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Editorial.

We tender profuse
Bien apologies to our readers
Fâché. on whose patience we
may have made unreasonable demands by the postponement of the issue of this number of the Magazine from the close of last session to the present time. It is but a mere coincidence that the alteration in the date of issue occurs at a period when there is a general disturbance even of old-time institutions, and we feel sure our clients will appreciate our endeavours to supply them in this and subsequent issues with a more complete record of those items in each succeeding term that claim a place in the annals of the C.I.

Among the outstanding
Finale. events of last Term the most prominent was unquestionably the "last scene of all" in which our co-frères, learned and otherwise, launched, with a valour worthy of steel crosses, an assault of unparalleled intensity against the citadels of the Oxford, the University Scholarships, and various other Ex-

aminers. We give elsewhere details of the results achieved during these anxious days of strenuous endeavour, and we confidently refer our readers to the record of successes which demonstrate so fully the educational attainments of the present generation at the C.I.

The list of Old Boys
Beati who have made "the
Mortui. great sacrifice" at the front grows apace, and latterly with a rapidity which we deeply deplore. The sacredness of the cause for which these heroes have laid down their young lives will, no doubt, be some consolation to their afflicted families; and the knowledge of their bravery, of their patriotism, and more especially of their sterling Catholic lives will help to assuage the poignancy of the grief which the news of their departure hence has brought to their relatives, their friends, and those associated with them at their old school. We record their early deaths with sincere sorrow, more especially when we recall the brilliant prospects which life had but just begun to unveil before them. And not alone in the shambles

of the battlefield has Death been exercising his sinister activities. Unhappily our own little circle has been included in the sphere of his operations, and one whom at the close of last Term we saw full of lusty life and vigour has been called away from this war-afflicted world to share in the happiness of that better land where sorrow and suffering are unknown.



School Notes.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

We had six representatives in the competition for University Scholarships this year, and it is with very great pleasure that we record the success of the whole team. At the May examination for Entrance Scholarships, P. W. Denny was awarded the Tate Arts Scholarship, value £105, one of the principal scholarships offered at that competition. He added to this a Senior City Scholarship, value about £180, at the subsequent competition held in July, when a similar prize was also secured by W. J. Delaney. Four scholarships in Engineering, each value £120, were also won at this latter competition by J. Cole, T. Fleming, C. W. Irvine, and T. Smith, making a total of seven scholarships this year. We congratulate these winners on their success, and also on the fact that they have established a school record which their successors at the C.I. will not easily surpass.

OXFORD SENIOR EXAM.

One of the minor effects of the war was the delay in the publication of the Oxford results, and, consequently, as the usual time for the announcement of these results drew nigh and passed without any indication of what our fortunes had been, we experienced an ever-increasing nervous tension which was proceeding to a limit with alarming rapidity. However, "the day" was not unduly deferred, and on Wednesday, 30th of August, we had the satisfaction of learning to what extent our learned efforts, during that very strenuous week in July, were appreciated by Oxford examiners.

Our Seniors may well be proud of their success. A total of twenty-six passes, twenty of whom were placed in the Honours list; seventeen Distinctions in individual subjects, and First Places in Mathematics and Physics, is tangible proof of the excellence of their work.

P. W. Denny, who is seventh in the list of First Class Honours, obtained the highest place for the school, and it is but fair to mention that he, and the others who also competed for University Scholarships at the same time, were seriously handicapped in this Oxford Exam. by the clashing of some of the Scholarship papers with those of the Oxford examination. As a result they had to abandon a few of the latter papers, and thereby relinquished their chances of going higher still. Our next candidate was J. W. Byrne, who came fifteenth, and he was succeeded by W. J. Delaney and T. J. Gore in the twenty-eighth and forty-first places respectively. All four came in the highest section of First Class Honours, a distinction which was attained only by fifty-four out of the 9,311 candidates who competed this year. Eleven of our candidates reached the standard for First Class Honours, four were awarded Second Class Honours, and five were placed in Third Class Honours. The remaining six were placed in the Pass list. We congratulate them all, but especially the four who, though pitted against candidates who were in some cases almost three years their seniors, attained such high places among the élite of the examination.

OXFORD JUNIOR EXAM.

We gladly concede to our Juniors this year the honour of having completely eclipsed the best performances of their predecessors. A total of twenty honours, five of which were in the highest section of First Class Honours, fifteen Distinctions in individual subjects and eighteen Passes bears eloquent testimony to the quality of their work. Among the eleven who reached the standard for First Class Honours, W. H. Cooke and P. Irvine tied for 11th place among the 6,921 candidates who entered for this examination; J. F. Thomas came 18th,

J. A. Daly was 24th, and J. Gaughan 31st. Four others obtained Second Class Honours, and five were placed in Third Class Honours. The Distinctions won include three in English, one in Latin, seven in Mathematics, and four in French, in which subject W. H. Cooke and P. Irvine tied for First Place. We congratulate all the juniors on their success, but especially Cooke and Irvine, as well as others who, though not appearing in the Distinction and Honour lists, have none the less done their bit.

C.I. GOLD MEDAL.

Each succeeding session sees the competitions for this, the premier prize of the school, grow ever keener, and consequently the winner at the present time merits very special congratulations. Though P. W. Denny was confronted with opponents of no mean type, he succeeded in establishing his claim to the leadership, and we have much pleasure in offering him the felicitations of the whole school on his great success. P. W. Denny came to the C.I. from the Elementary Schools of Our Lady Immaculate, where he won a junior City Scholarship in 1911. Though junior in years to the majority of his class-fellows, he rapidly established his pre-eminence both by his success at the various school examinations as well as by his powers as a debater. At the Oxford examinations of 1914 he attained Third Place and First Class Honours in the Junior Examination, and was awarded Distinctions in Religious Knowledge, in Physics, and in Mathematics; in the last-mentioned subject he got First Place, and thus won the C.I. Silver Medal. His success at the Senior Examination the following year was equally brilliant, for he obtained Tenth Place in First Class Honours, with high distinctions in Mathematics, Higher Mathematics (second place), Physics, and French. This year he also took the Senior Exam., and though the exigencies of a competitive examination for University Scholarships prevented him from giving but a minor portion of his attention to the former examination, he reached the seventh place, and was awarded First

Place in Mathematics and in Physics, as well as Distinction in French. He fared equally well at the competition for University Scholarships, and won the Tate Arts Scholarship in May, to which he added in July a Senior City Scholarship, the most valuable entrance scholarship available at the University of Liverpool. On this latter scholarship he proceeds to the University, where, we have every hope, his career will be both brilliant and successful. During his time at the C.I. he has in turn claimed almost all the available prizes, but though he would seem to have had almost a monopoly of these things in the school it was quite otherwise. He was forced to share the special prize in his favourite Mathematics with a sturdy rival, who had been in worrying attendance on him both at his Elementary School and here, and who, we are glad to say, will still accompany him in the University. He also secured the Old Boys' Prize for English in the competition for which his debating powers gave him a marked advantage over his opponents, who nevertheless pressed him so closely that we believe he was lucky to succeed with even a small margin. It was, perhaps, some satisfaction to his less talented fellows, who might otherwise experience moments of jealousy, to observe that his athletic powers were not of a high order; nevertheless, he was a good "sport," and was always ready to participate in the different school games. We wish him every success in his University and subsequent career.

C.I. SILVER MEDAL.

The competition for this prize was exceptionally keen this year, and we very heartily congratulate the winner, Philip Irvine, on his good fortune in securing the trophy. First Class Honours and eleventh place in the Oxford Junior Exam., with Distinctions in English, Latin, Mathematics, and French, and First Place in the last-mentioned subject, is quite a fine record for a first attempt. He was lucky in outdistancing W. H. Cooke, who tied with him for eleventh place in the examination, as well as for First Place in French, by a single Distinction, and we shall look forward with much interest

to the position of both when they compete for the Senior School Medal.

C.I.O.B. ENGLISH PRIZE.

We tender our congratulations to T. J. Gore, who has succeeded in winning the prize of Two Guineas offered annually by the C.I.O.B. Association. The competition was as keen and as interesting as usual, the winner being only a few marks ahead of two other competitors—C. Irvine and T. Clancy. Last year the prize was carried off by P. W. Denny, after a similarly well-contested struggle, and consequently he was excluded from this year's competition.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

To those of us who had seen Arthur Hocter full of health and spirits before the holidays, the news of his death late in August came as a great shock. During the brief period of his illness he suffered a great deal, but the pain was borne with truly Christian fortitude. His death was calm and peaceful, fortified by the last rites of the Holy Catholic Church. To his devoted mother we offer our sincerest sympathy, and we feel all the more for her, as it was only last June she buried her husband. May the good God console her in her affliction. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." R.I.P.

INTER-CLASS DEBATES.

On June 27th, Forms Va and Vb held their inter-class debate, the subject for discussion being "Has Professionalism Ruined Sport?" C. Bresnan, who led Vb, dwelt on the evil that resulted from paying performers, and endeavoured to prove that many games were spoiled owing to players "selling" the matches. For the opposition, J. Macmillan maintained that such corrupt practice occurred only very seldom, and that the healthy excitement afforded to the spectators was itself a sufficient indication that sport remained unblemished in spite of the introduction of professionalism. J. Rogers, however, affirmed that the interest of many of

the spectators was due to the fact that they had been betting on the result. P. Irvine cited the Stage as an example of how an amusement which had been professionalised had universally commended itself, and he argued that professionalism, consequently, had nothing inherently evil in it. T. C. Harris examined the various sports and pastimes, and tried to prove that in almost every case professionalism had tainted them. W. Byrne argued in a similar strain. For the opposition, J. McDowell and A. Barter held that the introduction of professionalism had raised the quality of the play in every sport concerned, and asserted that immediately any signs of corrupt practices were noticed the various associations took immediate steps to stamp out the evil. Form Va were declared winners.

The inter-class debate between Forms V. and VI. took place on June 30th, when the subject, "Has Democratic Government in U.S.A. been a success?" came under discussion. A. Kieran, leading Form V., gave a brief summary of the history of the United States, and dwelt on the success which has already been attained in the several phases of that country's national life. He laid special stress on the high quality of the education received at the schools, and the innumerable advantages that were derived therefrom. To P. Denny, who led the opposition, Americans seem to be divided into two classes, unlettered backwoodsmen and "over-civilized" millionaires. The former, he asserted, had to strive continually for a livelihood, whilst the latter combined to form gigantic trusts which monopolised all business affairs. P. Magee argued that U.S.A. was comparatively a very young country, and that good results could not yet be expected to figure very prominently. T. Gore devoted the whole of his speech to illustrating what he held to be the unsatisfactory condition of electoral affairs in the great Republic. He tried to show that the average voter was almost totally ignorant of the ideas and political views of the candidates put up for election. J. C. Aindow affirmed that the manner in which the Government had dealt with recent crises and

avoided war was a sufficient indication of the success of democracy. J. Byrne examined the share borne by Americans in furthering scientific discovery, and arrived at the conclusion that it has been practically negligible. J. Phelan spoke in praise of the efficiency of the agricultural and manufacturing methods in vogue in the country. W. Delaney failed to appreciate the last-mentioned speaker's arguments, and maintained that the success of a government depends on its stability. He cited numerous examples of what he alleged to be the instability of the American Constitution. Form VI. were declared lucky winners by a few points.

