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# CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

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### EDITORIAL.

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OUR OUTLOOK. We have been invested with the editorial dignity at a time when the echoes of wide-spread turmoil penetrate even to our secluded cabinet; and though we see around us in the little world of the C.I. only evidences of progress and development, those tremendous thunderclaps without arrest our attention and we perceive discern great concerts full of discord, politics become a tumult, and the thundering cannon co-operating with the terrible plague bacilli to spread death and desolation around. Yonder the parasitic Turk is being summarily ejected from the dominions which he has too long usurped—which means that C.I. authorities and many others must replace that dear old Map of Europe—and away across the Atlantic we perceive Uncle Sam in a mighty temper with his Trusts. But "let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of time," leaving the record of its gyrations filled with evidences of disaster or the reverse, each succeeding wearer of our editorial toga will, like us, continue to record a positive gradient in the graph of his alma mater.

Again the Oxford veterans return from the fray loaded with honours, and bringing tales of records broken in the scholastic strife. The former champions have been eclipsed by the brothers O'Donnell, who gained the twenty-eighth place. We sincerely hope there will be no ill-feeling over the gold medal, especially as there is considerable difference in the size of the parties concerned. Twelve First Class Honours and ten Mathematical Distinctions is no mean accomplishment. Close up new Sixites! Your task is a mighty one.

A virulent form of Cacoëthes ORATORY. loquendi broke out among us early in the term. The obvious remedy was duly applied when the malady was first discovered, and Debates were ordered weekly instead of fortnightly. It would be premature at present to offer our opinion as to the efficacy of this treatment, but to use a formula, "the patient is progressing as satisfactorily as can be expected."

POETRY. There are doubtless people who believe that the chief duty of an editor consists in refusing, politely or otherwise, the literary efforts of those who would fain

think themselves possessed of the *divinus afflatus*. We have no intention of expressing an opinion as to the justification of this belief: we simply take refuge in platitude and say that there are editors and editors. Our experience, which we relate with just a faint feeling of regret, is that the poetic art seems to have absolutely no attractions for those at present amongst us. What is the explanation of this state of affairs? Has it any connection with our Mathematical successes at the Summer Examinations? It would seem that poets are not the stuff of which mathematicians are made. Can this be the explanation?

Again the Football King enters in state accompanied by his wintery attendants — frost, wind, and rain. We grant him a royal welcome. Looking forward into the hazy future we weigh with anxious minds our chances of gaining that elusive shield which we have so often and so narrowly missed. Last year Dame Fortune left our ranks and we succumbed in the first attack. However, let no one say "The star of Calderstones is set," for though we have lost the illustrious half-back who won renown for us in three competitions, as well as others whose names will live in the annals of the C.I., we are encouraged by the galaxy of new stars that are rising above our football horizon and which will, we are confident, shed no uncertain lustre on the green and white.

Very many thanks to our MENU. numerous contributors: they have been generous almost to embarrassment. Some we must reluctantly detain awhile; neither their generosity nor their contributions will stale. The varied assortment which we are able to present to our readers on the present occasion will, we hope, satisfy even the most fastidious. "The Volksverein," by Rev. Father Meier, who has so often placed us under an obligation to him, "A Literary Venture," by another ardent promoter, "A Visit to a Lead Mine," "A Trip to Canada," and a very forcible plea for "Swimming," are but portion of what we have *mis en scène* on this occasion.

## School Notes.

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### Oxford Senior Examination

Twelve First Class Honours, four Second Class Honours, three Third Class Honours, ten Distinctions—including 4th place in Mathematics, and 7th and 10th in Higher Mathematics—together with ten Passes, and 28th place among 8781 Candidates who entered for this Examination, is undoubtedly a record performance which easily placed our Seniors at the head of the list of Catholic Schools and Colleges. To W. and C. O'Donnell who tied for 28th place—a C.I. record—we offer our special congratulations, and we would also congratulate our ten distinguished mathematicians, especially J. O'Mulloy and J. A. O'Neill, who are 7th and 10th among the little band of eleven that reached the standard for Distinction in Higher Mathematics. We are all therefore very proud of last year's Seniors: they had evidently covenanted to eclipse all previous records, however high, and they succeeded. Have those of the present session caught the prevailing spirit and solemnly covenanted to secure a like result?

### Oxford Junior Examination.

The Regulations of the Board of Education excluded many of our would-be Juniors this year, and so the privilege of competing at the Exam. was restricted to twenty-four of them, all of whom were successful, and sixteen of whom were placed in the Honours list. We congratulate them all, but especially B. Merron, who is well placed with two others in First Class Honours, and who therefore still retains the leadership—a position which his colleagues seem reluctant to take from him. P. Supple, who is 22nd in the Distinction List for Religious Knowledge, and J. Gray, who is 8th in the corresponding list for Mathematics, have also earned our hearty congratulations.

### Institute Silver Medal.

It seemed a foregone conclusion that the Junior Medal would fall to the lot of Bernard Merron, and so it has. That he has merited it cannot be questioned, for we could say many flattering things of him apart from his prowess in the Examination Hall. We will, however, withhold the gushing volumes of our

admiration and felicitation till he attains the major honour: meantime we will only say to him, "Well done! Continue right ahead!"

### Mathematical Prize (Two Guineas).

The competition for this prize was very much keener than on any previous occasion, and the standard of the papers was considerably higher than in former years. The number of Distinctions obtained, even in the Higher Mathematical Papers of the Oxford Senior Exam., is further evidence of this higher standard, and as these distinctions are taken into account in awarding this prize they have, to some extent, influenced the net result on the present occasion, and equalized the claims of two of the competitors—W. O'Donnell and J. T. O'Mulloy—to whom the prize has been jointly awarded.

### Institute Gold Medal.

The Gold Medal for the Session 1911-2 has been awarded to Charles O'Donnell, whom we congratulate on having thus won the premier place among his school fellows. No winner of this much coveted trophy has more fully merited it than its present recipient. He has loyally served the 1st XIs of both the Football and Cricket club: his services were always at the disposal of the different school societies and institutions: and his record of 28th place in First Class Honours at this year's Oxford Local Examinations among 8781 Senior Candidates shows that, notwithstanding his activity in other matters, he found ample time for study. Among those who competed with him for this year's medal the most formidable rival was his younger brother, who actually tied with him for 28th place at the Senior Exam., but with a generosity worthy of our admiration unhesitatingly waived his claim to the medal. Ten others also qualified by obtaining First Class Honours, and fulfilling the other prescribed conditions. We hope this year's medallist will continue to add to his honours and we are sure that he will wear the blue ribbon of his alma mater with much credit to himself and to his school.

### Our Colony.

We have long since ceased to be interested in the new comers because they have, even to the most mathematical of

us, become numerically impossible, and so we rest content with being able to keep up a nodding acquaintance with the members of the 1st and 2nd XIs and those of our own Form. We have also long since become aware of the fact that there have been no spare rooms in the C.I., and therefore we were not surprised to hear that the congested mother establishment is sending out a colony of its younger and more adventurous citizens to take possession of the commodious premises on the other side of Maryland Street, whose front entrance is at No. 28, Hope Street. We hope our young emigrants will flourish in their new home, and that the wonderful development of the C.I. in numbers as well as in reputation will long continue.

### Swimming Notes.

With the idea of bringing the boys still more together during their leisure hours and of still further developing the athletic side of the school work the Catholic Institute Swimming Club has been formed. Up to the present 41 members have joined, and they have been very fortunate in having had the 2/6 school club contract concession extended to them during the winter season. They go to Cornwallis Street Salt-water Baths every Tuesday evening, from 4-10 to 5-10.

A committee has been elected to manage the affairs of the club. Roji Va is Premier Capt., and Garson IVb is Hon. Sec.

In the course of the season we hope to give special attention to—

- (1). Teaching all the members to swim.
- (2). Life Saving.
- (3). Speed and Distance Swimming.
- (4). Water Polo.
- (5). Swimming for Certificates.

So far the attendance has been very good and the enthusiasm great. Let it always be so.

We trust we shall receive the support and co-operation of a very large number of boys both senior and junior.

### Departure of Rev. Father Meier.

It was with feelings of sincere regret that C.I. footballers heard that Father Meier's stay in Liverpool would terminate at the close of last term. Ever since his advent to the C.I. he had taken a keen interest in them and their games, and the many practical proofs which he

had given of his zeal for their success had justly won him the gratitude of all. They could not therefore allow him to depart from Liverpool without giving formal expression to their sincere appreciation of the many services he had rendered them, and consequently they invited him to a special meeting of the Club, which was held at the end of last term for the purpose of presenting him with a memento which might recall to him, when far from Liverpool, days not altogether devoid of excitement, and contests not barren of victory.

R. B. Cunningham, Captain of the 1st XI, opened the proceedings, and referred to the unflagging zeal with which Father Meier had supported them ever since his coming to the C.I., and the almost unparalleled regularity with which in all weathers and in every phase of Fortune he was present at the games. His enthusiasm sustained them when the Fates were cruel, for Fr. Meier was not discouraged by reverses, nor did he omit to remind them of the dangers of a false security when Fortune seemed to smile on them. They would miss him very much, especially those whose virility he consistently recuperated at half-time. They were anxious that he should have with him some small pledge of the gratitude which they felt towards him, and, consequently, he would ask the captain of the Shield Team, in which Father Meier took a very special interest, to make the presentation.

J. Parker, Captain of the Shield Team, having endorsed all that had been said by his confrère, and having thanked Father Meier for many kindnesses to him in particular, then presented Father Meier with a handsome cowhide travelling case, stamped with his initials, and bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Rev. P. Meier by the Members of the C.I. Football Club."

Father Meier expressed his gratitude to the two Captains for the kindly way in which they had spoken of him, and thanked the members of the Club for their valuable present. Their loyalty and good sportsmanship had, he added, irresistibly won them his support, and he was sure that the splendid success which they had achieved in the past would be surpassed by even greater success in the future if they continued, as he felt they would, to "play the game" in the same spirit of loyalty to themselves and to their school. He exhorted them

to face the contests of life in the same generous, manly spirit which they had displayed on the playing-fields, and, looking beyond the transitory triumphs of this life, to be ever solicitous for that great victory whose laurels would not fade for ever.

