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# CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

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### EDITORIAL. *270*

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“The Nightingale that  
PLACE AUX in the branches sang, ah  
LA whence, and whither flown  
ELEVES. again, who knows!” We  
have kissed hands to the  
editor who flew off in a purple glow of  
his metaphors. We, ourselves, begin  
on a new plane. Our predecessor, who  
set the fashion of paragraph headings,  
swooped for many of his mottoes back  
to the depths of the Classics, but we,  
whenever the spirit moves, will try to  
glide gracefully through a little pedantic  
French or German, which must be our  
apology for the painfully brilliant title  
of this paragraph itself, appropriate  
however in this, that it shows our first  
care for our fellow-pupils. Good mor-  
row to you all then, especially you who  
have been moved up, and even you who  
wished you could glide back, since the  
higher the latitude, the more bracing—  
which is geography and reality, both.

OUR

The Upper Form Repertory Theatre is to be a  
“LEARNED reality, too, this term, and  
SOCK.” Aidan Dey’s “New Wing  
at Elsinore” will be pro-  
duced by the pioneer players of the 5th  
and 6th, as well as one serious, and  
one farcical play of school interest,  
specially written for the occasion. The  
experiment of Juvenile Repertory has  
been tried in Spain with some success,  
and there is no reason why the C.I.  
should not go a step further by getting  
the boys to write and act a play occa-  
sionally for themselves. That is the  
true test of worth, to spin the silk out  
of one’s own soul-spool; and even if we  
may not quite shake heaven with the  
excellence of our merit, we can at least  
rely on our own “gods” to look kindly  
on an original effort. So cultivate the  
tragic strut all you who hunger to be  
“leading men” or warm heroic lovers  
in our plot! And when next you think  
of squandering sixpence on a view of a  
drama in four acts and a revolver shot,

**Our University Scholars, 1910.**



**A. LAMBLE.      J. C. CUNNINGHAM.      D. E. O'DONOVAN.**

invest your money instead in pen and paper, and write a little playlet for yourselves.

Technically there is a moment in every boy's life when he grows suddenly aged inasmuch as he leaves his school and must be classed as an Old Boy for evermore. We hope all of our C.I. wanderers will remember their Old Boys' Association with its Football Section, Debating Society, Social Evenings, and other little amenities of committee and quorum. The masters are keenly interested in its doings, and the Brothers are naturally most anxious to forward its interests and assist at its meetings whenever time and the hour allow. So return to the fold, ye strayed ones!

Musically speaking, we are all in the crescendo stage. Br. Malone, Mr. Keegan, and Mr. Trowbridge are in harmony in every sense of the word and the results promise to be ecstasy itself. There are rumours of a musical opera and a high concert-festival of symphony, choir and blending of magic sounds such as Aladdin heard from the haunted waterfalls beside his cave. We learned to appreciate Mr. Keegan's efforts lavishly last year, and now that Mr. Trowbridge has charge of the vocal element we shall not be surprised with any triumph up to Tannhäuser.

Words fly fast and furious now at the C.I. since the School Debating Society has taken to solving the Shakespeare-Bacon puzzle, and the Old Boy orators thunder in the sky of Women's Suffrage and kindred passionate storm zones. There may indeed be something of the truth in the retort of a bewildered listener the other day who "brushed with the hiss of rustling words" gasped back, "It seems to me that you must have taken lodgings in a dictionary," which, of course, is but a sarcastic way of expressing the plain boy's scorn for all things intellectual, for, alas, some of our fellow-pupils are so bewildered with shields and shoulders that the moon takes on a leathery hue and the stars themselves are visions of spectators of some aerial Anfield.

## School Notes.

### The Examinations.

After battling for five days with the storm of Examinations, our stalwarts emerged from the fray with their brains in a whirl in which floated vague remnants of Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry, Literature, and French. However their equanimity was restored by the long but damp holidays which followed, and the results of the Exams. which came in due course entirely re-established the mental equilibrium of those, for whom the holidays were not a sufficiently powerful antidote. We generally look for big things at the C.I., and we were not disappointed this time, though some would-be prophets ventured to point their skinny fingers and tell us that we would unquestionably lower the flag this year. The opposite is, however, the fact, because the results of the University and Oxford Exams. show that we have at least done as well as in former years, and have even raised the standard in the junior sections. Four University Scholarships, a long roll of thirty Seniors, all of whom passed, most of whom got Honors and many of whom got Distinctions are an incontestable proof of the splendid work we have done. The same absence of failures and the award of Honors and Distinctions in our junior divisions bear testimony to the same thoroughness and efficiency, so that we are not ashamed to put ourselves side by side with the most worthy of our predecessors in the C.I. or elsewhere. We would only say to our successors "Go thou and do likewise."

### Mathematical Prize.

This special prize—two guineas—which is annually competed for by our senior mathematicians has been won this time by D. E. O'Donovan. Ever since his admission to the Institute Dan has been known for his mathematical ability, and, therefore, we were not surprised when it was announced that he was the winner of this prize. The results of the special Exam. held for the purpose of awarding this prize, show that he was closely pressed by Cunningham and Lambie, and therefore he is the more deserving of our congratulations on his success.

The following marks were obtained



by the various candidates out of a maximum of 400. D. E. O'Donovan 255, J. Cunningham 243, A. Lamble 217, T. J. Dunne 206, J. Wright 188, P. N. O'Hara 156.

### Institute Gold Medal.

This year's recipient of this much sought for prize will be J. Cunningham and we know that the whole school will agree in saying he has merited it. He got first place in the school examinations, was awarded a high place in the First Class Honors, best at the Oxford Senior Exam., and also headed our candidates at the Scholarship Exams., where he got second place. Moreover, he has taken an active part in the school games and has more than once made his presence felt at the meetings of the Debating Class. We, therefore, congratulate him on the honor he has won by being thus acknowledged first in the School in 1910, and especially when we remember the sturdy opponents with whom he had to contend in the competition for this honor.

### Institute Silver Medal.

The place of honor among our Juniors has been won by R. Cunningham and therefore this coveted prize has been awarded to him. He was first in the list of those who got First Class Honors at the Junior Oxford Local Exam. in the Catholic Institute and was also at the top in his Terminals. To him also we offer hearty congratulations.

### Rev. Br. O'Connell.

Forms IV. and V. heard with much regret on their return from the holidays that Br. O'Connell had bid adieu to Liverpool and had taken up his residence among the Yankees. We feel sure that the youths of All Hallow's Collegiate Institute, New York, where Br. O'Connell is now located will appreciate his sterling worth as much as his late pupils in this school, and while we all lament his departure from among us our best wishes accompany him in his new sphere of labour.

### Student Teachers.

What a change is to be noticed in the carriage as well as in the dress of those of us who have ascended the rostrum and become student teachers! A casual observer might not see the difference, but we can. The haughty, masterly look is bred nowhere except

in the master's chair, the serenity of visage is only acquired before an audience, and the spotlessness of the clothes proclaim at once that these individuals are no longer rough-and-tumble school-boys but teachers. Yet, when their reserve is broken down, many and varied are the opinions one gets as to the enjoyment of teaching. Some delight in it and pronounce it to be excellent, while others do not like it at all. Still it is a change for them to be the teachers of to-day when they themselves were the taught of yesterday.

### Pressed.

Journalism is like the footlights' flares, very bright and dazzling in front, but one never dreams of the black, heavy shadows in the wings. There is a fascination in both that is irresistible, and one of our most valued contributors has been lured from our amateur boards on to the bigger stage. O'Hara, who worked so well for the Debating Society, the Magazine, and many other activities at the C.I. has left us to join the staff of the *Keighley Herald*, where he already gives a proof of his merit. If he does half as well as we wish and expect him to do, then his career on the press will be brilliant indeed—more than brilliant enough to impart the lustre of the footlights to the wings, and to dispel those gloomy shadows which are wont to lurk there.

### Congratulations.

All who know our very popular and very successful Drawing Master, will join with us in offering him our sincerest congratulations on the unique distinction which he obtained last summer at the National Competition in Art. He was awarded the Gold Medal in Modelling Design, and we understand that he has now almost completed the necessary requirements for the Art Master's Certificate. We who know Mr. Wright's abilities in the domain of Art will not be surprised when we hear that still further honours have been accorded him.

### A Suggestion.

One of our budding philanthropists is sadly worried by the increasing number of pale faces, especially among the newcomers, and suggests a school gymnasium as the infallible remedy. We would recommend him to exercise his influence with these afflicted ones and get them

to turn up regularly for football. If they do this, and no improvement follows, he might perhaps let us know.

### New Comers.

We see the usual crowd of new faces again this Term and as usual the "Scholars" are well in evidence with their laurels fresh upon them. We hope these laurels will not fade and that they will get additions as time goes on. It is rumoured that there are some medallists among the crowd, and no doubt the captain of the 1st XI will soon unearth a few budding forwards, and perhaps a *Mac* or two in the near future. Our new friends must be convinced that there is a great future for them at the C.I., at any rate we hope they will supply material to fill up the breach left by some of the "stars" who have recently said adieu to us.

### 'The Old Order Changeth.'

Every year boys depart from us to various places and to different situations, but it is seldom that one hears of a scholar going as far as Australia. However, this year, Aidan Dey, well-known for his literary and athletic capacities, has gone from us to West Australia. If we judge him aright, he will be as successful in his new sphere as he has been in that of the student, because he is known to be upright, persevering and painstaking, to be a lover of truth, and to have great tenacity of purpose, which he has used before now in many a good cause.

### Back to the Alma Mater.

We are all very glad to see one of our Old Boys return to us in the person of Mr. J. Curtin, B.A., who recently completed his course at the 'Varsity. Some of us remember that Mr. Curtin was one of the first batch of Scholars that went from here to the 'Varsity, and we are pleased to know that his successful course there entitled him to his degree, which he received last June. He returns to us in the guise of French Master, and we hope that his career in this capacity will be as successful as his student years have been.

