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CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

MAGAZINE.

Vol. 9.

SUMMER, 1917.

No. 2

Published three times a year. Subscription 1/6 per annum.

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

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Editorial.

There seems a good prospect, though winter is still with us, that we shall survive this season, whose climatic record has been one of unequalled severity. Had it been exceptionally cold, or particularly stormy, we should not have recorded the fact; but when we are assailed almost simultaneously by wind and rain, by fog and frost, by blinding blizzards, we think that despite the fact that older people shake their heads and expatiate largely on the "big winds" and other riotous demonstrations of the elements that they can recall, we are not altogether unqualified to discourse on the shortcomings of this climate of ours. Our National poet was clearly impressed by some of the eccentricities which he noted, for he tells us—

"We see the seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is as in mockery set."

But we, poor mortals who have been obliged for weeks together to exert an almost superhuman effort to get to school, and have repeatedly reached that destination bearing on our persons

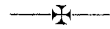
many of the external characteristics of strayed units of a polar expedition, are convinced that Hiems no longer dons the mocking chaplet, and is now content to reveal his icy crown in all its stern ugliness.

"Misfortunes come not single spies, but in battalions," quoth Macbeth, and the experiences of the present time convince us of the truth of the aphorism. An ever-increasing list of Old Boys who have been called hence in the great massacre is sufficiently sad reading indeed, more especially as we have begun to read therein the names of many who were our school-fellows, only a little while ago. At a time of such universal affliction, potato famine, war bread rations, acute allotmentitis, and the host of other minor ills that help to fill the cup of human suffering, scarcely merit mention, but even in these less terrible afflictions there occasionally occur crises that the most philosophical of us cannot quite ignore. Only recently were we confronted with one of those phases, and we confess the effect was most depressing. The vision of a motor plough desecrating the green sward of our playing grounds at Wavertree was

something altogether too extravagant even for our most imaginative acquaintances, but *c'est la guerre* and what a multitude of happenings are grouped beneath that motto. We recently watched for a brief quarter of an hour the progress of a pair of these modern agricultural machines as they proceeded to overturn that sward on which so many generations of C.I. boys had "urged the flying ball," and we were filled with sadness at the thought that all the glorious traditions associated with these playing grounds were being literally overturned and buried in the general upheaval. It may be that at a later date acres of springing corn, the antidote for a threatened famine, may reconcile us to the unwelcome transformation, but at present we can derive no more consolation from this promise than we would from the assurance of the crop of football studs which might be the more immediate product of the present operations.

For several years our *Sursum Corda*. Seniors have made valorous efforts to secure the much-coveted football shield which is competed for annually by the secondary schools of Liverpool and district, and though they have not as yet succeeded in appropriating the trophy, the record of their achievements is decidedly good. Time and again fickle Fortune has been extremely unkind, and in various ways, at the crucial period of the competition, has nullified their finest efforts to secure victory. With characteristic good sportsmanship our elevens return enthusiastically to the annual contest resolved to achieve a victory which has so persistently eluded them hitherto. The institution of a Junior Shield has brought our Juniors into the fray, and already they have shown themselves valiant upholders of the best traditions of the Seniors. Indeed it looks as if they will immediately establish a record which the Seniors have hitherto failed to do, because we are full of confidence that they will carry off the Junior trophy in the final game at Anfield on April 25th. The record of their contests in the preliminary rounds has

been exceptionally good, and we only hope that Fortune will smile on them at the final, and then assuredly they will be able to claim the honour of having won the first Shield which has been secured by a C.I. team.



School Notes.

"THE C.I."

Early in January we learned with pleasure that there were 500 boys in attendance at the C.I. This number constitutes a record. We are now the largest Catholic Secondary School in the country. For the benefit of many of our school-fellows who are unfamiliar with the story of our Alma Mater we present this brief history. The Catholic Institute, Hope Street, was opened by Cardinal Wiseman on October 31st, 1853. On the previous evening an enormous gathering assembled in the Philharmonic Hall to hear a lecture by the Cardinal, entitled "The highways of peaceful commerce are the highways of the Arts." His visit was soon followed up by that of the great Oratorian, Cardinal Newman, who delighted large audiences by his lectures on the Turks. The school was staffed by many distinguished priests of the Archdiocese up to Christmas, 1901, when it was closed and given over to the direction of the Christian Brothers, who re-opened it in September, 1902. On the re-opening day there were but twenty-six pupils, of which number our Mr. John Curtin, M.A., was one. Of the staff of those early days but two remain—the Principal, Rev. Br. C. S. Leahy, and the Senior Master, Rev. Br. W. D. Forde. In a period covered by but fifteen years the growth and success of the C.I. have been truly remarkable.

MUSICAL EVENING.

On St. Patrick's Eve we really enjoyed a musical evening. The programme was contributed to by Messrs. Trowbridge, Keegan, Hayes, Ford, T. Curtin, and J. Curtin, Masters Hall,

Mullin, Swift, and Loughlin, and the orchestra. In moving a vote of thanks to the performers, Rev. Br. Leahy paid a special tribute to the work of the boy vocalists. This they well merited. The masters deserve our special thanks. We note with admiration the spirit that animates them. To provide for our pleasure they devoted much of their leisure to the rehearsal of the concerted and solo numbers which contributed in a big measure to the pleasure of the evening. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. J. Keegan, was never heard to better advantage.

Some one wants to know why cannot we have a Dramatic Evening. What does Mr. Trowbridge say?

WAVERTREE.

C. I. boys have had the war brought home to them. The motor plough has been at work on our many pitches at Wavertree. It is doubtful if we shall be able to run our Senior and Junior League matches next season. Of course, we shall be able to secure ground for the First, Second and Third Elevens.

DEBATING SOCIETY.

The first debate of Form VI. was on the subject of "Prohibition during the war." J. McMillan and J. Cole led the respective sides, the former, who espoused the cause of temperance, leading his side to victory. After settling the drink question, we proceeded to deal with that of amusements. Joseph Wright opened a discussion, in which he maintained that the influence of the cinematograph is harmful. After several interesting speeches, the vote was taken, and victory was won by the opposition, under the leadership of A. Hosker. In the next debate, J. Byrne led a side which disbelieved in the necessity of a censorship of the Press in war-time. He was materially assisted by J. Cole, and defeated the opposition, of whom J. McMillan was the most prominent speaker.

The fact that the Upper V. debates were held in the presence of the "Seniors" may perhaps account for the poor quality of some of the dis-

cussions. Only those who have tried it may realise the difficulty of coherent expression before a gathering of embryonic Burkes and Gladstones. We began with a dull debate on the sufficiently comprehensive question "That the happiness of the human race increases with civilisation." L. Murray on the affirmative side, and A. Barter on the negative, were the most prominent performers. In the debate which followed on the subject, "That the laws in this country prior to the war respecting the immigration of aliens were unsatisfactory," J. Lynch and M. Slatery led rival sides. The voting was in favour of those who advocated more stringent alien laws. A debate on "Protection v. Free Trade" turned out to be a two-day event. A prolonged and studied oration by W. Byrne caused many of the audience to wonder if he were not a paid emissary of the Cobden Club. He secured a well-deserved victory for his side. A real live subject, that of Vivisection, next came up for dissection. The debate was marked by the recital by J. Loftus of a grim litany of all the ills that flesh is heir to. P. O'Brien and J. Lynch made useful contributions to what proved the most keenly contested discussion of the term.

PRIZE DEBATE.

Monday, June 25th, has been fixed for the Prize Contest.

LA CONFERENCE FRANCAISE PAR MME. AUDCENT.

Il y a quinze jours les élèves les plus avancés (?) se sont rendus à une petite conférence par Mme. Audcent, femme d'un ci-devant professeur du Catholic Institute." Madame a voyagé en France pendant l'année passée sous la direction de la Croix Rouge Française, elle a visité les tranchées et elle a vu de près l'esprit magnifique qui anime et soutient les soldats français pendant cette guerre épouvantable.

La conférence a consisté de petites histoires, soit comiques soit tragiques, au sujet des actions héroïques de nos braves alliés.

Entre les petites histoires Madame a chanté de petites chansons dont quel-

ques-unes avaient été improvisés par les soldats mêmes dans les tranchées. Elle a demandé aux jeunes élèves de chanter le refrain mais malheureusement les écoliers de l'Institut Catholique ont été trop timides et le seul son qu'ils poussaient, ressemblait au bourdonnement des abeilles autour des fleurs. La conférence a terminé quand tous les élèves ont chanté de vive voix "la Marseillaise."

"OUR BOYS."

The readers of this admirable periodical are becoming numerous. Thirty-six dozen copies are disposed of monthly to C.I. boys. We are glad to learn that many are keeping the monthly numbers for binding, and that others are sending them to the hospitals which shelter so many of our wounded heroes. "Tommy" says the paper is "fine."

WELCOME.

Masters and boys were very glad to see Rev. Br. Forde back at his old post towards the end of term. He has now completely recovered from his prolonged illness.

ANNUAL RETREAT.

The weakness of poor human nature is such that even the most potent remedies gradually lose their efficacy and fail of their effect. We quickly lose the spirit and fall into the routine. Even the holiest states, the sacerdotal and the religious, are not immune from this weakness, but need an occasional awakening. Now, if the means of grace so liberally scattered along the path of the priest or the religious are found so insufficient for those living in an atmosphere of the supernatural, that a yearly retreat of eight or ten days is prescribed by bishops and every religious rule, who will say that the modern boy who is flung into the midst of temptation—and in some cases into daily contact with sin—stands in no need of an occasional spiritual arousing, and should not be given the opportunity of a Three Days' Retreat?

The spiritual exercises this year were under the direction of Rev. A. Jeanrenaud. His discourses were soul-stirring and practical. Loyalty to the

Catholic Church—pride in being one of her children—thoughts on the goodness of God to us—the Eternal Truths—love and practice of Holy Purity—these and other instructions were driven home with force and eloquence. On the opening morning—Feast of the Annunciation—Fr. John appealed to us to put away all thought of work and play, and to give ourselves generously to God; to hold calm and reverent converse with our Saviour; to make use of the means of graces which God was offering us. How well we responded was apparent to all. Morning Mass, the Rosary, the Stations of the Cross, Spiritual Reading, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, helped to deepen the impression of the Retreat, while at the same time they diversified the day. Too quickly the Retreat came to a close, and once more we face the sordid battle of life with hearts new fired.

PRO PATRIA.

