

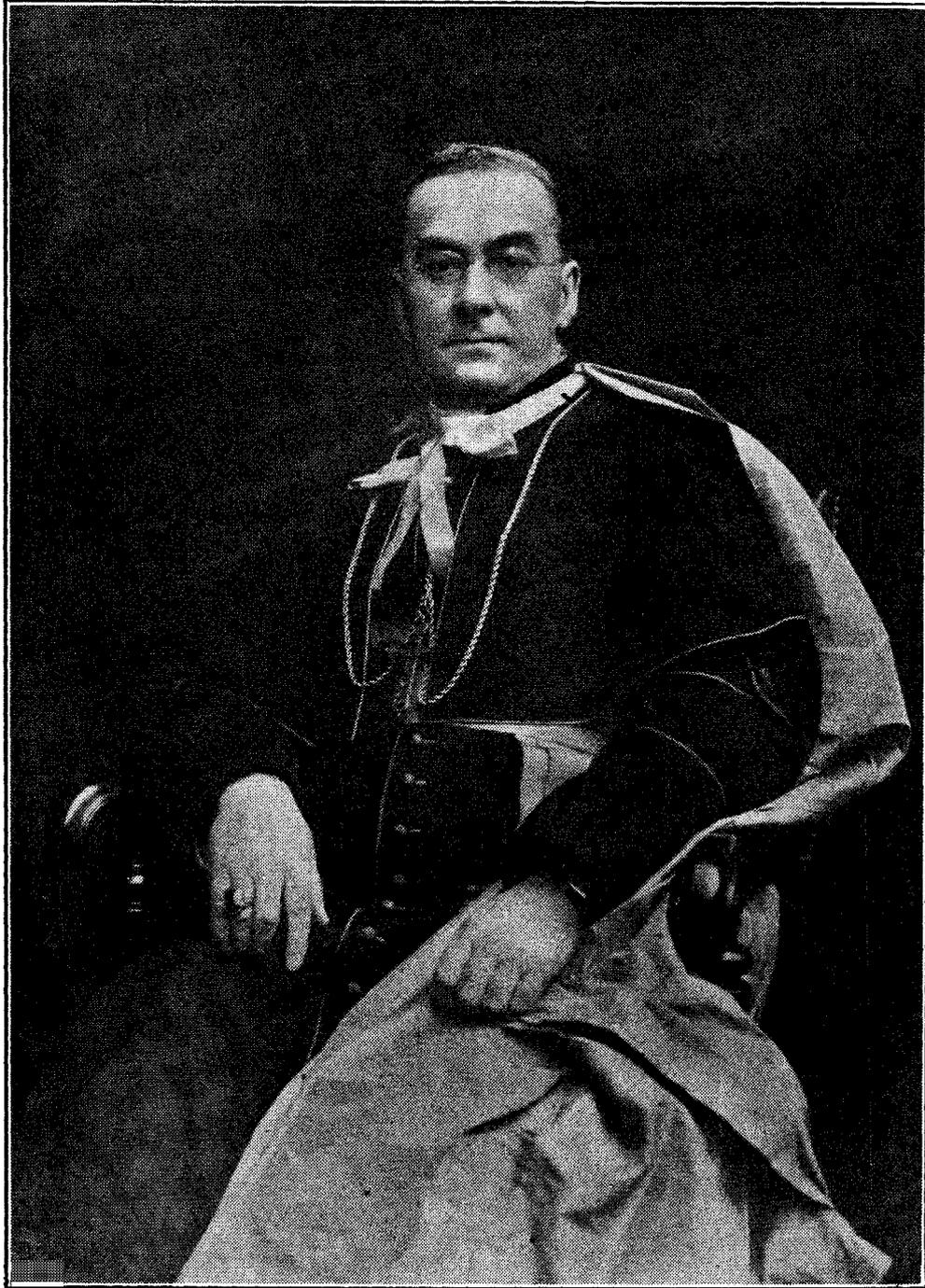
# St. Edward's College Magazine



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

**JANUARY**

1923



**Right Rev. Dr. Dobson.**

BISHOP OF CYNOPOLIS,

AUXILIARY BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.



# St. Edward's College

## MAGAZINE

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## Editorial.

ONCE upon a time there was a famous giant warrior in Ireland named Finn Macool . . . . . Oh yes, this is the Editorial all right, you'll find the Bed-time stories for the kiddies beginning on page? . . . . Well, as I was saying, this Finn the Son of Cool had a remarkable habit, when any problem troubled his exercise—Latin or Trig. or any old thing—of putting 'his thumb under his thinking tooth.' Thus we read: 'When he heard this, Finn put his thumb under his thinking tooth,' and hey, presto! everything became as clear as transparent jelly. By applying the rules of the Higher Criticism to this piece of historical evidence, we are forced to the conclusion that, in his boyhood, Finn must have been Editor of his School Mag. . . . .

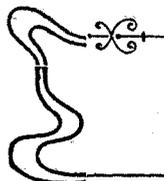
No School Mags. then? . . . . . Well now, look here, my precocious critic, it's clear you have a lot to learn. Have you followed with becoming interest the recent marvellous discoveries in the tomb of Tutankhamen? Have you pursued, at least in spirit, the quest for Pharaoh's mummy in the Valley of the Kings? Have you . . . . . No? Well, there you are. If you had, you would know that among the other priceless relics of a mummified past, Lord Carnarvon discovered certain rolls of papyri—you surely know what that is—and though they haven't been decoded yet, what do you think they are? The *Liber Defunctorum*? Bah! and again—pscha! You may take it from me they are copies of the Luxor High School Mag. Fact! Now

then, if Tutankhamen had a school mag. in or about 1360 B.C.—*thirteen hundred and sixty B.C.*—it follows that they *must* have existed in the time of Finn Macool. Q.E.D. Well then, we have established that Finn Macool was the Editor of a School Mag. . . . . You don't think? . . . . . and the habit he acquired when trying to puzzle out his Editorial stuck to him through life. No self-respecting Editor flings his thoughts at random at his readers; he has too much respect for them for that; no, tooth and thumb are in contact for quite a long time—in fact, for a very considerable time—from which you can see that an Editor's lot is not a happy one. . . . . Not much thinking required for this sort of thing? . . . . . Well, you are positively . . . . . yes, undoubtedly. 'What would *you* do had *you* the motive and the cue for writing that *I* have?' . . . . . An Editor should be more dignified and seriouser? . . . . . Oh, I see. This is the kind of thing *you* want: 'My dear readers, as we stand on the threshold of another

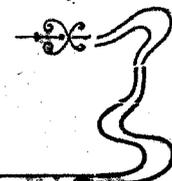
milestone in the stream of time and peer with straining eyes over the unlit vista of vast futurity on which the Sun of Hope is shedding his beneficial rays——' (Oh, dry up! P.C.) Ah, my precocious critic, you are impossible—unkind. When *you* reach the dignity of Editor, you will shed bitter tears of repentance for this, as you twirl in your revolving chair, with your thumb under your thinking tooth, working up your New Year Editorial. Till then, I pardon your youthful petulance and give you and all my readers my best wishes for 1923.

\* \* \* \*

A feature of this issue is the number of contributions from Old Boys of the School. The Magazine, as is stated on the Cover, is the Organ of the Pupils and Ex-Pupils and it is very encouraging and gratifying to find Old Boys showing their interest in their old School in such a practical way. We desire to express our acknowledgments to our Contributors and hope that their excellent example will be widely followed.



## School Notes.



**T**HE Swimming Gala, on October 11th, was the first break in the routine of Studies. It was the first Gala since 1919, and its success augurs well for future fixtures. The prizes were given out at the Breaking-up Concert on December 21st.

\* \* \* \*

On October 13th we enjoyed a whole holiday in honour of our Patronal Feast, a method of honouring St. Edward very much to our taste.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Ashford, our new choir-master, took up his duties in succession to the late much-regretted Mr. Brown. Judging by the samples we have already got in the Xmas Concert, we are confident of having a splendid Choir and

Orchestra. We bid Mr. Ashford a cordial welcome and wish him *ad multos annos*.

\* \* \* \*

On November 2nd and 3rd, we were honoured by a visit from His Majesty's Inspectors. We liked them very much, their manner being not at all formidably Inspectorial and we are glad to know that the boys of the College made a very favourable impression on them.

\* \* \* \*

During this term, an innovation much appreciated and sure to be of great benefit was introduced. This was the Benediction Service at the end of Saturday School, bringing the week to a pious and edifying conclusion.

with the Blessing of Our Divine Lord on our labours. \* \* \* \*

We were very fortunate during the last term in having an almost continuous succession of fine Wednesdays for our Football—not till the close of the term had any of the matches to be abandoned. In the Senior League, Upper Vc. are the leaders, while in the Middle and Junior Leagues, IVC. and IIIA. are on top, only one point, however, separating the latter from IIIC.

\* \* \* \*

The First XI. have had a very successful season so far. Except two, they were all new to the First team and took some little time to find their feet, but when they got into their stride they had a fine run of success. We expect even better from them during the remainder of the season.

\* \* \* \*

The Seconds have a splendid record—of the twelve matches played, they lost only one.

Proceed and prosper!

\* \* \* \*

A Holiday on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and then—the term Exams. We have, of course, got our Reports long since. Ow! The top-notchers in each class are given further on.

\* \* \* \*

After the Exams., the strains of musical rehearsals fell pleasingly on our ears. Holidays in the air and then on Dec. 21st—the shortest of the year!—we had our Breaking-up and a splendid Concert to put us in time for Xmas. The Concert was really fine, the new Orchestra quite ambitious in its classicality, while the humorous selections of Messrs. Curtin, Rowe and Hosker were evidently 'the thing' for a holiday school-boy audience. All joining in the School Song and Auld Lang Syne, we turned with jubilant hearts to the holidays—now alas, over. But—the next term's a short one!

## Holiday Thoughts.

GERALD McNALLY (Old Boy).

**I**T was the good fortune of the writer to spend a holiday among the lone high solitudes of Troutbeck in the Lake District, and here for a whole month he enjoyed the richest solitude that this delightful country has to offer.

The first thing that will appeal to the traveller venturing into these wilds for the first time is the intense loneliness of the place, which often produces in many minds the inexplicable feeling of charm. In these mountain fastnesses the few sounds which occasionally break the stillness have a charm which such noises fail to awaken in the more populous districts of the South. When alone with the lonely hills, the bleating of a sheep, the noise of the boisterous stream that tumbles down the rough mountain-side, or the quieter music

of the merry sun-reflected brooks which trickle down through creeks and inlets and at last come flooding into the lake—all add to the primeval solitude which impresses upon mortal man the immortality of his surroundings. The chime of the village clock borne sweetly through the woods at noon, or the homely barking of the dog at night as he makes his nocturnal rounds, are all evidences of the poetry of sounds which are enhanced a thousand-fold in these quiet surroundings.

"A noise like of a hidden brook,

In the leafy month of June,

That to the sleeping woods all night

Singeth a quiet tune."

To enjoy this holiday to the full one follows no cut-and-dried programme and is the slave of no particular road, but wanders at will over

a mountain-road following its tortuous path among the stately giants which border Windermere, or across the more even woodland ways where an entirely different vista opens before the eyes of the wanderer.

After a long ambling walk beneath the sun at noon, I can imagine no pleasure greater than the return journey in the cool of the evening; for it is at this period of the day when the sun has set, that the sweetest odours of the countryside fill the valleys and linger along the lanes and byways to greet and refresh the tired walker. In this quiet country, too, one meets and passes lonely pedestrians who look larger than human through the evening mists. The walkers are usually solitary or have a single companion, and on the march very few are the words which pass between these intimates of the road who seem to reserve their comments and praises for the supper-table at the inn, which will serve as a shelter for the night. I met many such in the course of my rambles, some in ordinary attire, others looking grotesque, but one and all very interesting, and when supper had loosened all tongues, the adventurers would relate their exploits with no little show of conscious pride and then would the mountaineer shoulder his stick and show how deeds were done. These casual meetings at the village hostels were very cheery and very often one leaves for the next day's stroll with keen recollections of very interesting personalities.

The district in and around Grasmere and Thirlmere abounds in folk-lore, and almost every nook and cranny has its legend; but in very many districts we often hear of instances of truth ever stranger than fiction.

I will never again climb the dark sides of Helvellyn without thinking of the unfortunate shepherd and his ever-faithful dog. Both dog and master probably knew every pass which winds and turns across this giant of the lakes, but on this eventful day the mists obscured the path and a false step sent the shepherd hurtling to his doom over one of the many precipices.

