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## Editorial.

Leisure, of course, pre-supposes work. There can be no leisure without work, any more than there can be daylight without dark, calm without storm, heat without cold ; it is the one that makes possible and enjoyable the other. Things are best appreciated by contrast.

It is a welcome sign of the times that the present high tension of things—all too high—is being broken, and that we are returning to a more normal relationship between labour and leisure. If the days of old Dr. Johnson were too lax and loungeful, if that be admitted, our own days have certainly swung to the other extreme. We have applied the speeding-up principle rather too effectively, to the expensive cost of broken-down bodies and over-wrought nerves. The fact is, neither century has quite caught, what is the all-desirable thing—

the happy mean ; for whilst we can lounge too much, it is equally possible to work too much. What we need is just that happy discrimination that knows how to relate the one to the other so as to secure from them their highest benefit and reward.

Nature forces us to remember that if we would not break her laws by some means or other, we must guard the restful hour. There must be the sanctum in our life's programme, as in our homes. And in this Nature must be allowed the final word. "Alpha of the Plough" says he knows, "A very grave man whose days are spent in most responsible work who goes to see Charlie Chaplin once or twice every week, and laughs like a school boy all the time." We quote this chiefly for the principle that is in it. The man cannot afford not to laugh ; he

cannot afford not to leave his work occasionally. The responsibility of his work makes the leisure hour essential. "Waste of time," cries the man who never leaves off. But it is not waste of time. Leisure-time duly related to toil-time is never wasted, provided all else be equal. Redeemed well, one comes back to his task again fitter and fresher in every way, and out of that freshness he is able to accomplish his task in such a way as to give to leisure its most convincing word.

That leisure-time needs to be utilised wisely will not need to be stressed to those who think discreetly on these things. We need to watch lest leisure

hours do not un-make us rather than re-create us. They can be so prostituted that their cost in damage may be beyond that of the hours of unbroken application to toil.

What does not cheer the life, what does not make it more songful and happy; what does not impart tone to the nerve and vision to the soul, needs to be eschewed with all the decision of our being, and all the enlightened energy of the mind. Our play must rejuvenate; it must lend sparkle to the life, lustre to the eye, deftness to the hand, vim to the whole being, and to this end we must be prepared to greet every off-moment that comes.

## School Notes.

### **The Passing of the C.I.**

After a rather protracted period of suspense it was definitely settled on June 9th to transfer the whole of the Catholic Institute Secondary School, hitherto located at Hope Street, to St. Edward's College, St. Domingo Rd., Everton. The Clerical students in residence at the College during the first Term of the Session vacated it in January, and a number of the Senior pupils were immediately transferred there from Hope Street, in order to relieve the serious congestion at that School. It was not, however, quite clear that the more ample accommodation at the College would quite meet the needs that existed owing to the extraordinary development of the School at Hope St., and consequently it was deemed advisable to postpone a definite decision as to the fate of the Hope St. Buildings, to a later date. This decision has now been arrived at, and the close of the present Term will mark the termination

of the School at Hope St., and the total transfer of the pupils now in attendance there to the new location of the School at St. Edward's College.

No doubt the numerous Old Boys of the C.I. and the many admirers of the work of the Christian Brothers of Ireland and their staff in the educational work of the city will rejoice at the increased facilities which the magnificent buildings and the extensive grounds at the College will place at their disposal. It must, however, be expected that the pleasure will not be altogether unalloyed because we feel sure that very many Old Boys of the C.I. who gloried in each and every success of their *Alma Mater* as it climbed steadily from a very humble beginning into the very forefront of northern educational establishments and whose intense loyalty to the C.I. and its interests has been an outstanding characteristic, will experience perhaps some small pang of regret at the passing of the old School. Let them

be assured, however, that there will be no break in the traditions which they were instrumental in establishing at the C.I., and that nothing will be left undone to amplify these traditions under the more favourable conditions that exist at the College and which were so sadly missing at Hope Street.

\* \* \*

#### **At the C.I.**

At the beginning of the past Term, more than two hundred of our boys were transferred from Hope Street, to St. Edward's College. Doubtless, both those who have gone, and those who have remained here have benefitted by the change. In either place there is no longer overcrowding.

\* \* \*

A period of hard work was agreeably diversified by the Annual Concert, the Retreat, and by that best of tonics for C.I. boys—the Shield Competition.

\* \* \*

From an artistic and a financial point of view, the Concert was a splendid success. Mr. T. Bordonel Brown has our warmest congratulations on the success which has attended his initial effort at the C.I. The receipts are being devoted to the School War Memorial Fund.

\* \* \*

#### **At the College.**

The work of reconstruction at St. Edward's College has begun. At the moment what was formerly the College Chapel is in the hands of the workmen who are busy converting it into a fine Academical Hall. The organ has been rebuilt on the site once occupied by the High Altar. Two new stops have been added. The Gymnasium has been painted and is being newly equipped as a memorial to the late Mr. T. Curtin. The large Halls are being divided by means of movable glass partitions into

Class-Rooms of suitable size. In the course of the present term we shall see Electricians and Painters, etc., at work. It is hoped to have all alterations completed by September.

In order not to reduce the Class-Room accommodation, it has been decided to equip the Chemical Labs. in the buildings adjoining the Playground. When completed, the College should provide adequate accommodation for about eight hundred boys.

Arrangements will be made at St. Edward's for the provision of luncheon during the scholastic year beginning in September.

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#### **School War Memorial.**

All sorts of schemes are afoot for the creation of War Memorials. Many of the monuments projected, such as the Cenotaph in Whitehall, reveal a newer and finer monumental sense than of old; but the usual crop of well-intended monstrosities in stone and bronze are in evidence also—and probably inevitable! But surely something more useful than any stone or bronze memorial yet conceived is necessary to commemorate so stupendous an event as the Great War, with its transcendent hopes and sacrifices. Friends of this School will welcome as a decision for one such memorial, the provision of a large playing field, and the erection thereon of a Sports' Pavilion. Already the undertaking is well in hand; for the past couple of months workmen have been engaged in the preparation of Cricket and Football grounds.

\* \* \*

#### **Athletic Sports.**

Wednesday, June 23rd, will be Sports' Day. We hope to see a big gathering of our friends at the Tramway Athletic Grounds on that date. We had hoped

to hold the contests on the College grounds, but the failure of the Contractor to have ground in order, forced us to abandon the idea for this year. Next year, no doubt, we shall have the pleasure of welcoming all our friends to St. Edward's College.

\* \* \*

### Annual Retreat.

The Annual Retreat for the Students of Forms VI., V., IV., and III., was preached in the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, on March 15th and 16th, by the Rev. Fr. Jeanrenaud. Judged by the earnestness with which the Rev. Father threw himself into the work; and the whole-hearted manner in which the boys co-operated with him, we feel confident that the Retreat was productive of much spiritual fruit.

On the opening morning of the Retreat, Holy Mass was offered by the Rev. Echlin O'Laverty for the eternal repose of the deceased Masters and Pupils of the Catholic Institute.

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### Terminal Exams.

At the Easter Exams., the following were placed 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, respectively, in their Forms:—

FORM VIa.	F. P. IRVINE, B. SMITH, T. P. BYRNE.
„ VIb.	M. MOORE, L. MURRAY, J. KEATING.
„ U. Va.	R. I. IRVINE, F. KIERAN, A ADAMS.
„ U. Vb.	J. SMITH, A. LEA, F. BESWICK.
„ Va.	D. MORGAN, W. BYRNE, H. O'BRIEN.
„ Vb.	T. PYKE, H. ROBINSON, B. HURLBY.
„ IVa.	B. TAYLOR, F. FLEMING, M. DOWNES.

„ IVb.	P. FONTAINE, W. BIRD, M. ROCHE.
FORM IVc.	B. MURPHY, F. MITCH- ARD, J. CONWAY.
„ IVd.	V. COSTAIN, C. VEALE, R. HURST, } J. WALSH. }
„ IIIa.	V. McNALLY, F. CORFE, G. HILL.
„ IIIb.	G. COYNER, R. KELLY, F. ROBERTS } W. JORDAN }
„ IIIc.	J. BUGGIE, L. JACK, O. DONNELLY.
„ IIId.	A. WOLFARTH, D. MUR- RAY, J. SWEENEY.
„ IIIe.	J. CUNNINGHAM, R. REILLY, F. MAY.
„ IIIf.	J. MAHER, J. DUNNE, J. CUDDY.
„ IIa.	W. PARK, G. SHERIDAN, J. KEANE.
„ IIb.	L. STALL, P. BURKE, J. O'MALLEY.
„ IIc.	G. MERRUTIA, R. COLLI- GAN, A. McDONAGH.
„ Ia.	S. IMAS, H. McTAGGART, G. TICKLE.

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### Holidays.

For the major portion of the School the Summer vacation will begin on July 15th, at noon. For those Students who are sitting for the "Senior Oxford," holidays will not begin until July 24th.

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The New Term begins for all classes on September 6th.

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### Notice.

Future issues of the Magazine will be known as "St. Edward's College Magazine."

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“Viriliter Age.”

## A Nine Days' Wonder.

BY B. J. SMITH. Form VIa.

