

# THE Catholic Institute Magazine.

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## EDITORIAL.

Parnassus has thrown  
ENTER THE off a spur into Hope St.  
MUSES. No intellectual geographer  
can any longer doubt it.  
For has not the world heard of the  
Orchestra, the Antike Buskineers and  
the School of Oratory—to say nothing  
of the amazing Playground Academy of  
Painting? "By their fruits shall ye  
know them." It is an Athenian after-  
glow as we prophetically hinted in a  
former issue.

The Sisters of the Sacred  
ALL THE Spring have worked a  
BELLS OF miracle or two. At least  
HEAVEN. the Orchestra came as  
magically as the stones of  
Troy themselves when Orpheus played,  
and this time it was only Mr.  
Keegan. We say *only* because that  
gentleman (as distinct from his ethereal  
characteristics) is a mere chemist. And  
what a life! Test-tubes and infinite per-  
ambulation of Poison and Pomade till  
the experimenter himself becomes as  
dislocated as his crazy alphabet of  
Formulæ and Equations!

But the unsatisfied link?  
WAGNER "This element will com-  
CHEZ NOUS. bine easily, but one atom  
of it remains free and  
unattached," is Formula again. The  
Chemist-Conductor must apply it  
to himself for the aptest illustration.  
His link is no longer free. It has en-  
folded the orchestra! Whether he did it  
by fraud, guile or fiendish alchemy, we  
congratulate him. The man who in a  
week or two calls up from nowhere a  
corps of musicians and, in the intervals  
of the dust and ash-showers of his  
laboratory, plays us into the terrific  
glory of Tannhäuser—well, we thank  
him in the splendour of our dreams!

Once at a nectar-supper  
THE MENU of the high gods a star-  
CARD. guest protesting that the  
ambrosia was no longer  
fresh is said to have been met with the  
retort "Oh, go to Earth." We would  
be infinitely less polite to fastidious  
guests at our literary board; but we  
shall have no occasion, because we  
offer a varied list—a travel in the East,  
by our own explorer, an article on the  
notorious Ferrer, by a distinguished old  
boy, a ghastly night at Elsinore by our

own ghost, a stage survey by our dramatic critic and a whirlwind of school notes and notions by various Junii.

Of course we have many SYBILLA secrets besides (which we FATIDICA. tell in confidence.) There is a Sports-day approaching; inform your feet. The Magazine needs encouragement; it is *yours* as much as any other boy's. Reform your sense of Esprit-de-Corps! The Debating Society needs talkers. Use your tongue! Critics are no value in any concern! Hold your tongue! When you go to a football match be enthusiastic. Your gloves will keep until tea time! When you read the Magazine resolve to do your part and send us your best copy for next issue.

## School Notes.

### The Prize Distribution.

As a full account of this important function appears elsewhere in this issue, we need only dwell upon it briefly here. It was indeed an occasion of joy and excitement when we, "the hard-grain'd muses of the cube and square" laid aside our mathematical vestments for a while to revel in the choice selections of melody and poetry prepared for our entertainment. Instead of a crowd of exultant youths being compressed into a class-room of small dimensions, to the accompaniment of much discomfort and disorder, the whole school lost itself in wonder and praise of the magnificent and capacious room which the efforts of Rev. Br. Leahy had secured for the Annual Distribution, a room with stage and sitting, and everything else conducive to a successful gathering. The Orchestra and its gifted conductor deserve our special praise. It was unanimously declared excellent, and its signal success reflects great credit on the masterly management and genius of Mr. J. Keegan. As we sat there, listening in spell-bound silence to the immortal melodies of Verdi and Suppé, of which the members of the Orchestra were the efficient exponents, we could almost feel the soft asphodel yielding beneath our common-sense bulks—and we could not but be convinced that the Catholic Institute possessed musicians as able as its students and sportsmen. Our thanks are due to the artistes who

so kindly entertained the assembly.

The Distribution of Prizes took place in the interval, when Rev. Br. Leahy read his report on the particularly successful year's work, and the various improvements in the school curriculum. He emphasized the success of the Catholic Institute in the different examinations entered for. The presentation of prizes was then made by the Very Rev. Canon Pinnington. The beautiful medals, the splendid books, the elaborate football caps, and the magnificent rose-wood cabinets, mementoes of the praiseworthy and strenuous efforts of Lacy and Colgan in connection with the Magazine and the Sports, were received amidst a storm of applause. The address by the Very Rev. Canon Pinnington was both congratulatory and encouraging. In it, he dwelt on the phenomenal success of the Catholic Institute in school work, and referred to its institution and opening; he praised both those who did, and those who did not receive prizes, on their creditable work throughout the year. He was overjoyed at the new development in the method of the annual distribution, and said, since the Institute was comparatively in its infancy, it must needs be somewhat mechanical in its routine, but soon it would become a veritable blossom of originality, and a criterion in the realm of schools. We may assert without fear of contradiction, that Canon Pinnington voiced the popular sentiment when he pleaded for a Public Distribution. We hope that his wish will be gratified in the near future. Dr. J. P. Bligh proposed a vote of thanks to Canon Pinnington, who had so kindly volunteered to preside over the meeting even at his own inconvenience. This was seconded by Canon Keegan, and the proposal was carried unanimously. The assembly broke up after another feast of music and song, and the numerous boys went home, struggling under the weight of their prizes, and with an indelible impression of that memorable Distribution on their mind.

### The Debating Society.

The success which attended this Society last term continues unabated this term and we have already had several feasts of rhetoric from the grave philosophers of Forms V., VI., and VII. No doubt their literary geniuses have put this Infantile Society well on its feet and made its success in the future a

matter of all but absolute certainty. We still look forward to that interesting and highly instructive, if not amusing innovation, viz., the French (more or less) debate. We know that the prospect of such a debate has by no means disheartened the members of the Society and we are sure that this item, under the able supervision of Mr. Buckley, will have as warm a reception as English has had under a geometrically progressive glow of chairmanic excellence.

### The Football Cups.

There is one more subject which, in conjunction with others, will serve to make every pupil of the Catholic Institute take the liveliest interest in his school, namely, the Senior and Junior Football Cups. The inter-form competition promises to be exciting and full of interest throughout, if we can take any of the matches that have already been played, as a standard. The trophies are splendid, and the winners have their Principal to thank for a monument, testifying to the football capacities of their forms, and providing a real decoration for the lucky class-rooms. The knowledge that there is something to fight for, invariably rouses the fighting spirit, and makes the football more active and enjoyable. We are all grateful for the new incentives for the fray.

### The Musical Society

Yet another stroke of originality gave us the "Catholic Institute Musical Society." A programme, rivalling almost the music of Orpheus, drawn up for the week, serves to entertain during the greater part of lunch-time; and those unfortunate persons who sometimes so transgress the Laws of Nature as to forget their lunch, need have no fear for their frail constitutions, because they can feast on the delightful music of the Masters, to their hearts' content—and free of charge. With this Musical Society, we need never fear that there will not be a plentiful supply of talented musicians to constitute an orchestra.

### Rev. Br. Murphy.

We heard with great regret of the departure of the Rev. Br. Murphy from the Catholic Institute, where for years he taught, and taught well. He endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact, and all who had the

pleasure of knowing him, could not but appreciate his kindness and learning. We sincerely trust that he will, before long, return to his old school from Dublin, where he has gone to take up his duties in another school of the Christian Brothers.

### The Term Exams.

It is hard to think that we have always to cast off that cloak of darkness, the Term Exams, before entering into the glorious sunshine of the holidays. The Term Exams, always loom ominously in the background of our thoughts, through each and every term, and they must of necessity remind us of that arch horror, the Oxford Locals. Nevertheless the consciousness that we have done a hard term's work, and done fairly well in the Term Exams, always renders the holidays more sweet and exhilarating.

### Results of Autumn Term Examinations.

Form.	1st.	2nd.	3rd.
VI.	R. Caswall	G. Kirby	W. McMillen
V.	E. Rimmer	J. Fletcher	R. Cunningham
IVa.	J. Flood	C. Kelly	J. Gibb
IVb.	H. Gannon	J. Saunders	J. Nolan
IIIa.	L. Delamere	W. Shepherd	E. Wilcock
IIIb.	J. Quinn	N. Cossentine	B. Parsons
IIIc.	F. Maxey } P. Supple }	F. Dyson	J. Brown
IIa.	E. Murray	P. Peters	A. Hawley
IIb.	P. Fishwick	L. Williams	T. Trainer
I.	G. Ugalde	R. Stephens	J. Cruzalegui
Prep.J.	Silver	T. Healey	J. Rogers

### The Libraries.

The form libraries still continue to be extremely popular. A stranger, passing by the class-rooms at about half-past one, would wonder at the atmosphere of halcyon calm, especially as school-boys are supposed to be such howling demoniacs. Furthermore looking into one of the rooms he would be surprised to find it full of boys, each with a smile of placid contentment—and a book. He would look around; he would notice a cupboard with shelves of books; then he would understand.

The Magazine, the Debating Society, and the Libraries, "a boon and a blessing" to the pupils of the C.I. stand together for the advancement of their numerous devotees. It is quite patent that the members of the Institute avail themselves of this excellent opportunity.

### Io Triomphe.

Though cards are not on the curriculum of the C.I. still we find at least one of its members as illustrious in this pastime as in the world of study and

sport. In short, we refer to A. M. Dey, who by his brilliant play at the recent Whist Drive held under the auspices of the C.I.O.B.A., outshone all other competitors and captured first prize. His prize was a Smoker's Cabinet, and therefore we sincerely sympathize with him seeing that he is under sixteen. He has, however, a halo of glory and our hearty congratulations to go on with.

### Ye Antike Buskineers.

If Shakespeare can from the realms unknown have a glance of sublunary things, he must surely have blinked in joy and wonder on a certain night in early December 1909, when the weirdest "Hamlet" that ever trod the boards strode passion-and-brown-paper-laden across the floor of Form VI. Bijou Theatre. Who that ever saw McGuiness falling or failing to fall out of the Bootle locomotive express, would have hesitated to applaud the "territorial" stride with which he, that day, hurried us off to the high-gods of drama and dream?

The applause was terrific when he led in his company, looking for all the world like a disarticulated parcel of groceries. For, in truth, you cannot stage the play scene from Shakespeare's immortal tragedy anywhere on earth so effectively on twopence as the Antike Buskineers contrived to do. And if the six yards of coloured tissue acquired for that sum, were swiftly exhausted in the manufacture of glorious crowns for kings and queens, one could not blame the wardrobe mistress if she utilised old newspapers, magazines, frilling, and Christmas cake decorations, to light the charms of the Buskineers Co. into rainbow ecstasy. We can never forget the thoughtful care of Madame Night (who arrived just before curtain-rise) with two shawls, a gilded belt, and a collection of indescribable fluff filched from the back wardrobes of Elysium, for without her aid, the graceful swanlike neck of Kir Bee would have lacked that little inch of chiffon which tickled our hearts away in rapture for the Japanese lady, and we would not have wept such amorous tears for the dear delicious player queen who never looked more coy and charming than when hidden behind a sunbonnet, supplied at the briefest notice by Tom Smith, the king (of crackers).

We got glimpses of the more artistic Martin Harvey type of acting when McGuiness flew into a paroxysm of rage

quite inconsistent with brown-paper gaiters, and when he confused the hobbling old proverb-monger, Polonius, in a most theatrical manner. The touching devotion of the player king and his queen, and her lofty protestations of loyalty, reminded one of the romantic novel, and it seemed all that could be expected when the love-stricken villain strode on the stage with an indescribable face and a phial of poison. It was certainly the most dramatic part of the scene, at least it was meant to be, when the guilty king sprang up, called for lights, and left very unceremoniously, without even a word of explanation. We were treated to one more touch of Hamlet's cutting sarcasm in his conversation with the sycophants, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who were too deep in the folds of the "Daily Mail" for the audience to distinguish their agitated features, before Hamlet concluded the performance with a very impressive soliloquy.

The features of Hamlet and his friend Horatio, of the guilty king, of the sweet Ophelia, and of the other characters are still clearly focussed on our mental screen, but we hope that it will not be long before they, once again assume human shape on the floor of Form VI. room.

### Donner und Blitz.

We are shivering still. The cold ooze of icy fear is creeping down the marrow of all our bones. We have seen the Seventh Form play "Macbeth"!

We do not mean to be sarcastic. We merely tell the bald and brazen truth. They terrified us—those witches, that indecisive caudle, the indecent "thunder" which would bellow when it wasn't invited, and the almost Cyclopean hump on the witches' bluggy backs. Mr. Fitzgerald will have a lot to answer for in the next world, if he is not indeed already of it, judging by the minute knowledge of sorcery's tricks and guiles which he displayed in the rehearsals of his version of "Macbeth"! He is a robust impressario. We are grateful for any touch of vigour in a timid and conventional age.

So let us say that our sarcasm is merely reflected praise of him, and get to business at once with a few criticisms of his company.

The martial grandeur of Macbeth and Banquo (McGuiness of blessed memory) accompanied by the din of rather cracked

thunder, the clash of steel, and the intermittent flashes of irresolute "lightning," defies description. The Tom Dunne that stalked across the floor with legs wrapped like pounds of tea, his head surmounted by a very perishable helmet, and his sword held high in the air, threatening those cowering witches, was a very different person from the one of that name whom the sight of a Conics book not unnaturally unnerves. The covered bucket, the candle, and the coloured matches certainly produced a very serviceable cauldron, but it puzzled most of us to understand whence those ruthless sorcerers procured the innumerable ingredients for their dramatic soup. It was unfortunate that by some miscalculation of the spirit world the terrifying apparition with its deathlike pallor, appeared from nowhere—or was it from behind the blackboard?—a little before its time, especially as the incident gave rise to a very unshakespearean "Shur-rup!" from the irate Macbeth. It was some time before the laughter of the spectators subsided, and the play proceeded once more.

Ere the thoroughly deserved applause, marking the conclusion of the performance, was over, the stage manager was seen making his way through the gloom with a candlestick. In a charming little speech he informed us that Madame Cunningham had kindly volunteered to enact the sleep walking scene from "Macbeth." The announcement was received with acclamation, and soon after, *something* entered the room.

