

Catholic Institute Magazine.



Autumn, 1919.

Organ of the Pupils
and Ex-Pupils of the
Christian Brothers,
Liverpool. —❧—



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CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

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Editorial.

Our School Motto: *"Viriliter Age."*

The motto of a school expresses in brief but telling phrase the spirit that should animate its members, the aim of its work and the ideal of lofty conduct and high character which it proposes to its pupils as a worthy object of their striving. Not alone in schooldays does it point to the path along which they should tread, but later, when engaged in life's battling, when there is danger, amid the sordidness of commercial endeavour or the engrossing struggle for the world's prizes, that the fine gold of youthful ideals should become dim, the motto of their old school, if borne in mind, will be as a lamp to their feet and a light unto their ways.

In the motto of our school—*Viriliter age*—our boys have an exhortation to a standard of conduct embodying a

complete concept of the highest fulfilment of human purpose, and containing in its compass the whole round of man's duty in the various complexities of human action: they are bidden to 'act manfully.'

Man is the noblest work of God's visible creation, made 'a little less than the angels,' dowered with the gift of God-like reason, the dignity of his human substance wonderfully created and still more wonderfully reformed, made unto God's image, his nature elevated and hallowed by the assuming of his manhood unto God in the Incarnation, destined for unending glory as the joint-heir of Christ his Brother in the mansions of his Father Who is in Heaven.

To act in all the ways of life in a manner consonant to this high dignity of his manhood, is the lesson taught by our motto. To do manfully is to fulfil our duties to ourselves, our fellowmen and to God. Virtue is manliness, vir-tus,

manhood; it is not a weak or decadent thing, fit for women only, it is the exercise of the highest manly qualities. To be virtuous is to be truth-loving, scorning the mean, rejecting what is base and pursuing honour, undaunted by human respect, constant in adversity, not unduly elated by success; so when we are bidden to 'act manfully,' it is as much as to say: 'act virtuously.'

When, in later years, things may go ill with us and under the buffetings of chance we are disposed to give up the struggle, the remembrance of our old school motto: *Viriliter age*—Play the man, will inspire us with fresh courage, rousing us from the torpor of despair. When the tempter tries to seduce us from our allegiance to good and the storm of passion threatens to overwhelm, the memory of our schooldays will be our saviour, if we hearken to the insistent warning: 'Do not yield; *Viriliter age*—play the man.'

In the varying fortunes of our earthly course, adherence to principle, steadfastness in virtue may not always bring temporal rewards, but this will not daunt the man, who in the spirit of Christian faith, looks beyond, strong in the hope inspired by the words of the Psalm from which we take our splendid motto: 'Expecta Dominum, *viriliter age*, et confortetur cor tuum et sustine Dominum'—'Expect the Lord, *do manfully*, and let thy heart take courage, and wait thou for the Lord.'

May the spirit of manliness then be the spirit of our school, may those now within its walls be imbued with it, may it inform their actions when they have passed on into the great school of life, teaching them, in accordance with their old traditions, ever to be responsive to its promptings, in all the relations of life, to act manfully.

School Notes.

AT THE C.I."

The year just ended will ever stand as one of the most memorable in the history of the School. In its joy and mourning are interwoven in a manner which must of necessity stamp it with a history never to be forgotten.

* * *

In the early months, news of the victorious advance on the Western Front and of the honours gained by our O.B.'s were proud and inspiring facts that stood side by side with the knowledge that some of the giants in intellect and in athletics had paid the price of their loyalty.

* * *

"The greatest war in history is over. I join you in giving thanks to God." King George's words to the people on the day of the signing at Versailles go to the root of all emotions called up by the completion of the Peace. In unison with the nation we rejoice at the termination of the War with Germany.

* * *

The progress of the School in the past year has been well maintained. In Examinations we have done well. On the playfield the same virile spirit has been maintained. We have repeated the success of 1918 in the Shield Competition—winning the Senior Shield, and drawing in the replay of the Junior Final. Our numbers continue to increase, and no longer are we confronted with the difficult task of refusing admission to suitable applicants. Before the last of the C.I. Boys had left for holidays the startling announcement was made that St. Edward's College, Everton, had been acquired by the Christian Brothers, and

that our Senior students would probably find themselves studying within its magnificent halls by the end of the Autumn Term.

* * *

In St. Edward's College we have a building which after certain structural alterations have been made, and Science Laboratories, Art Rooms, etc., have been equipped will be second to none in the land. Its spacious playing fields will give increased facilities for Cricket, Tennis, and Football.

* * *

We have heard various rumours with reference to the future of the C.I. Like most rumours these are, at least, very premature. At any rate it is clear that the C.I. has not been closed down, and is not likely to be in the immediate future.

* * *

"ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE."

The following paragraph from Burke's "Catholic History of Liverpool" concerning our new establishment will be of interest to our readers:—

"In December, 1842, the Catholic body open a Secondary School, St. Edward's College, under the Presidency of the Rev. Dr. Fisher. The College stands on the site of the estate purchased in the year 1757 by a Mr. George Campbell, owner of a privateer which captured a richly-laden French vessel on its way from San Domingo. The profits resulting from this doubtful transaction placed a considerable sum of money at the disposal of Mr. Campbell, who gave the name of St. Domingo to the neighbourhood. The mansion was built in 1790, by Mr. J. Sparling, a former Mayor of Liverpool, and later it became the official residence of Prince William,

Duke of Gloucester, commander of the district forces. While awaiting an audience of the Archbishop of Liverpool, in the Spring of 1898, the present writer and the late Mr. William Rathbone, M.P., sat in the Library discussing the history of the building. The latter made the interesting statement that he and Mr. Stansfield, a member of Mr. Gladstone's third Cabinet, and Secretary for War, had received their early education together in that very room. In later years when it became the College of St. Edward, the late Poet Laureate, Mr. Alfred Austin, was one of the pupils, and from its flat roof, as he described it some years ago, he enjoyed the then fine view of Cheshire, North Wales, and the Irish Sea."

* * *

It will be noticed that the writer fails to give any record of the magnificent building which was erected in later years. It is this building and the extensive grounds which will prove of inestimable value to us.

* * *

SWIMMING CLUB.

The cold weather which prevailed during the early Summer months was responsible for a decline in the numbers attending the Cornwallis Street Baths on the week-day afternoons. However, we are looking forward to keen contests and much enthusiasm at the Annual Swimming Gala at the Queen's Drive Bath, Walton, on the afternoon of Saturday, September 27th.

* * *

ATHLETICS.

In brilliant sunshine our Annual Sports were brought to a most successful issue at Green Lane, on May 31st.

The Competitions were most interesting, whilst the arrangements reflected the greatest credit on the executive and the starters who had a busy time setting off the multiplicity of events in clock-work regularity. The attendance of friends of the School was in excess of the accommodation. The fine ground at St. Edward's College will enable us to cope with even a larger crowd in future years. The School tenders sincere thanks to the many generous contributors to the Sports' Prize Fund.

* * *

"AT CROSBY."

The progress of our new School at Great Crosby—opened Sept. 15th—will be watched with interest. Under Rev. Br. C. S. Leahy's guidance we have no fear as to its success. For the current year only boys of from 8 to 12 years are admitted.

* * *

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES' EXAMS.

Both our candidates for the Higher School Certificate were successful. Of our twenty-three examinees for the School Certificate, twenty-two were successful; and of these ten have merited the Matriculation Certificate.

* * *

OXFORD EXAMS.

The successes obtained in the 'Oxford Locals'—Senior—have been most gratifying. Eleven of our representatives have been placed in the Honours' Division: *Six* in the First Class, *three* in the Second Class, and *two* in the Third Class. Ten of our candidates in this examination have matriculated, whilst forty-three have obtained the School Certificate of Oxford.

* * *

Thus sixty-five C.I. boys have secured the 'School Certificate,' and of this number twenty have matriculated.

TERMINAL RESULTS.

Form LVb.—1, E. O'Connor;
2, W. Rochester;
3, L. Murphy.

Form IVa—1, E. Genin;
2 { D. Morgan,
L. O'Callaghan;
4, H. O'Brien.

Form IVb—1, W. Murphy;
2, P. O'Brien;
3, E. Jenkins.

Form IVc—1, B. Meyer;
2, C. Ratchford;
3, L. Sheridan.

Form IVd—1, H. Casement;
2, W. Chesters;
3, P. Osbyrne.

Form IIIa—1, J. Hurley;
2, G. Murray;
3, J. Kane.

Form IIIb—1 { J. Lawler,
B. Taylor,
2 { J. Graham,
J. Wilson.
5, J. P. Murphy.

Form IIIc—1, W. Murray;
2, W. Murphy;
3, M. Roche.

Form IIId—1, J. Comer;
2, J. Furlong;
3, C. Jones.

Form IIa—1, W. Morath;
2 { T. Lavin,
M. Bartlett;
4, J. Rigby.

Form IIb—1, J. Nestor;
2, G. Spears;
3, J. Bernasconi.

Form Ia—1, F. Tunny;
2, W. Park,
3, W. Flaherty.

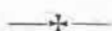
Form Ib—1, J. McGee;
2, J. Scanlon;
3, G. Kerr.

Answers to Correspondents.

M.J.S.—Where so many authorities dispute, or at any rate do not agree on given points concerning the operation of the off-side rule in Soccer, it is not to be expected that one writer can put a boy on to a path which will turn out to be the royal road to success. Law 6 is perfectly clear, and you cannot do better than stick to the rule in this as in most cases. That rule states explicitly enough that “unless there are at such moment of playing or throwing in at least three of his opponents nearer their own goal-line” when a player plays the ball, or throws it in from touch, any player of the same side who at such a moment of playing or throwing-in is nearer to his opponents’ goal-line, is *out of play, and may not touch the ball himself, nor in anyway whatever interfere with an opponent or with the play.* The difficulty is that in the excitement and the rapid changes of play, to say nothing of the fact that the player (and the referee!) is generally looking at the ball, he cannot always tell how many of the opposition are between him and their goal-line. Further, some of the opposition, who do not happen to be anywhere near the ball, sometimes manage to alter their own position so that the player *shall be* off-side in any case. The referee is almost as liable to make mistakes on a point of off-side as the player, though you must bear in mind that the “almost” makes a huge difference, and that really you, the player, can *never* see so well how matters were as can the referee. Disputing his decision at any time during the game is the mark of a bad sportsman, to dispute it on the question of off-side is almost criminal! Discuss him after the match if you like,

but never during its progress. Some there are who object to the referee and his decisions ever being made the subject of argument or discussion. Healthy, honest criticism does no harm to a referee.