Slogum's World Famous Menagerie had passed through the village in the forenoon and the excitement due to this event had just subsided and the one and only street regained its habitual calm when the rumbles of a heavy farm cart disturbed the equanimity of the village dogs basking in the noon-tide sun. The driver, a sturdy farmer, could barely keep in hand a restive colt as he drew up to the "Pig and Whistle" amid the snarls of the canine population. A rather ancient cart with a sorry looking nag in the shafts already stood at the inn door and the new comer, no lounge being in sight to hold his horse, tied the reins to the back of the vehicle in front and soon disappeared into the bar where with the bar tender and a wandering rag-man, the owner of the cart outside, he discussed the arrival of Slogum.

Beneath the hot July sun even the very flies abated their zeal in persecuting the two animals patiently waiting their masters' return. The ragman's mare, gaunt with hunger, was gazing with listless eye straight ahead when there came into her view a sight that turned her old frame into a mass of quivering nerves. For there advanced into the village at a loping gait a hideous tawny thing with swishing tail and monstrous whiskers—a real live wild tiger straight from Slogum's Menagerie.

One moment the ragman's precious piece of horseflesh looked at that demoniacal grin; the next she shot like a bolt from the blue down past the village pump out on the open road. Imagine the condition of the innocent victim behind when from the intensely absorbing occupation of chewing the more

acceptable remnants in the cart in front he was rudely disturbed by the forcible removal of his bridle which was whipped over his ears and nose with amazing velocity and was now clattering behind the other cart a mile or so away.

"'Strewth, wots up?" came from all three inside and our worthy yokel was outside in a minute and after his steed, doing a fine exhibition in the street. And while he caught it up and held the frantic animal by its nether lip the ragman was running after a vanished animal yelling "Hey! hey! Stop that mare!"

Pandemonium reigned supreme in that little world. People from nowhere came on the scene but none could tell what was the cause of farmer Jeff leading a foaming animal trailing a once fine cart homewards. Here was mystery. A jaded, dusty, more ragged than ever ragman could give no clue when late in the afternoon he came back leading a mare that for cuts, bruises and dirt was fit to enter Slogum's famous show as a new curiosity. And it was from that quarter that the mystery was solved. A real Bengalese tiger had broken loose, said the village gossip, and Mr. Slogum had offered £30 for its discovery. It was half tamed, according to the same authority and would do no one harm unless people became aggressive. Then, heaven only knew what it would do in its fearful ire.

The show for that night was over of course, for who would put a foot beyond the threshold at night now.. Unfortunately some few had congregated in the "Pig and Whistle" and were so interested in giving and hearing theories of the beast's whereabouts that night

caught them away from home. They were loathe to stir, for every bush might hide the brute and then, think of the fate awaiting them. They thought to drown their fear in the well-matured spirits in the landlord's cellar. Among this goodly company was a pedlar who always returned after his long tramps to a lonely, ramshackle cottage outside the village. Of them all he was the least afraid and when he staggered half blind into the street, the uppermost thought in his muddled brain was to get home safely.

After falling over the pump at the end of the village he managed safely as far as a disused barn by the roadside. Here his wavering legs at last gave way and he collapsed. He made no effort to rise. In fact he thought he might as well stay there for some time and gazing vacantly into space he was on the point of falling asleep when two glowing orbs suddenly appeared before him and he felt a huge weight on his chest. A hot, fiery breath fanned his forehead but he had no qualms. It was unthinkable that his repose should be thus destroyed. What business had anyone or thing for that matter to deny him the right to sleep where and when he pleased? And so he expressed his inward indignation by all the variegated language that "hobos" generally acquire on their travels. But instead of moving off, the twin lights only respectfully retired a distance. Indignation choked further oaths and with a valiant effort he rose and perceived with clearer vision his annoyer was none other than the lost tiger, who evidently was used to bad language. "Old Joe," as he was called made great efforts to keep steady and progressed fairly well. The bulky brute affectionately rubbed his legs and was evidently so pleased with the company

as to share the pedlar's humble dwelling

When with the returning dawn Joe's scattered senses came back he began to think £100 would not be too much for a brave man like himself and he determined to keep his secret dark for a while. Feed the brute he must, however, and so cajoling pussy into his arms he brought her into the tiger's apartment. It was cruel of course, but then the cat was ever a nuisance and only out of policy did he take her from a compassionate neighbour.

She bridled up immediately; her tail sent high defiance across the room and she spat hissing venom at the larger image of herself. This for a second, then with wild heart-rending mews she clawed her way straight up one wall and such was the driving force in her galvanised body was almost half way across the ceiling when she fell, fell into the maws of the hungry monster below. One puss per day, however, is not enough for any self-respecting wild beast and the next few days saw Joe picking up such odds and ends as cocks, hens, rabbits, cats, etc.

Meanwhile, the village was in the throes of a daily terror. All the smaller fry of the animal population were rapidly disappearing. A whole litter of good sized pups had vanished, but the old dog itself hadn't. Neither had any large animals. The tiger must be lurking near hand but it must have special tastes as regards food, being a bit of an epicure. Perhaps it was not so fierce as was given out. Mr. Slogum, however who had to fulfil engagements elsewhere, increased his reward to £60 and left the village.

Now the pedlar was about sick of the unsatiable appetite of the brute, as soon he would have to widen his field for food and besides, £60 was not bad. Others

however, were now bold enough to make a search and among a few hardy spirits it was known queer things were going on at Joe's. Agonizing shrieks of the village cats were varied now and then by the squawls, long and prolonged of miserable ducks, hens, pups, and chickens. Joe never troubled to despatch the victims beforehand. A wild beast wants something to live for other than dead stuff.

Watching through the window one night they saw how tame the animal was, though it had a most ferocious aspect, as feathers, fur and hair were literally daubed over his jaws and fore-paws.

With a sagacious horse, well used to drawing pigs and the like to market, in the shafts of an old disused closed van these bright spirits came to the pedlar's cottage when the coast was clear, of course. With a couple of juicy kittens as a bribe they enticed their hope and yet dread into the van. So eager were they to bar the doors that the poor animal's tail was jammed between the

doors, but fear of the bellowing brute let them leave things as they were. Now Joe had consulted some of his own fraternity and was returning with the most select of them to consider the removal, when there came borne on the night breeze a terrible uproar. Further on, abandoned in the middle of the road, with broken shafts and cut traces, stood a van in which all the friends from hell seemed imprisoned for the roaring was unearthly in its strength—no sublunary being could kick up such a shindy. Thus they thought until they saw the tail and then the truth flashed in on Joe. Stroking it gently with loving kindness Joe told the others to gradually open the door when he would shove the injured part in. With some trepidation this was accomplished and next morning saw a weak-kneed tiger with a washout appearance and a bandaged tail back once more in its accustomed cage. Joe never returned to that sleepy village, not after having wiped out of existence nearly every cat, dog, duck, goose and hen belonging to it.

## How to Conduct a School Magazine.

By Form U. Va.

Articles collected by R. IRVINE.

Millions airily criticise literary work ; few become creative artists of any merit. This by way of preface. We are not out to preach or direct. We are going to do things. We are going to run—with the kind permission of the editor—a School "Mag." in miniature. Please note the word "run" ; observe, we have not said "walk," "crawl," "toddle," or "limp." We are taking off our coats. We are about to start. We are off !

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### The Editorial.

By JOS. BYRNE.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

How many of you have ever sat in the Dentist's chair for business ? Not many, I hope, dears, Your poor editor has recently been there. The result is, his ideas are horribly mixed up. Well, looking over Europe, what do we see ? Peace budding, even shooting, in Russia, Turkey, railway carriages, and other places of human habitation. All that

is now required is to bring the "Hang the Kaiser" campaign to a ———aye, and why not a "Hang the Dentists" campaign? Let justice prevail though the heavens fall. Talking of justice, the Junior Shield team got an overdose of it lately. Their cup was filled—and so were two of my molars. Extraction is kindness, charity, mercy, etc., compared with filling. Taking our eyes off European politics and Wavertree, we see that the Mad Mullah has been dealt with. Lucky dogs, these African chaps, no dental worries. We bid you all a hearty welcome to Everton; boys from the North End are recommended to enter by the early door. As long as we remain in the editorial chair, we shall spare no pains—Gee, though he gave me cocaine, I suffered more than—pardon—to make the "Mag." O.K.

\* \* \*

## II.—Poetry.

By ALBERT E. ADAMS.

Every School "Mag." should have at least one high-class poem, e.g.

HOW TO GET TO ST. EDWARD'S.

Much have I travelled in cars that hold  
Passengers jammed in positions queer;  
So I'm going to tell you what you've  
been told

In the "Mag." already, if you'll only  
hear.

To get to St. Ted's, you take the car  
That carries you to, or by, or near  
St. Domingo Road, be it near or far;  
Get a "Two," or a "Thirty" from  
the Pier.

Pilgrims sipping the Lime St. air  
Enter the shrines of "Three," or  
"Twenty";

"Twenty-two" they'll find full fair,  
And fairly full is—well, I've named  
you plenty.

The Outer Belt is common knowledge,  
And "Twenty five" passes the College

## III.—Answers to Correspondents.

By R. IRVINE.

*All communications to be addressed to the Editor, Upper Va, San Domingo.*

WORRIED (Manualtown). Sorry; but we have been totally unable to trace IIIz. They have probably been painlessly destroyed in the lethal chamber by this time.