When the shepherd failed to return a search party was organised and for many days they searched in vain. It was only after three weeks' wanderings that they eventually discovered the shepherd dead, and the dog alive standing guard over its lifeless master. The story has since been immortalised in poems by Scott and Wordsworth.

When I reached the hospitable inn which was to serve as shelter, I spent the rest of that night musing on the fidelity of dogs.

A famous French writer, by name Pascal, paid a very high tribute to dogs when he wrote to his friend: "The more I see of men, the better I like dogs;" and our own Charles Reade remarks with witty sincerity: "He was only a man but he was as faithful as a dog." The cat is always pleased to be stroked but it has no affection for the hand that strokes it; but with the dog it is different. He wears his heart on his sleeve. He will run for you, bark for you, die for you. He is happiest when he is doing you a service. Remember his services during the war; see him guarding the lonely homestead or helping stricken climbers near the pass of St. Bernard. In short, the dog is the most unselfish of creatures and possesses many qualities man would do well to emulate.

The grey mists had begun to fall when I again reached the wonderful little village of Grasmere, and in the distance the old square church tower stood out vaporous and indistinct. I knew the old church well, and as if by instinct, I entered and sauntered round the hallowed church-yard. Here, in an unpretentious grave lies Wordsworth among his relations, and a very simple inscription informs us that he was born, and died. During his life-time he enjoyed a fair share of popularity and had many friends and public admirers. Now a few literary pilgrims visit his resting place, pay him the tribute of a glance, and then pass by.

Such are the changes that a few years bring about, and so do things pass away like a tale that is told.

## Relativity.

BERNARD SMITH.

MY DEAR SILAS,

Your annual letter came some months ago. I cannot express the gratitude or plumb the depth of emotion I feel when news from dear old Pullyersoxup City comes to yours humbly. I shall ever be grateful to you, dearest friend, for your kindness to me during my exile.

For now I intend to return. I have satisfied my ambition to find and appraise the much belauded learning of this mighty empire. And what have the five years of patient study given me? Nothing but a vast pity for the ignorance and narrow outlook of this people. With their puny brains, their fly-in-the-bottle conception of the immense and marvellous opportunities lying around them, they only irritate a truly great mind. And their lofty ideas! They mock at my modest and humble personal adornments, at my round spectacles, and my preference for a red tie and light-blue socks.

I must tell you of my terrible experiences since last I wrote. I must confess I never agreed with any of my landladies; they have no idea of true hospitality, especially to a native of our glorious land. You guess, then, my troubles have been over accommodation.

I always insisted on the mere necessities of life and nothing else, being a simple, plain man; but to the wretchedly low ideals of these people my wants were plutocratic and my demands obnoxious. I was told to ask for the hire of the royal palace, and given notice to find other abodes. In fact, I have been constantly finding new abodes, but near a year ago I found I was in financial difficulties and could not hope to live up to my ideals till the next remittance came. So I was forced to seek lodgings with a widow woman and bear my lot as best I could.

It was terrible. She lived all alone and talked incessantly of her "boy." This was a son of hers aged about forty. I found out that through the tyranny and incompetence of officials he had been forcibly removed to a public institution for the care of the insane. She imagined everyone was against her and would become hysterical when neighbours' cats took walks on the horrible little back-yard walls so familiar to this land. She had the police commissioned to prevent children singing through the letter-box at Christmas-time—a peculiar custom I have mentioned to you before. At night, she was very careful to seal every opening in the house and regularly, at 9 p.m., put a big chair and a flower pot from the parlour, as they call the best room here, behind the front door.

If I stayed up late a voice from the other room would comment on the cost of gas, and when retiring for the night I was regularly held up, candle in hand, on the stairs, waiting for the finishing off of a recital of the virtues of a son and the vices of neighbours and officials.

But I must hasten to finish. How are they all at home? Ah! I see the old power station and the pine trees and the saw mill in my mind's eye. I soon shall see them in reality, if I am spared. I shall cable you the time of my arrival. Till then, farewell.

Your old true friend,

JULIUS NAPOLEON IAMIT.

DEAR JACK,

Just a line to wish you the compliments of the season. How are you doing in that horrible little outpost of yours? I haven't the faintest what a mushroom city is, and how the mushrooms grow. You must tell me all about it in your next.

By the way, there is an awful queer-looking guy reading for his degree here. Never saw the likes since the organ grinders quit having monkeys with them to pick up the needful. And I believe he comes from some outlandish place as that which your miserable fate has sent you. He has a brain like a clean well. No mossy green fungoid trails across his mental vision to obscure the jewel in the shade. But I would much prefer to have no brains and be a little civilised than be such as he.

Will write a real good letter soon. Am in a hurry at present.

Cheerio, TOM.

DEAR TOM,

Thanks for your letter. I am anxiously awaiting the promised super letter. You cannot imagine life here, you say. No, it would be impossible, my innocent. But how are you all over there? It makes my heart ache to think of the good times you people must be having. I am dying to hear of how everybody is getting on, the old people and the young people.

But you want to know what Pullyersoxup City is like? Well, set your ears and listen to the sage at the other end of the world. You never saw such a place in your life. The weirdest jumble of modernity and savagery one's wildest dreams could conceive—that is this place. Everything is electrified. Yet they have no water supply and all sanitation is

private. The big folks have a well each, the lesser fry go along a magnificent avenue to the corner of the block and there, there is a common iron pump. The oil magnates and business big guns have a big dinner, say, in a super high class hotel while at the other corner of the block the police are playing a shoot-at-sight game as they raid a gambling saloon.

But I cannot do justice to the peculiarities of this City by merely remarking on them. The inhabitants are a funny people—generous, free and easy, but with a few decided kinks, the characteristics of which I shall leave to the next letter.

But I must say just one word how crude they are. It is glaring. It is astounding to see semi-savages on wonderful steeds, come to town via "Kick-the-Dust-Up Trail" unable to walk across the street because they wear high-heeled boots of the best kid leather. They do not look human when off their mounts. They rarely, however, walk and even to cross the street, mount, ride and dismount.

I must finish. My time is not my own. Write soon and I shall try and answer your extra good letter in my best style.

Yours ever;

JACK.

P.S.—The town is in an uproar. They are welcoming back the genius of the town, one Julius Napoleon Iamit.

J.

## Is It You?

I used to know a boy who always lay in bed  
till eight,  
Then scamped his toilet, tore into his clothes  
at fearful rate,  
And remarked, when he came down, 'I didn't  
know it was so late!'  
Was it you—this sleepy sluggard?  
Was it you?

Another boy is up and out as soon as it is  
light;  
He loves to bathe before the sun has put the  
dew to flight;  
And then he'll fish till breakfast (though he  
seldom gets a bite)  
Is it you—this early riser? Is it you?

I knew a boy who fussed about the things he  
had to eat ;  
He grumbled at the pudding and he growled  
about the meat ;  
With his cup half-full of sugar he would whine  
' It isn't sweet !'  
Was it you—this dainty feeder ?  
Was it you ?

His cousin just took everything exactly as it  
came ;  
Roast turkey, resurrection-pie, he ate it just  
the same ;  
Never quarrelled with his victuals—didn't  
think it was ' the game,'  
Was it you—this healthy youngster ?  
Was it you ?

There was another kind of boy who loved  
' to have a lark,'  
Provided he was pretty sure that he could  
' keep it dark ;'  
But when found out, he shuffled ! Sense of  
honour ? Not a spark !  
Was it you—this shifty coward ?  
Was it you ?

It once was my misfortune to know a certain  
boy,  
Whose coming home for holidays was not a  
source of joy,

For he used to tease his sisters and the house-  
hold to annoy.  
Was it you—this doubtful blessing ?  
Was it you ?

He too possessed a cousin of a very different  
brand :  
' When Jack comes home on holidays,' they  
said, ' it will be grand !'  
For he always gives his mother and the girls  
a helping hand.  
Is it you—this useful brother ? Is it you ?

I knew a boy who promised well and made a  
splendid start,  
But tired of the narrow path and chose the  
crooked part ;  
His name is never mentioned now. He broke  
his mother's heart.  
Was it you—this weak-kneed stripling ?  
Was it you ?

I know a man that gave his life his fellow-men  
to free  
From slavery to sin and want, for neither  
fame nor fee ;  
And I heard a voice that whispered, ' Thou  
hast done it unto Me.'  
Is it you—this noble worker ? Is it you ?

## Passion Play of Oberammergau.

By F. LOMAS.

**O**BERAMMERGAU ! The Passion Play !  
The titles are almost synonymous ;  
and both are famous throughout  
Europe and America. This year, hundreds of  
thousands of people from all Christian coun-  
tries and of all creeds witnessed this wonderful  
representation of Christ's Passion and Death  
on the Cross. Yet the play would be performed  
every tenth year if not a single visitor jour-  
neyed to that small Bavarian village to see the

spectacle. The Play, therefore, is not re-  
presented for mercenary reasons. The Passion  
of Christ is represented out of pure love of  
Our Lord and in fulfilment of a vow made by  
the community of Oberammergau nearly three  
centuries ago.

The origin of the Passion Play dates back  
to the year 1633. For a century religious  
discords had separated nations ; for decades,  
wars had sent their sorrows into all places.

Contagions followed in the wake of the wars. Such a one raged in the neighbouring districts of the "Ammer" Valley in which Oberammergau is situated. The lofty mountains of the Bavarian Tyrol separated the village from the infected areas and in addition every human measure possible was taken to prevent the spread of the disease. A workman, however, who had been performing field work during the summer in the infected parts, came secretly, with his wife and family over the mountains to celebrate the feast of the Consecration of the Church. He was the bearer of the fatal disease to Oberammergau. The following day, he died; within three weeks, eighty-four persons were victims of the same disease.

In these distressing conditions Almighty God's help was sought. "Twelve Elders of the village with their whole Community made the solemn vow to represent the Passion of the World's Saviour every ten years in grateful veneration of Him, and for edifying meditation." Their prayers were answered immediately for not another person died of the disease although many lay ill of it.

In the following year, 1634, the Passion of Christ was represented for the first time in Oberammergau. From the year 1680, the Community of Oberammergau have performed the Play every tenth year, despite many difficulties and hindrances.

The representation which I witnessed took place on a Sunday. On such days the Players are present at Solemn High Mass celebrated at 3-30. Shortly after its conclusion the visiting priests come to say their Masses and from 5-30 a.m. until 7-30 a.m., five Masses are being said at once. The church is thronged with visitors, most of whom have to stand in the capacious aisles.

At 8-0 a.m., the Theatre is packed with 20,000 people accommodated on a single, sloping floor, and the Play commences. The stage is open to the sky and has for scenery

but two houses; one at either end representing the residences of Pilate and Annas. In the centre and to the back of the proscenium is a large covered portion furnished with a drop scene and curtains. Here the tableaux and such scenes as the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden, and the Crucifixion are shown. The uncovered part of the stage is so large that seven hundred persons present at the "Entry into Jerusalem" and at the terrible scene before Pontius Pilate, do not fill it.

At the beginning of each act, the chorus of forty-six, men and women, form a single line across the stage. The Leader of the Chorus, intoning, explains the events of the coming act. This is followed by one or two tableaux; these tableaux represent Old Testament events which are symbolic of events occurring in the New Testament. They are explained in song by the magnificent chorus accompanied by a full orchestra. During the explanation they wheel, half to each side of the stage and the tableau is shown.

These tableaux are wonderful; many people take part in them varying from babies in arms to old men. They assume the most difficult positions and yet remain motionless for the space of two or three minutes.

The first tableau represents the Expulsion from Paradise of Adam and Eve; immediately following is the Adoration of the Cross. These two introduce the audience to the atmosphere of the Play. The remainder are the symbolic ones I have mentioned; thus one represents the sons of Jacob conspiring against Joseph and precedes the conspiracy of the chief priests; another portrays the falling of manna in the desert and precedes the Last Supper; the selling of Joseph prepares one for the betrayal of Our Lord by Judas, and before "the Way of the Cross," one sees Isaac bearing wood for his own sacrifice.

The Play, beginning at 8 a.m. lasts until 6 p.m., with a two-hour mid-day pause; it represents the Passion and Death of Christ,

beginning with the triumphant entry into Jerusalem and concluding with Christ's Glorious Ascension.

Of the Play itself little need be said ; its text adheres as much as possible to the Gospel according to St. John, while the sequence of events corresponds to that described by that Evangelist and, therefore, familiar to all who know the Passion.

The clothing of the Players resembles that originally worn in Palestine in so far as that is possible. While no 'make-up' is used the principal characters resemble to a remarkable degree the figures which one always sees in representations and do not efface our imaginations of them. This is particularly evident in Christ, Saints Peter and John, Mary Magdalene and Judas. This feature is so strongly marked that before seeing the Play or even pictures of it, one can recognise in the village streets such characters as I have mentioned.

