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### EDITORIAL.

Dialogue about the weather is, in truth, a sort of dramatised version of the yawn

VERY MUCH "BROKEN." weary, but we never tire of playing it, especially if we live in the higher latitudes of Old England, a very hypocritical sort of country indeed, that gives birth to countless poets who wander through the plum blossoms of Worcestershire or the almond groves of Surrey, and then settle down to sonnet-sequences in London, while the rest of us wallow in the slush and soot a few hundred miles further North. In the long run, however, we have one advantage, for holidays to us are really days of luxury, when the slow cavalry of the rain-drops no longer ramble up and down the school-room window, and drab eternities of bricks shine no more in refracted hideousness through the crazy glass.

We print, in this number, an article on THE FEVER OF THE FOOTLIGHTS, the Repertory Theatre movement which has begun to take shape in Liverpool.

Next year we are going to have our own theatre at the C.I., for already we have unearthed Robinson and Dey, two parody-playwrights it may be, but surely Shakespearean even in that, since, if tradition be true, the master himself first ran from the results of a lampoon on Sir Thomas Lucy, affixed to the gates of that gentleman's estate at Stratford. So while Liverpool develops her big repertory scheme we shall work at the juvenile school of drama and find a repertory free from the fearful problems that bewilder the greater stages.

The Pope is a name CASTING OUT DEVILS. to raise whirlwinds in some quarters, but one would not at all have looked for him as part of a scare advertisement in a cold scientific venture. Recently, however, when a famous astronomer lectured at Liverpool, Calixtus III was booked as part of the premonitory symptoms and we were confronted, placard-wise, with the announcement that the prelate "exorcised" Halley's Comet in most glorious papistical fashion, which was all

peculiarly lurid for the common gaze and also peculiarly lying, as a contributor proves. How magnificent it would be if the advertisers would only exorcise their own display bills and cast out the devil of misrepresentation from the accurate air of science.

"A Fragment from MORE Fleet Street" will be very BRILLIANCE. interesting reading for those whose memories go back to the ancient glories of the Institute as well as for those who live in its newer glow, while the great sun himself shines through the ink of another contributor who seems in truth to have been a little dazzled by his subject. This shining scholar who guides us through the Wirral of History misses the vanished glories of the Ham and Egg Parade, but a wild adventure beneath the Southern Cross again brings us into full tropical day.

THE not want to discuss the "OLD BOY" casting in or out of devils AGAIN. though we are profoundly interested in another Old Boy who was, too often, perhaps, a playful devil with us in his youth but now has burned away the inflammable part of himself in the fire and brimstone of work-a-day life. Our Old Boys' Association has gathered force lately and will be stronger than ever next year with the thoroughly efficient executive that now control it and we wish all Old Boys would be wise and sociable enough to enter their names and enjoy the benefits of the Debating and other sections at a merely nominal fee.

And now, a long fare- AU REVOIR well! Our little year of BUT— editorial joy has vanished and we pass to oblivion again. Good bye, you minor poets, football kickers, Tariff Reformers, and you swimmers also, who want only the salt sea waves and a rock to dive from for your throne. We hope you will all come back refreshed after the long vacation and full of sound and fury for "soccer," stage-craft, examinations, and the other trifles, that, at the C.I., constitute your heaven or—



## School Notes.

### Debating Society.

Law is a subject which very seldom enters the sacred scholastic precincts of the Catholic Institute. We hear from time to time various rumours of that unintelligible legal world which centres around St. George's Hall, no doubt, but these, and the familiar figure of the policeman whom we are apt to surround with a halo of handcuffs, grated windows and dignified omnipotence, are the only inklings we have of the great national judicatory, which is represented in the C.I. by that majestic Discipline (whose first letter most appropriately begins another word of more dramatic significance) the sluggard fears so much. But on one afternoon in March a Judge, fully wigged, and gowned, sat enthroned on his judicial dias in the Lecture Room, and dispensed justice with the sanction of a jury and court.

Who that saw the solemn procession of barristers, wending their august way into the crowded court of justice, would have thought that such a commotion could be made merely on account of a murdered schoolmaster! And yet such was the case. The judge, (Mr. Farrell of historic fame) sat before the counsels, clerks, and jury, resplendent in official attire and briefs and ink, to pass judgment on J. Cunningham, apprehended on a charge of murdering Mr. Smith, pedagogue, a few days before.

Before the commencement of the legal proceedings, O'Hara was presented with a medal, as a recognition of his valuable services as Secretary of the Debating Society. The presentation over, the bewigged Mr. F. gave utterance to some mournful platitudes. The lonely figure of the prisoner quailed, the counsels unrolled their manuscripts, the clerks sought refreshment in the ink-pots, and the jury settled down for the immediate gratification of Morpheus. The great trial had begun; the sword of Damocles was in truth quivering above Cunningham's head.

The counsel for the defence put forward that the prisoner was innocent, as schoolmasters were pests which called for total annihilation (present company of course excepted), an opinion which called forth vociferous applause from the audience.

Chief-Justice Farrell knit his brows,

and called hollowly for silence, after which the grand opera voice of Kelly proceeded to call the numerous witnesses to display the best of their ignorance of the case in hand. The principal witnesses were, Mr. Llewellyn Ormsby-Jones, who, after making astounding guttural noises in his throat for ten minutes, was finally suppressed; Mr. Buckley, whose mediæval oath was marred by reference to a modern bar; Mr. Kelleher whose poetic spirit burst forth into blossoms of blinding brightness; Colgan, who disconcerted the court by confessing his complicity in the murder; and innumerable individuals who had all caught the prisoner, *flagrante delicto*, but at various times in the same day. The case was becoming dismembered. In despair, the judge called for the bloodstains, and showed his lion-like voracity by immediately eating them. The sight was sickening as the sanguinary judge sucked them up, and with an affirmation that shook Heaven's circumference, pronounced them better than Noblett's. Cunningham, feeling faint, asked for "a hot cup of coffee," and his *alter ego*, Colgan, made many resolute attempts to defend himself, but the dreadful voice of the Liverpoolian Rhadamanthus stifled the former's pleading, and the latter's pathetic attitude.

When the last witness, a spring chicken specially nurtured by Mr. Kelleher, had told the last "fact" the *dissecta membra* of the victim were brought in for examination by the celebrated Dr. Keegan. Sundry applications of a hat-pin and penknife failed to resuscitate the corpse, so the judge, with intuitive sagacity, concluded that Mr. Smith was undoubtedly no more. Concannon then unburdened himself of his summing-up, a triumph of boshiloquence, and after the jury had retired and returned, Kelly's sepulchral voice pronounced the fateful verdict, "we find the prisoners guilty"! The judge donned the black cap, and in a faulty drone, condemned the prisoners to death. Ugh! we felt the swamp-slugs crawling over us, as we shuddered in the awful air.

All pleas for mercy proved of no avail, for the course of justice cannot be turned aside. They must die if only *pro bono magistro*. The burly forms of Parallelogram Carroll, and Ludden the imperturbable, approached the despondent homicides, and led them out to die.

In cross-examination O'Hara and Dunne fought exceptionally well, and Twomey was undoubtedly matched by the latter. Promotion, we believe, is awaiting Sergeant Ormesher, for his laudable promptitude in the ejection of a notorious disturber of judicial decorum.

### The Concert.

We held our absolutely unique, open air entertainment on a weird contrivance of tables, boards and carpets, in early May. The proceeds being devoted to the purchase of a School Shield for the Form obtaining most points in the coming Sports. So the intentions of the artistes were certainly meritorious and for a good cause, even if in some few cases they were slightly below the idealistic limit. We therefore excuse their shortcomings on that score.

At 5 o p.m. the audience took their seats and prepared for the worst, and at 5-30 the Orchestra trooped on to the stage. This was promising; we knew the Orchestra of old. When they had vanished behind the ample folds of the curtain after a splendid rendering of "Poet and Peasant," the audience was expectant. The programme informed us that Mdlle. Whoosheeski, the celebrated Russian soprano, would appear next. She had come from Odessa the day before, and now, bouncing on to the stage, she burst into hysterical spasms of squeaky giggles. After which she daintily raised her bejewelled hands and, grasping in them an envelope, couched a panegyric to—in sweetest strains. It would have moved the stones—if they had been loose, in the direction of the singer. Alas! next moment the modern Orpheus vanished in an atmosphere of brown boots and and blue trousers, with a fringe of yellow. She was gone, but not forgotten; divers pairs in the region of the waistcoat testified to that. Then O'Donovan shook the foundations of the stage and Liverpool with an Irish Jig; and Mr. Murphy, almost unrecognisable in a most fantastic attire, with a plentiful daubing of paints blotting out his features and transforming them geographically from a well-defined country to a very Dark Continent, a rather picturesque pipe which he seemed to relish exceedingly, and a serenade which surpassed the three, did sundry clever tricks with silver teapots, spoons and clocks. Mr. Buckley, with the utmost patience and

self-possession, strove to teach Professor Popoffski the elements of English by the new method of "Kladderadatch." The numerous injunctions the professor received to calm himself, met with no response save savage splashes of irate Russian and the most alarming stage-faints. The master and his unteachable pupil finally disappeared in a burst of bunkum.

Then Macaulao Paganine led on his orchestra, and after delivering a most instructive and self-exalting lecture on music in general, and Wagner's Opera "Why was the Ocean built so near the Shore"? in particular, the band-leader informed us that his Welsh Hungarian Band would now play the opera. He then proceeded to tie himself into knots and similar contortions, and to imperil the lives of those nearest him with his baton, and the hereditary madness of the Paganini family, whilst the musicians cleft the air with frenzied cacophonies of unheard of "music." The irrepressible Mr. Splashifski "warbled his native wood-notes wild," Dunne blew out the last bubbles of his brains through the tin whistle, Hennin did Sandow with a concertina, Lambie wrestled with a mouth-organ, O'Hara gave cavalry imitations with his feet, Wright gasped into a cornet, and Cunningham accentuated the general pandemonium by banging on a tom-tom. We did not breathe freely again till the last of the ill-fated musicians was driven off the stage, and Macaulao's ravings thus terminated. Mr. Ormsby's recitation was thunderously applauded, and Mr. Fitzgerald narrated his adventures of discovery with the Bootle explorers to a palpitating auditorium.

The Pupil Teachers gave an engrossing performance of Robinson's "Merchant of Venice," being a revised version of Shakespeare's tragedy of that name. McNally impersonated Portia with all the feminine gentleness and charm which underlies his nature, and his rendering of the time-worn, though still pathetic, speech on the quality of mercy, brought tears to the eyes of his listeners, and especially of the masters whose consciences were no doubt sorely pricked. Robinson made a typical Hebrew with his slouch bowler and mercenary inclinations, and Power, in his judicial robes, breathed forth all the ponderous austerity and imperial dignity which lies in the soul of the son of

Birkenhead alone. Antonio, with his angelic features, and flowing flaxen locks, would have moved the heart of any Jew but Shylock. Portia's dramatic turning of the tables, by which all his schemes fell on his own head, not unnaturally gave Robinson a headache.

The production was undoubtedly a great success, and we can appreciate it the more when we remember that its author is one of ourselves. At the conclusion of the entertainment, the captain of last season's Football XI, on behalf of the members of the South Lancashire League Team, presented Br. Forde with a beautiful umbrella in recognition of the invaluable services which he rendered to the Football Club. The marked enthusiasm of the audience showed their hearty approval of the generous act. Br. Forde expressed his gratitude for the handsome presentation and added that much as he valued the gift which they had given him he appreciated still more the spirit of loyalty to their Club and their School which was so characteristic of those who were responsible for the presentation.

A selection by the Orchestra was the final item, and thus concluded our *al fresco* entertainment with its many variations of light and shade, sunshine and shower, but which was on the whole, we think, amusing and extremely novel. Some are already asking if it is going to be repeated when Halley comes again, or will it be when King George dies?

### The Orchestra.

Mr. Keegan has now for a long time been crowned with the laurels of music in the C.I. All unconsciously, we possessed a mute, inglorious Verdi buried beneath an unattractive heap of crucibles and test-tubes.

The second entertainment, held April 18th, will live in our minds by reason of the appearance of Mr. Keegan's own composition, "Sperenza," amongst the items on the programme. It was received with acclamation. Mr. Murphy again tickled us with some humorous selections from his extensive repertoire, and the Choir, under the able tutorship of Br. Malone, did their part to make the evening a complete success. A. Goossens gave a splendid rendering of "Killarney" and Hennin's solo on the violin was unanimously declared superb. The Orchestra gave four selections in their usual style, which is enough recom-

mendation to the greatest music lover. Thus Mr. Keegan with the invaluable collaboration of Br. Malone, once again catered for the dilettantes of the C.I., and we trust that we shall, in the future, receive many more intellectual feasts from their hands.

