

**HIS GRACE**  
—❧— **The Most Rev. Dr. Whiteside,** ❧—  
**ARCHBISHOP OF LIVERPOOL.**

\* THE \*

# CATHOLIC INSTITUTE

## MAGAZINE.

Vol. 4.

AUTUMN, 1911.

No. 1.

Published three times a year. Subscription 1/- per Annum. Single Copies, 6d.

Address all communications to the Editor of the Magazine, Catholic Institute, Liverpool.

EDITOR, R. B. CUNNINGHAM.

SUB-EDITOR, J. HALL.

HON. SECRETARY, O. WAREING.

### CONTENTS.

<p>Editorial ... .. 1</p> <p>School Notes... .. 2</p> <p>The Trend of Chemical Invention ... 4</p> <p>A Reverie ... .. 5</p> <p>Liquid Air ... .. 7</p> <p>University Scholarship ... .. 8</p> <p>Victor Hugo... .. 9</p> <p>A Visit to Shakespeare ... .. 10</p>	<p>Life &amp; Works of Charles Dickens ... 11</p> <p>C. I. Debating Society ... .. 13</p> <p>For the Young Folk ... .. 14</p> <p>On the Battleship "Liberté" ... .. 16</p> <p>C. I. O. B. Association ... .. 17</p> <p>Obituary ... .. 19</p> <p>Athletics—Football ... .. 22</p>
---	---

### EDITORIAL.

It is our privilege to be **AD MULTOS** called on at the very commencement of our editorial career to discharge a most agreeable duty. The dignity which the Holy Father has recently conferred on our revered and beloved Archbishop has caused the sincerest rejoicing not only in Catholic Lancashire among his own spiritual children but among a vast multitude of others who have learned to appreciate his worth; and it is but fitting that we at the C. I., in whom His Grace has always taken and still continues to take a very special interest, should offer him our heartiest congratulations. We would assure His Grace that none of his faithful children in this stronghold of Catholicity have rejoiced at the latest recognition of his merits more than we, and we humbly pray that he may long be spared to guide and to maintain this archdiocese in the very forefront of English Catholicity.

**WINTER** Winter is come once more. We have again exchanged the pitiless burning days of Summer for the fogs and damps of the Winter season. But with

us there is no Winter. Our steps may tread amidst the rustling dead leaves; we hear them not. Piercing the clouds that wrap the death of Nature we look before us with eyes intent on the future, and feel the breath of the Spring already blowing on our cheeks: Ariel like "we drink the air before us." Dead Nature awakes in us no sympathetic touch. On the contrary we are full of life, awakened to the birth of a New Year, not mourning for the death of the old, and we feel our veins thrilling with the life of youth. Who could say with truth that dead Winter was here when we gaze on all our eager alumni "like greyhounds straining on the leash"? Nay rather life is near, eager, pulsating, for in very truth the game is a foot.

How shall we fare, in **JOY AND** the coming year, in the **SORROW.** world of Intellect and Sport? Well, we are assured. In our race for Honour, we believe our young Athenians will, with eyes alert and sinews stiffened, carry onwards the torch, kindling bright, that their comrades in the struggle have passed along. And, indeed, it is a noble heritage! Honours in all grades of the Oxford; Scholarships at the University; and—Io Triumphe!—our entrance, at

length, into the final for the Shield. Oh! The Shield!!! "Infandum, regina, iubes renovare dolorem." Even thus with Vergilian wit did a scholar of St. Paul's reply to the Virgin Queen, when asked if he had ever been whipped. We too may feel sore after last year's experience, but we may truthfully repeat the words of Sophocles' hero—"Mayst thou, my son, be luckier; better thou canst not be." To those, then, who are interested in the doings of our Football Team—and who are not?—we commend the criticisms of our one and only Parisian correspondent. Monsieur A. Suivre, as our worthy printer, has dubbed him with unconscious humour, has much to say that is sound and to the point.

