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Editorial.

A NEW Year again! New calendars on the walls, a new volume of our Mag., new—really, what else is there new except, of course, everywhere the rustling in the air, caused by the myriads of new leaves being turned over, but that is no novelty—everybody except the very old and the very wise, turns over the proverbial “new leaf” at this season. As we write, there is no sign of our climate reforming itself; it distributes the same “samples” of weather with no niggardly hand and the rain and fog seem, like the poor, to be always with us.

Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new,
For time, caught on the ancient wheel of change,

Spins round, and round, and round; and nothing is strange,
Or shall amaze
Mankind, in whom the heritage of all days
Stirs suddenly, as dreams half-remembered do.
Whatever the year brings, he brings nothing new.

There is no new Editor of the Mag. Anyone yearning for the position need only express his wishes:—“Barkis is willin’.” We hope, however, that the contents of this number will be regarded as up to standard. If any reader finds fault with its quality, we shall be more than pleased to receive *his* contribution, be it article, poem, or story. The Mag. is the Organ of the School and as such it befits the individual more to lend a helping shoulder

to the wheel than to grumble and aid not.

Well, 1923 is past. What have you in reserve for us all, tiny little 1924? Store of sunshiny days, flowery paths and successful exams? Let us hope so. Poor little weakling, as you gain strength and age as the days roll on, be merciful to us! Give us some fine days for "footer," for the languorous delights of the cricket field, for seaside joys, and make

not our summer holidays delusive mockeries, watching the rain as "it raineth every day."

But if the Fates decree that you apportion us woes with no unsparing hand, at least give us courage to withstand them; remind us now and again that:—

"Come what comè may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."

School Notes.

THE term has proved a fairly uneventful one, the only item which excites our interest being the remarkable success of the Football Elevens.

* * * *

About the middle of October, the Inter-Coll. Swimming Gala was held at Queen's Drive Baths, Walton. We have yet to make our mark at swimming, being again unsuccessful at these contests.

* * * *

However, we have done very well at "Footer" this season. The First XI. have lost only one match and have won all the rest. The Second Eleven have not done quite as well.

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The standard of play in the Form games has been very high. A remarkable feature of these games is the success of the younger teams.

* * * *

On All Souls' Day, there was a Requiem Mass, attended by the whole School, in the Church of Our Lady Immaculate, for the deceased Brothers, masters and boys of both the Old C.I. and St. Edward's. The celebrant was Rev. Fr. O'Shea and the music of the Mass was rendered by the College Choir under the direction of Mr. Ashford.

On Dec. 3rd, at the kind invitation of the Headmaster of the Collegiate School, we attended and hugely enjoyed a performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" by the boys of the Collegiate School. We are very

grateful for the invitation that enabled us to see what boys can do in giving a really creditable performance of a Shakespeare play.

* * * *

Term Exams. started on Monday the 10th Dec., and lasted during the week. Term Exams. are not altogether without their advantages as they bring release from those "two exercises a night."

* * * *

On Wednesday, Dec. 19th, a match was played between a St. Edward's XI., slightly reinforced, and the Liverpool Clergy, on the College grounds. The game resulted in a win for us by four goals to two. The play was very good but a very high standard could not be reached owing to the high winds and the inability of both teams to keep the ball on the ground.

* * * *

The term came to a close on Thursday morning, Dec. 20th, with the usual breaking-up Concert. The Concert was good, but a little too much on the "classical" side. More comicality would suit the merry season. We like to let ourselves go on these occasions.

* * * *

During the Christmas holidays, a match was played at Walton Hall between our First and a team made up of Old Edwardians now studying at Oscott, Upholland and Ushaw. Such meetings of past and present are always enjoyable. The game resulted in a win for the visitors: 5 - nil.

Down in a Submarine.

H. TAYLOR, U.VA.

DURING the last vacation, I spent a fortnight at a wild and lonely town on the North Coast of Scotland. In spite of it being a lonely place, I found it very interesting, because it was a great naval station where, during the war, many ships were searched. There were many sailors and naval officers living in the town, with two or three of whom I made friends. One officer was in charge of a submarine, which generally lay alongside the quay, only making occasional short trips.

This officer invited me to go on one of these trips. He told me, that it was to start at ten o'clock the following morning. All that night, I lay wondering what the journey would be like, and kept imagining what would happen if the submarine sank, never to rise again.

The fact that I had spent a sleepless night did not prevent me from keeping my appointment. I was on the quayside before ten o'clock, but the officer saw me, and called me on board. Although the town was so far north, the day was fairly warm, a bright sun was shining overhead, the sea reflected back the deep blue of the sky.

Being my first trip, I was naturally very excited, but to the members of the crew it seemed a distasteful job, to be got over in the shortest possible time. They were lounging on the deck, waiting for the signal to start. This was not given until nearly a quarter past ten. Immediately, the crew set to work.

I heard the faint hum of the engine, and felt only a very slight vibration, we were sailing down the quay-side. The officer told me to go down below. This I did by scrambling down the conning tower, which closely resembles a narrow funnel. On arriving at the bottom, I found the interior illuminated by

electricity. The body of the submarine was like a long narrow tunnel, in which a person of average height would be unable to stand, without hurting his head against one of the various handles and levers which projected downwards from the ceiling.

The tunnel is divided into four sections, the gangways of which are so narrow as to allow only one person at a time to walk along them. Along the sides of the boat there is a veritable net-work of machinery, as I afterwards found out; there are electric fans, compasses, pumps and a set of oil-driven engines for propulsion on the surface, also electric engines for use when under water. I saw what appeared, at first sight, to be a small wardrobe, but it turned out to be a small wireless set, by means of which messages can be transmitted for many miles.

One of the sailors, whose work only occupied him when the boat was submerged, explained the various parts to me. The names he mentioned were so numerous, that my head began to reel. But his explanations were cut short by the captain's order to dive. The crew came hurrying down through the tower, followed by the captain. He closed the hatch of the conning tower, and then gave some orders, which were perfectly unintelligible to me.

I did not feel any difference in the motion, but I knew we were sinking. My eyes immediately looked at a dial, which the sailor had told me registered the depth which we were under water. This indicator slowly began to go from two—five—ten—and so on till about thirty feet under water was registered. The air seemed to become hot and stuffy, but I think it was only due to my imagination. "If anything happened now!" "Suppose we are not able to rise again!" These

thoughts began to crowd on me, and my fears of the night before were redoubled for a few moments.

There were two periscopes, and looking through one, I saw the surrounding country quite clearly, which soon dispelled all my fears. I could see the other periscope sticking out above the water, causing a slight ripple on the surface. But as I looked, I saw everything go grey, then darker, until finally it was as black as night. Everything on the surface disappeared from view. My eyes naturally sought the dial, and I saw we were over fifty feet deep, the periscopes being fully submerged so we were going along, as it were, blindly. It seemed so funny, to be able to go about under water like some huge fish, being able to breathe talk, and eat, just as on dry land. As far as feelings were concerned, it was just like going

on the underground railway, only there is less noise.

On looking through the periscope, I saw the dark black gradually become grey, and then my eyes were struck with the bright sunlight which I saw again. I thought, how must a drowning man feel, when as he goes under water, the beautiful daylight is disappearing from his view for the last time. This thought made me shudder, so that I was glad to see one of the sailors climbing up the conning tower, preparatory to opening the hatch; from this I knew we must be near the surface. At last I stepped out on deck, and breathed pure fresh air once again. Since that time, I have been other journeys on a submarine, but I have never found one like the first one on which I went.

SPRING.

'Tis Spring once more. The sun is shining fair
 In starlight showers upon the dimpled flood,
 Stirring in leafless woods the early bud ;
 From Western shore of balm a blander air
 Thaws in the wintry heart its frost of care ;
 To healthier pulses calms the fevered blood,
 In languid sorrow wake new hopes of good
 For coming hours, and bids her wait and dare ;
 From each bright bay of blue, where cloudlets
 float
 High up in heaven, a friendly whisper steals,
 A smile from home the exiled spirit feels,
 Beckoning her way to shores not far remote,
 Where the long winter of the heart is past,
 Its icy chain dissolved in vernal wreaths at
 last.



J.A.S.

Death of Frank McCann.

" In the midst of life we are in death."

This thought naturally occurred to us on hearing of the death of Frank McCann, which took place on the afternoon of Boxing Day—almost at the height of the Christmas festivities.

An earnest Form III. student, though quiet and unassuming, he was popular amongst his school-fellows, and all were pained to hear of his tragic death. Whilst hurriedly crossing Shaw Street, he was " caught up " by a swiftly passing taxi, dashed to the ground and killed almost instantly. To his sorely tried father and other relatives we tender our very sincere sympathy in their great affliction.

" Whom the gods love die young."

We trust and we pray that he finished his Xmas holidays in heaven, in company with the many boy friends of the Divine Child.

An Historian and a Gossip: A Contrast.

HOLD Herodotus is one of the most delightful of story tellers. His narrative possesses, in an eminent degree, the charm of vividness, and picturesque effect, and bright attractive colouring. These are not, indeed, the highest qualities of an historian ; but they must combine with those others more essential to his character, as patient research, philosophical induction, and calm balancing of men and motives, in order to complete his qualification for his task. An historian who merely transcribes, records, and details, becomes a dull chronicler, a dry repository of facts. On the other hand, one who aims only at presenting his readers with a succession of graphic pictures, will probably end in being a lively romancer, like many a name that might be quoted. The historical art consists in hitting the mean between these several defects, and neither allowing the imagination to triumph over the stubbornness of fact, nor the

mere detail to bind down or hamper the philosophical principles to be drawn from details, and for which alone details become valuable. Neither, again, should events be shorn of whatever picturesque or romantic character may attach to them, in the process of securing their unblemished accuracy. The three excellences are all consistent, for they co-exist in the very nature of the events described ; and in history, as in painting, to copy nature is the surest pledge of success. To idealize without restraint is to leave nature behind ; while servile copying degrades the artist or the writer into her slave. But to catch her lights and shadows, to keep her outlines and just proportions, to trace up what is indicated, to group and arrange what is fully given, to dwell upon noble and important features, to pass lightly over the trivial, merely to sketch in outline (so far as may be needful) the loathsome or the grot-

esque, to keep accessories in the background, and give due prominence to essentials; this is the true skill both of artist and historian, and constitutes, indeed, the similarity between their respective tasks. The artist is the historian of nature; but we do not therefore expect him to give us the separate chronicle of every leaf in the forest, or every feather on the bird's wing. We demand of him neither to be tedious on the one hand, nor unreal and extravagant on the other. So again, the historian is the portrayer of events, personal characters, and states of society. In his treatment of these subjects we should be little satisfied with him if he mutilated events, distorted characters, or misrepresented society, to give even one additional touch of brilliancy to his narrative. Nor should we like him, if, by an opposite error, he merely let his subject-matter fall by its own dead weight upon our minds, without aiding the impressions it was calculated to produce, by the charm of description, and the severer beauty of philosophical reasoning.