“Tom.”—(1) R. L. Stevenson never wrote a “best” book. Genius is not to be wrapped in parcels. (2) The best way of getting rid of common duplicates, in our non-philatelic opinion, would be to burn them.



The Soldier.

If I should die, think only this of me ;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made
aware ;
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways
to roam ;
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of
home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as
her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentle-
ness,
In hearts at peace under an English
heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE.*

*By permission of Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson.

The more we study, we the more
discover our ignorance.—*Shelley.*

* * *

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and
guilt.

Milton.

Literary & Debating Society.

THE INTER-FORM DEBATES.

Our first inter-form debate—that between Form Va and Form Vb—was held on May 19th when “The possibility and advisability of the construction of a Channel Tunnel” was discussed. The side representing Form Va spoke in favour of the Tunnel project. F. Murphy opened for Va by asserting that the construction of the tunnel would put an end to many evils, including unemployment and the slow services to the continent. P. Tuohy, who followed, endeavoured to show that the completion of the scheme would give rise to evils not less disturbing. J. Orford, who dealt with the military and political aspects of the project, M. Moore, who spoke on its financial position and commercial bearings, were the most prominent of the other speakers. The adjudicators decided in favour of Form Va.

The next inter-form debate took place on June 12th between Form VI and Form Va on the subject: “That the peace terms recently formulated by the Allies are calculated to satisfy the claims of justice.” In opening the debate on the affirmative side for Va, M. Moore urged that the atrocities committed by the Germans could not be punished too severely, and that considering the vast financial resources of Germany, the indemnities imposed were not too great. B. Smith, leading the opposition, maintained that the aspirations of the German people in their present mood have nothing in common with the ideals of the rulers of Imperial Germany. He also spoke of the policy adopted towards Russia and China by the Allies. F. Murphy (Va) replied in a short ineffective speech. F. Shevlin (VI) quoted some of the peace provisions with the object of showing that they violated well established principles of international justice. H. Hodson (Va) enumerated the losses caused by Germany to the Allies for which, he held, it is only elementary justice to exact punishment. A. Barter (VI) dealt chiefly with the problems arising out of the dismemberment of Austria, while J. Orford (Va) spoke in justification of the action of the Allies in regard to the German colonies.

P. Irvine (VI), who included a reference to the Irish question in his speech,

wound up the debate, which resulted in favour of Form VI.

PRIZE DEBATE.

The annual prize debate held in conjunction with a prize essay in the competition organised by the Old Boys' Association was held on June 27th. The adjudicators were Messrs. G. Reid, W. Murphy, and G. McNally.

At 6-30 p.m. Mr. Reid took the chair.

A. Barter, who was called upon to open proceedings, used his eloquence in essaying to convince the audience that “The world is deteriorating in culture.” Having defined culture as the pursuit of perfection, he maintained that the world is becoming more materialistic, and added that the days of chivalry had passed, as could be seen any day on a tram-car. He also asserted that the trend of modern times can be seen in the current literature, most of which is of the worst kind of fiction.

A. Calland evidently viewed things from a different point of view, and thought that culture in everything would cause too much sincerity in life. He also added that in regard to prevailing conditions, they were very much improved from what they were a hundred years ago. B. Smith undertook to “Seek the cause and cure of the present Industrial Unrest.” He first considered the amiable relations existing between master and servant in the middle ages, and compared them with those prevailing at the present time; then he described the conditions under which the old insanitary factories were built, and the gradual degradation of the peasantry until the time of the Industrial Revolution. He further alleged that the present employers reap over fifty per cent of the profits, while the employees scarcely get enough to keep “body and soul together.” As a cure for this unrest he suggested the setting up of co-operative societies, which everywhere have met with success.

P. Irvine, in criticising the previous speaker's arguments could see no cause for unrest on account of the relations between employer and employee, and considered it the worst type of socialism for workers to get ninety-nine per cent of profits.

H. Hodson was then called upon to discuss the question, “Has the industrial progress of the last fifty years resulted in the increase in the happiness of man.” In dealing with the many

reforms and improvements which have been made to make the lot of man in general a happier one, he concluded that in spite of these mankind had shown that it was still unsatisfied by the numerous strikes and disturbances which had taken place. He further assured us that as a result of the flight of people to large towns, the health of the people was becoming impaired, and health was an important consideration in the question of happiness.

J. Deegan considered the various improvements enumerated by H. Hodson as valuable assets to man's happiness, and compared the conditions of habitation in the nineteenth century with those of the present day.

The next speaker, A. Calland, spoke in support of the statement "That the Great War has not had a humanising effect on mankind." In perusing the histories of nations he had found no war which had had such an effect on mankind; he, therefore, thought himself safe in declaring that this war was no exception. He affirmed that the ideals of England on entering and on emerging from the War were altogether different, while with regard to labour, he asserted that their demands are less reasonable than before the war. He further added that the greatest proof in support of his assertions was the fact that at present there are twenty-two different wars being waged. In conclusion he maintained that the war instead of humanising the soldiers, had brutalised them.

B. Smith seemed to think that after a war there was a general antipathy for war, so that the Great War did have humanising effects. One of these is seen in the action of the International Labour Party, which is endeavouring to unite the sympathies of all working classes. He also refuted the assertion that the soldiers had been brutalised but admitted that there may be exceptions.

The next debate was on the subject, "That the influence of the cinema is mainly for evil." J. Deegan, who championed this cause pointed out that in many of the present films the hero of the piece is an outlaw or villainous man, but the rôle he plays makes him a favourite of the child picture-goer, and thus the child is left with a wrong impression. Often the film actors are children themselves in the rôle of mischief makers and ill-doers, and children seeing such pictures are apt to try and imitate them. By quoting statistics

he proved that the use of films as an educational means had been a lamentable failure, while the desire of children for pictures often causes them to have resort to dishonest means to procure money. In contesting these arguments A. Barter claimed that the majority of those who frequent picture-houses are adults, while in the actual pictures themselves he drew our attention to the fact that the plots generally show the prevalence of right. With regard to the evil effects of pictures on children he endeavoured to show that it was impossible for youths to carry out burglaries and thefts as seen on the pictures: he also reminded us that even before the invention of pictures some children were inclined to evil.

The best speech of the evening was delivered by P. Irvine on the subject, "That a League of Nations is impossible." Referring back to the several attempts that had been made since the fourteenth century to set afloat such a project he related how each had failed. Then dealing with its functions and utility he mentioned some of the difficulties that lay in its path: to prevent war is impossible for we are told that there will be wars to the end of time: the adoption of a universal language would be another obstacle: the selection of capable men with no national prejudices would be no easy task; whilst the separate independence of each state would in some degree be lessened. Then to carry out the dictates of the assembly an international army would have, of necessity, to be formed: this is an impossible task. Thus in every aspect he pointed out how the League of Nations would be doomed to failure.

In reply, H. Hodson asserted that the present time is abnormal, and that conditions are favourable for the establishment of such a league, and thus past failures were not sure guides as to the success of the present project.

After a few minutes consultation the adjudicators awarded the first prize to P. Irvine; while B. Smith and A. Barter were placed second and third respectively. A short speech by Bro. Forde thanking the Old Boys' Association for their interest in school activities, followed by a vote of thanks, proposed by F. Shevlin, and seconded by T. Byrne, brought the proceedings to a close.

FRANK SHEVLIN,

Hon. Sec.

The Ideal Realized?

Owing to the progress made in all branches of science during the last few years, we find that according to the views of certain idealists, mankind in general is to be uplifted from the hereditary mire and given a better outlook on the world of possibilities before it. Granting all this, the important question: "How will the ordinary student at secondary schools benefit by the advancement so made," must necessarily arise, after due consideration has been paid to the more important questions. What we want to find out is whether or not the lot of the student is to be made easier by being confronted with the fact that instead of dealing with nitrogen, he merely deals with a negatively charged atom of hydrogen, surrounded by helium, that the differential of "infinity squared" may be found by infinitesimal calculus, and that the world may be breaking up simply because helium has been proved to radiate from radium. Or is the poor student, who really thought that matter consisted of atoms and molecules, to be always haunted by the idea that each atom may be in itself a minute solar system containing charged electrons, a theory which is put forward by certain bearded individuals, boasting membership of some chemical society and claiming to work in the interests of humanity? Base cult! to be used as a means of torture against the innocent student, who thinks he knows enough on learning that water essentially consists of hydrogen and oxygen, and that common salt is also sodium chloride.

Such were the thoughts of A. Latm as he sat at his none too comfortable desk, under the eagle eye of a master endeavouring to put a class through the theory of X-rays. Somehow or other, poor Andrew found the lesson quite uninteresting. For some unaccountable reason he became restless, allowing his eyes to roam round the room, only to find a resting place on those of his master. He soon found that he could not remove his gaze from that of the latter, for he seemed to be peering into a grave—a well, unfathomably deep, which seemed to fascinate him. Gradually the master's voice developed into a monotonous drawl. The room and its surroundings faded from the boy's sight into obscurity, and the last

recollection of life he had was his master's tall form standing in a gigantic Crooke's tube and silhouetted in the phosphorescent glow of the cathode rays. He was asleep. But not so in his mind, for, troubled by recent thoughts, he was surrounded by a jumbled mass of *darkness and oblivion*, which soon slowly disappeared like mist before the rising sun, revealing a new, a brighter, and better picture of the future student.