It is with mingled feelings that we read in another column that since the publication of our last number four more of our Old Boys have fallen on the field of battle. First of all there is our sympathy with those to whom the fallen were bound by the close ties of relationship and affection. Theirs is the deepest sorrow. That personal loss is not to be talked about. The heart knoweth its own bitterness. We stand by with respect for their grief. May they realize more and more fully, with so many mourners through these long months of war, that those who pass from our sight do but enter into a fuller share of the love of God. Our next thought is one of gratitude. These lives were laid down for us. What, then, can we do but speak out our thanks for lives laid down with a smile, for suffering cheerfully borne, for the sacrifice of which we are not worthy. "They loved not their lives unto the death." They have shown us that there is something more precious even than life. In our sight they have climbed the great peaks of honour: Duty, Patriotism, Sacrifice. We thank them, and we thank God for them.

To our thoughts of sympathy and gratitude, we add our pride. Our

school cannot look back on a long roll of achievement; it has no colours emblazoned with even the names of the last struggle, for it is of comparatively recent origin; but when the opportunity was given, and that also the greatest in history, then it stands recorded that its sons were not wanting. Proudly we think of those plain graves in France and Gallipoli, marking each one the offering of a life bright with promise—

“Qui ante diem periit,
Sed miles, sed pro patria.”

A special request is made to the boys who are now in attendance at the C.I. to remember in their prayers not only the fallen, but those who in the vast arena of war are exposed to many dangers.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

It is intended to hold the Annual Athletic Sports at Green Lane on Saturday, July 7th. In another column competitors will find some useful hints on training by Mr. T. J. Curtin.

The Sports Committee appeal to the parents and friends of the boys to subscribe to the Prize Fund. The response to their appeal last year was quite satisfactory.

SWIMMING GALA.

Mr. J. Ford reports a big increase in the membership of Swimming Club. If the enthusiasm of the members does not abate we may be able to hold our first Gala in July or September.

To make this possible members must engage in regular training, and there must be a generous response to the appeal of the Sports Committee.

MARIA MATER GRATIAE.

The sweet strains of Gounod's "Ave Maria" have been faintly wafted on the breeze to the most distant Class Room during the past few days. The prayerful melody has served to remind us of the fast approaching month of May. No other month is so fragrant with tender memories or so welcome to the children of Mary. Who amongst us does not cherish a tender love for Mary, the Mother of Jesus?

Mary has her place in Christian

theology as really as she has her place in the economy of the Incarnation. Devotion to her is not an ornamental addition or a beautiful outgrowth of Christianity, but an essential constituent and necessary part. A Christianity in which Mary has not a place, and her own place, is "another Gospel which is not another." They cannot know the mother who know not the Son; and they can never know the Son who know not the Mother.

In the coming month let us see that her many shrines at the C.I. are bedecked with choicest flowers. Let us sing her hymns and litanies with the fervour of our poor hearts. Let us live and die, believing in Jesus and Mary, hoping in Jesus and Mary, loving Jesus and Mary with our whole hearts. Both are in heaven, body and soul. They are our choicest treasures; and where our treasure is there let our hearts be also.

COR JESU EUCHARISTICUM.

The lovely days of June succeed those of May. This month is devoted by Holy Church to the Sacred Heart. On the seventh day we celebrate the feast of Corpus Christi.

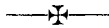
Every heart and soul desires God. The soul born of God cannot forget its divine descent. Earth will not satisfy us for long, because we are made for heaven. We thirst for the Fountain of Life. "As the hart panteth after the fountains of water, so panteth my soul for Thee, my God." A true image of life is this, with its thirst, its dangers, its length. During the day the deer must lurk and hide, feeding in the secret glades of the leafy forest, shunning the open plain and the mountain-side, where it may be seen and pursued. The hot sun reaches it even in the forest, and it pants with heat and thirst; but it knows the appointed hour, instinct bids it stay concealed, and bear as best it can the want of water till evening falls, and the pathways to the riverside grow shadowy and dim. Then it may leave its lurking place, warily make its way to the water, stand silently and drink, and then it must away, gliding unseen, unheard amidst the mighty forest trees.

All day long it thirsted, at evening only could it drink. Was not the going down of the sun looked for? Was not the shifting shadow of the tree-trunks watched in their circling sweep? Did not the hart rise and stamp, and then lie down again, almost moaning for the day to be done? And thus it is with us. Life is one long, hot day. Many and fearful are its dangers and trials. We must move on our way with caution. But He whom our soul longs for will strengthen us on the way. He offers us Divine Bread. "The Bread that I will give is My flesh for the life of the world. He that eateth this Bread shall live for ever."

Let us eat of this Heavenly Manna. No passion and no temptation can ultimately resist the frequent and worthy reception of the Adorable Sacrament of the Altar. Through this sweet Sacrament the life of grace in the soul will be augmented and invigorated.

* * * * *

Devotion to the Sacred Heart is a grand masculine one, pre-eminently the devotion of strong natures; it fortifies the soul, and lays deep, solidly, and firmly in the reason and the will the foundations of the Spiritual Life. Study and practise this devotion; you will find it a centre round which your other devotions will gather, a foundation whence they will derive steadiness and solidity, and a living light diffusing to them its own brightness and vitality.



Spring: a Resurrection.

Fair-handed Spring unbosoms every grace:
Throws out the snowdrop and the crocus first.

Fast-following upon winter's slow retreat comes the light-stepping, the gleesome spring, harbinger of hopes and thoughts we believed dead, but which are marvellously renewed, as if in obedience to an enchanter's wand.

How we all look forward to Spring! What a cheering ray flits across the mind as we cheer each other daily with the remark: "Spring will soon be here!" As the latter days of the long winter months drag through their

courses we look through little loopholes of fleecy clouds and brilliant sunshine, and catch now and again a sight of the bashful maid whose breath is odorous with lily-of-the-valley, and whose presence is revealed by violets.

We have each of us seasons of trial from which we long to be free, and we must appreciate soulfully the little rifts of blue in the sky, the vernal breezes, and the earliest flowers. Snowdrops, daffodils, violets, lilies-of-the-valley—these are placed as nearly in the order of blossoming as we can imagine.

How wonderful are the little aconites and crocuses arising out of the dark, damp earth, with no leaf near, as if a spear from some unknown region had been thrust up to point to wondrous things which ordinary mortals cannot find in their wildest conceptions. There are miraculous stars hovering over our earth; wonderfully coloured sunsets which now and again startle us into thought; but, oh, the miracle of the resurrection of flowers—the miracle of the snowdrops and the crocus—what other is more wonderful?

As the gentle blossoms appear, one by one, we seem faintly to see old forms, old faces appear, and the stave which the merry minds chant seem to bear out a thought something like this:

"Sweet eyes, lost in the distance, draw more near!
Dear hands clasp mine, clasp closer yet. I pray
Beloved voices, speak that I may hear!
Most precious memory, go not away!"

Is there not a deeper, a more exquisite harmony in nature's voice than in any other? We can interpret her language to suit the need of the passing moment, whether it be the wild moan of the rising wind, or the tumult of the passing storms; the tender murmur of the rippling streams, or the plaintive melody of the softly sighing trees, each tree a distinct note in the melody of the universe. And, oh, is there not a response to the hunger of the heart in the solemn grandeur of the sunset-hour, and the marshalled glories of the starlit night? Did not the storm-tossed soul of Byron—he who so oft thought out the meagre thoughts of earth, commingling dress with his grandest pictures—find God nearer, and

the world more distant when he penned those majestic words to night:—

“Thou wert not made for slumber,
Let me be a sharer in thy fierce and far
delight!”

But it is to the sweet and rushing things which move wing-like on the spring breezes that we must give thought, now that “vernal airs bestir the pine.” Let us give our dear mother nature’s resurrection to life a loyal greeting! To see her in her fresh young beauty—a beauty renewed year by year—we must, of course, travel through space, in imagination, and see more than the seen, feel more than the felt. But there is enough beauty in tree and brook and rippling shadow and shrine to give us our first lift to our car of progress. Imagination can lovingly riot afar on the soft spring winds. Far away from “the sweet security of streets,” far from smoke and clamour and bustle we must speed, but yet we may enjoy “much in little;” see eternity in one flower, and read an ocean in a raindrop, if we are imbued with the spirit which took Wordsworth to the open fields:

“I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.”

Sad thoughts! Did we not promise to be joyful at the outset of our spring excursion? Ah, yes; but there are memories which do but “resemble sorrow,” as the *spiritualist*. Longfellow puts it.

Oh, how soft, how healing the air is! Folks rave about India and Ceylon and Egypt, and the scenery of Switzerland and the Rhine, with its castles and its mystic story. But from Italy on a spring day Browning wrote longingly:

“Oh, to be in England,
Now that April’s there!”

Where else—except it be in the sister isle—can we find the delicate shine and shadow of our delightful springtime? Her blue eyes are swimming in tears; her lark’s song following the patter of the rain drops. Her elusive sun-glints and her capricious mornings and suddenly changing eyes are the very things which give variety to our lives. Everlasting blue skies would not at all so move our Western temperaments. Our

literature, too, is like our life, all variations—shine and shadow. Keats comes as a sunbeam; Shelley a shower of rain; Byron a cloud, and then Moore a laughing madcap rill, rioting in all weathers. How elastic is that balminess that follows the shower! The cuckoo calls through it; and in the near distance we await the swallow’s hovering wing, while the little cloud which “like a stray lamb doth move,” draws us up to the sphere from which the lark sings. There goes the little speck, song-laden, with no load save that of song, a burden and echo of reflections for you and for all. If we may only get up there in spirit we are as truly there as if we glided through space in an airship.

The train of earthly thoughts will bring us back to earth, alas, too soon. But it is something that we have been braced for a new round of toil by one of God’s feathered choir:

“With a soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to th’ Almighty Giver.”

It is Spring. The primroses, the hyacinths, the bluebells carpet the woods; the reeds fringe with beauty the flowing river; the gardens flash their triumphs in laburnums, lilacs, and lavender. The sunbeam dances through the old orchard, on the deeply growing grasses, and it writes the hour on the sundial. The thickest walls that were ever erected or the highest towers up-built cannot quite destroy the welcome fact that Spring has come—even in the city. The sky has put on the blue, coloured after the pattern first given by Him “who is the Resurrection and the Life”; and on a clear spring morning as we walk abroad and note the hedges-rows jewelled with dew-stars, turned to diamonds, we dream of that more ethereal day which waits when

Everlasting Spring shall circle all.



“Beneath the Southern Cross.”