We are also pleased to welcome back Mr. J. P. McNulty another Old Boy who has completed his three years' course in Science at the 'Varsity. Mr. McNulty has been appointed Assistant Science Master, and will, we are sure,

be as great a success as we heartily wish him to be.

### Our Football XIs.

Things look fairly bright for our XI's this year. Unfortunately we have lost a half-back who might have done great things for us (and himself) had he remained a school boy a little longer, but then we have been compensated by the discovery of a promising "goalie" in Form IV. Our Shield men will, perhaps, lack some of the avoirdupois of former years, but we consider they are on the whole a more promising lot, and with regular practice may do the trick this time. It is a pity that we are so handicapped by the distance of the ground from the school, and therefore excluded from practice, otherwise our XIs seem capable of doing great things this season.

### Coming Events

November—the very name suggests dreary monotony, chilling fogs, wet half-holidays, and consequently cancelled fixtures, together with a host of other depressing thoughts. But this year we shall enter November at a higher temperature than ordinary, for during the first two days we shall have two of our annual Football Derby afternoons with S. F. X. and the Collegiate, though rumour has it that we shall have to defer the latter, owing to the advent of a number of His Majesty's Inspectors of Schools who are coming to spend some days with us. Let us hope that climatic conditions will be very favourable, at least during that week, and that our football and our guests may be able to revel in as much brilliancy as the natural dullness of the time and the humour of the Clerk will permit.

We are also informed that quite a treat, or rather a series of treats, await us in the early part of December—the latter part of this month is arranged as usual this year. A grand concert is being arranged for the benefit of the Old Boys' Association, and the whole talent of the C.I. Orchestra will be thrown in with the brilliant artistes who are usually at the Old Boys' Concerts, so that a fine programme is anticipated. We hope that the first concert of this kind will be generously supported. A number of minor theatricals as well as the Term Exams (!) are also fixed for the same period, and the Term will close with a grand Finale—Prize Day.

## The Revival of the English Drama.

Art is a term that, to the ordinary man, bears little or no significance though if one were to tell him that it is life in theory he would be astonished to hear that it could come in any way close to his own interests. To say to him that the drama, then, ought to be as important a section of governmental activity as the Department of Education is to affirm that men at no time cease to be children, in need of education at the end as at the beginning of life. To the theatre, then, all men ought go, as they go to church, to be enlightened, cheered and instructed. Such, to some extent, was the earliest aim of the drama which, developing in Greece out of anniversary services at the graveside of friends, or from the more probable grape-harvest festivals in honour of Bacchus grew, later, into the prolonged tableaux, in the vast open air theatres at Athens and the other leading cities of the country.

It is a far cry, indeed, from these remote ages of picturesque sky-roofed amphitheatres to our modern electroliered and upholstered houses, but now, perhaps, for the first time, in England a public, small as yet, is beginning to look to the theatre for some of those intellectual stimuli and penetrative criticisms of life which were the aim of the Grecian and Roman playwrights. One must always, of course, except Shakespeare from any destructive criticism of the English drama, but little else has survived to popularity, and, to some extent, this arises from the fact that other dramatists of the English speaking world looked away from life or, rather into those aspects of it which are too obvious to need distinctive stage representation. Happily, now, however, the mirror is being held up to nature again, at least to a nature conventionalised to suit the boards as, of course, no dramatist may picture the exact detail, any more than a sculptor can put the model of any human head on his statue, rather than a blend of the dozen most appropriate which he has seen. It is interesting then, briefly to consider this revival in the English drama, and around what centres it has grown, and singularly enough, its most striking exponents are

not all English, at least one Irishman, Shaw, being among its leaders and J. B. Fagan, A. Wharton, S. L. Robinson and many other Celts figuring as minor lights in the movement; one is not entirely justified indeed, in calling it an English movement at all since the return to realism is characteristic of the anti-romance reaction in the Scandinavian and Teutonic countries, the first big flag of discontent having been raised by Ibsen, who, himself a poet and symbolist of the highest order, nevertheless devoted his main energies to setting forth the hard realities of life in cold steely precision for the stage. It ought to be a source of pride to us in the North that Manchester now boasts the most cosmopolitan theatre in the British Isles, for the Gaiety playhouse in that city draws crowded and appreciate audiences to a repertory of works chosen from the ancients as well as the best of the moderns; Sophocles and Ben Jonson, Shakespeare and McEvoy, Molière and Synge often helping to fill the circles on successive weeks.

The Manchester experiment has been repeated at Dublin where the Abbey Theatre has already achieved much more than a local fame, and has provided a vehicle of expression for the ideas of some of the most brilliant of latter-day Irish thinkers. This theatre has, in "The Playboy of the Western World" of Synge, already given a masterpiece to the world and the "Kathleen ni Houlihan" of Yeats, as well as the "Gaul Gate" of Lady Gregory, are miniature classics in a new species of unconventional drama. Most striking of all, however, in this Irish movement is the wide range of professions and callings represented by the authors, who are members of no distinctive band of literati, as in England, but produce their works in the intervals of their democratic, and, often laborious lives; of this, indeed, no better proof can be adduced than a mention of the two most recent recruits to the theatre. T. C. Murray the author of "The Birthright," a tragedy produced last week, is the headmaster of a wayside school in County Cork, where the roar of modern civilisation is altogether still, and "R. J. Ray" another tragedian is a busy reporter on a Cork daily newspaper.

That these men, far removed from the accepted centres of dramatic activity, should be drawn to writing for the

OXFORD SENIOR HONORS, 1910.



E. Concannon. W. McMillin. J. Lovelady. R. Burke. D. O'Donovan. A. Lamble.  
 P. J. Hardy. J. Wright. W. Thomas. V. Atkin. J. Han on.  
 J. McInerney. R. A. Caswall. G. G. Kirby.  
 (P. N. O'Hara, A. Dey, and A. Atkin were unavoidably absent).

stage is, perhaps, the best possible tribute to the value of the Dublin theatre, which has thus made its appeal, not to the moneyed or leisured class, as the costume drama and the play of happy ending seem to do, but rather to the men of the people who feel with them and for them, and are driven, by their art to express in drama their fellow-feeling for their fellow men.

For us in Liverpool now there are happily many signs of the dawn of a new day for the local drama. The playgoer's society has already moved Ibsen into the scheme of Mersey thought, and no doubt, Galsworthy, Barker, Masefield, and the other purely English realists will yet be heard and discussed behind the footlights, though, perhaps, a Repertory theatre, will have to wait a while before it can achieve a success as great as it has had in Dublin or Glasgow, or Manchester. Meantime, however, we shall begin to build our own drama at the C. I., by inaugurating our juvenile repertory theatre on the floor of form VI room, some evening when the dusky shadows lend sufficient glamour to the stately stride of the ghost in that latest flicker of the imagination, "The New Wing at Elsinore."

D. L. K.

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## Our University Scholars, 1910.

The ranks of C.I. "Scholars" at the University have been strengthened by the advent of three additional "freshers" this session—J. C. Cunningham and A. Lamble, both of whom are Science Students, and D. E. O'Donovan, who has elected to study Engineering. All three were successful in the recent competition for Senior City Scholarships, eight of which are offered annually for competition by the Liverpool Education Committee. These Scholarships are tenable at the University of Liverpool, and the holder of one of these Scholarships is entitled to free admission to lecture courses and laboratory work in the Faculties of Arts, Science, or Engineering for a period of three years, together with a grant of £30 per annum. J. C. Cunningham obtained second place in this competition; A. Lamble and D. E. O'Donovan got fourth and eighth places respectively. J. Cunningham also

won the Rathbone Memorial Scholarship in May this year, but subsequently resigned this for that which he now holds.

These three latest additions to the ranks of the our University Scholarship Winners have had very distinguished courses at this school. At the Oxford Local Examinations they were awarded high places in Senior First-Class Honors and many distinctions; D. E. O'Donovan was, moreover, put at the head of the Distinction List in Senior Mathematics last March. We only wish them that same unbroken line of successes during their University course which was theirs during their years at the C.I., and we are sure that the same activity which made them prominent in every movement associated with the corporate life of this school, will also be a characteristic feature of their student life at the University. We sincerely sympathise with our only unsuccessful candidate this year, because it is merely the fortunes of war that hindered him from being among the lucky ones. We are quite sure, however, that better luck awaits him in the near future.

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## Liverpool's Patronage of the Pre-Raphaelites.

BY T. J. DUNNE.

For some time preceding the 13th century artistic production, both in England and on the continent was very small. The Religious revival brought about by St. Francis of Assisi was followed by an intellectual revival which rapidly changed this state of affairs. In the 15th century great impetus was given to art by the re-establishment of classical study and many fine schools of art flourished in various places, chiefly in Italy. These continued for many years changing their centres from time to time. Then came the 'reformation' which ruined, for a time, all arts in England, except music which had grown up in the service of the mediaeval church. When the ill effects of the 'reformation' had died out, various Schools of Art were formed, and developed along different lines, being influenced by contemporary literary and scientific movements. Thus were produced the Romanticists of Germany and the Pre-Raphaelites of England.



The chief incentive for the foundation of the latter body and of the artistic movement which it initiated, was the distaste which the young painters of the day, felt for the poverty-stricken conceptions and slurred execution which marked most of the art current in England, mingled with a sincere delight in those qualities of genuine invention, lofty feeling and patient handiwork which had been developed by European Schools. It was a mistake of some observers who noticed a scrupulous exactness and, sometimes, a plethora of detail, to suppose that the main concern of the artists belonging to the new movement, was with the details and not with the ideas. The Pre-Raphaelites wished to exhibit true and high ideas through the medium of true and rightly elaborated details.