### C.I. Debating Society.

This Session was opened very auspiciously by a most satisfactory debate on the question as to whether the Insurance Act will prove beneficial to the country. Mr. Brown, who supported the Act, was eloquently sustained by Messrs. Kirby, Kieran, Kennedy. The "affirmatives" won the day in spite of the strenuous efforts of Mr. Merron and his colleagues. This debate was followed by an informal discussion on a subject which appealed to the "sports" if to nobody else. The topic was—"What changes are desirable in the rules of Association Football." Our football captains, Messrs. Occleshaw and O'Donnell, were, as might be expected, well to the fore, and proved themselves as capable theorists as they are practical footballers, Mr. O'Donnell wishing to change the number of players from eleven to seven, thus giving room for more individual play. We hope his views will come before the Football Association in due course. Our next debate dealt with that all-important theme, Home Rule. The subject for discussion was—"Should Ulster receive exceptional treatment under the Government of Ireland Bill?" Our "Ulster Ulsterites," as one speaker put it, were led by Mr. Hall, who dwelt on the fact that the industries of Ireland are centred in Ulster, while the rest of Ireland is mainly agricultural. Consequently, he was of the opinion that Ulster should receive separate treatment. Mr. O'Neill, however, voiced the opinions of the majority of those present, and the vote was against exceptional treatment for Ulster. An interesting feature of this debate was that Mr. Whitfield opened for us the realms of real, lively discussions. He absolutely took to pieces some of the arguments of Messrs. Nolan, Phillips, and O'Mulloy, and we hope to see more of this active debating spirit in our future discussions. We next discussed the possibilities of the adoption of the Referendum in England. Messrs. O'Mulloy, Downey, Donleavy, and Brown supported its adoption, and the

eloquent contribution of Mr. Brown must have influenced to a great degree the audience, for the voting resulted in the overwhelming defeat of the opposing side. We must, in justice to the losing side, mention the fact that one of their speakers was absent, which accounts in a large degree for the result. The next event in our programme was one which provided excellent material for discussion. The subject was "Free Trade *versus* Tariff Reform." The "Free Trade" party, led by Mr. Gregory, overcame, after a well-contested struggle, the "Protectionists," under Mr. Gavin. This debate was followed by one on "Woman Suffrage." Messrs. Whitfield, Murphy, Brown, and Campbell supported the enfranchisement of women, and advocated it mostly because they contended that a woman's mind is at least equal to that of a man. Messrs. O'Neill, O'Donnell, Marshall, and O'Mulloy successfully opposed them. On the negative side of the discussion, Mr. Marshall's arguments were at once convincing, and well-stated. In all these debates, our "dark horses" were slowly, but surely, coming to the front, and have now quite shaken off their cloak of bashfulness. We must offer our heartiest thanks to Mr. Sullivan who has kindly taken the chair at our discussions.

### At the Shakspeare.

The Annual Visit of the F. R. Benson Shakspearean Company is anxiously awaited by the members of our senior forms. This year the sixth Form decided to be present at the performance of "Julius Caesar" on the evening of November 13th. The rise of the curtain found us seated in the "abode of the gods" listening to the babel of voices coming from the "streets of Rome." However, this soon ceased when Flavius and Marullus entered and commanded the rejoicing citizens to go to their houses "and pray the gods to intermit the plague" which their jubilation, on the occasion of Caesar's triumph, must surely merit.

After this the play progressed more orderly, and our minds, forgetting their ordinary preoccupations, became engrossed in the doings of the conspirators, and enchanted by the patriotic and dramatic dialogues of Brutus and Cassius. A terrible thunderstorm, in which the lightning, flashing incessantly, revealed several muffled figures, who

related accounts of deep and awe-inspiring occurrences in the streets of Rome, prepared us for the crisis. This came when the Caesar, unaware of the wily Casca creeping stealthily across the stage, refused the petition of Metellus Cimber begging the repeal of his banished brother. There was a cry of "Hands for me," and the conspirators leapt forward and buried their daggers in the breast of Caesar, who, with a cry of pain, fell dead.

Then followed those world-famed harangues by Brutus and Antony to the Roman Commoners, in which the latter gained their hearts, mainly by his presentation of Caesar's will. We looked on in wonder when Antony lit the fire under the corpse of the once mighty Julius, which was immediately enveloped in smoke.

The next scene was laid at Sardis where the army of the conspirators was encamped. Brutus and Cassius were engaged in a fiery altercation over some military matters. They soon, however, regained composure, and, after warm exchanges of love, Cassius retired. Then entered the ghost of Caesar, which, after promising to see Brutus at Philippi imperceptibly vanished. Then, borne on the wings of imagination, we travelled to this place, where we witnessed a bloody conflict between the conspirators' army and that of Antony and Octavius, and, when Brutus and Cassius had died by their own hands, the curtain fell amid much applause.

The play was exceedingly well presented, and Mr. Benson, who played the rôle of Mark Antony with great success, is to be heartily congratulated. Of the other actors, Messrs. Murray Carrington, and Randel Ayrton deserve commendation, as their parts of Brutus and Cassius were extremely well rendered.

It was, therefore, with joyful minds and blissful thoughts that we wended our ways homeward, and, tired after a night's enjoyment, were soon in the arms of Morpheus.

### A Queer Query.

Twice ten are six of us,  
Six are but three of us,  
Nine are but four of us—  
What can we possibly be?  
Would you know more of us,  
Twelve are but six of us,  
Five are but four, don't you see?

## The Volksverein.

(People's Union for Catholic Germany.)

By REV. P. MEIER, B.Sc.

We often hear of the Mailed Fist of the Kaiser, and papers like the *Daily Mail* would like us to believe that it is clenched and stretched out in a menacing attitude towards the shores of this island. I do not mean to dispute the existence of the Mailed Fist, but he who has wielded it for 24 years never used the mailed fist, and never will use it, except in self-defence. The Chancellor of the Kaiser's father and grandfather was quite a different type of man. He too possessed a mailed fist, but he made use of it. Austria in 1866 and France in 1870 experienced it, and they still well remember the Iron Chancellor who brought them to their knees. If Bismarck was aggressive in foreign politics he was not less so in home politics. His great idol was the unity and security of the newly founded empire; and for the sake of a more perfect national unity he strove for unity also in faith amongst the Germans, and tried to make the Catholic Church in Germany a National Church severed from Rome. Where mailed fist had been pitched against mailed fist Bismarck had conquered because his was the stronger; but here his mailed fist was opposed by the woollack of patient endurance, and he failed.

This was not his only failure in home politics. The great Socialistic movement had been inaugurated by Ferdinand Lassalle, and had been definitively organised by Bebel and Liebknecht. The Socialists were Republicans, and threatened to evict the Emperor and all his brother princes; the Socialists declared property to be thievery, and threatened to overthrow the present social order. The socialistic programme declared religion to be every one's private affair, but practically all the socialists were atheists and hostile to every form of religion. "Heaven we leave to the angels and to the sparrows," Bebel once mockingly remarked.

The danger to religion did not appeal very forcibly to Bismarck, though he was a D. D., of Göttingen (honoris causa!) and his wife was a very pious woman indeed; but the menace to throne and constitution roused him. At his bidding the Reichstag passed bills suppressing socialistic societies and socialistic papers; meetings

were subject to the strictest supervision by the police, and when anything was said against the Emperor or the government the police officer present had power to stop the meeting at once. It was again the case of the mailed fist against the woollack.

The Centre party, the representatives of Catholic Germany, had always voted against these Coercion Acts. Their own people had been subject to similar distasteful treatment during the Kulturkampf. Moreover they did not believe in persecuting people for holding subversive ideas, so long as these ideas, wrong and disastrous though they were, were not translated into criminal action. To this must be added that the extraordinary power given to the police was used also against meetings and unions of working men, who were not Socialists at all, but only wanted to unite to better their condition.

Towards the end of the eighties the Liberals in the Reichstag joined forces with the Centre and the Socialists, and the Coercion laws against the latter were repealed. Bismarck's policy against Socialism had failed.

The Leaders of Catholic Germany after helping to give the Socialists a free field, so to speak, for their agitation, attacked the problem in a different way. The gigantic agitation of the Socialists now setting in was to be met by a counter agitation on the same scale. The false and one-sided enlightenment preached by the Apostles of class-hatred was to be opposed by true and comprehensive enlightenment.

The organisation that successfully took up the immense task was founded by Windhorst in 1890. It bears the title "Volksverein für das Katholische Deutschland."—People's Union for Catholic Germany." Its members number at present over 700,000, and the contribution for members is one Mark. During the first twenty years of its existence the Volksverein organised over 50,000 meetings in various parts of Germany.

The number of different leaflets on economic, political, and religious questions that are circulated amongst the people reaches 7 figures a year; sometimes as many as 6 millions are distributed gratis. A staff of competent experts is busy at the head-quarters at München-Gladbach (Rhineland). These may count, moreover, for the treatment

of any particular question, upon the help of even the most overworked of the Catholic Leaders. An authority on the housing problem will gladly contribute a popularly written leaflet conveying a sound knowledge of his subject. A famous professor of theology from one of the Universities will write on a pressing subject of apologetics. An old grey-haired parliamentarian lays bare the barren politics of the socialistic party in the Reichstag and Landtag. In another leaflet a celebrated journalist shows clearly, what the Catholic Church might expect from a victorious socialist party. He gives samples of the hearty approval, with which the socialist press and socialist platform speakers hail every measure of oppression and spoliation the Church has to suffer in France, Portugal, Spain, or elsewhere. No wonder that Bebel, the old Socialist Leader, denounced these leaflets as written with "diabolical cleverness." It is common knowledge, moreover, that the socialist party send their ablest propagandists into the Catholic districts.

In addition to its meetings and millions of leaflets the Volkverein has organized since 1894 special holiday courses for priests and laymen. Hundreds of them attend every year, for a week, lectures given by experienced labour leaders, on how to help effectively in the organization of working men's associations, of artisan guilds, and in every kind of social work; on what are the specific obstacles in dealing with the labouring classes in large towns, in country districts, in small towns. Every lecture is followed by a free and easy discussion on the subject matter. Provision is also made for giving the local secretaries and other leading officials of the different associations a higher training. Every year during a course extending over two months, they are led in a practical manner through the vast field of Political Economy by the most competent lecturers; they are besides given ample opportunity for speaking and debating, and for discussing social questions amongst themselves and with their lecturers. Thus they return from München-Gladbach with a high intellectual equipment and with enthusiasm for their work; they fill their immediate followers with confidence and are as many bulwarks against socialism and irreligion.

The Volkverein, as might appear from

what we have said, was not meant to supersede any of the already existing organisations. It was intended to help them, to stimulate them, to prevent overlapping, to unite all of them in a common phalanx for the intellectual, moral and economic betterment of all classes on a truly national and religious basis. This was the right way of fighting Socialism: to help to get the working people every possible improvement, and to cultivate at the same time the old ideals of love for religion and love for the fatherland. And as a result the majority of the Catholic working population is to-day outside the socialist camp.

The Volkverein did yeoman service for Catholic Germany. It did more. Though essentially Catholic itself, it fostered with all its might the so-called Christian Trade Unions. Of trade unions there are in Germany two, and only two worthy of mention: the "Christian trade unions" and the "Free trade unions." The latter are anything but free. They are part and parcel of the Socialist party, not free themselves and not the least respecting freedom in others, nay as terrorising and as bullying as socialistic unions usually are. In the Christian unions we find not only Catholics, but also those Protestant working men, who are still loyal to Christ and his teaching,—so far as they know it—and loyal to government and king. It would be hard for purely Catholic trade unions to stand the strain of the unscrupulous agitation on the part of the well organised and well financed Free unions, but it would be much harder, well nigh impossible, for purely Protestant anti-socialistic unions. By encouraging the co-operation of Catholics and religious Protestants on purely economic matters the Volkverein did immense service to the Protestants and to the empire generally. Co-operation between Catholics and Protestants in economic matters seems quite natural in England, but it was not so in Germany in the nineties. Relying solely on their own strength, the Catholics had just successfully withstood a powerful government, and they might well have thought it best, conscious of their strength, to fight also their economic battles alone, especially as organisations consisting of Catholics only could be more easily handled than mixed organizations.

