

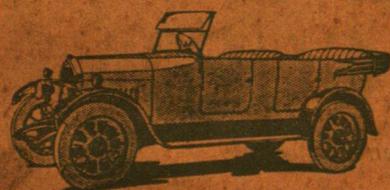
THE ARMY JOURNAL

Vol. V. No. 2.

July 17th, 1926.

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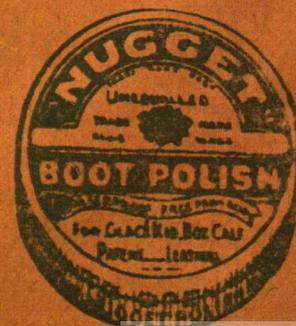
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An t-Ógláic

Vol. V. No. 2

JULY 17, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



Military Terms Illustrated:

No. 7
"A NIGHT MARCH."

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Ógláigh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

An t-Óztlác

JULY 17, 1926.

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

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARÉOIR.

AONACH AN ŠÁRDA.

WE are sure that every member of the Irish Army extends heartiest good wishes to the Garda Síochána for the success of Aonach an Gharda this week. Tribute has been borne frequently in these columns and elsewhere to the friendly relations and cordial co-operation between the Army and the Gardai, and, almost every day, little incidents throughout the Saorstát testify still further to that happy condition of affairs. The common bond of service to the State knits them together in a lasting comradeship and nowhere will you find a keener appreciation of the great work which the Gardai are doing than amongst all ranks of the Army. They are a police force of which any country might be justly proud and General O'Duffy is deserving of the deepest gratitude of the nation for the high standard of efficiency which he has achieved.

* * *

Amongst the warmest admirers of this splendid force will be found our soldier sportsmen who have tested the athletic prowess of the Garda Síochána in many a hard fought tourney. The champions of both are meeting again during the Aonach and can be relied upon to provide some of the most thrilling items in the programme—keenly and cleanly contested and with an ungrudging admission of the victor's merits by whichever side luck has temporarily deserted. Indeed, it is upon the Army and the Gardai that Ireland counts in no small degree for the upholding of her athletic prestige, and it is safe to prophesy that if both services continue to make progress as at present she will not count in vain. The attention paid by the authorities to athletics in both

instances has more than justified itself, so even the most hypercritical and indefatigable writer of "Letters to the Editor" in the daily press would find it impossible to disprove its wisdom.

* * *

The programme for Aonach an Gharda has been very creditably arranged and is well varied. It is a pity the aquatic gala at Blackrock Baths could not have been arranged for a later hour so as to give the Army swimmers a chance of attending, but we realise all the difficulties that confronted the Committee, and it is really amazing that there is so little scope for grumbling and so much for hearty congratulations. There is one point upon which they are specially deserving of praise and that is the wonderful publicity which they secured in the daily press. They secured very fine "preliminaries" and they did so for the simple reason that they "delivered the goods." In other words they not only had a great deal of interesting information to impart to the newspaper readers, but they had the skill to impart it in such a manner that it was eminently readable and doubly interesting—in short it was excellent "copy" and the trained newspaper men into whose hands it came instantly recognised the fact, and gladly gave it house room.

* * *

That is one of the things they have always done better in the Gardai than in the Army. They have used the newspaper press in the same way as the American Army utilises it—and as a well-known American military authority said not so long ago, "The best way to keep the boys out of the Crime Page is to keep them in the Sports Page." Newspapers will not print badly

written, lifeless matter, but they are always glad to get brightly written, "newsy" stuff from any reliable source. The Army can provide as readable and interesting "copy" as the Garda Síochána, but the fact remains that it does not do it, has not done it, and does not seem likely to do it. This places the Army at a disadvantage as is clearly shown by the letter on "The Army and the Civilian Population" which we publish in another page. It is not at all necessary that Army publicity should be confined to sport and athletics—it should cover all Army activities so far as is permissible, having due regard to the Regulations of the Service. It should be served to the Press crisp and hot—not several days after the event—and the Press representatives should be facilitated in obtaining all reasonable information. Photographs should be used as well as literary matter, but they must be capable of reproduction with a coarse screen—and they must be of general interest. The American Army and the Garda Síochána have shown the way, and we can see no earthly reason why the Army should lag behind.

ARMY SWIMMING CLUB.

The weekly competition at Tara St. Baths on Wednesday, 7th inst., took the form of an Inter-Unit Squadron Race—the first ever staged under the auspices of the Army Club. The innovation proved to be of considerable interest, and, judging by the enthusiasm displayed by the competing teams, and their supporters, Inter-Unit competitions will have to become a regular feature in the Club's programme.

Owing to transport difficulties, the contingent of swimmers from the Army Air Corps (who journey in from Baldonnell each week) was delayed, and was too late to participate in the race. This robbed the event of some of its interest, as it was generally expected that a ding-dong struggle would take place between the Air Corps and the Army Signal Corps.

To cater for the large number of troops who find their way to the Baths on Wednesdays from various Units, and whose Corps or Battalions were not strong enough to enter independently, a team was selected from "the rest." Unity being strength, this composite team of (as it was described) "nobody's children," sprang a surprise by carrying off the event after a splendidly contested race.

Result:—

"The Rest" (Lieut. V. Staines, 27th Batt., Lieut. T. Mulrooney, Store Accountancy Sub-Dept.; Pte. K. Campion, 22nd Batt., and Pte. J. Spencer, Store Accountancy Sub Dept.), 1st.

Army Signal Corps, 2nd.

Army School of Music



Oglagh
na hÉireann
DEFENCE FORCES IRELAND

= WIRELESS NOTES =

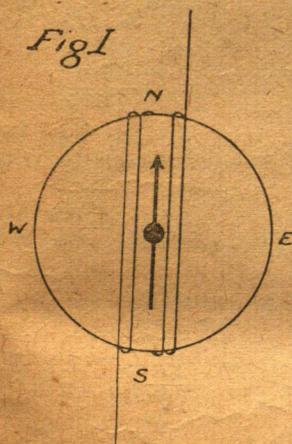
CONDUCTED BY
Commandant J. SMYTH
ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

Construction of cheap galvanometer for use with potentiometer in carrying out the tests for resistance described in last issue:—

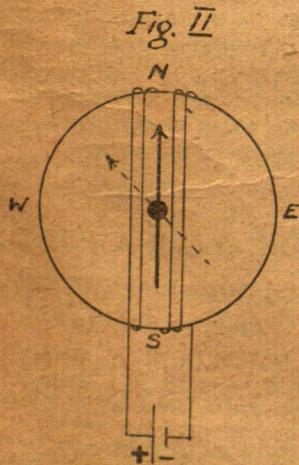
Components required:—

Cheap magnetic needle in tin case, with glass cover (from 6d. to 1s. or thereabouts), small quantity of fine insulated wire (gauge not critical).

Wind about 25 turns of the wire around the compass case, as in Fig. I.



Tap the ends of the wire to the terminals of a dry cell when the needle should be deflected as in Fig. II. Do not leave the cell permanently connected across the arrangement as the coil is a short circuit on the cell.

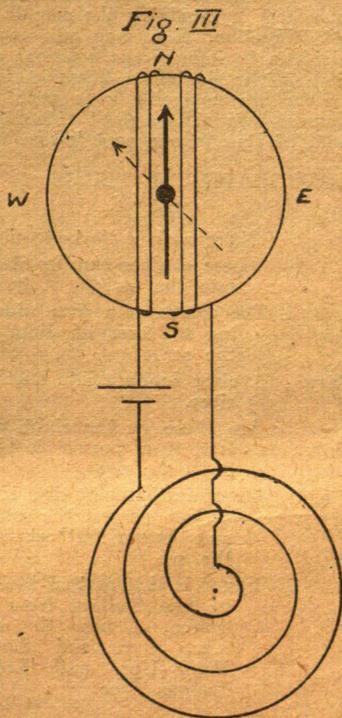


If the deflection is not very pronounced add another 25 turns of wire to the coil. Such a galvanometer, although of

simple construction may be utilised for many tests.

(1) Test for disconnection in ATI or other Inductance Coil.

Join up as in Fig. III.



Turn galvanometer around until needle rests in the normal position, pointing N. and S.

Connect battery as in diagram.

If the needle is deflected in direction of dotted position continuity of the circuit is proved. The coil is not disconnected.

Test for contact between the primary and secondary coils of a transformer.

Join up as in Fig. IV.

Turn the galvanometer around until the needle rests in the normal position.

Connect the battery as in the diagram.

If the needle is deflected towards the dotted position it proves a contact between the primary and secondary coils.

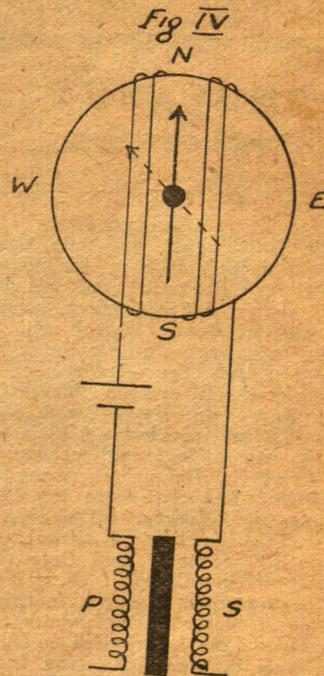
Test for polarity of cell—i.e., which is the positive and which the negative pole.

Connect up a cell of known polarity, as in Fig. II., note the direction of deflection and the terminals of the galvanometer connected to the cell.

Now connect the cell under test.

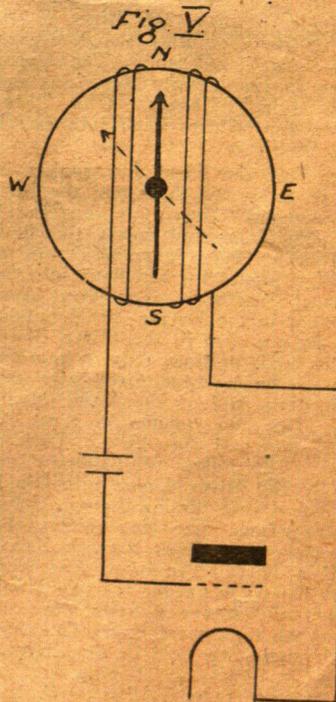
If deflection is in the same direction

the polarity coincides with the cell of known polarity. If the deflection is in the opposite direction the polarity is obviously reversed.



Test for contact between grid and filament or grid and plate of valve.

Join up as in Fig. V.



If there is a deflection on joining up the battery it proves a contact between the grid and filament, i.e., they are touching at some point.

A similar test may be applied to test for contact between grid and plate.

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

GEOGRAPHY.

LESSON No. 20.

IRELAND.

LAKES.

In the North East we have *Lough Neagh*—the largest lake in Ireland and Great Britain. The waters of this lake wash the shores of five counties, namely, Derry, Antrim, Down, Armagh and Tyrone. In Fermanagh we have the Upper and Lower Loughs Erne—these lakes are connected by the River Erne—flowing into Donegal Bay. In Mayo—*Lough Conn* and *Lough Mask*—the latter lake is connected by an underground channel to *Lough Corrib* in Galway. Among the mountains of Kerry we have the beautiful Lakes of *Killarney*. The Shannon Lakes are *Loughs Allen* (Leitrim), *Ree* (Westmeath-Roscommon), and *Derg* (Tipperary-Galway and Clare). There is another *Lough Derg* in Donegal, famous as the Shrine of St. Patrick's Purgatory. Of the smaller lakes, *Lough Gill* in Sligo, *Lough Ennel* in Westmeath, and *Lough Gara* on the borders of Sligo, Mayo and Roscommon are worthy of note.

RIVERS.

Rising in Co. Tyrone, and flowing into *Lough Foyle*, we have the *River Foyle*. The Lower *Bann* empties *Lough Neagh* into the Atlantic Ocean. The Upper *Bann* rises in the Mourne Mountains and flows into *Lough Neagh*. The *Ulster Blackwater* also empties itself into *Lough Neagh*.

On the East the *River Boyne* rises in the Bog of Allen and flows into the Irish Sea at Drogheda. The *Liffey* rises in the Wicklow Mountains and enters the Irish Sea at Dublin. The *Slaney* also rises in the Wicklow Mountains and flows into the Irish Sea at Wexford. The rivers *Nore* and *Suir* rise in the Devil's Bit Mountain, and the *Barrow* rises in the Slieve Bloom Mountains, and, uniting, enter Waterford Harbour. The *Munster Blackwater* rises in the Eastern part of the Kerry Mountains—the *Lee* and *Bandon* in West Co. Cork—and flow east through Co. Cork to the sea. The Lakes of Killarney are drained by the *River Laune* into Dingle Bay. The *Corrib* drains *Lough Corrib* into Galway Bay. The *Moy* rises in the Ox Mountains and flows through Ballina into Killala Bay. The *River Erne* rises in *Lough Gowra* in Cavan—it expands into the Upper and Lower Loughs Erne and enters the sea at Donegal Bay. The *Shannon*, 225 miles long rises in the *Cuilcagh Mountains* in Cavan, and flowing west expands, forming *Lough Allen*. It then flows south and again expanding forms *Lough Ree* just as it nears Athlone. It continues past Athlone, Clonmacnoise, Banagher and Portumna where it again widens out forming *Lough Derg*. At the southern end of *Lough Derg* it continues through Killaloe and then to Limerick,

where forming an estuary it enters the sea. The *River Shannon* has many tributaries—on the right bank the *Boyle*, the *Suck*, and *Fergus*. On the left the *Inny*, the *Brosna*, and the *Nenagh*, and the *Maigue*, *Deel* and *Feale* enter the estuary, the *Maigue* and *Deel* from Limerick, and the *Feale* from Kerry.

The student is once more advised to study the Geography lessons with the aid of an atlas. The rivers are enumerated as they appear by studying the map in a clockwise direction. The map will most certainly help to impress the positions on the mind of the student. Some of the Irish rivers are navigable over part of their course—they will be dealt with from this point of view in our next lesson.

GEOGRAPHICAL TERMS.

Term.	Meaning.
Source.	Where a river starts to flow.
Mouth.	Where a river empties itself into the sea.
Estuary.	The mouth of a river widening to form an inlet of the sea.
Tributary.	A river running into another river.
Right and left banks.	Are those on the right and left of a person looking down the river.
Upper and lower.	Upper is that part of a river or lake nearest the source and thereby farthest from the sea. Lower is that part of a river or lake furthest from its source, or near the sea, e.g., <i>Upr. and Lower Bann</i> — <i>Upr. and Lower Loughs Erne</i> .

ARITHMETIC.

LESSON No. 23.

Division of a Decimal by a Decimal.

(a) In any division sum the divisor is contained in the dividend just as often as ten times the divisor is contained in ten times the dividend.