First of all there was a head adorned with a very becoming nightcap, from the back of which depended a kite's tail. Then there was a body clothed in a long ghostly garment, and finally a pair of very ladylike boots—rather big, but nevertheless dainty. We could make out this by the light of a candle which this *being* carried. One of the audience was going to call for the police but another whispered, "This is Lady

Macbeth" and everyone thought her a very captivating person.

She performed her part very well indeed, and when an admiring member of the audience presented her with a choice bouquet at the end of the scene, everybody agreed that she quite deserved it. Amidst the plaudits of the assembly, Lady Macbeth went back to bed.

### The Football Colours.

It goes without saying that in the Catholic Institute, no meritorious feat is allowed to pass unrecognized; and the 1st Eleven of last year had a particularly successful season. Consequently, everyone knew that the members would receive some recognition of their valuable services. It had been the custom to present football caps to the principal players of the team, but at a meeting held before Christmas, it was decided that instead of three or four caps being given only two should be presented, to the captain and vice-captain, and further more, that the whole team should receive "colours," as is the custom in many schools. This was the popular sentiment, for this method of procedure would mean a more general reward.

Accordingly a Meeting of the Athletic Committee was called to select the recipients of the colours. They decided to confer them on eight of the team—the regular players of the season. Thus it was that on a certain afternoon late in January, a concourse of jubilant boys found accommodation in the Lecture Room, when a formal presentation of the colours took place. Rev. Br. Leahy made the presentation and in a very felicitous discourse congratulated those who received the colours and exhorted all to be loyal to their colours, to their school-fellows, and their school. By following this course they would, in all cases, be most surely tending towards their own welfare. The colours were awarded to J. Ludden, E. Rimmer, B. Hennin, E. Concannon, J. Macaulay, T. Dunne, R. Kelly, and J. Carney.

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## Catholic Institute Debating Society.

P. N. O'HARA, *Hon. Sec.*

Since the last report of the above society, many successful meetings have been held. Macaulay, smitten with the prevailing fever read an enthusiastic paper on "Aviation." His supporters evolved their highly imaginative

theories of aerial applications while the opposition talked of the dangers of the air as compared with those of terra firma. Eventually we decided to take the risk by 28 votes to 22.

On the following week, Concannon

denounced the professional element in games: great interest was shown and the debate lasted for two sessions. Strangely enough, the verdict was an overwhelming victory for the Pros. and "Con's" followers were downhearted.

The 11th of November brought us to a question of schools which so overcame the meeting that Lambie's paper found neither support nor opposition, but McGuiness' paper on "Conscription" delivered on the following week revived our spirits. The Bootle patriot advocated compulsory military training so ardently that we were inclined to agree with him. But the spectre of coercion is always repulsive and it was only by a small majority that "Conscription" was approved of. Mr. Buckley mentioned the Koepenick coup as one of the results of the severe discipline and his reproduction of the hero's conversation were fully appreciated.

On Dec. 2nd, Caswall denounced our examiners because they were young and had no beards, like German examiners, and because they were the cause of so many suicides. The meeting had many natural antipathies against examiners, and these were shown in the voting, which approved of the eradication of exams. and examiners.

At the last meeting of the term Mr. Kelleher gave a lecture on the "Drama."

On the reunion after Christmas Mr. Twomey was present to read a paper on the "Fourth Dimension." We can't exactly say that the title was a prepossessing one, but when Mr. Twomey began by describing the antics of a worm wriggling through a gaspipe we were agreeably surprised, and our interest once aroused was skilfully held by the Lecturer so that we grasped the fundamental ideas of the Fourth Dimension. Mr. Keegan, who was in the chair was very happy in his concluding remarks, which dealt chiefly with Mr. H. G. Wells's fantastic ideas on the subject and these provided subject matter for our wags during the rest of the day. A vote of thanks proposed by O'Hara and seconded by Dunne was carried *nem. con.* and the meeting concluded enthusiastically.

At the next meeting we tackled the question of the Liverpool Sunday. Dey in his paper, took as his ideal Sunday that which is kept on the continent and bewailed the puritanical conduct of the

authorities of "the second graveyard of the Empire." The audience seemed equally disgusted with our Sunday and only three were found to approve of it.

We considered the following week whether Britain was declining or not. O'Donovan in his paper, affirmed that he was certain that Britain was declining. He was well supported by the several speakers but the news leaked out that the Carl Rosa Opera Company had been to St. Helens and therefore we decided that Britain was not declining. Mr. Ormsby's remarks at the end of the meeting were full of telling points against Britain's prosperity, but being limited by time he expressed his wish to speak on the subject again, and we shall take advantage of his offer soon.

We were next called upon to decide whether men could get very rich honestly. O'Hara read a paper expressing the opinion that there was no reason why men could not get rich honestly. But it seemed there was a force of patent medicines and quotations to meet him. One after another came Beecham's Pills, Doan's Backache Pills, Zam-Buk, etc. etc., which were denounced vehemently. Rimmer quoted some poetry, McMillan quoted a very apt Scotch proverb, Burke quoted Shakespeare, while Lovelady quoted some Scripture. But this force was nearly negated by Cunningham's original arguments and his thrilling story of the old woman whom he met on the road moved us all to tears and convulsions.

Up to the present, then, we have had more than a dozen debates and their success has been gratifying. The audience failed on only one occasion to talk out time, which, if not a very positive triumph, is yet satisfactory in a debating class of boys whose outlook on current topics is necessarily a limited one. In this respect it is a pity that the fifth do not imitate Form VI, every one of whom has taken part in some debate. Only Llewellyn, Rimmer and Redmond have risen for the Fifts as yet, but the other twenty boys will surely take courage before the season is over and let us have a taste of their arguments. The Debating class is primarily a place to be indifferent. There is but one condition necessary--that a speaker should have no care as to whether his reputation rises or falls provided that he expresses himself in parliamentary language. We would then urge all the nervous ones not to hesitate

a second when the desire to speak is on them for having found their feet, they will have won half the battle and besides the balm-laden smile of the chairman at the sight of a new comer will "lap them in soft Lydian airs" and loosen all the joints of speech.

## "Prize Day"

The annual distribution of prizes took place at the Liverpool Assembly Rooms, Hardman Street, on Monday, 13th Dec. Very Rev. Canon Pinnington presided, and there were also present Very Rev. Canon Keegan, Dean Cahill, Fathers Fitzgerald, O'Shea, Morrissey, O'Connor Cahill, Kelly, S. Klein and Winkler, Dr. John Bligh, J.P., Dr. Bligh, Junr., Rev. Br. Leahy (Principal), the members of the Community, and the Teaching Staff.

The recently formed school band, under the able conductorship of Mr. J. Keegan, and the school choir gave a very successful and highly creditable entertainment in the interval of which the prize-giving took place. The following is the programme of the entertainment.

### PROGRAMME.

#### PART I.

- Gavotte "Heimliche Liebe" . . . . . *Resch*.  
                   ORCHESTRA.  
 Chorus "Believe me if all" . . . . . *Arr Smith*.  
                   CHOIR.  
 Recitation "Beclarmed" . . . . . *Withhier*.  
                   BLUNDELL PARSONS  
 Song "The Kerry Dance" . . . . . *Molloy*  
                   THOMAS MAXEY,  
 Violin Solo Intermezzo: "Cavalleria Rusticano"  
                   Mr. J. KEEGAN. *Mascagni*.  
 Dance "The Sailor's Hornpipe" . . . . .  
                   EDGAR MURRAY.  
 Song "Ora Pro Nobis" . . . . . *Piccolomini*  
                   ADOLPHE GOOSSENS.  
 Selection "Il Trovatore" . . . . . *Verdi*  
                   ORCHESTRA.

#### PART II.

- Chorus "Sweet and Low" . . . . . *Burnby*  
                   CHOIR.  
 Selection "Erin's Wreath" . . . . . *Arr Volti*  
                   ORCHESTRA.  
 Song "My Fairest Child" . . . . . *Balfe*  
                   JOSEPH QUINN.  
 Recitation "Hodge and the Vicar" . . . . .  
                   JAMES O'DONNELL.  
 Song "When I was a boy at School" . . . . . *Spurr*  
                   Mr. W. MURPHY.  
 Piano & Oboe "Les Roses" . . . . . *Adams*.  
                   ADOLPHE & LEON GOOSSENS.  
 Dance "Irish Jig" . . . . .  
                   A. RAMSBOTTAM & E. MURRAY.  
 Overture "Poet and Peasant" . . . . . *Suppé*  
                   ORCHESTRA.  
 Finale "Auld Lang Syne" . . . . .  
                   GREGORY UGALDE.  
                   (Chorus by the Assembly.)

In the Interval Rev. Br. Leahy read the following report of the Session's work :—

### REPORT OF THE PRINCIPAL.

"In submitting to you my annual Report, I have great pleasure in call-

ing your attention to the record of a very successful year's work.

The number of pupils in attendance during last Session has been larger than that of any preceding one; and, I think I can say that, in general, satisfactory progress has been made by the boys in the various Forms. I shall, later, direct your attention to the very great successes of our pupils in the public examinations; but, as our Syllabus is not framed to suit any particular examinations, but, rather, with the object of giving a sound, liberal education, both religious and moral; and, as, moreover, only a part—though perhaps the more important part of the pupils sit for these public examinations, they are not an exact criterion by which to judge the work done by the school. I have relied rather, on the examinations which are held at the close of each Term, as well as on the records of work done, for the material of my report. I am glad to say that these supply convincing evidence of good progress and sound work all through the school.

I may remark that in the case of one or two subjects in the Middle Forms there were indications of weakness, and in a few other instances the work done left something to be desired. I have hopes that the failure of these Forms to reach the standard of the syllabus will be remedied this session. Notwithstanding this, I believe both teachers and pupils have reason to be satisfied with the success of their school-work last session.

Turning to public examinations, I consider that we have been very successful this year. We secured three University Scholarships—viz. a Senior City Scholarship (value about £180), won by J. D. Colgan, one of those who presented themselves on the first day of our re-opening the Catholic Institute in 1902. He came second on the list of the eight successful candidates. The Liverpool Working Men's Engineering Scholarship (value about £210) won by F. J. Tindall, and the Tate Trustees' Scholarship (value £105) won by J. D. Colgan.

The winners of these scholarships have proceeded to the University, where we hope, they will do credit to themselves and their *alma mater*.

We presented 93 candidates at the Oxford Locals in July, 88 of whom were successful. Of these 29, comprising all in the two top Forms sat for the Senior, and all were successful in obtaining cer-

tificates. Five got First Class Honors ; seven got Second Class Honors ; six got Third Class Honors ; and there were no fewer than eight Distinctions, including 3rd place in French and 4th in Maths. in a list of nearly 10,000 candidates. In point of numbers, our first class honors, our second class honors, our third class honours, and our total of honors and distinctions placed the school *first* in this grade among all the Catholic Schools and Colleges on the list. Our Juniors and Preliminaries did not quite reach the high standard attained by their Seniors, but still their results are, by no means, unsatisfactory. We had two First Class Honours including 23rd place in the grade—there being over 8,000 candidates examined. Three got Second Class and four got Third Class Honours. There were, besides, five Distinctions in Religious Knowledge and in English. All who sat for the Preliminary were successful—12 obtaining honours. The first place in the Distinction list in Mathematics was obtained by W. O'Donnell. This is a very creditable feat, seeing that almost 3,400 candidates presented themselves. I may mention that no very special preparation is made for these examinations, and that the boys who are presented have to take the maximum number of subjects.

These results show that the work done in the Institute compares satisfactorily with that done in any other school in the country.

The "blue-ribbon" of the Catholic Institute for 1908-9, the gold medal annually awarded to the best Senior in the school—has been won by J. D. Colgan. Though this medal is generally awarded to the one who obtains highest first class honours in the Oxford Senior Locals for that year, yet this is but one of the conditions that influence us in determining the winner. Readers of the school Magazine are well aware of these conditions. I feel confident that all will agree that J. D. Colgan has merited the medal for this year.

The Junior medal has been awarded to R. A. Caswall. He, too, has justly merited this recognition of his success. I hope that in due time he will be able to capture the Senior medal.

A special prize has been awarded to W. Upton for first place in the Preliminary.

The Mathematical Prize of two guineas, offered by a former pupil of

the Institute, goes to F. J. Tindall, for having scored the highest marks in the papers set at a special examination held at the close of the session. I take this opportunity of thanking the donor for his generous and thoughtful gift to his old school. I have hopes that an equally healthy stimulus to excellence in the other subjects will, in due course, be forthcoming from some of the many influential ex-pupils of the Institute.

With the passing of our Pupil Teacher Centre and the introduction of the Bursary system for the education and training of future teachers, it may be interesting to the Catholic body to learn that during our short connection with the Pupil Teacher system, 78, now fully certificated teachers, have passed through our hands. Most of these are on the staffs of our Catholic Elementary Schools in this city and neighbourhood. A large number are in London, and the rest are scattered in various parts of the country—all doing good work for the education of our Catholic children.

In addition, there are 23 at present in Training Colleges, completing their course for the teaching profession. Some few, though fully qualified, have been unable to get admission to a Training College, owing to lack of accommodation.

I am pleased to be able to assure you that the good work, which the school has been doing continues unabated, and that there are many reasons for hoping that the record of the present session will be, at least, equal to that of the preceding one. The Form libraries are being well utilized, and will, no doubt, produce a much desired improvement.

The formation of a successful debating class comprising Forms V., VI. VII. is also an indication of better things in the future.

I notice with pleasure the generous co-operation of the boys with their teachers in these effects to make their school-life more educative, and, at the same time, practical. An effort is also being made to prepare those boys who have completed the Secondary School course for the University and Commercial life. In common with the Principals of the other Secondary Schools of the City, I, too, have to deplore the action of some parents in taking away their boys before they have completed the full course of studies. From 12 to 16 is just the



period when a boy's intelligence is ripening—the time when his education can be most thoroughly and practically promoted; and parents, who realise this fact, will if possible, even at a sacrifice, give their boys the benefit of those precious years.

