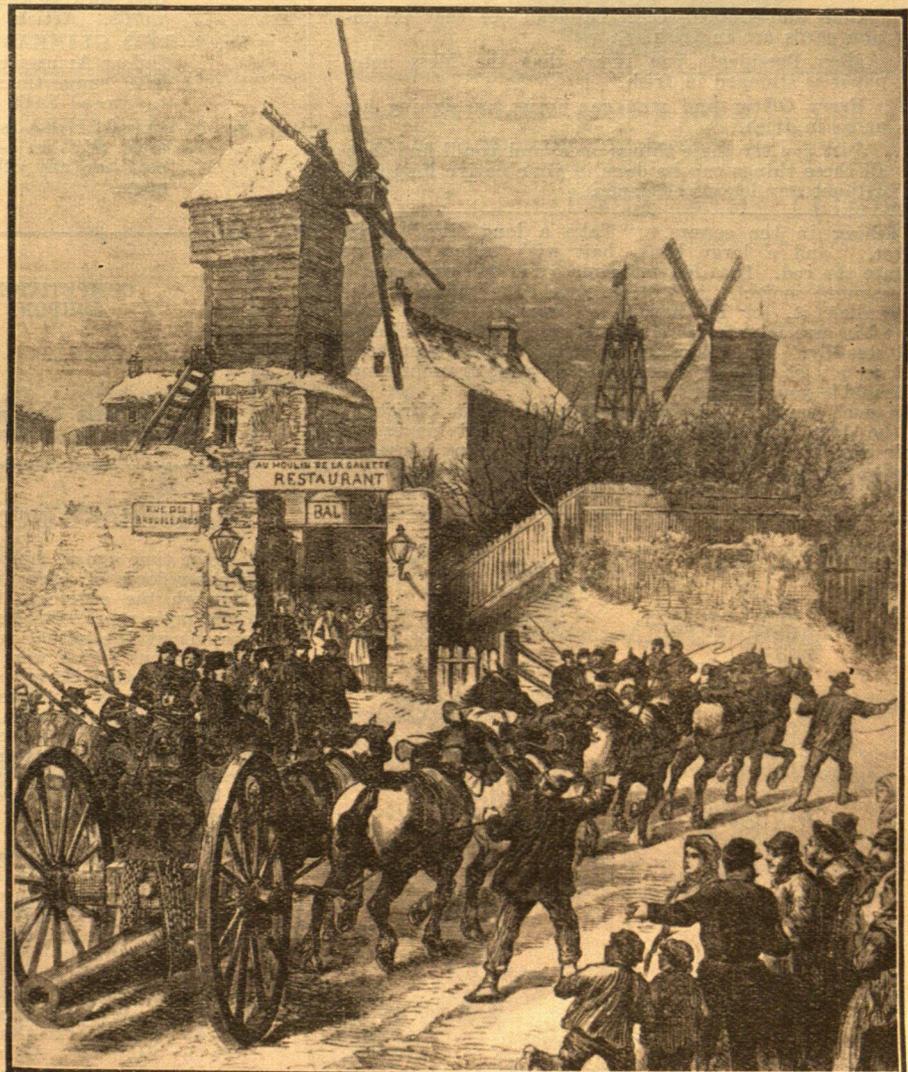
When Christmas morning dawned it was found that a heavy frost had set in, and that a piercing wind made movement out of doors somewhat unpleasant. In the earthworks around the city the troops were numbed with the cold, and in the poorer quarters of the city the harsh weather added to the sufferings of the people.

The diarist of the siege, to whom we have already alluded, makes great fun out of the subterfuges adopted by himself and his friends to procure a passable semblance of a Christmas dinner. He alludes with regret to the two turkeys which a restaurant keeper had promised to keep alive until the 25th of December. The good intentions of this worthy Boniface were frustrated by the birds themselves, who insisted upon dying three days before the date fixed for the execution.

The demise of the turkeys sent the restaurant keeper on the hunt for something worthy to take their place on the menu, and on Christmas morning he was able to announce to his clients that he had secured a piece of camel, weighing about ten pounds, which he hoped would prove an efficient substitute.

How the camel tasted we are not told, as the diarist confesses that, with the aid of a crowbar and a friend, he was able to procure a piece of ham, two onions and a few potatoes. These, with a fowl which he naively adds, "I believe was procured honestly," constituted his Christmas feast.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Paris garrison was General Louis Jules Trochu, a soldier who had served France with no little distinction in Algiers and in the Crimean campaign. Shortly after the disasters to French arms that marked the earlier stages of the Franco-Prussian War, he was appointed Commandant of the armies at the Chalons Camp, and on August 17th was made Governor of Paris. In the latter capacity he had charge of the defence of the city, and had about 120,000 regular troops under his control. To this force was added 80,000 mobiles, and 330,000 National Guards.



Paris During the Siege. Bringing up a ship's gun at the Buttes de Montmartre. Sketch sent out of the city by balloon post and first published in the "Illustrated London News."

Trochu showed great energy throughout the siege, and, notwithstanding the ill-success that attended his efforts to raise the siege, he was held in respect by those whom he commanded, as well as by his political adversaries. All through the fierce conflict he again and again declared that he would never, as Governor of Paris, surrender the city to the Prussians, and when, at last surrender became inevitable, Trochu resigned his post.

The hardy souls among the civilian population whiled away the time on Christmas day in the pursuit of that highly exciting sport known as "gudgeon-fishing." The Seine afforded a first-rate theatre for the fishermen, each one of whom was surrounded by his particular group of admirers. When a fish was hooked there was terrific excitement.

"Gudgeon-fishing" became the popular pastime, and one of the daily journals printed each day a column of instructions for the disciples of the celebrated Izaak Walton who were forced to content themselves with the more humble sport

THE HOW OF IRISH.

C.O.'s can see that the official stamp of the Unit is in Irish.

Club and Dance Secretaries can see that invitation cards are in Irish.

Mess Presidents can insist that the Mess note-paper is stamped in Irish.

Every Officer and man can insist on signing his name in Irish.

Just you try these things once, and you'll find that all these things can be done in your native language without any loss of efficiency.

of fishing in the sewers. "Take a long line," says the writer, "and a large hook, bait with tallow, and gently agitate the rod. In a few moments a rat will come and smell the savoury morsel. It will be some time before he decides to swallow it, for his nature is cunning. When he does, leave him five minutes to meditate over it; then pull strongly and steadily. He will make convulsive jumps, but be calm, and do not let his excitement gain on you, draw him up and—Behold!—your dinner."

In such manner did the gay Parisian pass Christmastide in the days when Moltke and Bismark held his capital in their iron grasp. There were not wanting many house parties despite the attenuated larders, and even the soldiers in their street bivouacs endeavoured to make the best of the season.



CHRISTMAS COMPETITIONS.

Cash Prizes offered to Army Readers.

All members of the Army who are readers of "An t-Oglach" may enter for the following competitions.

Each reader may enter for as many as he likes provided every effort is accompanied by the Coupon given below.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

Typewritten efforts must be double-spaced.

All efforts must reach this office not later than Saturday, 17th January, 1925.

The Editor's decision is final, and no correspondence can be entered into concerning the competitions.

Competitors must put the number of the competition for which they are entering upon the coupon.

- No. 1—THREE GUINEAS for the best suggestions for the immediate practical application of Irish to the everyday work of the Army. Length not to exceed 1,500 words. Article may be written in Irish or English.
- No. 2—TWO GUINEAS for the best Winter Programme of Indoor Amusements for Soldiers in Barracks, together with suggestions for organising same. Article not to exceed 2,000 words.
- No. 3—ONE GUINEA for the best suggestion for the improvement of "An t-Oglach." Five Shillings each will be paid for any other suggestions which may be acted upon.

COMPETITION COUPON.	Number of Competition
One of these Coupons must accompany every entry. State number of Competition in small square above.	

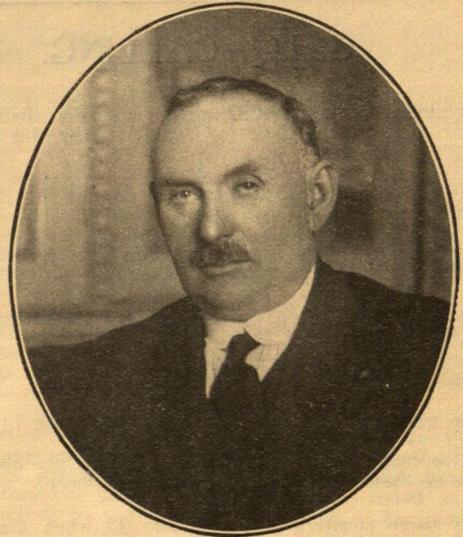
GRAMOPHONE RECORDS OF ARMY No. 1 BAND.

Some time ago we hinted that the long-felt desire for gramophone records of Army No. 1 Band was about to be gratified. Through the courtesy of Colonel Brase and the Edison-Bell Company's representatives the Editor of "An t-Oglach" was present at the actual recording of some of the dozen or so compositions which were selected for reproduction. It was a very interesting experience, about which it is hoped to write more fully in a subsequent issue.

The arrangement with the Edison-Bell Company was come to through the instrumentality of Mr. John Henecy, one of the most enterprising men in the gramophone business. Colonel Brase and Mr. Henecy heard the first four of the new records to be completed at the recording firm's factory in London last week, and by the time these lines are in print the Dublin public, it is hoped, will have had an opportunity of hearing them at a special gramophone recital which Mr. Henecy has arranged in the Abbey Theatre.

As will be seen by an advertisement on page 4 of this issue, it is hoped to have the first four records on sale to the general public before the end of this week. They comprise two twelve-inch double-sided discs, containing the complete "Irish Fantasia No. 1," at 4s. 6d. each; one double-sided ten-inch record (3s.), containing "Irish March No. 1" and "Irish March No. 2," and another ten-inch double-sided disc, containing the "Irish National March" and the "General Mulcahy March." A list of the eight other records, which it is hoped to issue early in January, will be found in the advertisement. These are the celebrated "Velvet-Face" records, and as a big demand is anticipated, readers would be well advised to place their orders as soon as possible at Henecy's Gramophone Salon, 54 Dame Street, Dublin.

Christmas Message
To the Troops . .
 from the
Minister for Defence.