I could not close this attempt at giving an idea of the Passion Play without mentioning especially Judas. His part is a hard one ; he succeeds in reproducing in his countenance

the wicked broodings of his mind, as is always the case with men contemplating wicked deeds. In several powerful soliloquies by which he reveals his thoughts, he manifests acting of the highest order. Indeed, Judas acquires quite a sympathy from the audience, when, in his last soliloquy, he realises that the Chief Priests intend to kill his Master. His sorrow is great, but he despairs of forgiveness and hangs himself with a halter.

Of the Crucifixion one can say but little. The sight of three men hanging on crosses, one apparently suspended from nails driven through hands and feet, with a laughing, jeering soldiery at their feet, makes one realise more than any description, picture, or other representation of that scene on Calvary, what a terrible and awful sight it must have been.

For twenty minutes, Anton Lang hangs there, irrespective of the weather, and this year he repeated the representation of the Death of Our Lord more than seventy times ! Such is the faith of the inhabitants of Oberammergau and such is their determination to fulfil the vow made by their ancestors nearly three hundred years ago.

## ✻ A Diver's Tales. ✻

V. McKENNA, U.V.B.

**O**F all professions on land and sea there is none that holds as much adventure and mystery as that of a marine diver. We are often held enthralled by the mysteries and romances of the sea, but little has been written of the dangers of the deep. While most of the five continents have been explored and the surface of the world's ocean traversed, the beauty and life of the ocean bed is very little known.

It has been my good fortune to hear many descriptions of the under-sea world from the lips of an experienced diver, and I will en-

deavour to give some of his most interesting "tit-bits" in this article.

A diver's first impressions on descending off a rock-bound coast is that of being lowered on to a small plantation. The bed of the sea is covered with a green vegetation of luxuriant growth, resembling clusters of dwarf plane-trees. Under the moving influence of the water, viewed from a distance the waving mass resembles immense fields of unripened corn. Another peculiar type of vegetation, encountered in sandy places, is a white plant like a large water lily, which at a touch from

the hand withdraws into the sand like a snail into its shell.

The water abounds with fish of all shapes and sizes which are nearly all timorous. The conger is practically the only exception to this rule, for if cornered it will bite its attacker and lash furiously with its tail. Like wild animals they are carnivorous and the diver often sees the spectacle of a battle between the stronger and weaker species. They can often be seen fighting over the dead bodies of their "departed brethren" like vultures over a battlefield.

Some fish are equipped with various attacking and defensive weapons. Some use stings, and others sharp-edged teeth, which often prove a menace to the diver's air-pipe and lines. One fish, commonly known to the divers as the "stink-fish," emits from its gills some substance which discolours the water around the diver, and enables the fish to make good its escape.

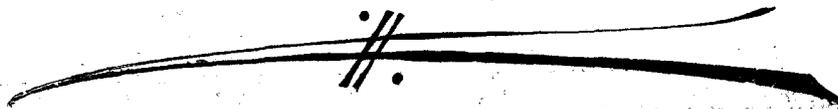
My friend, in his narration, has often spoken of the weird tasks he has had to perform. It has been part of his work to recover bodies from wrecks, and from the mud of the docks. On one occasion when salvaging a vessel which had sunk as the passengers were about to dine, he came across bodies in evening dress floating about with looks of indescribable horror on their faces.

On another occasion when salvaging an American cargo boat off the Cornish coast and while making his way along an alley-way in the sunken vessel, the diver was horrified to find the body of a big negro, fully dressed, moving gently to and fro in an upright position. Overcoming his fright, he signalled for a rope, attached the body, tied at the feet which were

encased in big sea-boots, and had the corpse hauled to the surface. Now this happened during the war, and men being scarce, women were employed in the small boat to turn the pump. They worked in relays of two, that is, while one pair worked the pump, the others rested on the thwarts. The first thing that came in view, when the body was hauled to the surface was the sea-boots, and both the women made a grab for them with the old instinct of their "wrecker" ancestors. Judge of the shock they received when they set eyes on "the coloured gentleman." My friend assured me that they did no more work that day.

During one of the Gold Rushes to California, a diver and his mate were attracted thither on hearing the stories of the amount of gold to be found in the river beds of the district. The diver had to descend and work amongst the gravel and sediment, whilst his mate acted as linesman in a small boat.

These men started very successfully, and one day the diver was down as usual, when suddenly the linesman was startled to see an Indian and his squaw watching him intently from the opposite side of the river. After studying the white man for a few minutes the silence was broken by an ejaculation from the Indian: "You no catch fish in dat river, Mister." Knowing that the diver was due to come up at any moment, the linesman replied: "All right, Johnny, wait and see." Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the diver suddenly rose to the surface. The poor Indian and his wife did not wait to enquire about the particular kind of fish, but fled without delay!



## Our Xmas Concert.

### PROGRAMME.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1. Orchestra—The War March of the Priests.<br/>.....<i>Mendelssohn.</i></p> <p>2. Choir ... "List the Trumpet's Thrilling Sound."<br/>.....<i>Meyerbeer.</i></p> <p>3. Song.....Selected. ....<br/><b>Mr. J. Curtin.</b></p> <p>4. Bagpipes .....Selected. ....<br/><b>B. Murphy and M. Coyne.</b></p> <p>5. Duet ..... "Alexander." ..... <i>Brewer.</i><br/><b>W. Loughlin and W. Farrelly.</b></p> <p>6. Recitation ... "Vitae Lampada." ..... <i>Newbold.</i><br/><b>W. Flynn.</b></p> <p>7. Trio ..... "Baby on the Shore." .....<br/><b>Messrs. Curtin, Rowe and Hosker.</b></p> <p>8. Orchestra ..... "Albion's Wreath." ..... <i>Volti.</i></p> <p>9. Song.....Selected. ....<br/><b>Mr. A. Hosker.</b></p> | <p>10. Recitation ..... "The Fall of D'Assiz." .....<br/><b>J. Taylor.</b></p> <p>11. Solo ..... "Absent." .....<br/><b>W. Farrelly.</b></p> <p>12. Choir ... "Land to the Leeward, Ho!" ... <i>Parry.</i></p> <p>13. Duet ..... "The Bold Gendarmes." .....<br/><b>Messrs. Curtin and Rowe.</b></p> <p>14. Humorous Recitation—<br/>... "The Goalkeeper's Christmas." .....<br/><b>J. Reddy.</b></p> <p>15. Instrumental Solo ... "Cavatina." ..... <i>Raft.</i><br/><b>J. Sweeney.</b></p> <p>16. Humorous Recitation ... "Election Address."<br/><b>J. Hopkins.</b></p> <p>17. Song.....Selected Humorous. ....<br/><b>F. Tivendell.</b></p> <p>18. Humorous Recitation ... "The Fire Brigade."<br/><b>J. J. Graham.</b></p> <p>19. All ... School Song and "Auld Lang Syne."</p> |
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## MODERN SPIRITS.

By GERARD R. COYNE, Upper VA.

THE sky suddenly became overcast and I hurried on fearful of being overtaken by a storm. Soon the rain commenced and, relinquishing my first hope of reaching home before the storm had attained its greatest violence, I began to seek a shelter. After a few minutes rapid walking, I espied a large building and determined to avail myself of whatever shelter it offered. Mounting some steps, I stood in the darkened porch and was engrossed in thought when I was startled by a hand clutching my arm, and a few words which, being spoken in a low key, in my preoccupation I did not catch. Acting on a sudden instinct I dropped some silver into the outstretched palm. In this place as in the outer world, "the root of all evil" was possessed of peculiar powers, for the hand, or rather the owner of the hand drew me through a curtained doorway into a large hall. The latter was almost in darkness which was accentuated by the feeble rays of a few shaded lamps. I stopped

and, my curiosity aroused by my strange entry, looked around the hall. It seemed to be full of shadowy faces all apparently attracted in the same direction and all wearing an expression of detached interest on their countenances. The eerie strains of soft music now came to my ears.

I was aroused from my contemplation of this strange place by my conductor, who apparently annoyed at my waste of his time led me brusquely down the hall. Amid sibilant whisperings, I sank into a cushioned chair. Now that I had leisure to analyse my feelings I noted with some surprise that I took everything as a matter of course and I was thoroughly determined to see the end of this adventure. Events were not long in forthcoming. At the farther end of the hall I perceived the figure of a handsome woman, apparently suspended in the air and surrounded by a haze of unearthly light. It seemed as if I had been permitted a glimpse

into the occult; and yet I was not conscious of excitement or fear. The figure turned its face towards me and I saw written there unspeakable terror. Now thoroughly fascinated, I saw creep up behind the first apparition who seemed to be imploring my aid, for although I could hear no words I could see her lips moving, a second figure, this time a man. The face of this second spirit, for such it appeared, seemed to me the personification of hideousness and brutality. As this Caliban approached his victim he drew a long knife. Yet I felt no inclination to interfere; no heroic nor chivalrous impulse urged me to take any part in the fantastic drama which was taking place before me. I seemed to be

in a world apart from these appearances, absolutely cut off from taking any action. As I watched, fascinated by the spectacle, I saw the woman turn and, a look of hateful triumph on his face the male apparition rushed at her, knife in hand. The combat which ensued was prolonged but it was obvious from the commencement of the struggle that it could only have one end. The woman's struggles against superior odds ceased and the knife, poised above her throat, was ready for the fatal stroke, when both of these strange figures vanished and an inscription took their place:

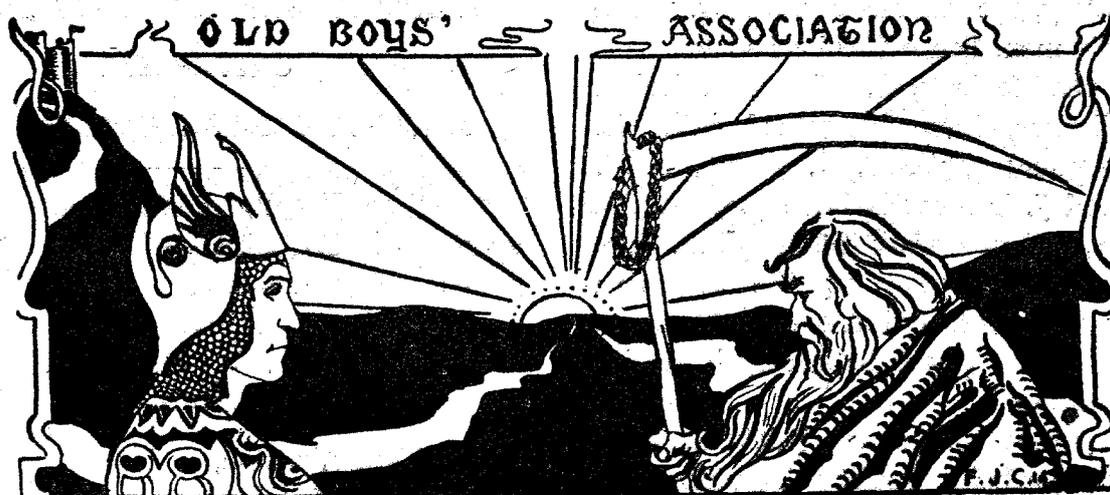
"Don't miss next week's exciting episode."

## Results of Term Examination.

### Xmas, 1922.

The following were placed 1st, 2nd and 3rd respectively in their Forms.

- VIA.—J. White, J. Quinn, J. Graham.  
 VIB.—J. Wilson, B. Taylor, A. McCord.  
 U.VA.—G. Coyne, G. LeBrun, R. Kelly.  
 U.VB.—H. Fletcher, G. Murray, B. Maguire.  
 U.VC.—D. Hagan, E. McManus, J. Fearon.  
 U.VD.—L. Jack, G. Kieran, A. Kirwan.  
 L.VA.—F. Norbury, T. Collins, F. Williams.  
 L.VB.—T. Lister, F. Denyer, J. Coventry.  
 L.VC.—F. Wade, P. O'Connell, J. Melia.  
 L.VD.—C. Bayliss, J. L. Redmond, A. Maher  
 and L. Tipping.  
 U.IVA.—L. Haworth, G. Lowe, J. Jeffers.  
 IVA.—J. Mooney, L. Vantalligan,  
 G. Cunningham and T. Higgins.  
 IVB.—A. Darbyshire, T. J. Dillon,  
 T. G. Dillon.  
 IVc.—M. Heneghan, F. Cassell, E. Hussey.  
 IVd.—D. Doran, Jas. Kenny, C. Boon.  
 U.IIIA.—A. Morgan, W. Loughlin, P. Hagan.  
 IIIA.—J. T. Fitzgerald, J. Seagrave,  
 W. T. Farrelly.  
 IIIB.—W. Suffield, J. Ferguson, J. Davis.  
 IIIC.—W. Molyneux, C. Nurse, F. Rowan.  
 IIID.—W. Moody, G. Culshaw, H. Kean.  
 U.IIA.—W. Lowe, H. Foley, B. Sharpe.  
 IIA.—G. Fitzgerald, G. Dalton, L. Enright.  
 IIB.—J. Doyle, N. Dudman, G. Waring.  
 I.—W. Tickell, T. Nelson, T. Kelly.