PRIZE DEBATE.

The debate which is part of the competition for the prize offered annually by the Old Boys' Association took place on Tuesday, July 11th, commencing at 7 p.m. The adjudicators were Messrs. W. J. Murphy (Chairman), A. Lamble, M.Sc., and G. McNally.

Mr. W. Delaney, the first speaker, endeavoured to prove that "The Drink Traffic should be Nationalised." He outlined briefly the measures taken in Great Britain and Russia during the present war to limit the consumption of alcohol. Nationalisation would not mean compulsory teetotalism, and would entail no great interference with the rights of private property. Under State control excessive drinking would be impossible, and only good liquor would be sold. The municipalities who knew how much a district could need would be responsible for limiting of the drink supply. Such pernicious systems as taking the customer's money and allowing him to drink till it is all spent, which are in vogue at some public houses, would be stopped. The pressing need for immediate state ownership is shown by the report of the Central Control Board. Compensation to the present owners would not unduly tax the finances of the country, since Prussia was able to buy her railways from the private owners when she was by no means as rich as England is now.

Mr. J. Byrne, replying to the last speaker, pointed out that if the drink traffic became a Government concern

people would consume more, because of the additional impetus given to the trade by State ownership. He was of opinion that the licences were sufficiently restricted at present. If the evils of liquor were so glaring as Mr. Delaney seemed to think, abolition and not nationalisation was the proper course.

Mr. T. Clancy essayed to prove that the "export of coal should be stopped." He pointed out that, contrary to the general belief, the coal mines of this country are not inexhaustible, and would be worked out in four hundred years. He said that the idea that those countries which import coal from Great Britain are dependent on her was fallacious. Germany used Britain's coal in peace time, but only commenced to draw on her own supplies when war was declared. Now, when there is such a shortage of labour none should be wasted in mining coal for foreign consumption. Much of the fuel so exported finds its way through neutral countries to Germany. The speaker then drew a graphic picture of the disasters which would overtake England if her coal was exhausted.

Mr. W. Delaney, in replying, pointed out that his opponent had completely neglected the financial aspect of the situation. The rate of exchange with America is heavily against England, and the balance can only be redressed by exporting large quantities of commodities, including coal. Four hundred years is a considerable period. There is at present no need to provide against the failure of our fuel supply. By that time the resources of our Colonies would have been tapped.

Mr. Murray endeavoured to convince the audience that "Patriotism is an evil in modern civilisation." Patriotism, said the speaker, tends to prolong racial feuds, and prevents a lasting peace. Patriotism can be exploited by unscrupulous statesmen. At the present time patriotism served no useful purpose, and wars were decided by guns and explosives.

Mr. T. Clancy was apparently unconvinced by the arguments of the last speaker. Lack of patriotism causes such evils as conscription. If it is true

that war at the present day depends on machinery, then patriotism is necessary to forge these machines. The last speaker's argument that rulers could exploit the people's patriotism was attacked on the ground that if the rulers were themselves patriotic this could not be done.

Mr. T. Gore, whose subject was "Should we adopt the Continental Sunday?" supported the negative attitude, in the course of an exhaustive speech. The adoption of a form of observance of the Sabbath in vogue on the Continent would lead to great sectarian strife. It is true that those who are serious in their Sunday devotions would not be disturbed from practising them, but the great majority who go to church on Sunday through want of something better to do would be led away by the attractions of the kinema, etc. The manner of spending the Sunday which is in vogue in Italy has resulted in that day being the one on which most "knifing" is done. The influence the British Sunday has as a moulder of character cannot be denied.

Mr. Murray, replying, said that the sectarian strife mentioned by Mr. Gore did not exist on the Continent, and there was no reason for supposing that it would occur in England. Saturday is in this country the chief time for amusements, and there would not be much desire for them on the following day. He concluded by denying that there was any great evidence that serious evil would follow from an adoption of the Continental Sunday.

Mr. C. Irvine essayed to convince the audience "that labour troubles will be more acute after the war." In the course of a speech which was a masterpiece of systematic logic, he said that the great number of munition workers and soldiers released after the war would require employment which would not be forthcoming. Women workers who had recently been introduced into the labour market would cause the competition for employment to be keener. The lower classes who had mingled in the trenches with their employers would consider themselves their equals, and would no longer be satisfied with a position of inferiority. Emigration,

too, would decrease, and this would cause further congestion in an already over-stocked labour market. Socialistic thinkers would inflame the workers, and make them more dissatisfied. The fall in wages would only increase the unrest.

Mr. Gore, in reply, said that the problem of the women worker would not be so acute, since they would be drawn from the workshops by the call of domestic duty consequent upon the return of their husbands from the front. There will be a great demand for agricultural labourers, and even if there is a scarcity of food, the people will not revolt for what they know they cannot get.

Mr. J. Byrne then attempted to demonstrate the superiority of a scientific over a classical education. He showed that science develops the reasoning powers, the memory, and the imagination. Latin and Greek authors were often unintelligible, and such works as the "Ode to a Wine Jar" were certainly not uplifting. Johnson and others who were educated on the old system were notoriously lacking in breadth of mind.

Mr. C. Irvine opposed this. Literature tends to make us admire the beautiful. Byron and Johnson, who were educated under the old system, produced works which gave pleasure to millions, but no mathematician can claim to have done this. Latin translation tends to increase the power of associating ideas.

The Chairman stated that the speeches had been of exceptional merit, and C. Irvine secured first place in the debate, but T. Gore's essay was the best. A vote of thanks to the Old Boys' Association was proposed by Rev. Br. Leahy, and seconded by P. W. Denny.

Donovan Darragh.

"*This was a man!*"—Shakespeare.

I have been asked by my friend, Lord Nordyke, whose fearless and indefatigable candour has raised the "Daily Flail" upon an unassailable foundation to the eminence it now enjoys, to write a few words on the late Donovan Darragh, the great crimino-

logist, whose death last week from an overdose of cocaine has plunged the whole world into the profoundest grief, and robbed humanity at once of one of its greatest benefactors and most brilliant *savants*.

Next to my friendship with Lord Nordyke, I count it the highest privilege of my life to have been intimately acquainted with Donovan Darragh, and to have been associated with him, however humbly, in his most meteoric triumphs as a detective. I see him now in my mind's eye, a tall, thin man, with a slight stoop, but wiry and of immense strength of wrist; his raven-black hair, thick jet eyebrows, and hollow cheeks accentuating the pallor of a face that was energised and illumined by the restless vigour of blue-grey eyes; his brow high and uncompromising; his aquiline nose, with spiritual, finely-chiselled nostrils; his firm, strong chin; his shapely, almost feminine ears. I never saw so arresting a physiognomy, and I have seen many in my time; certainly I never met a man who combined with such moral and intellectual excellence so charming a personality and so sympathetic an altruism. I remember it was a source of merriment amongst his friends throughout the winter that he could never lay his hand on an overcoat, although he purchased a new one every few days, for he could not pass a poor, shivering policeman at the street-corner without a gesture of distress and a compassionate envelopment of the constable's shoulders. As an instance of the rare modesty that went hand in hand with his genius, like a fair queen with her consort, the world is familiar with the reply he made to the deputation of prominent Americans who waited on him a few years ago to offer him the presidency of the United States. It will be remembered that the American representatives, on receiving his answer, said that they would nominate any man he chose to name, and that, as a result, Theodore Roosevelt was elected to the Presidency. It is well known, too, what a powerful impression Darragh made even on men whose natures were vitiated by crime and all manner of villainy. Who that read of

it can ever forget how Theophilus True-spice, the Tooting Terror, went to his death, not, as would not have been unexpected, uttering frenzied curses on the man who had brought him to the expiation of his misdeeds, but smiling to the last at the recollection, as he himself confessed, of his captor's charming manner and delightful ears. But I digress.

Of Donovan Darragh's immemorial exploits as a detective no one is ignorant. The story of them, which it has been my privilege and pleasure to record, however inadequately, from time to time, keeps men now, and will keep their children's children in the years to come, thrilled and enchanted in the reading. The part Darragh played in the emancipation of humanity from the ulcerous plague, if I may so put it, of crime and lawlessness can never be forgotten. As eloquent testimony to his work in this field, I cannot do better than refer you to the records at Scotland Yard, which show a total of fifteen convictions on any charge for the last five years.

With his higher and more austere attainments, however, the public is perhaps not so conversant. Donovan Darragh was born in Wigan on 23rd February, 1850, and received his early education in Liverpool, where he very soon astounded his teachers with the first glimpses of his remarkable mental powers. At the age of ten he secured first place in the Oxford Senior Locals, with distinction in Mathematics, Botany, Greek, Russian, Sanscrit, and Chemistry. After a brilliant career at Oxford, where he held the Senior Wranglership for five years in succession, and gained the degrees of M.A., M.Sc., D.Litt., Mus.B., to mention only a few, he embarked upon a public career of no less brilliance, to find himself at the age of thirty President of the Royal College of Science, and the possessor of a long list of titles and honours, including the K.C.M.G., the O.M., the C.B., the Legion of Honour, the F.R.C.O., the F.R.G.S., and the F.Z.S. He filled the office of President of the Royal Academy with distinction, himself exhibiting there from year to year rare samples of his extraordinary capabilities

with brush and chisel. Perhaps his best-known work in this direction is the famous "Rhubarb Rhapsody," a reproduction of which is to be seen in every English household to-day. His inventive genius manifested itself in a number of discoveries entailing immeasurable benefits to mankind. I need only mention here the Toothpick, the Telephone, the Gramophone, the Submarine, the Cinematograph, the Taximeter, Wireless Telegraphy, the Perfect Aeroplane, and the famous D-Rays, which have revolutionised the art of sweetpea-culture. Speaking of flowers, Darragh excelled in botany and horticulture, as in what, indeed, did he not? He was a most accomplished musician. An exquisite violinist and a superb tambourinist, he performed equally creditably, with a wealth of resource and a sympathetic delicacy of execution that proclaimed him a great artist, on the trombone, glockenspiel, bones, euphonium, and harp, whilst Baker Street would have seemed unfamiliar without the echoes of his *cor anglais*. He was in the front rank of philatelists, entomologists, taxidermists, and archæologists. His collection of precious stones was unique. A clever billiard-player, a keen pugilist (he was, of course, the only man to beat Jack Johnson), a noted gymnast, a brilliant fencer, a marvellous golfer, a most remarkable goal-keeper, I have never met his match for versatility.

