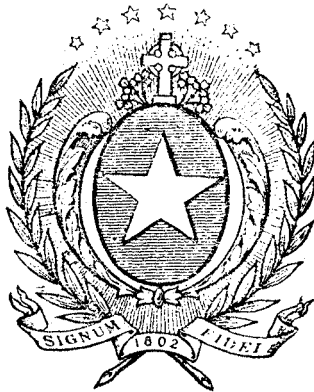


Catholic Institute Magazine.



Summer, 1909.



Organ of the . . .
Pupils and . . .
Ex-Pupils of the . . .
Christian Brothers,
Liverpool.



Very Rev. Canon Pinnington.

THE Catholic Institute Magazine.

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CONTENTS.

<p>Editorial 1</p> <p>Very Rev. Canon Pinnington ... 2</p> <p>Esperanto 2</p> <p>Millenium 4</p> <p>School Notes; Master as Playwright 5</p> <p>University Scholarships (Open) ... 7</p> <p>Results of Spring Exams.... ... 8</p> <p>Sick Leave 8</p> <p>Zetetic Cosmogony 10</p> <p>Intellectual Liverpool 10</p> <p>Old Boys' Association; Cycling Club;</p>	<p>Football Club; Old Boys at the 'Varsity: 'Varsity Sports ... 11</p> <p>"Liverpool" From a Bootle point of view 14</p> <p>A Prayer... .. 16</p> <p>Some Catholic Scientists 16</p> <p>A few thoughts on the Holy Sacrifice 18</p> <p>Young Folk; Prince's Clock, &c. 19</p> <p>My First Impressions of Teaching 20</p> <p>Athletics—Football Club; League Team; Shield Comp'tion; Cricket News 22</p>
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EDITORIAL.

"SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king" sings Shakespeare. Poetry is a very pretty thing, and it is a sign of culture to be able to quote it. We are an intensely cultured class, we editors. Herodotus wrote the first history book — more shame to him! — and since his time people have been trying to separate fact from fiction in his book. Hence Herodotus, we see, was an historical "cook," in school-boy slang, and a prevaricator. If he were living now, and were a poet, he might write such a line as the above, even if he had seen our football washed off the face of Wavertree, our cricket played in ponds, and ourselves, poets and prosaic people, jumping with kaleidoscopic speed out of woollens and flannels. In fine, the weather has been a practical joke. Some of us have sheltered in bed, and others have buried themselves for a season in their books.

We of the Magazine have kept a watchful eye on all the doings of the day. We now offer to our readers a number unparalleled for literary excellence and interest. With the aid of a few contributors, we walk, undaunted

into a third issue! It is a secret how 'twas done. Unaided by the anxiously-awaited literary effusions of the majority of the school, we have procured "copy" for a third number, and here is the result. But we are beginning to realise that our present arid style of writing this Editorial "palls upon one," so here we reject it for other topics of more interest to the school-boy mind.

For a few months the football has been relegated to a place of oblivion, and cricket is taking up the attention of a few of us—a very small number indeed compared with the numbers who sacrificed (?) their time to football. Yet it will not be out of place to refer to the gloomy finish of the football season. How many times we succeed in reaching the semi-final stage in the Shield tourney when Tantalus like, the Shield slips from us! But we have two consolations. The first is that the team which conquered us, were, later on, victims of the same unkind Fate—losing the "Shield" just in the last moment; the second, that it was chance, and not our inferiority, that lost us a place in the final round.

Cricket does not appear to hold out to the "Catholic Institutarians" half the

inducements of football. We wonder if the majority will not play cricket because their mothers are afraid lest they may be injured. In some athletic papers we find phrases which might cause such a fear. Thus, to the uninitiated "leg breaks" and "Whacker punished Sloshton's bowlers unmercifully" are horrible reading. In their minds is conjured up an idea of twenty-two surgeons patching up twenty-two players to render them fit for another game. No wonder people do not play cricket! However, we hope that the Catholic Institute will establish a cricketing record equal to the year's football record.

When this number is issued, Examinations will be almost upon us, Oxford Locals for most, and Liverpool Matriculation for a few unhappy wights among the Seniors. We hope that with the talent at our command in the school we shall attain high honours in the Oxford Locals; as for the Matriculation, time will shew. After the examinations, two months *approximately*—of rest, and then the same deadly routine—as some of us think it—for another year, at least for the majority.

But there will be changes. Some of the Seniors will have given place to others. And, while recognising the fact that their successors cannot adequately hope to fill the places of the present Seniors, nevertheless we hope that they will emulate their deeds, if they cannot excel them. Magazine subscriptions will be falling due. Is it too much to expect that financially and otherwise, the Magazine will be supported by the whole School? Some of the present pupils, we think, would not contribute financially to the Magazine unless they were sure that a story of Sexton Blake was included in the contents. We are deeply pained at our inability to oblige these youths, for this imaginary person has, we are informed, too much on his hands already.

Polemics are bitter but necessary drugs to be swallowed by all philosophers. It is for this reason that, in this number, we invite our readers to taste of the fierce emetic properties of Liverpool from a "Bootle point of view," and its antidote, "Intellectual Liverpool."

There will always be people to provoke wordy disputes, and the Upper Forms at the Catholic Institute have recently threatened to develop into "Pro-Liverpolitan" and "Anti-Liverpudlian

parties. For the authors and abettors of the sedition, we, as filial guardians of amity and good-fellowship, have no words sufficiently condemnatory. As providers of "Copy," however, we thank those little birds who are forever pecking at our polemical pane with chirrup of "Woe, Liverpool! Oh, Liverpool! Bah, Liverpool!"

We regret that want of space prevents us from inserting a very interesting paper on "Mathematical Fallacies" by R. Twomey, as well as a learned essay on "Dickens" by W. Woods. We hope to do justice to them in the next issue. In the much regretted absence of our Manager we would also take the liberty to remind our readers that annual subscriptions will be due at beginning of next session in September. May we also express the hope that the *C.I.M.* will be supported by *all* the Old Boys.

VERY REV. CANON PINNINGTON.

We have great pleasure in presenting our readers with the photograph of the Very Rev. W. Pinnington, who has quite recently been invested with the dignity of Canon of this important Diocese of Liverpool. Canon Pinnington's great interest in Catholic Education is equalled only by his intimate knowledge of educational details in general, with every aspect of which he is so thoroughly acquainted.

Of the Catholic Institute and the work of the Christian Brothers in Liverpool, Canon Pinnington has ever been the warmest advocate and friend. Most cordially do we wish him *ad multos annos*.

ESPERANTO.

BY J. TWOMEY.

I hope the above heading will not cause a panic among the Lower Forms as I believe it will create a sarcastic smile around the firmly pressed lips of the students of the higher classes, now, at last, on one of the summits of that steep mountain of knowledge from which they can survey the rabble in the valley, shouting and pressing onward. Carefully scan the titles and signs on those banners now distinctly in the van of this struggling multitude. You don't know the meaning of the five-pointed emerald star which leads for all to follow. It portrays the stern persevering Hope of its bearer; presumption you

may say, but in your conclusions you must not be rash. It has been successfully borne through the fray by the gallant Esperanto, (literally "one who hopes.")

Esperanto is now a living language. The great increase in the number of Esperantists, the glowing accounts of the International Congresses at Boulogne 1905, Geneva 1906, Cambridge 1907, Dresden 1908, have combined to make Esperanto a "household word" amongst educated people. Opinions may differ as to its permanent success, but it undoubtedly meets a great need. Many long-sought international ideals will be realised with its growth. To be convinced of this, one has but to read the history of the Congresses when it will be immediately recognised that there, people of various climes met and conversed with keen enthusiasm, universal good-feeling, and perfect comprehension. These are not dreams and idle fancies of the idealist but stern incontestable facts. Apart from these meetings which till now have been but yearly events, and were naturally enjoyed only by the minority who could put business aside to travel, that instructive international method of intercourse by "Correspondence in Esperanto" increases by leaps and bounds. What student of foreign language can at present exchange greetings with men of ten or twenty nationalities? Yet such is being done in fact by thousands of Esperantists throughout the world.

The need for an International language is universally admitted except perhaps by those would-be educationalists who pessimistically foresee the choking out of all delightful modern languages to clear the way for this innovation. Still it is held by all Esperantists and in particular is it laid down by its inventor Dr. Zamenhof that Esperanto is but an international auxiliary language, "a neutral foundation on which the diverse races of mankind may peacefully fraternise without imposing on one another their racial differences." In Europe alone we see how sorely such a means of communication of thought and event is wanted. In Switzerland there are three languages spoken, French, German, and Italian, in Austria, six. What an innumerable series of misunderstandings must yearly arise, which will doubtlessly not improve the strained feeling usually prevalent between people

of different races! Would Esperanto be of use here? Even coming nearer home, the Merchant of Dover cannot hold a sensible conversation with his customers in Calais, but 20 miles distant. Is not this a shameful stain on our generation in this age of progress?

Travelling nowadays is within reach of all, that is, as far as pecuniary matters are concerned. But when even the educated man travels Europe, he is handicapped at every turn by his lack of knowledge of foreign languages. He may feel it rather "plain sailing" in France and Germany but in essaying to go farther his path is blocked by that same barrier, and he is thus prevented from enjoying the sights of Spain, Italy, Sweden, Hungary, and Russia. It is here that Esperanto can come to the rescue and transform for a traveller a mere superficial impression of the aspects of men and things into a profound and correct knowledge of the people of each country and of their inner lives. Again, what an ease it would be to the student in Maths. or Science who now has to plough through French, German and Italian grammars to be, later on, capable of reading the best works in Maths. and Science in these languages, to have to undergo but few months study of Esperanto, and then be capable of reading the best works in the subject of his heart, no matter who the author may be, as long as Esperanto is the wrapping.

The complete neutrality of Esperanto cannot be too strongly emphasised. No school of thought or cult, political or social doctrine is catered for, but the utmost liberty of opinion exists, and all that tends to international friendship and the general good is its final aim. "Esperanto, a fad" is a cry long since dead; nowadays, men of the highest position in England,—scholars, scientists, authors and politicians—continue to learn and to advocate it.

The Esperanto Congresses are brilliant examples of the adequacy of Esperanto as an International Language. "In 1907 at Cambridge, 1300 people from about thirty different nations and speaking at least twenty different languages assembled for a week of festivities, sight-seeing, social gatherings, entertainments and business meetings, the proceedings being conducted entirely in and by means of the single language, Esperanto; understood by most of those present as if it

were their mother-tongue and followed with ease by the less expert and those who, from lack of practice, were not fluent in conversation." There were three religious services. The first—Catholic—comprised an Esperanto Sermon by Pastro Richardson of Brussels, and Esperanto choral music. At this service a telegram in *Esperanto* was read conveying from the Pope his blessing to the assembled congregation, after which prayers were offered up in the international tongue.

Much time is spent by many persons in proving (to their own satisfaction) that a Spaniard and a Russian for instance, must inevitably fail to understand each other on account of idiom and pronunciation. But there is only *one* Esperanto. Where we say, "How are you?", the French * "Comment vous portez-vous?" and the Germans "Wie geht es Ihnen?" Esperantists say "Kiel vi fartas?" i.e. "How are you with respect to health?" If each nationality in writing or speaking Esperanto merely translated its idiomatic rendering of an idea literally, then there would be many varieties of Esperanto which as previously remarked cannot exist. Of course style may differ (which even happens in any one language) but even this by imitation from Esperanto magazines may be almost standardised. However, it may be necessary to tell the sceptic that people can learn Esperanto from textbooks, in different countries and without tuition and yet find that at a Congress they can understand everyone else, quite irrespective of nationality.

Scholars and students of literature will scoff at this new language, saying with perfect equanimity, "Oh, it will never succeed; it has no literature." What is exactly meant here is hard to see. There are many languages in the world which have no literature and yet appear to be quite sufficient for the needs of those who use them. What difference does the existence of a literature make to the ordinary man? Again, if all the English Literature extant were swept away, would the language become useless or would it fall like a building undermined by some treacherous power? Certainly not, a new literature would spring up through the various agencies that build up the literature of all languages and especially through the

agency of the Press. At present there are 83 journals printed in Esperanto in more than 20 countries from Finland to Spain and from Brazil to Japan.

The ease with which the International Language can be learned is everywhere acknowledged but singularly has gained for the cause many enemies. One who knows a few modern languages can without much difficulty read a paragraph in Esperanto, then smiling inwardly at his own powers of deciphering calls it a "pot-pourri" of cleverly disguised words! Still the facility of its acquirement is and ought to be the real secret of the success of Esperanto over the many other attempts in the same direction. That the grammar of Esperanto can be learned in one hour is not exaggeration, but then the root-words have to be learned which may mean one month's or three month's study according to the previous language knowledge of the student. Well, as a word of advice, in finishing, may I add "Se tiu ĉi interesis vin, aĉetu lernlibron, kaj Lernu Esperanton."