Great credit therefore is due to the Volkverein for its broadmindedness



and the statesman-like view it took in strengthening the anti-socialistic, national and religious element not only amongst the Catholic but also the Protestant section of the working population of Germany.

To outsiders it may sometimes seem, as if the strong socialist party in Germany might convert the fatherland into a republic of its own pattern by simply declaring a national strike. That might or might not be so if there were only the Free trade unions, but it is absolutely impossible so long as there are the Christian trade unions. August Bebel with four millions of socialistic voters behind him is not as powerful as Tom Mann; and for this satisfactory state of things Germany owes a debt of gratitude to the People's Union for Catholic Germany.

### LA VERGINE MADRE.

Virgin Mother of God.  
Tender and true to me;  
Whate'er my failings,  
Always a mother to me  
Bride of the Holy Ghost,  
Thy love is ever mine;  
Daughter of thine own Son,  
My love is ever thine.  
Precious this sweet glad life,  
Precious the stars above;  
Would they were mine to give,  
All, for the Virgin's love!

### A Visit to a Lead Mine.

(By H. LLEWELLIN.)

Wales is an ideal place for a holiday if the holiday maker is content with natural scenery and does not seek after the neurotic excitement of Blackpool or Douglas. Feeling that ordinarily I had exceptional facilities for experiencing the nerve-racking bustle of the city, I resolved to escape from it as soon as possible, and it was in this state of mind that I set out for a holiday, in July, with hopes of fine and glorious weather, hopes destined however to be shattered. The cottage at which we were staying was situated about a mile from Holywell, and as there were lead mines in the vicinity I made up my mind to visit them and if possible to descend one of the pits. Accordingly together with a friend of mine I walked to Halkyn, about five miles distance, where the prin-

cipal lead mines are situated, and asked permission to view the works at the top of the mine. Having obtained the necessary permission, and, secured the services of a guide, we made a tour of the workings.

The first object of interest which we saw was a large tray on the top of which wires were vibrating, thereby separating the lead and zinc from the ore. The brilliant hues of the various minerals combine to form as pretty a picture as the spectrum. We were next shown several large circular troughs containing lead ore. A revolving leather paddle and a plentiful supply of fresh water convert the troughs into separators, the lead and zinc being swept to one side leaving the sand, etc., to flow away. Having climbed over a hill of slag—the residue of the ore—we arrived at the engine-house and viewed the steam engine which worked the huge bobbin, around which the steel hoist-cable was wound.

We then asked permission to descend the mine and on being referred to the manager, he gladly assented and conducted us to a cottage near by where we changed into overalls kindly lent to us by the miners. On emerging I would have defied anybody to recognise us dressed as we were in coat and trousers of course Khaki coloured canvas, a pair of leggings and clogs with a hat not unlike that of a scout, but made of exceptionally stiff felt. Feeling a trifle uncomfortable we followed the manager to the pit head where the cage was awaiting us. With a caution to keep our hands well inside the cage the manager gave the signal—Clang! we were descending slowly at first and then quicker until we seemed to descend at the speed of an express train when suddenly we stopped—Was it an accident? What was wrong? Our guide however assured us that it was the usual thing and in a few seconds we were again descending. Down! Down! we went with a sickening rush, the slimy dripping sides of the shaft, glittering like silver in the ever failing light, flashed quickly by. We were in total darkness now and I noticed an uncomfortable feeling in my ears, similar to that felt after the report of a heavy gun. At last we arrived at the bottom, and stepped out into a large cavern, where we were each given a tallow candle resting in an impromptu candlestick.

Bent almost double we followed our guide, who showed us an underground river which, he informed us, drained all the mines from Mold to Flint via Rhydmyrn and Halkyn. When about 175 yards along the main cutting we turned off to the right, narrowly escaping a truck of ore, which whizzed out of the blackness, the miners each having a candle stuck in their caps—safety lamps are not necessary in lead mines.

The side cutting up which we were now walking was very interesting, the ore being found in pockets, zinc and silver mixed in large quantities with the lead are also found. After wading through mud knee deep we came to where the men were hacking at the solid rock and putting it into trucks for conveyance to the pit's mouth. Having chipped off several specimens for keepsakes we were returning when the manager showed us a remarkable phenomenon—growing out of the staves and logs, which supported the roof, were large branches of fungus not unlike bull-rushes.

On arriving at the bottom of the pit my eye caught the following notice:—

#### SIGNALS.

- 1 Knock—cease winding.
- 2 Knocks—wind slowly.
- 3 " — " truck.
- 4 " — " men.
- 5 " — " quickly.
- 6 " — Accident.

Having given 4 knocks, and received an acknowledgment, we stepped into the cage, and in 15 seconds were again in the open air.

Whilst changing into our ordinary clothing we were informed that the mine was 651 feet deep, and one of the richest in North Wales. A few minutes later having said good-bye to the manager we were on the road again having thoroughly enjoyed our hour down a lead mine.

## A Literary Venture.

[By P. N. O'HARA.]

The idea was Watson's. He expounded it to us one day after school; and it was evidently the outcome of long and serious consideration; besides, the weather being somewhat sultry for the season, must have coaxed him into mental aberration. Coming between

us, he linked up in confidential fashion.

"I've been thinking," he said.

Melville, an embryo George Bernard Shaw, said, "Really!"

I said, "You don't say so."

Watson seemed annoyed for the moment, but continued, "I've been reading about the power of the Press, and what good can be effected by the medium of letters."

This was not altogether surprising from Watson. He had a relative who was a famous littérateur and of whom he was very proud. Several papers he had read at our Debating Society also led us to believe that he was inclined towards journalism.

"Well," I said, "what of it?"

"That's the point," added Melville.

"Supposing," he began impressively, "supposing we were to inaugurate a journal for the Fourth (our Form) to propagate doctrines of light and reason, to elevate our comrades' minds above the ordinary trifles which now occupy them, to show them the higher life of the mind and soul, to open to them vistas of truth and beauty which otherwise they might never gaze upon. You know what Keats says:—

'Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

We did know. It was one of our English master's favourite quotations, so its force was quite lost upon us. Nevertheless we gasped. You can't express a gasp in print, but let the reader take it from me that we opened our mouths ovally at first, the aperture finally developing into a small cipher for the purpose of emitting a low whistle.

I believe Watson's mind had been obsessed by this idea for some time. Lately he had been in a preoccupied frame of mind, and on several occasions when calling at his house to take him for a walk, I found him grovelling among volumes of Chesterton, Belloc, and other literary lions. To return to the point, his idea was not original although his object certainly was. "To propagate doctrines of light and reason, to elevate our comrades' minds . . . . etc., etc." Spring is alleged to be responsible for a great many fancies, but this was one of the latest. A journal to . . . . I didn't mind being connected with an ordinary school "Mag.," but a journal to . . . .

"It is rather hot," said Melville, after a somewhat tangible silence.

"What d'you mean?" demanded Watson, who however, was quite aware of the insinuation.

"Not such a bad idea," I began pacifically, "there have been school 'Mags' before, and there's some entertainment in them."

"There's also the possibility of improving your handwriting," added Melville.

"Well, if you don't like . . ." began Watson aggressively.

"Of course," said Melville, anticipating him, but I could't think of it. "I'll be editor."

Watson and I looked at Melville. Disinterestedly, we both pointed out that his style was too pointed to be attractive. He might operate in a page or two which would be recognised as a danger zone, but to direct the whole undertaking was utterly out of the question.

Our unanimity overwhelmed Watson and he evaded the point.

"Who will be editor then?" he asked.

"I think I have some claim," said Watson tentatively. "I'm awfully keen . . . . ."

Melville laughed sarcastically, and I was inclined to be on his side. Watson was much too 'dreamy' for an editor. Mind you, I am not selfish, but I have a rooted objection to taking second place.

"It's my idea," continued Watson, appealingly . . . . .

Melville laughed sarcastically again. That laugh was annoying. Its chief sting lay in its repetition, and I saw that, for the sake of peace, he must be conciliated.

"Let's all be co-editors," I suggested.

The idea caught on. The result of an extended conference was that the "Academia"—Watson insisted on this name, which seemed to have taken a firm hold on his mind—was to be published monthly in the original. That is to say, that in given exercise book, each of the contributors had to fill in, first hand, the space allotted to him. The work finished, it was to circulate through the Form at the price of one penny per perusal, after which it would revert to the permanent possession of the editors.

Watson, to his patent pride and satisfaction, was to be literary editor, Melville was to take charge of the lighter side, and I was art editor and manager. Thus we started with honours even and the

conference terminated.

We began the campaign next morning by posting up on the notice board particulars concerning the latest 'monthly.' The "Academia" was to be published on the first of the following month under the joint control of the editors. My person was to be a receptacle for advertisements, contributions and subscriptions, Having duly attached my signature as manager, I wrote beneath as a final spur, "First come, first served."

That notice attracted some attention. At the beginning of morning schools there was a crowd round the board, which could only be compared to a group of frantic speculators. Mr. Gilby, a tall, lean and talkative personage, who took us first hour for maths., was surprised. He bellowed to them to get to their places. They would not or could not hear. In fact, they only became aware of his presence when he seized Jones Septimus by the ear. There was a sudden scattering of humanity, and the room was, in a few moments, comparatively orderly.

Mr. Gilby looked at the class as if inwardly moralising on the character of its composition. He was tall and very thin and had the habit of placing his hands on his hips, so that, with his gown extended, his appearance had earned him the name of "The Crow." Looking at the class in this his favourite posture, Mr. Gilby ran his eye over every individual, and having thus paralysed them into silence, he turned coolly round and read the notice on the board.

The class felt annoyed.

"I'll make him sit up for that," said Melville.

"How?" I asked. I sat next to Melville, and Watson was next to me.

"In the 'Mag.," he answered.

Watson said, "Oh!" quite nervously, as if it was the last thought in his mind that the "Academia" should be a vehicle for personal recrimination.

I just said, "Better be careful, Melville," because I quite realised the effectiveness of the threat. Melville could be very biting when he was cross. There was no one in our circle who could take it out of him in repartee. In fact, I often suggested he must have inherited the linguistic attributes of a Jehu.

During the next fortnight nothing bothered us but the 'Mag.' There were, of course, some obstacles, such as classes and homework, but they did not bother

us seriously. It was a case of—'If B interferes with A, eliminate B, A being the primary consideration and B all others.' In fact, we managed to show so much enthusiasm that it affected the rest of the Form, and we got numerous offers. Hirst, who is top of the class at Maths., said quite condescendingly, "I say, Oliver (that's I), I'll do a puzzle corner for you." "Thanks," I replied, but we aren't puzzling our readers to-day." Dobson, whose father was a band conductor or something, wanted to do musical criticisms, but Melville suggested he should sing dumb.