Darragh served with distinction in the South African War, winning the V.C. and D.C.M. in two successive days, at Bunkumfontein and One Star Hill respectively. The speedy relief of Poofsberg in the winter of 1900, when a handful of British were hemmed in by a force of 20,000 Boers and threatened with annihilation, was entirely due to Darragh's masterful transport work and fearless nibbling tactics. As a strategist he was unrivalled. But in spite of all his splendid work in the field, Darragh was all his life a pacifist. His "Ethics of International Warfare" and "The Furious Futility" are world-famous. It is not generally known that the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 was brought to a timely conclusion by his intervention when still a young

man. There can be no doubt that the present war would quickly have terminated had he been spared to bring his good offices in that direction to fruition. Now that he is dead, I see no possibility of its being brought to a conclusion within the next fifteen or sixteen years. Nor is this the only way in which humanity will be beggared by his decease.

I need say no more in this place* on the signal intellectual eminence of Donovan Darragh, except to remark in passing on the extraordinary mathematical accuracy of his thoughts and writings. It may perhaps seem irreconcilable with his reputation as a poet and artist, but for crystalline precision of perception and deduction he was unequalled. This I assert without fear of contradiction. I have already alluded to the fact of his having secured distinction in Mathematics in the Oxford Senior, and to his possession of the Senior Wranglership at Oxford for five successive years. His astonishing success in prize competitions and on the mimic battleground of the chessboard fully bore out this early promise. He was the despair of the periodicals who make prize contests on the back page a feature of their contents. Week after week his name appeared in big type as winner of the first prize, until the competitions, and, in many cases, the publication of the periodicals themselves, had of necessity to be abandoned. Of his prowess at chess no more need be said than that he was never defeated, not even by the Sultan Haroun Al Kali, or the great Egyptian thinker, Algeb Ra.

It seems fitting that I should, in conclusion, say a few words on the adventurous side of the career of the great Darragh—that side of it which holds, perhaps, more glamour for the average man than the most exhaustive record of his intellectual achievements. I cannot have failed to make it clear in the books I have filled with the narration of his exploits, insufficient though they be,

* I am at present engaged, as is perhaps known, on an exhaustive survey of the life and achievements of this great man—"Donovan Darragh: The Man and his Work," complete in twenty-seven fortnightly parts. The publishers will be Messrs. Fodder & Stouton.

that Donovan Darragh was the bravest and the most resourceful of men in the face of danger; of that he met much in his life-long campaign against crime, and triumphed ever. He was absolutely devoid of physical fear. He revelled in peril. In the most hazardous and blood-congealing situations he exhibited a sang-froid that laughed at death and defied defeat. Shall I ever forget, for instance, the round-up of the infamous Red Rhombus Gang, in the main sewer at Southport? The terrible scene revisits me very often in dreams, and I find myself sitting up rigid in my bed, clutching the mattress in a cold sweat. There Darragh stood, utterly unperturbed, though six reckless men with loaded weapons faced him, at bay, and another, also armed, was sitting on me. I saw with difficulty, but I caught a glimpse of the mocking smile on his pale face, and then I heard an ominous noise, as of the engines of fifty approaching Zeppelins. The wretches covered with dread, and in a trice Darragh had the handcuffs on them. Need I say that there were no Zeppelins? It was only Darragh exercising his wonderful gift of mimicry, at which I never met his equal. On another occasion which I shall never forget I was leaving the Albert Hall in his company. He had had a busy evening, having delivered two remarkable lectures, one to the Shakespeare Society, in which he settled once and for all the vexed question of the authorship of the immortal plays, and the other to a representative gathering of the scientists of the whole world on "The Fifth Dimension" (a discovery of his own). I never saw so ludicrous an assembly as the Shakespeare Society when Darragh had finished with them. They simply palpitated with amazement and consternation. For he proved conclusively to them the validity of Mark Twain's assertion that it was not Shakespeare who wrote Shakespeare, but some other fellow with the same name. The learned men of all the nations were equally astounded by Darragh's lucid exposition of the profound verities of the Fifth Dimension, and the new vistas of research opened out thereby. Well, Darragh and I were leisurely approach-

ing the Park gates when I saw of a sudden the old familiar glint in his blue-grey eye. "There he is!" he shot out, and in another moment was grappling with what looked to me to be a burly London constable. It transpired that the man whom he secured after a terrific struggle was none other than Anton Aquistapace, the Aleppo Anarchist, in disguise—the man who for many tumultuous years had struck terror into the hearts of the crowned heads of Europe. Darragh had been on his trail for a long time, and found him by far his toughest opponent. The capture of the notorious Aquistapace set Darragh's fame at the zenith, and the downfall of William Wombwell, the Wigan Wrecker, that followed soon after, assured that fame, if anything indeed was needed to assure it, to perpetuity. You will find all these things recounted at greater length in their proper place.

In all his long and brilliant career I only know of one occasion when Darragh was obliged to confess himself on the wrong scent, and then it was, curiously enough, that he paid me the highest compliment I have ever been accorded. I pride myself upon the fact that I was able to deceive the greatest penetrator of disguises that ever lived. It was on a winter's evening, in the year 18—, I attended a fancy dress ball at the Three Arts Club at Chelsea, and, by a happy inspiration, I went in the guise of Pierre Casserole, the notorious murderer, upon whose track, by the way, Donovan Darragh had been for many months. By all accounts, Darragh was recuperating in the South of France. I had received a letter, bearing the Nice postmark, that very morning, and in it he expressed his intention of proceeding to Rome to assist the Italian Government out of some diplomatic *embarras*. The ball was a great success, to which, I am not ashamed to avow, my novel make-up attributed in no small measure. I left the Club about three o'clock, in the company of Raoul Rubisquez, the well known Spanish poet; there was no sign of a hansom, and, as the night was fine, with a clear and starry sky, we decided to walk back to the city. I

bade my friend good-morning at the corner of Park Lane, and set off in the direction of Baker Street at a smart stride, for it was very frosty. As I turned the corner into Oxford Street a man, who appeared to be a belated reveller lurched into me rudely, knocking my top-hat into the gutter. "Beg pardon, my good sir," he enunciated uncertainly, "the keen air has—er—has not yet succeeded in dissipating the fumes of wine—here," he pointed to his unstable head with a clumsy gesture; "I assure you, my good sir," he rambled on, "I assure you—at normal times my brain is—er—is of the clearest." I regarded him with a look of mingled contempt and indignation. I could not distinguish his features. His hair hung down over the palid oval of his face.

"Pshaw!" I ejaculated at length, and bent down to recover my hat. In a twinkling my wrists were seized in a grip of iron, and the cold ring of a pistol muzzle numbed my left temple. "Got you at last, my friend!" exclaimed my captor in a voice, now quite innocent of inebriation, that I recognised with amazement as Darragh's. The sense of the dramatic strangeness of my position was tempered with wonder that Donovan Darragh, whom I supposed to be well on the way to Rome, stood there at the corner of Park Lane and Oxford Street. It seemed only of minor import that circles of cold steel bit into my wrists and temple. "Darragh!" I blurted out at last. He realised with almost comical surprise whom it was he had manacled.

"Well!" he said, "that's a remarkable make-up, Potson!" We were soon laughing heartily over our mutual discomfiture. But to this day it has remained a mystery to me how Darragh came to be waiting for me there at the corner of Park Lane and Oxford Street.

And now Donovan Darragh is dead. He was a truly great man; such moral and intellectual excellence many, many years will not see duplicated. One wonders what strange flaw in the sterling stuff of his composition could suffer the domination of the vile drug that caused his death. It is always

thus. Positive perfection this world will never know. There is always a little kink.

Who shall write his epitaph? Who of the pigmy souls he leaves behind shall rise up and celebrate his worth immortally? "The world grows Lilliput," and yet I know and derive comfort from the knowledge that Darragh's deathless monument is in the hearts of humanity for whom he worked and strived unceasingly.

R. A. CASWALL.



Signals at Sea.

By JOHN FITZPATRICK.

Just as on land persons are able to communicate with each other with comparative ease, even though hundreds of miles apart, so at sea ships can communicate with each other with equal ease, even though many thousands of miles separate them. Communication at sea is not limited to daylight, nor is it limited to one particular method. Daylight finds ships communicating with each other by means of flags, shapes, and semaphores; at night by means of lights, rockets, and flashlights; whilst during both day and night messages may be sent by wireless telegraphy or by submarine signals.

What is now known as the International Code of signals has been in existence for fourteen years. In this code all the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are represented by separate flags, which are easily distinguished from one another. Some flags represent not only letters, but whole words. Thus the most common of signal flags, the "Blue Peter," the flag which has a white rectangle in the midst of a blue background, signifies that the vessel is about to leave port, whilst a plain yellow flag is the most dreaded of all, for it warns everybody to keep away, as the vessel has probably to be placed in quarantine until there is no longer any danger of infection. A white flag, having a blue rectangle in the middle, is a sign that a pilot is wanted. It is well to know that if anybody amuses himself by flying this pilot flag improperly, he is liable to a penalty of £20.

Signals are made by combining any number of flags up to four, and such signals can relate to any subject whatever; any word or name can be spelt, and any number of figures can be given. A game of chess has even been played between two vessels in mid-ocean, a mile or so apart, the whole of the moves being signalled by means of flags. For speed, however, emergency signals are made with two flags, whilst if three flags be used it is to relate to money, weights and measures, and fractions.

The romance and mystery attached to flag signalling at sea are increased because the operation is very picturesque, and can easily be watched. Perhaps some sailing ship is signalling to know her exact bearings, in which case some very smart work will be seen; perhaps she is announcing that there is a serious illness on board, in which case a passing steamer is stopped to allow the doctor to render what help he can. Sometimes a vessel signals that she is short of water or provisions, or perhaps she may be seen flying her national flag upside down, which indicates she is in sore distress and needs immediate aid.

People who frequent seaside resorts are very often confronted with signalling, not by means of flags, but by a much less intricate method, namely, by means of shapes, such as spheres, cones, drums, and globes. By means of observation of the position of these shapes visitors easily learn to look out for good or bad weather. If the cone (for it is a cone which is used to indicate bad weather) is point downwards a gale from the south is expected; if the point is upwards the gale is from the north. At night three lanterns make a triangle corresponding to the cone.