### The Sports.

It is of course true that no Latham or Blériot has risen from our ranks on planes into the upper air—except intellectually—but some of our Athletes were very near doing so at the last Sports meeting, and the speed of their feet was only rivalled by the ebullience of their own enthusiasm. Our first Sports gathering was undoubtedly successful, but the second was still more so, with all the improvements which combined to make it so memorable an occasion. No one can doubt the advisability of admitting parents and friends on such occasions, after seeing the crowd which thronged the stands on that day, and still less will he doubt the appropriateness of the Band to help on the programme, and to fill up moments of inaction, (if there were any.) And the prizes! We can never pay the debt we owe to those generous parents who provided so great a part of that most indispensable factor of a sports meeting. Even the most righteous of us could not restrain a tinge of pardonable covetousness at the sight of those magnificent rewards, about 120 altogether. They spurred us on to greater deeds of prowess, of which we would never have thought ourselves capable. Some of the masters with highly developed athletic tastes suggested laurel wreaths and similar trophies in lieu of the more attractive articles on our prize list, but they must know that this is the 20th century, and that Chemistry is now-a-days as important as Greek, and that, moreover, tastes differ. It was indeed a man with "affections dark as Erebus" who was not exhilarated by the sight of those "iron-jointed, supple-screw'd" athletes skimming lightly over the sward.

Our sincere thanks are due to the generous efforts of Rev. Br. Leahy financially, and to all the officials who did so much to make the Sports such a marked success.

It is rather fortunate for Liverpool that the old Greek custom of supporting winners of the athletic sports out of the public coffers for the rest of their lives,

is now obsolete, for Hope Street would be a severe strain on the purse of the Liverpool Corporation. It is of course a great pity for those who would be benefited by the old traditions.

### A University Scholarship.

Our heartiest congratulations are due to J. C. Cunningham, who was so successful in the May Scholarship Exams. of the Liverpool University. We still cherish sweet memories of that blissful occasion when he gasped out his soul as Lady Macbeth before an enchanted audience, and of the equally delicious quarters-of-an-hour when he fixed our attention and called forth our applause in the arena of the Debating Society.

We are glad to find that his grit has scored also in other fields, and we are sure that it will continue to do so before any number of inquisitive Examiners, and finally raise him to those ranks of famous men who look back on the Catholic Institute as their Alma Mater. We have heard on very good authority that the Vice-Chancellor of the University has written him a congratulatory letter on the excellence of his mathematical work. Such recognition from higher powers vindicates our praise.

### Our Foreigners.

The ranks of foreigners in the C.I. are fast swelling, and they show us that Spain and Mexico, at least, are well represented in our home of learning. We look forward to the time when the suns of the warm south will grow to enlighten us in the Debating Society, and imbue its atmosphere with some of the fire and ardour of the land of Cortes. We are apt to become somewhat narrow-minded in a zone of unbroken compatriotism, but a touch of the fervent South will inspire the debates with the warmth of eloquence which, after all, characterizes the ideal Debating Society, and which we anticipate, when the sun of our foreigners shall have arisen to break through the icy crust of Northern frigidity, and bathed the land in floods of warmest light.

### The March Oxfords.

This year the Catholic Institute sent out a Spring Army, well-equipped for the fray, to meet the encroachments of Oxford. It was somewhat small, being composed of four stately Seniors, but its diminutiveness in numbers was made

up for by its thorough mental efficiency. It entered the field of battle in March, and in a week emerged victorious. D. O'Donovan's brilliant achievement of securing sixth place in All England was enhanced by his gaining first place in the Distinction List for Maths. Lamble won the twenty-first place of the First Class of the Honours List, and B. Hennin and P. Fitzgerald passed as Over-age Candidates. It is regrettable that their age debarred them from being nominated to the high place we feel confident they attained.

The four are certainly worthy of our most sincere congratulations, and the C.I. is indeed fortunate if all its members are as ready to meet the test at an equally awkward time.

### Another "Old Boy."

We heartily congratulate H. Llewellyn on his success at the recent Civil Service Clerkship Exam. Though he is still with us, we are informed that he will very soon join the ranks of our other old boys who are already in the service, and we wish him every good luck in his new sphere.

### Off to Hammersmith.

We are informed that our annual deputation to Hammersmith will this year include G. McNally, J. O'Hare, C. I. Ormesher, and others.

Our very best wishes accompany them all, especially McNally, who did such splendid work in our XI's, as well as at his Exams., and who, moreover, gave us such a brilliant example of generosity, loyalty, and true sportsmanship. We hope that when he gets the "hall mark" he will again have the opportunity of donning the old colours.

### Who goes to the 'Varsity this year?

A very simple question, but we cannot get a satisfactory answer to it. We have heard that Hagan, who used to shine in the "Local" theatre, crowned with a halo of "Honours and Distinctions," and loaded with a goodly stock of prizes, is entering the abode of Science at the beginning of next Session. No doubt he will be a worthy addition to the ranks of our representatives in the 'Varsity, and we shall be anxious to know how he relishes his first plunge. Possibly he will remember that the

Institute is due S from the 'Varsity, and we shall hear his first impressions from his own lips.

But is he to go *solus*? We hope not. As we write our little quartette are manfully battling with the Senior City Torturers and like prudent youths they keep painfully silent, but at the end of July we shall know and let us hope we shall be able to rejoice.

### The Abomination of Examination!

Yes, as if Terminals were not enough, Oxford steps in to complete the torture. We all moan, but nevertheless we have a curious longing after our old friends the Locals; in fact we would not enjoy the holidays if we did not enter them through the stormy channel of the Oxford week. How we shall fare this year is a perfect secret; you will hear it all, my friends, later on. Meanwhile, *entre nous*, the man in the street, (I mean in the playing yard) whispered to me very recently that, following the example of the Preps, who carried off the athletic Shield, our Prelims, and Juniors will make a record this year; but the Seniors are, between the Scholarship, the March Exam, and other causes, without their usual band of stalwarts on this occasion.

### The Shield.

The Mighty Atoms of the Preparatory Form have renounced their infantile pastime of filling the playground with a yelling mob of enthusiasts in the screeching game of "Come-and-catch-me-Willie," for a more manly occupation. They are now brilliant stars in the athletic quarter of the heavens in the C.I., reflecting the splendour of their well earned shield.

They have shewn us that size, at least, does not signify a corresponding amount of athletic ability. We do not dare to insinuate, however, that the venerable potentates of Forms VI. and VII. are not the very souls of vigour, but either through the numbers of the "multum in parvos," or the modesty of the "multum in multos," or neither of these the Shield has now shed its radiance on the great little ones and left their Seniors to "rust unburnish'd" in ignoble shame. Form V were next in the running for the trophy and were closely followed by Forms II and VI all of whom made bold bids for victory.

## A Fragment from Fleet Street.

A Liverpool man, and a Dublin man met, not long ago and quite casually, in Fleet Street. The former, came into being in Liverpool sometime in the late "thirties"; the latter only reached there from his native city in the very late "fifties." Both were Irishmen; but seniority of years lay with the Liverpool man. Both had perpetrated Journalism in and out of London, and engaged in some publishing ventures. One had done something in Lancashire for early Catholic newspaper enterprise. The other had little or no connection therewith. Fortune led him by foreign paths to new lands, America and the Southern Hemisphere. Thrown together, after a long number of years, conversation naturally led them to a chat about "the good old town" of which they had many happy memories.

The office in which the two old friends met, high up many flights of stairs, is now in the hands of the "housebreakers." Its outlook was towards a tavern having a name and fame recorded by Boswell. Two minutes walk to the left takes you to where

"A white stone flashes over Goldsmith's  
ashes,  
In a quiet cloister by Temple Bar."

The room was certainly small enough to keep thought from wandering. There was no place for a reference library. Apart from the brain power set going every morning and carried away every night no conscientious broker would have given a pound for all that office contained. Yet it was not unlike scores of its neighbours, where the carefully and laboriously made notes, hastily jotted down ideas, and mentally arranged thoughts are given the shape and form necessary before being submitted to the great bread and butter earning test of passing the editor and reaching the public.

Sitting at his office table the older man told what he knew of old days in Liverpool, when John Richardson was organist at St. Nicholas's Pro-Cathedral and he was choir boy there. Then the old Catholic Institute was mentioned, and Mr. Grant was remembered for his educational ability and facile literary talent. He died in India. This brought to mind an occasion when Mr. Bone and

Mr. Grant, the first masters at the Institute, wrote for the choir boys the words of an entertainment called "A Night at Birkenhead," with incidental songs, which the fine old musician John Richardson set to music. His worth as a composer has to be sought to day in the old books of Catholic Church Services. Save in the memory of old men the work and teaching of both the organist and the schoolmasters are quite forgotten. Mr. Bone had a real gift of natural humour, and *pace* Dr. Johnson, was an accomplished and honest gentleman although a spontaneous wit and irrepressible punster. The old choir boy's reference called forth a quotation of the "song epilogue" of the entertainment. It was a tenor solo, sung by Mr. Pinnington, who was the choir tenor.

The Liverpool man piped it forth in a not immelodious remnant of his singing voice, and then at the instigation of his junior friend it was set to music so far as the melody could be remembered. There is however, an agreed-upon doubt that, although the music as noted down is correct so far as it goes, it does not go far enough. It seems to need a development to give full effect to the stanza, which is in itself complete. Be that as it may, only what is here given could be remembered. The rest, like author and composer, is now beyond recall.

In after times when rolling years  
Have brought their meed of joys and fears,  
To boyhood and to age.  
When mem'ries volumes we unclose,  
To find that joys as well as woes,  
Are written on the page.

Among the brightest records there  
That tell of moments free from care,  
Of pleasures free from ill,  
Will stand the mem'ry of to-night  
Without a cloud to dim the light  
That gilds its mem'ry still.

(W. A. Grant, M.A., circa, 1852.)

There was no doubt as to the words as given above. Due honour and reverence having been paid to old memories it occurred to the Dublin man, who had clear remembrance of Mr. Grant's lessons and lectures on English literature and kindred subjects in the old Institute Hall, or Theatre, that it might not be an unforgivable presumption if he attempted to develop the idea of "In After Times." Had he not lived through them? Though he was not in Liverpool to enjoy, with the

quondam choir boy, that "Night at Birkenhead" he had years later on known and sung other songs written by the Old Institute Master. He had tasted at the spring there and carried away the inspiration of the draught to distant lands.

Time and inconstant fortune had taught him, as it will teach all old scholars, to see himself and other men in the world's mirror; and to know that joys as well as woes must ever be the experience of man and boy as years roll on; and that there are many moments free from care and many pleasures free from ill.

Man has within him worst and best!  
 The martyr's zeal, gross passion's zest;  
 Ambition, folly, love.  
 Our future calls; on we must go,  
 Facing a path we do not know;  
 With Fate the world we rove.

Hope's bondsmen here through fleeting years,  
 We march 'mid perils risk endears,  
 To immortality;  
 And each wayfarer as he goes  
 Upon his friends, upon his foes,  
 Engraves his memory.

Traditions live, ideals change,  
 Or vary in their height and range,  
 While time and youth grow old.  
 Their ghosts will haunt our secret ways;  
 Their light will gild our gloomy days  
 With lustre as of gold.

Then cherish them through life, nor seek  
 To chide their voices when they speak  
 To heart, or mind, or will;  
 And when the solemn mortal state  
 Is reached, as must be soon or late,  
 They'll gild the future still.

London, E.C. 1910.

## A Repertory Theatre for Liverpool.

BY P. N. O'HARA.

The appeal which the promoters of the Repertory Theatre movement recently made to the people of Liverpool is the clarion note of invitation to restore those good elements lost from the stage since the days of the stock Company, and to resume that intellectual culture which is alleged to have been banished by the more sordid occupations of "this commercial city."

The object of a Repertory Theatre is to give the public, lawyers as well as labourers, a selection of plays which in the course of a season, will sound the whole gamut of the dramatic art. The

need of such an institution is obvious in Liverpool, where, save for an occasional visit of Martin Harvey or Beerbohm Tree, all the drama we see is of the "Girl's Cross-Roads" type.

Consider that, generally 60,000 people witness this fourth rate drama per week and that 70% of these are between the ages of 17 and 30. Whether any of this multitude pierce the mawkish sentimentality of a thrilling heroine and sigh for something other than the tale of emotions and passions is problematical, but surely an opportunity of inculcating moral lessons in the minds of 60,000 young people ought not to be let slip for the want of good drama. The Repertory Theatre has not yet been generally recognised as a form of educational art but it has been well said that it would pay any corporation morally and socially to expend £10,000 per annum in this direction.

The value of such a theatre would be extremely great. We have, in South Lancashire, the greatest labour community in the world, living under circumstances unique in more ways than one. Yet for all the books one ever reads there is never a writer to handle intelligently the crying needs of civilization choked in pit smoke and factory fumes.