After bridging the gulf of time, A. Latm finds himself gliding through space, and enlightened by the spirit of A.D. 3500, is revealed to be on his way to what we call school. He does not travel as we do, in swift trains or comfortable cars (many apologies here), but is borne on his journey by a glissoplane, a machine something like our aeroplane, which is fitted with a patent silencer and driven by compressed air, so that Andrew is not troubled with the roar of his propeller. Neither is he "fogged" by the medley of apparatus so cumbersome in our modern machines. He merely sits in a well-padded cabin arrangement, while before him on a board is all that is necessary to guide his ship, a map, a switch by which he steers, one by which he ascends or descends, and an instrument which automatically tells his direction, speed and altitude. Far away on the horizon looms—the academy of learning with its flat and spacious roof. After a while he signals with a green light, and is answered by a blue one from the seat of knowledge. Immediately from the roof, as if by some unseen force, rises a hangar after the style of our disappearing airship sheds. Quickly jamming the control lever over to "descend," he shuts off his engine and the plane, under the magnetic influence of the academy's attraction, gracefully glides into the shed. After safely placing his machine in custody, he crosses to one corner of the hangar, and presses an electric button. A slight buzzing, and a hidden door opens to him, closing directly he has entered. He finds himself in a long corridor, whose walls are adorned with various instruments, such as well made barometers, thermoscopes, etc., and on his way he passes rooms containing vast aeroscopes and gigantic telescopes, together with extensive orreries and other instruments to explain the movement of the earth about the sun, for

astronomy is now a recognised subject of the school's curriculum. Passing hence, he encounters the junior rooms, whose walls are all painted according to the latest ideas of the colour cure. Here he finds the juniors studiously attentive to their work, which fact he attributes to the dark-coloured wall, so adorned as to induce the scholars to take a more serious view of their work and destiny. Across the passage come the subdued groans of someone in anguish, but these, on investigation, prove to be only the verbal expression of the over-wrought emotion of a junior in the embrace of a new patent electro-swisher. Such is the glory and reward of those who maintain that noble doctrine: "Boys will be boys." At the end of the corridor is an elevator which, regulated by clock-work, and worked by electricity, ascends and descends regularly, stopping one minute at each floor. Entering this our dreamer is borne to the first floor, whence he finally reaches his classroom, A. Larm being one of the seniors.

The class-room itself has the appearance of a modern cinema house. The walls are coloured with a light material in order to raise the spirits of the occupants and keep them from becoming dull old men. The room, however, is entirely void of black-board and chalk, but in their stead we find the white cinema screen. The master's desk is to the right of this screen, loaded with various apparatus connected by skilfully laid wires to certain contrivances at the other end of the room. Andrew soon finds his place, and seated in his soft-cushioned revolving chair, overhauls the electrical machines on his desk. Scarcely has he finished when the master enters, not with the usual sad, mournful gait, speaking of distress and patience, but with a liveliness denoting the end of care. The first lesson is mathematics, so like our wireless operators, students and master place over their ears receivers in electrical connection with a cinematographic projector at the end of the room. The master begins the lesson, and by careful manipulation of a lever, any points he may wish to make clear, are illustrated on the screen. If the student himself is asked a question, he merely presses a button on his desk, his very thought being illustrated on the screen. Of course, the room is in darkness, but the master is just about to

illustrate the elements at infinity when the lighting of a blue flare over his head warns him that his time is up. On his departure, his place is taken by the chemical professor, lean and learned, who smilingly beseeches the students to "take down these few notes in connection with the electronic nature of colloidal solutions." Not to be outdone, the ever willing Andrew, simply by moving a lever makes connection with a phonographic arrangement and an electro-typophone, which faithfully records, in clear print, the important points.

And so, under such conditions, school lasts only four hours a day, the student learning all that is necessary under ideal conditions. Thus the question of homework, so prevalent in our times, is entirely eliminated, any student found dabbling in such an atrocious hobby being expelled in disgrace. The new telepathic communicative system of education, however, is a great benefit to the student, for the previous lessons are based on this. The mechanical work done by the throbbing of the master's brain is converted into electrical energy by the receiving apparatus over the ears, and this energy with the aid of the phonographic instrument is reconverted into sound energy. The variations in sound waves then attack the special chemically prepared films of the projector at the end of the room, which, worked by electricity, indirectly casts the teacher's thoughts upon the screen. This, therefore, is the basis of education in A.D. 3500, revealed to A. Larm. No more is the student troubled with puzzling his brains out to find what a teacher means, and follow his arguments, but can easily understand him.

But now Andrew's dream is done and he adjourns to enjoy the fruits of his labour, and ruminate on the day's work. We now found him once more in his machine on the homeward path. He is not long in the air, however, before his engine begins to sputter and splutter. Almost at once, the tail of his glissoplane bursts into flame, and he is filled with the dread sensation of falling. All is strange and uncertain. Where will it end?—Down!—down!—down!—!!!! crash! He comes to earth like a fallen angel, "reeking with the breath of hell." What is around him he only knows in a dazed fashion, but from what he told me, he seems to have had the best views

possible of the planetary system and solar eclipse. However when he came round, he discovered that his classmates in one of their moments of leisure, had in a fit of levity (even in A.D. 3500) removed his seat. Since gravity has a stronger attraction than the supportive force due to the air, he had come in contact with the hard cruel floor, only to sit in their midst and gather his scattered senses together. But the disappointment of finding himself still in 1919 was so great that he resolved to put aside all ideas concerning telepathic communication, and never go to sleep again in class. And so for the remainder of his years in attendance at college, in the words of the poet (with apologies for the adaptation) "he never dreamt again."

EPHRAIM ANANIAS,
(Form VI.)



Mannerisms

(F. NAYLOR Form VI.)

Mannerisms are, if you don't already know, little tricks of speech and manner peculiar to everyone. Most people "have a way with them," which is becoming or not, as the case may be. Some have a rather winning way, some haven't, it's "the nature of the beast," as Virgil said, or Homer, I forget which. Anyhow, success in life is largely due to these little "isms" of manner, and if you don't believe me glance down the ensuing lines and see for yourself.

In debaters, mannerisms are most noticeable, and you who have been the "Chairman, Reverend Brothers, and,—er—gentlemen," of some of our debates, must quite believe me. The usual course pursued by most of our ordinary debaters is to commence with "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen," then to rattle off a nice little five-minute speech, and to end up with the inevitable "Therefore, I think" finally sitting down, very red in the face, amidst a perfect storm of applause. But where are the mannerisms? you will ask. Well, there aren't many in the case quoted above, so let us take another—say a student speaking in his first debate. He commences of course in the orthodox fashion, studiously regarding each party as he mentions them. A long pause follows, broken only by

sundry "ums" and "ahs," and much arranging of notes, and reddening of features. Finally he fixes his eyes on the desk, and firmly holding the back of the seat, blurts out in desperation as much as he can see of his notes. He had learnt his speech off by heart beforehand, but somehow it completely escapes him now (Moral: be a Pelmanist), and hence that halting, muttered speech, liberally broken by most painful and heart-rending pauses, so silent that you can almost hear the poor distracted orator glaring at his notes, and mentally wishing the floor would gape open and swallow him. The end of such a speech is a distinct relief to all concerned; and the wretched debater is absolutely certain that he'll never be able to look anybody in the face again. Poor chap!

The mannerisms, however, chiefly lie with experienced orators; and many and varied are their actions during their speeches. I heard a well-known public speaker and writer giving a speech one day; and I was much interested in his doings while speaking. First of all he took off his pinc-nez and swung them to and fro by their chain. Having in this manner "got well under way," he put them back on their previous resting place—his "nez," and commenced playing with a chair-back. Not content with this, however, he drew down the chair to an inclined position, and sat on the top of it, swinging himself backwards and forwards on its two hind legs. Tiring of even this diversion, he seemed to feel a sudden alarm concerning the safety of his watch, for he felt in his waistcoat pocket, at the end of his chain, for fully ten minutes, when, apparently finding it, he showed his satisfaction by moving it from side to side in its pocket for another ten minutes. Somehow, however, his hand caught against his pinc-nez, lying idle from a hook in his coat, and he seized upon them a second time, continuing to the end of his speech, to repeat his original swinging, relieved by those occasional sudden alarms concerning the safety of his watch.

There are many more examples teeming with mannerisms, which I could take, but I shall have to be content with only three or four.

Have you ever noticed the actions of those taking part in concerts? especially those shy young things who fervently believe themselves possessed of great

faculties in the way of singing? How they face the audience with a most appealing glance; and with hands clasped demurely in front of them, sing their song to the bitter end, smile a timid acknowledgement to the applause accorded, and retire, blushing furiously? Or have you ever seen those tall, straight, would-be prima-donnas, who come on the stage with an over-bearing confidence in their prowess, and a dare-to-doubt-it expression on their faces? What awe they inspire in their audiences with their tip-top notes and occasional unaccompanied ecstasies! What a ferocious manner they assume towards the end of the performance, with their curt bows and defiant glances. What-ho!

There still remain two more examples to be "demannerised"; and I think the best two to take are—teachers and their pupils; and the best way to take them—in class.

The scene is laid in the form-room of the umpteenth form, and the state of that form is most disorderly. Enter teacher—state of that form immediately most studious.

"Well!" says teacher, genially, "What do we have now?"

"History, Sir!"

Teacher takes up a book and enquires the lesson. "Thirty-four to forty-three, inclusive," he is told; after glancing through which pages he closes the book and proceeds.

"Brown! Peninsular War!"

"Peninsular War, Sir?"

"Yes!"

Pause.

"All of it, Sir?"

"Yes! hurry on."

Brown seems to be in difficulties, but obviously intends to make a show of knowing his lesson, and begins as follows:—

"Er, er, in 1806 no 9 er Wellington landed in Portugal and er fought the Spaniards no—French at at Lisbon and and

"Brown!"

"Yes, Sir?"

"You don't know this!"

"Oh, yes sir!"

"Oh! No, Sir! you do not, you never looked at this lesson!"

"Oh! Sir!" says Brown with a most pained expression.

"That's all right, come to me at eleven!"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Now, Jones, you continue."

"Excused!"