Another important method of signalling, and one which is employed to a considerable extent in the Navy, is "Semaphore." The semaphore consists of arms working like a railway signal, and may be used either with both arms, or with only one arm. If only one arm is employed, signalling is conducted on an adaptation of the Morse system of telegraphy, the lowering and raising of the arm correspond-

ing to the dot and dash. If both arms are used various positions denote different letters or numbers. Merchant ships nowadays are gradually neglecting the use of the semaphore, and in its stead have adopted "flag-wagging" or flag signalling by hand.

At night, as might be expected, signalling is carried on in a different way; lights are used, and the process is conducted in three ways—by fixed lights, by Morse signalling lamps, and by rockets or coloured fires. Every vessel must carry fixed lights, whether she be at anchor or under way, whether she be a steamship or a sailing vessel. When travelling, every vessel must show a green light on her starboard side and a red one on her port side, and the intensity of these lights must be such that they are visible at a distance of two miles at least. If a vessel is more than two hundred feet in length she must carry an extra light on her after-mast. Steamships which are more than two hundred feet in length must, in addition to this light, carry another light on the foremast fifteen feet lower than the after-mast light. Steamships have furthermore to display stern lights, and every vessel at anchor must display a lamp hanging from the fore rigging, and arranged in such a way that it is visible in all directions. At sea the "rules of the road" for safety are based on a proper understanding of all these lights.

As the reader is probably aware, the Morse alphabet consists of a series of dots and dashes, and hence the duration of a flash of a lamp corresponds to such marks. A short flash, which is used to represent a dot, is of about one second duration; a long flash, used to represent a dash, is of about three seconds. There is an interval of a second between each flash, of three seconds between each letter and of six seconds between each word or group. In order to signal with this alphabet flash lamps are employed, but various methods are adopted in order to work these lamps. If oil is used as the illuminant, as is very often the case, especially on the smaller vessels, the lamps are operated by means of a shutter. Sometimes electricity is used, and in this case an elec-

tric lamp is installed high up on the foremast, and either by means of a spring or an electric shutter the apparatus is worked. A more common practice, however, is to switch the electric current on and off from the deck. Just as the yellow flag is a signal which carries with it fear and dread, so the signal "S.O.S." in the Morse code has the unpleasant task of declaring distress and, of course, asking for immediate aid.

With reference to rockets little can be said, for they are now very seldom used, save as signals of distress. Coloured lights, however, are now employed by many of the liner companies as private night signals. As the ocean under normal circumstances is free to all, and as no one has any right to interfere, any vessel can, if she so wish, display her signals on the high seas. However, the fact that a vessel is in waters under foreign jurisdiction regulates, in certain cases, the nature of the pyrotechnic or coloured lights she shows. That such is the case is beneficial and highly advantageous, for as different countries have different rules regulating the signals of their ports misunderstandings and confusion might very easily result if one country were determined to adhere to its own signal when in foreign waters. The fact that companies in different lands have particular signals does not cause confusion, for all such signals are registered and the captain of any vessel seeing coloured fires or rockets in the distance has only to turn up the list which all ocean-going vessels carry to ascertain the company to which the signalling vessel belongs. Although signalling by means of the wireless system is practically the most up-to-date method, still as a reserve means in the case of failure of the wireless, night signals are as valuable and as important as before the wireless system came into use.

Wireless telegraphy is, of course, taking the place of all other methods of communication at sea. A few insulated wires stretched between the masts overhead and as many wires leading to the operator's cabin is all that is visible to the spectator, but the

numerous uses to which the apparatus can be put, coupled with the extraordinary results achieved, at once convince the onlooker that there is a hidden mystery within. By means of the wireless, vessels can communicate with one another or with shore stations up to distances of over 5,000 miles, whilst intervening land proves no serious obstacle. It can summon assistance if a vessel is in distress, or lead a captain to deviate from his course many hundreds of miles to succour another vessel. It may help the Meteorological Office in London by supplying a report upon which the weather forecast can be based, whilst it is one of the means by which a traveller by sea can keep in touch with life ashore. It is further the means by which the columns of the daily newspaper, which the steward lays beside the plates of the passengers at breakfast, are filled with items of news from the outer world.

Finally, we come to submarine signals, which may be either signals operated from the shore and heard on board, or signals transmitted from one vessel to another. In the case of the former a bell is fixed to a buoy or light-ship, and is sounded by an electric current. The bell, in the majority of cases, lies about thirty feet below the level of the water. Vessels have an apparatus on board for receiving such messages as are communicated by the submarine bell. This consists of two tanks in the bow, one against each side. Immersed in the liquid of each tank is a microphone, and these take the sound waves which strike against the side of the vessel and intensify and transmit them to a telephone communicating with the chart-room. Messages can be sent by this means ten miles under the sea. Thus this is the general method of giving warning to a vessel as to her position in approaching a port during a heavy fog.

Such are the various methods of signalling at sea. We can easily realize from this brief account what a tremendous asset electricity is to mankind, and what valuable services have been rendered to humanity by such men as Marconi and Edison.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

Senior City Scholarship (value about £180).

P. W. DENNY.
W. J. DELANEY.

Bartlett Engineering Scholarship (value £120).

J. COLE.
T. A. FLEMING.
C. IRVINE.
T. SMITH.

Tate Arts Scholarship (value £105).

P. W. DENNY.

All the above Scholarships are tenable for a period of three years at the University of Liverpool.

OXFORD LOCAL EXAMINATIONS.

SENIOR (9,311 Candidates).

HONOURS.

First Class—P. W. DENNY (7th place).
J. W. BYRNE (15th place).
W. J. DELANEY (28th place).
T. J. GORE (41st place).
T. S. CLANCY.
J. COLE.
T. A. FLEMING.
P. R. HAWE.
C. IRVINE.
J. J. FITZPATRICK.
A. J. KIERAN.

Second Class—H. J. McGRATH.
P. MAGEE.
J. J. PHELAN.
A. Q. McPARLAND.

Third Class—A. DONLEAVY.
P. KEARNEY.
N. O. McKENNA.
L. A. MURRAY.
J. F. WRIGHT.

DISTINCTIONS.

Mathematics—P. W. DENNY } (1st place).
(Algebra, W. J. DELANEY }
Geometry, J. COLE }
Trigonometry) T. A. FLEMING } (7th place).
T. S. CLANCY } (18th place).
J. W. BYRNE }
A. J. KIERAN } 37th place).
H. J. McGRATH } (67th place).

Higher Mathematics—
(Solid Geometry, Conics, Calculus)
P. W. DENNY (7th place)

Latin— J. W. BYRNE }
J. COLE } (19th place)
T. J. GORE }

French— T. J. GORE (8th place).
P. W. DENNY (41st place).

Physics— P. W. DENNY (1st place).
W. J. DELANEY (2nd place).
T. S. CLANCY (5th place).

PASSES.

J. C. AINDOW. C. H. LAWLER.
J. A. CLIFFORD. W. N. TRENEMAN.
G. A. GARRETT. G. VERSPREUWEN.

JUNIOR (6,921 Candidates).

HONOURS.

First Class—W. H. COOKE } (11th place).
P. IRVINE }
J. F. THOMAS } (18th place).
J. A. DALY } (24th place).
J. GAUGHAN } (31st place).
A. T. HOSKER.
C. S. KIERAN.
J. N. WRIGHT.
J. W. BARKER.
A. J. BARTER.
J. J. McDOWELL.

Second Class—O. L. MCGOWAN.
J. L. BLANCHARD.
J. O. BURCHALL.
P. J. ROGERS.

Third Class—W. G. BYRNE.
J. P. CLARK.
P. O'BRIEN.
M. SLATTERY.
J. N. TRACEY.

DISTINCTIONS.

Mathematics—W. H. COOKE }
J. A. DALY } (4th place).
J. F. THOMAS }
J. GAUGHAN. }
A. T. HOSKER.
P. IRVINE.
C. S. KIERAN.

French— W. H. COOKE } (1st place).
P. IRVINE }
A. T. HOSKER. }

English— P. IRVINE (8th place).
J. GAUGHAN.
W. H. COOKE.

Latin— P. IRVINE (6th place).

PASSES.

P. F. BOLGER. J. P. MORAN.
C. E. BRESNAN. J. V. MURRAY.
J. C. BYRNE. J. A. PRENDERGAST.
G. BROWN. L. C. RADCLIFFE
P. J. GERAGHTY. O. AZURDIA.
F. C. HARRIS. A. L. CROSBY.
A. E. HYDE G. MARMION.
J. LOFTUS. J. MACMILLAN.
E. L. McMANUS. F. SMITH.

UNIVERSITY MATRICULATION.

The following have qualified for Matriculation at the University of Liverpool:—

P. W. DENNY. J. COLE ('15).
W. J. DELANEY. T. A. FLEMING ('15).
T. J. GORE. C. IRVINE ('15).
T. S. CLANCY. A. J. KIERAN.
P. R. HAWE. H. J. McGRATH.
J. J. FITZPATRICK. P. MAGEE.
J. W. BYRNE. J. J. PHELAN.
A. Q. McPARLAND.

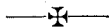
CIVIL SERVICE.

CLERKS TO SURVEYORS OF TAXES.
R. W. CUNNINGHAM. J. McGRATH.

The C. I. Prospero's Farewell.

By O. MCKENNA.

Ye books on Maths., French, History,
and Heat;
And chalks that on the board with
snowy signs
Do prove great truths of uncontested
worth;
Ye glossy cones of ever varying pose;
Ye Lab. results that puzzle and per-
plex;
And oh! you "ekkers," red and blue
and brown,
By whose great aid (grim tyrants
though ye be)
I have surmounted Oxford Local stiles
And shed some lustre on the old C.I.;
Ye cricket balls that travel o'er the
green,
Ye gaping nets full hungry for the
shots
That seldom come; and Cornwallis
Street waves
Whose fountain head is in the City
Council;
Ye balms to bodies and ye boons to
minds;
I bid you now farewell. My schooldays
o'er,
I long to don the garments of the man:
The stiff barbaric bowler and the pants
Of length complete. Meanwhile the
holidays.
Then tenderly I'll store away my books
And, deeper than did ever diver dive,
I'll drown my satchel.



'Possum Shooting in Australia.

By T. CLANCY.