One of the earnest young students of the day was Holman Hunt, who, already feeling his way as a practical painter, was led by circumstances to study in an exceptional manner, the works of the great masters. He perceived that, in every school, progress ceased when the pupils derived their style through dogmas evolved from artists' systems rather than from the principles of design taught by nature herself. He determined, therefore, for his own part, to disregard all arbitrary rules in vogue in existing schools, and to seek his own path in art by that patient study of Nature on which the great masters had founded their sweetness and strength of style. Thus, for his own development, and without any idea of forming a 'school' he began to study with exceptional care and frankness those features of nature which were generally slurred over as unworthy of attention. For this purpose he found most timely encouragement in an enthusiastic outburst by Ruskin. At this time there sprang up a friendship between Holman Hunt and Millais, who was already, at the age of 17, the precociously efficient medal student of the Royal Academy. Dante Rossetti was also fascinated by the newly revived principle of striving after nature.

In 1849 he placed himself under the tutorship of H. Hunt, at the Studio in Cleveland Street, where he followed a course specially devised for him by the older student, to enable him to cope with the difficulties of a picture undertaken in pure experiment, in which he finally triumphed. This picture is now well

known as the "Girlhood of the Virgin."

The three artists representing the Pre-Raphaelite movement appeared in the exhibition of 1849. Millais' picture was "Lorenzo and Isabella;" Hunt's "Rienzi;" and Rosetti's the "Girlhood of the Virgin." They received the most flattering attention, but the following year a storm of enmity was raised against them. Many journals joined in the onslaught, but the most damaging attack was one made by Charles Dickens in his "Household Words." The spirit of jealousy and injustice, which was rampant, was denounced by Ruskin, who also pointed out the beauty and merit of the work.

Despite the adverse criticism with which the works of the Pre-Raphaelites were then almost universally received. Liverpool had sufficient artistic taste to recognise this merit, and the courage to support financially her decision in its favour. She encouraged the artists of the new school by buying their pictures which are to-day among the most valuable in the permanent collection at the Walker Art Gallery.

Among these may especially be noticed the wonderful "Triumph of the Innocents" of Holman Hunt, wherein a band of laughing children dance in ecstatic circles in and out of rainbow colours along the road by which St. Joseph and the Child and His Mother are proceeding to Egypt. The detail of this picture is wonderfully minute even to the last bright point of the white stars piercing through a sky intensely dark, and symbolic of the gloom and danger left behind.

It is often argued however, that when a person looks at any scene, be it landscape or seascape, he does not catch all the minute details which the Pre-Raphaelites took the trouble to paint in their pictures. But it must be remembered that it is the same with the painting as with the actual scene. It is only on close examination that any of the details are noticed, and then it is a pleasure to find the representation exact and true to life. How often have people been heard to say when examining a picture Yes, it looks very well from a distance, but closely scrutinised, it is a mere blotch." This is an argument which can never be justly urged against the paintings of

that school founded with such great difficulty by Hunt, and destined to leave such an interesting if impermanent impression on the development of art in these islands.

## The Debating Society

**W**E have already had several interesting debates this term. Kirby had a task somewhat of the nature of that of Sisyphus, when he attempted, but vainly, to convince the football enthusiasts of the Vth and VIth that the Shield was an obnoxious institution. Colgan was placed in a similar position when he assailed our steadfast belief in Shakespeare, although he answered all questions with equal promptitude. On another occasion the nine muses, or at least five of them, fought fiercely for superiority, and in the end Mr. Keegan's opinions gave the crown to Music. The following is a list of the dates to come, and the programme, which, as we see, contains the great genius of many of our masters, promises to be extremely interesting. The name opposite each subject is the opener for that debate.

"A great Historical epoch," Mr. FARRELL.

"The boy-types in Dickens," T. SHENNAN.

"Is 'Silas Marner' true to life?"

R. A. CASWALL.

"Lohengrin," Mr. KEEGAN,

(With Musical Illustrations).

"The Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, or Welshman; which has the finest character?"—J. LUDDEN, A. WHITFIELD, A. O'NEILL, E. RIMMER, (respectively).

"Do Englishmen take their pleasures sadly?"

T. J. DUNNE.

"Is war profitable?"—V. ATKIN.

"The historic Rhine"—Mr. BUCKLEY.

"Which has done the most for civilization; the Soldier, Sailor, Engineer, or Chemist?"—P. BANNON, M. O'CALLAGHAN, T. CARROLL, C. O'DONNELL (resp.).

"Are school-boys conceited?"—D. REDMOND

"The uses of the Imagination"—

Mr. MCNULTY

"Slavery, what is it?"—O. WAREING.

J. MCINERNEY, *Hon. Sec.*

## Railway Electrification.

BY F. J. TINDALL.

No doubt we have all, at some time or other launched forth mentally on some thrilling and exciting adventure in the exhilarating company of H. G. Wells or of Jules Verne. Immediately we are introduced into the Dominions

of King Electricity our weak little minds are themselves electrified when we discover how very extensive these dominions are. Wonderful as they seem, however, we cannot doubt the possibilities of those things that are disclosed to us, for almost every day some new and clever invention is brought before the public eyes and improvements are continually being made in our already highly efficient working systems.

Recently a joint meeting of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers and the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, two very important factors in the Engineering world, was called to discuss whether sentence of death be passed on steam locomotives, and they be completely superseded by electric traction. Several very interesting papers were read by different authorities, and it was the universal opinion that by electrifying our railway system a vast improvement would be brought about. It was averred that the prosperity of a nation is very largely dependent on the means of inter-communication of the people and consequently any change, such as the suggested alteration in the working of our railways, which would facilitate this intercourse, must be looked upon as a national benefit.

Some of the many advantages which electric working may claim can be seen by considering a few points. No one will deny the importance of a machine which can be relied upon to answer to every call upon it, and in this respect the electric train is far superior to the steam engine. Electric development has now advanced to such a degree that in such matters as freedom from breakdowns there is little to be desired. It is very seldom that power stations, substations or transmission lines are put out of action and even then the cause is some extraordinary accident. At present there is a great demand for increased power and here again the steam locomotive takes a back seat. Though it can give a high speed it cannot maintain it for a great length of time because its power is limited by the capacity of the boiler. The electric locomotive is supplied with unlimited power from the station and thus can keep up a speed for a time which, with its rival, would be utterly impracticable. Again we have to consider shunting. When a train drawn by a steam engine arrives at the terminus the engine has to be

shunted on to another line in order that it may be coupled to the other end of the train ready for the return journey. This arrangement is not always convenient and a train may have to wait until the adjacent line is unoccupied. With the electric train this difficulty is obviated and trains can and do come into stations on adjacent lines without being in each others way.

Despite the many good reasons for this transformation, however, there is at present very little prospect of a general electrification of railways. The railway companies, and in fact all those people concerned, are very far indeed from being convinced that the advantages accruing from the change would justify the tremendous expense incurred. It may be taken for granted that, for the present at any rate, the steam engine will remain supreme monarch of the main lines, while it may also be taken for granted that in the near future changes will occur in the working of suburban lines. Many of these lines have been seriously affected by the competition of tramways and in some cases this loss has been so great that the companies have entertained the idea of allowing their suburban traffic to go completely and devoting their attention solely to the main lines. There is the alternative of deposing steam in favour of Electricity and the results where this has been tried have been so encouraging that companies are beginning to view their difficulties from a more optimistic standpoint. The London Brighton and South Coast Railway have found, in converting the South London Line to electric traction, a means of recovering from the tramways the traffic which they had lost, and, as a result, have decided to extend this system to their other lines. Where the service is frequent and the distance between the stations short, electrification is especially advantageous. Many of the electric railway companies fail to perceive that they cannot achieve phenomenal success without reducing their fares to those charged by the competing tramways. When this point is thoroughly understood, however, companies need have no doubt as to the result of banishing "Puffing Billy" from their suburban lines.

## THE SYMPHONY.

BY MR. J. KEEGAN.

The highest development in purely orchestral music is generally considered to be the symphony. The music dramas of Wagner may or may not be greater works of art than the symphonies of Beethoven, but these dramas owe much to the sister arts of poetry and painting, and cannot be judged as mere musical compositions. In the symphony, music stands alone. It borrows nothing from poetry or painting, nothing even from the language of human intercourse. In this form, music is free to suggest thoughts which lie too deep for expression in words.

The real creator of the symphony was Haydn. It was developed by him from Sonata, which had sprung into existence during the previous century. Speaking generally, a sonata is a more or less elaborate musical composition for one or two instruments. It consists of three or four different movements, the first and last of which are usually more or less lively, whilst the second is generally of a slow and dreamy character. Since Haydn adopted the sonata form when he created the string quartet and symphony, we may define the latter as a sonata for the orchestra.

Haydn wrote altogether one hundred and twenty symphonies. Many of his greatest works were composed in England, and underwent their first public performance in London. England, although she has produced hardly a single really great genius in music, has always given the great musicians an appreciative reception.

Beautiful as these symphonies are, many of the public found it difficult to keep up their interest for forty-five consecutive minutes, in purely orchestral music. The effect on the audience was much the same as that of a long sermon. Many of the audience settled themselves for a quiet nap, as soon as the lively music ended and the slow movement began. For the benefit of the drowsy members of his audience Haydn planned his surprise symphony. This, one of the most beautiful of his symphonies, begins with the usual bright and lively movement. Its peculiar feature lies in the *andante*, the second movement. The first eight bars of this movement begin very quietly, and one can imagine the audience composing themselves for their usual



nap. The next eight bars are a repetition of the preceding bars, the orchestra playing still more softly. By this time the drowsy persons in the audience are all asleep, when—crash—goes the whole of the orchestra, from the big drum to the first violin. This effectually awakens his audience, and Haydn now proceeds to unfold the beauties of the andante, and weaves the apparently uninteresting theme with which he started, into a variety of beautiful forms.

Each movement of a symphony may be regarded as a painting in sound, or better still, as a combination of design and painting. Just as the artist fixes on a certain figure as the basis of his design, so the musician fixes on a certain theme as the basis of his composition. The artist, having chosen the groundwork of his design, proceeds to weave it into a variety of beautiful combinations. In the same way the musician closes his theme with a variety of harmonies, so as to invest it with as much interest as possible. The addition of colouring to the composition by the judicious use of the varied resources of the orchestra is the next thing necessary. It is here that the great symphony writers excel. The little touches of colour which the various instruments give to the symphony endow it with a very high order of beauty. Notice particularly in the andante from the surprise Symphony, how different the same theme appears on the violin, on the viola, and on the oboe. Each instrument seems to give rise to fresh colouring and to reveal new beauty in the theme. Thus the composer moulds his symphony like some mighty painter, using the various instruments as his colours, and producing a picture which will remain for ever uncorroded, which will remain for ever as the inheritance of mankind.