I cannot close my report without referring to what is undoubtedly a most important item in the school-life of every boy—the school games. A sound mind in a healthy body is what we would wish each of our pupils to be equipped with. Therefore a school which would aim at producing the former without giving due attention to the latter would but partially fulfil its objects in the training of youth. It is quite certain, too, that many lessons can be learned in the playing field even more thoroughly than in the class-room—hence the importance of organised games.

I am pleased to say that most of the parents have co-operated very cordially with us in our endeavour to provide suitable accommodation for the boys both at Football and Cricket on their half-holidays; and while expressing the hope that all will join with us in this matter, I would, respectfully, remind parents that we expect that, on the days appointed, all the boys will, as far as possible, be present at the games. Apart from every other consideration, I think it is very desirable that their companions on their half-holidays should be their school-fellows and this can be secured only by their presence at the school games.

Though I do not wish to emphasize the success which has attended our XIs at Football and Cricket, because I do not regard the success of a 1st or even a 2nd XI in their inter-school matches as the one object to be aimed at, I must, nevertheless, congratulate the captains and members of last year's XIs on the splendid success which they had during the season. I may mention in this connection, that two football cups have this year been put up for competition among the various Forms, so that, I expect, there will be no lack of enthusiasm among those boys who need a stimulus even at their games.

In conclusion, I beg to thank you, Very Rev. and Rev. Fathers and Gentlemen, for having honoured us with your presence here this afternoon, at an hour which may be considered the most busy of the day. I wish also to thank the

conductor of the Orchestra and the various members of both Orchestra and Choir, &c. for having contributed so much to the enjoyment of the meeting.

The Principal then called upon Very Rev. Canon Pinnington to distribute the prizes.

Canon Pinnington then distributed the prizes.

*Catholic Inst. Gold Medal* 1908-9, J. D. Colgan  
*Senior Mathematical Prize of Two Guineas*,  
F. J. Tindall

*Cath. Inst. Silver Medal* 1908-9, R. A. Caswall  
*First Class Honors, Oxford Sen.*, J. D. Colgan,  
F. J. Tindall, A. Hagan, J. C. Cunningham,  
J. O'Hare.

*Second Class Honors, Oxford Sen.*, A. J. Power,  
J. Holland, T. J. Dunne, D. O'Donovan,  
P. N. O'Hara, J. Wright, P. Costello.

*Third Class Honors, Oxford Sen.*, F. McKee,  
G. McNally, A. E. Robinson, W. Thomas,  
J. McInerney, W. Murphy.

*Distinctions, Oxford Senior*, J. D. Colgan,  
(French 4th place), F. J. Tindall (Religion,  
Mathematics, Physics), A. Hagan (Religion),  
J. C. Cunningham (Mathematics), J. Holland  
(Mathematics), J. Wright (Mathematics).

*First Class Honors, Oxford Jun.*, R. A. Caswall,  
G. J. Kirby.

*Second Class Honors, Oxford Jun.*, V. Atkin,  
R. B. Cunningham, H. O'Sullivan.

*Third Class Honors, Oxford Jun.*, P. Bannon,  
A. M. Dey, H. Llewellyn, C. O'Donnell.

*Distinctions, Oxford Junior*, R. A. Caswall  
(Religious Knowledge, English), G. L. Kirby  
(Religious Knowledge, English), A. M. Dey  
(English).

*First Class Honors, Oxford Prel.*, W. H. Upton  
*Second Class Honors, Oxford Prel.*, J. A. O'Neill  
W. O'Donnell, D. Gavin.

*Third Class Honors, Oxford Prel.*, F. O'Keete,  
T. Gregory, J. Hall, J. V. Quinn, A. R.  
Ramsbottom, I. Voce, E. J. Walker, J. J.  
Derrick.

*Distinctions, Oxford Prelim.*, W. O'Donnell,  
(Mathematics 1st place).

A very beautiful Gold Medal, presented by Mr. Ormsby, was also given to W. O'Donnell for this unique distinction.

The following were awarded the prizes for their respective Forms.

Form VII—(1) A. Hagan, (2) F. J. Tindall,  
(3) J. D. Colgan.

Scripture, &c.—F. Tindall.

Form VI—(1) J. C. Cunningham (2) J. O'Hare,  
(3) G. McNally.

Scripture, &c.—R. A. Caswall.

Form V.—(1) G. Kirby, (2) W. McMillan,  
(3) J. McInerney,

Scripture, &c.—G. Kirby.

Form IVa—(1) R. Cunningham, (2) H. Llewellyn,  
(3) W. Upton.

Religious Knowledge—R. Cunningham.

Form IVb—(1) J. Ellis, (2) J. Gibb, (3) E. Rattray.

Religious Knowledge—W. Shortall.

Form IVa—(1) A. O'Neill, (2) T. Gregory,  
(3) W. O'Donnell.

Religious Knowledge—A. O'Neill.

Form IIIb.—(1) J. Saunders, (2) G. Conlan,  
(3) J. Nolan.

Religious Knowledge—G. Conlan.

Form IIIc.—(1) J. Hughes, (2) J. Flood,

(3) H. Cossentine.

Religious Knowledge—E. Smith.

Form II.—(1) B. Parsons, (2) N. Cossentine,

(3) J. Allen,

Religious Knowledge—B. Parsons.

Form I.—(1) F. Clancy, (2) A. Hawley,

(3) R. Cross.

Religious Knowledge—J. Sheehan.

Preparatory—(1) G. Ugalde, (2) R. Stephens,

(3) J. Cruzalegui.

Religious Knowledge—F. Quinn.

Football Caps were presented to G. J. McNally and E. Concannon, and at the close of the distribution two beautiful writing cabinets, suitably inscribed, were presented to J. D. Colgan and J. F. Lacy by their school fellows in recognition of their services as Secretaries of the first Athletic Sports held by the Catholic Institute.

Canon Pinnington expressed his very great pleasure at this new departure in having brought them to the Liverpool Assembly Rooms for their prize distribution, and he expressed the hope that the Brothers would try and overcome their traditional aversion to publicity and invite, not merely a few friends, but also the parents of the boys to future Prize Distributions, for he thought it a great pity that parents had no opportunity of coming into immediate contact with the teachers and seeing the quality of the work done in the school, as well as the very cordial relations that existed between teachers and pupils.

He congratulated the Christian Brothers on a most satisfactory year's work, and on what he should call the extraordinary success of the Catholic Institute. He could recall the day—seven years ago—on which the Brothers took over the control of the Catholic Institute, with 28 boys, and to-day the number of pupils in attendance was close on 340. He remembered too the answer he made to one who doubted if there existed in Liverpool an opening for a Secondary School conducted by the Christian Brothers. His reply was that in ordinary business the demand ought to precede the supply but in the matter of education the supply ought to precede the demand. Moreover, the Christian Brothers' Schools were eminently successful, not only in Ireland, where they held aloft the banner of religion against the wildest gale of godless education, but also in the Colonies and even under foreign flags. Referring to the excellent work done in the Pupil Teacher

Centre conducted by the Brothers, he tendered to them his thanks, as well as the thanks of the Managers of the Catholic Elementary Schools of the city, for the splendid work they had done for their elementary teachers. He quite agreed with Bro. Leahy on the subject of external examinations; it was not direct preparation for these examinations, but the steady thorough work done in all the Forms that would in the end give satisfaction, and they knew that the Catholic Institute was conducted on these healthy lines.

He also wished to congratulate Mr. Keegan and the Orchestra as well as the Choir on the musical treat which they had given them that afternoon (applause).

A very cordial vote of thanks to Canon Pinnington was proposed by Dr. Bligh and seconded by Canon Keegan.

## Deykircasia—A Review

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies  
When a new planet swims into his ken."

*Keats*

We do not claim to possess the keen literary discernment of a poet, nor has it been our fortune to discover another daylight comet. Our observations have been made, not indeed in the starry heavens, nor with the hope of adding one more to the sensations of a season, but in the rather more prescribed limits of the class-room among its dusty appurtenances and prattling philosophers. And here we have made a discovery which for the moment does not seem to be of the first magnitude, but which we consider of sufficient importance to merit more than a casual examination. A most unique periodical has in short come into our ken; and be its merits as they may, we must confess that, on first looking into this latest of magazines our feelings were, though in a very minor degree, akin to those which Keats experienced when he first opened the pages of Chapman's Homer.

Only a short time ago did we discover the existence of this self-styled "20th century marvel"—Deykircasia. We have with eager eyes, watched its spasmodic but exuberant growth in spite of the extreme difficulty of locating even the approximate path of this literary planet as it rose and set with such embarrassing irregularity. At last, it has come full into our field of view and we have the

privilege of examining at leisure the present issue which contains 40 pages—“for the amusement of the Vith and the instruction of everyone else”—a rather pretentious programme. We find that the execution of this self-imposed but none the less presumptuous task has been undertaken by a trio whose bump of ‘Bounce’ is not the least developed of their brain-spots; and in absolute consonance with every feature of this fantastic periodical and its editors, they appropriated a certain *dual* desk in the Vith class-room whence they proclaim, through Deykircasia, those oracles that are meant to amuse their confrères and to instruct all others. One is not surprised to find an “etymological freak” gracing the title page of this new comer in the world of journalism: in fact, we would say that the title has been aptly chosen and is a fit prologue to the contents.

In the ordinary way we pass over the Ads. and proceed to the table of contents in order to discover the treasures of literature which this magazine contains, but before reaching that goal the numerous illustrations, embracing a curious range of subjects, imperatively demand our attention! No doubt the lavish use of red ink—the purpose of which our readers will guess, though the price of this periodical is neither one penny nor one shilling—helps to make the illustrations more prominent if less artistic. We glance through the long list of contents and immediately turn to the “Editorial” in the hope of getting to the very essence of things but again we are puzzled—a formidable quotation of what must be really very blank verse, because we cannot probe its meaning, is the introduction to the editorial. We quote just a brief extract

“Your reign shall be for aye  
 Circled laurels men shall send  
 And thou shalt wear them triumphing,  
 Shimmering o’er the waves of time,  
 Incomparable, sublime——”

Immediately we learn from the succeeding passage that some would-be poet has rashly ventured to express his appreciation of our contemporary, and because his verse does not reach a standard comparable with the dignity of his subject we find the editor or editors pouring forth, in Johnsonian style, a veritable deluge of sarcasm on the un-

lucky head of the aspiring poet. The major part of the editorial barely suffices in their opinion to inflict a sufficiently salutary castigation on this individual: on the whole we would consider the tone is distinctly intimidatory and perhaps this explains why the following anonymous criticism of Deykircasia or rather of its editors found its way into our letter-box.

“They grew in beauty side by side.”

“Our theme is local. Dear Mr. Editor. Somewhere within the sacred precincts of this abode of Art, Science and Literature,—this home of intellectual effort and educational advancement, there lurks a hornet’s nest. Of late there has appeared a something, styled by its originators a Magazine, and, Oh, ye gods! such a Magazine! Such a travesty of literary culture and honest thought! We hesitate to offend the gentle ear of our readers by making any quotations from this miscellany of juvenile atrocities. And yet strange to say the perpetrators of this outrage, who are, it may be stated, known to us, are not otherwise contemptible.

The Magazine has assumed a name which is as foreign to the laws of euphony as its writers are strangers to the usages of civilised diction. And it is well; for only some such name as “Casdekirkia” could accord with the pages of the volume. Its staff consists, we are given to understand, of three, and it is with regard to those three that we have used the line that heads our criticism,—“They grew in beauty side by side.”

And first, let us speak of the Editor of this production. His name is Dalinger Slawacl (it is not Welsh nor German. Transpose it and see), and he is lyrical, yea, with the melody that makes music in children’s hearts, but vile, beyond all things vile, vile with the essence of villainous vileness, vile in his Magazine.

What further shall we say of him? Tell you who he is! Nay, we have told you. Where will you find him! Well, he has passed the middle forms, where he might be still, if years, and physical proportion counted. His hair is mouse colour and hangs over his forehead, except on state occasions when he brushes it aside. He makes a good photograph except when he wears a lip,—*vide* last School Magazine. Generally speaking he is a tolerable youngster, but oh! he has edited

that "Magazine," and behold, the eclipse is complete. When we look at him we no longer see him as he is. The pages of his Magazine are pasted all over his form. Oh, horror! to think that so promising a being should be marred by giving light to such a monstrous ghoul. For the honest mind he now lives in literary oblivion and there let us leave him and endeavour to forget.

Of his two aiders and abettors in infamy we next come to speak. Let us begin with Nedie Edy. The first part of his name has a Latin twang, and the second seems to have connection with the famous Christian Scientist; this might account for the origin of the ghoul. However our own opinion is that he has conjured with his name. He is a gallant youth is Nedie, and handsome in his tastes. He reads treatises on Shakespeare and other light literature. We admired him for this till it transpired that Shakespeare's ghost was hanging round his Magazine. Edy is tall, slightly built and of late has added to the length of his breeches—on occasions at least. So calm is he that we cannot think that he had much to do with the ghoulish conception.

Rather let us be honest and immediately state it as our opinion that the dark-haired, thin-spined, magician looking Erogge Birky, whose very name suggests witchcraft's cauldrons and dragon's blood, and caves and dark recesses, is the real originator, instigator, organiser, and producer of this cauldron growth. And yet, they tell me, he was a harmless soul before he gave himself to these unholy practises. There are those who say that his voice was kind, his hand was willing to aid, that he promised fair to accomplish better things. But alas! for a wasted career! Well, they too have slipped into literary oblivion and we shall leave them with their sorceries and endeavour to forget.

But oh! the pity of it! "They grew in beauty side by side," and side by side they still remain, but the beauty, where is that? Oh! the pity of it,—the pity of it!!"

Rightly or otherwise our anonymous correspondent seems sad at heart for these three adventurers, but let us say at once that we take no responsibility for his weird personalities, and we reproduce the document with the sole object of showing the style of criticism which

editors have to face and outlive.