It will be the privilege of the local dramatist to give us some of the countless phases of life as we live it or ought to live it in our own country, to arouse our interest in home problems and to wake us to an appreciation of native joys, rather than await the second hand verdict of a London, which in his heart the Lancashire man affects to despise, though he accepts her judgments unflinchingly in things dramatic. Manchester has given us a noble lead. The Theatre is a financial success and Liverpool has no excuse if she is to have any claim at all to artistic intelligence.

The work of this theatre will be to give to the populace all that is highest and best in dramatic art. Life as we see it with its joys and sorrows, its broad outlines and its more elusive nuances will be presented with all the illusion and glamour of the stage. The nightly change of play will give a vigour and a naturalness unknown to the actor who has uttered the same words six times a week for the past eighteen months. The Repertory Theatre really means holding the mirror up to nature.



The system proposed is to give a different play every night for forty weeks in the year. The cost of admission is to be as small as possible, thus making the theatre a philanthropic institution rather than a place of amusement. The question of solvency is one which gives the promoters no anxiety although several plays of reputation have failed to defray even their expenses. In the Glasgow Repertory Theatre "Arms and the Man" was a pecuniary success, and recently in Liverpool "Candida" and "John Bull's Other Island" attracted huge crowds. Consequently there is no doubt that the system is one which will be successful.

But above all Liverpool should be a city to welcome the movement. It has already shown its independence in art, and now is the time to assert its own judgment by refusing to accept without experience whatever is top of the wave in the metropolis or on tour. Whoever has seen the trenchant criticism and admirable judgment of the articles which appeared in those old Liverpool magazines which devoted themselves to the stage when the classical Theatre Royal occupied the present site of the Cold Stores, will realise that our predecessors kept up a standard much higher than we now know in this city.

Consequently the Repertory Theatre should come as a boon to a town where the people need educating. Liverpool will not be too famous for its abundance of learning, as far as its present records go, but with this powerful and intelligent scheme of diverting popular ideals along the popular grooves, there comes the hope of a brighter morrow.

### "The New Wing at Elsinore."

(Continued)

SCENE II.—Before the New Wing, in construction two Clowns (formerly grave-diggers) employed as builders, are working on the building with equal appropriateness as builders; they work on the structure in the extremely leisurely fashion to be expected of artisans, who are not members of a Trades' Union.

1st CLOWN—(In his best Elizabethan manner) Nay, but hear your goodman builder—

2nd CLOWN—(In homely vernacular): Look 'ere 'Arry, you can drop that jargon. There's no one 'ere but ourselves, and I ain't amused by it. It's all very well to try it on when there's gentefolk about, but when we're alone jest you take a rest.

1st C—(puzzled) Ay, marry!

and C—(throwing down tools) Stow it, I say,

or I'll have to make yer. Marry, indeed! Marry who? I'm a bachelor, I am, and I'll stay it all me life. If yer mean "Yes," say yes; if you mean "No," say no.

1st C—All right, mate.

2nd C—(grumbling) It's bad enough stayin' up all night building more rooms to this 'ere Castle—I should 'ave thought it was big enough and ugly enough without any additions—but if I'm to listen to your gab—

1st C—'Ere's someone comin'.

[They make a valiant pretence of work as Horatio and Fortinbras enter.]

HORATIO—(ecstatically, completely deceived by this simple ruse); My master-builders!

FORTINBRAS—Idle dogs!

1st C—(Elizabethan again); Argal goodman builder, will he nill he, he that builds builds not always well, and he that builds not well builds ill. Therefore perpend!

H. (appreciatively) How absolute the knave is!

F. He seems to be an absolute fool.

H. Not at all a most intelligent man. I'll draw him [to 1st C] When will this house be finished, sirrah?

1st C—Why, 'swounds, ! when its done, sir.

H. Ay fool, and when will that be?

1st C—When it's finished, to be sure, sir.

H. (to F.) There! What do you call that?

Witty, eh?

F. I call it perfectly idiotic, if you ask me,

H. Well, well, I'll try again, [to 1st C] And whose is this house, fellow?

1st C—(fatuously): Marry, he that owns it. Ask another.

H. (to F.) Ha, ha! good again. By the Mass, Fortinbras, as Hamlet used to say, the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier that it galls his kibe!

F. (savagely) The toe of the courtier is getting so near the person of the peasant, that you'd better get rid of the latter as soon as possible!

H. (doubtfully) Perhaps you're right. And yet I was always taught to consider that kind of thing as awfully entertaining. But there; fashions change in humour as in other things. Send them away.

F. (giving them money) Away with you, fellows! [Exit Clowns.]

H. What think you of the New Wing, Fortinbras?

The whole effect is pleasing, is it not? Good large sash windows, lots of light and air,

No mediæval nonsense.

F. (who does not admire the building) So I see!

H. No ghosts here, eh, to stalk about the rooms,

And fade against the crowing of the cock?

[Enter Ophelia's Ghost]

F. Probably not—and yet—look there Horatio! There's something moving in the shadow there!

Moving towards the house—it's going in! Stop it, Horatio!

H. (furiously) Stay, none of this!

Why, 'tis the ghost of poor Ophelia!

I'll cross it though it blast me! Stay, illusion!

[The ghost stops and is about to wave its arms when a motor horn is heard. It disappears immediately.]

Stop it friend! or trip it! Ah, 'tis gone!

Ah, Fortinbras your legs bend at the knees, What is the cause of this unseemly thing?

- F. (*changing the subject*) It faded on the  
 crowing of the cock,  
 But I do think that we had better go—  
 Perchance 'twill walk again.
- H. Unless my lord,  
 It catches the last train.
- F. (*angrily*) And why this jest?  
 We will discuss this on a better hour,  
 To-morrow night we will come here again,  
 And we will *make* it talk, if it refrain.

[*Exeunt.*]

## Halley's Comet and its Historical Associations.

By X. Y. Z.

The recent visit of Halley's Comet to our realms was ushered in with that usual quota of journalistic sensation which we unflinchingly accord to all our distinguished visitors. We read, with more or less concern, of the disquieting proximity of the Comet's path to that along which our little world wends its weary way. Many dire things were said of the result of our being enveloped in the Comet's mighty tail. Collision was sometimes suggested. On the whole, a multitude of causes combined to interest us in the recent visit of this well known Comet, and our neurotics have reason to be most grateful to the learned astronomers and others who time and again took occasion to assure them of the absolute improbability of anything happening which would be in any way disastrous to us or our Sphere. Even those who ordinarily take a very sober view of things celestial as well as of terrestrial matters were keenly interested as the time approached when we hoped to see this extraordinary visitor in our skies, but great was the disappointment. For days and nights we vainly searched for the Comet which Astronomers and a few far seeing people assured us was already visible. At last we learned that the Comet was gone "leaving not a rack behind" and we felt as if we had been cruelly hoaxed, but our absolute faith in our astronomers and scientists will not allow us to entertain the thought.

But the periodical visits of Halley's Comet have other interests for us nowadays than those which are purely astronomical, for chroniclers have noted that each return of the comet coincides with one or more extraordinary events in the history of mankind. A list of these coincidences was recently circulated in

connection with a most interesting lecture on Halley's Comet delivered by the well known astronomer Sir Robert Ball, and as we glanced through this list from the "Death of Methuselah and The Deluge to the death of H. M. Edward VII we noticed a very exceptional item. We learned from this list that at the very time when the Wars of the Roses were being waged in this country, and the Turks attacking Christendom, Halley's Comet appeared in our skies and the "Comet was exorcised by Pope Calixtus III."

The visit of Halley's Comet at that time—1456 is, we believe, a well authenticated fact. We have ample historical and other evidences of the Wars of the Roses, and of the saving of Belgrade from the Turks by Hunyade, but may we ask what evidence or authority is there for the statement that Pope Calixtus III exorcised the Comet in 1456?

The first, and we believe the sole testimony on which this story of the exorcism of the Comet rests, is attributed to a paragraph found in Platina's History of the Popes. The paragraph we refer to runs as follows:—

"There appeared for a short time a streaming ruddy Comet, and as the *Mathematicians* predicted a great plague, famine, and extraordinary calamities, Calixtus ordered that processions be held for some time in order to appease the Divine wrath and thereby obtain that the evils with which mankind was threatened may fall on the enemies of Christendom—the Turks.

Moreover, in order to placate God by incessant prayer, he ordered that a bell should be rung each day at noon to remind the Faithful to offer prayers for the safety and success of those who were engaged in fighting against the Turks."

Here we have undoubtedly the origin of the story of the Comet Bull. The substance of the paragraph quoted above was repeated with some modifications by various Continental writers—Calvisius (1605), Lubienietki (1666), Fabre and Bruys (1726), but it was only towards the close of the 18th century that Laplace gave the story something like its present garb. He stated that "Pope Calixtus ordered the recitation of a prayer in which the Comet and the Turks were *conjured*," and he added, "in those times of ignorance people were very far from knowing that the only true

means of becoming acquainted with nature are observation and calculation." What a pity Laplace did not extend his researches to the domain of history; had he done so, he would not have written the foregoing. In a later edition of his great work, *The Theory of Probabilities*, he omitted all reference to Pope Calixtus, but the story was retained in his *Système du Monde* as he died before he had quite finished the correction of the proof sheets of the last edition of that work published under his immediate direction.

Now that the story had got well on its way it rapidly acquired considerable momentum, and we find Arago in 1832 stating that the terrified Pope (Calixtus) ordered certain prayers to be recited at noontide every day in which the Turks and the Comet were *excommunicated*. His version is, undoubtedly, a considerable improvement even on that of Laplace. A writer named Smyth in 1844 adds his quota—he mentions a three fold excommunication against the Comet, the Turks, and the Devil, and later on we find this put into the form of a litany verse by Dr. Dickson White and also Dean who give it in this form—"from Devil, Turk and Comet, deliver us, O Lord!"

Surely Platina's statement does not justify the story in the form it had assumed even as far back as 1799; much less does it warrant the more modern versions and the scornful references to the Pope and the Papacy which we usually find associated with it.

But must we accept Platina's record of the event as being historically correct? His status as a historian is not such as would lead us to have absolute reliance on the accuracy of all that he chronicles in his history.

According to Gregorovius, himself a renowned historian, Platina was rather a humanist than a historian. He invariably paid far more attention to style than to the accuracy of his statements, and indeed it is for the former rather than for the latter that his works were read. As a historian then he does not claim our special attention. When he had completed his *History of the Popes* he was appointed Prefect of the Vatican Library, but it is quite incorrect to say, as has sometimes been asserted, that he was Prefect of the Vatican archives.

If Pope Calixtus issued a Bull in which reference was made to the Comet and prayers ordered to avert the evils

which the Comet foreboded, as well as to obtain victory over the Turks, surely we may reasonably believe that some such document would be found in the Vatican Archives or at any rate copies of it would be obtainable elsewhere. There is, in the Vatican Archives, a "Bull of Prayers against the Infidels for the victory of the Christian Peoples" which bears the date June 29th, 1456, but in this Bull there is absolutely no reference whatever to a Comet; and if the Pope had any intention of making a reference to the Comet in a Bull he surely would have done so in this particular one because at the very time that this Bull was being drawn up the Comet was visible in Italy having attained its perihelion on 8th June of that year. Moreover, not only have all efforts to discover even a copy of this imaginary "Comet Bull" been futile, but it is impossible to find a single reference to such a document in the writings of any contemporary chronicler, whilst many have recorded the issuing of the Bull ordering prayers for the victory of the Christians over the Turks and have at the same time mentioned also the appearance of the Comet.

An ingenious upholder of the Comet Bull foresaw this objection, and hastened to explain that the Bull dated June 29th was really the second that was issued, and that the crafty Pope having seen the absurdity of exorcising the Comet speedily withdrew the original Bull in which he ordered the exorcism. But the discoverer of this simple explanation has not been able to find either the original document or a single copy of the Bull which if it were issued must have been sent to different parts of Christendom; neither has he, in his researches, been able to find a single reference to it in the works of any writer of that period. Even Platina himself does not record the issuing of two Bulls, and so far as he is concerned we may reasonably conclude that his curious coupling of the Comet with the prayers ordered in the Bull of June 29th, 1456, was more for the sake of effect than for the purpose of historical evidence, and that his study of Livy and other classical writers was to some extent responsible for this curious partnership. He too would note the connection between celestial manifestations and remarkable occurrences in this world of ours.