FINANCE (The Summit). We think that your money would be safest in the Auto-Safety Razor Co., especially in view of the great demand for their goods at present.

SLEEPY ONE (Cunninghame). That tired drowsy feeling in afternoon class is due to the restful colour of the wall, and the enervating effect of the sun's rays. To avoid this, live in a room surrounded by a freezing mixture, and have the walls painted all the colours of the solar spectrum.

L.M.K.U. (Old Swanston). We will consider your suggestion *re* a handball tournament, but why not play hop-skotch; it's much more exciting.

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## IV.—Humour.

By C. MURPHY.

Jokes—real jokes like the following—should sparkle through every form of popular literature:—

### (1). An Organ-Grinder's Earnings.

"What do you make a week?" said a magistrate to an Italian Organ-Grinder, who charged a man with breaking his instrument the other day.

"Vour pounds, sare."

"Eh, what? Four pounds for grinding an organ?"

"No, sare: not for grind, vor shut up and go away!"



(2).

VISITOR. "Where is your brother, Cissie?"

CISSIE. "Oh he's in bed! We were playing who could lean out of the window farthest, and he won."

(3).

DISTRICT VISITOR (proudly to old cottager): "I've just got a letter from my son Arthur saying he has won a scholarship. I can't tell you how pleased I am."

OLD COTTAGER: "I can quite understand your feelings, mum. I quite felt the same when our pig won a medal at the Agricultural Show."

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#### V.—Current Topics.

By J. CUNNINGHAM.

Every "Mag." should keep abreast of the times. Here is the latest Commercial news:—

(1). Owing to an increase in the water rate, the Butterfield Dairy Company have decided to raise the price of their milk to 5/- per quart.

(2). Messrs. Smellascient and Sherlock Blake, the famous criminal investigators, regret having to raise their fees on account of the increase in price of dog biscuits for their bloodhound Pedro.

(3). Mr. Oliver Smasher, the well-known pugilist instructor, and boxing demonstrator, is very sorry to inform his pupils that owing to the increase in the price of rump steak and nose plaster, he is compelled to raise his fees to ten guineas per lesson.

(4). The St. Domingo Road Branch of the Less-homework Club beg to declare that they will have to cut down the length of their exercises owing to the increased price of midnight oil.

(5). Signor Italiano, owing to the necessity of buying a new perambulator

for the twins, regrets to inform his customers that he is forced to raise his ice-cream to 6d. per molecule.

\* \* \*

#### VI.—How to write on Hobbies.

By EDW. WRIGHT.

For the purpose I propose to deal with the highly popular hobby of potato culture. Find which of your catalogues offers the best—seedy-potatoes. Buy some and find a very dark cellar and put them in a certain corner previously marked with a cross. Doubly lock the door to prevent any chance of escape.

After a few days give them a call. Don't on any account strike a light, or else you will frighten them out of their wits. Now go to the corner marked with the cross and face the door. Walk over to the corner farthest from you and feel with your hand for them. In all probability they will, during their travels, have deposited themselves there. If not, search round until you find them (no gaming license is needed). When found, they should be put in a strong cage.

They will be mere shadows of their former selves. Their sides will have sunken in and their skin wrinkled. They will have long white whiskers. This means that they are ready to be very reverently buried.

Now take your micrometer screw gauge (all good potato planters have this instrument); with this and the aid of a little conics find out the largest eye of each. Take hold of the potato to be planted between the finger and thumb of the right hand (you must not take this literally) — left-handed planters must obtain the help of some right-handed neighbour—and press it firmly into the earth, with its largest eye look-

ing heavenwards. Completely cover it with soil. If your neighbour's dog digs a potato up have him shot (the dog, not the neighbour).

Don't forget to pay for the seeds, by the way.

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### VII.—The Interview.

By F. LOMAS.

Always include an interview with a "personage" in your literary stunt.

BROWN OF U. Va. at HOME.

As I entered the sanctum of the well-known Garston Brown of U. Va., I found that esteemed personage deep in the mysteries of a simultaneous quadratic equation. Consequently, I was several minutes in his presence before he became aware of mine, and I had full opportunity of watching a master-mind working under normal conditions.

He was surrounded by papers, each crammed with figures, and with sundry scratchings of the head, and other actions necessary for the equation's solution, he triumphantly finished, and assumed a complacent expression.

Brown now observed my presence and expressed his sorrow for having inadvertently detained me. As he turned his face towards me. I could see that the recent "terminals" had put years on him! His cheeks had become deeply furrowed; his eyes dull; his hair grey in many places and very thin.

I asked his opinion on the football match at Birkenhead. Brown seemed to have been greatly struck by the symmetry of the ground; a pond in each goal mouth seemed to him such a thoughtful idea.

"Mind you," he added, "there is nothing like it at the Crystal Palace."

At this moment a soft female voice—that of his mother, as I learned afterwards—reminded him that it was half past eight and that if he valued her friendship, he must make immediate arrangements for retiring to bed.

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### VIII.—Examination Hints.

By J. HARDING AND J. MURRAY.

1. Don't be tempted to write on more than two sides of the paper.
2. If you can't answer a question, don't pass the time idly, but spend it drawing caricatures of the master on your blotting paper.
3. Don't number questions. The Examiner will run them to earth eventually. He revels in such work.
4. Don't trouble about being too precise. Vagueness makes him think. That's the stuff to give him.
5. As to food during the examination, masticate slowly about two inches of your pen-handle. Millions use such food.
6. Take plenty of exercise by approaching the superintendent periodically and asking him to help you out of your difficulties. This is how leaders of lost causes begin.
7. If you can't enjoy the examination see a doctor at once.

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### IX.—How to Draw.

By J. E. ORFORD & JOSEPH B. SWIFT.

Always include an article on Art. It gives the Magazine a tone: This is the class of contribution the public looks for:—

HINTS ON DRAWING.

1. If the subject of sketch (dog, horse, etc.) does not keep stationary, chain or nail it to something immovable.

2. Don't draw a landscape in spring-time ; nature is then too fussy.
3. Draw Seascapes during a fog.
4. Fire-escapes must not be drawn by amateurs.
5. Never draw beer.
6. Always start with an easy subject, e.g.—a balloon out of sight.
7. Never draw the long bow.
8. Red herrings are often drawn across the trail.
9. Articles like this are drawn to a speedy conclusion.

The Period of the World's History in which, with my present knowledge, I should choose to live.

(Two Views.)

I.—F. P. IRVINE, Form VIa.

Without classing oneself with the giants of modern literature, one feels tempted to reply to the above question after the Manner of Mr. H. G. Wells : "I never symose." While Mr. Wells may be allowed to reserve his opinions, an ordinary person must give some reply ; otherwise he lays himself open to the charge of not possessing any present knowledge.

But it seems to me that the man would be injudicious who would choose any other than his own generation, in which to be born. The clause in the above question : "With your present knowledge," determines this judgment. Presumably one would not possess this knowledge at birth, even in our present age of juvenile precocity, it would be ridiculous if a baby one hour old were to discourse learnedly on—well, say the Benzene Ring, but as one grows up, the knowledge peculiar to his generation is loyally administered to him in successive schools, elementary, secondary and those of experience and adversity. So if a person in whom was developing the knowledge of twentieth-century secondary-school subjects, were so unfortunate as to live just in Galileo's time, he would be rather miserable, Then too, the possession of knowledge

might conceivably not benefit him, nor give him any advantages over his fellows.

So far, what I have said assumes a man would be allowed to possess his present knowledge in whatever age he chose to exist. But if his present knowledge is only to be used to assist him in his choice, I still think as before. It must be the contagion of the luxury-loving age we live in, that awards the palm to this very age.

However, by starting at the beginning, we can give a fair trial to the claims of every age.

To commence, we may rule out the period when the human race lived in the garden of Paradise. It is much easier to be born in the twentieth century and acquire knowledge at school, than to conduct oneself respectably in a delightful Eden, with a Forbidden Tree always present. (Though indeed, the Forbidden Tree exists in various forms in the 20th century ; while the people of to-day seem to have forgotten all restrictions that it should impose). Besides, what a terrible responsibility lay on Adam's shoulders ! I think most people nowadays find their own responsibilities heavy enough, which yet are not comparable to those of Adam.

And then the period before the Deluge does not appeal as a starting place

in life. It is not likely one would chance to be born into Noah's family. And no reasonable being would choose to be born with a great probability of ending this life in a watery grave, and having a warm time of it for ever in the next.

Much the same arguments apply to choosing the Chosen People as one's country-men. The virtuous and ultimately saved cannot have been very many; and the Israelites had a very hard life on this earth; it is more pleasant to live in a free country like Merry England, than to be born into a nomadic race, which was continually harassed by tyrants and driven hither and thither in great discomfort. Imagine too, one's feelings, if, after choosing to be born among the Israelites, one had the bad luck not to be Moses, but to be a contemporary of his. A few weeks of mortal life, and one would be at the mercy of any crocodile, ferrying souls to the other world.