Thus 8 is contained in 64 8 times, and 80 is contained in 640 8 times.

From which follows that we get the same result if we divide—

(a) $72.08 \div .8 = 9.01$ Answer.

or
(b) $72.08 \times 10 \div .8 \times 10$.

and (b) $= 720.8 \div 8 = 90.1$ Answer.

Rule for performing division of decimals by decimals: *Move the decimal point to the right as many places as is necessary to make the divisor a whole number, and then move it to the right in the dividend the same number of places and divide as laid down in paragraph (L) of Lesson 22.*

(b) Examples.

(1) Divide $.02352$ by $.0048$.

Move decimal point four places to the right, thereby making the divisor a whole number (48). The decimal point is now carried the same number of places to the right in the dividend, when our sum becomes

$$235.2 \div 48$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{By factors } 48 = 6 \times 8 \quad \frac{6)235.2}{8)39.2} \\ \hline 4.9 \text{ Answer.} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{By long division} \quad \frac{4.9}{48)235.2} \\ \underline{192} \\ 432 \\ \underline{432} \\ 0 \end{array}$$

4.9 Answer.

(2) Divide 2.5 by $.008$.

Move decimal point 3 places to right in divisor = 8

Move decimal point 3 places to right in dividend = 2500

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Short division} \quad \frac{312.5}{8)2500} \\ \hline 312.5 \text{ Answer.} \end{array}$$

(3) Divide $.000324$ by $.018 = .324 \div 18$

$$\begin{array}{r} \text{Factors } 18 = 3 \times 6 \quad \frac{3)324}{6)108} \\ \hline .018 \end{array}$$

.018 Answer.

(4) Divide $.35209 \div 25.7$
 $= 3.5209 \div 257$
 $= 257)3.5209$ (0.137)

$$\begin{array}{r} 257 \\ 950 \\ \underline{771} \\ 1799 \\ \underline{1799} \\ 0 \end{array}$$

.0137 Answer.

EXERCISES ON DECIMALS.

- Add together
 $18.69 + 48.45 + 4.008 + 5.242$.
- Subtract 16.34597 from 20
- Multiply 13.45 by 4.368 .
- Multiply 57.8234 by $.00045$.
- Divide 4.3116 by 3200 .
- Divide 43.104 by 5.6125 .

TOPOGRAPHY.

SCALE DRAWING AND MAP READING.

LESSON No. 10.

SCALE LINE—continued.

We now come to the construction of scale lines where the length of the line must be determined by calculation and where the line must be graduated by mathematical construction.

Let us take as an example the construction of a scale of yards suitable for a map drawn to the scale of 2 inches to 1 mile.

Since a line 2 inches long will represent 1 mile or 1760 yards, a line 4 inches long will represent 3520 yards, and a line of 6 inches will represent 5280 yards. Now if we draw a scale line of exactly 4 inches we cannot divide it into divisions representing 100 yards each since 3520 is not exactly divisible by 100. For the same reason we cannot graduate a scale line of exactly 6 inches. We must, therefore, determine the length of a line between four inches (representing 3520 yards) and 6 inches (representing 5280 yards) that will represent an even number of hundreds of yards. We can at once see that the only multiples of 100 between 3520 and 5280 are 4000, 4500 and 5000. Our scale line must therefore either represent 4000, 4500, or 5000 yards.

CALCULATING LENGTH OF SCALE LINE.

We now proceed to determine the exact length of line that will represent either 4000, 4500 or 5000 yards. Suppose we select 4000 as our figure. Then by the *Unitary Method* we deduce the length of line as follows:—

Since 1760 yards are represented by $\frac{2}{1760}$ ins.

1 yard is represented by $\frac{1760}{1760}$ ins.
and 4000 yds. are represented by $\frac{2 \times 4000}{1760}$ ins.

$$\frac{8000}{1760} = \frac{800}{176} = \frac{200}{44} = \frac{50}{11} = 4.54 \text{ inches.}$$

(Note.—The result to two places of decimals will suffice).

∴ a line 4.54 inches long will represent 4000 yards.

The length of a line may also be calculated by means of *proportion*, as follows:—

as 1760 yds. is to 2 inches so is 4000 yds. to length of line required.
or 1760 yds. : 2 : : 4000 : ?

To find the missing term, which is an "extreme," we multiply the "means," viz., 2 and 4000, and divide by the given "extreme," viz., 1760.

$$\text{Thus } \frac{2 \times 4000}{1760} = \frac{8000}{1760} \text{ as above.}$$

Similarly the lengths of lines required to represent 4500 and 5000 yards may be calculated.

Construction.—Draw a line 4.54 inches long. Using the ordinary rule this cannot be done with absolute accuracy, but a line slightly longer than $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and less than 4.6 inches will be accurate enough to suit all practical purposes. Since this line represents 4000 yards, we must divide it into 4 equal parts to get divisions representing 1000 yards each.

The line may be divided by the method shown in detail in Ex. 10 of Lesson No. 4.

Since each division represents 1000 yds. the left-hand division if divided into 10 equal parts by the same method, will give sub-divisions representing 100 yards each. The scale can then be numbered as previously shown.

Fig. 1 shows method of construction, while Fig. 2 shows the completed scale as it would be shown on a map. If constructed on the actual map the construction lines should be in pencil, and so

lightly drawn that they can be easily erased. If constructed on a separate sheet of paper, great care should be taken in transferring the measurements to the scale line on the map.

(It has been found necessary in this lesson to introduce arithmetical processes which have not yet been dealt with in the Arithmetic Lessons. We assume, however, that the great majority of our students have a working knowledge of these processes. Those who have not should defer a detailed study of this lesson to such time as these processes are explained in the Student's Page.—Educational Ed.)

DIAGRAMS.

Answers to Exercises, Lesson 8.

Nos. 1 and 2, see Lesson 5.

No. 3, see Lesson 6.

No. 4 four inches to a mile; six inches to a mile; 3.9 miles to an inch; eight inches to a mile.

No. 5 $\frac{1}{21120}$, $\frac{1}{126720}$, $\frac{1}{18000}$, $\frac{1}{4800}$

No. 6 $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles; 7 miles; 560 feet; 2800 yards.

No. 7 15 inches; 2.25 inches; 1.9 inches.

No. 8 Two miles to an inch ($\frac{1}{2}$ inch to 1 mile).

"UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL."

Every journal that caters for a large number of readers receives more hyper-criticism than congratulations. Wherefore it gives us much pleasure to publish the following letter. As we have not had time to ask the writer's permission, we are not in a position to publish his name:—

A "h-Eamonn" a Chara,—

I would be very grateful if you will kindly forward No. 2, Vol. IV, of "An t-Oglach," for which please find enclosed stamps value 3d. No. 2 is the only copy missing from my set, and I value the old paper too highly to miss a single copy.

Your History of Easter Week events was a masterpiece, and I am looking forward eagerly to the promised account of subsequent happenings.

The very idea of compiling such an account from the actual participants, whereby a plain, unvarnished, and undistorted tale can be written, is brilliant, and the originator of that idea surely deserves the gratitude not alone of the Army but of the people of Ireland.

I find your article on Coast Defence interesting. I am an ex-Engineer of the Coastal Patrol, and still dream of a future navy. The ramblings of "Me Larkie," "Cats-whisker," and the remainder of the "scribes," including "Southern Cross," who, like his prototype appears after certain spaces of time, are great. (Notice the knock the last-named gets—you see I'm a "Southern" myself, and would like to hear more of the "doings" down south). I wish "An t-Oglach" the best of everything. Agus is mise le meos mor—

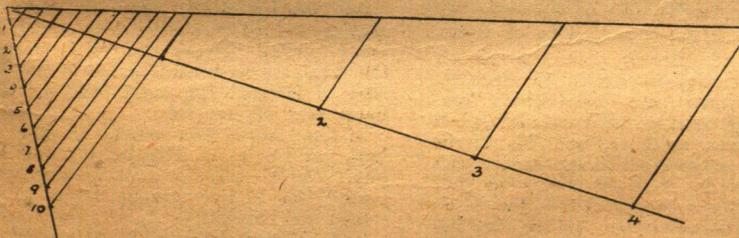


FIG. 1.

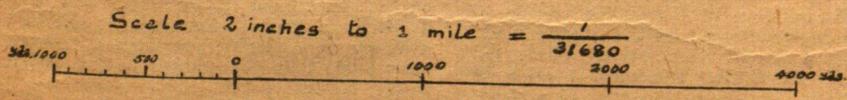


FIG. 2.

TEXT BOOKS

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The Educational Company of Ireland, Limited

89 TALBOT ST. DUBLIN
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NEW PLANES FOR AIR CORPS.

Famous Flyers Pilot Four "Moths" from England to Baldonnell.

FUTURE OF LIGHT AEROPLANES IN IRELAND.

The Army Air Corps has been materially strengthened by the addition of four "Moth" machines, which arrived at the Baldonnell Aerodrome shortly before 18.00 hours on 12th inst.

The aeroplanes—tiny in comparison with the De Havilland 9—were brought over from England by four distinguished pilots, including Captain H. S. Broad, who made the little "Moth" jump into world-wide fame by the brilliant manner in which he won the race for the "King's Cup" in England on the previous Saturday.

The group was in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel the Master of Sempill, who had as passenger his wife, a daughter of Sir John Lavery, R.A. The remaining two machines were piloted by Major H. E. Hemming and Captain F. Courtney. The latter is said to be one of the world's best test pilots. He is in charge of the tests of the Auto-gyro, or windmill aeroplane, the latest development in the advance of aeronautical science. He had as passenger Captain Tymms, the British Air Ministry expert on navigation questions.

The four "Moths" left Stag Lane Aerodrome, London, at 12.30 p.m. They were seen off by the Saorstát High Commissioner in London, and Sir John Lavery. Cruising at seventy miles an hour, they came down at the aerodrome near Chester, for petrol, and landed at Baldonnell shortly before six o'clock, as stated. They were led in by the Master of Sempill, and were received by Colonel Russell, O.C., and the Officers of the Air Corps.

All had a perfect journey from London, with no trouble of any kind. The visibility was good, but the sea between Holyhead and the Irish coast was completely hidden in fog. Captain Broad was warmly congratulated by the Irish airmen on his great achievement of Saturday last.

The "Moth" is the baby, both in age and size, of all the types of aeroplanes. It is confidently expected that it is on the lines of this type that flying will become popular, and the light aeroplane clubs, which are becoming more and more numerous in Great Britain, are all equipped with the type.

The "Moth" is a two-seater machine, fitted with a 65 h.p. Cirrus engine. Her cruising speed is 80 miles an hour, but

in the "King's Cup" Race Captain Broad flew at an average speed of 90. That test of 1,500 miles, extended over two days, has established the trustworthiness of the "Moth," which has been described as the "week-ender" among aeroplanes.

FUTURE OF LIGHT AEROPLANES.

Referring editorially to our acquisition of the four planes, the "Irish Times" says:—

Persons who watched the passage of four small aeroplanes over Dublin on Monday afternoon must have envied the flyers under whose eyes, in such golden weather, lay so gorgeous a panorama of sea and land. The adventurers, however, were not merely enjoying themselves: they were opening for Ireland a new chapter in the history of man's conquest of the air. The four machines, of the Moth type, . . . were piloted to Baldonnell by four famous flying men. One of these, Captain H. S. Broad, won the King's Cup last Saturday with a Moth machine, after a two days' race over fifteen hundred miles of country. His average speed was 90.4 miles an hour, and his Cirrus engine, of only 27.60 horse-power, ran for two periods of eight hours at full throttle. We congratulate the Air Force on its resolution to be in the forefront of aerial progress. The invention of the Moth has given a great impetus to civil flying in England, and we may hope for like results in Ireland. It is to the machines which hitherto have held the skies what the motor bicycle is to the motor car—a small, easily-handled, easily-housed and comparatively cheap instrument of flight. The present price of a Moth is not larger than that of a high-grade motor car; but what motor car could leave London at 12.30 p.m., make a stop at Chester, cross St. George's Channel with one waft of the wing, and reach the western outskirts of Dublin before 6 p.m.? Nothing is more certain than that within the next few years travel, for the citizen of comfortable means, will have attained a speed, range and flexibility which will modify every aspect of social, political and economic life. A light aeroplane in a garden-garage in Dublin will reduce Ireland to the size of County Wicklow, will make "partition" ridiculous, and will bring Paris within the orbit of a "week-end" journey. The free use of the air will be hastened by the increasing perils of the roads; for even now a flight from London to Dublin is a safer experience than a motor car trip from London to Brighton.

BIG CROWD AT DUNDALK.

Football Final Provides Fine Exhibition.

Despite wet weather, a very large crowd attended the replay of the Army football final between the 23rd Batt. (Portobello), and the 24th Batt. (Dundalk), at the Athletic Grounds, Dundalk, on Saturday last. In the first half Dundalk did well, and scored three points, two from Traynor, and the other per Comdt. Ryan. The football was fast and well contested, despite the heavy rain and the sodden condition of the ground.

In the second half the 23rd played finer football, and catching better than their opponents, dominated the situation. In quick time two goals were scored for the 23rd. The game was very stubbornly contested to the end, before which both sides scored a point. The 24th finished the better team, but an excellent defence, especially by the centre full, kept them out, and the 23rd won the Cup amidst great scenes of enthusiasm, on the score—23rd Batt., 2-1; 24th Batt., 0-4.

Col. McGorin (Dublin) refereed. The game was excellent, and showed the wonderful improvement there has been wrought in Army football in the past two years. A big crowd from Dublin travelled with the 23rd Batt., while the 24th Batt. had great support from soldiers and civilians locally.

McKEE SCORES TWO VICTORIES AT BRAY.

At Navarra Road, Bray, on Saturday, McKee fielded a strong team, including many picked players who will represent the Army against the Gardaí in the Ministry of Defence Cup next Sunday. Kickhams sent several subs.

McKee scored six points in the first half, per Doyle (2), Higgins (3), and Murphy. Doyle scored a goal in the second period, and McKee won by 1-9 to 1 point scored by Howlett.

The McKee hurlers (6-1) proved too strong for Kevins, who suffered a similar fate to Kickhams, scoring only one point. T. Kelly and Hendrick scored goals, and Leeson then got three in succession. He also scored a point in the second half, and T. Kelly a goal. Kennedy, in Kevins' goal was very plucky, and kept out many more shots than the number netted. Kelly scored Kevins' point.

MONUMENT TO CAPTAIN PHILIP O'DOHERTY.