## For the Young Folk.

### COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO.

Chantecler was a French Cock-a-doodle-doo. He was certainly the most handsome cock in the world, and the loudest and boldest of crowsers. His plumage shone like fine gold in the sunshine, his bill was jet black, his comb rose above his head like a red flower, and he carried himself proudly like a king of birds. No clock was so good a time

keeper as he was. Regularly every morning he gave men notice when the sun was about to rise.

Jumping up on the wall of the farm-yard over which he reigned, he flapped his wings and stretched his throat, and gave such a clario call that everybody in the valley was at once roused from sleep.

In the course of time Chantecler became filled with the pride that goes before a fall. It is said that he even told the old hens and wee chicks that it was his crowing that drove away darkness and made the sun rise up in the sky. So Dannie Russell a sly old fox, who had been prowling round the farm for two or three years, resolved to capture Chantecler by playing on his vanity. He lay in wait in a wood outside the farm.

It must be confessed that Chantecler governed his hens wisely and kindly. He never allowed them to wander into any place of danger. If they wanted any delicacy that was only to be had in the wood, he went there to fetch it for them, trusting in his quickness of eye and strength of wing to escape any lurking foe. He was busily engaged in searching for some insects beneath the trees, when he caught sight of the fox hiding in the bush. As he raised his wings to fly away, cunning Dannie said;

“My dear friend Chantecler, I have only come to hear you sing. Please do not fly off. I knew your dad very well.”

“Could he crow as well as I do?” said Chantecler still keeping at a distance.

“He had a voice of divine beauty,” said the fox. “I have often watched you singing on the farm yard wall, but though, in my humble opinion your voice is even superior to your father’s, you do not use it quite so well. You could produce a far louder tone.”

“How? said Chantecler, coming a little nearer.

“By adopting your dear dad’s way of singing,” replied the fox.” He used to stand on tip toe and stretch his throat out to its utmost length, and then close his eyes and put his whole strength into his crow. Ah! it was beautiful. How charming and graceful he looked. The recollection of that crow, which sad to say I never more shall hear, thrills me, O, “Chanty,” do just see if you can surpass your dad.”

Deceived by the wicked flatterer,

Chantecler stretched out his neck and closed his eyes, and began to crow. In an instant the fox had him by the throat, and was running off with him. Now was the time that Chantecler showed what a voice he had. He made such a clamour that everybody in the farm was aroused. Out ran the good wife and her two daughters, and their brave dog collie; and the cow, and the calf, and the very pigs joined in the pursuit. Some neighbours came to help, and, helter-skelter, away they all tore—men, women and animals,—to the rescue of Chantecler

“Stop the fox!” cried the good wife. “Stop him! he has stolen my fowl!” But no one got near enough to stop the thief. Chantecler however had not lost his wits, and he meant to pay Russell back in his own coin; and while the pursuers were shouting to the fox, Chantecler said to him:

“Tell them that it is of no use, and that you have got me and intend to eat me.”

As the fox opened his mouth to speak, Chantecler escaped and flew high up on a tree, and did not come down till his friends arrived. With them he returned to the farm yard, a wiser bird.

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## BILL AND JOE!

With that light and graceful touch which distinguishes everything from his pen, Oliver Wendall Holmes, the famous American poet, gives us here a picture of beautiful friendship. Bill and Joe are two old men, both of whom have earned fame and stand high in the world's esteem. But to each other they are still “boys together.” In the last line of the poem the words “*hic jacet*” means “here lies,” and were formerly much used in tombstone inscriptions.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by,  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail  
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,  
And mine as brief appendix wear  
As Tam O' Shanter's luckless mare;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied  
prize  
And grand you look in people's eyes,  
With H O N. and L L. D.  
In big brave letters, fair to see—  
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—  
How are you Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;  
You've taught your name to half the  
globe;

You've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You've made the dead past live again:  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say  
“See those old buffers, bent and gray.  
They talk like fellows in their teens!  
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it  
means.”

And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe!

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side;  
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—  
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go—  
How vain it seems, this empty show!  
Till all at once his pulses thrill—  
'Tis poor old Joe's “God bless you Bill!”

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
The names that pleased our mortal ears;  
In some sweet lull of harp and song  
For earth-born spirits none too long,  
Just whispering of the world below  
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here  
No sounding name is half so dear;  
When fades at length our lingering day,  
Who cares what pompous tombstones  
say?

Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet* Joe. *Hic jacet* Bill.

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## ON GHOSTS.

BY J. V. DUNNE. (Form IV.)

“Speak! speak; thou fearful guest!  
Who, with thy hollow breast  
Still in rude armour drest,  
Comest to daunt me!  
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,  
But with thy fleshless palms  
Stretched, as if asking alms,  
Why, dost thou haunt me?”

Ghosts! Why, ha! ha! now who  
ever heard of such a thing: it is all  
fancy, and as old Scrooge, in Dickens'

tales, says "Bah! Humbug!" This is the kind of talk one hears when the subject of discourse turns to ghosts, but the speaker will find that all his hearers do not, by any means, agree with him. By this I do not mean to say that anyone will see ghosts taking walks on a country road at midnight, or playing billiards with skulls on the tombstones in lonely church-yards, neither do I mean to say that any one will see ghosts or spirits at all, as a general or even extraordinary phenomenon, in this portion of the world's history. What I do mean to say is, that they did exist, in times which have been and are gone, like the life of a human being or the existence of a summer flower. One instance, which is a well-known scriptural fact, is the raising of Samuel's ghost by the witch of Endor, and there are other examples which may be added to the list of numerous tales and facts, helping towards the proof of the existence of ghosts and spirits in former years.

A large number of people imagine that they have had the honour of seeing a real live spectre, and it afterwards turns out that their ocular organs have basely deceived them and their fancied "ghost," happens to be a white sheet hanging on a line to dry. I say a "white" sheet; I don't know why it is, but a ghost must always be dressed in white or he is not genuine. People would as soon believe that a friend of theirs had gone to a funeral in yellow, as that a ghost need not be dressed in white.

Imagination plays a principal part in the seeing of ghosts and the hearing of weird and unearthly sounds. A person may be walking along a lonely country road on a stormy night, when the wind is whistling and moaning amongst the rustling leaves, as if telling its tale of woe or bewailing the fate of others. Everything becomes weird; he hears footsteps coming after him; phantoms from the shades of death spring up on every side of him, and he seems to be hemmed in by infernal spectres. A paper blows across his path, and he thinks some unknown visitor is rising out of the earth to tell him some secret, or to work his doom. Then he arrives home in a most nervous state of mind, while his ghostly companions kindly leave him at his own door.

So it is that genuine ghosts are now almost unknown, like a great log fire,

once burning brightly, but which has, during the course of ages gradually died out, until nothing is left but a shadowy glimmer of the past. They are, from an educational point of view, utterly absurd, but imagination will do its duty and neither ghosts nor spectres accompanied by their appalling qualities will be ever entirely effaced from the human mind. I do not know of ghosts ever appearing in Liverpool. As I have already stated imagination plays a great part in the seeing of these apparitions, and as far as my experience goes Liverpoolians are nearly, if not altogether, devoid of that poetic faculty. We seem to be too matter of fact in this commercial city of ours, where everything is barter, eternal barter. No, I don't believe that ghosts, ever visited Liverpool, except when they were invited to place an order for shrouds with some of our merchant drapers. I really think however that if some of the "Scrooges" of the City were condemned after death to visit the scene of their earthly labours, to atone for their iniquities—they would be seen at midnight encumbered by a regular chain of monstrous ledgers, cleaning the smoke-begrimed walls of their former offices, or perhaps—after the manner of Sisyphus, rolling a gigantic bale of cotton up the steps of St. George's Hall.

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## A Great Catholic Historian.

The early part of the nineteenth century has been styled the dawn of the Catholic Revival in England, and among the notable characters of that time and to whom this Revival was more or less due, there is no one who may more justly claim the attention of his fellow country men and especially of his fellow Catholics than Dr. Lingard, the celebrated historian. It is strange that a popular account of the life and works of that great and learned man has not yet found a place in the catalogues of our Catholic publishers, and if Dr. Lingard and his works are not as thoroughly appreciated as they might be it is because the generality of Catholics know so little of him, dependent as they are, for information concerning him on notices given in volumes that are not within reach of the average reader.

John Lingard was born at Winchester

in 1771. He was the only son of pious Catholic parents whose ancestors, during the period of the penal laws, had suffered much for their staunch adherence to the faith. In consequence of the repeated fines and imprisonments, that had been inflicted on them for their religious beliefs, they had been reduced almost to poverty, and consequently Lingard's parents possessed very little of this world's goods, and Lingard himself, like many others who have risen to greatness, had during his boyhood but few of the conveniences and opportunities that riches can give. An exceptional piety and brilliant talents brought the youth to the notice of his pastor, who in turn recommended him to Bishop Challoner as a very suitable candidate for the priesthood. Unhappily as it seemed for young Lingard, this zealous priest and Bishop Challoner were both called away from the scenes of their earthly labours before any steps could be taken to carry out their intentions concerning him, and for the moment his chances of studying for the priesthood had vanished. The new rector, Rev. John Milner, soon learned the fine qualities of the boy and induced Bishop Talbot, the successor to Bishop Challoner to send him to the English College at Douay.