"What! again? Now look here, Jones, you'll have to stop this excused business, it's getting a bit too thick, you know. Just take this lesson again to-night and bring it to me to-morrow at half-past one. Understand?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Good! Brown!! what are you grinning at?"

"Grinning at, Sir? I wasn't grinning."

"Oh! yes, you were! else there is something radically wrong with my eyesight. Write out the campaigns from 1809-1811, Brown, and bring it to me to-morrow, without fail. Now, Smith! go on!"

Smith manages to go on quite well, but gets somewhat mixed in the victories of 1811, is consequently embarrassed, and, in the end, totally confused.

"You haven't done this too-well, Smith," says teacher, "give me the causes of the American War of Independence."

So Smith redeems himself by a correct answer and is allowed to sit down. But teacher is determined to have that Peninsular War answered; and goes to the board to draw a map of Spain and Portugal. "Now, Jinks," he says "go to the board and mark the path of More's retreat." Poor Jinks! he hadn't even heard of More, except in some poetry he knew, which mentioned Corunna. Accordingly he jabbed the chalk anywhere inside the boundary drawn by the master and wrote "Corunna" over the mark. He had no more idea, however, where Moore went, than the Man in the Moon; and suddenly became affected by a violent fit of coughing. It was no use, though, no use at all—"You don't know this, Jinks!"

"N-No, Sir, I . . . er . . . I left my book in school."

"Left your book in school, indeed! I suppose you'd leave your head in school if it wasn't stuck on your shoulders, eh?"

(Weak grin from Jinks, and dutiful grin from class.)

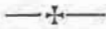
"Um!" says teacher, "stand over there."

Jinks obeys, and teacher raps out "Binks!" Binks doesn't know, and therefore falls in with Jinks.

"Dinks!" Dinks makes a dive for the chalk, rubs out "Corunna" and inserts "Salamanca"; and then, after many attempts, hits on a wavy line towards France. Stands over there.

"Blanks." Blanks is just prepared to trace out a beautiful curve ending on the Mediterranean when the clock strikes ten!

"Take that same lesson for next day," says teacher, "and I assure you, all of you, that if you don't know it practically by heart I'll make every one of you write it out!" He then turns to the poor fellows standing "over there," and to each administers a word of advice!



Gerald Griffin.

BY EDWARD BYRNE (FORM VI.).

Gerald Griffin, one of the most prominent figures in Anglo-Irish Literature of the nineteenth century, was born in Limerick, on December 12th, 1803. His father was a respectable farmer, and his mother was sister to a well-known doctor. When the boy was about seven years old, his parents changed their residence to Fairyland, a beautiful spot on the banks of the Shannon, some thirty miles from Limerick; and it seems that this place, held in very tender affection by Gerald, did much to strengthen the poetic tendencies in the boy. Shortly after this change of residence it became necessary for his parents to emigrate to America, and, needless to say, this was a very severe blow to Gerald, who, by arrangement, was left behind, at the residence of his elder brother, Dr. Griffin, in Adare, some eight miles from Limerick. After some time of study here, he determined to pursue a course of literary study, and assisted in the formation of a dramatic society in the city of Limerick. In this society he formed the friendship of John Banim, a well-known writer of the period, and this friendship proved to be lifelong, and as firm a bond as ever existed between two human hearts. At the age of twenty Griffin travelled to London, and here resolved to write his first work, a

tragedy, "Aguire." He was assisted in the production of this work by Banim, whom he had accidentally met in London, but the play failed to achieve success. Nothing daunted, Gerald set to work again, and his efforts culminated in the production of a second tragedy, "Gisippus," which dealt with Grecian character and custom; but this play, during his lifetime, suffered the fate of "Aguire," although after the author's death it was performed successfully at Drury Lane.

Griffin's state at this time was pitiable indeed: far away from his native home; penniless in the heart of the great City; and with only one friend, John Banim. The latter, however, urged Gerald to turn his attention to less ambitious literary work, and to write short poems for the magazines instead. This advice Gerald followed, but the rate of remuneration was so scandalously low that he soon abandoned this practice and turned his hand to reporting. His brilliant articles arrested attention to such a degree that he was offered £1 for every page contributed to the *Fashion News*.

Encouraged by his success in this direction, he determined to venture on a work descriptive of the manners and customs of his countrymen, and in 1827 produced his first novel, "Hollandtide," which was a distinct success. About this time the death of his sister caused his return to Limerick. How keenly he felt this event he himself expresses:

"Oh, not for ever lost!—though in our ear
Those uncomplaining accents fall no more,
And Earth has won, and never will restore
That form, that well-worn grief made doubly
 dear.

Oh, not for ever lost;—though hope may rear
No more sweet visions of the future now,
And even the memory of thy pallid brow
Grows unfamiliar with each passing year.
Though lonely be thy place on earth, and few
The tongues that name thee on thy native
 plains,

Where sorrow first thy gentle presence
 crossed,
And dreary tints o'er all the future threw;
While life's young zeal yet triumphed in thy
 veins

Oh, early fall'n thou art!—but not for ever
 lost."

After a short interval of retirement and rest, he again began to write, and produced his "Tales of Munster Festivals." Returning to London in the autumn of 1827, he wrote the most successful of all his works, probably the most popular of all Irish novels, the "Collegians," or the "Colleen Bawn," from which Benedict produced his melodious opera, "The Lily of Killarney."

At this juncture, Griffin seems to have become tired of his literary pursuits, and we find him engaged studying for the bar; but he soon abandoned his legal studies and devoted himself to the pursuit nearest his heart—the study of Irish History. The result of this study was shown in the "Invasion," a work which was received with approbation by publishers, but little read.

For a year or so after the publication of the "Invasion," Griffin spent his time partly in Ireland and partly in London. In 1830 he published his "Christian Physiologist," and in 1835, "The Duke of Monmouth," "The Rivals," and "Tales of My Neighbourhood." In 1838 he made a tour through Scotland, a country which he loved to visit, and as a result, ample material was furnished for a series of letters, full of admiration for the country through which he passed.

On his return a great change was visible in him. For years a morbid sensibility had been growing on him: he feared his works had conferred no benefit on the human race, and that his dreams of fame were but a phantom, a "vanity of vanities." From childhood, too, an idea that he would not live long had constantly haunted him:

"In the time of my boyhood I had a strange feeling,

That I was to die in the noon of my day,

Not quietly into the silent grave stealing

But torn, like a blasted oak, sudden, away."

These thoughts and fancies resulted in his resolving to leave the world and to spend his few remaining years in a monastery. In preparation, he collected together all his unpublished works and consigned them to the flames. He was received in 1838 into the Order of the Christian Brothers, Dublin. Never, he

said, was he so supremely happy as he was now, imparting instruction to the little ones. In the summer of 1839 he was removed to the North Monastery, Cork, where he soon became a mere skeleton, and in this state he caught fever, to which he was an easy prey, and died June 12th, 1840, at the age of thirty-six. He was interred at the convent cemetery, and a simple cross with the inscription: "Brother Gerald Griffin" marks his last resting place.

The Dublin University Magazine writes of him: "He died young; yet, what of that? so do the greatest proportion of our men of genius; so did the brightest spirits it has been our fortune to know during our weird world journey. They had too little clay. He died early, and though his works rather show what he could do than satisfy us with what he has actually effected—rather lead us to expectation than to contentment—yet, we feel he has given us sufficient for remembrance. The author of the "Collegians" must live—and as able delineator of our national feelings—as an expounder of that subtlest of problems, the Irish heart—he cannot be forgotten; but with Carleton and Banim, and Miss Edgeworth, and one or two more, he will take his place in our Irish firmament, and form a portion of that galaxy to which we are wont to look with wonder and pride."

As we advance in life, we learn the limits of our abilities.—*Froude*.

* * *

Too low they build who build beneath the stars.—*Young*.

* * *

Attempt the end and never stand to doubt; nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.—*Herrick*.

* * *

Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.—*Collins*.

* * *

CONSCIOUSNESS is a dim candle—over a deep mine.

Daniel Defoe.

Though a Londoner by birth, for he first saw daylight in the heart of the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, Daniel Defoe was descended from a Huntingdonshire squire. Probably the family had known reverses of fortune, for his father practised the trade of a butcher, apparently with success, as he could afford to have the future author of "Robinson Crusoe" educated at Mr. Morton's famous Nonconformist Academy at Stoke Newington. Shortly after leaving this establishment, young Defoe became involved in the Monmouth Rising, and very narrowly escaped being captured and brought to trial.

After this adventure he started the more peaceful calling of wholesale hosier. His premises in Cheapside are still standing, and remarkable for some interesting bottle glass windows. Defoe lost money on another venture connected with bricks, and consequently took to writing pamphlets on public subjects. At this period a contemporary describes him as a dark-complexioned man with brown hair, which was generally hidden by a wig, sharp chin and grey eyes.

One of his tracts, entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," caused him to be tried at the Old Bailey in 1703, where he was sentenced to pay a fine and to stand for three days in the Pillory at Charing Cross. There the crowd pelted him with flowers and drank his health. This did not prevent his subsequent removal to prison, where he employed himself by writing several more pamphlets till Queen Anne was influenced to grant him his release, money and employment. Defoe then retired to Bury St. Edmunds for a short time. Eventually he built himself a fine house at Stoke Newington, which was only pulled down last century. His later life seems to have been somewhat shrouded in mystery, for he died a poor man at Ropemaker's Alley, Moorgate, aged seventy, in the year 1731, and was buried at Bunhill Fields. Twice married, his second wife, Susannah, and several children survived him.

Daniel Defoe is principally remembered by his great classic, "Robinson Crusoe"—the delight of many generations of boys and girls—for it was published exactly two hundred

years ago, in 1719, and ran through four editions in four months! These totalled at most a few thousand copies. To-day one publishing house alone turns out every year eight editions running to scores of thousands of copies.

It is in every library; it is in every parcel of prize books; and it is in every selection of Christmas presents. There has never been a passing "fashion" or "craze" for the book. Nothing affects its sales—even the Great War could not,

NOT PLANNED AS A CHILD'S BOOK.