A monument to the memory of the late Capt. Philip O'Doherty, has been erected in Buncrana Cemetery. In connection therewith military contingents under Comdt. Dairs and Capt. M'Keown, attended Requiem Mass in St. Mary's Church, Cockhill, Buncrana. There was a large congregation, including Colonel M'Loughlin, Dublin, and others of the deceased Officer's old Volunteer comrades. Afterwards prayers were said at the grave by Rev. W. Elliott, C.C., the "Last Post" was sounded, and a salute was fired over the grave. Rev. W. Doherty, P.P., was also present.

MILITARY JUMPING. International Competition at Horse Show. HORSEMEN OF MANY ARMIES.

Entries are complete for the International Military Jumping Competition at the Horse Show next month—a new event that has created remarkable public expectation of added spectacular interest—also are complete. France, Great Britain, Belgium, Switzerland, Holland, and, of course, the Saorstát, have entered. Under this head a competition will take place on every afternoon of the show. For the last day—Friday—on which in former years there has been a slackening of public interest as compared with the middle days of the week, the international championship for teams of three horses has been fixed. This fixture will preserve the full interest of the jumping at Ballsbridge to the end of the Show.

Arrangements for direct transport of horses from the Continental countries were made to avoid any difficulties that might have arisen from the strike in Great Britain. The Lep Transport Company has appointed a sailing of the ss. General Leman from Antwerp via Boulogne, to bring the horses from The Netherlands and France, arriving here on the morning of Saturday, 31st July. The officers and their orderlies will travel overland and arrive on the evening of that day.

Through the courtesy of the Free State

Government, the Chief Secretary's Lodge in Phoenix Park will be placed at the Society's disposal for the entertainment of the visiting officers. A special reception committee has been appointed by the Society to attend to the details of their visit, including the invitations that are now reaching the Society from various bodies in Dublin and district that desire to show hospitality to the officers.

In view of the arrangement made to spread the military competitions over the four days of the Show, the Society instituted this year four-day bookings of seats on the grand stands in the jumping enclosure. Hitherto there were only two-day bookings for the Tuesday and Wednesday. At the moment all the four-day seats and all the two-day seats are booked up, and only about 250 single-day seats remain available for booking, divided between Tuesday and Friday. Recognising, however, that many persons, especially visitors from afar, were unable to be so definite in their plans as to book far ahead, the Society has reserved the two new wing stands, each accommodating about a thousand spectators, to be available, at a charge, to persons who arrive in time at the opening of the enclosure to secure seats there. The seats on these stands will not be booked in advance.

THE ARMY AND THE CIVILIAN POPULATION.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach."

A Chara.—The article on your leader page of last week regarding morale, and especially that paragraph concerning the relations of the army with the civil population calls for serious attention from those in authority. There is no use denying the fact that the National Forces are still looked upon by a large section of the people of Saorstát Éireann as the army of a political party, and of course this erroneous idea is fostered by various political organisations. Steps should be taken to remove this false conception from the minds of the people, whom we protect, and to have our Army regarded in the light of what it really is—the army of the Irish people, irrespective of class, creed, or political views, as the army is regarded in all normally governed countries.

Now how are our people to be educated in order that they may look on the soldiers of Oglach na h-Eireann in the true light, and who is to educate them? I believe it behoves the army itself to do so, and this can be done by co-operating and intermingling with the people more than we have been doing and participating with them in their various sports and social functions as outlined in paragraph five of your leading article. But in order to foster that relationship, facilities must be given the troops by the Army Authorities to do so. Compare the relationship that exists between our sister force and the people at present with that of the Army! Why, in various parts of the country the army is looked upon as an

institution of idleness, and the simple reason is that our activities as regards sport and movements, etc., are not brought before the people in the public Press like those of the Garda Síochána. A few years ago we were regarded as the salvation of the country—now we are an unnecessary evil. No doubt the Army contains as good athletes, if not better, than the sister service, but no opportunities are given for development, nor any encouragement, consequently the best of our athletes are daily leaving us for civilian life. Then any little sport we have is kept in the dark from the civilian population—why, the recent All-Army football and hurling competitions were not even published in the Army Journal!

I am sure the daily and provincial Press would only be delighted to publish articles occasionally on the doings of the Army or of local Units if they were submitted to them, but until some sort of publicity system is established in the Army the same evil will continue. Would it not be possible that a Staff Officer from each Unit who is in touch with its doings could get the necessary authority and facilities to remedy this defect? This would be only one of the means of bringing the Army to the position it should hold in the minds of the people of the nation.

Mise, le meas,

"SEADNA."

[Note.—We refer to the above letter in our Editorial columns. With regard to the statement that no report of recent All-Army hurling and football competitions was published in "An t-Oglach," we would like to point out once more that the Army Journal at present does not pos-

sess a reporting staff which could go out and "cover" these fixtures specially for us, and we have to rely upon reports being sent in to us. In many instances we have made repeated application to the parties concerned for such reports, but without success. In this issue we print some sporting paragraphs which we had to clip from the daily Press. We are all in favour, as we state on Page 2, of the utmost publicity being obtained for the Army in the lay Press, but we certainly think that "An t-Oglach" merits the courtesy of having the same reports sent to this office. Apart from other considerations, we are in a position to give greater space to Army reports than the daily Press, with the best wish in the world, may find it possible to do.—Ed.]

TENNIS COURTESIES.

To the Editor of "An t-Oglach," G.H.Q.

Sir,—Allow me to use your paper for the purpose of criticising "Social Life" as practised in certain sporting circles in the Curragh Camp.

In this respect I can assure you that my position in the matter is similar to the "man in the street." My experiences cover the period of the General Course for Officers which terminated on the 23/6/26, and are as follows.

The courtesy and consideration displayed by Senior Officers, and Line Officers towards visiting Students is unparalleled in any other station occupied by the National Army. This is particularly applicable in the case of the A.S.I. Staff.

This letter is the result of impressions received during the course of a few visits to the Tennis Club Courts attached to the Camp. There, I beheld the sad spectacle of modern young Officers, typical in all respects of 1926, practising a type of etiquette towards strangers that was cancelled by the "best people" some time after the "Battle of the Boyne."

It was painfully evident that an imaginary social barrier existed between Officers of equal rank. In other words, members seemed to have formed into "sets" or "circles" which were immune to intrusion by strangers, and the laws governing the preservation of this anti-modern privacy were religiously observed by the members concerned.

Personally, my experiences of "tennis etiquette" are based on the customs prevailing over a rather large area, and all point to the fact that tennis club committees generally specialise in the art of promoting sociability by ensuring that visitors receive introductions to all present at the first opportunity. With this fact in view, I was surprised to learn that a number of visiting Officers had attended the Curragh Tennis Courts for twelve successive evenings without having the offer of an introduction.

My sympathies immediately went out to all concerned, and as a result I am adopting this system with a view to encouraging the members of such circles to follow the example of 1690 by declaring equality for all Officers of equal rank, irrespective of Corps, and thus assist in cancelling this fragment of modern etiquette.

Yours, etc.

P.S.—Card enclosed, but not for publication.

THE FRENCH ARMY. INNOVATION IN INFANTRY ORGANISATION. NEW UNIT SYSTEM.

For years it has been customary in measuring the strength of armies and smaller military units to speak of them in terms of men or of rifles, sabres, or guns. These various units served the purpose quite well when armies or smaller units were fairly uniform in size and equipment.

For the Infantry component at any rate, a unit of men, rifles or bayonets can no longer be used since the adoption by all modern armies of the light machine gun and automatic rifle as one of the essential weapons of the small Infantry Unit.

As might be expected, France, with the greatest modern army in existence to-day, is the leader in the adoption of a new unit expressing not simply the potential power of the individual men, but their collective power grouped into units of combat. This unit in the French Army is the group of 12 men formed around the automatic rifle. The strength of a French Infantry Company is no longer 185 men or 160 rifles, or the same number of bayonets, it is 12 automatic rifles.

First of all, there is no "authorised strength" in the French army. In France the strength of the army is the budgetary strength. The Chamber of Deputies annually votes an amount of money to maintain the army. The War Department, in disbursing this sum, distributes it in an endeavour to get the best results. In consequence, at some times there are more men in the various organisations than at others.

As stated before, the French Infantry Company consists of 12 automatic rifles, with the necessary number of Officers and men to direct, fire, protect, and supply them; to advance them and to cover their withdrawal. This is, of course, a tactical affair, having nothing to do with authorised or budgetary strength.

The word "squad" is no longer in use. The basic cell of the company organisation is now the automatic rifle crew, or "equipe," composed of five men and a corporal. For each one of these crews there is another crew, likewise composed of five men and a corporal, whose duty it is to assist, aid in the advance of, protect, inform, and reconnoitre for the automatic rifle crew. To accomplish this, the second crew is armed with rifles, pistols and grenades.

The two crews, 12 men in all, constitute a group, commanded by a sergeant. Three groups compose a section under a lieutenant, and four sections, a company under a captain. In addition to the four sections, each company has a headquarters composed of trumpeters, orderlies, and officers' servants commanded by a sergeant-major. This headquarters section is called the "section de commandement" and it habitually accompanies the captain. However, it should be remembered that the strength of this is not so many men, but, rather, 12 automatic rifles.

The French still retain their three Infantry Regiment Divisions although it is believed that many of their General Staff

Officers prefer a four-regiment organisation.

The Infantry of the Division has its own commander. The functions of this Officer have never been definitely laid down. In general, it may be said that he co-ordinates the action and regulates the fire of the Infantry Regiments.

In recent problems at the Ecole de Guerre, the Divisional Infantry Commander has been used in the following roles:—The Infantry in the "ligne de combat" is under the orders of the Commander of Divisional Infantry; that in reserve is under the Division Commander. The Commander of Divisional Infantry usually commands the outposts or the main line of resistance in defence with most of the divisional 75 mms. in direct support; in the latter case the Division Commander retains only one or more battalions as division reserve and the artillery supporting the defence as a whole. In the offensive the Commander of Divisional Infantry always commands the "ligne de combat." The Division order itself for an attack usually goes into complete detail as to the manoeuvre of the regiments.

The French use a "groupe de reconnaissance" as an integral part of their Infantry Divisions. This consists of one troop (escadron) of cavalry, one cyclist company, and one platoon of auto-machine guns.

The group forms part of the advance guard, usually advancing by bounds, maintaining a considerable distance in advance of the advance guard proper until contact with the enemy is gained. During a halt for the night it forms part of the outpost. During an attack of defence it is usually kept in division reserve.

ARMY RESIGNATIONS IN U.S.A.

The following paragraph from the "Baltimore Sun" (U.S.A.), affords an interesting commentary on the present position of the American Army:—

"Army officers show an increasing tendency to follow the example of civil servants of the Government who seek private employment. During the past year 171 left the service to undertake civil occupations, as against the 113 who pulled stakes in 1924. This is added evidence of the problem of long-standing created by men who acquire experience in Government work and then find that they can do better for themselves and their families by leaving the nation's service. Will the ideal Government be recognised by the fact that able men compete to enter its service instead of being urged by inclination or necessity to get out?"

RESIGNATIONS.

It is officially announced that Col. J. D. Woods and Lieut. Liam Murphy have resigned from the Army.

A.A.A. EXECUTIVE.

British Army Boxers Coming in October.

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the Army Athletic Association, Major-General D. Hogan, Chairman, presiding, referees' reports were adopted showing the Eastern Command as winners against the Western Command in hurling and football; Eastern as winners against Southern in football; Southern against Eastern in hurling; G.H.Q. as winners against Curragh in hurling; and Curragh as winners against G.H.Q. in football.

The finals were fixed for Croke Park on Wednesday, July 28, as follows:—

Football—6 p.m.—Eastern Command v. Curragh Training Camp. Referee, Lieut. J. Fitzgerald.

Hurling—7.15 p.m.—G.H.Q. v. Southern. Referee, Lieut. Fitzpatrick, Curragh.

Communications were read from the British Army Athletic Association in connection with the forthcoming International Boxing Tournament. The date, October 27, was agreed upon, the contest to take place in Dublin.

It was decided to hold the Tennis Championships at the Curragh on Wed., Aug. 18, subject to sanction for same being received from G.O.C., Curragh Training Camp.

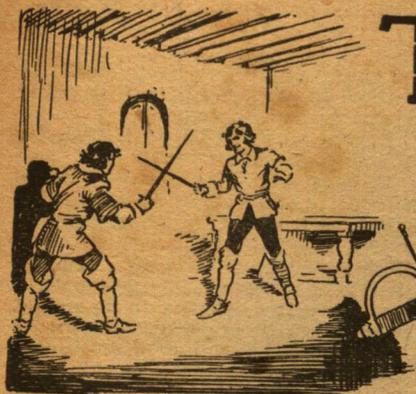
FOLLOW THROUGH.

When your pack is getting heavy, and the road seems long and rough,
When you're weary, tired and footsore,
and a soldier's life seems tough,
Then remember that your buddy may be just as tired as you,
So raise your chin and grin a bit—a soldier follows through.

When the bullets clip the grasstops, and your wounded comrades moan,
When you're crawling out God-knows-where, and you feel you're all alone,
When your cartridges are finished—then your bayonet will do,
For the testing of a soldier is the way he follows through.

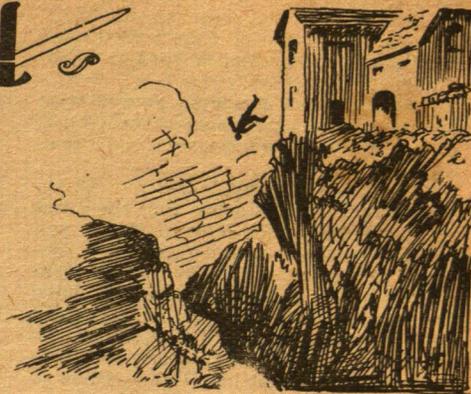
When you get a bullet through the arm, and you're feeling sort o' sick,
It's a good excuse for lying down—are you going to quit or stick?
The enemy are still in front—then, what are you going to do?
You will never know your limit unless you follow through.

When the Brotherhood of Adventure meets, the Lodge of the Men-at-Arms,
When the Strong Men sit by the great god Mars, and talk of War's alarms,
When the sentry stops you at the Gate—what will you say and do?
For the only question he will ask, is "Did you follow through?"



The Sword of O'Malley

By
Justin Mitchell



CHAPTER VIII.—continued.

"Oh, why do we linger here?" wailed Eugene. "Let us hasten to the Inn! If we are too late to save the Prince, we may at least be in time to wreak vengeance on his murderer!"

They turned to quit the corridor. "One moment!" said Grupp. He drew his sword and advanced towards the balcony. The two plotters regarded him with startled eyes. Ungvar caught a pallid lip between vicious teeth and scowled sourly. Ulmo's swart visage purpled and then paled. Sullenly he lowered his glance. They thought that Grupp had come to arrest them, and they quailed guiltily under the scrutiny of the Marshal's eyes.