Our "theatre night" is OPEN ably dealt with by R. SESAME. Cunningham; and other articles on literary matters will we hope find an approving audience. Mr. Kelleher, true to his old charge, helps us on our way with a Pindaric ode, whilst our worthy French Master, Mr. J. Curtin inducts us into the mysteries of Oriental Life through the magic maze of Hugo's pen. Mr. Jerome Twomey once more delights us with an essay on the marvels of Chemistry. These, with the usual reports of literary societies in touch with the C.I., make up our fare, which we have much pleasure in laying before our readers.

## School Notes.

### Gold Medal.

All those who made the acquaintance of Tom Dunne during his many years at the C.I. will learn with pleasure that he is the recipient of the premier prize given by the school for the session 1910-11. His success at the Examinations both Terminal and Oxford Local, and especially his unflinching loyalty to the different School Clubs and Societies, all of which he served generously and well, entitle him to the honor which he has received. He got First Place in the final school examinations, and was bracketed equal with G. G. Kirby in First Class Honors at the Oxford Senior Exam. in July. In the Mathematical papers set at this Exam. he earned Distinction, and was placed 15th in the list of successful candidates. In the

Shield and the 1st XI. Football teams he earned his colours two seasons ago, and he has played for the 1st XI. Cricket Team for the past three years. Though his services in the field of C. I. Athletics undoubtedly give him a strong claim to recognition as one who has earned the esteem of his fellows and of his masters we rather think that the prominent part he took in the development of the C. I. Magazine, and his efforts on behalf of the Debating Society give him even a greater claim to our gratitude. Like others of his type his interests were never confined, and consequently we found him taking a leading part in every movement that aimed at fostering a healthy spirit of esprit de corps among his fellows in the school. His success at Examinations shows that he was a conscientious worker, and that same feature characterized his endeavours on behalf of the School Sports, the Christmas Plays, Deykercasia, and a multitude of other projects that from time to time claimed his attention. We feel then that we can congratulate him on behalf of the whole school, and wish him success in the new sphere to which he has so generously devoted himself.

### Silver Medal.

The place of honor among the Juniors is held this year by D. J. Gavin, who we believe has made a record for the C. I. by winning 25th place in the First Class Honors List at the Oxford Junior Exam. He also got 8th place in the Distinction List for Higher Mathematics, and when we remember that as many as 7,266 candidates were registered for this Exam. we think that D. J. Gavin merits all praise. He has long since won our esteem both at Football and the Cricket XI.'s, and we hope that his second visit to the Everton goal will be as fortunate as his recent sally into the arena of the Locals.

### Last Scene of all.

The Oxford Locals were as usual the closing scene in the Term which has lately passed into History, and they formed an appropriate climax to our great Session Play. This year we quite out-grew the scene of former contests, and consequently we adjourned to the enervating (!) atmosphere of that home of fun and frolic—The Liverpool Assembly Rooms. We frankly admit that the familiar old Hall gave us a

really warm reception, and notwithstanding the elaborate precautions taken by the Oxford Delegates lest candidates may obtain any external assistance in their difficulties, we occasionally had the privilege of requisitioning the full power of the electric installation in order to have some light thrown on the complex problems and queries that confronted us. An electric fan was also busily employed in wafting a supply of Mersey Ozone round our heated craniums, so that we had very special treatment indeed. But notwithstanding all this, its latest transformation seemed too violent for that apostate building, and we are convinced that the quondam church tacitly resented our intrusion, and will not lend its kindly co-operation to any effort which may tend to restore its pristine solemnity, even for one tedious week.

The days, however, sped hurriedly by, and at the formal request of the presiding Examiner we duly handed up our last contribution, and hurried from the precincts of the Rooms determined to enjoy our well-earned freedom. The Exams. were over: the holidays had begun. However, those strenuous days had left a deep impression: the Exams. though gone were not forgotten, and their memory hovered round many of us during the first few weeks of the Summer holidays, and perhaps helped us to while away those weary hours of inactivity.