By P. IRVINE (Upper Va.)

I shall always remember the day on which I left Burra-Wallah, a town about a hundred miles to the north-east

of Perth. I was going to my uncle's ranch, though I had but a hazy idea of the course I should pursue there, but I trusted to my own abilities to gain a secure position in my new sphere. On a very hot December day I jogged out of the town of Burra-Wallah and turned my horse's head to the north. On, on I rode, underneath a blazing sun, over dusty, sandy, and arid plains, without encountering a human being. Suddenly a thought crossed my mind—was I going in the right direction? Consulting my compass and examining a map, I found I was on a wrong route, and I wandered about for two hours in a vain endeavour to find the right one. I stumbled about, choked with the dust, scorched and parched by the sun, without my water-bottle, and without any sense of direction. At length I ceased wandering, and lay down in the shade of a huge boulder. There I rested until darkness overshadowed my eyes, and I collapsed with fatigue.

I do not yet know how long I lay there, but when a pailful of icy water (a strange thing to find in these deserts) revived me, I found myself gazing at a white man's face. And such a face! Fierce eyes, glittering curiously, glared from a veritable forest of hair, long, thick and bristly eyebrows, a bushy and tangled beard. Nevertheless, I cared little that his hair was long, that his speech was articulated as if he had not conversed for many years, that his dress befitted a savage better than a white man. I was saved! Still, I wondered greatly at his circumstances. Here was a white man in rags, yet speaking in a cultured voice. On looking round his cabin, for he had carried me to it, I noticed a serviceable rifle on the wall, flanked by two long pistols, while many designs of engines (electric, steam, gas, etc.) were hung on every side.

A hearty meal of cold damper and strong tea was very acceptable to me, and I soon felt no longer tired. On going out to search for my horse, I received a shock; it was nowhere to be seen. I was thus forced to remain in the cabin for the night.

Next morning, after a comfortable

sleep, I was surprised to hear my host say, "I hope you feel better now, Mr. Hope." He then informed me that a great deal of what went on at my uncle's ranch was known to him. Indeed, I had come very near to the ranch in my wanderings, for it lay but an hour's ride away. I was curious to know more of the strange person who had rescued me, besides I was in no mood to walk up to my uncle without a horse, kit, money—with nothing in fact but the clothes I was wearing. Consequently I decided to remain in the hut while my host went out to seek my horse.

Two beds made of piles of sacks, two boxes which served as chairs, a table made of some kind of hard wood, in one corner a bookshelf, and all round plans, designs, etc.—such was the furniture of the room. On the bookshelf I found, to my great surprise, "Dr. Calcott's Higher Course in Engineering," "Electricity and Magnetism," and "Advanced Calculus."

Every minute increased my curiosity and lessened my desire to reach the ranch; I was, in fact, quite pleased when the "Anomaly," as I now dubbed him, returned without the horse.

He came inside the cabin, shut the door and sat down heavily on a box which creaked under his weight. He stared at the fire for about five minutes, then suddenly spoke: "Is your name Challoner?" said he. "No," I replied; "when we first met you knew it was Hope." "That's a great pity," he said, and lapsed into silence. However, he soon spoke again. "Perhaps you know somebody named Challoner, then?" "My mother's maiden name was Challoner." "I thought so! I thought so!" At this juncture my horse returned, nosed the window, and neighed shrilly. I rose to go out and secure him, but my host forestalled me, and led my horse round to a small stable at the back of the hut, where he soon tied it up.

After doing this he returned and walked right to a door, that I had not perceived in my survey of the cabin. He opened it and revealed to my gaze the finest and best-fitted workshop I have ever seen. All the impedimenta

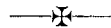
of an engineer and an inventor were there, and at the far end of the room was what I supposed to be the fruit of many years spent in this solitude—a machine standing on a stone slab. It was of extraordinary delicacy; every part fitting exactly; every bearing well oiled; every effect of heat or cold compensated. I am no engineer, but I will make an effort to describe the machine. On touching a metal bar, pivoted at its centre, one end descended and pushed down a crank. This crank caused a large wheel to revolve and set an engine in motion. However, as the other end of the metal bar ascended, it pushed a second crank up and set a second engine in motion. This process went on, one crank ascending, the other descending, and by an ingenious device the two engines worked continuously.

My host's eyes were filled with tenderness, and yet triumph, as he watched the delicate mechanism working, smoothly, noiselessly and incessantly. This incessant motion it was that gave me the clue as to the identity of the machine. "Perpetual motion at last!" I cried. I had spoken correctly; the inventor could not control his emotion; he danced, laughed, gripped my hand with a vice-like grip, and said, or rather shouted, "The honour of the name is justified." Then in a calmer tone he told me his story. "Twelve years ago I had a brother. Such a bright, clever chap he was, too! Younger than I, he had twice my talent. That machine is the fruit of his brain. I merely clothed his idea in materials. Though his idea was rejected by all scientists, nevertheless he devised an apparatus the invention of which has hitherto baffled all other human beings. The ridicule of the men of learning unhinged Johnnie's reason, and he died." Suddenly the old man leaned forward and said earnestly, "Promise that on your departure from Australia you will patent this idea; I will furnish you with the wherewithal; my long residence in this desert has made me unfit for travel, and as I cannot carry out the business I entrust it to you." I could not refuse the request of the man who had saved my life, and I promised.

After a good meal—a prosaic ending to a romantic scene—my host rose, left the hut and re-appeared leading my horse. I mounted, and rode off in the direction he pointed out. When I looked back the old man had closed the door of his hut, and I saw him no more.

After an hour's ride I reached the ranch, and was heartily welcomed. I became so interested in the work of the ranch that I quickly forgot my curious adventure. However, I was soon reminded of it; on my return one day from dipping sheep I was greeted with elaborate courtesy. When I asked the reason for this stiff behaviour, Uncle Jim informed me that I had come into a fortune, and that the men were having a joke at my expense. He then showed me a paper that changed me from a poor ranch-hand to a rich man! That paper was the will of Jeremiah Clifford, the old man who had saved my life, and who turned out to be my aunt Elizabeth's husband.

Then my uncle told me what had occurred. The old man was attending to the machine when his left hand was caught in one of the flywheels; he attempted to release it, but his right hand got entangled. My uncle was passing the cabin on his way to Burrah-Wallah on business, and happened to look inside. But the old man was dead, and the machine had stopped. Its delicate working was utterly upset. To repair it was absolutely impossible. Thus, in spite of all "The Anomaly's" efforts, Johnnie Clifford's master mind had toiled in vain.



James Clarence Mangan.

By A. MCPARLAND (Form VI.).

Much of the history of this brilliant but unhappy Irish genius is wreathed in obscurity. The son of a grocer, he was born in Dublin in the year 1803, and received his education at a humble school near his father's shop. When he attained the age of fifteen he started work as a copyist in a scriviner's office, and although the salary was very low,

he held the position for seven years. He then found employment in an attorney's office, and here he stayed for two years. "During these years," writes John Mitchell, his biographer, "he must have been a great devourer of books and seems to have early devoted himself to the exploration of those treasures which lie locked up in foreign languages. Mangan had no education of a regular and approved sort; neither in his multifarious reading had he nor could he brook any guidance whatever." These two years of his life were spent in abject misery, "as his fellow-workers were of a type very different from the young poet, and often indulged in crude jibes at his expense. He sought consolation in the two curses of mankind—drink and opium.

About 1830 he first attracted public attention by his contributions of short poems to Dublin periodicals, and through these he got employment in preparing a new catalogue for Trinity College Library. His personal appearance at this time was rather ghastly. He was clothed in a brown garment which lasted him, to all appearances, until the day of his death. His whitish hair was unkempt, and his face still as marble. He was often to be seen carrying a large book in which all his attention was centred.

In 1833 he was employed, in conjunction with O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, and others, on the staff of the topographical department of the Ordnance Survey, under the direction of Dr. Petrie. He continued in this congenial employment for some years, during which time he contributed poems to the various magazines. In 1840, when Dr. Petrie edited "The Irish Penny Journal," Mangan was one of the principal contributors, but several of his poems are now either lost or exist without his name.

His friends O'Donovan, O'Daly and others gave him literal translations of the old Gaelic songs. From these translations he has given us his beautiful verses, which breathe in a marked degree the spirit of the original. By way of example, take the two poems, "My Dark Rosaleen" and "The Woman of the Three Cows."

His poems from the Irish, German, French, Spanish, Italian, Danish, and the eastern languages show that he was inimitable as a translator.

It has been thought that his translations from the Ottoman are really original poems, but of this supposition there is no definite proof. His own admission that "Hafez is more acceptable to editors than Mangan" is the only evidence adduced in proof of their originality. In 1842 he sent his first contribution to "The Nation," in which in subsequent years appeared some of his best productions. Although he took no active part in politics, he contributed to "The United Irishman," edited by John Mitchell. He still continued to be under the sway of the demon of intemperance, yet through all his degradation he tried friends, among whom were Father Meehan and Petrie, never deserted him. No one could bewail his conduct more than himself, the constant cry of his spirit being: "Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come?"

In 1845 his "German Anthology" was first published, and consisted of translations from the German, many of which are remarkable for sweetness and beauty. Early in June, 1849, he was seized with cholera, and although he recovered from the disease itself, his constitution had been so utterly enfeebled that his death in the summer of that year was not unexpected by his friends. Any sketch, however brief, of Mangan's life would be wanting in completeness if special attention were not called to the autobiographical poem, "The Nameless One." The following are some verses taken from this poem:

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whiten-
ing
Amid the last homes of youth and old,
That once there was one whose veins ran
lightning,
No eye beheld.

* * * * *

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdainful all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's
pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying nobles,
Deep in your bosom, there let him dwell!
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here and in hell.

Mangan has been called "A Dervish
amongst the Turks, a Bursch among
the Germans, a Scald among the Danes,
and a Senachie in Ireland."



Shakespeare and the Times.

By WILFRID BYRNE (Upper Vb.).

The Cotton Controversy.

O time! thou must entangle this,
not I,
It is too hard a knot for me to untie.
Twelfth Night.

Press Censorship.

Why I said nothing
Mum, then, and say no more.
The Tempest.

Wireless Telegraphy.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
in forty minutes.
A Midsummer Night's Dream.

The Fleet.

A city on the inconstant billows
dancing,
For so appears this fleet majestical.
Henry V.

Politics.

Civil dissension is a viperous worm
That gnaws the bowels of the Com-
monwealth.
Henry IV.

Our First Debate.