Still, though the lot of the Israelites was hard, that of the various races of heathens which have successively dominated the world, is not more enviable. The outstanding objection is their fatuous paganism. It is not illogical to think that the majority of pagans do not strive after virtue. Those heathens distinguished for practising the natural virtues were certainly in the minority, nor were they always the happy ones. Then if we leave aside their paganism, their other qualities are not early amiable. Bloodthirstiness was a common failing of the peoples of the vast Empires, and blood-thirstiness is never an amiable characteristic. Another fault was their dislike of Christians common to most who dealt with Christians.

But the Christians themselves have a claim to consideration. Perhaps they are the most worthy of the honour of

our company; possibly, however, we would not be worthy of them. It is depressing to think one might have lapsed equally well as been saved. The period, too, was very unsettled: the present peace troubles being nothing in comparison, though they have made a philosophic habit of mind general in these days.

And to these days we are gradually getting nearer. The Dark Ages were not very pleasant times: several series of Popes in duo must have been very confusing. The lack of knowledge of the Universe is not pleasing to contemplate from a twentieth-century standpoint; and I suppose from a Dark Ages' standpoint, one's knowledge was very limited. Then the age of Chivalry has an appeal for some people; but not for the writer. The common soldiers had too much to do, and too many risks to take; the would-be knight had a wearisome apprenticeship, page, esquire, finally knight. And while it seems very fine to be a knight, the reality was not so pleasant. The vocation was a rather expensive one to follow, and very uncomfortable the knight was when actively pursuing his occupation. Armour is very heavy, a helmet is a stifling encumbrance, and a broad-backed war-horse must have been as comfortable to ride as a Clydesdale or a Suffolk Punch in a skittish mood.

But knights in armour have died out, knights of soap and jam have replaced them. One's choice now lies between coloured races, Americans, and Europeans.

Americans and coloured races may be rejected at once, so that Europeans alone are left. And now I have come to my first dictum. To an Englishman the United Kingdom is preferable to the other European countries, though the

position may be reversed in the future. But only hardy people venture to predict future events, and the writer declines to be born in the future.

\* \* \*

## II.—B. J. SMITH, VIa.

From the dawn of history to this very day seems a long time, so long that it needs an effort of the imagination to conjure up visions of nomadic man following the herds that were his prey, and yet to the Infinite Being Who made all, it is but as the drop in the ocean, infinitesimally small, one pulse in the life of the universe. It is perhaps by gazing on the universe, the most stupendous work conceivable that we can bridge the gulf of time and as far as scanty knowledge will allow, be travellers in time. We will gaze deep into the profundity of space and for a time forget the present, to be ghostly visitants flitting through the mists of past ages, ranging through space and time for an epoch and a place most congenial to our tastes.

Here we gaze on a sparkling sea and verdant forests, a lonely strand and an open sky. We hear nought but the breaking waves and the sighing of the wind. Man can be counted in thousands only. Is that roving life desirable? If it were that our minds would be debased to the standard of that far distant epoch it were better to enjoy in reverie that primitive life when men had no thoughts but those of anger, fear and desire, for do we not enjoy to the full in memory scenes we carelessly acted, when perhaps we deemed pleasure far away.

Rise and fall before us Babylon's temples and towers. How romantic they seemed before our journey, how

ordinary when we stand on the other side of history's thick veil. Man no longer roves over the wide prairies but becomes more and more a settler, yet for the individual, life is but the same dreary round of work with none of the conveniences that modern man knows.

And, as still lost in reverie, our spirits visit ancient places in the zenith of their glory or the first bloom of youthful power, as we mingle among the spirits that once trod this earth and that yet look down on the place of their joys and sorrows we see that the flashing lights that shine down through the centuries are like the gleams of light from some distant shore. How grand they are! What a lovely shimmering light they throw on the heaving waters of the deep and yet they shine not on heavenly, ethereal things, but on the commonplace, on perhaps, slime and mud.

Pharaohs' pyramids were built by slaves. How the enlightened souls of the thousands who were sacrificed to such whims must haunt each stone, each crevice in those piles. Greece's civilization was not much better. All could not sit all day discussing the problems of the universe. Some unfortunates did the drudgery, others talked a lot and made their names immortal. It is common man we must deal with, not the exceptional, the one who managed to dominate a tribe, a nation, or an empire. We note all the time his lot becoming better. And as it is the law of nature to follow the path of least resistance we keep on traversing the centuries till we come back once more to our own.

We search for romance and sigh for the days that are gone, bewailing the times in which man is hard-headed and out for his own benefit. But our age is as adventurous in its spirit as the age in which Cortez fought his way through.

central America, or Drake and his crew encircled the globe. As for place, in this modern world of ours, place as the sphere of a single man's life is very wide indeed. To be among one's kith and kin, midst the voices one loves and among the friends that have stood the test of time may well be the wish of many men.

This age of ours is a marvellous Age. We can traverse the earth with speed incredible. We have advanced so far in telephony that across the wild waste of waters, individuals may converse in ordinary speech. The souls are united though half the world intervene between their bodies. It is the age of the individual nearly, but not quite, but still near enough to allow the ordinary person to enjoy what kings and princes of bygone ages would envy. If then I were given the choice of choosing my haven of rest in time and space I would be content to remain in this the present age, perhaps not in the same place but not so far away as to regard it as beyond hope of revisiting. We can partake in the wonders of science, we may yet see the day of interplanetary communication. Would not Caesar rather be a commoner in the days when we humans come face to face with other beings, still the work of the Creator's hands.

With what avidity then would one learn of the new wonders of creation. Within this comparatively insignificant planet, man's sphere of activity has been confined. True, unfettered and free as thought, his soul has pierced the highest heavens but the spirit of adventure has been restrained. In ruder times it found vent in exploration and conquest. Now that the earth offers but little more to be discovered what greater adventure can there be than to wrest from nature her hard kept secrets.

In the aesthetic sphere we have before us the fruit of many ages of poets, sculptors, painters. We enjoy what perhaps many contemporaries did not, the classics of an age. We can enjoy the beautiful in poetry, the beautiful in anything that has been handed down to us from the ages.

And now we arrive once more at the present. And we hear the tolling of the bells.

“Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their melody compels!

In the silence of the night

How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats

From the rust within their throats

Is a groan.”

And they groan that ever we should be so ungrateful as to desert our age for a doubtfully happy existence in the years of the past. Our solemn thoughts have made the bells sound sombre, but as we throw ourselves once more into life with the added joy of having made sure we are after all very well off, then when we go star gazing again and the same notes come shining through the air the bells sound in unison with happy hearts. We delight in the music

“How it swells!

How it dwells

On the future!—how it tells

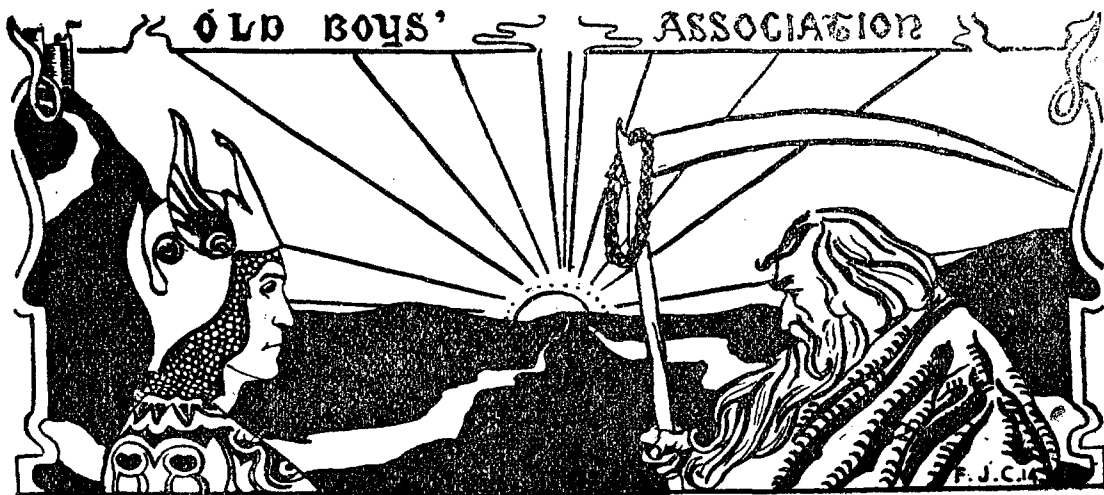
Of the rapture that impels

To the swinging and the ringing

Of the bells,

To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!”





The sympathy of all O.B.'s is extended to Mrs. Gavin and family, Bootle, in their recent double bereavement.

\* \* \*

We have been privileged recently to see a couple of Bernard Moloney's letters to his father. He certainly finds a life on the ocean wave very enjoyable.

\* \* \*

Rev. John Fanning visited *Alma Mater* very shortly after his ordination, and celebrated Mass in the Community Chapel on the 7th January.

\* \* \*

A letter from John Cole shows that he finds country life at Upholland very congenial.

\* \* \*

The death of Mr. D. T. Curtin marks the passing away of one who was in every respect a model Catholic gentleman. His demise is much regretted by all C.I.O.B.'s. To his wife and family they tender deep sympathy.

\* \* \*

Congratulations to Mr. P. N. O'Hara on his appointment as Editor of the *Demerara "Daily Argosy."*

\* \* \*

Our sincerest sympathy is tendered to Mr. D. L. Kelleher, who has recently lost his brother, Dr. Kelleher of Waterford.