A very enjoyable Smoking Concert was held, on the evening of November 9th, at St. Edward's College. Col. 'Shute presided and there was a big muster of members. Messrs. Curtin, Donnelly, and Price contributed some humourous items, while songs and recitations by others also contributed to the evening's enjoyment.

\* \* \* \*

We give below the names of those Old Boys who figured in the University Lists of the December Exams. Hearty congratulations to all.

\* \* \* \*

We should like to see a few more wins to the credit of the O.B. Football Club. They have had a rather lean time during the past season. Now then, a pull all together.

"On! On! Let us rally one and all,  
Victories in class and field do we recall."

### University Letter.

THE VARSITY,

Xmas, 1922.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

We wish your readers the compliments of the season, whatever season it be; and having this duty done, we inform you of what little we have to write. At this season, the Medicals, Dentals, and Vets., are practically the only ones suffering Professional examinations.

But if they pass, they have additional charm lent to the Christmas Vacation. One minor joy of life here, is the very short wait before results are published. A week, at most, are we in suspense. Which is vastly different from the times when we used to wait for Oxford Local Results. But this is a digression; let us speak of results. John Unsworth has passed 2nd M.B. part A.; C. Allen, George Garrett and Herbert Cullen, their 2nd M.B. part B.; J. Gaughan passed Final M.B. part I; Bert Hawe and P. J. Rogers, Final part II.

Of the Dentals, Alf. Hely (commonly called Tim) gained his 3rd L.D.S. part B.

Our other representatives have been doing terminals lately. We note that our freshers are doing very well among the Engineers, R. Irvine and H. Hodson among the number. Josh Smith, it appears, has joined that wonderful class of people, geologists.

The Chemists seem to have joined the wonderful class of people, known as hermits. Several of them we have not located at all this term. Alf. Kieran lives in a little room filled with apparatus and himself. He is on research, in other words. Syd. Meldon, becoming a publicity-agent for the Catholic Society, always tries to sell us dance-tickets, or some such, when he button-holes us in the quad.

Similarly, Tony Barter is very interested in the Irish Society, Andy Calland in the His-

torical Society, Joe Swift in any society. These are all Arts men, hence their activities.

Among the Medicals, A. Adams, E. Irvine, and F. Lomas, have blossomed into the dissecting-room; while F. P. Irvine, F. B. Shevlin, and J. Unsworth, have progressed a bit further, and now walk the hospitals. Pip Hawe is house-surgeon at the Northern Hospital; we now and then see Dr. Flanagan rolling up to the Royal Infirmary in a nice little four-seater.

On the whole things are quiet up here, except for Catholic Society Functions at which C.I.O.B. are fairly prominent.

We now therefore become quiet ourselves,

And remain,

Yours as ever,

"VARSTY."

## Hidden Treasure.

J. J. GRAHAM, VIA.

THE first idea that "Hidden Treasure" brings to one's mind is thoughts of buccaneers and pirates hiding their ill-gotten gains in some secluded South Sea island. Hidden Treasure, however, is not confined to circumstances such as these; we have many true instances of wonderful Eldorados discovered almost by accident and lost again through some unlooked-for misfortune. Wherever precious metals are found wonderful stories are heard of "lost" mines in the search for which innumerable fortunes have been wasted and thousands of lives have been laid down. One such mine is known among Western gold-miners as the "White Cement" of Northern New Mexico which was discovered by White, a New England gold-seeker whose fame had spread into every mining camp on the coast of California.

One day in July 1868, White, who was then about sixty years old, came into the Horse Head Gulch Camp, near Amarillo, from

## SUCSESSES OF OLD BOYS AT THE UNIVERSITY.

DECEMBER EXAMINATIONS, 1922.

### Faculty of Medicine.

Degrees of M.B., Ch.B.—

Second Examination,

Part A: J. Unsworth.

Part B: C. P. Allen, H. L. Cullen,  
G. A. Garrett.

Final Examination,

Part I.—J. Gaughan.

Part II.—A. J. Hawe, P. J. Rogers.

### School of Dental Surgery.

Licence in Dental Surgery, Part B:—

A. F. Hely.

Northern New Mexico, driving his mule and looking utterly exhausted. On being bantered by someone about his vain search for a mine, he said, producing from his pocket some pieces of what looked like white clay or cement glittering with specks of metal: "Look at this." Immediately, realising his indiscretion, he became dumb and replacing his specimens, he went to find an assayer.

Before night, the whole camp was in a frenzy. The news had spread that White's specimens showed a thousand ounces of pure gold to the ton—easily worth sixteen hundred dollars for every ton of rock knocked down. A deputation called on White and commanded him to pilot the men to his find, promising him the pick of the claims. The old man steadfastly refused but finally, fearing that his life was in danger, he acceded to their demands. An expedition was fitted out, and, headed by White, they departed in search of the mine which, according to their leader, lay some

three hundred miles to the east of the camp.

White's trail led across some of the worst parts of the Rockies—a very difficult journey even for the most seasoned miner. By the end of the third day, exhaustion and fatigue had reduced the party by more than half. Finally, the old man led the survivors into a blind canyon nearly on the border line between Colorado and New Mexico and promised them that on the following day their journey's end would be reached. This news revived the worn-out men who lay down to sleep and dream of wealth. White, however, remarking that he was too excited to sleep went to see about the horses.

Day broke upon an extraordinary scene! White and his horse had disappeared and his followers, mad with rage, attempted to trail him. The very character of the country nullified the efforts, and finally, after a vain search for the lost mine, the remainder of the party reached civilization greatly reduced by the incredible sufferings they had undergone.

Three years later, White reappeared in Salt Lake City, where he took the generally sceptical Mormon leader, Brigham Young, into his confidence and got him to fit out an expedition. All was ready when White disappeared as suddenly as before. He had lent a bag of pure gold dust to a man in Provo, Utah, which afterwards realised fifty-four thousand dollars. He did not return to claim his property for he was never seen again and from that day to this, men have not ceased searching for his wonderful mine.

Of no less interest is the "Lost Cabin" mine, situated somewhere among the Big Horn Mountains in South Montana or Northern Wyoming, which was discovered by three miners—Allen E. Hurlburt, Adam Cox and Jefferson Jones.

These three men, in the latter fifties, went prospecting up the Big Horn River and managed to make their way safely through

the country which was alive with hostile Indians. Following the course of a stream they discovered a deposit of ore so rich in gold that they could hardly believe the evidence of their senses. They determined to endure the hardships of winter in an effort to develop their claim. Whilst one of the trio stood on guard against possible attack by Indians, the other two worked at the property finding solid lumps of gold, worth one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each. They felled trees, built sluices, and a dam across the stream and erected a log-cabin which they fortified with stockades. By the time the cold weather had forced them to suspend operations they had gathered nearly two bushels of nuggets and gold dust.

They passed the winter in safety and when spring came they began work again, harder than ever. Disaster, however, was close at hand. One day, when Hurlburt had gone to the cabin, leaving his companions at the sluices, he heard savage cries behind him and, climbing a tree, he saw that his companions had been attacked by Indians who scalped and mutilated them and then ransacked the cabin. He managed to escape, taking with him what food there was, and a quart of nuggets in his buckskin bag. He succeeded in crossing the prairie as far as the North Platte River, subsisting nearly all the time on roots, seeds and uncooked game. He was almost crazy with grief and exhaustion when he met some miners at what is now Fort Laramie, and told them his tale. The miners, well armed and well equipped set out with Hurlburt, when the latter had recovered. His health and mentality soon broke down and after a few days he died. The rest of the party continued their search which lasted altogether about ten years, but without success. Hundreds more have since followed their example but the vanished Eldorado still keeps its secret.

## Distribution of Prizes.



THE Annual Distribution of Prizes took place on Thursday, January 27th, at 5 p.m. There was a large attendance of the parents and friends of the boys. The Right Rev. Dr. Dobson, Auxiliary Bishop of Liverpool, presided and amongst those present were: Very Rev. Canon Hughes, Rev. D. O'Shea, Rev. J. O'Connell, Adm. Pro-Cathedral, Rev. M. Timmins, M.A., Rev. Fr. Mell, Rev. Fr. Cassin, Rev. Br. Leahy, Alderman J. G. Taggart, J.P., Councillor John Clancy, J.P., Mr. J. S. Rimmer, L.C.C., Mr. Howard F. Feeney.

An enjoyable musical programme was gone through under the direction of Mr. W. T. Ashford, the Choirmaster of the College.

Rev. Br. W. D. Forde, Principal of St. Edward's, welcomed the visitors to the College. It was, he said, his privilege speaking on behalf of the Community, the Masters, and the boys, to extend to his Lordship, the Bishop, a very special and sincere welcome to his old School. No doubt, his Lordship would find the role of the School slightly changed but it continued a humble and, it was hoped, an efficient asset in the Catholic educational work of the diocese. He then submitted the following account of the work of the College during the last School-year:—

"I am pleased to have to report that during the Session which terminated in July, 1922, the College maintained its efficiency, and though there was considerable fluctuation in the personnel of our numbers we remained well above 700. The abnormal economic conditions of the present time are no doubt responsible for a large list of withdrawals, but there is a correspondingly large list of applications for admission and so our numbers settle down to about 700 as I mentioned. This is rather a clumsy crowd, but as there

is possible accommodation here for 750 or 800 pupils and as there is generally no waning of discipline, thanks to the efficiency of our Staff, we are not overcrowded and discipline is well maintained. The insistent demand for the admission of boys below the age of eleven has forced us to undertake the organizing of a Junior Section of the College and so we hope to have the Junior School for pupils between the ages of seven and eleven in full operation very shortly.

The moral tone of the College has been maintained at its usual high standard and it is gratifying to note that generally speaking there is evidence of healthy co-operation between pupils and Masters in the different Forms. The results of the Examinations of the Forms which took place at the close of the Session were very satisfactory on the whole: in some cases they were quite excellent. The Senior Form of the Advanced Course took the Higher School Certificate Exam. of the Northern Universities and achieved considerable success. Of the eleven members of this Form all of whom took the Exam. ten obtained Certificates and the eleventh succeeded in his three main subjects but was denied the Certificate because the Examiners considered him weak in a subsidiary subject. One pupil was awarded Distinction in French one in Mathematics and one in Chemistry. Two were awarded Senior City Scholarships and three got Bartlett Scholarships all of which are tenable at Liverpool University for a minimum period of three years. Another was well above the standard for Senior City Scholarships but was debarred from the prize because his parents transferred their residence from Liverpool a few months previously and had ceased to be ratepayers

" in the city. It seems to me that the  
 " members of this class and their Masters  
 " merit our congratulations. These boys did well  
 " at a test which is of acknowledged difficulty  
 " and is far above the standard of the ordinary  
 " Secondary School. I feel confident they  
 " will, in their subsequent careers, reap full  
 " benefit from the advantages they have had  
 " here. It is perhaps of interest to point out  
 " that the Senior boy of this Form and  
 " consequently the Senior Prefect of the  
 " School has entered the Cistercian Order at  
 " Coleville, another is a novice in the Order  
 " of St. Benedict. Six are at the University—  
 " three in the Medical School and the others at  
 " various Scientific Courses, two have chosen  
 " the teaching profession and will proceed to  
 " the University this year, and one has elected  
 " to go into Commerce in his father's business.  
 " I am sure he will not be handicapped in his  
 " business career because he did not start  
 " at 14, rather the opposite must happen.

" The School Certificate Classes did very  
 " well too—both they and their Teachers are  
 " to be congratulated. We obtained a total  
 " of 62 Certificates, 15 of which are Matricula-  
 " tion Certificates. Thirteen were awarded  
 " Distinction in French, ten in Chemistry,  
 " four in Mathematics, four in History, one  
 " in Additional Mathematics and one in  
 " Physics. I should like to emphasize the  
 " intrinsic importance of this Certificate to  
 " obtain which is, or should be, the immediate  
 " aim of every pupil in the School. It is the  
 " key which opens the door to every profession  
 " and has been made by the Board of Educa-  
 " tion the hall-mark of a pupil who has had a  
 " real Secondary School Education, because  
 " it will not be granted merely because a  
 " candidate has passed the Examinations: the  
 " candidate must moreover have attended a  
 " recognized Secondary School for a minimum  
 " period of three years and must have attained  
 " the age of sixteen.

