



PIUS X. (JOSEPH SARTO).
BORN AT RIESE, JUNE 2ND, 1833.
DIED AT ROME, AUGUST 20TH, 1914.

The above block was kindly lent by the Editor of the Boys' Refuge "Quarterly Record."

❖ THE ❖
CATHOLIC INSTITUTE
MAGAZINE.

Vol. 7.

AUTUMN, 1914.

No. 1.

Published three times a year. Subscription 1/- per Annum.

Address all communications to the Editor of the Magazine, Catholic Institute, Liverpool.

EDITOR, F. T. MEEHAN.

SUB-EDITOR, J. FLANAGAN.

HON. SECRETARY, D. B. PARSONS.

C O N T E N T S .

Editorial	1	Impressions	17
School Notes... ..	2	The Great Nile Dam	18
Prize Debate	5	The Modern Novel	20
Examination Results, 1914	7	C.I.O.B. Association: Executive Meeting; Death of Mr. Cyril Adams; London Letter; Army and Navy	21
The Antecedents of the War	9	A Corner of Scott's Country	26
A Night on the River	12	Athletics: Football	29
"Incidents"	13		
Among the Himalayas	15		

❖ EDITORIAL. ❖

THE
OUTLOOK.

It is our sad privilege to record the fact that the present is a time of almost universal war. From all sides come the echoes of the clarion calls summoning men to participate in the harvest of death and destruction, which civilized Europe is reaping in the blood-stained Autumn of this year of disgrace 1914. Bounding ambition and materialistic *kultur* have stealthily raised a preponderating crop of tares in civilization's garden, and we have yet to learn if the final issue will quite rid us of the obnoxious elements which have produced the present cataclysm.

IGNIS
ARDENS.

What wonder that the thought of that overwhelming torrent of iniquity which burst through the flood gates of war sufficed to rend the peace-living heart of the saintly occupant of the See of Peter. Powerless to avert the scourge which fell on Christian Europe the "Peasant Pope" whose pontificate was one long, ceaseless, effort "to restore all things in Christ," bade adieu to this vale of tears lamenting with his latest breath the woes which afflicted his beloved children. But no human conflagration can interrupt the life of the Church,

and so, in the very midst of the desolation, we hailed the advent of the 260th, Pope in the person of His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV.

FORTISSIMI
BELGAE.

"*Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae*" wrote the great warrior with whom many of us have perforce made a nodding acquaintance; and might not the modern German Cæsar unreservedly endorse this sentiment of his greater prototype. If the plans of the thirsting war lord have so far miscarried, and if this fair country has been spared a record of murdered citizens and flaming cities, of ruined cathedrals and sacked universities, we owe no small share of our immunity from these horrors to the brave Belgians, and their heroic king, whose name will go down the ages as the synonym for all that is noble, valorous, and honourable.

THE
AWAKENING.

But do we not perceive many a ray of dazzling brilliancy breaking through the blackness of the storm-clouds which envelop us? Adversity has lighted a path to the exercise of the nobler virtues, and is fast leading a nation back to religious ideals which it had all but forgotten. When the debris of the present conflagration is cleared away there will be revealed many a deed of Christian valour not

known to Prussian philosophy: and prominent among these jewels will rank the heroism of that soldier-priest, on the very threshold of eternity, whose all but lifeless arm needed the support of gentle hands whilst he whispered the words of absolution into the ear of a dying fellow soldier; and, having thus for the last time exercised his priestly functions, accompanied his penitent to the throne of the Eternal.

School Notes.

University Scholarship.

Following up his success at the May University Scholarship Exam. J. T. O'Mulloy also succeeded in capturing a Senior City Scholarship value about £180 and tenable at the University of Liverpool for three years. We heartily congratulate him on his good luck and wish him every success at the Varsity and after.

The Examinations.

The Annual Oxford fever marked the close of the session, and as the number affected, embracing the whole of the Senior Form, was greater than on previous occasions there was perhaps some evidence of a corresponding increase of interest. It would, we feel, be truly libellous to say that we discerned any tokens of extra swat among those concerned; notwithstanding the Honours and Distinctions won by them, we are very loathe to accuse them of anything more than average industry. A larger Senior Form than those of previous years has considerably increased the number of Senior certificates, and our record for Honours and Distinctions has also been raised and includes First Place in Senior Mathematics as well as First Place in Junior Mathematics and Second Place in Senior Higher Mathematics. With a few negligible exceptions the success in all other subjects is far above the average and therefore we congratulate this year's seniors on having more than maintained the very honourable place which we have held year after year in these examinations.

Oxford Senior Examination.

The total number of Senior certificates obtained this year amounts to thirty-

seven, and of these eleven reached the standard of First Class Honours, seven got Second Class Honours, five obtained Third Class Honours, and there were thirteen Distinctions in Mathematics, Higher Mathematics, Physics and French. There were 8,321 candidates for the Senior Exam. this year. The premier place among the C.I. Seniors was won by J. T. O'Mulloy who was 28th, with T. D. Doyle 31st, and J. Flanagan 55th. J. T. O'Mulloy is at the head of the list of Distinctions in Mathematics, with T. D. Doyle and J. F. O'Neill in the fourth place, and W. Delaney and J. Flanagan ninth. The second place in the Distinction list for Higher Mathematics is also held by J. T. O'Mulloy, and W. Delaney comes thirteenth in the same roll of honour. We are also strongly represented in the list of Distinctions in Physics where J. T. O'Mulloy, J. F. O'Neill, W. Delaney and F. T. Meehan appear paired in the tenth and thirteenth places respectively. J. T. O'Mulloy also got a high place in the Distinction list for French, and seventeen have obtained exemption from the Matriculation Examinations of London and Liverpool!. These results clearly show that both in number and in quality our Seniors have come through the ordeal with very great credit.

Oxford Junior Examination.

Our Juniors have also been satisfactorily represented, though the restrictions of the Board of Education interfered materially with the number presented for examination. Twenty-seven passed the examination, of whom seven got First Class Honours—P. W. Denny getting third place among the 7,186 candidates for the examination—two obtained Second Class Honours, and one was placed in Third Class Honours. The Distinctions won in this division include sixth place in Religious Knowledge which was obtained by P. W. Denny, First Place in Mathematics was also awarded to P. W. Denny with J. P. Cole twenty-fifth, T. Fleming and T. A. Honan bracketed equal for fortieth place. Distinction and third place in Physics complete P. W. Denny's achievement. It is clear from the foregoing that our Juniors are striving earnestly to follow in the footsteps of their more sturdy Seniors.

C.I. Gold Medal, 1914.

The blue ribbon of the school for the session 1913-14 has been awarded to J. T. O'Mulloy, who has been a pupil of the school since 1909, and has now proceeded to the University of Liverpool. The results of the Junior City Scholarship Exam. for 1909 showed that Jack O'Mulloy had outdistanced all the other competitors and having elected to hold his scholarship at the Catholic Institute he joined the classes in September of that year. In due course he sat for the Oxford Junior Examination at which he gained First Class Honours with Distinctions in Mathematics and in Higher Mathematics. In 1912 he took the Oxford Senior Exam. at the age of 14½, and obtained a very high place among the First Class Honours again reaching the mark for Distinction in Mathematics and in Higher Mathematics. Not content with such success in the Oxford Local arena he determined to go higher, and though his whole time during last session was given to preparation for the University Scholarship Examinations, he was again a candidate at the Oxford Senior Local Exam. at which there were 8,321 candidates. The results of this examination placed him 28th in the First Class Honours. First place in the Distinction List for Mathematics, 2nd place in the corresponding list for Higher Mathematics, and 10th place for Physics as well as Distinction in French are among the Honours won by him. At the May University Scholarship Examination he won the Tate Arts Scholarship, and later on he was successful at the Senior City Scholarship (value about £180), which he now holds at the Liverpool University. During his time at the C.I. he took a very active part in every department of the social life of the school. His less mathematical class fellows had little difficulty in snatching from him the laurels of the athletic field, nevertheless he was at all times an ardent sportsman. It was perhaps in connexion with the Debating Society and the C.I. Magazine that his activities were most in evidence, and the columns of the latter bear repeated testimony to his zeal for its welfare. We congratulate him on the success he has achieved and we are sure that the memory of his very successful time at the C.I. will stimulate him to achieve greater things in the new sphere, whither our heartiest good wishes accompany him.

C.I. Silver Medal.

The "Junior" Medal for 1913-14 has been won by P. W. Denny who obtained second place among the 7,186 candidates for the Oxford Junior Examination this year. In this respect P. W. Denny has established a new record for the C.I. Juniors, though it still remains for a C. I. candidate to secure the premier place. P. W. Denny's record of Distinctions, which includes first place in Mathematics, third place in Physics, and sixth place in Religious Knowledge, will not be improved on very easily. Like the winner of the Gold Medal, P. Denny has hitherto failed to win a place in the football and cricket teams, but "first place" in the Prize Debate for the "Old Boys' English Prize," compensates for this lack of success in the athletic arena. We wish him success in his future competitions.

Mathematical Prize.

The prize of Two Guineas which is offered annually by a member of the Old Boys' Association for proficiency in Mathematics has been won a second time by J. T. O'Mulloy. The success which he has achieved in this, his favourite subject, gave him almost a monopoly of this prize, but it is interesting to note that he was closely pressed by four of his class-fellows who got high places in the Distinction list for mathematics at the Oxford Senior Exam.

"English Prize."

The "English Prize" offered by the Old Boys' Association has been awarded to John Brown who obtained the highest marks in a very keenly contested competition, on the results of which the prize was awarded. There were twelve candidates at the examination in English Composition, and this number was reduced to eight for the Prize Debate, details of which we give later on. Messrs. J. Twomey and J. Toolan were the examiners, and we believe their selection of the winner has met with entire approval. We congratulate Mr. Brown on his success which is all the more to be appreciated since he was confronted with such sturdy opponents.

Debating Society.

At our first meeting it was evident that there was not sufficient accommodation for the four Forms represented. It was therefore necessary to create an

"Upper House," with the result that Forms Lower Vb and Lower Va had to make arrangements to carry on independent discussions "in another place."

The first debate was held on Monday, Oct. 26th. The subject for discussion was, "That the Government and people of this country have not acted with sufficient energy in the present crisis." The motion was proposed by F. O'Neill, who in a very exhaustive speech laid special emphasis on what he considered the lamentable apathy of the British public. He was ably supported by P. O'Callaghan, D. Doyle and P. J. Hart.

P. Denny opposed the motion with a speech in which serious arguments, witticisms, and wizard-like calculations were judiciously blended. J. D. Murphy, who also opposed the motion, subjected the speech of F. O'Neill to a searching analysis. The speeches so far being of unusual length, it was found impossible to finish the debate in one sitting, and an adjournment was accordingly decided upon.

The discussion was continued on the following Thursday, when F. Kirby, and P. J. Peters supported P. Denny. F. O'Neill and P. Denny summarised the respective arguments, both making very strong cases. On putting the motion to the assembly it was found that the voters were more influenced by the arguments of F. O'Neill and his colleagues.

We next discussed "International Arbitration as a substitute for War." The motion was proposed by J. Kennedy, who was supported by F. T. Meehan, T. Smith and W. Delaney. T. Smith made an excellent speech, his notes being conspicuous by their absence. T. Clancy opposed the introduction of Arbitration and was ably supported by J. Walsh, E. Travis, and A. Anderson. Shakespearean argument was used by J. Walsh, whilst A. Anderson emphasised the ignorance (?) of history of his opponents. On the vote being taken, it appeared that the assembly were not willing to abolish that upon which our 'dailies' now depend for existence, and therefore war must remain as the cockpit solution of international disputes.

Form Lower Va and Lower Vb debated in the "Upper House" the subject: "Should England have Conscription?" Speaking in favour of compulsory military service, J. Donnell

and his colleagues sharply criticized the existing Territorial system, its defects and inefficiency, the extreme paucity of our Regular Army, and assailed with statistics from leading military authorities the present voluntary system. J. Byrne speaking in favour of our voluntary system contended that one voluntary soldier is worth two conscripts, and R. Cunningham extolled the admirable fighting qualities of the British volunteer soldier. The debate ended in a complete victory for the advocates of our existing army organisation.

Staff Changes.

We tender our congratulations to Mr. W. J. Murphy on his appointment to the headmastership of St. Alphonsus' Elementary schools, one of the largest Catholic primary schools in the City. Mr. Murphy had been an Assistant Master in the C.I. for many years and was always popular with both masters and pupils.

The vacancy created by the departure of Mr. Murphy has been filled by an Old Boy of the C.I., Mr. J. F. Ford, B.Sc., whom we welcome back to his Alma Mater. We also regret the departure of our most popular drill instructor, Quarter Master Sergeant J. Lynch, who was summoned to Aldershot at the outbreak of the war, and was engaged in training the Expeditionary Force. We understand that Mr. Lynch is at present in Kent with the Liverpool division of the forces. Our heartiest good wishes accompany him wherever he goes, and we sincerely hope that we may have the pleasure of being marshalled by him again in the near future.

We also welcome Mr. S. Connolly, B.A., who is an Old Boy of the Christian Brothers' College, Waterford: he fills the vacancy created by the departure of Monsieur B. Meunier, B.A., who has taken up an appointment at the University School of Commerce.