Space does not permit us to point out all the strange features of this unique publication. The "to-be-continued" stories are perhaps too interesting, while the complete tales smack rather much of what we reckon may be traits of the next century. The foreign correspondent would be a treasure on the staff of one of our sensational news-manufacturers, and to our surprise Dan Chaucer is impressed to justify the use of fairly strong language because he once wrote:

*"The wordes mote be cousine to the dæde."*

It is scarcely possible to win the sympathy of ordinary readers by referring them to p. 6 of Arnold's "How to be happy though a Poet," for an explanation of the curious combination of infinity and radicals in which a writer chooses to express the yearly income of a triple multi-millionaire. Though we found it difficult to wade through some of the many rank effusions in this curiosity, we resolved to read it even to the last Ad., but on opening a certain page we beheld—and collapsed. The ravings of a "new and improved Shakespeare" stood fully revealed on the page before us. Our literary susceptibilities revolt at the very idea of attempting a criticism of this monstrosity, therefore we reproduce it, even at the risk of paralysing the literary nerves of some of our readers, so that the most gross-textured may have the opportunity of judging for themselves. The piece is styled:

### **"The New Wing at Elsinore."**

The Prologue states that the last scene of "Hamlet" left Denmark provided with all the materials for an acute political crisis. Fortinbras is, however, desirous to see Horatio on the throne but "the villain of the play by an act of unprecedented treachery ultimately usurps it. There is, however, a Nemesis which finally overtakes the usurper." It is also remarked that "Ghosts" would be the most appropriate title for this work, but that cognomen was already appropriated by a minor dramatist and hence the "New Wing, &c."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HORATIO—The greatest friend of Hamlet deceased, and King of Denmark.

FORTINBRAS—The Norweigan Prince, who, on being offered the throne, resigns it to Horatio.

MACDOUGALL—The bold, bad villain, who gets possession of the throne by treachery and intrigue.

BILL } Grave-diggers, Clowns, Builders, &c.  
 MIKE }  
 BERNARDO } Officers.  
 FRANCISCO }  
 MARCELLUS }  
 OSRIC—A Courtier.  
 TOWSKI—The Pet Dog.  
 GHOSTS of Hamlet's Father, Hamlet, Claudius,  
 Gertrude, Polonius, Laertes, Ophelia,  
 Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The platform before the old portion of the Castle at Elsinore.*

*Enter Horatio and Fortinbras, swathed in overcoats, the former looking nervously over his shoulder.*

TIME.—*A dark winter's evening. After dinner.*

FORTINBRAS (*shivering slightly*) 'Tis bitter cold—  
 HORATIO (*impatiently*) And you are sick at heart  
 I know.

F. (*apologetically*) The fact is when I get a cold  
 I often can't get rid of it for weeks;  
 I really think we may as well get in.

H. (*doggedly*) I'm sorry, but I can't agree with  
 you;  
 I shall stay here. [*He sits down unwittingly in a pool of water and springs up.*]

Out! Out! damned spot!  
 F. (*After a minute's pause and turning up his coat collar resignedly*)

It's perfect rot, you know,  
 To let yourself be frightened by a ghost.

H. (*angrily*) A ghost you say? you're always  
 inexact.

Nobody minds a spectre at the feast,  
 Less than Horatio. But twenty such,  
 All sitting round your hospitable board  
 And clamouring for dinner, is a sight  
 No one can bear with equanimity.

[*F. shrugs his shoulders contemptuously.*]

You don't believe in ghosts? No? well,  
 perhaps  
 You're right or rather—shivers! ugh!  
 what's that?

F. You have the jigs my friend!

H. (*Gasps.*) It's come! Avaunt!  
 The fluffy spectre! S'blood! It moves!  
 Look! lo!

F. (*disgusted*) Look high or low, its far too  
 dark to see.

(*argumentatively*) And after all, what are  
 these things called ghosts?

In the most high and palmy state of  
 Rome,

A little 'ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 People saw herds of them. Just take a  
 kick

At yonder massy door: we'll wake the  
 cook.

(*He waxes heroic.*) Meseems a dish of  
 toasted spuds and salt

Would chase the spooky fever from your  
 blood  
 Eftsoones.

H. (*despondently*) Stewed Prunes? They're out  
 of season now.

You couldn't wake the woman with a  
 brick

In any case.

F. (*clutches H*) What! Ann Maria dead?

Then came the fit again?

H. Macbeth would say,  
 'No maid is left this vault to brag of now'  
 Unwiped the saucers lie, the pot un-  
 scraped,

The saucepan, soot-surrounded on the  
 hob—

In brief! the servants all have sacked  
 the job.

F. (*amazed*) Domestic e'en?

H. Aye, all the seventeen,  
 And Patsey, too, the boy that cleans the  
 knives,

The washerwomen's heir.

F. Oh dash it all!  
 Something is rotten in the state of Den-  
 mark

When you, its reigning monarch cannot  
 keep

Your servants for a week! Had I been  
 king—

H. (*sadly*) Ah Fortinbras

If you inhabited a haunted manse

You'd find *your* servants giving notice  
 too,

It's not as if we only had *one* ghost,  
 They simply swarm! There's Hamlet's

father first,  
*He* walks the battlements from ten to five

[*Ticking them off on his fingers.*]

You'll see him here in half an hour or so,  
 King Claudius' 'pookie' pokes about  
 the bar,

The Queen the keep, Ophelia the moat,  
 And Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, the  
 hall

Polonius you will in custom find  
 Behind the arras, mumbling platitudes,  
 And Hamlet stalking in the corridors.

Alas, poor Ghost! his fatal indecision  
 Pursues him still, he can't make up his  
 mind

What room to take—you're never free  
 from *him*.

F. But why object to meeting Hamlet's  
 Ghost?

I'm sure he was a most accomplished  
 Prince,

And he to us, Hyperion to a satyr;  
 A trifle fat and scant of breath, per-  
 chance,

But then a disembodied Hamlet *would*,  
 Most doubtless, show a gratifying change  
 In that respect.

H. (*irritably*) I tell you Fortinbras,  
 It's not at all a theme for idle jest

It's cost me money too, good sire, the  
 Wing

I've built to 'scape th' invasion of the  
 ghouls.

When I've the billiard-room electric-lit  
 Up there, this place will be for spirits pale  
 And let them bring their draughty pals  
 from hell

And skip and jig and tumble here pell-  
 mell.

F. When will that be?

H. The architect declares  
 He'll have the roof on by the end of  
 March.

F. (*rising briskly*) It is a nipping and an eager  
 air—

Suppose we stroll and see.

H. (*rising also*) With all my heart.

Indeed I think we'd better go at once,  
 The ghost of Hamlet's father's almost due.  
 His morbid love of punctuality

Makes him arrive upon the stroke of ten,  
And, as the castle clock is always fast,  
He's rather apt to be before his time.

[*The clock begins to strike. Exeunt H. and F. hastily, on the last stroke, enters Ghost of Hamlet's father.*]

GHOST: I am the wraith of Hamlet's father dead,  
Doomed for a certain time to walk the  
night,  
And for the day—[*he stops, looking about,  
and sees nobody.*]

What! nobody about?

This is positively disrespect—

I'll wait until Horatio returns,

And when I've got him quietly alone

I'll swash him with my clammiest  
shin-bone! [*ghost swoons.*]

TO BE CONTINUED (*perhaps*).

## In the land of the Little White Father.

By J. A. MACAULAY.

The vast white wastes of Northern Russia, and the great golden exuberance of summer crops in the South, are things we read about at school, and forget at the earliest opportunity. Russia is the Bluebeard of Europe, and all live in a sort of terror of its revolutionary 'bombs,' its peasant uprisings and its assassinations, so that few of us ever venture to visit it.

A few years ago I had the good fortune to make a very interesting cruise in the Baltic and the White Sea, touching at some of the largest seaports in Russia. The first port we visited was Wiborg, in the Gulf of Finland. It is only a small timber port, the building of most importance being a sawmill, where nearly all the inhabitants, men, women, and children worked. As this town was only 20 miles from St Petersburg we thought we would not miss this grand opportunity of seeing the great capital of Russia. Accordingly we arrived in St Petersburg about 10 o'clock in the morning. Long before we reached the city we could see the massive gilded dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral, and the many other edifices which have this peculiar trait of Russian architecture. We at once began a tour of sightseeing in a "drosky," a kind of small landau, but of a much flimsier construction. To add to the uncomfatableness of these vehicles, nearly all the streets in the city are paved with cobblestones, and one runs a great risk of being thrown out. After a short time we became quite expert at keeping our seats, and began to look around us.

The major part of St. Petersburg stands on the mainland, on the left bank of the Neva. The Island of Vasilievsky, between the Great and Little Nevas has at its head the Stock Exchange, surrounded by spacious warehouses, and a row of scientific institutions facing the Neva—the Academy of Sciences, the University, the Philological Institute, the Academy of Arts, and various Schools and Colleges. On the Petersburgsky Island stands the old fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, facing the White Palace, the Czar's residence, and containing the Mint and Cathedral wherein the members of the Imperial Family are buried. The old fashioned casemates of this fortress are now used as political prisons. The Old Admiralty is the real centre of St. Petersburg; its lofty gilded spire and the dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral are among the first sights caught in approaching St. Petersburg by rail or sea. The three principal streets radiate from this Old Admiralty, the chief being the Newesky Prospect, one of the scenes of bloodshed during the revolutionary riots. To the east of the Admiralty rises the high and magnificent mass of the White Palace, the Hermitage Gallery of Arts, and the buildings of the Czar's general staff. In the Petrovsky Square there is an enormous statue of Peter the Great—the work of Falconet—on an immense block of granite brought from Finland. Whilst in St. Isaac's Cathedral I had the pleasure of seeing a child christened in the Greek Catholic way. During the ceremony it was immersed up to its neck in a large font. This Cathedral is an enormous structure, surmounted by one large and four small gilded domes. The interior decorations are very rich; and it contains pictures painted by the best representatives of Russian Art. During the course of the day we went into a restaurant and, on asking for tea, were presented with the very weakest in a glass, having a slice of lemon in it instead of milk. Very little tea is drunk in Russia, and the Government is trying to reduce the consumption of coffee, the principal beverage. At the hotel in which we stopped we were fully half an hour giving our names, address, nationality, where we had come from that day, and where we were going after leaving Wiborg. The next day we had a last look round, then took train and arrived once more at Wiborg.

Three days later we sailed for Cronstadt, a two days' journey. Whilst steaming up the harbour we passed through the Russian fleet, which was anchored there waiting for orders to proceed to the Russo-Japanese War. The ship was berthed in the harbour next to which the large Russian cruiser, Alexander III, was being fitted out. Cronstadt is built on an island, and was founded by Peter the Great. It is the chief naval station and the most flourishing commercial port of Russia. Its fortifications, which are built of granite, and armed with the heaviest ordnance, command every approach to St. Petersburg, with which it is connected by a canal. The town of Cronstadt is built on old fashioned lines, the principal buildings being the Cathedral and the British Seaman's Hospital. On the day after our arrival we crossed the river in a small ferry boat and went to Peterhof. During our stay there we were permitted to go through the Czar's Palace, a guide showing us all the things of interest in the magnificent splendour of the interior. The walls of one room called the "Bird Room," were covered with silk, on which were painted birds in gorgeous colours. A company of mounted Cossacks were patrolling in front of the Palace. Directly opposite the main entrance to the Palace is a small canal, leading down in a straight line to the sea. At the end of it we could see the Czar's battleship which he always keeps stationed there, in case of emergency, such as a revolution, or attempted assassination.

Along the banks of the canal which are beautifully laid out, are hundreds of fountains, which play at certain times during the day. We had the pleasure of seeing the fountains on both sides playing, presenting a magnificent spectacle, being at least a quarter of a mile in length.

About ten minutes' walk brought us to the house in which Peter the Great died. On entering, we saw the bed on which he died, and the coat he wore. All the furniture in the house was made by him. In front of the house was a small lake, and when the attendant who was in charge of the house, rang a bell, all the fish in the lake rose to the surface to be fed. After this interesting day we returned to Cronstadt, whence we sailed two days later.

The next port of call was Riga, in the

Gulf of Riga. It is the third seaport in Russia, but contained nothing of very much interest, except the Cathedral, and St. Peter's Church, built in 1409, with a spire of 460 feet high. The old town of Riga has narrow streets and mediæval houses, but the suburbs are laid out in broad streets and handsome buildings.

The next and last port that we touched was Archangel, in the White Sea. On our way up the coast of Norway we went through the renowned Norwegian Fiords. The scenery was magnificent, hemmed in seemingly on all sides by solid walls of rock. After passing out of the Fiords, we rounded the North Cape, the most Northerly point in Europe, and entered the White Sea, and ultimately arrived at Archangel. The town owes its name to the monastery of St. Michael there. The houses were built mostly of wood, but the larger ones of stone. The finest buildings were the public market and the Marine Hospital. There was one Protestant and many Greek Catholic Churches, schools for engineering and navigation, a gymnasium and a naval hospital. The town is the oldest seaport in the Empire, and dates its rise from a visit paid by the English seaman, Chancellor in 1553. An English factory was soon afterwards established, and a fort built in 1584. The land round Archangel is mostly desolate and sterile, the people generally supporting themselves by hunting.

After being five days in this port we sailed for England. On the way home we saw wild reindeer on the flat shores of Lapland. The next day we passed within half a mile of a whale whilst spouting. We again passed through the Norwegian Fiords, to freshen our memories with their magnificent spectacles. We were there just a little too late in the season to see the "Midnight Sun." Four days later we arrived in London, glad once again to mix with our own, with glowing accounts to tell of our course in the land of the Little White Father. Yet we seemed to miss one thing. The cold prosaic perfection of English streets had nothing quite so homely about it as had those Russian ones with their cobble pavements and the groups of passers stopping to bless themselves thrice before the little lighted shrine of a saint at every turning of the road.



## Labour and Wait.

"Let us then be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate,  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait."  
LONGFELLOW—"Psalm of Life."

What! labour and wait, whilst the world  
rushes by

With impetuous speed in the wake of  
the great!

Shall I live in concealment and quietly  
die,

To answer such mandate as, "Labour  
and Wait."