" The Form Examinations in the remainder

" of the School revealed, on the whole, a  
 " satisfactory condition of things. It would  
 " perhaps be unreasonable to expect uniform  
 " excellence as both our Syllabus and our  
 " Standard are high, but we look for the  
 " remedying of any weaknesses that have  
 " been revealed by these examination tests.  
 " In practically every Class the competition  
 " for the First places was exceptionally keen  
 " and the lucky winners of Prizes are to be  
 " congratulated.

" We are inspected periodically by the  
 " Board of Education and I am glad to be  
 " able to report that on a recent occasion the  
 " Board's Inspectors spoke with the utmost  
 " appreciation of the work which they saw  
 " here. Not the least gratifying of their  
 " comments at the close of the Inspection was  
 " the tribute which they paid to the fine tone  
 " of the School and in particular to the excel-  
 " lent manly behaviour of the Senior boys.  
 " I feel I can say unreservedly that our  
 " reputation with the officials of the Board of  
 " Education is very high indeed. In one  
 " particular, however, they find serious fault  
 " with us: the school-life of very many of  
 " our pupils is abnormally short, they say,  
 " and consequently we do not comply with  
 " the Second of the Regulations of the Board,  
 " which states: 'A school will not be recog-  
 " nized for payment of grants under these  
 " Regulations unless (i) the pupils normally  
 " remain at least four years at school, and  
 " (ii) the school-life of the pupils normally  
 " extends at least to the age of sixteen.'

" Personally I quite agree with the spirit of  
 " that Regulation even though our failure to  
 " comply with it, if persisted in, will eventu-  
 " ally jeopardize our status as a recognized  
 " Secondary School. A pupil who does not  
 " work systematically through a four years'  
 " course (12-16) cannot be said to have  
 " received a Secondary education, and to  
 " omit even the final year of the Course means  
 " that the pupil fails to reap the fruits of the

" major portion of his education. Generally  
 " speaking it is only when pupils attain the  
 " age of fifteen or sixteen that they have that  
 " maturity of intellect which gives them a  
 " real appreciation of the subjects they are  
 " studying. They will undoubtedly have  
 " assimilated much that is essential and  
 " beneficial prior to that age, but it is at this  
 " stage that they, so to speak, crystallize what  
 " they have been assimilating and that they  
 " begin to develop that breadth of mental  
 " vision and that appreciation of all that is  
 " great and beautiful in Art, in Science and  
 " in Literature, which can be such a valuable  
 " acquisition in after life. It is at this stage  
 " too that the high ideals which every good  
 " school strives to inculcate really strike home  
 " and consequently those who miss this period  
 " are deprived of the very crown of their work.  
 " It is obvious then why the Board of Educa-  
 " tion strongly recommend pupils, no matter  
 " whether they are intended for Commerce  
 " or for the Professions to continue at their  
 " Secondary Schools up to the age of 18 or 19,  
 " and to devote the two concluding years  
 " after School Certificate to specializing in  
 " some particular subjects always including a  
 " wide course in the Mother tongue. This  
 " course also seems to meet with the approval  
 " of the Universities.

" We cannot ignore the reasonable demand  
 " of the Board, to do so would eventually  
 " bring the loss of our recognition and this  
 " would mean nothing less than the immediate  
 " dismissal of the large number, over 200, of  
 " Free Place Scholars who are here. In one  
 " particular only do we quarrel with the  
 " attitude of the Board. We consider it would  
 " be more equitable to place the onus of this  
 " matter by legislation on parents themselves  
 " who are really the responsible persons: at  
 " present schools such as this must bear all  
 " the responsibility and suffer all the resulting  
 " penalties. It is the fact that the economic  
 " conditions which have prevailed for some

" time are responsible for some of our difficul-  
 " ties in this matter of premature withdrawals,  
 " but not all can be attributed to this cause.  
 " There are still some parents who do not  
 " feel they have any obligations in this matter  
 " and who are quite satisfied to withdraw their  
 " boys at the age of fourteen or fifteen. In  
 " all cases, of course, they expect a reference,  
 " but I feel that it is my duty to refuse refer-  
 " ences in such cases. It does not encourage  
 " one to award Scholarships to boys whose  
 " parents cannot be relied on to retain their  
 " boys at school for the stipulated period  
 " either because they wish to make the boy  
 " a wage-earner at fourteen, or the boy him-  
 " self, as happens nowadays, decides to ignore  
 " these scraps of paper now to leave school as  
 " he is entitled to do by Act of Parliament.

" Not all our difficulties come from that  
 " particular class; there are others that would  
 " come in various categories, but which ac-  
 " centuate our position none the less. If I am  
 " emphasizing this matter it is not because  
 " I have any desire to maintain high numbers  
 " of pupils here. I have absolutely no concern  
 " on this head. My sole object is to secure  
 " compliance with the spirit of the Regulation  
 " which we must obey, and which demands  
 " that boys entering a recognized Secondary  
 " School before or at the age of twelve shall in  
 " ordinary circumstances continue there up  
 " to the age of sixteen and take their School  
 " Certificate Exam. at that age. They are  
 " then free to leave unless they elect to  
 " remain for the special Advanced Course  
 " where they exist or have some particular  
 " purpose in view.

" The interests of our Old Boys are always  
 " dear to us. We like to continue to reckon  
 " them among our household and to assist  
 " them as far as we can. We are largely  
 " represented at the local University. There  
 " are more than fifty of our ex-pupils in almost  
 " every faculty—the majority being in the  
 " Medical School, the School of Chemistry,

“ and the Engineering School. I am glad to  
 “ know they are the soul of the Catholic  
 “ Society in the University and the result of  
 “ their different Exams. would indicate that  
 “ they keep their main object well in view.  
 “ At the last Exams. the successes included :

- 2 B.A. Hons.
- 1 B.A. Pass with Distinction in History.
- 2 M.Sc. Chemistry.
- 1 B.Sc. Hons., Maths.
- 1 B.Sc. Pass.
- 1 M.B., B.Ch. with Hons. L'pool, L.R.C.S.  
 (Lond.)
- 2 Dep. Pub. Health.
- 1 M.Eng.
- 1 B.Eng. Hons.
- 3 B.Eng. ordinary Pass.
- 1 L.D.S.
- 7 various Medical Exams.

“ We congratulate all but in particular Dr.  
 “ Philip Hawe who took in the one stride his  
 “ Medical qualifications with Honors in Liver-  
 “ pool and also at the R. C. of Surgeons and  
 “ Physicians, London, also Mr. Austin J.  
 “ Maguire who got his M.Eng., and Messrs.  
 “ Doyle and McParland, M.Sc. (Chem.). I am  
 “ credibly informed that this year we can  
 “ expect quite a small batch of Doctors of  
 “ Philosophy.

“ Among those who passed into the category  
 “ of Old Boys last year as many as seventeen  
 “ went into Seminaries to prepare for the  
 “ Priesthood or entered the Novitiates of  
 “ Religious Orders. We sent representatives  
 “ to the Cistercians, the Benedictines, the  
 “ Oblates of Mary Immaculate, the Mill Hill  
 “ Fathers, the Christian Brothers ; the major  
 “ portion of the batch went to St. Joseph's  
 “ College, Upholland, and to Ushaw College.

“ We are very pleased to know that it is  
 “ intended to re-constitute the Old Boys'  
 “ Association immediately. It is scarcely  
 “ necessary to say that we hope all Old Boys  
 “ will give the New Association their most  
 “ generous support, and that they will thereby

“ enable it to function immediately.

“ The Annual Retreat was given with  
 “ marked success by Rev. Father Norbert,  
 “ O.F.M., who was kindly assisted by Fathers  
 “ of his Community, St. Mary of the Angels,  
 “ Fox Street. Thanks to the very great  
 “ kindness of the Rector of this Parish, the  
 “ Rev. Fr. O'Shea, the boys of the College  
 “ have now the privilege of Benediction at the  
 “ close of each week.

“ Our organized games are pursued with  
 “ enthusiasm and with success. The usual  
 “ keenness has not abated and there is no  
 “ departure from the good sportsmanship  
 “ which we always inculcate. It has been  
 “ possible for us to arrange for the accom-  
 “ modation of every Form in the College in  
 “ our Grounds at Walton Hall. We are going  
 “ ahead with the preparation of the grounds  
 “ at the College, but this is a heavy task and  
 “ must take considerable time. The Gym-  
 “ nasium is fully utilized and our Physical  
 “ Instructor has a pretty full week.

“ The death of Mr. Brown, last September,  
 “ was much deplored by all of us and his loss  
 “ caused a temporary set-back to our Music.  
 “ I am pleased to say that his successor has  
 “ retrieved much that we missed and I feel  
 “ confident that not only the Music in the  
 “ ordinary classes but also the College Choir  
 “ and the College Orchestra will be at a  
 “ satisfactory standard immediately if they are  
 “ not so already.

“ The financial condition of the College has  
 “ not improved, and if the full effect of Mr.  
 “ Fisher's last thrust at the Voluntary  
 “ Secondary Schools is not warded off or  
 “ negated, our financial position will I fear  
 “ be made considerably worse. The evil effects  
 “ of his famous Circular are already obvious  
 “ and many Local Authorities have availed of  
 “ the opportunity to decline to give assistance  
 “ to Voluntary Secondary Schools. We are  
 “ hopeful that Liverpool will not follow Mr.  
 “ Fisher's lead. We consider that the most

" serious aspect of the Circular referred to is  
 " the evidence it supplies of the desire to  
 " hamper us financially, because the ostensible  
 " claim of economy under which the Circular  
 " was issued meant, in equity, nothing more  
 " than the transfer of responsibility from the  
 " Taxes to the Rates. Last Session we ob-  
 " tained our first Capitation Grant of £2 per  
 " pupil from the Bootle Education Authority :  
 " Mr. Fisher supplies a pretext for the dis-  
 " continuance of this meagre grant and so, I  
 " fear, it will not be continued. Lancashire  
 " C.C. has remained obdurate and will not  
 " make us a grant for the majority of those  
 " pupils who reside in the County area.  
 " It is not very reassuring to notice that  
 " during the period that Mr. Fisher's Circular  
 " to which I referred was, so to speak, *sub-*  
 " *judice*, Mr. T. P. O'Connor was, I believe,  
 " the only Catholic member of the House of  
 " Commons who protested against the unfair-  
 " ness of a Regulation which has such serious  
 " consequences for our Secondary schools.

After the Report was read, His Lordship distributed the Prizes and Certificates to the successful students and delivered an interesting address. He referred to the pleasure it gave him to visit again his old School, where he had been a pupil in 1879, and amused the audience, especially the boys, by some humorous reminiscences of his schooldays. He rejoiced to find St. Edward's in so flourishing a condition and congratulated Br. Forde and the Community and Staff on the work that was being accomplished. It gave him special pleasure to know that the Religious and Moral training of the Boys held the foremost place in the College and referred to the pleasure it gave him to see so many of the boys wearing the Badge of the Knights of the Blessed Sacrament. The religious atmosphere of the College was shown in the large number of ecclesiastical vocations among the boys, a

feature on which His Lordship dwelt with pleasure. In this connection he announced that the Ecclesiastical Authorities of the Diocese had given recognition to the College as an institution for the education of intending students for the priesthood, who would continue their Secondary School Course there up to the age of sixteen when they would take their School Certificate Examination. They would then proceed to the Ecclesiastical Seminaries. In this respect, the Diocesan Authorities had set a headline to parents whom he earnestly urged to keep their boys at School until they had finished their Course and completed their sixteenth year. His Lordship strongly supported the comments in the Report with regard to the evils of withdrawing boys before the age of sixteen.

Another feature of the Report which afforded him great satisfaction was the announcement of the re-constitution of the Old Boys' Association. Such associations of Old Boys would help to form a strong, influential body of educated Catholic men, and he rejoiced to know that the Association was about to resume its vigorous life.

A cordial vote of thanks to His Lordship was proposed by Alderman Taggart, who emphasized the necessity of carefully guarding the interests of our Secondary Schools against legislation which was calculated to deprive them of all they had fought for in the past and of all they had achieved. He assured the Archbishop and the Ecclesiastical Authorities that they would have the unanimous support of the whole Catholic body in any issues that might arise regarding our Secondary Schools just as it was given in the struggle for the Elementary Schools. Mr. J. S. Rimmer seconded the vote of thanks which was carried with acclamation. The proceedings closed with the singing of the School Song, the Song for the Pope, and the National Anthem.