GUTHAN 5149.
 (TELEPHONE.)

UIMHIR THAGARTHA
 (REFERENCE NO.)

ROINN COSANTA
 (DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE)

BAILE ÁTHA CLIATH.
 (DUBLIN.)

Officers and men of the Army

I greet you this happy season
 in the name of the people of whose
 liberty you are the defenders,
 with me, they will wish that your
 Christmas in barracks may be as
 bright as theirs at home.

In the New Year let your watchwords
 be Discipline, Courage and Cheerfulness.

Peodat Shroo da
 Dipe Cosanta

G.H.Q. CALLING.

Why has a certain N.C.O. taken a sudden dislike to those popular airs, "What'll I do?" and "Why did I Kiss that Girl?"?

Who are the N.C.O.'s accused of having only the "Spirit of a Fly"?

How does the new Mess Vice-President like his position? And how does the Treasurer like his?

Does the "Kick-Step" worry any particular individual on the 9.00 a.m. parades?

Who is the "Grand Old Man" in G.H.Q.?

Who was the N.C.O. that could not calculate 74 times 9d.?

Is it a fact that the Corporals of G.H.Q. are about to pass a vote of thanks to the Army Finance Officer?

Was there consternation in Room 43 when the light was cut off on the 11th at 5.00 p.m.?

Why does "Maggie" look wicked when you mention "chairs"? His alleged dog is still on the prowl, and has manifested a violent dislike for a certain person.

Who invented the Admiral Beatty tilt for the caps?

 QUERIES FROM THE CURRAGH.

Is it true that "Con-ran" to read the last issue of "An t-Oglach" after being excused cross-country running?

What is wrong at the Polo Ground?

What does Private T. think of the cat that took its "Christmas box" of liver from the guard's breakfast ration?

Did pussy like her bath in the fire bucket?

Who put the rumour out that Beresford whist drive was postponed last Thursday night, and why?

What do the buglers think of the fire alarms?

Did ghosts really appear at Newbridge?

Does B.Q.M.S. F— like new milk?

Is the Beresford jazz band complete? Is B.S.M. Barker a member?

Is B.S.M. L— going to let that moustache develop, or will it meet with the same fate as Sergeant H—'s did?

Does Q.M.S. H— like playing "Nap"?

How does Sergeant Q— like recruits—Class IV?

Did Private C— say he would give that cat at Stewart a dog's life if he caught him?

Is Private Randalls as good a baritone as people say?

What does Sergeant H— think of

THE SILENT WATCHER?

WITH THE ELEVENTH.

Our ex-students are very busy on the square presently. That they are anxious to impart their knowledge can be judged from the amount of noise we hear.

A laundry woman in Clonmel insists on having her own way and *will* starch shirts. Who is the Officer who has decided on a change as a result?

Our boxers are doing very well in the Army competitions, especially Corporal Brennan. We expect to hear from Pte. Coote in the near future.

The Quartermaster's Department is very busy preparing for Christmas. A large number of turkeys and geese have been ordered.

Who is the N.C.O. that sings "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall"?

Who was the N.C.O. who lost his partner at a "whist drive" lately?

There is great excitement about the forthcoming Ball at Powerstown.

Did Recruit "B" find the key of the ball alley lately? Who suggested that it should be put on inventory?

 LECTURE AT MCKEE BARRACKS.

On Thursday evening, December 11th, the troops at McKee Barracks of the Artillery and Remount Corps were entertained to a very enjoyable evening. The spacious hut was taxed to its capacity and the arrangements under the direction of Captain Maher were complete in every detail.

The Command Chaplain, Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F., Collins Barracks, delivered an instructive and stirring lecture, illustrated with numerous coloured lantern views, entitled "Topical Travel Talk, with special reference to Ireland and Oglagh na hEireann."

During the course of the lecture, Father Casey showed his audience many very distinctive and interesting pictures, including an exclusive series of Maynooth College scenes. It was the first time that many of those present had ever seen the Ceremony of Ordination, so vividly portrayed in pictures and eloquently described as on this occasion. Other pictures of Ireland were shown, including photos of the Blessing of the Colours by the Very Rev. D. Ryan, Head Chaplain at the Collins-Griffith Anniversary in the Phoenix Park last year. Many Pictures of the Anniversary Celebrations on Sunday, August 24th this year at the Cenotaph in Leinster Lawn were shown. The ceremony at Wolfe Tone's grave at Bodinstown was also treated in a fitting manner, the pictures displaying views of President Cosgrave and the Army Chiefs at the graveside. The memory of the late General Collins was also revered; and remembered in many pictures including the Lying-in-State in the City Hall, Dublin, together with many views of the funeral and the unveiling ceremony of the memorial cross at Beal na Bleath some months ago. Many coloured slides, dealing directly with the work of the Corps attached to McKee Barracks were shown and received with applause. Father Casey mentioned that he was able to show these slides through the kindness and courtesy of the Editor of "An tOglach" who had placed many exclusive pictures at his disposal.

A most enjoyable concert programme was given at intervals. Lieutenant Mulcahy of the No. 1 Battalion rendered with much feeling traditional Irish songs and through the kindness of the O.C., Army School of Music, many martial Irish Aria were rendered by the Army Band under the capable baton of B.S.M. Bandmaster Flahive. The Army Pipers contributed appropriate numbers under B.S.M. Bandmaster Noble.

Among the officers present were Col. Mulcahy; Col. Costello, G.H.Q. Staff; Capt. Maher and many others with their friends. All present expressed themselves highly pleased with the evening's entertainment, which was concluded by all present singing "The Soldiers Song."

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THE GIRL WHO BROKE US ALL.

By CON O'LEARY.

(First Prizewinner in the Tailteann Story Competition.)

The little man had short legs, yet he seemed all breeches and gaiters. His face, too young for its lines and for the thin hair, was keenly set. He had a solitary air, as if listening to things others did not hear and seeing things others did not see. He drank his whiskey. It was bad weather in the Irish Channel.

"Maybe you'd never guess who I'm taking across to her husband?" He laughed at my dismay. "If I told you she was the greatest lady in Ireland I'd be speaking no lie."

"I'll hold your secret."

"The fastest filly ever was dropped, she is!"

After an impressive silence he said, with deliberation, as he watched me keenly: "It is LITTLE VIXEN I'm travelling with." I pretended comprehension, but his words conveyed nothing.

"Is it far you're going?" I asked.

"She'll never see Droom again," he said, mournfully.

"Ah, I know Droom in the County Limerick. Only one thing comes out of there. Wars, revolutions, governments (except the Stewards of the Turf Club) are of no interest to Droom. Tell them in Droom of the tribulations of Pope, President or King, and they'll say: "Really?" and in the next breath get on with their prophecies of what is going to win at Punchestown.

Before we made Holyhead I knew all about Little Vixen, her that was roped up and strapped up in the box beyond. She had no breeding at all, her dam's pedigree was unknown, and she was a *braichy* filly—that is, the height of contrariness. First the little man seemed to grudge telling of so great a beauty, but he couldn't hold the secret; he was in love with his subject. So I learned how she surprised them all, how they nearly turned her out of training, so foul-tempered and vicious was she; and then how she ran away with a selling plate for two-year-olds, and Master Joe had to bid his winnings away to buy her in. Then the little man described how she won race after race, and through my little friend's eloquence I saw the blue and gold hoops conquering everywhere—at Limerick (the discovery), at the Curragh (the outsider), at Leopardstown (the favourite), at Lincoln (the invader), at Newmarket, at Doncaster, at Goodwood, Handicappers couldn't think of a weight to stop her. Our ship began to roll.

"I'm going to have a look at the ould mare," he said.

It was a long time before he was back. He told me then how tame she always was when he was by, how quiet and proud she was as they walked together round and round the paddock, how she would toss her head towards him, as if to caress him; how she reared and fumed when the jockey took her from him, would be in a rage at the post, kicking at the horses, breaking the tapes, for she wanted to get back

to my friend, so that when they were "off" she would bolt away with the race and almost pull the jockey out of the saddle.

It was a long story, and once he listened to the wind and the engines.

"I'll take a look at the ould mare," he said softly.

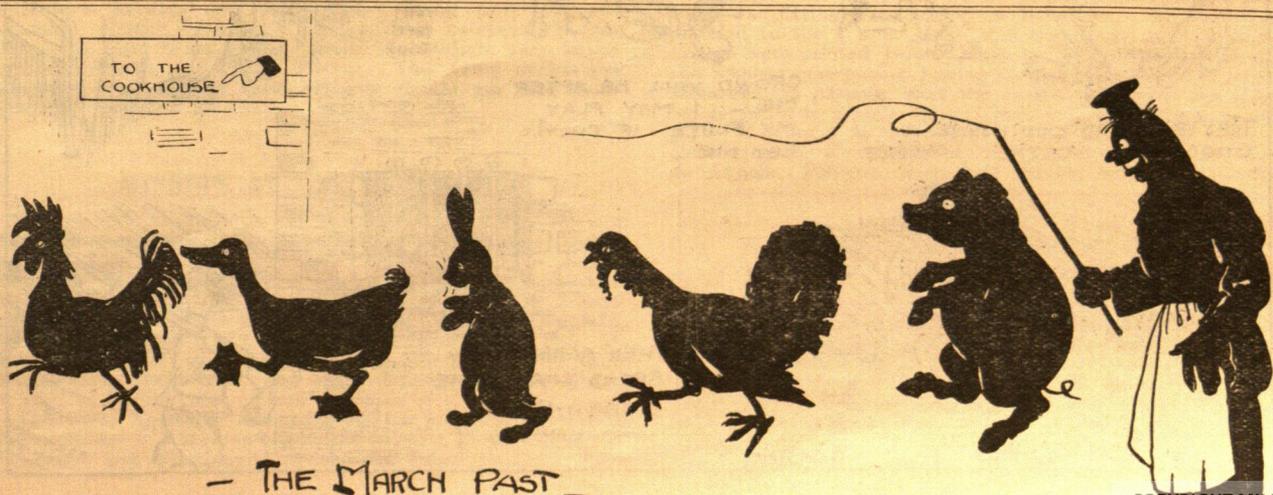
What secret language was being spoken in the box? I had heard of "whisperers" who could tame mad horses by a word in their ears. When my little friend came back he spoke again of the jockeys, and said if he had been younger and lighter he might have ridden the Vixen in her races, and then the creature would never have fretted her heart out at the post, but with the flying start she'd take with him—she'd have been the greatest mare that ever battered the daisies. He half-cried as he told me how he'd seen ignorant jockeys take up the whip to her in the run-in, and at the first lash she'd stop up in the sulks and let one of the horses go past her. If he'd been the jockey he'd have whispered Droom in her ear, and she'd beat the wind.