Shall I from my home of oblivion gaze  
Unmoved on the throng ever climbing  
to fame,

Nor ever towards Heaven my standard  
upraise

And bid future ages resound with my  
name.

The world is advancing, there's work to  
be done,

There's wealth to be made and renown  
to attain,

And short is the time; for our evening  
sun

Will soon set, and darkness enshroud  
us again.

Then away with such folly, no waiting  
for me;

Her jewels I'll force from the temple  
of Fate.

My voice will be heard over mountain  
and sea,

Let slow sentimentalists labour and  
wait.

Go softly, my friend, when the sound of  
your voice

Over mountain and sea has in death  
died away,

When your wealth has been squandered  
by friends of your choice,

Your efforts and labours, what then  
will repay?

Nay, labour, my friend, while there's  
strength in your frame,

'Tis wisdom that speaks in the words  
you so hate,

But wait for Eternity's garland of fame,  
For honour unending, yes, "Labour  
and Wait."

## For the Young Folk.

"A story of Hearts."

When a baby is born he gets a heart,  
but as the demand for hearts is very  
great there are not always enough to go  
round. The supply of hearts is kept

in crocks like jam-pots, and they are  
labelled like this: "Brand New,"  
"Worn out," "Bad," "Good," "In-  
different." The old hearts have to do  
duty again, and when one gets an old  
heart it is very trying.

Of course, people do not know what  
is wrong with them, but they cannot  
love like others, and they are not loved  
either, poor things!

### *Helping Hearts.*

We can, however, help our hearts a  
great deal. If we find ourselves getting  
unkind, or saying ugly words to each  
other, if we are envious, jealous, or selfish,  
we know that something is wrong with  
our heart, and it is time to help ourselves.  
How can we do this? Well, we can  
fight ourselves.

We have two selves—a bad and a good  
self—and the bad self has to be beaten.  
You must talk to yourself and say:  
"Chappie, this won't do; you are growing  
bad-hearted. To punish you I will take  
a silver threepenny-piece out of your  
money-box and give it to the first poor  
little beggar child I meet. You shall  
not have your marbles or your top; you  
shall just go without." You cannot  
think how happy your good-self will feel  
then. A little boy once told me the  
story which I now relate for your  
benefit.

### *A Spoilt Child.*

"At one time I hated celery and  
mustard, and quite a lot of things people  
like to eat. As I was a spoilt child, I  
was never asked to eat them, but I had  
a great idea of conquering myself. So  
I used to eat the things I hated with  
tears of disgust running down my face.  
Mother was very much distressed, but  
all I could tell her was that I would not  
be a slave to myself, so after that she  
left me alone. Now I can eat anything,  
and when I am hurt I do not cry out.  
It is fine to be a man, and all boys want  
to be real brave men."

### *A Brave Act.*

Now, I will tell you what I saw the  
other day close by Dale Street. There  
was a shop with the grating up from  
the cellar beside the window, so that  
anyone who walked near it, if he had  
not been looking, must have fallen in.

Suddenly, to my horror, I saw a blind  
beggar coming along, but before I had  
power to move, a young boy of about  
twelve or thirteen had flown right past  
me like a bird. He threw out his young  
arms and just as the poor old man was



going to step into danger he had him fast in his arms close against his heart! A golden heart it was you may be sure! Then we had a talk and I went home quite happy, thinking, as I do now, that many hearts are good, and that the bad ones can be made good. Examine yours!

### THE RECITER.

Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robert Reece,  
And every Friday afternoon he had to speak a piece.  
So many poems thus he learned that soon he had a store  
Of recitations in his head, and still kept learning more.  
And now this is what happened: he was called upon one week,  
And totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!  
His brain he cudgelled. Not a word remained within his head!  
And so he spoke at random, and this is what he said:  
"My Beautiful, my beautiful, who standest proudly by,  
It was the schooner *Hesperus*—the breaking waves dashed high  
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?  
Under a spreading chestnut tree there is no place like home!  
When Freedom from her mountain height cried Twinkle, little star,  
Shoot if you must this old gray head, King Henry of Navarre!  
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue castled crag of Drachenfels,  
My name is Norval, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!  
If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be,  
The curfew must not ring to-night! O woodman, spare that tree!  
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be clever!  
The boy stood on the burning deck, but I go on for ever

### "A word about the Sports."

It is pleasant to record that training for the annual Athletic Sports has been begun with splendid spirit and vigour by many of our juniors. This augurs well for their success. Without it the contests would of necessity be poor and devoid of interest. Steady athletic training confers many benefits. The healthy body contains as a rule a healthy mind. The body needs a certain amount of exercise

to keep it in good condition. Athletics serve not merely as a pastime but keep the body in this proper condition by muscular development.

We would advise our young friends who wish to do well on the sports' day — and which of them do not—to select at least three events from the list on the official programme and train well in them. A short practice daily is much better than one of hours taken at irregular intervals.

If Form II intend holding the Masters' Tug-of-War Trophy, which their predecessors were successful in capturing last season, they should see that their team engage in active preparation. This is essential as there are some who think that this Trophy should be ornamenting one of the Class-rooms of the Higher Forms. However, if the contest be weight against weight, with training the "Twoites"—the keenest 'Sports' in the school—have much in their favour.

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## Ferrer.

BY R. A. TWOMEY.

We read through the long list of scientific and other achievements of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries with feelings of intense satisfaction, and we realise more deeply the ever accelerated pace with which we are hastening along the road of Progress. "The ends of the earth" are no longer unattainable; medical science has solved problems of greatest moment to human life; the most acute and intricate social questions are being successfully negotiated, and even our education question will in the near future find a satisfactory solution. It is no wonder then that we talk loudly about the enlightenment of the present age, and that we look with a certain amount of contempt on those peoples and nations whose advancement has not, in our opinion, kept pace with ours. We hear much about the broad-minded spirit of toleration and the national love of justice and fairplay which, in our country at least, are supposed to be the prominent fruits of this more enlightened civilization, and England does not lack those who Pharisee-like are ever ready to hold up their hands in holy horror at the supposed intolerance and barbarity of other nations. But "Physician, heal thyself" holds for Englishmen as well as others; and if we may assume what is generally the case, that the National

Press of a country to some extent represents the sentiments of the nation—then I fear that in one notorious particular at least justice and toleration are by no means characteristic virtues of the majority of the people of this country. This is but too clearly exemplified in a recent case.

Last August some of our English papers teemed with vituperation against the Catholic Church—idle, childish, unfounded, statements regarding the Ferrer case. Every precaution was taken to present arguments calculated to incriminate the Catholic Church; the real facts of the case were either wholly suppressed or grossly distorted; and, when it was no longer possible to maintain the misrepresentations which had been daily served up to the British public, the Ferrer case suddenly disappeared from the columns of these liberal-minded and enlightened exponents of public opinion.

In the middle of last June credits were voted in the Spanish Cortes for the purpose of opening a campaign against some tribesmen of the Riff Country, who had attacked a railway designed to supply certain mines for which a group of wealthy financiers had obtained a concession. This expedition, known as the Melilla expedition, soon became unpopular in the country, especially in Catalonia. The crisis was reached when the loyal subjects who opposed the expedition were joined by a band of rebels. As soon as it was seen that Barcelona was in rebellion, the opposition to the Government throughout the rest of Spain died down, and all available strength was concentrated on the crushing of this local sedition. Then came a curious aspect of the rebellion. monasteries and convents of all kinds were attacked; lofty cathedrals, and village churches shared a common fate. Everything, in any way connected with the Church of Rome, was attacked, and nothing but what was of the Church interfered with.

The rising was soon quelled, and hundreds of arrests were made. The prisoners were summarily tried by Court Martial, and among them was a farmer's son who had come to be possessed of a large fortune and a high rank in a secret society. He, like many others, was tried, condemned, and executed.

Immediately all Europe was in a ferment at the so called "murder" of Ferrer.

As a young man Ferrer was an avowed anarchist. Having taken part in the rebellion of 1885 when 16 years old he fled to Paris. Later on he deserted his wife and children, and became closely acquainted with a middle aged spinster named Meunier, who, on her death, left plenty of money for Masses for her soul and £32,000 for Ferrer. By some means the latter obtained, or more probably embezzled the money left for Masses. In 1901, having returned to Barcelona, he inaugurated a system of schools known as the Modern Schools, in which all kinds of anti-christian doctrines were taught. In one of his schools he employed as a teacher Matteo Morral, the man who threw a bomb at the King and Queen of Spain in 1906. Ferrer was acquitted of complicity in the attempt on their lives. When the Riff district showed signs of disturbance Ferrer crossed from England to Spain. He broke all his engagements in England he said, on account of the illness of a niece. According to his own story, on the 26th of June he went to the railway station and took the train home; and he was prepared to swear that he remained there till the 29th, when the disturbance had greatly cooled down. Some fifty witnesses were called, and the prosecution showed clearly, on the testimony of independent witnesses, that not only did Ferrer take part in the rebellion, but that he took a leading part in it. One of the witnesses, the Mayor of Premia, testified that when the revolution seemed to be on the eve of success, he was approached by Ferrer, who entreated him to declare a provisional government, and fight against the opposing régime.

After a month's hiding Ferrer was captured. He was tried by Court Martial, which was the legal form of trial according to the Spanish Law.

The Court Martial consisted of colonels who were certainly free from both political and religious bias; and the proceedings were open—the public and press having free access—and it was evident that as the trial proceeded Ferrer's defence grew weaker and weaker, so that in Spain very little surprise was evident when his sentence was duly announced. On his death it was found that he had disinherited his daughters, and left the bulk of the money which he had amassed by anti-christian propaganda to an anarchist in Liverpool, yet he coolly asks us to believe he broke

off all his engagements in order that he might console his niece during her illness.

A correspondent of the Westphalian *Rheinische Zeitung* wrote from Spain a short time after Ferrer's execution, to say that in Spain people no longer spoke of Ferrer, they only wondered why such a fuss was made about his trial in Paris and London. An earnest protest against Ferrer's trial was to be found nowhere in Spain. A few Republican papers pointed out some weak points in the list of evidence, but they brought nothing against the main proofs of Ferrer's complicity in the rebellion, thereby acknowledging fully the justice of the sentence.

The Spanish Conservatives having gone out of power, it was naturally expected that the Liberals would severely criticise the condemnation of Ferrer. On the contrary, the new Liberal War Minister, Lague, published the documents of the case, and in the preface he stated that, in his opinion, if there was anything unlawful in the trial of Ferrer, it was that he was not executed more summarily, and that he was allowed to call witnesses.

In Germany even some of the most bitter anti-Catholic papers had the courage to announce that Ferrer's trial was perfectly just, but our English newspapers have not yet been taught honesty. Contented with villifying the Church of Rome when they thought it in error, they had not the moral decency to apologise when the Church was exonerated from blame. One smiles to think of the idle boast of the Englishman, that Great Britain is the champion of liberty, when it is so evident that unreasonable prejudice plays such a prominent part in religious discussions in our papers.

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## The Marvels of the Modern Newspaper.

BY JOHN J. DOYLE.

If it was possible to ferry Caxton and his associates across the river Styx and place them in the press-rooms of a modern newspaper, some morning about 1 a.m. one cannot imagine how dazed those ancient printers would be. Their amazement and awe would probably be similar to the impressions made on a

child standing in the midst of the throbbing machinery of a liner's engine-room, and the whirr of the gigantic turbines or the boom of the mighty pistons and magic wheels would be less bewildering than the story that the huge rotary press rushing and raving in one of our Liverpool printing offices dumps out something like 30,000 neatly folded newspapers in an hour.

With us, indeed, of the present day, the faculty of wonder is almost in a state of suspended animation, for above us is the air "brushed with hiss of rustling wings"; below, the sea swimming with steely torpedo fish; and the very earth dancing to the magic music of acid and chemical change. Thus it is that some have lost faith in miracles since the day is strewn with the common place of them. A little retrospect, however, will open our eyes to worship at least one.

Thirty years ago the type-setting machine had not begun to do the work of four of the fastest compositors, nor had stereotyping been brought to anything like perfection. It is said, indeed, that type-setting by machinery has done more to advance the cause of universal education than any other factor since the art of printing was invented. Mechanical Composition has caused a reduction in the cost of printing books, magazines, and newspapers; and consequently the channels of education have been opened to rich and poor. The solution of the problem of composing type mechanically gave a tremendous impetus to printing, and made possible the publication of many books and papers which otherwise would never have been known. In this connection, it is remarkable to note that even from the infancy of the Press, men realized that printing would never be an important factor unless some mechanical means of type-setting was invented, and, although hundreds of inventions were patented, few have done the work the inventor intended, or, if they have, either their actual composition or their elaborate arrangement has required so much human attention that they could not be used on economical lines.

As far back as 1874 Theodore L. De Vinne, a veteran printer, wrote of the labour-saving aspects of the invention, answering complaints that the machines would drive compositors out of work and send them to starvation. Speaking of the the machines then existing, he said:—

"A careful review of what has been done and of what is promised in the way of type-setting machinery, gives us no reason to believe that compositors will ever go out of fashion, or that automatic machinery will ever supplant brains. The man must be master of the machines. But there is every reason to believe that at some no distant date a simple form of mechanism will be devised that will do the type setting part of the work quicker than it can ever be done by the human hand. Like all successful inventions it will do away chiefly with the drudgery of labour. It will not deprive the compositor of work but will compel him to work more intelligently. The compositor of the future will have to be, from the necessities of the case, an abler man than the average compositor of to-day."

Speaking of the mechanical devices of type-setting, it is interesting to note the formation and action of the Lanston Monotype, a machine produced by Fobert Lanston, of Washington, in 1897. In the actual machine the operator fingers in all 256 keys, 30 of these keys being used for adjusting purposes. Each key is a valve which releases compressed air into the proper chamber in the machine which in turn causes various punches to perforate the roll of paper mounted above the keyboard. The intricate action and movement of the machine is far too elaborate to be described in this article, and it is sufficient to state that when the paper has received the perforations required, it is torn off and transferred to the casting machine where the actual production of the type takes place. An interesting fact to note is that the type is cast backward, the last letter perforated on the paper being the first letter made in the cast. The typing machines used at present are too numerous to treat separately, but I may state that the machine most generally used, namely the Linotype Machine, acts in the same manner as the Lanston.