Douay College had been for many years the nursery of most of the English Catholic priesthood, because it was penal for Catholics in those dark days to establish such an institution in this country. From its halls came forth some of the most zealous and most renowned of our clergy, and consequently when we find that, during his student days at Douay, Lingard won the esteem and admiration of his contemporaries, we have every tangible evidence of his exceptional ability and of his virtuous life. Imbued even from his very early years with a passionate love for history, which, it is stated, was fostered by his good mother,—he had read in the original Greek and Latin, all the available authorities in Roman History that were then extant before he had reached the age of 19. Moreover, he was thoroughly conversant with the Sacred Scriptures, and had a splendid knowledge of Hebrew so that it is not surprising to find that even at this early age he was offered the chair of Biblical Exegesis at Maynooth College, which offer he declined. With the exception of one session during

which he held a minor professorship he continued his studies until the advent of the French Revolutionists at Douay. The College and its inhabitants had to suffer much from these advocates of liberty and fraternity, and it was with considerable difficulty that, when war was declared with England in 1793, Lingard and other Douay students managed to escape from France.

Back again in England we find him acting as tutor to one of his late pupils at Douay,—the son of Lord Stourton, with whom he resided only for a short time. It was imperative on the ecclesiastical authorities to provide for the continuance of the work done at Douay, and as return to France was absolutely impossible, the Vicar Apostolic of the Northern district, Bishop Gibson, in 1794, rented Crook Hall, near Durham, and accommodated there the late students of Douay. This good Bishop was not unmindful of the sterling worth of Lingard, and consequently he requested Lord Stourton to free him from his tutorship which the latter graciously did. Studies were immediately begun at Crook Hall under the presidency of Rev. T. Eyre with Lingard as vice-president, and thus was established the nucleus from which sprung the flourishing Ushaw College of to-day. Lingard was ordained priest by Bishop Gibson at York in 1795, and at the death of Father Eyre in 1810, two years after the transfer of the College to Ushaw, he was appointed President.

It was by no ordinary coincidence that Lingard found himself in the midst of surroundings that had been hallowed by their association with the Venerable Bede, and it is not surprising that, notwithstanding his arduous duties at Ushaw, his love of Anglo-Saxon history was more deeply inflamed, and that he devoted much of his time to the study of that period when England was a stronghold of the faith. He wrote much during these years and has left us in his "Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church" some of the fruits of his researches in the history of the Church in Anglo-Saxon times. He also wrote a number of Articles and Essays for various periodicals, and in fact became so absorbed in literary pursuits that he resigned the Presidency of Ushaw, and at his special request was appointed to a small Lancashire mission at Hornby near Lancaster, where in the calmness of a rural retreat,

and unhampered by pressing missionary duties, he might have more facilities for pursuing his favourite studies.

The vast majority of his writings up to this time was of the pamphlet type, and no doubt did much to disabuse many of his fellow-countrymen of their strange ideas regarding the Catholic Church. Several of Lingard's friends, and even his publishers, recognising the intrinsic merit of his writings, urged him again and again to prepare a work which would claim more serious notice from learned men who were not members of the Catholic body, than pamphlets could; and when it was definitely suggested to him to write a history of England which might be used in Catholic schools, he was very reluctant to undertake a work of such prodigious magnitude, though as the event proved no one was better qualified to do so than he. A history of England from the Catholic standpoint was at that time something extremely novel, and it is not surprising that when Lingard had prepared the Mss. for the first volume few publishers, even of those who had the utmost esteem for his great literary ability, were willing to undertake the risk of publishing it. At last a publisher was found, who took the Mss., but even he was hesitating at the last moment until he shewed the work to Lord Holland, who agreed to read it through, and moreover assured him that "Lingard is the only Englishman capable of such an undertaking." The result of Lord Holland's intervention was that the publisher gave Lingard a cheque for a thousand guineas in pledge of his good faith.

The volume appeared in due course, and was followed by others. In 1830 eight volumes of the history dealing with the period up to the Revolution of 1688 were already published. The work was not slow in winning the admiration of learned men, not only in England, but on the Continent, and we find that it was translated into French and German, as well as into Italian—this last, at the request of Pope Pius VII. Few books have exercised a more powerful influence than Lingard's History of England, and it is scarcely too much to say that the change in the minds of English Protestants, which culminated in the Oxford movement and the Catholic Emancipation Act, may be traced, partially at least, to the influence of Lingard's work. It was a Herculean task to

accumulate the mass of information necessary for so great an undertaking, but greater and more serious still was the breaking down of the barriers of un-scholarly bigotry and gross misrepresentation which held sway in the historical mind of England at that period. It is but too true that Lingard's priestly character led many to doubt his statements and to suspect his motives, but at least he awakened in these minds an historical curiosity which provoked doubts about the accuracy and solidity of many of the generally accepted beliefs in those historic themes where the relations between Protestants and Catholics merge. It is not easy for men who pin their faith to the statements of Hume and writers of his historic calibre, to accept a contradiction from a Catholic historian, especially when he happens to be a Catholic priest, but it will perhaps be sufficient evidence of the historical value of Lingard's history when such an authority as Lord Acton pronounces him to be a most impartial and a most trustworthy historian. Lingard paid his first visit to Rome at the very time he was writing his History of England, and though he had recourse to the celebrated Vatican library it does not appear that he was able to utilise it owing to the absolute disorder produced by the recent French occupation. He continued to live at Hornby among the quiet country scenes which he loved so well. At one time it was proposed to recommend him for a bishopric, but the proposal was negated through the intervention of one who was no longer Lingard's friend, and indeed Lingard was himself quite opposed to accepting ecclesiastical dignities. He was too imbued with the spirit of the student to desire such things. Later on Pope Leo XII urged him to come and take up his residence in Rome, and it is pretty clearly established that it was the intention of his Holiness to make Lingard a Cardinal, but the death of the Pope prevented the accomplishment of what after all would be a just recognition of Lingard's great work. He still continued at his favourite Hornby, a simple missionary priest, still pursuing his favourite study, and beloved by all, both Protestants and Catholics, who had the good fortune to be acquainted with him. The genuine worth of his writings had been widely recognised, and he was admitted a member of the French Academy in



1839. That he had laboured for other motives than zeal for the truth, and a sincere desire to dispel the thick fog of misrepresentation in which the Catholic in England was enveloped cannot be entertained. Perhaps the most convincing proof of his utter disinterestedness is that he used very little of the proceeds of his labours for his own private purposes, but allocated it to the establishing of burses for needy students and to the building of a church for his parishioners. Towards the end of his life he, himself, well nigh tasted poverty owing to the failure of his bank, but a grant of £300 given him by Lord Melbourne out of the Queen's privy purse enabled him to overcome his difficulties. He died at Hornby in the year 1851, and in compliance with his dying request, he was interred in the cloistral cemetery of Ushaw College. Surely there was the fittest resting place for the mortal remains of him who had done so much to initiate in this country the new era of Catholicism which Ushaw must ever typify. It was indeed most proper that a pioneer of that famous institution which has given us a Francis Thomson and so many renowned ecclesiastics, should finally rest within its hallowed precincts, and there find honour and remembrance when the wider circle, for whom he laboured, would perhaps have forgotten him.

### A SONG OF THE GAME.

Sing we a song in a rushing rhyme  
Of a lad and a ball in the winter time,  
In rain or sun or slush or slime :

Cheer oh !

Raise we a shout for the charging team  
With the blazing eyes that are full of  
the gleam

Of shields they win ! If it's a dream,

Cheer oh !

Join we the crowd at the final tie,  
When the gods view the game from a  
watching sky ;

And, if the shot's a miss, don't cry !

Cheer oh !

Then here's to you boy, in green and  
white,

With the ball at your foot and the goal  
in sight

May all your aims be just and right,

Cheer oh !

For life is a game that all must play  
With a team that is led by a ghoul,  
dismay.

To-morrow wins what's lost to-day.  
Cheer oh !

### Edgar Allan Poe.

By J. RANDALL.

Edgar Poe was the second son of David and Elizabeth Poe. He was born on the 19th of February in the year 1809, at Boston, U.S.A. On his mother's death in 1811 he was adopted by Mr. Allan a wealthy Scotch merchant, who was much taken with him. He received an elementary education at Richmond and was then sent to the Manor House, Stoke—Newington. Here he distinguished himself both at scholarship and sports. From these scenes of boyhood he was recalled to America in 1821. After a few weeks at the home of his adopted parents he was speedily placed at the Academy at Richmond. Here his life was a repetition of that at the Manor House, both in learning and athletics. After six years here, he entered the Charlottesville University on February 1st, 1826, and spent a short but brilliant year there. Nearing the end of his stay at the University he was much troubled by debts, which he had incurred during the Session, and which he estimated at \$2,000, and though they were only gaming debts he was earnest and emphatic that he was in honour bound to pay them as soon as possible.

Poe's adopted father did not view the debts in the same light and refused to pay them. An angry altercation between Mr. Allan and Poe did not tend to smoothe matters, so the youth left home to try and make his own way in the world. He sought out some of his mother's theatrical friends and used their influence to have a book of poems, written by himself, published for "private circulation only," but met with little or no success. In 1829 news reached him that Mrs. Allan was ill, so he immediately set out for Boston, but arrived too late for the end. The quarrel between the adopted father and son was soon patched up over Mrs. Allan's grave, but the Allan home was no longer congenial to him, so he turned once more to poetry, but again failed to make a living. Finding it so difficult to obtain

a livelihood by literature, he expressed a wish to enter the army, and after some trouble a cadetship was obtained for him at West Point, where, at first, he behaved excellently, but later his poetic exuberance could not brook the discipline, and he was dismissed the service.

