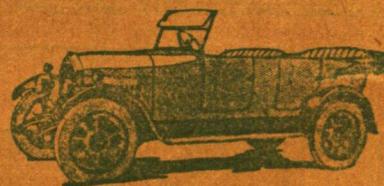


Vol. V. No. 7.

August 21st, 1926.

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Offices of Messrs. Williams & Woods, in Parnell Street, which the
defenders of the G.P.O. sought to reach in Easter Week, 1916. ["An t-Oglach" Photo.]

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An t-Ógláic

Vol. V. No. 7

AUGUST 21, 1926.

Price TWOPENCE.



Military Terms Illustrated:

No. 12
"DEAD GROUND."

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AN T-ÓZLÁC

AUGUST 21, 1926.

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

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

CÓMHRÁD AS AN EASARCIÓN.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

BY the Calendar it was a day in late Spring or early Summer. But the Student Officers composing the Details firing at the 300 yards range were quite convinced that it was neither. For the eternal Curragh wind lashed them with a cold, merciless rain that seemed to grow heavier as time wore on, and the ground—at its best disagreeably reminiscent of the sheep population which inhabited it during non-firing hours—became steadily soggy and developed new degrees of unpleasantness. The waiting Details, huddling under their ground sheets in the lee of every available indulgation of ground, morosely surmised that it must have been pretty good training for the water-logged trenches of France, and thought of the Lecture Hall for the first time with kindly feelings. The firing detail, in the brief interval possible before they “loosed off,” tried to decide whether it was better to fire lying on one’s ground sheet, or wearing it *a la poncho*, and having decided variously were unanimously of opinion that they were wrong. The targets suffered deplorably—from the rain: between one firing position and another they altered amazingly in shading as the downpour got in its deadly work and in some of the more decrepit cases the wind, not unsuccessfully, tried to convert them into flags. It was an hour of misery and lost confidence: even the hard-bitten N.C.O. Instructors were

disgruntled. And when the order came for Number Two Detail to go forward, they heaved themselves erect with the dismal consolation that, at any rate, they couldn’t do worse than Number One. And, just then, somebody said, “Well, thank goodness, boys, that this is the Summer; I’d hate to be here in the Winter.”

It was a feeble joke, but effective. His immediate companions sniggered and passed it on, with additions and improvements. In various editions it met the men coming back from the firing line and spread with sardonic trimmings. It awakened brooding, rain-drenched groups to a new interest in life—if only to curse the originator for a cheap jack humorist. The details in the butts—long-since benumbed by the dreariness of their job, tired of cursing the hapless Range Warders, tired even of teasing the frogs in the pits, weary and eyestrained from trying to discover the latest bullet holes in the sodden targets—heard it from their rain-saturated successors as they were coming out, and relayed it approvingly or otherwise from Number One Target’s erstwhile custodians to the forlorn brace listlessly surrendering Number Sixteen—and chuckled. So it did its good work, that pitiful little attempt at humour, and lightened the burthen of the day a little bit.

Humour is well called “the saving grace.” It has “saved the situation” times without number throughout the ages. In peace or war it is equally essential. A sense of humour will prevent a politician

from making an ass of himself, or a military leader from mishandling a delicate matter of discipline, caused by “combative reflexes.” A sense of humour will enable one to bear up against the slings and arrows of a ridiculous fortune. It is the salt of philosophy, which, without it, is an arid gift. The philosophy of humour will smooth and sweeten one’s way through life. And its keynote is tolerance.

Wherefore, soldiers, when you find a little man in a cheap back office using the “power of the press” to belittle the Army, call honour to your aid. And when the daily Press is utilised, consciously or unconsciously, for the same purpose, and you rage at the thought that you cannot reply (owing to Regulations) to what you know to be falsehoods, call humour to your aid. When the guttersnipes and the muckrakers and the insectivora of press and politics seek to hurt you, remember that honest laughter is a gift denied to them—and laugh. The Scriptures enjoin us to “suffer fools gladly,” but if that is not possible let us, at least, laugh at them tolerantly.

U.S. DESTROYERS' VISIT.

Capt. Galbraith's Thanks to Irish Army.

CORDIAL LETTER.

In connection with last week’s visit of two United States Destroyers to Dublin and Cobh the Chief of Staff has received a letter from Captain Galbraith, commanding the Flagship, “Isherwood,” of the U.S. Naval Forces, Europe, Destroyer Division Twenty-five, dated “Cobh, Ireland, 15th August, 1926,” in the course of which the American Naval Officer says:—

“Dear General MacMahon,—I want to thank you for the courtesy and hospitality extended to us by the Army of the Irish Free State during our altogether too short stay in Ireland.

“Upon our arrival in Cobh we found that two of your fine Army cars had been placed at our disposal. I know of nothing that could have added to the enjoyment of our stay more than this. By having them we were able to visit Killarney, which is by far the garden spot of our trips so far. Colonel Hayes also told us that if ever we had need of an officer to show us any of the sights or roads to please let him know.

“Everything was done to make our stay pleasant and we appreciate it more than I can tell you”

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Griffith-Collins Commemoration and Annual Bothar Buadha Parade.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR NEXT SUNDAY.

A Special Operation Order by Lieut.-General MacMahon, Chief of Staff, announces that the Annual Commemoration Ceremonies in memory of President Arthur Griffith, first President, Saorstát Éireann, and General Michael Collins, first Commander-in-Chief of the Irish Army, will be held on Sunday next, August 22nd.

All Masses in Military Churches on that day will be offered up for the happy repose of the souls of President Griffith and General Collins, and the Commemoration ceremonies will comprise:—(a) Ceremony at the Cenotaph; (b) The annual Bothar Buadha Parade, and (c) Special Ceremonial Parades in all Garrisons outside Dublin.

The Ceremony at the Cenotaph, Leinster Lawn, will comprise:—

12.30 hours—Reception of the President.

12.35 hours—The President's Oration.

12.45 hours—The Placing of the Wreath on the Cenotaph.

12.47 hours—The Salute to the Dead.

A Firing Party will attend at 11 o'clock and will be detailed by the General Officer Commanding, Western Command, from No. 1 Battalion.

The Firing Party will be drawn up in line facing the Cenotaph, six paces in front of the railings, with fixed bayonets, with buglers and drummers on the right of the riflemen. On the President entering the grounds arms will be sloped, and on his arrival the party will accord him the General Salute. The party will order arms unfixed bayonets and rest on their arms reversed.

The party will rest on their arms during the President's oration. On the conclusion of the oration the troops will slope arms. Then the wreath will be handed to the President by the Officer detailed for the purpose, and the President will place it at the foot of the Cenotaph. No other wreath will be placed on the Cenotaph.

When the wreath has been placed at the Cenotaph the Firing Party will fire three volleys, and the "Last Post" will be sounded, the party standing at the Present until call is completed. The party will then slope arms, march up to within three paces of the Cenotaph, and turn about.

The March Past of Troops will then

begin. As the Flag passes the party will present arms.

When the parade has passed the No. 1 Band will play the "Soldier's Song."

March Past of Troops.

The March Past will be in the following order:—

Chief of Staff, Adjutant-General, Quartermaster-General and General Officers Commanding.

No. 1 Army Band and Pipe Band of the 22nd Infantry Battalion.

No. 7 Infantry Brigade.

No. 3 Army Band and Pipe Band of the 14th Infantry Battalion.

No. 6 Infantry Brigade.

Pipe Band of the 15th Infantry Battalion.

No. 1 Company, Military Police Corps.

No. 1 Company, Army Corps of Engineers.

No. 1 Company, Army Signal Corps. Nos. 1 and 2 Field Batteries of Artillery.

No. 1 Company, Armoured Car Corps.

No. 7 Brigade Company, Transport Corps.

Pipe Band of the 25th Infantry Battalion.

No. 1 Field Company, Army Medical Service.

All Units participating will parade at 10 a.m. on the Camping Ground, Phoenix Park.

The following Officers will be mounted:—General Officers, Officers Commanding Brigades, Brigade Adjutants and Quartermasters, Battalion Commanders, Artillery Officers, Officer i/c Mounted Infantry, Staff Officers and Aides in attendance on General Officers.

The Chief of Staff, accompany by one Senior and one Junior General Staff Officer, and the General Officers of the Army, each of whom will be accompanied by one Junior Staff Officer as Aide, will ride on to the Parade Ground at 10.15 hours. He will be received with the General Salute and will take over Command of the Parade from the Director of the 1st Bureau. Subsequently all Orders of the Chief of Staff will be prefixed by trumpet call.

The Colour Party will consist of three Subalterns and four Non-Commissioned Officers, to be furnished by the Camp Commandant, General Headquarters.

The Parade will move off at 10.45 hours in Column of Route in the following order:—

1 Troop Mounted Infantry, A.T.C. (less 1 Section).

Chief of Staff and General Officers. Colour Party.

No. 1 Army Band and Pipe Band of 22nd Infantry Battalion.

No. 7 Brigade Staff.

Composite Battalion.

22nd Infantry Battalion.

No. 3 Army Band and Pipe Band of 14th Infantry Battalion.

No. 6 Brigade Staff.

19th Infantry Battalion.

24th Infantry Battalion.

Pipe Band, 15th Infantry Battalion.

No. 1 Company, Military Police Corps.

No. 1 Company, Army Corps of Engineers.

No. 1 Company, Army Signal Corps.

Nos. 1 and 2 Field Batteries of Artillery.

No. 1 Company, Armoured Car Corps.

No. 7 Brigade Company, Army Transport Corps.

Pipe Band, 25th Infantry Battalion.

No. 1 Field Company, Army Medical Services.

The route from the Phoenix Park will be by the North Quays, O'Connell Bridge, D'Olier Street, Pearse Street, Westland Row. On reaching Clare Street the Column will be halted until ceremony at Cenotaph is concluded. Bayonets will be fixed and troops will stand at ease. All Bands will cease to play on reaching Railway Bridge in Pearse Street. On the conclusion of the "Last Post" the march will be resumed and the Column will take the following route:—Merrion Street, Stephen's Green, Grafton Street, Westmoreland Street, South Quays, the Phoenix Park.

Only the No. 1 Band will play when passing through Merrion Street. On reaching the Cenotaph it will wheel to the left and take up a position in the space which will be kept clear by the Garda Síochána (Metropolitan Division). It will continue to play a quick step until the Parade has passed. They will then play the "Soldier's Song" and proceed direct to Beggar's Bush Barracks.

Commemoration Outside Dublin.

All flags will be flown at half-mast in garrisons outside Dublin from Reveille to 12.30 hours on the 22nd August.

In all such garrisons all available troops will be drawn up opposite the flag-staff at 12.30 hours. The flag will be hoisted to the top of staff at this hour, and the General Salute will be accorded. In Dublin Barracks guards only will be required on Parade. They will follow the same procedure as above.

[NOTE.—The foregoing details are taken from the Operation Order, but have been necessarily summarised. Officers attending the Cenotaph ceremony on invitation as individuals must wear uniform as laid down in the Order.—Editor, "An t-Oglach."]

THE STUDENT'S PAGE.

UNDER SUPERVISION OF CAPTAIN S. O'SULLIVAN.

GEOGRAPHY.

Lesson No. 24.

GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAYS.

Western District.

This Branch comprises the old Midland Great Western Railway system with the addition of the Cavan and Leitrim Railway.

The accompanying map will facilitate the study of this section of our Railways.

The Main Line runs from Dublin (Broadstone Terminus) to Galway, with a continuation line to Clifden in Connemara.

As we proceed from Dublin to Galway the junctions are:—

Clonsilla—From which a branch known as the Meath line runs north to Kingscourt, with a sub-branch at Kilmessan to Trim and Athboy. A branch of the Great Northern Railway from Drogheda to Kells and Oldcastle connects with the Meath line at Navan.

Enfield—Branch to Edenderry.