The extraordinary development of the curious tale is really very instructive. It is quite a standard example of that class of distorted historical incidents which are so ingeniously prepared and circulated to serve the purposes of a certain class of persons whose zeal for truth is more fictitious than real. It is not difficult to recognize one of these perennial wayfarers; they, like Comets, move about certain foci, and help to illumine the reeking atmosphere of a pit, or to complete the menu at certain centres of truth and enlightenment. But the average person is no longer deceived by those hollow baubles and so far as their real object—the vilifying of Catholicism—is concerned we believe that they no longer possess the vigour which they had in a less enlightened age when “anti-Papal” was a sufficient hallmark for the most absurd story.

## Bathing under Difficulties.

By J. F. G.

Under extreme pressure from a young relative of mine who helps to wield the pen and sling the editorial ink, and may I suggest the hatchet in connection with your Magazine—I forward a small contribution of mild adventure; although somewhat nervous of incurring the displeasure of the august editors, who sit in judgment upon the contributions of your unfortunate correspondents. “Feeling the pressure” and dreading precocious censure, I will at once launch out and state that I am passionately fond of bathing; preferably in salt water. My young relative may possibly, at once editorially note: (So is half the human race.)

Granted, young Sirs . . . . Now to proceed with “the yarn.” It was on a scorching hot afternoon during one of Queensland’s notoriously prolonged droughts, that a friend and myself started from the little bush-town of Warwick, Queensland, Australia, to trace or track, for amusement, and to while away the time—not to explore (that had been done years before by Leichardt or some one else) the mighty Condamine River! or at least, now we were on the spot, to view it, (vide map of Q.)

We had been informed the river ran *sometimes* 5 miles in width from bank to bank, or ridge to ridge. A mighty river

might, should, or could run to five miles in times of fresh flood, or even in Silurian periods. But this locally important river, where was it? We saw the moist sand and pebbly bed, but it was perfectly dry—and so we were in heat, stifling and intense, the sub-tropical foliage hanging listlessly in the furnace-like, glowing, and radiating heat. Our tongues were like parched leather, and qualified my friend’s remark, that he “couldn’t spit sixpence.” Languidly we crawled along—I mean in pace, for about an hour or more, when to our intense joy we saw a little clear water just trickling over the small pebbles at a small crossing in the river bed of the Mighty, (mitye! I should almost write) Condamine and ere long, prone on our faces, we lapped the cool, fresh extract of Condamine; arose like giants refreshed with moisture of a sort, and went on afresh on our self-imposed task to meet a further surprise.

A mile or so along the creek, I mean river bed, the waters widened and deepened, and the river banks narrowed. Steep sandstone cliffs overhung the loveliest, shady, silent pool of cooling waters that two dusters (thirsty by now, again) hot travellers might desire or dream of. Gum and Ti trees lend their aid to coolest shade; we felt entranced, and poetical, but my hot body and fervent heart desired a plunge in the cool waters below. Bright-eyed, green Iguanas were freely darting up and down the sandy cliff face on a flycatching expedition. “Mr. T,” said I, “it is impossible to resist, I must have a bathe; will you?” He steadfastly declined. I don’t think he liked the idea of those “Guanos” darting about. Quickly ‘peeling off’ my scanty clothing, I was soon up to my neck in the Condamine, and it was simply glorious. The ‘header’ and swimming about with a lot of splashing (the latter to clear the way for one never knows what fearful fowl may be in strange water) quite exhilarated me, and my friend was delighted. There was something electrical about the water that I could not understand whilst swimming. When I had “quantum suff” out I came. My friend and myself were quite horror struck to find upon my body the loveliest crop of fresh water horse leeches that an ancient apothecary might envy, or as far as I was concerned, might be quite welcome to.

We were busy for some little time

in pulling off about a dozen of that blood-sucking fraternity, thankful there was nothing worse than leeches in those waters. Messrs. Editors you may imagine why I prefer salt water bathing, although that is attended with discomfort occasionally in Australia; particularly if the swimmer happens to get mixed up with a shoal of blubber, or jelly fish. Generally, the bather darts out of the water, shouting, "I've got another," meaning he has discovered a jelly fish or several, and displaying red patches of nettle rash upon his body.

The most exhausting bathe I ever obtained was when three or four young culprits lowered ourselves down by a rope, sneakingly, over the ship's side in the Suez Canal, to circle our good steamship by swimming around it. We never thought a ship so many leagues in length until then. How we managed it, to this day, I do not know. The current flowing through the Suez would drag a merman down, least of all, a mere man. It was at the entrance to one of the Bitter Lakes, and I can vouch for its being bitter, and salt, almost Epsom-like. We all four had a bitter cold for days afterwards. The officers put on the 'Coup de grace' for us by shouting "You—young fools, don't you know there are any amount of sharks in the Canal? We did not—fortunately—they are worse than leeches or—Editors.

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## Historical Associations of Wirral.

By J. D. COLGAN.

If our haughty Liverpool school boys are assured that Wirral had an interest in many events of English history, they may deny it, or reply that they probably cannot compare with Liverpool history. Few of the Liverpool holiday-makers who come to Wirral now and again for a breath of fresh air even think of Wirral as having a past and annals of its own. But let us first assure our readers that our history is not solely composed of battles, is not a history of action, but rather a history of association, of the great men who have been connected with our famous peninsula.

We know very little of Wirral at the beginning of the Roman invasion; it

was certainly inhabited by the Carnavii, whose occupation is still commemorated in a few place-names, such as Arrowe, Landican and Noctorum. When the Romans advanced thro' the Country to Chester, a Roman settlement was established at Great Meols, which is now covered by water, except at very low tide. A road ran through Wirral from Great Meols to Chester, probably through Shotwick, Saughall and Neston.

Owing to the encroachments of the sea on Great Meols, the settlement gradually moved inland, and the Saxons on coming permanently to England, had this settlement as a village, in the years from 449 to 613 A.D. Their king, Ethelfrith, defeated the native Britons at Chester in 613 A.D. He sailed up the Dee from the settlement at Meols, and it was this battle that finally crushed the British and established a Saxon dominion over England.

At Hilbre, a small island off West Kirby, existed a monastery dedicated to St. Hildaburg. Hildaburgeye was the original name of the island. This monastery was Saxon; it was one of the first to be established in the country. But we are forgetting an important event. St. Patrick on his way to Ireland sailed from Bromborough Pool, and on his return landed at the same place. A well at Bromborough called St. Patrick's Well commemorates this.

Owing to the peculiar position of Wirral between two fine harbours, we may safely conclude that during the Danish incursions it bore its full share of the ravages of these marauders, and it is probable, tho' some antiquarians deny this, that Shotwick Castle was built as a barrier between the Danes and Chester. This assumption is borne out by the fact that below Shotwick we find no Danish place-names, while above it are very many, (Raby, Greasby, Whitby, Frankby, etc.)

In 937, there was a battle fought at Brunanburh against the Danes, which, to quote from Wyatt Davies (History of England) settled the fate of Northumbria and made Æthelstan the first real King of England. Many places claim the distinction of being the battle-site, among them Bromborough (Wirral) Brunswark (Dumfries), Burnley (Lancashire) Bunton (Newcastle), Bamborough (Yorkshire), Banbury (Oxford) and Bromfield. Bromborough fits all the details most perfectly. The leader of

the Danes was Anlaf, King of Dublin, and he would probably land in England in the most convenient harbour, here, the Dee or Mersey, with his ships in Bromboro' Pool. Tradition says that the Wargreaves—the title of some fields in Bromborough—is the site of a great battle. Many other reasons, which we cannot here enumerate in detail, lead us to believe that Bromborough was the original site of the battle.

Shotwick Castle was the starting point of the expedition of Henry II to Ireland in 1272. Edward I also gathered his army at Shotwick in his Welsh expeditions, and from some port in Wirral Richard II sailed for Ireland in 1400.

During the next few centuries, Wirral, while not the actual scene of any battle, furnished its full quota of men in struggles both at home and abroad. In the battle of Shrewsbury, 1403, men of Wirral fought for the Percies; at the battle of Bloreheath, 1459, Sir William Troutbeck of Brimstage commanded a division. At Bosworth, 1485, the Stanleys of Hooton aided in the overthrow of Richard III, and the succession to the throne of Henry VII. These Stanleys with their retainers were present at Flodden Field in 1513,

At the dissolution of the monasteries, 1535, Birkenhead Priory, erected in 1150, was seized and allowed to become a ruin, picturesque and stately enough, with its ivy covered walls, pierced with well carved window arches. It is a peaceful spot, close to the busy New Chester Road, and one is forcibly reminded of its old-world occupants, who were in the busy world, yet detached from it. Few people know of its locality, and fewer have visited it.

Little is to be recorded of Wirral during the next century or during the Civil Wars, save that, as usual, the gentlemen sided with Charles, the farmers with the Parliament. In 1650, Prince Charles gathered an army in Scotland, and Wirral raised a regiment of 700 men to assist Parliament. This regiment did doughty deeds at the Battle of Worcester, 1651.

In 1637, Edward King, a friend of Milton's, was drowned while crossing to Ireland from Parkgate. His death is the subject of the elegy "Lycidas" of Milton.

In 1683, Monmouth made a journey through the Western Counties to test

the feeling against a Catholic successor to Charles I. He stayed at Chester some time, and then came to Bidston and Wallasey. In this year also, Sydney and Russell met at Bidston Hall, where, tradition says, they hatched the Rye House plot.

In 1689, William III decided to invade Ireland. His invading army under Schomberg, was for some time encamped at Meols before embarking. William himself embarked from the same place, after a short stay at Gayton Hall.

The Masseys of Puddington were ever staunch adherents of the Pretenders, and took part in the risings of 1715 and 1745, but nothing was ever proved against them. The first lighthouses in the kingdom were built at Leasowe in 1763, one of them being used up to a few years ago.

During the nineteenth century, many great men used Wirral as a place of residence. Turner studied sunset effects along the Leasowe shore; De Quincey promenaded the banks of the Dee, Kingsley was fascinated by the curling mists at evening on the saltings round Burton Point, which gave rise to "The Sands of Dee," and Hawthorne, while American Consul in Liverpool, lived in Rock Ferry, and in the evenings took walks around Bromboro', Bebington and Wallasey.

In 1861, the American Civil War broke out, and a ship, the "Alabama," was built at Lairds' shipbuilding yard for the Southern States. This ship caused great damage to the Northern shipping, and the Northern States regarded it as a breach of International neutrality that England should have allowed the Alabama to be constructed in its port of Birkenhead. An arbitration court sat at Geneva to consider the claim, and awarded the United States three million pounds sterling as damages. In 1886 the Mersey Railway was solemnly opened by the late King Edward.

We think we have justified our statement that Wirral's history is associative and passive, but still it is a history replete with interest, and we shall be content if this article has aroused in one mind an interest in the past, which is ever more romantic than the present.



## By the Way!

"Anxious" writes, "Are public tête-à-tête conducive to success in 440 yds. flat races?" We think so, judging by recent results.

Did the boy with the silk handkerchief about his collar, and the baggy trousers, carry his spoils on May 24th, or did he order a taxi?

Are there "clans" or "syndicates" in the school? and what is the meaning of the solemn conclave held every evening at 4 o'clock in the back playground?

Form V and their lofty neighbours seem to appreciate jokes keenly, if one can judge by the frequent "rallies" they have each day.

"Lungs" says, "The Aintree air is 'rheumy.' "How can I get rid of my cold?" The best thing we can recommend is to practice "declamation" and turn up for the football and cricket matches when picked. The cure is instantaneous and lasting.

It is a surprising fact that the "Ferryboat Minstrels" did not send a representative to the last concert held in school. What is the cause of it? Is it modesty or wisdom?

"We all go, or else none of us go," seems to be the motto of practically all our Kirkdale friends, especially when it comes to a football or cricket match. This is not very astonishing when we remember that they need to start fast in these parts. You know Kirkdale is on the frontier.

Fashions change in Form VI as elsewhere. The "part" no longer occupies the left hand side of the head. Sad to say, it meanders from the centre in front to anywhere at the back.

"Thyme" asks, "How is it that ten minutes can be made into either fifteen or five minutes, and still be ten"? If "Thyme" would remain in the school yard after four o'clock, he would see that when a small boy practises with the willow ten minutes pass quickly;

whilst, when a certain big lad with a rather quick step has his innings ten minutes are usually extended to fifteen.

Judging by appearances, the razors won at the last School Sports have been utilized. The barbers lose the sum of two pennies weekly by this, but they bear up bravely under their loss.

Are "five to nine" races good for the health (not to mention the digestion) in this hot weather? In one sense they are, because if not indulged by late-comers, the temperature falls considerably at half past twelve.

The Liverpool "Boot Emporiums" did a roaring trade for about the first three weeks of May, especially in little boys' boots. Has the waste of shoe leather in the school-yard been repaid?

It is rather early in the season to begin "Shield practice." Nevertheless the members of Form V think that one can't begin to early. The strenuous matches played in the yard between half past twelve and one o'clock point to the fact that they think it more important to practise than to eat.