We have now arrived at the points of historical genius which ally Herodotus with Froissart, and distinguish him from Thucydides. This last great writer was a boy when Herodotus had reached the zenith of his fame, and is said to have shed tears of emulation on hearing him recite portions of his history at the Olympian Games. Yet no two intelligences, employed on a similar subject-matter, could well have been more diverse in their character than these two. Herodotus is the tender, ardent, imaginative writer; credulous, because he loved to admit into his mind all that was romantic and uncommon, picturesque and vivid to a high degree, careless of impeding his narrative by digression upon digression, if only by stepping aside or breaking fences he can come back into the main road of his story with some strange plant or glittering pebble to present to his readers; deeply religious withal, and recognising at every turn a super-

intending providence, an avenging power, to repress the wanton haughtiness and scourge the crimes of men. He seems to revel in the subjects of his history; and far from preserving the staid dignity that usually attaches to the character of an historian, he gives you far more the idea of a very pleasant, well-informed and well-travelled companion, full of communicativeness and *bonhomie*, giving forth, without much arrangement or premeditation, the results of his personal observation, and the miscellaneous tittle-tattle picked up from men of all kinds and characters, in every out-of-the-way corner of the globe. Yet, whenever he comes, as often he does, across anything of pathos or tragedy, anything to evoke the deeper, the kindlier feelings of humanity, there are touches so true to nature, so graphic and so subduing, from the very unconscious simplicity with which he gives them, as might have been envied by any of the character-painters or novelists of modern times.

What a contrast to this attractive, amusing, unmethodical, graphic, discursive, suggestive narrator, is his great rival Thucydides! Cold, calm, terse, discriminating, going right on, undiverging, undelaying, and aiming only at the interest inherent in the great struggle he records, and the eloquence of expressing himself clearly, the Athenian stands as far above his predecessor in all the attributes of the philosophic temper as he is dwarfed beside him in the extent of his canvas and the vividness of his colouring. He gives himself no illusions, nor leaves his reader in any; he takes human nature as he finds it, studies it deeply, unmasking its disguises, strips it of its poetry. None of his characters are on stilts; they live before you, indeed, for the delineations of a writer of so much genius could not fail to do so; but they live before you less from their vividness than from their solid reality. He gives us the funeral oration of Pericles on those who had fallen in battle at

the close of the first scene of the Peloponesian war. The first blood had been drawn, and Athens was mourning over the flower of her youth, whose loss, as the orator himself expressed it, made that crisis seem like the year when the spring has departed from it. Such a moment, if any, would have been likely to call forth the rhetorical powers of Pericles, whose eloquence made even the scoffing Aristophanes say, that when he spoke "he lightened, and thundered, and shook Greece to her centre." Yet in the narrative of Thucydides, all is measured and cold, thoroughly sensible, and more like a speech in the House of Lords on some legal or economic question than an appeal to the popular sympathies on the Pnyx or in the Agora. Herodotus would have lent himself to the subject in a far different style. We should have been touched, we should have been moved; we should have burned into patriotism against the common enemy, and wept with those who were weeping over the choice blossoms of the State, ruthlessly mown down by the scythe of war. After all, each historian is great in his own department. Perhaps, had they both written of the same period, we should have turned from the one to the other with almost equal zest. Herodotus would have composed the music to which Thucydides could have set the words. Or rather, as is known to have been the case in some of the *chefs-d'oeuvre* of painting, Thucydides would have given us the outline of the scene historical, and drawn the heads and stamped the expression of the principal characters; while Herodotus, busy as a bee at his task, and humming some quaint old ditty as his active hand travelled over the canvas, would have filled in the accessories, improved upon the general colouring, softened away some of the harder outlines, and brought the whole thing up to exhibition pitch.

Herodotus is an essentially religious writer. His paganism is wild and strange, but his belief, such as it is, is earnest and sincere. To doubt the popular mythology would have been all foreign from his thoughts. He delighted too much in the mysteries, he had too yearning a desire

"for a something afar

From the scene of our sorrow,"

not to accept every tradition as it was given to him. There is something noble in this temper of mind, easily as it degenerates into mere credulity. Here again we observe a marked contrast between the two historians. Herodotus, the historian-poet, is believing, even to the verge of absurdity; and religious, even amid the corrupt mythology of Greece and Egypt. Thucydides, the historian-philosopher is the disciple of a cold and refined scepticism, which shows itself above the surface whenever he moralizes upon the facts which he is generally content with simply narrating. Let us take one instance. He records that soon after the commencement of the Peloponesian war, a fearful plague broke out in Attica, which desolated the country, and which he describes to us with the horrifying precision of a medical treatise. It is one of the most remarkable passages in his narrative, and has been frequently compared to De Foe's account of the plague in London in 1665. But mark what is his reflection thereupon. An ancient prophecy, he says,* now came into all men's minds, that "a Dorian war should come, and a pestilence with it." The word for *pestilence* in Greek only differs from that for *famine* by one letter; so Thucydides goes on to remark, that there had long been a difference among men which was the true reading of the ancient hexameter verse containing this prophecy, and whether it was the pestilence or the famine that was to come. Everyone now decided that the former reading was correct. "My opinion

* Lib. ii., c. 54.

is," coolly adds Thucydides, "that if another Dorian war should hereafter come, and there should happen to be a famine at the same time, they would just sing the old song the other way." Now Herodotus would have reprobated such a notion as impious. He would have delighted to note the exact fulfilment of the prophecy, would have given us all the circumstances under which it had been first delivered, all the more if they had been

grotesque or mysterious; and would probably have wound up with the story of some unbelieving wretch, on whom the anger of the immortal gods had fallen, entailing a curse on himself and his descendants, because he had scoffed at the prediction. Yes, Herodotus is of the picturesque and devout temper of a Froissart; while for the other we find the most obvious parallel that occurs to us at the moment, in the polished sneer of a Gibbon.

A Song of the Season.

S. BROWNE, U.VB. (With apologies to the shade of W. S. Gilbert).

1st Boy: I have a song to sing, O!

2nd Boy: Sing me your song, O!

1st Boy: It is sung now, ahoy,
Of a hungry boy,

Who ran with the rushing throng, O!
It's the shout of a merry lad, bright of eye,
Whose heart was light, and whose voice was
high,

Who drank his tea, and who munch'd his pie
As he sat in peace at the table.
Heighdy! Heighdy!

Misery me, lackaday dee!
He drank his tea, and he munch'd his pie,
As he sat in peace at the table.

2nd Boy: I have a song to sing, O!

1st Boy: What is your song, O?

2nd Boy: It is sung with a groan
Of a boy all alone,

Who sang with a voice so drear, O!
It's a sorrowful song, with many a tear,
That fell from the lips of the merrylad dear,
Who drank no tea, and who couldn't see
clear

As he leaned in pain on the table.
It's the song of a merrylad, moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was
glum,

Who sipped no sup, and who craved no
crumb,

For he didn't feel quite all right in his 'tum,'
As he leaned in pain on the table.

Heighdy! Heighdy!

Misery me, lackaday dee!

He didn't feel quite all right in his 'tum,'
As he leaned in pain on the table.

Both Boys: The cause if this tale
Is—the pie was stale,

That was sent to the hungry boy, O!
The doctor shook his head, and the boy did
quake,

For it wasn't only pie, there was also cake,
Just the thing to build up an interior ache,

If you gobble all you think you're able;
The patient now is recovering fast
From that sorrowful feast, full five weeks
past,

And the moral of it is (which is kept till last):
Oh! think of the merryboy moping mum,
Whose soul was sad, and whose glance was
glum,

Who sipped no sup, and who craved no
crumb,

And who didn't feel quite all right in his
'tum,'

When you pine for those pies on the table.

Heighdy! Heighdy!

Misery me, lackaday dee!

His pains are o'er, and he'll sigh no more,
But those pies will be left on the table.

A Day with a Naturalist.

L. HAWORTH, U.VA.

MY friend, Smythe—Theodore Smythe—was a naturalist in the fullest sense of the word. He was that type of the human species, who, being so absorbed in their own particular pursuits, are completely oblivious to all worldly matters and interests, such as Tariff Reform, Everton and the 3-30. He was at once entomologist, ornithologist and botanist, but above all an optimist. Combine this with a figure, more endowed by nature in the vertical than in the lateral direction, crowned by a mop of flaring red hair, usually adorned with what could, by a stretch of the imagination be called a hat, probably a relic or family heirloom, and you will have a fair conception of friend Theodore.

When bent on what he was pleased to call his "botanic expeditions," which he undertook, on the average, about six times a week, he was generally attired in a huge sports coat with enormous pockets, specially enlarged, I believe, by himself to accommodate the large and miscellaneous collection of specimens, with which he invariably returned home. No matter what was the state of the weather he always carried a gamp. Do not think for a moment that this article was intended for a shelter for his own person, from inclement weather. Oh dear, no! In such cases, Theodore's optimism was his umbrella, but the capacious folds of this gamp served admirably as a sort of hold-all for the multifarious mass of stones, earth, insects, shrubs and flowers, which could not find a place about his person. It was truly both amazing and alarming to see the quantity of mother earth Theodore brought home and disgorged from sundry parts of his person.

Such was the individual who presented him-

self before my house at the unearthly hour of five A.M., on a bleak October morning, and commenced to bang and clamour at the door until he succeeded in breaking my peaceful slumbers. It was not till then that I remembered having promised him my company on a "botanic expedition" or, more appropriately, a "suicide trip," but I had certainly not bargained for this. At last, for fear of complaints from the neighbours, I was forced to admit, not without many grumbings, at the intruder. The reason which called forth this spasm of utter insanity on the part of my friend was a report, circulated among local naturalists, to the effect that a certain species of fungus, which Theodore insisted on calling *Paxellus Astromentosus*, was to be found in the neighbourhood, and of which, despite the lateness of the season, he had determined to obtain a specimen.

It was no use remonstrating. Every other consideration, engagements, weather, etc., must sink into nothingness when Theodore Smythe went specimen hunting. Not content with dragging me out of bed two or three hours too soon, he continued alternately to entreat, beseech and pray me to hurry up, raving about his beloved *Paxellus Astromentosus* and the unique (?) opportunity given to us of procuring so rare a treasure. He informed me that the best place for searching for and catching this abomination—my opinion of *Paxellus Astromentosus*—was a low-lying damp spot in the middle of a wood about fifteen miles out of town, which he had selected as being most likely to conceal our object and a remark of mine that such was also a very excellent locality for catching pneumonia, only served to excite friend Theo. to make several caustic

and scathing comments about my lukewarm, even pessimistic, attitude towards this great expedition.

The distance from the house to the station was utilised by our irrepressible "bug hunter," as he had been frivolously alluded to, in giving me an exact account of the appearance, relations and genealogical tree (at least it sounded like that) of the wonderful *Paxellus Astromentosus*. From what I could gather, this growth was first cousin to the *Agaricus Velutinus*, brother-in-law to *Lactarius Turpis*, but only distantly related to *Corlinarius Dibaphus* and its kindred. As, however, I was not paying my poor friend much attention I cannot swear that these particulars are exactly correct. The arrival of our train cut him short in a fluent and verbose discourse on the *Perisporiaceae* division of the *Basidiomycetes*, or something to that effect, but as no one was listening to him, his words were "wasted on the desert air."