Sword in hand, Grupp regarded the pair with keen, questioning glance. Then he wheeled abruptly and rejoined his comrades.

"Yes," he said sternly, "there is hell-born mischief afoot, and those twin vipers are its authors. Let's to the Inn."

They hastened to the door. Suddenly, with vibrant peal, the bells rang out the hour. As Grupp paused on the threshold to cast one last threatening scowl at the balcony, he saw the Duke bend over Ulmo's hand and kiss his fingers.

The new Prince-Royal was receiving congratulations.

The Guardsmen sped to the stables at the rear of the Palace, and soon were forcing a passage through the dense throng of merry-makers. Eugene chafed and Bartolome swore outright at the delay.

"Bear down to the left," called Sergius, "and keep to the river bank! 'Tis quieter there."

With whip and spur they drove their horses at break-neck pace. Presently they sped past the River Gate, and soon the black bulk of the Inn loomed before them, mysterious and forbidding.

In the gable above the whirlpool, a single, lighted window shone like a star in the dense gloom.

"Look you!" whispered Sergius excitedly. "They are in the room above the river."

Even as he spoke, the light appeared to pass slowly away. The window in the gable was no longer discernible.

"We come too late! The deed is done!" Eugene groaned, in despair.

"See," cried Bartolome, "the murderer is descending the stairs to the guest-chamber!"

The window at the foot of the stairs suddenly leapt into light, as a lamp was borne past it.

"Let us dismount here," said Sergius, "and approach the door stealthily on foot."

Bartolome took the horses' reins and flung them over the gate-post. Very quietly the Guardsmen traversed the yard and stole up to the window. Grupp, the tallest of the four, raised himself on tip-toe and gazed into the lighted chamber.

"The assassin," he whispered, "is seated by the fire with his chin sunk on his breast. I cannot see his face; but his attitude betokens utter weariness and dejection."

Cautiously they drew their swords and silently crept to the door. It yielded to their touch.

"Let us slay him where he sits," Sergius whispered softly; and with uplifted blades they stepped into the guest-chamber.

"Jules Coqueran," said Grupp, "your hour has come."

The bent figure by the hearth rose and confronted them. Bewilderment, incredulity, joy chased each other over their faces. The man upon whom they were about to avenge the Prince's murder was none other than Prince Rudolf himself.

A torrent of eager questions leapt to their lips; but the Prince silenced them with a gesture.

"Hush!" he whispered. "Listen!" From the room above the river came a faint gurgling sound, and then a sudden thud, as of a heavy body falling.

"Coqueran is dead," said the Prince, with ashen lips.

A confused, muffled noise, as of something being trailed along the floor, came from above.

"Who are in that room?" Sergius asked.

"Two men," the Prince replied; "one living, the other dead. The dead man is Jules Coqueran, my would-be murderer."

"And the other?" cried Bartolome, with the sudden, joyous anticipation of

one who foresees the answer to his question.

"The other," said the Prince, "is Edmund O'Malley, the Irish recruit to the Royal Guard."

Bartolome smiled beamingly to Eugene and Grupp.

"Ungvar's love for O'Malley will be increased a thousand-fold," he cried, with dancing eyes.

"What can the man be doing?" Sergius speculated, as a series of thumps came from above.

"He is sending Coqueran where the excellent Ungvar proposed to send me," the Prince replied.

"Whither?" asked Sergius.

"Through the window into the whirlpool below," said Prince Rudolf.

The Duke's fine eyes clouded with pain.

There came a sound from above, as of a window being closed.

"All is over," whispered Prince Rudolf. "We may ascend."

Taking the lamp, he led the way upstairs. On the landing they paused to listen. Through the silence came the voice of the Irish trooper solemnly repeating Coqueran's funeral speech:

"There, but for the favour of Heaven and the sword of O'Malley, went Prince Rudolf of Rhonstadt!"

Duke Sergius opened the door, and the party entered the room. The three Guardsmen remained in the background Prince Rudolf placed the lamp upon the table and turned to Edmund.

"Sir," he said—and his reserve seemed less frigidly icy—"at great danger and grave personal risk you have intervened to save my life. On my own behalf, and from my heart, I offer you my thanks. That you have preserved the Prince-Royal from a dreadful death entitles you to lasting gratitude from those in this realm who remain loyal to the throne. That indebtedness we can, in some measure, discharge. Your sword, sir!"

O'Malley handed his weapon to the Prince. The Guardsmen in the background motioned him to kneel.

Prince Rudolf laid the gleaming blade on the Irishman's shoulder.

"With your own sword," he said, "which to-day has so splendidly served this realm of Rhonstadt, I ennoble you. On worthier shoulders

rested! Rise, Edmund O'Malley, Cap-

tain of the Royal Guard! The badge of the heron-plume is yours to wear."

Captain O'Malley rose to his feet. His comrades of the Guard filed past him, each giving him a cordial handshake.

Duke Sergius's fine eyes glowed with approval of the prince's spontaneous act. Rarely did his Highness show such feeling.

"Captain O'Malley," said the Duke, addressing his attache for the first time, "I know not how to thank you for the service you have gallantly rendered to the Royal Family and its loyal adherents. The Guard, which I have the honour to command, will greatly gain in prestige and distinction by the valour of its newest officer. I am pleased indeed that his Highness has so promptly rewarded your devotion."

Edmund bowed modestly. He had an uneasy feeling that Gerald Lynch—not Prince Rudolf—was his chief concern in his encounter with Coqueran. He feared that he had obtained his Captaincy under false pretences.

"Your Grace," he said, "overrates my poor services. Irishmen of the Brigade regard such small excitements as welcome variants in the day's work."

"I would fain hear the story of this wretched plot," said Sergius. "With your Highness's permission, we shall take seats by the fire and learn from Captain O'Malley's own lips the tale of this night's doings."

He lifted the lamp from the table and placed it above the fire-place. Chairs were drawn forward, and the party took seats around the hearth whereon Coqueran's life-blood lay wet and warm.

Very quietly, Edmund told his story.

"I gleaned some valuable information during my vigil in the pantry," he said in conclusion. "I learnt, for instance, that this is the third attempt made on Prince Rudolf's life, and that the Duke of Ungvar carries a secret pistol."

"You are a veritable hero!" murmured Eugene admiringly.

"And here is my heroine," Edmund added, placing Oona upon his knee. "This grey beauty has done signal service to the State. Nothing less than a statue in the Square and a liberal pension, payable in mice, can adequately reward her loyalty. But for her timely intervention in the guest-chamber below, I might have found it necessary to bereave Ungvar of its Duke and Ulmo of its Prince—a duty, however, which I have merely postponed till some more suitable occasion."

"But, had they discovered your presence, were you not quite unarmed?" asked Eugene.

"There was a poker on the hearth," said Edmund simply. Even the Prince smiled. Bartolome laughed joyously. He loved the frank modesty with which O'Malley, with never a trace of egotism or boastfulness, expressed supreme confidence in his powers.

"But what of the Duke's pistol?" Sergius inquired with a rare smile.

"I would have gouged out both his eyes and cracked his skull like an egg-shell before he could have drawn the

weapon," said Edmund with perfect sang-froid.

Prince Rudolf rose.

"'Tis time to return to the Palace," he said. "Our prolonged absence may cause uneasiness to many."

"Our return will certainly startle a few," Edmund reflected. Grupp's mind reverted to the scene on the balcony. "The Duke's congratulations were rather premature," he thought, with grim satisfaction.

"One moment!" said O'Malley, as they turned to the door. "Many things have puzzled me grievously since I entered this Inn. For instance, will one of you gentlemen explain why the Duke of Ungvar and his confederates, who have thrice attempted to murder Prince Rudolf, shall not, at sunrise to-morrow, lose their heads on the block? Why is treason tamely permitted to stalk abroad in the streets of Rhonberg?"

"For many years," said Grupp moodily, "I have been asking myself that question."

"And I," said Bartolome.

Captain Eugene preserved a grave silence. The Duke's thoughtful brow clouded slightly.

"Captain O'Malley," said Prince Rudolf coldly, "in high politics and crucial affairs of state, questions of that kind are very seldom asked—and never answered." And with a gesture he indicated that the subject was closed.

Bartolome, carrying the lamp, preceded the party downstairs. Edmund tenderly bore Oona to the guest-chamber and placed her upon the table.

"Farewell, Oona," he said. "You clawed Coqueran in truly splendid fashion. I' faith, the merman in the Pool has already heard of your prowess. Be good and true till I return!"

He passed out into the courtyard where the party awaited him. Bartolome had brought up the horses. O'Malley advanced to the stable and flung open the door. No familiar whinny welcomed his coming. No white star gleamed through the darkness. Coqueran had not lied. Grainne was gone!

Edmund rejoined the group.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will observe that whoever preceded me has not taken the trouble to lock the stable door."

"Wherefore?" asked Eugene.

"Because the steed is stolen!" said Edmund. "But I pray you, sirs, be not discomposed on my account. As it happens, I know the thief, and to-night I will induce him to return my horse."

"But he may not be easily persuaded!" cried Bartolome.

"Believe me," said Edmund, "he shall learn that an Irishman with a sword—or even a poker—has wonderful persuasive powers."

"Take my horse, O'Malley," Bartolome said, placing a friendly hand on Edmund's shoulder. "I will walk back to the Palace."

"Stay!" cried Edmund in sudden recollection. "There must be a horse waiting somewhere hereabout. Coqueran didn't propose to walk out of Rhonberg when his task was done."

In the shadow near the River Gate they found a horse in charge of an un-

kempt and swarthy fellow, whom the Guardsmen at once recognized as a Karlist trooper. O'Malley accosted the man.

"You await M'sieur Coqueran?" he remarked in easy, familiar tones, as of one who knows all about it.

"I have grown tired of waiting for him," said the fellow surlily.

"He has been detained," Edmund explained, "and cannot leave the Inn to-night. I will take charge of his horse."

With the cool, masterly air which had demoralized Coqueran, he gathered the reins and vaulted lightly into the saddle. The small cohort prepared to depart.

"To whom does this animal belong?" O'Malley asked!

"To the Duke of Ungvar," the trooper replied.

O'Malley looked at Bartolome with an expression that made the young Guardsman grin broadly.

"Inform the Duke of Ungvar," said Edmund, "that Captain O'Malley of the Royal Guard has borrowed this horse, and that it shall be safely returned to-morrow morning. Tell the Duke, from me, that there are some sneaking horse-thieves in Rhonberg to-night, but that Captain O'Malley is not one of them."

CHAPTER IX.

Before reaching the Palace, O'Malley, accompanied by Marshal Grupp, paid a flying visit to the Barracks and attired himself in one of Grupp's costumes—the gorgeous, gold braided uniform of an officer of the Guard. A heron-plume, the badge of Rhonstadt's nobility, adorned his velvet cap, and by his side hung the tasselled weapon which had already made history in Rhonberg.

To the stirring strains of music the royal procession paced down the corridor to the Throne Room of the Palace, a glittering pageant, gay with the pomp of splendid uniforms and the multi-coloured costumes of the Rhonstadt nobles and their dames. King Sebastian, abandoning his accustomed pose of weary boredom, wore his ermine right royally. Foremost among a group of richly vested ecclesiastics, conspicuous alike by his crimson robes and his superbly dignified bearing, walked his Eminence, Elmer Joachim Bartolome, by the grace of God and the favour of the Holy See, Cardinal Archbishop of Rhonberg—a priestly man revered for his piety and learning, his austere simple life, and his immense sympathy with souls in trouble.

In stately array the procession moved to the Throne Room between files of the Royal Guard lining the corridor. The King advanced to the dais and, to the accompaniment of a flourish of silver trumpets, took his seat on the gilded chair beneath a canopy of purple velvet and cloth of gold. On his right sat the Lady Allegra, Countess of Wuldner, a distant relative of the monarch, who had acted as vicereine at all Court functions since the death of the late Queen Katherine. The Cardinal occupied a crimson-draped fauteuil to the King's left, and, along with the guests, disposed their

selves in picturesque groups around the Throne.

In one of the Royal ante-chambers the officers of the Guard waited with Prince Rudolf for the presentations with which the Ceremony of Proclamations would commence. Their return had been quite unobserved, and only the High Chamberlain knew of their presence. With this functionary Duke Sergius had held brief converse, and had made a few arrangements. Through a slight opening in the velvet hangings, O'Malley caught occasional glimpses of the brilliant scene in the Throne Room. Quickly his eye signalled out his enemy.

"My very dear friend, the Duke, looks less amiable than usual," he whispered to Bartolome. "The honest fellow has something on his mind. Mark his abstracted air. He frowns betimes and bites his lips nervously. Who is the black-avised cut-throat by his side?" "Prince Karl of Ulmo," Bartolome answered. "He also seems strangely ill at ease."

"What a picturesque figure the Cardinal makes in his gorgeous robes!" Edmund said admiringly. "Somehow his face seems vaguely familiar—reminds me of someone I have known."

"He is my brother," Bartolome whispered.

A second flourish from the silver trumpets heralded the commencement of the Ceremony. The High Chamberlain advanced to the dais and made lowly obeisance before the Throne. His right hand bore his golden wand of office. In his left palm rested certain small tablets from which he read the style and title of the various exalted personages as, in order pre-arranged, they advanced to the dais, made their obeisance, and retired.

A word of recognition from the King, a bow from the vicereine, and a friendly smile from the Cardinal greeted each guest in turn.

Presently there came a pause. The Chamberlain's list was apparently exhausted. The King cast a searching eye over the groups, and made a remark to the Cardinal in anxious undertone. He had, for the first time, noticed the absence of the Prince-Royal and the officers of the Guard.

The Duke of Ungvar nudged his neighbour, the "black-avised cut-throat," whose chalky face and ferocious beard and brows so greatly displeased O'Malley.

"The moment has come! Brace up!" Thaddeus whispered.

Prince Karl placed one foot on the lowest step of the dais, but the Chamberlain's voice renewed its smooth monotone.

"Sergius, Duke of Doorn, Commander of the Royal Guard," he announced. The velvet hangings of the ante-chamber parted. The stately soldier advanced to the Throne he guarded so well, and paid homage to the monarch, whose protection was his chiefest care. The Cardinal made room for the Duke on his fauteuil, and, side by side, the two friends sat and chatted familiarly.

Marshal Grupp, Captain Eugene, and Captain Bartolome were in turn an-

nounced, and each entered from the ante-room and made obeisance.

"They have abandoned their search for the Prince," Ungvar murmured in Ulmo's ear. "What can further postpone our triumph? Who can now balk our enterprise?"

"Edmund O'Malley," the Chamberlain announced, reading carefully from his tablets, "Captain of the Royal Guard, formerly of the Irish Brigade, and now of the personal staff of the Duke of Doorn."