Defoe never dreamed of his "Robinson Crusoe" as a child's book. He violently objected to the condensed, pirated editions of the first volume in his own day as robbing his narrative of its essential moral purpose and force. He was not in a position to say for his venture, what is the fact, that it is one of the world's greatest socio-political novels. No writing, in modern times at least, ever had such a wide and pervasive influence in re-shaping society. Not Rousseau's "Social Contract" or Voltaire's "Letters Philosophiques" or the Encyclopædists, probably not even Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," have separately or unitedly had so general a force as Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" in bringing in a day of individual initiative of industrial aspiration and of democratic independence.

It is a surprise to most readers to find that there are three volumes in the complete "Robinson Crusoe." On April 25th, 1719, Defoe published Volume I., "The Life and Strange and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." Four months later came "The Farther Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," and in 1720 he set forth "The Serious Reflections of Robinson Crusoe." The "Robinson Crusoe" known to our childhood days was a condensation and simplification of Volumes I. and II. Occasionally one gets hold of these two printed in one volume in their original form. Not one in a thousand readers of English fiction ever had the third volume in hand or has ever even heard of it. But no one can have any comprehensive grasp of what Defoe was after in publishing this first "novel" in English literature without a careful study of all three volumes.

Amongst Defoe's other writings may be mentioned "History of the Plague in London," "Tour Through the Whole Island of Great Britain," and

"A New Voyage Round the World," drawn from his own imagination, but compiled in a vivid and interesting manner. While in Newgate he wrote an "Ode to the Pillory," and matured a scheme for "The Review," a paper which for more than nine years he continued to publish twice or three times a week.

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Games of the Greeks.

By PHIL L. LANE.

At the present day in England the spirit of games has so permeated the people that it may be described as one of their dominant characteristics especially of the younger generation. The dedication of Saturday afternoon to sport seemed, before the War, an institution to be observed with a diligence that unfortunately was not always devoted to another observance—reputed also a National Institution—the English Sunday, on which insular aloofness plumed itself with something of the 'not-like the rest of men' Pharisaism, pityingly regarding the Continentals, who were satisfied with going to church in the morning and playing through the day. However Kipling may jibe, the 'flannelled fools' and 'muddied oafs' showed that love for outdoor exercise is far from blighting the virile spirit and martial ardour for the 'greater game' of war in defence of the homeland. These open-air games are rightly thought to be the highest and best training for manly qualities, whilst mere gymnastic exercises, though perhaps better for strengthening particular muscles, are wholly inferior in developing that spirited element in the soul which Plato considered the ally of reason against the inroads of the baser passions.

Amongst the ancient Greeks, the great quadrennial festival of games at Olympia was regarded as a national holiday, the period of their duration was treated as a solemn truce in time of war, and Greeks of all states, as well as exiles, were enabled to travel thither and meet their friends and their enemies under the protection of this great national, quasi-religious institution.

Just as in modern times, the virus of professionalism had entered the blood of the Olympic competitors, and we hear of 'running for the pot' and of athletes who made the circuit of the various festivals for the purpose of gain. So that, though

they continued to be held long after the Roman Conquest, these games of Greece fell into disfavour, especially in the time of Alexander the Great, who disapproved of them as not conducive to good soldiering, advocating the principle which many will hold to be quite sound, that the exercise obtained in field sports which are practised without any specialised physical training, is superior to the gymnasium. As we still, however, favour in our schools the 'annual sports,' some little account of the contests at Olympia in ancient times may prove of interest. The running always came first. The distance was once up the course, and was a little more than 200 yards, but later on races of double the course and long races of about 3,000 yards were added; races in armour were a still later addition, and came at the end of the sports. There were short races, for boys, of half the course, i.e., 100 yards. Eighteen years was beyond the limit of age for competing, and a boy who won at the age of 12 was thought wonderfully young. There seems to have been no second prize in any of the historical games, a natural consequence of the abolition of material rewards.

The races were run in heats of four, and if there was an odd man over, the owner of the last lot drawn could sit down till the winners of the heats were declared, and then run against them without any previous fatigue. This system did not always result in the best man winning. The limitation of each heat to four competitors was probably due to their not wearing colours, and so not being distinguishable. They were walked into the arena through an underground passage in the raised side of the stadium, and the name and country of each were proclaimed in order by a herald, a practice still copied, I believe, in the modern Olympic Games. These heralds, as well as the judges, saw to the strict observance of all the regulations for the contests, and in general maintained order, being distinguished by purple robes and wreaths of bay-leaves, just as our modern Sports' officials are marked out by a rosette or coloured badge.

The next event was the wrestling match. It seems that it was not always enough to throw your adversary, but that an important part of the sport was the getting uppermost on the ground, and in no case was a man declared beaten

till he was thrown three times, and was actually laid on his back.

When the wrestling was over, there followed the throwing of the discus and the dart, and the long jump. It is not certain whether the Greeks practised the high jump, but from the exploit of a celebrated athlete, Phayelus, of Kroton, we may conclude they had something in the nature of a hop, step and jump, for of this man we read that he jumped clean over the prepared ground (which was broken with a spade) on to the hard ground beyond—a distance of forty-nine feet! This would be incredible for a single long jump, our modern record being 24 feet $11\frac{3}{4}$, made by O'Connor, of Waterford. The feat, however, was famous, and to leap 'beyond the digging' became a proverbial phrase.

There remain the two severest and most objectionable sports—boxing (as practised in those days) and the pankration. Boxing was, even from Homeric times, a very dangerous and bloody amusement, in which the vanquished were always severely punished. The Greeks were not content with naked fists, but used a special apparatus which consisted of a weight carried in the hand, and fastened by thongs of hide round the hand and wrist. The pankration combined boxing and wrestling, and permitted every sort of physical violence except biting. In this contest a mere fall did not end the matter, but the conflict was continued on the ground, and often ended in one of the combatants being actually choked, or having his fingers or toes broken. Such contests as these we should not care to see revived in our times.

A word as to the prizes. These were originally articles of value, as in our time, but at the command of the oracle of Apollo, at Delphi, this custom was dropped, the oracle being probably but the mouthpiece of the popular revulsion against the abuses already referred to as the outcome of the spirit of professionalism and the decadence of the true sporting spirit. In their stead, the victors were crowned with a wreath of wild olive, which had been cut with a golden knife by a boy of noble family, and they were also entertained at a splendid banquet.

Rich rewards, however, always awaited the victor when he returned home in triumph and laid his Olympian crown in the chief temple of his city.

The Channel Tunnel.

Towards the middle of the last century before the birth of Christ, a great man, the greatest of all the Romans, had been appointed to the command of the armies in the Roman province of Gaul. This great man was Julius Cæsar. Not content with defending the Roman provinces, he carried war into the whole country of the Gauls. Step by step he came nearer to the Northern coast, until at length the Roman camps looked down upon the narrow waters which divide France from England. It is only twenty-two miles from Calais to Dover, and from the coast the Roman soldiers must have seen as clearly as we can at the present day the great white cliffs of an "unvisited land," standing high out of the water to the north.

Already they had given a name to this country, and they knew it to be an island. A great Roman writer who lived in Cæsar's day speaks of Britain separated by almost the entire world: "*Penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos.*" —*Virgil.*

Cæsar was not the man to leave this country unexplored and unconquered. He collected about eighty ships, and after a few hours sailing and rowing, he brought his fleet to the foot of the "White Cliffs." Thus came the Roman invasion.

Since these far-off days, many strangers have crossed to Britain by boat, though men have for long dreamed of quick means of underground communication. It would seem that this vision is about to materialise, for recently the Government have taken the preliminary steps towards its construction.

The bald way in which they announced their intention was not calculated to awaken enthusiasm or to thrill the imagination. The world's greatest engineering undertaking, an outstanding, epoch-making event, can only be conceived on grandiose lines. We cannot over estimate the far-reaching effect and significance of the Tunnel. It will do much more than link England to the Continent, and make London the greatest terminus in Europe. Besides putting the centre of the Empire in direct communication with all the capitals of the Continent, it will open

up a new highway to the East, going through the countries of the Allies, serving the new nations arising out of the ruins of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, on through regenerate Balkan States to Constantinople—the metropolis at the gate of Asia; across the Bosphorus, by bridge or tunnel, into Anatolia, Mesopotamia, and other lands now liberated from Turkish domination, thence to Baghdad and the Persian Gulf. With offshoots northward, it can penetrate the rich regions of the Caucasus and Southern Russia. Branching southward, it will pass through the Holy Land to Egypt, joining with the Cairo to the Cape railway. The new highway need not end here. After penetrating eastward through Persia, it may not be beyond the skill of the engineer to carry the route into the heart of the Empire of India. This trans-continental line will be the harbinger of freedom, radiating civilizing influences along its march. It can be made the greatest monument to the victorious union of free peoples.

There is no need to refer to the controversies of the past. The war has changed all things. Our insularity has gone. England is no longer an island. It is a Continental Power. We have a new perspective. The tunnel is a necessity. Other new means there are for quickening communication with the Continent, but they are supplementary; they are not alternatives. The airship and the aeroplane have their function in the new order of things, but they are no more alternatives to the Tunnel than they would be to the railways between London and Glasgow. The train-ferry, developed during the war, is also a useful auxiliary, but not a substitute. Train-ferry boats are just as uncertain as other boats - subject to delay by fogs, at the mercy of the strong currents and storms of the Channel, which on occasions will prevent them making port. A time-table cannot be kept in all seasons and weathers by train-ferries.

There are four salient aspects of the great undertaking: the engineering, the military, the commercial, and the political.

Innumerable soundings, borings, testings, excavations, and preliminary work on a large scale have satisfied both French and British engineers that the construction of the Tunnel only differs

from the building of other tunnels in that it is bigger. There are no difficult problems to face.