This majestic attitude was, of course, not without effect. The first number of the Magazine was awaited with great interest, even by outside Forms. The Fifth, as usual, affected a great contempt for the whole affair, but they were as keen as anybody. It was quite apparent that the "Academia" was in demand, and therefore we worked hard to make it a tip-top edition. Watson appropriated for a whole week the book in which the first number was to be written, and he filled one quarter of it with an editorial, which I suppose he thought was scintillating and wisdom-laden, but really it looked like a jumble of polysyllabic words herded together without sense of rhythm, *music*, or proportion. He filled another quarter of it with an article on "The Uplifting of the Student," which was unspeakable. He then handed the book over to me, and I drew a frontispiece, which was intended to represent the glorious sun, "Academia," rising over the world of the Fourth Form. Below it, Melville wrote, "For the amusement of the Fourth Form and the instruction of all others." I also sketched some illustrations to a serial story contributed by Kerr, and then handed the book over to Melville. He grinned hugely as if he relished the task before him.

The day came. The first of the month, I mean. We met at a spot just outside the College, and Melville carried the "Mag." He had just finished his contribution. Watson, however, soon claimed it and bore it with unmistakable pride.

Things were most enthusiastic in the class-room. There was quite a crowd awaiting us, and the fun was fast and furious. It made me wonder where the masters were. Melville was, or tried to look, unconcerned. Watson was ex-

cited, although he smiled graciously around.

"Let's have a look at it, Watson. Where is the thing?" was the kind of cries that flew about. Watson evidently thought this was an occasion for a speech. Getting on the master's desk he began—

"Gentlemen of the Fourth—"

"Hear, hear!" shouted the gentlemen.

"—this is an important occasion in the history of the Fourth Form—"

"Oh!

"—to-day marks the publication of a journal (Watson somehow, would not think of calling it a 'Mag,' the same as the rest of us) which, I may say without false pride, is going to be a success."

"Let's have a look at it first" roared the Form."

Watson waved our joint production triumphantly above his head.

"My colleagues and I" he continued "have taken this great burden on ourselves—"

"Eh?"

"—to try to elevate the status of the youth of our Form—gasps—to try to elevate their minds, to open unto their ken a view of the higher literary world—"

"What a wheeze!"

"You all know what Keats says—"

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, that is all

Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know"—concluded the audience in unison.

The noise was terrific. It gathered strength as it went on. By nine o'clock (although nobody was thinking of time) it was absolutely deafening. Mr. Gilby came in in the thick of it. He stood in the doorway for a minute or two in blank amazement, but nobody noticed him. They had other important matters on hand. He strode up to his desk, on which Watson was dilating, seized the Literary Editor with one hand, and snatched the "Academia" with the other.

"What does all this tomfoolery mean?" he demanded.

Form Four either did not know or did not care to answer. At any rate, they maintained a rigid silence.

"What does this mean?" he repeated.

Watson answered. He was in anything but a rational condition and the literary 'thrill' was still on him.

"It means, sir" he said "that I was just speaking to these fellows about the "Academia" which is, as you may have

gathered previously from the notice which was posted up, a journal to propagate doctrines of light and reason, to elevate our comrades' minds above the ordinary trifles which now occupy them, to show them the higher life of the mind and soul, to open to them vistas of truth and beauty, which otherwise they might never gaze upon. You know what Keats says—"

"Indeed, Watson," interrupted Mr. Gilby, frigidly and somewhat sarcastically.

"Yes, sir," continued Watson innocently, "that's our object. Wouldn't you like to see it?"

"Delighted," said Mr. Gilby. The class shuffled off to their places as he took his seat at the desk.

He opened the "Academia" leisurely. I was on tenter-hooks and Melville looked a trifle disturbed. Mentally we signalled that Gilby was wasting his time as a schoolmaster. He had qualities that pointed to a more drastic career. He opened the first page and looked down Watson's editorial. The latter actually smiled, and so did Mr. Gilby.

"Dear me, Watson," he said, "you have some very original ideas."

"Quite original, sir, I assure you," replied Watson innocently.

"I can quite believe it," rejoined Mr. Gilby heartily.

"Thank you, sir," said Watson.

Mr. Gilby looked up to see if Watson was serious or merely pulling his leg, but the editor's countenance was radiant with the triumph of satisfied ambition. He was on the topmost ridge of Olympus.

The Maths. man continued his perusal. Coming to Watson's article on the uplifting of students he laughed out as he could no longer restrain himself.

"A very striking piece of work," he mused audibly, possibly for the benefit of the class. "Although our schoolboys of to-day," he quoted, "are undoubtedly of high moral standing, there is no doubt that their intellectual calibre is of a somewhat minor order. Whereas such ephemeral trifles as football and cricket serve to amuse them, they fail to see around them the need to uplift the minds of the race, to give them a view of the life intellectual, of the life rational, of the life beautiful."

Mr. Gilby looked at the class with a sphinx-like smile. Probably he was inviting an expression of opinion. He got it.

"The howling idiot," came a muffled voice from the rear.

"Did anyone speak?" asked Mr. Gilby, showing by his manner that he had heard quite well.

He got no answer, so he returned to the "Academia." In a minute or so he read another extract. "The life to-day is the life of the lust of gold and pleasure, the life of striving after glimmering shadows when true happiness can only be gained in peace. Let the boys of to-day be taught that happiness is not in the mighty arm, but in the mind. When hacked shins and twisted ankles are to-day the means of a pointless, hollow victory, the school-boy mind is elated. Thou fool! Learn to yearn for the pleasures of the soul, for the pleasures which are full of solace and all-sufficient in a transient existence."

Mr. Gilby looked at the class again. His shadow of a smile might not have given any clue to his inner feelings, but we knew him too well to have any doubts.

"A most worthy propaganda, Watson," he said. "I congratulate you on your philanthropy. And I must also congratulate your colleagues, Melville and Oliver."

Watson bowed. I blushed horribly, and I could almost feel Melville writhing. Some of the chaps were now laughing hysterically.

He left the article, and came to Kerr's serial story, which was entitled, "The Fight for Millions." It was awful rot, I thought. Mr. Gilby read the instalment with some amusement, and then looked up again.

"Very interesting, Kerr," he said gravely, "but oughtn't the heroine to faint?"

"Oh! no, sir" said Kerr, "I kept that for the end of the next instalment."

The Form were now inclined to roar. They were forgetting the riot which opened the inaugurated proceedings. But Mr. Gilby heard the explanation quite sympathetically, and any display of emotion was checked.

"I shall look out for the next, then," he said. "But what else have we?"

I did not quite know what Melville had written, but I expected it to be funny. It was funny, but not for the editorial trio.

"Pedagogues I have known. Eh? Melville," he said breezily. "Quite a matter."

Melville nodded somewhat defiantly,

and Mr. Gilby continued to read. As he did so his countenance assumed a graver expression, but it seemed to me that he tried not to show it.

"Very interesting reading," he commented, "worth quoting verbatim." "Yes, I have no doubt it will do us all good, and quite in keeping with the editorial ideals."

The last sentence was uttered quite grimly. The iron had evidently entered Gilby's soul. He took up the 'Mag,' assumed a formal posture, and commenced to read.

"Pedagogues I have known," by H. E. Melville, Victim number one. The G—bird."

"The G—bird" looked at Watson, and his eye glistened. He resumed—

"The G—bird is a beast of somewhat rare species; unfortunately, not quite extinct. It is, in build, somewhat like a crow, long, gawky, and of visible width. It's whole being is pointed, and it has a tongue like the fork of a snake. Although not a carrion, it is considerably aggressive, and occasionally flaps to some effect. Its appearance is certainly no acquisition to animal life, and its use is as yet shrouded in the shadow of a doubt—"

O—Oh! moaned Melville.

Mr. Gilby assumed a look of surprise. He had been reading slowly and grimly, giving full significance to every word.

"Did you speak, Melville?" he asked, although he had heard the delinquent's moan.

Melville did not answer.

"Put me right, please," he said, "if I go wrong on any point."

He continued to read, giving full flavour to every word. The rest of the description referred to the G—bird's propensity for speech, of which we were all fully aware. For the G—bird was no other than Mr. Gilby himself.

The indictment ended, a great silence reigned. Then Mr. Gilby thought it was his innings.

"Looked at solely from the point of view of dissective criticism," he said oracularly, "it is a work of art which shall not be altogether lost to the world. I have no doubt the Principal would be glad to see it. Such genius must not flourish in our midst without our fostering it and directing it, which I am sure the Principal will be glad to do. We ought to be very thankful that such evidence has come to light, so that our

candid friend, Melville, should not remain a mute inglorious. Properly corrected there is name and fame before him. So much for the future. At present, I think we might not do better than show this latest literary venture at headquarters. Melville, Watson and Oliver, you might come with me.

We went. Dear reader, I don't propose to give in minute detail our interview although it left its impression. The 'Prinny' evidently thought our genius needed directing, and he was a man that looked good for six-hits in an over. The connection is obvious. At any rate, I know three chaps who think so.

The 'Academia' came to an abrupt end.

Of the first number, only five had a sight. Consequently, I had to give all the pennies back, but that was hardly the worst. For a considerable period, probably over a week, there were three thoroughly humiliated children. They were the editorial trio connected with the latest literary venture.

### "L'AMOUR MATERNEL."

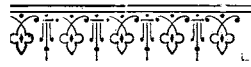
In 1912 a cripple-woman walked from Birmingham to Leeds in search of her son supporting herself on the way by the sale of artificial flowers.

Woman, the woven flowers that you sold  
To buy your body bread,  
Are dusty now and dead  
In broken vases, but there still is told  
The story of your pilgrimage to gain  
No shrine of beaten gold,  
But only seeking in delicious pain  
A truant boy, far-wandered, overbold.  
Did not your mother's love your heart  
sustain  
As rose-trees thrill for dawn-lit buds  
throughout a night of rain?  
See what a flower-trellis now your  
deed is grown  
About the very throne  
Of God Himself who, too, bereaved and  
lone,  
Once left His dearest mother making  
moan  
Below the tree that held her perfect  
flow'r  
Unwithered, though the thorn was on  
His head,  
Unwithering, though He was stricken  
dead,  
Immortal love new blossoming that  
hour.

R. B. CUNNINGHAM. P. BANNON, D. J. GAVIN. J. V. QUINN. T. GREGORY.



**First Class  
Honours,**



**Oxford . .  
Senior, 1912**



A. WHITFIELD. W. O'DONNELL. C. O'DONNELL. J. A. O'NEILL. J. PARKER.  
J. HALL. J. O'MULLOY.

**OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.**

**Junior.** (6,921 Candidates.)

**Senior.** (8,781 Candidates.)

**Honors :**

*First Class*—C. O'DONNELL } (28th place)  
 W. O'DONNELL }  
 J. A. O'NEILL } (53rd place)  
 A. WHITFIELD }  
 P. BANNON (106th place)  
 J. T. O'MULLOY (142nd place)  
 R. B. CUNNINGHAM } (182nd place)  
 D. GAVIN }  
 J. HALL }  
 T. GREGORY }  
 J. PARKER }  
 J. V. QUINN }

*Second Class*—J. FLETCHER  
 E. A. KIRBY  
 J. S. SAUNDERS  
 M. FURLONG

*Third Class*—J. NOLAN  
 O. WAREING  
 F. WINFIELD

**Distinctions :**

*Mathematics*—W. O'DONNELL (4th place)  
 J. T. O'MULLOY (14th place)  
 J. HALL (41st place)  
 D. GAVIN  
 J. A. O'NEILL } (53rd place)  
 J. PARKER }  
 J. V. QUINN }  
 A. WHITFIELD }

*Higher Mathematics* (J. T. O'MULLOY (7th place)  
 J. A. O'NEILL (10th place)

**Passes :**

T. C. NUGENT. V. OCCLESHAW.  
 J. GIBB. M. O'CALLAGHAN.  
 A. GUILFOY. M. O'SULLIVAN.  
 C. KELLY. F. WHEELER.  
 D. KIRBY. H. BURNS.