Until 1833 we lose sight of the poet, but in that year he again becomes prominent as the winner of \$100 offered by newspapers for a good story. Mr. Kennedy, an author of some repute, being interested in Poe's literary talent gave him sufficient money to start a literary career. On being introduced to the editor of the "Southern Journal," a magazine published at irregular intervals, he became at first a paid contributor, but finally rose to editor. On May 6, 1836, Allan married Virginia Clemm a child of only fourteen years, and with her mother as housekeeper, started a home of their own. The following year, without any apparent cause, he left his position as editor, and removed to New York, where he wrote for the "Gentleman's Magazine" and "Graham's Magazine," of both of which he later, became editor. It was at this period of his life that he wrote the most famous of his books "The Murders of the Rue Morgue." "The purloined Letter" and the "Mystery of Marie Rogel." This trio of stories shows the analytical turn of Poe's strange and intricate mind, while in 1841 he produced the "Gold Bug." This last year might be said to have been the happiest of his chequered life but it ended disastrously. His wife whom he loved dearly ruptured a blood vessel whilst singing, and her life was despaired off. Poe's heart was broken by the rising and sinkings, but most of all by her end, so much so that he drank deeply, and sought thus to drown his reason, in order that he might not be able to think of his misfortunes, the result being that he became insane. He says of himself "I drank, God knows how much or how often, till I finally despaired of a permanent cure, but however I found one in the death of my wife. This I could bear like a man" He now severed his connection with Graham's Magazine," and wrote instead in "Evening Mirror" in which, he published that well known work "The Raven." Later, he relinquished his work on the "Mirror" and started for the "Broadway Journal" in which he re-issued from time to time most of his

prose and poetry. For some time he lived quietly at Fordham under the care of Mrs Clemm, but was suddenly called to New York on some publishing affair. He became ill at New York and when he came to Philadelphia he became temporarily insane. In this state he was drugged with whiskey and forced to vote, the ticket being placed in his hand. When the polling was over, the ruffians left him in the street to die. Eventually he was found, and taken to Washington Hospital, where he expired, brilliant and wonderfully patient at the end like his Celtic prototype Clarence Mangan.

## A REVIEW.

"WON BY CONVICTION." by *Rev. D. O'Shea*

An excess of healthy literature is scarcely a feature of the present time; on the contrary we are confronted on all sides by an ever increasing torrent of that baneful type of books which belong more or less to the "shilling shocker," or to the "penny horrible" class. It is so very difficult to find at the generality of our book stalls, and even at many of our libraries, a number of books in which unhealthy sensationalism and the too vivid representation of some of the worst of human vices do not hold a prominent place, that we hail with delight the advent of a new recruit to the ranks of our Catholic writers, and the addition of another volume to the small collection which has already grown round "My new Curate" as a nucleus.

Father O'Shea is to be congratulated on his most interesting book "Won by Conviction," a tale of Lancashire town life, printed and published in Liverpool, and dealing with many of the religious problems which are familiar to students of the mixed committees in the great manufacturing districts of Lancashire. Jack Norton is a Catholic who has fallen away from his high principles and practices, goes from indifference to unbelief, and one night is on the point of blasphemy, when his wife intervenes, and terrifies him with the details of the plot she has laid for his conversion. She had offered to God any sacrifice which He should wish to demand of her if in His mercy He would soften her husband's hardened heart and bring him back to His own service; and, now she

saw that their darling boy who is at the point of death and about to make his First Communion ere he passes into eternity is the accepted sacrifice "It is better for our boy to die now than to live and learn how bad a Catholic his father has been," Mrs Norton said to her husband, and a short time later the little patient tells his mother "Daddy will go to Confession on Saturday night." Jack Norton does attend the Mission but it is only much later he is reconciled with his God. The little hero dies, leaving behind the tragic memory of a son who has been the spiritual champion of his mother and the means of salvation to his father. And Father O'Shea gives us also a very striking picture of another side of life in these mixed communities. We are not surprised to find the eternal question—religion monopolizes no inconsiderable portion of the dinner hour at the mill in Linchester. The number of Royles in this country is very great indeed, which is incontrovertible evidence of the nurtured bigotry of some and of the necessary instability of the nebulous religious beliefs of others. The writer gives us in Fred Earle a very graphic pen picture of the enormous difficulties that beset the path along which conviction would urge such converts to go, and the development of this particular character is equally with that of Jack Norton full of interest and human paths. We sincerely hope that others of our clerical literati will follow the example of Father O'Shea and thereby help to supply an antidote to the muddy torrent of morbid tales to which we have already referred. We are not surprised to find that the 2nd edition of this story is nearly exhausted. May there be many more to follow!

## Wireless Telegraphy.

By J. C. CUNNINGHAM,

There is probably no recent invention which promises to be more beneficial to mankind than "Wireless Telegraphy." Telegraphy, without wires, seems almost incredible and probably, even at the end of the nineteenth century, nothing was further from the minds of many scientists that such an achievement. Of course, the once knotty problem, which has so much developed during the last decade may have lent itself to such

men as Clerk Maxwell and the student Hertz, who had verified the existence of what we now name Hertzian waves, but generally speaking it was only from ten to fifteen years ago,—seven years at least after the Hertzian views were fully developed—that Professor Branby of the Catholic University, Paris, after much research invented his famous "coherer," that Sir Oliver Lodge devised his "decoherer," that Professor Righi brought forth his "ball-oscillator," and that Marconi making use of these inventions, after much perseverance, sent messages by wireless telegraphy over some few miles. Following up his success Marconi, on Dec. 12th, 1901, sent a wireless letter "S" across the Atlantic Ocean. The burst of applause in which people forgot their misgivings and universally praised Marconi, was perhaps the fittest reward they could give to one of the greatest pioneers of science.

Singularly enough, however, the apparatus for "Wireless Telegraphy" is not a complicated piece of machinery. In practice there are two brass balls about the size of one's fist, placed a fraction of an inch apart, in a circuit round which a current of electricity may be sent. This, in connection with the source of a strong current constitutes the "Sparking Station." The "Receiving Station" is a little different. The two brass balls are replaced by a small tube (the 'coherer') about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches long, containing nickel silver filings. The circuit also contains a 'morse' printing apparatus. Roughly speaking this is the complete outfit. When at the 'Sparking Station,' a current with a high voltage, (or electro-motive force) is sent round the circuit a blue spark jumps the gap between the two balls. This gives rise to the Hertzian Waves, which travel at an enormous speed in all directions, through bricks, wood, and everything but metals. When, however, the waves caused by the spark come in contact with the "coherer" they move the filings, arranging them in such a way as will permit a current of electricity from a strong source to pass and work a "Morse" printing apparatus. The wave however only lasts a fraction of a second, and as soon as it has passed the nickel-silver filings are shaken by the "decoherer" and in consequence the current stops. Accordingly therefore as the spark was short or long the morse apparatus is found to register a dot or a

dash. Hence by one knowing the morse alphabet messages can easily be read. Under the present conditions as the waves are often faint after travelling over a considerable distance, the operator at the "Receiving Station" has attached to his ear a delicate telephone, which is in the circuit containing the "Morse" apparatus. By this means the operator hears a short "buz," or a long "buzz-zz-zz," according as the spark was short or long. There is no mistaking the two, and in consequence he writes the message on paper as fast as it comes.

Much more could be said on the uses and possibilities of this system, and on an interesting section known as "syn-tony." As these would take long to explain, it is sufficient to say that "Wireless Telegraphy" will cause a complete change in the universe, for its use in rescue work and in the cause of justice, as was very frequently demonstrated have plainly shown that cables are much inferior to it. Without doubt it will always maintain its lead, and before long the cable companies may be reduced to the necessity of selling their cables, or perhaps of consigning them to museums, where they or portions of them may be preserved to fulfil the same object as "The Rocket" and other similar evidences of the advance of science.

## Catholic Institute Old Boys' Association.

### QUARTERLY MEETING.

The Executive of the Association held their Quarterly Meeting at the Institute on Sept. 30th. There were present Mr. W. J. Murphy, President, Mr. C. P. Murray, Vice-President, Messrs. T. Moore-Reid, R. A. Twomey, R. Halsall, F. Maguire, J. F. Lacy and Rev. Brother Forde. Apologies received from Messrs. J. Llewellyn and R. H. Ormsby both of whom were unavoidably absent. The Treasurer of the Association—Mr. A. Forshaw—sent in his resignation owing to illhealth, and also submitted the quarterly Balance sheet which showed that financially the Association was in a satisfactory condition. The resignation of the Treasurer was accepted with much regret, and on the

motion of Mr. J. F. Lacy, seconded by Mr. R. A. Twomey, and supported by Rev. Br. Forde, a resolution was unanimously passed expressing sympathy with Mr. Forshaw and thanking him for the splendid work he had done for the Association.

The selection of a Treasurer then took place, and Mr. F. Maguire was returned unopposed. Mr. J. A. Curtin was co-opted on the Committee of the Association. The Hon. Sec. was directed to request the Social Committee to hold their first Bohemian for the season before the end of October. At a subsequent meeting of this Committee it was decided to hold a Bohemian Concert at the Bear's Paw, on Tuesday, Oct. 25th, to which all the members of the Association would be invited.

### FOOTBALL CLUB.

The General Meeting of the Football Club was held at the commencement of the season, and the increased attendance as well as the business tone which characterised the proceedings gave evidence of the increased vigour with which the two energetic Secretaries of the Club have endowed it. A sufficiency of members to constitute two teams, and a pretty satisfactory financial statement indicated a sounder basis than in former years, and whatever be the fortunes of the Club this season a healthier tone prevails at present than at any previous period of its history. The first XI are affiliated to the I Zingari League, and friendly matches have been arranged for the 2nd XI right through the season.

The election of Captains for the season resulted in the return of the following:—

1st XI ..B. Hennin, Captain.

J. Hoffman, Sub-Captain.

2nd XI...E. Concannon, Captain.

F. J. Tindall, Sub-Captain.

The Selection Committee consists of the Captains of both teams, Messrs. J. Murray, Treasurer, W. O. Byrne, J. Curtin, H. Wilson, and the Hon. Sec. J. Llewellyn, 66, Berkeley Street. The Hon. Sec. for the 2nd XI is Mr. J. F. Lacy, Ardmore, Albion Street, New Brighton. The Club ground is in the Review field, Sefton Park. Appended is a brief account of the matches played up to date.