The stately and sedate members of the Sixth Form are subjected to most humiliating torture every Wednesday morning. Just fancy! those illustrious beings are forced to squirm about on the ground in order to "exercise their bodies." The result is, that not only combs are brought to the school now, but also brushes.

PARKER RELATES:—

Said 5 ft. 10, the king of swanks,  
"Give me the bat, I'll play some pranks."

He made a drive with a mighty roar  
"Aha! come on, a record score."  
But sudden paused, for 3 ft. 9  
Had snapped the ball and with divine  
Precision made the stumps decline.

The first XI grow furiously sentimental to judge by the embraces and handshakes at intervals during matches.

Perhaps their "poetry" explains some defeats. We prefer cricket.

The little boys of the Preparatory Form who formerly played "Tom-come-tittle-me" with vociferous acclamation, have suddenly developed into athletes. What is the meaning of this decision? We see the mighty Atoms strutting about the place now, rubbing their muscles and talking of the Shield. We hear too that challenges are flying about which have made pale the cheek of our Cannon and other big guns, who cannot muster up courage to play "jubes" with the Little Willie Winkles.

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We have heard it slyly whispered that not all of those who are casting covetous glances at the Institute medals have fulfilled the conditions mentioned in a past number of the Magazine.

## For the Young Folk.

### THE MEANING OF PARLIAMENT.

We have been talking a good deal lately about the Ministers, and the Cabinet, and the Government; and perhaps some of us have been wondering what had become of Parliament; for we are often told that it is Parliament that governs the Nation. Yet we say it is Ministers who govern the Nation. Well, we must begin by saying something, the meaning of which may not be quite clear at first. Ministers govern, but they govern by the authority of the King in Parliament. Really that means by the authority of Parliament; because as we know, the King has, in practice, no choice but to give his authority to to whatever the Parliament has chosen to authorise.

We know that what the rulers of a country have to do consists of three things: administration, legislation, or law making, and taxation, or settling how much money has to be spent, and where the money is to come from; also we know that the Ministers have the administration in their hands; that it is their business to propose the new laws and the changes in the law which they think will be good for the country; and that they have to propose the way in which the money that they think it necessary to spend is to be obtained. Now if they do all this we want to see what there is left for Parliament to do.

Well, the first thing Parliament has to do is to choose the Ministers. At this moment we need not trouble ourselves about the difference between the House of Lords and the House of Commons—the two assemblies, or houses, of which Parliament is made up. Parliament chooses the Ministers and Parliament can turn the Ministers out. Therefore, although the Ministers have to do the work of administration, they must do it in a way which satisfies Parliament, otherwise Parliament will put them out of office, and select new Ministers.

Next comes legislation. New laws and changes in the laws of an important kind are proposed by the Ministers, but the Ministers cannot make those laws, they put them into what they consider the best shape, and then they bring them before Parliament for Parliament to accept or alter or reject. It is Parliament which makes or refuses to make the laws which the Ministers propose.

Thirdly, we come to taxation. Here again the Ministers propose, but it is Parliament which must decide.

The Government says:—"We require to spend so much money on the Army, and so much on the Navy, and so much for other useful purposes." To provide that money they ask that everyone in the country may pay a certain proportion of his income—that is to say of the money which he expects to get during the year, or they propose that taxes shall be put on different things. For instance, that anyone who makes whisky, or beer, or motor-cars, or anyone who brings into the country, tobacco or wine or tea, shall pay something to the Government for every barrel of beer or whisky, or whatever it is that he sells is to be taxed. But the Government cannot make people pay those taxes until Parliament has agreed. The Government's proposals are called the Budget.

So we can put it this way. It is the Ministers who do things, but for what they do in the way of legislation or taxation they must first get the consent of Parliament; and for what they do in the way of administration they must try to be sure that Parliament will approve of it after it has been done. For they are Ministers, and can do things only because Parliament has made them Ministers, and only so long as Parliament chooses to keep them.



This is expressed by two phrases; that Ministers act by the authority of Parliament; and that Ministers are responsible to Parliament.

It is not even exactly true with regard to legislation and taxation that Ministers do everything, because Parliament can alter the proposals which ministers make, when the Ministers have proposals to make, they introduce what is called a Bill into Parliament, and Parliament may alter that Bill as much as it pleases.

If Parliament insists on altering that Bill more than Ministers approve, Ministers may resign; but Ministers can only get their way when Parliament prefers accepting their proposals to putting new Ministers in their places.

When the Bill of the Ministers has at last been got into shape which satisfies both Houses of Parliament, the Bill is passed and it is taken to the King to receive the Royal assent, which the King never refuses; and then it becomes an Act of Parliament, and a part of the law.

### **Pleadings of the Heart of Jesus.**

Forget Me not, upon the silent altar  
They pass Me by, and leave Me all alone,  
With love enough for all and every other,  
For Me, their God, their hearts are as cold  
as stone.

Forget Me not, for I am ever waiting  
For friends who will My bitter wrongs atone,  
Forget Me not, for I am ever craving  
To find true hearts who make My woes their  
own.

Remember thou the burning words I whispered  
When thou wast resting on My Heart in  
prayer.

Forget not all the vows exchanged and plighted  
As silently our hearts held commune there.

Forget not all I have to thee imparted  
In the hushed stillness of communion hour,  
That hour of hours, when, heart to heart  
reposing,  
I made thee know My Love's exceeding  
power.

Forget Me not when desolation tempts thee  
To plunge into the world's tempestuous sea,  
Remember how the sinner sad and weary  
My Heart inviteth, saying "Come to Me."

Forget Me not, lest I one day upbraid thee,  
That coming in, thou gavest Me no kiss.  
And oh! no thought in bitterness can equal  
The self-reproachful agony of this.

Forget not in the weariness of sorrow,  
There is a Home for thee, thy Saviour's  
breast,

Be comforted, the day is ever nearing  
When thou wilt there find long and endless  
rest.

### **Why a Railway Platform Slopes.**

We have all noticed that the end of a railway platform never has steps, but is

sloped to the level of the railway track. This sloping is in obedience to a Board of Trade rule, and all railway companies are compelled to observe it. The rule was made in order that railway officials might not, in the darkness or fog, stumble when coming suddenly to the end of the platform. The slope which is called a *romp*, enables a man even when he cannot see where he is going, to know that he is at the end of the platform, and to walk safely down.

### **Why a Sailor wears a Collar.**

The large square collar that sailors wear, hanging some distance over the shoulders, dates back to the old days when it was the custom for sailors to wear their hair in the form of a pigtail, which was kept well greased. The grease made the back of the coat in a very bad condition, and so an official order was given that all sailors were to wear a collar that could be detached and washed. The collar has continued, although the need for it has long since passed away. The three white lines on the collar are said to refer to three of Nelson's greatest victories.

## **Boarding Schools v. Day Schools.**

By A. LAMBLE.

The majority of us look upon schools as so many modern Star Chambers, invented by a tyrannical government to make the lives of innocent youths miserable. Our trouble begins in the early morning. We have to rise at the unearthly hour of 7 a.m., in order to present ourselves at school punctually at five minutes to nine. As for the troubles that are heaped upon our noble brows during the day—their name is legion.

But this is looking at schools with a vision distorted by the prejudice of years. Let us rather look upon them from a purely national point of view, and give an unbiassed opinion. A school is in reality a club, a social rendezvous, whither we wend our weary steps to drive away dull care. There we are initiated into the ravishing mysteries of Chemistry and Electricity! Here we are taught to admire the genius Euclid!! Shakespeare, too, becomes our bosom

companion, and we can dive down into the problems of Hamlet and end by—sticking in the mud! Tennyson and his froth fountains of love and langour we may view and admire, and finally we can go home, and, by an apt reference confound the whole dinner table by the brilliance of our Classical quotations. But it is not all dreams and visions; there are more solid advantages besides. Schools also play an important part in the development of the body. If we compare the intellectual standard of English and Continental Secondary Schools, we find that on the Continent, secondary schools are more advanced than in England. The standard of work is higher and the course is wider. More attention is paid to the classics, while physics is a subject not much thought of. But when we consider the athletic side of the question we find that much more attention is paid to sports in England than on the Continent. It is generally admitted that the average British school-boy is brighter and healthier than his Continental brother. Conscriptio partially compensates for the deficiency in other divisions of athletics, but school-boys do not join the army, and hence they are minus the athletic development of the young Britisher. The discipline which prevails in our schools also forms a contrast with that maintained in those abroad. If a German pupil is asked to read, he stands militarily erect. There is no trace of laziness or indifference in his attitude. But an English boy generally rises in a leisurely manner, and remains half standing, half sitting. Then again, the appearance of an English class is less stiff. The discipline in English schools is more lax, nevertheless, the attention paid in class is better than on the Continent, for though a pupil sits in a perfectly rigid position, it does not follow that he is attentive. This mechanical attitude is only a mask which hides the indifference of the mind.

Leaving the question of discipline we come to discuss the subject of boarding schools of which there are two kinds, imaginary and real. In the story we are always introduced to a rambling building with "ivy mantled towers," which is situated amidst beautiful surroundings. About a mile distant is a river where the boys learn to swim like ducks. There is generally, too, an island in the middle of the river, which

forms the desired picnic spot for the pupils. We are also treated to many accounts of *rencontres* between the boys and the neighbouring farmers, and, of course, the former win the day—in the book. The masters, too, in these visionary schools are all six feet high in their socks, very athletic, and are ever ready to help on backward pupils. But when we return to this prosaic world after indulging in these flights of imagination, where are the ivy mantled towers, the spacious grounds, the beautiful environments, and all the accompaniments of the school? Instead of this, we have an ordinary, matter of fact building situated amidst scenes of but ordinary beauty, while even the beautiful river dwindles often into an uninteresting duckpond. In any encounters between the boys and the neighbouring farmers, the latter, and not the former, carry the day.

There are perhaps better facilities for studying in a boarding school, for there are none of the details which are so detrimental to the home-work of a day-scholar who is annoyed by his brothers and sisters, the cat, and the barrel organ and so many other distracting elements of urban life. Again, more time can be given to sports and games in boarding schools. This has the effect of making the students healthier than those of day schools, and it is generally admitted that athletics have also a great influence over the moral and intellectual characters of the students. But the development of athletics naturally lies within the jurisdiction of the masters, and without their active co-operation the athletic side of school life would not exist. A school without athletics is like a ship without a rudder, and most inevitably be wrecked on the shoals of internal discontent, more especially if it be a boarding school. On the other hand the day scholar has that most essential factor in the training of youth and which is of necessity largely absent in the case of boarders, viz: the refining influence of home. He is also more likely to develop a manly strength of character and independence of thought and action because he is to a great extent thrown on his own resources; whereas the boarder always moves in a crowd, thereby stifling his individuality; and, because of the conditions under which he lives, he can scarcely fail to become very mechanical in his daily life. Attention to duty, the maintenance

of equilibrium in the matter of work and play, regularity, and the choice of suitable companions, are matters that the boarder experiences very little difficulty in, and it is only when he has left school that he has, in practice, to face these problems; but the day scholar has, long since learned how to act in these and similar particulars. He has, at a more pliable time of life, put in practice, these virtues which are necessary for every youth and every man, and which he must learn at least as effectually in his own home and in the healthy atmosphere of a well regulated day school as in the most ideal boarding college.

To sum up with a long breath of philosophic peace, let us rejoice—those of us who are still young—at our forms and our fears and our books, and the less disciplined activity of the football field. For whatever we may said and however we may deny and protest, there is surely no happiness like the early ideals of seventeen. And if the stern mouth or frowning eye or heavy voice of Mr. Schoolmaster perturbs us, let us at least admit that these glances are as nothing compared with the Cyclop stare of later Fate and the pursuing heels of necessity and worry and the dreadful monster called “struggle for existence” that menaces all the grown ups, and tatooes the wrinkles into the cheeks of all modernity.

“Down the path the shadows cluster,  
Dark’ning all the way before,  
Full ahead the furies muster,  
Gnawing care is at the door.  
Yet, within, the hearth is leaping  
With the sparks, and round the wall  
Birds of light are gaily, sweeping,  
Somewhere, too, an angel’s call,  
Boys, my brothers, dance the measure,  
Youth’s the hour of sweetest pleasure.”

## Old Sol’s Matinal Reflexions.

BY R. A. CASWALL.

The morning of April 1st, 1950, broke clear and bright, contrary perhaps to the habits of April in earlier years, but the sun had evidently realised that, later on in the day, he would have no chance of penetrating the thick cloud of aerial traffic, and, consequently, he was making the most of the early morning, when no presumptuous Voloplane marred what

was left of the beauty of nature. And so, in the hot hush of dawn he gazed long and lovingly on his child, the earth, which had meted out to him such cruel treatment in modern days.