A kind of excellent dumb discourse.
The Tempest.

A Zeppelin.

This thing of darkness I acknowledge
mine
The Tempest.

To a yokel! Recruiting in a country district.

In the name of something holy, sir,
why stand you
In this strange stare.

The Tempest.

Oxford Locals—French compulsory.

Put spirit in the French.

King John.

Student of French.

When I am dead and gone,
Remember to avenge me on the
French.

Henry VI.

The doom of the Zepp.

I see thy glory like a shooting star
Fall to the base earth from the firma-
ment.

Richard II.

Prayer of the German Bankers.

God save the mark!

Henry IV.

To Strikers.

Keep peace upon your lives;
He dies that strikes again.

King Lear.

National Service.

Why such daily cast of brazen
cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of
war?
Why such impress of shipwrights,
whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the
week?

Hamlet.

Emperor to Crown Prince.

Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain.

Coriolanus.

Von Kluck.

Had not you lately an intent
To go to Paris?
All's Well That Ends Well.

An "Excuse."

Patience herself would startle at this
letter.

"As You Like It."

The Food Order.

Forbear and eat no more!

"As You Like It."

The Volunteers.

White beards have armed their thin
hairless scalps.

Richard II.

At Givenchy.

Warm o' my troth.

"The Tempest."

The Hymn of Hate.

This is a scurvy tune, too, but here's
my comfort.

"The Tempest."

C.I. Concert.

What harmony is this? My good
friends, hark,
Marvellous sweet music!

"The Tempest."

Our Choir.

A cry more tuneable was never heard.
"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Detention.

I have some private schooling for
you.

"A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Seasonable.

Let the sky rain potatoes.

"The Merry Wives of Windsor."

These "Quotations."

I have done, and God forgive me.
Henry VIII.



The Genesis of an Article.

A. L. MURRAY (Upper Vb).

There are at least two things in life—viewed from my standpoint at this moment—which drive my mind to the brooding of Dismal Jemmy, and to the contemplation of how to "coil this mortal shuffle," as the erudite Josh. Billings hath it.

One of them is writing an article—as we somewhat presumptuously designate an atrocity such as this. The other cannot benefit by description, since as is well known familiarity breeds contempt, therefore let us restrict ourselves to the article. If you see a chap come out of school looking especially savage and morose, you can with great probability of being right infer that he has got to write an article that night. You cannot, however, be absolutely certain, even if he heads for the river, inquires after the nearest chemist's shop, or appears to be seeking a height from which to cast his melancholy carcase. Moreover, he may not be gloomy or depressed at all; he may even be elated, transported with the joy of already achieved ambition—this is the

first night, though. He has not awakened to reality yet. On the next day of the enterprise, perhaps, he is still under a fond but illusory anticipation of leisured evenings to come. The next, doubts begin to rise; the next, he becomes apprehensive, for he may be a page or so behind time and unable for the life of him to get any farther. What is he to do? He begins to plot, scheme, and devise. Consumption, yellow fever, or malaria can scarcely be developed in a day without exciting suspicion. Biliousness? No, its effect (and therefore use) is altogether too passing. Headache, extraction of a tooth and similar hoary excuses for getting out of a difficulty are also speedily disqualified after a moment's reflection. He is fertile in resource, however, and by some means or other he manages to get a week's respite. When this interval has elapsed he finds himself in a worse predicament than ever. He gently accosts a fellow whom he considers to be in the same position as himself. "How are you getting on with your article?" "Oh, I am finished quite a time ago." He tries another and another with similar results.

Disillusionment comes quickly now. He pictures himself at bay—alone against the rest of humanity, and sees himself in all the heroic and lofty postures of a martyr to duty. He meditates a change of subject, and promptly begins to wallow in a regular slough of difficulty. What shall the subject be? He seeks inspiration in a retrospect of his past life—no, it is not to be found. There is nothing he can remember that affords matter of interest. An abrupt list of short memoirs which assuredly can interest nobody—not even himself perhaps—cannot be garnished to suit his or anybody's taste. As for descriptive matter, the prospect is too appalling for words, unless it be bound up in a story, and how hard it is to invent a tale. There is not a great deal left now, he may as well do something stale and hackneyed. But first to sleep. A good night's sleep is sufficient, however, to effect a recovery from this state of exasperation. Soon a plan of some sort is decided upon. Now, the easiest thing to do passably well is to write a

biography? Very well. This shall it be, and so to commence.

George Washington Marcellus Knott was born in New York Bowery—or some such place—perhaps in 1870. However, in these facts accuracy is entirely unnecessary, and, in fact, only bespeaks the bookworm, for, like Shakespeare—if the subject of this story would permit the comparison—he was independent both of time and place. His birth was accompanied by a great fall of shooting stars, the appearance of several new comets, general commotion in the heavens, and considerable expectant speculation in an entirely different but equally remote region.

He grew in beauty, strength and other less admirable qualities till the age of seven years, when he entered an elementary school, where he speedily rose by his extraordinary gift of repartee to the highest place, *i.e.*, within arm's length of the Headmaster's desk. On one occasion, being in a lively mood, on the way home he amused himself by throwing a spluttering firework into a workman's tea. The labourer laughed so heartily—for he was a good-natured man, and could understand a joke—that all the tea was spilt, and picking up a hammer weighing about half-a-hundredweight he heaved it playfully after the precocious but original joker. This flimsy missile coming in contact with young Knott's head made an appreciable ding in his cranium—in which he afterwards kept marbles, etc.—but otherwise did but slight damage. I learnt this from himself, and I have never known him to tell a single lie in his life, for his untruths were like misfortunes—they never came singly. This incident is credited by some with vast importance, and to it they attribute the level-headedness which afterwards characterised his career.

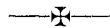
When he was about sixteen years a great circus happening to pass through the neighbourhood, George Washington Marcellus accordingly entered upon a risky career in a troupe of cowboy equestrian entertainers as "Teak-hand, the Taciturn Texan Flathead," for he had followed horses ever since his father had entered upon the purveying of milk as a profession.

He next took up a musical career, entering the lists as "Topsy Thomas, the Troubadour," and thoroughly merited the fame which made his name a household word all over the civilised world.

At the age of twenty-seven he spent some of his time studying chemistry, and at thirty embarked in the sword-swallowing and fire-eating line, introducing many novel abdominal wonders. The life, however, did not exactly suit his constitution, and to avoid developing indigestion—the diet not being altogether soothing—he abandoned this pursuit for that of an acrobat.

At one performance, while he, as "Fredday Fitzspluttah, the electric aristocrat," was wandering aimlessly up and down ropes and trapezes, his eye caught the trick monkey dangling at the end of a rope over the audience sprinkling the onlookers with pepper. The look of vague uneasiness on the part of the latter so tickled "Fredday" that he opened his mouth to laugh, swallowed his false teeth, let go the trapeze, and promptly increased the capacity of the dent in his head by contact with the weights belonging to the "strong man."

Poor Knott after this event was not quite "all there." This slight inconvenience did not, however, affect his good humour in the least. He was as jolly as a lark, and made gallant, if vain, attempts to be as musical. Unhappily he developed an ambition to become a politician, which eventually proved his ruin. He sat for Congress, became President, travelled to Mexico, was assassinated, brought back to a New York undertakers, who speedily mailed him in a "casket" to Boston, where he now occupies a mausoleum.



Our Annual Concert.

The concert which is now looked forward to as an annual event was held in St. George's Hall on Tuesday evening, Feb. 6th. There was a deeper significance, however, about our gathering this year, inasmuch as the funds raised go to provide for a Memorial for the Old Boys who have fallen in the war.

Despite the severe weather conditions which prevailed, and the restricted service of trains and cars, the hall was packed as usual with parents and friends.

The programme was divided into three parts—Orchestral, Choral and Dramatical. A welcome innovation was the number of solo items which were given by the pupils, and which afforded a wider scope for their particular abilities. The orchestra under the baton of Mr. J. Keegan was an unqualified success. The pieces chosen from Schubert, Hayden and Mozart were enough to tax the efforts of much older musicians, but long and careful training were abundantly rewarded. Perhaps in the "Andante" from the Surprise Symphony (Hayden) the orchestra surpassed itself, and the tribute of applause which greeted this effort bore eloquent testimony to the satisfaction of the audience. Mention must be made of the cornet solo by James Fletcher. The simple melody of the "Lost Chord" lends itself to a sweet and gracious harmony, and a full measure of justice was paid to Sullivan's famous song. To the conductor and boys a mead of congratulation is due; their earnest preparation and practice had borne good fruit, and the success of the evening was due in no small measure to their excellent work.

The choral part of the programme was better than on all previous occasions. The rich tone, particularly noticeable in the trebles, the expression, and enunciation were alike perfect. When all the items were gems, it is difficult to particularize, but the *piece de resistance* was undoubtedly "The Last Rose of Summer," arranged by Mr. Trowbridge. In this, and again in the "Ave Maria" (Trowbridge) a triumph was achieved. To the trio, Wm. Hall, Tom Daly and Frank Loughlin every praise is due for their part in Mendelssohn's "Laudate" and "Lift thine eyes to the mountains"; their voices blended most harmoniously, and their solo work was one of the best features of the evening. Wm. Hall deserves special mention, too, for the rendering of his song, "There is no one like mother to me." So well was this

received that an encore had to be conceded, despite the lateness of the hour. Austin Mullin, gifted with a beautiful treble voice, gave the old favourite "Roses" with great taste and expression. We hope to hear them all again on some future occasion. To the conductor and choir our heartiest congratulations are due for the part they played in the night's work, and the labours they undertook to ensure its success were amply repaid.

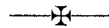
The misadventures which befell an unfortunate baby were humorously related by Harold Ainsworth; the piece made a direct appeal to the gallery, which appeared to be acquainted with numerous babies similarly afflicted. "Beth Gellert" was also well given by Maurice McMahon.

The dramatic side was for special reasons on a less lavish scale than in former years, but none the less just as acceptable. The scene from King John depicting Hubert and Arthur was chosen for portrayal. In A. Kirby a perfect Prince Arthur was discovered. He managed to make us believe for the moment that he was not acting—surely the ambition of all actors. His elocution, too, was beyond reproach. The characters of Hubert and the executioners were well sustained by J. Forshaw, C. Pilson, and P. McSorley.

Mr. Keegan again demonstrated his mastery over the violin, and delighted everyone with his two solos—"The Elegie" and the "Allegro Brillant" (Ten Hane).