We stowed ourselves in an empty carriage and Theodore carefully deposited that eternal umbrella on the rack above me. With a jerk the train started and at precisely the same moment a fearful-looking greyish spider alighted on my sleeve. Now there is nothing I detest more than spiders, so accordingly, with a savage snarl and an inward shudder I angrily flicked the offender away, before my friend had time to notice it, knowing full well that if he did, he would insist upon me "catching it gently!" But the mystery deepened when, at every jolt and jerk of the carriage such things as snails, flies, beetles, ants, and other entomological atrocities descended upon me. I was sorely tempted to pull the communication cord, register with the guard a strong complaint against the railway company keeping a travelling branch of Royal Zoological Society's insect house on board, but I was still afraid to draw Theodore's attention to it for fear he would decide to stay there and hold his apology for a hat underneath

in the hope that something really rare would come down. But as it was only a short journey, I resolved to "sit tight" and contented myself with a scrutiny of the compartment—wherein, however, I could see nothing to arouse suspicion—and, of course, a change of position.

It was about six o'clock when we arrived at our destination and alighted in a drizzling rain. Since embarking on the train at the other end, friend Smythe had relapsed into silence, ruminating, no doubt, on the fame and glory which he—and I, incidentally—were about to achieve—perhaps. Once clear of the deserted station and its cheerful lights, we struck out along a lane, recently used, to judge by the quantity and depth of the layer of mud and slush which covered its uneven surface, by cattle and other rural denizens and then ploughed into neatly defined ruts by ponderous farm waggons. I had no eyes, however, for the geometrical designs thus produced, for just then, upon turning a corner, a blast of wind caught us full in the face, carrying with it a sharp shower of rain. Immediately we doubled up and thus bent, practically at right angles, endeavoured to fight our way down an open and bleak stretch of mud covered road, until I suddenly noticed Theodore's umbrella trailing forlornly behind him. In an instant I had snatched it, elevated it above my head and forced it open, when—Ouch!!, a perfect deluge of insects, shrubs, leaves, stones and accumulated water descended upon my head and shoulders, ran down my back and over my face. I writhed and shuddered till I nearly disjointed my spine, I slapped my face, in short did everything possible to rid myself of the horrors. I can avouch that to have a choice, hand-picked assortment of the creeping things of the earth clinging affectionately to one's ear, or exploring, with naive insouciance, the most secret recesses of one's collar-bone or, in divers other whimsical ways disporting themselves about one's person, not

to mention a gratuitous tasting sample of the soil of Old England insinuating itself into one's facial orifice, a last rose of summer viciously clawing one's chin and a sufficient amount of fields and hedges to stock a herbalist's shop for about twenty-five years, verdantly decorating one's hat and shoulders, is not what any fair-minded and unbiassed observer could accurately describe as being an exhilarating or wholly delightful experience.

The solution of the "railway mystery" flashed upon me. I remembered that Theodore had deposited his "luggage" above me on the rack and each jolt had precipitated a "specimen" upon my devoted head. Standing there in the rain, I hastily dragged off my collar and coat, at the same time, I am sorry to confess, giving the unheeding naturalist a really lucid and candid account, garnished with a variegated repertory of adjectives and epithets more or less appropriate to the occasion, of himself, his antecedents and attributes and all his works and pomps. But my bodily distress was as nothing beside the sea of mental anguish that engulfed Theodore. A wild diatribe poured from his lips which was at once a fierce anathema on all clumsy blundering amateurs that ever were, are, or shall be, now and for all time, and an impassioned panegyric over his lost specimens. In spite of the fact that it was raining heavily and as yet barely daylight, he went down on hands and knees in a frantic but vain endeavour to recover the creatures, crying out their Latin names between his sobs as if that would entice them to return. Verily there was mourning in the tents of Israel, and a passing yokel hastily took to his heels in terror of being swallowed up in the flood of invective and vituperation.

I will not dwell longer on the painful scene, but it will suffice to say that it was broad daylight by the time that we had finally sorted ourselves out and I had restored myself to a tolerable state of comfort. The state of

Theodore's apparel beggars description; mud, or, as he contemptuously referred to it, oolitic deposit, covered him from head to foot, and his temper was not much improved. At last he graciously condescended to inform me that he had forgotten to "unload" the night before, being absorbed in a fine specimen of *H. Foetidus* and had it not been for my (here followed a fresh tirade) he would have been the richer by several *Nepela Glechoma*. However, the mention of *Paxellus Astromentosus* had, I soon found out, a soothing effect on him. The foregoing unfortunate episode had not damped his ardour in the least and he hurried forward till we reached the summit of a slight prominence, from whence we were able to discern a stunted copse lying in a hollow to the right.

"There!" shouted this unquenchable maniac, pointing with both arms excitedly to this locality and commencing to dance and jump about, thereby bespattering me with a copious shower of mud. "Behold the realization of my dreams. In the depths of yonder sylvan glen blooms my beloved *Paxellus Astromentosus*. Oh, most delightful fungus, what joy thou givest me in thy anticipated possession." How long he would have thus rambled on is a matter for discussion, but a sharp poke in the ribs brought him down to earth—not literally, for goodness knows, he was in a bad enough condition already and he straightaway grasped me by the arm and plunged through the hedge before us, evidently bent on reaching the goal by the shortest possible route. Now, why exactly Theodore should have picked on the most thorny and prickly hedge in the country to plunge through or rather into, for getting clear was a totally different question, is and always has been past my comprehension. Perhaps I am a trifle dull, but all the same it seemed a very, to say the least of it, idiotic and senseless thing to do. The thorns in that hedge appeared, by common consent to have determined to seek out the

most tender and least protected portions of my person and to implant themselves therein ; by some unaccountable process they seemed to be turned into one common focus—me ; and my frantic struggles only served to drive them further into my poor flesh. My friend, for in charity I will still so call him, was floundering close beside me and I vaguely remember hearing a string of ejaculations, some of them not exactly in drawing-room style in which such phrases as “asinine blundering,” “Paxellus Astromentosus,” “confounded nuisance,” were constantly repeated. At length, however, I succeeded in dragging myself clear of the spiny embrace and, incidentally, in dragging several more or less large areas of skin clear of myself. I confess, in my anger and pain, I was tempted to push my tormentor further in and so rid the earth, for a time at least, of this hare-brained, half-demented disciple of Linnaeus, but as I considered myself in a way responsible for him, I abandoned my evil intentions and pulled him out, rather roughly perhaps, but, after all, who could deny that he deserved it ?

It was now my turn to be voluble. I stood him up and harangued him till I was hoarse. I remonstrated on the absurdity and futility of our quest : of what earthly use was the Paxellus Astromentosus, supposing we did obtain it after all our trouble ?—why not buy a specimen, if he really wanted one, from a scientific dealer ?—why risk catching our death of cold for a measly fungus ?—why not wait until the weather was more propitious ?—etcetera, etcetera. I pathetically stuck out my maimed and lacerated paws, to let him gaze on them and melt his stony heart : I raved, I expostulated, I derided, I entreated, but all to no purpose ; logic and rhetoric alike availed me not. When at last I had exhausted my ready vocabulary and cooled down somewhat, I found we were in a field, or rather, owing to the rain which had a short time previously ceased, a bog, about a mile and a

half from Theodore's “sylvan glen,” and though I continued to urge our speedy return, this lunatic insisted on proceeding.

Our rate of progress was necessarily slow because of the fact that my companion, every minute or so, went off after some specimen, and it was well on in the afternoon that, after much wandering, we eventually arrived at the outskirts of the little copse. For a long while I had been experiencing the pangs of hunger, but nothing would now deter our Theodore when, as I heard him mutter, “fame and glory were practically within his grasp.” So intense was his excitement that, for the last half-mile or so, he had ceased to crawl after beetles through the rain-sodden ground, but trudged forward as fast as he could. I, still smarting from my combat with the hedge, had become as curt and monosyllabic in my answers as possible, but still followed so as to see that he came to no harm, for there was no knowing where his impetuosity would finally land him, but when we arrived at the “treasure house,” as it were, Theodore's enthusiasm became infectious and as I became hungrier I became more anxious to see the expedition drawn to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

Thus my attitude of cynicism gradually turned to one of anxiety for the success of the “fungus hunt” and when Theodore asked, or more rightly, commanded, me to make a circuit and assault the position from the rear, so to speak, a rather unnecessary precaution I thought, seeing that our victim was unaware of our approach and would have very little chance of escape, I readily agreed, so readily, however, that he earnestly entreated me to be careful, to look before each step, to proceed cautiously lest I should unwittingly crush a Paxellus Astromentosus beneath my feet. As I said before, Theodore Smythe was a lunatic !

The copse was in the form of an annular hollow, sloping steeply down to a muddy centre. The sides were thickly covered with

small, leafless trees through which a chill autumn wind was moaning, a precursor of more rain. Determined to penetrate at once to the centre, disregarding my instructions, I, boldly and incautiously pushed through the outer fringe of bushes. I had not proceeded five yards when, without any warning, my feet glissaded from under me and I was precipitated with astonishing violence into a verdant bed of nettles which seemed, somehow or other, to have placed themselves in the precise spot where I was to fall. From a rough estimate of the number of blisters I afterwards counted on my carcase, I should say that about fifteen thousand nettles had united in an endeavour to finish me off. Literally a mass of pain, I tried to struggle to my feet, but the sloping ground, rendered treacherously slippery by the recent rains, again played me false and slipping rolling and stumbling, I careered down the slope to be brought up at last by the above-mentioned muddy pool, into which I collapsed—a physical wreck.

By this time my enthusiasm had completely fizzled out, and thinking only of saving my own person, was about to commence to regain the outer world, when a shout, a scream, nay it was more in the nature of a squeaky bellow, arrested me. I thought—and hoped—for the moment that Theodore as well had come to rest in the mud, but no such luck, through the fast failing light I could see him crashing towards me, both arms outstretched above him and a look of intense delight illuminating his visage. He could not delay, but, floundering up to me, there, standing in two feet of mud, he held up the prize, what was to all appearances an "UNDERSIZED MUSHROOM." Oh! the anguish I experienced. To think I had been awakened at five o'clock in the morning, dragged out through driving rain, baptized with creeping, crawling insects, hurled through thorny hedges, rolled in nettles and nearly suffocated in mud—for this! In that moment I wished Theodore and his Paxellus Astromentosus to places far deeper and remote than the Sargasso Sea! Not even

his expression of sublime satisfaction allayed my anger; he danced and threw himself about yelling out the praises of that disreputable fungus, but at last the inevitable happened; he slipped, fell and literally "wallowed" in the mud, but what cared he? Had he not a real substantial Paxellus Astromentosus actually in his hand? Oh! most sublime Providence Who has decreed that Theodore Smythe, of obscure fame, should with his own hand discover and gather a Pax. Astromentosus!

Thus he rambled on until I savagely jerked him to his feet and in a voice of suppressed anger bade him proceed for it was already recommencing to rain and darkness was coming on. How we completed that return journey to the railway station I can never distinctly recollect. Smothered and choked with mud, drenched through to the skin, smarting and aching, I can dimly remember trudging through a sea of mire, hastening my companion forward, who, oblivious to everything around him, including rain and pain, still raved about his treasure, and when eventually we crawled wearily into a compartment, without a thought of nourishment—indeed, I do not believe that I would have taken it if I could, so tired both mentally and physically was I, my only thought was of rest.

I recollect seeing Theodore safely home and then, utterly worn-out, footsore and bordering upon a state of total collapse, I just managed to get home and to bed. A few days later, I saw my sometime friend again, who, as if nothing had happened, joyfully informed me that he had already entered into communication with ——— concerning the Paxellus Astromentosus. I did not answer, but I think my action, if not polite, was as expressive as any words; I turned my back on him.