There was a stir among the group of courtiers. A murmur of interest filled the Throne Room. Every eye turned to the velvet curtains which parted to admit a tall soldierly man, who, with gravely dignified yet modest mien, advanced to the dais.

"Captain!" said Prince Karl, in a puzzled whisper. "Why, Thaddeus, he sports the heron-feather!"

In stately courtesy, O'Malley's plumed cap swept the carpeted dais at the feet of the King.

Ungvar gripped Prince Karl's arms in a nervous clutch.

"The sword!" he hissed venomously. "Look! He has recovered his sword!"

Prince Karl's startled eyes travelled to the tasselled hilt of Edmund's blade the weapon which Coqueran had purloined with malign purpose.

Instinctively the two plotters drew back from too close contiguity to the fateful sword. Prematurely had Prince Karl placed his foot upon the steps of the Throne. O'Malley had intervened.

But, hark! The King was speaking.

"Captain," he said, "we bid you welcome to our capital and Court. Your fame as a gallant soldier has preceded you. May your splendid reputation gain in lustre as your stay in Rhonberg lengthens."

"I thank your Majesty for your kindly greeting," Edmund replied. "I am honoured by the assurance of your royal esteem. Believe me, I mean to prove myself not unworthy of it."

He raised his scabbard and, with both hands extended, held the weapon towards the King. The tasselled hilt rested under the very noses of the two plotters, who regarded it with a fascinated stare. O'Malley knelt at the King's feet.

"Accept my homage, your Majesty," he said, "and graciously permit me to place my sword and my services at your disposal."

King Sebastian said not a word, but he held out a thin, pallid hand on which blazed a superb ruby ring. Edmund bent low and kissed the royal stone. Rising, he made a courtly bow which included the King, Countess, and Cardinal, and took a place beside the officers of the Guard.

Ungvar's keen brain was busy probing the mystery and meaning of the re-appearance of the sword which Coqueran had taken from the Inn. The tall Irishman must have encountered the duellist. But how? And with what result? Was it possible that their plan had miscarried—that O'Malley had discovered the plot and had intervened? In a flash the Duke reviewed the incidents of the evening, and recalled the

mysterious sounds in the Inn. Then he remembered the pantry door through which the grey cat had vanished. Why had they neglected to search that pantry? They had found the sword on the table, and its owner, haply, was but a few feet away, had they but pushed their search a little farther instead of being deluded by a cat.

The Chamberlain made his final announcement.

"His Royal Highness, Prince Rudolf of Rhonstadt," he called, "Honorary Colonel of the Royal Guard, Commander of the Illustrious Order of the Knights of St. Bruno and Heir Apparent to His Majesty King Sebastian IV."

From the ante-chamber, the Prince entered the Throne Room and made his way to the dais. His pallor was marked, and his brow seemed clouded. The King rose to greet him. The supreme moment in the Ceremony of Proclamation had arrived. Shrilly the silver trumpets blared forth a joyous peal. Sebastian took the Prince's hand in his own.

"Gentlemen," he said, "loyal subjects of this ancient realm, I present to you my beloved son and heir, the Prince-Royal, whom I proclaim as my chosen and lawful successor, and for whom I bespeak the same loyalty and service as rendered to me. Long live Prince Rudolf!"

"Long live Prince Rudolf!" The lusty shout from a hundred throats rang through the Throne Room, echoed down the pillared corridor, and faintly floated to the distant confines of the Palace. The trumpets blared again and the bells of the city clanged out a merry, vibrant peal.

The shout was repeated again and again. The officers drew their swords and waved the glittering blades in the air. O'Malley's weapon leapt like lightning from its sheath and flashed so close to Ungvar's face that the mannikin started back in alarm.

Duke Sergius passed behind the dais and held whispered conference with the King. The two plotters stirred uneasily and moved nearer the door. They feared denunciation and arrest; for both fully realized now that O'Malley had discovered their design and had interposed to save the Prince. Sergius returned to the fauteuil, and the King glanced at Prince Rudolf anxiously as though waiting for his son to speak. The Prince, however, leant his pale cheek on his hand with an air of depression and weariness.

The Chamberlain's voice intervened.

"Gentlemen," he said, with a gesture of dismissal, "the Ceremony of Proclamation is at an end. Supper will be served in the various ante-chambers and in the Gallery of Paintings at the end of the corridor."

In animated groups, chatting ceaselessly, the guests passed from the Throne Room.

O'Malley approached the Duke of Ungvar.

"Your Grace," he said, "I am with the officers of the Guard in the ante-chamber. I crave your advice on a

matter of urgent importance. Be good enough to follow me."

He raised the velvet hangings and passed from the Throne Room.

"What can the rufian want?" Prince Karl inquired with a savage frown.

"I cannot guess," said Ungvar sourly, "but meantime our heads are in the lion's mouth. We must e'en humour the lion."

He entered the ante-chamber with an air of meek resignation, Ulmo stalking sullenly in his wake.

Around a small table in the corner of the room, the Guardsmen sat at supper. Duke Thaddeus, his lips curled in a frosty smile, walked over to the fire-place and leant moodily against the mantel. Prince Karl sirode to a window overlooking the courtyard and scowled savagely into the night.

O'Malley rose from his seat at the table.

"Excuse me for a moment, gentlemen," he said to the officers. "I have some business with these worthy men."

He crossed the chamber to the window recess where Ulmo stood frowning blackly. The two confronted each other for a moment with glances of hatred and scornful defiance. Presently O'Malley's expression changed. A sunny smile illumined his face, and in a tone of merry raillery he accosted the black-browed Prince.

"Your Highness seems disconcerted and ill at ease," he remarked. "No doubt you feel chagrined that I, a stranger, should have discovered the scandalous conditions of your Ulmo roads. They are shocking—barbarous, in fact; but I cherish no ill-will, nor will I mention the sad circumstance to outsiders."

The Prince abruptly turned his back upon O'Malley and resumed his scowling scrutiny of the window panes.

"As a road-maker," the Guardsman resumed, "your Highness has acquired an inglorious distinction. The Ulmo road is quite the worst in Europe. Permit me to suggest that you devote a little less attention to the rebuilding of dynasties and a little more to the construction of decent roads! In both these enterprises you have hitherto achieved a failure that is almost criminal!"

Ulmo's jaws twitched and his hand sought his sword-hilt.

"It is unkind of your Highness to hide from me the light of your pleasing countenance, when I offer you friendly advice," the Irishman continued. "It is thrust upon my notice that your back hair is intolerably bushy, and that your Highness's shoulders strikingly resemble the neck of a slim bottle."

From the Guardsmen's table came a titter of boyish laughter. Bartolome was shedding tears of delight at the quiet insolence of this astonishing Irishman.

Prince Karl wheeled round savagely and glared at his tormentor. O'Malley's hazel eyes beamed with amusement into the flashing, black beads. The easy naturalness of his smile maddened his hapless adversary.

"Go to the devil!" the Prince shouted, losing all patience.

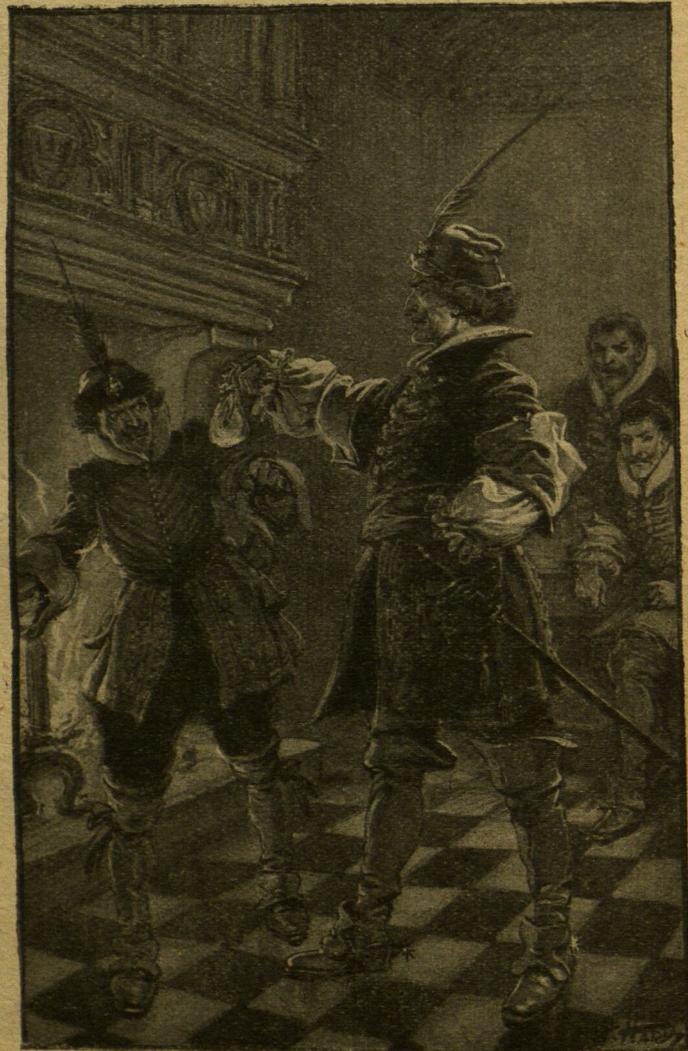
"Certainly," quoth Edmund, and with a smile left him and walked over to the Duke of Ungvar. That crafty mannikin had already encountered the rough edge of the Irishman's tongue, and he had nerved himself for a severe ordeal. To his astonishment, O'Malley's demeanour was suavely courteous and his voice low and quiet.

"Your Grace," said the Irishman, "I am a stranger in this land, and it seems that, on many points, I am densely ignorant of the customs of the country. I have given offence to

the strength of our previous slight acquaintance, I come to crave a favour. At the Pool of St. Bruno yesternoon, you offered me advice, doubtless well-meant and valuable. I seek your counsel now in a matter of grave moment. Your Grace, I have lost my horse!"

Prince Karl swung round on his heel, and at the supper-table the Guardsmen regarded with amused interest the couple by the fire-place. The Duke smiled sourly into Edmund's grave eyes.

"Rhonberg," he said, "is the worst



"Here is the money, Duke. The coal-black mare is bought and sold."

various exalted personages by my incurable habit of speaking the truth.

He glanced towards the window where Prince Karl stood.

A low chuckle of delight from Bartolome stung the Duke into fury, and he snarled an acrid taunt at the tall Irishman.

"If you play the soldier as well as you act the buffoon," he hissed, "you will go far in Rhonberg, O'Malley!"

"Captain O'Malley, if you please," returned Edmund imperturbably. "On

place in the world for horse-stealing. Think you, will you ever find the gallant steed?"

"It's rather more than likely," O'Malley replied slowly. "With your Grace's sage advice and assistance I hope to recover my lost charger tomorrow."

"I fear," said Ungvar with an air of immense regret, "that I cannot bid you hope to find your horse. In Rhonberg, I have never once known a stolen horse to be recovered."

"If that be so," quoth O'Malley resignedly, "I must e'en provide myself with another. And here, again, your Grace can greatly assist me."

"In what way?" queried the Duke.

"In your Grace's stable, at this moment, there is a steed which I very greatly desire to purchase," O'Malley explained. "I have set my heart on having it. As between friends, I will take no refusal."

"I never sell my horses," said Ungvar curtly.

"Nevertheless," Edmund continued quietly, "I am convinced that we can make a bargain. The steed I so greatly desire to obtain is a coal-black Irish mare with a milk-white blaze on the forehead. What think you would be a fair price for the animal?"

The Duke bared his gums and ground his teeth in a spasm of fury. He felt that this hateful Irishman was playing some grim game in which his ducal self and his princely colleague were mere pawns. Bartolome's broad grin made him furiously angry.

"I will sell no horse in my stable under five hundred crowns," he snarled, naming at random a sum which he deemed prohibitive.

O'Malley's face instantly assumed an expression of complete satisfaction.

"That is precisely the price I had proposed to pay," he remarked. "Here is the money, Duke. The coal-black mare is bought and sold."

From beneath his gold-braided vest he drew a leathern bag, and placed it on the mantel-board. Prince Karl smothered an oath, and the Duke's face went ashen as Coqueran's blood-money was set out before them.

"Where—how did you come by that purse?" Ungvar gasped. The Prince, in tense excitement, had strode forward to the Duke's side.

O'Malley eyed the pair with a cynical smile.

"A legacy," he explained smilingly. "A gift left behind by one who, in dying, cursed the golden bait that lured him to Rhonberg and doom."

So, *Coqueran was dead!* The plotters realised the whole truth now. The Irishman had learned of the duellist's mission and had foiled the enterprise and slain the hireling.

"Keep your legacy to buy yourself a burying-place!" the Duke snarled viciously. "You shall ride no horse of mine, you upstart vagrant! And, by heaven, you shall rue the mad moment which saw you thrust your head into the affairs of your betters, you ignorant, meddlesome nobody!"

O'Malley showed not the least sign of being upset by the little ruffian's onslaught.

"Your Grace singularly resembles an outraged and vengeful toad," he remarked affably. "I cannot liken you to a cat. You hiss and spit with true feline wickedness, but you wisely employ others to do your scratching."

The Duke made a gesture of furious impatience and took a step towards the curtained exit. O'Malley's tall form and broad shoulders barred the way.

"Your Grace entered this room at my invitation," he said quietly. "You

must remain until I deem it convenient to dismiss you."

Prince Karl started forward as if about to speak, but Edmund fixed him with a blighting stare. He thought better of his impulse and retreated sullenly.

"Captain Bartolome," said O'Malley gravely, "you have heard my offer to the Duke of Ungvar and you have witnessed his refusal. Oblige me by taking charge of this bag of gold with which I propose to buy, to-morrow, not a horse, but a cat—a wise, grey creature whose sagacity makes mockery of the shrewdest heads in Rhonberg."

He handed to the young officer the bag of golden crowns. Bartolome smilingly pocketed the purse and rejoined his comrades at the supper-table.

Edmund turned to the Duke.

"Your Grace has refused to sell me the coal-black mare," he said. "Very good! Now, mark well what I am about to say! If, by noon to-morrow, the mare is not sent to the stables of the Royal Guard and there placed in charge of Captain O'Malley's servant, I will take instant steps to prepare a full statement of to-night's happenings at the Inn of the Green Dragon, which statement I will speedily convey across the mountains, and place in the hands of a certain royal lady who shall learn what manner of horse-thieves and murderers-by-proxy are the couple who are rivals for her hand!"

"You would dare!" screamed the Duke.

"Yes, I would dare," the Irishman sternly affirmed. The Guardsmen had risen from the table and stood grouped by the entrance to the Throne Room. O'Malley strode towards them. With one hand on the velvet hangings he addressed a parting remark to the disconcerted plotters.