The best thanks of the school are due also to Miss Norah Ford, who at the last moment was called upon to act as accompanist. She played her part with marked ability and success.

SEMI-BREVE.



Summertime.

By J. F. FORD, B.Sc.

In pre-war days even the few square yards at the front of the house was neglected, or at least merely kept tidy by an itinerant gardener (?) for the sake of appearances. It was "too much fag" to wield a spade or fork. The doctrine

of Rousseau was obsolete, the spade was for the farmer, and the lay enthusiast was considered a crank. Now 'tis "back to the land" with a vengeance, and on Sunday morning a dibble is deemed as fashionable as a Bible. Every inch of the ground is to be ploughed up and prepared for crops, regardless of labour and expense. Money, the quondam watch-word of the nation, has now given place to potato. The humble "spud" is almost as extinct as the Dodo, and every energy is to be utilised in preventing such a catastrophe.

Wavertree, the production of solid men, is out of date; it is more fashionable to grow potatoes even if they are only the size of peas and as expensive in production as the first fruits of the earth.

Our football ground is non-est, and ere long perhaps our cricket pitch may become a cabbage patch. The sport of the field is to be shelved, and we must needs seek exercise in another direction. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the temporary extinction of necessary games will surely give a fillip to swimming.

A swimming club was founded some years ago, and fully justified its existence; but swimming has not as yet become an integral factor in our school life. Now is the time to alter this state of affairs. If cricket is in danger then surely our energies can be directed towards swimming.

This is a golden opportunity for giving due prominence to this only partially developed activity.

Football and cricket may be too strenuous for some of us, but swimming constitutes the lightest form of exercise. Development of speed may have an injurious effect, but while this is necessary in most games, it is entirely optional in swimming, unless swimming means the acquisition of medals (one never wears) and marble clocks (which never go).

As an exercise it is without equal, as every set of muscles is brought into play. Physical development proceeds on proper lines, and one part of the body is not abnormally exercised at the expense of others.

Swimming does not produce muscles like whipcord, but rather tends to that grace and symmetry of form so striven after by the ancient Greeks. Enthusiasm is necessary, and swimmers and non-swimmers are requested to actively co-operate and make our season a success.

Before long we hope to have aroused sufficient interest to make a gala a possibility. In July it could easily be run in conjunction with the sports, and if September was thought more suitable then members of the club who had "gone down" would still be eligible for the events.

If you cannot swim, it is your duty to learn. If you can, then it is up to you to establish the sport as a definite activity of the school.

The value of swimming has not as yet been fully appreciated, but by and by the necessity for such an accomplishment will dawn on each of us.

The great excuse seems to be the danger of catching cold. This idea has been exploded long ago, and even with every ordinary precautions chills can be avoided. The average swimmer is certainly less liable to colds than his supposed careful brother who indulges in hot baths ad lib and sports a chest protector. Nothing is more invigorating—nothing is more beneficial—than a salt plunge and a quick rub down with a hard towel, followed by a brisk walk home. It is a natural medicine—a certain cure for all stomach complaints, and an absolute enemy of weak chests. (There is a paper shortage, and more swimmers would mean a tremendous saving in notepaper). Consumption would be far less prevalent if only the silly conservative notions of some parents were defunct.

Correct breathing ensues naturally. The lungs are fully exercised, and the dread tuberculosis bacilli become powerless to propagate their species.

There would certainly be less necessity for operation on tonsils, adenoids and the like, for swimming wages war on mouth breathers.

A few hints:—

- (1) Don't forget to join the Swimming Club.

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A few hints:—

- (1) Don't forget to join the Swimming Club.

- (2) Use the footbath before entering the plunge.
- (3) Don't forget to immerse your whole body, head included.
- (4) Remember you are to bathe and not to promenade round the sides of the bath.
- (5) Dry your head first—then your feet.
- (6) Dress quickly.
- (7) Don't admire the shops on the way home—but walk briskly and get the blood circulating normally.



CLIFTON CHAPEL.

This is the chapel: here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
The touch of Life has turned to truth.
Here in a day that is not far
You, too, may speak with noble ghosts,

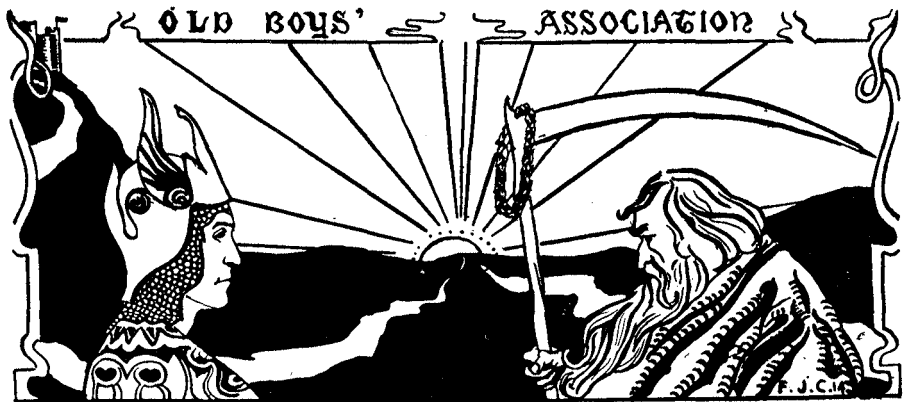
Of manhood and the vows of war
You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes:
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.

My son, the oath is yours: the end
Is His, who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life.
To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free;
Henceforth the school and you are one,
And what you are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune; yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass:
"Qui procul hinc," the legend's writ—
The frontier grave is far away—
"Qui ante diem perit:
Sed miles, sed pro patria."

HENRY NEWBOLT.



The annual meeting of the Association will be held on Sunday, June 3rd, at 4 p.m.

REUNION OF OLD BOYS.

The "pars" regarding our "Old Boys" have for the past few issues been mainly concerned with the war. We are glad to be able at last to break away, to record the reunion held at the Clarion Cafe in December last, when over sixty of the more recent Old Boys assembled together for a smoker. A "salient" having been driven into the refreshments by sixty vigorous appetites, an excellent musical programme

was provided by the members present. Old friends who have obliged before were called upon again, and new talent was discovered in most unexpected quarters. With songs, recitations and stories the evening passed all too quickly; the presence of a few of the members in khaki was the only indication of a disturbed Europe, and for a few brief hours we managed to bury our cares and woes in the company of congenial souls. It is to be sincerely regretted that these meetings, which lend so much to strengthen the bonds between the boys and their "Alma Mater," cannot be held more fre-

quently, and we look forward when peace is once more established to making them an integral part of our programme. Rev. Br. Forde, who had anticipated meeting many of his old pupils, was unfortunately prevented by illness from attending.



The London Letter has been for some years back one of the attractive features of the "Old Boys" section of this magazine. Now that the writer (R. A. Caswall) is pursuing his military duties "somewhere," we are obliged to go without his interesting contribution.



Eugene Goossens was in Liverpool on February 20th fulfilling his engagement as conductor of the tenth concert of the Philharmonic Society. Some few of his old school-fellows at the C.I. had the pleasure of listening to the Society's fine orchestra, which responded so well to Eugene's baton. The comments of the musical critics of the *Post* and *Courier* were most favourable. It is a pleasure to see an old C.I. boy ranking among our great conductors.



John Quinn, now commissioned to the 11th Dublins, looked in before his departure for Ireland.



Lieuts. Frank Lacy and J. O'Connor, with the Royal Irish, left for France early in February.



Cyril Campbell, with whom the army certainly agrees, judging from appearances, is attached to the R.G.A.



Lieutenant T. C. Nugent, slowly recovering from his serious wounds, calls on us occasionally.



Lieutenant Dick Twomey, R.N., is still zealously guarding our interests in the North Sea.



Good news comes from Davy Gavin, who is making rapid recovery from his recent shrapnel wound.

Lieutenant Clement Ormesher—with a formidable moustache—looked wonderfully well after his nineteen months in France, interested the Staff with his impressions of the trenches.



Austin Deane has been laid up in Salonica with fever, but the latest reports are reassuring.



We hear with delight that George Tugwood, Bernard Caldwell, Beuno Fenn, Arthur Maguire, Alf. Ramsbottom, and others have been recommended for commissions.



Congratulations to Frank Parker on his recent marriage. Advanced to the dignity of a N.C.O. he is doing searchlight work near London.



A week ago we received a letter from "Gazzy" Verspreeuwen, who is in training in the Belgian camp at Eu. After a couple of months in the infantry, he is now with the artillery, and hopes soon to be helping to push the Boches out of his native country. He has our best wishes.



Joe McNulty has joined the Canadian contingent, and is at present training in Canada. He threw up a good post in Virginia and went north to follow the glorious example of so many of our colonists. Unfortunately he has received injuries through being dragged by the stirrup after his horse had thrown him. We are glad to know his recovery is rapid.



Many happy returns of the day to Sergt. Percy Fishwick, who has recently celebrated his twenty-first birthday in France.



Lieut. George Rimmer, of the King's Liverpool Regt., and Private Percy Kavanagh of the Royal Warwick Regt., left recently for the western front.



News to hand tells us that Blundell Parsons—"Snips"—is doing well with

the Civil Service Rifles. He is training down in Winchester.



Cyril Jones dropped in on us in the early days of March. Considering that he has been in hospital since October, we were surprised to find him looking so well. Cyril took his part in the severe fighting in the west from July to October.



George and Willie Duff have been enjoying a holiday lately. By a happy coincidence both their ships put into port last month. George has been away from Liverpool for some thirteen months. Owing to trouble with the boilers, his ship was delayed for five months whilst repairs were being effected.



Frank Yale, E. McGuinness, and Jos. Cunningham send greetings from the Holy Land.



With the deepest regret we have to chronicle the deaths of Willie Duffy, who proceeded from C.I. to Hammersmith in 1906, and of whose death news was received this month. He was on the staff at the Pro-Cathedral Schools, and for some time past had been organist at Our Lady's, Eldon Street, where his sterling qualities and excellent character had won for him a multitude of friends.



Willie Power died in France, having succumbed to an attack of pneumonia following on an operation. He left the C.I. in 1908 for Hammersmith, and since taking his certificate had been teaching in London, where he was a general favourite and a welcome visitor to the Old Boys' gatherings on account of his musical abilities.



Gregory Ugalde died from exposure in the trenches on Friday, March 23rd. He was buried by a former school companion, Fred Tickle.



News just to hand acquaints us with the death of Joseph V. Quinn, R.N.A.S.