THE MILLENIUM. A.D.—?

BY F. W. BEVAN.

A time will come, the poets say,

Ere many summers more have flown,
When Terra will be sweet and gay

And crime will be a thing unknown.
No longer will we mope and pine,
In our Utopia divine.

When Easter Monday falls in June,

When people don't discuss the weather,
When pink's the colour of the moon,

And fox and fowl hob-nob together,
When there's a journal in the nation
That boasts not of its circulation.

When everyone is quite content—

Ed with his lot, (though it be little).
When ladies sit in Parliament,

And promises are never brittle,
These things may all occur next week,
Or—at the Kalends that are Greek.

When scholars from the 'element'

Have ice to cool a swollen head,
And undergrads with one assent,

Hear lectures without leaving bed,
When poets by their locks are chained,
And football fanatics arraigned

In Liverpool, as public ills,

And concertina ghosts that prowl
Are soft reminders that the grills

Of Hades hot, will make them howl,

* Literally "How do you carry yourself?" and "How goes it with you?"

Then, great Millenium, I shall live
In Everton, and glad forgive

The soot I swallowed in the years
When, Mersey-mad across the gloom,
I toiled to Brownlow Hill in tears,
Of "trigonometricalish" doom
Or quivered with a sonnet-thrill—
(Strung woeful to my landlord's bill!)

School Notes.

The Term Examinations.

Before breaking up for the short Easter vacation we were once more confronted by that irrepressible monster, the Term Exams. The football season was drawing to a close, and no one seemed to have a thought of anything other than the Shield Competition, when the appearance of the first term papers awakened all to the fact that football competitions are not the only contests that even schoolboys have to engage in. However we were still in the struggle for supremacy in the football field, so it is only quite natural that the Term Exams. should not absorb all our interest and excitement. The names of those who obtained the first places in the different classes are given in a list in another part of the Magazine, and by comparing this list with that printed in the spring issue, the changes that have occurred can be easily seen.

Our Manager.

Rarely has the news of the illness of a school companion caused more deep and widespread sympathy than did that which announced the serious indisposition of our popular and most successful Manager—Alf. Lamble. At first everyone hoped that his robust constitution was proof against all danger, but as the days rolled slowly by, and his condition grew steadily worse, those who were in immediate contact with him began to grow alarmed, despite the assurance of his medical attendant who seemed to treat his case as one that did not involve serious consequences. At this juncture a friend who took more than an ordinary friend's interest in Alf. suggested that Dr. Barry of Liscard should be called in and under the circumstances it is not surprising to find that this gentleman was somewhat reluctant to take charge of the case. However the personal request

of the friend referred to, as well as, no doubt, the sight of a valuable life on the brink of eternity, for double pneumonia with some complications had all but completed its fell task—induced Dr. Barry to come to the rescue, and we cannot but congratulate him on having saved his patient even when death had all but claimed him.

For several days his condition was extremely critical and it was only after the lapse of some weeks that medical skill and the most assiduous care, aided no doubt by the many fervent prayers of his school companions and others, were rewarded with success and Dr. Barry was able to pronounce his patient out of danger. A long and tedious convalescence was but a reasonable sequel to such a serious illness, and only a few days ago, after an absence of ten weeks, Alf. was allowed to sally forth again. One of his first visits was to his old comrades at the Institute where the extraordinary reception which he got from his class-fellows, and indeed from all who met him, must have done much to compensate for all he suffered during his trying illness. We hope he will thoroughly enjoy, and derive considerable benefit from the long holiday which he is now ordered to take. No doubt he feels disappointed at having all his hopes of securing a University Scholarship this year thus completely destroyed, especially as we understand that he was one of our strongest representatives, but such things will be, and we feel sure he will get through this as successfully as he evercame the other more serious trials.

The Exams.

I fancy many of my readers will turn away with disgust, if not with horror, when they light on the heading of this Par. Still exams. are interesting from some points of view: in fact, the school year would be extremely dull if we had no exams. It would be just like Football without a "Shield," which some say would be a decided improvement. But these individuals are too proaic for the age we live in. Well, what are we going to do at the Exams. this year? We can't hope to keep up the Scholarship record because unfortunately our most doughty champions in Form VII. come mainly from benighted Bootle and other such unintellectual places so that we are left with a paltry "couple" of no

fixed "moment" to maintain our reputation. And then the Locals! well, if we are not as good as our predecessors I will only say that we are not worthy of them. I may seem pessimistic though I don't mean to be so, because I am sure that just as we have maintained, aye, and even excelled last season's record in athletics, so I believe we shall not be found wanting when the Locals come on. I was going to mention "Derby Prizes," Medals, &c., &c., but I know that the majority of my readers take no interest in such things—they are "true sportsmen." I shall then add but one word namely to wish all a most brilliant success in their respective Exams. and then—the most enjoyable of holidays.

Mr. J. P. Flanagan.

We have great pleasure in wishing Mr. J. P. Flanagan who has recently left school to take up a C.S. clerkship in London, every success in the career on which he has embarked. We trust that his connexion with H.M. Civil Service will be long and happy.

A Record.

Though Form IV. are not the most ardent cricketers in the school they have the honour of furnishing the top score in the brief annals of our 1st XI. cricket. E. Rimmer has given two batting displays which would do credit to the best of our Seniors in the 1st XI. into whose ranks he was but very recently admitted. His score of 65 against Birkenhead Institute 1st XI. was far above the normal and was excelled only by his fine score of 88 against Liscard High School 1st XI. the following week. He was rather unfortunate in this latter game because he was accidentally run out when he had reached the score mentioned, otherwise there can scarcely be any doubt of his making a century on that occasion. He has been awarded the first "Bat" given by the school to the scorer of 50 in a 1st XI. inter-school game. Let us hope that his success will stimulate all his class-fellows and even Form Va. to a greater interest in the game.

Junior City Scholarships.

We offer hearty congratulations to our "Elementary" co-frères who have been successful in the recent Exam. and also to their teachers. Is it unreasonable to expect that in a short time our Elementary Schools will beat

the record of our Secondary Schools and appropriate even more than seven-eighths of these Scholarships? The splendid achievement of Our Lady Immaculate Schools at the recent Exam. gives ample promise of this, and we are sure that in future competitions it will have worthy associates in not only St. Francis de Sales and Sacred Heart Schools but in most, if not all, of our Catholic Elementary Schools.

Many of us are proud to see the ubiquitous "Phaudrig" among the victors.

Prizes—New Conditions.

A very interesting change, which no doubt will be most acceptable, is to be made in the conditions on which some of the principal prizes given annually by the Institute will henceforth be awarded. We are informed that the gold medal which is given to the Institute's most distinguished pupil each year and which has up to the present been awarded to him who got the highest first-class honors in the Oxford Senior or equivalent Exam., will be no longer awarded solely on this condition. In future years while it will be necessary to obtain the literary distinction that has been required up to the present, the candidate must also have taken an active part in the corporate life of the school. He must have supplied at least two "Articles" which will be published in the Magazine and have taken a reasonable part in the organized games of the school. This latter condition will be decided by the votes of the Executive of the Athletic Club. The same conditions will apply to "Junior Medal." The Senior Mathematical Prize will be awarded on the results of the Examination set at the end of the Summer Term. Candidates who obtain "Distinction" in Mathematics or Arithmetic at "Oxford Senior" will have their marks increased by 10%. Those who obtain "Distinction" in Oxford Senior Higher Mathematics or in the Higher Mathematics of Liverpool Matriculation will have their marks increased by 30%.

MASTER AS PLAYWRIGHT.

Since our last issue, a play written by our senior English master—Mr. D. L. Kelleher—was acted in the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. It is refreshing to find that a teacher whose duties are so

Liverpool University
Open Scholarship Winners, 1909.



F. J. TINDALL.

J. D. COLGAN.

engrossing and exacting, can find leisure to indulge in literary pursuits. We who enjoy the pleasure and privilege of being Mr. Kelleher's pupils, are not surprised to hear of his success as a playwright. He has a keen and critical knowledge of the masterpieces of English literature in general, while his knowledge of dramatic literature is exceptionally good. We give a few extracts from a leading Dublin paper, dated March 12th, 1909 "Mr. Kelleher has presented in what may be described as tabloid form, one of the familiar love tragedies of rural life in Ireland. The author succeeds in "Stephen Gray, a dream and an incident," in telling a story that reeks of the turf fire, and is eloquent of that tragedy of poverty which has for so long hung like a pall over the rural community. His principal character is a young woman, the daughter of a small farmer, imbued with a passion for reading and a love for the schoolmaster of Bawnamore, who has instilled that passion into her mind. The conflicting emotions of the maid, torn between a yearning for her absent lover and the clamouring necessities of her parents, provide a theme

which is adequately treated by the author. The sketch is full of dramatic force and gives ample promise of greater things to come." We heartily congratulate Mr. Kelleher on the success of his play and we shall look forward to the pleasure of seeing many more productions from his gifted pen.

We would not for the world "tell tales out of School" but as the following, in reference to the above, took place in the football field, we may be pardoned for reproducing it. *Jones*, "Have you heard that Mr. K. has written a play?" *Brown*, "Really?" *Jones*, "A fact!" *Brown*, "It must be a Comedy." *Jones*, "A tragedy, I should think." *Brown*, "No, he's too jolly for that." *Jones*, "Is he, indeed? If you heard him in our form." *Brown*, "But I have heard him, I consider him real jolly. His wit or sarcasm, if you prefer to call it so, is like the play of summer lightning—it surprises and delights, but doesn't hurt." "I think," broke in Smith, "I read somewhere that Swift's weapon was ink, and he delighted to know what ingredients went to the making of it." *Tableau!*

University of Liverpool.

Open Scholarships, 1909.

The results of the May Examinations for these Scholarships have been recently announced, and we are glad to find our representatives in the competition carrying off two of the most valuable of the Scholarships offered this year.

F. J. Tindall has won the "Liverpool Workingmen" Scholarship of £35 a year for three years plus a Free Studentship value approximately £30 a year for the same period.

J. D. Colgan has won the "Tate Trustees" Scholarship value £35 a year for three years.

Both Scholarships are tenable at Liverpool University. We heartily congratulate our two friends on their fine victory and wish them even more brilliant success in future Exams. Those who doubted if we should be able to maintain the handsome records established by our predecessors in the Senior

Forms can now set aside all misgivings on this head. Those Scholarships speak for themselves. We have beaten their record in Football and shall raise the Cricket standard as well. Unfortunately we cannot hope to rival them in the "Senior City" contest owing to our small number of eligible competitors this time, but we feel quite confident that the "Oxford" results will be as creditable as those of former years.

We are pleased to see St. Francis Xavier's awarded one of the remaining Scholarships (value £35 a year for two years), and Mt. Pleasant High School a Studentship. Of the others, Liverpool Institute got one value £45 a year for three years. Oakes Institute got another value £35 a year for three years, and the remaining one value £20 a year for two years was won by Widnes Secondary School. A Ladies' Scholarship was won by Holt Secondary Sch.

Results of Spring Term Examinations.

	FORM VII.	
A. Hagan, 1.	J. Holland, 2.	F. Tindall, 3.
	FORM VI.	
J. Cunningham, 1.	J. O'Hara, 2.	T. Dunne, 3.
	FORM VA.	
G. Kirby, 1.	W. McMillin, 2.	J. Burns, 3.
	FORM VB.	
H. Bagge, 1.	R. Kelly, 2.	J. McGuinness, 3.
	FORM IVA.	
R. Cunningham, 1.	C. O'Donnell, 2.	H. Llewellyn, 3.
	FORM IVB.	
J. Ellis, 1.	J. Gibb, 2.	A. Guilfooy, 3.
	FORM IIIA.	
A. O'Neill, 1.	J. Derrick, 2.	J. Hall, 3.
	FORM IIIB.	
J. Saunders, 1.	P. Wheeler, 2.	J. Nolan, 3.
	FORM IIIC.	
J. Flood, 1.	J. Hughes, 2.	H. Cossentine, 3.
	FORM II.	
J. O'Donovan, 1.	B. Parsons, 2.	N. Cossentine, 3.
	FORM I.	
A. Hawley, 1.	R. Cross, 2.	J. Sheehan, 3.
	PREPARATORY.	
G. Ugalde, 1.	P. Quinn, 2.	R. Stephens, 3.