Formerly men had rejoiced in his brightness and his life-giving heat, had been eager for his presence to bring forth their fruit and crops, had breathed thankfulness when he arose in all his glory to disperse fog and rain, but now—ugh! He shivered in spite of his intense heat, and he felt sick at heart. What cared mortals *now* if he were shining or not? They feared neither fog, rain, nor storm, with their newfangled inventions for the eradiction of each.

It was April now, for instance, but the usual chilliness of the season had totally disappeared under the action of Professor Isitso’s “Bonotemps” which ensured summer heat all the year round.

And as for the production of fruit or cereals, their patent soil-incubators fulfilled all their expectations in that direction. It was mortifying—humiliating!

But not alone for himself did the sun sigh. He sighed for nature, too. He loved her for the few remaining green fields which had not been usurped by the ubiquitous advances of Science, for the seas that now truly “mourn in flowing purple, of their lord forlorn,” for wood and waving glade.

He knew that before long a pall of aeroplanes would shut him out from them all, and his rays seemed to shine all the more amorously on the landscape as though the hour of parting would come too soon.

“Truly nature is getting washed away by the irresistible torrent of advancing Science,” he meditated sadly, “nature is no longer sought after. Who needs her now for life or contemplation? The poets rave now of man the invincible, man the omniscient. In the cloud-caves of their own conceit, they gloat over his majesty and knowledge. Their whole minds, bodies and souls are lost in admiration of themselves. Nature has been cast out and annihilated by Science.

Whir-r-r-r-r! The harsh cacophony of a revolving propeller broke the peaceful stillness of the morning, and the sun groaned inwardly as an early air-postman brought his out reign to an end, and recalled him to the bitter facts of altered days.

Yet another aeroplane shot upwards into the golden roads of light, and soon the shining highway of the heavens was thick with the dust and smoke of wheels and throbbing cars. In a few minutes the great machine of life started into motion once more. From every quarter came the rushing lines of Voloplanes. The band of aerial travellers was fast swelling—business-men, the aero-police force, pleasure seekers and tradesmen, all in their own especial types of conveyance, filled the air with a turmoil that was fast becoming almost maniacal. The whirring of propellers, the creaks and groans of machinery, and the shouts of the aeronauts, were continually ascending from below, where the motley crowd of aviators transformed the region into one vast expanse of whirling aeroplanes.

And on them all, the sun—that great figure-head of ancient religion, that glorious deity whom men would adore with frenzied sincerity, that resplendent majesty to whom the ancients would sacrifice their lives—shone with sickly rays. He had ceased to be a god; now he was but a miserable parhelion.

He was not thinking of the mutilated earth; he was lost in his own gloomy meditations, for now,

“No more, on wheels of fire that molten flew  
 Around the rims and quivered through the  
 spokes,  
 His morning car would gallop, all aglow,  
 Apollo at the reins. For man the lord,  
 Had filched from gods the fury and the flame  
 Of spheres, and shut within an axle-box  
 The essence of the stars which, now, on earth,  
 With name of petrol, gasolene or such,  
 Of magic old made newest commonplace.”

## Catholic Institute Old Boys' Association.

### GENERAL MEETING.

Rev. Br. Leahy presided at the annual general meeting of the Association which was held at the Catholic Institute on June 5th. There were about 50 members present, and apologies were received from some who were unavoidably absent. The Treasurer's Report and Balance Sheet for the period since last general meeting was satisfactory, but the Secretary's statement showed that the membership of the Association was considerably less than what might reasonably be expected. The

necessity of bringing the Association more prominently before those whose support it may fairly claim was strongly urged, and it was pointed out that if the majority of those who received their education at the Catholic Institute joined the ranks of this Association instead of becoming members of Societies, Athletic and otherwise, whose aims and objects are in every sense of the word foreign to their best interests then their Association would be once for all placed on a more solid basis and would be rendered capable of conferring very many benefits on its members. It was remarked too that the majority of those referred to were not associated with other Catholic Societies in the city, and consequently it was hoped that they would not fail to join hands with their old school fellows in this matter and thus enable the Association to develop along these lines which its present supporters have in view. It was announced that a number of prominent Catholic gentlemen had promised to become Honorary Members of the Association.

The following Executive was appointed for 1910-1911.

Hon. President, Rev. Br. C. S. Leahy.

President, W. J. Murphy, Esq.

Vice-President, C. P. Murray, Esq.

Treasurer, A. Forshaw, Esq.

Committee:—Messrs. T. M. Reid, J.

Llewellyn, R. Twomey, R. Halsall,

F. Maguire, J. F. Lacy, R. H. Ormsby.

Hon. Sec. Rev. Br. W. D. Forde.

A sub-committee was appointed to arrange a series of social gatherings during next season. It was decided to admit members of the Association free to the Bohemian Concerts, with the exception of that which will be held to defray part of the expenses of the football Club. Mr. A. Forshaw is Hon. Sec. of the Committee, and the following programme has been provisionally agreed to.

October—Bohemian Concert.

November—Whist Drive.

December—Football Concert.

January—Annual Dinner.

February—Bohemian Concert.

### FOOTBALL CLUB.

Mr. J. Llewellyn, Hon. Sec. of the Football Club also submitted his Report and Balance Sheet for last season. From the Report it appeared that the working of the 1st XI in the I Zingari

League was very satisfactory, more especially in the latter part of the season. The 2nd XI left much to be desired and if they can be fairly looked upon as typical of the recruits which the school will supply to the Old Boys' Football Club, there is not much to be hoped for. We are confident however that next season will reveal a better condition of things and show in a truer light the Catholic Institute footballers. The 1st XI has been again affiliated to the I Zingari League, and arrangements are at present being made for a 2nd XI.

### LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

A motion to establish a Literary and Debating Society was also put before the meeting and as it appeared that some 30 members of the Association had already signified the desire to support a movement of this kind, it was unanimously resolved to form such a Society for next session.

At a subsequent meeting of those who wished to be members of this Society Mr. D. L. Kelleher was elected President. We understand that it is the intention of the Society to meet fortnightly at the Catholic Institute, and 7 p.m. on Thursday evenings was suggested as the most suitable hour. In addition to the ordinary meetings it is also intended to have some open meetings when papers will be read by others than members of the Society.

In the provisional programme for the Session we find that the following open meetings are arranged.

October 6th, "A National Theatre" by D. L. Kelleher, Esq., B.A.

November 17th, "The Renaissance of Catholic Education" by Rev. T. J. Walshe, B.A., F.R.A.S.

December 15th, The Centre Party in Germany by Rev. P. Meier, B.D.

Messrs. T. J. O'Connor and R. A. Twomey of Liverpool University are also contributing papers, the dates of which are not yet fixed.

The Hon. Sec. Mr. J. D. Colgan, 26, Rock Lane, E. Rock Ferry, will be pleased to supply copies of the Programme for next Session, and all information regarding the Society.

### UNIVERSITY NEWS.

The results of the Liverpool University Exams. have just been announced and it gives us very great pleasure to

see that most if not all of our Old Boys at the 'Varsity have been very successful. We heartily congratulate them on their respective victories, more especially those who have completed their courses.

The following successes have been published:

M.B. Ch. B. (Pt. II.)	...	J. E. Barnes.
M.Sc. (Qualifying Exam.)	...	J. Smith.
B.A. (final)	...	J. Curtin.
B.A. (final)	...	P. T. Quinn.
B.Sc. (final, First Class)	...	R. Halsall.
B.Sc. Do.	do.	R. A. Twomey.
B.Sc. (Inter.)	...	A. J. Deane.
Do.	...	J. F. Ford.
Do.	...	A. J. McCann.
B. Eng. (Inter.)	...	F. J. Tindall.
B.A. (Inter.)	...	F. W. Bevan.

### A.D. 2000 AND ITS PROSPECTS.

BY J. C. CUNNINGHAM.

What kind of a world do we expect in 2000? This is a question not easily answered. In the next ninety years progress will be made in many directions. The greatest, and most useful advance, will be made in that branch of science known as electricity, and, though the nature of electricity may meanwhile demand the energies and research of scientists, yet we believe that their efforts will be mainly directed to the uses of electricity for the increased comfort of man.

First of all, boys who come to school, and men who journey to town for business will travel in electric trains which will go at anything above 100 miles per hour. In about 50 years, steam engines will be almost extinct, and it is doubtful whether express steam locomotives will be worth much more than old iron. The steam engine and the horse will be things of the past, because fast motors will have taken the place of the latter, and horses, then, will only be curiosities of the menagerie.

Undoubtedly there will then be a telephone in every house. We will no more think of leaving the telephone out than of leaving the roof off. And the telephone will be an improvement on our present one. It will have as part of its equipment, a mirror in which we will see the person we talk to. In 2000 A.D. therefore there will be no longer the absurdity of a person who is two miles away, holding up an umbrella and asking his interviewer at the 'phone, "Is this the one you left behind.?" People will

be lucky in another way. At various places in a town a large electrophone, with trumpets on top, will be set up. When discussions are on in Parliament these trumpets will deliver plainly the words of every speaker.

But where is all the power to come from? We have plenty of coal and we can get power by burning coal. This way is rather expensive, however, and as all our energy must be got cheaply we will have recourse to something else. The upper courses of nearly all our rivers will be turned into waterfalls. The water coming at a high speed will turn either a large wheel or a turbine. These will be in connection with an electric plant, and so, at comparatively little cost, we will have an abundance of electricity. If this is not sufficient there is another source, the rise and fall of the tides. Millions of tons of water are daily raised, and lowered, for nothing, and so a tremendous amount of energy is wasted. Before a hundred years pass this great waste will be used for producing electricity. There are also other sources of energy. For instance, lightning is the discharge of electricity. The electricity wasted during a thunderstorm is enormous. To take a rough estimate, in an ordinary discharge of lightning there is enough electricity to keep all the lamps in the Catholic Institute glowing about 9 hours per day for a year. Some of the electricity in the clouds will therefore be collected about 1980 by electric broughams for their own locomotion.

These, then, are some of the prospects of 2000 A.D. On the questions 'whether the world will be a paradise of contentment,' 'whether war will be a thing of the past,' or 'whether nations will rise or fall,' we cannot speak with half the precision, as when we speak of the advance, that must certainly be made in electricity.

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## Athletic Sports.

Brilliant sun, the boys, and their friends! that is the statement of affairs with mathematical accuracy. You must imagine the rest; that is if you had not the good fortune to be there, for a feast was spread at the Tramway Athletic Grounds, Green Lane, on Tuesday, May 24th, 1910, and the morsels were delicious.

Reader, you will excuse our poetry, We are young and like the parasol will shine less garishly when the rain of experience has fallen on us. Anyhow we meant to write about our sports.

They were a huge success and it was the three mathematical items that made the glory, for the colours of the rainbow were in the boys' outfits, and their mothers and sisters, umbrella shaded, mimicked back a thousand suns.

In the midst of such kaleidoscopy and on a carpet of delightfully green verdure the competitors could hardly restrain their flying feet. They seemed like so many steeds waiting eagerly and patiently for the start, but when it came it was often shocking, for the pistol cracks gave little spasms of syncope to some tiny hearts.

However, as the events progressed this difficulty was overcome by experience. The items were very keenly contested and some called for special notice. The event of the day was undoubtedly the Tug of War. To witness such a desperate pull as was seen that day, would make the greatest stoic become excited.

The excitement was most intense, and when at last the final came, after a pull of five long minutes, a storm of cheers broke from the crowd.

Some remarkably good exhibitions were given by Ludden, Rimmer and Concannon, Ludden established a record by covering the two mile cycle track in 6 minutes 6 seconds. Rimmer made a fine race in the 440 yards Championship, covering the ground in 1 minute 1 second, whilst Concannon completed the 100 yards in 11 seconds.

A very long programme had to be dealt with, and at one time there was a rumour that things were proceeding slowly. This was mainly due to the fact that at the precise time the jumping contests were being held.

Everyone knows that no matter how well conducted these may be, there is very little in them to please an audience. But we had a remedy at hand. Ah! the Band, when I heard it I began to dance. Allow me, was that slow? What! Donnybrook, slow. Ah, no, that could not be. Why it is in six-eight time, and according to our new orchestra that signifies quick time. Supposing we give and take and allow you to say it was slow, did we not benefit by it? Perhaps it will surprise




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**WINNERS OF JUNIOR FOOTBALL CUP, 1910.**


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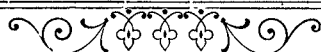
J. Rawlinson.  
C. Roji.

W. Kavanagh.  
V. Occleshaw  
J. Dobbin.

J. Sullivan.  
J. Shaw (*Capt.*)

G. O Connor.  
E. Culshaw.  
F. Hughes.

J. Leonard.  
L. Delamere.



# *The Catholic Institute,*

*(Recognised Secondary School for Boys).*

**HOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL.**

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

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

Next Session begins Sept. 5th.