Perhaps the most interesting machine used in the process of printing is the rotary press, which prints, folds and counts anything from 30,000 to 60,000 newspapers in an hour. As the paper is reeled off a huge roll it is printed on both sides around large drums and at the same instant is cut in proper lengths by the lightning action of sharp knives, a process which is scarcely finished when various folding blades, neatly fold and press the paper exactly as it is sold to us

by the newsboy. You may have noticed the serrated edge of a modern newspaper; this is because the cutting of the paper is not done by straight edged knives but by blades which greatly resemble an ordinary saw.

In the production of the ordinary newspaper we cannot fail to notice that one of the most important factors is illustration. In England especially it may be noted that the daily newspapers are more profusely illustrated than in any other country in the world. The process of illustrating is based, as is only natural, on photography although it does not follow that all the pictures and sketches presented to us were originally photographed; in fact, to use a common term, many of them are "faked." Like the various other operations employed in the production of our daily paper, the means of producing illustrations have been cleverly increased and multiplied during the last 20 years and it is to an American named Frederick Ives that we owe much for his inventions in this branch of the art of printing.

But the subject, like the activity of the press itself is an endless one and the reader had better get an introduction to some local "father of the chapel" which lest any orthodox reader be shocked, I had better explain is the name technically applied to the chief compositor in every newspaper office of the day.

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## The Old Boys' Association

The first year of the Old Boys' Association came to an end, on Sunday 30th January, when the Association held its Annual General Meeting, under the Presidency of the Rev. Br. Leahy. The agenda being a very large one, it was wisely decided to allow two evenings for the discussion of the items thereon. It is not our intention to enter into the details of the meeting. We will content ourselves by a slight reference to them, by a review of the year's work, and a forecast of the Association's future.

The report of the Treasurer showed that there was a balance in the Association's favour—a small balance it is true, but nevertheless a balance and on the right side of the ledger too. This, to our thinking, is matter for congratulation, we certainly wish it were a more substantial balance, but let us not lose

sight of the fact that "Rome was not built in a day"—and our Association is but a year old. The Social Committee Treasurer's Balance Sheet showed conclusively that the Social side of the Association has been a great success—at least financially. But it showed us something more important even than this, it showed us that the Social Committee is composed of members who can work and who do work for the success of the organisation. Whilst the Association has even half a dozen such members, we do not fear for its ultimate success nor for the achievement of its aims.

Looking back on the year's working it strikes us that many of the younger members do not take their membership very seriously. This condition of things is due more to thoughtlessness than to anything else, and is certainly capable of being remedied. It would be well if each member would bear in mind that he has a part to play—a minor part perhaps, but nevertheless a part, and that the Association as a whole is dependent for its existence and success upon the loyalty of its units. If one small part of the machinery becomes displaced, it does not necessarily follow that the whole system becomes dislocated, but it does follow that the output of work is not so great nor the running so smooth, as ideal conditions would guarantee. Might we appeal to those members who have been sitting on the fence, for the past year, not to wait any longer for results, but to enter the field and help to make these results. By this means they will show their loyalty to their School and their fellows.

The coming year, we believe, will be a "red letter" year for the Association. With a Treasurer who is essentially a man of business and a tireless worker, it will be indeed surprising if we have not ere long a sufficient balance at the bank to warrant us taking a club-room where the members can meet one another and indulge in the comforts of clubdom. There is every probability of having a Debating and Literary Society next winter. The matter will be brought forward at the June general meeting, and should meet with unanimous support.

At the general meeting many radical changes for the better were made in the old rules. Honorary members are to be admitted to the Association, but are not to be eligible for office. The prestige which many of these honorary members will

bring with them, should do much to induce the luke-warm members to take a more active part in the management and work of the Association. General meetings are to be more frequent, and quarterly statements of accounts are to be issued by the Treasurers of subsections.

For various reasons it was resolved to make the Association's financial year end on the 31st May, and henceforth the Annual General Meeting will be held in the first week of June.

Ex-pupils of the Catholic Institute who join the Association immediately after they leave school will be admitted on paying a reduced subscription for the first year.

A number of minor changes were made in other rules all calculated to ensure the success of the Association. Members will receive copies of the new rules with receipt for Annual Subscriptions, which it is hoped all members will forward immediately to the Treasurer, Mr. A. Forshaw, 42, Seymour Street, Liverpool. A list of members' names will in due course be published in this Magazine.

The newly elected Executive of the Association is constituted as follows:—  
 Hon. President, Rev. C. S. Leahy.  
 President, Mr. W. J. Murphy.  
 Vice-President, Mr. C. P. Murray.  
 Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. Forshaw.  
 Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. H. Ormsby  
 Committee: Messrs. T. M. Reid, E. J. McManus, R. Halsall, R. Twomey, J. Llewellyn, and H. Wilson.

### BOHEMIAN CONCERT.

It was a pity that a larger audience did not attend the third Bohemian Concert of the C. I. Old Boys' Association, on February the seventh. The programme was an excellent one and the "Bear's Paw" is so well suited for such an entertainment, that one regretted the empty tables. We imagine the method of admission had something to do with the diminished numbers, and the Committee would do well to revert to the system of selling tickets beforehand, so that one who invites a friend will not be compelled to wait about the doorway until his arrival. The organisers should also consider whether it would not be well to leave a breathing or talking interval between the items, for a Bohemian concert is as much a tête à tête party as otherwise, and, no matter how brilliant the

music, the effect is not quite satisfactory when one has to listen to it continuously.

That is scarcely a flattering method of beginning a criticism but we want to get rid of the flaws early and turn to the perfect passages. The concert was a splendid one and a band of generous artistes gave their services as freely and as successfully as on the occasion a few months ago of a similar function. Coming to details, the strongest item on the programme was the "Histrionic Costume Concert Party" in a song cycle entitled "A Hunting Scene" in which the actor singers were in the powder and wig of the early Georgian Period. Mr. Ernest Trowbridge, the brilliant singer, directed the party which comprised Madame Evelyn de Lara, Miss Lilian Hunt, Mr. Frank Savage and (at the piano) Mrs. L. Shee, L.V.C.M. (Lon.)

The whole 'Cycle' comprised ten items of vocal and dramatic character many of which would have won insistent encores had they been solo items on the programme. "The Spider and the fly" as sung and acted by Madame de Lara was a piece of rare melody and fun, and her appeals to the mock reluctant men were very human and diverting. Malcolm's "Cuckoo in the Orchid" as sung by Miss Hunt was a delightful calm after the more rollicking melody of "John Peel." Mr. Savage's tenor voice was heard to advantage in "The maid of the Inn," but quite the best of the Song Cycle, if not from a high art, at least from a plain and healthy point of view, was "Widdecombe Fair," the Ghost Story told most creepily by Mr. Trowbridge to his stammering and nerve-stricken friends. The narrator showed himself something more than a mediocre actor and the audience showed its terrified appreciation by prolonged applause. Mr. Trowbridge and his party are fit for a place on any programme. Mr. Keegan's debut as a public soloist was an auspicious one. He will no longer now be able to hide his harmony under a bushel (or more exactly a test-tube) since his reputation is already fixed as a violinist. "Traümerei" won loud applause but his rendering of the "Broken Melody" was still better and perhaps more appreciated for its direct appeal to the primary emotions. Mr. T. M. Ried is now an old favourite both for his vocal and for his organising aid. "The Pearl Diver" a new song by Mr. Locke, F.R.C.O. was well sung to the composer's accompani-

ment and Mr. Ried responded with the fiery and passionate "Bedouin Love Song."

"The King of the Mist" was very well sung by Mr. Bree who rang the melodious changes on the "Vulcan Song" by way of a well-merited encore. A great deal of love flowed under the bridges during Mr. and Mrs. Ackerley's amusing and tuneful action duologue "Kiss, Kiss, Kiss." The encore was also a very pretty effort. The 'humorous' side of the programme was sustained by Messrs. F. Berridge and P. Donnelly, the well known Aigburth entertainer. Mr. Berridge gave a Robeyesque rendering of "I can't reach that top note," followed by the amusing medley "Exercise" while Mr. Donnelly 'pattered' in his best style.

Mr. A. Urquhart's "Green Isle of Erin" won deserved applause for its melodious pathos.

Another splendid song "Star of the Desert" had the best possible interpreter in Mr. T. J. Mullen who has a good baritone voice, "Still in the night" was a very pleasing 'extra' supplied by Madame Beatrice Kennedy.

The accompanist Mr. A. W. Locke, F.R.C.O. is, of course, too well known to need more than passing mention for his efforts during the evening.

Father Harris in seconding the vote of thanks to the artistes proposed by Brother Leahy gave us an unexpected item as a raconteur. He took the stage and in a diverting succession of brogues and patois regaled the audience with tales of bouncing steeple-jacks and unritualistic costers. The vote of thanks was of course carried with acclamation. A word of praise for the committee and organisers, especially Messrs Forshaw, W. Murphy, C. P. Murray, J. Llewellyn, H. Wilson, and F. Maguire should not be omitted for their activity during the evening.

### OLD BOYS AT THE 'VARSITY.

The Autumn Terminal results show that the Old Boys at the University are at least maintaining the reputations gained at their Alma Mater. J. Smith, B.Sc., who is this year president of the Physical Society, takes second place in Pure Maths, Course D., his only examination. R. Twomey, takes first place in Pure Maths, Course C., with 90%, and first place in Applied Maths,

Course H., R. Halsall gained second place in Applied Maths, Course H., and a first class in Pure Maths, Course C. Messrs. W. Rowe and J. Williams also did well in these subjects.

In Chemistry C., J. Twomey is second on the list, with 78%, in Honors Chemistry is bracketed first with 80%, in Organic Chemistry Course K. is placed first, and in Physical Chemistry Course F. is second.

In the first number of the Magazine, it was stated that the Engineering Faculty alone lacked a representative of the Catholic Institute. The presence among the Engineers of F. Tindall removes this reproach from our name. He has not belied his old reputation, and none who knew him will be surprised to hear that he takes first place with 95% in Engineering, Course A, first place in Engineering Design, Course A, second place in Engineering, Course B, fourth place in Pure Maths, Course A, and is well placed in Physics, Course A, and Engineering Design, Course B. In Pure Maths. A., J. F. Ford, J. D. Colgan, and A. G. Deane were placed in the first class, while F. W. Bevan and A. J. McCann gained second classes in this subject. J. F. Ford did well in Applied Maths, G, and Physics, Course A, in which subjects A. J. McCann did creditably.

Messrs. T. J. and J. Curtin did very well in Latin and Greek; and in Latin Courses B. & D., J. D. Colgan gained a first class, and F. W. Bevan a second class. In Latin C., J. D. Colgan was placed in the second class.

### OLD BOYS' CYCLING CLUB.

The newly elected Executive of this Club have already met to arrange for next Seasons' runs and we understand that the list of fixtures will be ready immediately. Mr. G. Cross is Captain of the Club, and the duties of Secretary and Treasurer will be discharged by Mr. A. Forshaw, 42, Seymour Street., who will be delighted to hear from all Old Boys who are interested in cycling.

### C.I.O.B. FOOTBALL CLUB.

In my 'Xmas notes the Old Boys were left with a solitary win to their credit, and it is with the greatest pleasure that I poach on our worthy Editor's space and chronicle a few more points.

After an abandoned match with

Windsor Wesleyans, we met and defeated them twice in one week.

In both these matches the standard of play was excellent—the forwards especially being in great form.

Our next match was at Formby, but after our leading the homesters by a goal, we were defeated 4—1.

We were next at home to Westminster Congl. whom we defeated 3—1.

It would perhaps be as well to draw a veil over the game against Bedford Old Boys, as the C.I. were caught at their worst, and lost by the only goal scored. On Feb. 12th we were revenged against St. Hugh's, as earlier in the season they beat us 2—1, and we were one man short.

On this occasion St. Hugh's had one of their players injured during the first quarter; and although they led us at half-time by 1-0, we stayed the distance and finally triumphed by 4 goals to 1.

In this match the four wing forwards played very fine football, and showed excellent understanding. The defence was also very firm, our centre half giving a grand display.

On the previous Saturday we had gained a meritorious victory over Prescott Electrons at Prescott, and in this match our defence again came out on top.

Saturday, Feb. 19th, our match was abandoned prior to full-time being called, but the Old Boys' were "point-hunting" for we had the bulk of the play and were leading by a goal when "hail stopped play." I may say in confidence that the secret ambition of the management, is to gather 26 points, and to equalise our goal average, to do this we can only afford to give away a couple of points, and therefore my appeal, this issue, is for supporters, especially supporters with strong lungs to come to our matches and give their vocal support.

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## Electricity as a Hobby.

By F. DILWORTH, FORM III.

"Hobbies." To some people this word conjures up visions of a shop containing various amusing things for young and old. Over this shop we find a sign labelled "Hobbies, Ltd." However, we are not concerned with the Hobbies Co., only so far as it will supply us with the materials we require in order to indulge in our hobby to the full.

Other people there are who will say

that Hobbies spell insanity. But the man of sense only looks upon a hobby as a pleasant means of recreation after a well spent day.

In this way I value the simple practical use of electricity as a hobby. What a wonderful thing electricity is! No one can tell what it really is, but we know what we can do with it. The telegraph, the telephone, and our electric cars depend upon it for their usefulness. I do not for a moment suggest that the "Hobbyist" should begin erecting telegraph poles and building cars, but I do say he can derive many interesting moments by controlling and using electricity in a simple way. He will first purchase a Leclanché battery, and fix a bell to his front door if there is not one there already. From this he will learn how to control the hidden power, and he will develop his ideas and extend his connections to his bells by fixing pushes into all his rooms. As his knowledge grows he will connect his bells with the clock which will then strike the hours in other rooms or ring an alarm to rouse him from his heavy slumbers, so that he will no longer miss his morning tram, or have to rush breakfastless to school and get there only at five minutes past nine a.m.