❧ Sick Leave. ❧

BY A "YOUNG PRETENDER"

I was ill, at least I thought so, and they said I looked so, and though I did not actually feel ill, yet I decided that what everybody said must be true, and therefore, as I have said, I *was* ill. It was an illness, too, that had something in it that suited my temperament. They said I had put over me, without noticing it, an attack of influenza, and that I had just arrived at that stage when complications might set in and that therefore great care should be exercised in my regard. I was therefore forbidden, much against my own inclination, to go to school. I have said, "much against my own inclination," for, as you know I love school. I believe all dull boys love school. There is something so delightfully pleasant in sitting all day with nothing to do but to watch the development of intelligence all around you. Do you know that next to the development of young Master Tadpole into the staid Mr. Frog, (there's a certain glass vessel in our house that can speak as to my interest in the matter), I know nothing more fascinating than this gradual ripening of

youthful intelligence. I believe that the life of a school-master would be the happiest life on earth owing to this very fact, were it not that the poor master has to give his lesson, with which his mind is so occupied that he has no leisure to study the beautiful growth taking place before him. Now, not being a teacher, I have to give no lessons, and as I am considered a very dull boy, I am not expected to learn anything, so I have ample opportunity to devote myself to my all absorbing occupation of studying intellectual growth in youth. My father says I am lazy, but then he is always saying nasty things, whilst I prefer to believe the teacher, who is a close observer of character and who says that I am too dull to learn and that it really is not my fault. Give me a teacher for true sympathy!

Well, I was forbidden school, so I had to seek some other kind of intellectual recreation; I am nothing, you know, if not intellectual. Of course I had all the advantages of being ill without its disadvantages. My mother, who was always kind, surpassed all previous records in lavish attentions; my aunt, dear good creature, who has no children of her own and centres all her affection on her

"darling" nephew, was beside herself with grief and became almost as ill as myself in trying to show her sympathy. Even my father softened a little, and my sister Marie, from whom I had least to expect, was so overcome with sisterly emotion as to allow me to occupy her room whilst she took mine, there being a fire in hers, a thing quite indispensable to one in my delicate state of health. And it was this very change of rooms that prompted me to write these passages.

Whether Marie was too untidy (I hate untidiness, even in girls) to stow away carefully in many little boxes all the finery which had come to her in her seventeen years and ten months, or whether she wished to show me how many nice and curious things a girl can have, which a boy, to his own infinite good fortune, has to do without, I have not been able to decide. This much only I know that lying about in all parts of the room, in all manner of shapes, in all stages of wear and repair were articles of dress and other belongings of my dear sister Marie.

Comfortably ensconced beside a cosy fire in an armchair from which I could view the room, (I was not ill enough to be in bed), I was left to my own imaginings: for father must go to work; Marie must go to continue her training to be a schoolmistress; auntie must do her shopping, and mother must,—well, I won't say all that mother must do. I do pity mother. I believe it is only dull boys and delicate ones who can truly sympathise with their mothers. So I was left alone. But yet not quite alone, for soon my habit of concentrated thought threw me into a reverie and I became aware that I was surrounded by a multitude of living things, some gentle, others fierce, all fixing me with their eyes, yet with a look that seemed to say, "Do not fear us, we are not your enemies, you and we are friends in misfortune."

First there was a little bird, the sweetest creature I ever saw, that was perched upon a hat which Marie wears on Bank Holidays, and it sang so mournful a song that my heart bled to hear it. The poor bird had been slain to make a maiden's holiday.

In a far corner, crouched upon the ground, with his head resting upon his paws was a large polar bear, while around him in friendly converse were a fox, a seal, and an ostrich. The bear

spoke to me and said, "Alas! my ancient glory is gone. Once the king of the Frozen North, I am become flattened out to a rug to keep the heat in your sister's toes; while as to my brothers here, the fox has gone into gloves at last, the ostrich has, for his stupidity, been "hanged" round a maiden's neck, and the seal has remained the "muff" he always was."

Just then my attention was attracted by a sharp little squeal, and turning my eyes in the direction whence the sound proceeded I saw an otter hanging from the bed-post, while clinging to his back, his fiery eye aglow, was a wicked little weasel. From the account they gave of themselves I now learned that their duty was to protect their owner's auburn locks from the rude kisses of November gales.

Here, there, and everywhere around the room were representatives of various species; a lamb, a kid, a poor little mussel, birds of varied plumage, animals that I had never seen before; fishes even, nay, a shark, and a monster whale to boot (and these but some of the multitude); and all were ready to tell the story of their sacrifice to the adornment of sweet femininity; all, too, were prepared to recognise in me, one who could appreciate their distress.

How long our conference would have continued I know not, but the sudden turning of the door-knob withdrew my attention from my guests, my mother entered with a tray carrying tea and toast, and when I looked once more, my friends had all disappeared, and in their stead I saw again only several articles of Marie's finery carelessly strewn around the room. Whether I had been sleeping or not I cannot say, but when I returned to school, I had one other subject to which I could turn my attention besides the observance of intellectual growth in my companions. Often since have I summoned up those departed spirits and discoursed with them at length on our mutual wrongs, and I have learned from them to bear with outward composure a state of things to which mere boyhood can never hope to apply a remedy.

Needless to say, my illness did not last long. With careful attention I was able to return to school in about three weeks, my great anxiety to resume my favourite study making my recovery more speedy than otherwise it would have been.

❖ Zetetic Cosmogony. ❖

BY TYCHO BRAHE MINOR.

The shape of the raindrop is due to the effect of surface tension. For a similar reason a drop of molten lead let fall some height from the ground assumes a spherical shape. It is a very illogical conclusion to draw from these examples to say:—therefore the earth is round. It is because of the fact that their weight is so small that it may be neglected, that the raindrop and the pellet of lead become spherical, the weight of the earth may not be neglected and consequently will not necessarily become round. Again the earth was made one particular shape and not formed by nature as the raindrop was.

The alternations of day and night popularly supposed to be accounted for by the assumed rotary movement of the earth towards the sun are very easily and satisfactorily explained as follows: The sun travels above the flat earth and maintains a constant vertical distance from the earth's surface. But, as its angular distance from the place of observation increases it appears to descend to the horizon. Now, at noon the sun is brighter than at any other time of the day, this is because the rays have to penetrate only some forty miles of atmosphere. But as the sun travels away from the observer's eye more and more atmosphere must be penetrated through by the rays before they reach the eye until finally the sun can no longer be seen.

The reader may remember that in the last article the problem of explaining eclipses of any kind had yet to be solved. I merely showed clearly that the present theory was ridiculous. I might suggest that solar eclipses may be due to the presence of dark stars, i.e. stars much less luminous than the sun, between the sun and the earth.

[The explanations which our correspondent gives of the alternations of day and night, and the occurrence of eclipses are so very simple and so extremely amusing that we begin to suspect if he is one whose statements on this subject are to be taken seriously. His theory of eclipses smacks of those invading German Airships which continually flit across the disturbed imaginations of various contributors to a famous contemporary not noted for its veracity. We are quite disappointed with his

silence regarding "infinity" because we were hoping to hear something really new. No doubt the conclusion which he gratuitously draws from the form of a falling raindrop seems far-fetched, but we are sure that if our friend directs his researches on the lines of Kant's Nebular Hypothesis he will probably arrive at conclusions not quite so absurd as some of those to which he has treated our readers. ED. C.I.M.]

Intellectual Liverpool.

BY J. F. LACY.

It has become the fashion nowadays to mock at Liverpool as a city of soot and savagery, where no trace of culture or refinement survives. The natives are said to be unintellectual, tasteless, and brutally commercial—in fine, a perfect breed of Philistines such as are not to be found elsewhere. We at once protest that the charges are false. We shall prove Liverpool to be as intellectual and æsthetic as any of her rivals.

The city that great literary men from Lord Bacon to T. P. O'Connor have been proud to represent in Parliament, that numbers among her sons two of the few great living poets, that was the birth-place of such persons as Roscoe, Gladstone, Clough, Mrs. Hemans, Birrell and Santley, the place of residence of Justin McCarthy, Hall Caine, Ian McLaren and Nathaniel Hawthorne, may justly claim to be a centre of culture.

The popularity of the Museum, the Picton Reading room, the lending libraries, the Corporation free lectures and the Walker Art Gallery proves that Liverpool's citizens are not lacking in appreciation of art, science and literature.

The thirteenth Earl of Derby presented, in 1851, his collection of "natural history specimens" to the Liverpool Council, and this was the nucleus of the present Museum, now in the building erected by Sir William Brown. Liverpool was one of the first towns in the Kingdom to open a public library, and it was a Liverpool man William Ewart, who, assisted by the Local Council, succeeded in passing through Parliament, the act authorising municipalities to levy rates for the maintenance of public libraries.

A public library was opened in 1852 in Duke St. and transferred, a few years later, to the circular reading room, named

after Sir James Picton, in William Brown St. This reading room is crowded all day and every day; the lending libraries are used by the majority of the inhabitants of the city; the Corporation lectures on Poetry, Literature, Music and Science attract throughout the winter months large audiences composed mainly of working-men, and the Walker Art Gallery is largely patronized, and greatly appreciated.

This Art Gallery was presented to the citizens of Liverpool by Sir A. B. Walker. It is a fine building, although like most buildings situated in the heart of a large city, it has been much discolored by smoke, etc. which somewhat mars its beauty. There are steps leading up to the entrance, on either side of which is a statue,—one of Michael Angelo, and the other of his great pupil Raphael. It cannot, of course, compare with the National Gallery in London, but the authorities in London would be very pleased to have some of the pictures which now adorn the walls of the Liverpool Gallery. "The Death of Nelson" is an instance of this. It is by an Irish painter, Daniel Maclise, one of the two men known to have refused the presidency of the Royal Academy. This picture is rectangular in shape and on its canvas are over two hundred figures.

There was during the last century a movement among painters, which passed by the name of "Pre-Raphaelite." It was for many years ignored by the trustees of the National Gallery, but the controllers of the Liverpool Gallery recognised it as a great and new movement in art, and bought many of the pictures of the leaders of these artist-reformers, particularly those by Sir John Millais and Holman Hunt. These pictures, which were at one time considered to be of little value, are now worth thousands of pounds.

Sir Isaac Newton says that Jeremiah Horrox, a Liverpool "boy" is one of the "two or three great pioneers of English astronomy." He, it was, who first saw the transit of Venus across the face of the sun.

Perhaps, however, the most striking phase of Liverpool intellectual life is its educational activity in all branches of knowledge. Elementary schools have made wonderful strides in recent years, and we need only quote the C.I. though it is but one of many such institutions, as sufficient reminder of the excellence of Secondary education. Greatest of all is the signal success of Liverpool University. The magnificent buildings on Brownlow Hill equipped at the expense of public-spirited subscribers, serve as the best answer to those critics, who are for ever sneering at our intellectual narrowness.

Here within the last thirty years a college has been built, and recently a University established which is second to none in the kingdom. The Medical School alone has world-wide reputation, and one need not seek any higher diplomas in Surgery and Medicine than those of Liverpool University.

The University is not of course, quite a floral paradise and the ecstatic poet cannot as yet lose himself in the shady labyrinths of its gardens. It has had to hew its way across a congested area, and for the present there are no open spaces to front its fine halls. Liverpool is an accidental city—that is to say it has grown by spasms. It was never anything better than a shipping city which of necessity had a portion of the wanderers of the world dumped on its shores. One could not expect the natives to receive them in palaces. There was a percentage of hovels, some of them still remain, but soon we will sweep all these out of Liverpool—and with them the *satirists*.

Catholic Institute Old Boys' Association.

At this particular period of the year it is always a difficult matter to keep in touch with the members of an association. It is not looked upon as the orthodox time for reunions—especially those which keep the members indoors all evening. However, the Old Boys flew into the face of convention by holding two Socials at a time when

most other associations are engaged in alfresco pursuits.

Orpheus was very busy at the Waterloo Hotel, on March 27th, and a good muster of Old Boys

"SEQUACIOUS OF THE LYRE" mounted the two flights of stairs to the high flights of melody in the supper room. The musical programme was an

impromptu one, but was none the less enjoyed by the fifty-odd guests. Br. Forde was present for a portion of the proceedings and later Mr. W. Murphy, our esteemed Vice-President, presided and gave us a few rattling good songs. We could wish that more volunteers would break into "diapasoned joy" at these functions and not leave all the labour of love to the few Bohemians, pedagogical and otherwise who generously braved the publicity of the supper-table when they had to come in to sit lamb-like in a corner of the room. Our best thanks are due Messrs. Toolan, Conlon, Marmion, Molloy, Rawlinson, Kelleher, Henderson and Murphy, who so ably helped to make the function a success.

