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Editorial.

An outstanding event in the history of the world was the signing of the Armistice Terms on November 11th, 1918.

In the blessedness of relief at the task accomplished and the victory won, our hearts went out to the incomparable men who have pursued to the end, in fair weather and in foul, through the slime and horror of the trenches; the chill of the zero hour, the hazards of going forward, the misery of going back—all this day by day for four years and more, without loss of heart or faith, or unwavering belief in the blackest hour, that the end would justify all.

On that dim November day, too, there was one thought uppermost in our hearts—the thought of the dead, who under Divine Providence won for us this absolute victory by their sacrifice, and now lie “dark to the triumph which they died to gain.” Multitudes of the bravest and best are under the soil in France. The redeemed land holds its redeemers. The spring has gone out of our year with the loss of that swift and joyful generation who

heard the call and obeyed. Amongst them we proudly reckon gallant sons of *Alma Mater*.

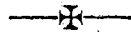
They laid down their lives year after year from the red dawn of 1914 to the red sunsets of 1918. Royally they shed their blood, not only for our sake, but for the better ages yet to be. Is it not fitting that we should make prayer and supplication for their eternal rest?

As we witness the overthrow of haughty cruelty and callous arrogance, the abasement of marshalled might and sceptred sin, the crushing downfall of tyrants and tyrannies, the humiliation of the froward, the judgment of the mighty, let us search our hearts lest pride and arrogance may involve us in similar chastisements, and let us pray for the purification that transcends triumph and outsoars victory.

“ O Thou that in the hollow of Thy hand
Dost hold the nations and o'er-rul'st their
ways,
If by Thine arm advanced to victory,
As chosen champions of Thy cause we stand,
Bend now our hearts and frame our lips to cry
'Not unto us, but to Thy Name be praise!'"

On the boys of to-day a pressing duty falls, to fit themselves to share in

the work of reconstruction that must rectify the havoc that has been wrought during the insane period of international slaughter, which the world has witnessed. Great events are happening, and for years to come we shall need leadership of the highest order—for which leadership we require character, unselfishness, and perseverance. The boys of to-day will become the men—the leaders—of to-morrow. Throughout the country young men will have to shoulder responsibilities at an earlier age than in the past. Upon the extent to which they are capable of doing this will depend the welfare of the nation. Catholic Institute boys will do well to bear in mind this stern fact if they wish to share in the completion of the work which has only been initiated. They will need the great glowing faith of Foch, as well indeed as his profound humility, his truly Catholic devotion, and his incomparable perseverance.



The Three Strangers.

Far are those tranquil hills,
Dyed with fair evening's rose;
On urgent, secret errand bent,
A traveller goes.

Approach him strangers three,
Barefooted, cowled; their eyes
Scan the lone, hastening solitary
With dumb surmise.

One instant in close speech
With them he doth confer:
God-spced, he hasteneth on,
That anxious traveller. . .

I was that man—in a dream:
And each world's night in vain
I patient wait on sleep to unveil
Those vivid hills again.

Would that they three could know
How yet burns on in me,
Love—from one lost in Paradise—
For their grave courtesy.

W. W. GIBSON.

In Memoriam.

MR. TIMOTHY JOSEPH CURTIN,

Born February 29th, 1888.

Died November 11th, 1918.

R.I.P.

When death has visited a school, a peculiar solemnity comes into our lives. The sadness of bereavement is brought home to us; we are forced to think for a moment of what it means that parents should lose their children; we are forced to think how near to us may be the inevitable close of our days on earth. It is a call from God to sympathy and seriousness. It is an opportunity of entering into the sorrow and solemnity of life.

Though we had known since November 2nd that Mr. Curtin was seriously unwell, yet we were not prepared for the sad tidings of his death, which occurred on November 11th. At the moment when the bells were ringing in celebration of the signing of the Armistice, his soul was winging its flight to God to hear from Him, as we confidently believe, the commendation: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The subject of our memoir at an early age gave indications of talent and of that deep piety which distinguished him through life, so after a preliminary course at the Catholic Institute, under the old régime, he entered St. Edward's Seminary, Everton, in 1901, intending to study for the Church. Here he imbibed that taste for and acquaintance with the classics which he was to profess in after years. When nearing the end of his course at St. Edward's, and on the eve of entering the Diocesan College at Upholland, his outlook as to his future career in life underwent a change; the dangers and responsibilities of the Sacred Priesthood filled his sensitive soul with alarm, hence after due consideration he decided in 1907 on pursuing another career. Though he was a matriculated student of London University, he had, owing to the conditions that then obtained between the Universities of London and Liverpool, to take

the Matriculation Examination of Liverpool before pursuing an Arts Course at that University. He graduated B.A., and was appointed on the Staff of the Catholic Institute in 1911.

Besides being a close student in all that pertained to his professional work, Mr. T. J. Curtin was a well read man; possessing a refined and cultivated taste, his knowledge of the classics gave him the key to all that is beautiful and inspiring in the realms of literature; his conversation was the reflex of a cultivated mind, his keen and incisive intellect frequently flashing forth in brilliant epigram. As he prepared carefully for all he had to teach, there was a crispness about his expositions that kept the attention of his pupils on the alert. He had in an eminent degree, that driving force which must enter into the composition of every successful teacher. A senior colleague writing of him says: "In the matter of teaching he was the very antithesis of the shirker or the slacker. It was an intellectual treat to listen to his teaching. His very bearing in class was no small factor in the formation of a high ideal among the boys. Both by word and act he had a large share in the creation of that wonderfully fine spirit which exists among the present and past pupils of the C.I.

Mr. Tim Curtin was a friend to every C.I. boy who was worthy of his School. His love for the C.I. was a deep and abiding one. He was heart and soul in all that tended to make for its success. His interest in his pupils, as so many can testify, did not cease with their passing from *Alma Mater*.

As it is one of the joys of life when a kindred soul is for the first time recognised and claimed, so it is one of the bitterest moments of life when the first rupture is made of the ties which bind us to other lives—such a feeling was ours at the passing away of Mr. Curtin. Before it came it was hard to think it possible, if we ever thought of it at all. The miracle of friendship seemed too fair to carry in its bosom the menace of its loss. We knew of course that such things had been, and must be, but we never quite realised what it would be to be the victims of the com-

mon doom of man. There remains a place in our hearts which is ever tender to touch, and it is touched so often. The old familiar face, debarred to the sense of sight, can be recalled by a stray word, a casual sight, a chance memory.

To appear for a little time and then vanish away is the outward biography of all men, a circle of smoke that breaks, a bubble on the stream that bursts a spark put out by a breath.

But there is another biography, a deeper and a permanent one, the biography of the soul. Everything that appears vanishes away, that is its fate, the fate of the lofty mountains as well as of the vapour that caps them. But that which does not appear, the spiritual and unseen, is the only reality; it is eternal and passeth not away. The material in nature is only the garb of the spiritual, as speech is the clothing of thought. We sometimes think of the thought as the unsubstantial and the shadowy, and the speech as the real. But speech dies upon the passing wind; the thought alone remains. We consider the sound to be the music, whereas it is only the expression of the music, and vanishes away. Behind the material world, which waxes old as a garment, there is an eternal principle, the thought of God it represents. Above the sounds there is the music which can never die. Beneath our lives which vanish away, there is a vital thing, a spirit. We cannot locate it and put our finger on it; that is why it is permanent. The things we can put our finger on are the things which appear, and therefore which fade and die.

To the spiritual mind death is only *eclipse*. Love cannot die. Friendship does not really lose by death; it lays up treasures in heaven, and leaves the earth a sacred place made holy by happy memories.

Love is the only permanent relationship among men, and the permanence is not an accident of it, but is of its very essence. When released from the mere magnetism of sense, instead of ceasing to exist, it only then truly comes into its largest life. If our life were more a life in the spirit, we would

be sure that death can be at the worst but the eclipse of friendship. Tennyson felt this truth in his own experience, and expressed it again and again in "In Memoriam."

"Sweet human hand and lips and
eye,
Dear heavenly friend that can-
not die;

Strange friend, past, present, and
to be;

Loved deeper, darklier under-
stood;

Behold I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair."

Death is not loss, but momentary eclipse, and the final issue is a clearer perception of immortal love, and a deeper consciousness of eternal life.

We who knew and loved Mr. Tim Curtin mourn but his loss. We may not mourn him. Death to him is but the entrance to a blessed immortality: "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord, from henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours."

In another column we chronicle his athletic record which is truly a brilliant one. Unfortunately, in the days of his triumph he overstrained himself so far as to contract a permanent injury. This explains why he was rejected from the army. In the early months of the war he volunteered for active service, but as he was classed in a low category, the authorities decided that his services were more usefully employed in the pursuit of his professional work—one of truly national importance.

The School Games claimed his active support and sympathy, recognising as he did their salutary influence in school life. During his seven years at the School he was usually to be found with the boys on the Wednesday and Saturday half holidays. Where their welfare and the success of the School were con-

cerned he never grudged his services. Monday, March 25th, 1918, was a proud day for him, as well as a red-letter day for the C.I., when the School bore home in triumph that much coveted trophy—Senior Shield—which proved our prowess in a clean, relentless game with the Liverpool Collegiate School at Goodison Park.