Engineers, both French and English, have been at work on the Tunnel for more or less fifty years. M. Albert Sartiaux, of the North of France Railway Company, which he represents on the Board of the French Tunnel Company, is the leading expert on the French side. He and his friends have put in an immense amount of study and research, made plans, and carried out large constructional works. On the English side, Sir Francis Fox, who was Technical Adviser to the Swiss on the Simplon Tunnel, has worked for years on plans, and is now Consulting Engineer to the English Company. Mr. P. C. Tempest, Chief Engineer of the South-Eastern Railway, is now the engineer of the Company, and is responsible for the latest schemes.

The strata under the sea between Dover and Calais are similar to the geological formations on both sides of the Channel. The route under the sea must follow the line which is the most suitable in the gault and chalk beds. For that reason, the English end must enter between the colliery and the west end of the Shakespeare Cliff at a point near the Admiralty Pier. On the French side, the Tunnel must start near the village of Sangatte, south of Calais.

Present plans provide for two tunnels, each 18ft. 6in. in internal diameter, and 50ft. apart. The depth will be 140 feet below the sea bed. Besides the tunnels for the up and down trains, there must be drainage tunnels between. These tunnels will be continued inland for several miles.

The military objection to the Tunnel has practically disappeared. It influenced Parliament at a time when no one dreamt we should take part in a Continental war. Reasons, valid when the policy of splendid isolation dominated British politics, do not apply to the conditions of to-day. When the Anglo-French Convention for constructing the Tunnel was signed in 1876, provision was made that either party to the agreement could flood or destroy it. Precautions will also be taken under the new conditions. The same arrangements for flooding and destruction will

be provided for. The Tunnel will be deep enough below the bed of the Channel to be safe against the most powerful explosive, and the defence on the other side will begin on the Belgian frontier to Germany.

It is impossible to exaggerate the commercial importance of this new world-highway. All former estimates about the value of traffic, passenger and goods, which would flow through the Tunnel are now worthless. They were made on the assumption that there would be one tunnel. They referred to conditions in a former world. Commercial intercourse will be increased between England and her Allies, and when a European settlement is reached, between all nations. It is only through increased production that the world can replace the national wealth destroyed by the war. The more facilities that exist for the interchange of commodities, the greater the commercial benefits to all trading communities. The quicker the means of transit, the greater the business. Chambers of commerce and captains of industry have for years supported the project because of the commercial advantages which it would bring to this country. Commerce grows according to the facilities provided. The passenger traffic between London and Europe will be increased, for it is well known that Continental peoples shrink from the sea crossing. Foreign visitors will come to London as readily as to Paris. It was estimated that trains driven by steam could do the journey from London to Paris in six hours. Electric express trains can save more than an hour.

We must not overlook the greatest of all benefits which the Tunnel and the new highway will bring to humanity. The political influences, which cannot be measured by figures, will outweigh all other interests and considerations. A League of Nations cannot exist without a good understanding among peoples, and a good understanding cannot be got without more knowledge and closer intimacy. The new material arteries which the trans-continental route and world-highway will open up will serve as new avenues for linking nations together, and for promoting the ideals of the League of Nations.

The war has upset all calculations as to the cost of building the Tunnel.

Baron D'Erlanger, the Chairman of the British Tunnel Company, estimated two years ago that it would cost £20,000,000 to construct—the cost to be shared equally by France and England. To that must be added the cost of the power, plant, etc. The amount, even if found by the State, will not alarm a Government which budgets for £650,000,000 for war expenditure in the year of Peace.

In writing on this subject, we must not forget the work of the pioneers. In face of much opposition and at great sacrifices, they have kept on with their dream. One cannot forget Sir Edward Watkin, the first Chairman of the Channel Tunnel Company, who fought hard to secure Parliamentary powers. He was succeeded in 1901 by Baron D'Erlanger, who, ten years later, was followed by his son, Baron Emile D'Erlanger, who had the advantage of being born in France, and has maintained an intimate association with the French company. Since the inception, he and his partners have spent £150,000 in preliminary work and experiments, and regarded the Tunnel, before the war, as one of the best means of promoting an entente with France. Without this pioneer work already done, and but for the knowledge and experience of the pioneers, the scheme could not be completed without interminable delay. The French and English companies can produce the money for building the Tunnel at short notice, as soon as Parliamentary sanction is granted in England, as it exists in France. And it cannot now be withheld, in view of the trend of public opinion and the insistency of our French Allies.

FOOTBALL CAPTAINS,

1919-1920.

FIRST ELEVEN:—

T. B. BYRNE.

SECOND ELEVEN:—

M. P. McMAHON.

Examination Results, 1919.

OXFORD SENIOR LOCAL EXAMINATION.

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.

A Bartlett Scholarship,

value £40,

and tenable for three years:—

JOHN W. BARKER.

NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES' SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS, 1919.

Higher School Certificate.

PHILIP IRVINE.

JOHN W. BARKER.

School Certificate.

W. P. Blackler	*E. Cooke
*H. L. Cullen	*E. F. Duff
J. P. Hawe	A. F. Hely
*H. Hodson	*J. Holland
E. Hurley	J. J. Kirwan
*F. H. Loughlin	*M. P. McMahon
J. S. Meldon	*M. A. Moore
F. Murphey	J. Murray
*M. W. O'Neill	J. E. Orford
*M. Rogers	J. P. Swift
L. Waring	E. V. Wright

NOTE:—The names of Candidates whose Certificate will be a Matriculation Certificate are indicated thus ().*

First Class Honours.

P. Fleming	E. Irvine
J. Keating	L. J. Murray
J. Short	J. Unsworth

Second Class Honours.

P. Byrne	C. Maguire
	T. Myles.

Third Class Honours.

J. Downes	J. Wilson
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Passes.

A. Adams	L. Baragwanath
F. A. Beswick	J. Byrne
W. Carroll	J. A. Cunningham
T. R. Daly	T. G. Daley
J. Gavin	F. J. Green
J. Harding	C. J. Henderson
E. P. Hyde	R. Ireland
F. Jordan	G. Kely
W. Kerr	F. Kieran
A. C. Kirby	C. Langley
A. Lea	F. E. Lomas
W. Marsland	G. McGovern
G. Montgomery	C. Murphy
J. Nixon	J. J. Owens
J. Quinn	J. Ruiz
J. G. Ryan	J. M. Smith
R. J. Walsh	

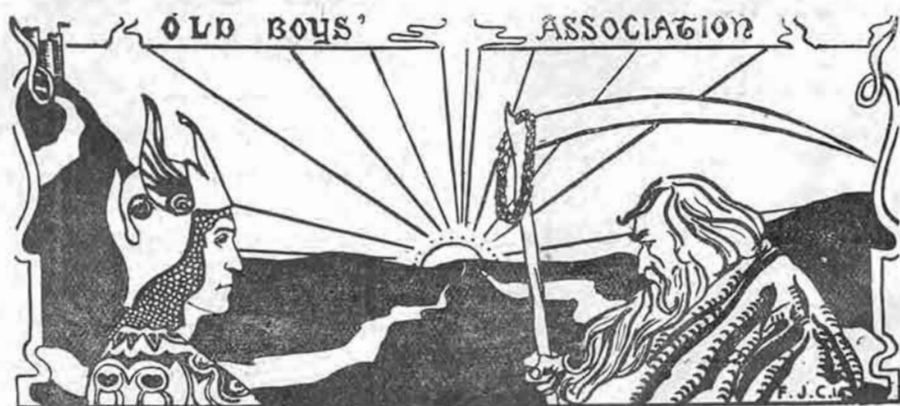
Distinction in Spanish.

J. Ruiz.

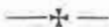
All the above mentioned Candidates have obtained the School Certificate.

The following have also Matriculated:—

P. Byrne	P. Fleming
E. Irvine	J. Keating
C. Maguire	L. J. Murray
T. Myles	J. Short
J. Unsworth	W. Wilson



In Memoriam.



Amongst Secondary Schools the Liverpool Catholic Institute bears a proud and distinguished war record. The Old Boys made very great efforts; indeed, before conscription was introduced there were several hundred O.B.'s on active service, whilst numerous distinctions have been gained. The war took a heavy toll of the fine manhood, the number who made the supreme sacrifice being a hundred. These splendid patriots will be kept in honoured memory by their School. For their eternal repose Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in the Pro-Cathedral on June 17th, at 11 a.m. His Grace the Archbishop presided. The attendant clergy at the throne were the Rev. Fr. Thomas, O.F.M., and the Rev. Wm. Kelly. The officiating priests were: Celebrant, Rev. A. Jeanrenaud, Deacon, Rev. Dr. Kavanagh, Sub-Deacon, Rev. J. McGrath, Master of Ceremonies, Rev. J. Almond. The Rt. Rev. Monsignor Canon Pinnington, V.G., the Rev. J. O'Connell, and the Rev. J. Casey, occupied seats in the choir. The music of the Mass was

beautifully rendered by a select choir of boys and masters from the School. After the Absolutions had been given at the catafalque by His Grace the Archbishop, the Dead March in 'Saul' was played.

* * *

Congratulations from all O.B.'s to the Rev. J. Quinn, who was raised to the Sacred Priesthood at the Church of St. Laurence, Birkenhead, on Sunday, July 6th. Also to the Rev. T. J. Dunne, who was ordained in the Church of the English Martyrs, Preston, on Sunday, August 3rd.

* * *

Wedding Bells: Best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. W. Rowe, and to Mr. and Mrs. Alf. Lambie.

* * *

We hear with pleasure of the appointment of Mr. D. Hayes to the Headmastership of Old Swan Schools.

* * *

Mr. J. F. Lacy has been elected Chairman of the Zingari Alliance Committee.

* * *

The sympathy of all O.B.'s is extended to the friends and relatives of the late Rev. W. O'Connor. He took a very keen interest in the O.B.'s Athletics.

Varsity Letter.

THE VARSITY,

LIVERPOOL,

1919.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

How the days fly by! It seems but last week since we despatched our last account of the deeds and omissions of our "little" band of C.I.O.B.'s (which now numbers well nigh half-a-century) who are resident at the "Liverpool Varsitee," and with scarce anything fresh to pass on to you we set about our epistle.