Our next Social was held at the George Restaurant, Redcross St. Here we had a programme of the best style, and the entertainment lasted a considerable time.

Our President, Rev. Bro. Leahy, honoured us with his presence and I think that everyone present spent a really enjoyable evening.

A MEMBER'S CLUB ROOM.

In the next issue of this magazine, we hope to be able to announce, that the Old Boys' Committee will have secured a club room where the members can fraternise during the coming Autumn and Winter.

NEW MEMBERS.

The following "Old Boys" have been recently elected members of the Association—Messrs. E. J. McManus and F. Valvis.

We hope to have many recruits after the Summer holidays because we have heard that a number of the Seniors will then have completed their studies at the Institute and will consequently pass into the ranks of the Old Boys. We presume that few, if any, of these will be sincerely anxious to completely sever their connexion with their school companions and their Alma Mater; hence, we naturally expect them to become forthwith members of the C.I. Old Boys' Association and thereby secure for themselves a continuance of those friendships which all who are best among the pupils of a good school never fail to form, and also in becoming members to secure a share in that ever-abiding interest which both the Association and the School authorities must naturally take in them. Though the Association is comparatively young its membership is already large,

and we have no doubt but in a very short time we shall find it fulfilling in a most satisfactory way the various objects for which it was established.

CYCLING CLUB.

The idea of forming a Cycling Club in connection with Old Boys' Association was first mooted by a few ardent cyclists of the Association and with this object in view a meeting was called to gather together all who were interested in its formation. At this meeting it was definitely arranged to form a cycling Club. A second meeting was fixed for Thursday, April 15th, and at this meeting the officers were elected and a committee formed. The officers voted for were as follows:—Mr. Forshaw, Capt; Mr. G. Cross, Sub-Capt.; Mr. F. Fennell, Hon. Treasurer; and Mr. J. Curtin, Hon. Secretary.

The Committee were to consist of the above-named (*ex officio*) and in addition Messrs. Llewelin, Tighe and McLoughlin. A badge was decided on, the crest of which was to be the ordinary design of the Association.

The Committee met on a subsequent occasion and arranged a programme of fixtures for the season which are thought suitable to every member and which include two tours. The first two runs to Chester and Southport respectively were very enjoyable and fully appreciated.

It is to be hoped that every Cyclist in the Association will immediately join this newly formed club. All particulars may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., 4, Eskdale Road, Walton. The following are the Fixtures for July and August.

- July 4—Ince Woods (via Kirkby).
Assemble—Institute, 2-30 p.m.
- „ 11—Holywell.
Assemble—Stage, 10 a.m.
- „ 18—Ladies' Day. Caergwre.
Assemble—Stage 2-30 p.m.
- „ 25—Llangollen.
Assemble—Stage, 10 a.m.
- Aug 2—Tour: Preston, Blackpool, Morecambe (back via Lancaster).
Tourers assemble at Institute, on Saturday, the 1st, at 2-30 p.m.
Non-Tourers meet Tourers at Preston, on Monday, the 3rd at C.T.C. at 6 p.m. Start *Ad lib.*
- „ 9—Formby.
Assemble—Institute, 2-30 p.m.
- „ 16—Frodsham.
Assemble—Stage, 10 a.m.
- „ 23—Ladies' Day. Rufford.
Assemble—Institute, 1-45 p.m.

“OLD BOYS” FOOTBALL CLUB.

The initial season of the Club has closed and there were many pleased officials when the announcement was made that “we are safe and have not to seek re-election.”

As is, no doubt well known we had very up-hill work, and it seemed as if our players did not understand what was required of them. Thus we had many results going against us by the odd goal, when a little effort would have secured us one or two badly-needed points.

However, it is not the writer's duty to criticise, and we must heartily congratulate the executive and players on the splendid record of nine points out of a possible ten, from the last five matches of the season.

Thus although the Secretarial report reads well, the same cannot be said of the Treasurer's statement.

The Football Club's financial affairs were, and are at present, very unsatisfactory and it reflects no credit on the members concerned, when meetings are informed that players have been frequently asked for their subscriptions and have not yet decided to pay same. However, it is hoped that we shall have no repetition of this, and we will therefore go on to study the prospects for next season.

We had a very successful General Meeting on May 9th, and after a fine review of last sessions work, supplied by Mr Conlon, a committee consisting of Messrs. H. Wilson, J. Curtin, S. Rainford, G. Cross and Frayne was elected as a management committee.

As Mr. Conlon resigned secretaryship, Mr. J. Llewellyn will endeavour to fill ‘Ernie's’ shoes during the coming season. It was decided to keep the first team in the I-Zingari League, and at a subsequent meeting of the Management Committee, under the able Chairmanship of Rev. Bro. Forde, it was thought expedient in the interest of the Club to have one team in the First division, and another in the Second division of the South Lancashire Amateur Football League.

The general meeting of I-Zingari League has been held and from the constitution of the third division for next season, there appears no reason why we should not finish in a good position.

Our 2nd XI. has been affiliated to the

First Division of the South Lancashire Amateur Combination—thanks to the kind advocacy of Mr. J. Lishman, the League Secretary. Though we do not know the strength of the other teams in this League we are confident that our 2nd XI. will have a successful season.

The General Meeting of the Club which was adjourned from May 9th, was held at the Institute, on June 6th. Rev. Bro. Forde was in the chair. The election of Officers for next season was completed and the government of the club is vested in the following:—

Chairman—Rev. Bro. W. D. Forde.

Hon. Sec.—Mr. J. Llewellyn,

66, Berkeley Street.

Treasurer—Mr. G. Cross,

44, Hopwood Street.

Management Committee.

Messrs. J. Curtin, W. McLoughlin, S. Rainford, H. Wilson and J. Frayne.

The rules of the club were discussed and approved, and it was decided to further adjourn the meeting to the end of August, when Captains and Selection Committee will be elected.

The Hon. Sec. will be glad to receive subscriptions from members as soon as convenient. Already a satisfactory number of players have promised to join the club immediately, and the Hon. Sec. will be very pleased to hear from former pupils of the Catholic Institute who are interested in football, and who, moreover, are anxious to do something towards the success of the Old Boys' Football Club.

C.I. OLD BOYS AT THE 'VARSITY.

The terminal list for the Lent Term gave us few shocks. Some of our Old Boys had crept a little higher in some exams., others had fallen a shade lower in some of theirs, but the general high standard of the C.I.O.B. has been maintained. Mr. T. J. Curtin was 2nd on the list in courses B and D Greek, and was high up in Class II. in courses B and D Latin, Philology, Logic, and A Ancient History. Mr. J. Smith is near the top of Class I. in courses C and H (Final) Maths. and C Physics.

Of the “newer” Old Boys, it seems to us that they are showing themselves quite capable of following in the footsteps of their predecessors. Mr. F. W. Bevan heads the list in courses B and D Latin and in course B French. In B Maths. Messrs. R. A. Twomey and R.

Halsall hold 1st and 3rd places while Messrs J. Twomey and W. H. Rowe show creditable results in the same exams. In course H Maths. 1st, 2nd, and 4th places were taken by Messrs. J. Twomey, R. A. Twomey and R. Halsall, and in B Physics, Messrs. R. Halsall and R. A. Twomey obtained 3rd and 4th places respectively. Mr. J. Williams was well placed in Class II in Education and in course B Physics. Mr. T. McNally also did well in the examination in Education.

This is the last time that some of our Old Boys will appear on this list, because some of them will finish their brilliant course at the University this year. On the other hand we hope that, the next time a paragraph devoted to the "C.I. Old Boys at the 'Varsity" will appear, it will contain the names of some half-dozen at least of those who are at present students at the Catholic Institute.

As we write all our Old Boys at the 'Varsity are sitting for their respective Inter. and Final Exams. We wish them every good luck, that by a successful exam. they may pass one more milestone on the road to fame.

UNIVERSITY SPORTS.

A valuable cup is offered every year for competition in the 100 yards race among the students of Liverpool University. It was with great pleasure and pride that we heard that the cup has been won for this year by Mr. T. J. Curtin. This distinguished Old Boy thus shows his capability of excelling both intellectually and physically. We offer him our heartiest congratulations and we wish him every success in the fields of study and sport.

"LIVERPOOL."

FROM A "BOOTLE" POINT OF VIEW.

BY J. DECOLG.

Few cities are more prominently located on the highroad of the globe-trotter than Liverpool is, and proudly will the vast majority of Dicky Sams tell you that theirs is the second city in our great and glorious Empire. They will also tell you with smug complacency of Liverpool's wealth and of Liverpool's commerce and stoutly will they maintain that Liverpool is worthy of being in the front rank of the

great cities of modern times. But we must confess that we very seriously doubt if the unprejudiced traveller finds much to admire in this city; nay, we feel quite certain that he cannot fail to see many things that at least disappoint, if they do not absolutely disgust him. We fear that he will discover few of those characteristics, which one would expect to find nowadays in a city that has any pretensions to greatness, especially in a great Empire. In vain will he look for long stretches of magnificent streets, gorgeous squares, extensive parks, and massive yet beautiful buildings. Even if he undertake to make a tour of Liverpool on foot he cannot avoid, in a surprisingly short time, finding his way into Liverpool's wide-extended Slumdom, or else into those spacious areas where Mr. Jeremiah Builder holds sovereign sway. He cannot fail to notice the many untenanted houses that loudly proclaim themselves the relics of a more æsthetic age, when Jerry was as yet but an undeveloped stripling. He will assuredly notice the universal mourning garb of years of soot which clothes the very few public buildings, and the fewer public monuments that are worthy of being termed beautiful; in short we believe our visitor will find but little to admire in this great city. It is refreshing to note that many of the more enlightened citizens have, time and again, endeavoured to remove some of the blots that not merely stain but practically cover the face of Liverpool, and numerous are the missiles that have been hurled at one of the latest attempts to make the city beautiful by the addition of the notorious "stoneyard," but the majority of the citizens seem to regard it a duty to maintain the existing condition of things, their complacency seems absolutely proof to ridicule or reason, and it will need much to convince them that their city holds any but that foremost place which they so generously award it.

Some of these self-complacent citizens may ask: "Why all this growling about lack of beauty, etc.?" See our magnificent public buildings, our public libraries! Are these part of the wide-extended slum? Have you never visited our Parks? Have you not seen St. George's Hall? etc., etc. These defenders of Liverpool's ugliness, along with most Liverpool people, stand self-condemned.

We all have seen the public buildings of Liverpool. We all know St. George's Hall. Over this building the grime of years has settled unhindered. It is one of the most magnificent triumphs of last century's architecture, but now its friezes are undecipherable; the soot has all but defaced the sculpture; to quote a recent visitor to Liverpool:—"Though it is an indictable offence for ourselves, who cost no more than the Registrar's fee at birth, to remain unwashed for more than a week-end, Æneas and Dido, enticed out of marble only at a cost of thousands, may stand soot-bewildered for years with their eyes, ere they too vanish, peeping a last desire at the snorting trains in Lime Street Station eager no doubt to speed the old champions back to Greece, and bursting with wrathful steam at the eternal refusal of Liverpool

EVER CHIVALROUS AND MILD

—that will not for the world unrobe the sooted braves and 'bid them breathe again'; and with a single exception this criticism applies equally to all Liverpool's public buildings.

The Liverpool parks are where they are least needed—in the suburbs, where the fainting feet of Liverpool's bare-footed children will rarely venture. In the poorer and more populous districts of what we might term "the city proper" there is scarcely a spot of nature's green to soothe the eyes of the spectacted multitude of Liverpool's myopic citizens. Then again, what parks! with one exception they are merely open spaces devoid of trees and containing few shrubs, while a multitude of intimidatory notices scare the law-abiding citizen off the grass.

As descendants of those who first "traded in their fellow-men" it is natural that the classes of Liverpool should regard the city as a prison for the masses. Thus it is that Liverpool is a sort of huge iron-railed barracks to shut in the democracy from contaminating the wealthy in the suburbs. Only lately has there been a change for the better. Even now, however, clean paint on houses is by no means common, window-boxes are indeed rare. George Bernard Shaw proposed to improve Liverpool, and said that he "would begin by knocking it down." But, I hear some one remark "Are you not aware that we are building a gorgeous Cathedral to crown the summit of one of Liverpool's hills? Yes, we all admire the generous impulse that, in a materialistic age,

prompts the various donors to erect a Temple in God's honour, but when we look round and see the number of Churches, that are deserted, and when we read the annual Church census of the "Daily Post" we are convinced that the denomination or denominations for which this Cathedral is intended are more than amply provided with Church accommodation; that like many similar buildings in this country this will rarely be crowded with *worshippers*; and we cannot help concluding that the thousands of pounds which are to be spent in rearing this mighty edifice would be more usefully employed in obliterating some of Liverpool's sordid courts and filthy alleys—in short, in improving the city itself—the vast Cathedral of humanity which is full of worshippers, who, because of their poisonous surroundings, have not the energy to pray.