Mullingar—Main branch to Sligo, with a sub-branch from Inny Junction to Cavan and Killeshandra via Crossdoney. Another sub-branch connects at Kilfree for Ballaghaderreen. From Dromod the old Cavan and Leitrim Railway runs to Arigna and Belturbet via Ballinamore. The old Great Southern and Western Railway (now Southern District) is connected with at Collooney.

Streamstown—Branch to Clara, which is also connected with Athlone, Banagher and Portarlinton by Southern District lines.

Athlone—Branch to Achill and Killybegs via Manulla Junction. From Claremorris a short line runs to Ballinrobe. The Southern District line from Limerick to Sligo is connected with at Claremorris.

Attymon—Short Branch line to Loughrea.

Athenry—Junction with Limerick-Sligo line referred to above.

The best way to study this line effectively is to carefully copy the accompanying map.

TOPOGRAPHY.

SCALE DRAWING AND MAP READING.

Lesson No. 22.

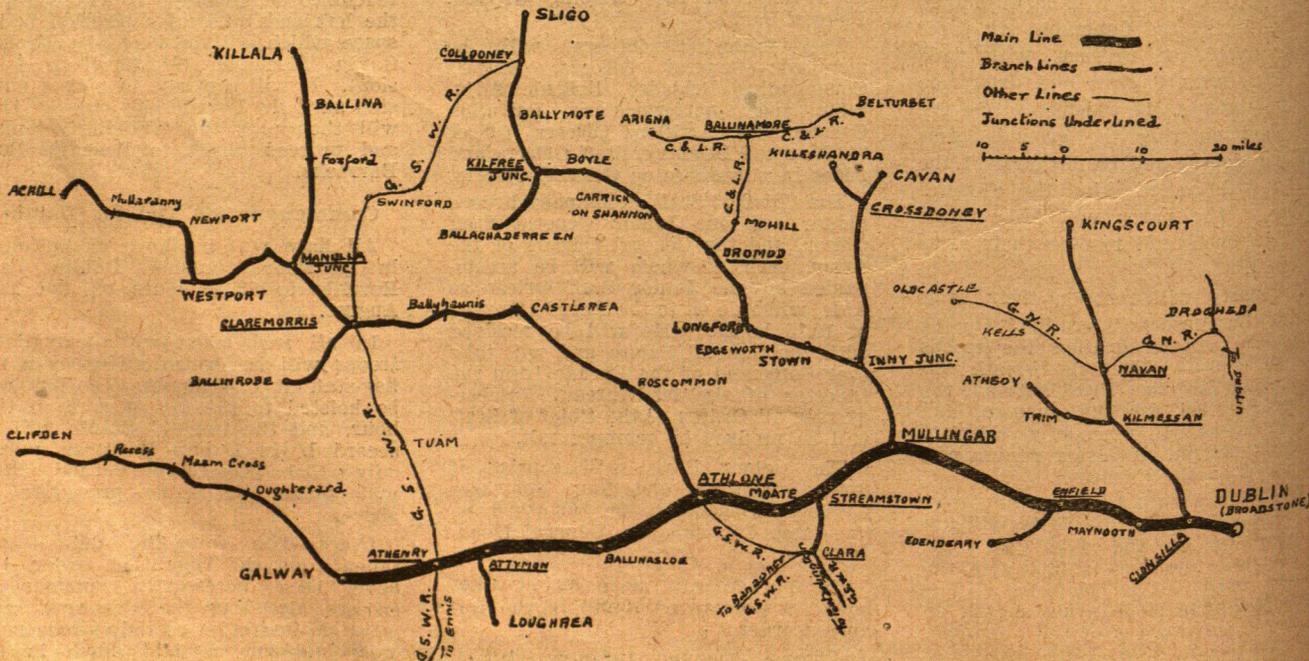
The Diagonal Scale.

The student has probably seen that the scale lines which we have dealt with have one defect where absolute accuracy in recording or reading distances is desired. This is that the ordinary scale line does not admit of sub-division to show accurate measurements of small distances. For instance in the scale of 2 miles to 1 inch (see Fig. 4, Lesson 9) we can only measure to the nearest quarter of a mile, while in the scale of 1 inch to 100 yards (Fig. 2, Lesson 9) a distance or part of a distance which is less than 10 yards cannot be measured accurately. All other scales shown are similarly limited in their scope.

To get over this limitation and to ensure greater accuracy of measurement the "Diagonal Scale" is used.

This scale is quite easy to construct and use if the underlying principle is clearly understood. As the name of the scale suggests, the principle on which it is based is that of the Diagonal.

MIDLAND GREAT WESTERN SECTION OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAYS (WITH CONNECTING LINES).



In Figs. I., II. and III. we have three rectangles, each standing on a base of half an inch, with a height of one inch.

In Fig. I. the side AD is divided into four equal parts and lines 1, 2 and 3 are drawn parallel to the base AB. When the diagonal DB is drawn we find that the right-hand portion of No. 1 line is exactly $\frac{1}{4}$ of the base line, or $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch long, the left-hand portion being $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch. No. 2, or centre line, is divided into two equal parts, each part being half of the base line. The portion, No. 3 line, to the right

The height of the rectangle does not affect the result and may vary in accordance with the fraction required. For instance, a height of $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch is quite sufficient where it is only required to show quarters of the base line, while a height of 2 inches would be necessary if fractions of $\frac{1}{20}$ of the base line were desired.

We divide the height into as many equal parts as is represented by the denominator of the required fraction of the base line. The application of this principle to the construction of scales will be dealt with in the next lesson.

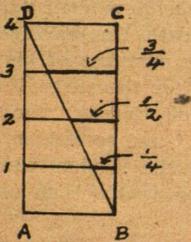


FIG. I

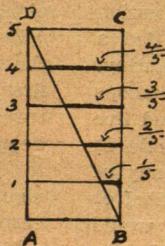


FIG. II

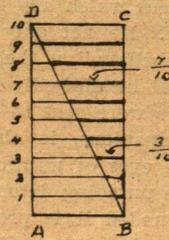


FIG. III

of the diagonal is $\frac{3}{4}$ of the base line, or $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch. We therefore have to the left of the diagonal lengths of $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{3}{4}$ of the base line.

Fig. II. is similar, except that the height in this case is divided into five equal parts, giving distance (on the right of the diagonal) of $\frac{1}{5}$, $\frac{2}{5}$, $\frac{3}{5}$, and $\frac{4}{5}$ of the base line.

In Fig. III. the height is divided into ten equal parts and fractions of the base line from $\frac{1}{10}$ to $\frac{9}{10}$ are obtained. Now if the base line represented 10 miles the part of No. 1 line to the right of the diagonal would represent $\frac{1}{10}$ of 10 miles, or 1 mile. Similarly the right-hand part of No. 2 line would represent 2 miles and so on to the right-hand part of No. 9 line, which would represent 9 miles.

We see therefore that any fraction of a line may be obtained in this way though the line itself may be too short to admit of the required division by means of ordinary pen or pencil.

FIND THE ERROR.

Our Educational Editor informs us that he has, through an error in calculation on his part, drawn one scale line incorrectly in one of his lessons on Topography.

To the student who discovers this error and submits the best constructed scale line before 31st inst. he will send a Service Protractor, or its cash equivalent, 3/-.

The selected scale line will be published in a subsequent issue as a corrective to the inaccurate one.

The scale line must be complete in every respect and must be drawn in jet black ink (not "Blue Black") on a separate sheet of plain white paper.

Now students!

ARMY SWIMMING CLUB.

Forthcoming Annual Gala at Blackrock Baths.

Arrangements for the record Horse Show of 1926 were mainly responsible for the overshadowing of the activities of the Army Swimming Club during the past fortnight or so, and coupled with the fact that the majority of the Committee were on leave our competitions and notes were of necessity allowed to suffer a temporary relapse. During the period of apparent stagnation the membership roll of the Club showed no signs of waning, for since our last published notes our ranks were supplemented by no fewer than 85 swimming recruits. With a few exceptions the whole draft hails from the 21st Battn., whose proclivities in other branches of Sport are well known among the troops in Dublin. We extend a cordial welcome to our new members and we hope that they will carry off their fair share of prizes throughout the remainder of the season.

Our attention and energies are now directed towards making a success of our Annual Army Gala, which takes place at Blackrock Baths, Dublin, on Saturday, 28th inst., at 3.30 p.m. The actual programme has yet to receive official sanction, but it will probably consist of:—

- 100 Yards Army Championship.
- 220 Yards Army Championship.
- 100 Yards Men's Handicap (Open).
- Water Polo—Leinster Senior Cup Tie.
- 100 Yards Ladies' Handicap (Open).
- 100 Yards Handicap (Confined to members of the Army Swimming Club).
- 50 Yards Handicap (Confined to the Army).

The 440 Yards Army Championship will probably be decided at the same venue on the previous evening—this event being rather tedious from a spectator's point of view when staged at a gala in an enclosed Baths.

Entries for all the Army events, including the Championships, should be sent to Lieut. T. Mulrooney, Hon. Sec., Army S.C., Parkgate, Dublin, who will also make the necessary arrangements regarding entry forms for any Army competitors who wish to enter for the Men's Open Handicap.

We would like to see a larger number of Army men at our Gala this year than heretofore. So now, lads, make a note of the date; come yourselves and bring your friends. If everyone would do only this the Army Gala will be a huge success.

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DESERTER'S LUCK.

Young American in French Foreign Legion—Dramatic Story.

In view of last week's article on the French Foreign Legion the story of Ben. Doty should prove interesting to our readers.

A wandering Memphis youth, awaiting death from French guns for desertion from the French Foreign Legion, was able to upset French military precedent through the influence of American public opinion and of the United States Government. In fact, as one commentator on this little international drama puts it, "Bennett J. Doty, of Memphis, Tennessee, was as good as dead until American public and official opinion and Premier Briand's order saved him." He had fought through the World War, but, in his own words, "did not see enough action in France," so he fought afterward with the Spanish Foreign Legion in Morocco, then with the French Foreign Legion in Syria. There he deserted and, according to some accounts, led a small mutiny of his comrades. Why did he rebel? Acute home-sickness, replies an Associated Press correspondent who interviewed him at Damascus, Syria, where he was in prison expecting at any moment to be led out to face a firing squad. He had a disagreement with an unusually brutal sergeant and became the ringleader of a band of five mutineers, according to another report. Perhaps there was another reason, suggests the Philadelphia "Record," recalling the "sinister frankness" of a sergeant of the Foreign Legion who, in the course of a current book on the Legion's activity, admonishes a recent recruit in this way:

It is when you are insane that you must be careful. . . . Yes, all good legionnaires go insane at times—then they kill themselves, kill their comrades, or defy a sergeant. . . . We call it "le cafard"—the cockroach. It crawls round and round in the brain, and the greater the heat, the monotony, the hardship, the overwork, the overmarching, and the drink—the faster goes the beetle and the more it tickles. Then the man says, "J'ai le cafard," and runs amuck, or commits suicide, or deserts, or defies a sergeant. . . .

Doty, who had enlisted in the French Legion under the name of Gilbert Clare, according to the story which the Memphis "Commercial Appeal" has gathered of his case, began with defying a sergeant. The Memphis paper

was among the first agencies which took up the plight of the American. "Fortunately for young Doty," the editor notes, "there happened to be in the office men who served with him in France. They went to work. The Memphis editor admits, however, that:

Doty committed the two gravest offences which any soldier of any nation can. He not only deserted, but led a "rebellion," as the French term mutiny. That he allegedly fired upon the troops who were sent to capture him and five companions, is almost unforgivable in the eyes of military law. Had any of the pursuing detachment been killed or wounded it is probable that he would have been shot without delay. Had he been in any other regiment this would have happened. The military regulations covering the Foreign Legion require the order of the President to carry out an execution.

Doty, according to French officials at Beirut, Syria, was in a company of the column of General Andreas which advanced to Soueida recently.

He engaged in an altercation with a sergeant, another unforgivable thing in the Legion, and realizing the punishment that would be meted out, deserted and took with him five others.

They fled to the Druse Mountains and became lost. A detachment was immediately sent to capture them, and finally after several days, during which they had gone almost entirely without food, they were captured.