"Your Grace," he said, "has thoughtfully suggested that I should provide myself with a burial-place. Let me tell you in return, that your own sepulchre is already prepared. In the Pool of the Dead, the merman keeps place for you beside the corpse of your hireling. Coqueran awaits his master. On my sword I have sworn that he shall not keep vigil long!"

With a gesture of scorn, he raised the velvet curtains and passed from the ante-chamber.

Bartolome was almost beside himself with delight. "How royally you roasted those rats!" he exclaimed. "On my soul, O'Malley, you handled the ruffians superbly! Not even the incomparable Lynch could have done it better!"

The Guardsmen passed down the corridor to the Council Chamber, whither they, as members of the Military Council of Rhonstadt, had been summoned to hold grave debate with the King and Prince Rudolf.

In the ante-chamber which O'Malley had just quitted, silence reigned for a space. The plotters stared moodily at the tapestries which had closed on the Irishman's broad back.

"Of course you will send the mare to the Barracks to-morrow?" Ulmo remarked.

"I surrender the steed in the inte-

rests of peace," the Duke replied. "But I bide my time. Ere many days, when the carcass of this Irish hog has been thrown to the fishes of the Blume, the coal-black mare shall carry me over the mountains to my future kingdom and my bride that is to be!"

CHAPTER X.

"If my judgment be sound," O'Malley was saying to Duke Sergius, "the panacea for the evils which afflict this unhappy country is not far to seek. The future of Rhonstadt lies in the hands of the Prince-Royal."

"Of course we all recognise that fact; but its recognition doesn't by any means help us," the Duke replied gravely. "The whole evil arises from the deplorable circumstance that neither King Sebastian nor Prince Rudolf shows the slightest willingness to discharge the duties of royalty. Our rulers won't rule."

"But why not?" Edmund urged.

"Neither has any liking for the turmoil and distraction of active, political life," the Duke explained. "They both value the scholar's cap more than the golden crown."

"It is a sad situation," Edmund reflected. "But I, at least, do not despair of rousing Prince Rudolf from his bookish lethargy and kindling in his soul the fire of a royal ambition."

"You might find that task beyond even your powers, my gallant swordsman," Sergius asserted in a tone of despair. "Prince Rudolf's heart is made of toughest parchment; his veins run ink. Nothing will ever thaw his chill indifference."

"We might at least try," Edmund said cheerfully. "Can we not invoke the aid of the most potent of allies, the mightiest of magicians—Love?"

"What mean you?" queried Sergius in wide-eyed wonder.

"Your Grace must know that love for a woman is the surest spur to man's flagging ambition," Edmund explained. "Induce his Highness to fall in love, and the rest is easy. 'Twill be his obvious and welcome task to make Rhonstadt a fitting footstool for his royal bride. Ulmo and Ungvar shall be brought to heel at last!"

O'Malley's hazel eyes glowed with enthusiasm over the rosy picture of a peaceful realm.

The Duke smiled indulgently, and placed a kindly hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Edmund," he said, "your bubbling, Irish optimism misleads you. The Prince's heart is cold and unresponsive—frigid as Carpathian snows! Your Cupid's arrows would fail to tickle, much less to wound it. I see no glimmer of hope for the success of your scheme."

"Let us take counsel with our comrades on the matter," said Edmund; and he called to the trio of Guardsmen who chatted by the fireside at the farther end of the room.

"Gentlemen," Sergius explained, "Captain O'Malley has discovered himself in a new character. In the role of Cupid he proposes

winged arrow in the heart of our scholar Prince. He holds that to be the surest way of transforming him from a bookish recluse into a man of action and enterprise."

Bartolome chuckled delightedly. "Bravo, Captain Cupid!" he cried. "Only an Irishman could propound such a scheme!"

"Cupid was undoubtedly an Irishman," said Edmund. "All statements to the contrary are hereby refuted."

"Captain O'Malley's scheme has at least one recommendation—it holds the field," the Marshal remarked. "Which of you gentlemen has a better plan to offer?"

"Faith, if I could hammer out a suggestion on the dull anvil of my brain," said Bartolome, "it would have been done years ago."

"I doubt if it be possible to stir our bookworm Prince from his unknighthly torpor," Eugene observed.

"Let us hear more of your scheme, O'Malley," demanded Grupp. "How best may we put it into execution?"

"'Tis the simplest thing on earth," said Edmund gaily. "Find the lady!"

"More easily said than done," Duke Sergius answered. "Besides, what assurance have we that the Prince will even glance at our fair candidate, beautiful though she be?"

"In this emprise, we must risk something," said the Irishman. "But let us choose a lady at once beautiful and clever—with loveliness to stir the hermit heart, and wit to force a victory by woman's charming wiles. Haply, you gentlemen have just such a lady in your mind's eye?"

"There is no such woman in all Rhonstadt," Grupp asseverated gloomily.

"We must cross the mountains to find your nonpareil, O'Malley," cried Bartolome; "and she be no dowerless damsel, I trow!"

"Gentlemen," said Edmund gravely, "I read in your faces that your fancy has fixed upon a likely lass. Who may she be?"

There was a moment's silence, during which the eyes of each Guardsman read his comrades' faces and fathomed their unspoken thought.

Bartolome answered for the group. "The Princess Irene of Caronia," he said, "has the beauty and the joyous freshness of a rose of June; and she is as clever and as witty as she is beautiful."

"That is the woman for me," Edmund concluded. "Are you satisfied, gentlemen, that we select the Princess Irene of Caronia as our—our ally in this enterprise?"

"Perfectly satisfied," the Duke agreed. "But what assurance have we that the Princess will consent to undertake such an extraordinary mission? She is a lady of spirit, as tameless as an eagle. More likely than not, friend Edmund, she will lay her riding-whip across your broad shoulders when you whisper your proposal in her ear."

"You entirely mistake my plan of campaign," O'Malley protested. "Of course her Highness would rightly and properly object should we attempt to pitchfork her forthwith into the unwill-

ing arms of his Highness. That would be a stupid move on our part and would inevitably defeat its own purpose. No. Let us go about this thing diplomatically."

"Explain," cried the Guardsmen in chorus.

"We must first of all bring the parties together," O'Malley began. "That is the Irish way. The Prince, of course, shall remain quite in the dark as to our scheme; but his heart must be steeped in the sunlight of Irene's beauty; his sluggish soul must be stirred by her vivacity and roused by the shafts of her wit."

"Does he deserve such good fortune?" cried the youngest Guardsman, laughing. "Pray, why not tempt poor, unloved Bartolome with some such toothsome morsels?"

Edmund smiled. "Of course," he said, "we begin by having the Princess invited to pay a lengthy visit to the Court of Rhonberg. Your Grace can manage that?"

"I believe so," said Sergius confidently.

"The lady might even receive a hint—ever so faint and distant—that the future of this unhappy land lies in her hands," O'Malley continued. "It might be delicately indicated that she—and she alone—is capable of depriving Prince Karl of Ulmo of the Royal succession."

The Duke regarded O'Malley with growing approval. This wonderful Irishman had thought of everything—had even reckoned on Irene's well-known dislike for Ulmo.

"The plan is at least worth a trial," Grupp remarked reflectively.

"It seems to me," said the Duke, "that the whole matter may be safely left to O'Malley himself. In this affair, comrade, we are entirely in your hands. Command us as you please!"

"What if Captain O'Malley, at the outset, himself fall in love with the Princess?" queried Eugene.

There was a shout of laughter from the group. Edmund remained unmoved.

"That won't happen," he said coldly.

"Aye," Bartolome persisted, grinning broadly, "but what if the Princess fall in love with O'Malley?"

There was another roar of laughter, and Edmund smiled—somewhat sadly.

"Dear comrade," he said, "that is quite unthinkable. And I will take every possible precaution to prevent such a fiasco. But, of course, precautions won't be necessary."

"'Tis to be hoped not," cried Bartolome with fervour. "Even the marvellous Lynch might find it difficult to escape unscathed from such a situation!"

"Comrades," said Edmund gravely, "I appreciate the kindly feeling disclosed in your light-hearted banter. But, to me, this is a most serious—aye, a most solemn enterprise. Let us embark upon it in a true sense of knightly adventure, staking honour and life on the faithful and undeviating pursuit of our purpose."

"Agreed!" cried the Guardsmen in chorus.

Slowly, solemnly, Edmund drew his

sword and held the tasselled hilt upraised before him. One by one, his comrades followed his example.

"I swear," he said in reverent tones, as of one who utters a prayer—"I swear to devote my energies and, if need be, my life to the steadfast pursuit of the purpose, as disclosed to my comrades, of encompassing the espousal of Princess Irene and the Prince-Royal. Should I shirk hardship or danger—should any act or word of mine imperil or defeat this purpose, I charge my fellow-Guardsmen to hold me as a recreant and traitor guilty of black dishonour and deserving of death. This solemn vow I make gladly, and I swear to keep. On my sword, I swear it!—I, O'Malley, of the Brigade!"

Raising the hilt to his lips, he reverently kissed the tasselled cross.

"I swear!" cried each of the Guardsmen in turn.

(To be continued.)

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

Meeting held on 6th July, Lieut. Sean Kavanagh presided, and others present were:—Lieut. J. J. Walsh, A.C.E.; A/Sergt. Kiely, and Pte. M. J. Dillon, Officers' Pay Section; Pte. Grimley, Marriage Allowance; Pte. Higgins and Pte. Birmingham, Army Transport Corps; Sergt. Price, Army School of Music.

The Hon. Sec. informed the meeting that Captain D. Harkins had intimated his willingness to act as handicapper and starter at the Group Sports on 28th July next.

A communication was read stating that the sum of £5 (Five Pounds) has been subscribed by the G.H.Q. A.C. Engineers to the Group Funds.

Sergt.-Major A. Cork, Army School of Music, wrote explaining that his absence from Committee meetings was due to circumstances beyond his control, viz., annual leave, illness for a period, and, at present, an amount of work in connection with public and private engagements of the No. 1 Army Band. He was arranging that another representative of his Unit would attend in future.

The Hon. Sec. read a communication from Captain J. P. Howe, Secretary, Command Council, seeking information as to whether there were any cups or trophies (the property of G.H.Q. Command) held by any members of the Group. After some discussion the Hon. Sec. was directed to reply, stating that as far as could be ascertained there were none such held by any Group Members.

In connection with the sports meeting, it was decided that the 21st inst. will be the final date on which entries for the various events may be received.

Sergt.-Major A. Cork sent in his report as referee of the Inter-Group handball match on 3rd inst., and stated that owing to the non-attendance of the McKee players he had awarded the match to No. 4 Group.

AEROPLANE FLIGHTS THAT WILL LIVE.

- 1903—Orville Wright flies.
- 1906—Santos Dumont flies 732 feet at Bagatelle, France.
- 1909—Bleriot flies across the English Channel.
- 1909—Orville Wright flies from Ft. Myer to Alexandria, Virginia, and return, carrying passenger.
- 1909—Wilbur Wright flies from Governors Island, N.Y., to Grant's Tomb, and return.
- 1910—Glenn H. Curtiss flies from Albany to New York City.
- 1919—Read flies from America to England via the Azores; 2,472 miles in 26 hours, 45 minutes.
- 1919—Hawker and Grieve attempt first non-stop trans-Atlantic flight by aeroplane. Are picked up at sea, 2,246 miles from Newfoundland.
- 1919—Alcock and Brown fly without stop from Newfoundland to Ireland, 1,960 miles in 16 hours, 12 minutes.
- 1920—Strett flies from New York to Nome, Alaska, and return, 8,700 miles.
- 1922—Doolittle flies across the United States, making only one stop.
- 1923—Kelly and Macready fly without stop across the American Continent; 2,520 miles in 26 hours, 50 minutes.
- 1923—Coutinho and Cabral, Portuguese officers, fly from Lisbon to Rio de Janeiro, 4,019 miles.
- 1924—Maughan flies across the American Continent between dawn and dusk,

2,645 miles in 18 hours, 20 minutes, actual flying time.

- 1924—Round-the-world flight of the Army Air Service.
- 1925—Rodgers flies from San Francisco to within less than 400 miles of Hawaii. Nine days at sea after forced landing.
- 1926—Franco flies from Palos, Spain, to Buenos Aires, 6,232 miles.
- 1926—Byrd flies to the North Pole.

THE AEROPLANE.

I am the aeroplane.
 I am an ancient prophecy fulfilled, an early dream come true, a great ambition realised. I am the embodiment of man's perseverance, of his genius, of his ability to conquer and to carry on.
 I am the new traveller. I cross mountain, desert, lake, and river; yet I need no road, I leave no trail.
 I am the key to the vast uncharted skies.
 I am the new way.
 I bridge the clouds in the heavens, and the nations below. I give a perspective greater than the highest mountain peak. I reveal a world and beauties never dreamed before. I offer a new thrill. I open the blue vaults of the sky.
 I make for the futility of war. I point to greater commerce. I transport to the uttermost parts of the earth. I travel straighter, I travel faster, than any other carrier. I am man's swiftest steed. I am the essence of speed.
 I am the aeroplane.

MILITARY HYGIENE.

To make the teaching of military hygiene effective, good teamwork is necessary. No matter how well equipped your medical officers may be, or how hard they may work, you have got to do your share if the result is to be successful. The way to do this is briefly as follows:—
 Try to carry out all you have been taught regarding personal hygiene, or the care of your body.
 Keep your hands clean, especially before handling food.
 Keep your hands and other objects away from your mouth.
 Boil any water or cook any food you are in doubt about.
 Don't cough and sneeze on anyone, and don't let them do it to you.
 Take care of every wound or scratch, no matter how small.
 Remember germs don't chase around after you; your own actions, or the carelessness of others, are the things that put the disease germ where it becomes dangerous.

A professional singer of a convivial disposition was entertaining a few friends to a musical evening at his house. Requested to oblige with a song, he turned to his wife and said, "Pick out a couple which will suit me, will you dearest?"
 After a few moments his wife held out two songs, remarking, "I think these suit you very well; this, 'Beloved, It Is Morn,' and that's 'When you Come Home, dear.'"

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

23rd BATTALION, KILBRIDE.

Still the same old station; still the same old faces—adding a little more to our store of military knowledge and a little more tan to our complexions.

We find on examination of the official scores that we did not err in our judgment in saying that we were not doing too bad, and contrary to the popular belief regarding butt markers, our fellows have proved themselves paragons of accuracy. We eagerly await the result of the first tussle in the Inter-Company Shield Competition: some say "D," others say H.Q., others still say—oh, well, everyone has his own little say. (Somebody will say d—all right.—Ned).