At last the great Oxford Oracle spoke through the medium of our local and other newspapers, and by exception we rose early on a certain Monday morning in August to learn the net result of that vast expenditure of brain energy, pens, precious Oxford Examination paper, and a host of other things. We could relate some interesting details of that Monday morning, but an inexorable editor denies us space, and consequently we cannot narrate them here. We shall only add that there was an air of happiness in the features of every C. I. Oxon. Loc., and the results show that the overwhelming majority of us had reason to rejoice.

### Senior Exam.

The results of this section of the Oxford Examinations show that Form VI. have kept up the good repute of their Form, because we note with pleasure that they came through the ordeal without a single casualty. Nineteen C. I. Seniors were successful this year, of whom thirteen were awarded Honors,

and seven obtained Distinction in individual subjects. T. J. Dunne and G. G. Kirby tie for highest place in First Class Honors, being 92nd among 9,506 candidates. They are followed closely by R. A. Caswall, R. B. Cunningham and E. J. Robinson, all of whom are in this highest division of the Honors Candidates. Mathematics claimed five Distinctions with G. G. Kirby holding 5th place. He also holds 28th place in the list for Distinction for Religion, and R. A. Caswall is 20th in the Distinction list for French, so that C. I. Seniors got at least their share of the Honours.

The place in the Examination which has been won by T. J. Dunne and G. G. Kirby is not so high as that won by C. I. Seniors in former years, but it is only fair to mention that our strongest Candidates were handicapped by preparation for another Exam., which made it impossible for them to take the full number of subjects at the Oxford Senior Examination.

### Junior Exam.

Our Juniors made a very decided step in advance this year, and we find a considerable increase in the Honors List. With a total of 22 Honors, 10 of which are First Class, and D. J. Gavin at the head of this list holding 25th place among 7,266 Candidates we find previous records completely eclipsed. In Distinctions too a record has been made, because *nine* have been obtained in Mathematics and Higher Mathematics, including 2nd, 4th, 5th and 8th places, and there were also Distinctions in Religion and in English. A total of 40 passes is creditable to our Juniors.

### Preliminary Exam.

Those presented for the Preliminary Exam. this year did exceptionally well. Fifty-two passed, eighteen of these obtaining honours. Patrick Denny and Dwyer Doyle obtained the 27th and 34th places respectively out of a total of 3,116 candidates presented for the Exam.

In addition to the above Robert Forshaw and P. Denny secured the 2nd and 3rd places in Higher Mathematics, while C. O'Hara was awarded 1st place in the Elementary and Higher Arithmetic.

### Back again.

The departure of Mr. Kelleher from among us was a source of regret to many

at the C. I., who had learned to appreciate his worth, but we have been consoled by the return of Mr. Duffy, whose enthusiasm in the Class-room and on the Cricket-field did so much for us when he was here three years ago. We are glad to see that Mr. Duffy retains all his former energy, and already he has given us many proofs of his enthusiastic interest in all our little hobbies—Classics included.

### Back from the Varsity.

We also extend a hearty welcome to another of our Old Boys—Mr. W. H. Rowe, B.Sc., who has just joined the staff of his old school as Mathematical Master. We are sure that Mr. Rowe will be better able to appreciate our position more thoroughly than any of the other masters.

### Other New Masters.

It is not in the very unworthy spirit of the degraded caliban that we also welcome Messrs. T. J. Curtin and D. Hayes, both Old Boys of the C. I. We know that since the advent of the former the hopes of our Shield folk have been considerably strengthened, and the active interest which Mr. Curtin takes in them is sufficient to justify this.

---

## The Trend of Chemical Invention.

By J. TWOMEY, B.Sc. (Hons.)

The day of the Alchemists is over, and with it has disappeared their intangible dreams and their vain, wild searchings. No longer do men of science pose as mere magicians, and no longer do they conceal their art behind the cloudy incense of cryptic sayings. "The Philosopher's Stone" and "The Elixir of Life" no more play will o' the wisp with daring imaginative chemists, but beacons of the pure white light of truth and knowledge guide their steps to coigns of vantage from which they, with power and wisdom, direct the world along paths of greater safety and of greater good.