Their hiding place was spotted by the use of aeroplanes.

Every effort, French officials say, was made to get them to surrender. They were headed south at that time for the mountains of Palestine and Trans-Jordania.

Determined to capture them alive, Legion officers patiently waited until the deserters, rather than face death through lack of water, gave up to face the firing squad.

Doty had previously been cited for bravery and he himself, interviewed by an Associated Press correspondent who was authorized to visit him in the Damascus military prison, said that it was nothing but "acute homesickness" that caused his "momentary de-

sertion." Perhaps he had some occasion to feel "acute homesickness," considering where he was and the unit to which he was attached, comment several writers who know something about the French Foreign Legion and the life its members lead. Russell Kelly, formerly a member of the Legion, writes in the New York "Sun":

Doty faced death for having made the two greatest mistakes of his life—first, in joining for the sake of adventure an army unit that is "the refuse heap of Europe," and second, in trying to desert from the Legion when his chance of escape was not an absolute certainty.

Men join the French Foreign Legion for only one of four reasons—adventure, certain death, immorality or escape from the consequences of crime. And heaven help the misguided person who becomes a legionnaire with the expectation of enjoying the romance of warfare and the thrills of adventure!

No one knows this better than those Americans who joined the Legion early in the World War, before its reputation for rottenness and sure death had become a matter of common knowledge among Americans in France and who survived their horrible experience only by getting out of the Foreign Legion before death dealt out by the Germans or fellow-legionnaires could get them.

A number of the American survivors of the Foreign Legion got into French aviation, several transferred to regiments that were actually French, and a few, after the United States entered the war, secured transfers to the American Army. One made his way out by marrying the daughter of a French Cabinet minister, and a fair number deserted—considered most fortunate by those within and without the Foreign Legion!

For the most part the survivors of the Foreign Legion do not like to talk of the experiences that shattered their hopes and ideals and the love of France which took them into the French Foreign Legion. But the dead still talk through the letters and books they left behind them, and before death got them some told the truth about the Foreign Legion when on leave in Paris.

I saw them come for a few days of the quiet life they longed to return to—they had enlisted for five years or the duration of the war—and I saw them leave, later to hear or read that the death they knew was coming had not kept them waiting long.

During the war and in fighting before and since, France's military authorities have spilled Legion blood like water. The French Foreign Legion regiments, the bravest of the brave in all the French Army, have been sent to certain death in Syria, Morocco, and on the western front with the deliberate purpose of saving French lives. The American Legionnaires knew this only too well, and given time with a sufficient number of attacks they knew that death from bullet or shell could not be escaped. Figured on the basis of American killed and the number of times wounds were received by the same men, their casualties were 100 per cent.

This *Legion Etrangere*, which was founded under King Louis Philippe "to offer refuge to those foreigners who by reason of the troubled state of Europe have come within our borders and whose presence, unemployed and harassed by necessity, may constitute a public danger," is said to have forty Americans among the close to 20,000 members serving in its units, scattered from Northern Africa to Tonkin in South-Eastern Asia. At least the French War Department reports that forty men, who called themselves Americans when enlisting, entered the Legion between 1922 and 1925, and enlistment is for not less than five years. Last year two young Americans, one of them a minor from Shreveport, Louisiana, the other a deserter from the Legion in Morocco, were released by the French at the solicitation of the United States State Department.

Again and again, before, during and since the war, the charge has been made that the French Foreign Legion is German in its make-up, discipline and organization.

The French have denied these charges officially and unofficially, but the fact remains that at least in certain units a majority of the legionnaires are German and that many of the non-commissioned officers are Germans, who hand out German discipline at its worst.

There are two views of the French Foreign Legion, one fiction and the other fact. The former emphasizes ad-

venture, as in Wren's popular "Beau Geste," which subordinates death, disease, dysentery, dirt, heat, immorality and utter weariness to the thrills of love, courage, self-sacrifice and wild adventure in the Legion.

The other view describes the revolting life led by the Legion's dregs. This was done by Maurice Magnus in his "Memoirs of the Foreign Legion" in such detail that Knopf had to censor the original manuscript. Having read the complete text as it came from Magnus's hand, his impression of the French Foreign Legion are unforgettable.

This latter named book is by "a successful deserter, a natural great-grandson of Kaiser Friedrich Wilhelm." A more tempered view, which seems to combine some of the romantic and realistic features of life in the organization, is presented by Jack Carley in the Memphis "Commercial Appeal." He writes:

"Gentlemen rankers out on the spree, damned from here to eternity;" captains of causes lost, honest adventurers who simply want to see the world, the neurasthenic, the disheartened, the unemployed—these are the type of men who make up the French Foreign Legion which to-day has the eyes of America turned upon it because of the misadventure of a Memphis youth.

It is a glorious unit. It is a tragic unit. It is the most desperate fighting organization in the world and in the mad cycle of ninety years that it has been fighting the battles of France in the wilds of Dahomey, on the killing deserts of Africa, in the stench and heat of India, and more lately in its battles against the Riffs and the Druse, it has won a name in military annals that will be forever immortal.

The Foreign Legion is the modern successor to the mercenaries who played so important a part as soldiers of fortune in the early European wars.

The present Foreign Legion, organized in 1831 during the reign of Louis Philippe, was first known as the "African Auxiliaries." Originally composed of desperate characters, it was recruited by a pseudo-Belgian, Baron Boegard.

As has ever since been the case, the legionnaires of the first Legion were of various nationalities and never was a more motley or dangerous crew conceived or collected.

The discipline is pig iron, yet there is a strange camaraderie existing between officer and enlisted man. No jumping to feet at the approach of an officer, no third

person conversations. All in second person.

Officers for the most part come out of the ranks. They have been tried and not found wanting. Many of the men spend their lives in the Legion.

Despite the heavy casualties the Legion never lacks recruits. The usual enlistments are made in Paris, but many an adventurer finds his way to the Petit Depot at Oran, Algiers, through which all recruits must pass. From there they go to Sidi-Bel-Abbes, headquarters of the Legion, where assignment to regiment is made.

The pay is less than nothing and the ration just a little bit better, yet they thrive until the sun drives them mad, the separation from civilisation breaks their hearts or an enemy bullet cuts them down. A five-year enlistment period—much can happen to a legionnaire in five years.

Their battles? And to most of the major engagements in France those in which French troops have engaged in Algeria, Mexico, Tunisia, Morocco, Crimea, Italy and about any others you can think of and you have the list.

Eleven times during its years of existence has the Legion been ordered to retreat. Eleven times with a magnificent disregard for orders it has refused. It doesn't retreat. It stays and dies if need be.

Its World War record furnishes a brilliant chapter in French military history. During the war a majority of the veteran legionnaires were killed. Among its ranks stood some of the finest blood of the allied forces. One man alone is sufficient to prove this, Alan Seeger, beloved poet.

It is noted for its marches. It has a cadence much faster than that of any army. It can cover almost incredible distances in the least time. This is possible because the men are allowed to march as they like just so long as they get there.

It is said of the Legion that, although its men may not know the ten commandments, they know how to die. The latter they have proven. The first is certainly open to debate.

A story is told of an incident during their service in Mexico. They had captured a city and desired to impress the inhabitants with the spectacle of a semi-military High Mass. The order for the service was about to be countermanded because none of the local clergy would take part, when a corporal of the Legion stepped forward, saluted, and said:

"I will say the Mass, Mon General. I was a bishop before I became a member of the Legion."

Incredible? So seems Bennett Doty's imprisonment in Damascus, yet sadly it is true!

Premier Briand commuted Doty's sentence to eight years' hard labour and there is a suggestion that even this comparatively light sentence will be mitigated after the case has been sufficiently forgotten by the army, so that leniency will not impair military morale.

= WIRELESS NOTES =

CONDUCTED BY

Commandant J. SMYTH

ARMY SIGNAL CORPS.

DEFINITIONS (continued).

Damping in an Oscillatory Circuit.—The gradual reduction of amplitude due to Heat Losses and Radiation.

Dia-Magnetic.—Substances possessing a lesser degree of magnetic conductivity or permeability than that of air are said to be dia-magnetic.

Dielectric.—Any substance across which Electro-static or Condenser action takes place. All insulating substances, including air, act as dielectrics. Air possesses unit dielectric value. Mica has a dielectric value about six times that of air (e.g., if air is replaced by mica in a condenser its capacity is increased six times in value).

Dielectric Hysteresis.—That quality of an Insulator in virtue of which Electro-static Induction across it gradually builds up an electric charge. A Condenser possessing this characteristic will, when short-circuited, only gradually lose its charge.

Dielectric Strength.—That quality of an Insulator in virtue of which it re-

mains intact when placed between conductors at high electrical potential or voltage. A measure of the dielectric strength of any material is the voltage under which unit thickness of that material ruptures or breaks down.

Differential Winding.—Two equal and opposite windings on an electro magnet or Inductance coil through which equal and opposite or neutralising currents may be sent simultaneously.

Disconnection.—A complete cut or break in an electrical circuit which completely stops the flow of current.

Dyne.—The C.G.S. unit of force. The force applied to a mass of one gramme just sufficient to give it a velocity of one centimetre per second.

Earth.—A Conductor usually in the form of a plate buried in the ground. The surface of the Conductor makes contact with the Earth which acts as a counterpoise to a wireless aerial.

Earth Return.—The earth made use of as portion of a Telegraph, Telephone, or other electrical current.

JAPAN'S SOLDIERS BELIEVE THEY BECOME GODS AFTER DEATH.

Death on the battlefield was once regarded as the gateway to heaven, and even among the more highly-developed nations the soldier dead receive more affectionate tribute than those who have died in the harness of peace. Good Moslems believe that, if they fall on the field of battle, they will enjoy all the pleasures of the houris of Paradise, and loyal Japanese, we are told further, believe that every one who dies fighting for his fatherland will become reincarnated as a god. Thus, according to this tenet, the Japanese can never be conquered, for the national gods fight on the side of their earthly comrades, and, in addition, the Japanese soldier, hoping to become a god, is nerved to greater deeds of daring and sacrifice than other soldiers. This primitive belief receives extraordinary force in connection with the festivals, recently concluded, at the Yasukuni Jinja, one of the biggest

shrines in Tokyo, dedicated to those who fall in battle. Solemn rituals, in which all classes participate, are celebrated here twice a year, and this year the Prince Regent honoured the shrine with a personal visit. During the festival, writes a correspondent in *The North-China Herald*, all schools are closed, and thousands of children are led in long lines to pay obeisance at the shrine, while profusely decorated army officers deliver lectures on the valour of those who now sleep in what may be regarded as Japan's Westminster Abbey.

The Japanese militarist believes, however, according to the correspondent, that Christianity tends to separate mankind from God, and the Japanese is, therefore, unable to grasp the motive power for some of the bravest achievements in the Western world:

"Hence, at the recent Yasukuni Jinja
(Continued in next column.)

IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

Tarring and feathering, as an unofficial punishment for crime, is popularly supposed to be an American invention, dating from the frontier days of the West. There are, however, documents extant which prove that this mode of torment was prescribed by law in England as early as the year 1199; and there is incidental evidence that the method was invented by, or for, Richard I., Cœur de Lion; in whose regulations for the preservation of order in the Fleet, it appears as the punishment for a thief on shipboard. The culprit was to be shaven and shorn, boiling pitch poured on his head, and feathers shaken thereupon "as a Marke whereby he may be knawen"; and, in addition, he was to be put ashore on the first land at which the ship touched.

This was the mildest corrective detailed by the Regulations. Any sailor who drew blood from another by a wilful blow, or who struck at a companion with any weapon, was to lose his right hand. Any murderer, at sea, was to be lashed to the body of his victim and thrown overboard; and any one who slew a comrade in a drunken brawl ashore was to be tied face to face with the dead man and buried alive.

A contemporary historian, writing of the effect of the new law, says mildly, "Disorder hath greatly declined."