"Our Boys."

After a rather considerable delay the first number of this eagerly awaited periodical reached us and we revelled in a fund of Irish tales and adventures which were universally liked. The succeeding numbers were equally popular and we can recommend all our chums who enjoy a well told Irish tale to invest in "Our Boys."

Prize Debate.

The debate which formed part of the Competition for the "English" Prize offered annually by the C.I. Old Boys' Association took place on Friday, October 29th, before a very interested audience, composed mainly of the members of the Senior Forms. Messrs. Jerome Twomey, M.Sc., James Toolan, and G. R. Ried were the adjudicators appointed by the Association. Mr. Ried was unable to be present.

The first speaker was F. T. Meehan who essayed to convince the audience that "A nation gains nothing by success in a modern war." After a brief introduction in which he pointed out what he deemed the essentials for the happiness and welfare of a nation, he maintained that neither vast territories nor supremacy in arms necessarily belonged to that category. The horrors of a modern war which must include the sacrifice of the flower of a nation's manhood could not be compensated for by an indemnity nor by territorial aggrandisement, and the loss of the choicest products of civilization in the shape of art treasures, monuments, etc., was utterly irretrievable. Even commerce must suffer seriously and at the present time commerce is a vital element in the life of a nation. The disastrous nature of the present war afforded only too clear evidence of his contention, and so he was convinced that victory in a modern war cannot bring with it compensation equivalent to the losses sustained in the campaign.

J. F. O'Neill was called on by the chairman to oppose the motion. He naturally disagreed with the theories advanced by the speaker, and held that wide-extended dominions and national supremacy could only be obtained by war. These were essential for world commerce and it was commercial supremacy that made the greatness of a nation. The brief five minutes at his disposal did not allow him to deal with all the arguments of the last speaker, but he thought that his contention regarding the futility of war was utterly unsound.

J. J. Brown next spoke and in a well delivered speech maintained, "That the censorship of war news should be abolished." He detailed the objects of censorship, and showed that while the

opening stages of a campaign would seem to call for secrecy it was only too evident that in the case of the present war the spy system had largely negated the fruits of censorship. He maintained that the news of events at the front should not be withheld from the people of the country especially when it was fully established that the enemy was acquainted with it almost as soon as the events occurred. He thought that the office of censor had in some instances become farcical and he entirely disagreed with the autocracy of the present system. News, whether good or bad, must eventually come, and therefore he thought that it would steady the nation's nerves, and increase confidence, if the people were sure they were quite cognizant of all that was occurring.

P. W. Denny energetically defended the Censorship and showed the many advantages of observing strict secrecy in time of war. To be acquainted with the movements, disposition, and equipment of an enemy's forces was invaluable in time of war, and hence the censorship of war news was exceptionally strict nowadays. He denied that the censorship was autocratic; being an official appointed by the government the Censor was at all times answerable to Parliament.

C. Campbell was the next speaker and in response to the chair he energetically maintained "that small States are a menace to international peace." History, both ancient and modern, illustrated the truth of his contention. Small States made war easily, and unfortunately they only too often succeeded in involving their larger and more powerful neighbours. War between large states was always a very serious business, and as the tendency was to make war in the most terrible manner he believed this in itself would make war less frequent. The abolition of small States and the formation of the United States of Europe, or, better still, the United States of the World would, he believed, usher in the millennium.

J. J. Brown did not quite agree with the idealism suggested by the last speaker. He pointed out what the fusion or the attempted fusion of the United States of Germany had done for international peace. A death roll of over 600,000 in six weeks argued little in favour of the project. The Greeks, the Romans, and the other great nations mentioned in the

world's history were more bellicose than were any of the smaller nationalities. Moreover, it would be impossible to blend different nationalities with widely differing ideals, different languages, and characteristics.

J. F. O'Neill was then called on to show that "The present war is one which will end war." He referred at length to the horrors of the present struggle, and insisted that the appalling loss of life as well as the enormous destruction of property and commerce would make another such war impossible for several generations. Had Germany not been favoured with a "walk over" in '70 he was convinced that we would not be confronted with the desperate condition of things that exists to-day.

J. T. O'Mulloy contended that history failed to support the arguments put forth in favour of the motion. The Napoleonic wars left Europe in a state of collapse, and nevertheless we had a series of wars occurring at various times during the succeeding century. He was forced to believe that wars would be always with us.

P. W. Denny was next called on to speak in favour of Manhood Suffrage. In the most haphazard society whether of boys or of men he showed that each had a voice in the management of the body corporate, and so he maintained that the first concept of good government allows each citizen a voice in the management of the State. He showed that neither age nor experience nor wealth, nor the possession of great mental or physical powers could in themselves be bases on which to grant the right of suffrage. Many of the greatest men of history at the time when they achieved their mightiest successes, could claim to have neither the age nor experience which some would now seem to require of them before allowing them to vote at a parliamentary election. He could not see on what grounds of equity the millionaire had many votes while his less fortunate fellow had none. Did Jack Johnson's great physical powers entitle him to five votes because he could perhaps manage to use as much physical force with the gloves as five ordinary men? And as for great mental abilities he did not believe that all great mathematicians would even make tolerable statesmen. Plural Voting was absolutely unjust, and he concluded by saying this country

should, in this matter, follow in the footsteps of the self-governing colonies and of most of the other progressive countries of the world.

F. T. Meehan who opposed the motion thought that Mr. Denny's appeal to the method of procedure in the most primitive societies of boys and men was singularly unfortunate. It showed accurately what parliament would be reduced to if we had universal suffrage. Nobody urged that superiority of education should necessarily be a qualifying factor for a voter, but common sense pointed out experience as one of the essentials. The great young men mentioned by Mr. Denny were the very few exceptions among the multitudes, and surely he did not mean to claim them as standards. The wealth and property of a nation were essential to its existence, and consequently those who were instrumental in building it up should have a stronger voice in its administration than those who were a perpetual drain on the nation's resources. The reforms of 1832-3 did not result from a numerically increased House, but from the advent of the middle classes to parliament.

"That India should get Home Rule" was ably proposed by J. T. O'Mulloy. The nature of the country, its mixed population, and its very remoteness from Britain as well as the necessarily differing ideals of the inhabitants seemed to demand that they should have the management of their own affairs. It was impossible for us, he maintained, to realize the Indian point of view, and therefore it was next to impossible for the British parliament to legislate successfully in purely Indian questions. The splendid spirit of loyalty displayed by those Indian races in the present crisis, was, he contended, an unanswerable demand that they should be trusted to govern their own land according to their own ideals.

C. Campbell felt he could not place implicit confidence in the natives of India, and he was convinced that their multitudinous castes, creeds, and petty jealousies formed an insuperable barrier to their governing the country in a righteous manner.

J. Flanagan was next called on to show "that conscription is necessary for the safety of the Empire." He outlined the growth of the British Empire, and emphasized the fact that very many of our more important colonies were cap-

tured with comparatively small opposition. In consequence of this, Britain never realized that she had need for a great army, and so it resulted that while other nations were preparing huge conscript armies, England never moved, and now it has come to pass that the great British Empire has only a mere handful of trained soldiers in comparison with the armies of the other Great Powers. He felt that it would be impossible for Britishers to defend the Empire if attacked by one of these Great Powers, and consequently it was incumbent on them to follow the example of other European nations and to train every citizen of the British Empire so that he might be able to do his share in its defence should the necessity arise.

J. Kennedy submitted that the generous response made by the young men of the nation at the outbreak of the present war was sufficient reply to the arguments in favour of conscription. Britain would not lack defenders, and we would be spared all the drawbacks and the slavery of the "conscript army."

J. Kennedy was then asked to show "that England should exclude aliens." He based his arguments on the fact that most other nations restricted the admission of undesirable aliens. Those people did not come to become citizens of the country, and their presence affected the life and interests of the nation very seriously. Frequently they were actively inimical to the best interests of the country. Generally they were poor and thus they absorbed the life-blood of the nation without adding to its manhood. They disturbed the labour market, and took the very bread out of the mouths of the working people of the country. He thought that the extent to which we admitted aliens was an abuse of hospitality, and he was convinced that it would be for the betterment of the nation if aliens were excluded.

J. Flanagan submitted that the presence of foreigners among us had rather acted as a stimulus than otherwise. Generally speaking these aliens were honest industrious people; we don't find them brought into the police courts, nor have we other evidence that they were inferior in morality to the average citizen. He thought England had lost nothing by her exercise of hospitality and consequently it would be a mistake to restrict even this side of English freedom.

A very cordial vote of thanks to

Messrs. Twomey and Toolan was proposed by D. B. Parsons and seconded by J. D. Murphy. Mr. Toolan in reply expressed the pleasure which it had been to adjudicate in the competition, and congratulated the competitors on the splendid work which they had submitted both in the Essays and in the Debate.

Mr. J. Twomey declared the result of the competition (Essay and Debate) as follows:—

- 1 JOHN BROWN,
- 2 PATRICK W. DENNY,
- 3 CYRIL CAMPBELL,
- 4 F. T. MEEHAN,
- 5 J. FLANAGAN,
- 6 J. F. O'NEILL,
- 7 J. T. O'MULLOY,
- 8 J. KENNEDY.

Examination Results, 1914

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP.

(LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.)

Senior City Scholarship, tenable for three years at the University of Liverpool, and value about £180.

J. T. O'MULLOY.

Boyd Engineering Scholarship, value £105, and tenable for three years at Liverpool University.

F. C. WINFIELD.

Tate Arts Scholarship, value £105, and tenable for three years at Liverpool University.

J. T. O'MULLOY.

LOCAL OXFORD EXAMINATIONS.

SENIOR. 8,321 Candidates.

HONOURS.

First Class—J. T. O'MULLOY (28th place).

T. D. DOYLE (31st). W. GRAHAM.

J. FLANAGAN (55th). J. J. BROWN.

F. T. MEEHAN. G. DOYLE.

J. F. O'NEILL. D. B. PARSONS.

P. SUPPLE. *F. C. WINFIELD.

Second Class—W. DELANEY. W. BARNWELL.

J. W. SMITH. C. F. CAMPBELL.

*J. GRAY. J. CLANCY.

T. SMITH.

Third Class—T. DONLEAVY. J. D. MURPHY.

R. FORSHAW. L. I. PHILLIPS.

J. KENNEDY.

DISTINCTIONS.

Mathematics—J. T. O'MULLOY (1st place).

*J. GRAY (2nd place).

T. D. DOYLE } (4th place).

J. F. O'NEILL } (4th place).

W. DELANEY } (9th place).

J. FLANAGAN } (9th place).

Higher Maths.—J. T. O'MULLOY (2nd place).

W. DELANEY (13th place).

University Scholarship, 1914.



JOHN T. O'MULLOY,

*Tate Arts Scholarship.
Senior City Scholarship.*

F. C. WINFIELD,

Boyd Scholarship.

Physics—J. T. O'MULLOY (10th place).
 J. F. O'NEILL }
 W. DELANEY } (13th place).
 F. T. MEEHAN }
 French—*J. T. O'MULLOY (4th place).

THE

Antecedents of the War.

[By MR. T. J. CURTIN, B.A.]

PASSES.

T. J. ARDERN.	T. CLANCY.
E. C. DEVLIN.	T. F. DUNFORD.
E. FLANNERY.	P. J. HART.
T. J. HOLLAND.	H. J. LOVETT.
A. G. MAGUIRE	P. J. O'CALLAGHAN
P. J. PETERS.	H. SHENNAN.
E. A. TRAVIS.	J. J. WALSH.

[Those marked with an asterisk were candidates at the March Exam.]

JUNIOR. 7,186 Candidates.

HONOURS.

First Class—P. W. DENNY (3rd place).
 J. W. BYRNE. J. P. COLE.
 R. W. CUNNINGHAM. F. FLEMING.
 T. A. HONAN. C. W. IRVINE.
 Second Class—F. P. DOYLE.
 J. J. FITZPATRICK.
 Third Class—M. H. FINEGAN.

DISTINCTIONS.

Religious Knowledge—P. W. DENNY (6th place)
 Mathematics—P. W. DENNY (1st place).
 J. P. COLE (25th place).
 T. FLEMING } (40th place).
 T. A. HONAN }
 Physics—P. W. DENNY (3rd place).

PASSES.

A. ANDERSON.	G. M. BALFOUR.
T. B. BURCHALL.	P. J. BYRNE.
A. DONLEAVY.	J. L. DOYLE.
J. E. FITZPATRICK.	H. FLYNNE.
P. R. HAWE.	P. KEARNEY.
C. H. LAWLER.	P. P. MAGEE
T. L. MUSTON.	J. J. PHELAN.
L. J. ROBERTS.	J. SHORTALL.
R. H. TOOLE.	

UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION.

(Through Oxford Senior Local Exam.)

W. BARNWELL.	J. J. BROWN.
C. F. CAMPBELL.	T. DONLEAVY.
G. DOYLE.	T. D. DOYLE.
J. FLANAGAN.	L. J. PHILLIPS.
P. SUPPLE.	W. GRAHAM.
J. KENNEDY.	F. T. MEEHAN.
J. D. MURPHY.	J. T. O'MULLOY.
J. F. O'NEILL.	D. R. PARSONS.
J. W. SMITH.	

Successes of "Old Boys."

(LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.)

J. C. J. CUNNINGHAM, M.Sc. (Chemistry).
 A. LAMBLE, M.Sc. (Chemistry).
 W. McMILLIN, B.Sc. (Honours).
 J. HOLLAND, B.Sc.
 V. P. ATKIN, French (Final B.A.)
 T. C. NUGENT, Inter. B.Sc.
 C. O'DONNELL, do.
 W. O'DONNELL, do.
 J. A. NEILL, do.
 P. BANNON, do.

In trying to discover the real cause of the terrible War in which our country is now engaged, we are reminded forcibly of the lonely figure of the stern old Roman statesman, Cato. Chroniclers tell us that, when Rome was being threatened by the rising power of unhappy Carthage, Cato would sit and listen to any senatorial debate with the greatest apathy, and when his turn came to speak, he would deliver this speech in three words: "Delenda est Carthago." No theme gave him food for thought save the destruction of Carthage; no other topic would he deign to discuss. So indeed has it been with modern Germany. No other subject has occupied the thought of the present-day German, no other topic has been discussed by the historian, the philosopher, the statesman, save the destruction of England. How many speeches in the Reichstag could be delivered in three words "Delenda est Britannia."

It is impossible, within the scope of this short article, to trace the actual development of that spirit of militarism, of that spirit of sanctifying all war, righteous and unrighteous, which is the real cause of the present crisis. But we can pick out figures in the history of Germany, which best represent her ideals, and which will serve as signposts along the path of our inquiry. In the first place, it seems to be universally recognised that the founder and creator of the Prussian greatness was Frederick the Great. Historians tell us that he received from his barbarian father the legacy of a splendid army, and from nature an ambitious and grasping character. Certainly, the first act of his reign was to violate the sacred obligations of treaty, and by one of the greatest acts of political brigandage to rob Austria of her rightful possession of Silesia. Surely history has repeated itself with a vengeance! Once again has a Prussian flung aside these sacred obligations and flaunted honourable contracts. Belgium has now suffered the fate of Silesia. This hideous system based on the deification of brute force inaugurated by Frederick the Great and continued by the modern German is doomed to inevitable destruction. The

—❧— **OXFORD SENIOR EXAMINATION, 1914.** —❧—
FIRST CLASS HONOURS AND DISTINCTIONS.



T. D. Doyle. F. Winfield. J. Flanagan. J. F. O'Neill. F. T. Meehan. W. Delaney.
P. Supple. J. Brown. J. T. O'Mullov. W. Graham. D. B. Parsons.
G. Doyle (absent).

principles of Race and Nationality cannot be stifled. History has taught us too often how the attempt to crush this national spirit has plunged countries in war, and the world cries out now, as it has cried out so often in the past, at the attempt. But has not England a peculiar and a more intimate right to resent Germany's action? "You can't pare off nationalities like cheeses" wrote the critics of the Congress of Vienna, and the failure of the attempt to place Protestant Holland with Catholic Belgium had vindicated that criticism. Thus it was that when in 1830 Belgium rebelled and demanded a separate existence, her cause was supported by England and France. Surely then these sponsors of Belgium have a right and an indisputable right to sacrifice all for the destruction of such a doctrine, which neglects all nationalities and preaches the absorption of all nations, with their individual rights and liberties, under the rule of might and dishonour.

Brigandage was the first act of Frederick's reign, and brigandage was also the last act, for he took part in one of the most despicable actions in the history of modern Europe—the Partition of Poland. Ambition, lust for power, the military spirit with which he was imbued from his earliest years—these are causes of his disregard of political honour. Nor was he alone in his disregard. True, throughout the 19th century when all Europe was wracked by the terrible French Revolution, Prussia went through her period of humiliation. Her nationality was ignored by the great Napoleon, but later on it reasserted itself. Prussia was once more ruled by a "militarist" in the person of Bismarck. Once again Germany became a nation of generals, drill sergeants, and soldiers; once again "war became her staple industry." To the average Britisher the character of Bismarck is appalling, and incomprehensible. Indeed many Britishers have upheld and still do uphold war "as a high necessity in the world's order." But the statesman who preaches a cruel and terrifying war is worthy alone of our greatest contempt. "War must be made terrible, he cries to the civil population." "The condition of Germany," he argued "cannot be bettered save by blood and iron." He was indeed a worthy successor to the dishonourable founder of the Prussian empire.

But the spirit of bullying permeates the whole German empire, literateurs, historians, professors, philosophers, all join and sing:—

"Law is the weakling's game,
Law makes the world the same;
But in war men's strength is seen
War ennobles all that is mean
Even the coward belies his name."

Nietzsche (of whom we have heard so much since the war began) and his school preached blasphemous doctrine. This war is then 'a fight between ideals; it is a spiritual as well as a material contest' for the ideals of a man who despised God and Christianity must be crushed. War and war alone was the theme of his doctrine. His contempt for the mass of humanity in some of his sayings is incredible. With Nietzsche, too, Prussia was to dominate, under its mighty yoke, the nations of the world, and to do this war was necessary.

Again, a cursory glance through the modern literature of German is sufficient to tell us the same theme was being extolled. "It has always been the weary, spiritless, and exhausted ages which have played with the dream of peace," wrote Trietschke. "Be prepared to be the leaders in the campaign for the development of humanity by imposing on the rest of the world (as Prussia has imposed it on the rest of the German States) this cult of militarism!" This is the main exhortation of Trietschke's work, and in fact of the work of the German professors in general. The Germans, ground under the Prussian military yoke, are the race to give to mankind the rich and noble gifts of culture. The most important duties in the advance of civilization have been transmitted to the German nation. To carry on this work of ennobling human nature Germany needs international development. Such is again the argument of Bernhardt. In fine, the hundreds of books turned out in a year in Germany have accentuated this sort of divine choice of the German people to be the rulers of world and the grinders of the destiny of the human race. There was but one channel through which it was possible to carry such a aim, and that was the channel, of which Frederick the Great had laid the plans, and which Bismarck had carried into execution—the channel of militarism.

War! War! War! is and has been the theme of all the twentieth century literature of Germany. It has been the work of statesmen, the ideal of philosophers,

the dream of literateurs.

But have we nothing to reproach ourselves with on this score? The position of Germany to-day as we have shown is that of a number of different states bullied and ruled by the fanaticism of Prussia. This war may yet prove to Germany as it will do to Europe the war of liberation. The war dawned with the liberation of Poland, will it set with the liberation of Germany from the yoke of Prussia? And yet though we have known of this incessant preaching of the necessity of war, although we have known that to German expansion Great Britain was the only barrier, although we have known that the Prussian ideal was the absorption of Europe under the Prussian yoke, yet we have worshipped at the shrine of her ideals. We have lauded her, copied her education, imitated her legislation. In other words, we have prepared the way for the acceptance of her doctrine. Yet the awakening has come. Britain has never been engaged in a holier and a nobler war. We are fighting for liberty, honour, and (it would seem) Christianity. Therefore the issue is safe,

"For freedom's battle once begun
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son
Though baffled oft, is ever won."

A Night on the River.

By T. GORE, Upper IVA.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness"—*Keats*.

I spent a few weeks of last August at a little fishing village on the Dee. During my stay, I made the acquaintance of an old angler, who had a wonderful store of interesting anecdotes. We became fast friends, and I often accompanied him in his fishing expeditions. One day, when the weather had been extremely fine and the sun had spoilt all chance of a day's fishing, my old friend invited me to join him on a nocturnal trip up the river in his little canoe. I was not at first very taken with the idea of depriving myself of comfortable repose; but, as, in holiday time, it is sometimes well to deviate from one's normal course, I consented and made an appointment to meet him at seven o'clock that evening. I had then no idea of the scenes of transcendent beauty that I was to behold during the night.

As we rowed away from the jetty it was evening—the magic hour of sunset, when the scenery is beautified by departing beams of glorious light. God sent the red rainbow-hued deep of the sunset; He blazoned it on the water and, as its magic web of colours compelled attention, the birds sang in chorus their goodbye to the sinking sun. What a scene of indescribable beauty was the river by sunset! From the western horizon King Sol smiled down so sweetly on the emerald pasture lands, the yellow cornfields and the pleasant, thatched homesteads on the banks of the river. Upon the ripples of the gently flowing river the rays danced and flickered, breaking them into thousands of patines of gold; golden also were the slender reeds and rushes: russet grey was the old ruined castle—a most important landmark and a favourite with sight-seeing tourists—save where the ivy shimmered silver or cast a dark patch on its hoary walls. Above all the sapphire sky hung high and limpid.

" who can paint
Like nature? Can imagination boast.
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?"

It is sad to think that there are yet thousands who can look unmoved upon the glorious pageantry of sunset, and are content to dismiss with the commonplace expression, "the sky is a bit red," that inspiring occasion.

It was with the passing of twilight that the last of the glorious effects of sunset faded away. As the evening merged into night I thought of the inevitable approach of that other night, if I may dare to call it night,—the approaching hour of death—when the self-same peace of God, only grander, only deeper, shall be on all sides. The dark garb of night now enshrouded the land. A launch, carrying a party of tourists, passed us on its way down the river, and welcome strains of music were wafted across to us. After a while the sound diminished and finally died away, leaving silence to reign about us save for the plash of the oars. The impressive stillness was awe-inspiring. My companion indicated to me a fox on the river side, slinking from his lair and going off to rob Farmer Browne's poultry house of one or two of its plump chickens. The silence was suddenly and unpleasantly broken by the hoot of an owl. That was the first time I had heard the weird cry and it sent a cold shiver down my spine; I was

so startled that I caught a crab and nearly capsized the little craft. The old fisherman laughed and told me a few strange stories about the "fatal bellman," which were not altogether credible. His belief in them was so firm that it was apparent he had much of the superstitious belief common to the people of that district.

Towards midnight we drew in to the bank and laid down our oars for a while, previous to returning home. Just then the moon rose, slowly at first, but as it mounted higher and higher in its course it cast on the earth a silver light. The beauty it imparted to the scene was more chaste than, though not so majestic as the sunset's grandeur but it was nevertheless impressive. The river shimmered silver under its glow. On the bank the trees and bushes were made fairylike. Hearing a splashing sound I turned to see the backs of a shoal of trout glittering like burnished silver as they rose to the surface of the water and disappeared immediately. The quiet beauty of the spectacle drew me into a reverie, from which I was awakened by my companion who reminded me that we had intended to be home not later than five. We first stayed the pangs of hunger with a light snack and then turned the prow downstream. The journey home was an easier matter as we drifted with the current, and on the way I was able to drink in the beauty of the landscape and meditate on the grandeur of Nature in her sleep. We noticed the hares and rabbits frisking on the banks. Then, for a short time we were in darkness, as the moon became obscured by some passing clouds. With the first streaks of dawn the cattle awoke on the meadow, the sheep broke their fast on the dewy hillsides, the cock in some neighbouring farm crew and we beheld 'sly Reynard' sneaking back to his lair.

Between the hours of four and five I witnessed the crowning sight of my memorable sail. I had been watching eagerly, and at length, where the dark clouds parted in the east, there appeared between the earth and the sky a delicate line of great brilliancy which in a few seconds became a flaming orb of fire. This sight altogether dazzles description even as it did my sight. Its rays were soon driving away the gloom, and speeding away to awaken the birds in their nests, to peep into the flowers' nodding

heads and bid them open out their petals to receive anew the warmth of the sunbeams. One bird at least responded to the call of Phœbus for we heard the shrill carol of the lark as he sang his matin's at Heaven's gate. As the clouds disappeared the splendour of the sky became more wonderful still, and the surface of the water was painted with many delicate tints, which would have baffled the finest painter in his efforts to depict them. Whilst gazing on the scene I recalled Wordsworth's words:

"Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will."

When we, at length, pulled in to the side of the jetty and moored the little boat, I thanked the old man for the pleasure his kindness had afforded me, and assured him that I would be ready to accompany him on another of his nocturnal cruises. Then I walked briskly towards the house where I was staying, thinking of the happy lot of men such as the angler,—one of Nature's gentlemen—whose good fortune it is to live, unsophisticated with the troubles of town life, and enjoy the glories of nature. Never to this day have I forgotten the occasion when I became "a borrower of the night" and was so amply rewarded for my venture.

To miss the glory and the beauty of the river on a summer's night is to stand outside a Paradise which no commissioned angel guards.

"Incidents."

TERMONDE.

[At Termonde, amid the widespread ruin and desolation which was caused by the German bombardment and by fire, a shrine of the Blessed Virgin remained uninjured] In Termonde town still quaking from the
bellow

Of war's mad herd,—mid ruin on ruin piled,
A stranger found a shrine, not all defiled,
Of Arts old sculptured glories without fellow;
And there—while Autumn's banners rustled
yellow—

High above seas of desolation isled,
Unbruised, unmarred, with her unwounded
Child,

Leaned a serene Madonna of Donatello.
O'er a fledged Hermes, lord of speed and
spoil,

O'er the vast throes of the Laocoon,
And Milo's lurking marble smile, she shone:
Throned above pillage, and agony's serpent-
coil,

And carnal charms that fever and embroil,
Motherhood, scathless, lived divinely on!

WILLIAM WATSON.

HYMN BEFORE ACTION.