Nor were his activities confined to the School. For some years back he successfully organized weekly Whist Drives in aid of the funds of the beautiful Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Aintree. A popular Pierrot Troupe, of which he was the guiding star, was ever ready to help charitable organizations attached to various churches in Liverpool and district. The University Irish Society in recognition of his services as Secretary, elected him Vice-President for 1918. He was also a member of the Central Council of the C.Y.M.S., and of the original Council of the University Catholic Society. Amongst the Catenians, of which Association he was a member, he was held in the highest esteem.

"The just man liveth by faith." Mr. Tim Curtin was a magnificent Catholic. We might say he was a militant Catholic. How great was his devotion to our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, is evidenced by his regularity in serving daily Mass since he attained the age of nine years. When sickness came upon him how mercifully was this service of love repaid. As the shadows of death were gathering thick around him, the Friend of Friends was borne to him. Oh, blissful, Holy Viaticum! With what gratitude and humility did our dear Tim say: "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof. Lord Jesus, receive my soul." And Jesus strengthened him on his way, and gave him Eternal Rest.

The writer of this "In Memoriam" would not have it supposed that our dear departed friend was an ideally perfect character. He had his shortcomings, as which of the sons of man has not. But take him all in all, he was a man of upright character, of generous impulses, noble instincts, and of high principle. As we loved him in life, let us now pray that, if not

already, he may soon be in the enjoyment of the Beatific Vision—and may not we, his friends, trust that when he sees Jesus, and Mary, and Joseph, he will intercede for us with them, that we may so live that when our hour comes to leave this vale of tears, each one may say as he said: "I've done my best. I am ready to meet my God."

To his sorrowing parents, sisters and brother, we tender heartfelt sympathy. We pray that she who on earth was dearest to him; she who misses his welcome return at eventide, may find consolation in the thought of the Tim who in the days of long ago lisped his prayers by her knee traversed in the years that were his by the path which leads to God.

May our end be like his, and may we, too, life's fitful fever o'er, sleep in the peace and rest of Christ Jesus. Amen.

HERBERT McGRATH.

Died October 1st, 1918. Aged 15.
R.I.P

After a very brief illness God called to Himself our schoolfellow, Herbert McGrath. We mourn his loss. We sympathise with his parents. But it is not for us to question the providence of God. There is a tombstone on a child's grave which bears for inscription this parable:—

"A gardener was going round the garden with his Master, and came upon a young and tender flower plucked off. He asked, 'Who plucked this flower?' 'I did,' replied the Master. And the gardener held his peace."

Years roll by bringing with them many changes, yet through them all shall his class-fellows remember that pure and upright boy. The love he bore them, the sweet memory of it, the pure fruit of it will live through Time and after Death, with the stars and the wind on the heath.

Despite the very inclement weather the funeral at Yew Tree Cemetery, on Saturday, October 5th, was attended by most of his class-fellows.

School Notes.

AT THE C.I.

The opening of the first term of the Scholastic Year saw close on six hundred boys in attendance. Of course, we missed many old faces. Many of our Seniors had left for the Army or Navy, buoyed with the hope that they would be in time for the finishing strokes; but events have since proved they were too late. The very successful Gala held on Sept. 21st gave much interest to the first weeks of School. What has proved to be a most successful season for our Football Elevens was ushered in with the presentation of Medals to the members of last season's Senior Team. "It is an ill wind that does not blow good to someone," says the old proverb. The influenza epidemic caused the School to be closed for a week. To the great majority this enforced holiday was welcome. Who among us does not welcome a holiday?

With feelings of sorrow we recall the great loss the School has sustained by the early death of Mr. Tim Curtin. At the moment when he was approaching the fulness of his powers he has been taken from us. Every C.I. boy feels that he has lost a friend. Indeed, the Angel of Death has been rather busy among us. On October 1st he called away Herbert McGrath in the springtime of his youth. To their families we tender sincere sympathy.

On November 11th we turned into School and got to work as usual. We felt that the Terms of Armistice must necessarily be accepted by Germany, and that the hour for doing so expired at 11 a.m. But would the announcement of the glad tidings be delayed? It was not. At the morning interval as we went to the playground we heard buzzers buzzing, sirens shrieking, and bells clanging. No longer was there doubt. Cheer after cheer rent the air. Happy boys felt that they had entered into their birthright of happiness, and that fathers and brothers would soon be home. The war was over. Thank God. Who could work on such a day? A holiday

was proclaimed. After a short prayer of thanksgiving, and of remembrance for those who will never return, we hastened out to join in the general celebrations. Need we say that C.I. boys are in sympathy with proposal of the French Chamber that November 11th be adopted by the Allies as an annual holiday.

TERMINAL EXAMS.

As the work of the School had been hampered by the reduced attendance due to the prevailing malady, it was decided to postpone the holding of the Terminal Exams. to the opening days of March, 1919. Something to look out for!

FOOTBALL MEDALS.

A full assembly of the School witnessed on Sept. 27th the presentation of Medals to last season's players. In making the presentation, Rev. Br. Forde reminded his hearers of the important part athletics play in the life of the School. He traced briefly the success which has attended the Elevens of the C.I. for the past ten years. The success attained in the Inter-School matches was so notable that we marvelled why the Shield was so slow in coming to the School. On behalf of the Eleven, Charles Kieran thanked the donor, Rev. Br. Forde, for the Medals, and the boys of the School for the encouragement which their presence at the contests gave to the team.

MUSICAL EVENING.

The Annual Musical Evening at St. George's Hall added one more success to a lengthening chain. In lighter vein than usual, there was no mistaking the fact that it met with the approval of the big assembly.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

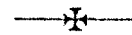
We hope to hold our Annual Meeting on Saturday, May 31st. Programme will include two events for the Old Boys.

IN MEMORIAM.

Requiem Mass was celebrated on Nov. 2nd for the happy repose of the

souls of the deceased masters and pupils of the School.

The Month's Mind of Mr. T. J. Curtin was commemorated on Wednesday, Dec. 11th. Requiem Mass was celebrated in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri at 9 a.m. A special choir of boys rendered the musical portion of the service. At the conclusion of the service the Dead March in Saul was impressively rendered.



The C.I. School Song.

Oft at twilight's mystic hour,
Our labours o'er, our minds at rest,
We'll snatch a mite from memory's
dower,
And live again our school-life blest.

With rapturous joy each voice will ring
And Alma Mater's praises sing.

Refrain—

Live long and flourish then the old
C.I.,
Bequeathing glories that will linger
aye,
Let hopes we cherish, and mem'ries
too,
To our ideals keep us true.
On! on! Let us rally one and all;
Victories in class and field do we
recall,
As youth unfurls shrine school-day's
pearls,
In golden memory.

To field and class let's give our best,
For each has joys and laurels proud,
Deny not either equal zest,
Demand from both their raptures
loud,
Avaunt dull care! away thoughts drear.
With unmixed joy raise voices clear.

Thus we rejoice who still are blest,
To live awhile these pleasures pure.
Ne'er shall our efforts cease nor rest
Till we have won a victory sure.
In sport and work first ever, we
Shall grace tradition's memory.

T. J. CURTIN.

In Praise of Beauty,

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness.

—Keats.

In this age of material advancement and eager pursuit of wealth, there is no greater need than the cult of the beautiful in Nature, in Art, in Literature, and in human character. Man's heart yearns for the beautiful, and when this hunger is stifled he neglects one of the chief elements by which his nature is refined and elevated.

Schiller defines the aesthetic impulse as the "Play-impulse" in man, and adds, with a deep wisdom, that "he is only entirely a man when he plays." Life is hard, austere, and unlovely, when the soul is closed to the fair forms and fine harmonies of the ever speaking universe. When Edison, the great American inventor, travelling in Europe, stood before the Falls of Chamouni, as they came glittering through the air, the two words which escaped him were, "Wasted force," after which he added, "I make no allowance for sentiment." This was an expression of abject poverty, the utterance of a man who in the pursuit of material advantages had dwarfed the finer part of his nature. The same defect was observable in Darwin, who made confession that in his eager quest of scientific truth he had lost his taste for music, and found no delights in the study of Shakespeare.

To be blind to the beautiful in the pursuit of the useful, and to worship the material to the neglect of the spiritual, is to cast away the noblest part of our human heritage, and to discard the finest gift of God, the All-Beautiful, who would fain fashion us after His glorious likeness. Furthermore, we need to keep in remembrance the important consideration that any faculty which we keep within us neglected and unexercised, first wanes, then becomes withered, and finally dies of inanition. Thus we sink in the scale of being and starve in the midst of plenty.

Beauty is the autograph of God on His created works. It is an effluence

from the fountain of all loveliness. It is the smile of the Creator irradiating His creation. It is an imperfect image of the supreme perfection. It is a ray of the celestial brightness. In it the ideal and creative spirit steps forth into partial expression for our wonder and delight. Beauty is not a property of matter but of spirit. It is the transfiguration of matter. The glory of God shines through it. In every lovely created thing, God the Creator is the deeper loveliness behind. As the poet writes:—

"All things are beautiful,
Because of something lovelier than
themselves,
Which dwells with them and can
never die"

As the countenance is made beautiful by the soul shining through it, nature is made beautiful by the shining through it of God. This is, to quote from Wordsworth:—

"The light which never was on sea
or land,
The consecration and the poet's
dream.
This is the
Presence which disturbs us with the
joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sub-
lime
Of something far more deeply inter-
fused,
Whose dwelling is the light of
setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living
air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind
of man."