"I can't live on 30,000 kroner a year!"
"Nonsense!"
"Fact. I only get 8,000!"

festival, no less a personage than Gen. Bunjiro Horiuchi declared that a Christian soldier could not fight with bravery equal to that of a Japanese. The reason he advances is that a Japanese soldier is sure to be a god after his death if he fights for his country and his king! General Horiuchi has been in Europe, has seen the tribute paid annually to Britain's fallen from the ends of the earth at the Cenotaph; he has seen the gallant manner in which the French honour those whom they have crowned in death with the laurel leaves of triumph; but thinks the manner of paying respect is niggardly compared with the manner in which the Japanese respect their fallen. Japanese psychology simply cannot take in the solemnity of grave silence and of merely "taps," the soldier's requiem.

"It is this belief, that the soul of one faithful to his king and country will be beatified, that probably accounts for the persistent belief that may be discerned in the East, North, South, and West in that country that Japan will never be whipped in any struggle, whether her armament be weak or her forces be small. Each dead soldier becomes a *kami* (god) and how can the gods lose against the mere mortals of the West or of the East for that matter?"

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MILITARY MISSION TO U.S.A.

Welcomed on Arrival by Officers of the Famous Sixty-Ninth.

INTERVIEW WITH MAJOR-GENERAL McNEILL.

Major-General MacNeill and Colonel Michael Costello arrived in New York on Saturday, 31st July, by the United States Lines SS. "Republic," accompanied by the Irish Trade representative, Mr. Lindsay Crawford.

Major-General MacNeill and Colonel Costello were welcomed by Colonel Alexander E. Anderson and other officers of the old Sixty-ninth Regiment. Amongst those present to greet the visitors were Diarmuid Lynch, Harry Cunningham, James O'Kelly Gibson, James McHugh, Captain Meenan, and Thomas F. Curry.

Interviewed by the "Gaelic American" Major-General MacNeill made the following statement regarding the objects of the Military Mission to the United States:—

First—Since the establishment of the Saorstát the Irish Government has under consideration the problem of combining all that was best in the training, organization, and administration of some of the highly efficient modern armies with the special type of training Irish Officers have received under a system evolved during the struggle with the British and the more recent Civil War.

Objects of the Mission.

Second—Naturally because of the long standing cordial relations between your great country and Ireland, and because of the world-wide reputation for efficiency your soldiers hold, the Army of the United States was first considered, and in response to the request of the Irish Government your War Department very kindly consented to receive and train an Irish Military Mission. This Mission has two main objects in view, viz. :—

(a) A general study of the United States military system with a view to the introduction into our military organizations of such American ideas as may be suited to the peculiar needs of national defence in Ireland.

(b) The second and immediate object is to make a special study of the American system of Service

Schools with a view to the establishment of an Irish Military College and the various constituent Army Schools necessary for the training of the various Arms of the Service.

Personnel of Mission.

Third—The Mission consists of two General Staff Officers, three Infantry Officers, and one Artillery Officer. Major-General Hugh MacNeill, General Staff, who, accompanied by Colonel Michael Costello, arrived on the SS. "Republic" is in charge. These two General Staff Officers will proceed to the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, early in September, for a course of training. Captains Dunne and Berry, and Lieutenant Collins-Powell of the Infantry, and Lieutenant Trodden of the Artillery Corps, will arrive in the United States at the end of August. The Infantry Officers will proceed as student-officers to the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, and Lieutenant Trodden will undergo a course at the Artillery School, Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

Fourth—The Irish Army, as at present constituted, was hastily organized to meet a special contingency—the Civil War, 1922-23—and was consequently modelled on purely territorial lines. Now that peace has been definitely established in Ireland the organization of the Army is being modified to enable it to fulfil the normal functions of a modern Army, while the strength has been gradually reduced from the total of 67,000 men under arms during the Civil War to its present strength of approximately 15,000 all ranks. The Army has come to be recognized as a most important element and power for good in the national life of Ireland.

Gaelic Speakers in Army.

The training which is imparted to the sturdy country boys who form the bulk of the rank and file has proved a vital factor in building up the national character, and instilling principles of discipline and good citizenship into the youth of the country. It has played a

most prominent part in bringing back the standard of Irish athletics to their old level and in popularizing our old Irish games, while its work in the movement for the revival of the Irish language can be judged by the fact that the First Infantry Battalion is composed solely of Gaelic speakers. This Unit, which is mainly recruited from Connemara and the islands of the Western coast, is stationed in Galway City, and all its training, administration, and normal routine is conducted solely in Gaelic. No other tongue is ever heard in its barracks or on its playing fields. Among other aspects of the Army's work for native culture may be mentioned the Army School of Music. During the three years of its existence this institution, which has been acclaimed by expert authorities from other countries as one of the best schools of its type in Europe, has achieved wonders in training the Bands of the Irish Army, and in reviving the old love for good music among the Irish people.

Fifth—The Officers of the Irish Military Mission are looking forward with keen anticipation to their stay in the United States. Their pleasant experiences on the good ship "Republic," the many courtesies extended to them by the Captain and Officers, and the splendid spirit of good fellowship displayed by American citizens among their fellow-passengers, are an earnest of the pleasant days they hope to spend in the United States as the guests of the American Army.

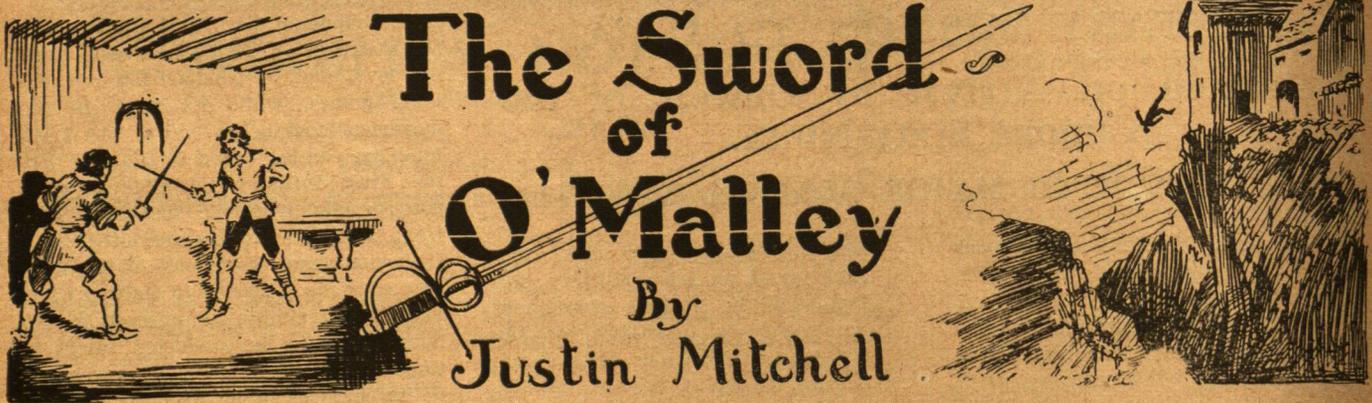
[NOTE.—Whilst in the U.S.A. Major-General MacNeill and Colonel Costelloe assume the ranks of Colonel and Captain, respectively.—Editor, "An t-Oglach."]

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The Sword of O'Malley

By
Justin Mitchell

CHAPTER XVI.—continued.

He was an Irishman and a soldier—O'Malley of the Brigade! He knew his duty to his own manhood and would keep fealty to his knightly vow!

He would win through!

Breathlessly they stumbled onward. At last they came upon a little clearing where a patch of verdure revealed the course of a tiny hill-side spring.

"Let us rest here for a space," Irene murmured pleadingly, and she laid a tender womanly touch on O'Malley's arm.

He sank to his knees, and bent over the tickling rill. Eagerly he laved aching hands and heated brow in the ice-cold spring, and quaffed of its refreshing waters.

Irene followed his example. Greatly invigorated and heartened, they reclined on the moonlit sward and watched the horses as they drank.

"Is there much farther to go?" the Princess inquired, with a playful smile.

"Not more than a mile, I think," her escort replied.

"Is it not fortunate that I am suitably garbed for the adventure?" she said archly, regarding her high riding-boots with approval. "Think of a woman's skirts on that awful descent!"

"Yet they say the downward path is the easier," he reflected, with a merry twinkle in his hazel eye.

Their spirits were almost quite restored. In buoyant mood they resumed their progress towards the road. As they neared their goal, the difficulties seemed to multiply. Edmund's impetuous Celtic temperament was sorely tried by the harassing hardships and pitfalls which beset them on every side. The horses floundered and stumbled down the treacherous slope, Irene toiling in the rear.

Over his shoulder, Edmund addressed the little brown-clad figure.

"Courage, your Highness!" he said. "Our woes are well-nigh ended."

She gave him a little rueful smile. "I am full of courage, master," she murmured. "I—I will try to be a man."

Presently the way became less tortuous, the obstacles less persistent. With steadier footing the travellers negotiated the last stage of their trying pilgrimage.

A little way below them, the Princess caught a glimpse of a narrow ribbon of road, showing white in the moonlight.

"At last!" she breathed in a whisper of thankful relief.

O'Malley led the horses down the steep bank which fringed the Ulmo highway. With shoulders squared and head erect he stepped out upon the road, his mien indicating consciousness of arduous duty well performed.

"Rest, lady!" he said, indicating a low rock by the wayside.

With a little grateful sigh, the Princess sat down. Intently her eyes followed his every movement as he adjusted the horses' trappings. Her cheek pillowed on her dainty brown hand, she critically considered her tall cavalier.

How handsome he looked as the moonlight glistened on the gold facings of his splendid uniform. What easy grace—what soldierly dignity—what proud distinction in his figure and movements!

And why should he not carry himself with conscious pride!

Had he not espoused her cause against knaves and traitors, and proved her unflinching champion in the hour of need! Had he not won through—

Not quite.

CHAPTER XVII.

O'Malley's leisurely, almost indolent, attitude as he adjusted Grainne's trappings suddenly stiffened into a pose of strained attention. What had he heard? What faint echo of fugitive sound—the merest wraith of a whisper—floating down from the heights of Ulmo, had caught his alert ear? With lips slightly parted and head slightly inclined, he waited in breathless silence for a repetition of the sound. And Irene waited too.

Presently it came. In the stilly calm, the thud of distant hoof-beats brought to the listening pair a flash of conviction.

They were pursued!

"Look!" cried Irene, and pointed a finger to where, on the remote crest of the frowning mountains a red star glowed against the darkened background. Ruddily the flame shot heavenward.

"Ungvar's signal!" Edmund whispered. "Our absence from Duke Ser-

gius's party has been discovered. Yonder beacon gives the cue to the Ulmo watchers. The beagles are on our track!"

Quietly, but very rapidly, he brought up the horses and assisted the Princess to mount. Vaulting lightly on Grainne's back, he touched the reins and murmured "Onward!"

There was a sudden dismayed cry from Irene; and, as the truth was forced upon him, Edmund's heart seemed to freeze in his bosom.

The palfrey had gone dead lame.

For an instant this fresh calamity staggered the buoyant Irishman.

But only for a moment. Quickly his brow cleared, and he addressed his companion in tones of cheery confidence.

"Lady," he said, "I judge we have a start of twelve or fifteen miles. Grainne's broad back shall carry us both. The palfrey we must abandon to its fate."

Bending down, he took her in his arms and placed her in front of him. Even under the double burden, trusty Grainne never slackened pace. The hobbling palfrey dropped behind.

"Can you still hear them?" the Princess inquired.

O'Malley checked the horse and turned a listening ear towards the shadowy heights. No sound came through the stillness. The clattering hoof-beats had died away.

"At the moment," Edmund explained, "our Ulmo friends are actually riding away from us. They have not yet reached the point where the road elbows sharply. And they have still to cover the very worst part of this heart-breaking highway. Courage, lady! We shall fare through in safety."

Grainne tossed up her star-gemmed forehead and bounded forward as though inspired by her master's confidence. Irene's fingers toyed absently with the mare's silky mane. Her curled head rested against Edmund's shoulder, and her eyes, raised to his stern, set face, held a glow of perfect contentment and assurance. The Princess was very happy.