The earth is full of anger,
 The seas are dark with wrath;
 The Nations in their harness
 Go up against our path:
 Ere yet we loose the legions—
 Ere yet we draw the blade,
 Jehovah of the Thunders,
 Lord God of Battles, aid!
 High lust and froward bearing,
 Proud heart, rebellious brow—
 Deaf ear, and soul uncaring,
 We seek Thy mercy now!
 The sinner that forswore Thee—
 The fool that passed Thee by,
 Our times are known before Thee—
 Lord grant us strength to die!

From panic, pride and terror,
 Revenge that knows no rein,
 Light haste and lawless error,
 Protect us yet again.
 Cloak Thou our undeserving,
 Make firm the shuddering breath,
 In silence and unswerving,
 To taste Thy lesser death.

Ah! Mary pierced with sorrow,
 Remember, reach and save
 The soul that comes to-morrow
 Before the God that gave;
 Since each was born of woman,
 For each at utter need—
 True comrade and true foe-man—
 Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers
 E'en now we face the fray—
 As Thou didst help our fathers
 Help Thou our host to-day.
 Fulfilled of signs and wonders
 In life, in death made dear,
 Jehovah of the Thunders,
 Lord God of battles, hear!

Rudyard Kipling.

A REQUIEM ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

It was early morning, and as I hastened along I could hear at intervals the heavy boom of the cannon borne on the biting breeze which blew across the valley. All around were evidences of the havoc and the devastation made by the recent battle—the whole face of the landscape was a mass of gaping wounds. The very trees had been shattered to within a metre of their bases, and sinister mounds were visible at frequent intervals, silent witnesses to the terrible harvest which Death had just reaped on these fair hillsides.

Beside the largest of these mounds, which was quite thirty metres long, and situated not far from the roadside, I beheld a small group of persons assembled; and towards this rendezvous a number of others were silently wending their way. As I drew nearer I perceived that the assembly, which was

rapidly increasing, was composed mainly of sorrow-stricken women and children, with some old men, whose haggard looks betokened extreme misery. A company of soldiers with their rifles stacked apart and a few war-begrimed officers stood silently by, whilst a soldier-priest donned his sacerdotal vestments at an improvised altar that stood at one end of the mound. A few rustic wreaths and a tricolour were placed on the mound, simple but eloquent tributes to the heroes that lay interred beneath.

All was now ready and with uncovered heads we knelt around that last resting place of many of the noble defenders of unhappy France. Beside me were a little band of nuns—those angels of the battle-field—whom France now welcomes back to rescue and to nurse her wounded and dying sons. The priest approached the altar, and as he bowed I could perceive the red trousers that again brought before my mind that strange personage—the soldier-priest, who, from time to time, has appeared in the history of France, now the bishop in the heroic poem, again the warrior-monk in the Crusaders, and yet once more the simple curé of 1914.

I shall not venture to guess the thoughts of that prayerful assembly as they assisted at this most solemn ceremony, but for my part I felt as I knelt in the midst of this silent group surrounded by these eternal evidences of love, of hatred, of desolation, of courage, and of religion that I was in a sacred presence, and I fancied I felt the very soul of France throb with a new life. At the most solemn moment which was emphasized by that significant boom that told us only too eloquently that all was not yet over, I ventured to raise my eyes and beyond that spotless, Host in the grey canopy above, I beheld in mental vision the souls of our martyred heroes looking down on us from the clouds that fitted across their beloved Lorraine. Surely, thought I, it is their projected shadows as they watch over this fair land that makes the extraordinary moral beauty of our people in the midst of the horrors which have been inflicted on them by this unholy war.

The Mass concluded and that reverent assembly separated having received the blessing which spoke comfort to their afflicted hearts. I, too, proceeded on my way refreshed by the thoughts of the act in which I had been privileged to par-

ticipate, and thinking to myself how happy are those people among whom rest the remains of so many of their heroic defenders.

[From *Echo de Paris*].

SISTER JULIE.

All day, all night, unmitigable hate,

Upon the unprotected town was poured,
The flames devoured and hungry was the sword,
But heedless of the foeman at the gate
And sworn to duty's vow inviolate

One woman moved sweet comfort to afford;
The dying saw an angel of the Lord
Divinely calm, heroically great.

Then spake the fierce invader "Hence! away,
This is no place for women; get thee gone."
But fearless Sister Julie straight replied,

"The soldier at his post must needs abide,
And till my convent Mother bids, alone
To cheer and help the wounded here I stay."

[From "*Sonnets of War*," by E. D. Rawnsley.]

Among the Himalayas.

[BY REV. P. MEIER, B.Sc.]

I had seen the Himalayas many a time from afar. When travelling down the line from Gauhati to Goolaganj, on my monthly tour, I saw on my right a huge dark wall, rising vertically out of the plane and running parallel to the railway line at a distance of about four miles. Beyond that dark wall, lay, I was told, the snowclad Bhutan hills, but the angle of elevation of the top of the battlements on that mighty wall was so great that I could at no time get a peep at what was beyond. And I was so anxious to see that beyond! At last the opportunity came when I had to accompany the son of a Rajah of the Khasia hills to the Christian Brothers' College at Kurseong, and though travelling in India necessarily involves many hardships, the chance of making a journey into the heart of the eternal hills was quite acceptable to me.

We started from Gauhati shortly after noon on a Saturday and as my little charge was quite unaccustomed to railway travelling he soon fell ill, and I had to do the nurse. We had to make a series of changes, the second at midnight, when we reached Parbatipur where we got the Calcutta-Darjeeling mail. This junction was quite European in aspect. It was magnificently lighted by large incandescent lamps mounted on lofty poles, but instead of the huge vaulted glass roofs we had the more majestic star-bedecked roof of heaven. The

numerous Indian passengers assembled at the station, ignored the benches around, and squatted in animated groups which, in the distance, were not unlike flocks of white fowl. I was astonished at the number of passengers who awaited the train at this station, and though it was midnight, those Indians chatted as merrily and as vivaciously as if it were only the early forenoon. They seem to have a passion for railway travelling. The third class carriages or wagons are always packed out in the night trains, as well as in day trains, and since it is scarcely possible to complete any railway journey here, between dawn and sunset, travelling must necessarily involve a journey by night. The compartments in these wagons are divided from each other by lattice-work partitions or by iron gratings in order to provide sufficient ventilation, as well as to prevent thefts. The first impression which they convey is therefore that of a cage for wild beasts.

We reached Saidpur on Sunday morning, and there we broke our journey in order that I might discharge my Sunday duties. There we found a beautiful little church with a handsome presbytery in the midst of a beautiful flower garden which was then at its best. I had previously met the priest who has charge of the mission—one of the Fathers of the Milanese Missionary Society—and my unexpected arrival, as he was reciting his office in the little church, caused him much surprise. This church and mission has been maintained by the Eastern Bengal State Railway, and is in a very flourishing condition.

From Saidpur to Siliguri, where we arrived at noon, the great Bengal plain rises very slowly. Siliguri is the terminus of the main line from Calcutta, and there the Darjeeling Himalayan Railway begins.

This latter scarcely merits the name of a railway: it is nothing more than a steam tram. The carriages are very small and six passengers are crowded into each compartment. It is indeed a miniature affair, but the tiny engine does its work pluckily and swiftly pulling you up a thousand feet for every hour of travel till you reach the ridge to the south of Darjeeling, at an elevation of 7,407 feet above sea-level, and 7,000 feet above the level of Siliguri. This railway was

constructed in 1879-81. At first the promoters did not dignify the project with the title of a railway, but finding that the functions of a railway were efficiently discharged by this miniature line they re-named it the Darjeeling Himalayan Railway. The initial cost was only £3,000 per mile. This comparatively small outlay was due to the fact that the engineers used the well-metalled road for a considerable distance. Along this road our carriages rattled now to the right of it, now to the left, running round such sharp curves that it felt like going to the I.O.M. on a stormy day. My little charge was very sea-sick or train sick, and I was not surprised. We passed first through an almost impenetrable swampy forest—the fever-stricken Terai,—which is the home of lions, tigers, and countless other ferocious beasts. We kept a constant look out for these interesting denizens, but failed to see a single one among the straight lofty trees. It is only the lucky ones, or perhaps the unlucky, that get a glance at these wild beasts in their native haunts. During seventeen months in Assam I have not seen a snake and yet my confrère killed a virulent reptile in his bungalow only a few days ago, and several have from time to time been killed in our compound. I am not specially fond of snakes and have no anxiety to see one, but would enjoy a look at one of the nobler wild animals at a safe distance. The unearthly yells of the jackals I have frequently heard at night, and I have sometimes seen one of these animals, which resemble a fairly large dog, with a dense greyish brown coat and a bushy tail. They are not usually dangerous and scamper away when they see a human being.

We were soon looking down on the Terai and the great Bengal Plain spread out before our view. As we mounted higher this plain seemed tilted at the horizon even at a considerable angle and the glistening waters of the Mahanudi appeared to flow up-hill. We were many thousand feet above the plain which explains the optical illusion. Among the devices used for mounting the hills in a very short space are the “loops.” (Vide Lamb p. 338). We passed four of them. The node is passed first through a cutting in the rock, then the line goes round the edge of a small projecting spur with a radius of curvature of not more than 60 feet,

and the node is next crossed over a bridge fifty feet above the previous level. Another device for ascending is the zig-zag movement: forward, backward, and forward again on a suitable flank of the mountain. I was astonished at the speed with which the “points” were changed at each end of the zig-zag: it seemed as if the momentum changed its sign automatically.

At last we reached Kurseong, where we received a hearty Irish welcome. At the railway station we were quite overwhelmed by the native women and girls, who clamoured to carry Padri Sahib's luggage. Eventually we reached the College, which is a magnificent stone building of several stories, situated high up on a flank of the mountain. It was built as a memorial to the late Archbishop Goethals, of Calcutta, and was erected under the supervision of Rev. Br. O'Brien, of the Irish Christian Brothers. Though only established a few years ago the College has more than two hundred boarders, and its fame as an educational establishment is well known as far as Burma and upper Assam. On the following morning at sunrise I stood on the summit of Senchal, south-east of Darjeeling, and beheld the eternal snows. A mist spoilt any special colour effects of the sun's rays, and a fierce north-wester made me shiver, but never in the Alps have I beheld anything so majestically grand. In front was a vast amphitheatre of mountains which formed a vast snowy barrier extending over 150° of the horizon. The sides of the amphitheatre are formed by the Singalila chain twenty miles to the west, the loftier Chola range forty miles to the east, and in front about fifty miles distant the titanic group of snow-clad mountains that fill the northern horizon. Kanchinjanga completely dominates the surrounding landscape. You see not only its head and shoulders, but the eye instinctively follows the slope of its vast flanks down to the deep gorge at its feet. Almost 20,000 feet of its actual height were here clearly visible. *Vides ut alta stet nive candida Soracte* sang old Horace when he beheld Soracte rising from the campagna, what would he have said had he beheld the white folds of the dazzling robe of Kanchinjanga? But I wished to see the still mightier Everest. The Brother who accompanied me from

the college pointed out three distant peaks which jutted just above the distant Singalila range. They were little more than white specks on the horizon, and the apparently smallest of the three was the great hierarch of the mountains of which Coleridge so beautifully wrote:

“ Rise, O ever rise;

Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!

Thou kingly spirit throned among the hills,

Thou dread ambassador from Earth to Heaven,

Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,

And tell the stars and tell yon rising sun,

Earth with her thousand voices, praises God.”

Impressions.

BY MR. T. J. DUNNE.

I had determined from the first not to touch upon the war, though wherever I turned my thoughts those three letters rose red and flaming before me. Then came a letter from J. F. L. saying, “ Con is going out to the front and J. F. is already there. “ Bill ” McKee is driving a motor-wagon, I think. Many others have joined. P. O’H. is with a medical corps at Aldershot. Of Barney, and his adventures at Antwerp, of course everyone has heard.” My resolution broke down when I saw the names of so many of those who, but a few short years ago, were my ‘ pals ’ at the C. I. To-night I look back to those years we spent together, a vista of happiness, to our last handshake as we parted along the divergent walks of life, which have led swiftly and unexpectedly to that rendezvous on the great battlefield. The gleam from my lamp falls upon my bookcase just on my left, holding many a relic of those good days, volumes worn and broken backed, thumbed, dog-eared and pencilled—yet dearer for their associations than the haughty aristocrats in leather and gold that disdain to rub shoulders with them. Poor Horace is the most dilapidated, all his pithy sayings underscored and the ‘ stiff bits ’ translated in a jerky hand in the margin. There is the same old Byron, “ How we hated you at that time, O poet most melancholy ! You had no message for us who knew not the significance of war, or the bitterness of

man to man. Loney too, lucky to be in such good company. I thought I should have burned you long ago, or more cruel still, sold you to a second-hand dealer, Skimming the pages I happen on the chapter on projectiles, which once we held so eminently useless. When we wished to brand such a subject as utterly futile we would say of it, “ What has *this* to do with the price of bread and meat ? ” This year when men should be thanking God for a harvest abundant beyond the ordinary, the answer has come in an appalling manner. Those elementary mechanical principles we laughed at or grumbled over are the foundations on which are built the deadliest, most devastating weapons of modern warfare. The evil spirit which has diverted the wholesome truths of science into the foul channel in which they now flow came to life beneath the facile pens which Germany devoted with customary thoroughness to the service of false philosophy. The military party at once domineering and materialistic succeeded in its task of deeply implanting in the people a belief in the doctrine of conquest by physical and numerical superiority, backed up by whatever devices might be contributed by science, so merciless in the hands of the merciless. National pride and confidence in an army, vast, highly organized, unrivalled for equipment and incessantly lauded by an unscrupulously-handled press were next called upon to bear the cost of a navy “ of such strength that even for the most powerful naval adversary, a war would involve such risks as to make that Power’s own supremacy doubtful,” (German Navy Law, 1900.) This policy was the outcome of what Belloc calls “ the foolish mania of German rulers for mere territorial expansion,” and was frequently denounced by Socialists in the Reichstag. While making due concession for the temporary sinking of differences for patriotic reasons, it is clear that these same Socialists also worship the war-god, and long for the spoils that accrue to his devotees as ardently as their fellow citizens, who at least have the frankness to profess their creed. For many reasons a man may rightly cease to proclaim his views, but he cannot consistently deny them; and in howling down one of their number who protested against the annexation of Belgium, this last is just what German Socialists have done.