He was interred at Allerton with naval honours on Easter Saturday.



To their respective parents we extend our heartfelt sympathy in their deep sorrow and irreparable loss. May they rest in peace.



Pro Patria.

CYRIL LOMAX.
 THOMAS CASSIDY.
 BARTHOLOMEW STILLWELL.
 JAMES BERNARD MAGUIRE.
 JOHN CURRY.
 CHARLES O'DONNELL.
 J. H. E. WALKER.
 FRANK McKEE.
 JOHN KENNEDY.
 JAMES MOORE.
 CHARLES KAIN.
 GEORGE McGUINNESS.
 WILLIAM McMILLAN.
 CLEMENT D. FISHWICK.
 H. IRVINE VOCE.
 WILLIAM SHORTALL.
 ADOLPHE A. GOOSSENS.
 JEROME SULLIVAN.
 LEO SHORT.
 HAROLD JOSEPH LOVETT.
 WALTER PEARCE.
 CUTHBERT WILKINSON.
 WILLIAM J. DIX.
 ROBERT WALMSLEY MOORE.
 GREGORY UGALDE.
 WILLIAM DUFFY.
 WILLIAM POWER.
 JOSEPH V. QUINN.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord,
 and let perpetual light shine upon
 them.

May they rest in peace. Amen.

Football Club.

The football season which has just come to a close has been a most successful one for our three teams. The first XI., though obliged to play at times two strenuous games in a week, were defeated on but three occasions. Our second and third elevens have not tasted defeat during the entire season. We heartily congratulate the players on their success, and hope they will carry with them into the serious affairs of life the spirit of discipline, of perseverance, of patient endurance, and of self sacrifice which they have learned to practise on the football field.

Frost and snow, which we have had for a period of many weeks during the past term, interfered to a great degree with the carrying out of the School League matches.

The accompanying reports show with what vigour our Shield Warriors and Cup Finalists have fought.

FIRST ELEVEN MATCHES.

C.I. v. L. COLLEGIATE.

At Wavertree on January 24th.

C.I. turned out the following team: McGrath, Hawe, McCallum, Lynch, Crean, T. Byrne, Lacy, Loftus, Tracy, McSorley, Murphy.

A slight wind blew, and C.I. took advantage of this in the first half. Murphy showed strongly on the wing, and a centre by him was met by Tracy's head and a goal resulted. Later on a long shot by Tracy added another goal to our lead. Our opponents rallied in the second half, but although they twice beat our goalkeeper we replied with two goals against them. Final—

C.I.	4
L. Coll.	2

Scorers—Tracey (2), McSorley (2).

C.I. v. WATERLOO SEC. SCHOOL. February 21st.

The following team represented C.I. : McGrath, Hawe, McCallum, Healey, Crean, T. Byrne, Lacy, C. Kieran, Loftus, McSorley, Murphy.

C.I. kicked off, and a very fine exhibition of football was given by Mac-

Sorley, but bad luck dogged us, and before a quarter of an hour's play we were one goal down. All our forwards bombarded our opponents' goal in the second half of the game, and we were at last rewarded by a good goal from Loftus. Final—

C.I.	1
W.S.S.	1

Scorer—Loftus.

C.I. v. L.H.S.

At Wavertree on March 3rd.

C.I. were represented by the following team:—H. McGrath, Hawe and McCallum; Healy, Crean, and T. Byrne; Lacy, A. Kieran, Loftus, C. Kieran, and Murphy.

C.I. kicked off under a radiant sun, and some fine combination was exhibited on the left, but ill-luck dogged us, and our opponents drew first blood. After half time we rallied, and Loftus equalised from a header. A good shot from C. Kieran placed us one goal ahead, and C.I. now monopolised the play, A. Kieran scoring a third goal a few minutes before time. Final—

C.I.	3
L.H.S.	1

Scorers—Loftus, C. Kieran, A. Kieran.

C.I. v. BOOTLE S.S.

At Wavertree on March 14th.

The following team turned out for C.I. :—H. McGrath, Hawe and McCallum; A. Kieran, Crean and T. Byrne; Lacy, C. Kieran, Loftus, Healy, and Murphy.

C.I. won the toss, and took advantage of the slight wind. They combined well, but were unlucky, and although they deserved more they obtained only one goal in the first half. Bootle pressed after half time, and succeeded in equalising, but Hawe again placed us ahead from a penalty kick, whilst Murphy again beat the "goalie" a few minutes later, with a low shot. Our opponents were well beaten now, although a corner resulted in another goal for them. Final—

C.I.	3
Bootle	2

Scorers—C. Kieran, Murphy, Hawe.

C.I. v. HOLT S.S.

At Calderstones Park on March 21st.

C.I. were represented by the following team:—H. McGrath, Hawe and McCallum; A. Kieran, Crean, and T. Byrne; Lacy, Loftus, C. Kieran, Kearney, and Murphy.

A good day favoured us, and the game was started in good earnest early. Our opponents scored first, McGrath having made a good effort to save. However, Lacy equalised from a brilliant centre by Murphy, who later on added a second, but half time came with the scores level. Shortly after the re-start Lacy was carried off injured, and we continued the game with ten men. Despite this fact, C. Kieran and Murphy scored two good goals, and although Holt pressed hard they scored only one more goal. Final—

C.I.	4
Holt	3

Scorers—Murphy (2), Lacy, C. Kieran.

The Shield Games.

- (1) *Junior*—Catholic Institute v. Liverpool Institute.
 (2) *Senior*—Catholic Institute v. Liverpool Institute.

Team—Batty, Fletcher, Wilson, Kirwan, Quinn, Kieran, Thorn, Owens, Meldon, McCallum, and Mulloy.

Hard weather is to be expected during the first months of the year, but the sustained biting east winds that greeted us on our return after the Christmas vacation came as a surprise. Snow and severe frost extending over many weeks curtailed our football activities precisely at the wrong time.

The season had been fruitful of many victories, and once again the elusive shield loomed large before our eyes. How many times have we put out our hands to grasp it, only to be thwarted by some unforeseen circumstance? Like true sportsmen, we have bowed to inexorable fate, but nothing daunted the Lent Term of each year has seen a renewed honest endeavour to realise a cherished ambition.

Interest in the competition has increased since the advent of the Junior

trophy, and Br. Malone's "little men" were drawn against L.I. in the first round.

The weather was bad, football was impossible, but still others were handicapped as we were, and a good game was anticipated. We managed a short practice on the Wednesday previous to the game, but the snowed-up ground was like flint in spite of the slight thaw. Fortunately the snow disappeared by Saturday, but the ground was a quagmire, and so we had to face the ordeal, having almost forgotten the shape of a Soccer ball.

Greenbank was very heavy when the whistle signalled the "kick off," and it was some time before we "got going." This L.I. made good use of our momentary weakness, forcing the ball down the field, but Quinn at centre-half radiated confidence, and so staved off disaster to our goal. After the first quarter our XI. began to show their mettle, but unfortunately Fletcher was "crooked." He met the oncoming left wing, and in attempting to clear, badly injured his foot. This incident had the effect of shaking our men, and play became a little one-sided, the opposing team scoring two goals in fairly quick succession. The morale of the XI. (or rather X.) had been affected, but Meldon saved the situation by scoring just on half time.

2—1 against and only ten men.

The game had been fairly fast, but that single goal had had a stimulating influence, and before many minutes had elapsed the C.I. forwards created their own pace and ran their opponents "off their feet." They were out to win; they were "one down," and the equalising goal had to come. Enthusiasm was high, and we knew that even then the game was decided. The pace began to tell, and the successive advances of our untiring forwards completely broke down the opposing defence. Meldon equalised—Kirwan scored. Meldon netted his third, and Sammy Owens forgot to take his time, and passing his man easily beat the goal-keeper with a superb drop shot.

The game was strenuous from start to finish, but although the odds were against us, the result was very evident

after the first ten minutes of the second half.

Like the all-permeating ether, K-o-rah pervaded our very atmosphere. Like a fetish exerting an uncanny influence over its worshippers, K-o-rah had come in our midst until realisation or disillusionment should again banish him to hibernate for yet another spell when once more his presence would sway our destinies.

SENIOR GAME.

Team—McGrath, Hawe, McCallum, Healey, Crean, Byrne, Lacy, Kieran, Loftus, McSorley, and Murphy.

We were drawn against L.I. and hoped to repeat our previous victory at Greenbank. Tracey had left us to take up a Civil Service appointment in London, and Healey was introduced as right half, Charlie Kieran playing right inside to Loftus' centre.

The ground was distinctly heavy, but play was brisk from the first blast of the whistle. McSorley had been ill over the week-end, but his fine goal after one minute's play dispelled our anxiety concerning him. Play then became very vigorous, and hard knocks were given and taken. The whistle was rather much in evidence, but the play was decidedly clean and malicious fouling was absolutely absent.

Both lines were packed with supporters, and "K-o-rah" rang out losing its crispness gradually as vocal chords became strained. As a variation "Play up C.I." to the tune of "Deep in Canadians' Woods" encouraged and cheered our XI.

McGrath in goal lost his nerve at the commencement of the game, doubtless due to the enthusiastic throng in the "touch" line. Two goals were scored in the first half, and as on the previous Wednesday play stood at 2—1 against, at half time.

We never for a moment doubted the ability of our men to turn the tables, as the Juniors had done the previous week.

The second half opened well. Murphy, well backed up by Tom Byrne on the left, being more dangerous than in the first half of the game. Kieran showed remarkably good form, while Loftus seemed off his game.

True, the Ref. was hard—very hard—on him, for he was "pulled up" much too frequently. Naturally he did not get an opportunity of doing himself justice.

The defence was very fine, and it is almost impossible to single out individuals when each man did his duty so well.

After about twenty minutes' play McGrath was again beaten by a bouncing ball, which he failed to smother in time.

In spite of this reverse, the pace was increased, and our forwards pressed very hard until the end of the game.

In spite of all their work, they were doomed to disappointment and another direct shot left us three goals down five minutes from full time. Nothing daunted, we continued to press, Murphy scoring just on full time.

We lost by four goals to two, but the play was extremely even, and had we had a little better luck the result would certainly have been a draw. Hawe is to be heartily congratulated on the fine fight he made, and though defeated he has good reason to be proud of the team that showed such a fine spirit throughout a very well fought game.

We had hopes this year, and some of us may be disappointed, but after all the true philosophy of sport is "Try again," and yet another reverse will only make us fight the harder next season.

J. F. F.

Shield Semi-Final.