The examinations and more especially results thereof have occupied all minds of late, and the few C.I.O.B.'s who did enter the combat all came off with usual and accustomed success. The reason why our competitors were few this year is of course due to the majority of us only having just returned from guests in pastures new, thanks to a pause in the international argument, we deemed a rest before further scholastic encounters rather advisable.

Next year, Mr. Editor, we hope to provide a column or more of copy when we have you listing our results.

The few who were still to return from military employment when last I wrote, are all back, and the last, but by no means the least, was our old friend, Dwyer Doyle. "Dolly" has grown up since we remember him sitting in the back row endeavouring to digest fifteen irregular verbs in as many seconds for the coming French lesson. But he is as jocular as ever, and we are glad to have him back.

With the passing of the session 1918-19 we lose one of our most popular colleagues—Vin. Atkin, B.A. (Please don't forget those two capitals, Mr. Ed.)

He takes his leave with our best wishes, and every time we cross the Victoria Hall, we will miss his cheery remarks on life in general.

He was usually to be seen under the notice board when not in lectures, pouring out his rich and happy satires on all who passed his way. We wish him every success in his new sphere of life.

The vacation seems to have scattered our fold more than ever this year as witness: Tom Smith, in the Isle of Man, Joe Flanagan, in Devon, Joe Mather, in London, and Pat Denny, in Cork. Just four typical cases, and how wide apart their holiday haunts. Before he went away we had the pleasure of a long chat with Pat Denny, and we succeeded in going from classical music, to prohibition via strikes, Smillie, Lenin and goodness knows what not. But Pat was ever a born conversationalist, as those of us who remember his Sixth Form days in the Debating Society, are well aware.

We are at present living in pleasant anticipation of the promised C.I.O.B.A. reunion, when we hope to meet our erstwhile contemporaries, who eschewed the Varsity for the commercial world as a quicker route to fame and fortune, which, in spite of Pat Denny's lectures, we are still prone to regard as worthy goals, pending the development of a more Utopian world, thanks to the League of Nations. By the way, it will be a funny League without a knock-out competition or championship of some sort, we fancy!

Till we meet then, we will be silent, save for wishing the staff and scholars of the old C.I. every success in the year, 1919-20, both scholastic and athletic.

Yours as ever,

'VARSITY.'

To the Editor,
C.I.M.

Some Thoughts for the "Leaving Boy."

For many, the close of the present year brings the close of school days. Most, thus affected, will look to the future with some concern, mixed with feelings of pleasure at the early prospect of facing the "to-morrow of their young lives." To few boys does life bring a brighter day than that which places the crown upon their scholastic labours and bids them go forth from the halls of their Alma Mater to the world's great battlefield. The first successes of the boy fresh from school are something sweet and grand to him, and though, in later years, fortune may shower on him her choicest gifts, they do not cause the same exultation within him as his early triumphs. There is a "freshness" in these triumphs of our early battles with fate, which, like the bloom and fragrance of the flower, is quickly lost, never to be found again. Such sensations are coming for many whose school days have now drawn to a close. Life opens out to them as a book to be read and enjoyed. Of the many careers open to human activity they will choose one, and their fortunes will be various, even though their merits will be equal. Position, fame, and wealth are often denied to the most persistent efforts and to the best ability, and to those on whom fame and fortune may not smile with the radiance they might wish, it is consoling to remember that such things are not the highest. Assuredly they are not the end of life, and certainly they should not be made its aim. But an aim in life is absolutely necessary for all. Perhaps, by some, who this year have taken their last school lecture, the subject of "An aim in Life" has never been adequately dwelt upon. To the high and aspiring heart of youth, fame, honour and glory appeal with such irresistible power, and appear clad in forms so beautiful, that at a time of life when all of us are unreal in our sentiments and crude in our opinions, they are often taken for the best. But for one who sets out on the journey of life with such objectives as his guiding stars, he is the one who, himself, really defeats the object he has in view. If we are to be the chosen ones of Fortune, we will be so, because we

have diligently followed the path where our lot was cast. Few yet ever achieved fame who set out simply with that objective. It has always been the case that

"The path of duty was the way to glory.

He that walks it only thirsting
For the right and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes.
He shall find the stubborn thistle
bursting

Into glossy purples, which outred
All voluptuous garden roses."

It may be that our lot will be cast among the "stubborn thistles." If this be so, only devotion to duty will change the thistles to the "voluptuous roses" of life. To nearly all, the gifts which make these goals attainable are denied. Therefore, as only very few can even hope for such favours of fortune, such aims are not the best. Then, again, we meet the type of young man who sets out on his career with one object only—the seeking of so-called pleasure, not knowing at all of the maxim that "To live for pleasure is to be fore-ordained to misery." Pleasure-seekers of this description will assuredly learn the truth of the above-quoted maxim. Pleasure in the real sense of the word takes no extra seeking after. It is most enjoyable when it comes unsought. Of acquisition of money as the end or ideal of life little need be said. For the young man such an ideal or aim is most corrupting. To amass a fortune quickly—to have money as his god—is far from what one would expect as the ideal of a cultured young man. Money as a desideratum is quite alright, when the desire is for money as a means for good, but if money is sought for itself—as an end—then such an aim, even if attained, would blight and corrupt. Such, then, are a few thoughts written down by one who has been asked by the editor to "write something for the Magazine." If they should have the effect of making some newly-made "old boy" think on right lines of the future, then will the writer feel that he has "done his bit." In conclusion, let every young reader, starting on "life's broad field of battle," have an ideal, or an aim—call it what you will. Let it be something well within his reach. Let him try to live

up to it. Let him learn patience. He must acquire that serene confidence in the power of labour which makes workers willing to wait. He must not, like a foolish child, rush forward to pluck the fruit before it is ripe, lest it be said of him "The promise of his early life was great, his performance insignificant." He should always bear in mind that

"Honour and fame from no condition rise;

Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

ANON.

—†—

Cricket Club.

For the past season we cannot lay claim to any great measure of success with our First Eleven. But we are not at all despondent, we are making big efforts to improve our cricket, and in a season or two we will have a different tale to tell. The School will possess a first-class turf wicket—newly prepared—when we move to St. Edward's College. Hitherto we have not had the facility for engaging in regular practice during the Summer evenings. Such practice is essential for a successful eleven. We shall no longer suffer this neglect.

The strong point of our side was fielding. Without exception, every member of the Eleven did splendid work. In endeavoring to acquire a correct style, and play a good straight-bat, our men were altogether too restrained in their play. With a little more "go" in their batting a larger measure of success would have resulted. Tom Byrne proved a good Captain, whilst S. Meldon and E. Byrne were excellent as bowlers.

FIRST XI. RESULTS.

- C.I. (22) v. Liverpool Collegiate (73).
C.I. (65) v. Holt Sec. School (15).
C.I. (34) v. Birkenhead Institute (17).

- C.I. (59) v. Liscard High School (22).
C.I. (37) v. S.F. Xavier's College (53).
C.I. (107) v. Birkenhead H. E. School (109).
C.I. (31) v. Wallasey Gram. School (126).
C.I. (35) v. Liverpool Collegiate (12).
C.I. (15) v. B'head H. E. School (56).
C.I. (35) v. Bootle Sec. School (39).
C.I. (24) v. Waterloo Sec. School (38).

* * *

As Captain of the Second XI. Tom Murray was most successful. Frank Harrington gives promise of being a first rate bowler.

—†—

Sports Day, 1919.

(MAY 31ST.)

As usual the Annual Sports were a great success. The following report is taken from the *Liverpool Courier* of Monday, June 2nd.

"The brilliant weather and an interesting programme attracted a large and fashionable gathering at these sports on Saturday. In the absence of the president of the Old Boys' Association, Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Shute, C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D., who was summoned to Buckingham Palace for Saturday's investiture ceremony, the prizes were presented to the winners by Mr. G. Reid, a former president of the O.B.'s Association. The Port Sunlight Silver Prize Band rendered delightful music during the afternoon.

* * *

EVENTS.

Egg and Spoon, under 13½ years—1, J. Hardy; 2, W. Fanning; 3, H. Molyneux.

Egg and Spoon, under 15 years—1, Scaulaw; 2, D. Carney; 3, D. Morgan.

Egg and Spoon, over 15 years—1, C. Murphy; 2, J. Allen; 3, W. Lucey.

120 Yards Flat, under 11 years—1, W. McEvoy; 2, W. Flynn; 3, J. Hartley.

200 Yards Flat, under 12½ years—1, W. Murphy; 2, J. Kenny; 3, W. Flaherty.

200 Yards Flat, under 14 years—1, P. Kinlen; 2, M. Roche; 3, J. Lambert.

100 Yards Flat, under 14 years—1, P. Kinlen; 2, T. Lavin; 3, M. Rogan.

100 Yards Flat, under 15½ years—1, E. Horrigan; 2, W. Carroll; 3, L. Sheridan.

100 Yards Flat, over 15½ years—1, J. Quigley; 2, T. Byrne; 3, T. Blackledge.

100 Yards Flat, Old Boys—1, N. Treneman; 2, C. Kieran; 3, G. Bingham.

High Jump, over 15 years—1, T. P. Byrne; 2, F. Batty; 3, T. Daley.

High Jump, under 15 years—1, H. Edwards; 2, L. Sheridan; 3, J. Norbury.

High Jump, under 13½ years—1, P. O'Brien; 2, W. Kane; 3, W. Fanning.

Comic Puzzle Race, under 13½ years—1, J. Hardy; 2, C. O'Neill; 3, R. Robertson.

Comic Puzzle Race, under 15 years—1, W. McKenna; 2, B. Meyer; 3, D. Carney.

Comic Puzzle Race, over 15 years—1, C. Murphy; 2, P. Fleming; 3, E. Cooke.

60 Yards Flat, under 11 years—1, W. McEvoy; 2, J. Hartley; 3, G. Thompson.

60 Yards Flat, under 12½ years—1, J. Pozzi; 2, L. Flaherty; 3, A. Titherington.

Three-legged Race, over 15 years—1, (equal) J. Quigley and J. Gilmore, T. Byrne and F. Shevlin; 2, F. Kieran and E. Cooke. 3, S. Meldon and T. Blackledge

Relay Race, Juniors—1, IIa.