It is at a time such as this that national characteristics are revealed, clear-cut and boldly colored. If foresight and methodical preparation spelled victory there is little doubt who would have won the palm on land. But whereas France was not at once on guard to parry the first blow she had within her the capability of swift and decisive effort which alone enabled her to profit by the incomparable heroism of Belgium. "It may be said that from the fall of the Roman Empire to the present day the Celtic character has been permanently and of its own volition steeped in the experience of organised fighting." The praises of Belgium are to be sung not so much because of the stand made at Liège or the fighting qualities she has shown since, as the single fact of her throwing down the glove to such an opponent, well aware what suffering her courage would entail. Though it did not kill at once, the stone that Belgium, a new David, slung at the Prussian Goliath remains "fixed in his forehead" and may yet bring that giant down "on his face, upon the earth." A short time ago a refugee gave us the motive that impelled his country to this gallant action. "It was to show, in the interests of our independence, that no hostile army should invade us with impunity. If France had invaded Belgium first, we should have stopped her,"—emphasising his words with a downward slashing gesture—"if England, we should have stopped her too; Germany came first, so . . . ;" again that downward slash so expressive of the check, the Germans actually received.

An astonishing feature of the war is the fusion of so many races into one efficient army. In the opinion of military critics, a want of united policy, of sympathy and mutual understanding is an almost inalienable defect in allied forces. Fortunately for us this theory has proved wrong in the present instance. Each of the Allies brings just that quality which enables it to groove into its place most smoothly. The French bring that fervid patriotism which counts not the sacrifice, that initiative which can turn the tide of a battle that goes badly, but they lack staying power and are quickly despondent, not merely at repulse but even at delayed success. Hence their great joy when England became their ally, for they knew the English had what they needed, the obstinacy which

wins because it simply refuses to admit defeat. It was typical of the Irish that, as happened at the beginning of the war, a regiment should almost riot because they were merely changed from one station to another and not ordered on active service as they had expected. After days of the utmost hardship and peril in the trenches, after the nerve racking suspense in the 'splinter-proofs' with a tornado of shrapnel shrieking above, amid the blaze, roar and yellow spurts of choking fumes from the high explosives, the Irishman falls at last with a joke on his lips and a cheery farewell to his chums.

Since nations still insist on settling disputes in this maniac fashion we are lucky indeed to have such true steel for our defence. It should not be forgotten that 'Tommy' does more for you and me than for himself, and that there is due to him the possibility of rising out of this chaos to a time of peace and goodwill, when gathered at some 'Table Round,' like Arthur's knights our friends will tell us how they fought the German and 'delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds.'

The Great Nile Dam.

BY J. F. O'NEILL.

Here in England where we enjoy such a plentiful supply of rain we cannot conceive what an ordeal it is to live in a country like Egypt where the rainfall is entirely insufficient for the ordinary requirements of everyday life. Egypt, however, depends on its rainfall for only an inconsiderable portion of the moisture needed for the cultivation of its soil. The Nile, "The Father of the Waters," supplies the life-blood of agriculture to the Egyptians. Yet, this great river acted in a very wayward manner: at one time of the year it overflowed its banks and flooded the surrounding country; at another its volume shrank to quite meagre proportions.

From the earliest ages men had thought to store some of this wasted excess of water and by some means irrigate the land throughout the year. The Pharaohs utilised the rude pole and bucket machine which was both laborious and oppressive, but which, despite its drawbacks, was the chief means of watering the country until a

century ago. Then it was that Mahommed Ali attempted scientific irrigation and, in 1803, built a barrage at Cairo. A barrage, you must understand, is a weir or dam across a river intended to raise the water level by a few feet. Unfortunately, in 1848, this burst and was carried away by the current. The next person to attempt the task of utilising the superfluous water was Ali's grandson, Ishmael, who, by cutting deep canals to convey the water to the land at "Low Nile," attempted perennial irrigation. At "High Nile," however, these canals were inundated, became silted up, and had to be cleared before they worked again. In the fifties some French engineers went to Egypt and as a result of their investigations stated that what was needed was a barrage across the Rosetta and Damietta branches of the Delta. They obtained the contract for the erection of the proposed structure and, after fifteen years, completed their work. The first time the sluices were shut the whole viaduct moved downstream owing to insecure foundations—a million sterling had been wasted! However, for half that sum Sir Colin Scott underpinned the foundations which were then rendered quite firm. An investigation lasting three years, and undertaken by Mr. Willcocks, on the initiative of Lord Cromer, led to the conclusion that the most advisable thing to be done was to build a barrage at Assiut, 250 miles above Cairo, and to erect a huge dam at Asswan, 350 miles further up stream. Mr. Willcock's estimate of the probable cost of the project was so high that the execution of his plan was deferred till 1898 when a limited company placed the contract in the hands of Sir John Airdie & Co.

The barrage was of minor importance, only serving to regulate the water sent from the Great Dam at Asswan, built across the first cataract. This spot was chosen because the bed and banks were granite rocks and hence could form firm foundations. The task resolved itself into placing 500,000 tons of masonry across a river which flows at 16 miles an hour and with a turbulence almost equal to that of Niagara Falls. Some idea of its turbulence may be gathered from the following incident. Whilst the first three channels were being bridged a railway truck containing five hundred-weight of masonry got in the path of

the swell, with the result that the whole mass was lifted bodily off the rails and hurled a considerable distance* as if it had been a mere pebble.

Two months after the contract had been signed the peaceful desert was transformed into a town of offices, workshops, machinshops, hospitals, etc. In the hospitals special preparations were made for treating the native maladies—malaria, cholera, and sun-stroke. Eighteen months were spent in arranging sudds. These are small dams which are placed across narrow channels. They are two in number and are parallel and thus enclose a small dock which is pumped dry thus forming a dry basin. As soon as this work was completed men swarmed into the cavities to remove the silt and broken rock, and then to build up the masonry before the flood season came. In order to finish this task one thousand Europeans, and ten times as many Egyptians were employed. Work continued by night as by day, for when daylight failed the masons laboured by the arc light. In one day as much as 3,600 tons of masonry was placed in position with all the care and precision which an undertaking of this kind demands. The wiry Egyptians proved themselves surprisingly efficient in this work for at times the heat was almost intolerable but it did not affect the natives. When next "Father Nile" rose at the end of the year he was forced to pass a number of sluice gates and sudds were erected at the western end for the remaining two channels. This section was finished in 1902 and the whole was then officially opened by the Duke of Connaught. The dam is 130 feet high and at the base is 100 feet wide tapering to 24 feet at the top on which a roadway runs between two parapets. Annually at the flood season all the sluice gates are opened and the silt-laden waters pass down the river at the rate of 15,000 cubic metres per second, as the water gradually becomes clear, the sluices are closed by easy stages, and the water is thus gradually impounded until it is 67 feet higher on the upstream side than on the downstream side. Then, this excess is doled out to that portion of the river between the Dam at Asswan and the barrage at Assiut. From the latter it is given to the irrigation canals which in their turn take it over the land.

The success of the scheme lay mainly

in the fact that the sluices were a novel invention for the purpose. Instead of opening upstream as is usual, they slide into recesses in the masonry, a fact which renders the opening and closing a comparatively easy matter as well as preventing the valuable and fertile silt from impeding the action of the sluices as it would have done, had they been constructed in the ordinary way.

Despite the gigantic proportions of the Dam, it appears that in 1906 it failed to retain a sufficient supply of water and consequently much land remained un-irrigated. As a result, in 1907, the masons were again at work to increase the height of the dam by 23 feet. This additional structure would double the storage, but at the same time would cost £1,000,000, for the old stonework had contracted to such an extent, that to continue the extension on the old work would be disastrous. Accordingly it was decided to build it as a new and independent mass, allow it to contract to the same state as the old work, and then by steel rods and cement to amalgamate the two masses.

On considering the expense, one is astonished, but on examining the results the reason of the expenditure can be appreciated. Already 1,000,000 acres of desert have been reclaimed and annually produce cotton crops worth some millions of pounds sterling. The indigo plant and sugar canes also flourish in the reclaimed territory and several large sugar factories are to be found on the Nile banks. Previous to the construction of the Dam the services of several hundreds of men were required to propel an even moderately sized boat past the cataract. Now the largest river steamers may pass it and travel to Wady Halfa 300 miles further up the river. Such are the benefits which have already been experienced and of those which may yet accrue we are ignorant, but that the enormous expenditure will be amply justified we have no doubt.

The Modern Novel.

[MR. A. LAMBLE.]

If there is anything which calls for our attention with regard to things paradoxical and *outré*, it is the relation between the contents of the modern romance, and the corresponding counterpart in real life. The difference between

East and West is not greater than the difference between the romantic and the real. Take for example the typical hero. No one ever yet read a novel, in which the hero was not well over six feet high, broad shouldered, and handsome. Now there is a goodly number of men, over six feet high. There are many broad shouldered men. There are even a few handsome men. But how many men are there, fortunate enough to be classified as tall, broad shouldered and handsome? Yet in literature (?) their name is legion.

But the novelist, not content with creating so perfect a man, must needs go further. The hero of his creation is going to be a real hero or nothing. And so we find him a magnificent footballer, a deadly fast bowler, sufficient to out-Brearley Brearley. He is also a most proficient batsman, can ride a horse like an Arab of the desert, and can swim like any denizen of the deep. In an emergency he can drive a motor car, handle brakes with six run-away horses, and can climb Mont Blanc in a snow-storm. Truly a perfect hero!

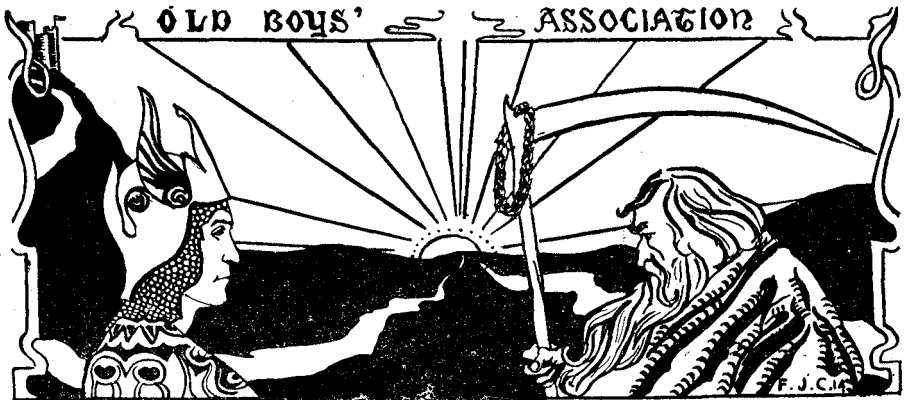
Then coming to the heroine, words really fail to describe her perfection. She is lovely to look upon, an exquisite dream of golden hair and star-like eyes, so radiant a vision as to put even our leading actresses in the shade. Moreover, her character is invariably in keeping with her other attributes. And so we find her kind and good and gentle, possessing a noble disposition, generally shown by her fondness for cats and miniature dogs. That two such ideal characters should marry and live happily ever afterwards is only to be expected, and so the plot of the novel is merely the development of this theme, with a sundry sprinkling of villains, policemen and cooks, necessary to the filling of three hundred odd pages.

On reading these masterpieces, one wonders whether they are written merely to sell, or is the work meant as a sublime satire on modern life? That there are real heroes and heroines cannot be doubted, save by the ultra-cynical. There are thousands of actions of self-sacrifice, of daring, of the highest heroism, occurring daily, which pass unnoticed, and receive no laudatory paragraph in the newspapers. The truth is, the world as a whole, has no time for these ideals. The motto for the day is well established—"Every man

for himself." We are swept in with the army of worshippers at the shrine of Mammon, and the deeds of the hero receive the passing comment:—"Beautiful, sublime,—but *à quoi bon?*"

It seems scarcely credible that such productions as at present cater for the public taste could possibly engage the interest of sane people. The only plausible explanation is that our lives

are lived at such high pressure, that our recreation is forced to take the form of the sentimental novel, which to a normal mind seems more absurd than Hans Anderson at his best. With Alice in Wonderland, and the adventure of Peter Pan, we have the greatest sympathy. But from the six-foot hero, with his bounteous bride, may the Fates preserve us!