**Honors :**

*First Class* —J. B. MERRON (92nd place)  
 P. SUPPLE  
 J. GRAY

*Second Class*—L. B. BICKERSTAFFE  
 D. B. PARSONS  
 F. DYSON  
 J. KENDRICK

*Third Class*—J. J. BROWN  
 J. FLANAGAN  
 E. J. GILLOW  
 W. GRAHAM  
 J. KENNEDY  
 W. A. KIERAN  
 J. D. MURPHY  
 L. I. PHILLIPS  
 J. W. SMITH

**Distinctions :**

*Religious Knowledge*—P. SUPPLE (22nd place)  
*Mathematics*—J. GRAY (8th place)

**Passes :**

H. E. BLACK. C. CAMPBELL.  
 J. CLANCY. J. V. DUNNE.  
 T. DONLEAVY. R. A. TALLON.  
 J. P. QUINN. W. F. CULLEN.

**SCHOLARSHIP.**

**Junior Exhibition.**

(LANCASHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL.)

T. SMITH.

**MATRICULATION.**

**London & Liverpool Universities.**

(THROUGH OXFORD LOCAL EXAMS.)

C. O'DONNELL. D. GAVIN.  
 W. O'DONNELL. J. HALL.  
 J. A. O'NEILL. T. GREGORY.  
 A. WHITFIELD. J. PARKER.  
 P. BANNON. J. V. QUINN.  
 J. T. O'MULLOY. J. FLETCHER.  
 R. B. CUNNINGHAM. M. FURLONG.  
 E. A. KIRBY. O. WAREING.



## A Trip to Canada and the United States.

By J. DONNELL (Va.)

We started for Canada on Friday, July 26th on the fine C.P.R. liner, "Empress of Ireland." In a flood of sunshine on a glorious afternoon we left the Prince's Landing Stage, Liverpool, about six o'clock. Very soon the land, on either side began to slip rapidly by, and after an hour we had cleared the "bar." The coast of Lancashire soon vanished with the deepening shades of evening, and when darkness set in we prepared to enjoy as far as possible the luxury of a first night at sea. The weather was calm, and so I enjoyed a good sleep, and next morning got up at seven o'clock, had a salt water bath, and went down to eight o'clock breakfast. At first sight, one would have thought that a mistake had been made, and that a dinner menu had been put on for breakfast, so substantial was the fare at this meal.

When breakfast was finished I went out to get a breath of fresh air. A little later, nets were put up, and a game of cricket was organised till lunch time. There were all sorts of amusements on board among which were deck-quoits, deck-golf, and races. In the evening concerts were held in the luxuriously furnished concert-room, which is really a magnificent spectacle at night when lighted up by hundreds of electric bulbs. Thus the days passed by only too quickly. On Monday, sports were organized by the ship's doctor; among the events were a slipper race, lemon and spoon race and many others, which were very enjoyable.

Early on Wednesday, we sighted Cape Ray, and about mid-day we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but we were not quite in sight of land for another day. On the Wednesday, evening, three icebergs were sighted, but as it was dark not much of them was seen. The next evening, Thursday, the tender came off from Rimouski to take the mails and bring on board the Canadian Customs Officials. We landed on Friday morning at halfpast six after having passed the famous "Heights of Abraham."

We stayed this day in Quebec. This town has quite a French appearance, and

all the public notices and the names over the shops are in French. We paid a visit to the Montmorency Falls which are about eleven miles out of the city. More water used to pass over these Falls than over the great Niagara Falls, but much of it has been harnessed to turbines to supply electric power, and the supply passing over the Falls has thus been lessened. At these Falls there is an enormous elevator, six hundred feet high. The district around Quebec is essentially Catholic and often along the roadside you may see a statue of Our Lady or a Crucifix with a vase of flowers at its foot. We left Quebec at six o'clock (p.m.) on one of the palatial river steamers going to Montreal, where we arrived early next morning after a twelve hours' journey up stream.

In some respects Montreal is very like our own city. It has, however, a famous bridge a mile and three quarters long, which spans the river St. Lawrence: we still lack such a structure in Liverpool. In this town we saw the magnificent McGill University, and drove through its beautiful grounds. At the back of the city Mount Royal towers up with its neatly laid out gardens, and at its summit there is a parapet from which you can look down and see the city spread out panorama-like before you. The main streets are very well kept except that at every few yards an ungainly telegraph pole rears its lofty head covered with telegraph wires, electric cables and enormous transformers mounted on platforms. At night the streets are a dazzling blaze of different coloured lights, each store trying to outdo its neighbour.

After a short stay in Montreal we proceeded to our final destination, Cliffhaven in New York State, about eighty miles out of Montreal. When I was in the Grand Trunk Railway Station, I was astonished at the size, cumbersomeness and dirty condition of the railway locomotives. The carriages or cars, as they call them there, are very large structures fully as long as three of our passenger carriages put together. It took us three hours to get to Cliffhaven, and when we stopped at the station there was no platform to step on to, but the nigger-attendant provided a substitute in the shape of a stool. A drizzling rain did not enhance the rustic beauties of the place; neither did the flooded condition of the country roads. Next morning, how-

ever, we were greeted by brilliant sunshine, a fresh green country, and a wonderful view of Lake Champlain and the Adirondack Mountains. Lake Champlain and the surrounding country is of great historic interest. Just opposite where we were staying a battle was fought between the English and the American soldiers during the War of Independence. The bones of the slain lie in a neighbouring island where a monument stands to their memory.

But the principal feature of Cliffhaven was the Catholic Summer School, a marvellous institution, and the only one of its kind in the world. Most of the better class Catholics from the surrounding cities, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and New York come to this establishment during the holiday season. The Summer School is in itself a small town consisting of a number of so called cottages, some of which as a matter of fact accommodate as many as two hundred people at a time. There is every kind of amusement on the grounds, including boating, fishing, riding, and fine facilities for swimming. When my holiday was over I was loathe to leave this very interesting place, and indeed as far as I could judge no visitor has ever left it without a feeling of regret.

On the return journey the weather was rather boisterous, and consequently there was a very proximate risk of "mal-de-mer." The dreaded iceberg made its unwelcome appearance outside the Straits of Belle Isle, and though our curiosity was satisfied our feelings were chilled. However, we arrived at Liverpool in good time, and as I stepped on to the Landing Stage, I felt that I was none the worse for my excursion across the herring pond.

## Swimming.

By Mr. A. G. DEANE.

Even most boys will readily admit, I think, that of all the truisms that are brought to their notice day after day none touches them so closely as, "A sound mind is found in a sound body," and though their experience has been but small, I am sure that they will have learned to value the opinion of the boy who spends three-quarters of his leisure time playing games, which give scope for agility, courage, and self-confidence, rather than that of the boy whose spare moments are all taken up by his interest

in such controversies as the Bacon—Shakspeare, or the Sexton Blake—Nelson Lee. The boy of the playing-fields exhibits a mental balance which is never found in the boy book-worm. Probably, it is this absence of mental balance in the boy that produces the crank and faddist in the man. Hence, if a boy does not wish to develop into such as are given to composing sonnets on somebody else's eyebrows, or writing odes to sleeping swans, or into that type or adult male which is designated "old woman," he must leave his mental gymnastics to his farseeing and learned teachers, and devote all his leisure to manly games and pastimes. He must be a sport.

Now, when boys leave school, they will have to go out into the world to fight their own battles, to make a name and fortune for themselves, to win or go under. As nobody with any backbone commences the fight by looking at the black side, let us consider what are the things that count for a win. Evidently, not the knowledge that Shakspeare wrote the plays which are attributed to him, or that Spain is a country in the south-west of Europe from which we may get, if we desire them, both nuts and onions. No! What is wanted for a win is the ability to see or make opportunities, and the courage, confidence and grit to utilize them once they are made or seen. This obviously includes the ability to work in co-partnership with and to rise above the small section of the community with which their activities lie. Hence it follows that it is character that tells, not the number of hard and dry facts which they have been able to cram up at school. It is after such considerations as these that we have added a Swimming Club to the other facilities for mental and bodily development that exist at the C.I.

Of the educational value of Swimming I do not wish to say much, but even the most stereotyped crank must necessarily admit that if there was more swimming, especially in the winter, there would be more capable men to govern our cities, and that if there were more school swimming clubs, then there would be a greater exhibition of those two fine traits, *esprit de corps* and love of the *alma mater*, with that inseparable stimulus and brake noblesse oblige. There is no exercise or pastime in the whole curriculum of sport which is more likely to

develop perseverance, courage, self-reliance and initiative, or to inspire a system of clean living, than swimming is. In the club there is every chance of co-partnership with a healthy rivalry, and, we would, therefore, be very pleased to see a far larger number turning up on the Tuesday evenings. Considering the number of seniors in the school there is but a very small percentage of them represented in the club so far. Perhaps the seniors are not given to such a wholesale acquaintance (if I may put it so) with cold water as swimming requires. I am sure that if they realised the big crowd that attend from Forms III. and IV., and were told that some of the members of Form II. are amongst our most enthusiastic recruits, then they would look to their laurels. Surely, they do not get such a vast amount of home work that they couldn't spare one hour a week to join in such a fine sport with several scores of their school mates. After all they cannot choose better friends than their chums of the class-room.

Let us now turn to that feature which makes life much sweeter and fairer than any store of worldly goods ever made it, namely health. What pleasure does life offer to the most brilliant genius if he has a weakly constitution? What advantage is it to a student to gain degree after degree if in the meantime he is ruining his health? The answer to both of these questions is, obviously, none. Hence the moral,—do not give all your energies to mental gymnastics. Now, some either must do this, or they are greatly lacking in *esprit de corps*; for there are never more than half the boys of the school at soccer on a Wednesday. Where do the others spend their time? Of course many of them will answer, if asked why they never turn up, by saying that they are no good at football, and so they do not get much sport out of it. Now, to these, I would say, Swimming is the most excellent form of exercise in which anyone can indulge. Length or weight are not to be considered, for the little thin chap can get through the water just as comfortably and as quickly as the robust senior. It is not a difficult form of exercise, and the amount of endurance undergone is at one's own free will. There is any amount of fun, and all the time one is building up his constitution on a firm basis, together with acquiring an accomplishment for which he may some day be thankful. How

many lives have been snatched from an untimely end by this easily acquired ability to swim! So, later on, I expect that those non-footballers will become members of the club. The fact that such fellows are unable to swim is no argument against their joining. If they join then they will find many, who are only too willing to help them.

Swimming, besides possessing the advantages, which I have just named, is a pastime, which provides life-long interest, and occupation for many leisure hours. There are many men in this city, who have bathed for twenty minutes or half-an-hour every day (Sundays excepted) for thirty years and upwards. I have recently heard of a man who has been going to Cornwallis Street Baths for nearly fifty years. Surely, this is a test which places Swimming far ahead of all other pastimes.