Relay Race, Seniors—1, I.V.A

440 Yards Senior Championship of the School—1, T. Blackledge; 2, J. Quigley; 3, S. Meldon.

Obstacle Race, under 15 years—1, G. Kelly; 2, J. Norbury; 3, R. Smaridge.

Obstacle Race, under 13½ years—1, W. Murphy; 2, G. Bramwells; 3, N. Gregson.

Obstacle Race, over 15 years—1, E. Hurley; 2, T. Daley; 3, F. Kieran.

Wheelbarrow Race, under 13½ years—1, L. Bramwells and T. Lavin; 2, V. Doyle and J. Horrigan; 3, N. Gregson and P. Fleetwood.

Wheelbarrow Race, under 15 years—1, C. Henderson and E. Irvine; 2, C. Healey and W. English; 3, J. O'Brien and J. Conway.

220 Yards Junior Championship of the School—1, E. Horrigan; 2, H. O'Brien; 3, W. Carroll.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Senior—M. McMahon.

Throwing Cricket Ball, Junior—1, M. Rogan; 2, J. Smythe; 3, C. Bingham.

Tug-of-War, Juniors—Form IIIc.

Tug-of-War, Seniors—Form IVc.

440 Yards, under 15 years—1, E. Horrigan; 2, J. Conway; 3, L. Sheridan.

440 Yards, Old Boys—1, N. Treneman; 2, G. Bingham; 3, A. Kieran.

220 Yards, over 15½ years—1, J. Quigley; 2, S. Meldon; 3, T. Blackledge.

220 Yards, under 13½ years—J. Pozzi; 2, M. Bartlett and W. Smith; 3, T. Pyke.

220 Yds., under 15½ years—1, L. Sheridan; 2, J. Tuft; 3, C. Bingham.

Two Mile Cycle Race, over 15 years—1, T. Blackledge; 2, F. Shevlin; 3, H. Lynch.

Half-mile Race, under 15 years—1, H. Edwards; 2, C. Henderson; 3, H. O'Brien.

Mile Race—1, J. Cunningham; 2, F. Loughlin; 3, J. Quigley.

CONSOLATION RACES.

Under 13½ years—1, Gallagher; 2, Kirwan; 3, Magee.

Under 15 years—1, Fitzsimmons; 2, Quinn; 3, Robinson.

Over 15 years—1, Ryan; 2, Quinn; 3, Hurley.

Old Boys' Challenge Cup—E. Horrigan, (LVa.)

Victor Ludorum Medal—J. Quigley.

Liverpool & District Secondary Schools.

ONE MILE—COX (L.I.)
—Rome (L.I.)
—Horn (S.F.X.)

TUG-OF-WAR—FINAL.

—(L.I.) ... 2 pulls.
—(L.C.S.) ... 0 "

Athletic Championships,

—❧ 1919. ❧—

SENIOR.

100 YARDS—Holmes (L.I.)
—Paisley (S.F.X.)
—Cook (C.S.)

HIGH JUMP—Byrne (C.I.)
—Sloan (S.F.X.)
—Hutchinson (L.I.)

220 YARDS—Paisley (S.F.X.)
—Peppin (S.F.X.)
—Holmes (L.I.)

HURDLE RACE—Sloan (S.F.X.)
—Hutchinson (L.I.)
—Paisley (S.F.X.)

440 YARDS—Blackledge (C.I.)
—Quigley (C.I.)
—Scott (L.I.)

LONG JUMP—Hutchinson (L.I.)
—Peppin (S.F.X.)
—Mahon (C.S.)

RELAY—1 (S.F.X.); 2 (C.I.); 3 (L.I.)

OLD BOYS' MILE—Treneman (C.I.)
—Byrne (S.F.X.)
—Andrews (S.F.X.)

SENIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

1. Liverpool Institute—43 points.
2. S.F.X. —37 "
3. C.I. —20 "

JUNIOR.

100 YARDS—Rigby (L.C.S.)
—Green (O.S.S.)
—Atherley (O.S.S.)

220 YARDS—Wright (L.H.S.)
—Green (O.S.S.)

440 YARDS—Milton (L.I.)
—Griffiths (O.S.S.)

880 YARDS—Wright (L.H.S.)
—Williams (L.C.S.)

LONG JUMP—Webb (C.S.)
—Baxter (L.I.)

HIGH JUMP—Fox (H.S.S.) } Dead
—Baxter (L.I.) } Heat

RELAY—1 L. Collegiate

JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP.

1. Liverpool Institute—19 points.
2. Oulton } —18 "
Collegiate }

Subscribers to the Sports' Fund.

- | | | | |
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How to Reach St. Edward's College, Everton.

ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE IS WELL SERVED BY TRAIN AND TRAM.

Boys arriving at Central Station, or Lime Street Station take No. 3 Car, which passes through Lime Street; or Nos. 20, 21, 22, or 22A, from the Haymarket to Everton Valley.

Boys arriving at Landing Stage, take No. 31 Car (Heyworth Street), which passes by the College, or No. 2, 22, 22A or 30 to Everton Valley.

Boys from Southport and District alight at Sandhills, or Bank Hall Stations—L. & Y. Railway.

Boys from Princes Park District take No. 25 Car, which passes the College.

CITY Boys will find the journey from Exchange Station to Sandhills the quickest way of reaching the College.

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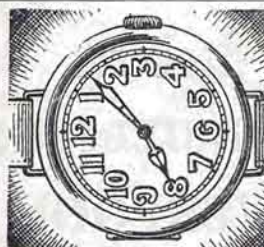
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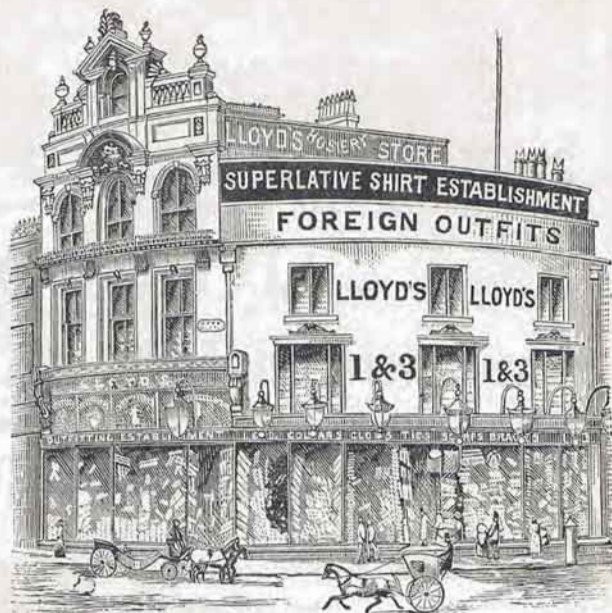
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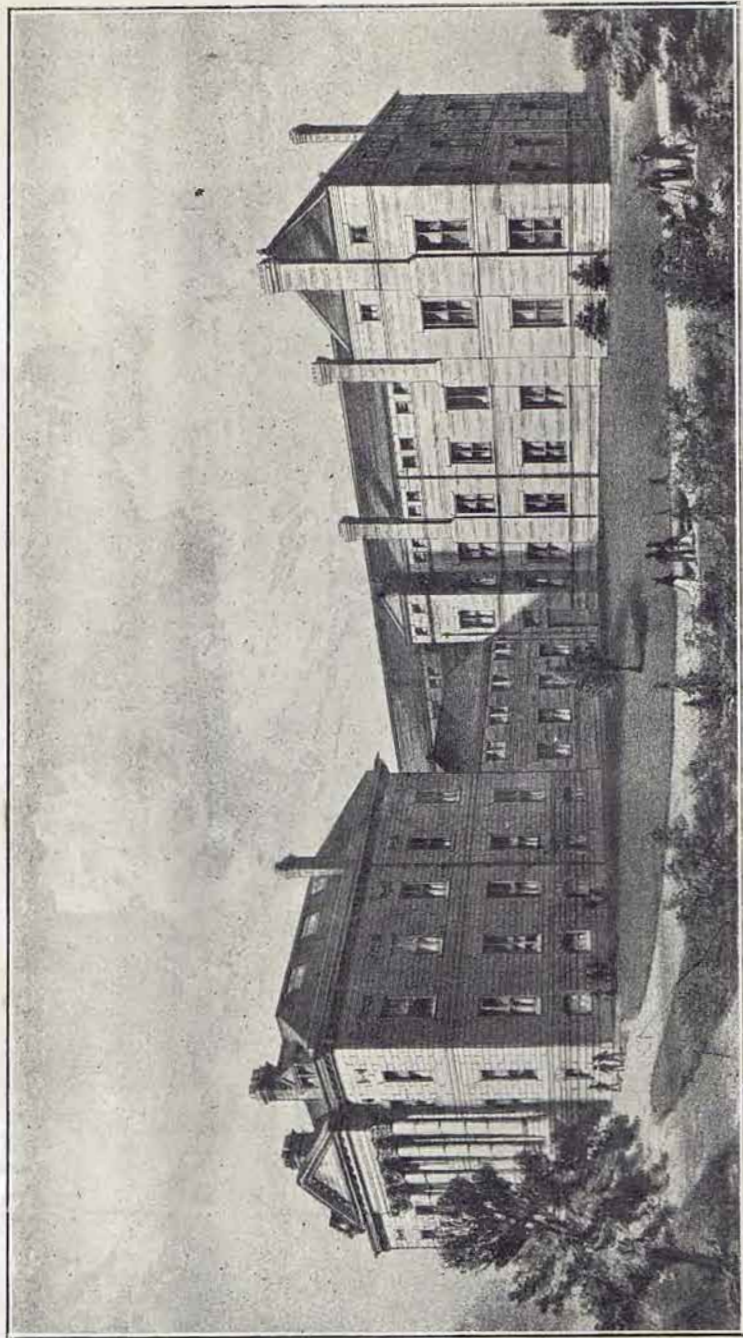
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