"I'll have wan look at her," he said.

He was not on the sea. He was in the life of Little Vixen. He was on train journeys sleeping in the straw under her legs, on her back at exercise, and setting forth on secret trials in the dark before the dawn. He was walking round at her head when nobody in the paddock would look at her, and his heart exulted in the thought that they'd be all crowding about her when her race was run. Again he was walking round at her head when all the beautiful Englishwomen (but none so beautiful as she) were crowding to sight his darling. Ah! she's left at the post, but never fear that she'll come home ahead to him in a canter, her number is up first in the frame, the English owners are raising *ullagones* of defeat, and the bookmakers are unable to settle with Droom. I am no racing man, but I was made to see vividly a great procession of bleeding nags with high pedigrees toiling in the wake of her common canter. And she is trembling until the saddle is off, and she is delivered into his hands at the door of the weighing-room, and he grooms her steaming back, and puts the blanket over her, and she takes the bottle out of his hands into her throat. It isn't of the winning she cares, but that she is back to the arms of her lover.

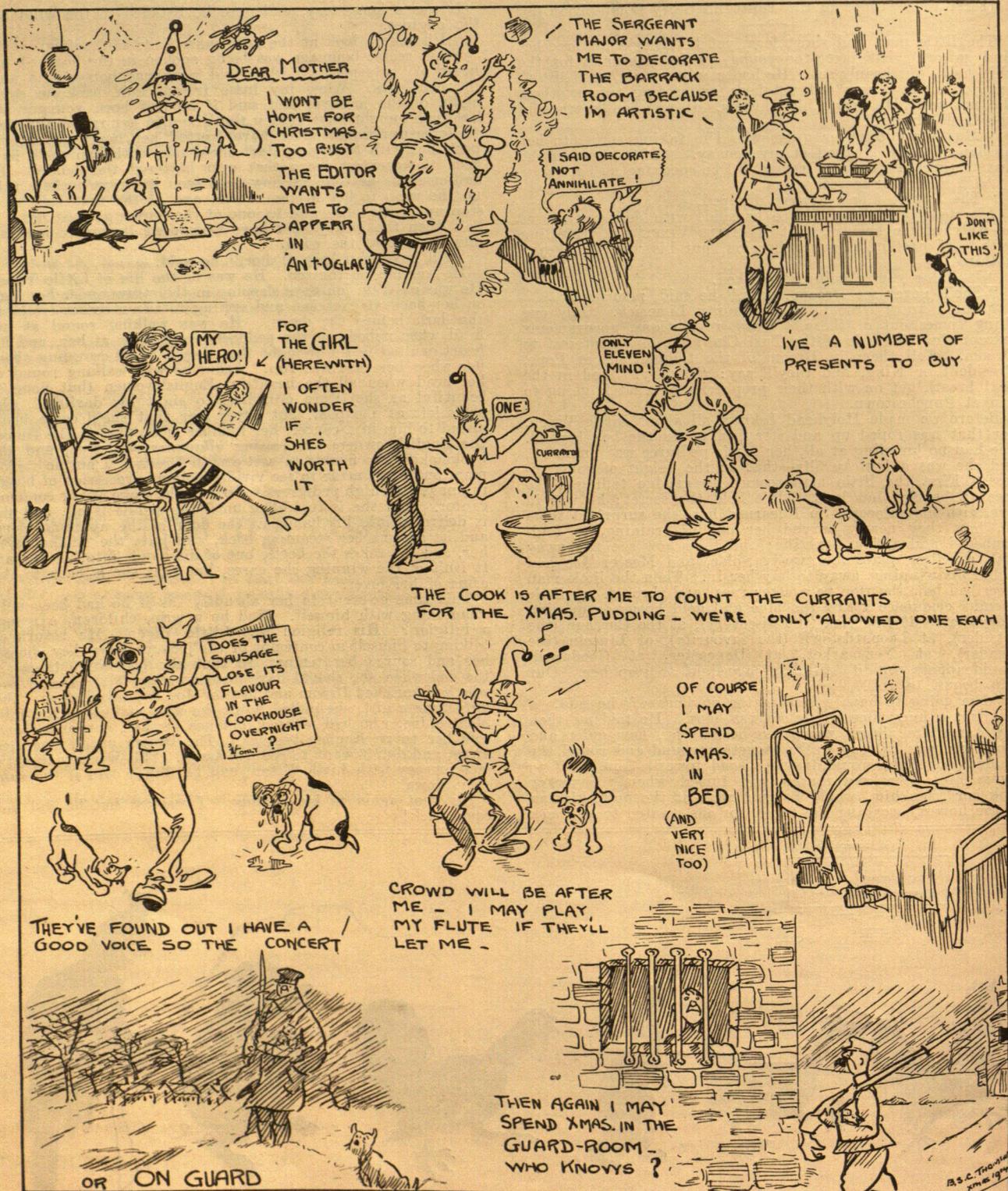
This time he went to her abruptly as if he had been only communing with himself. Had he a wife, children, a name, a religion? His religion was Little Vixen. He returned, talking to himself in contempt of the jockeys, how they abused her and soured her temper, so that she lost three times in the end when she should have "cake-walked" the race. She who had enriched Droom and Master Joe destroyed them. The unfortunate girl, she pulled down the very stables in her fall. Master Joe, who had refused fortunes for her, cursed her and sold her to an English breeder. The Droom people saw her away, and didn't want to see her again. This was my friend's last journey with Little Vixen, and he didn't care if the ship went down.

He went again to his darling. I waited, but he did not come back!



— THE MARCH PAST —

PRIVATE MURPHY LOOKS FORWARD TO CHRISTMAS.



CATHOLIC ARMY CHAPLAINS.

We reproduce in this issue a photograph taken on the occasion of the recent Conference of Chaplains at G.H.Q.

The Conference discussed the formation of an Army Sodality, and decided to establish a branch of the Arch-confraternity of the Sacred Heart.

After a brief period of organization, the Sodality now numbers over 100 officers and 3,000 men, and it is hoped to double this number in the New Year. "The spirit of devotion to the Sacred Heart," says an Army Chaplain, "characterised the Army in its infancy and it is a tradition we will proudly carry on."

Progress in the different centres will be duly recorded in "An t-Oglach."

The Soldiers' Welfare Movement was outlined at the Conference. The Chaplains have done a good deal in the matter of providing amusements and indoor recreational facilities as apart from athletics. It is hoped that every Unit will be equipped with a Library and Reading Room, a Billiard

morning two Masses were celebrated, one at 7.0 a.m. and another at 8.15 a.m., at both of which instructions were delivered. This arrangement was necessary, owing to the large number of men at present in the Camp.

Certain units were detailed every day for each of the Masses, for which special parades were held, so that every man on the Camp was able to assist at the Mass and instruction.

Confessions were heard at fixed hours during the day, special times being allotted to the different Barracks.

Every evening there was Rosary, Sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, during which the spacious church was crowded, and it was a most inspiring spectacle to see the vast throng of our Army boys and to listen to their congregational singing of the hymns.

All the officers, including the G.H.Q. Staff, and the men attended the various exercises of the Mission and approached the Sacraments. The Missionaries were untiring in their labours, and it must have been a source of consolation to them to see that their efforts were so wholeheartedly seconded by the Army authorities and so fully availed of by all the members of the garrison.—*Contributed.*



Left to right:—Front Row: Rev. J. Fahey, Baldonnel; Rev. H. O'Neill, Collins Barracks, Cork; Rev. D. Ryan, Head Chaplain; Rev. M. J. Clavin, Gormanston; Rev. R. J. Casey, McKee Barracks. Back Row: Rev. W. J. Byrne, St. Bricin's; Rev. C. Trainor, Portobello Barracks; Rev. J. Pigott, Collins Barracks; Rev. M. Drea, Kilkenny; Rev. E. R. McCarthy, New Barracks, Limerick; Rev. E. O'Hart, Finner Camp; Rev. J. Feeley, Custume Barracks, Athlone.

["An t-Oglach" Photo.

Room and Games Room, and an Art and Crafts Room, and that the gymnasium will be fully equipped.

Lantern lectures and concerts are being provided, and Dramatic classes fostered. With a little co-operation, the Chaplains hope to be able to make the soldiers very happy and comfortable under this scheme. The Army authorities are most anxious that these schemes should get the whole-hearted support of all Units.

MISSION AT THE CURRAGH.

Though the Curragh is the great training camp for our Army, where, from the Reception Depot, in the Gough Barracks, to the Army School of Instruction in Keane Barracks, every aspect of the mental and physical education of the men is attended to, the spiritual side of the troops' welfare is by no means overlooked. The Command Chaplain, Rev. P. Donnelly, and his assistant Chaplains, Rev. J. Mahon and Rev. J. V. Hughes, are indefatigable in their attention to the troops, and their ministrations are gladly availed of by both the officers and men of the Camp.

The week, November 30th to December 8th, was marked by the exercises of a Mission conducted by Rev. Fathers Angelus, Laurence and Ferdinand, of the Capuchin Order. Each

RELIGIOUS CELEBRATION AT BALDONNEL.

Monday, 8th inst., the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, was fittingly celebrated in Baldonnel. All the troops paraded to the 9 a.m. Mass, and the Rosary and Litany of Loreto were recited before Mass by Sergeant-Major Brophy, the whole congregation joining in the responses. It may be remarked, in passing, that the custom of saying the Rosary before Mass is a very ancient one, and is observed in many parts of Ireland to the present day. During the Mass the choir sang the Kyrie, Sanctus and Agnus Dei from the Messia de Angelis, Privates Kelly and Barnes being the chanters.

Má tá Gaedhealg agat labhair í.
If you don't know Irish learn it.
Ma tá Gaedhealg agat scríobh í.