And how do the City Fathers contribute to the cultivation of the æsthetic tastes of their less fortunate fellow-citizens? We all know how it was recently proposed to abolish the police band which alone brings delight to thousands of Liverpoolians who cannot pay to hear concerts. Some uncontaminated citizens of this enlightened town—there was a good number—defeated this. For many years a few of these gentlemen have vainly tried to have music in the parks for a few hours on Sunday afternoon. What hypocrisy to refuse to provide good music on Sunday for fear of breaking the Sabbath! It is tyranny under the guise of Religion. Sunday is the only day free for most of Liverpool's toiling multitudes to hear music, and surely the far-seeing grave forbidders cannot imagine that the people will grow worse under its influence or that by depriving them of this elevating recreation they enable them to spend the day more holily.

To tell the truth even democratic Liverpool's taste for music is declining. The Organ Recitals have an attendance of about one thousand, while some time ago three thousand was the lowest attendance when Recitals took place twice a week. In Liverpool there are only two good theatres. The city itself is only a second class dramatic centre. If an independent classical theatre—as that in Manchester—were erected here, it would receive no support. The Shakesperian dramatist, F. R. Benson has sometimes a full house, the Carl Rosa and Moody

Manners Companies never have a packed house in Liverpool.

To hear a good concert in Liverpool the lowest price of admission is three shillings. Music is reserved for Society, for those who can pay! Then it is well known that audible conversation is sometimes carried on during the performances—witness the overture to “Lohengrin” recently. This would be permitted in no town attaching value to the name of “music-loving.”

In Liverpool there is a lack of monuments to her great men—except in one small space. There are monuments to England’s heroes, a few to men who by their extraordinary philanthropy have set a glorious example, let us hope not in vain, to their fellow-citizens; none to Liverpool’s literary geniuses—and these are many. Where is Roscoe’s monument? Where is that of Mrs. Hemans? Roscoe failed; his books went to outsiders. Liverpool bought none although his library contained many rare volumes. Such was the decrepitude of the Liverpool Authorities that Roscoe’s name is now forgotten. Mrs. Hemans was doomed to a similar fate. “A Literary genius of Liverpool is not without honour save in his (or her) own city.”

And Liverpool’s Press, even in its advertising columns, is not without certain evidences which would be characteristic of far-off but happily, bygone days, or perhaps of a persecuted country at the present time. On all sides the casual observer will not fail to notice indications of Liverpool’s lack of progress. Though we are not prepared to go so far as a certain writer and say that “it will need a social, intellectual and physical earthquake to make Liverpool what it should be,” yet we are convinced that it will require much time and no small amount of intellectual development to completely eradicate that selfish and narrowminded spirit which is mainly responsible for the city’s ills and which is such an insuperable barrier in the way of her more enlightened sons who are manfully striving to place Liverpool in a position second to none of the great modern cities.

But we must finish for we fear we have long since passed the limit to which we must confine our article, but the subject is by no means exhausted. Although the task of the satirist is an unpleasant one,—

“*Pudet me haec opprobria dicere*”

yet we feel that we shall have done a useful work if we have convinced even one of those short-sighted Liverpoolians that their city is really behind the time, that “her” obdurate streets—as W. D. Howell terms them—are out of date and that the city has been lying dormant while other cities of the Empire have outstripped her in virtues and in progress.

A PRAYER.

A prayer for all our friends afar,

A prayer for those who still are near,
O shield them, Lord, from sin and woe,

Be their names e’er to memory dear,
For those who fight for truth and right,

Though foes deride and friends betray;
Give strength that they may falter not:

For these, dear Lord, for these we pray.

A prayer for those who sow in tears

What other hearts in joy may reap, —
Who teach young hearts God’s
wondrous love,

Who teach cold stony hearts to weep.
Give strength that they may weary not,

Let hope’s sweet light shine on their
way,

May grateful hearts around them smile,
For these, dear Lord, for these we

pray.

A prayer for those who, night by night,
Watch near the weary couch of pain,

Who, in each lowly stricken form,
See Christ’s sweet blessed face again;

A prayer for all pure hidden souls,
For our dear friends who’ve passed

away,
For all our friends and all our foes,

For these, dear Lord, for these we pray.

Some Catholic Scientists.

The uses of electricity are so numerous, its applications are becoming daily so familiar, that everybody talks about it. It will interest our young readers to learn that the names of great Catholic observers are actually embalmed in the nomenclature of this science; though probably not one in a thousand of those who use the terms have the slightest knowledge of the fact.

Why, for example, do we speak of galvanism, of a galvanic battery, of galvanised iron? We do so because Galvani was one of the earliest and greatest discoverers in this line of research. He was born in Bologna in

1737, he became professor of anatomy there and he died in 1798. He was evidently a man of more than merely nominal Catholic beliefs since there is a record in his life of a special novena which he made to Our Lady at a critical period.

Since electricity has become a commercial matter, it has taught us a number of terms employed as inches are in linear measurement, the units of various kinds used in the measurement of that mysterious entity, which we call the electric current. There are five of these units, the Volt, the Ampère, the Coulomb, the Ohm, the Farad each of them is the whole or part of a man's name; these men would not have their names thus honoured if they had not fully earned the distinction they have received.

We may dispose at once of the Ohm and Farad, since neither Ohm nor that great man, Sir Michael Faraday, were Catholics; but, the other three belonged to us. Volt and Voltage are on everybody's tongue, who has to do with electricity however slightly. The volt is the unit of electromotive force; it owes its name to Volta, a Catholic born in Como in 1745, and professor of Natural Philosophy at Pavia.

Scarcely less frequently do we hear of the Ampère—which is the unit of current, and Ampère to whom it owes its name was a Catholic and a Frenchman born in Lyons in 1775.

Finally there is the unity of quantity the coulomb, and that owes its name to another French Catholic who was born in Angoulême in 1730, and died in 1806. Four therefore out of the six names associated most prominently with this subject are those of Catholics—here is an answer for those who allege that it is impossible for Catholicism and science to flourish side by side—here are four Catholics, who were such masters in their own particular line that men of science of all religious beliefs, and of no religious belief have united to honour them in the most distinguished manner in their power by giving their names for ever to the nomenclature of their subject. Everybody has heard of the Röntgen rays, and most people have seen them, or at least the radiographs, which they produce, but probably few know that the discoverer of these rays is a faithful son of the Catholic Church.

No intelligent person doubts the great scientific interest and the enormous

practical importance of Pasteur's work. Nor does any person who knows anything about him doubt his attachment to the Catholic Faith. It was Pasteur, who said that the more he knew, the more his faith assimilated itself to that of the Breton peasant, and that he was quite sure that if he knew as much as he wanted to know, his faith would be as great as that of the Breton peasant's wife. In the centre of the great edifice of science which has arisen as his memorial in Paris, there is a chapel, where all that is mortal of Pasteur rests, and where Mass is said on each anniversary of his death for the repose of his soul.

In other provinces of the great realm of science and research we find the names of Spallanzani and of Tremblay, both Catholic ecclesiastics—their work has never been controverted in the many papers and books that have been written since their time on the subjects in which they were interested. Mendel, around whose theories much controversy rages, was a monk and ended his days as Abbot of the Augustinian Abbey of Brunn, and it was in the gardens of this abbey that his classical experiments were carried out—His scientific knowledge was due to his post-graduate studies in Vienna; he was sent there by his superiors on account of the scientific bent they observed him to possess. Mendel died in 1884; he is a man of our own time. Mendel and Fr. Wasmann, S.J., who fortunately still lives—are the most recent of the band of ecclesiastics who have shed lustre on themselves by their brilliant and enduring work in connection with biology.

We may give here the main outlines of the life history of the great scientist, Stensen—a name familiar to every medical student. He was born of Lutheran parents in Copenhagen in 1638, and studied for some time in the University of that city. In later years he went to Florence and became physician to the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova in that city. Is it not remarkable that in Catholic Italy, as some people would call it, at a time when controversy ran high a Lutheran could attain to such an important position? Stensen owed his conversion to his connection with this hospital, for, in the apothecary's department acting as a dispenser was an old nun, who never left off arguing with Stensen, and praying for him, until she had him brought into the church. After his con-

version he was made professor of anatomy at Copenhagen—that is a piece of gratifying intolerance on the other side. He found, however, that his position was impossible on account of the feeling that his change of religion aroused in the minds of many of his townsmen. Consequently he returned to Italy and refusing various important positions that were offered him, he settled down to theological studies and was ordained a priest.

Eventually he was consecrated bishop of Hamburg and his first episcopal act was to send his blessing to the old nun to whom he owed his conversion. Stensen was not only a great anatomist, he was also a great geologist, the father of all modern geology, for on his theories and deductions rest the whole imposing fabric of that science to day.

It would be outside the limits of this paper to enumerate all the Catholics who figure on this roll of honour, the instances that have been adduced do not exhaust the possibilities—numbers of other names can be found honoured for their service to the cause of scientific study and research, and not less noted for their attachment and devotion to their religion, proving that there is nothing incompatible between the profession of Catholicity, and still more, its highest development, and the pursuit of science.

A Few Thoughts on the Holy Sacrifice.

The sacrifices of God's chosen people—sacrifices described by St. Paul as poor and weak elements had value and efficacy only inasmuch as they expressed faith in that sacrifice which they prefigured—the Sacrifice of Calvary, which is perpetuated in our churches. It alone renders to the divine perfections the honour which is their due, it is the true holocaust, the true sacrifice of adoration; it alone thanks our sovereign benefactor in a manner proportioned to the benefits He has conferred upon us; it alone has an almighty power of moving God to pour out upon us the abundance of his gifts and to appease Him whatever may be His wrath. We possess in it the most excellent prayer—the most certain means of making Him propitious.

Our first obligation is to adore God; to recognise in Him the infinitely fruit-

ful principle from which all good is derived, the sovereign Lord to whom all belongs, the last end as He is the first beginning of every creature. The formal acknowledgment that we make of our absolute dependence, of our profound misery, of our innate nothingness before His infinite splendour, before His supreme power—and the plenitude of His being, properly constitute adoration. Now, how can we worthily discharge this first obligation? What homage can we offer to our God that will be equal to what we owe Him? "Though I were to heap up on one immense altar-pile all the precious wood of Mount Lebanon," says Isaias, "though I were to consume on it all the animals that inhabit immense forests, it would not be sufficient." In the 38th psalm the royal prophet says substantially, that though he were to humble to the dust and to annihilate in presence of the Lord all existing creatures, the humiliation—the annihilation of this nothing could not afford Him glory and homage worthy of Him.

When however we approach the holy altar, and offer to God the adoration, the self-abasement of His well beloved Son, then we render Him by Jesus Christ, with Jesus Christ, and in Jesus Christ a glory absolutely infinite.

Do we believe that the divine Majesty can receive a greater honour? In the sacrifices of the old dispensation, the victim trembling at the foot of the altar, and under the knife of the sacrificing priest, vividly expressed man's state of absolute dependence upon God, Who can when He pleases deprive him of life, Who holds the sword of death suspended to immolate him to His greatness and to His justice; it acknowledged that the excellence of creatures is nothing and must be regarded as nothing in comparison with His excellence. In the holocaust, the entire victim was consumed to acknowledge that His greatness that knows no limits, merits to be honoured by abasement without limit—that He is sufficient for Himself and that He has no need of our gifts. But to immolate Jesus Christ as a victim is really to render Him the greatest glory possible. Does not every other act of honour we pay Him of ourselves fade into insignificance when compared with the homage He receives in the holy sacrifice? How great must You be, my God, in whose presence the humanity of our Redeemer, all adorable as it is,

recognises itself as unworthy to appear, conceals itself under symbols of death, under an atom! What veneration and what respect You must merit before Whom the man-god, our great high priest falls prostrated at the contemplation of your unspeakable perfections? Who can comprehend all the submission which is due to You, O Lord, at Whose feet every day and on innumerable altars a divine person dies a mystic death, as a sign of dependence, and to honour your domain over all that exists. There is in this thought an inexhaustible source of pure joy for the good christian who lets no day pass without hearing mass with all the piety of which he is capable.

For our Young Folk.

CURIOSITIES OF NATURE.

THE NEWT.

In former issues of the magazine I have already told you how frogs and toads lay their eggs—the former in great jelly-like masses, and the latter in long, narrow strings. But there is another creature which also lives in ponds, and which lays eggs of just the same kind, although it does so in quite a different way.