For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

you to hear that our Juniors, this year were in extra springing form. No wonder, you will say, on such a charming day. But I say there were some excellent jumpers. The most notable among the Juniors was Kevin Leahy who covered 13 ft. 2 ins. in the long jump. Merron also gave good exhibitions in both long and high jumping.

As for the Seniors we will say nothing but a word of advice to them. "Practice now, and you will break the School record on the next field-day."

Thus, like all good things our sports for 1910 went by, though many of us have useful and shining souvenirs to glitter glad memories to us from the side-board for many years to come.

The following are the various Events with their respective winners.

- 80 yds. (Boys under 10)—A. White, 1, A. Daly, 2, W. Llewellyn, 3.  
80 yds. (10-12)—A. Crosby, 1, T. Healey, 2, K. Leahy, 3. Time 10·8 secs.  
440 yds. Championship—E. T. Rimmer. Time 61·4 secs.  
100 yds. (12-14)—L. Conway, 1, J. Flanagan, 2, L. Briscoe, 3—Time 13·2 secs.  
100 yds. (14-16)—J. Carney, 1, W. Downey, 2, C. Roji, 3.  
Tug of War. (Challenge Cup)—Form III.  
120 yds. (under 10)—A. Daly, 1, W. Silver, 2, D. Parnell, 3. Time 18 secs.  
120 yds. (10-12)—P. Kavanagh, 1, A. Crosby, 2, H. Doyle, 3. Time 16·4 secs.  
Egg and Spoon (Seniors)—A. Gilmore, 1, J. Cruzalegui, 2, A. Dey, 3.  
100 yds. (Championship)—E. Concannon. Time 11·8 secs.  
220 yds. (under 10)—W. Silver, 1, F. Lane, 2. Time 34 secs.  
Two mile Cycle (Seniors)—J. Ludden, 1, V. Atkin, 2. Time 6 mins. 16·2 secs.  
Three-Legged Race  
(Juniors) 1 {E. Wilcock 2 {B. Merron 3 {W. Kiernan  
                   {J. Sullivan 2 {L. Conway 3 {J. Kennedy  
High Jump (Seniors) {1 and Champion, D. O'Donovan, height 4 ft. 6½ ins.  
                           {2 A. Gilmore       "       4 ft. 6½ ins.  
Half Mile (Championship)—R. Burke, 1.  
Hale Mile—J. Ludden, 1, R. Burke, 2.  
Three Legged Race  
(Seniors) 1 {J. Cunningham 2 {J. Rawlinson 3 {G. Kirby  
                   {R. B. Cunningham 2 {J. Leonard 3 {R. A Caswall  
220 yds. (10-12)—P. Kavanagh, 1, A. Crosby, 2, K. Leahy, 3. Time 31·4 secs.  
440 yds. (12-14)—E. Kirby, 1, F. Wheeler, 2, M. O'Brien, 3. Time 69·8 secs.  
440 yds. (16 & over)—E. T. Rimmer, 1, J. Gibb, 2, G. H. Browne, 3. Time 55·8"  
Wheel-Barrow Race  
(Juniors) 1 {L. Phillips 2 {B. Merron 3 {C. Allen  
                   {J. Browne 2 {T. Donnelly 3 {J. Healey  
Throwing Cricket Ball (Seniors)—E. T. Rimmer, 1.  
Hurdle Race (Seniors)—R. Burke, 1, A. Gilmore, 2, F. O'Keefe, 3.  
Sack Race (Juniors)—T. Healey, 1, W. McEvoy, 2, K. Leahy, 3.  
Long Jump (Seniors)—1 and Champion D. O'Donovan. 2, V. Occleshaw.  
Length, 14 ft. 10 ins.  
Two Mile Cycle (Championship)—J. Ludden, 1. Time 6 mins. 40 secs.  
Hurdle Race (Juniors)—K. Leahy, 1, J. O'Neill, 2, J. Stahl, 3.  
Consternation Race (Seniors)—J. Redmond, 1, J. O'Neill, 2, H. Llewellyn, 3.  
Egg and Spoon (Juniors)—C. Kain, 1, Keegan, 2, T. Bowskill, 3.  
Throwing Cricket Ball (Juniors)—G. O'Connor, 1.  
440 yds. (14-16)—R. Cunningham, 1, A. Gilmore, 2, W. Downey, 3. Time 64·4"  
Sack Race (Seniors)—A. Power, 1, R. Cunningham, 2, J. Smith, 3.  
Half-Mile Cycling (Juniors.)—E. O'Keefe, 1, J. Sullivan, 2, T. Bowskill, 3.  
Time 1 min. 51 secs.  
220 yds. (16 & over)—E. T. Rimmer, 1, P. J. Hardy, 2, J. D. Dunne, 3. Time 26"  
Dribbling Football (Seniors)—R. Kelly, 1, J. Hall, 2, A. O'Neill, 3.  
Long Jump (Jrs.)—K. Leahy, 1, B. Merron, 2, L. Goossens, 3. Length 13' 2"  
One Mile Cycling (Juniors.)—B. Rafferty, 1, A. Crosby, 2, J. Shan, 3.  
Time 3 mins. 20·4 secs.  
One Mile Cycling (Seniors)—P. J. Hardy, 1, J. Hardman, 2, T. Nugent, 3.  
Time 3 mins. 14·4 secs.  
220 yards (12-14)—J. Flanagan, 1, F. Wheeler, 2, J. Kennedy, 3. Time 30·8 secs.  
100 yds. (16 and over)—R. Burke, 1, J. Gibb, 2.  
220 yds. (14-16)—J. Rawlinson, 1, W. Downey, 2, C. O'Donnell, 3. Time 28·8"  
Consolation Race—H. Mather, 1, H. Williams, 2, P. Peters, 3.  
Old Boys' Race—A. Hagan, 1.



The Athletic Shield was awarded to the Prep. Form. The results appear elsewhere. We are convinced that the best record of the day was that established by the Officials who managed to reach the last item of the Programme about 6 p.m. In addition to the Masters some of the old Boys' give much assistance on the field, especially Mr. J. Llewellyn who acted as judge, and Mr. J. F. Lacy, who showed his usual ability for organization and dispatch.

At the conclusion of the Sports, the Prizes were gracefully presented to the various winners by Mrs. Bligh. Br. Leahy then thanked Mrs. Bligh for distributing the prizes, and also expressed his gratitude to the visitors for their presence at the Sports. Among a large number of Clergy who attended we noticed Very Rev. Canon Pinnington, Rev. J. Fitzgerald, Rev. Fr. O'Connor, Rev. D. O'Shea, Rev. Father Rathe, Rev. Father Gibbons, &c., &c. There were also present, Dr. and Mrs. and Miss Bligh, Mr. and Mrs. T. Healey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Sullivan, Mr. Crosby, Secretary for Education, Birkenhead, Mr. and Miss Pridgeon, &c. &c. &c.

In the intervals during the Sports, the Band of the Boys' Refuge, under the able conductorship of Mr. Heron, rendered the following programme in excellent style.

1. MARCH "Wearin' o' the Green" *Mulholland*
2. VALSE ... "Venus on Earth" ... *Lehar*
3. OVERTURE ... "Le Diadème" ... *Herman*
4. SELECTION "Humours of Donnybrook" ... *Volti*
5. GAVOTTE "The Way to the Heart" *Lehar*
6. SELECTION "Echoes of Songland" *K. Kaps*
7. PICCOLO SOLO "The Canary" ... *Read*
8. SELECTION "The Beauty of Bath" *Haines*
9. VALSE ... "Gold and Silver" ... *Lehar*
10. INTERMEZZO "Onkle Fichte" ... *Linche*

*The Sports Committee gratefully acknowledge the receipt of Prizes from the following:—*

- Mrs. Fenn, Jubilee Drive, Set of Carvers in  
" " " Toilet Set. [Case.  
Mr. Gore, Anfield, Canary and Cage.  
Mr. Maxey, Rock Ferry, Watch.  
Mr. Occlshaw, St. Helens, Brief Bag.  
Mr. T. Healey, Bedford Street, Barometer.  
Mrs. Trainer, Hope Place, Two Glass Ties.  
Mrs. Merron, Avondale Road, Writing Case.  
Mrs. Weston, Waterloo, Set of Vases, &c.  
Miss Seed, Birkenhead, Silver Fruit Dish and Spoon.  
Mr. Conway, Birkenhead, Cowhide Bag.  
Mrs. Hopkinson, Birkenhead, Set of Plates.  
Mr. Roji, Birkenhead, Morocco Dressing Case.  
Mr. Murphy, Birkenhead, Photo Frame.  
Mr. Callaghan, Birkenhead, Fountain Pen.  
Mr. Hawley, Lidderdale Road, Presentation Vol. of Lohengrin.  
Mr. Hennin, Rainhill, Gold Mounted Walking Stick.

- Mr. Verso, Mulgrave Road, Case of Apostle Spoons.  
Mr. Mitchell, Blundellsands, Cricket Bat.  
Mr. Ramsbottom, Bedford Street, Watch.  
" " Statue of Footballer.  
" " Penknife (12 Blades)  
Mr. Powers, New Brighton, Pair of Indian Clubs.  
Mr. Clancy, Bootle, Butter Dish.  
Chas. Kain, Rock Ferry, Scarf Pin.  
Mr. J. Sullivan, Chatham Street, Inlaid Rosewood Writing Cabinet.  
Mr. Murray, Wavertree, Morocco Letter Case.  
Mrs. Dey, Canning Street, Silver Medal.  
Mr. Kieran, Kirkdale, Clock.  
Mr. O'Mulloy, Rocky Lane, Silver Salt Cellar.  
Mr. J. Clancy, Fairfield, Cricket Bat.  
Mr. B. Hennin, Rainhill, Military Brushes.  
Mr. Grogan, Brick Street, Silver Medal.  
Mr. Kelleher, Barometer.  
Mr. J. Stahl, Anfield, Cricket Bat (Sugg's Boundary).  
Mr. J. Cullen, Tuebrook, Bicycle Lamp  
Mr. T. Baines, Rock Ferry, Watch.  
Mr. T. Burchall, Percy Street, Silver Mounted Inkstand.  
Mr. W. Hughes, Blundellsands, Camera.  
Mrs. Rynish, Aintree, Writing Case.  
Mrs. Lacy, Princes Road, Rosewood Clock.  
Mr. J. F. Lacy, } Hon. Secs. 1909,  
Mr. J. E. Colgan, } Aiglon Clock.  
Mr. J. Smith, Fairfield, Cowhide Travelling Case.  
Mrs. Adams, Kensington, Cosy.  
Mr. Maguire, Maryland Street, Clock.  
Mr. Parsons, Oxford Street, Set of Boxing Gloves.  
Mr. Williams, Wavertree, Butter Dish.  
Mr. Lane, Parliament Street, Set of Fish Carvers.  
Mr. Healey, Blundellsands, Brief Bag.  
Mr. Hunter, Earlestown, Leather Collar Box.  
Mr. Quinn, Ashfield Street, Leather Dressing Case.  
Mr. Garson, Aigburth, Biscuitaire.  
Mr. McGlory, Birkenhead, Toilet Brushes.  
Mr. E. Trowbridge, Catherine Street, Violin.  
Mrs. Macauley, Bootle, Swan Fountain Pen.  
Mr. F. Sugg, Tennis Racquet.  
Rev. Fr. Meier, Brief Bag.  
Mr. R. H. Doyle, Sefton Park, Jam and Butter Tray.  
Mr. Walsh, Melling, Tea Kettle.

## Cricket Club.

Our Cricket prospects at the begining of this season were gloomy indeed not because the weather was very different from what we usually experience in April & May in the region of Liverpool more especially on half-holidays, but mainly because of our ground which we had to quit in order to accomodate the Royal Show. This would have been sufficient impediment for one season, but as our continental cousins say, "*Unglück kommt selten allein,*" and just as we hoped to start our practices we were informed that our

very popular coach—Mr. B. Sharp—had obtained a professional engagement which made it impossible for him to train us this season. After a short time, a successor to Mr. Sharp was secured, but on the very day that was fixed for the start of his work with our team he was requisitioned by an Irish County XI, and so we have been left to care for ourselves. The only encouraging feature in our career was the election of Concannon as Captain, and if this year's first XI. have not achieved all the success of those of former seasons we can only say in explanation of this that it is not the fault of the Captain. Of the matches played a very fair percentage has been won, but we have had a few dark days notably against the Collegiate and Birkenhead, both of whom we beat in all games last season. But our team this year differs widely for that of former seasons, not only in batting power, but especially in fielding. No one will deny that we have lost heavily in many games owing to the slackness of several of our men on the field, and this is all the more apparent because we have always secured our wins mainly through the brilliant play of our fielders. Birkenhead was clearly lost on this account, and in the case of the Collegiate bad fielding was coupled with poor sportmanship. We hope for a decided improvement in the few remaining matches; and that, in some at least, our recruits will not be unnerved by the reputation of their opponents. The following matches have been played:

**FIRST XI.**

**Catholic Institute v. St. Margaret's H.G.S. at Sefton Park.**

The Institute were the first to 'wield the willow,' and at no period of the game was there a "rot" in our batting, as has been the case on several occasions since. Our opponents were rather slack in the field and slow with the bat as the relative scores serve to show.