The 1st XI have played four matches, and of these, two were drawn games and two were lost. The drawn games were versus Seacombe Con and Grassendale St. Mary's, both of which were snatched from us only at the last moment. Liscard High School were undoubtedly too many for the weakened team with which we opposed them, though their win—3 to 1—hardly represents the game. Cloughton St. Mark's won a victory over us by a single goal, the score being 4 to 3. Though we cannot as yet register a single victory our team is in splendid form and we are certain of having better luck in the very near future.

The 2nd XI have played six games, of which they have won five and lost one. A score of thirty goals for and fifteen against shows that the team is in good trim and that the forwards, especially Carroll and Burke are in fine shooting form. The games won were versus Cadby Hall, Liscard St. Alban's, Bohemians, Liverpool St. Andrew's, and Ellesmere. The only game lost was versus Hartington, and this was due to an incomplete team as well as to an accident to one of our backs who had to retire before the game was well advanced

### DEBATING SOCIETY.

This Society is at present in a very flourishing condition, and if the members attend as well as at the first meeting, the promoters will have no reason to complain. Thirty members assembled on Thursday, October 6th, when Mr. Kelleher, President of the Society, gave an interesting inaugural address on "The Decline of the English Drama." Rev. Br. Forde was moved to the Chair.

The Lecturer dealt first with the origin of the Drama in the Greek funeral plays. He then traced it through Rome to England, where we first meet it under the title of "Mystery Plays," illustrating incidents from Sacred History. Shakespeare and Jonson raised the general artistic tone of the Drama, but after their deaths the decline was general until arrested by Sheridan. This was only a temporary stoppage, however, and afterwards the whole tone of the Drama degenerated.

Mr. Kelleher then explained the efforts of Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and attributed their lack of success in England to the conservative spirit of

John Bull. He dwelt on the repertory movement and its advantages; and traced its history in Ireland. Some interesting readings from Ibsen, Shaw and Synge followed, Messrs. Kelleher and McNulty giving some interesting dialogues. A vote of thanks, proposed by Mr. R. A. Twomey and seconded by Mr. J. F. Lacy, was carried, and a highly successful meeting concluded with Mr. Kelleher's reply, in which he wished the Society every success.

The second meeting of the Society took place on Tuesday, 18th October, under the management of Mr. Keegan. The subject under discussion was "Woman's Suffrage." The debate was opened by Mr. Lacy, opposed by Mr. Deane. The plausible arguments were demolished by the seconds, Messrs. Tindall and O'Byrne. When the motion was declared open for discussion, Messrs. Dunne and Cunningham assisted to bolster up the tottering fabric raised by the proposers, and on the other side, speeches were delivered by Messrs. Lamble, McNulty and Colgan. An element of humour was introduced by the interjections of Mr. Lamble. After the principals summed up, the motion was put to the vote and carried by 8 votes to 6.

### PROGRAMME.

- Oct. 6—President's Address.
- Oct. 20—"That the Franchise be extended to women."
- Nov. 3—"Free Trade v Tariff Reform."
- Nov. 17—"The Renaissance Catholic Education." Address by Rev. Fr. T. J. Walshe, B.A., F.R.A.S.
- Dec. 1—"That Capital punishment should be abolished."
- Dec. 15—"The Centre Party in Germany." Address by Rev. Fr. P. Meier.
- Dec. 29—Mock Election.
- Jan 12—"That the English Nation is too fond of sport."
- Jan. 26—"Music." Lecture by Mr. J. Keegan B. Sc., Hon. Lon.
- Feb. 9—"That a Universal language is desirable."
- Feb. 23—"The Nationalization of the English Railways"
- March 9—"That modern Civilization is a failure."
- Mar. 23—"That a Tax should be imposed on all Bachelors."

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We are glad that two of our ex-pupils, Messrs. D. Hayes and R. Morris, both of whom recently completed their Training College course at Hammer-smith, have been appointed to the staffs of Seel Street and St. Vincent's Schools respectively.

We are pleased to hear that Mr. H. Llewellyn has been appointed to a Civil Service Clerkship in London, and we are also informed that Mr. John Flanagan who had been previously appointed to a similar post in the Metropolis has been transferred to Liverpool.

### AT HAMMERSMITH.

Our representatives in St. Mary's include seven freshers—McKee, McNally, O'Hare, Lawler, Hawkhead, Doyle, and Ormesher. Recent despatches from them assure us that our recent *pawst* are striving to maintain the high repute of their Alma Mater at this seat of learning. We are pleased to know that J. Toolan is Prefect this session, and his friends at the C.I. were not surprised to hear that he is also one of the mainstays of the College 1st XI. We are informed that M. Tighe *ran away* with the 100 yds. College Championship, and that J. Doyle and G. McNally were prominent figures in the preliminary Junior Sports. McNally & J. O'Hare have also won the plaudits of their college co-frères, and even of the staff by their rendering of "National Airs" at a recent concert. We can thoroughly appreciate the good taste and artistic acumen of that audience because some of us have seen and heard both these amateurs on the stage not very long ago. Let us hope that the success which has attended the efforts of our ex-C.I.'s at St. Mary's will not merely continue unabated, but will even go on increasing as we chronicle their fortunes in each successive issue of the *C.I.M.*

### BOHEMIAN CONCERT.

The fourth Bohemian of the C.I. Old Boys' Association took place at the Bear's Paw Restaurant, on Tuesday the 25th October. Like its predecessors it was a lively and exuberant success. Very many of the artistes who had charmed us on previous occasions lent their aid again, and we welcomed, in addition, a few recruits to the ranks of Orpheus. The audience, which was a large one, evidently enjoyed itself for very few were tempted to leave before the end of the extensive programme, and Mr. Curtin in proposing the vote of thanks neatly summed up the prevailing feeling of gratitude, both of the audience and the executive, towards the artistes.

Mr. Trowbridge, now a 'feature' of our entertainments, gave a lively rendering of "Father O'Flynn," and later took us down to his cellar of melody with "Drinking." Miss Maude Holmes has a really beautiful voice and her liquid notes made genuine music in her "Garden of Roses." She was deservedly encored. Mr. Jelley revived happy memories with his "Kathleen Mavourneen." There was true feeling in his song, and one recognised the sincerity of the artiste. For encore he gave "Alice where art thou?" "The Nightingale" was, in many respects, an appropriate song for Madame Annie Goodwin whose powers as a vocalist have long since won her renown. She sang it with wondrous soprano effects. There was colour too in her "At my window." Mr. F. Savage's sweet tenor voice was heard to the best effect in "I hear you calling me" and "Myra," which he rendered with splendid feeling. We were delighted to hear one of our more recent Old Boys, Mr. D. Hayes, who made a good impression by his spirited singing of the "Trumpeter." Mr. Hayes deserves to be heard oftener, and we hope to have the pleasure of his voice at future entertainments.

Madame De Lara is, of course, an old favourite in Liverpool and elsewhere, and we renewed our pleasant memories of her powers in "My wild mountain valley," from the *Lily of Killarney*. "Véronique," as sung by Madame Annie Goodwin and Mr. T. Moore Ried, was a harmony of romance and frivolity, entertainingly sung. The immortal "Intermezzo" was magnificently played by Mr. Keegan who was encored, and rendered with nerve and spirit a "Charson Polonoise."

The humour of the night was Mr. Berridge's speciality and he supplied it right merrily if gelatinously in "Tommy's little tube of Stickotine." We did not agree with "Nobody satisfied." We were—with him. There was real humour in Mr. Foley's "Richard of Tauton Dean." His is a voice which can act as well as sing and we quite felt the heavy seriousness of Richard the Zummerset farmer. His quick changes of intonation were brilliant transformation-talks and we could not help appreciating and applauding. Geographically we wandered a little when Mr. T. Moore Ried, took us into the junket country with his fine full voiced

"Glorious Devon" Mr. Harris sang the "Village Blacksmith" with melodic clink of voice anvils. He made the atmosphere of sparks visible.

Miss Jenkins' "The Swallows" was a trial flight in our air, but there was great promise in it. We congratulate her.

A most enjoyable night ended with the perennial "Auld Lang Syne." We all felt that we would like to renew the Bohemian concerts at more frequent intervals. Messrs. C. P. Murray, J. A. Curtin and J. Llewellyn as M.C's under the presidency of Mr. W. J. Murphy, carried out all the details with commendable precision. It was a triumphant night.

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### AT THE 'VARSITY.

Three Senior "Schols" this session bring the C.I. total of Senior Scholarship winners up to ten. The number looks small, but then it will be useful to remember that it is only three years since a C.I. candidate ventured to compete for University Scholarships. Four other Scholarships have also been allotted to C.I. pupils during this period. Lambie and Cunningham will be worthy successors to J. Twomey, who is doing his final Honors course in Chemistry this year. O'Donovan joins his late class-fellow F. J. Tindall at Engineering. A fourth C.I. fresher is with us in the person of A. Hagan, who is also a Science Student. We hope to be able to chronicle a long list of successes of C.I. men at the end of the present session.

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## Athletics.

THE Seniors held their general meeting for the election of Captains on September 21st. There was the usual enthusiasm, and the new-comers from the Junior side endeavoured to make their presence felt by contributing a most unmusical uproar prior to the commencement of business. The election of the Captain of the 1st XI was dismissed with unusual despatch because it was quite evident that all were agreed on trusting the honor of the C.I. to last year's Captain, who could point to an almost unbroken series of victories on the football field last season—the only

game which was lost being that versus Liverpool Institute, which the latter won by a lucky goal. When, therefore, it was proposed by E. Rimmer and seconded by T. Dunne that J. Ludden be Captain, and no other name was proposed to the meeting, the Captaincy was once again entrusted to Ludden, who will, we feel sure, be true to his record and his promise to do all in his power to make his team as successful this season as C. I. 1st XIs have been in previous years.

The election of Captain of the Shield Team was then proceeded with, and though two candidates, both with very strong claims to the captaincy and both equally capable of discharging the very onerous duties which devolve on the holder of this office, the meeting was at last practically unanimous in having Parker in the place of honor in 1911. Unfortunately Parker was not able to be at the meeting and therefore was deprived of the privilege of "making a speech" but there is no doubt that he will lead the Shield Team in next year's contest with as much valour as his predecessors have done, and our football philosophers assert that Parker and his team are determined to take the C.I. colours into Everton's territory in the coming Shield contest.