This is the newt or “eft,” as it is sometimes called. It is very common. Indeed, you can hardly look into a weedy pond without seeing two or three of these pretty little creatures swimming about, with their long tails waving in the most graceful way as they glide through the water. If you catch one of them with a small net and examine it you will find that its front feet are like tiny hands.

It uses these hand-like feet in laying its eggs. When a mother newt is ready to lay an egg she swims up to some water plant, which has long narrow leaves, takes hold of a leaf with both her front feet, and doubles it over. Then she places the egg in the bend, and twists the leaf all round it in such a way as to cover it entirely up, and conceal it from the sight of any hungry creature which might be likely to eat it. Then she lays another egg in the same manner, and then another, and then another. And so she goes on laying egg after egg, till she has twisted up nearly a hundred eggs in as many different leaves.

When these eggs hatch, a number of little tad-poles appear, which in some ways are very much like those of frogs

and toads. They have the same big, round heads and the same little waggly tails, and they feed on the same tiny scraps of decaying matter, and drive themselves through the water in the same curious fashion. But in many other ways they are different from frog and toad tad-poles. When the first little pair of legs begin to grow, for example, it is always the front pair and not the hinder ones. And the tail instead of passing back into the substance of the body, keeps growing longer and longer until at last it is as long as the head and body put together. The gills disappear, however, just as those of frog and toad tad-poles do, so that when the little creature grows into a perfect newt it has to come up to the surface of the water every few minutes in order to breathe.

Every now and then newts throw off their skins and appear in new ones which have been gradually forming beneath the old ones. Just before this change takes place they swell out their bodies, so that the skin splits along the back. Then partly by twisting and wriggling about, and partly by the help of their little hand-like paws, they manage to strip off their old garments altogether and leave them to float on the surface of the water.

The tongue of the newt is free. There are two rows of teeth borne on the palate. The front legs, as has already been mentioned appear first in the order of development and possess four toes whilst the hind legs are provided with digits. If you have not already seen one of these interesting creatures it is to be hoped that the coming holidays will give you an opportunity of observing some of their habits.

THE PRINCE'S CLOCK.

In England, princes can take no part in the government of the country. If they are to distinguish themselves at all it must be to a very great extent by their courtesy and tact.

The Prince of Wales—the heir apparent to the British throne—possesses those qualities in a high degree. For some time he has been seeking in vain the name and address of a certain man, believed to be an American, who once made an interesting test of these qualities.

The Story is this:—Some few years ago the Prince was forwarded a present

of a clock of great artistic merit. Attached to the clock was an unsigned note stating that the gift was "a small token of recognition of the Prince's courtesy and kindness in picking up a lame man's stick." On receiving the present the prince failed to recall the action alluded to. But after some thought he recollected that during the jubilee year of Her Majesty Queen Victoria he was present at one of the many celebrations which were then held, and had occasion to pass in front of a long line of spectators. As he did so the crowd fell back somewhat precipitately, and a lame man in the crowd dropped his stick and was unable to reach it. The stick fell close to the prince's feet; he stooped, picked it up, and passed it to the lame man. Owing to the vast number of persons assembled, the lame man had no opportunity of expressing his thanks. The clock is now in Marlborough House, London, the residence of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The donor wished to remain unknown and he is likely to have his wish granted as all efforts to trace him have failed.

My First Impressions of Teaching.

BY "STUDENT TEACHER I."

A soldier will tell you that the most trying moment of his life was when he found himself for the first time face to face with the bristling bayonets of the enemy. No doubt it would be difficult to meet such a state of affairs with ordinary composure; but to my mind there are circumstances in the occupations of civil life which are just as trying. Fate, which definitely maps out the course of man's existence, evidently decided that the life of a teacher was my avocation, and as I humbly acquiesced in this arrangement I will try to convey to the reader my first impressions of this noble calling.

My first appearance as a teacher awakened in me very peculiar sensations, perhaps due to the grin of curiosity on the countenances of the scholars, or perhaps because of the scrutinizing glances of the older teachers who were to act as my instructors. At various periods of my life I have found myself in difficult and embarrassing situations but I could never remember feeling so

much out of place before.

For a day or two I was told to stow myself in some secluded corner safe from the prying eyes of the curious youngsters, and from this point of vantage to watch the teacher at his work, and to preserve the insight thus gained for my own personal use later. The day came when I was obliged to give my first lesson and to say the least of it, it was not one of the happy days of my life.

My appearance of course I am unconscious of, but from my feeling of uneasiness and anxiety I venture to say that those who watched my efforts must have been aware of my uncomfortableness.

Strange to say I was congratulated after the lesson by my able instructors, but I well knew that some of my explanations to the scholars were a trifle vague, while at times eloquence seemed to freeze in my very throat. Generally speaking the first attempts of a young teacher resemble the movements of a drowning man. As the latter clings to the friendly plank which happily comes within his reach, so the former clutches the front bench of the class with equal tenacity as he vainly endeavours to explain the solution of some elementary problem, or the meaning of some easy word. Needless to say, most of his remarks are addressed to the one or two ink-wells which happen to adorn the desk before him. It is only natural that a class of wayward youths, some of whom are "men" before they are boys, will not listen with rapt attention to the words of wisdom which the Student Teacher finds such difficulty in expressing. As time wears on and this little comedy, or tragedy as far as the feelings of the youthful teacher are concerned, is repeated, the instructor becomes bolder and more accustomed to his surroundings, and all his bashfulness as well as his uneasiness disappears.

Like the snail, he slowly but surely issues from his shell of timidity, and begins to assume that expression of stern command and authority which is a characteristic of older teachers. Soon, even the youthful scholars begin to notice this remarkable change, and gradually they begin to render to the Student Teacher that respect and obedience which they are accustomed to render to their older instructors.

The reader must not imagine that the troubles of the young teacher are now over, for in many cases they exist as

long as he remains apprentice to teaching. Much depends on the character of his surroundings. The instructors who are appointed to guide him in his profession, the character of the boys he is teaching, and his own intellectual abilities, greatly influence his ultimate success or failure.

The young teacher who finds himself under the care of masters who take a kindly interest in his labours, and who do not use him as a means of lessening their own work, is really fortunate. Again it is a terrible trial if he finds under his charge a class of boys who perhaps owing to their sordid surroundings are entirely without those elements of respect and obedience which charm all who come in contact with them. The third point, the intellectual ability of the teacher is of considerable importance. The welfare of the class as well as the discipline of the boys depends largely on the way in which the teacher imparts his knowledge to them. The young instructor who is concise, yet extremely simple in his explanations, will soon find that his work is bearing fruit, and to my mind there is nothing more encouraging to the youthful instructor than this.

Well, to return to my own experiences as a Student Teacher. I soon discovered that the monotony of teaching is often varied by circumstances and incidents which seldom fail to appeal to the humorous side of life. Only those who have been in contact with young boys can realize the peculiarity and often the remarkable wit displayed in their expressions and ideas. These ideas which the boys innocently and honestly express, especially in their essays, are often outlandish and bordering on the impossible. The ideas of the average small boy on such subjects as Arithmetic and Science are naturally very stunted indeed. To one who has gone far beyond the years of childhood and perhaps even beyond those of boyhood, who, moreover, has during his years in school or college been at last brought to that stage when he is capable of reasoning with tolerable accuracy, and of solving problems of average difficulty, to such a one it will at first be puzzling when he finds that the ordinary youngster is apparently incapable of grasping the most elementary facts especially in Science or Mathematics unless they are directly apparent to his senses. I had not pro-

ceeded far on my course as a Student Teacher when I discovered this, and I must confess that at first, owing no doubt to my inexperience, it almost led me to the brink of despair. Very often I exhausted all my energies in expounding some point scarcely worthy of being termed knotty, and when I had talked much on this particular matter, and thought I must surely have made an impression on the unsteady little mass of humanity that formed my unappreciative audience, I found to my disgust and disappointment that I was simply beating the air because they were but blissfully ignorant of the whole of my logical reasonings. Experiences such as these soon convinced me of the necessity of being extremely simple and concise in my explanations. I became convinced too that though the child's mind is very plastic, the education of a child must proceed slowly, that owing to its instability and want of concentration the successful teacher must contrive means to counteract these weaknesses. He must not try to build Rome in a day or to deluge the youthful mind with those floods of information that have little or no part in true education: his work must be as patient as that of the dripping water which wears away even the boulders on the mountain side.

Often when I happen to meet acquaintances, they ask me how I like my chosen profession. When I inform them of the contentment and happiness which I derive from teaching they immediately imagine I am one of the luckiest of human beings. The ideas of teaching as a profession, which one gets from individuals in other walks of life, are sometimes very ridiculous and amusing. They seem to imagine that the life of a teacher is one scene of perpetual sunshine. They cannot credit the idea that teachers earn their salary, and will often disdainfully declare that teachers are nothing more or less than "professional dodgers." Well, for my part, I get very little of the sunshine, and it is the general opinion of those who have, by experience and otherwise, probed the question deeply, that the teacher who conscientiously does his duty, is a far harder worked man than many who are engaged in some of our most worrying occupations.



Athletics.

THE FOOTBALL CLUB.

We offer the Captain and members of the 1st XI our heartiest congratulations on the splendid success they have achieved during the season which has recently closed. Though the reputation which individual members of the team had acquired during the previous season gave promise of success, yet it had to be remembered that most of the Secondary Schools of Liverpool and district had 1st XI's whose valour and skill in the football field were well known; and moreover, a few pessimists saw an evil omen in the defection of one or two of these "undesirables," whose sympathies are always estranged from their fellows, and whose presence in any community is so banal.

The C.I. has however, harboured the last of that "genus," and we feel doubly proud of the opportunity to congratulate our 1st XI. on their unparalleled success, as it proves that we have at last reached the point when we can dispense with the services of those "wabbling" journey men who are ever ready to sacrifice principle to expediency.

1st XI. played 18 matches during the season, and of these they won 16, drew 1, and lost 1. They scored 78 goals against the 26 of their opponents. These numbers are scarcely a fair representation of the strength of the team, because it frequently happened that they thought it advisable to put out a team composed largely of 2nd XI. men, and indeed their only defeat may be attributed to an error in the constitution of the team for the occasion.

Our opponents in that game put out a specially strong XI., because of the reputation which our team had gained, while our captain, unaware of the tactics of his opponents, went on the field with an unusually weak team. However, we are sure that the record which has been established during the last season will not be easily broken; indeed we fancy that the allocation of the "C. I. Football Caps" this year will not be a matter absolutely devoid of difficulty, unless those in authority adopt the simple but rather unlikely and even undesirable plan of presenting one to each member of the XI. We give short accounts of the closing matches of the season.

Catholic Institute v. Liverpool Collegiate School.

This game was decidedly in favour of C.I. team. Collegiates played well, but were almost the whole time on the defensive. Score C.I. 6 goals, Collegiate School 1 goal.

Catholic Institute v. Cantuarrians.

A very fast and most interesting game witnessed by quite a large crowd of spectators. Each team scored alternately, C.I. through Deane getting the winning goal. Score C.I. 4 goals. Cantuarrians 3 goals.

"Catholic Institute" League Team 1909

The proposal to affiliate a Team, composed mainly of last season's 1st XI, to the 2nd Division of the S. Lancashire A.C. was enthusiastically received by all the members. At the Annual general meeting of this League, the C.I. Team was, on the recommendation of the Secretary—Mr. J. Lishman—admitted, and we wish to express our gratitude to Mr. Lishman for his very appreciative remarks on our behalf on that occasion. At a recent meeting of members Mr. R. Twomey was elected Captain for next season. The sub-captaincy was voted to Mr. G. McNally while Messrs. J. F. Lacy and E. Concannon will be Treasurer and Hon. Sec. respectively. These, together with Messrs H. Seddon, W. Murphy and A. Hagan, constitute the Management Committee. We are sure that under such experienced and capable Officers this Team will do its part to maintain the footballing reputation which they did so much to establish for the C.I.