## Prize List.

### College Gold Medal.

First Place in VIA.—ROBERT IRVINE.

*Religious Knowledge*—EDWARD IRVINE.

### High School Certificate and Prizes—

- |                  |                     |
|------------------|---------------------|
| 1. R. IRVINE.    | 7. J. M. SMITH.     |
| 2. F. E. LOMAS.  | 8. J. A. CUNNINGHAM |
| 3. A. E. ADAMS.  | 9. J. MURRAY.       |
| 4. E. D. IRVINE. | 10. J. W. KERR.     |
| 5. P. FLEMING.   | 11. D. MORGAN.      |

### Matenian Association Scholarship—

J. GRAHAM; J. WHITE.

VIB.—Class Prizes :

1. JAMES M. QUINN.
2. J. W. ROBERTSON.
3. JOHN WHITE.

*Religious Knowledge*—J. J. GRAHAM.

### Matriculation Certificates—

LEONARD DALY. BERTRAM HURLEY.  
 MATTHEW DOWNES. GEORGE P. KILLEEN.  
 JOHN G. DUFFY. JAMES C. RATCHFORD.  
 ANDREW T. MCCORD MICHAEL J. ROCHE.  
 JOHN F. MOFFAT. HENRY SINGLETON.  
 JAMES C. MURPHY. BERTRAM F. TAYLOR.  
 JAMES P. MURPHY. JOHN S. WILSON.  
 JOHN HURLEY.

### School Certificate—

College Silver Medal—A. T. MCCORD.

(First place).

U. VA.—*Religious Knowledge*—JOHN WILSON.

- Class Prizes : 1. A. T. MCCORD.  
 2. B. F. TAYLOR.  
 3. M. J. DOWNES.

U. VB.—*Religious Knowledge*—HUGH V.

FLETCHER.

- Class Prizes : 1. M. J. ROCHE.  
 2. LEONARD DALEY.  
 3. BERTRAM HURLEY.

U. VC.—*Religious Knowledge*—FRANCIS LANE.

- Class Prizes : 1. W. H. BIRD.  
 2. RAYMOND HOWARD.  
 3. JOSEPH MAGUIRE.

L. VA.—*Religious Knowledge*—G. LEBRUN.

- Class Prizes : 1. G. COYNE.  
 2. G. LEBRUN.  
 3. W. MERCER.

L. VB.—*Religious Knowledge*—S. BROWNE.

- Class Prizes : 1. D. HAGAN.  
 2. J. CARNEY.  
 3. E. MACMANUS.

L. VC.—*Religious Knowledge*—F. WALSH.

- Class Prizes : 1. J. ROCHE.  
 2. F. WALSH.  
 3. G. DEVLIN.

L. VD.—*Religious Knowledge*—G. SCUTTS.

- Class Prizes : 1. V. LEE.  
 2. F. McGRATH.  
 3. J. LOVEALDY.

IVA.—*Religious Knowledge*—A. HALL.

- Class Prizes : 1. F. NORBURY.  
 2. T. COLLINS.  
 3. D. IRVINE.

IVB.—*Religious Knowledge*—T. LESTER.

- Class Prizes : 1. H. TAYLOR.  
 2. J. MCGINITY.

IVC.—*Religious Knowledge*—J. DUNNE.

- Class Prizes : 1. D. MURRAY.  
 2. A. GREEN.  
 3. J. CUDDY.

IVD.—*Religious Knowledge*—P. O'CONNELL.

- Class Prizes : 1. J. MELIA.  
 2. E. KELLY.

IVE.—*Religious Knowledge*—W. RICHARDSON

- Class Prizes : 1. R. FURLONG.  
 2. J. SNAPE.

U. IIIA.—*Religious Knowledge*—L. HAWORTH.

- Class Prizes : 1. V. ENRIGHT.  
 2. F. SPILLANE.  
 3. G. LOWE.

IIIA.—*Religious Knowledge*—N. MACWADE.

- Class Prizes : 1. F. O'SHAUGHNESSY.  
 2. J. MOONEY.  
 3. G. CUNNINGHAM.

III B.—*Religious Knowledge*—J. RICE.

- Class Prizes* : 1. T. G. DILLON.  
2. T. J. DILLON.  
3. J. RICE.

III C.—*Religious Knowledge*—E. JACKSON.

- Class Prizes* : 1. G. MELIA.  
2. J. SHEPHERD.  
3. F. CASSELL.

III D.—*Religious Knowledge*—J. G. DOYLE.

- Class Prizes* : 1. J. HEENAN.  
2. B. MALONE.

III E.—*Religious Knowledge*—D. DORAN.

- Class Prizes* : 1. J. ROGAN.  
2. D. O'CONNELL.

Upper II A.—*Religious Knowledge*—P. HAGAN

- Class Prizes* : 1. A. MORGAN.  
2. J. CORRIGAN.  
3. W. LOUGHLIN.

II A.—*Religious Knowledge*—T. SIMMONS.

- Class Prizes* : 1. W. SUFFIELD.  
2. B. SHARPE.  
3. J. WEBSTER.

II B.—*Religious Knowledge*—D. WOLFE.

- Class Prizes* : 1. K. BRYSON.  
2. J. BLANCHARD.

Form I.—*Religious Knowledge*—G. DALTON.

- Class Prizes* : 1. A. MUNOZ.  
2. R. LILLIS.

Prep.—*Religious Knowledge*—R. PRATT.

- Class Prizes* : 1. W. TICKLE.  
2. N. DUDMAN.  
3. J. DOYLE.



## ❖ The Speculation. ❖

J. W. ROBERTSON.

“WELL, I don't see any reason in the world why I *should* give you a rise, Waring. You have average pay and you know yourself I have men better than you.”

“I quite understand that, sir, but on the other hand, I think that from my previous work, I have shown myself more capable than many in this office.”

“Oh! I don't think so! Can you give me an example?”

“I don't mean that I've performed any great achievement, sir, but my work, I should say, has throughout been consistent, and on the whole good.”

“H'm! Is that so?”

The manager of the head office of Thompson's Electrical Works paused meditatively and thought a moment.

“So you believe yourself to be a business man, do you?” he enquired.

“Candidly, I do, sir. At least, I imagine

myself to be above the mere elementary principles.”

The manager eyed his employee keenly, but there was no mistaking the fervour of that gentleman. He obviously had a high opinion of his merits and was not slow in endeavouring to force his ideas upon the manager. The latter, however, did not appear at all too certain.

“Look here, Waring,” he said, suddenly. “I've a proposition to make to you. To give you a chance to prove the statements you've just made, I'm willing to give you a month's holiday, and I'll forward you two hundred pounds. Within the month you must have increased your capital to £1,000. In this case, I will give you a rise of fifty pounds a year. If you fail, I will lower your income by fifty pounds until the two hundred pounds is returned. Of course, if you succeed, I will deduct the sum from the thousand pounds. You may make the money by any legal means

whatsoever, but it must be your own. No borrowing and paying back when you have the rise, you understand. Now, will you take it on?"

To say that Waring was surprised is to put it mildly. He knew the manager to be strictly practical and he never suspected him capable of such an offer. For some seconds, he stared forward, too astonished to note the rather cynical smile that crept over the manager's face. Then collecting himself, he began to review the position.

To gain £1,000 in one month! Jove, it was rather big to expect. . . . . yes, very big. . . . . Never mind, though, he knew himself to be clever and capable—quite as good as the manager, even. And now he had his chance. Yes! he was the man for——

"Well, what do you think of it?" The manager's voice broke in upon his thoughts.

"It's rather a difficult task, sir, but nevertheless I think I can manage it. Yes, sir, I accept."

The transaction was thus sealed and ten minutes later, Waring with forty five-pound notes in his pocket and the prospect of a month's speculations before him, set out from the office and made straight for the residence of his one great friend, Brown. Now Brown, unlike his associate, possessed brains and common-sense, but nevertheless, he was "out-of-work." Luckily, having a bit of money, he was able to live quite comfortably—at least for a time.

Brown was busily occupied in overhauling his bicycle, when he was disturbed by three violent knocks on the door.

"Sounds like Waring," he thought as he went to investigate.

Waring it was, and a very sprightly Waring at that.

"Hullo, Brown, old fellow," he exclaimed as soon as the door was opened. "How are you doing? Got work yet?"

"No, I haven't, I'm sorry to say, and there

seems to be no prospect at all." replied Brown.

"Oh, never mind," quoth Waring cheerily. "I've a little problem to solve and I may need your help."

"Surely your great intellectual powers can rise to the occasion," said Brown sarcastically, for he knew Waring and was rather put-out by his affairs.

"Hush, now, Brown," put in Waring. "Come and listen to the nature of the problem."

Brown led the way into the parlour and the interview and its results were briefly told.

"On my way here," concluded Waring, "I decided to try my hand at writing articles for daily papers. You know how I can write, I suppose?"

"Oh! quite!"

"H'm! well now, what shall I write on?"

"Paper, I suppose."

"Now, look here, Brown, don't be sarcastic. I know you're put out a great deal, but still you might lend a chap a hand. Can't you suggest anything."

Brown was mollified, but could not help him.

Thus it was that Waring returned home empty-handed, and spent most of the day in trying to make a start.

\* \* \* \*

A week later, Brown and Waring were standing on the deck of the "Elysia" bound for Hamburg. It was on the former's advice that the journey was undertaken. For the past week, Waring had been a nuisance to everyone within a radius of five miles of his residence. He had made a fool of himself at the Stock Exchange, had offered ridiculous prices at auctions and had twice narrowly escaped arrest for stopping and trying to board the cars of influential City men. He had even suggested "working" the football competitions by a "system"—until Brown told him he would need about a million tickets.

Arrived at Hamburg, they proceeded to the Foreign Exchange where Waring delivered

one hundred and seventy-five pounds to be changed for German marks. They left exactly one hour later, but carrying large parcels in their arms, and made for the apartments reserved for them.

A week's sojourn in Hamburg did not tend to increase Waring's money; in fact, the opposite. Then, as a last desperate resource, Waring decided to go to Berlin, where, he stated, he had some business friends who might help him. Accompanied by his faithful Brown, he made his way to the station, and found a train due to start in just under one minute. Upon hearing the news, they rushed to the booking-office, got their tickets, and dashed down the platform, baggage in hand. Brown had a fleeting vision of the guard's flag being waved, heard the shriek of the engine, when he received a push in the back, and Waring's voice was heard:

"Here! into this carriage, man!"

"It's reserved," shouted Brown and made a dash to the next. He wrenched open the door, slung his bag in and clambered in himself, to sit down gasping on the seat. Waring had bundled himself into the reserved carriage. Having assured himself that Waring was all right, he looked around him.

It was only then he saw a gentleman, obviously English, who was gazing amusedly at him from the far corner of the carriage and Brown was therefore not surprised to hear himself addressed in his own tongue. Being more concerned, however, about the welfare of Waring than about the state of the weather, he answered gruffly. All the Englishman's queries and observations met with monosyllabic replies.

Finally, he remarked: "You seem rather put out, it appears, sir."

"Well, what else can you expect when you are travelling with an idiot," burst out Brown impetuously.

"Sir!" exclaimed his companion, with anger, "How dare you! This is——"

"Oh! I'm awfully sorry," put in poor Brown quickly. "I was referring to my companion in the next compartment."

"I see," responded the gentleman, "It's quite all right. It's my turn to apologise."

"Not at all."

This incident brought about a conversation.

At the next station they were interrupted by a commotion on the platform. Brown put his head out of the window, and there to his horror was Waring being dragged out of the station by two stalwart officials. Directly Waring saw his friend, he shouted: "It's all right, Brown! I'll be free directly and I'll communicate with you as soon as possible." Then he was hauled through the barrier.

"Great Scott! where will the fellow end up?" thought Brown, as he regained his seat.

The journey was continued and the two Englishmen passed the time away by playing cards.

The train was slowing up for the last time before it reached the terminus when the gentleman arose.

"I'm afraid I'll have to go and see about my luggage, now. You see, I have a friend waiting for me at the terminus, which is only a mile off and then I'm going straight to Dresden."

"Oh! is that so?" queried Brown. "Well I'll say good-bye, for I don't suppose I'll see you again."

"Good-bye," smiled his companion and they gripped hands.

Hardly had the latter turned down the corridor than a face appeared at the carriage window, and a young man gazed into the compartment straight at Brown.

"You are Mr. Brown, just over from London, are you not?" he enquired.

"I am," replied Brown, wondering who he was.

"Well, everything is all right, of course," continued the newcomer.