Sergeant O'Hanlon presided at the organ. After the Communion the Chaplain, Father Fahey, gave a short sermon on the Immaculate Conception, and also congratulated the choir, emphasising the gratifying fact that all the members offered their services voluntarily. Mass was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, and the morning ceremonies were concluded by a hymn to the Immaculate Mother, the whole congregation taking part.

IRISH TROOPS IN THE YEAR 1601.

Military Proclamation Issued by Hugh, Earl of Tyrone— Rates of Pay and Rations—Fines for Absence from Duty—Billeting Arrangements.

From the "Ulster Journal of Archæology," Vol. VI. (1858)
By Doctor John O'Donovan.

"The following documents* relating to the history of Hugh Earl of Tyrone are now laid before the reader for the first time. "No. 1 is a military order or proclamation issued by Hugh Earl of Tyrone, on the 2nd of February 1601, nearly one year previously to his defeat at Kinsale, 3rd of January, 1602. The language is technical and exceedingly curious; the exact spelling of the words, both in the Irish original, and the contemporary English translation, being preserved in this publication, and two paragraphs left untranslated by the Government interpreter are rendered literally by the present Editor. The name of this interpreter has not been discovered."

"MILITARY PROCLAMATION IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE ISSUED BY HUGH O'NEILE, EARL OF TYRONE IN 1601.

A n-ainm Dia. Ag so mar fhostus O'Neill buannadha. Ar tüss do'n chéd saighdiuir ced pont do thuarustal 'sa ràithe, agus fiche ponta d'uaisle leith-bhliadhna, acht in uaisle d'fhaghail 'sa chéd ràithe; agus da m-brisedh in buanna ar in tighearna fa gan anmhain aige in ath-ràithe aisseag ar in uaisle chom in tighearna: agus madh è in tighearna dhiultus do'n bhuanna fa gon a fhostadh in ath-ràithe, in uaisle ag a buanna. Is amhlaidh dholtar in tuarustal, gach mèide nach ffuighther, 'n a airged de do dhiol mar so: in loilghech in mart ion-loaigh do chor amach is na fiachaibh a n-imeochaiddh si eidir iocadhaibh agus sglògaip in tìre; in t-arm agus in t-édach do chor amach a n-diol in tuarustail do radh no marusgal. Biadh in t-saighdiur 'sa ràithe XVII. meadair ime do thomhus galuin na Loinne, agus fiche medar mine; agus d' fhiachaibh ar in tìr leith in bhídh pháidhedh, ceithri sginging 'sa meadar co n-a mhín; agus breith in mharasgail agus in bhuanna do pháidhedh 'sa leith eile do'n bhíadh 'san àit nach ffuighther in biadh 'n a bhíadh féin. Cead caoidhisi, ò ló a fhasta amach, ag an buanna chom a bhídh do thògbhail, agus è ag caithemh ar a aimsir in chaoicdhis sin; agus da ffanadh se on chaoicdhis sin amach, leth choroin mar chàin ag an tighearna air gach èn là bhias se amoigh.

Muna diolaidh in t-locaidhe in biadh leis in bhuanna fo chionn na caoidhisi sin, d' fhiachaibh ar in iocaidhe in biadh d' iomchar gus in àit a m-biadh in buanna a ffsolongphort. D' fhiachaibh ar in chonstaba ced beith ceathrar is ceithri XX. ar a g-cossaiph, agus d' fholmhughadh se fir dèc; agus is è ceal a d-teidh in fholmhughadh sin, cuid deichneamhair ag constaba in ched de, agus cuid cuigir ag mearasgal in tìre féin, agus cuid fir ag galloglach tighearna. D' fhiachaibh ar in tighearna fo brigh a chonsiais agus a thighearnuis gach nì de so do chomall do'n bhuanna, agus gach maith is mo bhus eidir leiss do dhenamh do'n bhuanna in a chàilidhecht féin; agus in chéd oidhchi rachus in buanna ar a bhíadh, è do bheith ag caithemh ar féin in oidhchi sin; agus madh è in t'locaidhe bhus ciontach fa gan diolaidhecht do dhenamh leis in bhuanna 'sa chéd ló go n-oidchi, a bhíadh ar in iocaidhe in feadh chuinneochus se è; agus a chuid féin iomlán leis in bhuanna ag imthecht dò, leth moigh do bhíadh in chéd laoi go n-oidchi ò ghephus in buanna a bhíadh.

Gach àit a thioctaidh cassaoid air fa aidhighect no fa aindeoin, galuin ime mar chàin na h-oidchi sin ar gach cuigir da ttuillfe cassaoid do dhenamh orra do na buannadhaibh.

Is iad na fiacha ata ar m-buanna as so. Ar tüss, fo bhrigh a choinsiais agus a anma a bheith dile, tairisi, gradhach, umhal, urramach, d'a thighearna, agus a fhreagra gach uile uair iarrfus se è, agus dul leiss do ló agus d'oidhchi in gach àit a n'iarrfaidh se è, acht nach g-cuirionn O'Neill d' fhiachaibh ar bhuanna baile d'insnaigh acht do rèir a thoile féin; agus in buanna do bheith a ffsolongphort gach fad iarrfus a thighearna air è, leth amoigh

do'n chaoicdhis tugudh dò chom a bhídh do thògbhail; agus da n-iarraidh in tighearna taispena dà uair 'sa sechtmhain ar in m-buanna, sin do thabhairt dò, agus leth-choroin mar chàin ag in tighearna ar gach fer nach ffuighther do lathair do na saighdiuiribh gach èn là dioph sin. D'fhiachaibh ar in m-buanna gan geall ar bith do ghilacadh a ffsolongphort no a tìr a thighearna, acht re marasgal do bheith aige; agus da n-dearnadh, tuitim ar in agra agus mar in g-cedna gan geall do dhenamh ar in m-buanna acht re marasgal do bheith do lathair; agus da g-cuireadh buanna a n-aghaidh mearasgail a thighearna a bhreith féin do chàin ag in tighearna air in m-buanna. Gach cius imresna no aimhredhtigh theigemhus eidir tighearna in tìre no in tìr féin agus buanna, breith in dà mharasgal do bheith ann sin; d' fhiachaibh ar in m-buanna gan urchòid do dhenamh d'èn duine ar gach taopha de gan chead spècialta a thighearna.

Gach creach dhenus in tighearna agus in buanna, trian na g-creach do na buannadhaibh agus dà d-trian ag an tighearna. Gach each maith agus gach lùreach bheanfaidher amach, do bheith ag an tighearna. Gach bràighe èifechtach, assa ffuighther sithchàin no combaiseag bragda, do bheith ag an tighearna; agus in tighearna do thabhairt luach saothair iomchubhaidh don bhuanna do rèir toile in tighearna; agus gach bràighe ghebbhus in buanna as a ffuighther fuaslughadh trian in fhuaslaicthè ag an bhuanna, agus dà trian ag an tighearna.

D'fhiachaibh ar in ni-buanna bardail laoi agus faire leaptha oidchi, agus ceithernus aradna do thabhairt d'a thighearna fo bhrigh càna.

Atà O'Neile ag a fhògra do Thadhg O'Ruairc agus do gach buannadhaibh rachus 'sa Mumhain anmhain 'sa staid-'si le maithibh Mumhain, fa phein gan èn là do mhaith na d'fhògar I O'Neile no I Dombnaill d'fhaghail go brath; acht gach uile bhuanna do rachaidh tar in ffoirm-si do bheith fuagartha ò Ua Néill agus ò Ua Dombnaill, ionnamhail agus do bui Diarmeit O'Conchubhair go ffgathaoi a chenn re a bhuaín de

O'NEILL.

A n-Dun-geanain 2 Februarii, 1601.

CONTEMPORANEOUS TRANSLATION OF THE FOREGOING.

THE ORDER AND MANNER HOW O'NEILE DOTH GESSE HIS BOWNIES.* FEBRUARY, 1601.

In the name of God. This is the order and manner of O'Neyle his interteyning of Bownaghs. First, he allowith to the company of soldiers entertaynement quarterlie 100 pounds ster., and XX pounds every half yeare by name of a rewarde, tearmed in Irish **wasly**; and the same rewarde to be paid to the Bwonagh the first quarter; and if it chance the Bwonagh [wish] not to remayne and serve out his full quarter, then he is to make restitution of the rewarde. But if the Lo. should refuse to contynue the Bwonagh in his service during the full quarter, then the Bwonagh to enjoy the rewarde without restitution. The enterteynement is thus payd; where money wanteth, there the milche, or in-calf cowe to be receyved for payment according to the price it bears betwixt the tenants and husbands of the country.

The armor and clothes to run at such rates as the Marshall shall sett downe. The victuayles quarterly to be XXIV meaders of butter of Linster gallon measure, and [] skore meaders of meale; the country bound to pay the one halfe of the victuails in victuails itself, and for the other halfe to deliver the Bwonagh certain allowance of pay in lieu of every meader that shall be wanting of half the victuayles, the Bownagh to receive four shillings with the meale, and for the other halfe, where no victuayles is to be had, the allowance for payment for the same to be according as the

* The second document is a letter from Sir Geoffrey Fenton, Irish Chief Secretary, to Sir Robert Cecil, December 1601.—Editor.

Marshall and Bwonagh shall consultingly agree upon. The Bwonagh to have a fortnight respite from the day of his entry to levie and collect his victuayles; that fortnight to be acompted of the quarter; and if he should spend longer time in staving abroade, then for every day of his absence he to be answerable in a fyne of halfe crowne pr. diem to his Lo.

If within that fortnight's space the tennante or husbände on whom the victuayles are allotted do not pay the same to the Bwonagh, that then from henceforth that he be bound to bring the same at his own cost and charge unto him where-soever he lies in campe. The captain of a hundreth is to have by the poll for the hundreth four score and four, and is allowed XVI dead pays, whereof he himself is to have ten, the Marshall of the country five, and the Lord's gallowglass one. The Lord upon his conscience and honour not to withhold anything of his due from the Bwonagh, but according to his degree and qualitie to do the best he can for his good. The first day the Bwonagh is enterteined he is for that day and night to live at his own charges; and if the tennant or husbände, on whom the victuayls are allotted, through their default keep the Bwonagh from receyvng his victuals the first day of service, then the Bwonagh during the tyme he is so stayed to be at the tennant's own charges; and upon his departure to receive the full allowance sett down for him at first, except the first day and night's victuayls.