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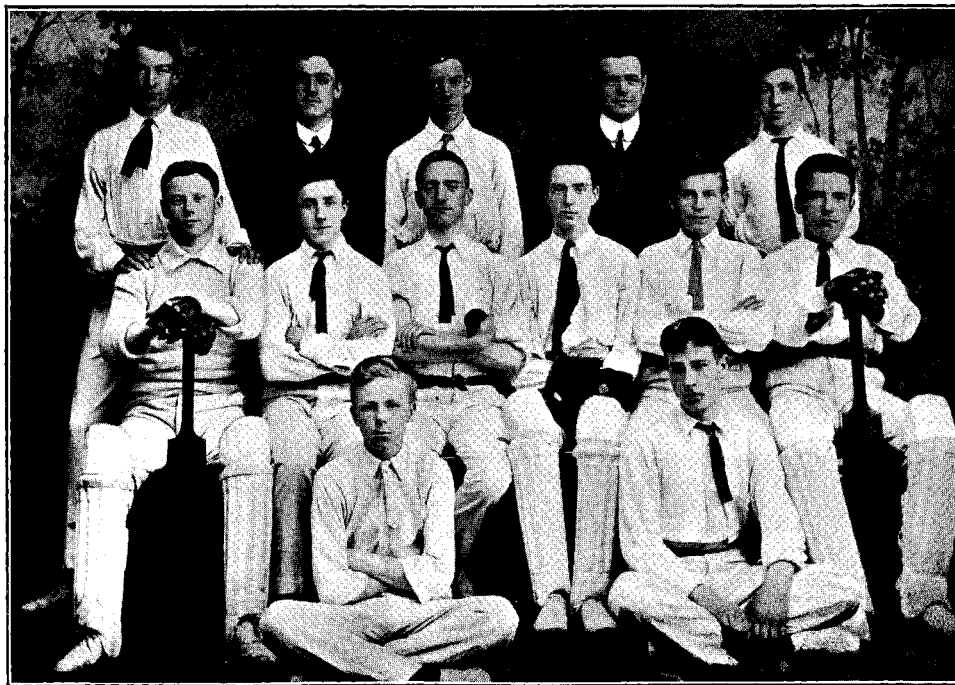
Liverpool & District Secondary School.

BY "CENTRE-HALF."

FOOTBALL SHIELD COMPETITION.

Our victorious progress in this competition has at last been checked, and alas! once again we taste the cup of bitter disappointment. It would seem that we are fated not to win that Shield, for twice have we appeared in the semi-final and twice an unfortunate eleven-hour defeat has been our portion. Defeat is all the more galling to us, when we realise that we have been debarred from the final, simply through the frowns of Dame Fortune. When

CATHOLIC INSTITUTE FIRST ELEVEN, 1909.



W. Murphy. J. F. Lacy, *Hon. Sec.* J. Ludden. Mr. B. Sharp, *Coach.* J. F. Ford.
A. Deane. H. McGrath, G. McNally. E. Concannon, *Capt.* H. Seddon, *Vice-Capt.* E. Rimmer.
W. Doyle. F. J. Tindall.

two teams draw three times in succession luck ultimately decides the game and so it has been with us. Unfortunately we have experienced all the bad luck, for two succeeding years have brought us the same series of "Draws," the same unfriendly weather conditions, and finished both cases by defeat.

Our first tie was with Holt Secondary School, whom we somewhat easily defeated by five goals to none. The Institute, kicking down a slope scored five goals in the first half, and then, in the second half, contented themselves with merely repelling the attacks of the Holt forwards and taking things easy generally.

The next round was against St. Helens Grammar School at St. Helens. This match needs no comment as the score 17—0 speaks for itself. St. Helens will no doubt have very unpleasant recollections of their first venture in the Shield tourney. Thus the C.I. entered the semi-final for the second time in two seasons, but the majority of us felt very pessimistical about the result when we knew we had to face the redoubtable Liverpool Collegiate. In the first half of the game the C.I. simply out-played the Collegiate at all points, and when half-time came were leading 2—0. Several good chances of scoring had been missed by the C.I. forwards and the former pessimists amongst us realised that it was only the over-confident "bragging" of the college that had frightened us. In the second half however the Collegiate got going and, chiefly owing to weak kicking by the C.I. full backs, succeeded in equalising. The result was thus a draw 2—2. The replay took place at Fairfield and more pessimists came forward with the ominous assertion that we could not win on the ground which had proved our "Waterloo" last season.

The C.I. scored first and crossed over with a one goal lead. Play evenly distributed in the second half, but a quarter of an hour from time the Collegiate outside left, when in a palpably offside position received the ball from the right wing and easily scored. Many neutral spectators were amazed when the referee allowed the goal and the C.I. partisans shrieked in protest. However the goal was given and we had to abide by it. Thus the result was another draw.

The third replay took place at Lance Lane, Wavertree, on the Old Xaverian ground. The weather was marred by a

drizzling downpour of rain which threatened to stop the game at an early stage. However the referee decided to go through with the game and the Collegiate kicked off up the slope.

The C.I. soon commenced to attack and half-way through the first half Kelly from a corner scored with a beautiful header.

Half-time came with the score 1—0 in our favour, and the saturated C.I. spectators raised a triumphant cheer. In the second half the Collegiate pressed, and Burke accidentally handling on the penalty line, McKee saved the ensuing penalty in sensational fashion. As full-time drew near the Institute devoted all their energies to repelling the Collegians. It was three minutes off time when the Collegiate obtained a corner. This was beautifully placed by their outside right, and the ball glanced off the knee of our opponents inside right into the net.

Hardly had the ball been centred again when the whistle went for full-time. The referee, regardless of the plight of the players, who were wet through and shivering with cold, ordered extra-time. The troubles of the Institute began immediately. The Collegiate pressed up the slope and scored what was asserted by very many to be an off-side goal. The C.I. defence then fell to pieces altogether, and the Collegiate scored another goal. The C.I. made loud appeals for a penalty, but the referee ignored their appeal. The Institute made strenuous efforts to lower the score, and two good chances of scoring were missed. Full time then came and the disappointed and wet-through C.I. supporters "Homeward plodded their weary way," some of the younger boys vowing vengeance on "those College kids" who had dared to taunt them as to "who has won the Shield now." Ah well! better luck next time, and next season we will test the validity of that popular school-boy maxim "The third time kicks the bucket."

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C. I. CRICKET CLUB.

The finish of our Shield tie with the "Collegiates" saw us doubly damped, externally by the drizzling downpour that lasted incessantly during the time of play and inwardly by the disappointment of a defeat which we were not prepared for, and which we believe was due more to

extraneous circumstances than to the inferiority of our team. Fortunately the holidays were at hand and we had thus an antidote which helped to dispel the humours of the weeks of anxiety and excitement through which we had passed. Soon we banished from our minds football with its attendant mud. We began to look forward to the long summer evenings when we would revel in sunshine and whites, and thoroughly enjoy our more sportsmanlike cricket because, fortunately, there would be neither League nor Shield.

A few days after our return for the Summer Term a meeting of the Seniors was summoned for the purpose of electing officers for the cricket club. When the business of the meeting had been announced G. McNally, who so ably captained both the cricket and football teams during preceding seasons, proposed that E. Concannon be captain for the present season. This was seconded by F. Lacy, and though it was quite evident that very many were anxious to see the captaincy again in the hands of McNally himself, yet he was so strong in his advocacy of Concannon, who undoubtedly had many claims to the position of honour, that all were unanimous in accepting McNally's proposal.

Concannon briefly thanked his co-frères for the confidence they had shown in him by electing him to the onerous position of Captain of the 1st XI and promised to use all his endeavours to make the season a success, and worthily maintain the record of his popular predecessor, McNally. Those present then voted for Sub-captain and the result of the poll showed that H. Seddon, our renowned centre-half, was elected to that position. The office of Secretary fell to J. F. Lacy, who, by his zeal and tact in the successful working of the "Magazine" has already gained a reputation, among all acquainted with his work, as a very competent Secretary.

Practice started immediately under the direction of Mr. B. Sharp, in whom all have the most implicit confidence, and we feel sure that our 1st XI. of the present season will maintain the high standard which the C. I. has already reached in its athletics as well as in the different branches of study.

The 2nd XI. elections took place immediately after those of the 1st XI. and W. Doyle, who gave such splendid dis-

plays in the Junior XI. last season, was elected captain by a substantial majority. For the post of sub-captain R. A. Caswall got the majority of votes, and we believe that in the selection of both Doyle and Caswall for these offices the 2nd XI. have shewn more than ordinary wisdom. Already they begin to experience the fruits of their choice, for we hear nothing else than victory from the 2nd XI. We append a brief account of the matches played up to date.

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Catholic Institute 1st XI. v. Liverpool Collegiate School.

Played at Wavertree, Saturday, May 8, 1909.

This match was eagerly looked forward to by both teams, owing to the keen contests between the two schools in the shield competition.

Concannon, winning the toss, decided to put the Collegiate in first. They did not start very well, losing two wickets for six runs. When the score had reached 16 the third wicket fell, and before any addition had been made two more wickets were down. The Collegiate found runs fairly difficult to get, owing to the good bowling and fielding of the C.I. and when the total was 26 nine wickets had fallen. A good stand was, however, made for the last wicket by Shepperd and H. Johnson, Shepperd scoring the runs while Johnson kept his end up, and the pair succeeded in carrying the score to 39, when Shepperd was caught by Deane.

A bad start was made by the C.I, the first three wickets having fallen when the score was but 2; but things began to look brighter when Deane, who came in at the fall of the third wicket, hit up 11 in a few minutes but was then caught out. When seven wickets had fallen for 28, it looked as though the C.I. might lose the match, but Seddon and Concannon becoming associated made the required runs, and were not separated until they had added 24 runs. The ninth wicket fell before any addition had been made; but Concannon and Ford added 17 for the last wicket, thereby bringing the total up to 69, and leaving the Institute victorious by 30 runs, Concannon carrying his bat for a well played innings of 29.

Liverpool Collegiate School.

Roberts, J P, c Concannon, b McNally	...2
Reynolds, run out	...1
Smith, c and b McNally	...5
Nugent, run out	...9
Wood, b McNally	...0
Watkinson, c McNally	...0
Shepperd, c Deane, b J. Doyle	...14
Johnson, J, b McNally	...0
Roberts, P E, c Doyle, b M. Nally	...0
Martindale, b J. Doyle	...1
Johnson, H, not out	...1
Byes 5, wides 1	...6
Total	39

Catholic Institute.

Kelly, b J Johnson	...1
Doyle, W, b H Johnson	...0
McGrath, b J Johnson	...0
Doyle, J, b H Johnson	...1
Deane, c H Johnson, b J Johnson	...11
Murphy, c Reynolds, b J Johnson	...2
Concannon, not out	...29
McNally, b Smith	...1
Seddon, c Smith, k Nugent	...7
Tindall, b Nugent	...0
Ford, c Watkinson, b Smith	...8
Byes 8, no-balls 1	...9
Total	69

Bowling Analysis—	O	M	R	W
McNally	9	3	16	6
Doyle, J.	9	3	16	2

Doyle bowled a wide.

* *

Catholic Institute 2nd XI. v. Liverpool Collegiate School 2nd XI.

Played at Wavertree, Wed. May 19th, 1909.

The Collegiate batting first made 56, but it does not speak well for the C.I. fielding, when it is mentioned, that "Mr. Extras" with 15 to his credit was top scorer.

The C.I. made a disastrous start losing two wickets before a run had been scored, and a third when the total was but 5. Ludden and Prendiville, however, carried the score to 41 when Prendiville was bowled, and O'Hara and Ludden made the 16 runs required to give victory to the C.I.

When stumps were drawn the C.I. had made 59 for the loss of but four wickets.

Liverpool Collegiate School.

Roberts, P E, b O'Hara	... 7
Carr, b O'Hara	... 0
Owen, b O'Hara	... 7
Morrison, c Rattray, b O'Hara	... 6
Barlow, c and b Ludden	... 8
Saxon, b Ludden	... 0
Agnew, c W Doyle, b O'Hara	... 3
Watts, not out	... 9
Martindale, b Ludden	... 0
Frazer, run out	... 0
Hollman, c W Doyle, b Ludden	... 1
Byes 13, leg-byes 2	... 15
Total	56

Catholic Institute

Tugwood, c Frazer, b Carr	... 0
Rimmer, b Carr	... 0
McKey, b Carr	... 0
Ludden, not out	... 32
Prendiville, b Saxon	... 19
O'Hara, not out	... 6
Caswall	... 0
Doyle	... 0
Aleman	... 0
Rattray	... 0
Woods	... 0
Byes	... 2

Total (for 4 wickets) 59

Bowling Analysis—	O	M	R	W
O'Hara	14	7	17	5
Doyle, W.	5	2	7	0
Rimmer	3	1	5	0
Ludden	5	1	12	4

Cath. Institute 1st XI. v. St. Margaret's High Grade School.

Played at Wavertree, Thursday, May 20, 1909

St. Margaret's, batting first, lost their first wicket before a run had been scored, but their remaining batsmen played well, treating McNally, who had been so successful against the Collegiate, with contempt. St. Margaret's compiled 55 before they were all dismissed.