"Are there many of them?" she asked.

"Four or five, I should judge," he answered.

"Think you, is Ungvar of the number?" she inquired, with a little smile of girlish mischief. She loved to hear her tall Irishman denounce the villainy of the dwarfish Duke.

"I hope so," said Edmund, his handsome mouth tightening into a thin stern line. "And yet, no," he added reflectively. "The road, your Highness, is very rough, and the Duke might break his precious neck."

"And what of it?" cried Irene lightly, as though pooh-poohing some trifling mishap.

"When the hour strikes for the Duke's undoing," O'Malley explained, "I intend to officiate as master of the ceremonies.

The Princess laughed a merry waggish little laugh.

"Here and now," Edmund continued, "are not the pre-ordained time and place of Ungvar's final reckoning. Far back in the unrecorded ages of earliest time were chosen the moment and the scene of the Duke's last encounter with O'Malley of the Brigade."

"The scene?" echoed Irene inquiringly.

"A certain room in a certain Inn, near the gate by which we shall presently enter Rhonberg," he explained. "Beneath the window of that room the river-fiend for ever clamours for the coming of Ungvar. When it suits my purpose, the merman shall be satisfied. He shall have his Duke at last."

Steadily they covered mile after mile. Grainne's white-starred front cleaving the night-haze as the prow of a stately galleon cleaves the waters. Edmund urged the horse to sustained effort, addressing it in a low, coaxing monotone—almost a chant.

"Black as the storm-frown of Cruachan; glossy as the shimmer of sun-glad Corrib; trusty as the unblenching granite of Achill's wave-vexed shore; beauteous as the dream-cailins of Kinvarra! Grainne, the sweetheart of Edmund, the pride of Connacht from Clew to Shannon, and from Moher's towering cliffs to historic Castlebar! On, Grainne, on! The race is ours! Hirelings and cut-throats ride hot on the track; but the race is ours. In Connacht, some day, they will be telling the tale of Grainne's wondrous courage and tireless, arrowy speed. In Connacht they will twine garlands of bog-flower and shamrogue to deck your silky mane. 'Failthe!' they will shout, to greet our return."

The mare seemed to gather renewed spirit from her master's rune-like murmur.

Irene raised a startled, questioning glance to Edmund's grave, unsmiling face.

"Your return?" she queried sharply, with a little petulant gesture of alarm; "your return? Whither?"

"Home," he said, staring fixedly into the gloom ahead. The quiet gladness of his tone, its note of happy finality, thrilled her. It suggested peace, deep and dreamful, utter contentment, the limit of the heart's desire.

"Home," he murmured, in wrapt soliloquy, as though unaware of any auditor. "To Erinn! To Connacht!

To the cool green of Galway meadows; to the heathery flanks of Galway hills; to the kindly glow of Irish hearts and the lovelight of dear Irish eyes—"

His voice died away in a meditative, trailing whisper.

In the Princess's shadowy orbs there kindled a sudden spark of resentment. Her smooth brow puckered in a frown of annoyance.

How could this man talk so calmly of leaving Rhonstadt, of leaving his friends and his duties, of leaving *her*? How could he thus frigidly foreshadow his departure? How could he speak to her in tones of gladness of the day when seas would roll between them? It was selfish, nay, monstrous! The Princess was vexed. She sat up to exploit her grievance.

"Oh, but you mustn't dream of leaving Rhonstadt at least not for years to come," she protested. "You have your friends, your duties, your position! You must surely consider these things. You, of all men, are most urgently need in unruly Rhonberg. You are merely on the threshold of a brilliant career. Can you leave your work undone, your mission unfulfilled?"

Persuasively she pleaded, her glowing eyes hungrily searching his stern, set face for some trace of relenting purpose, some glimmer of emotion. She searched in vain.

A very proper maidenly indignation possessed the spirited Caronian damsel. Craftily she cast about for a vulnerable spot in his armour. Presently she found it.

"Ungvar and Ulmo," she murmured reflectively—"surely they will hear this news of your departure with immense relief. Who is there to foil their plots and check their daring when the sword of O'Malley is no longer a menace to evil-doers in Rhonstadt? Who is to protect poor Princesses from their bold advances?"

For a moment his eyes met hers in a glance of deep intensity. Then he broke silence.

"Your Highness may rest assured that I shall never quit Rhonstadt until I have had a final reckoning with these vermin," and he nodded over his shoulder to the mountains where Ungvar and Ulmo urged their hirelings to the chase. "And before that day dawns," he continued, "your Highness shall, I trust, have found a champion and protector who will be something better—something nearer—than a mere casual companion or temporary escort."

There was pointed intention as well as grave earnestness in his manner. The Princess considered his words and concluded that she didn't like their drift at all.

"So," she cried accusingly, "you have arranged all that? You have settled the whole matter? You have chosen my future consort?"

"I have dared to hope so," said unblenching Edmund.

"Ah!" cried Irene, and fell to reviewing the whole strange circumstance.

There remained in her memory almost every word that her cavalier had addressed to her since their first en-

counter in the palace at Zurst. In the light of this latest avowal, she thought she read their meaning clearly.

The Princess of Caronia was amused. She foresaw a contest of wits and wills in which—womanlike—she determined at all costs to prove victor. She loved this ice-cold paladin, and she hoped—sometimes she felt sure—that his Irish heart was not quite proof against the lure of her gipsy beauty. Yet he was pledged to make her the bride of another! Good! She would train her feminine batteries upon the barriers of frigid reserve behind which he entrenched himself.

The situation was utterly delightful. With immense zest the Princess attacked the task of making the mountain come to Mahomet.

"Does it not occur to you, sir," she said, in a tone of quiet scorn, "that, for all your lofty pretence of heroic chivalry, you differ from Ulmo and Ungvar in only one trivial particular?"

"What do you mean?" he inquired amazedly.

She faced him defiantly. "Where they, with all their craft and daring, have merely blundered into failure, you have coolly achieved success!"

"Success—in what!" he cried.

"In *abducting me*," she said. Her right hand stole along his sword-belt until her arm encircled his waist. Trustingly her curly head nestled closer to his breast.

For a moment Edmund was staggered. With horror he realized that, from the Princess's point of view, her accusation was perfectly justifiable. It must actually appear to her that he had abducted her.

His loquacity had led him into an appalling blunder. He had told her either too much or too little. The wary tactician—the Irish Cupid, as Bartolome had called him—had proved a tactless babbler. Verily, he had made a sorry mess of it!

A groan of agony broke from his lips. Irene felt his encircling arms twitch and quiver. She had gained an advantage which she hastened to press home.

"And—your employer?" she questioned: "This gentleman who has paid you to carry me off! Might I learn his name?"

"Your Highness is grievously mistaken," he answered. "In this matter, I am not employed—not paid—by anyone. The enterprise was undertaken solely at my suggestion and on my initiative. It was hoped that the fruition of the scheme, if it ever did fructify, would bring peace and prosperity to a distracted kingdom. The idea was mine—mine alone. I have no employer."

"But you have confederates," she retorted. "Duke Sergius—"

"And the officers of the Royal Guard," Edmund supplemented.

"Oh!" cried the Princess. "The riddle begins to straighten itself out! I see light at last! I am being thrown at the head of the Prince Royal!"

"We hope to bring about a happy alliance between the reigning houses of

Rhonstadt and Caronia," Edmund explained, in extenuation as it were. The tactician was recovering his wits.

"And, pray, what does Prince Rudolf know of this amazing emprise?" she demanded.

"Nothing," said Edmund curtly.

It was Irene's turn now to be astonished. In silence she pondered the unexampled situation. Presently she saw fresh cause for burning indignation.

"It seems, then, she stormed, "that I am little better than the wriggling worm on the fisher's hook! I am the bait thrown to tempt a jaded and sulky princeling!"

"To save a kingdom," Edmund corrected gravely.

"In a manner of speaking, I am exposed for sale in the market-place, on the off chance that Prince Rudolf may become a bidder?" she challenged hotly.

"I beg that your Highness will not interpret the matter in that way!" he pleaded earnestly.

"In what other way can I regard it, sir?" she retorted. "Any woman might feel honoured by being put forward as the proposed bride of a prince; but doesn't it seem reasonable that the prince himself should at least be privy to the proposal. No woman cares to be wooed vicariously. There is danger that she may give her heart to the actual wooer, rather than to the master for whom he pleads."

She raised her head to observe the effect of this experimental thrust. O'Malley remained unmoved. How well he had disciplined himself to indifference!

"Well!" she proceeded grievously; "after you have cast the bait—after I have been, so to speak, dangled before the victim's vision—suppose the fish doesn't rise to the cast? Suppose the Prince will have nothing to do with me?"

"That is inconceivable," he assured her.

Her affectation of displeasure suddenly failed. She regarded him with a merry smile.

"You are very sanguine, sir," she reprovingly said; "you seem to have immense confidence in my powers of fascination."

"I am Irish," he parried, "and therefore an excellent judge."

With a graceful droop of her head she acknowledged the compliment. For a space silence fell between the pair.

As the Princess meditated on the night's doings, her eyes brightened and her amusement broke all bounds. For her recreation she would test this man's stony indifference—test it to the uttermost point.

"Captain O'Malley," she said, her mood of joyous merriment sobering into quiet gravity, "I am a woman, and therefore I cannot affect indifference to the compliment you have paid me in putting me forward as a wonder-working goddess, potent to weave love-spells around the cold heart of a book-ridden recluse. The compliment is subtle and implied, but none the less marked. I thank you for it, and I willingly undertake my part in the enterprise. If I

fail, it won't be for want of honest effort."

"You cannot fail," he murmured, looking down at her with burning eyes.

Was there in his voice some slight note of hidden anguish—the strangled cry of a soul writhing in the agonies of final deprivation?

"From the moment when Brant's treachery was revealed by his disappearance from our party," the Princess continued, "I have been possessed by a wild spirit of adventure. I have realized my girlish dreams of old romance and have suddenly become the heroine of a stirring drama. Guarded by the flower of chivalry, the most puissant and faithful of knightly champions, I fly through the night pursued by wild and reckless ruffians! It is sheer, utter delight. Your Princess is vastly entertained."

Edmund bowed gravely, as though satisfied that the stage-management of the affair had pleased her.

"Mind you," she continued, "all this is merely part of an excellent game. We are not really, seriously, fleeing from these men. Are we? You are not afraid of them, I am not afraid of them. Their plots and spyings and wild midnight forays we regard as so many devices for our amusement. Is it not so?"

"Quite so," O'Malley acquiesced, with a certain iron grimace in his cold smile.

"Did our fancy so dictate," she went on, "we should have boldly ridden to the gates of Ungvar and scoffed at the lovesick Duke. In the very midst of his hireling horde, you would, at my bidding, have struck him across the face. And I should have laughed merrily, and given you my hand to kiss."

O'Malley bent over the little brown hand which she offered, and touched with his lips the superb emerald ring.

"Let it never be said that the Princess of Caronia, the daughter of a hundred kings, fled, panic-stricken, from her unwelcome suitors. She rides abroad in the moonlit hours merely to indulge a quaint whim of romantic girlhood. Is that quite clear?" she demanded.

"Perfectly clear," assented Edmund.

"Good," said the Princess. "So much being settled, and our dignity for ever preserved from the possible reproach of cowardice, we may proceed to consider the next move in our adventure. Prince Rudolf is to be wooed and won. In the task I foresee much congenial amusement for such a venture-loving damsel as the Princess of Caronia. Princesses, you know, are the most wretched beings under the moon. They are creatures of routine, of empty, dreary pomp—puppets, like the bowing, smirking courtiers by whom they are surrounded. Their lives are intolerably dull, grey, arid, stifling. Their souls wilt and wither through lack of freedom and ventilation."

She spoke rapidly, earnestly, as one eager to reach the climax of an argument.