Ah! so that was it. Waring had sent this

man to him to put his mind at ease.

"I'm very glad to hear it," replied Brown.

"Yes, but I must apologise for meeting you here instead of at the terminus, as directed. You see, I was afraid I could not reach it in time."

"Oh, don't worry. It's quite all right."

"Well, all I've got to do is to hand you the documents. Here they are," and before Brown could realise it, they were in his hands.

Just then the train started.

"I say," shouted Brown, waving the documents to the man, now ten yards down the platform. His voice was partly drowned by the engine's whistle.

"Good-day," replied the man, mistaking both his actions and words.

\* \* \* \*

Brown and Waring met at Hamburg a few days later. The latter had been released, and had decided to give up his quest for the thousand pounds.

They soon booked their passage and returned to England. Meanwhile, Brown related his unique experience.

Waring, however, could not make anything of it.

On Saturday evening, Brown was disturbed by Waring rushing in upon him, brandishing a newspaper. He grabbed it and read the paragraph indicated. It was to the effect that important contracts which were to be delivered to Mr. Brown of Thompson's Electrical Works were handed, probably by mistake, to another gentleman who travelled in the same carriage. A reward was offered for the return of the documents.

"You see, you also got into a reserved carriage," explained Waring. "But, never mind, I'll put in a word for you, and old Brown will be sure to give you a clerkship. As for myself, look here!" and Brown read: "Tremendous rise in German mark."

"Unprecedented scenes on Stock Exchange."

"So you see, Brown, I've got my thousand pounds—one thousand and twenty pounds to be exact.

\* \* \* \*

On the following Monday, Brown and Waring set out to work together.

## Some Tricks of Nature.

### PLANTS THAT CATCH AND EAT FLIES.

**D**URING our rambles among cultivated fields we have probably observed that one season they are planted with grain, and next with turnips, or some similar root crop. This is not mere whim or fancy on the part of the farmer but a very essential consideration if he desires profitable crops.

The various classes of plants, like animals, require different kinds of food and it naturally follows that the same crop grown for several seasons on the same field would eventually exhaust the soil of its ammonia, salts, nitrates, and other inorganic compounds, which when dissolved, would be absorbed by the roots of this particular crop; hence the farmer has then to resort to supplying the exhausted soil

with raw materials such as manures, bones, guano, etc., which consist largely of compounds of nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash. However by means of a "rotation of crops" different demands are restored to it, and Nature becomes, so to speak, her own physician in a large measure.

In Nature, where classes of plants grow together, such exhaustion of the soil does not really take place, yet it sometimes occurs that plants exist in situations which lack those essential mineral matters required by the plant organism; then like farmers these plants have to take means of supplying those ingredients which are absent or deficient. Hence it comes about that a number of our wild plants so

placed, having learnt that the soil which surrounds their roots cannot supply their needs, have given up the habit of developing roots of any appreciable size, and instead, have devoted their energies to producing curious hair structures on their leaves as a means of supplying their wants.

Such examples may be found in interesting plants called Sundews (*Drosera*) which are often familiar in large numbers on the surface of sphagnum bogs and similar wet soils. The roots of these plants of which we have three British species, are short and stumpy and serve rather to anchor the plants to the ground than to render service as organs for conveying nourishment.

These plants have curious red hairs that radiate from their leaves in all directions, each one secreting at its tip a tiny globule of what is apparently tempting nectar, which passing flies can seldom resist, but which should they attempt to taste, invariably means death to them. The glands are so sticky that immediately a fly or other insect touches one of them it is at once caught and held there, and so sensitive is the plant that the hairs near the one affected almost instantly bend over to its assistance and if two flies happen to be captured at the same time the hairs will divide themselves up, about half of them giving attention to each.

The slightest movement on the part of the captured insect only makes matters worse, the hairs secreting greater quantities of fluid and becoming more and more sticky as their victim struggles. An acid liquid with digestive properties is also secreted by them, and so the life material of the insect is converted into that of the plant; and in this artful way the sundews obtain that nitrogen, potash, and other salts which the marshy soil fails to supply. When these hairs have absorbed all the nutriment contained in the substance of their prey, they once more straighten out and await fresh victims.

Likewise with the Butterworts (*pinguicula*) found amongst wet rocks in some of the western hilly districts of England and Scotland. Their leaves are covered with thousands of tiny glandular hairs, which secrete a kind of greasy digestive fluid, which prevents any tiny flies alighting upon the plant from getting away again. As with the sundews, the more the flies struggle the more "butter" is secreted, so that they slip about and become hopelessly surrounded with it; the edges of the leaf being turned up to prevent their sliding off.

Besides these plants to be found at home, there are also remarkable plants in warmer climates, the leaves of which develop at their ends curious jug or pitcher-like vessels containing liquid, each pitcher in some species holding as much as two quarts. These Pitcher-plants capture their prey by methods quite different from that of the Sundews, using their pitchers as water-traps for the capture and retention of insects. Each pitcher is provided with a slightly poised lid, which probably serves to prevent undesirable substances from gaining access, below which is a strong rim.

Around this is secreted a sticky sweet liquid which lures insects further and further into the interior, from which they cannot return owing to recurved hooks and spines barring their egress. Some species develop hooks powerful enough to retain small birds that have incautiously come to drink at the pitchers.

Eventually the intruding insects or birds are drowned in the liquid contained in the pitcher, which is of an acid reaction and acts upon the animal substances, until together with the fluid, the prey becomes suitable nitrogenous food for the plant to digest. The walls of the interior of the pitcher are lined with elevated glands, each of which is covered with a hood and secretes the acid digestive fluid.

So does Nature wonderfully provide for the needful sustenance of these plants, but "Nature is but the name for an effect the cause of which is God."

## Secondary Schools' Football Shield Competition, 1923.

The following are the draws in this Competition:—

### SENIOR SHIELD.

### JUNIOR SHIELD.

**First Round.**—February 7th.

*Byes*:—Alsop, Bootle, Collegiate.

- A. Waterloo v. Collegiate.
- B. Wallasey v. Holt.
- C. S.F.X. v. St. Edward's.
- D. Oulton v. Liscard.
- E. Birkenhead Inst. v. Liverpool Inst

**First Round.**—January 31st.

*Byes*:—Waterloo, Bootle, Oldershaw.

- A. Liverpool Institute v. Oulton.
- B. Holt v. Liscard.
- C. S.F.X. v. Alsop.
- D. Birkenhead Inst. v. Quarry Bank.
- E. Collegiate v. St. Edward's.

**Second Round.**

**Semi-Final.**

February 21st.

March 7th.

- |                      |          |
|----------------------|----------|
| F. B. v. Bootle.     | F. v. G. |
| F. B. v. Bootle.     | F. v. J. |
| G. D. v. Collegiate. | H. v. G. |
| H. A. v. E.          |          |
| J. C. v. Alsop.      |          |

**Second Round.**

**Semi-Final.**

February 14th.

February 28th.

- |                        |          |
|------------------------|----------|
| F. B. v. A.            | G. v. H. |
| G. D. v. E.            | J. v. F. |
| H. C. v. Oldershaw.    |          |
| J. Waterloo v. Bootle. |          |

**ST. EDWARD'S COLLEGE SPORTS WILL BE HELD ON  
THE COLLEGE GROUNDS ON SATURDAY, JUNE 2nd.**

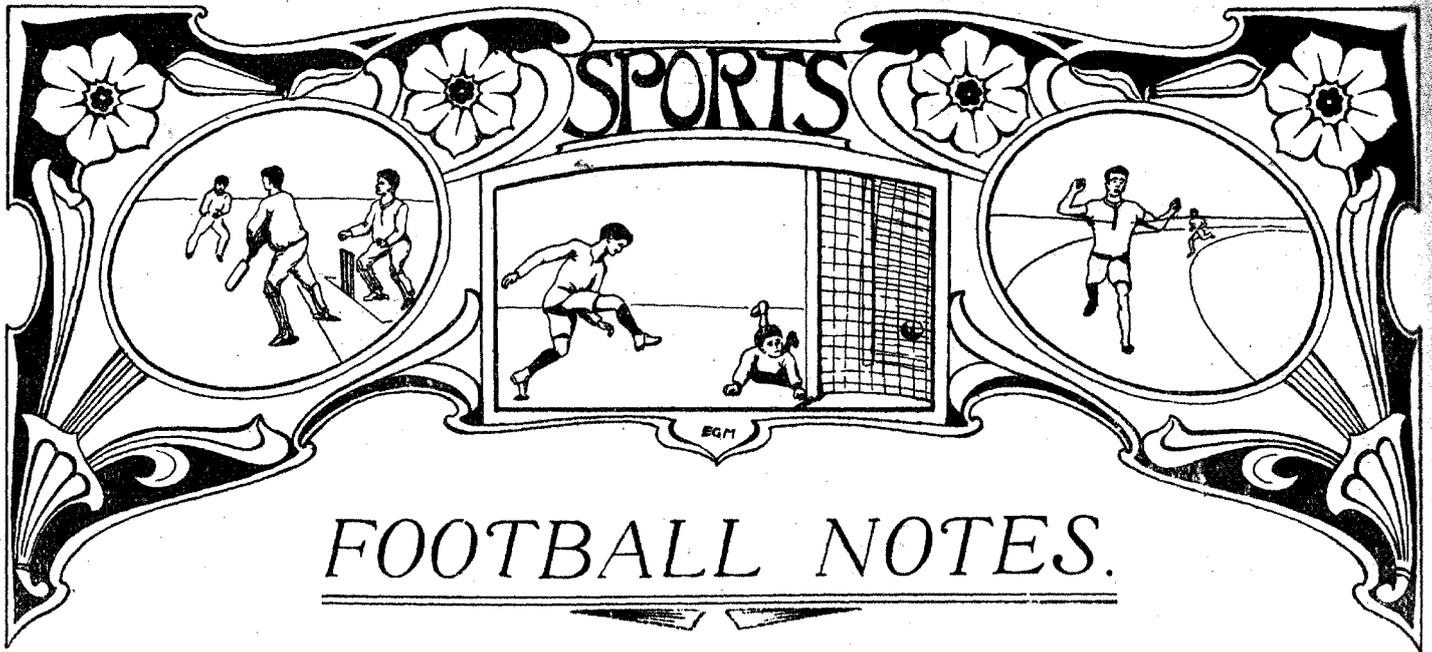
## ❧ THE BELL. ❧

J. O'GRADY, U.V.A.

Hear the music of the bell, morning bell,  
What a tale of misery its notes seem to tell!  
    Clanging, clanging,  
    Doors are banging,  
    Neckties hanging  
In the hands of those who hear the bell, drat  
the bell;  
Hear the rotten thing they call the bell,  
rotten bell.  
Teddie's life is a sell, awful sell!  
    Running madly,  
    Boots tied badly,  
    Thinking sadly  
What a nuisance is the bell, dash the bell!  
    Bell! for rest;  
    Bell! for swot;  
    Bell! get dressed;  
Bell! you're not in school too early,  
Then to face the hurly-burly.

"Let me see,  
Late on Tuesday,  
So you were.  
Late on Monday,  
You take care.  
Don't let it occur  
Again."

And in school there's nothing else but the bell,  
oh, that bell!  
Eating, thinking, joking, drinking, there's the  
bell—blow the bell!  
At St. Edward's 'twould be jolly if it were not  
for that bell,  
But since it's always ringing—  
In its wooden shelter swinging,  
Teddie's life is just a sell—  
|There's the bell,



FROM a Football point of view, the elements for the past term have been most favourable. Beginning our outside games on October 4th, we were not compelled to cancel any of our fixtures owing to weather conditions.

Of last season's First Eleven, there were but two left us. Fortunately we had a pretty good selection and after some preliminary trials we were able to form a fairly good side. Our Eleven, so far, have done remarkably well. We offer congratulations to the side on the efficient manner in which they have acquitted themselves.

J. White is proving himself a very good leader. In some of the early games he figured as goal-keeper giving excellent promise. Later he was changed to left-full. No one regrets the change. F. O'Donnell, the Sub-Captain, is living up to his reputation as a footballer. A word of praise is also due to our left-half, H. Fletcher.

Our Third Eleven, (T. Turner as Captain,) have won the four games played.