The general trend of chemical invention can be conveniently summarised under the following heads:—How to make things cheaper; how to make them better; how to make imitations of things

and substitutes for things, and how to make artificially the natural substances of the animal plant and mineral world. The last two aims must not be confused. In the one case, the substance to be made (which already exists) is subjected to a very critical examination. Then knowing all that is necessary, the chemist attempts to build it up from materials which he has at hand, till he finally has exactly the same substance as exists in nature. To give an example—indigo, formerly obtained from an Indian plant, was studied from a chemical standpoint by Baeyer, a German chemist. This occupied 15 years of his life, and it took 20 years more to perfect its manufacture. But the artificial product now synthesised in a cheaper and purer form has completely driven the natural colour, indigo, from the market. On the other hand artificial musk and essence of violets as prepared by the chemist have no properties in common with the natural substances except the odour, that is, chemically these perfumes differ completely from those whose odour they resemble.

A propos of scents and dyes, it would read like a long romantic fairy tale were one to describe the substances that are now easily and plentifully obtained from coal-tar. Let it not be considered as fiction, but let it be regarded as plain solid fact that from this evil-smelling, black, sticky mass of thick liquid, oils for lighting and lubricating medicines, drugs and disinfectants; delightful, oriental perfumes; beautiful brilliant dyestuffs, and delicate pleasing tints are all obtained by chemical means! The alchemists' dream of transmutation of base lead into noble gold pales into insignificance before this wonderful change of black tar into these bright colours and perfumed essences.

And in this vast process nothing is wasted. Even the pitch which remains after the extraction of all these substances is utilised. It is melted up with some of the less valuable oils and when mixed with sand, pebbles, or stone-chips, and spread on a road, imparts to it a good wearable surface. This idea forms the basis of many patents, chief among which may be mentioned "Macadam," invented by an engineer, named MacAdam. Another good example of the utilisation of waste is the manufacture of "briquettes" for burning, from coal-dust (formerly regarded as valueless), mixed with tar and some

binding material as cement. Artificial stone now produced in large quantities is again a utilisation of waste.

Another line of chemical invention is the improving of the ordinary commodities of life. This improvement may be carried out by extracting from the substance and using instead of it, its essential principle, or by removing injurious constituents. Coffee, for instance, has been made to give up its essential principle which is sold to-day as "Coffee Essence," that is we have all we want of the coffee for drinking purposes, and we do not have to stock the bulky bean. Many patents are on the market also for the production of caffeineless coffee, and of coffee which will contain less of the harmful tannic acid. It is even suggested that nicotineless tobacco be prepared by removing the nicotine by the simple process of passing steam over the tobacco. Further this nicotine would not be wasted but would be very valuable in tanning.

Again, in nature, many substances exist which, in their present form, are of no use whatever, but which, if converted into other substances by chemical or physical means, would be extremely valuable. Chief among such substances is the nitrogen of the air. Now, in school, we are taught to look upon nitrogen as a most inert and lazy body, characterised by the tendency to do almost nothing. But when combined with other elements "it is the most living, doing thing in the world. It is the most restless and powerful of the elements. It yields delicate perfumes and terrible "odours," dyes and medicines; it exists in poisons and explosives." Now nitrogen, as already observed, exists "free" in nature, but we want it "fixed" or combined. And it is the most unimaginative fact in the world, but men must solve this problem of the cheap economic fixation of nitrogen or starve. Because our land constantly requires enriching, and the principal means at present is by the use of saltpetre. This substance is mined in Chili, but the deposits will not last for ever. And what shall we do then? If we have no manure to recuperate the soil, the necessities of life will grow disastrously scarce. Therefore, since atmospheric nitrogen when once "fixed" can be utilised here, we see that there is not the slightest exaggeration in the alternative—solve this problem or starve.