"For a time, I have shaken off the bonds of cold convention. I breathe the delicious ether of untrammelled

freedom. And to whom do I owe my liberty? To you!"

There was a little faltering catch in her voice as of heartfelt gratitude. Her circling arm clasped him tenderly, and her head nestled closer to his breast. Edmund made a slight deprecatory gesture.

"I am your debtor, sir," she continued, "and, in partial discharge of the debt, I shall do as you desire, because you desire it."

O'Malley sat like a statue of carved ice. Not a move, not a sound, not the twitch of a muscle betrayed the agony he endured as he heard this woman declare that, for his sake, she would cheerfully give herself to another. Distantly he heard her voice continue.

"It becomes my business to thaw the frigid soul of a bookworm prince. Good! I will attack the task honestly, conscientiously, thoroughly. I will lay siege to the stubborn fortress of Rudolf's bachelor heart. I will use every resource known in the arts of war—women's war. I shall suffuse his soul with the sunshine of my beauty. Subtly, secretly, I will scheme and work to achieve my ends—our ends. Oh, do not fear, sir, that I may prove a perfunctory agent! Should the prince ignore my advances, should my fascinations prove futile, should all else fail—I shall ask Rudolf to marry me!"

For one moment Edmund felt a wild, clamorous impulse to cry: "No, no! You are mine! Mine! Not the Prince's. You shall not thus sacrifice yourself—and me!"

But he remembered his vow and sternly repressed his feelings. Not a word came from his ashen lips.

"In wooing the Prince-Royal, at your behest," she continued, "I am prepared to go to the utmost limit, and beyond it. You challenge me to win him. I accept the challenge—on one condition."

"Name it," said Edmund firmly. He was numbed past all human feeling.

"On the day when Prince Rudolf decides my fate, I demand the right to decide yours. You must agree to marry the woman whom I shall choose."

Her voice was low and deliberate, her manner very earnest.

Edmund's numbed brain groped blindly, piteously, for the meaning of her strange demand. He had a fleeting vision of women he knew—Monica, Wanda, Allegra. What did it matter? If the Rose of the World could never be his, why heed what became of him? His life was hers. Let her dispose of it as she pleased.

"I agree," he said, meeting her glance firmly, as became a soldier on duty.

Did the Princess read aright the secret hidden in Edmund's hazel eyes? Did she see in their bright, steely coldness the proud, masterful consciousness of a terrible trial dutifully endured? And deeper down, sternly suppressed but rebelliously insistent, did she catch a moment's glimpse of the desolate, abiding agony of a soul bereft of hope?

CHAPTER XVIII.

With O'Malley's great riding-cloak drawn snugly around her, the Princess rested in his arms as quietly and trustfully as a sleeping child. No word passed between them as they rode steadily forward, Edmund's ears strained to catch some hint of the whereabouts of their pursuers.

The aspect of their surroundings showed ever-increasing change. The bleak, stony slopes bounding the pathway became less arid and desolate. Thick, scrubby undergrowth, dwarf bushes, and an occasional tree marked the approach of the fertile tract where the mountain roads converged.

Presently, in the faint half-light of dawn, Edmund perceived the glimmer of water in front. The Pool of St. Bruno was at hand. He drew rein.

Grainne's neck and heaving flanks were wet with sweat and flecked with snowy spume. The noble brute tossed her head spiritedly, and whinnied at her master's loving touch, but to Edmund's skilled judgment it was clear that the mare was almost spent.

"Take the reins," he said to his companion, and climbed down from his seat behind her.

They listened intently for some indication of their pursuers. Irene could hear nothing; but evidently Grainne heard, for her ears lay flat back to her head and she quivered excitedly.

Presently Edmund spoke.

"Now, here is a curious thing," he said, his brows puckered in a puzzled frown. "There are pursuers chasing us on both roads, but the Ungvar pack is much nearer than the other, in fact, perilously near."

"The Duke leads them, of course," Irene said, her pulses racing wildly as the supreme moment of their adventure approached.

"Of course," echoed O'Malley, his head inclined in listening attitude.

"Do you know," he said presently, "I think there is but one horseman on the Ungvar road. Yes, only one."

"Possibly the Duke has outdistanced his hirelings," Irene speculated.

"That is precisely what has happened," said Edmund.

Followed a brief pause for a careful calculation of distance and speed. Then the Guardsman addressed his companion.

"Your Highness," he said, "our enemies are very close upon us. Grainne's strength could scarcely carry a double burden over the remaining stage of the journey. We should certainly be overtaken. For myself I have no concern and no fear. But I greatly desire to make your safety absolutely secure."

"Master," she said, assuming her quaint page-boy pose, "I am your very very dutiful servant. Order me as you deem best."

"You must ride with all speed to Rhonberg," Edmund said. "I will remain here and challenge our pursuers. At all hazards I will detain them until you have had such a start that you cannot be overtaken."

"You will fight them?" she questioned, with glowing eyes.

"If need be," Edmund replied quietly. "I have a strong conviction that the final resort to blood-letting will not be necessary. It is idle to dream that a handful of rude mountaineers could seriously incommode an Irish swordsman. I shall flay them with this riding-whip."

"At the River Gate at Rhonberg I

black mare and weighed her chance of defying pursuit. Evidently he felt reassured, for, with a smile and nod of satisfaction, he turned his attention to the mountain roads.

"My guests will arrive presently," he said. "I must e'en make suitable preparation for their reception."

He advanced to the rocky gusset where the roads converged and carefully studied the lie of the land. His



"The Princess rested in his arms."

shall find a party of soldiers on guard?" the Princess queried.

"Usually there are forty or fifty," he replied. "But lose not another moment! Give you good-bye, lady!"

He doffed his plumed cap. The Princess held out her hand.

"Nay," she cried joyously, "'tis not 'good-bye'! I bid you 'au revoir'; and with a beaming smile and a parting wave she rode away.

The Guardsman's eyes followed her as she urged Grainne through the slowly-thinning mists of morning. Critically he appraised her handling of the

trained eye noted every rock and bush and coign of vantage likely to be useful when a man has his back to the wall, and half a dozen blades are leaping at his heart.

In a few moments he had chosen his plan of campaign.

On the ridge of the V-shaped divide, giant boulders were confusedly strewn. Edmund tested their weight with his shoulder, and found most of them immovable. A few smaller stones, however, poised on narrow base, yielded to his strength and went hurtling down

the slope into the roadway, effectively blocking the passage.

"The Duke must have speech with me here, whether he so desires or no," Edmund murmured. "Let me also stay the headlong rush of the Karlist banditti!" and he renewed his quest of movable obstacles wherewith to block the Ulmo track.

His task completed, he surveyed the effect with satisfaction. A rider might gingerly pick his way through the obstructions on both roads; but no horse-man, however skilful and daring, could clear such hurdles at a bound.

On a rocky spur, commanding a view of both paths, Edmund sat down to await the coming of Ungvar.

As he hearkened to the ever-nearing clatter of hoofs on the roadway, he gave a sudden start as of recollection, and, from a small sheath at his belt, drew a tiny dagger with a cross-shaped hilt and a point as sharp as a bodkin. He balanced the little weapon in his fingers and reflectively gauged its weight and temper.

On the Ungvar road there came a deafening clang of iron-shod hoofs, and, at desperate, breakneck speed, a horseman swept down the steep pathway and blundered full tilt into the scattered boulders.

A wrathful imprecation broke from the rider, as the steed was suddenly reined back on its haunches. Only the most accomplished horseman could have kept his seat in the sudden jolt of

such a stoppage. Almost any rider would there and then have ended his career with a broken neck. But the Duke of Ungvar was no ordinary galloper. He rode only the best horses, and he rode them well.

O'Malley's laughter smote the ducal ear and sent a wave of vengeful wrath through the ducal veins. Ungvar jerked his horse's head round, and raised to his enemy a face livid with fury.

Edmund's mocking smile maddened him. For the moment he was incapable of speech, or even of coherent thought.

"Give you good-morning, Duke!" quoth Edmund pleasantly. "You are early abroad!"

Ungvar's visage was distorted in a spasm of rage. Curses froze upon his pallid lips. His right hand relinquished the rein and stole downward and backward.

Instantly O'Malley was on his feet, the little dagger poised in his upraised hand.

"Don't!" he thundered in a tone of dreadful menace. His giant form seemed to dilate, his eyes shot lightning.

Ungvar started guiltily and stayed the furtive progress of his hand towards his secret pistol.

"Let me draw your attention, Duke, to this little dagger," Edmund said, his voice once more low and level. "It looks a paltry weapon—a mere toy; but

in Italy I learnt the trick of using it as a missile. I can throw it with unerring aim. For a wager, now, I will undertake to plant it in any button of your jacket which you may select.

Again he poised the dagger above his head.

The Duke made an uneasy movement of irritation, but kept silence.

"It may further interest you to know," O'Malley resumed, "that the slightest scratch of this weapon means certain, agonizing death. The point is poisoned!"

Ungvar's frame shook in a palsy of helpless fear. Speak he could not, O'Malley lied; but the Duke believed that he had spoken the truth.

"You see, my lord, you are absolutely at my mercy," Edmund continued. "Move your right hand an inch and you sup in hell to-night! Ere you can draw your pistol, my dagger is buried to the hilt in your neck and Satan has you for his own! Be warned, Duke! Don't attempt anything rash—anything unfriendly!"

It suddenly occurred to Ungvar that his tormentor was wilfully detaining him—playing with him, as it were, to gain time. He glanced around inquiringly, and at last found articulate utterance.

"Where is the black mare?" he inquired in faltering tones.

Edmund shook with laughter.

(To be continued.)

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—Goldsmith.

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CURRAGH COMMAND CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Fine Performances by Lieut. Hogan and Pte. Curtin.

"Foam" writes: With the approach of the All-Army Championships keen interest is being taken in performances at Army athletic meetings, and with the "big push" in athletics in Ireland now in full swing, it is only natural that the Army representatives should figure prominently in the effort to bring athletics to the fore. At present there is undoubtedly a cause for grumbling as to the rightful position of the Army athletes in the athletic sphere of the country. At the moment there is in the Army in any given event talent enough to at least equal the best which outside athletes can put forth.

Much has been written as to "What's wrong with the A.A.A.?" etc., in this journal. In answer thereto I make bold enough to assert that there is nothing wrong with the A.A.A. On the other hand, it is evident that in most Units in the Army there is everything wrong with the manner in which matters athletic are being pursued. With the exception of the Curragh Training Camp, there does not seem to be a big spurt anywhere in the Army. Every facility seems to be given by the A.A.A. to those locally responsible, but to what end?

The material is in the Army, but it wants bringing out; it wants encouragement; and no ostrich-like methods will achieve that end. The details of the Curragh Championships which follow should be an answer to the destructive critics.

220 YARDS—Lieut. Hogan (8th Batt.), 1; Capt. McKenna (Beresford Bks.), 2; Sgt. Farrell (8th Batt.), 3. Won by inches. 9 ran.

MILE FLAT—Pte. McKenny (A.S.I.), 1; Pte. O'Keeffe (15th Batt.), 2; Pte. O'Dea (5th Batt.), 3. Won by 30 yds. 7 ran.

100 YARDS—Sgt. Farrell, 1; Lieut. Woodlock (Beresford), 2; Lieut. Hogan, 3. 7 ran.

MILE RELAY—Won by 8th Batt. (Lieut. Hogan, Sgt. Farrell, Cpl. Maher, Pte. Byrne). 3 teams competed.

120 YARDS HURDLE—Lt. Hogan, 1; Cpl. Manning, 2; Pte. McKenny, 3. 6 competed.

THREE MILES FLAT—Lt. Dalton (5th Batt.), 1; Pte. McKenny, 2; Pte. Jordan (15th Batt.), 3. 10 ran.

440 YDS.—Pte. Brophy (A.M.C.), 1; Sgt. Farrell, 2; Pte. Gallagher (15th Batt.), 3. Won by 5 yds. 6 ran.

880 YARDS—Lt. Dalton, 1; Cpl. Maher, 2. 9 competed.

HIGH JUMP—Sergt. Houlihan (A.S.I.), 5ft. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 1; Pte. Doyle (15th Batt.), 2; Pte. McDaid, 3.