Like Abu-ben-Adhem, we have awakened from our deep dream of peace, and found, not an angel within the Camp, but the stern reality that we are booked for the re-play of the Command football final, on Saturday, the 10th inst., at Dundalk. By the time these notes appear all will be over, and after seeing the last famous struggle who can say "which will be the victor." Candidly speaking, this fixture was not of our seeking, and for obvious reasons. Nevertheless, we take the field, each and all with a stout heart. May the best team win, and all honour to the winner.

The "Portobello Dixies," of whom a goodly number are with the "Batt.," are busily preparing a programme for the coming season, and I believe that "The Lord Mayor," a play in three acts, by Edward McNulty, is the chief attraction. (Did you hear of the man at the A.S.I. who said a large oval-dixie would hold food for 500 men?—Ned).

Was it the Orderly Room Corporal who wished the "Village Postman" joy of his job. We hear on reliable authority that there has been another fall in the "canvas-market" in "B" Company Lines. "Bill" came out quite unconcerned, whilst "Sammy" experienced some difficulty in extricating himself from the debris. Who is the Battalion poet? "Spud" would like to know. (You shouldn't go looking for trouble.—Ned).

"COLLAR-BADGE."

PORTOBELLO BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

On Wednesday afternoon, 7th inst., at about 1.30 p.m., a crowd of lads assembled around a char-a-banc near Records Office. A Ford ton truck was also to be seen in the vicinity. Some of the lads were dressed in "civvies," whilst others were in uniform. Most of them carried mysterious-looking bundles, some of which were wrapped in brown paper, whereas others were wrapped in newspapers, mostly "Sporting Chronicles" and racing editions of the "Herald." On closer examination we discerned "Little Holly" and Big Murty, and then from the group of faces were soon picked out Dinny, Barney, Nobby, Frank O'Toole, and, last but not least the one and only "Bet-you-a-Dollar" from Griffith Barracks. It was only when Curran put in an appearance, loaded with camans and other sporting requisites that the mystery was solved. No. 4 Group were setting forth to play their first away matches this season. There was, of course, the usual eleventh hour delay, and when the belated one arrived with his, "Well, here I am, Sergeant, always late but never absent," the contingency was complete. The "all aboard" signal being given, the vehicles moved off.

Despite the morning's unpromising look, the afternoon turned out to be really splendid, and by the time they reached Gormanston, their destination, old "Sol" was in his best humour, and shone resplendently from a cloudless sky. Preparations immediately began for the fixtures, and the footballers turned out first.

From the throw-in, No. 4 Group got going in determined style, threatening to carry all before them, but this was a mere flash in the pan, and lasted barely ten minutes. The home team settled down to their game, taking no risks whatsoever, and playing very good football. The Portobello side, on the whole were playing up to expectations, but Barney Higgins and O'Toole were the shining lights. Barney was, so to speak, every place the ball was, and O'Toole was putting in some excellent work in the defence. The homesters had the better of

the play, and the half-time whistle found the score in their favour.

Half-time score:—

Gormanston	... 3 goals 1 point.
No. 4 Group	... 1 point.

On the resumption, both teams seemed to be fairly well balanced, and notwithstanding the big lead the homesters had to their advantage, the visitors were making a determined effort to increase their score, high hopes being entertained by their supporters that they would draw level. The home defence, however, was not to be denied, and the men from the 'Bello could not get through. Toward the close of the game "Nobby" Clarke, No. 4 Group, received a severe injury to his ankle, and had to be assisted off the field. The last few minutes of the game showed a marked supremacy of the Gormanston team, who eventually ran out winners.

Full-time score:—

Gormanston	... 4 goals 2 points.
No. 4 Group	... 2 points.

Pte. O'Reilly, 24th Batt., acted as referee.

As many of the football players of No. 4 Group were also taking part in the hurling, and in view of the late start, it was agreed that only twenty minutes each way would be the duration of the hurling match.

From the start the game was vigorously contested, but the homesters had the better combination, and after some nice passing soon annexed a minor. From the puck out some exciting mid-field play resulted, and the visitors had hard lines in not scoring, Dillon sending in a great shot, which only missed the goal by inches. The Camp men now pressed, and from a grand "70" shot a great goal resulted. Soon after another point was added, and half-time came with the Gormanston team well in the lead.

Half-time score:—

Gormanston	... 1 goal 2 points.
No. 4 Group	... Nil.

On changing over, the home team were the aggressors, and soon had added to their score. The stout defence of Sullivan balked many of their efforts. Some nice passes from Dillon gave

possession, whose efforts were nullified by the constant and determined attention paid him by the opposing backs, who gave him little or no chance. The homesters added another goal to their score, and kept their lead to the end.

Full-time score:—

Gormanston ... 3 goals 2 points.
No. 4 Group ... Nil.

An objection was lodged by the Group team owing to the inclusion in the Gormanston team of ineligible players.

To complete the day's outing some of the visitors adjourned to the sea to refresh themselves after their strenuous games. (Well, if you can't get a "wet" one way, try to get it another.—Ned).

The 23rd Batt. football team looked in on their way to Dundalk, accompanied by "Rory," and they appeared to be as fit as fiddles. A good number from the barracks are travelling with them, and we hope to see them return victorious.

The Cyclist Section of the 22nd Batt. left here this morning (10th inst.) for Camp, and the remainder of the Batt. will follow in the course of a few days.

McKee handball team not having turned up for the Inter-Group match at Beggar's Bush Barracks, the referee (B.S.M. Cork) awarded the points to No. 4 Group. (What happened you, McKee?—Ned).

Departures to and arrivals from Kilbride are in the main responsible for the lack of news from this barracks.

The usual bunch of "skittle-ittes" are to be found each evening indulging in that gentle pastime, but from what we have observed we fear that John Joe has the leg of them all.

Our typist is still blushing over Ned's remark about the influences of environment. Majors—even Sergt.-Majors—are some lads, you know.

"Rory" has developed into a great shot. There is no doubt that his sojourn at Kilbride has improved his marksmanship considerably, judging from the casualties he inflicted on his nocturnal canine visitors recently.



15th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

Now that the Battalion Sports for 1926 are a thing of the past, the men of the 15th are again going on steadily with their training. Our sweet dreams for some time past have been cut short a little earlier by the notes of Reveille, and the sharps and flats of the N.C.O.'s straining their vocal organs to get us "Out of it," "Come on, show a leg," "Get those tent flaps up"—will they ever change their tune. No wonder the Battalion slogan has been changed for some time past. Instead of the usual "Come on the 15th" it is now "Roll on the 15th."

We would like to extend our heartiest congratulations to the prize-winners of the Battalion Sports, especially Pte. O'Keeffe, of H.Q. Company, whom we may class as the best all-round sportsman. We would like also to congratulate Pte. Moore of the 20th Battalion upon winning the three-mile and one-mile cycle races, and Pte. O'Dee, of the sister Battalion, in coming

second in the three-miles flat. The great gymnastic display given by the gym. team under Sergt.-Major Doogan, evoked tumultuous applause.

The second round of the Bde. Inter-Coy. hurling championship came off during the week, and resulted in three brilliant victories for our Coys. At 6 o'clock of the 5th inst., "B" Coy. met "B" Coy. of the 5th Battalion. The play was good throughout, but the 15th lads proved themselves the superior hurlers, the result being:—"B" Coy., 15th Batt., 14 points; "B" Coy., 5th, 5 points.

At 7.30, same date, "A" Coy. met "C" Coy., 8th Battalion. It was quite a one-sided affair, leaving the score at full time:—"A" Coy., 15th, 37 points; "C" Coy., 8th, nil.

On Tuesday, the 6th inst., "C" Coy. as usual, distinguished themselves against "D" Coy. of the sister Battalion. The play from start to finish was all that could be desired, for every man was in his best form, and I am compelled to give great credit to Lieut. Ryan, C.Q.M.S. O'Keeffe and Cpl. Loughrane for their combination. It was no great wonder that "C" Coy. brought off victory with 5 goals 6 points to 2 goals 1 point. It is quite apparent that the men of the 15th Battalion are coming back to their old form.

The swimming baths at the Camp are now open, and all of us have had our first dip. The Orderly Room Staff, however, say they had the first one. All they had to do was sit tight and wait for a shower bath.

Some of our boxers have during the week travelled to Dublin to engage in bouts with civilian boxers. Pte. Whelan, of H.Q. Coy., who was to fight Pte. Leslie of the Signalling Corps, fought instead Mr. Behan of the Phoenix Boxing Club. The fight was a grand demonstration of the pugilistic art, and a well-fought contest resulted in the honours being evenly divided. Pte. Joynt, also of H.Q. Coy., was narrowly beaten on points by Mr. O'Brien of the St. Andrews Boxing Club.

It must not be overlooked that the boxers of the 15th Battalion were up against the pick of the late 26th Batt.,

the 8th Battalion, and the R. & T. Depot in the contest for the Huban Cup.

Again we would like to know how it was that Pte. Smith was allowed to fight considering that he was a "time-expired" man at the time the boxing took place. At that time he could only be considered a civilian. As far as the 15th Battalion are concerned we are proud to know that we upheld the honour of a Battalion.

On the 15th inst. we are to take our departure from the encampment, and the morning of the 16th will see us back in Fonsoy Barracks. We are enjoying Camp life to the very limit, and are making the best of the time allotted for collective training. We are very thankful to our Commanding Officer for his kindness in giving us our half-holiday for recreation every week without fail, and also for installing a dry canteen.



21st BATTALION, COLLINS BARRACKS, DUBLIN.

The Scribe offers apology for the non-appearance of Battalion Notes for the past few weeks, due to the heavy requirements and Camp activities at Kilbride. However, by the time these notes have appeared in print, the boys will have got back after their "vacation," and many will be sorry, as Kilbride was a different spot this year from last season.

The arrival at Camp of the Scribe and a few others, termed "dug ins," caused some commotion, but "Paddy" and the crowd emerged from the tender smiling, after enjoying the mountain breezes. Cpl. Bill caused much merriment along the journey. He had to have his way as regards the "Tallaght Ghost," and the transport conveyance of the locality, not to speak of the chap with the tall hat, whom he termed the "Linesman," that had been counting his steps along the tram rails.

Now that the 21st is back, Collins will also be the H.Q. of the 20th, and to them a cordial welcome is extended.

The 19th will enjoy Curragh breezes for a short period, and 17th will find the centre of County Louth one of the happy stations occupied by Irish troops.

The 17th and 19th had a happy reunion before departing from Collins. That is the spirit.

Every individual attached to 21st Battalion wishes Lt. P. J. Lambe a speedy recovery from his sudden attack of illness.

Typewriters are scarce these times, and the Scribe returns thanks to 19th Batt. for the use of same on this occasion.

What about the golfers? Lists of intending members are eagerly awaited. Now then, swell the roll.

Swimming under the guidance of Lt. McCaul is forging ahead in the 21st Batt., in which the Battalion Commandant is much interested.

The challenge match between 21st and 24th is a certainty in the near future. This long-looked-for game is likely to come off at the Dundalk H.Q. early next month, and the 24th Commandant assures

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the 21st boys of a right royal time. May the date come soon.

The Scribe, owing to a little misunderstanding on his arrival at Camp, spent a few hours between midnight and 6 a.m. watching the stars. However, it is only an addition to many previous experiences. "Claude" and the Scribe can scrape under canvas all right, if one is to judge from a recent experience during camp life.

What was the attraction for "Ginger" at the Farm House?

The Kilbride march was at times a minor matter individually, but collectively a regular terror in the minds of many.

Our tennis players are fast coming forward.

Who asked the Scribe for a box of "Player's Gold Flake"?

Who terms lime juice and soda a Scotch refresher?

What about the Collins Barracks Athletic Club, have they taken sore feet?

Who declared war on the kiddies at the Hib. School?

Capt. John P. Murphy, with many other 21st Batt. players, are sojourning at Hib. School, and the number has lately been augmented by that prominent hurler, Sergt. Joe Bannon.

This week's slogan: "Have you been on the Range?"



12th BATTALION, TEMPLE-MORE.

The Editorial Notes and Comments for two successive weeks recently touched on the Hales Memorial. May I now be permitted to say a little more on the subject. Is it too much to hope that the Army Authorities will take up the matter of subscriptions towards the Memorial, as they did in the case of the late Col-Comdt. Tom Kehoe? The Army cannot afford to be forgetful of Brigadier Sean Hales, for few had so great a record as he in the fighting which hastened the Truce.

There is a certain member of our garrison—a pioneer of the Thrift Movement—who states that since pay day he expended two shillings, for which he bought polish, Brasso, laces, cap-wire, tooth-brush, and burnisher, and then he explains that "he doesn't know where the money goes to."

When we were located at Kilworth Camp no one could help noticing in the shop-windows in adjacent villages a conspicuous advt. for a certain porter—that is, a man lifting up a huge horse. I have a particular friend in the 12th (I suppose a victim of that "magnetic attraction") who told me that it took him all his time one morning (after pay-day, of course) to lift his head off the "pillow" after sampling some of the famous draught, let alone lifting a horse.

Some weeks ago I mentioned in "An t-Oglach" that the glamour of the Feis brought me to Fermoy. On last Sunday, the attraction of what should have been a good hurling match (and, perhaps, the

love for the home county, too) brought me to Thurles to see the Leaside men meet and beat Dublin. Amongst other military friends that I met there was Sergt. Paddy O'Dwyer, of boxing fame. During the progress of the match I heard Paddy instructing his son in the rudiments of the game, explaining that three points make a goal, etc. Of course it can be taken for granted that Paddy has already imparted all the necessary lessons in boxing to his boy.

Orderly Officer (to soldier on sentry-go): "What's the idea of walking so quickly on your beat, Murphy?"

Pte. Murphy: "Sir, I want to finish my two hours in a hurry."

During the week a very nice design of silver medals was forwarded for presentation to six of our cross-country team who were runners-up in the Southern Command Championships.

"ROS CAIRBRE."



A.S.C. HEADQUARTERS, MCKEE BARRACKS.

Is it "Wright" to "Rowe" boats on the Liffey every evening, fishing for "Herron," "Roche" and "Frogg."

Talking of the Liffey, who are the sports in Signals training for this year's Liffey swim? Good luck, Signals.

Why does "Les-lie" in bed so long every morning?

"Rumours of Spurs and Bandoliers"—"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

Mounted Signals—Dots and dashes on horseback. I hear that our cook is a great believer in horses—now's his chance. Today's menu: Sham and Dregs.

"LANGIS."



BERESFORD BARRACKS, CURRAGH.

The Officers, N.C.O.'s and men of the hurling teams, and members of the A.A.A., Curragh Command, are loud in their praises of the splendid reception

accorded to them on their recent visit to the metropolis to contest the first round of the football and hurling championships against G.H.Q. The hospitality they experienced at the hands of Capt. Howe, G.H.Q., they wish to record in the columns of the Army Journal as something not likely to be quickly forgotten by the Gaels of the training centre. They refrain entirely from indulging in any words of flattery, but in acknowledging Captain Howe's generosity they feel they are bound to express their appreciation of that Officer's splendid sporting qualities.