After the Bwonagh has receyved notice where he is to receyve his victuayls, and is by delayes dryven to complayne for not having it, a fyne of a gallon of butter by the night to be imposed upon every five, that by reason of delay gives the Bwonagh cause of complaint.

The Bwonagh in consideration hereof, upon his conscience and soule, is to be faithfull, trustie, loving, humble and obedient to his Lo., and to be answerable and at his command at all times he doeth require him, and to wthil him by day and by night into all places whereunto he will require him. O'Neil would not that the Bwonagh should geve attempt or go to any towne without his Lord's direction, but lye still in camp so long as his Lord directs him so to do, except for the fortnight that he is to collect his victuayles. If the Lo. would twice every week take view or muster of the Bwonagh, he is to give him the same; and for every souldier deficient, or that shall not be present at the muster, halfe a crowne in name of a fyne. The Bwonagh not to distreine in his Lord's country or camp without the Marshall; and if he should, his challenge to be void; and also no distresse to be taken of the Bwonagh except the Marshall be present to do it. If the Bwonagh should refuse or resist the Lord's Marshall, then he to be fined according to the Lord's descrecion; and the Bwonagh to do no hurt or damage anywhere without speycial direction of his Lord.

What preyes shall be taken by the Lord and the Bwonaghs, the third parte thereof to the Bwonagh, the rest to the Lo. Every good horse or shirt of mayle that shall be taken, to be the Lord's. Every prisoner by whom either peace may be had or other prisoner delivered in exchange, to be the Lord's; and the Lord to give the Bwonagh a competent reward in consideration thereof according to his discretion. Every prisoner taken by the Bwonagh of whom ransom may be had, the third part of the ransom to the Bwonagh, the rest to the Lord; to be given uppon payne of a fyne.

[The Bwonagh † to be bound to ward by day and watch the bed by night; and to afford the service of **cethernus aradhna** (i.e. to attend to the horses, to clean, polish, and repair their bridles, trappings, etc.) to his Lord on pain of fine.]

[O'Neill is giving warning to Teige O'Rourke and to all the Bwonaghs who will go into Munster, to remain in this state with the chiefs of Munster, under penalty of never having one day of the benefit of the favour of O'Neill or of O'Donnell for ever; but every Bwonagh who transgresses this order shall be proclaimed by O'Neill and O'Donnell in like manner as was Dermot O'Connor, who had his head struck off.]

O'NEILL,

At Dungannon, 2 February, 1601.

* "Bownies" were hired soldiers. "Cessing" of Bownies means arranging for their billeting.

† These two paragraphs are left untranslated by the interpreter.

NATIONAL CALENDAR FOR JANUARY.

- 1.—Edmund Burke born at 12 Arran Quay, Dublin, 1728.
* * * *
- 2.—Hugh Harkin, reputed author of the "Doneraile Litany," died, 1854.
* * * *
- 3.—Battle of Kinsale, 1602.
* * * *
- 4.—"Northern Star" published, 1792.
* * * *
- 6.—William Putnam MacCabe, United Irishman, died, 1821.
* * * *
- 7.—P. J. Smith arrived at Van Diemen's Land, 1853.
* * * *
- 8.—Massacre at Island Magee, 1642.
* * * *
- 9.—Donal O'Sullivan Beare died, 1660.
* * * *
- 10.—Lord Edward Fitzgerald joined the United Irishmen, 1797.
* * * *
- 11.—Andrew Cherry, author of "The Dear Little Shamrock," born, 1762.
* * * *
- 12.—Major Sirr died, 1841.
* * * *
- 13.—Insurrection in Clare, 1799.
* * * *
- 14.—Thomas Dermody born at Ennis, 1775.
* * * *
- 15.—Last Session of the Irish Parliament opened, 1800.
* * * *
- 16.—William Sampson, United Irishman, born, 1764.
* * * *
- 17.—Edward Duffy died in Millbank Prison, 1868.
* * * *
- 18.—O'Connell convicted of holding illegal meetings, 1831.
* * * *
- 19.—Sir George Carew left Kinsale, 1602.
* * * *
- 20.—Birr captured, 1643.
* * * *
- 21.—Proclamation banishing all Catholic priests from Ireland issued, 1623.
* * * *
- 22.—Annals of the Four Masters commenced, 1620.
* * * *
- 23.—Sir John Gilbert born, 1829.
* * * *
- 24.—Miles Byrne died, 1862.
* * * *
- 25.—First Earl of Desmond died, 1355.
* * * *
- 26.—John Alexander born, 1736.
* * * *
- 27.—"Mary," of the Nation, died, 1869.
* * * *
- 28.—£1,000 offered by the English authorities for the capture of James Stephens.
* * * *
- 29.—Archibald Hamilton Rowan tried, 1798.
* * * *
- 30.—William Carleton, novelist, died, 1869.
* * * *
- 31.—Duel between O'Connell and D'Esterre, 1815.

"With these chocolate badges," said a disgruntled Officer, "one looks like an advertisement for Cadbury's when one has one's tunic on."
"Yes," said his friend; and, when one has one's great-coat on, one looks like an advertisement for frieze."

"OH, TO BE ON A COMMITTEE!"

Feverish Activity in the Sergeants' Mess at G.H.Q.

An extraordinary general meeting of the members of the Sergeants' Mess was held on the 8th inst. There is always something extraordinary about these meetings; it wouldn't be the Sergeants' Mess if there wasn't. This meeting was called to thank the members of the committee for the service they rendered in securing new mess premises, to elect a new committee as the old one no longer represented the will of the Sergeants, and to make arrangements for a real soldiers' Christmas.

The G.H.Q. Sergeants have a happy way of thanking the committee for good work done. If they don't like you they put you on a committee, you work like a slave for them for a couple of months and they begin to like you. Then they call on you to resign. You have to be very careful in the Sergeants' Mess or they will put you on committees.

There are two parties in the Mess, single and married; one sleeping in barracks and the other in their own homes. There is a perpetual feud between those parties, but the single men have the upper hand. The married men are a very meek lot. I suppose married men are always the same. You can say anything to them and they take no notice. I suppose they are used to it. They are good men to put on committees—they can stand any amount of abuse.

Having exhausted the supply of married men the single men decided to revolutionise the whole Mess and elect a committee of single men. Even though they were in a minority they got their own way. The others had not the courage to object, but I suppose we can't blame them, they are used to that sort of thing.

The President held on to his own job: he is the senior N.C.O. there. They couldn't put a junior in his place because they thought it wouldn't look like discipline. Discipline is about the only thing they have in the Mess—except the committee of course. They fixed it up in another way by electing a Vice-President. He is very imposing and carries great weight. He is a fine example of what a member of the Sergeants' Mess should be.

It took a long time to elect a treasurer. That's because they want to be sure of their man. The treasurer must be a strict T.T. and non-smoker (and non-runner) and it was very difficult to find a man who complies with all these requirements. One was eventually found, however. He is a model, anyway you take him. All the insults the members can hurl at him will fail to hit him.

Nothing can be said about the Secretary. It would be useless to say anything about him. However he is one of the chosen and that should satisfy everybody concerned.

Resolutions are proposed at all meetings, but in the Mess resolutions are twisted and turned in all directions and seldom passed. Such as the refusal to allow "coal blocks" into the Mess and the supplying of "coffee" for supper.

Christmas arrangements were discussed and it was decided to hold a smoking concert on New Year's Eve. They must keep up to date, they are as much entitled to ring out the old and ring in the new as anybody else. They had to start by electing a sub-committee, the married men got a little of their own way in forming this, no one can blame them and they know how to spend a good night, it will be twelve months more before they get the chance of another like it so let us hope they will enjoy it.

The first thing a committee does when elected is to look for money. They say they can do nothing without money. Another long discussion ended by the members agreeing to lay aside a sum to cover all expenses. An unmarried member proposed that each be allowed to bring a lady friend but they had to give way to the married men who objected strenuously.

The meeting terminated after the President had stated that as it was the last meeting before Christmas the most fitting way to finish was by wishing everybody the compliments of the Season. He expressed the hope that he would be able to wish them the same on that day twelve months.

One never knows but is it possible for a President and committee to last for twelve months?

Women Governors aren't rare; every man has one.—*Columbia Record.*

LANTERN LECTURES.

Pleasing Innovation by Eastern Command Chaplain.

Through the kindness of Cumann Sugraid an Airm, a lantern outfit has been purchased for the entertainment of the troops in different centres, and on Monday evening, December 8th, a most entertaining and instructive lecture, illustrated with beautifully coloured limelight views, was delivered to the troops stationed in Griffith Barracks, Dublin, by the Rev. R. J. Casey, C.F., Command Chaplain, Eastern Command. The lecture was entitled "Ireland in many Phases in many Lands."

In treating the subject, the rev. lecturer displayed a number of lantern pictures of the many beauty spots in the South of Ireland. These slides have already been extensively admired in several American cities, and constitute probably a unique collection. Special interesting details from the historical point were touched on as each slide was shown. Stirring incidents in Irish history were recalled. Scenes were shown from the lives of St. Patrick, Father Mathew, Grattan, O'Connell, Emmet, Pearse and General Collins. Legendary lore and many anecdotes of interest were related, the whole forming a very complete treatment of the subject. Special pictures were shown of the blessing of the colours of the Railway Protection and Maintenance Corps by the Very Rev. Father Ryan, Head Chaplain, some months ago in Griffith Barracks, and also the presentation of the colours to the corps by General Mulcahy on the same occasion. These and others illustrative of the Army were supplied by "An t-Oglach."

Following the slides on Ireland the Rev. Father Casey took his audience into fields far apart on the tracks of the Irish—

START NOW.

The Irish language is the most distinctive badge of Irish nationality.

The French Army speaks French always.

The German Army speaks German always.

The Dutch Army speaks Dutch always.