Many further examples could be cited of the utilisation of wastes or valueless substances by the applications of chemistry. Large bogs of peat in Germany, formerly of practically no value, are now regarded as mines of wealth. Wet peat is of no use, but the dry article is a valuable fuel. A simple method has now been patented, which shows that by the passage of electricity through the damp mass, the water moves to one side and the peat particles to the other, thus giving an easy separation. Improvements in this line will be eagerly watched by Ireland, which possesses large bogs of this peat or turf, which will be a useful, valuable fuel when electric power is cheap there. Again, in America, large industries are developing which manufacture from casein, found in milk, everthing almost from combs and pencils, to building materials, as stones and cement.

What a transformation this is! To build one's house of sand was, till now, regarded as the extreme limit of insecurity. But who dreamt of houses of milk? What are we to expect next? I will not venture to prophesy. Some one more able may dare to speak the wonders of the future. But this I feel compelled to state that Chemistry is a real live thing to-day. We must cease regarding it as a horrible concoction of facts and symbols, as something dead. We must realise that the chemist of to-day and to-morrow is a Superman, a man who towers above his fellows in power,—who leads the world. He wrests from the rivers and rocks their deeply hidden secrets, and gives them back to the world as useful inventions.

The Alchemist is still with us! The Transmuter is yet alive! But his incense of concealment has long been dissipated. He works in the sunshine of true knowledge.

---

## A Reverie.

BY A. DREAMER.

If we wish to cultivate our higher nature we must have solitude. What thoughtful person does not love to be alone; to be surrounded with no objects but the fields and trees, the mountains and the waters, to hear nothing but the rustling of the foliage and the songs of the winds, and to feel the fresh breeze

of heaven playing upon his cheeks? When we are very much in contact with human life, when we are ever mingling with it, we are liable to become too conscious of its turbid side, or drearily oppressed with its common place features. Solitude can affect us somewhat as religious worship does. It can take us out of the consciousness of our surroundings, away from the ordinary selfish instincts by which we may be dominated. Solitude, moreover, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character, and is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations. He who is much alone with his better nature will not long be under the sway of his lower self.

It is noon, and the misty rays of hot sunshine are pouring through the stirless leaves, as I repose beneath the green shade of the forest. So impressive is the peaceful solitude and the solemn silence around that soon my thoughts are completely withdrawn from the engrossing factors that dominate the struggle for existence in our modern material world. Fertile Fancy charms me with the varied beauties of Nature's most glorious cathedral, and imagination discerns the intricate tracery of rood and screen, the vaulted roof, the delicate arches, and those strangely subdued and marvellously blended lights that to certain minds never fail to suggest solemnity. The chorus of dawn is long over, the hour of evensong is not yet, and if perchance a solitary birdnote is heard it seems but to intensify the prevailing hush. Drowsy and ceaseless as elfin music is the rhythmical hum of multitudinous insects. Exquisite and afar as the sigh of the breakers on some distant shore is the whisper of the almost inaudible winds in the forest depths—a whisper that thrills the very soul with infinite longing, even as that which the sea awakens, and is powerless to satisfy.

And here, in the hush of noon, in this temple of beauty, I lay aside for a time the worries and the cares of a sordid world, and I allow my weary soul to indulge the witchery of dreams.

*"We are such stuff as dreams are made on."*

What are dreams but the dust of way-faring thoughts? Whence are they, and what air is upon their shadowy wings? Do they come out of the twilight of man's mind; are they ghosts of exiles from vanished palaces of the brain, or are they heralds with procla-

mations of hidden tidings for the soul that dreams? The magic of dreams lies ever on the things that lie beyond our reach. To the child how desirable are the far-off years of manhood. What splendour lies over the golden cities of his dreams, peopled with the great and glorious citizens of his imagination—and to manhood how exquisite the fleeting and radiant hours of the child with their careless happiness, their unmatched joyousness. "It is, indeed, the primrose-path veiled in the glamour of distance, sown with the delicate pale flowers of the dawn, meet only for the treading of child-feet, the passing of the pure in heart." It is not one of the least beautiful of our dreams in which we see the sweetness of childhood veiled "in trailing clouds of glory!"