The members of the second XI. have been lucky in getting a Captain who is not accustomed to do things by halves, and consequently we are not surprised when we find R. A. Caswall's XI. alias the C.I. 2nd XI. rivalling the 1st XI. in the number of their victories, and even putting up phenomenal scores.

We are still paying the penalty for the visit of the "Show" to Wavertree for we have to travel to Calderstones for our games this season. It is not always an agreeable outing even with the inducement of a palatial D. R. and a marvellously cheap football tariff at the Restaurant. It is however consoling to know that our successors will be spared this involuntary excursion; and that next season, we shall be again in the Play-ground unless another "Show" rambles by meantime, and tumbles in there to relieve the rates.

### FIRST XI.

#### C. I. v. Wallasey Grammar School.

This match was the opening game of the season and was played at Calderstones Park. The Institute won the

toss and kicked with the wind and sun. They at once attacked but the visitors' defence prevailed. Soon, however, Wallasey asserted themselves and the C.I. defence was severely tried, but the Wallasey forwards broke away and scored twice in quick succession. C.I. forwards now attacked and forced several corners and at last their efforts were rewarded—Ludden scoring after the Wallasey goalkeeper had failed to clear a shot from Rimmer. The pressure was kept up and Shennan scored, and half-time arrived with the score 2—2.

On the restart the C.I. attacked and were soon two goals ahead. Wallasey rallied and they equalised. C.I. had several good chances but they were thrown away. The Wallasey centre-forward was a constant source of danger to the home defence and eventually he scored two goals giving Wallasey the victory, the score being Wallasey 6 goals, C.I. 4 goals.

#### **C.I. v. Oulton Secondary School.**

This match was played on the Oulton ground at Stoneycroft. Oulton were represented by a strong eleven, whilst in the C.I. team there were several changes. Oulton won the toss and took advantage of the slope and sun.

They at once, attacked and the C.I. defence was in difficulties but no goal accrued. The C.I. forwards were not idle and the home defence had to concede several corners. Now Oulton raced away but Occleshaw saved finely. However, Oulton persisted and scored twice while the Institute scored at the other end. Half-time Oulton 2, C.I. 1.

When play was resumed the C.I. team were always aggressive and the Oulton defence was beaten four times, whilst Oulton scored only once. The play in this half was considerably better than that in the first half. The scorers for the Institute were: Kelly, Gilmore, Bannon, and Shennan (2). Final—C.I. 5, Oulton 2.

#### **C.I. v. Bootle Technical School.**

This match was played at Bootle. C.I. won the toss and took advantage of the wind. The forwards pressed but the Bootle backs were safe. The Institute forwards returned to the attack, but their shooting was at fault. At length Bannon shot and scored, thus giving the C.I. the lead. Bootle pressed and forced a corner which was fruitless. They

pressed again and this time they scored. End to end play followed and half-time arrived with the score 1—1.

After half-time the C.I. forwards pressed but could not score. The defence played well, and Bootle were not often dangerous. The home defence were hard pressed and failed to clear and thus allowed Ludden to score. Bootle forwards attacked and the outside-left scored with a fine shot. Final, C.I. 2, Bootle 2.

#### **C.I. 1st XI. v. C.I. Old Boys.**

This match was played at Sefton Park. Concannon and Burke assisted the school team, while the Old Boys were fairly strongly represented. Hennin decided to kick with the wind, and at the start the Old Boys pressed but the School defence was all right. Then the School forwards attacked, but Curtin cleared. They again pressed and this time Burke scored. The Old Boys broke away and Hoffmann sent in a long shot which completely baffled our goalkeeper. The School pressed again and Gilmore centred, to enable Ludden to score. Half-time 2—1.

After half-time the School had most of the play although they could not make any impression on the Old Boys' defence. However, Burke at last managed to score again. Then the Old Boys after some play scored again through Murray. The result was a drawn game, the scoring being: C.I. 3, C.I.O.B. 3.

#### **C. I. v. Birkenhead Institute.**

Judging by former matches with Birkenhead, we were prepared for a good game on Wednesday last when we met the "black and yellow stripes" on their own ground. We were not disappointed. The home team got into their stride more quickly than the C.I., for whom however, Gilmore soon opened the score with a splendid goal. The equalising goal was a lucky one, the goalkeeper, who otherwise played a fine game, running out and allowing the ball to bounce over his head. Half-time arrived with the score at 2-1 for Birkenhead.

The C.I. turned round determined to win and when Rimmer's fine penalty was followed by a goal from Fletcher (making the score 3-2 for C.I.) we felt confident. The strenuous efforts of our opponents were rewarded almost at full



time by a goal from their outside right who was unmarked. A large crowd of spectators witnessed the game and cheered the C.I. with great enthusiasm. Final score. C.I. 3. B.I. 3.

### C. I. v. Wallasey Collegiate

This match was played at Calderstones Park. It was our first venture with this school and we were strongly represented. The visitors won the toss and they decided to take advantage of the wind. However the C.I. completely out-played their opponents and succeeded in putting up a good score, whilst Wallasey failed to score. The scorers were Gilmore, Shennan, Bannon, Downey and Ludden.

## SECOND XI.

### C.I. v. Wallasey Grammar School.

The first match of the 2nd XI. was played at Wallasey, against Wallasey G.S., on Oct. 5th. It resulted in a win for the latter, and it is to be attributed to the steady play of our opponents, which was undoubtedly the outcome of much practice on their part. In this direction the C.I. fell short. It was their first match, and they had had no preparatory practice.

Within the first few minutes the W.G.S. scored, and towards the end of the first half, after many scrambles in the goal-mouth, Downey scored for the C.I. Half-time arrived with the score at 1—1.

In the second half the superior combination of the home team told, and, before time was announced they had secured two more goals, which our custodian made little or no effort to stop. In this half the C.I., led on by strenuous efforts on the part of Cunningham, who worked like a Trojan throughout the game, tried harder for the goal, and three times did they reach the very goal-line. But miserable luck attended their efforts, and time arrived with the score 3—1 in favour of the home team. W.G.S. 3, C.I. 1 (scorer, Downey).

### C.I. v. St. Edmund's.

This match was played at Calderstones on Oct. 12th, and proved an overwhelming victory for the C.I., although it is not much to their credit for the game was won by sheer size. We had over-rated the team our opponents would

put out. The result was that the C.I. was ingloriously superior. In the first half, the home team scored 6 goals, and after many meritorious efforts, their valiant little outside right succeeded in scoring. At half-time the score remained at 6—1 for the C.I.

In the second half St. Edmund's got going in a very spirited manner, and there is no doubt that their strenuous play deserved far more goals than they could possibly score in the face of such odds. Their centre-forward scored a fine goal towards time, and various C.I. forwards contributed 5 more goals to our score.

Time arrived with the score at 11—2 in favour of home team. The C.I. scorers were, Kirby 5, Kelly 4, Downey 2.

### C. I. v. Birkenhead Institute.

On Wed. Oct. 26th. we played at Calderstones, the best and most exciting game we have had. It was against Birkenhead Institute, and, as usual, the visitors won the toss, and decided to kick against the wind and the slope. Within a few minutes our opponents scored an easy goal; and, throughout the first half, the C.I. though favoured by the elements and though they had many chances, failed to score, mainly through that demon we are pleased to call luck.

Half-time was reached with the score at 1-0 in favour of Birkenhead.

In the second half, the homesters determined to win, and their resolution found expression in a good goal by Downey, soon after kick off. For a few minutes the play was hard and fast in the centre of the field, and then the B. I. scored another goal, that should not have been. Then our forwards made another spirited rush, faithfully backed up by the halves, and Kirby succeeded in scoring, to the enthusiastic cheers of the C. I. Our opponents made another fine rush and scored *another* easy goal. Faces dropped, but soon rose again when O'Donnell equalised in a fine manner.

Then the B. I. made strenuous efforts, but we were *determined* to win, and win we did by a fine goal from the steady foot of O'Donnell. The win was secured by the honest and spirited play of the whole of our team.

C. I. 4 (Downey 1, Kirby 1, O'Donnell 2), B. I. 3.

**C. I. v. St. Francis Xavier's College.**

PLAYED AT STONEYCROFT.

It is hardly fair to say that the team which met S. F. X. 1st XI in the above game represented the C. I. The weather was most unfavourable, and there were frequent showers of hail: nevertheless S.F.X. turned up promptly, and had a large crowd of enthusiastic supporters. Three of our team, including the Captain, were missing, and so C. I. started the most disgraceful display of football which a C.I. team has ever exhibited. With the exception of

Cunningham, Parker and Gilmore, there was nothing indicative of "playing the game" in other members of the team. Before half-time the score against us had reached double figures, and so we ceased to note the remaining scores, except that play was somewhat equal in the second half. The 1st XI of 1910 have then the very unenviable distinction of being the first to allow the "green and white" to be dragged in the mud. This is the first time in recent years that S. F. X. have had a victory over us, and under ordinary conditions we might have come in our usual place—Victor.



## University Results, 1910.

**SENIOR CITY SCHOLARSHIP.**

JAMES C. CUNNINGHAM,  
ALFRED LAMBLE,  
DANIEL E. O'DONOVAN.

**RATHBONE MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP.**

JAMES C. CUNNINGHAM.

**LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION.**

(Through Oxford Senior Local).

A. LAMBLE,	P. E. KENNEDY,
D. E. O'DONOVAN,	G. G. KIRBY,
J. C. CUNNINGHAM,	J. F. LOVELADY,
R. J. BURKE,	J. McINERNEY,
R. A. CASWALL,	W. McMULLIN,
A. M. DEY,	W. THOMAS
P. N. O'HARA,	

# *The Catholic Institute,*

*(Recognised Secondary School for Boys).*

HOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

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Under the Patronage of The Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese,  
and under the Direction of the Christian Brothers.

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