As we discern the soul of Shakespeare in his "Hamlet," and the mind of Milton in his "Paradise Lost," so in the loveliness which pervades creation we discern something of the mind of God. "A voice," writes George MacDonald:

"A voice is in the wind I do not know;
A moaning on the face of the high
hills,
Whose utterance I cannot com-
prehend,
A something is behind them: that
is God."

When I hold in my hand a lily, or a rose of June; when I look into the fathomless deep of the blue sky; when I mark the sea waves leaping in the light; the innermost God flashes out upon me, inspiring wonder, awe, and worship. The veil of the temple is rent in twain. I stand in the holy of holies where God is enshrined. His face I cannot see, but His glory passes before me as before Moses on the Mount of Vision. It is because of this presence that—

“The meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep
for tears.”

And when I admire and praise the beauty of that flower, I admire and praise, however unconsciously, its Divine Maker. It hath a “function apostolical.” It is a hymn to the beauty of God.

If it be true that nations have declined in vigour and in virtue in proportion to their aesthetic culture, it is because the idea of beauty has been severed from the acknowledgment of God, and thus that which should have been spiritual and holy, has become sensuous and depraved. It is the property of beauty not to inflame and degrade desire, but to purify and enoble it by the suggestion of the eternal beauty. Every aspect of beauty should lead up to the All-Beautiful. Loveliness has been lavished upon us in the works of God, that men, as Spencer nobly sings—

“Of these fair forms may lift themselves up higher,
And learn to love with zealous,
humble duty,
The eternal fountain of that heavenly
beauty.”

The appreciation of the beautiful is not the monopoly of a privileged class, but is native to the human soul. It is implanted in us by the Infinite, in whom all beauty resides. It is a distinctive quality in man, as a creature made in the Divine image. It is in-born and not acquired, though capable of indefinite development. It is inherent in the objects which we feel to be beautiful and not the outcome of individual fancy. The difference be-

tween the daisy and the clod from which it springs is essential and absolute, as clear to the untutored savage as to the cultured scholar. Form and colour, grace and harmony, appeal to the imagination, a faculty of our mental constitution with which the Creator has endowed each one of us, though, we admit, in differing degrees, that we may be refined and gladdened by the appeal of loveliness.

The child loves beauty because the child nature is attuned to its witchery and charm. It claps its hands in golden sunshine. It delights in the open sky, the green fields, the flowers that star the meadow, and the streams that go singing to the sea. Henry Vaughan writes:—

“Happy those eagle days, when I
Shined in my angel-infancy . . .
When on some gilded cloud or
flower

My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity.”

The toiling man loves beauty and is exhilarated by its presence when he leaves the noisy streets for the forest shade, or for the river-side when its waters are kissed by the sun and flow on to the melody of the birds. He looks upon the hills with tenderness and forms dear friendships with the streams and groves. The poet loves beauty because he feels at home amidst its sanctities. “The deep blue sky melts into his heart.” “The sounding cataract haunts him like a passion.” The hills and the stars stand before his soul and make it also great. Like a happy bird he sings:—

“Here in the country’s heart
Where the grass is green,
Life is the same sweet life
As it e’er hath been.
Trust in a God still lives,
And the bell at morn
Floats with a thought of God
Over the rising corn.”

The artist loves beauty because it bears the stamp of the Supreme Artist. He discerns in it the free play, the perfect mastery, the genial smile, of the Creator Spirit whose loveliness transcends all finite thought.

The love of beauty is generously met by the bounteous provision of God in Nature. Everywhere she appeals to man. She pours her wealth at his feet. The air, the light, the soil, the sky, the sea, the woods, the hills, the rivers, lie like vassals at his gate. Mighty and mysterious are the fibres by which his heart and brain are bound to natural things. Creation appeals not only to his senses but to his soul. She is robed in loveliness and decked with jewels to attract his notice. She spreads at his feet a thousand enchantments to take his spirit captive. The mighty mother, she takes him to her bosom, to soothe his sorrows, to heal his maladies, to tranquilise his fears, and to fortify his soul when any task is laid upon him which calls for a sterner purpose and a freshened strength. She strikes her sunlight into his heart and shames his discontent. She spreads her blue vault above him to rebuke his wild unrest. Not without meaning did the poet exclaim:

“O glide fair stream!—for ever glide
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing.”

He felt that an influence goes forth from Nature for the soul of man—that she soothes him through her beauty and her peace. Matthew Arnold takes up the same parable in these lines:—

“Teach me your mood, O patient
stars,
Who climb each night the ancient
sky;
Leaving on space no shade, no scar,
Nor trace of age, nor fear to die.”
And again in a stanza yet more moving
in its pathos:—
“O, holy night! through thee I learn
to bear,
What man has borne before;
Thou layest thy finger on the lips
of care
And they complain no more.”

The dictum of Ruskin admits of no contradiction, where he affirms that beauty is one of the elements whereby the soul of man is continuously sustained. Beauty stirs and inspires the imagination, quickens the emotions, informs the intellect, and thus favourably affects the development of character.

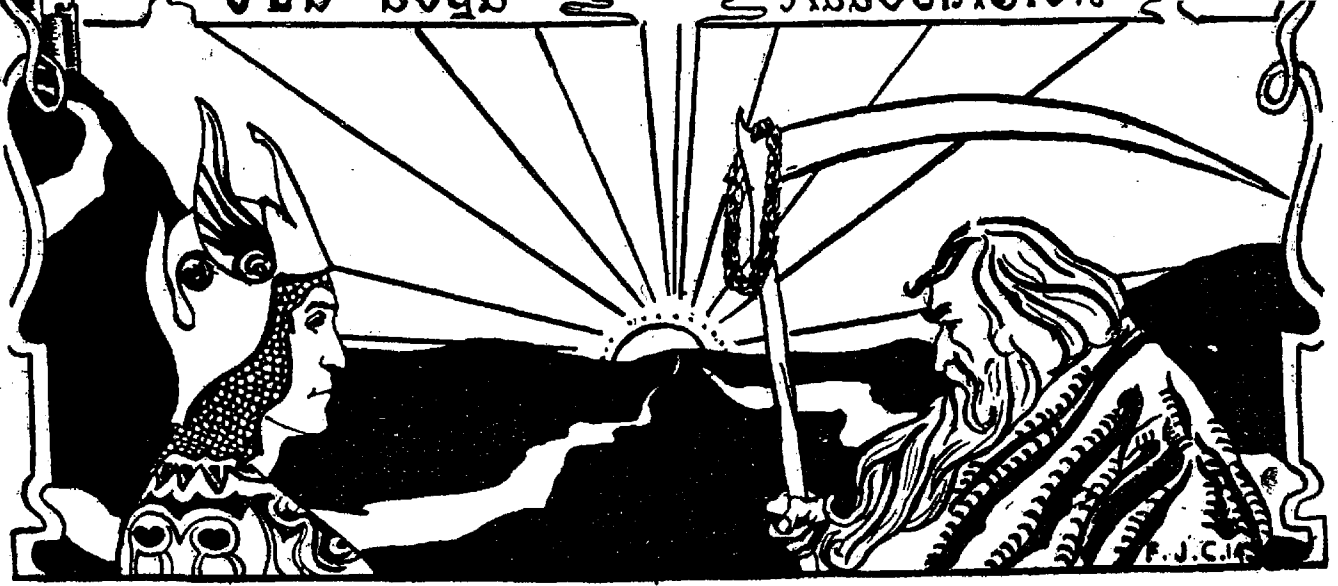
Not without a gracious Divine purpose is our food beauty in the waving wheat field before we turn it into bread; and our water so lovely as it sleeps in the tarn, or flashes in the torrent, that beauty might be its only use. That is a fine thought of an ancient writer who remarks that, “God has persuaded necessity to become attractive and harmonious, and fashioned it according to beauty.” There is no reason in mere use and necessity. The cornfield could well dispense with the red poppy which adds a touch of regal splendour to its rippling dusk; the browsing sheep find no delight in “the milky meads of May,” or in the buttercups which fling across the meadow their sheets of gold; the streams could find the seas and quench the thirst of beast and bird without the kingcups which adorn its margin, and the woodlands could yield their grateful shade, and pass from spring’s greenness to autumn’s bronze without the sweet intrusion of

“The frail-leafed white anemone
Dark blue-bells drenched with dews
of summer eves,
And purple orchids with spotted
leaves.”

Why, again, should doves mourn amid woodland solitudes, the liquid warble of the nightingale break in upon their silence, the chestnut burst into a foam of flowers, the dainty grace of the silver birch relieve the monotony of oak and ash, and sounding sycamore? Thus for His children does the Almighty Father blend beauty with utility in their earthly home.

“For us the winds do blow,
The earth doth rest, heav’n move,
and fountains flow;
Nothing we see but means our good,
As our delight or as our treasure;
The whole is either our cupboard
of food
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed
Night draws the curtain while the
sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being; to our
mind
In their ascent and cause.”



As the activities of the Association have been suspended during the period of the War, there are hundreds of boys who passed from School without being enabled to join the C.I.O.B. Association. This disability will be removed in the near future.

At the moment of writing it is not possible to state what Athletic and Social activities we shall see next season. However, as the war is over we must get an energetic committee who will make things hum.

Most of our O.B.'s writing from different fronts have one thought uppermost in their minds: the thought of the C.I., the place where they have been taught—not only how to live, but what is of greater importance to them, how to die.

The sympathy of all members of the Association is extended to Messrs. J. Curtin and J. F. Ford in their recent bereavement. Both have lost only brothers to whom they were bound by the strongest ties.