Team—Batty, Kirwan, Wilson, McCallum, Quinn, Kieran, Thorn, Owens, Meldon, E. Byrne, and Mulloy.

A leaden sky, with snow threatening every minute, and searching keen wind, calculated to try even the strongest constitution, was not sufficient to cool the ardour of the C.I. supporters when the team lined up to uphold the honour of the Institute against Liverpool College: "Froid, froid nous avons froid" was the keynote, but as some other celebrated writer has it, "L'esprit domine le corps." And indeed it was a glowing tribute to the public spirit of any school to have had, as we did, 80 per

cent. of the pupils up on such a day to support the Junior Shield champions.

C.I. kicked off with the wind slightly in their favour, and straightway made towards College goal. The effort, however, was abortive, and play was quickly transferred to our own half, but Quinn at centre half was responsible, by his vigorous tackling and strong punting, for College efforts to end very briefly in disaster. Mulloy now made a determined effort to force the pace, and made a good run down the wing, but his pass to Meldon, who was ready to convert it, was intercepted by the College full back. For fully a quarter of an hour now the C.I. made effort after effort, each of which, whether from Owens, or from Mulloy, or from Meldon—and these last were more vigorous and had greater élan—seemed to be going to be crowned with success, but was rendered useless by the sterling qualities of the College backs. These were certainly a magnificent pair, and saved their side time and again. As is usual, however, action and reaction are equal and opposite, and the College now began to settle down in a determined effort to assume the lead, and the C.I. supporters had need of their most vigorous and long-sustained “Ke-oh-ras” to assist the defence during these vigorous onslaughts. But the defence stood firm. In fact, it would be hard to find a weak spot—goalkeeper, fulls—particularly Kirwan—and halves all stood the shock well, and as a result the half-time whistle left us with no score.

By this time the elements had increased in severity, and some fitful gusts of snow rendered the supporters even more miserable, physically. But who thought of mere physical ills when excitement was at such a pitch? Both sides started with the same well-sustained vigour as before. The pace was fast, and play was transferred from one end to the other with great rapidity. It was after a particularly dangerous period in front of our goal that a clearance was made out to the left wing. Mulloy took possession, and after a very clever run, in which he was ably assisted by the clever play of Byrne, he centred to Owens. The latter con-

verted this centre with great precision, and the final touches were put to an exceedingly clever piece of work by Meldon. “Caps, caps everywhere, and not one with an owner” (apologies to the Ancient Mariner). When quiet was restored and the last sustained note of an almost incredibly loud “Ke-oh-ra” died down, it was quickly seen that if victory was to be ours another goal was to be scored soon, for College went hard at it, and a very dangerous and difficult shot to negotiate was brilliantly handled by Batty. It was now during these last vigorous onslaughts that our Juniors’ training showed. They did not tire, but maintained their dogged defence. Furthermore, they realised the verity of the old adage that the surest method of defence is offence, and the attack was maintained with spirit. Right through the game the outside right, Thorn, played splendidly. Our efforts were crowned with success in the last ten minutes with the awarding of a penalty, about which Meldon made no mistake.

What was the dismay of the C.I. supporters to see the College obtain a goal practically straight away. Was it perhaps due a little to over-confidence and to the feeling that the game was over? It was no fault of Batty’s, however, for it was an exceedingly well placed shot. For the remaining five minutes, however, both sides maintained the vigour of their initial attacks, and it was with somewhat of a relief that we heard the final whistle blow, and to realise that we were victors, that we would be in the final, and that our chances in the final were as good as those of our opponents. It would be only due to the long years spent in endeavouring to wrest the coveted shield, and the consistent bad luck sustained by the seniors, if the trophy was brought home in triumph to our Alma Mater.

J. C.

Junior Shield Final.

We regret that it has not been possible to include in this issue of our Magazine a report of the Final. Our tussle with Oulton Secondary School

had been fixed for Monday, April 2nd, but the heavy snowfall rendered it impossible to carry out this arrangement. The exigency of holidays prevented an earlier date than Wednesday, April 25th, being fixed for the match. Let us hope that on that date the efforts of Syd. Meldon and his team will be crowned with success.

C. I. SENIOR CUP
SEMI-FINAL.

UVb v. IVc.

By their victory over IVd in the first round of the Senior Cup, IVc qualified to enter the semi-final. January 17th was the date fixed, and followers of both teams turned up in fairly good numbers to cheer on their respective sides. The day was very cold, snow lying fairly thick on the ground. Winning the toss, Vb played with the hill and wind, and at once attacked strongly. Tracey and Loftus were conspicuous in several dangerous rushes, and Crean and McCallum had the utmost difficulty in keeping them out. Twice corners were forced, and on each occasion the ball either hit the cross-bar or grazed the upright. Still IVc stuck to their guns like men, and succeeded in keeping their lines intact. Half-time score—

IVc	1 goal
UVb	Nil

On resuming IVc seemed to put more vigour into their movements, and Healey looked dangerous once or twice, but Lynch was a veritable tower of strength to his side. From a throw-in Azurdia, Loftus and Tracey got going, and the latter receiving in a good position sent in a terrific shot, but Broad effected a marvellous save, which was cheered to the echo. Not to be denied the Fifths came on again, and once more Tracey tested Broad, but the latter was all there and brought off another fine clearance. A fine kick by Crean was taken up by McCallum, who sent to Healey, the latter beating Lynch sent out to Daly, who centred nicely, and Lea rushing up scored with a good shot. Notwithstanding this reverse Vb again attacked strongly, and had very hard lines in not scoring on

two occasions, the brilliancy of Crean, McCallum and Broad alone keeping them out. With about ten minutes to go, Healey getting possession raced down along the wing, and eluding Lynch scored a glorious goal from a very difficult angle. Full time arrived shortly after. Score:—

IVc	3 goals
UVb	Nil

SENIOR CUP SEMI-FINAL.

UPPER Va v. LOWER Vb.

January 17th at Wavertree.

The day was cold, and since the teams were evenly matched, a good game was expected. Lower Vb started a goal in hand, but the able forwards of Upper Va, lead by C. Kieran, soon gained a goal from the foot of P. Kearney, who later on added a second. The Lower's outside right, Lacy, now made a spirited dash, but Upper Va's defence was equal to the task, and the ball was cleared to Cooke, their outside left. Small but clever, this forward took advantage of the pass, and a good shot placed the upper form with two goals ahead. Thus encouraged, they incessantly bombarded their opponents' goal, and P. Kearney netted again before half time.

Lower Vb kicked down the slope in the second half, and had most of the play for a short time, but Upper Va's defence was almost invincible, and they kept the ball in the mid-field. Near full time Upper Va's centre forward, C. Kieran, broke away, and eluding the backs, he beat Farrell with a long high shot. The game was now practically won, but just in time McSorley of Lower Vb forced a corner, and Lacy scored with a good shot. Final—

Upper Va	5
Lower Vb	2

Scorers—Upper Va, Kearney (2), C. Kieran, and Cooke; Lower Vb, Lacy.

C. I. SENIOR CUP FINAL.

UVa v. IVc.

As the time drew near for this match many were the opinions offered as to the result. The verdict on the whole inclined to the Upper Fifths, their decisive victory over such a strong team

as Lower Vb raising them very high in the estimation of their school-fellows. There were some, however, that maintained that IVc were a tough proposition, and these seemed to base their conclusions on the fact that the C's had trounced Joe Tracey's team by two clear goals to nil. With opinions thus differing the result was an open question, but all were unanimous in predicting a good game, nor were their hopes disappointed. The day turned out an ideal one for football, and our new pitch in front of the C.I. pavilion looked very inviting. A slight delay was caused owing to Healey turning up a bit late, but at 2.55 p.m. Mr. J. Ford lined up the teams. IVc being the younger and lighter team, started with a goal and a man to their credit. Winning the toss, Byrne (UVa) took advantage of a slight wind, and at once his men began to assert themselves, the two Kierans being specially prominent. Several fine bouts of passing were witnessed between Cooke, Byrne, Kieran and Kearney, and it was only the wonderful agility of McCallum, aided by the steadiness of Crean, that kept their citadel from falling. However, such repeated onslaughts were bound to tell, and notwithstanding the heroic exertions of McCallum and Crean, aided at times by Woods and Healey, Kieran succeeded in opening the scoring with a fine shot. Nowise daunted by this reverse, IVc came along at a great pace, and Daly and Johnson on the right, and the midgets, Lea and Burke, on the left, brought off some very promising bouts, but Hawe proved a veritable stumbling block. Time and again when Healey seemed on the verge of scoring he (Hawe) nipped in and effected some wonderful clearances. The pace, which was fast from the start, was still kept up, and the ball travelled up and down the length of the field with great rapidity. With about ten minutes to go, A. Kieran getting possession, and eluding McCallum, sent out to Kearney, who drew Crean before passing to C. Kieran, who scored his second goal with a good fast grounder, which gave Keating no chance. From this to the end of half time play was slightly in

favour of IVc, but they failed to break down the fine defence of A. Kieran, Hawe, McDowell, and McGrath.

HALF-TIME SCORE.

UVa	2 goals
IVc	1 goal

On resuming play continued for some time in favour of IVc, and McCallum, who had gone forward vice Healey, made several desperate onslaughts on McGrath's stronghold, but though he was ably assisted by Johnson, Daly, Lea and Burke, who struggled manfully against great odds, yet he was too well watched to drive home his efforts. As the play veered round to the other end the Kierans once more came into prominence, and Crean was hard pressed on several occasions trying to keep them out. On one of these occasions the goalie in clearing took more than the authorised two steps with the ball, and he was rightly penalised by Mr. Forde. The free kick led to a mix up in front of the IVc goal, and the ball coming the way of C. Kieran he succeeded in registering his third goal. This reverse seemed to nettle the C's, because they came along with terrific force and vigour, and for quite ten minutes kept up a regular bombardment of the Va stronghold. Crean, McCallum, Woods, Healey, Johnson, Daly and the "Midgets" all helping in the attack, Healey scored from a fine passing movement initiated by Johnson and Daly, amid a scene of great enthusiasm on the part of the IVc followers. From this to the end the Fourths strove hard to get the equaliser, but Kieran (A.), Hawe, and McDowell proved impregnable, and IVc had to retire beaten, but not disgraced, to the tune of

UVa	3 goals
IVc	2 goals

For the winners McGrath kept a very sound goal. Hawe, McDowell, and A. Kieran were the outstanding men in the back division, and of a really good forward line C. Kieran was the pick. For the losers Keating made a very promising debut as a "goalie." Crean gave a very fine display in the back department, the brunt of the attack falling on him owing to Fletcher having

injured his ankle early in the game. McCallum at half-play did splendidly, and was ably assisted by Woods, Walsh and Roberts the "spoiler," whilst the forwards all did well.