With three wickets down for four runs, it looked as if the C. I. were in for a severe defeat, but thanks in a large measure to Concannon and W. Doyle, the score was carried to within six of that of St. Margaret's.

McGrath took 8 wickets for 20.

St. Margaret's.

Booker, b McGrath	... 0
Fisher, c Concannon, b McGrath	... 11
Lawrence, c Concannon, b McGrath	... 10
Bloomberg, b McNally	... 0
Paterson, c O'Hara, b McGrath	... 4
Weight, c Seddon, b McGrath	... 5
Colley, not out	... 15
King, run out	... 0
Watkinson, b McGrath	... 5
Frazer, st Concannon, b McGrath	... 0
Arberry, c Ludden, b McGrath	... 2
Byes	... 3
Total	55

Catholic Institute.

Tindall, b Colley	... 0
Ford, b Booker	... 0
Ludden, c Lawrence, b Booker	... 1
Concannon, c Booker, b Lawrence	... 14
Murphy, c Colley	... 3
McGrath, b Colley	... 2
McNally, c Watkinson, b Colley	... 0
Doyle, W, c and b Lawrence	... 14
Seddon, c Paterson, b Lawrence	... 6
Kelly, b Colley	... 2
O'Hara, not out	... 0
Byes 6, wides 1	... 7

Total 49

Bowling Analysis—	O	M	R	W
McNally	7	0	32	1
McGrath	7	4	20	8

C.I. 2nd XI. v Wallasey Grammar School**2nd XI.**

Played at Wallasey, Saturday, May 22nd, 1909.

The C.I. won the toss, and put their opponents in first. Thanks to the magnificent bowling of O'Hara and Rimmer, who bowled throughout the game, the first four wickets of the Grammar School fell for 10 runs. The remaining players did not stay at the wicket too long to tax the patience of the C.I. fielders. Although the fielding was far from perfect, the Grammar School compiled only 39 runs.

At the commencement of the C.I.'s innings the prospects were none too rosy when the first two wickets fell for a very small score. However, the team on the whole played a good batting game, Doyle and Kelly distinguishing themselves, and the frequent journeys of the ball to the boundaries raised the score and the hopes of the C.I. considerably. Kelly and Doyle played a fine batting game, their respective scores of 13 and 10 runs raising the score well past the required number of runs needed to win. At the fall of the last wicket the total was 57, 18 runs above the Grammar School score.

Wallasey Grammar School played a very good game in the field, and the C.I. victory was due only to the batting of the team.

Wallasey Grammar School — 39 runs (Rimmer: 6 wickets for 23 runs; O'Hara: 4 wickets for 11 runs.)

C.I. — 57 runs (Kelly, 13; Doyle, 10; Caswall and Tugwood, 6).

* *

Catholic Institute 1st XI. v. Wallasey Grammar School 1st XI.

Played at Wavertr. e, Saturday, May 22, 1909

Wallasey, batting first, did not commence too well but their tail "wagged" and carried the score to 41. F. Vaughan, who was top scorer for the Grammar School, was missed before scoring, but after that he played well. The Institute's fielding was as usual, excellent.

The C. I. made a few runs for the first four wickets but after the fourth wicket had fallen there was an inexplicable collapse, the last six batsmen being unable to score, some of them appearing to make no attempt to stop the deliveries of F. Vaughan and Egan and the innings closed with the score at 20.

Wallasey Grammar School.

Keven, c Tindall, b Murphy...	1
Stewart, b J. Doyle...	0
Egan, c Ludden, b Murphy...	0
Vaughan, F, c Sedden, b J. Doyle	14
Greville, c Deane, b McNally	5
Francis, c Ludden, b J Doyle	0
Vaughan, D, b McNally	3
Brampton, b McNally	2
Holden, c and b J. Doyle	5
Young, c McNally, b J. Doyle	3
Lever, not out	2
Byes	6
Total	41

Catholic Institute.

McGrath, b Egan	1
Seddon, b Egan	4
Murphy, c and b Brampton	2
Doyle, J, lbw b Vaughan, F...	2
Deane, b Vaughan, F	3
Concannon, c Vaughan, D, b Vaughan, F	0
Costello, c Vaughan, F, b Egan	0
Ludden, b Vaughan, F...	0
McNally, b Egan	0
Ford, b Vaughan, F	0
Tindall, not out	0
Byes 7, leg-byes 1	8
Total	20

Bowling Analysis—O M R W

Doyle, J	10.2	3	17	5
Murphy	5	3	8	2
McNally	5	0	10	3

* *

Birkenhead Institute 1st XI. v. Catholic Institute 1st XI.

Played on Birkenhead Victoria's Ground, Wednesday, May 26th, 1909.

This match was played on a ground saturated with rain, but nevertheless a fine game was witnessed.

Concannon, winning the toss for the fourth time in succession, put his opponents in first. Birkenhead had their full team out, but the C.I. had only ten players fielding. The Birks. played finely and had only lost three wickets when the score was 42, 16 runs were added for the next wicket, and before their innings terminated their score had reached 81, the highest total ever made against the C.I.

In spite of the fact that they had only ten men the C.I. fielded excellently, four players deserving special mention—Concannon for his splendid wicket-keeping, Murphy for the smart manner in which he ran Thomas out, McNally for his fine catch which disposed of Read. and Seddon for the magnificent manner in which he caught from a very high drive, falling in the attempt but sticking to the ball.

When the C.I. had lost three wickets for 3, it seemed as though Birkenhead were going to have a handsome victory, and when Concannon was out at 16, some of the C.I. team were hoping that the rain, which was coming down steadily would interfere with the match. But Rimmer and Murphy put a different complexion on the game by adding 40 for the next wicket, McNally and Rimmer then became associated, Rimmer simply thrashing the bowling, McNally was caught after making 5. Woods then came in and succeeded in keeping his end up until Rimmer had made the winning hit. The score was carried to 104 when Rimmer was bowled by Southerton.

Rimmer gave quite a Jessopian display. "Such terrific hitting," said a spectator, "has never before been seen on this ground." He three times hit the ball out of the ground; made eleven boundaries, one 3, five 2's and eight singles. Without him the C.I. would have been easily vanquished.

Birkenhead Institute.

Malley, b Murphy	21
Small, b McNally	7
Southerton, c Seddon, b McNally	10
Thomas, run out	12
Read, c and b McNally	10
Laurie, not out...	16
Shaw, e Tindall, b McNally	2
Evans, c Seddon, b Ludden	0
Mann, b McNally	0
Blundell, c McNally, b Ludden	1
Gray, b Ludden	0
Byes 1, wides 1	2
Total	81

(atholic Institute.

McGrath, b Thomas	2
Seddon, b Southerton	1
Ludden, b Southerton	0
Concannon, lbw b Thomas	9
Rimmer, b Southerton	65
Murphy, b Thomas...	8
Tindall, b Thomas	0
McNally, c Gray, b Southerton	5
Woods, c Mann, b Southerton	0
Costello, b Thomas...	0
Lacy, not out	4
Byes	10
Total	104

Bowling Analysis—	O	M	R	W
McGrath	3	0	16	0
McNally	7	0	40	5
Murphy	3	0	13	1
Ludden	2	0	10	3

FOURTH FORM CRICKET.

We are glad to learn that the Lecture Room has at last awakened to a sense of its responsibility in matters athletic. The winners of past laurels and the present upholders of our fair fame in the arena have been looking anxiously down along the ranks for indications of future prowess, and all too long have they been forced to feel that their hard won victories would but serve to emphasize disasters at a later date, when Middle school apathy had grown to Senior incapacity.

Now, however, a spirit worthy of our best records has breathed in the abode of science, and signs of a great awakening are making themselves manifest.—From IVa. has turned up in strength to cricket practice in all the glory of a new fit out.

To what presiding genius do we owe this marvellous transformation? What beneficent hand has imparted the impulse and supplied the energy by which such long-desired, and, Oh! so healthy results have been achieved?

Let us not pause to consider these questions but let us hope that the enthusiasm now aroused may be long-lived and may carry on our worthy IVth Formers to a future of noble effort.

At the same time we may be permitted to heave a sigh of pity for THE FEW who still hold aloof from their more energetic companions and cannot summon up courage enough to face the dangers (?) of the cricket field.

The following is to hand re the awakening in the cricket life of IVa:—

A rather informal meeting was held in the Lecture Room, on April 29th, to discuss matters relating to our new cricket team and to elect officers. There was a good attendance and the fellows showed themselves very much interested in the success of our venture. As the result of an election, R. Cunningham was chosen captain, and V. Atkin, sub-captain. When arrangements had been made as to times and places for practice, and other details settled, the meeting broke up.

We have had several practices since, and there seems to be good hope for the team. Our two left-hand bowlers, O'Donnell and Parker should do good work. All they need is practice and the



more they give themselves, the better, not only on cricket days but at every opportunity.

It is to be hoped that the training which we are now receiving will correct the faults of batting.

Might one suggest that certain of our team who read this should take an opportunity of watching the seniors fielding and they will find out that it is not by standing with folded arms that one is ready to catch or stop a ball, but by keeping one's eyes on the ball and both hands ready for action, prepared to pounce upon it as a cat upon a mouse.

Our fielding lacks life, though Gavin and Hennin should in time become good wicket keepers.

JUNIOR CRICKET.

At the beginning of the term a meeting of juniors was convened for the purpose of arranging cricket-teams.

Owing to the goodly proportion of the assembly three teams were formed right off. The average age of the members in the different divisions being 12, 11 and 10 years respectively. The election of officers was then proceeded with and keen contests were witnessed in more than one division. In the first division Willie Lamb was elected captain by a majority of one vote over the Sub-captain, Jack Shaw—who so successfully captained the young footballers during the winter months. Both these lads are proving worthy and energetic officials. In the second division Cyril Campbell was voted to the honourable position of captain, whilst Terence Brady through the favour of his class fellows was appointed Sub-captain. Certainly Herby Doyle who captains the fine little lads of the Preparatory Class seems as if born to rule.

So far the games have been well attended, the more enthusiastic never missing a practice. This is as it should be. There are, however, a few slopers among our young friends, as well as some half-hearted players, who field *with hands in pockets*, one eye on the ball, and the other on every bird that flies by. These half-hearted players must learn to regard "fielding" as a part of the game which is just as essential as "batting," and instead of becoming lazy and

indifferent when it is their turn to field they should willingly co-operate with their fellow players in endeavouring to get their opponents out. It is only the selfish, lazy boy, who is ready to bat but would shirk fielding. He who acts thus need never expect to be a good sportsman.

In cricket as in most things of this world proficiency is only to be arrived at by hard work and devoted attention. Therefore let all our would-be cricketers practise fielding zealously and give all their energies to the game whilst actually engaged in it. It is only by following a recommendation such as this that they can hope to become proficient in the noble art of cricket. Our Juniors must remember that in the course of three or four years, it is they who will be called upon to uphold the honour of the C.I. on the Cricket Field.

May 8th. Form II v. Form I.

Form II, 70 (Jones 14).

Form I, 69 (Maginn 44, Doyle 14).

June 2nd.

Junior XV. v. School 2nd XI.

JUNIORS.

Shaw, c and b Parker	5
Doyle, c Fitzgerald, b Caswall	14
Maginn, c McKey, b Parker... ..	2
Colligan, c and b Fitzgerald	1
Lamb, c McKey, b Fitzgerald	0
Kavanagh, c and b Fitzgerald	4
Lunt, b Fitzgerald	2
Conway, c Woods, b Fitzgerald	1
Black, c Tugwood, b Caswall	2
Parsons, c McKey, b Caswall	0
H. Doyle, c Tugwood, b Fitzgerald	0
Sullivan, b Fitzgerald	0
Goossens, c Prendiville, b Fitzgerald	0
Johnson, c McKey, b Fitzgerald... ..	1
Jensen, not out	0
Extra	1

SECOND XI.

Tugwood, c Colligan, b Shaw	0
Rattray, c Sullivan, b Lunt	0
Shortall, b Shaw	0
Prendiville, c Kavanagh, b Lamb	3
McKey, c and b Lamb	0
Aleman, c Conway, b Shaw... ..	8
Caswall, not out	4
Fitzgerald, c Goossens, b Shaw	5
Woods, b Shaw	0
O'Donnell, run out	0
Parker, c Maginn, b Lamb	3
Extras... ..	8

31



CATHOLIC INSTITUTE "JUNIORS."



A. Goossens, R. Colligan. T. Brady. H. Black. W. Kavanagh.
J. Shaw, *Sub-Capt.* J. Sullivan. B. Parsons. L. Conway. W. Healey. C. Rogi.
R. Lunt. R. Cross. W. Lamb, *Capt.* S. Doyle.