The Dance at the Gainsborough, on March 5th, was a big success. The demand for tickets was far in excess of the accommodation of the Hall.

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#### VARSIITY LETTER.

THE "VARSIITY,"

LIVERPOOL,

Easter, 1920.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

A glance at the calendar reminds us that we once more resume our termly task and let you have the latest news of our C.I.O.B.'s who continue along the Academic Way within the precincts of our University. All are, we are pleased to remark, in the best of health and spirits and the traces of worry to be discerned on the majority of faces is only the outward sign of the awful anticipation of that which is yet to come—the summer examinations. And after that for most of us the 'Varsity and all that it means to us becomes a mere memory for we must away to the greatest school of all—the World's School—wherein we are judged successes or failures, not on periodic examinations and their results, but on general behaviour as citizens of a great city. With a vivid realisation of all those grand ideals and inculcated sentiments at the

old C.I., we are perfectly sanguine of the future history of our C.I.O.B.'s. Whilst we can take our work and play in that same zealous, yet earnest and cheery way, why be perturbed? Why only a week before the end of term with exams. in full swing, Pat Denny found time to convey to us the news that Aston Villa would most certainly win the Grand National!

Since our last effusion we have been pleased to welcome Dick Twomey back after a host of experiences in the Levant. Although not in residence, Dick is as keen as ever and was barely back with us before he read an account of his experiences before the University Catholic Society and by the same token he followed up with a paper before the Irish Society within another six weeks. This is something like a contribution to our social life—which is now acquiring such a select C.I.O.B. patronage—(You probably heard Mr. Editor that Col. Shute officiated at a Catholic Society Reception).

We had a brief conversation with Messrs. Hawe and Rogers the other day. We are very remarkably awed by the professional atmosphere they are acquiring. It really seems to one who has no intimate knowledge of a medical training that the medical students are specially dicted to produce that remarkably superior air they so soon adopt. Joe Flanagan loomed within our path recently and had tales to tell of all the work he had to do, and for once we believed him, for like so many more of us, he attempts his last hurdle this year and wants to clear it comfortably. Had we not known the exact circumstances however, and bearing in mind the fact that Joe has had tales of untold work since 1915, we would have given his remarks some thought.

Apart from these personalities, what further can we say? The Chemists have yet to do much to subdue Denny; The Engineers are slowly solving the old problem of "Why was work invented? and by whom?" We have heard some of their answers, but it would be useless writing them out, they would never appear in so reputable a production as the C.I.M. The Science students still act as human thermometers to the Victoria Hall radiators. Our Arts student—note that singular, Mr. Editor—is too busy with higher finance to be seen lately.

More generalised than usual you may say, but what matter when you have the main facts that we are here and doing that poor best which is all to still further brighten that illustrious tradition which has been in our keeping in some small degree. Now, as we draw to a close and realise that another must wield the pen in our stead, in the future, we are tempted to burst into a homily but we will be brief—For those of us who leave in the next few months, and for those we leave, let our watchwords be the words which the old C.I. now carries as her emblem, let us live up to them in season and out of season and scattered though we be we have a common bond; fortune, good or ill, may await us, but what of it: we can always look cheerfully ahead and tenderly into the past if we have lived up to our motto: "Viriliter Age."

Yours as always,  
Varsity.

\* \* \*

We regret very much to learn of the serious accident—and its more serious consequence—that befell Dr. Wafer Byrne during his sojourn in Brussels.



## Wanted—A Remedy.

“EPHRAIM ANANIAS.”—VIa.

Although war is regarded as the curse of nations, there is hardly any doubt that the conflict recently ended has materially benefitted us in many ways. In almost every branch of life, its effects are only too apparent. In fact we may say that the world is not the same as formerly. Nature has been compelled to yield priceless secrets and treasures, and to lay them bare before the astonished gaze of humanity, owing to investigations prompted by the prying curiosity of certain eccentric individuals who immediately trade on their new found acquisitions and endeavour to convert them into as much money as possible. Thus the air and sea have been conquered, and great progress made in the study of physical chemistry. Though great advance has been made in scientific research, yet perhaps greater progress than ever has been made in the medical world. As a result, we find that two methods have been found for the lengthening of the human life—one based on the ingrafting of a certain ape gland, the other finding its origin in the simple or garden trouser press. The instrument used in the latter case involves in its construction the theory of both the above-named press and the steam roller, and is just used as an experimental indication of the theorem: “Tallest people have the longest lives.” In spite of this progress, however, during the last few months there has been much evidence to the effect that a great challenge has been issued to “Sawbones and Company,” by the outbreak of a seemingly incurable disease. The first intimation of this approaching national calamity was given in the “Medical Lies,” on September 13, 1919 as follows:—

“We have been recently informed that in the ancient quarter of the Inthicol-Castitute, there has been a severe outbreak of a malady of the scarlet-runner type, termed by local practitioners “dazzijance.” It was first thought to be delirium-tremens, owing to its peculiar symptoms, but this was proved impossible. However, the disease is very contagious and a serious state of affairs is anticipated unless something is done by the local authorities, who seem powerless to combat this new menace.”

Thus we see the nature of the challenge and we are not at all surprised to find that the medical world has taken up the gauntlet, putting forward as their champion, Hcctor Domework (of kill or cure fame), who seems to be making a little headway in the matter. He has succeeded in isolating the injurious bacteria which carry the disease and to him I am indebted for the resulting information.

The malady, which in common circles is regularly called dancing, instead of being a new one has been proved by my informant to be of ancient birth and origin. Though its nationality is unknown, probably the first recorded case is that of the esteemed old dame who danced a Highland fling when Alfred the Great allowed her rock cakes to burn. The next outbreak worthy of mention occurred in the realms of chemistry, when H. Davy, to use his own words, “capered round his laboratory like a madman.” after inhaling sixteen quarts of laughing gas. (Further mirth-provoking instances may be found on consulting Mellor’s Chemistry, or interviewing the shade of the writer of that delightful little hand-

book). After this disease sank into obscurity only to appear in the ascendant once more. The bacteria lately isolated generally take the form of socials, dancing masters, hurdy-gurdies, and birch rods, and seem to be endowed with great magnetic and hypnotic powers. Under the influence of the social germ, the unsuspecting victim is led to the dancing master, an octopus-like germ with as many legs as there are days in the year. Here our ill-fated personage is "sucked" dry at the rate of a shilling a time, in return for which he develops into a fair contortionist, only to be whirled into the gutter, a mere bag of bones whose only hope of life is to offer his services gratis to the hurdy-gurdy proprietor. Under these conditions he is joyously welcomed into the army of those who sport little red coats and who, with head downcast, collect minute offerings in a little hat, accompanied by the strains of "A Perfect Day." The symptoms of the disease are many and various, the victims being generally found in pairs. Persons in the throes of their delirium try to tie the necks in knots, hang their right feet on their shoulder blades, while on the left foot they describe certain gyroscopic revolutions, much like a man with a carache. This done they sort themselves out, untie their necks, and agitate their legs with a cold fury, retiring to their corners, overcome with blushes. Tall persons generally complaining of feeling about six years old and that dancing only gives their pallid features a slight colour. Beware of these for they generally train themselves for gas pipes, or become telegraph poles. These victims are peculiarly active, since they laugh, make faces, search for invisible football teams and endeavour to find all the redundant points in connection with

the brief answering of certain questions.

With regard to persons who are seized with this malady we find they are for the most part extenuated editions of mankind, wearing soft collars and incidentally soft hats. Now, perhaps one of the greatest attractions for the dancing germ is the trilby hat, which has been proved to prevent the head reaching its full point of inflation. Hence the brain becomes clouded and since it is the chief place attacked by the germs, the latter breed to an alarming extent and gradually devour their living prey. Soft hats should then be stowed away and worn only on Sundays, or at funerals. For weekday wear, the most suitable headgear is the cloth cap or preferably the dark bowler hat, the absorbing nature of whose colour has the power of polarising and thus destroying any bacteria which might approach a healthy body. Doctors are also unanimously agreed that sentiment and emotion are minor forms of the sickness. Thus a person should not give way to joyous feelings by performing various gymnastic displays such as jumping with delight, or his case will soon become very serious. So also, in like manner, young persons, who are accustomed to reap well-earned benefits by reason of their constant propinquity to birch rods, etc., should suppress all emotion and "bear their blushing honours" with great fortitude, thus destroying all symptoms of the disease.