I have not yet quite decided whether I shall swear a vendetta against him or merely completely "cut" him, but one thing I have vowed, that the next time Theodore undertakes a botanic expedition, he shall be without company, at least as far as I am concerned.

A Mystery Mineral.

S. BROWNE, U.V.B.

A PPEARANCES are deceptive, for, although on first sight it seems fragile enough, this mysterious mineral will not dissolve even when heated to the enormous temperature of 1,500° Fahrenheit. It can be made into material as soft as wool, or by varying the process, it can be formed into a substance as hard as steel. One single strand of it can be spun so finely, that a hundred yards of such a strand would weigh less than an ounce.

Trains could not move at more than a snail's pace without it, while its absence would also diminish the efficiency of machinery. Theatres and kinemas could not be safeguarded against the danger of fire, and its presence helps on the heating arrangements of hotels and other public buildings.

Its fibres are soft, yet, in the mass, it is extremely hard. Can you guess what this remarkable mineral is? It is asbestos. Although often referred to by people as a modern "invention," scientists say that the mineral is probably as old as the earth itself, and was formed by the enormous pressure caused by the cooling of the earth's crust.

Asbestos is quarried, like stone; the rock,

when exposed, is sent to the surface and crushed by machinery, which also extracts the fibres. Roughly speaking, fifty tons of rock yield one ton of asbestos; the best quality asbestos is obtained from Canada.

The operator's room in a cinema is lined with this material and is thus rendered fire-proof. What is known as asbestos "lumber" is now being largely used for this purpose. The same substance is also used in the composition of fire-proof theatre curtains, while it is rapidly being substituted for the ebony switchboard used in electrical installations.

When steam-engines were first invented, tow was used in mending a high-pressure pipe which had burst. Nowadays, asbestos is utilised. The speed of sixty miles an hour, attained by some of the latest built engines, is almost entirely due to the asbestos "vests" which enclose the boilers, thus preventing even the slightest escape of steam or heat. If there were no substance like asbestos, steamers would be practically useless, while locomotives would have no satisfactory brakes. Wherever friction or leakage of heat has to be overcome, asbestos is used, and its value to the world is certainly incalculable.

Our Debates.

AT our first meeting, on Oct. 8th, we listened to an Inter-Form Debate, Form VIA against Form VIB, the former being represented by Wilson, Merriman Murphy and Hurley, and the latter by Le Brun Rooney and Kearney (who spoke twice owing to the absence of Young).

They discussed the subject: "That the proposal, recently announced, to construct a

tunnel under the Mersey, is one that ought immediately be carried through."

Wilson opened the debate for the motion with an effective speech in which he showed how the existing facilities for cross-river transit were hopelessly inadequate. Le Brun, for the Opposition, attacked the question from a financial standpoint. Merriman, carrying on the argument of his colleague, dealt with

the means of improving the present facilities for communication on the Mersey. He contended that both the construction of a bridge and the improvement of the ferries were impracticable. Kearney, for VIB, replied that the tunnel as proposed would not adequately meet the requirements of the traffic of the district. He also compared the estimated cost of the tunnel with those of tunnels constructed in recent times, and thought it excessive. Murphy helped his side with an earnest and well-reasoned speech, while Rooney sought to show that his opponents were wandering from the point. Hurley having said the last word for VIA, and Kearney having wound up for VIB, a vote was taken and VIB declared the winners.

Two sides from Form VIB discussed the motion: "That only a vast, State-aided scheme of emigration can appreciably diminish unemployment and its attendant evils. Walsh, Murphy, McNally and Young, appeared for the motion, while Cullen, McGhee, Cunningham and Street attacked it.

Walsh opened the debate, dealing with the question from a rather general standpoint. Cullen replied in a speech which would certainly have gained in effect had it been louder, dealing with the conditions under which an immigrant into Canada, or any other British Colony, is expected to live and work. Murphy, in his reply, sought to carry on Walsh's arguments, but spoiled himself by beginning to particularize and point out the benefits which would accrue in individual cases. McNally and Young, while dealing with the Opposition arguments to a small extent, devoted themselves mainly to enlarging on Walsh's speech. For the Opposition, McGhee and Cunningham contented themselves with a passing treatment of the points brought forward for the motion and devoted their attention to the evil effects of being stranded, workless, on a foreign shore, alleging that this is the fate of many emigrants.

Street's effort was certainly the best of the day. In a clear, well-reasoned speech he attacked his opponent's arguments and he certainly influenced the voting to a great extent.

In conclusion, our Chairman, Mr. O'Sullivan, made a few remarks on the subject of voting and he pointed out that the voting does not always reflect the relative merits of the speeches, instancing the voting at the previous meeting in this respect. On a vote being taken it was found that the audience decided: Pro. 16; Con. 27.

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Nov. 5th, 1923.

The subject of our debate on this occasion was: "That civilization has resulted in man being morally and physically in a healthier condition." Three of the speakers for each side were chosen from Form VIB and Form VIA supplied the others. Segrave, Taylor (VIA), Seery and McManus defended the motion, while McGuinness, McCord (VIA), Anderson and Carney formed the Opposition.

Segrave opened the debate with a speech in which he showed how civilization has improved us physically by the discoveries of new antidotes and anaesthetics. McGuinness, speaking against the motion, argued that the numerous cases of crime appearing in the newspapers indicated that civilization had morally degraded man. Taylor replied by enlarging on the marvels of modern science. He also dealt with the present-day efforts to reduce misery and poverty amongst the poor. McCord contrasted to advantage the physical condition of a native of South Africa with that of a citizen in a city. Seery refuted the arguments of his opponents and was followed by Anderson, whose delivery, although clear, was rather too indifferent. He compared modern art and literature with the works of Shakespeare and Milton, and pointed out that although civilization claims to have effective remedies for a few of the numerous prevalent

diseases, it has also been the instrument of the introduction of new diseases. McManus and Carney closed the debate for their respective sides by generally refuting the arguments of their opponents.

The vote was taken and the side led by McGuinness obtained the majority.

* * * *

At our next meeting, two sides from U.V.A debated the question: "That the present government should be returned to power at the next general election." Irvine, Hyde, Williams and Collins defended, while Haworth, Hodson, Monaghan and Unsworth attacked.

Opening the debate, Irvine spoke of the work done for England by the Conservative party. He then weighed up the relative merits of the other parties and finally concluded that a Conservative government was the only possible one. Haworth, in reply, confined his remarks to the subject of Tariff Reform which, he asserted, would aggravate unemployment. Hyde devoted his attention to furthering his colleague's arguments, touching also on Mr. Baldwin's reasons for dissolving Parliament. Hodson spoke about the upset caused by a general election and also hinted at the probable decrease in imports to be expected if Tariff Reform were accomplished. Williams and Collins dealt also with Free Trade and pointed out the necessity for a Tariff barrier to enable us to compete with foreign countries. The latter concluded the debate for his side by asserting that while unemployment may be less around the coast, due to Free Trade, it is greater inland. Monaghan dealt with the increase in unemployment during the present government's term of office and Unsworth closed the debate with a speech in which he dealt with

the effects of Tariff Reform, predicting, amongst other things, the return of the profiteer.

On the motion being put to the audience, the Pros were declared victors.

* * * *

Members of U.V.A again held the floor at our next meeting, when the motion "That school attendance should be compulsory up to the age of eighteen" was discussed. Whitehill, Calligan, Corris and Myler spoke for the motion, and Robertson, McGinity, Rogers and Spillane spoke against.

Whitehill opened the debate, dealing with the need of boys and girls who now leave school at the age of fourteen for a better education. In his reply, Robertson said that the modern schoolboy could be placed in either of three classes, those who can't learn, those who learn just enough to keep them going, and those who are clever enough to win scholarships or free places to Secondary schools. Of these, the only ones who need higher education are those in the latter class and these, by passing examinations, ensure their being better educated. Culligan and Corris pointed out that the boy who leaves school at fourteen, under the present system, knows nothing about the trade or career which he is going to take up. McGinity and Rogers then showed that the extra four years would be wasted since the boy leaving school at eighteen would have to start at the bottom in the trade which he chose. Myler and Spillane closed the debate for their respective sides with general reviews of the arguments brought forward by their colleagues.

On a vote being taken, the Cons obtained a majority.



The Hindoo Fakir.

D. MCGUINNESS, U.V.A.

THESE is no type of man in the East around whom centres more mystery and romance than the Indian "fakir." The hero of many legends, poems, and stories, in some degree his strange powers and devotional sacrifices have been exaggerated to fulfil the requirements of imaginative writers. Allowing for that, however, the genuine and existing fakir is without doubt a wonderful person, endowed with seemingly uncanny powers, a man who like the Indians of North America with their exploits, their stoical indifference to death, pain and torture, thrilled Britons for many years. Like the noble red man he has schooled himself to be totally impervious to human suffering, but unlike him, his aim is not war glory but religious sacrifice.

His creed is to thrill mankind with his "magic" with the view to impressing them with the powers of his faith and to suffer and endure every hardship in this world in order to meet with favour from his gods in the next.

Strange and absolutely true stories are told of fakirs' sacrifices in the exaltation of religious fervour. Some will inflict upon themselves painful and hideous wounds with a desire to show how insignificant is the flesh and how all-important the disciplined spirit. A fakir will hold one arm aloft for years; another will lie in chains at the entrance to some temple sacred to his gods, and another will bury himself to the neck in the ground, go for incredibly long periods without food or water and suffer the heat of the Indian sun and the insects which are drawn to his flesh. It is assumed that long suffering has deadened him to, what to us, would be intolerable pain.

There are millions of fakirs in India, to-day, and one would naturally expect in so wide a group of men a variety of methods and means

to impress their faith. The type most attractive in fact and fiction is the magician. This man, with his weird skill and mysticism, has confounded the thinking minds of the western civilised world. How he works his magic is not known to this day though many theories have been advanced for the apparently supernatural nature of the tricks he performs. He is, without a doubt, the greatest conjuror in the world, and one who, not even to save his life which he values so little, will ever divulge the secrets of those tricks handed down to him from generations of "magicians" of the long and mysterious Indian past.

You may meet this type of fakir around the bazaars—the market places—of Hindoo towns, or packing his outfit along some jungle trail or in some interior village where he becomes a sort of super-medicine man of the poor Hindoo who regard him and his magic as "holiness."

They are sometimes robed in black when performing their "yogi," magic tricks before the impressive crowd. At other places they may be met, robed in white, their blankets, cooking utensils, etc., wrapped in a bundle and supported over his shoulder by a stick, the fakir's magic wand. They may be seen often, cooking their frugal supper at the gates of a temple. They receive no stipend from the religious castes they serve, they are wholly dependent upon the charity of the poor.

The better class and better-educated natives have grown, together with the whites of India, to regard the mysterious fakir in the nature of a fraud. This seems to be unjust since they have to admit they cannot penetrate the fakir's magic. They decry as fraudulent something which they cannot understand. Even the rajahs are not permitted to enter into the secrets of the fakir. But though now dis-

credited by the higher castes, the fakir remains and ever will remain, the idol of the poor.