Game of a description likely to tempt a good sportsman is not very plentiful in the Australian continent. A man equipped to the teeth and able to engage in an expedition into unsettled districts may happen to enjoy a run of fortune and make "bags" of incredible dimensions. The settler, however—the man who works hard, and yet would have his occasional recreation with the gun—

has not a large variety of game to choose from, but he can always fall back upon the innocent opossum, quite correctly described in the humorous phrase as a "'possum up a gum tree." Of all the marsupials in the great Australian continent, this is the family which is least frightened away by the habitations of men. The establishment of a township makes little difference to the opossum. On moonlight nights the popping of 'possum shooting guns may be heard even around the suburbs of cities.

The destruction of the opossum is more justifiable than is tame-pigeon shooting. Although the animal breeds but once a year, it is remarkably abundant in most of the settled districts. Having a penchant for green vegetation in its tender growths, it is, in fact, anything but welcome. Gardening in the bush is achieved only through much tribulation; droughts are bad enough, but the ravages of small marsupials are especially aggravating. After the settler has succeeded, by much exertion, in bringing his peas, lettuces, pumpkins, or vegetable marrows above ground, so that his wife and children may go out every evening to speculate upon the delicious prospect of fresh vegetables to relieve the regulation fare of salt beef and damper, it is disheartening indeed to find some morning that the little crop has been ruined by artful four-footed marauders with enormous appetites. The destruction of the 'possum is, therefore, to begin with an act of self-defence; moreover, the skins are useful, if not valuable. The Queensland variety of skin is the common silver-grey, and is not to be compared with the fine dark Tasmanian skins, a rug from which costs from seven to ten pounds. Still, the commoner kinds make good rugs, saddle-bags, and caps, and serve a useful purpose on the bare floor of the ordinary settler's cabin.

The sport itself must count for something. Against the splendid freedom and fair prospects of his lot the Australian emigrant who would succeed must set, among other things, downright hard manual labour, with few means of recreation. Who, then,

would grudge him the amusement of a kangaroo hunt, or the more easily obtained shot at a 'possum?

The 'possum's business is done by night, and should you want the animal in the daytime you must imitate the example of the native by examining the smooth trunks of the gum tree, and having discovered scratches which experience soon enables you to understand, you climb your way upwards as best you can, and seek the slumbering animal in some cosy hollow at the head of the tree. After nightfall it descends to the herbage, and in the silent bush its squeaky chatter is heard on every side.

A dog is a necessary companion in 'possum shooting, and I have heard an interesting story of one of them. He was a grand Scotch deerhound called Major, marked with many a scar inflicted by kangaroo-clutches, and the settlers allowed him to work for them in perfect confidence. In the bush cottage, where the hound was pet and companion, especially to the children, he would gravely wait prone on the ground whenever a nocturnal expedition was on foot, one eye on his masters as they drank their tea, the other on the guns in the corner. The wise fellow did not disturb himself when the meal was finished, but simply watched the settlers' movements, yet directly they took up their guns he was up and ready. Not a word was necessary. He knew exactly the part he had to play.

In the immediate vicinity of the cottage he walked soberly at heel, expecting, as he always received, a word of love from his master; but in the open paddock he would pause, wag his tail, and of his own accord set off, nose to ground, at his huge stride. The settlers, sitting on a log, could hear the crash of the dry sticks as he proceeded. Sometimes he would find game at once; sometimes not. That he would find it if there were anything to be found they knew, and they kept the watch of patience in the incomparable moonlight. Perhaps when the time came Major's bark would be heard in a direction altogether opposite to that in which he set out. The barks were short

and sharp. He never barked in that way except for 'possum finding, and he kept on repeating the signal until the settlers were with him. It was the only sound in the vast solitude, and they were guided by it without difficulty.

Major would be found sitting on his haunches looking eagerly up into the branches.

A violent thumping of his tail on the ground and an impatient whine indicated his knowledge of the settlers' presence, but the head was never withdrawn from its perpendicular attitude, nor did he utter another bark. So far he had performed his part, and now it was the sportsmen's turn. Often the 'possum could not be seen; strain their eyes as they would from every side where they could get the object sharply outlined against the moonlight, nothing but leaves and branches could be detected. With other dogs much time would be wasted in a fruitless search. The continuous throwing back of the head and peering upwards wearied the eyes, and it was always possible that the dog had been misled by a flying fox or a night-bird. But Major was not to be mistrusted and, in the end, the 'possum was always found.

A mature specimen weighs eight or ten pounds, and is larger than an ordinary house cat. The hidden 'possum is naturally in a state of alarm. It had been roaming on the ground when the dog approached, and although it looks the reverse of a racing animal, it had scampered at a swift pace and scuttled out of harm's way up the gum tree. There it lay, close to one of the stems. At the height of fifty or sixty yards it looked at first a small dark excrescence, but by shifting this way and that, now advancing, now retiring, but ever with his eye on the object, the sportsman would by-and-by see the large lynx-shaped ears. The rest is a simple matter of potting. Shoot straight and the 'possum in nine cases out of ten falls immediately with a thud.

Here again Major's superiority was exemplified. The untrained dog would rush at the fallen animal, and so maul it as to spoil the skin. Major, who had

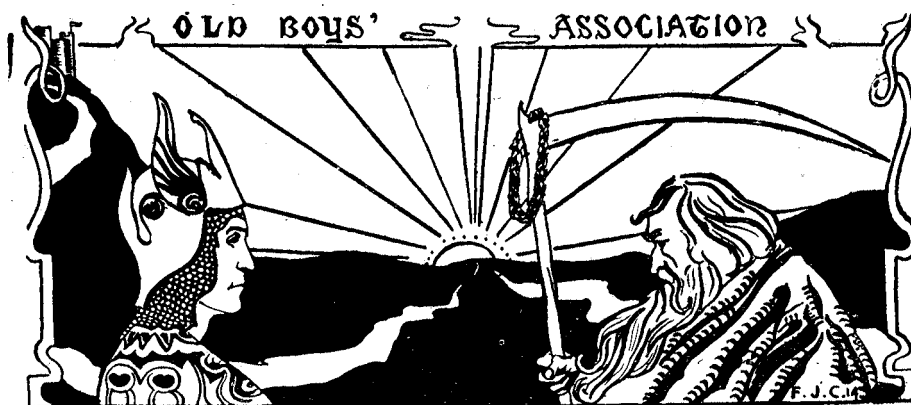
maintained his watch and, if possible, sharpened it during the act of shooting, was always on the spot to receive the 'possum, and make short work of it if it attempted to escape. Otherwise he stood solemnly gratified over it, mounting guard till released.

It may be added here as a last reference to the old hound, that he went away into the mountains on a hunting expedition of his own, and never returned. His skeleton was found long after in a dried-up waterhole, and the presumption always was that he had surprised an "old man" kangaroo, pinned him according to his invariable custom, allowed himself to be hugged in the kangaroo's strong fore-arms, and had eventually been drowned. This is not an uncommon habit of the kangaroo at bay.

The 'possum has a strong clinging tail, and occasionally dies with it curled round the branch upon which it received the shot. A pea-rifle is the best weapon for the sport when skins are the object. You can shoot with it at the head, and make one hole only. Few settlers, however, possess a fancy gun of this description. A rusty single-barrel, often of the vilest Brummagem make, has to suffice, with a charge of shot shovelled out of the trousers pocket in a pipe-bowl. A youngster in the bush is very

careless with firearms, but, however rude his gun may be, he can shoot his eight or ten 'possums during a favourable ramble.

The young 'possum, which often crawls (none the worse for the headlong fall) out of the pouch of the dead mother, makes an interesting pet. It quickly becomes tame, and will run over the house in a mood of happy content. The 'possum is a pretty animal. The face is round, the nose sharp, and the eyes soft and bright. The front teeth are long, and a wounded opossum will inflict a severe bite, and use its large sharp claws with terrible effect. Only when absolutely pressed for food will the white bushman eat the flesh. The young animals are said to be passable eating. Dogs, however, do not object to the meat, highly flavoured as it may be with gum leaf. The Australian aboriginal regards the flesh as his staple diet, and the little black fellow's first lesson in hunting is to over-reach this wily marsupial. No refinements of cookery or temptations of savoury sauce are lavished on the black fellow's game. He stalks up to the camp-fire, swinging the 'possum by the tail, and casts it on the embers. When half cooked it is torn to pieces by the hand and worried by the teeth of the hungry and degraded aboriginal.



The annual meeting of the Association was held at the Catholic Institute on Sunday, July 2nd. Mr. D. Hayes, Vice-President, was in the chair, and there was a very large attendance,

mainly composed of new members. A satisfactory balance sheet was submitted by the Hon. Treasurer, and from the brief report of the Hon. Sec. it appeared that the past session had been

one of enforced inactivity. Arrangements had been made at the beginning of the session for the celebration of Holy Mass at 11 a.m. on the first Sunday of each month at the Church of St. Philip Neri for the welfare of the members of the Association who had joined His Majesty's Forces, and special Masses had been offered for those who had fallen in the war.

The Executive already in office were re-elected for the ensuing session, and a proposal to hold some social functions during the present session was agreed to. A proposal to erect the Lady Altar in the new church of St. Philip Neri as a memorial to the Old Boys of the Catholic Institute who have fallen in the war was favourably received, and after a discussion a sub-committee was appointed to go fully into the matter and to take the necessary steps for the carrying out of the project. It was also resolved to co-opt members to the Executive to supply the places of those members who are on active service.



On the 17th June, eve of Trinity Sunday, at the Archdiocesan Seminary, St. Joseph's College, Upholland, F. Moah was ordained priest. Fr. Moah is a C.I. Old Boy, and moreover the first to reach this high dignity. We offer him our very sincere congratulations, hoping that he will be the first of many, and that he will sometimes remember at the altar those at his old school, and especially his comrades whose names are now being inscribed on that other "Roll of Honour."



"KILLED IN ACTION."

The list of Old Boys who have "made the great sacrifice" in the present war has gone on steadily increasing as the months pass by, and we only hope we have seen the climax in the large number who have passed to "the better land" during the past few weeks. It is our sad duty to record the deaths of nine Old Boys, all of whom have been killed at the front since our last issue, and to express to their parents and

friends our deep and sincere sympathy with them in their bereavement. James Moore and Charles Kain were both killed on May 11th; E. McGuinness and W. McMillan early in July; Clement Fishwick, Wm. Shortall, and Irvine Voce on July 30th; Second Lieut. Adolphe Goossens during the early days of August, and Jerome Sullivan on Aug. 9th. With the exception of E. McGuinness, who attended the Pupil Teachers' Centre at the C.I. before the latter was incorporated in the present school, all the above were in attendance at the C.I. up to a few years ago. Clement Fishwick had been associated with the C.I. almost from its re-opening, having been admitted to Form I. in 1903. He worked successfully through the various Forms, and having completed the school course in 1909 he received an appointment in one of the leading city Banks, in whose service he continued till the outbreak of the war, when he and his only brother enlisted in the Liverpool "Pals." He was a prominent member of the Old Boys' Association ever since he left school, and for the three sessions previous to the war was one of the two annually appointed to audit the accounts of the Association. His early demise is deeply regretted by the large number of Old Boys and others to whom he had endeared himself. Adolphe Goossens was also known to a very wide circle in Liverpool, and his performances at the school concerts won him universal applause. He had received his commission only a few weeks previous to his death. W. McMillan had almost completed his course at the University. Jim Moore, Wm. Shortall, Chas. Kain, Jerome Sullivan, and Irvine Voce held various posts in commercial life in the city. All had volunteered for service at the outbreak of hostilities in 1914. May they rest in peace. Amen.