One of the most fascinating things about Swimming is that one always has something fresh to learn or something to perfect. There are so many different strokes, each of which takes many hours of practice before the swimmer becomes anything like quite right in it. Then there are so many means of propulsion, so many new dives and tricks with which to amuse one's self. Then again, there is that all absorbing item, plunging. One has never plunged far enough. There is always an anxiety to get another foot further or to hold on for a few more seconds.

If one is young then water polo becomes a very enjoyable outlet for superfluous energy. But I would at this stage direct attention to the don't's of Swimming rather than enlarge further on its attractions.

Don't swim within less than two hours after a hearty meal.

Don't swim in isolated places.

Don't swim if it leaves you tired and used up.

Don't swim for long periods at a time.

Let them be short and regular.

Don't continue to swim when the skin at the joints turns a reddish blue.

Don't leave the head, feet or back wet for any considerable time.

I will now conclude with a little bit of advice—(I like to give advice, it is so cheap),—if you would set up a barrier against consumption swim regularly, but take care to dry your wrists, under your arms, and your feet, quickly and thoroughly.

## Old Boys' Association.

### QUARTERLY MEETING.

The meeting was held on Sept. 13th, Mr. J. A. Curtin being in the chair. There were present Messrs. W. J. Murphy, A. Lambie, W. O. Byrne, D. Hayes, T. J. Curtin, H. Wilson, W. H. Rowe, J. F. Lacy, and F. J. Tindall.

A communication from Mr. R. A. Twomey, in which he tendered his resignation from the Executive, was placed before the meeting, and the resignation was accepted. It was resolved to hold the first Social for the season on Oct. 1st, and to have a Whist Drive and Dance at the Gainsborough Café on Oct. 23rd. The question of lectures was again debated and postponed to next meeting, which was held on Nov. 11th. At this meeting Mr. G. R. Reid, President of the Association was in the chair, and the members present were Messrs. W. H. Rowe, T. J. Curtin, J. Curtin, F. Tindall, A. Lambie, W. O'Byrne, J. F. Lacy, J. Twomey, H. McGrath, and W. J. Murphy. Messrs. G. McNally, B. Maguire were co-opted to fill vacancies on the Committee. The Balance Sheets of the recent socials were submitted and the following programme was approved for this Session.

LECTURE on "The Evolution of the Navy," by Mr. J. J. Kermode, an eminent authority on "Naval Construction" and "Oil Fuel." This lecture which will be illustrated by lantern slides will be given at the Royal Institution, Colquitt Street, on Monday, December 2nd, at 7-30 p.m. Tickets may be obtained for friends at 6d. each.

DANCE to be held at the end of December at the Bear's Paw Restaurant. Tickets, 3/- each, may be had from members of the Executive or from Mr. W. H. Rowe.

ANNUAL DINNER will be held the last week of January. Particulars will be sent to members in due course.

LECTURE on—"With Ruskin in France and Italy," by Rev. T. J. Walshe, B.A., F.R.A.S.

MUSICAL EVENING to be arranged for some date early in April.

Members of the Association are requested to forward their Annual Subscriptions to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Murphy, Garnett Avenue,

Kirkdale. The Subscriptions for the current Session were due on 1st, June. It is to be hoped that every member of the Association will be present at the Annual Dinner, and that the large number of Old Boys who are not Members of the Association will immediately take steps to enter its ranks, and by their sympathy and co-operation enable the Association to develop into a mighty agency for good for themselves and their fellow Catholics of Liverpool.

### A MUSICAL EVENING.

October 1st saw the beginning of the series of Social functions which the Old Boys intend to hold during the Session 1912-1913. It took the form of a musical evening. The President, Mr. G. Reid, was in the chair, supported by the Rev. Bro. Forde, Rev. Fr. McSweeney and some Sixty-two Old Boys and friends.

Mr. V. Atkin, opened the programme with a selection of popular choruses. Messrs. Curtin obliged with a "Song without a name." The humorous vein was continued by Mr. R. Twomey, in the "Ballymoney Conversazione," while Mr. H. Llewellyn recited Selections from the best English Poets. (These are not likely to be found in any Standard Publication). Mr. Hugo Flynn's recitation, "Murphy shall not sing to-night" seemed to have no effect on Willie of that name, for he held possession of the piano until he had given us a survey of history during the times "When Richard I. sat on the Throne," and also an account of the adventures of one who sought a situation through "The Employment Agency."

Mr. Beanland with his fine bass voice, treated us to "The Longshoreman" and "The Blacksmith." The "Two Grenadiers," and "Freedom," from the Greek Slave, were sung by Mr. J. Twomey and Mr. Mullen, respectively. Mr. Dan Hayes obliged with "Because," and Mr. Rawlinson with "Nirvana." Mr. Kitts also contributed an item.

Kipling was in evidence during the evening, Mr. W. Rowe singing "Mandalay," and Mr. Walshe reciting "Gunga Din."

The accompanist for the evening was Mr. Chantler, while Mr. A. Lambie was a very able M.C.

### WHIST DRIVE AND DANCE.

On Wednesday, 23rd ult., the Old Boys held their second social function of

the season at the Gainsborough Café. Old Students and their friends of both sexes assembled between 7-30 p.m. and 8 p.m., at which hour Whist was commenced. Under the able management of our President, Mr. G. Ried, this part of the evening's entertainment passed quickly and pleasantly. But often his bell tinkled and made us regretfully leave new-formed friends, whose acquaintance we decided to renew later in the evening. After the last game, all withdrew to the refreshment room, where pleasant conversation and companionship made the majority forget their recent bad fortune at the card-tables. The prizes were then distributed; Miss Fox, Miss M. Curtin and Miss R. Crogan respectively, taking the 1st, 2nd and 3rd ladies', and Mr. Delaney, Mr. H. Wilson, and Mr. Ried, the corresponding gentlemen's prizes.

About 11 p.m. dancing was commenced, and soon the floor was thronged with couples waltzing to the fascinating and beautiful melody of Offenbach's Bacarolle. Waltzes, lancers, two-steps, etc., were nimbly footed in rapid succession, until the last dance found all delighted with the evening, but grieved at its termination. The whole function was a magnificent social success, and the Association hopes that all who were present will patronize the next Dance, which will be held (D.V.), on the 30th December. Tickets (3/-) for this Dance may be had from W. H. Rowe, Catholic Institute.

### SUCCESSSES OF "OLD BOYS" AT UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS.

(LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.)

M. Sc. ( <i>Chemistry</i> )	—J. TWOMEY.
B. Sc. ( <i>First Class</i> <i>Honors, Physics</i> )	} R. A. TWOMEY.
B. Sc. ( <i>Second Class</i> <i>Honors, Physics</i> )	
B. Sc.	—J. F. FORD.
F.A.	—F. BEVAN.
B. Eng.	—F. J. TINDALL.
B. Eng.	—D. E. O'DONOVAN.
B. Sc. ( <i>Inter.</i> )	—G. KIRBY.
B. Sc. ( <i>Inter.</i> )	—W. MACMILLAN.
B. Sc. ( <i>Inter.</i> )	—J. HOLLAND.
L.D.S. ( <i>First Exam.</i> )	—P. F. CARROLL.
OLIVER LODGE PRIZE FOR FIRST PLACE IN HONOURS SCHOOL OF PHYSICS	} R. A. TWOMEY.

### FOOTBALL CLUB.

#### FIRST XI.

To have gained twelve points out of a possible 18 is certainly a new and pleasing record for the Old Boys' Football

team. In past years the club has generally fared very badly before Christmas, and has saved itself from absolute disgrace by a great rally towards the end of the season. Up to the time of writing, however, nine matches have been played, and only two have been lost, two drawn and the rest won, surely a marvellous change. It is quite unnecessary to enter into the details of each match, but a general survey will suffice.

Audley were the opponents in the first match, and they were fortunate enough to find the Old Boys one man short, with the result that they gained a victory to the Score of 4—2. Somewhat similar causes were evident in the only other reverse, viz.: Liverpool St. Peters (5—2), for 3 regular members of the side were off ill, and the team was thus considerably disorganised. However, these have been our only reverses, though it is typical of the inconsistency of the Old Boys that the two teams to have drawn with us. (Windsor Wesleyans and St. Matthews) have gained their only points at our expense, while the teams vanquished are of such renowned calibre, as Lynwood, Seacombe Wesleyans and Cadby Hall.

With regard to the constitution of the team little need be said. McNally is back with us once again in goal and is once more proving his stirring worth, whilst T. J. Curtin is at his old tricks in the shooting line, snatching goals at fancy angles. A feature of the team is the really fine football displayed by the full backs, one of whom O'Keeffe was a member of last years' School Shield team. The only position affording anxiety to the committee is that of outside right, though probably by playing Gilmore on this wing and introducing McAuley, this difficulty will be solved, for then Dean will be able to resume his place at right-half in which position he does himself justice. Otherwise the forwards and half backs are quite capable, and a glance at the goal average will show that opposing sides are realising to the full, the new weight dash and vigour of the Old Boys' team. Just now they are two points behind the team that pro. tem. holds the premier position. May we hope to find them quite at top when we reach the end of the season?

#### "A" TEAM.

The success of this team, which is solely due to the work of its energetic

Secretary, Mr. B. Maguire, is most gratifying, and is evidence of the healthy condition of the Football Club. Mr. Maguire will be glad to hear from Old Boys who may wish to play for this team. Their ground is at Wavertee.

The following fixtures have been arranged:—

Nov. 2.	Civil Service ... ..	A
9.	C.I. ... ..	A
16.	Mossley Hill ... ..	H
30.	„ „ „ „ „ „	A
Dec. 7.	L'pool College O.B. ...	A
14.	Old Holts ... ..	A
21.	Civil Service ... ..	H
28.	West Dingle ... ..	H
Jan. 11.	Marlboro' Coll. O.B. ...	H
18.	West Dingle ... ..	A
25.	B'head Inst. O.B. ....	H
Feb. 1.	Elton ... ..	A
8.	Holy Trinity ... ..	H
15.	Old Xaverians ... ..	A
22.	C.I. ... ..	H
Mar. 1.	Holy Trinity ... ..	A
8.	L'pool Coll. O.B. ... ..	H
22.	Old Xaverians ... ..	H

**SOUTH LANCASHIRE XI.**

A protracted period of ill-fortune has very materially interfered with the prospects of this team and caused a good deal of disappointment to its most enthusiastic members. The silver lining has at last begun to make its appearance, and we trust that there will be no repetition of the long series of defeats which are all the more annoying because most of them should have been decisive victories. We reserve details of games till next issue. Meantime Mr. Lacy's boys will accelerate the pace.



**AN ANCIENT JOKE.**

Our antiquary has vouchsafed to favour us with the following, which no doubt is part of the fruit of his laborious researches. He says this mummified product of somebody's wit dates from 3200 B.C., and may be read on a papyrus now preserved in Berlin. (Has he been spying in the Fatherland?) The joke is as follows: "A certain scribe who worked in the Temple of Thoth occupied apartments where his neighbours on either side were a coppersmith and a carpenter. These artisans were honest and industrious workmen, and made such a noise all day and most of the night that the poor scribe was almost driven mad. At length by a stroke of

craftiness he buttonholed each neighbour separately, and bribed him to change his lodgings, which they did—with each other." Surely our readers must admire the transparency of the wit which has sustained this joke for five thousand years.