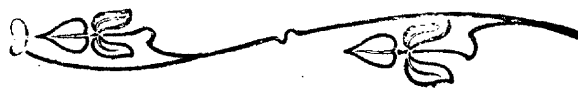
Some of the "yogi" of the fakir is staggering in its apparent impossibilities. One of their most common tricks is that of making in a few minutes a large melon plant grow on a stony pavement from a tiny seed. The seed is placed on the stony ground and the fakir takes the wrapper off his bundle and shakes it in the air. Then he places it on the ground so as to cover the melon seed, and then begins to chant some incantations. Immediately the middle of the cloth begins to rise as if it were being thrust up by a stick from underneath. This continues till the middle of the cloth has risen about three feet and then the fakir takes it off. There, instead of the tiny seed is the gaudy melon flower in full bloom as fresh as if just plucked out of the jungle! While the spectators stand amazed the fakir places the cloth on again and the reverse process is gone through. When the cloth is flat on the ground, the fakir lifts it up and there is the tiny melon seed!

Another trick—the most famed of the fakir's "yogi"—is the boy-and-rope trick. This is the trick that has puzzled all the world and the means by which it is worked are still as obscure as on the distant day on which it was first witnessed by European eyes. The fakir appears accompanied by a boy and a basket. In his hand is a stick, around his waist, a long rope. He chooses his spot in the open air and his audience gather round him. The fakir unwinds the rope from his waist, whirls it around his head as a cowpuncher whirls his lasso, then casts one end of the rope into the air, as high as he can. Instead of falling to earth

again, the rope stays up, it becomes rigid as a bar of iron, the upper end lost in the Indian mist. Then a word, and up this rope the boy climbs taking the basket with him to disappear above. After a few minutes, down falls the basket and the rope after it. The basket is opened by one of the audience and the boy is discovered there, unharmed.

Different fakirs perform this trick in different ways. Sometimes a man appears and is sent up the rope with the basket after the boy. Other times, when the basket falls down, it is pierced with about a dozen long knives all at once, and the basket is opened, the boy coming out perfectly unharmed. Its main essential, however, is always the same, the mystery of how the rope remains in the air and how the boy can climb it before those watching eyes, all alert for the conjurer's bluff yet never detecting it.

This trick is one of the wonders of the East and looks like remaining so. Some have formed the theory that it never happens, that the audience are hypnotised by the fakir and made to see what really does not occur: in fact, that the fakir wills them to see the thing done and they imagine that they do see it. But it seems "thin" that one of these travelling priests can hypnotise so many people—if hypnotism be the cause of it—leaving no one to detect the fraud. A few annas, a "Salaam Sahib," and thus the strange man goes on his way. His magic wand becomes the pilgrim's staff. Into the mysteries of the jungle he disappears, to appear later at some distant village and there receive the awed worship of the poor Hindoos, who regard his "yogi" as the translation of the powers of their gods.





St. Edward, King and Confessor.

GERARD LOWE, U.VA.

“**G**OD often gives bad princes in his wrath, but in a good king He bestows a public blessing on a nation.” This is indeed true, as is shown by the happiness of the reign of St. Edward the Confessor, which is itself a panegyric of his virtues.

This prince was the son of King Ethelred II, and he had two brothers: one, Edward Ironside, who was older than himself, and who, consequently, obtained the throne after his father's death, and a second, Alfred, who was also older than himself, but who did not reign.

Edward was born about the year 1002, and was educated at the palace of the Duke of Normandy, in the midst of pleasure, vanity, and pride. But he fought diligently against these vices, and became a great enemy to them. His great weapons in this work were the means by which he grounded his heart in the rooted habits of the contrary virtues. From his infancy it was his great delight to pray much, to assist as often as possible at the divine sacrifice of the altar, and to visit churches and monasteries, conversing with the most holy and perfect among the servants of God.

His character from his youth was the aggregate of all Christian and moral virtues, and he was particularly distinguished by his mildness and sweetness of temper. He was very modest and quiet, not because he was slow of speech, for historians assure us that in wisdom and gravity he much surpassed his years, but because he had an extraordinary

love of recollection, and was sincerely humble. He was very wise and clever, but he did not travel about much, except in his own dominions.

To the incredible joy of the whole kingdom he was anointed and crowned on Easter Day, 1042, being about forty years old at the time. So far was he from the least spark of ambition that he declared that he would by no means accept the greatest monarchy if it were to cost the blood of a single man. Even the enemies of the Royal family rejoiced to see Edward on the throne, as all were most desirous to have a saint for a king, after so much tyranny, wars, and bloodshed.

The only war which the Saint ever undertook was to restore Malcolm, King of Scots, to which a glorious victory immediately put an end.

At home he lived a quiet life of prayer and mortification, living very abstemiously in the midst of the dainties of a court in a degenerate age. Such an example must convince us, that for any to impute the want of Christian spirit and virtue to the circumstances of their state and situation, is a false and foolish pretence; a sure proof of which is, that if these were changed, they would still remain the same persons. The fault lies altogether in their own sloth and passions.

One of the most powerful of the nobles in England, during Edward's reign, was one, Earl Godwin, whose immoderate power and wealth seemed to raise him above the level of his fellowcountrymen. Being prevailed upon by Earl Godwin to take a royal consort, as

both the nobility and people desired him, he declared that he should like to do so, but that he could not make a suitable choice. Godwin proposed his own daughter, Edgitha, and left no stone unturned to make the choice fall upon her. After the matter had been recommended to God, together with prayers and fasting, Edward perceived that she would be suitable to him, having a great desire for reading, study, and devotion. She readily assented to his religious desire, and they were joined together in holy wedlock.

About the year 1052, his mother, Queen Emma, died. The following year was remarkable for the death of Earl Godwin, who fell down dead whilst at supper with the king at Winchester, or, as some say, at Windsor.

The laws framed by Saint Edward were the fruits of wisdom, and are still in force as part of the common law of England, unless in things altered by later statutes. In these laws punishments were light, and were also clearly defined, so as not to be inflicted at the will and pleasure of the judges. In his reign every man's property was secure, and peace and tranquility reigned supreme, whence it is said, "This King's religious and just administration was as much or even more valued by the people than the text of the laws."

The Saint's historians relate, as an instance of extreme levity and goodness, that as he seemed one day asleep in his chamber, he saw a servant boy come twice and steal a considerable quantity of money out of a great sum which Hugoline, the keeper of his privy purse, had left exposed. But when the boy came a third time, he only bade him beware, for Hugoline was coming, and, if he caught him, he would have him severely whipped, and he would lose his booty. When Hugoline came in, and burst into a rage at the loss, the king bade him be easy, for the person who had taken the money wanted it more than they did. Some people may censure this

action; but it must be remembered that the king regarded it as a personal injury, which he was always ready to forgive, and that he would by no means encourage dishonesty by it, as he most probably afterwards made the lad sensible of his sin.

When Saint Edward was in exile in Normandy, during his father's reign, he made a vow that he would go on a pilgrimage to Rome, if God should deign to grant an end to his family troubles. Not being able to do this now, owing to the precarious condition of his kingdom, he obtained an exemption from it from the Pope. But he still desired to do something in thanksgiving. Accordingly, about 1053, the Saint set about the work by which he is chiefly remembered at the present day. This was the great Westminster Abbey. This abbey became very famous and rich, and at the time of the dissolution was the richest in England.

The ceremony of its dedication was performed on Christmas Day, 1065, the king and the whole court assisting. After the ceremony the king took ill, was carried to his bed, and began to prepare himself for his passage to eternity. Surrounded by his weeping queen and nobles, he departed in peace on the fifth day of January, 1066, being sixty-four years old, and having reigned twenty-four years.

Saint Edward was canonized by Alexander III., in 1161, and his festival began to be kept on the fifth of January. Two years after, a solemn translation of his body (which was found incorrupt, and in the same condition as formerly), was performed by St. Thomas, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the presence of King Henry II., and many persons of distinction, on the 13th October, on which day his festival is now kept. For some time after his death his feast was kept as a Holyday of Obligation throughout England, for never was a king more sincerely or more justly regretted by his subjects.

❧ QUIPS. ❧

Q. RHODES, U.V.B.

The Bridal.

Not a laugh was heard, not a nuptial note,
 As our way to the bridal we tarried ;
 Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
 As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly, to save his fright,
 Our heads from the sad sight turning ;
 And we sigh'd as we stood in the broad daylight
 To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
 And of the sex as we found him,
 Should there at the altar, in that dread plight,
 Be caught in the snare that bound him.

Few and short were the words we said,
 Though of wine and cake partaking ;
 We escorted him off from the scene of dread,
 While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we march'd away,
 From the first to the lowermost storey ;
 We raised not a laugh and we cracked not a
 joke,
 But we left him alone in his glory.

Humour (as it should be).

A dentist advertises that he inserts teeth
 cheaper than anybody else.—He might find
 a bull-dog who would do it still cheaper.

Gn—Awful. * * * *

A man swallowed a set of false teeth lately,
 and the latest accounts of him state, that he
 is experiencing a terrible gnawing at the
 stomach. * * * *

A Frenchman, intending to compliment a
 young lady by calling her a gentle lamb, said :
 "She is one mutton as is small !"

* * * *

The way to Hide a Bear.—Skin him.

* * * *

Altering the Sense.

Much depends, in reading, on paying a due
 observance to punctuation, without which the
 sense is often either inverted or made ridicu-
 lous. Thus:—A curate had the following
 request to read in church : "A sailor going
 to sea, his wife wishes for the prayers of the
 congregation ;" instead of which the curate
 read it : "A sailor (going to see his wife),
 wishes for the prayers of the congregation."

❧ Our Xmas Concert. ❧

- 1. (a) "Adeste."
 (b) "Welcome, Heroes of Renown."
Choir and Orchestra.
- 2.—..... "Solita."
Orchestra.
- 3.—SONG "Vale."
P. Kilduff.
- 4.—VIOLIN SOLO ... "Haywood March."
M. Rooney.
- 5.—TRIO "The Blind Beggars."
J. Callender, J. Donnelly, D. McCarthy.
- 6.—SONG with Violin Obligato "Ave Maria."
W. Farrelly.
- 7.—SONG ... "Drake is going to Sea."
Mr. Hosker.
- 8.—MANDOLIN SOLO
C. Baylis.

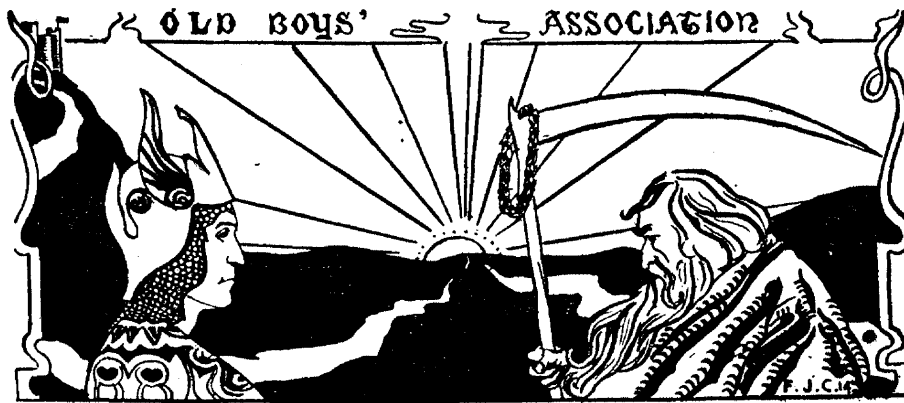
- 9.—SONG
Mr. Curtin.
- 10.—RECITATION ... "John Maynard."
W. Flynn.
- 11.—SONG "Apple Dumplings."
J. Donnelly.
- 12.—'CELLO ... (a) "L'Adieu." (b) "Tarantella." ...
B. McKey.
- 13.—SONG "The 5-15 p.m."
F. Tivendell.
- 14.—TRIO "Scrumptious Mary."
J. Callender, D. McCarthy, J. Donnelly.
- 15.—VIOLIN SOLO ... "Romance."
F. Collins.
- 16.— (a) "Soldiers' Chorus"
 (b) School Song.
Choir and Orchestra.