Children contract the malady at the slightest provocation, especially after eating unripe apples, and dance to the accompaniment of deep bass melodies. Persons who make it a practice to consult dentists gradually develop the disease, being often seen leaving the dentist's abode in leaps and bounds. Park-keepers and policemen often be-

tray symptoms of the disease by vexatious throwing about of legs at seeing their prey escape. Farmers also give way to the first attack by portraying their excitement with much waving of arms and sticks at not being able to dislodge apple raiders from favourite apple-trees. We can also imagine a certain nobleman succumbing to the malady when a paid barber solved the problem of making the hair lie flat on his head by the simple means of shaving the cranial orb. Bunions and corns attract the bacteria of "dazzijance," for after having pet corns crushed by the larger footgear of others, many people try to develop physical jerks by balancing on one foot and holding the injured extremity in their hands. Neither is this humorous, nor should it be taken as a sign of stormy weather. School teachers scarcely ever contract the disease except on very important occasions such as the marking of examination papers, when they leap and rage in an ecstasy of "delight" on beholding the "pressed down, shaken up," and condensed treatises of their pupils on conic sections or impact and loss of kinetic energy; or on the celebrated occasion of a learned greybeard's publication of a new text-book. Then they circle in unison with the shades of Loney Archimedes, Ptolemy and Stewart, describing in their unbounded joy certain "dynamic shunts." Athletes, especially high jumpers, are also subject to the malady, their artistic display being often accompanied by a kind of kangaroo hop. Famous roller skaters in like manner have been known to describe a "Gaby Deslys" glide, terminating in concussion of the brain. So also in the case of commercial travellers and newspaper reporters, the symptoms can be easily detected, in as

much as these kind of people usually make their debut in a "whirly-whirl" and take their departures in a bang and three explosions. No more examples of the crushing effect of this disease on humanity have been forwarded to me so I must revert to the lower animals.

Even animals have been found to fall foul of this terrible malady. From this we are not at all surprised to find that lambs and goats are stricken with a form of the disease called frisking. Dogs and hyenas often dance and accompany their actions with plaintive whispers to the rising moon. Diseased bears often give their hunters lovable "bunny-hugs. Music has been known to cause animals to contract the sickness, often with serious results, for we find Orpheus suffered capital punishment for disturbing the repose of the Bacchantes with his feverish animal train. Rabbits and hares always display a leaping activity at human approach, while moles are not subject to the malady, theirs being a very boring existence. Live fish are not troubled with human ailments, but dead fish, i.e. in chemical terms, an allotropic modification of the species of marine animal known as fish, do not betray symptoms until after a very long time when the evolution of phosphine warns us to isolate the patient and put it in the fume chamber. Worms and lizards often refrain from dancing as they are calm and cold-blooded. In the case of frogs, the symptoms are recognised by the inflated mathematical air of benevolence with which these insects snap up erring flies. Limpets being, like corrections, of a very clinging nature do not dance. Even the largest of the animal kingdom, the lion and the elephant, are not exempt, for it has been found that these often perform 'American two-steps' to the music of Pan's sylvan pipes.

And so we find other examples, too numerous to mention which only serve to impress us the more with the gravity of the challenge to the medical world. Although the bacteria have been isolated and the disease proved to be old, much more excellent advice must be given on how to avoid it. In spite of this, however, no real remedy for the prevention of its spreading and con-

taminating all mankind, has been found. What is needed in the medical world is the finding of a youthful Hippocrates who will, with his superior knowledge and ideas, revolutionise all theories and treatments as now practised by medical men, making life worth living and curing "all manner of ills this flesh is heir to."

## The Lure of the Garden.

It is possible that in the future, for many a long day, the English garden may have to mean more to its owner than it has ever done before, because he or she will be cut off from more expensive and far reaching joys. Therefore it will be the lure of the garden that calls with an insistent note—the garden that we have made ourselves, literally, with our own hands, and sometimes out of a rubbish heap.

I am writing this in a cottage garden that I have made. When I came to it, the beds were brown and empty save for old bricks, bottle necks, and fragments of pottery which were surely the accumulated rubbish of years.

My garden lies on the north side of a north country fell, and every year in March, when the snow leaves it, there is nothing to be seen but a regiment of dry stalks, without any leaves, and straw-like trails of dead violas. But March is the time to come back to a desolate country garden, to surround it with affection that surely encourages things to grow.

I am sure that when one comes back to them, the flowers begin to grow, but one thing holds them back—old wood. Deep down against the brown earth in March, there are tiny shoots that are some day to become the glory of the

golden rod, the mauve cloud of shasta daisies (*erigeron*) and the mist of blue forget-me-nots in May.

They cannot grow until the old wood has been cut away. Everything new must feel the air about it, see the light of Heaven, have space to prove whether it is weed or flower. After all, old wood once was a young green stem pushing its way up for a chance. When that becomes an opportunity, and then settles into a habit, it is time for it to be broken up and carried away as old and discarded wood.

Strike my drowsy heart with thy spell  
of youth :

Let my joy in life blaze up in fire,  
Let the shafts of awakening fly piercing  
the heart of night,  
And a thrill of dread shaking the palsied  
blindness,  
I have come to raise thy trumpet from  
the dust.

So cries Rabindranath Tagore who is trying to make a garden of India, and who knows that no garden of a new Summer can be made without throwing away old wood.

March is the time in which to make a rock garden, so that it may be a thing of beauty for those who have not much money, and only bare soil. It can make beautiful a little space, and it is one of

those things which are more lovely when they are simple. A few jagged lumps of ordinary stone may be picked up in most country lanes. Even discarded bricks piled up in heaps would help to make the corner of a back garden into a rocky patch reminiscent of the Alps. Double white arabis is easy to obtain, and very cheap. Planted in small grey seedlings, in a few weeks it is a mass of creamy flowers. The purple aubrietia is its fastidious relative, but is even more hardy. Clumps of forget-me-nots will grow between small boulders, and add a blue mist to the white and purple. The feathery pink of London pride will cast a delicate veil about it all, and there you have a rock garden for little money, and less trouble. It will repay you by thriving and spreading and looking after itself, for there is no corner of the garden so democratic as the patch of colour that covers old bricks and makes beauty out of debris.

As the year goes on, in the little, hardy garden, we do not plant many new flowers. Old friends show their faces above ground, pushing up as though sure of a welcome, and certain of their own place in the sun.

The tall lupin raises her dreamy spire. The delicate aquilegia in spite of her fragile grace can weather any Winter storm, resist any shattering wind. Perhaps she is not really at home in a cottage garden. She is rather like a certain type of mid-Victorian lady, with charming manners, beautiful clothes, and no soul. I prefer her homely little cousin Columbine, with deep blue, or white petals, and showing a sunny content to live wherever her seeds may fall.

All simple, perennial flowers are content. Delicate seedlings, extravagant experiments in floriculture, may droop and die however they are cosseted and

protected. The hardy flowers blossom on—not in the monotony of stagnation, but in the sweet content of doing their part to make their own bit of earth beautiful. Nature makes every bit of bare earth into a garden. God meant the common world to have flowers.

It is where they grow that we feel  
The kiss of the Sun for pardon,

The song of the birds for mirth,  
One is nearer God's heart in a garden  
Than anywhere else on earth.

Perhaps it is this mellow sweetness of content in being just beautiful which deepens into the mystical and spiritual atmosphere which hovers over every well-loved garden. It is not always present in a splendid and stately one, blazing with colour, and with not a daisy in sight. The lure of the little garden has always a mystical call within it, never absent to him who has made the garden, and listens for the call.

It is heard in every simple sound, the breath of a faint wind, the murmur of bees, the rustle of leaves. No poet understands this aspect of a little garden better to-day than does Katherine Tynan.

The bees are types of souls that dwell  
With honey in a quiet cell,  
The ripe fruit figures goldenly,  
The soul's perfection in God's eye.  
Prayer and praise in a country home  
Honey and fruit; a man might come  
Fed on such meats to walk abroad  
And in his Orchard talk with God.

No garden, however small, is complete without

#### FLOWERING TREES.

Red hawthorn and guelder roses, laburnum, flowering chestnuts and syringa are all trees that love to bloom about little homes, that give their beauty, asking for little in return. Failing room for any of these, a flower-

ing currant beside the gate is one of the greatest joys of early Spring. There is nothing decadent or exotic about the scent of a flowering currant. As early as March in mild weather, it hangs out its crimson bells, and their fragrance is full of courage, determination and hope. If you are afraid of the future, plant a flowering currant to cheer you in March, the month when the year itself takes heart again.

The queen of the flowering trees is the lilac. Her white and purple plumes, her delicate scent, are the crown and glory of English gardens in May. Every Londoner may revel in the lilac in the nation's garden at Kew. He may read her meaning in her beauty more clearly if he has first read a charming poem by Alfred Noyes.

Go down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac  
time, in lilac time,  
Go down to Kew in lilac time, it isn't  
far from London,  
And you shall wander hand in hand  
with Love in Summer's wonderland  
Go down to Kew in lilac time, it isn't  
far from London.

The cherry trees are seas of bloom, and  
soft perfume, and sweet perfume,  
The cherry trees are seas of bloom and  
oh, so near to London,  
And there they say, when dawn is high,  
and all the world a blaze of sky,  
The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will  
sing a song for London.

Birds love the little gardens as well as the green spaces of the great ones. It was in the trees of a very tiny garden that I first heard the nightingale. It was perched upon a cottage gate that I once saw three cuckoos in a row. It is over the fields between homely dwellings that the pee-wit swoops with his cry of weird, mournful music. It is in at open cottage windows that the robin

hops cheerily, sure of a welcome because he is so pretty.

The joy of gardens begins very early in life—perhaps in some small town's enclosure where grass and daisies made the only claim to a garden, and beyond those, smoke and grime, and chimneys were everywhere. The daisy is part of the lure of a little garden. It is not cut down so ruthlessly as on the rich man's lawn. Only children really appreciate daisies. Only those who have the heart of a child for ever can understand this little flower. Mrs. Meynell is one of them. She writes of the daisy—

Slight as thou art, thou art enough to  
hide

Like all created things secrets from me,  
And stand a barrier to eternity.