**A MATHEMATICAL NO-JOKE.**

One of our Senior Mathematicians who is specially addicted to juggling with "infinity" has sent us the following in the hope that the more benighted and despairing of our non-mathematical geniuses may be won over to an intelligent interest in what he styles, "the fundamental mathematical fact." He says he is indebted to a Yankee Professor of Mathematics for the following elucidation of this all important matter.

"Infinity" he says has been defined as follows: "A collection, class, set, group, aggregate, ensemble, manifold, or multitude of elements—be these points, passions, ions or ideas, relations or terms, quantities or qualities, tones of colour or shadings of sound, degrees of wisdom or goodness or power,—or any other forms or modes or determinations is infinite if, and only if the collection contains a part or sub-collection that is numerically equal to the whole.

Now for the Yankee's elucidation, which is specially interesting. Consider two concentric spheres, the surface of the inner one white and that of the outer one yellow. Next, imagine a sheaf or bundle of rays, consisting of all the straight lines, that have their beginning at the centre of the spheres, and thence extend outward indefinitely in every direction. It is plain (of course) that any given ray pierces the white sphere at a point, say S, and the yellow sphere at a corresponding point G. Calling S and G a pair of points, it is evident (of course) that by considering all the rays of the sheaf, the points of one sphere are paired with those of the other, a unique and reciprocal one to one correspondence, being thus established between the points of the white and those of the yellow sphere. It is clear again (of course) that the number of points on the white sphere, however small, is the same as the number of points on the yellow sphere, however large. Now conceive a red curve (one that can be easily seen) to be drawn on the yellow sphere, and enclosing on it a surface S, whose area

is equal to that of the smaller white sphere. The number of points in this surface  $S$  is of course the same as the number on the white sphere, and is the same as the number on the yellow sphere, and therefore, "a part may be equal to the whole," *Q.E.D.*

From the literary point of view it will suffice if those who are not specially interested in the niceties of mathematical reasoning will make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the definition; and when they have some knowledge of fourth dimensional properties they will always do well to utilize this knowledge in solving any untoward difficulties that may arise from their meagre knowledge of "infinity."

(The subject may be continued in next issue.  
—Editor.)

## How to become a Sprinter !

By C. O'DONNELL.

Before the last Sports professional running in general was much discussed. Everyone was wondering how men like Donaldson and Postle must train in order to attain the powers which they possess. As I have since made it my business to study this point, I venture to enlighten those who are still ignorant of the methods, which big sprinters use in training.

The first thing a would-be sprinter must do is to make sure that his wind is perfect. Skipping is, therefore, an essential exercise. This not only loosens his muscles and keeps them in trim, but increases his lung power, being a breathing exercise as well as a physical one. Having made sure that he is in a fit condition to start in real earnest, he now turns his attention to the track. Every morning after a bath and a good rub down, he dons his uniform and takes two or three runs (about 50 to 60 yds.) almost at top speed. This he continues for about a week, until he is quite sure he has got the best speed he can get out of himself.

He now practises the start, which is perhaps the most important part in a short distance race. An up-to-date sprinter will always use the crouching start, which is now thoroughly recognised as the most advantageous. He will bend his body, touching the mark with his closed fists. His left foot is a few inches behind, whilst his right is

bent over ready to get a good spring. This will be his position at the words, "Get set!" which his trainer will give him. As he hears this command he takes a deep breath and turns all his attention to hearing the pistol. As soon as he hears the shot, he pushes himself off the ground with his fists, at the same time springing forward. After he has gone a few yards he will have attained his normal position. He carries his body at an angle of about 80°, and throughout the distance he holds his breath. In a 100 yds. race a crack sprinter usually takes two breaths, one before the start and the other at about 50 yds. (The latter is taken through the mouth, as it reaches the lungs quicker.)

Having made sure he can start properly, the short-distance runner now practises the spurt. This is taken in the last ten yards (100 yds. race), when the man puts everything he knows into his efforts, and literally flings himself on the tape. The spurt is almost as important as the start, and has won many a sprinter his race.

As regards food during training it may be mentioned that a professional diets himself rather severely. Tobacco and alcohol are never touched at all, whilst aliments such as pastry, sweets, etc., are carefully avoided.

A really experienced runner never over trains, he always leaves something in himself for the race. This matter of spasmodic over-training just before the Sports is in my opinion a fault of some of the athletes in the school. They get the best out of themselves a few days before the sports, and on the day itself are, to use a colloquial expression, quite stale.

Coolness is a gift to the professional. One is more liable to be nervous in a sprint than in a long distance race, because in the former there is the worry of the start, whilst in the latter there is not. Hence it is quite necessary for a sprinter to keep quite cool, and not to get heated in any way.

There are only a few sprinters in the school who use the right style of stride. The real step is the bouncing one. Anyone who has seen Mr. T. J. Curtin or Occleshaw run will know what I mean. Gibb keeps his feet on the ground too long; if he would acquire the stride of the professional he would run our champion closer. Moreover, it is a mistaken idea to think that the short

stride is the correct to use in a sprint. The average one for the present day short distance cracks ranges from 8 to 9 feet. Mr. A. F. Duffy, the one-time world champion (100 yds.), although only 5ft. 7in. in height could take a stride of 9ft. 1in.

The chief points to be noticed in the professional training are the outdoor breathing exercises, and the track practice. He does a week at each stage until he is satisfied with himself. His best friend is a good rubber, and while he trains really hard he does not overdo it. We would recommend the foregoing to the consideration of our embryo sprinters in the hope that we may see the school record for the hundred again broken next year, when we shall, I trust, have the pleasure of seeing the man in white clip another fraction off the 11 seconds mark.

## Athletics.

\* \*

### FOOTBALL CLUB.

On our return to school after the summer holidays, our thoughts turned again to the prospects of the approaching football season. Our first duty was to elect a captain and sub-captain of the first eleven, so on Thursday, 12th September, after school, the upper Forms assembled in the Lecture Room to discharge that important duty. The meeting though well attended was not a very lively one for only one candidate was put forward for each position. D. J. Gavin proposed that V. Occleshaw should be captain of the First XI, and showed conclusively he was fully qualified for the post as he had already seen service in the team for two seasons. B. Merron ably seconded and also dwelt on the capabilities of V. Occleshaw as a footballer. No other candidate was proposed. V. Occleshaw was therefore unanimously elected as captain. In his speech he said that if he could not beat the records of the C.I. in the football field he would do all in his power to maintain the high standard that had been attained in past seasons, and he thought all his team would co-operate with him in his efforts. V. Occleshaw then proposed W. O'Donnell as sub-captain because the proposed had enough experience as a member of last year's

Shield team to be able to lead this year's eleven. W. Downey seconded the proposition, and W. O'Donnell was elected. After some stimulating remarks made by Rev. Br. Forde and Mr. T. J. Curtin, urging the candidates for the XIs. to greater and more enthusiastic efforts the meeting came to a close.

Later at a meeting of the Second and Third Elevens, N. Cloney and D. Kirby were elected Captain and Sub-captain respectively of the Second Eleven, and W. Kieran, captain of the Third Eleven. All teams have done very satisfactorily up to the present, and the Second Eleven who have registered 51 goals to ten scored against them, have not yet been defeated.

## FIRST XI.

### C.I. v. Oakes Institute.

Played at Aintree.

C. I. Team: Kieran, ; Wheeler and Merron; Burns, Downey, and D. Kirby; Occleshaw, Byrne, Leahy, Kelly, and Cunningham.

The C.I. lost the toss and kicked against the wind. Play was fairly even in the first half and neither custodian was seriously troubled. However, just before the interval C.I. scored through Kelly. In the second half the efforts of the C.I. forwards fell away and the centre forward of Oakes netted the ball, and then their outside right added another goal, which seemed to be offside.

The game ended with the score 2—1 against C.I. Result: Oakes 2; C.I. 1. Scorers: Kelly 1.

### C.I. v. Liscard H. S.

Played at Wavertree.

C.I. Team: Gavin; Wheeler and Tallon; Burns, Mulligan and O'Donnell; Marshall, Byrne, Holland, Kelly and Gibb.

The C.I. won the toss and played with the sun at their backs. In the first half the play was fairly even, but the C.I. succeeded in netting the ball before the interval. The half-time score was 1—0 in favour of the C.I. In the second half the C.I. were superior to their lighter opponents, and succeeded in scoring three times, whilst Liscard put on one goal. There was no further scoring, and the result was a win for the C.I. by a margin of three goals. Result: 4—1.

Scorers; Byrne, Holland, Kelly, Gibb.



**C.I. v. Liverpool Institute.**

Played at Greenbank Park.

C.I. Team: Gavin; Wheeler and Tallon; Burns, Mulligan & O'Donnell; Occleshaw, Byrne, Holland, Kelly and Downey.

The C.I. won the toss, but elected to play against the wind. This disadvantage and the downpour of rain were heavy odds to contend with, and the L.I. forwards were very aggressive. The ball was very hard to control, and by the interval the L.I. were two up, while the C.I. had scored one through Holland. In the second half the C.I. fared no better, and the L.I. forwards were a source of trouble to the C.I. defence. The game ended with the score 4—2 for the L.I., Holland having added a second goal for C.I. Result: C.I. 2, L.I. 4.

Scorers: Holland 2.

**C.I. v. S.F.X. College.**

Played at Wavertree.

C.I. Team: Gavin; Wheeler and Tallon; Burns, Mulligan, and O'Donnell; Occleshaw, Cunningham, Holland, Kelly and Flannery.

The C.I. won the toss and kicked up the slope. The play was of an even character in the first half, Occleshaw scoring for the Institute, whilst the centre and inside right of the College scored for their side. During this half our forwards were far from brilliant and they missed several easy chances of equalizing. The weakness was especially in the outside left position, which gave a poor display. The score at the interval was 2—1 against the C.I. In the second half play was not so fast as in the first half and C.I. held their own. S.F.X. scored a goal about three-quarter time through their very mature centre forward, the C.I. missing lots of chances.

The score at the final was 3—1 for S.F.X.

Scorer: Occleshaw 1.

**C.I. v. Holt Secondary School.**

Played at Wavertree.

Team: Gavin; Wheeler and Tallon, Burns, D. Kirby and Holland; Occleshaw, Kelly, O'Donnell, Cunningham and Flannery.

The C.I. won the toss and kicked with what advantage there was. The C.I. forwards were much superior to their smaller opponents and during the

first half six goals were scored. Holt hardly being able to test our goalkeeper. The score at the interval was 6—0 in favour of C.I. In the second half the C.I. only put on one more goal chiefly through the scrappy shooting of our forwards. Holt team were not able to make any impression on the C.I. defence.

The score ended 7—0 for C.I.

Scorers: Flannery 3, Holland 2, O'Donnell 1, Kelly 1.

**C.I. First Eleven v. Birkenhead Inst.**

Played at Bebington.

Team: Gavin, Wheeler, and Tallon; Burns, D. Kirby and Holland; Heenan, Roji, O'Donnell, Kelly, and Gibb.