Results of Summer Term Exmas, 1923.

The following have been placed first, second and third respectively :—

VIA.—J. Wilson ; B. Taylor ; A. McCord.
 VIB.—P. Dunne ; V. McNally ; G. Le Brun.
 U.VA.—T. Collins ; G. Lowe and J. Myler ;
 F. Hyde.
 U.VB.—W. Baylis ; J. Fearon ; D. Murray.
 U.VC.—E. Kelly ; J. Taylor ; F. Wade.
 V.—E. Crawford ; G. Alston ; R. Danneman.
 L.VA.—G. Cunningham ; J. Mooney ;
 N. McWade.
 L.VB.—D. Sheehan ; J. Fergus ; G. Melia.
 L.VC.—F. Cassell ; M. Henegan ; D. Doran.
 L.VD.—F. Rutter ; G. Connell ; F. Graham.
 U.IVA.—W. Lowe ; A. Morgan ; W. Loughlin.

IVA.—T. J. Fitzgerald ; F. Molyneux ;
 J. Segrave and W. Farrelly.
 IVB.—P. Ryan ; O. McInerney ;
 J. Nolan and C. Hennessy.
 IVc.—E. Renshaw ; F. Collins ; R. Mullard.
 IVd.—C. Baylis ; J. Toolan ; H. Mercer.
 U.IIIA.—B. Sharpe ; H. Foley ; J. Webster.
 IIIA.—G. Millinger ; D. Murphy ; W. Doyle.
 IIIB.—N. Spencer ; A. Ledebor ; A. Munoz.
 IIIC.—P. S. Byrne ; F. Hawkesworth ;
 F. Snape.
 IIId.—J. Moore ; A. Lomax ; W. Foley.
 U.IIA.—F. Shaw ; J. Hagan ; J. D. Byrne.
 II.—W. Tickle ; R. Pratt ; J. Reid.
 I.—L. Davis ; T. Nelson ; J. Jourdan.



In this number, as in the Autumn issue, we have the pleasure of saluting and offering our hearty congrats. to another brace of Doctors. This time Joe Flanagan gets his M.D., and F. T. Meehan his Doctor of Philosophy. Long may they wear their honours.

* * * *

Congratulations also to Albert Hawe, who has completed his Medical Course and now joins his brother Phil. in the ranks of our Old Boy 'Medicos.' As can be seen by reference

to the List of Successes at the 'Varsity, there are others following in their footsteps—to each and all our congratulations and good wishes for future success.

* * * *

There will be a Concert under the auspices of the Old Boys' Football Club in the Picton Hall, probably on March 5th, though the date is not definitely fixed. All old C.I.-Edwardians it is hoped will rally to support it.

Rev. Gregory Hayes, an old boy, now at

St. Alban's College, Valladolid, was raised to the order of diaconate at the Advent ordinations.

* * * *

Our socials lately have taken the form of dances—they were very enjoyable, but we should like to see bigger numbers joining in this, the social side, of the O.B. Association.

* * * *

A Solemn Mass was celebrated in the Pro-Cathedral, on Nov. 25th, for the deceased members of the C.I.-Edwardian Association. The gathering of Old Boys was large. The Celebrant was the Very Rev. Fr. O'Connell, Adm. Pro-Cathedral, the deacon and sub-deacon being respectively Rev. J. Kieran and Rev. T. Dunne. Fr. Kieran preached a very appropriate and moving sermon on the occasion.

* * * *

The splendid rendering of Gounod's 'Messe Solenne,' under the Conductorship of Mr. Ashford, the College Choirmaster, was a feature of the occasion, the highest appreciation being expressed on all sides for their really admirable performance.

* * * *

We were sorry to hear of the serious illness of R. Rawlinson, who was such a tower of strength to the O.B. Football team, and we sincerely hope he may soon be completely restored to his old health and vigour.

* * * *

University Letter.

THE UNIVERSITY,
Dec., '23.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

At the opening of the New Year, we pass on to all at St. Edward's good wishes from Old Boys up here. And we sympathise with all sufferers from those complaints of the season, Xmas terminals.

Degree examinations bother but few at Christmas-time; but among those few there have been, as usual, a few Old Cathinians and

Edwardians. In our last letter, we proudly noted the inclusion in our ranks of two Doctors of Philosophy. To these there are now added F. T. Meehan, Doctor of Philosophy, and J. Flanagan, Doctor of Medicine. Imitation is the best congratulation. Also prominent in the Medicals are A. J. Hawe, who has added to his diploma the degree of M.B. Ch.B., F. B. Shevlin, J. Unsworth, and H. L. Cullen, who have passed their Final M.B. part I. R. M. Maher, taking 2nd M.B. part II., was the only student to get distinction in this part, and he got, not one, but three, distinctions. "Tim" Hely figures among the Dentists, having gained his 3rd examination L.D.S.

The Freshers mentioned in your last issue are but three in number, J. Graham, P. Fleming, W. A. Cummins. They are our sole representatives among first-years, in Medicine, Science, and Arts, respectively. The responsibility is appreciated.

An interesting event, to us at any rate, is the inclusion, on their merits, of Syd Meldon and M. McMahon in the University 1st Soccer Eleven. Some Old Boys hold the view that these men ought to give up their places, and play for the Old Cathinians. Your informant thinks this view is absurd. The matter might possibly be argued in your correspondence column.

In the social life, Old Boys matter more in the Catholic Society than they do in the University as a whole, though this is, perhaps, a very natural thing. F. B. Shevlin presided over a meeting at which G. K. Chesterton lectured to the Society; E. D. Irvine sparkled while seconding the vote of thanks. At the meeting in Liverpool of the Federation of University Catholic Societies, R. Twomey was again brilliant, expounding clearly the aims of the Federation. A report of his speech appears in the Inter-University Magazine. A. J. Kieran gave a lecture to a large audience at Manchester, as part of his work in the Catholic Evidence Guild. We believe he was

a great success. Evidently the debating circle which struggled at C.I., and carries on at St. Edward's, is not the hopeless thing our school-fellows used to think. Personally, in school debates, we always hoped for either a finish early enough for us to con afternoon lessons, or one late enough to encroach on class hours—the more the merrier.

Possibly, too, the little books on politeness have their effect. F. Lomas was one of the Catholic Society's two delegates for Manchester's hospitality recently, and F. B. Shevlin a delegate to Glasgow for a festive week-end, promoted by the Glasgow Society. And we meet many C.I.O.B. at Liverpool Catholic Society functions. As the coons used to say:

"De bes' apples float on de top o' de peck medjer."

Yours as ever,

VARSVITY.

* * * *

Ushaw Letter.

USHAW COLLEGE,
DURHAM.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Yes! We *are* late—so late that the address written above is but a pleasant fiction, and in real truth we are enjoying ourselves at home. Till January 16th college life sinks into oblivion, a broken dream.

Still, the purpose of this letter has demanded an heroic probing of the tender memories of last term. My dear sir, the dutiful and gingerly effort has been made, but the outcome is extremely meagre. The only old C.I.-Edwardian among us who has done anything worthy of special mention is Ted Lawler, who found time in November to visit London, pass his Inter. Arts exam., and earn our hearty congratulations and best wishes for the Final B.A. when it comes.

For the rest of us, the only real news can be learnt by consulting "reports" No doubt all are satisfactory. Anyhow, we are all merry

and bright and fortune was kind to us, sending along a bit of frost before the exams. For at Ushaw, when skating is possible, the only people dismayed are the Prefect of Studies and the "Chef." The latter for excess of work, the former for the lack of it.

As Old Moore prognosticated, Christmas fell on December 25th. On the preceding night, we went to Church at 10 p.m. for Matins, followed almost immediately by High Mass at Midnight, and then Lauds. All over at 2 a.m., bed and breakfast, then another High Mass at 10 a.m. We do not do that often, but should not object to it nightly given the same ethereal atmosphere of joy—and the same compensatory "sleep" afterwards. After such a spiritual and aesthetic feast, we were ready, on Xmas Day, to forego carnal delights or, at least, to postpone them until we unmoored ourselves from Alma Mater's apron-strings on Boxing Day. And with what alacrity did we make for the 'great white road.'! It *was* white that morning—as white as good King Wenceslaus found the ground on the same occasion some years ago. In fact, 'buses could not run from Durham, so that bags had to be shouldered or dragged and a young route march performed.

But all stayed the course and since—but it would take a book to tell and the title might be 'From Matins to Matinees,' or 'Why Parents do not approve of Xmas vacations.' The present generation of students fully appreciates the tonic properties of this modern indulgence, much as we used to enjoy the time at college. Perhaps old Virgil was on vacation when with a healthy, almost Christian, sentiment he wrote the line which is used as legend for our City's arms: 'Deus nobis haec otia fecit.'

Not the least of our pleasures has been due to the kindness of the Brothers, when a football match was arranged between St. Edward's and a combined team of Old Boys from Ushaw and Oscott. Though the result flattered the

ecclesiastical veterans, the form shown by the College Eleven was better than ever we had known it. We wish them all success in the Shield Competition. May we hope for a repetition of such a pleasant event and perhaps further developments of "re-union." We are sure that such rekindling of affection for the old school will blaze a trail in the 'vineyard,' when the students of to-day take up their work as priests.

Well, here's wishing all at St. Edward's every blessing and success in the New Year and we'll call again at Mid-Summer.

THE OLD BOYS AT USHAW.

P.S.—Don't know whether we have mentioned Mr. C. Keegan, once a familiar figure at Hope Street, is almost a neighbour of ours. He is stationed at Jarrow (native town of St. Bede) and paid a visit to the College some time ago, which we hope will be repeated.

Successes of Old Boys at the 'Varsity.

DECEMBER, 1923.

Faculty of Science.

Degree of Ph.D.—F. T. Meehan.

Faculty of Medicine.

Degree of M.D.—J. Flanagan.

Degrees of M.B. and Ch.B. (Final Examination, Part III.)—A. J. Hawe.

Final Exam., Part II.—C. P. Allen.

Final Exam., Part I.—H. L. Cullen, F. B. Shevlin, J. Unsworth.

Second Exam., Part B.—R. M. Maher (Distinctions in Mat. Med., Phar., and Pharmacol.).