And I, how can I praise thee well and  
wide,

From where I dwell—upon the hither  
side ?

O daisy mine, what will it be to look  
From God's side even of such a simple  
thing ?

In many a life it has been the beauty of a garden that has led to a passionate desire for beauty in every aspect of life. Some garden loved in childhood has made natural beauty, and the love of colour a foundation for the whole trend of life, and led to a development that might never have come, without that particular love.

SOME GARDENS OF CHILDHOOD  
stand out very vividly in my own memory—one surrounding an old house and beyond its wire fence a great patch of speedwells in growing grass—a little thing to remember through life, but a glimpse of the real meaning of colour because seen under an enchantment that has never faded into the light of common day.

It was this enchantment which is not

tied to place or time which Rupert Brooke saw in his boyhood on the river that flowed through the gardens of Grantchester, where it was possible to creep so close to nature that men saw fauns between the trees when little winds were half asleep.

I remember a cluster of milk white phloxes that grew in a town garden very long ago, and because of them that creamy August flower has always seemed to hold and hide a mystical secret too elusive to learn, but always just beyond one's reach. The gardens that children love are more important factors than many people realise.

All gardens of remembrance are sacred because they never drop their leaves in August gales, on them the sun for ever shines, and their flowers never die. Sometimes they are kitchen gardens with mellow pears and rows of apple trees, and raspberry canes; red currant bushes that bring back the very scent and taste of childhood. Those gardens keep their atmosphere.

Sweet herbs in plenty, blue borage,  
And the delicious mint and sage,

Rosemary, marjoram, and rue,  
And thyme to scent the Winter  
through.

Lavender, sweetbriar, orris, here  
Shall beauty make her pomander;

No garden, however small, is complete without roses. They will bloom in the murk and smoke of Liverpool. They will give out their colour and scent on the far northern fells. They will grow for the cottage gardener often better than for the millionaire. They are England's love, and every garden's lure, and there is something in their sweet and hidden hearts that is secret from all but those who have found in them a shrine where God has placed beauty which man may learn to see and perhaps to understand.

What is there hid in the heart of a rose,  
Mother mine?

Ah! Who knows, who knows, who  
knows?

A Man that died on a lonely hill  
May tell you perhaps, but none other  
will,  
Little child.

## Cricket and Football Notes.

### CRICKET CLUB.

*Captain* 1st XI.—T. P. Byrne.

*Captain* 2nd XI.—F. G. Harrington.

We do not remember a wetter season for Cricket than this of 1920. Our matches with Collegiate, Holt (two), Birkenhead Institute (two), and Conway Street had to be cancelled.

Of the *five* games played up to date—June 12th, we have won *three*.

C.I. 50 for 3 wkts.	v. Alsop High School	25
C.I. 54	v. St. Francis Xavier	55
C.I. 44 for 8 wkts.	v. St. Francis Xavier	42
C.I. 48	v. Oulton Sec. School	64
C.I. 49 for 1 wkt.	v. Alsop High School	14

### FOOTBALL CLUB.

Another remarkably successful season in the history of the School has come to an end. We heartily congratulate the Captain and players of the First XI., on their brilliant deeds. To go through the entire season without suffering defeat in any Inter-School match is truly a record to remember.

\* \* \*

Our Second XI. have done very well. They have tasted defeat on but two occasions.

\* \* \*

In the Inter-Form games, the performances of Forms VIa. and IVc. were of outstanding merit. Indeed for vigour and enthusiasm it would be hard to beat the C's.

\* \* \*

We are particularly pleased with the performance of the Senior Shield XI. In comparison with the stalwarts of 1918 and 1919, they were a much lighter team. Even the most optimistic of us did not think at the beginning of February, that they would meet with such success.

\* \* \*

The C.I. has been represented in the Final for the past three years in succession.

\* \* \*

Our congratulations are tendered to S.F.X., on their success in winning the Shield. For many years they have fought well to secure this much coveted trophy. At last success has crowned their efforts.

\* \* \*

Colours have been awarded to the following:—Hurley, Carr, Fleming, Hawe, Gore, McMahon, Harrington, and Murphy.

\* \* \*

The School and Players appreciated the presence of such a large number of Old Boys at the different Shield contests.

\* \* \*

*No Pupil of the School is permitted to be a member of, or to play for, any Athletic Club other than that attached to the School.*

\* \* \*

Everyone hopes that England shall make a good show at the Antwerp Games, but a good deal more important is the wide diffusion of the means for physical culture in the open air. The

extension of playing-fields in great cities like Liverpool, and the encouragement of Athletics of all kinds by the provision of opportunities for them is ultimately the right way to produce Olympic winners. Better a few additional playing fields than a bushel of Olympic laurels. A mere result, the victory of one man or team over another has little interest except for the physical and moral virtues which may underlie it.

\* \* \*

### FIRST XI. RESULTS.

C.I. v. Holt Sec. School	.....6—0
C.I. v. Liverpool Institute	.....5—0
C.I. v. Liverpool Collegiate	.....2—0
C.I. v. Waterloo Sec. School	.....8—0
C.I. v. Alsop High School	.....7—2

\* \* \*

### SENIOR SHIELD COMPETITION.

#### C.I. v. Holt Sec. School.

*At Wavertree, Feb. 25th.*

The Second Round of the Senior Shield Competition was watched by an enthusiastic crowd of supporters from both Schools. The play was bright and sparkling. Our forwards were smart and enterprising, and there was much clever footwork. There was, however, a period in the first half when passes were frequently going to opponents' feet and when one of our men marred the usefulness of his partner by offside play. Still our forwards were faster, quicker on the ball, more prompt in their passing than ever were the Holt in attacking, largely because of the excellent half-back play. Carr, Fleming and Hawe, all did extremely well, with rapidity of their every movement in meeting the ball, tackling, and passing up to the men in front. At centre, Fleming did splendid work, Murray and Hurley were safe, the latter gave promise of powers which were shown to



advantage in the encounter with Birkenhead. What little Batty got to do he did well, and was rather unfortunate in being beaten once. Right on to the end, Holt fought well. Their inability to put up a bigger score was due to the weakness of their front line. Certainly, the play of their Backs and Custodian was very fine.

Result—C.I., 4. Holt Sec., 1.

Team :—Batty ; Murray, Hurley ; Carr, Fleming, Hawe ; Murphy, McMahon, Gore, Harrington, & Langley.

### Semi-Final.—C.I. v. Birkenhead.

*At Prenton, March 10th.*

Team :—Batty ; Murray, Hurley, Carr, Fleming, Hawe ; Murphy, McMahon, Gore, Harrington and Langley.

Wednesday, March 10th, saw a big muster of C.I. boys, and Old Boys, making their way by boat, train and car to witness our encounter with Birkenhead Institute. As the latter had previously defeated Collegiate by *one goal*, a stiff fight was anticipated. Such expectation was realised. The gathering was rewarded with a good display from both Elevens ; and were cheered by C.I.'s success. It will, perhaps, be said that we were fortunate ; that, especially in the first half we had but little of the game ; and it may be argued that Birkenhead deserved to win by ever so many goals. But C.I. was represented by footballers, rich in adaptability ; they put away what might be called the mechanics of the game ; their football was full-blooded. As a team of hard, earnest footballers, We preferred C.I., to the Birkenhead XI.

C.I. won because Batty, Murray, and Hurley built up a brick wall-like defence and because the half-backs : Carr,

Fleming, and Hawe had it in them to smash the combination of the B'head forwards. They worked like Trojans. Particularly in the first half, Hurley won quite a personal triumph. He did his kicking strongly and accurately ; and tackled with a certainty and a healthy vigour that suggested that he might in the future prove to be an accomplished defensive player.

The victory of C.I. was a triumph for the uncompromising fighter. Our men were ever dogged and determined. It was not until after the interval that our forwards really asserted themselves, though, of course, Gore, aided by his partner, had won the admiration of the spectators by the way in which he drew Birkenhead's custodian and shot into the net. Especially in the last half hour they had most of the play, and on several occasions missed scoring by inches. Harrington showed improved form, but unfortunately Langley and McMahon who had shown to such advantage against Holt, were not at their best. Both were indisposed, but tried hard. Batty never kept goal better, Hurley and Murray were thoroughly dependable.

Birkenhead halves were inconsistent ; now they would be brilliant, again uncertain, and always, we thought, was their football too elaborate.

Murphy's goal—which fairly decided the game—sent in from the extreme wing, gave the goal man little chance.

It may be that luck did enter into C.I.'s victory, but then luck cannot be shut out of any game, and we would have it that the C.I. XI. were more virile than their opponents.

Result—C.I., 2. B'head Inst., 0.

Scorers—Gore and Murphy.

\* \* \*

**SENIOR SHIELD FINAL, 1920.**

*At Goodison Park, March 25th.*

A large body of supporters viewed our encounter with S.F.X.

C.I. lost the toss and were slow to find their best form. Whilst there was decidedly good combination among the forwards, our half line often failed to give that necessary support. Possibly over-anxiety affected them. S.F.X. followed their usual orthodox plan of campaign. Quick on the ball, they settled down to something approaching sound football, and though for a fair time kept chiefly in their own half, they managed to prevent C.I. from finding effective form.