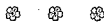


A very welcome Field Service Card from Sergt. E. Concannon, dated 28th August, brings the brief but satisfactory intelligence that he is quite well. Evidently "Con" has been one of the lucky ones in the "great push," and we

heartily wish him a long continuance of good fortune.



We are pleased to note that Lieut. E. Rattray is again quite recovered from the wounds he received in the recent fighting. This was the third occasion on which he was wounded since the commencement of the war. His first experience of German bullets was made at Hill 60.



Frank Lacy is "lost in the fair hills of Ireland" at a place styled Moore Park, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fermoy. He is training with an O.T.C., and expects to receive a commission in an Irish regiment very soon.



Among those wounded in the recent fighting is Harold Waring of Balmoral Road, New Brighton. We are glad to say he is not seriously wounded, though it appears he owes his life to the fact that the regimental badge on his tunic diverted the course of a bullet which might otherwise have been fatal. His brother Donald and himself belong to the Cheshires, and two others, Percy and Edgar, are also serving, the former in the A.S.C. and the latter in the Gordons. Four other brothers have attested, making, we fancy, a family record not easily surpassed even in these times.



A recent note from the front brings the intelligence that D. J. Gavin has been awarded the D.C.M. We congratulate Dave on the honour he has won, and we congratulate him more especially on the extraordinary good fortune which preserved his life when his two companions were killed at his side.



F. W. Bevan writes from the Government Secondary School, Montego Bay, Jamaica, where he is an assistant master:—"I consider this is the most perfect climate on earth. I have never felt the heat oppressive, though the average

daily temperature is 86° in the shade. The nights are miracles of coolness and beauty. As the sun sets the darkness closes in, and the chirping of a thousand crickets is heard making a continuous noise like escaping gas. There are not more than fifteen hundred English people in Jamaica out of a population of nearly a million. The average Jamaican (half-caste) is an intensely self-centred, suspicious, touchy person; even the white Jamaican is surprisingly narrow and devoid of manners. The black people are a charming, jolly, careless, humorous, pleasure-loving race. They are very polite, and if a white man goes walking in the country it is "Good-day, massa," or "Good-evening, me sweet buckra" (white man) continually. They seem to be always either singing, dancing, or laughing. Occasionally they quarrel, and then the air is full of strange invective. But they rarely come to blows, and it is safer to travel at night anywhere in Jamaica than anywhere in England. The Jamaican schoolboy is much *older* than his English prototype, and it used to surprise me to hear boys of fourteen discussing politics, etc., with all the air of adults. They are very conservative, are not "sports," and will lie with the most perfect serenity. The pure black has often both brains and character, and is infinitely superior to the mulatto, quadroon, or octroon." He also sends the news that Jack Colgan was married recently, and is now at Tampa Bay, Florida.



Hearty congratulations to Fred Tindall, who has gained his M. Eng.; to Geo. Kirby, who got the M.Sc. degree, and to Willie O'Donnell, on whom the B.Sc. degree has been conferred, though he is serving in France. We have also noted the success of the following Old Boys, to whom we offer our congratulations:—A. J. Maguire, B. Eng.; J. P. Mullen, B. Eng.; J. T. O'Mulloy, B.Sc.; T. D. Doyle, B.Sc. (Inter.); J. F. O'Neill, B. Eng. (Inter.); and F. T. Meehan, J. Flanagan, and M. H. Finegan, who have passed the First Exam. in Medicine.

Pro Patria.



CYRIL LOMAX,
Royal Montreal Regiment,
Killed at Festubert, May 21st, 1915.

THOMAS CASSIDY,
9th Batt. King's Liverpool Regt.,
Killed at Ypres, May, 1915.

BARTHOLOMEW STILLWELL,
Australian Brigade,
Killed at the Dardanelles, June, 1915.

JAMES BERNARD MAGUIRE,
Nelson Batt. Royal Naval Brigade,
Killed at the Dardanelles, July 13th,
1915.

JOHN CURRY,
R.A.M.C.
Killed at the Dardanelles, Aug., 1915.

CHARLES O'DONNELL,
Corporal, Chemists' Corps,
Royal Engineers,
Killed at Loos, Oct. 3rd, 1915.

J. H. E. WALKER,
Sergt-Major, Royal Engineers,
Died at the Dardanelles, Nov., 1915.

FRANK McKEE,
London Rifles,
Killed in France, January, 1916.

JOHN KENNEDY,
Royal Welsh Fusiliers,
Killed in France, Feb. 23rd, 1916.

JAMES MOORE,
"Pals,"
Killed in France, May 11th, 1916.

CHARLES KAIN,
"Pals,"
Killed in France, May 11th, 1916.

E. McGUINNESS,
"Pals,"
Killed in France, July 1st, 1916.

WILLIAM McMILLAN,
A.S.C.,
Killed in France, July, 1916.

CLEMENT D. FISHWICK,
"Pals,"
Killed in France, July 30th, 1916.

H. IRVINE VOCE,
"Pals,"
Killed in France, July, 1916.

WILLIAM SHORTALL,
"Pals,"
Killed in France, July, 1916.

ADOLPHE A. GOOSSENS,
Sec. Lieut., Norfolk Regiment,
Died of wounds at Salonika, Aug.,
1916.

JEROME SULLIVAN,
Lance-Corporal, King's Liverpool
Regiment,
Killed in France, Aug. 9th, 1916.



Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord, and let perpetual light shine upon them.
May they rest in peace. Amen.

London Letter.

LONDON, August, 1916.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Hail!

If I were a writer of OFFICIALS, or even that cheery, button-nosed youth, Sebastian Ginger, who spells so magnificently on the inside page of "Chips," I might set down something this August day to reward the heroic attention of the gentlemen who read this. But alack! I am only what I am, a poor scribe in a world which, when it is not hard, is infernally lazy. Oh, the letters I have written! The replies I have not got! I do not blame the worthy souls who have disappointed me. Who can be expected in these stressful times to occupy himself with minor urgencies! No, I do not blame them. If somebody else were Our London Correspondent, I for one would not answer *his* letters. So I can promise you very little for your pains this summer. Nothing remarkable happens these days in this particular portion of the land of hope and glory, beyond a little sunshine, which I cannot transcribe, however much I would, for the delectation of the unfortunate individual left in Liverpool, for Liverpool, I take it, is as innocent of sunshine as ever it was. It seems that everybody not in Flanders is in Ireland nowadays. Can it be that there are still lucky mortals with an inexhaustible seven weeks' holiday in the summer, not to speak of another six or seven weeks expiscated from the spring, autumn, and winter? There was a time, I recollect, in my happy youth when "meadow, grove, and stream to me did seem, etc., etc.," and that was when I had something more in the nature of annual leave than the meagre fortnight now grudgingly conceded, which serves only to whet one's appetite for holidays, if indeed under present circumstances it achieves actuality at all. They are fortunate people indeed who are able still to enjoy the spacious midsummer idleness of schoolboyhood!

From G. G. Kirby comes the news that he has Lambie and McNally well

in hand at Warrenpoint. Paddy Carroll is in the same locality for the moment, and wishing Carlisle were off the map. It was an inspiring sight to see Frank Lacy slinging kitbags into the luggage van of the Fishguard express at Paddington last Thursday (the 10th). He is now embarked upon his cadet training in a damp isolation five miles from Fermoy, and a little farther from M. Kelleher. John Mullen, B.Eng., is at Woolwich engaged on munitions. Jack Macaulay is still in London with the M.T.A.S.C. In a characteristic letter received recently he says: "I am driving a 3-ton lorry for the Army Clothing Stores, and dashing through the City all day and night, wearing the sharp edges off all the corners of the big railway stations where I take loads for shipment abroad—dodging through the traffic, foot on brake, one hand on wheel, the other on horn, and sometimes heart in mouth. It is quite exciting. I expect to be going overseas soon." He intimates that he will not be sorry either. "This is the dirtiest job in the whole British Army. I never have a meal without the taste of grease, oil, or paraffin." Hence, I presume, the shortage of petrol, and here, I presume further, is where Greece comes in with a vengeance. Phil O'Hara seems still to be going strong. A health to him, and all our friends militant here on earth! I drink this perforce in New Beer, for it is half-past three. I cannot picture those brave drinkers enjoying the stuff! I have heard it said that inebriation thereon is a practical impossibility. That such a decoction should be sold is surely another sign of the decadence of England (*vide* German Press).

I think I have said enough. There is an Eastern proverb something to this effect: "As the sands of the desert are to the weary traveller, so is much speech to him who loveth silence."

With kind regards to all.

CASSIVELAUNUS.

(A Lover of Silence.)

Under Canvas.

By A. KIERAN.

For the last five years I have had experience of the pleasures of spending about six weeks every summer *en plein air*, and my first season out was undoubtedly the most exciting. It is a well known fact that experience teaches, but this was never more realised than it was by me at the end of my first holiday under canvas.

At the beginning of August a few friends and myself hired a tent in a regular little village of canvas not far from Liverpool. Supplied with our simple home were a number of requisites, such as beds, a table, which required an expert equilibrist to balance it on its two legs, a looking glass, a stool, and a few chairs. "Chairs" may look very well in print, but we called them chairs only through courtesy. We provided our own bed-clothes, table cloths, etc.

On a Saturday afternoon we arrived to find our pitch was ideal, and the tent and flooring all that could be desired. Naturally our first thoughts were of something to eat, and consequently we set to work to discover the art of making tea. Of course we knew the water had to be boiled first, and so whilst one of us lit the stove and filled the kettle the rest sorted out the crockery and placed it on the table. However, we came to a full stop when the tea had to be placed in the pot. We could certainly remember the mater putting a spoonful in for each person. But did she use a table spoon or a tea spoon? Well, after five minutes' debate we used the only spoon available—a table spoon. Consequently, when we came to pour the tea out, well, we did not know whether to drink it or to put it on our bread. However, the air had given us good appetites, and we ate heartily of our other food, although incidents during tea showed that we had not adapted ourselves to our surroundings.