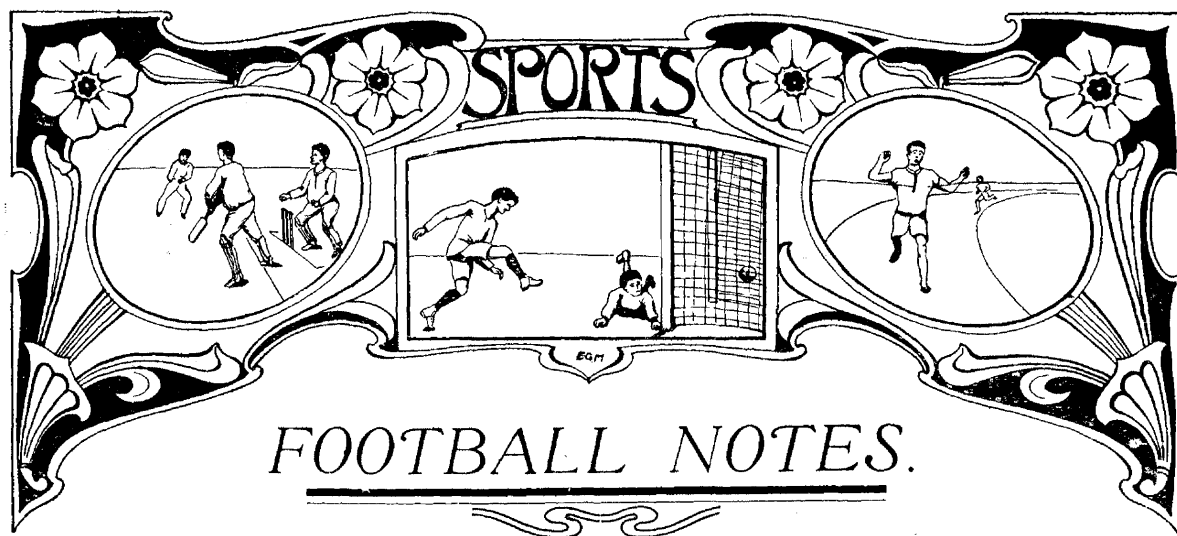
Licence in Dental Surgery: Third Exam., Part A.—A. F. Hely.

Our Frontispiece.

WE are sure Old Boys will be pleased to see the portraits of J. Flanagan, A. Kieran and W. Cooke, who have recently taken their Doctor's degree—the first in Medicine, the others in Philosophy.

We regret we were not able to secure in time a portrait of our fourth Doctor—F. T. Meehan—but we hope to have it in our next issue.

We extend our hearty congratulations to them all and hope they may 'live long and flourish' in the enjoyment of their honours.



THIS year the Senior League has been extended to include Form IV. The competition for the premier positions has been very keen as a glance at the League table will show. One feature is the presence of so many of the lower forms at the top of the table. Form IVA. are fifth and L.Vc. and L.VB. first and second. Forms VI. and U.Vc. are the only representatives of the higher forms amongst the leaders. The standard of play all through the term has been very high, and it was only to be expected that the Senior Cup would produce interesting games. The first round of this was played on Dec. 5th. There were no surprises, the best game being U.VA. v. U.VB. U.VA. did very well in holding out against U.VB. (whose team practically consists of members of the 1st and 2nd Elevens) as long as they did. Of the four left, the winner of cup can be picked out as the winner of the U.VB. v. VI. tie.

Captains of form teams are requested to see that all their men turn out in proper colours, as not doing so leads to confusion and does not give the referee any fair chance of doing his duty by the teams. If captains would do this it would be more satisfactory for both teams and referee.

The choice of Captains and Vice-Captains for the Elevens took place immediately after the Summer holidays, and Frank O'Donnell, whose prowess is well known, was deservedly selected as Captain of the First. He has a very able and energetic assistant in L. Lynch. The record of the Eleven is a fine tribute to their leadership. J. Power and J. Farrelly were selected as Captain and Vice-Captain for the Second Eleven respectively, and the team has done well under their guidance.

The First Eleven are to be congratulated on a truly excellent record. They have won every match of the twelve played, except one. We wish them a continuation of their success, and let us hope they put up a good fight in the coming Shield contests.

The selections for the Eleven gave some trouble, but O'Donnell, Lynch, Cain, and Pozzi, were welcome inclusions from last season's team.

Cain, in goal, has proved invaluable to the team, and deserves every credit for his sound and often brilliant displays. Lynch, at left back, is a tried and trusty player. By his unflinching optimism and his encouragement of the players he has contributed much to our victories. He has a very sound and effective

partner in Rogers, who, though new to First Eleven football, soon became a most reliable back.

Romano is the prime mover in the half-back line, and has developed a fine shot, with which he has often added to our score. Bolger is very useful at left-half. He tackles well, and places the ball nicely to his forwards; a little more speed would be an asset. The right-half position is still unsettled. Anderson, though earnest, was not wholly satisfactory; Burke, who has so far only played once in the position, gives good promise.

O'Donnell at centre-forward has shown his usual masterly leadership and skill. Sometimes he is inclined to hold on to the ball, instead of getting his wings moving. Pollard is a capable outside-left, and Pozzi, at inside-left, has maintained pretty good form, but has still to acquire the nice points of the position. Smith has done some good work at outside-right, but he frequently gets offside, and at times is nervous and inert. The inside-right position has given some inconvenience. Seery, though occasionally good, lacked that dash and courage which are indispensable. His finishes were decidedly weak. Of the others tried, Farrelly and Johnson give good promise.

The record of the Second Eleven is also commendable, being:—

Played 10, Won 6, Lost 2, Drawn 2.

Congratulations to the Captain and his men.

The Third Eleven have won all the games played.

The Form games were contested keenly, as the struggle for leadership in the Leagues shows. In the Senior League, the premier position is occupied by L.VC. The honour is theirs through goal average, U.VC. and L.VB. having an equal number of points. Form IVA. are to be congratulated on having secured such a good position. Their opponents, at times, much heavier and taller. Our sympathies go to Form IVB., who finished the term's football

without a point to their credit. They were exceptionally good sports, as they turned up in full strength each week, to be defeated time and again.

The Senior Cup has reached the semi-final stage, the contests being:—

VI. v. U.VB.
L.VC. v. U.VC.

The Juniors have been rather unfortunate in the last term's footballing. Thursday, as a rule, turned out wet, as if all the rain of the week had remained till that day to impede the young athletes in their weekly game. Out of the eleven fixtures, five had to be abandoned. However, we hope next term Dame Fortune will deal more kindly.

Form IIIB., who have won all the games played, head the League.

The School Elevens appreciated very much the support given them by the Form teams at the conclusion of their own games.

The best thanks of the Form teams are given to the Brothers and Masters, who so kindly acted as referees for their games. The thanks of the College First XI. are due to N. Kearney, an "ever-present" and an enthusiastic supporter.

The most enjoyable fixture of the term took place on December 19th, when a College Eleven strengthened by the inclusion of Messrs. Curtin, Murphy, Meldon and McMahon, played the Liverpool Clergy.

The game, which was played on the College ground, at St. Domingo Road, was very fast and evenly contested. A strong wind spoiled some nice movements. The Clergy's forward line combined well and were always dangerous. The right back was a tower of strength. Though the score at half-time was 2-0 against, the School netted four times in the second half and finished victors, 4-2.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Holt Secondary 1st XI.

October 10th, at Walton Hall.

TEAM:—Cain; Lynch, Bolger; Romano, Rogers, Farrelly; Smith, Seery, O'Donnell, Pozzi, Pollard.

Holt opened a sharp offensive in rainy weather. Cain was called on, and cleared well. We took the

offensive and O'Donnell forced a corner. In the ensuing play O'Donnell took a penalty shot for hands, which the Holt custodian deflected against the cross-bar and into play. Play veered into our half. A sudden centre to an unmarked Holt man was turned to account. Cain should have saved the weak shot. Our forwards made a strong raid on the Holt citadel, and Pollard opened our score with a neat header. Pollard and Romano tested the Holt goalie unavailingly with hot shots. Lynch made an ineffectual attempt to dribble up and score from the full-back line. Our prolonged efforts were rewarded when O'Donnell scored.

Half-time:—S.E.C., 2; H.S.S., 1.

On resumption, the Holt goalie showed up well under a stiff attack. A neat header put Holt on level terms, and Cain was often called on. An "offside" relieved us, and Pozzi netted during a long attack, after several attempts. Play was almost entirely in Holt's half until full-time.

Final:—S.E.C., 3; H.S.S., 2.

The game was poor and the weather was an insufficient excuse for defects. The wing halves were especially at fault. The inside forwards were inclined to bunch together, but the defence, particularly Cain, did well.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Alsop H.S. 1st XI.

October 17th, at Walton Hall.

Rogers replaced Farrelly at left-half, Romano going centre-half and Anderson was brought in to the right-half position.

Our opening offensive was marred by poor shooting and heading. Anderson and Lynch got in each other's way and as a result Lynch went off. Alsop brightened up, and, undeterred by a check for fouling, tested Cain, who saved well touching over the bar. O'Donnell scored in a sortie and Smith was prominent in the ensuing attack. An injury to Seery left us virtually playing nine men and our defence was busy. An unmarked man scored from a corner, for which the backs were to blame.

Half-time:—S.E.C., 1; A.H.S., 1.

Lynch and Pollard exchanged places on resumption. After some uneventful and futile play, Pozzi netted with a hot shot, and our forwards dominated play until full-time. Seery, who had played a weak game up to this, put in a fine shot. O'Donnell scored after more erratic shooting and Lynch crowned persistent efforts with a fine goal just before full-time.

Final:—S.E.C., 5; A.H.S., 1.

Shooting was most erratic, Seery, Pozzi, and O'Donnell, being principal offenders. The defence was sound and Rogers, Romano and Smith were good. Lynch's persistent play in the second half was noteworthy, and his goal was well earned.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 5; Alsop 2nd XI., 0.

Scorers:—Fearon 3, Carney, Ryder.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Birkenhead Inst. 1st XI.

October 24th, at Walton Hall.

Rogers went right-back, and Lynch left-half. We kicked off and pressed the Institute defence, but good opportunities were lost, partly owing to the state of the pitch. Birkenhead attacked, after a long interval of dull play, and their left-winger opened their score with a fine shot, which Cain might

have saved. A fine corner-kick by Smith was wasted by Seery, who shot wide when a few feet from goal. Play relapsed and was dull until half-time:

S.E.C., 0; B.I., 1.

The Institute goalie was forced to concede a corner from which Seery scored. In retaliation our opponents attacked briskly and Cain was at length beaten with a beautiful shot. O'Donnell could not score, with only the custodian to beat, at short range, but Rogers put in a fine goal from a good distance. Play was intermittent and O'Donnell scored with a fine shot after a strong attack by the Institute had terminated.

Final:—S.E.C., 3; B.I., 2.

Our forwards were the speedier set, but lost some good chances in front of goal. Romano, Rogers, and Pollard, gave a good display.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 2; Birkenhead 2nd XI., 4.

Scorers:—Fearon, Carney.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Waterloo Sec. 1st XI.

October 27th, at Waterloo.

There were two changes in position for this match. Lynch went left-back and Bolger left-half.

Waterloo kicked off, but we were soon attacking. Seery lost a good chance and the strong wind deflected good shots from O'Donnell and Pollard. After a good deal of scrappy play, Romano put in a fast low shot, which the goalie dropped, but O'Donnell finished it off in no uncertain manner. When O'Donnell had added another to our score, Waterloo attacked vigorously but in vain. O'Donnell put in a third goal a short time before the interval.

Half-time:—S.E.C., 3; W.G.S., 0.

On resumption Waterloo got away and Cain, running out, missed a slow shot. Rogers dashed up just in time and saved the situation by conceding a corner. Waterloo resumed their attack after desultory play and the centre-forward scored with a high shot. Lynch was injured later but continued to play. Our attack livened up and we had the best of play until full-time. O'Donnell beat the goalie hopelessly with a fine shot and Bolger added a fifth goal just before time.