Armistice Day brought us the sad intelligence of John Shevlin's death. To his family we tender our heartfelt sympathy.

most efficient of conductors, revisited his old School on Dec. 1st. On the previous day he had been winning new triumphs as the Philharmonic Society's Great Conductor.

Captain Robert Antrobus, the youngest commander in the service of the P. & O. Line, gave us half-an-hour's talk on his exciting adventures during the past four years. He was wounded whilst landing troops at Suvla Bay, was twice torpedoed, and commanded one of the Monitors in the attack on famous Könisberg.

Old Boys will rejoice to learn that Rev. Jos. Quinn of the English College, Lisbon, has returned to Birkenhead, where he will shortly be ordained. He is destined to labour in the diocese of Shrewsbury.

Robert Culligan, R.D.F., who has been in the thick of the fight from March to October, has been one of the most recent of our visitors.

Congratulations to Frank Gloyne who has been awarded a bar to the M.M.

Lieut. Austin Deane has benefitted

We heard that Norman Treneman sat for the Sandhurst Exam. Hope he proves a winner! Four thousand candidates for two hundred and fifty places!

✣ ✣ ✣

A P.C. from a German hospital states that Harold Llewellyn has experienced much kindness from Rev. Fr. Winkler. Many will be glad to hear that both Frs. Meier and Winkler are well. The former, who was attached to the Army Medical Corps, writing about two years ago said that if any C.I.O.B.'s who were prisoners of war came under his care we might depend on his doing his best for them.

✣ ✣ ✣

Messrs. Philip and Albert Hawe are assured of our sympathy in the heavy loss they have sustained by the death of their much beloved father.

✣ ✣ ✣

In our last number we were sympathising with Harold Williams on the death of his brother, Leo. We regret that a further occasion has arisen for extending our sympathy to him. This time the loss is greater—after a short illness his father passed away on Dec. 9th. R.I.P.

✣ ✣ ✣

The younger generation of O.B.'s will learn with interest that the boat on which Hector McCallum was apprenticed was torpedoed. Happily, he was amongst the rescued members of the crew.

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The Requiem Mass for our deceased past pupils and masters was celebrated on November 2nd, by the Rev. Wm. Kelly, in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.

✣ ✣ ✣

It is hoped to have a Solemn Requiem sung in the near future for the everlasting repose of all the Old Boys who have lost their lives in the War.

✣ ✣ ✣

With regret we learn that Harold Godwin has sustained a serious injury to one of his eyes, and head.

The victory of the O.B.'s over the School in football was decisive. A very fine match indeed.

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Lieut. Willie Bramwells has left for India.

✣ ✣ ✣

John Stall, who was discharged from the army owing to ill health, is making good in the diamond trade.

✣ ✣ ✣

Joe Treacy is now in the R.I. Rifles.

✣ ✣ ✣

Frank Barker, who is an Instructor in the same regiment, gave an interesting account of Armistice celebrations on Salisbury Plain.

✣ ✣ ✣

The Executive of the Association were particularly pleased to see so large a muster of Old Boys at the funeral of the late Mr. T. J. Curtin.

✣ ✣ ✣

Capt. Frank Deane, R.F.A., is now quartered somewhere near Bombay.

✣ ✣ ✣

Memorial Concert proved both a musical and a financial success. A big sum is still needed. Have you sent your subscription?

✣ ✣ ✣

James Macmillan is engaged in Army clerical work at Hamilton, near Glasgow.

✣ ✣ ✣

We long for the day when we shall have a grand reunion of our Past.

✣ ✣ ✣

Lieut. J. B. Lacy, R.A.F., who was reported missing in September, was until recently a prisoner at Karlsruhe. We rejoice to know he was quite uninjured, and is in excellent health.

✣ ✣ ✣

Quarter-Master Sergt. Jas. Meehan, is now convalescent, and will shortly return to the Sacred Heart Schools. On active service for three years.

✣ ✣ ✣

Capt. Dolan, M.C., is in the neighbourhood of Cologne.



Pro Patria.



During the recent War, the following Old Boys of the Catholic Institute have made the "Great Sacrifice," having been killed in action, or died of wounds:—

Cyril Lomax.	William J. Dix.
Thomas Cassidy.	Gregory Ugalde.
Bartholomew Stillwell.	William Duffy.
John Bernard Maguire.	William Power.
John Curry.	Joseph V. Quinn } Brothers.
Charles O'Donnell.	John Quinn }
John H. E. Walker.	Joseph Smith.
Frank McKee.	Leo Barber.
John Kennedy.	Frederick Ellems.
James Moore	Daniel Doherty.
Robt. Walmsley Moore } Brothers.	Samuel Cunningham.
Charles Kain.	Robert McArdle.
George McGuinness.	James Blanchard.
William McMillan.	John Jackman.
Clement Duncan Fishwick.	Frank Verso.
H. Irvine Voce.	Frank Dyson.
William Shorthall.	Myles O'Sullivan.
Adolphe Goossens.	Frederick Bottomley.
Jerome Sullivan. } Brothers.	John Cleary.
Joseph Sullivan }	William Byrne.
Clement Murphy.	Richard Pears Keating.
Leo Short.	James W. Lynch.
Harold Joseph Lovett.	Jens Martin Jensen.
Walter Pierce.	Edward Concannan.
Cuthbert Wilkinson.	Frank A. Lane.



John Parker.
 William Dobbin.
 Leo Philips.
 Thomas McNally.
 John Nolan.
 Leo Briscoe.
 Leo Conway.
 William Leo Carroll.
 Edward Lunt.
 George Light.
 Thomas S. Torpey.
 Patrick J. Callaghan.
 Oswald Weston.
 Robert Colligan.

James Sheil Kelly.
 Joseph Shorthall.
 Leo Williams.
 Edgar Murray.
 Frank Doyle.
 James Quinlan.
 Thomas Holland.
 John M. Kelly.
 Michael Condron.
 James Derrick.
 Peter George White.
 Daniel Albert Matthews.
 John Shevlin.
 Charles W. Irvine.

ALBERT THOMAS } BROTHERS
 FRED. THOMAS }

WILLIAM DUFFY.



May they rest in peace. Amen.



“Men who knew their duty and had the courage to do it, and who, if ever they failed in what they undertook, would not have their virtues lost to their country, but freely gave their lives to her as the fairest holiday offering to deck her feast . . . their glory lives and is proclaimed for ever.”



We regret to learn that no news has come from E. Gillow—prisoner of war in Germany—since the signing of the Armistice Terms.

* * *

Dick Cunningham, looking none the worse from his terrible experience in a German camp, is at present in Liverpool.

* * *

Lieut. Dick Twomey, R.N., sends a highly interesting account of the recent visit of his ship with the Allied Fleet to Constantinople, and later on to Sevastopol.

* * *

The "Croix de Guerre" decoration won by Sergt. J. T. Kenderick has been received by the Principal of the C.I., and will be presented in due course.

* * *

Alf Ramsbottom sends a charming view of the Cathedral of Cologne, in which city he is at present.

* * *

Harry McGrath is with the Italian Expeditionary Force, and hopes to be home in the near future.

* * *

Lieut. Tom Nugent and Joe Murphy, fresh from German prison camps, re-visited *Alma Mater* on January 7th.

* * *

Congratulations to Brigadier-Major F. Farmer! Another M.C. for our O.B.'s.

* * *

Joe Cole, W. Delaney, T. Barnwell and Tom Fleming, hope to resume their course at the Varsity at an early date.

* * *

George Balfour sent to an old friend at *Alma Mater* a very interesting letter from which we quote:—

"On the 15th of August there was a Catholic Soldiers' Congress in Jerusalem. We met the main party at the Jaffa Gate and went in procession to

the Holy Sepulchre, where we visited the tomb of Our Lord, and then proceeded to the tomb of the B.V. Mary. Afterwards we went to the Church of St. Anne, which is erected on the site of the house in which our Lady is supposed to have been born, and where St. Anne and St. Joseph are supposed to have been buried. In the afternoon we made the Station on the very route taken by Christ to Calvary. We finished the Stations on Mt. Calvary, on the very spot on which He was crucified and died. The day was brought to a conclusion with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Church of St. Stephen. It was a great privilege to see the Holy places, and to tread on the land sanctified by the footsteps of Christ."

* * *

Lieut. Frank O'Neill, R.N., had a most exciting experience somewhere in the North Sea. His boat was practically cut in two by a German destroyer. After floating about on a raft for some hours on a November night, Frank with some others was rescued by a British destroyer.

* * *

Lieut. Fred Tindall, R.N., who is down in Plymouth, is now, we note, fully recovered from a bad attack of the so-called Flu.

* * *

Heartiest congratulations to the Rev. Robert Cuthbert Murray, O.S.B. (Bob), on his profession as a monk of the Benedictine Order, and on his reception of the four minor Orders. He is pursuing his studies at Ampleforth Abbey.

* * *

Lieut. Léon Goossens has had a marvellous escape. Whilst swimming the Canal du Nord, a cigarette case deflected a bullet, which would have wounded him in the heart's region. Fortunately nothing worse than a hip wound ensued.

* * *

A sinister rumour—that Sergt. John Grey had been killed—is without foundation.

Dwyer Doyle is another of our many O.B.'s who received honourable wounds in the closing days of October.