They wish also to pay a tribute to the similar qualities of the G.H.Q. teams. In wishing G.H.Q. well with their hurling victory, and congratulating themselves on the win in football, the Curragh players look forward to the occasion when it will be their privilege to return the kindness they met at G.H.Q.

The best wishes of his brother Officers, and of the N.C.O.'s and Acting N.C.O.'s of the Corps of Military Police, Curragh, accompany Lieut. Patk Mitchell to Finer Camp, whence he proceeded on Monday, 12th inst., after a period of duty on the Curragh as A.P.M., of some three months.

Amongst the recent departures from the Curragh are Ptes. Baldwin and Breslin, Pay and Accounts. Both were popular members of the staff of that office, and in civilian life are wished every success in their undertakings.

K. P. K.



8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

In the Brigade Inter-Coy. hurling tournament our hopes of winning were dashed to pieces by the unexpected defeat of our best team—H.Q. Coy. by "C" Coy., 5th Batt. H.Q. Coy. were very much below strength owing to the unavoidable absence of some of their famous players who are at present at the Hibernian School training strenuously for the big clash with the Garda. I don't think there is any Coy. team in Camp able to defeat the "old men's" Coy. if they had their full team together, and although much weakened as they were, they played a rattling good game, and were beaten by the odd goal at the last moment.

Our last and only hope—"C" Coy.—emerged disastrously from this tournament at the hands of "A" Coy., 15th Batt. The premiers have a good Coy. team, for it consists of a big percentage of the Battalion hurlers, and for this reason a big score was only natural. "C" Coy. did not let them have it all their own way, for they were on the verge of scoring several times. "Coal-box," of "C" Coy. was the outstanding player for his side, and if he had kept on his feet instead of adopting the prone position so often he might have easily equalised the score. Anyhow we will say adieu to this season's Brigade Inter-Coy. hurling—but wait until the football tournament opens; ah, then you will hear the hymns of praise I will have to sing for the boys. "Milo," of "A" Coy. is willing to back the old Coy. against any of them.

DON'TS for Correspondents.

- DON'T write if you can get it typewritten.
- DON'T crowd the lines together.
- DON'T write on both sides of the paper.
- DON'T use a worn-out typewriter ribbon.
- DON'T indulge in personal jokes.
- DON'T write in pencil.
- DON'T forget to mention dates.
- DON'T send in your contribution later than the Saturday of the week before it is to appear.

Our football team have lost a splendid player in the person of Pte. Carthy, of "B" Coy., who has taken his departure into the ranks of civilian life recently. We all wish him the best of good luck in his new sphere of life, and hope to hear of him being selected to play for his native county—Tipperary—in the near future.

The Sergeants' Mess Billiards Tournament is in full swing at present. It is not easy to forecast whom the lucky winner may be, but now that the billiards shark, Johnny Hughes, is rendered horsed-combat from the tournament, I wouldn't mind betting that "Pivot" will go near the mark.

Our boxers who performed at the boxing tourney held at Gormanston on the 1st inst. once more excelled in the manly art. "Ginger" Holian and Finn, of St. Paul's Boxing Club providing, according to the Fress, one of the best fights witnessed on that evening. We all know how "Ginger" of ours can taken and give punishment, and if he follows up the profession there should be a great future before him. "Yank" Little was very unlucky in being matched against a tough old-timer, but we are proud to say his motto was: "No surrender."

The homecoming of Nobby Clarke, with a beautiful cup, speaks for itself.

In the notes published in "An t-Oglach," dated 3rd inst., by one of our neighbouring Units, reference was made to the fight between Pte. Jack Whelan, 15th Batt., and Bugler Clarke, 8th Batt. Their scribe referred to the boxing abilities of both contestants, and said that in their opinion the verdict went the wrong way. This is surely absurd. I am sure if the referee called for a show of hands in favour of the winner in that contest, the vast majority would go in Clarke's favour. (Mark you, we are only "keeping the ring"—Ned). If they are in such doubt as to the verdict given, why not put up a suitable prize for a return match, and we will guarantee that we will put up the man.

The Battalion Annual Sports were held at Keane Sports Ground on the 7th inst. The morning opened with a heavy drizzle of rain, but towards noon a silver lining in the sky was observed, which made all hearts beat with joy, and by the time the sports were due to commence old "Sol" was shining with all his glory. (Hi! you'll break into "poetry" if you're not careful.—Ned). The sports were patronised by the attendance of Major-Gen. Sean McKeown, Col. Brennan, and a large sprinkling of civilians and military.

No. 3 Army Band, under the able baton of Bandmaster Flahive, rendered a choice selection of airs during the afternoon.

The officials were:—President, Comdt. B. Garrahan; Sec., Lieut. K. P. Lord; Starters, Capt. M. Wilson, A.C.E.; Mr. Charlie Harris, of Elverys; Judges—Track events, Capt. F. J. Cunningham and Lieut. J. Leavy; Field events—Capt. J. M. McCarthy and Capt. P. Sheehan; Stewards, Capt. M. O'Higgins and Lieut. K. P. Lord; Call stewards, C.S. Lanham, Sergt. Curran, and Sergt. Whelan; Recorder, Lieut. T. Hoey.

Great credit is due to the officials for the able manner in which they handled a

good programme. We must also say a word of praise for Capt. P. Ryan for the efficient way in which the catering for all was carried out. Results:—

100 Yards—Sergt. Farrell, "B" Coy., 1st; Pte. Marshall, "A" Coy., 2nd.

220 Yards—Sergt. Farrell, "B" Coy., 1st; Pte. Byrne, H.Q. Coy., 2nd.

440 Yds. Pte. Lyons, "C" Coy., 1st; Pte. Curtin, "B" Coy., 2nd.

440 (Open)—Pte. Skully, A.M.C., 1st; Sergt. Farrell, 8th Batt., 2nd.

Pole Jump (Open)—Cpl. Manning, C.M.P., 1st, 8 ft.; Pte. Collins, 8th Batt., 2nd, 7 ft. 10 ins.

Long Jump—Sergt. Farrell, "B" Coy., 1st, 19 ft. 10 ins.; Pte. Malone, "C" Coy., 2nd, 18 ft. 4 ins.

High Jump—Pte. Collins, H.Q. Coy., 1st, 5 ft. 4 ins.; Pte. Mahoney, "A" Coy., 2nd, 5 ft. 2 ins.

Officers' 100 Yards—Lt. Guy, 1st; Lt. Lord, 2nd.

16 lbs. Shot (Open)—Pte. Curtin, 8th Batt., 1st, 37 ft. 8 ins.; Sergt. Holloghan, A.S.I., 2nd, 34 ft. 5 ins.

One Mile (Open)—Pte. McKenna, A.S.I., 1st; Pte. Morris, 15th Batt., 2nd.

Hop, Step, and Jump—Pte. Dowling, "C" Coy., 1st, 38 ft. 3 ins.; Pte. Carr, "A" Coy., 2nd, 37 ft. 4 ins.

120 Yards Hurdles—Sergt. Farrell, "B" Coy., 1st; Pte. Mahoney, "A" Coy., 2nd.

Three Miles (Open)—Pte. McKenna, A.S.I., 1st; Pte. Morris, 15th Batt., 2nd.

Inter-Coy. Tug-of-war—H.Q. Coy. beat "B" Coy. by two pulls to one.

N.C.O.'s Race—Cpl. Hogan, "A" Coy., 1st; C.S. Lanham, "B" Coy., 2nd.

Boot Race—Sergt. Tandy, H.Q. Coy., 1st; Pte. O'Neill, "C" Coy., 2nd.

Wheel-barrow Race—Pte. Lyons and McDonald, "C" Coy., 1st.

Inter-Coy. Relay Race—H.Q. Coy., 1st; "C" Coy., 2nd.

Throwing 56 lbs. without follow (open)—Pte. Horgan, 8th Batt., 1st, 20 ft. 10 ins.; Pte. Curtin, 8th Batt., 2nd; 20 ft. 3 ins.

Three-legged Race—Cpl. Hogan and Pte. Marshall, "A" Coy., 1st.

56 lbs. over bar (open)—Pte. Curtin, 8th Batt., 1st, 11 ft. 8 ins.; Pte. Horgan, 8th Batt., 2nd, 11 ft. 4 ins.

Pte. Curtin gave an exhibition throw of 13 ft. 4 ins.

Hurling Puck—Pte. Hayes, "A" Coy., 1st; C.Q.M.S. Lowbridge, 2nd.

The cups and prizes were presented to the winners by Col. Austin Brennan. Three ringing cheers were given for our Brigade Commander, and the rendering of the "Soldier's Song" by the Band brought to a conclusion a very enjoyable afternoon's sport.

"GRAVEL-CRUSHER."

KEEP YOUR COPIES OF
"An t-Ósliáic."

PEACE AND WAR.

Between 1878 and 1918 the world enjoyed four perfectly peaceful years—1886, 1888, 1889, and 1910.

It looks as if war were a customary condition of the race. Four peaceful years out of forty! One year of rest for every nine of bloody exertion! Why, even convicted burglars and gunmen get a better allowance than that for good behaviour.

Yes, war is customary—which is not the same thing as saying it is inevitable or necessary. Most children manage to contract measles, whooping cough, mumps, and three or four other more serious ailments before they reach their teens—to endure such a sequence of maladies is the customary lot of childhood, but not an inevitable or a necessary condition of it.

When a youngster breaks out with measles the family doctor, recognising the situation as a common—or normally abnormal—condition, knows precisely what to do, and does it. He does not stop to compose a long treatise on the perverseness of the white corpuscles or raise his palms in shocked dismay at the pink eruptions on the chest of Willie Jones. And when Willie has recovered, the doctor—or some other doctor at work in a laboratory—goes right on studying measles in general, firm in the faith that some day measles will cease to be.

Universal peace will come when the germ of war is isolated and either stamped out or reduced to inoffensiveness. Until that time the world will recognise the fact that war is a common, a customary, a usual condition, but not (and herein lies the supreme hope of humanity) an inevitable one.—*American Legion Weekly*.

LUCKY THEY DIED BEFORE PROHIBITION.

Research in the old Schuylkill Arsenal, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, has unearthed the following illuminating sidelights on American Army marksmanship in the closing years of the 18th century:—

"The Commissary will issue one quart of whiskey as a premium for the best musket shot at guard firing.

"Greenville, Aug. 4, 1795."

"Wm. Winston, Maj.,"
"Officer of the Day."

"The bearer is entitled to one pint of whiskey, being the 2nd best shot this day.

"Nov. 7th, 1795—Richard Sparks, Captain."

TIME.

We all complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—Seneca.

We offer a Prize of a 5s. Hollow-ground Solingen razor for the Best Joke received each week. Consolation Prizes of Cigarettes. Jokes with a military interest preferred. Editor's decision final in all cases.



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

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

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

MISLEADING.

Sergeant: "Halt! You can't go in there."

Private Mulligan (a new recruit): "Why not, sir?"

Sergeant: "Because it's the O.C.'s Office."

Private Mulligan: "Then what are they doing with 'private' over the door?"

[Solingen Razor awarded to Pte. Andrew Moone, "B" Coy., 22nd Battalion, Fortobello Barracks, Dublin].

Englishman (at street accident in a Scottish village): "Give him some air."

Suspicious Native: "Give him some yersel', mon."

The new English maid had been instructed how to address the various people who would call. She knew that she had to say your lordship, your ladyship, and so on. But an admiral was the first to call, and she said, "This way, your flagship."

The N.C.O.'s wife noticed a hair on the sleeve of her husband's coat, and, picking it off, said: "George, what does this mean?"

"Don't worry about that, dear," he replied, "it's far too long to be a woman's."

Daughter: "This piano is really my own, isn't it, father?"

Father: "Yes."

"And when I marry I can take it away with me?"

"Certainly. But don't tell anyone; it might spoil your chances."

Brodson: "That Jones boy has his father's honesty."

Hodson (who has had some dealings with Jones): "Well, I knew somebody had it."

Willie: "Mother, can me and John have some cake?"

Mother: "Not unless you ask grammatically."

"Well, then—mother, can I have some cake?"

It was at the seaside, and Sandy had just stretched himself on the beach when Mac came up.

"Will you come for a sail, Sandy?" he asked.

"No. I've just had a guid dinner for twa-and-saxpence, and I'm no takin' the risk."

Teacher: "Children, can any of you tell me what is the most dangerous part of a motor-car?"

Tommy: "Yes, miss, I can! It's the driver!"

UNIQUE OFFER!

A GOOD RAZOR is a necessity of the Soldier, and you cannot get a better razor for the money than McQuillan's 5s. Special hollow-ground, which is imported by this well-known Dublin firm from the famous Solingen Works in Germany. We will award one every week for the best joke sent in under the conditions stated above.

"Will you have a drink?" inquired the Battalion's mean gink.

"Thanks," replied his pal. "I think I will."

The mean gink turned a disgusted eye on him.

"Ah," he said, "I thought you looked that sort."

"A deep orange monkey-fur is now popular," says a fashion expert. Private Murphy says that if he ever saw a deep orange monkey he would stick to lemonade.

Blank: "A woman spends most of her time grumbling that she has next to nothing to wear."

Tracer: "And the rest of the time going about proving it."

Coy. Orderly Sergeant trying to give evidence to the Coy. Commander: "I told him as how his language was too dirty for decent folk to hear, so I brought him before you."

Young woman (holding out her hand): "Will you please tell me how to pronounce the name of the stone in this ring? Is it turkoise or turkwoise?"

Jeweller (after inspecting it): "The correct pronunciation is 'glass.'"

A traveller who was rarely at home had a holiday week, and took care of the children at night while his wife was away.

After bed-time his wife came in, and asked if he had any trouble with the children.

"No, not much," answered hubby. "I got them to bed all right, except that little red-headed one there. Had to spank her before she'd go."

"Why, Joe," she exclaimed, examining the auburn head on the pillow, "that isn't our child; she belongs to Mrs. Smith across the street."

"Do you know anything about palmistry, Joe?" asked his Bunkie.

"Oh, not much," he answered, "although I happened to glance at the hand of a friend last night, and immediately I predicted he would become the possessor of a considerable amount of money. Before he left the room he had a nice little sum handed to him."

"And you foretold that from his hand?"

"Yes; it had four aces in it."

Judge: "What's the charge against this man?"

Garda: "Personating a Garda. He held up his hand and stopped a taxicab, instead of letting it run over him."

Teacher: "What is the difference between form and ceremony?"

Little Willie: "You sit on a form, but you stand on ceremony."

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