EXECUTIVE MEETING.

The usual Quarterly Meeting of the Executive was held at the Catholic Institute on Sep. 24th. Mr. D. Hayes presided in the unavoidable absence of Mr. J. J. Shute, Jun., who was away with his regiment in the south of England. Others present were Messrs. J. A. Curtin, J. F. Lacy, W. J. Murphy, F. Fennell, J. Twomey, J. Toolan, A. Lambie, J. C. Cunningham, W. H. Rowe, and the Hon. Sec. An apology for inability to attend was received from Mr. G. R. Ried, and the Hon. Sec. explained that the President (Major Shute), as well as Messrs. H. McGrath and F. J. Maguire were absent on military duty.

The minutes of the preceding meeting having been read and passed, Mr. J. Twomey proposed and Mr. J. F. Lacy seconded, "That the programme of social functions arranged for the present season by this Executive be suspended as long as the present deplorable war crisis lasts." After some discussion the proposal was unanimously agreed to.

Mr. J. A. Curtin proposed and Mr. Twomey seconded, "That a subscription of £5 be made from the funds of the Association to the Prince of Wales National Relief Fund." This proposition was also agreed to.

It was moreover suggested that steps

should be taken to assist the Belgian refugees who were arriving in England.

Mr. A. Lambie, M.Sc., was unanimously appointed Old Boys' Editor of the *Catholic Institute Magazine*.

DEATH OF MR. CYRIL ADAMS.

We heard with very great regret of the early and quite unexpected death of Cyril Adams, which took place in the early part of September after a very brief illness. He had left the C.I. only a short time ago, and was apparently in robust health. His fellow pupils will have heard of his demise with much regret, and all of us will remember our duty to another of our comrades. Requiescat in pace. Amen.

LONDON LETTER.

To the Old Boys' Magazine Editor,

SIR,

Now that the shade of the great war is over our every interest, and the streets of London, a surge of Union Jacks and Tricolours, resound with the tramp and the singing of recruits, it is not surprising that we have little more than enlistment to record of the C.I. Old Boys in the metropolis. You will pardon us, then, amiable and benevolent Mr. Editor, if our cable this sombre Autumn prove as brief as it threatens to be. Such a record can claim a superabundance of glory to

supplement the tittle of printers' ink; in the words of the immortal Johnson, "The tale, sir, though short, has an infinity of commendation."

We have read with admiration and emotion of the splendid work achieved by Barney Maguire and others of our Liverpool friends at the front, and we have no hesitation in asserting that we Londoners shall have our own heroes to proclaim when the colossal conflict is over. It is probably no news to anyone now that Jack Flanagan, who was for some years in London, left for the front with the South Irish Horse almost immediately upon the outbreak of hostilities. Ben Llewelin is with the 6th London Field Ambulance now stationed at St. Alban's. His brother Harold has recently left us, and is back again in Liverpool. Three weeks ago to the very hour we met O'Hara at Euston, en route for Aldershot; after a few hours' exploration of the cheerless gloom of London in a vain endeavour to see something, and then having seen nothing but the sky alive with searchlights to indicate to curious Zeppelins exactly where London is to be found, he said good-bye, and we wished him good luck, at Waterloo (significant word!). He has expressed himself as being wholly delighted with his first experiences of R.A.M.C. work at Aldershot, and was up in London again last Saturday "for a riotous week-end on the strength of a rumour that we are going into Belgium on Wednesday." Whether or not there was any truth in the rumour we have not been able to ascertain. Phil has our best wishes anyway. Frank Thomas, who has been teaching down here for the last two years has joined the Middlesex Imperial Yeomanry, and is looking forward to a trip to France.

London had a visit from Concannon on July 4th, when in the A.A.A. Sports at Stamford Bridge he added one more to the long list of his athletic successes by getting third in England in the Long Jump.

Fortune favoured us with a spare sovereign early in September, and, thanks to the kindness and unceasing generosity of an Old Boy from the C.I. who, if Jove rightly rewards him, will be a bright star when he is dead, we spent a week in the old, familiar places immortalised by the memories of schoolboyhood, and met many of our old friends whose faces are jewels in the diadem of

the past. Br. Leahy and Br. Forde gave us a royal greeting, and told us of the Catholic Institutarians who had flocked to the colours. Mrs. Ratchford, too, welcomed us with her usual cheeriness, and had something to say about the war.

How thrilling it was to see the black bulk of the battery from New Brighton prom., and the brilliant and unwavering beam of the searchlight straining to the dusk of the bar!

We were fortunate in meeting Mr. Kelleher one evening soon after his escape out of Switzerland. Mr. Kelleher has a predilection for picture palaces, and we were not surprised when he made for one immediately after tea and toast in Lyon's. The tender emotion and touching pathos of the films singularly affected his poetic soul; at one poignant moment, just as the heroine flew into the arms of the hero now at last restored to her after three reels of heart-rending vicissitudes, with tears freely coursing down my cheeks I turned round to blurt out through my sobs something of what I felt, and found Mr. Kelleher asleep! Most of the time, however, he was awake, and altogether it was a famous evening. One learns to suck the maximum of honey from an evening with Mr. Kelleher when one has come to understand the trick he has of visualising every score of years or so, like a comet.

At no time in our life have we been so punctual and so regular as in our attendance this season at the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts, popularly known as the "Proms." We grew to love Sir Henry Wood's raven locks and his tubby, graceful figure, no less than his wonderful orchestra! and we had no difficulty in recognising Léon Goossen's curls above his stand, and Eugène's black hair amongst the violins. There was no one who met Léon in the old days at the C.I. who did not hold him in great esteem, and Léon, though he has now repudiated Norfolk suits and Eton collars, and extended his auditorium beyond the limits of "Br. Malone's Room," still keeps his curls, his charm, and his oboe as a heritage from heaven, and all three were splendidly in evidence recently when one item of the programme was all his own. His playing was accorded a magnificent reception, and to those of us who know Léon and remember his work in Mr. Keegan's admirable orchestra, this will not come as a surprise. We have heard an authority on matters

musical remark that there are seven or eight persons who can play the oboe properly. We are most certainly not wrong in placing Léon very near the top of the list.

It was a moving and a proud moment for us, too, one evening of October, when we saw the slight figure of Eugène mount the rostrum of Sir Henry Wood, and conduct his own "Perseus." He swayed the orchestra with his white wand—a magic wand in very truth! And when "Perseus" was over, when the final strains had proclaimed the just and noble kingship that was the fruition of his splendidly eventful life, what acclamations! what thunders of applause! Transfigured roar of the monster Eugène's own hero slew! One young lady behind us, who had behaved quite normally previous to the performance of "Perseus," clapped and shouted like a cowboy.

Eugène's first composition was magnificent, but we should be wrong if we did not expect greater things of him in the years to come.

To judge from a photo lately received, Biddy Dey has grown into a moustached and strapping caballero. He is doing well, and asks to be remembered to all. Acting on our initiative, we have sent the good wishes of all over the seas to him.

We hope, dear Mr. Editor, if the Zeppelins spare you and us and our penholders, to have the pleasure of addressing you again in the Spring.

Yours, etc.,

R. A. C.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

Owing to a number of the O.B. football club who joined the colours at the outbreak of the war, the committee found it impossible to raise even one team out of the four for which arrangements were usually made in this as in recent seasons. It was therefore decided to abandon all fixtures for the present season. Let us hope that the speedy termination of the War will enable the Old Boys to reform with renewed vigour next season.

NOTES.

The following entered the University at the commencement of the present session:—A. Maguire and F. Winfield, who are taking the Engineering Course, and J. T. O'Mulloy, J. Hall, A. Whitfield, V. Occleshaw, D. Gavin, E.

Kirby, J. Nolan, who are taking the Science Course.

The Hammersmith Freshers include M. O'Callaghan, C. Ball, J. Wareing, F. Thierens, J. Gibb, A. Guilfooy, D. Kirby, J. Burns, W. Downey, F. Wheeler and M. O'Sullivan. Gregory Doyle has gone to the English College, Lisbon, to study for the priesthood.

We note with pleasure that Mr. F. J. Tindall, B.Eng., has taken up an appointment with the Westinghouse Engineering Co., at Manchester, and we are also informed that he is the holder of a valuable Exhibition. He has our hearty congratulations.

The following is a provisional list of "Old Boys" who are with the Colours. We feel that it is very incomplete, and we shall be glad to hear of others whose names have not reached us. Since the overwhelming majority of the names we give are those of boys who have left the school within the past few years, and have enlisted only recently, we are convinced there must be many others of whom we have not heard.

NAVY.

Chief Petty Officer F. J. Maguire, R.N.V.R.,
H.M.S. "Assistance."
Petty Officer J. B. Maguire, R.N.A.S.,
Armoured Car Service
Gerald O'Donnell, R.N.V.R. Naval Brigade.
H. Arnold, " "
L. Cooper, " "
C. Dobbin, " "
J. Leonard, " "
Fred Adams, Royal Naval Engineers.
H. Begge, Royal Marines.

ARMY.

VTH BATT., K.L.R.
Major J. J. Shute.
G. Gilmore. E. Gillow.
VITH BATT., K.L.R.
Sergeant Morton. Rfm. H. W Smythe.
Corpl. T. Mullen. " H. Crook.
" C. Topping. " D. Hetherington.
L.-Corpl. E. Rattray. " C. Lavin.
Rfm. A. Rattray. " H. McGrath.
" T. Gloyne. " J. Redmond.
" J. B. Merron. " J. Lynch.
" W. Lamb. " E. H. Jones.
" W. Doyle. " R. Colligan.
" S. Doyle. " Jas. Lynch.
" H. Doyle. " J. Allen.

VIIITH BATT. K.L.R.
Captain R. Keating.
Sec.-Lieut. L. Murphy.
Sec.-Lieut. E. Loup.
J. Gray.
J. Fitzpatrick
XTH BATT., K.L.R.
Jerome Sullivan. L. Marmion.
J. Freyne. Malcolm Gray.

ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS.

Sergt. J. Llewellyn.	J. Smith.
B. Llewellyn.	W. Smith.
R. Morris.	A. Byrne.
T. Lane.	J. Rendall.
G. Johnson.	P. N. O'Hara.
H. Britt.	T. Curry.
T. O'Neill.	

CITY BATT., K.L.R.

B. Riley	Sergeant W. Gilmore.
J. A. O'Neill	Corpl. E. Concannon.
G. McGuinness	M. O'Brien.
J. McGuinness.	L. Barber.
H. Williams.	L. Short.
L. Williams.	W. Dix.
C. Murphy.	H. Torpey.
C. Iones.	F. Quinn.
G. Lynch.	H. Wilson.
J. Moore.	J. Traynor.
R. Moore.	J. Bailey.
W. Shortall.	G. Rimmer.
G. Tugwood.	J. Halsall.
F. Thomas.	C. Fishwick.
P. Scott.	P. Fishwick.
J. Rothwell.	G. Linden.
J. Murphy.	O. Winfield.
L. Barber.	J. Hampson.
L. Flanagan, "L.B.D."	2nd Canadian Brigade
Harold Berry,	2nd Canadian Brigade.
A. Jones,	" "
Frank McKee,	Motor Transport Service.
John Stall,	Lancashire Hussars.
H. Cossentine,	" "
N. Cossentine,	" "
W. McMillin,	Army Service Corps.
Lieut. E. Doolan,	West Lanc. R.F.A.
H. Rhynish,	" "
Frank Bullen,	" "
H. Begley,	South Lancs. Garrison Artillery.
James Saunders,	" "
F. Deane,	Loyal North Lancs. R. "
F. Thomas,	Middlesex Yeomanry.
Austin Power,	Cheshire Regiment.
Henry McClory,	" "
E. Dooley,	London "Pals."
H. Flynn,	E. Lancs. Territorials.
A. Thomas,	S. Lancs. "
E. Pass,	Colonial Brigade.
J. Hooker,	London "Pals."
N. Shee,	Bristol "Pals."
J. McKee,	London "Pals."
J. Henderson.	

* *

Major J. J. Shute, the President of our Association, is with his regiment, the 5th King's Liverpool, in the south of England, and we understand he is expecting to "go over the water" to France at any time. We are sure that Major Shute will serve with the same distinction in the battlefield as he has done in other spheres of life. He has endeared himself to all Old Boys with whom he has come in contact, and he carries with him the best wishes of all for his success and his safe return. Major Shute has done heroic work for the Territorials in Liverpool and the extraordinary success of the "Pals" movement owes much to his efforts. We regret that only a few of the Old

Boys who are with the colours belong to Major Shute's regiment, and we strongly recommend all who intend to join henceforth to enlist in "The Fifth."

* *

We are very grateful to learn that Jack Flanagan is safe and sound. He is with the South Irish Horse, and was sent to France immediately after the outbreak of the war. During the retreat from Mons the S. I. H. lost 120 men, but we are thankful to be able to say that Jack was not in that number.