JUNIOR CUP—FIRST ROUND.

FORM IIIc. v. FORM IIa.

This was played on January 19, and was acknowledged by the referee, Mr. D. Hayes, to be one of the best contested and most interesting Junior matches he has witnessed, as there was not a dull minute from start to finish. Form IIIc, in true sporting fashion, generously allowed the young lads in IIa to play three additional men. Scarcely had play started when Quigley, the swift outside right, got possession, raced along the line, and sent in such a well-judged shot that in trying to clear it one of the IIa backs headed through his own goal. Nothing daunted by this early misfortune, the IIa lads played up with great spirit. Again and again they brought the ball to their opponents' goal, but the defence, especially by the goalie, Keogh, was so good that the half-time whistle sounded without any further score. On resuming, the game became, if anything, even more exciting than in the first half. Both sides went at it with a will, IIIc trying to increase their lead, and IIa striving hard to draw level with them. After about fifteen minutes O'Carroll, the centre forward of IIa, got the ball near the half-way line, and started on an excursion of his own towards the IIIc goal. By an extraordinary individual effort he beat no less than three opponents in succession, and scored a splendid goal. Excitement, which was very high before now, became higher; it was now a "battle royal." Quigley, now centre forward, made great efforts to score, but he was so well marked by Finigan, who played a splendid game, that he could not find the net. After some minutes C. Morris, the IIIc forward, secured the much-wished-for goal. From IIa now worked strenuously to secure at least a draw, but, alas, the final whistle sounded with IIIc victors by 2 goals to 1. For the winners Quigley, Keogh, McCallum, and Ashton were the best

of a well-trained team, while O'Carroll, Finigan, Bennet, and C. Bingham were the best in IIa. The IIa team were—Forshaw, Bingham, Morrissey, Morris; Dolan, Finigan, Flanagan, Darragh; Bennett, Higgins, O'Carroll, Quinn, Green, and Morris.

JUNIOR CUP SEMI-FINALS.

The Junior Cup semi-finals were played off on 24th January. In this contest IIIa met IIIc, whilst IIIb was pitted against IIIc. Mr. Forde refereed the former, and Mr. McKeown the latter. These games were closely contested, and from start to stop were full of interest for the large crowd of followers which they attracted. The victors had no soft win; on the contrary the final whistle found the A's and B's still pressing. Results:—

IIIc	4 goals
IIIa	Nil
IIIc	2 goals
IIIb	Nil

IIIa's team—Janssens; Allen, Bilbao; Braniff, Horrigan, Carroll, Murphy, Parsons, Devine, Riley, and McEvoy.

IIIb's team—Denvir; Byrne, Langley; Fleming, Jennings, Cunningham, Gavin, Kieran, Keating, Devine, and Murray.

THE JUNIOR CUP FINAL.

The Junior Cup Final was brought off on 14th March. The contest lay between IIIc and IIIc. Each form fielded its bravest and best in the hope of capturing the coveted trophy. An enthusiastic, if small, following lined the pitch, and the now famous C.I. refrain went up in goodly volume as soon as the players made their appearance.

Mr. Hayes set the ball rolling at 3 p.m. Winning the toss, the C's played towards the city goal, helped by a freshening breeze, which increased as the game advanced. The D's being against wind and hill, were at a disadvantage, and for some time looked as if they would be unable to hold up the determined onslaughts of the C's. The latter were the attackers during the first half, and the best that the defenders could do was required to prevent them from breaking through.

McCallum sent the C's to the attack, and now some nice play took place in the D's territory. Quigly took up the running, and with a high kick sent right across to the left, where Montgomery took charge, but before he could centre Murray spoiled his attempt, and sent the ball out. After the throw in Thorn banged up to the centre. Hayes put his forwards going. Cunningham is now prominent, but Griffin tackled well, and the shot for goal was weak, which Keogh had no difficulty in clearing. Again the ball travelled downhill with great rapidity. McIntyre slapped forward, and once more Montgomery is forging ahead. McLean, however, dealt with his effort, and again the ball travelled up field, helped on its way by Murray, Thomas and Newton. A mix up now occurred before the D's goal, during which Quigly handled, with the result that a penalty was awarded to the D's, which Hayes took, and opened the score for his side after 30 minutes' hard play. Soon again the C's were in possession. McCallum was now playing a splendid game; he was here, there and everywhere, and always with good effect. Morris passed to Montgomery, who, beating the right back, scored for the C's. Immediately the half-time whistle went, leaving the scores 1—1.

After a short interval play was resumed. The D's, now favoured by breeze and slope, were soon forcing the pace. Barrett and Griffin were kept busy, and Keogh had quite a hard time of it to defend his charge. Again and again he cleared, but the D's banged back with renewed vigour. From a huge punt by Hayes, Cunningham got his opportunity, and with a fine shot sent just below the bar to the great delight of the D's followers. Soon again the D's were the attackers. Byrne sent up a hot shot, which rebounded from the cross-bar into the field of play. Barrett cleared, but McDonald sent the chocolate and white again to the attack. Cunningham sent in a rasper which the back miskicked, and so spoiled the goalie's chance of saving. McConville soon after got possession, but before he got rid of the ball McCallum was upon him

and sent to his forward line. Here Gradwell, Ashton and Quinn joined in a determined attack on the D's goal, but Thorn cleared to midfield. This put the D's forward line once more moving, and notwithstanding a good defence by the C's, a fourth goal was added for the D's per Cunningham. Soon after a high ball from Hayes was very skilfully gathered by Keogh and cleared, for which he received well-merited applause. During the concluding minutes of the game the teams were still going strong. Both ends of the pitch were visited and revisited in quick succession, but no other score resulted. The final whistle went, leaving the score as follows:—

III d	4 goals
III c	1 goal

SECONDARY SCHOOL FOOTBALL SHIELD.

LIVERPOOL AND DISTRICT.

SENIOR COMPETITION.

(Under 17 years on January 1st.)

FIRST ROUND.

	Goals.
Collegiate School v. Holt School	... 16 0
Oulton School v. Calday Grange	Scratched
*Wallasey Gram. School v. Bootle School	2 1

SECOND ROUND.

St. Francis Xavier's v. Wallasey Gram.	4 0
Liverpool Institute v. Catholic Institute	4 2
Liscard High School v. Birkenhead Inst.	4 1
Collegiate School v. Bootle	... 4 2

SEMI-FINAL.

Liverpool Institute v. Liscard H. S.	... 9 0
*Collegiate School v. St. Francis Xavier's	3 3

FINAL.

Collegiate School v. Liverpool Institute,	May 1
2nd.	11

In the first round the following schools—Catholic Institute, Liverpool Institute, head Institute, Liscard H. School, Francis Xavier's had byes.

JUNIOR COMPETITION.

(Under 15 years on January 1st.)

FIRST ROUND.

Catholic Institute v. Liverpool Institute	5 2
Collegiate School v. St. Francis Xavier's	4 0
Oulton School v. Bootle School	... 4 3
Birkenhead Institute v. Holt School	... 6 2

SEMI-FINAL.

Catholic Institute v. Collegiate School	... 2 1
Oulton School v. Birkenhead Inst.	... 3 2

*Replayed matches.

FINAL.

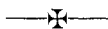
Catholic Institute v. Oulton School, April 25th.

The results in both Senior and Junior Competitions show, with one or two exceptions, that the matches were well contested. Many of the referees report that the standard of play was above the usual.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

The teams of the Junior League had a splendid run up to Christmas, and play was resumed with great enthusiasm early in the New Year. The weather conditions, however, proved very unsatisfactory, and many games had to be postponed, whilst it was found impossible to bring off all the fixtures on the card. The following table shows how the Junior team stood at the end of the football season:—

Form.	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Goals for	Goals against	Points.
IIIa	15	8	2	5	51	26	21
IIIb	15	7	3	5	57	23	19
IIIc	15	5	5	5	34	38	15
IIc	15	5	5	5	46	35	15
IIa	15	5	5	5	31	40	13
IIb	15	0	9	6	21	75	6



Hints on Athletics.

By T. J. CURTIN, B.A.

With the close of the football season, happily a satisfactory one this year, we ought to be making preparations for the annual sports, and in order to make this event as successful from an athletic point of view as it is from a social one, continuous steady preparation is necessary. In our past sports meet-

any brilliant performances have been recorded, but they have been realised by boys who have entered in for them enthusiastically, and have realised that it is somewhat impossible merely to enter one's name for individual events without making special preparation. (Such preparation need not indeed interfere with the cricket season, but would merely be a help to a game, which for the majority is not as strenuous a one as football. To anyone who has watched the various matches at Wavertree during the past season, whether they have been form games,

school games, or shield games, it has been very evident that there are plenty of athletes in the school who might with training record performances worthy of the achievements of their predecessors and the reputation of their school.

Perhaps a few hints might be acceptable to many who are eager to train and are ignorant as to the best method of so doing. It is to be remembered that training should begin lightly. For instance, a sprinter generally commences by practising his start, and then running forty yards, realising as he does that a start is all important in a short race. By increasing the distance every alternate night be gradually makes himself perfect in the full 100 yards. But a beginner ought to realise that starting with a hundred yards and running two or three 100 yards in the early part of the training is disastrous to the constitution and disastrous to one's powers of sprinting. Similarly, a mile runner does not begin by running a mile, but by perfecting a distance of 400 yards and increasing the distance gradually.

(2) Too much time each evening is as disastrous as none at all. A half an hour every evening apportioned to enthusiastic training is quite enough, and will repay the trouble.

(3) Training ought to be taken in running togs, and care ought to be particularly taken to rubbing oneself with a towel, or better, flesh gloves, after each time of training. To rub efficiently and with good results a boy ought to direct his rubbing towards the heart, i.e., he ought to rub the legs upwards and the back downwards.

(4) Training ought to be steady and continuous and not sporadic. It is better to run 30 yards for six successive nights than to run 180 yards one evening and none afterwards for a week.

(5) It is very disastrous to run or start training after a hearty meal. It retards speed and affects the heart.

(6) Lastly, it is as well to note that to a runner cycling is very disadvantageous. The muscles of the legs of a runner ought to be made soft—cycling hardens them.