The C.I. won the toss and kicked with the wind in their favour. The forwards soon got into their stride and a goal was scored in the first minute. The Birkenhead Institute forwards were kept well in hand by the school defence, whilst the C.I. attack constantly troubled their opponents' defence. The C.I. increased their lead to four goals by the interval. Half-time score 4—0.

In the second-half the school defence had to waken up, for their opponents made repeated attacks on Gavin's charge without success. However, the C.I. score reached 7 goals, whilst the B.I. managed to score 1 goal, although they missed a penalty. The result was 7—1 in favour of C.I. The B.I. forwards missed many chances.

Scorers: O'Donnell 4, Heenan 2, Roji 1.

**C.I. v. Liverpool Collegiate School.**

Played at Wavertree, Wednesday, November 20th.

C.I. Team were: Gavin; Wheeler, Tallon; Burns, D. Kirby, Holland; Occleshaw, Roji, O'Donnell. Kelly, Gibb. C.I. lost the toss and kicked up the slope. The Collegiate forwards were soon pressing, and kept the play for a considerable time in the C.I. half, but did not succeed in scoring. C.I. halves at last got going and play was transferred to the Collegiate end, where our inside right missed an easy goal. Play was again in midfield, but the Coll. centre forward eventually broke away and scored a good goal. Rain was now falling heavily and completely spoiled the play, but our forwards were very aggressive, and in endeavouring to clear, the Collegiate centre half put the ball through his own goal. The second half

was evenly contested, but C.I. lost several opportunities through the poor shooting of their forwards, and the game ended in a draw.

C.I., 1 goal; Liverpool Coll., 1 goal.

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

We met S.F.X. for the return game at Childwall Road on Saturday, Nov. 23rd.

Our team was: Gavin; Wheeler, Tallon; Burns, D. Kirby, Holland; Occleshaw, Byrne, O'Donnell, Kelly, Gibb. C.I. again lost the toss and had to face the slope which was considerable, nevertheless the game opened favorably, and for the first twenty minutes play was pretty even. It was soon apparent, however, that the S.F.X. right wing was easily superior to our defence on that side, for several corners followed in quick succession. Our centre was, however, playing well, and though opportunities were already being neglected by our right wing our forwards had, thanks mainly to their centre made several dashes, and narrowly missed scoring. Eventually, S.F.X. registered a ridiculously easy goal, which none of our defence attempted to save, and soon after a long shot from the outside right was also let through. Gibb got possession from a long pass, and beating the S.F.X., right full went right through and scored. Two additional goals for S.F.X. made the score 4—1 against us at half-time. In the second half our defence, but especially the right and left halves completely collapsed, and the majority of the team now that they had the advantage of the slope were either unwilling or unable to use it, and they played a losing game all the time. The bad shooting of some of our forwards was responsible for the loss of at least two easy goals, and on the whole this half was the poorest exhibition of football that we have had. The final score was S.F.X. 8, and C.I. 1 goal.

## SECOND XI.

### C.I. Second Eleven v. Oulton Secondary School First XI.

Played at Stoneycroft.

Team: Gavin; Jones and Tallon; Kavanagh, Mulligan and O'Donnell; Heenan, Cloney, Holland, Flannery and Gray.

The C.I. won the toss and kicked with the wind. Oulton attacked and their centre forward opened the score. The C.I. replied and netted the ball twice.

Oulton then became very aggressive and scored three goals in quick succession. The C.I. however drew level, and half time arrived with the score 4—4. The play was more even in the second half and no more goals were added to the score. Result: C.I. 4, O.S.S. 4.

Scorers: Holland 1, Heenan 1, Gray 1, Cloney 1.

### C.I. v. Liscard H.S.

Played at Liscard.

Team: O'Keeffe; Merron and Jones; Kieran, D. Kirby, and Downey; Heenan, Cloney, Leahy, Flannery, and Gray.

The C.I. won the toss and kicked with the sun at their backs. From the beginning the match was a one-sided affair, the C.I. completely overrating their opponents. Being superior both in weight and play the C.I. were enabled to win the game by a large margin. Result: C.I. 12, L.H.S. 0.

Scorers: Flannery 4, Leahy 3, Cloney 2, Heenan 1, Downey 1, Kirby 1.

### C.I. v. Liverpool Institute.

Played at Wavertree.

Team: Gregory; Merron and Jones; Kavanagh, D. Kirby, and E. Kirby; Heenan, Cloney, Roji, Leahy, Flannery.

The C.I. lost the toss, and kicked against the wind. The rain and wind, however, did not prevent the C.I. from scoring, goals being scored in rapid succession by D. Kirby, Heenan and Flannery. Liverpool then reduced the lead by scoring a goal. Half-time score was 3—1 for the school. After the interval Cloney increased the lead and a few minutes later Liverpool scored. At this point of the game Liverpool missed a penalty which was awarded them, but later they succeeded in scoring another goal. Near the end of the game Roji increased C.I.'s lead, and the result was C.I. 5, L.I. 3.

Scorers: D. Kirby, Heenan, Flannery, Cloney, Roji.

### C.I. v. S.F.X.

Played at Childwall Road.

Team: O'Keeffe; Merron and Jones; Kavanagh, D. Kirby and Lovett; Heenan, Cloney, Roji, E. Kirby and Downey.

The C.I. lost the toss and kicked against the wind. S.F.X. gained the lead by a breakaway, but E. Kirby equalized. At this point a goal was missed by our centre-forward. The

game was very fast, the C.I. having the best of the encounter. The score stood 3—1 in favour of the school at half-time. During the second half the game became rather rough, the rivalry being very keen. The play of the left wing was superb, but their efforts did not bear fruit. The S.F.X. reduced the lead through a mistake of our goalkeeper. The S.F.X. equalized just before the full time, and the game ended 3—3.

Scorers: E. Kirby, Cloney and Roji.

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

Played at Calderstones.

Team: O'Keeffe; Merron and Jones; Kieran, Mulligan and Lovett; Heenan, Cloney, Roji, E. Kirby and Downey.

This match was a poorly contested one, the C.I. being a much heavier team than their opponents. The C.I. forwards and half-backs constantly invaded their opponents' citadel, and the interval arrived with the score, 6—0. The second half was similar to the first half, the C.I. defence was scarcely troubled. Soon the score reached double figures. All the forwards scored no less than 2 goals, whilst all the half-backs each got a goal. The Holt goal-keeper played magnificently throughout. Result: C.I. 19, Holt 0.

Scorers: Heenan 2, E. Kirby 5, Roji 4, Kieran 1, Downey 3, Lovett 1, Cloney 2, and Mulligan 1.

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

Played at Wavertree.

C.I. lost the toss and kicked against a stiff breeze. From the kick off Birkenhead pressed and succeeded in forcing several corners which however proved fruitless. C.I. then broke away and pressed hotly, but their efforts were spoiled by poor shooting. Just before half-time Birkenhead's left-half put through his own goal, and on turning round C.I. were one up. From the restart C.I. pressed and before long three goals were scored. Keeping up the pressure four more goals were added to C.I. total, and full-time arrived with the score—C.I. 8, Birkenhead 0.

Scorers: Flannery 2, E. Kirby 1, Downey 1, Nolan 1, Cloney 1, Jones 1.

### **C.I. v. Liverpool Collegiate School.**

Played at Stoneycroft, Wednesday, November 20th.

Team: O'Keeffe, Merron, Jones, Marshall, Mulligan, E. Kirby, Heenan,

Cloney, Byrne, Flannery, Downey. The first half of this game was fairly even though the Collegiate were very aggressive. O'Keeffe made some fine saves. The game had to be abandoned early in the second half owing to the downpour, neither team having scored.

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

Played at Wavertree, Saturday, Nov. 23rd. Roji was again centre forward for the C.I., and the left half was entrusted to Lovett. Mulligan opened the score by netting from a penalty. The game was well contested, though the C.I. were easily the winning side, having a margin of 4 goals at the finish. Both C.I. backs played well, and Heenan was as brilliant as usual. Cloney, Mulligan and Lovett also played good football.

Score: C.I.—5 goals; S.F.X.—1 goal.

## **THIRD XI.**

### **C. I. 3rd v. Liverpool Institute 3rd.**

This match was played on Liverpool Institute's ground at Greenbank Park. L.I. were represented by a very strong eleven, but still they were not very superior to the C.I. team, who after winning the toss, had the advantage of the wind.

During first few minutes of the game C.I. defence was in difficulties, but no goal accrued. Our forwards after this rallied round the home defence, and at length their efforts were rewarded with a goal.

This put the home side on their mettle, and their play fully deserved the three goals which they put on before half-time. However C.I. succeeded in notching another goal, so that at half-time score stood at 3—2 for the L.I.

When play was resumed, C.I. forwards settled down to some pretty combination, which ultimately resulted in bringing the score to 3-3. After this, play was evenly contested and both sides again scored. However, near the end L.I. gained the lead and kept it till the finish of the match.

Scorers for C.I. were—McGlory 2, Shennan, Cunningham.

Final: L.I. 5, C.I. 4.

### **C. I. v. 3rd. S.F.X.**

On Wednesday, Oct. 28th, we played our most exciting game. C.I. won the toss and elected to play with what little

wind was available. Our forwards playing a neat game, raised the score early in the game. S.F.X. then rallied strongly round the home goal but did not succeed in scoring. Following from a kick out, Gray received the ball on the right and eluding the opposing half, centred to Shennan, who after catching the ball with a hard rising shot, placed the sphere in the aperture. Half time found the score at 2-0.

In the second half the play on the part of our forwards was not up to the mark, and as a result of this, S.F.X. succeeded in scoring. Despite their efforts after this, however, they could not equalise, whilst on the other hand the home forwards were horribly selfish and missed several goals. Full time found the score: 2—1 in favour of the C.I.

Scorers: Shennan, McGlory.

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

C.I. O'Keeffe; Wheeler, Tallon; Cunningham, Mulligan, Holland; Heenan, Byrne, O'Donnell, Flannery, Jones.

C.I. 7 goals; Bootle 1 goal.

**C.I. 2nd XI. v. Bootle 2nd XI.**

C.I. 4 goals; Bootle 1.

**C.I. v. Collegiate School.**

Played at Wavertree, Wednesday, November 23rd.

This game had to be abandoned at half time owing to the very heavy rain. C.I. was winning by a goal. Score 1—0.

**League Matches.**

Nov. 16	(S)	—VI v. Va	.....
„ 27	(W)	—IVa v. IVc	.....
Dec. 4	(W)	—VI v. Vb	.....
„ 4	(W)	—IVa v. IVb	.....
„ 7	(S)	—IVb v. Vb	.....
„ 11	(W)	—VI v. IVc	.....
Jan. 18	(S)	—Va v. IVa	.....
„ 25	(S)	—IVb v. Va	.....
Feb. 1	(S)	—VI v. IVb	.....
„ 5	(W)	—Va v. IVa	.....
„ 8	(S)	—IVb v. IVc	.....
„ 15	(S)	—Va v. Vb	.....
„ 22	(S)	—VI v. IVa	.....
Mar. 1	(S)	—Va v. IVc	.....
„ 8	(S)	—Vb v. IVa	.....



# The Catholic Institute,

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