* *

Frank McKee is at the front in the Motor Transport Service. We shall not be surprised if Frank returns with both the V.C. and the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

* *

Barney Maguire was in the trenches before Antwerp for two days, and the remaining two days of his visit to that city were devoted to motor dispatch riding. Like his fellows of the 2nd Naval Brigade he lost nearly all his equipment and marched thirty miles during the night of their retreat, as he had to smash up his motor lest it might reveal their whereabouts to the German patrols. He has vivid recollections of German shells, and even of German spies, some of whom were put out of action by the Brigade during their short stay in Belgium. After Antwerp the Naval Brigade got a week's holiday and Barney suddenly appeared in Maryland Street one morning well bedecked with Belgian mud only to find that Mrs. Maguire's well-known generosity had given his bed to the Belgian Refugees' Home, as she did not expect Barney back till the Germans had been driven out of Belgium. He is now in Portsmouth, and expects to be in France in a week or two.

* *

Frank Maguire is "afloat" in H.M.S. "Assistance." He is in fine form and has seen nothing of the German navy so far, except a few skulking trawlers flying a neutral flag.

* *

H. V. Begge was also with the Royal Marines in Ostend whence he returned safely. He is now on H.M.S. "Lion," which is at present cruising in—(Excised by our Censor).

* *

E. Concannon the N.C.A.A.A. Long Jump Champion is with the 3rd Batt. of

the "Pals" at Knowsley. He has been made Corporal and is Swedish Drill Instructor to a platoon, in which capacity he has earned the compliments of his Colonel. He was hoping to visit Berlin for the Olympic Games in 1916, but now he is in high hopes of getting there with the victorious British Army early next year. With him are several of our footballers:—Tugwood, Dix, George McGuinness, W. Gilmore &c. &c.

Harry McGrath and J. B. Merron have quite a crowd of Old Boys with them in the "sixth." They are all in good trim and doing credit to their old school. They are eagerly looking forward to active service. Jerome Sullivan has also a little band with him in the Scottish, and we are sure they will maintain the repute of the "Ladies from Hell," as the Germans call them.

We had a very surprise visit from Leo Flanagan a few days ago. He is with the 2nd Canadian Brigade and is looking extremely fit. A brief holiday gave Leo the opportunity of running up from Salisbury Plain to see old friends and "the good old school." His six years' experience in Canada was most interesting, and we learned with pleasure that he had met with a good deal of success over there. At the outbreak of the War the appeal to defend the "Old Country" brought him and hosts of others into the ranks of the "Little Black Devils" as the Indians styled their regimental predecessors long ago, and now they are straining at the leash in the mud of Salisbury Plain, because they came over from Canada not to go under canvas down there, but to get to the front: We were all delighted to see Leo, who was we believe one of the first if not the very first pupil of the Christian Brothers at the C.I.

We have heard with very great regret of the death of Harry Wilson's father. Harry is with the "Pals" at Prescot and we tender him and his family our sincere sympathy in the great loss they have sustained. The late Mr. Wilson was a generous benefactor of the Church, and some years ago he presented the Blessed Sacrament Church, Aintree, with an organ.

During the Summer two Old Boys bade "Goodbye" to the trials and

worries of Bachelorhood and entered upon the joys of married life. Ted McGuinness, the popular inside right of the O.B. Football Club, was married in July, and George Cross, the founder of the Club, was married about the same time. To both we offer our congratulation and wish them every success and happiness.

We hope to publish in our next and future numbers a New York letter to record the doings of our members there. They are seven in number: W. Rafter, Jack and Leo Colgan, Joe McNulty and Jack Michael and Tom Flynn, and to use an Americanism "they are making good." Rumour states that Leo Colgan is "engaged," but we hope rumour is in this case a "lying jade," because Leo is a very decent fellow.

We notice in a contemporary that Mr. R. McCarthy has been appointed organist in St. Francis Xavier's Church. We congratulate him very sincerely.

We want to hear from our Old Boys wherever they may be—we are anxious to hear of their doings, their adventures, their successes, so as to record them in these pages for their old school chums. We ask then as a favour for all such news to be sent to us, in care of The Editor, *Catholic Institute Magazine*, and we shall have great pleasure in inserting it in this column.

STROLLER.

VARSIITY LETTER.

Nov. 14th, 1914.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Though turmoil holds sway in many parts of the globe setting up as a god, War in place of Education, our University ambles along at its own characteristic pace seemingly heedless of the chaos that has burst about its head. Yet this apparent indifference is not real. Empty corridors and poorly-attended lectures are excellent testimony to the way in which the Varsity has responded to the country's call for men.

We, Catholic Institute Old Boys, are very proud to claim Mr. W. McMillin and Mr. J. O'Neill as schoolfellows. The former is doing duty in the Army Service Corps, while the latter joined the "Pals" almost at the very commencement of recruiting in Liverpool. We wish them good luck in their new rôle.

The remainder of the C.I. Old Boys up here, have almost to a man, joined the University Volunteer Force, which we hope will shortly be recognised as an Officer's Training Corps. On Wednesdays and Saturdays we have company drills—and severe back aches.

Undoubtedly, it would give keen pleasure to an old C.I. man to look along the ranks and recognise so many faces as those of Old Boys. He would most certainly feel that the Varsity section of the C.I. Old Boys' Association was very much to the front in things martial as well as educational.

In this latter phase we note that Mr. A. Lambie has received a position on the Staff as Honorary Assistant Demonstrator in the School of Physical Chemistry, while Mr. J. Cunningham has removed his attention from Physical Research to Organic. He has been replaced by Mr. G. G. Kirby, who has this year got promotion to the status of research man. Mr. Robert Halsall continues to make his presence felt both as an Assistant Lecturer in Physics and treasurer of the Guild of Undergraduates. In solitary dignity, yet cheerily withal, Mr. V. Atkin plods along in the Faculty of Arts. His bright smile may be seen flashing through the Arts Buildings as he rushes in late for a lecture.

The second year men—Messrs. Bannon, Nugent, and W. and C. O'Donnell—create smells with commendable despatch in the laboratory. They are now Varsity men in the real sense of the word, as their disdain for things conventional, the extra half-inch amplitude of their shoulders, and the shortness of their "bags" indicate.

To speak individually of the "Freshers" would be unpardonable as they have not yet learned to trust to their own personalities. They have come up in large numbers and simply swarm in the Junior Chemical Laboratory. They are gradually becoming used to the change in surroundings, and consequently their voices wax stronger daily. Some have been known to greet research men in passing!

What will give you great pleasure to hear, Mr. Editor, though of course you anticipate me, is that the attendance of C.I. Old Boys at the Catholic Society is excellent. There have been two meetings this term, and at each C.I. Old Boys have taken part in the discussion following the reading of a paper.

So that altogether you see us as we have always been in the University, mingling more or less judiciously work and play, and not forgetting that attention to religion which we have been taught to regard as essential in our old school.

Yours sincerely,

VARSIITY.

A Corner of Scott's Country

By D. PARNELL.

"And still his mind, his lay
And his renown shall flourish undecayed
Like his loved country's fame that is not
doomed to fade."

Although the land of Scott may be said to embrace, more or less, the whole of Scotland, yet the title "A Corner of Scott's country" is particularly applicable to the middle course of the Tweed, the country of the clan of the Scotts where the greatest of them, Sir Walter, had so long his home. So in this article, I shall confine myself to the beautiful district about Melrose as this was the scene of his childhood; of his prosperity, and of his death.

His early years were spent at Smailholm Tower, a grand and impressive old keep, standing on the highest of the wild rocks by which it is surrounded. It is wonderfully well defended on three sides by a steep precipice and morass which make it accessible only from the west by a surrounding path. Here it was that Scott imbibed much of his border lore. He afterwards made it the scene of his ballad, "The Eve of St. John."

Sir Walter's great ambition was to become a Tweedside Laird, and he set his heart on making Darnick Tower, a beautiful little Border peel, his home.

This wonderful old keep, dating back to 1425, is situated in a delightful little hamlet midway between Melrose and Abbotsford, the place in which he eventually resided. How he loved this Tower, manœuvred and schemed for it, was realised only by few. He was called the Duke of Darnick by the inhabitants of Melrose, and his interest in, and eagerness for, the place awakened the pride of its laird who refused to part with what had been the home of his ancestors for over six hundred years. Many were the interviews which Scott had with the laird on this subject, but

they were all of no avail, and Scott was forced to seek for another dwelling place. Before passing on to Abbotsford let me just say one word on the numerous relics of which Darnick Tower boasts. To the wealthy Americans and the Tourists who visit it from all parts of the world, are shown, among other articles, a wonderful old bed (encased in oak) in which Mary Queen of Scots once slept; a splendid Dutch bench made from oak, and dated 1618; a patchwork tablecloth made by an old soldier from the coats of fallen comrades after the battle of Waterloo, each square representing a soldier who fell there; a curious old French clock; framed copies of the charters of the tower, signed by Bothwell himself; a "kail pot," which belonged to Sir Walter's grand-father; Prince Charlie's powder horn with the initials C.E.S. in Silver; also his hunting dirk with knife and fork; a quaint piece of Tapestry worked by Mary Queen of Scots; a fine oak bedstead, dated 1641; a leather drinking-bottle belonging to Rob Roy; some "targes" (Scottish Shields made of hide); a complete suit of German armour; and lastly, Scott's silver-topped walking stick, which he forgot to take with him after a fiery altercation with the laird. Darnick tower was the original peel in "The Monastery," but after the laird had refused to part with it, Scott never again mentioned it in any of his books.

Some two miles from Darnick stands Abbotsford, near the spot where the battle of Melrose was decided. As one gazes round his beloved Tweed and observes the peculiar beauty of the lowlands, and then catches sight of Abbotsford, so dear to every lover of genius, one feels a certain awe, for this was once the centre of the great novelist's dream, his home, his pride. There is also a pathos about the whole scene, for one cannot but recall the heroic and gigantic struggle Scott made in his days of misfortune to save Abbotsford with honour for his children and his children's children. He, indeed, fought his battle on the same spot as his ancestors had fought before.

It was "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," "Marmion," and "The Lady of the Lake," which decided his fortune, and enabled him to become a Tweedside laird with Abbotsford as his "castle." But Abbotsford was no mansion when Scott first purchased it. On the site of

the present magnificent house stood a poor little cottage. The district was known as Clarty Hole, for there was a barn on one side and a stagnant weed-covered duck-pond in front, surrounded by mud, which gave rise to its name. But for all this the place, being on a rising slope, was healthy, and the "Wizard of the North," saw that the place would be a suitable site for his new home, and so Clarty Hole gave place to Abbotsford, as we know it. It overlooked the Tweed, and Sir Walter was so pleased with it that he called it "his romance in lime and stone." It is grand from without, but it is inside that one feels the real romance of the poet-novelist's dwelling.

There stands his study just as he left it, full of simple grandeur, yet breathing romance and history. It is a very plain room, about 18-ft. square, but few work-shops have seen harder toil. The grand old writing desk is made of pieces of wood taken from ships of the Spanish Armada. His chair is also remarkable, for it is made of wood taken from the house where Wallace was betrayed. The other chair once belonged to Lockhart, his son-in-law and biographer. The carved panelling belonged to a bed said to have been used by Mary Queen of Scots, at Jedburgh, during her illness in 1566. There are also busts of Claverhouse, Queen Elizabeth, and a bronze cast of Scott himself, taken after his death. The shelves are stored with serviceable books, but it is in the Library that we really see what a huge number of books he kept.

The Library is a magnificent room about forty feet long, with a richly-carved roof, copied from that of Roslin Chapel. This is one of the most interesting rooms of the house, for here is a magnificent copy of Montfauçon's "Antiquities," richly bound in scarlet, the gift of George IV.; there, a set of "Variorum Classics," presented to the author of Waverley by his publishers; while near the window overlooking the lawn which slopes to the Tweed is a glass case containing a blotting book, pen tray, and gold clasps that belonged to Napoleon; a seal and part of a dress belonging to Mary Queen of Scots, and also her gold crucifix, which she held in her hands at her death; a lock of Bonnie Prince Charlie's hair; a brooch that belonged to Helen Macgregor; a tumbler that belonged to "Bobbie" Burns, with

some of his verses scratched on it; a lock of Nelson's hair, and also one of the Duke of Wellington's hair. The valuable pictures on the wall and the beautiful miniatures about the room are fitting company for his priceless books, which number about 20,000 volumes. The library is indeed one of the most fascinating rooms—a room in which a book-worm would love to live his life and an antiquarian to feast his eyes to his heart's content.

The drawing-room at Abbotsford must be mentioned if only for its unique Chinese wall-paper, presented to Sir Walter by a kinsman. Its colouring is vivid, but harmonious; the Japanese figures, reclining, squatting, or standing, are life-size, and the whole effect is not easily forgotten. The wonderful paintings here need but mention, when one knows that there are paintings of Dryden and of Neil Gwynn by Lely; a portrait of Hogarth; and an extremely curious contemporary painting of the head of Mary Queen of Scots after her execution. It bears the date of February 9th, 1587, the day after her execution, and also the signature of the painter, Amyas Cawood.

From the Drawing room the long, narrow armoury leads to the Entrance Hall. In the Armoury itself is a large number of very interesting relics, including a contemporary portrait of James IV.; a sword given to Montrose by Charles I.; a sporran, dirk, briard-sword, and gun that belonged to Rob Roy; the reputed keys of Lochleven Castle; and lastly, the "thumbikins," an instrument of torture, used in olden days to persuade the stubborn of the error of their ways.