56LBS. (without follow)—Pte. Curtin, 35ft. 10in., 1; Sergt. Fitzgerald, 2; Capt. McKenna, 3. 7 competed.

LONG JUMP—Pte. Brophy, 20ft. 4in., 1; Lieut. Hogan, 19ft. 7in., 2; Pte. Sommers (15th Batt.), 19ft. 0 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 3.

POLE VAULT—Cpl. Manning (Beresford) 8ft. 6in., 1. 6 competed.

THROWING JAVELIN—Pte. Curtin, 97ft., 1; Sergt. Lyons (15th Batt.), 2; Sergt. Fitzgerald, 3.

DISCUS—Cpl. Shannon (Beresford), 1; Lieut. Hogan, 2; Pte. Horgan, 3. Winner's distance, 107ft. 3in. 8 competed.

HOP, STEP AND JUMP—Sergt. Houlihan (A.S.I.) and Cpl. Manning tied at 41ft. 2ins., Lieut. Hogan being 3rd at 39ft. 4in.

OPEN EVENTS.

LONG JUMP—Pte. Brophy, 19ft. 9in., 1; Pte. Thornton, 2; Lieut. Hogan, 3. 8 competed.

56LB. OVER BAR—Pte. Curtin, 11ft. 6in., 1; Pte. Horgan, 11ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 2; Sergt. Fitzgerald, 11ft. 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ in., 3. 4 competed.

MILE FLAT—Pte. McKenny, 1; Pte. Deans, 2; Pte. Gallagher, 3. 6 competed. Won by 6 yards.

100 YARDS—Lieut. Hogan, 1; Sergt. Farrell and C/Q.M.S. Wallace, dead-heat for 2nd place. 7 ran.

440 YARDS—Capt. McKenna, 1; Pte. Spittle (Collins Barracks), 2. Won by 5 yards. 6 ran.

2nd BATTALION, FINNER CAMP.

Football Final—No. 1 Brigade Championship.

On Sunday, 8th inst., No. 2 Battalion made the journey to Boyle to meet the 3rd Battalion in the re-play of the No. 1 Brigade Football Championship. The Finner team made the journey with a full team, well knowing they were to meet a vastly improved team who were about to play on their own ground. Arrangements had been made for a large number of the troops stationed at Finner to travel down to see the match, and everyone was convinced that it would be a great struggle.

The first half opened with Finner kicking up the field—(Not literally?—Ned)—and smart play was witnessed, each side in turn making a little headway, but the 3rd had the satisfaction of drawing first blood with a fine goal. Later Carroll, of the 2nd, added a point. Play was of the give-and-take order until the same player added another point for Finner. Great excitement now prevailed, and half-time saw the 3rd leading by 3 points to 2.

The 3rd were playing a wonderful game, and were rewarded by another goal in their favour. The Finner backs—Capt. Whelan, Lieut. O'Neill, Dempsey, Drum, and Kavanagh—were kept working at top speed all the time, only to see the forwards lose

the ball after it had been sent forward to them. The Finner forwards were not allowed by the opposing backs to get anywhere near the goal, and a little later saw the fall of the Finner sticks by another point being scored for the Boyle team. Full-time arrived with the 3rd Battalion winning a great game and the Brigade Championship by 2 goals and 2 points to Finner's 2 points.

Before commenting on the game the 3rd Battalion are to be congratulated on their fine performance of lowering the colours of a team that has not been beaten for three years. They were the best team of the day and thoroughly deserved their victory. We wish them every success in the Command final. (Good lad! That's the sportsmanlike spirit!—Ned).

For the winners, Sgt. Young, Hanly, Flynn, and McDermott were a great attacking force, with Higgins, their goalie, playing splendidly. Dillon, McDonagh, Cant. Feely, and Gallagher put up a great defence.

For the losers, Carroll and Duffy, McDonald and Warnock did well forward, whilst Captain Whelan, Drum, Dempsey, Kavanagh, and Lieut. O'Neill played as they had never played before in the rear section.

Commandant T. Fox, Command Training Officer, handled the game with determination which proved him a most efficient referee.

The supporters of the 2nd Battalion team thank the 3rd Battalion for the fine reception accorded them on their visit to Boyle. May we all meet again and have another good day out.

Finner team had not trained as they should have done, and were beaten by a team who have been specially trained and had the great advantage of playing on their own ground—the latter an unusual thing for a "final."

FINN.

FOOTBALL AT PORTOBELLO BARRACKS.

On Wednesday, the 11th inst., a very interesting football match was played between "Headquarter" Coy. and representatives of "A" and "C" Coys., 27th Battn. The match in general was very exciting from start to finish, the "Guy" again proving that he is a forward.

Boyleen attempted to rush the opposition at the start, but a bump from heavy-weight Harry set him thinking. The play was not long in progress when the "Guy" got possession and, sure enough, it was soon seen wandering through the sky-line. (The "Guy": "Didn't I tell you, Johnny, that I'd get the first?") Up the field it went again with the Reds at its trail. Danny once more tried the net, but failed until one of Morgan's—(Oh, the Morgans!)—sent it through.

Both teams fought hard for victory, "A" and "C" trying to outclass Headquarter, but the latter were well able for their opponents, the final score being:

"Headquarter" Coy.—3 goals 2 pts.
"A" and "C" Coys.—1 goal 1 pt.

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

3rd BATTALION, BOYLE.

The Battalion has returned to Boyle and again settled down from the bustle of the Collective Training. Despite the strenuous time in Finner Camp nothing in athletic circles has been lost, and preparations are now being made for no mean display in the No. 1 Brigade Sports at Bundoran on the 22nd.

During the training period the Hurling and Football teams met teams of the 4th Battalion (also in training), and two fine displays were given, the 3rd winning the football match and the 4th winning the hurling match. This fact gives added interest to the match for the Western Command Football Championship, as both teams were strongly supported from the yet unfixed.

The final of the No. 1 Brigade Football Championship was replayed at the Abbey Park, Boyle, on Sunday, the 8th inst., before a good crowd of spectators. Contingents of military travelled from Finner Camp, Longford, and Sligo, to witness one of the best games of Gaelic Football played in Connaught this year. Remembering the desperate struggle at Ballyshannon just three weeks ago, keen interest was taken in the match, and both teams were strongly supported from the touch-line.

From the throw-in the 2nd Batt. got away, but were checked by the 3rd Batt. defence. Some exciting play followed, the backs of both teams showing splendid form, but, after 15 minutes Hanly, in the centre field, getting possession, sent to McDermott, who evaded the 2nd's backs, and, amidst an uproar of cheers, opened the score with a goal for the 3rd. From the kick-out the 2nd got up to the 3rd's goal, and Corporal Higgins, in goal, made some marvellous saving. After some hard work Carroll, for the 2nd, got over the bar for their first point. Again the play became exciting and just before half-time the 2nd succeeded in gaining their second point. The score then stood—3rd Battn., 1-0; 2nd Battn., 0-2.

During the interval the Boyle Brass and Reed Band, which played both teams on to the field, played a well-chosen selection in capital style and well deserved the applause which their performance evoked.

From the second throw-in the 3rd broke away and forced the 2nd's ground,

but were repulsed by Capt. Whelan, who was playing a splendid game for the 2nd. Despite the valiant efforts of the 2nd's backs, however, the ball could not get past Hanly and Flynn, who played marvellous for the 3rd in midfield. Again the 3rd broke away and Younge, who never missed an opportunity, got possession and sent in an irresistible shot. At this stage Cpl. McMeamin had to retire injured. From the kick-out the 3rd held the offensive and Cpl. Doherty, Sgt. O'Donnell, Younge, Bryan, and Giblin always outwitted the 2nd's backs, who now seemed to lose all heart. McDermott, after striking, the crossbar twice, again got possession and sent over the bar, amid terrific applause. At the long whistle the 3rd still continued pressing, and won by 2 goals 3 points to 2 points.

On the 15th inst., the team meets Tusk in the Roscommon County League, and, although a good game will probably be played, there is little doubt as to the verdict.—(Brief sporting reports can be received for publication up to the first post on the Tuesday preceding the date of issue.—Ned).

"BROADCASTER."

REMEMBER DATES.

PLEASE GIVE DATES of all happenings. What is "last Friday" when you are writing may be "last Friday fortnight" when the date of the issue containing your notes is taken into account.

4th BATTALION, CASTLEBAR.

For some weeks past items of interest regarding this Battalion have unfortunately vanished completely from the columns of this journal, but in future contributions will be forwarded with a regularity that will leave no cause for complaint.—(Loud cheers in the Editorial sanctum.—Ned). Following an intensive month's training at Finner Camp, the Battalion has again settled in Mayo, and many of those who practically swam their way through tears to Finner are now smiling all over their faces.

We were hardly settled in our old haunt when we were called upon to defend our titles in Football and Hurling, No. 2 Brigade, Championship, and sure enough we did it and vanquished our old friends, the 25th Battalion, in both codes, the scores being—

FOOTBALL—4th Battalion, 14 points; 25th Battalion, 9 points.

HURLING—4th Battalion, 22 points; 25th Battalion, 6 points.

We are now eligible to meet the 3rd Battalion, Boyle, in the Command final football, and 2nd Battalion, Finner Camp, in the final of the Command hurling. We are out to win both this year.

At the monthly meeting of the Battalion Sports Council on 10th inst., the following were selected to represent the Battalion at the All-Army Championships in Cork on 25/8/26:—Lt. H. McAtamney, "B" Coy.; Ptes. Moysten and Lynch, H.Q. Coy.; Ptes. McPike, Kimmins; and Fanning, "B" Coy., and A/Cpl. Butler (P.A.), Attd. H.Q. Coy.

The Battalion secretary was directed to write to secretary, Command Sports Council, with a view of having the Football and Hurling Championships brought off as soon as possible, and not later than 29th, and if possible to have the venue at Ballina. The secretary was further instructed to draw the attention of the Command secretary to the fact that the Command Hurling medals for 1925, and Boxing medals for 1926, won by the Battalion, had not yet come to light.

It was decided to hold the Battalion's annual sports at a later date, the date and venue to be left to the discretion of the Battalion secretary. The rules governing last year's competitions to operate this year, i.e., two competitors from each Coy. for each event. Points for each event to be given as follows:—1st, 5 points; 2nd, 3 points; 3rd, 1 point. Points to be allotted for Tug-of-War and Relay Race not to be included in the aggregate number to win cup for best all-round Company. A gold medal for best all-round athlete.

It was decided to leave the Inter-Coy. Football and Hurling Championships, 1926, in abeyance for the present.

"MAYO OBSERVER."

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

Dear Ned—I must apologise for the non-appearance of notes last week, but, truth to tell, there was “nothing to report.” The sole topic of conversation in the barracks was the International Jumping Competition, and the chances which our young Army had against the officers of much older and more experienced forces. All were highly delighted, however, that the Saorstát team made such a creditable display, and are looking forward to a greater achievement next year.

No, Ned, I did not have any general news on the last occasion I communicated with you. Conversation in the barracks that time was strictly confined to athletics, and our chances in the Group Sports. The best that could be done in the circumstances was to record our achievements.

A very interesting discovery was made here last week. During digging operations the skeleton of a goat was unearthed, which goes to show that our predecessors in occupation, like our gardener, were troubled with these destructive animals. There was nothing to show how this animal met its death, but it may be taken for granted, as the remains were interred within the precincts of the barracks, that it was executed according to law.

It would be interesting to know what exactly was the nature of the crime committed by this unfortunate animal which warranted such a drastic penalty. Perhaps our gardener was too lenient with the two kids that recently entered the barracks and

destroyed his plants. At any rate, it would appear they were fortunate in meeting no worse fate than being tied to the aerial mast, from which position they were released by the Padre, much to the disgust of the “Little Man.”

“CAT’S WHISKER.”