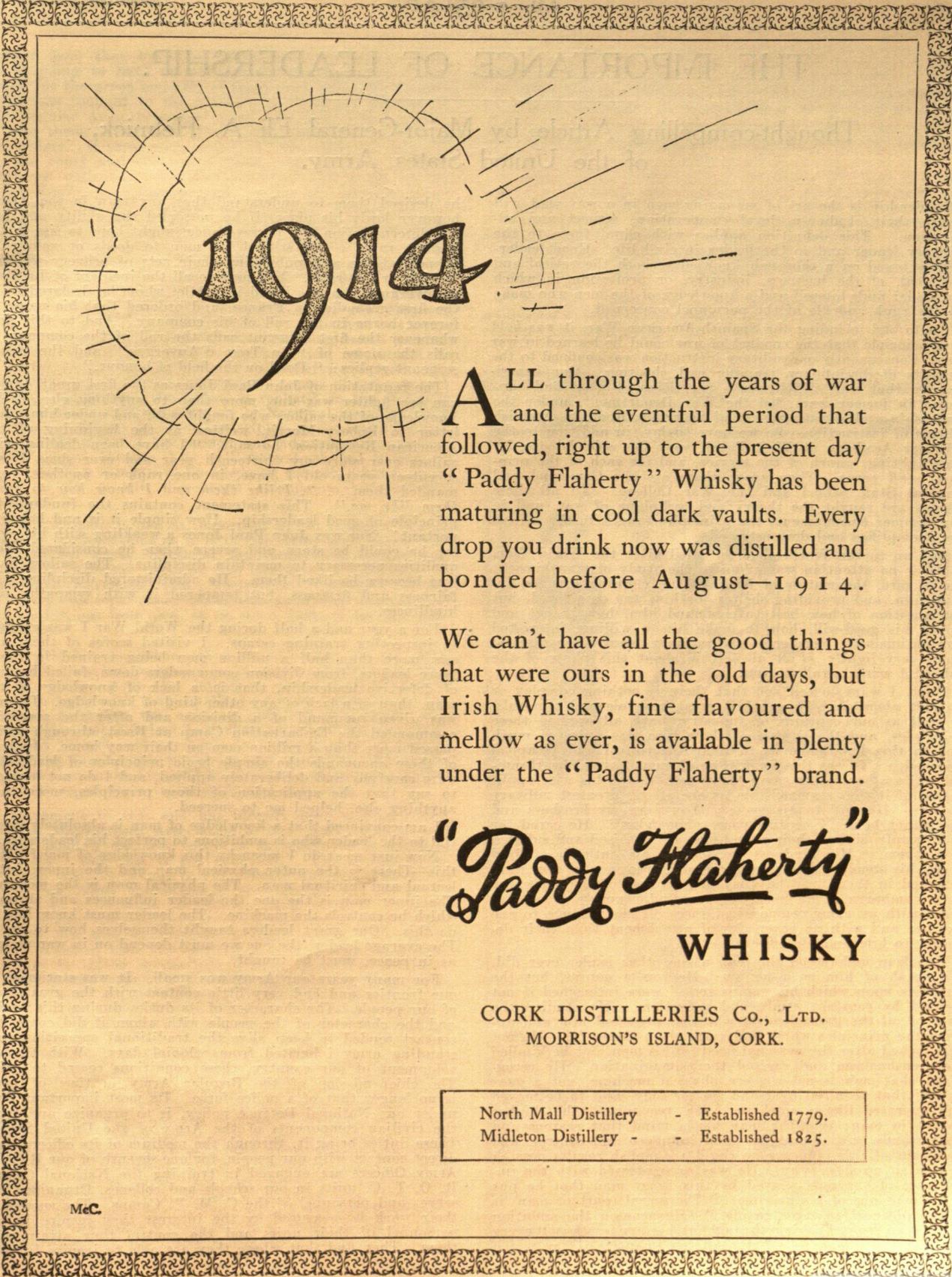
Is there any reason why the Irish Army should not use Irish?

to Lourdes with the recent Irish National Pilgrimage, and to New York for the great St. Patrick's Day Parade. The "turn-out" of the sons and daughters of Erin in New York on the Feast of Ireland's Apostle was featured by numerous coloured slides taken by the reverend lecturer a few years ago. Banners with stirring slogans were carried by the many Irish societies and county organisations. Fifth Avenue, one of the main arteries of New York traffic, on the 17th of March became a centre of interest for Irish-Irelanders. The reviewing of the parade was performed by the highest officers of Church and State, including Archbishop Hayes and Governor Al. Smith. Truly, the evening's entertainment was enjoyed by the large audience present, which included Colonel Russell, the Very Rev. Father Ryan, Principal Army Chaplain; Major Lawlor, G.H.Q. Staff; Commandant O'Connor and many other officers and their friends. Interesting musical numbers and recitations were contributed at intervals, the whole forming a most enjoyable program.

In replying to the vote of thanks, Father Casey promised at some future date to deliver another lantern lecture, illustrated with coloured views, entitled "The Irish Brigade from Limerick to Fontenoy."

All present then rose and sang "The Soldiers' Song"—a fitting conclusion to a pleasant evening's entertainment.

"Some of the good people who dine here," said the hotel manager sadly, "seem to think that the spoons are a sort of medicine—to be taken after meals."



1914

ALL through the years of war and the eventful period that followed, right up to the present day "Paddy Flaherty" Whisky has been maturing in cool dark vaults. Every drop you drink now was distilled and bonded before August—1914.

We can't have all the good things that were ours in the old days, but Irish Whisky, fine flavoured and mellow as ever, is available in plenty under the "Paddy Flaherty" brand.

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McC.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LEADERSHIP.

Thought-compelling Article by Major-General Eli A. Helmick,
of the United States Army.

Leadership is the art of managing men in a way that will insure their obedience, loyal co-operation, respect and admiration. This definition applies with equal force to the military leader and to the leader in civil life. Good leadership is based on a thorough knowledge, both theoretical and technical, of the business, industry, or profession in which the leader finds himself and a knowledge of the men who make up the rank and file of the personnel concerned.

Up to and including the Spanish-American War, it was held as a principle that the conduct of war could be learned in war only. Consequently our military instruction was confined to the subjects of disciplinary training and shooting. Our experience in that war, which was a repetition of what had happened in former wars, led the War Department, under the leadership and encouragement of Secretary Root, to establish schools of instruction. So we have to-day, in addition to the Military Academy at West Point, very fine schools, one for each fighting branch of the service, and for each of the principal staff corps. Then above these are the Command and General Staff School and the War College. In all these schools are taught the theory and technique of war, and in our summer encampments the principles taught in the schools are exemplified and demonstrated.

But up to the World War, or until after the World War, little or no attention was given to the study of man himself. To be sure, the matter of feeding him, clothing him, equipping him, and providing shelter for him was considered, but the question of how best to command him, how to get and retain his good-will, how to make him a willing, interested and enthusiastic member of the military team, were touched upon very lightly, if at all. It is about this phase of the subject I want to talk to you.

First, I want to tell you that there is nothing complex or difficult about it. The worlds' great generals and admirals, as well as our captains of industry, have all applied these principles, and the success of these men was quite as much due to this knowledge as to their theoretical and technical knowledge. It was this knowledge of men, learned by Hannibal while a boy in the camp of his father, and his wise application of it that stamped him as one of our greatest military leaders. He said to his men: "You were my brothers and my father before I became your commander." He cared for their wants, shared their privations, sympathized and suffered with them. His kindness won them, his enthusiasm fired them, his steadfastness of purpose and greatness of soul were reflected in them, and he was able, because of this, to carry on a campaign in an enemy's country for nearly a score of years with an army composed of races of men strange to one another and with no other ties of attachment than their devotion to him and his officers.

Napoleon understood the man as no other leader ever did. We speak of him as a genius. He was a genius, but the qualities upon which his genius rested were intensified if not created by constant study and reflection. He studied the lives of all the great leaders who had preceded him and applied the principles which had made them successful. He not only looked after the personal needs of his men, but he kindled their enthusiasm and excited their imagination. He recognized that man is not a mere physical machine, not a mere animal that required food and shelter only, and to be moved and operated like a machine. He recognized the higher nature in man; that the man has a mind that reasons and understands, a soul that he could influence and control, and by means of this influence he could accomplish results possible to him in no other way. He was so impressed with the importance of the part played by this inner man that he put it down as one of his maxims: "The moral (part of man) is to the physical as three to one." He aroused the ambition of his men by publishing throughout his armies that "every man carries a marshal's baton in his knap-sack," by which

he desired them to understand that any man in the Army, however lowly his place, if he possessed the ability and had the determination and perseverance, might hope to rise to the highest rank. He stirred his men to deeds of valour by acknowledging and publishing their acts of bravery whether in high or low rank. You may recall the incident of La Tour d'Auvergne, who was killed in battle, whom he declared to be the first grenadier in France, and ordered that his name be forever borne in the roll of his company. And to this day, whenever the first sergeant calls the roll of the company he calls the name of "La Tour d'Auvergne," and the colour sergeant replies: "Dead on the field of honour."

The reputation of John Paul Jones as the first great American sea fighter was due, more than to anything else, to his knowledge of the sailors who fought with and under him. In a letter to Robert Morris, written at the beginning of the American Revolution, he said: "I have been dealing with sailors ever since my thirteenth year and ever since I was seventeen years old I have, in one rank or another, commanded them . . . I like them and I know how to make them like me." This statement contains the fundamental principle of good leadership. How simple it is and how important! Nor was John Paul Jones a weakling with his men, for he could be stern and severe when he considered these qualities necessary to maintain discipline. The sailors liked him because he liked them. He administered discipline with fairness and firmness, but tempered it with sympathy and kindness.

For a year and a half during the World War I was engaged in inspecting training camps. I visited scores of them and saw more than half a million men being trained in them. More leaders, from division commanders down, failed because of defective leadership, that is, a lack of knowledge of the man, than of a lack of any other kind of knowledge. Later I was given command of a division and after the armistice commanded the Embarkation Camp at Brest, through which passed more than a million men on their way home. In both of these commands the simple basic principles of leadership were carefully and deliberately applied, and I do not hesitate to say that the application of these principles, more than anything else, helped me to succeed.

I am convinced that a knowledge of man is absolutely essential to the leader who is ambitious to perfect his leadership.

Now just what do I mean by this knowledge of man? It is this—There is the outer physical man and the inner, intellectual and spiritual man. The physical man is the machine. The inner man is the one the leader influences and through which he controls the machine. The leader must know how to do this. Our great leaders taught themselves how to do it. The average leader, the one we must depend on in war as well as in peace, must be taught.