**C. I.**

Kelly, c Fraser, b Lawrence	...	6
O'Hara, Run out	...	2
Rimmer, c Griffiths, b Booker	...	5
Concannon, b Booker	...	10
Dunne, c Fraser, b Fraser	...	5
McNally, b Booker	...	0
Shortall, not out...	...	14
Ludden, c Booker, b Fraser	...	1
Dey, run out	...	2
Woods, b. Lawrence...	...	4
Tugwood, b Lawrence	...	4
Byes...	...	15

Total Score...68

**ST. MARGARET'S.**

Booker, b Ludden	...	6
Lawrence, c Doyle, b Ludden	...	8
Fisher, b. McNally	...	4
Weight, b Ludden	...	1
King, c Caswall, b Ludden	...	0
Boase, c McNally, b McNally	...	0
Sawyer, b McNally	...	2
Griffiths, b Ludden	...	2
Fraser, b McNally	...	5
Lucton, b Ludden	...	2
Arbery, not out	...	1
Byes...	...	1
Total Score...	...	32

**C. I. v. Oulton Secondary School at Sefton Park.**

The result of the toss favouring Oulton, this side opened the game by batting first upon a perfect wicket. Their innings was brief, and consisted of short partnerships which were easily broken up for a few runs. Although Oulton only reached an aggregate of 25 we barely secured 33. Naturally, we were jubilant at putting their side out for such a small score, but we were in a worse plight until Concannon and Shortall opened the game out. Shortall was our last hope, and when he hit a lusty 4, which carried us out of the danger zone he was deservedly clapped, and our downcast spirits were revived.

**OULTON.**

Jowitt, b O'Hara	...	2
Valentine, c Shortall, b O'Hara	...	0
Lamprière, b O'Hara	...	5
Brennan, b Ludden...	...	3
Nixon, b Ludden	...	3
Morgan, b O'Hara	...	3
Shimmin, b Ludden	...	0
Reid, b Ludden	...	0
Roberts, b O'Hara	...	2
Johnston, b Ludden	...	2
Renison, not out	...	1
Byes	...	4
Total Score	...	25

**C. I.**

O'Hara, c and b Valentine	...	0
Kelly, b Valentine	...	3
Ludden, b Valentine	...	0
Dunne, b Valentine	...	0
Concannon, c Brennan, b Valentine	...	8
Rimmer, b Lamprière	...	3
Caswall, b Valentine...	...	0
Shortall run out	...	9
Tugwood, b Lamprière	...	2
Woods, not out	...	1
Dey, c and b Valentine	...	0
Byes, 6. Wides, 1	...	7
Total Score...	...	33

**C.I. v. Birkenhead Institute  
at Birkenhead.**

The fielding of the C.I. was wretched and led to our defeat, *vide* Byes. Birkenhead were "all out" for a win, and managed to secure it, although there was not such a great disparity between the teams as the scores indicate. At least 20 runs were scored by players, who were missed on easy catches, and a far larger number on "boundaries" that could have been saved.

**BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.**

Hall, b Macaulay	...	...	...	0
Pover, b Macaulay	...	...	...	13
Thomas, b O'Hara	...	...	...	21
Sutherland, b O'Hara	...	...	...	0
Shaw, b Macaulay	...	...	...	4
Dawson, b O'Hara	...	...	...	11
Lee, b Macaulay	...	...	...	6
Marston, b Macaulay	...	...	...	8
Duvals, b Macaulay	...	...	...	4
Williams, b Macaulay	...	...	...	0
Weir, not out	...	...	...	4
Byes, 13: Wides, 2	...	...	...	15

Total Scores . 86

**C. I.**

Doyle, c Weir, b Thomas	...	...	...	4
O'Hara, b Thomas	...	...	...	5
Rimmer, c Marston, b Litherton	...	...	...	1
Burke, b Thomas	...	...	...	5
Concannon, l, b, w Sutherland	...	...	...	12
Dunne, b Sutherland	...	...	...	0
Shortall, run out	...	...	...	2
Macaulay, b Sutherland	...	...	...	9
Kelly, b Thomas	...	...	...	6
Ludden, not out	...	...	...	0
Dey, b Thomas	...	...	...	0
Byes, 2: No balls, 1	...	...	...	3

Total Scores...36

**C. I. v. St. Margaret's H. G. S.**

This return match took place on St. Margaret's Ground. The score was very small when McNally and Ludden made a stand for the 9th wicket. O'Hara bowled well and secured 7 wickets for 7 runs, a splendid performance.

**C. I.**

Kelly, c Wright, b Lawrence	...	...	...	0
O'Hara, c Fisher, b Booker	...	...	...	0
Doyle, b Booker	...	...	...	4
Concannon, l, b, w Lawrence	...	...	...	11
Parker, b Lawrence	...	...	...	3
Caswall, c Fisher, b Lawrence	...	...	...	1
Shortall, b Lawrence	...	...	...	0
Dunne, b Lawrence	...	...	...	4
McNally, not out	...	...	...	9
Ludden, c and b Lawrence	...	...	...	2
Dey, run out	...	...	...	0
Byes	...	...	...	6

Total Score—40

**ST. MARGARET'S.**

Lawrence, b O'Hara	...	...	...	3
Booker, b O'Hara	...	...	...	2
Fisher, st. Concannon, b McNally	...	...	...	2
King, run out	...	...	...	10
Boase, b O'Hara	...	...	...	2
Weight, st. Concannon, b O'Hara	...	...	...	2
Luxton, c Parker, b Doyle	...	...	...	2
Lilley, st. Concannon, by O'Hara	...	...	...	0
Griffiths, b O'Hara	...	...	...	5
Broughton, b O'Hara	...	...	...	5
Sawyer, not out	...	...	...	0
Byes, 1: Wides, 2	...	...	...	3

Total Score...35

**C. I. v. Liscard High School,  
at Liscard.**

This match was played the day following the Sports Day, and we could only muster ten players, including two reserves. Liscard batted first and set us the easy task of securing 25 runs. This, we barely succeeded in doing only being able to secure 30 runs.

**LISCARD HIGH SCHOOL.**

Harben, b O'Hara	...	...	...	4
Foster, c Doyle, b O'Hara	...	...	...	2
Fisk, b Ludden	...	...	...	2
Drake, c and b Ludden	...	...	...	1
Price, b Ludden	...	...	...	2
Grubb, run out	...	...	...	2
Thompson, b O'Hara	...	...	...	1
Hawkins, c Caswall b O'Hara	...	...	...	1
Taylor, b Ludden	...	...	...	0
Blenkinsopp, b Ludden	...	...	...	1
Haultain, not out	...	...	...	0
Byes, 7: Wides, 2	...	...	...	9

Total Score...25

**C. I.**

O'Hara, run out	...	...	...	0
Tugwood, run out	...	...	...	0
Caswall, b Harben	...	...	...	12
Dunne, run out	...	...	...	4
Concannon, bowled Harben	...	...	...	5
Ludden, b Foster	...	...	...	0
Shortall, b Foster	...	...	...	1
Dey, b Foster	...	...	...	0
Woods, c and b Foster	...	...	...	1
O'Donovan, not out	...	...	...	0
Byes, 4: Wides, 3	...	...	...	7

Total Score...30

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

The Institute wiped out last year's defeat by scoring 86 to the 42 runs put up by Wallasey. The Institute made 86 on a very wet wicket, rain having fell all through the morning. O'Hara was conspicuous with 23 runs, while Doyle made a creditable 16.

**WALLASEY.**

Lever, b Concannon... .. 3
Braithwaite, b Concannon ... ..22
Greville, b Concannon ... .. 3
Rule, b Ludden ... .. 1
Evans, b Ludden ... .. 0
Stewart, c Caswell, b Concannon... 3
Westrupp, b Concannon .. .. 1
Boughey, Major, b Ludden .. .. 0
Kirby, b Concannon ... .. 2
Boughey, min., b Ludden ... .. 1
Pepper, not out ... .. 2
Byes, 3: Wides, 1... 4
Total Score . 42

**C. I.**

Kelly, b Greville... .. 2
O'Hara, c Kirby, Boughey minor...24
Doyle, b Boughey minor ... ..16
Shortall, c Greville, b Lever ... .. 7
Concannon, b Boughey minor ... .. 4
Dunne, b Lever ... .. 5
Caswell, b Pepper ... .. 1
Ludden, run out... ..10
Tugwood, b Lever ... .. 2
Donovan, not out ... .. 4
Dey, b Braithwaite ... .. 0
Byes...11
Total Score...86

**C.I. v. Collegiate School at Sefton Park.**

On this occasion the Institute as a batting side totally collapsed. It has often been observed and remarked upon, that if the Institute open their innings badly, a "rot" sets in, which may sometimes be stopped by one of the batters lasting out several overs. Unfortunately however no such batter turned up and the "rot" continued. This state of affairs was due to the splendid bowling of the College captain, but the writer maintains that it was due in a great part to the remarks passed by the first batters when they returned from the wicket. "The bowling is desperate," "The ball shoots in like lightning." Remarks of this nature are not conducive to good batting, especially in a school eleven. The result of these remarks was painfully apparent in the "rot" which lasted throughout the innings.

**COLLEGIATE.**

Chaddock, b Macaulay .. .. 1
Ashburne, c and b Ludden ... .. 1
Ower, c Doyle, b O'Hara ... .. 5
Collinson, c Burke, b Doyle ... ..18
Merrick, c O'Hara, b Ludden ... .. 5
Holmon, b Ludden ... .. 5
Grey, c and b Macaulay ... .. 7
Little, 1 b w Macaulay ... .. 0
Clough, not out ... ..24
Carr, c Burke, b Ludden... .. 2
Fraser, c O'Hara b Ludden ... .. 1
Byes, 3: Wides, 4... 7
Total Score...76

**C. I.**

O'Hara, b Collinson ... .. 0
Kelly, c Ashburne, b Collinson ... 1
Rimmer, c Grey, b Carr ... .. 2
Doyle, st. Grey, b. Carr ... .. 3
Concannon, c Merrick, b Carr ... .. 0
Burke, b Collinson ... .. 0
Macaulay, b Collinson ... .. 2
Dunne, C. Merrick, b Carr ... .. 0
Ludden, b Carr ... .. 0
Caswall, b Collinson ... .. 0
Shortall, not out... .. 1
Byes... 1
Total Score...10

**C.I. v. Holt Secondary School at Calderstones Park.**

Holt have gained a reputation as a batting side this year, and we knew it would require a great effort to win. The much discussed "rot" was setting in, but Rimmer stifled it before it was too late. Rimmer hit up 38 runs in 25 minutes. Though Dunne secured the most brilliant "catch" of the season the C.I. fielding was anything but good.

**C. I.**

Shortall, run out ... .. 0
Doyle, run out ... .. 0
Rimmer, b Hanson ... ..38
Dunne, b Gerard ... .. 2
Concannon, c, b, w ... ..13
O'Hara, b Stewart ... .. 1
Burke, b Hanson ... .. 0
Caswall, b Hanson ... .. 0
Ludden, b Hanson ... .. 1
Tugwood, b Gerard ... .. 1
Dey, not out ... .. 1
Byes... 2
Total Score...59

**HOLT.**

James, b O'Hara ... ..25
Wilkinson, run out ... .. 5
Hanson, c Dunne, b Doyle .. .. 1
Sterout, b O'Hara ... .. 0
Gerard, b O'Hara ... .. 0
Edington, b O'Hara ... .. 6
Jillingworth, c Caswall, b O'Hara... 0
Mercer, b Concannon ... .. 1
Bradshaw, b Concannon... .. 0
Collins, run out ... .. 0
Gerrard, minor ... .. 0
Byes 0: Wides 2 .. 2
Total Score...46

**SECOND XI.**

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

*Played at Sefton Park, Wednesday, June 1st.*  
C.I. 41. Wallasey 31.

**C. I. v. Collegiate School 2nd XI.**

*Played at Fairfield, Wednesday, June 8th.*  
Collegiate 90. C.I. 45.

**C. I. v. Birkenhead Institute 2nd XI.**

*Played at Sefton Park, Wednesday, June 15th*  
C.I. 22. Birkenhead 9