A walk by the sea shore and shopping for Sunday occupied us till a fairly late hour, when we repaired to our tent rather fatigued by the day's work.

Consequently none of us thought of supper, and we hurriedly prepared for bed. We had, of course, to do without the soft beds we were used to at home, for campers do not enjoy beds of the *de luxe* type. Our mattresses were "filled" with straw, and on attempting to even them we only made matters worse. We had to be content, however, although pieces of straw sticking out in various places made one very uncomfortable. Despite these small discomforts we experienced a certain feeling of elation at sleeping under canvas and "roughing it" for the first time. I awoke after a fairly good sleep to find the sun shining in through the open doorway of the tent. My companions had risen before me, and were already indulging in morning ablutions. I therefore dressed quickly and went off with the others to Mass a few miles away. We returned with appetites bordering on ravenous, and before attempting to tidy the beds we commenced to prepare our breakfast. If properly cooked breakfast is, as every camper knows, the most enjoyable meal of the day. I know I could have relished a good "feed" on that morning, and we therefore made haste to boil the eggs that figured on the menu. We had purchased an "Aunt Kate's Kitchen Cookery" on Saturday night, and we eagerly awaited the meal cooked under the instructions contained therein. Here is the paragraph given on "How to boil an egg":—"Place egg in boiling water, and leave pan on fire for three minutes. If a stop watch is not handy, sing one verse of "Thora" for soft boiled, two verses for hard boiled." We made assurance doubly sure by having a time-keeper and a "Madame Melba." To make a long story short, we took the eggs off after the vocal exhibition, and the kettle was put on the stove to boil. Someone said it was my fault, though I denied it; but, whoever was to blame, it was certain that on walking along with the teapot in my hand I accidentally knocked the pan of eggs over, with results which belied the sentiments expressed in the line, "I stand on a land of roses and I dream of a land of snow." However, we consoled ourselves with the reflection that

we were "roughing" it, and that we would soon learn to use "Aunt Kate" with success. After breakfast we strolled down to the sea shore, where we were soon engaged in a game of football. As there is no necessity to go about in a top hat and fancy waist-coat in camp, we were not afraid of ruining our clothes. Very soon, however, P.C. Neptune came along and stopped our play, and we therefore adjourned to prepare for a bath.

One would imagine that an evening in camp would be rather slow, but even a walk along the shore has its delights, and I used to derive much pleasure from even watching the sinking of the sun at evening, for the sunest in that place is generally a fine sight. However, if nature has no attraction for one, there are concerts organised once or twice a week, and if we did not laugh with the artists we used to laugh at them. In fact, there are numerous ways of passing away the time in the evening—playing cards, chess, draughts, etc. On one occasion one of my companions busied himself, whilst the others were playing draughts, in studying "Aunt Kate's Ideal Cookery." Without informing anyone he put a pan of water on to boil, and used a pound of meal by dumping it into about a pint of boiling water. He did not put in any salt. He was out for an experiment. Just as we arose from the table, after having finished our games, we heard an awful bang on the floor. Looking around we saw our cook picking up what seemed like brown bread spotted with currants. His reply to our inquiry as to what it was, was that it was one of his own inventions. He said he had altered for the better the recipe given by "Aunt Kate" for Rock Cake. We nibbled at the product in silence for about two minutes; then someone said he had found the rock, but had swallowed it. He wished us to tell his mother that he died like a man. So saying he turned into bed, and was soon followed by the rest of us. I happened to sleep next the "cook" that night in a double bed, and he sadly confessed to me that he originally meant his dish to be porridge, but when by an accident he spilt about half an ounce of pepper

into the pan, he added some brown sugar and currants to counteract the effects of the pepper. There being no casualties next day, we all rejoiced, and the haggard look and drawn face of the "cook" disappeared.

Thus passed a few days. The weather had been really splendid, and we had begun to expect nothing but sunshine and heat. However, we soon had a terrible experience and disappointment.

The day in question had been a fairly fine one up to about three o'clock. Towards evening dark clouds began to appear, and at nightfall it began to rain. Furthermore, the wind began to freshen; and, thinking we were acting rightly, we tightened the ropes. We heard afterwards that this was an unnecessary precaution, since the rain would have done that for us. The weather had become still more stormy by the time we had finished supper, and one of my companions jokingly donned a swimming costume before getting into bed. Despite the unceasing pattering of the rain upon the canvas, we were all soon asleep, and in one case at least pleasantly dreaming. I dreamt I was in America during a spell of heat wave, the temperature being at about 200° F. I was vainly trying to cool myself and wishing for water and ice-cream, when my wish was partly gratified, and I seemed to have felt someone throw a bucket of water over me. I awoke with a start, and found the rain pattering down upon my head through a hole in the canvas. Scarcely had I jumped out of bed when the canvas tore with a screech behind me. I turned around to find a rip about six inches long, which was tearing still more. To prevent it growing I rushed to it and held the cloth. There I stood clad in pyjamas at two in the morning, with the rain beating on my face and keeping time with the alternate snores of my companions. My arms soon began to grow tired, and I quickly wakened the slumberers. Surprised and indignant they tumbled out, and we took turns at the aperture. Hardly had I been relieved when the pole began to rock, and on investigation showing that a guy rope had snapped, I went out in the driving

rain to repair the damage. Just as I entered again the whole tent came down on our heads!

Imagine our plight. There we were in a dazed condition all on the ground, and feeling for some exit. A couple of my companions having found the door, took hold of a blanket each, scuttled off, and squatted in the bicycle shed. A few of us in the tent had the presence of mind to pull the pole up again and to repair the guy rope. But as luck would have it, we pulled the canvas too tightly, and the pole went through the cap. That was enough. We all abandoned our abode and took up our quarters in the bicycle shed, where we gave vent to our feelings in words which would have "made wolves howl." Some of the fellows vowed to go home by the first train in the morning and to shun tents ever after. However, we sat there till the rain ceased, and at about 5 a.m. we commenced to repair the damage. By seven o'clock we had managed to make things fairly tidy, and we cheered up considerably when the sun shone brilliantly on us. Strange to say, after a good breakfast in the open we felt no desire to leave, so we settled down to dry the bedding which had suffered during the night.

After our nocturnal adventure we spent the rest of that week in peace and quietness, and we were no longer troubled by the inclemency of the weather nor the quality of our cookery. We were now well "seasoned" to camping, and enjoyed the rest of our holiday all the better on account of that fact. Before we left for home we enjoyed many trips on our bicycles into the country, where the surroundings and landscape were beautiful, whilst the fun we had during our many hours of fishing in the expansive streams and lakes will never be forgotten by me. Far from being anxious to leave the tent and hurry to a nice feather bed at home, all felt very sorry to quit the little village when we terminated our first holiday under canvas.

Athletics.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

Our Athletic Sports are always a success from the sporting point of view, but the value of the meeting as a social gathering is dependent on the weather conditions.

On Thursday, June 22nd, the Preliminary Heats were run off on the Tramway Grounds, and not as in former years at Wavertree. The rain succeeded in making things a little unpleasant, but it in no way interfered with the keenness of the boys, who cheerily put up with the discomfiture, consoling themselves with the hopes of a fine Saturday, for after all what did it matter if the clouds passed over before Saturday afternoon arrived. Hopes were realised, and the huge chimney stacks of the Power Station looked almost benignly on the little patch of green hidden away among the banks of clinkers. The sun attracted visitors, and before 3 p.m. all available accommodation was occupied. The programme was long, but the officials carried out their separate tasks in such a way as to prevent unnecessary delays between the events.

The Port Sunlight Silver Prize Band added considerably to the enjoyment of the afternoon, and their selections were light and airy, and wholly suitable to the occasion. As in former years, refreshments were served in a large tent, but the attendance was so great that three such tents might have been kept busy.

It is difficult to single out particular events, as all were popular. The Comic Puzzle always appeals, but the Two Mile Cycle caused great excitement. The handicaps in the Tug-of-War were so well arranged that every pull proved extremely interesting.

The flat races did not produce any startling time results, but this was probably due to the dampness of the turf after the incessant rains. The cinder track was also slow, but Sproule

succeeded in completing the mile (under 15) in 4 mins. 58 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs. In the High Jump, Aindow registered 5ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in. Tom Byrne was also a hot favourite, but unfortunately he slipped on the soft ground, falling badly on his wrist.

After the Finals of the Tug-of-War, the Fathers challenged the victorious Vc. Under the generalship of Mr. Trowbridge they were defeated in the first round—"Merely a little encouragement to the boys, gentlemen!" The second pull was not fully completed, for at the precise moment when the strain on the rope was greatest the "Fathers" simultaneously removed their hands, to the discomfiture of their opponents.

Among the spectators were many staunch friends of the C.I., but many old faces were not present. Old Boys who always attend the functions of their old school were few and far between. The war has exacted a heavy toll.

In the absence of her brother, Lieut.-Col. J. J. Shute, D.S.O., the President of the C.I.O.B. Association, Miss Shute distributed the handsome prizes to those successful in the various events. She expressed her delight at being able to present the prizes to the boys of her brother's Alma Mater.

Br. Leahy heartily thanked Miss Shute, and sincerely hoped that at our next athletic meeting we would be able to welcome her gallant brother.

Cheers were raised by the boys, and the gathering then broke up, the function having proved highly successful.

We owe a great debt of gratitude to Br. Forde, Vice-President and Treasurer, and the officials who so ably organised and conducted our 1916 Athletic Sports.

The following were the winners in the different events:—

High Jump (under 14)—1, W. Porter; 2, H. McCallum; 3, A. J. Maguire. Height, 4 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Throwing Cricket Ball (over 14)—1, A. Fletcher; 2, F. Murphy; 3, H. Toolan. Distance, 180 yds. 10 ft.

Three-Legged Race (over 14)—1, W. J. McGrath and C. Kieran; 2, A. J. Kieran and A. Donleavy; 3, L. C. Radcliff and J. Bolger.

Hurdle Race—1, T. Byrne; 2, W. N. Trene-man; 3, W. J. McGrath.

Three-Legged Race (under 14)—1, G. McIntyre and W. Parsons; 2, G. Higgins and A. Janson; 3, F. Loughlin and L. Murphy.

High Jump (over 14)—1, J. C. Aindow; 2, T. Byrne. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Egg and Spoon Race (under 14)—1, R. Callaghan; 2, F. Ferns; 3, J. Gilmore.