* * *

Lieut. Frank Lacy has so far recovered as to accept a post in the Birmingham Ministry of Labour Dept.

* * *

Sorry to hear that Tom Ardern was gassed on the entry of our Forces into Lille.

* * *

Joe Wright arrived in Liverpool recently from U.S.A. Having half an hour off duty he made his way to the C.I. in the hope of meeting his brother John, whose success in winning a University Scholarship he had not previously heard of. News travels slowly. People change too!

* * *

Lieut. George R. Rimmer has, we are told, laid down the sword for the pen. Now that fighting has ceased he is teaching *English* to our Tommies.

In a long letter which we had the pleasure of receiving from him lately, he describes the part played in the advance by the troops under his command. "An amusing incident occurred at the house where I established my headquarters. I had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours, and on enquiry of the householder, a dear old lady, if she had anything in the way of refreshments, she immediately disappeared into the rear departments of the house and soon returned holding in her hands a tame rabbit and a chicken? Unfortunately she had deprived them of life, and more unfortunate still, as I found out later, they had lived more than the allotted span of life. The former, however, after some hours' attention from my cook was made edible, but the latter as far as I know is still receiving the attention of some poor fellow. This incident is but one of many which I could relate as showing the gratitude of the population in the recovered villages. . . Within five minutes of the German retreat from the villages every house was decked with the Tricolour, most of them, I am

glad to say, had the *Sacré Cœur* in the centre."

* * *

So many have asked for a complete list of those of our School who have died for King and Country, that we include in this issue a list as complete as we can make it. May we request that Past and Present Pupils of the C.I. would say one *Ave* daily for their eternal rest?

—†—

A Week in a Flax Camp.

By A. F. HELY, Upper Va.

Towards the end of the Summer Term I noticed an advertisement in the paper asking for volunteers to help in the flax harvest. Seeing a way of having a cheap holiday I offered myself as a volunteer, was accepted, and directed to proceed to a place in Yorkshire named Carlton. Accordingly, I set out at mid-day on the first Monday of my holidays. It happens that there is more than one Carlton, but I was ignorant of the fact at that time. I arrived at Manchester in due course and inquired the best way to travel to my destination. The station authorities were as ignorant as I was, but one official informed me that a train was about to depart to Sheffield and that I had better take it. I did as directed and passed through some delightful scenery en route. At Sheffield I was told to take a certain train and to change at Retford for Carlton. Following these instructions I got out of the train at Carlton, and asked to be directed to the Flax Camp. The station master looked puzzled, and said that the only camp he knew of in the district was the German prisoners' camp. I then discovered that I was at Carlton-on-Trent in Nottingham, about fifty miles from my destination. I also found that four boys from Manchester were in the same plight as myself, they too having gone to the wrong Carlton. It was "up to us" to reach the right Carlton that night.

We took a train at nine o'clock to

Doncaster, which we reached about half past ten. From here we went to Selby, which is about seven miles from Carlton, and arrived there at half-past eleven. There being no chance of going any further that night, we made ourselves comfortable in the waiting room until morning. At the first peep of dawn we commenced the walk of seven miles which separated us from the camp. We reached it at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, and spent the rest of the day in bed. At six o'clock next morning as the bugle sounded, each boy jumped up, took a bucket and went for his morning "tub." At seven o'clock the bugle went again, and we took our mugs and proceeded to the dining tent, where we breakfasted. After breakfast we washed our dishes, tidied up our tents, and then mounted the motor waggons and were driven to the fields.

Flax grows just like wheat, and is about the same height and thickness. The stalk is made into linen, while the pods found at the top of the stalk yield valuable cattle foods. Our duty was to pull the flax out by the roots and tie it into bundles of about eight or ten pounds. It has to be pulled by hand, for if it were cut by a machine the fibre would be spoiled. It is then made into "stooks" containing twelve sheafs. The flax is left to dry thoroughly, and is then carted away. The pods are taken off the top of the stalk, and the latter is broken and soaked for some time in water. The straw is then separated from the silken fibre, which is sent to the linen mills of Belfast, where the better quality goes to make aeroplane sails, and the poorer to make bandages.

When the day's work was finished, at about four o'clock, the motor lorries came to drive us back again. On reaching the camp each one ran for a bucket to get water to make his evening toilet. This operation over, we went to the dining tent for dinner, which was over at half-past six. From half-past six until half-past nine we were free to do as we pleased. In the camp grounds there were concerts every night. At half-past nine, as the bugle sounded, everyone, excepting

those with late passes who were allowed out until half-past ten, had to be in the camp to answer his name. At ten o'clock as "Lights Out" was sounded all lights had to be extinguished. The "Last Post" was sounded at half-past ten, after which silence reigned supreme.

The routine of the subsequent days was exactly like that of the first, and the labour, though it did not feel so "back-breaking," grew so monotonous, none of us were sorry when we heard each evening the whistle to cease work. Each boy was supposed to pull one hundred square yards per day. On Saturday we worked until twelve o'clock, when we came back to camp and were paid by the adjutant. From dinner time we were free until the Monday morning. Most of us spent Saturday afternoon in walking to towns in the vicinity. On Sunday we were allowed to remain in bed until eight o'clock. There was a tent inspection at ten o'clock, and the occupiers of the tidiest tent received a prize of ten shillings. Dinner was served at one, and tea at five. In the evening the orders for the week were put up on a large tree in the middle of the field. On this notice were posted the names of all the "gangs," and the fields to which they had to go to work.

Monday, August 26th, was the last day in the fields for some of us, and we heard the whistle that evening with mixed feelings—of joy, because we were soon to leave for home, and of sadness because newly formed friendships were ending. When the bugle sounded "Lights Out" that night, those of the party who were leaving the next day, eluded the camp police and crawled to a tent where we partook of a farewell supper. This party broke up about twelve o'clock, at which hour we turned in to sleep. On Tuesday, after breakfast, we bade goodbye to our friends, mounted a waggon, and were driven to the station. We arrived at Manchester without mishap, and here I parted with my four companions and continued on my way alone. I arrived at Liverpool at eight o'clock, and felt that I had benefitted by my latest experience,

Literary and Debating Society.

Owing to conditions resulting from the "Flu" epidemic, we were unable to hold our first debate until October 22nd, when we tackled the subject of Prohibition for the United Kingdom. J. E. Downes opened in favour of Prohibition, and his arguments were reinforced by contributions from T. Byrne, S. Graham and G. Garner. J. Barker led the opposition, and was very usefully supported by E. Cooke, whose speech was, by the way, of the maiden order. The opposition won.

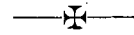
The next debate, fixed for November 11th, Armistice Day, came off on November 18th. The subject "Monarchy versus Republic," though an old stager, was quite appropriate to the times. P. Irvine endeavoured to show that a country is more progressive under monarchical rule than under a republic. A. Kirby championed the republican cause, and had much to say on the recent events in Austria, Germany and Russia. E. Hurley and H. Hodson, who spoke in favour of monarchy, were the most conspicuous of the speakers who followed. The republican side had an easy victory.

On November 25th, the subject, "Ought Professionalism in Sport to be continued after the War?" came up for discussion. F. Shevlin introduced the topic, by endeavouring to show how professionalising had raised the standard and quality of games, and provided thousands of people with clean and healthy amusement. In the absence of F. Naylor, M. Moore led the opposition, and argued that games were naturally amateur. J. Kirwan and F. Murphy contended that professionals were necessary, both to train the amateurs and to maintain a high standard of sport. J. Deegan criticised the arguments of M. Moore, and M. McMahan lent assistance to the pro-amateur side. F. Shevlin and Professionalism won.

The last debate of the term proved very disappointing—a fact not to be put down to the nature of the subject,

which was on "The necessity of a General Election before the Peace Conference." Only one speech—that by H. Hodson—excited any interest.

F. SHEVLIN, Hon. Sec.



On the Land.

By S. J. MELDON, Upper Va.

The first Monday of the holidays found me upon the landing-stage waiting for the I.O.M. boat. I was setting out for duty on the "home front"—going to work on an Isle of Man farm. After a rather miserable passage—rain fell all the time—I reached Douglas in due course, and met the farmer whom I had arranged to assist. A hearty welcome awaited me at the farmhouse, and after a pleasant evening with the family, I "turned in," wondering how I should get through the strenuous work of a particularly busy farming season.

I was up early the next morning, eager to see the place and to get something to do. The farmhouse proved to be a good sized modern structure, facing the road, and having a very beautiful garden in front. I soon explored the house and outbuildings, and then went down the fields to set to work. The men were engaged in digging potatoes, which I had to pick, put in a bucket, and finally into a sack. About 8.30 a.m., three interned Germans, in charge of a sentry, came to help in digging and picking. The sentry had rather a monotonous duty, because he could not go out of the field in which the Germans were working, and had nothing to do all day until 5 p.m., when his charge returned to the camp.

During the first few days I felt extremely tired when we finished at 6 p.m., and was glad to get to sleep as early as possible. However, I soon got used to the work, and was so little affected by it that I used to read until pretty late at night. The open air life was delightful, but digging potatoes soon grew monotonous, as we continued

digging until about thirty tons had been stored—three weeks' work approximately.

Our next duty was to attend to the corn, which I had seen ripen day by day. When it was fit we chose the first fine day to cut it. A machine called a "Binder" has been invented for cutting such crops, and it is certainly a great labour saving device, one man being sufficient to work it. This "Binder" is drawn by two horses, and not only cuts the corn but binds it into sheaves, which it throws out neatly tied and knotted with twine. While the machine is thus working, the other "hands" are not idle, because all the sheaves have to be set up in what are called "stooks," each consisting of eight or ten sheaves.