What a passionate longing for the green dimness of the forest, with its cool airs and hidden streams, sweeps over the heated and wearied toiler in the gloomy office. The vision calls to him with an intensity unutterable, and he would fain go out, and find heart-rest in the solitude of the veiled sanctuary, craving no gift but its natural peace. The imaginative mind is as a winding road full of alluring curves, with rising hills suggestive of the view beyond, with delicate shadows wherein we may rest and muse, where blow the sweet airs of heaven. Those who traverse this road have no envy of the frequented highway, with its ordered paths and level track.

To dream is surely in some sense to attain. The great picture is the representation of the artist's dream. To him it may seem a poor fragment of the greater and more lovely idea which was its inspiration, and which his skill was inadequate to reproduce in its perfection, but to the world it is an image of beauty placed within view of those to whom the deeper revelation is not given. So, too, the musician weaves of his passionate soul-longing a silver chord of melody which has its echo in all the restless hearts of the world.

Of necessity, there is less appeal in art in whatsoever form, to those who have not dreams for company. In some there is no spiritual joy awakened by the wild-rose of sunset seen on some lonely hill. To some the solitude of the forest would be monotony, and the whirring wheels of the factory would have more allurements, and the gathering

of gold be greater good. For it would seem that the claim of the body is more urgent than the call of the soul, and its necessities more insistent than the need of the spiritual. The wheels of toil crush out the finer susceptibilities, and sordid environment and grinding care are, we know, to a vast extent responsible for sordid lives; but in some few hearts dreams still find hiding places, and the instinctive ideals of beauty are difficult to destroy. I have heard the shouts of delight of city children let loose in the buttercup fields, and in an hour or two the gold that delighted my gaze had vanished. But the children's desire was not to destroy beauty but to possess it, to carry away to their gloomy haunts the brightness that charmed their unaccustomed eyes.

But most true is it that beauty is a lifeless thing and the call of Nature a voice unheard if there be not love in the soul—Love is that divine element essential to the beauty of the world: it is the creative instinct of the artists' genius, the life of the poet's songs, the uplifting power of the humanitarian, and without it the world would be deprived of its purest art, its loftiest theme, and its deepest inspiration.

Through the Gateway of Love we enter into life, and by the Divine Light we are guided from the dawn that wakes us into the vision that lies beyond. Shadows there must be in the day of our wayfaring, and where the light is most radiant the shadows are ever deepest, and the heart that loves most is most open to pain. Yet, is not each step consecrated by the mystery of the Holy Cross? "The purer the heart, the greater its capacity for sorrow and joy—the sweeter seem earthly blessings, the more humiliating seems earthly pain." While I muse, a bird flashes on sun-touched wings across the green shadow sending a quiver through the soft silence and bringing me back to a consciousness of my surroundings; and a tiny bird alights fearlessly on a slender birch-spray, with gentle flutterings and soft notes swinging lightly with the motion of the branch. And I think: "Here is a happy thing, unconscious of anything but love and melody and joyousness!" But as I look, I see a downward flight, and the little singer has darted away with some morsel of prey which was the cause of his lightsome

swinging, and the object of his seemingly careless eye. He is merely about his daily task of sustaining existence. And so, I think, is life, exquisite beyond all words in its setting of loveliness, in its possibilities of the higher; yet given to us for toil, since without the work of hand and brain life cannot be maintained. And I think also, that the dreams of love and beauty and goodness, seen in the spiritual life, are for our encouragement and the uplifting of our souls. So while we neglect not the work that is given us to do, let us not neglect nor grow insensible to those higher visions which, in the unfolding of our lives, are as the ineffable rose-light of the sunrise on the hills of dawn.