C.I. Centre and his line avoided coming up on S.F.X. backs, to whom they gave a clear field. Never during the season can C.I. have frittered away so long a spell without setting up one deadly attack. When S.F.X. found that their opponents, although having such a large share of the attacking, could not score they took courage and beating our Halves scored on two occasions in the first half. C.I., however, did not reel under the shock of adversity, even when shortly after the resumption of play S.F.X. scored their third and last goal. On the contrary they redoubled their efforts and gave us a splendid display of sound, whole-hearted work. Within five minutes, they scored twice. They played almost brilliantly, not as a team of individuals, but as a well-disciplined army, each man in sympathy with the other, all pulling together. Our opponents' defence began to wobble, and Langley taking advantage of his opportunity, fastened on the ball like some limpet, and went fast and straight for the goal. When some ten yards he shot hard and

high. The goal man had to recede behind his own line to catch the ball. Unfortunately, the Referee failed to keep pace with the ball and though several yards from the goal, decided that the ball had not gone over the line. This was a damper on our spirits; but the players, nothing daunted, hammered on. Shortly after, Gore was illegally impeded in a straight dash for goal—when he would surely have notched his third for the day—but not until he had overcome his difficulty and found a clear track once more did the whistle go. That settled matters as there were but a few minutes to go. Certainly, we might—despite our tardiness in the first half—have drawn. As already remarked, C.I. owed their defeat to the fact that their old strength at half-back was wanting.

Team :—Batty ; Hurly, Murray, ; Carr, Fleming, Hawe ; Murphy, McMahon, Gore, Callaghan, and Langley.

\* \* \*

**Liverpool and District Secondary  
Schools' Athletic Committee.**

At a Meeting of the above Committee held at the Liverpool Collegiate School, on March 26th, 1920, the following business was transacted :—

It was decided—

- (a) To hold an Inter-Schools' Swimming Gala, at Queen's Drive Baths, towards the end of June.
- (b) To grant Certificates to boys for swimming. :—
  1. 2nd Class—100 yds. in not more than 100 seconds.
  2. 1st Class—100 yds. in not more than 80 seconds.
- (c) To hold a Knock-out Inter-Schools Squadron Competition :—
  1. Junior—Age Limit 15 years.
  2. Senior—Age Limit 18 years.

(7) To meet at the beginning of the Summer Term to arrange further details.

\* \* \*

#### DATES TO BE REMEMBERED—

Wednesday, June 23rd—

Annual Athletic Sports for boys of St. Edward's College, and Catholic Institute.

Thursday, June 24th—

Inter-School Swimming Gala, Queen's Drive Baths, Walton.

Saturday, July 10th—

Inter-School Athletic Sports.

Admission to Inter-School Contests: Boys 5d.; Adults 1/3.

\* \* \*

#### JUNIOR SHIELD.

##### 1st Round.

The first round of the Junior Shield was played on Feb. 11th, the C.I., receiving in Wavertree, Collegiate, as visitors. The morning of the game gave little promise—a dull, gloomy day, with heavy downpours. Towards the afternoon, however, it cleared up somewhat, and by the time the match commenced, the weather clerk promised us a fine afternoon. Both teams turned out sharp to time and the large number of C.I. boys who attended were able to compare in their own incomparable, boyish fashion, the relative merits and demerits of the opposing sides.

Collegiate won the toss and Mitchard kicked off. Our now famous school cry which seems to enjoy a perennial youth rang out over the Mystery with all the lung power of close on 700 enthusiastic supporters of the C.I. behind it; cheering and encouraging our youthful gladiators to do and dare for the honour of their Alma Mater.

C.I. were the first to press and after 15 minutes of hot work their attack was rewarded, for Maher with a fine shot scored a brilliant goal. Collegiate now tried hard to equalise but could not succeed, and shortly before half time Mitchard, the centre forward, scored a second for the C.I.

Half Time—C.I., 2. Coll., 0.

In the second half C.I. had the hill, but right from the start, the Collegiate outside right secured and scored with a good shot. This reverse nettled the C.I. forwards and getting to work, they ran through the opposition and Higgins and Mitchard scored in quick succession. After a period of mid-field play, Collegiate invaded C.I. territory and taking a nice centre, the Collegiate centre-forward flashed the ball into the net. From mid-field, C.I. again took up the running and quickly transferred play to the opposing half. Here Henry, who was playing a sturdy game, getting the ball neatly passed the full back and scored with a good fast shot.

From the centre, Collegiate pressed strongly, and Green was knocked out in a collision with the outside left, wrenching his ankle in the fall and having to be helped off the field. Higgin now secured the ball at mid-field and after a brilliant solo run, he went right through the Collegiate defence and then very coolly walked the ball into the corner of the net farthest from the goalie. This was a really brilliant goal and one of the best things of the match. Full time whistle soon went, leaving us the victors to the score of C.I., 6 Coll., 3.

\* \* \*

##### 2nd Round.

In the 2nd round of the Junior Shield, C.I. met S.F.X., at Wavertree, on Wednesday, Feb. 25th.

The meeting was looked forward to with great eagerness and large numbers assembled to witness the contest.

C.I. had one change in the team that defeated Collegiate, as Green who was badly hurt in that match, was unable to play.

From the beginning, S.F.X. attacked with great vigour and during the first half, our defence was frequently tested. Following mid-field play, Maher secured and after a good run, gave to Higgins. The latter elected to pass to Mitchard, who scored the first point with a neat shot. From the re-start, S.F.X. frequently invaded our territories, but the defence was not penetrated, and the first half ended, leaving C.I., 1 S.F.X., 0.

On resuming, play was more even; the ball travelling from goal to goal in quick succession.

Then S.F.X. equalized from a melee in the goal mouth and again near full time, following a break-away, they scored their second and what proved to be their winning goal. No further scoring took place, though both sides strove hard and the final whistle went, leaving S.F.X. victors by 2 goals to 1.

\* \* \*

### JUNIOR CUP.

The draw for the Junior Cup caused great excitement amongst those interested, and on January 21st, the 1st Round was played off in Sefton Park.

IIIa. were drawn to meet IIIId., and were somewhat easily disposed of, IIIId. winning by 5 goals to 0. IIIb. met IIIc., only to fall victims to the superior skill of IIIc., who won by 2 goals to 0. IIa. were drawn against IIIf., and after a very good game, the "wee ones" disposed of IIIf. by 7 goals to 3.

### 2nd Round.

In the Semi-finals, IIIId. were drawn against IIIc., and IIa. against IIIe.

On Saturday, March 6th, IIIe. and IIa. met in Sefton Park, but the match had to be abandoned owing to the rain. The replay took place on St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, and to the delight and surprise of their followers, IIa., who played a sturdy and determined game, won a well deserved victory, by 4 goals to 2.

IIIId. met IIIc. in Wavertree, and after a rather one-sided game, IIIId. won by 4 goals to 0.

\* \* \*

### Final.

The Final of the Junior Cup was played on Wednesday, March 24th, between IIIId. and IIa.

The youthful supporters of IIa. had great hopes that their champions, having fought their way through two successive rounds and reached the final—a record rarely, if ever achieved before by Form II.—would go the whole way and capture the Cup.

The match, which was refereed by Mr. Holland, began up to time and in the first half, IIa. played a brilliant game, which gave their supporters at the side line something to enthuse over, Hayes, left half, being specially prominent. In this half, IIIId. scored only once, a rather lucky goal, Blackledge netting the ball from a rebound, after the goalie had saved well.

On the turnover, however, the superior skill and stamina of IIIId. told, and though the A's played resolutely, the game ended in IIIId. becoming the proud possessors of the Cup for the next year, to the score of:—IIIId., 6. IIa., 3.

For the victors, Blackledge, O'Donnell and Farrelly, in the forward line

were a constant source of danger while Merrutia, as full back, gave very few openings.

Prominent amongst IIa. were, Litherington and Park, as full backs. Flaherty and Carroll showed great skill and determination in holding up a strong forward line; while in the forward line, Ruddy and Devlin made a very dangerous left wing.

Teams:—

IIId.—Walsh; Griffin, Merrutia; Hurst, McMullan, Stall; O'Donnell, Romano, Blackledge, Kernigan, Farrelly.

IIa.—Marrow; Park (G.), Litherington (Capt.); Flaherty, Carroll, Hayes; Scanlan, McMullan, Coventry, Ruddy, Devlin.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE.

The Junior League this year aroused considerable enthusiasm and up to Christmas, the matches were fought out with great eagerness, but during the Spring term, weather conditions were not at all favourable so that some of the games had to be postponed and even abandoned. Our congratulations are offered to IIId., who headed the League, and special mention is also due to the youngsters of Form II. for the courage and dash they displayed against heavier and more experienced opponents, who found to their cost that though form II. were the youngest in the League, they were by no means to be despised.

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**NEXT SESSION BEGINS APRIL 28th.**

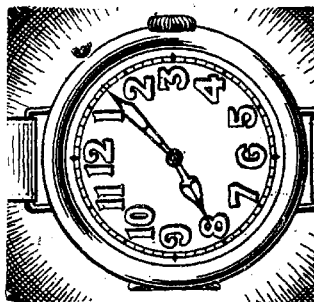
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