For many years our Army was small. It was stationed on our frontier and had very little contact with the great body of our people. The character of its duties during this period and the character of the people with whom it did come into contact tended to keep alive the traditional opposition to a standing army inherited from colonial days. With the development of our country, these conditions ceased to exist. The chief mission of the Regular Army in time of peace is no longer that of a police force. Its most important duty under our National Defence policy, is to organize and train the civilian components of the Army of the United States. These duties bring it, through the medium of its officers, into direct contact with our people, for one-seventh of our Regular Army Officers are engaged in training the National Guard, R. O. T. C. units in our schools and colleges, Organized Reserves and personnel of the C. M. T. Camps. The success of their work is measured by the interest they inspire in the personnel of their units and the control they attain over them. They find that where they are able to inspire interest

in their men, they have no difficulty in controlling them. This is going to have an excellent effect, in turn, on our officers, for the great majority of them have never had to give any serious thought to the question of inspiring interest in their Regular Army personnel or of obtaining a willing control over them. They have given their instructions and issued their orders. If these were complied with, well and good; if not, the court and the guard came into operation. Their experience with the civil components of the Army of the United States is impressing them with the importance of proper principles of leadership and is bound to result in their general application in the Regular Army, with mutual benefit to both officers and men.

The Army and the Navy are both giving greater attention to leadership. The Navy Department has introduced a course of training in it at the Naval Academy and is encouraging its study throughout all its commands. At the Military Academy the subject has been taught in a practical way since the close of the war, and steps are now being taken looking to the introduction of a course of theoretical instruction in the academic curriculum. In all our Service Schools the subject is being given consideration by means of lectures and practical instruction. Its value is realized in the development and conduct of our schemes of National Defence. Our officers are enjoined to follow principles of successful leadership in their work of instruction and administration in our summer camps, because it is well understood that if they do this, succeeding camps will be filled; on the other hand, their failure to do so will discourage attendance and prevent success.

Good leadership is just as important in our commercial and industrial organizations as it is in our Army and Navy. The success of our great industrial and commercial leaders, our captains of industry, has been due largely to a knowledge of leadership. Harriman, Hill, Wanamaker, Carnegie, Schwab and others—all have made use of this knowledge of man and their success has been due, in no small part, to its practical application.

The world is passing through a period of deep unrest. Our own country has not escaped it. An organized effort has been and is being made to introduce dissatisfaction among those who work with their hands, to create opposition to the employer, to widen the existing gulf between labour and capital. It is not sufficient to denounce such efforts as wrong; they must be met and overcome by a better class of leadership on the part of the employers and managers. The same principles that make for good leadership in armies and navies apply with equal force in industry and commerce.

A movement to this end has already been started. The American Management Association of New York, with several hundred leading business concerns as members, is doing a good work. But this is not sufficient. The principles of leadership must be taught in our colleges and universities. I wonder how many thousands of students go out from our colleges and universities to take up their work in civil life without having received any direct instruction, or even advice, as to the best way to solve the problem of life. The great element entering into this solution is that of human contact. It cannot be solved successfully without some knowledge of the fundamental principles of leadership, because every man, no matter what his profession or business may be, exerts an influence over those about him, and this influence either helps him or hinders him in his efforts to succeed. A practical application of the principles of leadership will enable him to make his influence helpful.

Up to the termination of the World War, our psychologists contributed little of value towards the solution of this problem. They busied themselves largely with theories and dreams, because none but the curious-minded was interested in the subject. Show them that there is a real field for practical psychology; that a correct knowledge of the mind and spirit of man is essential for successful leadership in war as well as in peace, in military training as well as in industry and commerce; let them once understand this, then they will cease their dreaming and give us the practical knowledge of the mind and spirit of man that is so much needed to-day.

In conclusion let me briefly summarize.

1. Good leadership is based not on theoretical and technical knowledge only, but on the knowledge of man.

2. All great leaders have appreciated this knowledge of leadership, and their success was largely due to their use of it.

3. Up to the close of the World War, the importance of this knowledge of man was not appreciated by our military men and little thought was given to it.

4. The military leaders during the World War who did not possess a knowledge of leadership failed, wholly or in part, to accomplish the task assigned to them. Those who possessed it and made use of it, owed their success to it or added greatly to their success by its use.

5. Leadership is now being taught seriously in the Army and Navy. It is likewise beginning to be studied and applied in industrial life.

6. Practical instruction in our colleges and universities is necessary in order that trained leaders may be supplied in commerce and industry.

—American "Infantry Journal."



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ALL THE NEWS OF THE ARMY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Convention at G.H.Q.—Organization of Headquarters Command— Boxing Championships.

A convention of representatives from all Units comprising the General Headquarters Command assembled at Parkgate on Thursday, the 11th instant. The following were present:—Major T. McGrath, Commandant P. Ennis, Commandant D. Mackay, Commandant J. P. Cotter, Captain M. Lennon, Captain Cooke, Captain Finlay, Lieut. Delamere, Lieut. Tully, Lieut. Sean Kavanagh, Lieut. C. S. Doyle, Sergt.-Major Brophy, Sergt.-Major Cummins, Sergt. Pigott, Sergt. Glennon, Sergt. Smith and Pte. Walsh.

The organizing committee reported on the athletic position within the Command, and the possibility of forming clubs in all Units embraced.

The meeting appointed the following Officers as Command Council:—

Chairman, Major T. McGrath; Vice-Chairman, Commandant D. Mackay; Treasurer, Commandant P. Ennis, Secretary, Lieut. C. S. Doyle.

The Command, for athletic purposes, was divided into five groups, composed as under:—

1. Air Force and other Corps Units stationed in Baldonnel.
2. Mechanical Transport Corps in Gormanstown.
3. Artillery and Remounts, McKee Barracks.
4. Signals, Engineers, School of Music and the H.Q. Staff stationed in Portobello.
5. G.H.Q. Medical Service, Island Bridge and Arbour Hill Detention Barracks.

It was agreed that each group be allowed two representatives on the Command Council, the representatives to be appointed by the Committee administering for the group.

A balance sheet of the working of the Association since its inception was submitted to the meeting. Arising out of same, the Chairman proposed the following resolution, which was seconded by Captain Lennon, and passed unanimously:—“That the balance sheet be received as presented. The new Executive to appoint a Committee to consider same.”

The following fixtures were arranged:—

HURLING.—G.H.Q. v. Artillery, Saturday, 20th inst., 2.30 p.m., at No. 2 Ground, Phoenix Park.

FOOTBALL.—G.H.Q. v. Gormanstown, Saturday, the 20th inst., 2.30 p.m., at No. 1 Ground, Phoenix Park. G.H.Q. v. Artillery, Wednesday, 17th inst., at 2.30 p.m., at No. 1 Hurling Ground.

HANDBALL.—Baldonnel v. G.H.Q., at Clondalkin, on Wednesday, 17th inst., at 2.30 p.m.

CHESS.—G.H.Q. v. Griffith Barracks, on Friday, the 19th inst., at 6 p.m., at General Headquarters.

At the conclusion of the meeting it was proposed to hold a meeting of the Command Council at 6.30 p.m. on Thursday, the 18th inst., at Parkgate, when the fixtures in connection with the Command Championships (Hurling and Football) will be made.

ARMY BOXING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The All-Army Boxing Championships, originally arranged to be decided in Dublin, were held at the Gymnasium, Curragh, on Thursday, 11th inst., and proved, on the whole, a great success. The following were officials:—

Referees.—Commandant P. Colgan (Hon. Sec., A.A.A.) and Tancy Lee. **Judges.**—Major J. P. Hunt, Captain M. Wilson, Captain E. Marie, B.S.M. J. Kiely. **Timekeeper.**—Comdt. J. McDonald. **M.C.**—B.S.M. M. J. Doogan.

Competition was of the keenest description, and if any could be singled out for special mention it would be the opening bout in the bantam-weight, McDonagh v. Smyley. The former boxed his man to a standstill in two rounds, and Smyley retired. Details:—

BANTAM-WEIGHT.

Pte. McDonagh (Curragh) bt. Pte. Smyley (Eastern Command). Smyley retired at the end of the second round.

Pte. Uxell (G.H.Q.) bt. Pte. O'Connell (Southern) on points. Pte. Metcalfe (Curragh) bt. Pte. O'Connell (Western) on points.

Pte. Ryan (Eastern) k.o. Pte. Moane (G.H.Q.).

FEATHER-WEIGHT.

Pte. Smith (Curragh) bt. Sgt. Tobin (Southern) on points. Pte. Brennan (Southern) bt. Pte. Cullen (G.H.Q.) on points.

LIGHT-WEIGHT.—FIRST ROUND.

Pte. Clarke (Curragh) bt. Pte. Mahoney (Southern) on points.

Cpl. Perry (G.H.Q.) bt. Pte. Treacy (Eastern). Treacy retired during the last round.

Pte. Donohue (Eastern) bt. Pte. Hegarty (Curragh) on points.

WELTER-WEIGHT.

Sgt. Dwyer (Southern) bt. Pte. Brigdale (Curragh). Brigdale retired in the first round.

Pte. Washington (Eastern) bt. Pte. Byrne (G.H.Q.) on points.

MIDDLE-WEIGHT.

Pte. McAlinden (Curragh) bt. Sgt. Furey (Curragh). Furey retired in the first round.

Pte. Mostyn (Curragh) bt. Pte. Seerey (Southern). Seerey retired in the first round.

SPECIAL CONTESTS.

Pte. Cullen (G.H.Q.) bt. Pte. Egan. Egan retired in the fourth round.

Sgt. Brogan (Curragh) bt. Pte. McCaffrey, who retired in the second round.

Cpl. O'Shea (25th Batt.) bt. Pte. Daly (15th Batt.) on points in three 2-min. rounds.

BETTER BOXING IN THE FINALS.

The Army Championships were concluded on the following evening, again before a large attendance. The boxing, although better than on the previous night, was not of a very high standard. The prizes were distributed by Major-General Cronin.

WELTER-WEIGHTS.—SEMI-FINALS.

Sergt. Dwyer (Southern Command) bt. Pte. Fulham (Curragh Command), retired. Dwyer scoring heavily in the opening exchanges, Fulham retired before the end of the first round.