100 Yards Championship—1, G. Verspreu-
wen; 2, J. C. Aindow; 3, T. S. Clancy. Time,
11 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

80 Yards Flat (under 11)—1, W. Fanning;
2, G. Higgins; 3, H. Green. Time, 12 secs.

220 Yards Flat (over 15)—1, W. N. Trene-
man; 2, J. C. Aindow; 3, G. Verspreu-
wen. Time, 26 $\frac{1}{5}$ secs.

80 Yards Flat (under 13)—1, M. Quinn; 2,
M. McMahon; 3, L. Godwin. Time, 10 $\frac{4}{5}$
secs.

220 Yards Flat (under 15)—1, S. Meldon;
2, A. J. Maguire; 3, B. Lacy. Time, 29 $\frac{4}{5}$
secs.

Comic Puzzle—1, Hogan; 2, B. Meyer; 3,
H. Ainsworth.

Quarter Mile Championship—1, T. Don-
leavy; 2, J. C. Aindow; 3, T. Gore. Time,
56 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

120 Yards Obstacle (under 11)—1, B. Kava-
nagh; 2, W. Fanning; 3, G. Higgins.

Tug-of-War (Juniors)—Form I.

One Mile Flat (under 15)—1, L. Sproule; 2,
B. Lacy; 3, J. Murray. Time, 4 mins. 58 $\frac{3}{5}$
secs.

One Mile Flat (over 13)—1, C. Kieran; 2,
W. H. Cooke; 3, A. Crosby. Time, 4 mins.
37 $\frac{3}{5}$ secs.

120 Flat (under 13)—1, C. Park; 2, M.
McMahon; 3, M. Quinn and F. Batty. Time,
16 $\frac{2}{5}$ secs.

440 Yards Flat (over 15)—1, C. Kieran; 2,
W. N. Trene-man; 3, T. Gore. Time, 53 $\frac{3}{5}$
secs.

100 Yards Flat (under 15)—1, G. Beddoes;
2, S. Meldon; 3, F. Lane. Time, 12 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

200 Yards Flat (under 11)—1, P. O'Reilly;
2, B. Kavanagh; 3, A. Jansens. Time, 30 $\frac{4}{5}$
secs.

100 Yards Flat (over 15)—1, G. Verspreu-
wen; 2, W. N. Trene-man; 3, A. Donleavy.
Time, 11 $\frac{4}{5}$ secs.

220 Yards Flat (under 13)—1, J. Fitzsimons;
2, C. Park; 3, M. McMahon.

440 Yards Flat (under 15)—1, A. J. Maguire;
2, G. Daley; 3, E. Mulloy. Time, 50 $\frac{1}{5}$
secs.

Comic Puzzle B—1, J. Downes; 2, T. Daly;
3, A. Kavanagh.

Two Miles Cycle Race (over 14)—1, G. Ver-
spreu-
wen; 2, T. Fleming; 3, J. Lynch. Time,
6 mins. 37 secs.

Comic Puzzle Race C—1, W. H. Cooke; 2, S. Kieran; 3, E. Daley.

Obstacle Race (under 14)—1, T. Eastaway; 2, J. Allen; 3, A. Morrissey.

Obstacle Race (over 14)—1, A. Kavanagh; 2, A. J. Kieran; 3, V. Crean.

Tug-of-War (Final)—Form Vc.

Relay Race (Juniors)—1, IIIa; 2, IIIb; 3, IIb.

Relay Race (Seniors)—1, V; 2, IVa; 3, Vc.

Consolation Race (under 14)—1, Braniff; 2, Heshern; 3, Crosby.

Consolation Race (over 14)—1, Llewellyn; 2, Hyde; 3, Shevlin.

Victor Ludorum Medal—G. Verspreeuwen.

O.B. Challenge Cup—N. Treneman.



We tender our very sincere thanks to the following who have made contributions to the Prize Fund for the Sports:

Messrs. J. Byrne, J. J. Shute, senr.; J. McAllister, Miss Seed, Messrs. C. Irvine, F. Meehan, T. Meldon, F. Davis, J. B. Barker, B. Maguire, G. Verspreeuwen, T. J. Keogh, B. E. Donnell, J. Breen, Lieut. Jones, Messrs. W. Treneman, W. Phelan, Capt. Bingham, Messrs. G. H. Cooke, W. Hodson, P. Brady, John Bolger, J. Blacoe, J. Darragh, J. Morris, L. Rogers, J. Park, T. Healey, B. Llewellyn, W. McGrath, H. Toolan, — McCarthy, M. Raughter, F. Osbyrne, J. P. Forshaw, T. J. Bennett, W. Graham, T. Williams, G. Kieran, J. Harrington, J. Fitzsimons, A. Friend, E. Lawler, J. Green, J. Marmion, J. Dunne, Mrs. Kearney, Dr. Parsons, Mrs. Murphy, Mrs. Carroll, Mrs. Mullen, Mrs. Roberts, Mrs. Rainford, Capt. McManus, Col. Harris, Mrs. Doran, Mrs. Macmillan, Mrs. Moore, Messrs. T. Bilbao, E. Ramsbottom, J. Rooney, J. Purvis, T. Roycroft, Mr. and Mrs. James Bolger, Messrs. G. M. McIntyre, E. Delaney, T. Halpin, Capt. Martin, Dr. Smythe, Messrs. G. L. Finnigan, J. Malone, A. Morris, P. Quinn, Sergt.-Major D. Lynch, Mr. McGrath, Messrs. E. Bennett, W. Tomlinson, F. Busher, W. Bate, T. Fleming, J. Kerr, P. Osbyrne, J. McShea, J. Hogan, F. Osborne, D. Cotter, T. Mason, E. Fitzpatrick, Jos. Murphy, B. Banks, Mrs. Dixon, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Kirwan, Mrs. Spencer, and the Masters.

CRICKET CLUB.

The cricket season opened very auspiciously, and though our teams were decidedly below normal strength, both elevens managed to secure a majority of wins in the early games of the season. The resulting enthusiasm was a potent factor in assuring a satisfactory season, and we are pleased to note that with the exception of a few defeats by teams of undoubted strength, the past season was pretty satisfactory. The First XI. was captained for the greater part of the season by J. O'Sullivan, and in his absence the sub-captain, W. Delaney, proved very efficient. T. Fleming and J. Cole guided the fortunes of the Second XI. in faultless style.

FIRST XI.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD H. E.

This match was played at Wavertree on May 3rd. Birkenhead batted first, and thanks to good bowling by Tracey and Byrne were soon dismissed for 13 runs. C.I. soon got the necessary runs, Tracey (9) being the highest scorer. Result—Birkenhead, 13; C.I., 29.

C.I. v. OULTON.

This match was played at West Derby on May 13th. Oulton batted first, and we had 5 wickets for 3 runs. The remaining batsmen raised the score to 18. C.I. had little difficulty in passing their opponents' score, mainly due to the batting of Clancy. Result—Oulton, 18; C.I., 35.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

This match was played at Wavertree on May 17th. Birkenhead batted first, and were dismissed for 18 runs. After a bad start, C.I. batted steadily and reached 40 runs, Byrne (12) and Clancy (13) batting well. Result—Birkenhead, 18; C.I., 40.

C.I. v. BOOTLE SEC. SCHOOL.

This match was played at Wavertree on May 24th. Bootle batted first, and started badly. A recovery was effected later in the innings, which closed with

the runs at 20. C.I. collapsed in surprising fashion before the Bootle bowlers, but the match was won through good batting on the part of Clancy. Result—Bootle, 20; C.I., 31.

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

This match was played at Wavertree on May 27th on a bowlers' wicket. C.I. lost the toss and batted first. In spite of steady batting the innings closed for 18. Keen fielding on the part of the C.I. and magnificent bowling by Byrne, who took 8 wickets for 5 runs, were rewarded by another victory. Result—C.I., 18; S.F.X., 13.

C.I. v. LIVERPOOL COLLEGIATE.

This match was played at Fairfield on May 31st. C.I. batted first, and started badly, but later improved, the innings closing for 32 runs, of which Tracey scored 16 and Delaney 9. The Collegiate scored the necessary runs without much difficulty. Result—C.I., 32; Liverpool Collegiate, 69.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD H.E.S.

The return match was played at Birkenhead on June 7th. Birkenhead batted first and scored 87 runs. Rain necessitated a temporary stoppage, and on the resumption of play, C.I. collapsed before the bowling of Phillips. Result—Birkenhead, 87; C.I., 29.

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

This return match was played at Clubmoor on June 10th. C.I. batted first and scored 37 runs, Delaney and Tracey getting 11 each. S.F.X. passed our total with two wickets still to fall and won by 7 runs. Result—C.I., 37; S.F.X., 44.

C.I. v. HOLT SEC. SCHOOL.

This match was played at Calderstones Park on June 14th. Holt batted first, and by steady batting reached a total of 45. C.I. innings realized only 37 runs, despite a good last wicket stand.

C.I. v. LIVERKOOOL COLLEGIATE.

This match was played at Wavertree on June 21st. C.I. batted first, and started well, but later collapsed before the College bowlers. Phelan, however, played a fine innings. In an exciting game the Collegiate triumphed by the narrow margin of 3 runs. Result—C.I., 24; Liverpool Collegiate, 27.

C.I. v. BIRKENHEAD INSTITUTE.

The return match was played at Birkenhead on June 28th. Birkenhead batted first, and, due chiefly to a fine first wicket stand, scored 80 runs. C.I. replied with 65 runs, Irvine getting 19 and Delaney 16.

C.I. v. WALLASEY G.S.

This match was played at Wavertree on July 5th. Wallasey batted first, and by steady batting compiled a total of 40 runs. C.I. collapsed completely before the Wallasey bowlers. Result—Wallasey, 40; C.I., 10.

C.I. v. OULTON S.S.

This return match was played at Wavertree on July 15th. Oulton batted first, and were dismissed for 23 runs. C.I. opened strongly but after the fall of the first wicket collapsed surprisingly. Phelan, however, batted steadily throughout the innings and was not out. Result—Oulton, 23; C.I., 22.

SECOND XI. RESULTS.

May 17—C.I., 86 (for 9 wkts.); Birkenhead Inst., 38.

May 27—C.I., 40; S.F.X. College, 42.

May 31—C.I., 25; Liverpool Collegiate, 60.

June 7—C.I., 53 (for 2 wkts.); Ashford House, 26.

June 10—C.I., 43; S.F.X. College, 25.

June 14—C.I., 72; Holt, 56.

June 17—C.I., 46; Winchester House, 15.

June 21—C.I., 25; Liverpool Collegiate, 93.

June 28—C.I., 14; Birkenhead Inst., 29.

July 1—C.I., 31; Holt, 6.

July 5—C.I., 47; Wallasey G.S., 115.

July 22—C.I., 27; Wallasey G.S., 70.