The Entrance Hall should be seen to be appreciated; its wonders baffle description. Here, again, is richly-carved oak-panelling and carved wainscotting from the old kirk of Dunfermline. The floor is like a draught board, the black and white marble having come from the Hebrides. On the walls are emblazoned the arms of the border clans, while on the mantlepiece stands a quaint old Louis Quatorze clock, which once belonged to the ill-fated Marie Antoinette. Perhaps the object of greatest popular interest is the chest of the "mistletoe bough," and many pause to pity the reckless bride so long confined there.

There is one spot, on the beautiful Tweed, which Scott specially loved, and

that is Melrose Abbey. It had existed long before the Reformation, and had been a pilgrim shrine of long standing. The present building was erected in 1322, and though the architecture is exceptionally beautiful, people did not sufficiently appreciate its beauty until the Wizard of the North had referred to it in the "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which so fired people's imagination that tourists flocked to visit the Abbey from all parts of the world. He has told us the best way of visiting it in his famous words:

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright
Go visit it by pale moonlight."

Why? Because this picturesque old church is situated in the heart of a busy little market-town, and as the shades of night approach and the moon appears, the small uninteresting shops fade into obscurity, and the wonderful old abbey seems to stand alone, white and impressive.

On the other side of Melrose stands another picturesque ruin, Dryburg Abbey, founded in 1150. The spot was once a grove set apart for Druid worship—hence the name, derived from Darach-Bruach, "the brae of the oak trees"—but about the eighth century a Saint Modan established a cell there, which afterwards became the Church of St. Mary or Dryburg Abbey. The ruins show it to be of Norman structure and the refectory has an exquisitely beautiful rose window with twelve lights. Its interest and beauty appeal to all who visit the old church, but the chief attraction is the fact that there, in the transept known as St. Mary's Aisle, lies the dust of Scott himself. Thus he lived and worked, died and was buried by the side of the Tweed he had loved so much.

"So there, in solemn solitude,
In that sequestered spot,
Lies, mingling with its kindred clay,
The dust of Walter Scott!

The generous heart, the open hand,
The ruddy cheek, the silver hair,
And mouldering in the silent dust—
All, all is lonely there!"



Athletics.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

One of the minor effects of the Great War was the dislocation of our football programme, owing to the fact that the military authorities took possession of Wavertree at the outbreak of hostilities, and it was only on the 1st of November that their withdrawal from the Playground allowed us to return there. Meantime, we had managed to keep our fixtures with other teams on our new ground at Sefton Park, and the results of the games which have been played up to date are very much in favour of our elevens. At the general meeting for the election of captains, which took place early in September, T. Holland was elected captain of the First XI with J. Walsh as sub-captain. The election of captain of the Second XI was overwhelmingly in favour of D. B. Parsons, and T. Smith was voted to the post of sub-captain of this team. The captaincy of the Third XI fell to C. Gerety.

The reaction which set in on the resumption of our normal football activities was very evident in the Form teams, and already a large number of games have been played in both the Senior and the Junior school leagues. The following is a resumé of our games since the opening of the present season.

FIRST XI.

C.I. v Holt Sec. School.

Played at Calderstones on Sept. 23rd. Team: Irvine; Flanagan, Lovett; Walsh, Holland, Meehan; Travis, Nolan, Kennedy, Byrne, and Shennan.

The C.I. won the toss and kicked with the wind at their back. After a short spell of mid-field play our forwards soon warmed into their work, and Shennan scored an excellent goal from short range. Soon after Kennedy scored two goals in rapid succession, whilst from a breakaway, the Holt centre netted for his side just before half time. On resuming, the C.I. forwards continued to attack and Byrne found the net on two occasions. Following upon this Holt took up the running and also scored two goals. The C.I. replied with a goal from Holland and another from Nolan. Not long after the Holt centre again

found the net. No further goals were scored, and the game resulted in our favour.

Score: C.I. 7 goals; Holt 4 goals.

C.I. v Liverpool Collegiate School.

Played at Fairfield on Sept. 26th.

Team: McClory; Flanagan, Lovett; Walsh, Holland, Meehan; Travis, Nolan, Kennedy, Byrne, and Shennan.

The C.I. won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. Our forwards soon got into their stride, and for the first few minutes the Collegiate defence was hard pressed. A breakaway by their outside left relieved the pressure and carried the play into our half; but our defence prevailed, and play was quickly transferred to the other end where Kennedy opened the score for the C.I. Our forwards continued to attack the Collegiate's citadel, but their final attempt lacked finish. On the other hand our opponents, though not nearly so aggressive, were distinguished by the accuracy of their shooting. Thus they obtained two entirely unexpected goals from long range, and just before half time their centre-half obtained a third in a similar manner. In the second half the Collegiate forwards, now playing with the wind, were more aggressive, though we continued to have our share of the play, Meehan scoring with a strong shot. Later on Kennedy scored what seemed to be a certain goal but the official decreed otherwise. Just before the final the Collegiate added another goal leaving us unlucky losers by 4 goals to 2.

C.I. v Oulton Secondary School.

Played at West Derby on Sept. 30th.

This was a one sided and entirely uninteresting game in which we were easily superior to our smaller opponents:

Result: C.I. 9; Oulton 0.

C.I. v Birkenhead Institute.

Team: Godwin; Flanagan, Lovett; Walsh, Holland, Meehan; McClory, Nolan, Kennedy, Byrne, and Shennan.

Played at Sefton Park, Oct. 7th.

Birkenhead won the toss and played with what advantage there was. In the first half our forwards were greatly in evidence and continued to bombard the Birkenhead goal almost unremittingly, Byrne, Kennedy and Nolan scoring in no uncertain fashion, whilst the Birkenhead centre had secured their only goal. In the second half our players fell off in

a surprising manner and Birkenhead managed to score two more goals, whilst we were unable to retaliate with a single goal.

Final: Birkenhead 3; C.I. 3.

C.I. v Wallasey G.S.

This match was played at the Tower Grounds on October 14th.

The C.I.'s team was as follows:— Godwin; Flanagan, Lovett; Walsh, Holland, Meehan; McClory, Nolan, Kennedy, Byrne, and Shennan.

The C.I. won the toss, but derived no advantage from the strong wind which was blowing directly across the ground. Play was fairly even during the first few minutes, but our outside right after beating the opposing back came close in and opened the score with a fine shot. Shortly after, Nolan added a second and McClory a third. Just before the interval Wallasey obtained a goal through their centre-forward. In the second half play became very scrappy owing to the wind which deflected many well meant shots. Wallasey obtained four more goals to their credit, whilst Lovett and Kennedy secured one each thus bringing the scores level.

Final: C.I. 5; Wallasey 5.

C.I. v Liverpool Institute.

Played at Greenbank Road, Oct. 28th.

We again won the toss and derived some advantage from the slight breeze. The L.I. forwards at once commenced a vigorous attack upon our goal and Godwin was called upon to save some well directed shots. Flanagan relieved the pressure with a huge punt up the field where our forwards got possession and forced a corner. Nothing resulted from this and the ball was carried once more into our half. Play continued in this fashion till half time, neither side being able to score.

In the second half our forwards began to force matters and the L.I.'s keeper was called upon to save from Byrne and Kennedy.

Shortly after both these players succeeded in securing a goal each, and Walsh missed by inches. Following upon a dangerous rush by our right wing the opposing back was forced to place behind. From the resulting corner which was well placed by McClory, Nolan headed in. There was no further score at full time.

Result: C.I. 3; L'pool I. 1.

C.I. v C.I. Old Boys.

Played at Sefton Park on Nov. 7th.

The Old Boys who were strongly represented were expected to put up a good fight, nor did they fail to realise expectations, and the score 4-0 at half time, for the school did not by any means represent the play. In the second half the Old Boys were more fortunate and McNally reduced the lead with a shot which gave the goal keeper no chance. Soon after Occleshaw further reduced the score and just in time McNally added a third.

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

Played at Sefton Park. Team: Godwin; Flanagan, Lovett; Walsh, Holland, Meehan; McClory, Nolan, Kennedy, Byrne, Shennan. A good deal of interest was centered in this game as S.F.X. had their usual heavy side and were determined to retrieve last year's shield reverse when we beat them 6-2. C.I. won the toss and elected to kick with the sun behind them. In the first half our forwards were very aggressive and the S.F.X. citadel had many narrow escapes. The opposing forwards though not quite so aggressive were always a source of danger, their shooting being very accurate. Play had not been long in progress when the S.F.X. inside right after a good individual effort, succeeded in piercing our defence and placing his side ahead. This reverse in no way discouraged us, and just before half time Holland brought the scores level with a shot from long range. The second half was very fast and both sides were putting forth all they knew. Some fine work on our left wing, led to Byrne scoring his usual goal. Our forwards continued to attack and McClory forced a corner. This was well taken and Shennan standing on the goal line had no difficulty in scoring. This further reverse stimulated our opponents and they succeeded in scoring an easy goal almost immediately after. Further attacks on our goal were repelled mainly by Lovett who played a fine game throughout; whilst Byrne at the other end by a brilliant shot increased the score. Shortly before full-time S.F.X. obtained a penalty from which they again scored easily. Play continued in a ding-dong fashion but no further goals were scored.

Result: C.I. 4, S.F.X. 3.

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

This game was played at Green Lane on Sept. 26th. C.I. won the toss and the Collegiate kicked off with a slight advantage. The Collegiate forwards soon found their stride and Godwin had a warm time in goal. Then the C.I. forwards got going and Flynn had hard lines in grazing the cross bar. The Collegiate again pressed and succeeded in scoring. After this the game was mostly mid-field and half time arrived with the Collegiate leading by a goal. When play was resumed the Collegiate had the play all their own way and notched four more goals. Just on full time Parsons missed a penalty, the ball striking the cross-bar.

Result: C.I. 0; Liverpool Col. 5.

Birkenhead Institute v C.I.

C.I. travelled to Bebington in fine weather on October 7th.

The C.I. had the choice of ends and from the kick-off soon got to business. Progress was made on the left, and O'Callaghan scored our first goal. Birkenhead's left wing now became troublesome, but our defence proved equal to the occasion, and play was transferred to the home team's quarters. Flynn now scored for the C.I. and Gerety added another, so that half time the score was 3—1 for the C.I. On the resumption of play the C.I. forwards again got going and from an excellent corner by Smith, O'Callaghan scored another goal. Birkenhead now became the attackers and through the medium of their left wing they added three more goals to their total. C.I. now made a determined effort to take the lead and O'Neill scored. Soon after Birkenhead were deprived of a goal by an excellent save by Irvine, and then Flynn scored another goal for the C.I.

Full time: C.I. 6; B.I. 4.

C.I. v Wallasey G.S.

At Sefton Park, on Oct. 14th.

The opening exchanges of this game were fairly even until supported ably by Riley, our left half, O'Callaghan, ran up and scored. Soon after Gerety added another goal, and Flynn also advanced us by a goal, so that at half time the score was 3—0 for the C.I.

On resuming the game the Wallasey team got going, and despite the brilliant play of our defence they succeeded in

notching two goals. C.I. now advanced on the right, and after some hard play Gerety scored from a good corner by Smith. Soon after, on proceeding to receive the ball which Quinn had passed back Irvine slipped over and so Wallasey benefited by a goal. Wallasey came on again, but Irvine thwarted their advances, and the play was transferred to mid-field. Parsons now received a pass from our backs, and ran down and scored a fifth for the C.I.

Result. C.I. 5; Wallasey 3.

C.I. v Liverpool Institute.

C.I. turned out at Sefton Park on October 28th to meet a very heavy visiting team. From the kick off the Liverpool Institute forwards took possession of the play, and the C.I. defence was soon very busy; notwithstanding our efforts they soon scored a goal. Another goal soon followed for the visitors, and then the C.I. forwards got going and from a corner O'Callaghan netted the ball. Liverpool Institute replied with two more goals.

Half-time L.I. 4, C.I. 1.

In the second half the game was far better contested. The C.I. team played with more confidence and several times had very hard lines in not scoring. Eventually O'Callaghan netted the ball again. The opposing team now tried hard for a goal but were unsuccessful and full-time arrived with C.I. pressing hard.

Result. L.I. 4, C.I. 2.

C.I. 2nd XI. v. S.F.X. College.

On the 18th Nov. the C.I. 2nd XI travelled to Clubmoor, in frosty weather. The ground was crisp and hard, and C.I. winning the toss had the choice of ends.

Half-time C.I. nil, S.F.X. nil.

Full-time C.I. 2, S.F.X. 1.

SENIOR LEAGUE.

Nov. 4th.	IVb. 2 goals	...	V. 2 goals.
„ 14th.	IVa. 6	„	IVb. 0

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Oct. 21st.	IVa. 7	„	IVb. 5	„
	IVc. 6	„	IVd. 4	„
Oct. 28th.	IVb. 4	„	IVc. 3	„
	IVd. 2	„	IIIc. 1	„
Nov. 4th.	IVa. 3	„	IVc. 4	„
	IVb. 2	„	IIIc. 4	„
Nov. 11th.	IVa. 5	„	IVd. 4	„
	IVc. 3	„	IIIc. 3	„
Nov. 18th.	IIIa. 1	„	IIIb. 6	„

Detailed reports of Junior matches will appear in next issue.