One large field of corn was on a rather steep slope, and could not be cut with safety by the "Binder," which was very heavy. Naturally there is a way to cut such fields otherwise than by hand. The machine used is called a "Reaper," which slightly altered, is also used for cutting grass and clover. It cuts as well as the "Binder," but it does not tie the sheaves. This has to be done by hand. We soon hit upon a scheme for portioning out the work, and thus getting it done quickly. There were six of us following the "Reaper," and each three took two sides of the field. One made bands (these are strands of corn tied up in a particular manner which gives strength to the band) and another "lifted" the corn, which was left in small heaps at intervals and placed it on the band. The third came then and tied this into a sheaf, thus we got through our two sides. By this time the "Reaper" was round again, so we went on as before. When we had nearly finished the field a little diversion was caused.

Most of these cornfields contain rabbits. They remain hidden in the corn until the very last when they usually make a bolt. One of them (not a large one) got its legs hurt in the knife of the machine, and could not run as fast as usual. One of the Germans saw it first and gave the alarm.

Like one man we all rushed towards the rabbit and of course frightened it. It started to twist and turn in every conceivable manner; frantic attempts were made, first by one and then by another to catch it. It was eventually caught after an exciting chase.

One duty which devolved upon me and which I liked very much, was that of scaring crows. This does not mean that I stood in the fields all day clad in raiment suggestive of fancy dress balls (although I was told that such procedure would have the desired effect). What I had to do was, when I saw flights of crows—they generally hunt in parties of hundreds—settling in any of our fields, to get the gun and fire at them. Those which I killed were hung up in different fields "*pour encourager les autres.*" Shooting crows is allowed by law; and poison, I believe can be used on the grain so as to kill them.

The next operation which we had to get through with the removal of the corn from the "stooks," to the stacks. The stacks are now generally made in a "Dutch Barn," which is simply a roof of corrugated iron, supported by large stays, firmly planted in the ground. Others, more elaborate, are covered in on three sides, the fourth being left open.

Stacking was followed by the more exciting work of threshing. We had a hired threshing machine, worked by a traction engine. On the top of the machine is a platform, and on to this platform the sheaves are thrown from the stack. There are two men on the platform. One cuts the twine or binder from the sheaves, whilst the other puts them into a large slit near the platform. There is a sudden whirr, and the corn quickly disappears. Undoubtedly the machine is a masterpiece of ingenuity, because while the grains of corn come out at one end into sacks, the chaff is thrown out at a side, and the straw, bound in bundles with twine, is thrown out at the other end. Cutting the sheaves was the last work upon which I was engaged.

Daily Atlantic Services.

Speaking at Queen's Hall recently, Mr. J. A. Whitehead said that the future of aircraft opened up such a wide field of conquest that its possibilities were illimitable. The wonders of to-day in the air would be nought as compared with the wonders of to-morrow. Our methods of life would be changed. Our ideas of speed would alter. We should set out to establish in the first place (1) aerial posts; (2) an aerial passenger line; (3) a taxi-plane service for the United Kingdom; (4) a commercial air service; (5) the development by means of aircraft of distant and undeveloped parts of the world; (6) international co-operation for the development of commercial aircraft. Although the cost of carrying a letter by air might be equal at first to the cost of sending a telegram, everything would be gained. To convey one's ideas adequately by wire and to ensure that no mistakes would be made entailed a long and costly message, whereas by aerial post it would be possible to send specifications and holograph documents such as were required in successful business or in legal enterprise. Many business transactions would be completed in a day, though the parties might live in different countries. It would also be possible for business men in the City to have samples of goods on urgent orders sent from all parts of the world as well as the provinces in the shortest possible space of time. An express letter posted in the morning in the special box at the General Post Office would be in Paris within two hours, and the reply handed to the writer as he was sitting down to lunch.

It would be impossible for many years to come to build enough aeroplanes to send into the air all the people who would want to fly. Flying was absolutely safe. No machine would be allowed to be used in the service of

the public until it had been registered in much the same way as ships are at Lloyd's. Experienced captains were forthcoming, and the rising generations would take to the air as a highly skilled and lucrative profession. There would be an hourly service between London and Paris, so that it would be possible to journey there, transact business, lunch in comfort, and return in time to attend to the correspondence that had accumulated in the office during the day.

"We shall be able to travel by aerial taxicab," added Mr. Whitehead. "We shall be able to start out for Rome, to feed the pigeons of St. Mark's if we feel in need of a change, to fly off to Norway to see the Midnight Sun, or to spend the week-end in Cairo." Space will be annihilated, the cities of the world will be within the reach of all of us. A constant stream of aeroplanes will link the old world with the new. The Atlantic flight is no longer a problem. It will be flown by an aviator in the early spring. We shall blaze the trail across the Atlantic. Lightships, floating aero stations, to point the course, will provide a refuge in case of need. I am quite sure that before a year or two we shall see such international Atlantic stopping-places established, and the crossing made as easy and as simply as from London to Paris.

"Our future as a nation," he proceeded, "depends upon the question of the commercial use of aircraft. The success of the business world is won by speed. Tokio, Ceylon, Cape Town, or Vancouver can be reached in from three to four days by aeroplane. An expedition may spend thousands of pounds and waste a year in finding out what a country has to offer, or what it lacks. An aeroplane will enable the prospector to gain the knowledge in a week. A Government Exploration Department to find out how our surplus labour and surplus wealth can best be expended for the good of the nation is not only an idea—it is a duty."

Some Stage Effects.

ROBERT J. IRVINE, Upper Va.

Shakespeare as a stage manager was extremely well acquainted with the dramatic value of a storm, and hence, many scenes of his plays are enacted amid a battle of the elements. Of such dramatic value are storms that their production has been reduced to a fine art, and in up-to-date theatres very realistic effects are produced; and indeed at some theatres the audience to all intents and purposes takes the illusion for reality and behaves accordingly.

The commonest element in a storm is thunder. This is usually made by rattling together suspended iron plates, and punctuating the operation with crashes made by dropping pieces of lead or cannon balls. A similar effect has been produced by wheeling a barrow containing cannon balls to and fro over irregular surfaces. Apropos of stage-thunder (the subject of much witticism), it has been related that at the Drury Lane Theatre a real clap happening to be heard at the time when the stage-thunder should come, a director, not knowing it was real, declared that it was as unlike thunder as possible.

Though in Nature thunder is often heard without the lightning being seen, seldom is this the case on the stage. As with thunder, the production of lightning has reached a high state of development. Even in pre-electric days excellent means were employed. Powdered resin, still used to imitate conflagrations, was blown through a flame to imitate flashes; now the effect is produced by means of electric lamps which are quickly flashed and extinguished. Still better means are employed in some theatres. Zig-zag openings are cut in the scenery and covered with transparent material. The light is flashed, and the forked lightning is seen, causing in addition to the terrors which it inspires, a truly

wonderful effect. Similarly, by means of electric lights and coloured scenery, the different shades of daylight can be produced.

To show a snowstorm scene is quite simple. At a certain performance a woman was supposed to be dying of cold in a snowstorm, and with a shudder a young girl in the audience exclaimed to her brother:—

"How cold it must be on the stage!"

"Oh, no," said he, "it's quite as warm as it is here, and, in fact, they are arranging a summer scene at the back of the stage."

"But she will be frozen to death," the girl said.

"Not she," he rejoined. "That snow is only old rejected manuscripts torn up into very small pieces, and dropped through the perforated bottoms of cardboard boxes."

The production of water scenes is also quite a simple matter, actual water being used in the stage tank. This, however, is coloured green, and is plentifully supplied with soapsuds to represent foam, and is agitated by a broad paddle. The swirling of the water is produced by the rain-making apparatus, which consists of a metallic drum, containing hard peas, rapidly revolved. The clouds rising over this rustic scene are slowly raised by machinery, while twinkling stars, formed by allowing a dark blue curtain to swing gently in front of little incandescent lights judiciously distributed, produce a beautiful night effect. Even the howl of the wind is created so as to deceive everybody by simply revolving a wooden drum under a tightly stretched band.

Something uncommon on the stage, yet common enough on the cinema, is the powerful and majestic express, racing along at an average speed of fifty miles an hour. If this were reality on the stage, much damage would be done, including occasional fatalities among the stage hands. But it is not the case. Behind a small railway platform, which is, of course, between the spectators and the track, there is a part of the stage which is moved

backwards by machinery, and the dummy train is then pushed forward. This gives the appearance of fast motion. The train is pushed forward by two men at the back of the locomotive, which is fitted with wheels to take any curve gracefully. Its whistle is produced by the steam boiler behind the scenes, while the "snorting" is done by a man who, with all his might, shakes about hardened peas in a large tin.

Not only is the speedy train shown on the stage, but also the swift race-horse, which gallops along at a pace approaching to something like twenty miles an hour. The mode of production is similar, and the effect generally more natural than that of the train. The horses trot or walk along treadmills, which are moved backwards speedily or slowly as occasion demands, so as to keep the horse in front of the house as long as possible. A fence in front of the track not only hides the inner workings, but also adds a realistic effect. The fence is itself moved backwards to add to the apparent speed of the horses. The sound of the hoofs is imitated by hammering dead horses' hoofs, mounted on wooden sticks, against gravelled clay or sand, as the occasion requires.