Pte. Coate (S.C.) w.o.; Pte. Washington (E.C.)

Final—Sergt. Dwyer, w.o.; Pte. Coate, scr.

BANTAM-WEIGHTS.—SEMI-FINALS.

Pte. McDonagh (C.C.) bt. Pte. Ryan (E.C.) on points. McDonagh had the measure of his opponent throughout and had he played to the body, the fight would have finished earlier, as he was presented with some fine opportunities. He was, however, willing to run out an easy winner on points.

Pte. Metcalfe (C.C.), w.o.; Pte. Uxell (G.H.Q.), scr.

Final—Pte. McDonagh bt. Pte. Metcalfe on points. McDonagh had his man in difficulties early, and during the closing stages Metcalfe received a great deal of punishment. He, however, held out gamely, but was easily beaten on points.

FEATHER-WEIGHTS.—SEMI-FINAL.

Pte. Buckley (C.C.) bt. Pte. Smith (C.C.) on points. Buckley forced matters for the first two rounds, but most of the blows were stopped by Smith's gloves. Smith had much the better of the closing round, and was unlucky in not getting the decision.

Final—Pte. Buckley bt. Corpl. Brennan on points. This contest produced some hard hitting, and each man scored in turn. An extra round was ordered, and Buckley got the verdict, though the margin in his favour must have been small.

LIGHT-WEIGHTS.—SEMI-FINALS.

Pte. Doyle (S.C.) bt. Pte. Clarke (C.C.) on points. A good fight, both displaying clever tactics. Clarke's footwork was better, but Doyle cornered his man several times and he

ΞΑΟΛΟΥΝΝ ΤΟΥ'Ν ΑΡΜ.

CHES—(Continued).

ΞΑΟΛΟΥΝΝ.

IS ΔΙΣΤΕΑΪ ΜΕΑΡΒΑΛΑΪ ΑΝ ΪΜΑ, ΝΑ ΝΟΕΜ-
ΤΕΑΡ ΑΝ ΡΙΘΙΡΕ ΤΟ ΪΡΥΠΟΕΑΪΜΑΙΤ,
ΑΪΣ ΝΙΟΡ ΜΙΣΟΕ ΑΙΡΕ ΜΑΙΤ ΤΟ
ΞΑΒΑΙΡΤ ΤΟ.

ΤΑ ΤΑ ΪΟΡ 'ΣΑ ΪΛΥΑΙΣΕΑΪΤ Α ΤΟΜΕΑΝΝ ΣΕ.

ΑΝ ΪΕΑΤ ΪΕΑΝΝ ΪΙΡΕΑΪ ΑΡ ΔΪΑΤΟ (ΝΟ
ΪΙΡΕΑΪ ΣΙΑΡ), ΑΝ ΤΑΡΑ ΪΕΑΝΝ ΚΛΙΑΪ-
ΑΝΑΪ, ΪΥΝ ΚΛΕ ΝΟ ΪΥΝ ΤΟΙΣΕ.

ΤΟ ΪΥΡΠΕΑΪ ΤΑΪΑΪΛΕ ΑΝ ΡΙΘΙΡΕ ΪΪΥΜΙΝΕ
ΤΟ ΪΥΜΙΝΕ ΝΑ ΤΑΪΑΪΛΕ Α ΤΟΙΜΤΕΑΡ
ΝΥΑΙΡ ΤΕΪΤΟΤΕΑΡ Ϊ ΪΪΕΪΤΡΕ ΡΑΪΪΑ, ΑΪ
ΪΟ ΪΤΕΪΤΟΤΕΑΡ ΡΟ ΪΟΙΣ ΝΟ ΡΟ ΚΛΕ
'ΣΑ ΤΑΪΑΪΛ ΚΛΙΑΪΑΝΑΪΪ.

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ΪΕΑΡΝΟΪΪ ΜΑΡ ΣΙΝ Ϊ ΝΙ ΡΕΪΤΟΙΡ Α
ΪΡΥΠΟΕΑΪΜΑΙΤ ΚΛΙΑΪΑΝΑΪ ΑΪ ΡΑΝ.
ΑΟΝ ΪΕΑΡΝΟΪΪΪΕ ΑΪΜΑΪΝ.

ΜΑΪ ΑΟΝ ΪΕΑΡΝΟΪΪ ΑΡ ΔΪΑΤΟ (ΝΟ ΣΙΑΡ) Α
ΪΥΡΠΟΪ ΣΕ ΪΕ, ΤΟΙΜΤΕΑΡ Ϊ ΤΟ ΪΡΥΠΟ-
ΕΑΪΜΑΙΤ ΡΑΝ ΤΑ ΪΕΑΡΝΟΪΪ ΚΛΙΑΪΑΝΑΪ,
ΡΟ ΚΛΕ ΝΟ ΡΟ ΪΟΙΣ ΤΟ ΡΕΪΡ ΤΟΛΑ ΑΝ
ΜΙΡΤΕΟΡΑ.

PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION.

Is ashtuck mar roolucka kumma, nun nin-
turra riddira dhu ghríd oont ogguss
neer vishda arra wah dhu hourt
dhu.

Thaw ghaw kur sughlooshuktha yinun shay.

Ah yaidh kyoun deeruck err eye (noo
deeruck sheeur), a dhorrack yown
kleehawnuck kun klay noo kun desha.

Duck hirhuk loolun riddirra ig ceena
dug ghinna nul oola dintur noor taytur
ig errha rongá, ock gud daytur foe
yesh noo foe hlay sul lool klee
hawng.

Sul yaidh kur dhu faidhfee a ghrídoont
kar noeg noo ghaw yar noeg deeruck
sheeur noo err eye, ock maw ghrídtur
ghaw har noeg mor shin yar nee faidír
a ghrídoont kleehawnuck ock fon
ain har noega waun.

Mauss ain har noeg err eye (noo sheer) a
kirha shay yet, dintur ray dhughrid
doont fon dhaw har noeg kleehawnuck
foe hlay noo foe yesh dhur air thulla
nimir hoera.

ENGLISH.

Strange, bewildering is the manner
in which the knight is made to move
and it would be well to study it
closely.

There are two motions in the movement
performed.

The first, straight to the front (or
straight to rear), the second one to
the side, to left or to right.

The movement of the knight would
remind one of the movements
executed in forming four except
that the side movement is per-
formed to the right or left.

In the first motion one may move
either one or two squares straight
to rear (or to front) but if one moves
two squares thus he can move only
one square sideways.

But should one move only one square
forward (or back) he then moves
into squares to the side, to left
or to right according to option of
player.

scored heavily at infighting. Doyle was the most aggressive
in the last round, and he was deservedly awarded the verdict.

Pte. Donohue (E.C.), w.o.; Pte. Perry (G.H.Q.), scr.

Final—Pte. Doyle bt. Pte. Donohue. Doyle did most of
the leading in the opening round, and he scored with his
left on several occasions. The second round saw Donohue
hanging on to his man and he was severely punished in the
breakaways. Doyle had his opponent clinging to the ropes
in the final round, and he was an easy winner on points.

MIDDLE-WEIGHTS.—SEMI-FINALS.

Sergt. Duggan (S.C.) bt. Sergt. McAlinden (E.C.) on
points. Duggan was the more polished throughout, and his
defence was seldom penetrated. McAlinden scored a couple
of times to the body, but his punches had very little sting
behind them. Duggan was an easy winner at the end.

Final—Sergt. Duggan k.o. Pte. Mostyn in the first round.
Duggan went for his man from the gong and, landing a
clean right hook to the jaw, finished the contest.

FLY-WEIGHTS.—FINAL.

Pte. O'Donnell (C.C.) bt. Pte. Byrne (Southern Command)
on points. This bout started at a terrific pace, and each man
scored in turn. An advantage in reach allowed O'Donnell to
score heavily to the face with is left, and though Byrne put
up a stubborn defence, he was easily outpointed at the finish.

CRUISER-WEIGHT FINAL.

Boy Murphy (G.H.Q.) bt. Sgt. Keogh (S.C.). After a series
of clinches Keogh retired, although he had received no punish-
ment.

SPECIAL 6-ROUND CONTESTS.

Pte. Hallisey (C.C.) bt. Pte. Fitzpatrick (S.C.). Fitzpatrick
had the better of the first and second rounds, Hallisey's de-
fence being weak. Fitzpatrick was, however, accidentally
struck low in the last round, and his seconds threw in the
towel.

Pte. Harte (25th Batt.) bt. Pte. McVeagh (22nd Batt.), who
retired before the end of the first round.

Pte. Tracey (E.C.) bt. Pte. Pollock (C.C.). Pollock was
down several times in the opening rounds. He, however, stuck
it out well to the fourth round, when his seconds threw in the
towel.

Pte. Healy (Southern Command) bt. Pte. Fitzpatrick (Cur-
ragh Command), retired. There was little or no boxing ex-
hibited in this fight, both men indulging in slogging tactics.
Fitzpatrick retired in the fourth round.

3 ROUNDS.

Pte. Smith (C.C.) bt. Pte. McCullagh (C.C.) on points.

ARMY GOLFING SOCIETY.

The first quarterly Medal Competition of the above Society
was held over the Curragh Course on Wednesday, 3rd
December.

The Competition was well attended by members from all
Units, forty competitors taking out cards. Owing to the
heavy fog that prevailed, good scoring was difficult. Never-
theless, some good figures were returned.

The winners of the Spoons were:—Curragh Command—
Lieut. Flaherty, 93—22—71. G.H.Q. Command—Major
Doyle, 93—16—77. Eastern Command—Comdt. O'Sullivan,
100—22—78.

The Sweepstakes winners were:—Lieut. Flaherty, 71.
Capt. Feely, 72. Comdt. O'Connell, 73.

Best gross:—Comdt. H. Byrne, 80.

ALL-ARMY HURLING.—A PROTEST.

The following report has been supplied to us:—
At a meeting of the Executive of the G.H.Q. Command
A.A.A., held at Parkgate on Friday, the 28th ultimo, the
following resolution was proposed by Captain O'Beirne,
seconded by Lieut. Tully, and passed unanimously:—

"That we, the G.H.Q. Command Council, record a pro-
test against the action of the Executive Council in
awarding the All-Army Hurling Final to the Southern
Command, as the case was not covered by the A.A. rules."

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