He will now have got considerable power over his hobby; so he experiments and finds to his extreme joy that by enlarging his battery he is able to put a small light in his bedroom.

An electric battery is of very simple construction. It may consist of a porous pot in a glass jar containing a solution of salammonic and a rod of zinc. This is called a Leclanché cell. The porous pot consists of a porous jar filled with manganese dioxide and small pieces of carbon with a stick of carbon in the centre.

By this time so much practical knowledge will have been acquired that little motors will be made, and we shall have miniature electric cars and trains running round the tables to the wonder and delight of our astonished and admiring friends.

Who then will say that electricity is not an interesting and useful hobby. Time can be well spent on it and much pleasure derived from it. It is not necessary to have studied the subject in very great detail because it is possible to get cheap books that contain plenty of information to enable one to go on

with this hobby. Indeed the knowledge gained by this practical but simple work must be a great help when one comes to the serious study of the subject. The materials, too, are inexpensive, so try your hand at this most interesting hobby and you will not regret it.

[Evidently "hobbies" are the fashion in Form III. We have great pleasure in placing before our readers the plea of one of the members of that Form who wishes to champion the good cause and secure for it the sympathies of the other Forms. *ED. C.I.M.*]

## Dickens-His Works.

By W. Woods.

This famous writer was born at Landport near Portsmouth in the year 1812. As his delicate state of health debarred him from his boyish games he encouraged his sensitive mind with reading. Soon after this he removed to Chatham and from thence to London. It was here that Mr. John Dickens was imprisoned for debt in the Marshalsea Prison and his son, little Charles, was sent to a blacking factory to label the tins at six shillings a week. He says that no one experienced so much agony of spirit, as he did when he contrasted his life with the happier days of his childhood, and felt his ambitious hopes of growing to be a learned and distinguished man, crushed in his breast.

However, when his father's affairs went well again he was sent to school, "where the boys trained white mice better than the masters trained the boys," and which was the original of the "Salem House" of David Copperfield. His real education seems to have been in the eager perusal of miscellaneous literature. When the time came for Charles to choose his profession he chose journalism, and became a reporter. Whilst living in Chatham the master of the village school first noted the literary genius of Dickens, and when, a few years after he took to reporting, Dickens wrote the "Sketches by Boz," this school-master sent him a snuff-box, engraved "To the Inimitable Boz," and to his intimate, ever after, Dickens subscribes himself "Yours—The Inimitable."

Dickens' great perception and accuracy may be noted. We have it on



testimony that he was sent down to Bath to write up for the *Chronicle*—his paper—speeches given by Lord Russell. Now Russell gave two orations a day, and after the latter of them at night Dickens and Foster—his fellow-reporter—wrote up the speeches of the afternoon for the morning mail at four o'clock, leaving the night speeches till the next day. In "Pickwick Papers" he tells us of the "Pump Room," its Corinthian Pillars, Grandfather's Clock and Statue of Beau Nash and even the yellowish-brown colour of the glasses. How he thought of all these things we do not know, but it shows what a marvellously retentive memory Dickens had. "Pickwick Papers" made his name. At first, he and his publishers were in despair, very few copies being sold, but after introducing his immortal character "Sammy Weller" his name was made, and thousands were sold.

Nothing occurs in Dicken's works which he has not personally experienced. Glancing at "David Copperfield" we see Dickens as David, his father as Micawber, his mother as Mrs. Gummidge. He has placed his characters in poverty as he himself was; he has raised them to the highest point attainable in noble passion as he raised himself. In his writings he writes from his soul, "No one as he reads this will believe it more than I do as I write it" he says. He wraps himself in his characters and makes them real living men all familiar to us; for instance the Artful Dodger, Sam Weller, and Simon Tappertit. All these we know, each one with his little peculiarity. These are the humours of Dickens, now look at the serious personages. Sydney Carton, Mr. Peggotty, and Mr. Hare-dale; these are the characters swayed by the noblest of all emotions. Dickens had also a great knowledge of the lives of the poor and, it is said of him that no living writer of fiction had the interest of the poor so much at heart as Charles Dickens. This is proved by those "Books with a purpose" which had been written by him. For instance "Oliver Twist" made the authorities look closer into the Poor Law Schools; "Pickwick Papers," "David Copperfield," and others helped to do away with Debtors' Prisons. "The Old Curiosity Shop" showed the errors of betting. Nicholas Nickleby did away with the disgraceful system of educa-

tion prevalent in those days. One incident in connection with this book is worth noting. Whilst on their way north, Dickens and Foster sheltered with one of these school-masters, and he, utterly oblivious of the fact that they were there, sat twiddling his thumbs. Dickens determined to make this man sit up for this great breach of good breeding. Hence Squeers in Nicholas Nickleby. The man himself had to flee from Yorkshire and his sister could not live in the house because visitors came to see the house where such things occurred as was narrated in the book.

Dickens' style of writing is praiseworthy, lively, humorous, pathetic, and tragic, all are pictured. People may well call him the Father of humour and pathos: he was master of both. The reading of the death of "Little Nell" was the means of his own death so great was the strain on him. Over and over again he was implored not "to kill her," but he said he had a contract with his publishers for a story which would animate people's highest feelings and he would keep to his contract. He died whilst at dinner, from a rush of blood to his head leaving "Edwin Drood" unfinished, 1870.

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## Riches.

Even those who make no special study of human nature will agree that he who recognizes no higher logic than that of the shilling may become a very rich man, and yet remain all the while an exceedingly poor creature. For riches are no proof of moral wealth, and their glitter often serves only to draw attention to the worthlessness of their possessor.

Let a man be what he will, it is the mind and heart which makes a man poor or rich, miserable or happy; for do we not frequently find the nobler virtues boldly flourishing in the hearts of the very poor—even in the sunless regions of absolute destitution.

And more than this, it is well to remember that the greatest things which have been done for the world have not been accomplished by rich men, but by men generally of small pecuniary means. Christianity was propagated over half the world by men of the poorest class, and the greatest thinkers, discoverers, inventors, artists, have been men of moderate wealth, many of them little

raised above the condition of manual labourers in point of worldly circumstances, and it will always be so. The youth who inherits wealth is apt to have life made too easy for him, and he soon grows sated with it, because he has nothing left to desire. Having no special object to struggle for, he finds time hangs heavily on his hands; he remains morally and spiritually asleep; and his position in society is often no higher than that of a polypus over which the tide floats.

The highest object of life is the forming of a manly character, and to work out the best development possible of body and spirit—of mind, conscience, heart and soul. This is the end: all else ought to be regarded but as the means. Accordingly that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money, the most power of place, honor, or fame: but that in which a man gets the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work and of human duty.

Money is power, it is true, but intelligence, character, public spirit and moral virtues are powers, too, and far nobler ones.

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### WHY CONTINUE

- Finding fault with the weather.
- Anticipating evils in the future.
- Fault-finding, nagging, and worrying.
- Taking offence where none was intended.
- Talking big things and doing small ones.
- Boasting of what you can do instead of doing it.
- Scolding and flying into a passion over trifles,
- Talking continually about yourself and your affairs.
- Saying unkind things about others.
- Making mountains out of molehills.
- Waiting for chances to turn up, instead of turning them up.
- Dreaming that you would be happier at some other place or in some other circumstances.
- Belittling those whom you envy because you feel they are superior to yourself.
- Dilating on your pains and aches and misfortunes to every one who will listen to you.
- Speculating as to what you would do in someone else's place.

Gazing idly into the future, instead of making the most of the present.  
 Longing for the good things that others have instead of going to work and earning them for yourself.

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## Athletics.

### FOOTBALL CLUB, SENIORS.

This season's 1st XI. have maintained the splendid record of their predecessors though perhaps in the number of decisive victories they are somewhat behind. During the season 12 games have been played with most of the Secondary Schools of Liverpool and district and it is creditable to find that the C. I. 1st XI. have tasted defeat only once, in the game with Liverpool Institute, who scored the only goal of the match. Though it may not seem quite sportsmanlike, we are not prepared to acknowledge even this defeat, because with average luck the result might easily have been, and in fact should have been, the other way. At any rate a draw would be a truer finish to that game. On several occasions circumstances prevented us from putting out our full strength, and therefore many of our drawn games were due to weakness in our forward line on those occasions.

Our 2nd XI. also did well in their inter-school fixtures notwithstanding the two successive defeats which marked the opening of their season. It is very often a good thing, even for a 2nd XI. to meet with reverses at the start of their season because under such circumstances a manly team, well officered, will but strive more energetically to achieve success. This our 2nd XI did because the table which we give shows that with the exception of these two defeats they have steadily won all the succeeding games.

The weather was as usual responsible for the abandonment of many fixtures which we would have gladly played; and, as usual, the Shield Competition relegated several of our most ardent footballers to the ranks of the Athletic unemployed. However, we look back on the season just closed with pride and satisfaction, and we think that the Captains, Ludden, Rimmer, and Hardy are worthy of our hearty congratulations because of the success of their respective teams.

**1st XI.**

	RESULTS.	
	For	Agst
St. Francis Xavier's... ..	2	1
Wallasey Grammar School ...	4	1
St. Francis Xavier's . . . .	4	4
Oulton Secondary School... ..	2	2
Bootle Secondary School ... ..	2	2
Birkenhead Institute .. . . .	3	1
Collegiate School ... . . . .	3	1
Liverpool Institute ... . . . .	0	1
Oulton Secondary School ... ..	1	1
St. Edmund's College ... ..	7	2
Wallasey Grammar School ... ..	5	1
Bootle Secondary School ... ..	5	2

**2nd XI.**

	RESULTS.	
	For	Agst
St. Francis Xavier's ... ..	0	2
Liverpool Institute ... ..	3	7
Wallasey Grammar School ... ..	2	1
St. Francis Xavier's ... ..	3	2
Conway Street, Birkenhead ...	4	3
Birkenhead Institute ... ..	4	0
Oulton Secondary School ... ..	4	0
Wallasey Grammar School ... ..	3	2

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

We visited Lance Lane on Nov. 1st to play our return match with S.F.X. and as we won the previous game rather easily a very keen contest was not expected. Our goalkeeper did not turn up till the game was well advanced and so we had to start with ten men, there being not even a substitute available. S.F.X. who were in full strength very soon scored from a corner and it was evident that unless we got a substitute the game would be rather difficult for us, so we requisitioned the services of one of our few supporters who had now arrived. Unfortunately he had no football "togs" with him and consequently was very seriously handicapped throughout the game. Our forwards now got going and pressed hard but "offside" repeatedly spoiled every attack made by our left wing. After a short time Burke broke through the S.F.X. backs and registered the first goal for the C.I. End to end play followed, and Hennin was penalised but the S.F.X. shot outside. Before the end of the first half, Carney put up another goal for the C.I., and S.F.X. centre half added one more for his side.

After the restart Ludden got away from a good pass by Rimmer and scored again, thus putting the C.I. one in advance, but S.F.X. quickly added two others to their score. The game was now both fast and exciting and our champion little right half was more than once very roughly handled by two of the opposing forwards. C.I. were not, however, going to accept defeat and

several determined but fruitless attacks were made on the S.F.X. goal. Shortly before full time Ludden again got possession and finished by scoring another brilliant goal, thus equalising. The final whistle was a few minutes later and thus the game had perhaps its most fitting termination—a draw. Score: C.I.—4 goals. S.F.X.—4 goals.

**Catholic Institute 1st XI v Oulton Secondary School.**

This match was played at Wavertree. The C.I. won the toss and Oulton kicked off against the sun. The game was rather uninteresting at the start and each end was visited in turn. At length Cunningham got possession and after beating several opponents, opened the scoring for the home team. Oulton then pressed and succeeded in equalising.

On the restart, the C.I. pressed and Carney placed the home team one goal ahead. The play was very fast at this point and it was only the faulty shooting of the forwards that prevented further scoring. Oulton played well and succeeded in scoring again and the game thus ended with honours even, the score being 2—2.

**C. I. 1st XI v Bootle Secondary School.**

Played at Bootle. Good football was impossible on account of frost-bound condition of the ground. Both teams were at full strength. Bootle started well and the C.I. goal had several narrow escapes. The C.I. forwards now attacked and forced several corners but these were unproductive. The pressure was sustained and Ludden taking advantage of a miskick by the Bootle full back scored a good goal. Play was very even for the remainder of the first half, both goalkeepers making good saves.

In the second half, the C.I. showed that they were the better team. Macaulay and Cunningham on the left wing combined delightfully, while Kelly received a great ovation from the spectators. The Bootle goal was constantly in jeopardy and then a well placed corner enabled Ludden to score again. Bootle now attacked and succeeded in scoring with a surprise shot. Nearing the end Bootle broke away and the referee allowed a very doubtful goal. The result was a draw, 2—2, but Bootle were very lucky to draw level.



A. Lambie. T. Dunne. P. N. O'Hara. E. Rimmer. (Sub-Capt'n.) B. Hennin. Mr. W. J. Murphy.  
J. Ludden, (Capt'n.) R. Kelly. R. Burke. A. Gunningham. J. Macaulay.  
J. Carney. P. Hardy, (Capt'n. 2nd XI.)  
(E. Concannon was unavoidably absent.)

### Birkenhead Institute v Catholic Institute

This match was played at Prenton. The C.I. started with ten players. Birkenhead pressed but the C.I. defence was quite reliable. The C.I. forwards took up the attack but the home keeper saved. But they were not to be denied and at last Hennin opened the scoring with a fine drive. The "Birks" played up well and forced a corner but could not score. At the interval the score was 1—0 in favour of the C.I.

On resuming, the Birkenhead forwards attacked again but failed to score. Then Macaulay made several fine runs and succeeded in scoring two goals. The pressure was kept up but the lead was not increased. The home forwards pressed and our goalkeeper was completely deceived by a dropping shot. When the whistle blew for time the Birkenhead eleven had to retire beaten by 3—1.

### Collegiate School v Catholic Institute.

Played at Stoneycroft in boisterous weather. The first half was evenly contested; the College left wing giving some trouble but they finished rather weakly. Meanwhile the C.I. forwards

were busy and Kelly scored a goal. End to end play followed.