**SENIOR LEAGUE.**

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.
U.Vc.	8	7	0	1	38	12	15
L.Vb.	8	6	1	1	43	14	13
U.Vb.	8	4	3	1	22	22	9
L.Vc.	8	4	3	1	17	26	9
U.Va.	8	4	4	0	28	16	8
L.Va.	8	3	5	0	20	25	6
L.Vd.	8	2	6	0	21	44	4

**MIDDLE LEAGUE.**

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.
IVc.	9	8	1	0	80	14	16
IVd.	9	7	2	0	42	14	14
IVb.	9	4	5	0	40	26	8
IVa.	8	4	4	0	30	23	8
Up. IV	8	3	5	0	34	30	6

**JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

	P	W	L	D	F	A	Pts.
IIIA.	9	7	0	2	39	11	16
IIIC.	9	7	1	1	45	23	15
IIA.	9	5	2	2	23	19	12
IIID.	9	4	3	2	32	18	10
U.IIIA.	9	5	4	0	25	19	10
IIIB.	9	1	4	4	15	16	6
U.IIA.	9	1	7	1	14	42	3

**St. Edward's v. Liscard High School.** Oct. 4th.  
*At Walton Hall.*

White; Lynch, Kinsella; Doyle, Blackledge, Fletcher; Tuft, O'Donnell, Roche, McKenna, Le Roi.  
Being our first game and having so few of last year's side to call upon, we were forced to experiment. Our opponents, with the exception of a few, were hefty. The game proved an interesting one.

The Liscard forwards were the first to break away and after some attacks on our goal registered the first goal, through their inside-left. A fine rally by our forwards was frustrated by the stalwart defence of the opposition. Le Roi and McKenna showed up to advantage on the left wing. A second goal was scored by a beautiful shot from Liscard's outside-left. The half-time found the score 2-0 against us.

On resuming play our forwards led by Roche made a vigorous attack on the Liscard goal. Our first goal came through O'Donnell. Le Roi added a second from a rebound, while McKenna gave us the lead. In a breakaway the opposing centre-forward put in a hot shot at our goal. Our custodian, White, judging the player to be offside made no attempt to clear. This last score brought a well-contested and enjoyable game to a finish, with the score, 3-3.

**St. Edward's v. Alsop High School.** Oct. 18th.  
*At Walton Hall.*

Cain; Hopkins, White; Fletcher, Blackledge, Kinsella; Tuft, Pollard, O'Donnell, McKenna, Le Roi.

Losing the toss we were forced to face a stiff breeze. Alsop started an offensive game, their inside-left being very prominent in their attacks. O'Donnell, after some hard luck, succeeded in scoring. A second goal was added by Pollard, who netted from an imperfect clearance by the Alsop custodian. The opposing forwards again tested Cain. He saved some stiff shots, but yielded a goal to the dashing inside-left.

Half-time the score was 2-1 for us.

On resuming, play was even for some time. O'Donnell increased our score and the Alsop inside-left scored his second. Time intervened and we were the victors, the score being 3-2.

**St. Edward's v. St. Francis Xavier's College.** Oct. 21st.  
*At West Derby.*

Robertson; Lynch, White; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher; Tuft, O'Donnell, Roche, McKenna, Le Roi.

From the start S.F.X. took control of the game. Our halves with the exception of Fletcher were not able to check the opposing forwards. White, our left-full, was in splendid form, his kicking and tackling being excellent. The game was in progress for a short time when Robertson was beaten by an easy shot. This was closely followed by a brilliant goal scored by the centre-forward. From the kick-off, Roche got possession, the goalkeeper rushed out to save but was beaten. From this to half-time, S.F.X. had practically all the play, scoring two goals in the meantime.

On resuming, it looked as if the first period was about to be repeated, our goal-man letting through a very easy shot. A re-arrangement had to be made owing to injuries. Lynch went to the forward line, McKenna falling back to the defence. A change was noticeable and the visitors began to have a little more of the game, Lynch scoring from a nice centre by Tuft. This goal had a rousing effect on our side and they worked for another goal which came in practically the same way as the former.

Full-time:—St. Edward's, 3 goals; S.F.X., 5 goals.

**St. Edward's v. Birkenhead Institute.** Oct. 25th.  
*At Prenton.*

Comer; Lynch, White; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher; Pozzi, O'Donnell, Roche, McKenna, Le Roi.

Birkenhead won the toss. Play was in the opponents' half and Roche took a long shot which went

wide. Comer in goal misjudged a rather easy shot and the inevitable happened. Pozzi, on the right wing was prominent with a good run, but his shot went wide. After some mid-field play, O'Donnell secured the ball. He enticed the goalkeeper to run out, and scored. A long high shot beat Comer, who jumped too late. At half-time the score stood 2-1 for Birkenhead.

When the game was resumed, our forwards pressed vigorously. The next goal came through Le Roi. Birkenhead's centre-forward again gave them the lead by scoring from a rebound off the crossbar. The third goal for the College came from a well-placed corner by O'Donnell; Lynch who was in a good position turning it to good account.

Full-time:—St. Edward's, 3; Birkenhead Inst., 3.

**St. Edward's v. Wallasey Grammar School.** Oct. 28th.  
*At Wallasey.*

Comer; Lynch, White; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher; Pozzi, Pollard, Roche, McKenna, Le Roi.

Our First Eleven were without the services of the Sub-Captain. Wallasey won the toss and broke away immediately, their centre-forward scoring from a rebound. The College pressed in turn and from a scrum in the goal-mouth McKenna scored. Comer in goal was frequently called on. His clearances were not thorough. Wallasey forwards gave our defence an anxious time and scored three goals more before the whistle blew for half-time.

On turning round, the splendid combination of our opponents again told and a fifth goal was added. Pollard, on the left wing, was prominent. He scored with a well-timed shot. This seemed to rouse up the College but they failed to make headway against a very capable defence. Our backs were given too much to dribbling. Of the halves, Fletcher and Hopkins played excellent football. Full-time came leaving us well beaten by the score, 6-2.

**St. Edward's v. Waterloo Secondary School.** Nov. 11.  
*At Walton Hall.*

Cain; Lynch, White; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher; Pozzi, O'Donnell, Roche, McKenna, Pollard

Waterloo won the toss and took the advantage of a troublesome sun. O'Donnell opened the attack by taking a long shot which their custodian cleared. The first half was pretty evenly contested. In one of their attacks on our goal, our opponents scored, through their outside-left who succeeded in breaking away.

Half-time:—St. Edward's, 0; Waterloo, 1.

On the resumption of play our forwards, ably assisted by the halves, brought play into Waterloo area. Several fine chances of scoring were lost owing to defective kicking. Hopkins at this stage was doing remarkably well against his hefty opponent. McKenna with a well-placed kick gave us the equaliser.

Full-time:—St. Edward's, 1; Waterloo, 1.

**St. Edward's v. Liverpool Collegiate.** Nov. 15th.  
*At Fairfield.*

Cain; Lynch, White; Hopkins, Blackledge, Bolger; Pozzi, O'Donnell, Roche, McKenna, Pollard.

The ground was very heavy owing to the recent rain. The College Eleven showed a marked improvement on previous form. Especially was this noticeable in the play of our centre-half, who tackled his sturdy opponent with agility. McKenna, obtaining posses-

sion of the ball and being well placed, missed an open goal. The Collegiate pressed and it looked as if our goal was to suffer when Lynch saved. Our forwards were weak in their shooting, several fine opportunities being thrown away by O'Donnell, who was not playing with his characteristic skill. Our opponents also had hard luck.

Half-time :—0-0.

The greater portion of the second half was given over to end to end play. Pozzi opened the score with a beautiful drive. Collegiate worked hard for the equaliser, but our defence proved sound.

Full-time :—St. Edward's, 1 ; Collegiate, 0.

**St. Edward's v. Bootle Secondary School.** Nov. 29th.  
*At Walton Hall.*

Cain ; Lynch, White ; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher ; Pozzi, Lawrence, Roche, O'Donnell, McKenna.

Bootle kicked off against a very strong wind. Our forwards pressed the defence and the goal-keeper was kept very busy. O'Donnell opened the score for us with a fast drive. Play became intermittent and the ball was very difficult to control. In a later attempt O'Donnell, ably assisted by his colleagues, again scored. From this till half-time we were the better side, and the opposing defence were forced to give several corners which, however, we were not able to take advantage of.

Half-time :—St. Edward's, 2 ; Bootle, 0.

For some time after the restart play was even, but Bootle, aided by a strong wind, began to press. They forced corners in quick succession. This only served to bring out the good qualities of our defence. Cain in goal manipulated some hard shots, while White and Fletcher repeatedly spoilt our opponents' attacks. Play was variable and mainly in midfield. Full-time came with the score 2-0 in our favour.

**St. Edward's v. Holt Secondary School.** Dec. 6th.  
*At Calderstones.*

Cain ; Lynch, White ; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher ; Pozzi, Lawrence, Roche, O'Donnell, McKenna.

The ground was very wet owing to recent heavy rain ; the wind was very troublesome being across the pitch. The home team won the toss and after a short time O'Donnell opened the score for the College. The equaliser soon came. Roche showed a marked improvement on previous form. He played with that dash and vigour which showed keenness. In one of his many attempts to score, one of the Holt defence tried to clear the ball but, to his dismay, he added to our score.

Half-time :—2-1.

On resuming play, Cain was again called on. He played with good judgment and brought off some nice saves. Roche cleverly eluded the opposing backs and scored with a good drive. Two more goals fell to his credit. Fletcher played his usual good game. Our full-backs were not so reliable as we would wish ; but, fortunately, they were not called on too often.

Full-time :—St. Edward's, 5 ; Holt, 2.

**St. Edward's v. Waterloo Secondary School.** Dec. 9th.  
*At Waterloo.*

Cain ; Lynch, White ; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher ; Pozzi, O'Donnell, Roche, Keogh, McKenna. Waterloo won the toss and immediately attacked,

Cain being forced to cede a corner. No score resulted. Nothing daunted, Waterloo forced the pace and White scored with a beautiful dropping shot which the opposing goalkeeper got but failed to hold. A free kick just outside the penalty area awarded for a foul charge gave Waterloo the equaliser.

Half-time :—1-1.

On the resumption of play, our forwards ably supported by the halves pressed the attack vigorously. Lynch, who was injured in the early stages of the game went outside-left, Fletcher being called on to take his place. Blackledge, at centre-half, played a strenuous game, and it was his play that prevented the home team from adding to their half-time score. The winning goal came from an attack in which the whole forward line participated, Lynch scoring from the left.

Full-time :—St. Edward's, 2 ; Waterloo, 1.

**St. Edward's v. St. Francis Xavier's College.** Dec. 13.  
*At Walton.*

Cain ; Lynch, White ; Hopkins, Blackledge, Fletcher ; Pozzi, Lawrence, Roche, O'Donnell, McKenna.

We won the toss and elected to play against a stiff breeze. The home team attacked but were held by a strong defence, the right back and custodian being particularly prominent. After a short time, S.F.X. took up the running and gave our side many anxious moments. The defence, however, proved triumphant.

Half-time :—0-0.

On changing ends we expected to do well as we then had the advantage of the wind, but much to our chagrin the wind died down. S.F.X. attacked. The splendid combination of their forward line, very ably led by a clever centre-forward, brought its reward,

Full-time :—St. Edward's, 2 ; S.F.X., 1.

## SECOND ELEVEN RESULTS.

Our Second XI., with J. Seery (Sub-Capt.) acting as Captain vice J. Pozzi, have done very well, losing but one match. For the next term we wish them a continuation of their success.

St. Edward's, 6 goals ; Bishop Eton, 1 goal.

Scorers :—Le Roi 3, Seery 2, Pollard 1.

St. Edward's, 1 goal ; Alsop, 0.

Scorer :—Bolger.

St. Edward's, 1 goal ; St. Francis Xavier's Coll., 1 goal.

Scorer :—Rogers.

St. Edward's, 2 goals ; Birkenhead Institute, 2 goals.

Scorers :—Rogers 1, Farrelly 1.

St. Edward's, 5 goals ; Wallasey Gram. School, 4 goals.

Scorers :—O'Donnell 3, Rogers 2.

St. Edward's, 16 goals ; Quarry Bank, 0.

Scorers :—Seery 4, McKenna 4, Lynch 2,

Pollard 2, Roche 3, Fletcher 1.

St. Edward's, 1 goal ; Waterloo Sec. School, 0.

Scorer :—Farrelly.

St. Edward's, 2 goals ; Liverpool Collegiate, 1 goal.

Scorer :—Rogers.

St. Edward's, 5 goals ; Birkenhead Higher

Elementary, 2 goals.

St. Edward's, 3 goals ; Bootle, 1 goal.

Scorers :—Rogers 2, Seery 1.

St. Edward's, 3 goals ; Waterloo Sec. School, 1 goal.

Scorers :—Farrelly 1, Rogers 1, Seery 1.

St. Edward's, 2 goals ; St. Francis Xavier's, 4 goals.

Scorer :—Rogers.