Final:—S.E.C., 5; W.S., 1.

The high wind rendered shooting and control of the ball difficult. Our men were fast, and gave a splendid display of combination in the second half. O'Donnell was in fine fettle, and Romano, Rogers, Pollard, and Smith, were also good.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 2; Waterloo Sec. 2nd XI., 0.

Scorer:—Fearon, 2.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Bootle Sec. 1st XI.

October 31st, at Bootle.

TEAM:—Cain; Rogers, Lynch; Anderson, Romano Bolger; Smith, Seery, O'Donnell, Pozzi, Bramwells. Bramwells deputised for Pollard, who was unwell. Bootle attacked immediately and Cain made three fine saves in quick succession. In a sortie by our forwards, Seery passed to Smith who netted a fine shot. A doubtful accident to O'Donnell in the Bootle penalty area terminated our attack. Attacking vigorously, Bootle kept our defence busy until half-time. Cain touched a swift high shot over the bar in fine style.

Half-time:—S.E.C., 1; B.S.S., 0.

Bootle resumed a strong offensive, Cain responding excellently when tested. After some time, the Bootle centre-half scored with a high drive which Cain unavailingly tried to stop. He was again beaten after prolonged pressure by a fast shot. O'Donnell and Lynch changed places owing to O'Donnell's first-half injury. Lynch got a fine goal by his hustle and energy. Much heartened, we pressed fiercely and Lynch was able to score again. Pozzi, Bramwells, and Lynch, were unlucky with splendid shots. Despite a new effort, Bootle could not get past a fine pair of backs.

Final:—S.E.C., 3; B.S.S., 2.

Our superior speed and stamina told towards the end. Cain, Lynch and O'Donnell were the heroes of the match. Cain gave a brilliant display, saving a great many hard shots.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 2; Bootle Sec. 2nd XI., 1.

Scorers:—Farrelly, Ryder.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Wallasey Gr. 1st XI.

November 7th, at Walton Hall.

The only change in the Eleven was the return of Pollard to outside-left.

We kicked off. Wallasey proved to be "first time" shooters in a quick attack and their inside-left soon opened the score with a beautiful shot. Our men got moving and O'Donnell scored from a corner. Wallasey resumed the offensive and Cain saved a good shot in style. Lynch and Bolger made a bad error which nearly put Wallasey ahead. Later on, the Wallasey inside-left pounced on the ball, when Cain punched clear, and scored. Pozzi and Smith lost good chances in a sortie.

Half-time:—S.E.C., 1; W.G.S., 2.

Pozzi scored in an early attack, but Wallasey again took the lead, scoring from a corner. O'Donnell now showed splendid form and scored on his own. Play was now in our favour, but Seery spoiled two good movements through holding on. Pozzi emulated O'Donnell putting in a fine shot. A fine shot from O'Donnell was well held, but he scored soon after with a great drive.

Final:—S.E.C., 5; W.G.S., 3.

There was a noted disjointedness between our attack, halves and defence, for which the halves were responsible. O'Donnell undoubtedly saved the match. Pozzi, Cain and Lynch were good, but Seery was weak throughout the game.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. St. Francis Xavier's 1st XI.

November 14th, at Melwood Bridge.

TEAM:—Cain; Rogers, O'Donnell; Anderson, Romano, Bolger; Smith, Seery, Lynch, Pozzi, Pollard.

S.F.X. kicked off, aided by a very strong wind. Play became fast. exchanges were even and corners plentiful for both teams. During a melee after an S.F.X. corner, Cain ran out and only poor shooting saved us. We were kept busy for some time, and S.F.X. at length scored. Pollard was prominent but unlucky in a brisk attack, and Lynch missed a great chance when on the S.F.X. goal-line. Although we had our share of the game until half-time, we were unable to score owing to ill-luck.

Half-time:—S.E.C., 0; S.F.X., 1.

S.F.X. forced a corner on resumption, but O'Donnell's prompt and useful headwork saved the situation

as on many other occasions. Pollard got through and opened our score with a beautiful wing shot. S.F.X. were now hemmed in their own half for the rest of the game, and Romano, getting the ball from a melee, gave the goalie no chance with a fine dropping shot. Lynch soon added a third from a fine pass from O'Donnell.

Final:—S.E.C., 3; S.F.X., 1.

O'Donnell and Cain were the heart of an excellent defence, especially the former, who gave a fine exhibition. Lynch, Pollard, and Romano, were the best for the attack and Seery was much improved. The backs were often overworked as the wing halves were faulty at times.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 2; S.F.X. 2nd XI., 2.

Scorers:—Fearon, Johnson.

St. Edward's 3rd XI., 7; S.F.X. 3rd XI., 0.

Scorers:—Buckley, Turner 3, Burke, Ryder, Stall.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Liverpool Inst. 1st XI.

November 21st, at Walton Hall.

O'Donnell again went centre-forward, and Lynch left-back.

O'Donnell took the offensive in cold, windless weather, and tested the L.I. defence. He was unlucky with a neat pass from Seery. A corner, forced by the latter, was spoilt by Smith. The Institute attacked strongly and their centre-forward headed in from a fine pass. We kept the opposing defence very busy. Pozzi missed by yards when near goal and although we continued to attack until half-time, we failed to score.

Half-time:—S.E.C., 0; L.I., 1.

On turning round we took the offensive immediately. Owing to the backs keeping too far up to aid our attack, L.I. scored two gift goals which were all against the run of play. Our men resumed the offensive and the L.I. players were penned in their own half. Smith, who went centre-forward, scored from O'Donnell's pass. Romano, Pollard, and O'Donnell, were unlucky with fine shots, especially the latter, whose wing-shots gave the opposing custodian much trouble. Indeed the L.I. goalie undoubtedly saved the match for his team by his fine performance.

Final:—S.E.C., 1; L.I., 3.

The score somewhat flatters our opponents and a draw, at least, would have been a better indication of the play. The Institute were kept in their own half for the major part of the game. Smith was too much inclined to wait for the ball. O'Donnell was over eager, and consequently inclined to be selfish. Rogers played his usual good game.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 2; Liverpool Inst. 2nd XI., 2.

Scorers:—Fearon, Farrelly.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Liverpool Coll. 1st XI.

November 28th, at Walton Hall.

TEAM:—Cain; Lynch, Rogers; Anderson, Romano Bolger; Smith, Pollard, O'Donnell, Pozzi, Bramwells.

Collegiate attacked on a very hard pitch and were awarded for a foul by Anderson. Our men opened a strong offensive and O'Donnell scored with a fine wing shot. A "hands" against Collegiate was taken by Pozzi just outside the penalty area but no score

resulted. We forced a corner on the left and Bramwells sent in a beautiful shot, but the goalie, in trying to save, dropped the ball over the line. Cain and Rogers were prominent for the defence during a brief Collegiate attack. The frosty state of the ground was partly responsible for some of the weak finishes by Pozzi and O'Donnell.

Half-time :—S.E.C., 2 ; L.C.S., 0.

The second half was notable for a continuation of the poor shooting by our forwards, O'Donnell being particularly at fault. Collegiate made the most of a good chance and scored in a breakaway.

Final :—S.E.C., 2 ; L.C.S., 1.

The game was a very poor exhibition. O'Donnell and Pozzi were much to blame for poor shooting. Bramwells who appeared for the first time, played well. The halves were inconspicuous especially Anderson. Rogers was best for the defence.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 0 ; Liverpool Coll. 2nd XI., 6.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Waterloo Sec. 1st XI.

December 8th, at Walton Hall.

TEAM :—Cain ; Rogers, Lynch ; Anderson, Romano Bolger ; Smith, Pozzi, O'Donnell, Johnson, Bramwells.

Waterloo attacked and Cain gave a corner by touching over the bar in saving a high swift shot. After the Waterloo attack had evaporated we pressed strongly, and our efforts were rewarded through Pozzi, who netted at close range. When Rogers had conceded a corner during a spasmodic attack, we resumed the offensive. Shooting was rather inaccurate and play was dull until half-time.

Half-time :—S.E.C., 1 ; W.S.S., 0.

Smith scored soon after the interval. Both teams slackened and our men were too easy-going for a long time. A really good goal by Romano was welcome. O'Donnell followed suit, and the game livened up. We attacked hotly, and after a good save by the Waterloo goalie, Romano put in our fifth goal.

Final :—S.E.C., 5 ; W.S.S., 0.

Our display was disappointing. The wing halves were faulty especially Anderson. Rogers was the better back, and Cain responded well on the few occasions he was tested.

St. Edward's 2nd XI., 5 ; Waterloo S.S. 2nd XI., 0.

Scorers :—Fearon 3, Farrelly 2.

St. Edward's 1st XI. v. Alsop H.S. 1st XI.

December 12th, at Rice Lane.

We made two changes on our Eleven, Farrelly going inside-left to Pollard, and Burke replacing Anderson at right-half.

Losing the toss, O'Donnell kicked off on a pitch which gave all the advantages to the home side. In the early stages, Farrelly and Smith were unlucky with good shots. Alsop forced two corners in quick succession, but our defence held out. A corner given

by Bolger afforded our opponents a good chance, but Cain saved well. Later, he was called on again, and was lucky to get a fine shot from the centre-forward over the bar.

Half-time :—S.E.C., 0 ; A.H.S., 0.

Lynch and O'Donnell changed places on resuming. Aided by the slope Alsop opened the score in an early attack. This was quickly followed by an equaliser from Lynch. Our backs kicked splendidly, placing the ball well to the forwards, whose combination and shooting were much improved from previous games. The one-back game played by Alsop spoiled several of our attacks. Nevertheless, our men were not to be denied and the winning goal came from Smith.

Final :—S.E.C., 2 ; A.H.S., 1.

Despite the nature of the ground, our men were full value for their win. Farrelly and Burke did very useful work. More was expected from our right wing, which should have worked together better.

St. Edward's College 2nd XI., 5 ; Alsop 2nd XI., 2.

Scorers :—Fearon 3, Johnson 1, Kieran 1.

SENIOR LEAGUE.

Form.	Pld.	Won	Lost	Dr'n	Goals		Pts.
					For	Agst.	
L.VC.	8	6	1	1	51	15	13
L.VB.	8	6	1	1	38	16	13
U.VC.	8	6	1	1	25	12	13
VI.	8	6	2	0	29	11	12
IVA.	8	5	2	1	42	15	11
L.VD.	8	5	3	0	30	18	10
U.VA.	8	4	4	0	27	23	8
U.VB.	7	4	3	0	21	22	8
V.	8	4	4	0	33	39	8
U.IVA.	7	2	4	1	23	33	5
IVC.	8	2	6	0	23	41	4
L.VA.	8	1	6	1	16	48	3
IVD.	8	1	7	0	17	36	2
IVB.	8	0	8	0	12	50	0

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Form.	Pld.	Won	Lost	Dr'n	Goals		Pts.
					For	Agst.	
IIIB.	6	6	0	0	22	4	12
U.IIIA.	6	4	2	0	16	13	8
IIIA.	6	3	3	0	23	12	6
IIIC.	6	3	3	0	21	13	6
IIID.	6	3	3	0	19	11	6
III. Res	6	2	3	1	9	21	5
IIA.	6	1	4	1	5	17	3
U.IIA.	6	0	4	2	6	30	2