With the same degree of thoroughness are minor effects produced. In a play at a certain theatre, one scene consisted of a number of washerwomen busily employed around steaming tubs. Yet, when the next scene appeared, the stage was perfectly dry. How was it done? The stage was covered with a tarpaulin, which not only kept it dry, but also drained the water into a sink beneath. As for the steam, each tub was connected with a boiler at the back and was thus supplied with real steam. The hot joint which often adorns the stage is, as most know, no joint at all; it is merely a piece of cardboard painted and cut out, so as to resemble in colour and form, the real joint. But one may say: "How is the steaming produced?" This is done by simply sprinkling the joint with lime, and by pouring water over it.

The Test,

By LEO WARING, Upper Va.

Harry Dacre was wandering aimlessly along one of the main thoroughfares of Melbourne. Four years ago he had started a business career in England, but, filled with enthusiasm by glowing accounts of the fortunes to be obtained abroad, he had unwisely given it up, and emigrated to Australia. Here he soon found his mistake. He had turned his hand to almost everything, but always without success, and now he was beginning to reconcile himself to utter failure.

In this frame of mind he took a newspaper from his pocket and scanned the shipping announcements, with the intention of offering his services on the first homeward bound vessel leaving the port. The only advertisement, however, which he read was a Police Department notice headed "Recruits Wanted." The applicants should be strong, healthy, shrewd, and good horsemen. Harry Dacre sized himself up. He was a good horseman, enjoyed perfect health, and was not wanting in strength, but as for his shrewdness, he was not quite so certain. However, after a little reflection, he decided to try his luck for the last time, and promptly returned to his diggings to write the necessary application. Three days later he received a reply which requested his presence at the station on the following day. Here he was put through a somewhat stiff general examination, and his horsemanship was tested by such feats as taking a five-barred gate with his arms folded. He made a favourable impression at the station, and was told that he might expect an official notification of appointment at an early date. Meanwhile he was to keep the matter strictly private.

After an interval of two days he received a second document, intimating that he had been engaged on probation, and that on his discharging, to the satisfaction of the authorities, a specially set duty, he would be placed on the regular staff. Harry lost no time in putting in a second appearance at

the station. He soon learned that the special duty was one of considerable difficulty, and that, but for a chapter of accidents, which for the time being deprived the Superintendent of the services of all his experienced hands, he would not have entrusted such an important commission to a new man. Besides, it was of the most vital importance that the matter should be undertaken by someone apparently unconnected with the Melbourne force. The Superintendent informed him that, two days previously, a messenger had been entrusted with some important Government documents, which he was to have brought to the city. It was to the interests of a certain Melbourne society, however, to prevent, or at least delay, their arrival. This society had got into communication with a gang of bushrangers, and had bribed them to capture the messenger, and deprive him of the documents. These were to be brought to the society on a certain day, when the bushrangers would receive their bribe. It was, moreover, known that the chief bushranger was the notorious "Black Jack," who had been giving the police constant trouble for some years previously.

Harry was instructed to lie in wait for the bushranger by a bridge on a certain road about nine miles from Melbourne. The man was not to be shot, nor, if possible, even hurt, but the papers must be secured. Minute instructions as to his appearance were given, and the Superintendent wished Harry "Good Luck!"

It may be easily imagined that he felt in anything but high spirits. The prospect of a single-handed encounter with a man who would not hesitate to murder him if he felt so inclined was not very cheering. Harry procured a horse from the station, and set off on his nine mile ride. He arrived at the bridge about mid-day, and rode to the nearest inn, where he put up his horse, and returning to the bridge took up his station.

Four hours had passed, and the sun had begun to sink beneath the horizon. Harry still remained at his post, and was beginning to console himself with

the idea that the delinquent had learned of the action of the police, and had gone by another route, when he heard the unmistakable sounds of an approaching horse. These suddenly stopped—then started again. The rider had evidently dismounted. The noise of their approach grew louder and louder. In a few moments the man and his steed came into sight round a bend of the road. Harry saw that the traveller was a tall, powerful, uncompromising-looking fellow of about forty-four. In appearance he corresponded in every detail with the description of the man the authorities wanted.

Harry sauntered leisurely towards him.

"Well, mate, what is it?" asked the man in quite a familiar manner.

"Can you oblige me with a light?" Harry asked.

"Certainly," handing a box, "here you are. Have a fill of my 'bacy too. What are you doing in these parts? You don't look over-brisk. Broke?"

"Pretty nearly," was the reply.

"New arrival, I suppose?"

"Almost."

"Thought as much. Came out expecting to make a pile, got disappointed, and don't like to work for your grub, eh?"

By this time Harry had helped himself to the matches and tobacco, and handed them back. As the owner put out his hand for them, the amateur policeman slipped his foot behind his opponent's heel and tripped him up. He then gripped the man's throat with his left hand, and with his knees on his chest, fumbled with his right hand in the inner pocket of his coat, where he felt for the papers. But the man struggled violently, and as Harry was drawing out the contents of his pockets, the ruffian gave his right kneecap a terrible wrench, and nearly dislocated the joint. He then suddenly hoisted himself with his right hand, and gripping his would-be captor by the wrists, hurried him to the side of the bridge. "I see your game," he said. "There's only one way of dealing with the police. Dead men tell no tales, so over you

go, youngster." Suiting his action to the word, he grasped his captive firmly, and hoisted him in mid-air.

Harry made a last bid for life. He placed his feet on the brickwork of the bridge, and twisted his captor's arm from left to right. The latter gave a shout of pain, and let go his hold. Harry did not lose an instant in springing on him.

"It's all right, old fellow; take the papers and read them."

Harry thought this surrender to be only a ruse, but the ruffian sat down in the road, and meekly handed over the papers. The first one to meet Harry's astonished eyes was an official police notice intimating that the encounter just over was a special test for entrance into the permanent service.

Harry looked at the sorry figure in the middle of the road, and could not restrain a grin. His victim got up and complimented him, and they both retired to get some cold lotion for the sprain Harry had inflicted.

If only remains to be told that the Superintendent was more than satisfied with the report of the affair, and Harry rapidly rose in the force. He is now a Brigadier-General in the Australian Imperial Forces.



The Linnet.

Upon this leafy bush
With thorns and roses in it
Flutters a thing of light,
A twittering linnet.
And all the throbbing world
Of dew and sun and air,
By this small parcel of life
Is made more fair;
As if each bramble spray
And mounded gold-wreathed furze,
Harebell and little thyme,
Were only hers;
As if this beauty and grace
Did to one bird belong,
And, at a flutter of wing,
Might vanish in song.

W. W. GIBSON,

Football Club.

The Football Season opened on October 2nd. Of last season's senior team there were five players left us. This was a happy augury for a season which has seen the old sporting traditions of the C.I. maintained in unmistakable fashion. After a couple of preliminary trials we soon decided on a First Eleven, who are privileged in being chosen to maintain the honour of their School against rival institutions. We tender them congratulations on the efficient manner in which they have acquitted themselves. That their success is due in great degree to the energy, the interest, and the magnificent play of the Captain, Tom Byrne, is evident to all.



Our Second Eleven are to be congratulated on their success. So far they have an unbeaten record. It is doubtful if the School has ever seen a better Captain at the head of the Second Eleven than James Owens—popularly known as Sammy—has proved himself.



A pleasant event took place at Anfield on Tuesday, November 26th—the occasion being the presentation of the Junior Football Shield. For the past three years the competition has been hampered by the fact that the successful competitors had nothing tangible to point to in proof of their success. Thanks to the Directors of the Liverpool Football Club this difficulty has now been removed. For the present the Shield finds a home at the C.I. It depends on our Juniors if its stay with us is to be a prolonged one. Let them strive to attain that success in the coming Tourney, which crowned the efforts of their predecessors of 1917 and 1918.

"In Gratitude," was the superscription on the card attached to a wreath composed of white carnations and maiden hair fern sent by the Football Club as a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Mr. T. J. Curtin. As a further mark of respect to his memory, our matches with Wallasey Grammar School and with Old Boys were postponed.

* * *

FIRST ELEVEN SCORES.

T. Blackledge	16
S. Meldon	9
F. Shevlin	4
C. Langley	2
E. Horrigan	1
J. Kirwan (R. Half)	1

For—33 goals; Against—11 goals.

* * *

Colours have been awarded to F. Shevlin and T. Blackledge.

* * *

The following from the "Evening Express" of November 16th, 1918, will be read with interest:—

The Late Tim Curtin.

"Athletic and scholastic circles in Liverpool have sustained a severe loss during the week by the death of Mr. T. J. Curtin. Educated at the Catholic Institute, St. Edward's College, and Liverpool University, he has been classics and history master at the first-named since 1911, a position he filled with great credit.

Here, however, we are more concerned with his athletic career. As a sprinter he was quite in the first flight, winning the hundred at St. Edward's in 1903. At the 'Varsity he received his colours both for sprinting and soccer. In 1910 he was third in the Northern inter'Varsity 100, and also

represented Liverpool against the Universities of the United Kingdom at Newcastle and Birmingham in 1910-11. At the latter place he was beaten by Haley of London, and Roche of Queen's College, Cork, in even time. During his university career he entered for many outside events, and at Salford, in 1912, won the open double, the open hundred of the C.Y.M.S., and the furlong at Wigan police sports.