After the interval, the College were forced to act on the defensive and Rimmer added another goal for the C.I. The College left wing was again dangerous and from a breakaway they reduced the lead. However, the C.I. again scored and the result was 3—1 in favour of the Catholic Institute.

### Oulton Secondary School v Catholic Institute.

This match was played on Oulton's ground at Wavertree. The C.I. team was not at full strength, but immediately after the kick-off they attacked. The Oulton defence cleared their lines. The C.I. kept up the pressure and the Oulton backs had to concede corners but eventually C.I. scored. Then Oulton went off with a rush and equalised. On the restart, the play was even but gradually the C.I. forwards pressed but their shooting was very bad. For the remainder of this half Oulton were kept on the defensive and their goal had many narrow escapes. The result was a draw 1—1. The C.I. forwards missed several opportunities of scoring.

**St. Edmund's College v Catholic Institute**

Played at Wavertree. St. Edmund's decided to take advantage of the wind. The C.I. opened well and completely outplayed their opponents, and at half time the score was 3-1.

After the interval, St. Edmund's were kept busy in repelling the attacks of the C.I. forwards. They succeeded in adding another goal, but four more were registered against them.

Result C.I. 7. St. Edmund's College 2.

**Wallasey Grammar School v C. I.**

Played at Wavertree. Wallasey won the toss and kicked with the wind. The C.I. immediately pressed and forced the Wallasey defence to concede a corner but this was unproductive. Wallasey pressed but the C.I. defence was not seriously troubled. Wallasey halves played well but could not hold the homesters who scored twice before the interval.

On resuming, the C.I. attacked again and for the remainder of the game Wallasey were kept in their own half while the C.I. added three more goals. Towards the end the Wallasey forwards broke away and succeeded in scoring.

Result: C.I. 5. Wallasey G. S. 1.  
Scorers, Ludden 4. Gilmore 1.

**Holt v Catholic Institute.**

Played at Calderstone Park. Holt were at full strength but the Institute were represented by a very weak team. The C.I. kicked off but Holt began well and tested the Institute defence. They continued to press and at the end of five minutes play they succeeded in scoring. After some play in midfield, the ball went to the Institute right wing and Ludden receiving ran down the field and placed the C.I. on level terms.

After the interval the Institute pressed and Ludden again scored. The pressure was sustained and a penalty was awarded for "hands" against Holt but the ball was placed outside. Then Holt broke away and scored twice in quick succession. However the Institute attacked again and Concannon scored a magnificent goal. The play was exceedingly fast for the remainder of the game but there was no further scoring. Result—Catholic Institute 3. Holt—3.

**C.I. 1st XI v Bootle Secondary Sch. 1st XI.**

The return game was played at Wavertree on 23rd Feb. and a beautiful

afternoon helped to make it enjoyable. Very early in the game scoring began and at half time Burke and Ludden had put up two goals for the C.I., while the visitors had secured one. During the first half there was very little brilliant play with the exception of the goal scored by Ludden.

After the restart matters were more interesting and the Bootle halves and backs were very prominent. Both sides pressed alternately and there were several scrimmages in front of our goal. In one of these Concannon headed into his own goal and thus put the visitors 2 up. After this, C.I. became more aggressive and three more goals were scored, thus securing victory by 5 goals to 2.

**Catholic Institute League Team.**

If our League Team has not achieved all the success which we expected, it is not because our estimate of the football powers of its members was too high but rather because some of those undesirable and unmanly features which were so long an impediment to the success of the Old Boys' Football Club made themselves felt also in a small section of this Team. In spite of this handicap we have been fairly successful, but it is scarcely pleasing to know that a little more fidelity and generosity on the part of the few ex-pupils who belonged to this team would have put us not in a middle position in the League Table but very near to, if not quite at the top. The following games have been played since last issue.

Catholic Institute v.	RESULTS.	
	For	Agst
St. Cyprian's	1	2
Newsham	2	0
Emmanuel Bible Class	7	1
*Lynwood	1	10
*Ogden's Athletic	0	1
43rd Boys' Brigade Old Boys...	4	0
St. Cyprian's	1	4
*Warren Park	2	0
*Army Service Corps	0	2
*Bootle Albion	0	2
*Matchless	2	0

The game with St. Cyprian's was perhaps the best of the season, and the missing of a penalty prevented us from sharing points with them. Newsham surprised us by their Clydesdale football; we were really stuck in the mud. An easy victory awaited us at Emmanuel's ground, but the tables were turned on the following Saturday by Lynwood. In this and the other asterisked games

one or more of our players did not turn up and sent no notification so that we were obliged to play short. Ogden's would otherwise have been an easy win for us notwithstanding that full back prodigy of 19. Our victory over 43rd B.B.O.B. was very decisive, and the asterisks explain the results of the others. We also had a weak team against St. Cyprian's; hence their win by 3 goals. Things are brightening again and perhaps we may regain some of our former prestige before the season closes.

### Senior Cup Competition.

The fixtures for the season were already made when this competition was decided on and therefore it was necessary to curtail the matches for the Cup so as not to interfere with outside fixtures. Moreover, some of the games had to be deferred to the end of the season and therefore we cannot give the final result of the Competition in this issue. The matches have been most interesting and it looks as if Form IV. will be the holders of the Cup for the current year.

#### FORM VI. v FORM V.

Form V. were fully confident that the senior form would suffer defeat but a hard fought game dispelled their illusions although they managed to secure one point. Form VI. had to concede a goal and a player to the younger team, but they drew level after a few minutes' play.

Rimmer and Bannon were the dangerous players for the junior form, but Ludden at centre-half for the sixth was a second shadow to both players and their efforts produced no tangible results. On the other hand the Sixth forwards were very dangerous at all times and Kelly all but succeeded in scoring the winning goal. Both teams played well and a draw was the only decision which the play called for.

#### FORM VI v FORM IV.

This Senior Cup-tie was decided at Wavertree. According to the regulations Form IV had twelve players while Form VI were represented by ten players and Form IV also received a goal. Form IV started and for a considerable time the Form VI defence was kept busy. Then Form VI forwards attacked but they could make no impression on the Form IV defence. The "Fourth" pressed again and the "Sixth" goalkeeper only partially

cleared, so Gibb was given a fine opportunity and he made no mistake. Thus at the interval the score was 2-0 in favour of Form IV.

On the restart the "Sixth" pressed but their shooting was at fault. This half was evenly contested but the 'Fourth' right wing was a constant source of danger. Towards the end of the game Shennan scored for Form VI but eventually Form IV won. Result—IV. 2, VI. 1.

#### FORM VII v FORM IV.

The juniors had a goal in hand and two extra players, a big handicap which the seniors failed to reduce. The first half was full of keen play but both goals remained intact. Towards the end of the second half Gibb scored for Form IV. The seniors claimed for offside but the goal was allowed. Form VII then rushed en masse right up to their opponents' goal and McNally finished this bustling move by netting the leather. Several more determined efforts by 'seven' produced no additional score. While the seniors were making another raid in a solid phalanx, the whistle blew to the infinite release of the juniors who won the game by 2-1.

### Junior Cup Matches.

#### FORM IIIA v FORM IIA.

Popular excitement was aroused on Wednesday the 16th of February, by the fact that a Junior Cup match took place on that day, between 3A and 2A.

The day was an admirable one for football, and the teams were in fine form. Not only was there a good match but also a good audience.

IIIA had the best of the game all through, and the ball was generally in their opponents' half. A special compliment should be paid to IIIA's backs, particularly to Culshaw.

In this match 2A's record for stopping goals was broken for the second time. The game ended with a score of 2-2, 3A having scored three goals, one of which was disallowed.

#### FORM IIIB v FORM IIB.

IIIB pressed hard, though the wind was against them. At half-time IIA were 3 up. On resuming play, IIA scored 2 goals. On the last minute, Conway cleverly beat the backs and scored easily. Result:—IIA 5; IIIB 1. Although IIA were training continually, they did not give IIIB as great a defeat as they expected.

**FORM III B v FORM III C.**

The game was uninteresting, III B having 3 reserves. Donovan scored for III B, but Merron equalised. Conway then scored the 2nd for the B's, but soon after the C's scored and made both sides equal. After half-time the C's again scored thus winning the match. Flanigan gave a fine display at full-back for the B's. Result:—III C 3; III B 2.

**FORM III B v FORM III A.**

The A's were the superior team winning easily. The B's made an attempt to score but failed. Result III A 6; III B 0.

**Form III C v Form II A.**

These teams met on 23rd. Feb. III C were severely handicapped, having two of their best players absent, and strive as they would they could not score. Bickerstaffe played like a Trojan on the left wing. The game ended in the ignominious score of 10-0 for II A.

**Form II B v Form III B.**

The match between these Forms on the same day opened very unsuccessfully for III B on account of the absence of the players. As time went on the score mounted rapidly and at last III B broke-away when Conway scored. At full time II B were easy victors by 7 to 1.

**The Shield Competition.****C I. v Calday Grange.**

The clerk of the weather certainly proved propitious when, on the morning of Feb. 16th, Wavertree Playground was bathed in sunshine and the C. I. in the throes of unusual excitement, such as only the Shield Competition or the prospect of getting off one's homework, can inspire. Many were the questions asked,—"Is the C. I. going to win?" "Are we going to get past the Semi-final?" etc., etc., which that afternoon alone could answer.

It was evident that the sun had decided to see the game out, for at the time of the kick-off it shone on a crowd of loyal enthusiasts (who, by the way, possessed lungs far from weak), and unfortunately in the eyes of the C. I. players. The Institute lost the toss, and kicked off against a strong wind. The ball was passed out to the right wing where Bannon secured and beating the opposing backs, slammed it into the net. Calday made great efforts to

reduce this early lead, but the Institute halves played a splendid game and gave the opposing forwards no latitude, although the latter showed a far superior combination to those of the C. I. Half-time arrived with the score 1-0 in favour of the homesters.

Shortly after resuming, Shennan scored, but to the disappointment of the crowd the referee disallowed the goal. Donovan added a second goal, and shortly afterwards Bannon secured one more goal to his credit. In spite of the odds Calday pressed hard, and a series of well-organised rushes more than once broke through the C. I. defence, to bring the Grange forwards perilously near our goal-line. But these resulted in scrambles in the goal-mouth, and the visitors were weak in front of the goal. It was unfortunate that the one shot Calday managed to get through the Institute goal was disallowed. Had this goal been well and truly scored, doubtless the issue of the game would have been more balanced. It is mainly to our wonderful little left half, Parker, that we owe the honour of victory. Rimmer, the mainstay of the defence, played a fine game, and Hennin showed himself very able in goal.

It is to be hoped the C.I. will prove equally successful in the next contest, for remember we *must* keep up our reputation, and get, at least, to the semi-final. Final score: C.I. 3 goals, (Bannon 2, Donovan 1.) Calday Grange, 0.

**Second Round.****C. I. v St. Edmund's College.**

The Institute lost the toss and kicked off against a light wind. Our forwards at once pressed but the opposing backs were safe and kicked well. St. Edmund's forwards then got on the move and scored from a shot which completely deceived our custodian. This early reverse did not dishearten the Institute forwards who for the remainder of the first-half were occupied in trying to score from short range. Their shooting was wretched and at least three goals should have been registered to our credit. Just before half-time Burke breasted the ball into the net.

On resuming after half-time the Institute forwards were all over their opponents and three more goals were added, while at least two more should have been notched. The Institute were

trying to increase this lead when the whistle sounded full time.

For the winners Parker, Rimmer and Carney played a great game, Burke was good at times, and Donovan worried a pair of good backs.

For the losers the backs and goalkeeper played a good defensive game and showed great stamina, for they were kept going hard during both halves.

We are once more in the Semi-final and many are wondering if our habitual ill-luck is going to change and let an Institute team tread the Everton enclosure.

### **Semi-Final.**

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

We journeyed to Bootle on Wednesday, 16th inst., to meet the victors of the Collegiate, Oulton and S.F.X. teams on their own ground. During the forenoon many were eagerly asking if we would have the usual downpour with which the "Clerk" extinguished us in the semis of the past two seasons, and though it was noised abroad that Boo-tel would be easy winners of the game, those who know the mettle of the C. I. team were, at least hopeful, while the wizards confidentially asserted that "C. I. semi-final means a draw." A large and enthusiastic crowd witnessed the kick-off and very soon Bootle were attacking. Their forwards repeatedly got possession and completely out played our defence who seemed for the moment quite demoralized. A high shot was successfully handled by our custodian but he quite failed to return and dropping the ball in front of the goalmouth the Bootle forwards rushed it into the net. C. I. now saw that this spelt disaster and immediately there was a reaction and for the remainder of the

half time they were generally the attacking party but no further score was registered on either side.

After the restart the game became very fast and exciting. Both sides were making huge efforts and some brilliant play was witnessed especially by the half backs of both teams. Eventually our right wing got possession from Burke and breaking through the defence put in a good centre which Burke placed in the net thus equalizing. Excitement was now at its highest and when, a few minutes later, Gilmore at outside left got through the opposing line and raced straight for goal, we thought the matter would be safe for us, but the Bootle goalie was lucky though it was asserted that the ball was in the net. The referee however did not see it and therefore there was no score. After this our goal had several narrow escapes but both our backs and goalie were now in better form. Towards the end of the second half Bootle were awarded a penalty which they failed to utilize and again our forwards transferred the play to Bootle territory where Burke made a fine attempt to head in from a well placed corner. Play was in mid-field when the final whistle announced the inevitable draw.

The Bootle forwards showed splendid training and their outside right did some beautiful play, but the indefatigable Parker was there and the "little un" always spoilt the move and generally got possession of the ball. Carrey was as brilliant as usual and saved C. I. many a time. Rimmer was good in the centre but he was well watched by his opponent who gave him no chance. The replay will be at Wavertree next Wednesday, 23rd, when we hope to see C. I. break the record and go into the final

# *The Catholic Institute,*

*(Recognised Secondary School for Boys).*

**HOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL.**

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

**Pupils prepared for the Liverpool University Matric. and Scholarship Exams.,  
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