(Hey! Is this a personal letter, or your usual contribution? There’s a lot of “kid” in it.—Ned).



25th BATTALION, ATHLONE.

Now that the Battalion has returned from its Collective Training at Oranmore Camp and relief duty, and is once more back in its old happy hunting grounds, the Battalion Sports Committee have got busy, and as a result a Barrack Football League has been started. The Handball Committee have also started the ball moving, and in consequence the second round of the Novices’ Competition is in full swing.

In the first round of the Barrack Football League, “A” Coy. met Battalion H.Q., and, after an hour’s hard play, honours were even, with a score of one point each. A feature of the game was the wonderful defence of both teams.

“B” Coy. met the Army Medical Corps, and a right good game was witnessed. The Red Cross men won by 2 goals 1 point to 2 goals. “Neighbour” did good work for the losers, as did some of the Battalion Hurling team. Hard luck, “B” Coy.; better luck next time.

In handball the following games have been played:—Captain O’Higgins beat Pte. S. O’Reilly, 21-9, 21-19; Pte. Loughname beat Pte. McDonald, 21-7, 21-12; Lt. Kelly beat Pte. Hayde, 21-11, 21-14. Ptes. Murphy and Brennan gave satisfaction in their judgments of each game. We, in the alley, expect to see them repeat their feat of last year and bring back the Army Championships, single and double, on the 28th and 29th of August.

By the time these notes appear we will have witnessed some good boxing, and we hope to have some more laurels brought to the Battalion by the exponents of the glove. (“Is it a laurel wreath?” asked the pug, straining his undamaged eye. “Gee! I thought it was a horseshoe he had in his glove.”—Ned’s Fables).

We will also be on the eve of trying conclusions with the 17th Battalion, Mullingar, in the Senior Hurling Championships for County Westmeath. This match is fixed for Mullingar on the 22nd of August.

The Barrack Football team was in hard luck to lose to the Students of Longford on last Sunday, by the small margin of one point, but the strong men of the barracks retrieved our good name by pulling over a Leitrim team twice in tug-o’-war. Pte. Doyle is also to be congratulated in winning the 440 Yds. from a field of useful runners. If rumour be true, there is every possibility of a return meeting with the Students’ team. What about reversing the decision, boys? (When it happens the sound of distant cheering will signify my congratulations.—Ned).

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8th BATTALION, CURRAGH.

By the time these notes appear we will have evacuated the holiday resort, "K" Lines, and firmly established ourselves once more in Stewart Barracks. The period of training, and our brief stay under canvas have, I am sure, been appreciated by all ranks. And I am confident that any of us who are left for next year's training will look eagerly forward to a return to the old canvas city. In military training and in sport we have advanced by leaps and I am sure it was the good, open, healthy air which was responsible for it. I am glad to be able to announce that we produced a clean bill of health during our sojourn at camp, and our battalion have returned to barracks fit in every way and tanned as brown as berries.

The Army manoeuvres are the next thing we are looking forward to, and I am sure, no matter how long the marches may be and how hard the days may be, they will have little effect on our boys. I must say, without exaggeration, that we have a splendid lot of boys at marching. Distance is no object to them, the longer the road, the lighter the heart. "Song and laughter" is their motto, and that's the stuff which will make our Army thoroughly efficient.

"Pivot" has given up the cinder track, and has now taken up road-racing with the bike. He states he can knock 30 miles per hour out of it, but his chief complaint is that the bike has developed a laughing malady. He is anticipating purchasing an auto. to attach to the bike. So we can look out for some flying stunts.

We regret to have lost the services of Coy. Sergeant Stephen McHale, who has been transferred to Camp Commandant's Staff, Beresford Barracks. That familiar old cry, "Go on, Steve, you can't beat Joe," and that favourite old song, "Chick, chick, chicken, lay a little egg for me," will not be forgotten for a long time. We all wish Stephen the best of good luck in his change of duty.

We welcome the return to us of Captain Sean Sexton, from his course of horsemanship at Dublin—(Equitation's, the word, my lad,—Ned)—and we hope to hear of him being one of those selected to represent our country at the next Horse Show. We all feel proud of the great performance

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.

accomplished by Captains Dwyer, Hartly, and Crotty in securing second place at the recent International Horse Jumping Competition at Dublin. This performance is a credit to these three gentlemen, and one that the Army is proud of.

The Brigade Inter-Coy. Football Competition is progressing rather slowly at present. The first round at the time of writing has not concluded. "B" Coy. of our Battalion met and defeated "A" Coy., 5th Battalion, by 8 points to 3 points, on 9th inst.

We met the 19th Battalion in a friendly Hurling match on Saturday, 7th inst. The game was very fast and clean throughout. The 19th were not at full strength, so we stole a victory over them by a narrow margin.

The Curragh Command Sports were held on Keane Sports Ground on the 11th inst. The weather was very showery, and this was the cause of a small attendance of spectators. The sports were patronised by the G.O.C., Major-General Sean MacEoin, who distributed the prizes to the various prize-winners at the conclusion of the programme.

As anticipated we won all the principal events, and we congratulate all our sportsmen who took part in it. For the various losers we also congratulate them for the sporting spirit which they displayed.

The Command Shield and Perpetual Cups fell into our custody, we having secured the largest number of points of any Unit in the Command.

In the Tug-o'-War we were unluckily beaten by the 15th Bn. by 2 pulls to 1. It seems that some misunderstanding by the judges arose just as we had the 15th Bn. over in the final pull, and our men, for some unknown reason, got off the rope. An objection was lodged by our team, and we won the objection and a re-pull was ordered by the Sports Committee. The 15th was not in a fit way to pull us, so our O.C., as a good sportsman would have done, withdrew the objection.

However, it is arranged that we are to meet the 15th in another pull in the near future.

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ARMY ATHLETES DO WELL AT KILMEAGUE.

(By FOAM.)

At Kilmeague (Co. Kildare) Sports, with the Tricolour gracing the entrance to the field, one of the most successful meetings of the season was held on Sunday last. It is seldom at country fixtures that such perfection of arrangements is to be witnessed, and, with one of the finest tracks in the country, Kilmeague annual sports should in future have a good measure of patronage. A very energetic committee, of which Rev. P. J. Kelly, C.C., was president, and Mr. R. J. Gladney, secretary, catered splendidly for the 2,000 spectators present. There were numerous competitors from within a radius of 20 miles, and the Dublin and Curragh contingents of military deserve a large share of credit for the success of the meeting. No. 3 Band from the Curragh, under the baton of Sergeant-Major Flahive (by kind permission of Major-General Sean McKeon), discoursed pleasing selections during the day. Captain O'Connellly, as starter, despatched the events on scheduled time.

From a host of competitors in the various events, below we give the Army performers.

100 YARDS OPEN—Sergt. Steve Hennessy, Collins Barracks; Pte. Spittle, do.; Lieut. Hagan, Curragh, and Lieut. Dalton, do., qualified for the final. Lieut. Hagan won easily.

220 YARDS (Scratch)—Pte. R. F. Brophy, (A.M.C.), Curragh, was second in a field of 20 runners.

440 YARDS OPEN HANDICAP—Pte. Brophy won easily from 13 competitors.

ONE MILE FLAT HANDICAP—Lieut. Dalton, off 120 yds., won easily from a field of 17, his nearest opponent being a well-known runner, J. Timmins (D.C.H.), who was only conceding 20 yds. to Lieut. Dalton.

HIGH JUMP HANDICAP—Sgt. Jack Higgins won from 8 competitors, including Larry Stanley.

LONG JUMP OPEN HANDICAP—Sergt. Higgins was second and Pte. Brophy third, Stanley being one of the competitors.

TUG-OF-WAR—Collins Barracks team won easily.

300 YARDS CHAMPIONSHIP OF KILDARE—A great victory for the Army. Lieut. Hagan was 1st, Capt. McKenna 2nd, and Pte. Brophy 3rd. 17 competed, the Army filling the first three berths.

The above performances should be a fair indication of what is expected in this year's Army championships. And yet some people ask: "What's wrong with the A.A.A.?"

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.

Sergeant-Major: "What's your name?"
Recruit: "John Doyle."
Sergeant-Major: "Can you not say Sir?"

Recruit (oblingingly): "Sir John Doyle."

Prize of Solingen razor awarded to 12732, Cpl. Malone, H., "H.Q." Coy., 21st Battalion, Collins Barracks, Dublin.

The widow of a farmer had some difficulty with her hens, and wrote the following letter to the Board of Agriculture:—

"Something is wrong with my chickens. Every morning I find two or three lying on the ground cold and stiff, with their feet in the air. Can you tell me what is the matter?"

After a little while she received the following reply:—

"Dear Madam,—Your chickens are dead."

The Sergeant-Major (angrily): "Do you always believe everything every fool tells you?"

His Prospective Proprietor (sweetly): "No, darling. But sometimes you do sound so plausible."

On his way back to camp the gink was attacked by two highwaymen and put up a terrific fight. Finally he was overcome and searched. All they found on him was a sixpence. The bandits were amazed.

"I say," exclaimed one, "you don't mean to tell us you put up a fight like that for a measly sixpence? Why, we almost had to kill you."

"Well," answered the victim, "the truth of the matter is I didn't want my financial condition exposed."

A.S.I. Querist: "Can you prove that the square of the hypotenuse is equal to the sum of the square of the two sides of this triangle?"

Student: "I don't have to prove it. I admit it."

A young nurse, inexperienced in reading the clinical thermometer, was horrified when, taking the temperature of a patient, that instrument apparently registered 120.

She sent a note to the doctor: "Please come at once. Mr. Jones's temperature is 120."

The M.O. sent back this message: "You had better send for the fire engine. I can do no good."

It was during kit inspection. The orderly officer noticed that Private Murphy had no toothbrush.

"Where's your toothbrush, man?" he demanded.

"Here, sir!" replied the soldier, pointing to a large scrubbing brush.

"Mean to tell me you can get that thing into your mouth?" snapped the officer.

"No, sir," replied Murphy. Sure, sir, I take me teeth out."

The O'Rafferty's family were on holiday, and it had rained every day for a week. They were all very gloomy as they sat in the front room of their boarding-house.

Seumas Og was looking through the window at the downpour when he exclaimed, suddenly, "Oh, look! There's a man carrying a lot of wood! What's he going to do?"

O'Rafferty looked up from his paper. "I suppose he's going to build an ark!" he said.

A Scotsman visited Niagara Falls with an American friend.

As they watched the great rush of water, the latter said:—

"There's a story that if you throw a penny into the Falls, it will bring you luck."

"Is that so?" inquired the Scot. He considered a moment and then asked hopefully:—

"Ha' ye a bit o' string?"

"I see you have a notice in your shop, 'We Aim To Please,'" remarked the irritated customer.

"Yes," replied the proprietor: "that is our motto."

"Well," said he customer, "you ought to take a little time off for target practice."

The young woman travelling with her stern-looking father was evidently not in the best of health. She was decidedly pretty, but her cheeks were pale.

A kind—if inquisitive—passenger sitting opposite leaned forward and addressed the stern parent.

"Your daughter seems very ill," he remarked, sympathetically.

"Yes," replied the father. "It is an affection of the heart."

"Dear me! Aneurism?"

"Oh, no! Only a lieutenant in the Army."

"Fall in!" sounded the silvery notes of the bugle, and the men rushed to take their places.

"Dress by the right!" roared the sergeant.

The men shuffled into a straight line. But the sergeant, an old soldier, was not satisfied.

"Come forward, McGinty!" he cried. "McGinty's not here," said a voice.

The sergeant frowned, but was undaunted.

"Come forward, the man next to him, and sharp's the word!" was his command.

An art critic, the sort we have in Dublin, was speaking of the virtues of this painting and the faults of that one.

"Now you see in this picture the artist has not learned his trade—he lacks technique and understanding. He has resorted to a trick to catch the public eye and has attempted to paint a fly. I would not object to that had he been able to draw better and make it look like a fly. This looks like a lump of clay."

At this point the fly took wind and flew away.

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