He was also a good footballer, playing centre forward for Orrell in the First Division of the I Zingari League, and also the 'Varsity in 1908-11, during which the Christie Challenge Cup was won twice in succession. Whilst at the University he occasionally assisted the Druids, the Old Xaverians, and Northern Nomads, whilst twice he turned out for Everton, scoring against Stockport, in 1913.

He was a prominent member of the C.I.O.B. team when they won the Secondary School O.B.'s trophy and topped the I Zingari 2nd division.

* * *

FIRST ELEVEN RESULTS.

October 9th, game with Bootle Secondary School had to be postponed to January 8th, '19, owing to the inclement weather.

* * *

October 19th, our match with Waterloo Secondary School had to be abandoned owing to the fact that we—at least some of us—were in the enjoyment of an unexpected week's holiday, due to influenza epidemic.

* * *

C.I v. Oulton Secondary School.

At Wavertree on October 23rd.

Team—E. Cooke, R. Walsh, T. Byrne, J. Kirwan, J. Hayes, J. Quigley, T. Daley, F. Shevlin, T. Blackledge, S. Meldon and C. Langley.

At a later date than in previous years we had our opening match. The first fifteen minutes saw a brilliant display on the part of the C.I. forwards, in which Blackledge, who has been consistently good throughout the season secured his first goal. Unfortunately, our team had had but little practice for obvious reason, hence after this attack we witnessed a slack game. The Oulton Captain, who at times played centre half and centre forward, made many attempts to score. His perseverance was rewarded early in the second half. Shevlin notched another for us. Very soon after Meldon added a third.

Result—C.I., 3; Oulton Sec., 1.

C.I. v. Old Boys.

At Wavertree, October 26th.

C.I. were represented by—E. Cooke, R. Walsh, T. Byrne, J. Kirwan, J. Hayes, J. Quigley, T. Daley, F. Shevlin, T. Blackledge, S. Meldon and C. Langley.

O.B.'s—J. Blacoe, J. Barker, J. Kieran, J. McDowell, C. Kieran, A. McParland, H. McGrath, W. McGrath, B. Parsons, L. Radcliffe and E. Mulloy.

The C.I. Eleven showed a marked improvement on their previous form. They played with that dash and vigour which show keenness. Especially was this noticeable in the brilliant performance of our centre half, who tackled his sturdy opponent with skill and agility. His display gave a promise which has not been realised in subsequent games. The Old Boys were a strong side, but though they gave the School too much to do, their margin would not be so great but for the weakness of the C.I. custodian. The game was in every sense a pleasant and interesting one.

Result—C.I., 1 goal (Blackledge); Old Boys, 4 goals.

C.I. v. Holt Secondary School.

At Wavertree, October 30th.

Team—Batty, C. Morris, T. Byrne, J. Kirwan, J. Hayes, J. Quigley, T. Daley, F. Shevlin, T. Blackledge, S. Meldon, C. Langley.

The game was too one-sided to be really interesting. Holt are weaker this season than in previous years, still they play on with all that pluck and zest which we admire in the losing side. Our forwards played with quite old-time brilliancy and dash. Against this display Holt struggled bravely but their players were outpaced and out-generalled. This match will have for all time a poignant interest for our XI. It was the last game refereed by Mr. Curtin. Little did we dream as he dashed along, keeping pace with the ball—up and down—that Mother Earth would receive his mortal remains into her bosom in a little over a week. Scorers—Blackledge 3, Meldon 3, Shevlin 2, Langley 1.

Result—C.I., 9; Holt Sec. School, 1.

C.I. v. Liscard High School.

At Liscard, November 2nd.

Team—Batty, Walsh, T. Byrne, J. Kirwan, J. Hayes, J. Quigley, T. Daley, F. Shevlin, T. Blackledge, S. Meldon and C. Langley.

Our visit to Liscard brought back old memories which must have helped our XI. to secure so comfortable a win. Liscard made good use of a big advantage occurring from the choice of ends, and their nippy forwards were busy from the start, as a rule our halves were able to deal with them. When they failed Tom Byrne was ever to the rescue. Only once did they break through, and on that occasion, Colvin, their star performer, scored with a low, fast and vigorous drive. C.I. team as a whole and individually gave a fine display. In particular the

work of Meldon merits a special mead of praise. His play was such as we were once accustomed to, but had not seen for about twelve months back. Most of the scoring, 3 goals, fell to Blackledge, the remaining goal was gained by his inside left.

Result—C.I., 4 goals; Liscard H. School, 1 goal.

* * *

C.I. v. St. Francis Xavier's College.

At Clubmoor, November 11th, 1918.

Team—F. Batty, R. Walsh, T. Byrne, J. Kirwan, J. Hayes, J. Quigley, T. Daley, F. Shevlin, T. Blackledge, S. Meldon and C. Langley.

C.I. won the toss and had the assistance of a strong breeze. We were the first to get going on the left, but the early stages of play were of the easy order. This latter may have been due to the heavy ground. The players gradually warmed to their work, and some fine sprinting on our left caused the S.F.X. defenders much uneasiness. Quigley and Kirwan were a big asset. They held the opposing forwards well, and what is so important, they kept their own forwards employed. Certainly our halves and forwards linked up splendidly in this game. Scorers—Blackledge 3, Shevlin 1.

Result—C.I., 4 goals; S.F.X., 1 goal.

* * *

C.I. v. Birkenhead Institute.

At Wavertree, November 23rd.

In the absence of T. Blackledge, Meldon was put in centre, his place being filled by Horrigan, who had done some very good work with the Second Eleven. However, being unaccustomed to this position his tactics rather upset our front line, whose play became scrappy. Quigley and Langley

were our hardest workers. On the whole the game was dull—in keeping with the dim November afternoon. Scorers—Meldon 3, Langley 1.

Result—C.I., 4; B'head Institute, 0.

* * *

C.I. v. Birkenhead Institute.

At Prenton, December 4th.

This match was played in several inches of mud. Our opponents were more used to the ground than we were, and while we were taking our bearings, managed to score a goal. Blackledge equalised, however, soon after, and gave us the lead. Just before half-time Kirwan added another. In the second half Horrigan, whose play was of the dashing order, scored once, and Blackledge added three more, thus the game ended by our winning by seven goals to one. C.I. forwards showed a small improvement on the display which lost them the previous Saturday's game.

* * *

C.I. v. Liverpool Institute.

At Greenbank, November 30th.

Owing to heavy rain the ground was very soft when we lined up against L.I. at Greenbank. Nevertheless C.I. started well, and attacked the opponent's goal hotly. The play was mostly on one side of the field, but after a smart piece of work Blackledge managed to score. The interval came with the score 1-0 in our favour. L.I. forwards livened up considerably in the second half and taxed our defence to its uttermost. This continued pressure was in no way eased by our forwards, who seemed off form, or lazy. The wing men failed to centre the ball with the consequence that Blackledge got nothing to do. Never during this season has there been such a lack of combination and effort on the part of our front line. Indeed, were it not for the hard work of Kirwan and Tom

Byrne, in particular, there would be a heavier score against us. Liverpool Institute were rewarded for their attack by scoring twice.

Result—C.I., 1 goal; L.I., 2 goals.

* * *

SECOND ELEVEN RESULTS.

C.I. 5 v. Oulton Sec. School	4
C.I. 4 v. St. Francis Xavier's Coll.	3
C.I. 5 v. B'head Institute	1
C.I. 5 v. Liverpool Institute	1
C.I. 3 v. B'head Institute	0
For 22	Against 9

* * *

Senior School Cup was won by Upper Va.

—†—

SYMPATHY.

Failure to give the cup of cold water to the thirsty is less often a failure to minister to the material wants of the poor than it is to give sympathy to the lonely or troubled one who turns to us. We have so many burdens of our own, we are so busy with our own tasks and cares that we do not notice the wistful look in the eyes of the one who is toiling next to us. We are in such haste to be off to our own work or pleasure that we give scant welcome to the neighbour who drops in inopportunely; we do not know that he came because his heart was longing for some word of cheer or friendship. Oh, the blessed help we might give if we only knew—and often we do not know because we are too busied with ourselves to understand!

—†—

ACKNOWLEDGE ERROR.

One of the most serious mistakes that a man can make is to refuse to change his position when it is proved to

be wrong. It takes courage to acknowledge one's errors, but a great man will not hesitate to do so. After one has taken a stand one should hold the position only so long as he knows he is right. The world moves; new light comes with the new days. In that light we should move forward. Let not the opinions we proclaimed yesterday fetter our freedom to-day. If we have done wrong to another we should be quick to make amends for the injury.

—†—

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

Our intercourse with others renders itself mainly into government of the tongue. I do not know which of these two things is the most astonishing, the unexpected importance of the place assigned to this duty in Holy Scripture, or the utter unconcern which even good men often feel about it. For the most part we have gone far along our road in devotion and done ourselves many an irreparable mischief, before we bestow half the carefulness on the government of our tongue, which it not only deserves but imperiously requires.

F. W. FABER.

—†—

DUTY.

Duty is far more than love. It is the upholding law through which the weakest becomes strong, without which all strength is unstable as water. No character, however, harmoniously framed and gloriously gifted, can be complete without this abiding principle; it is the cement which binds the whole moral edifice together, without which all power, goodness, intellect, truth, happiness, love itself, can have no permanence; but all the fabric of existence crumbles away from under us, and leaves us at last sitting in the midst of ruin, astonished at our own desolation.