Time has been stealing o'er me; noon has given way to afternoon, and afternoon to even. I have departed from my forest sanctuary where on emerging from the tree shadow I caught sight of the rising moon. Slowly, slowly, it mounted into a cloudless heaven—a radiant form, at whose advent the starry host "paled their ineffectual fires." Higher and higher she mounted in queenly majesty, until the dark world was filled with her glory, and the road before me became transformed into a silver track splashed here and there with the inky shadows of hedge, and trees, and leading away into the land of "Faerie." No sound broke the stillness save the murmur of wind in the trees, or the throbbing melody of a little brooklet close by. Indeed, nothing could be more delightful than to walk upon this country road, beneath a midsummer moon, when the world of things material seems to vanish quite, and we walk within the fair haven of our dreams, where imagination meets and kisses us upon the brow.

---

## Liquid Air.

By J. C. CUNNINGHAM.

It was only about ten years ago that scientists for the first time became acquainted with that peculiarly interesting liquid—Liquid Air, and thereby made it possible for us to accomplish that hitherto impossible feat of "seeing the wind" a privilege which a doggerel bard granted only to one of the lower animals. At first Liquid Air was preserved as a very rare treasure but nowadays it has become a commercial



product. The details of the manufacture of this liquid would have, perhaps, but little interest for the generality of our readers, and therefore we shall only mention the principle on which it is based. All our Elementary Scientists, and others too, will have observed that through the agency of heat liquids may be made to assume a gaseous form.

They will, moreover, have been aware of the fact that the converse holds good, and that it is possible to cause a substance which we know only as a gas to assume the form of a liquid if its temperature can be sufficiently lowered.

How to obtain this sufficiently low temperature in the case of air was the problem which the manufacturers of liquid air set themselves to solve. The key to the solution of this problem was obtained when it was observed that the temperature of a compressed gas was considerably lowered when the gas was allowed to expand and it is the use of this principle which made the manufacture of liquid air a possibility. Our supply of the liquid is now obtained by submitting a quantity of air which has been freed from Carbon Dioxide to alternate compression and expansion.

The exceedingly low temperature of this liquid which resembles water in appearance may be judged from the fact that when a little of it is stirred with water a layer of ice is readily formed on the surface of the water. If mercury is put into liquid air the silver mobile liquid after a time becomes a hard grey solid in appearance not unlike lead. Its marvellous properties are very numerous.

If grapes are stirred up with liquid air they are no longer soft but become hard as stones and will bounce like marbles. When liquid air in a kettle is placed on a block of ice the ice is so much hotter than the liquid air that the latter can be seen boiling away more vigorously than water ever boiled on a red hot fire.

It is of great practical use for other than freezing purposes. For instance, there is at least one man who travels about in a motor driven by air. This car is like a steam motor, but instead of water liquid, air is used, and the boiler containing the liquid air is surrounded by ice, which is a very good fire for this purpose.

As another illustration we might say that all the oxygen that is commercially obtained at the present time is got from

liquid air. Air, as most school boys know, consists mainly of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen. The former boils at a lower temperature than the latter, so when liquid air is allowed to boil, almost pure oxygen boils off at the beginning, and so chemists have now the sole privilege of talking about Brinn's process for the extraction of oxygen. Brinn's process is cheap, but it is dearer than the present method.

Such briefly stated are some of the interesting properties and merits of liquid air.

---

## University Scholarship.



G. G. KIRBY,  
Winner of £180 University Scholarship, 1911.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Mr. G. G. Kirby, who is our representative in this year's list of successful candidates at the Senior City Scholarship Competition. Mr. Kirby has been a pupil of the C. I. since September, 1907, and few pupils have taken a more active part than he in the different spheres of activity which exist in the corporate life of the school. Though not always at the head of his Form he generally secured a very high place, and his zeal in promoting the success of the

different School Societies and the C. I. Magazine does not appear to have militated against his success at exams. He was awarded First-Class Honors at the Oxford Senior Examination, with distinction in Mathematics and in Religious Knowledge. In the former subject he was placed 5th among 9,506 candidates, and in the latter he secured 28th place. He is the winner of the Mathematical Prize for this year and tied with his class-fellow, T. J. Dunne, who has been awarded the blue-ribbon of the school—the C. I. Gold Medal. Though he did not succeed in winning a place in either of the First-Elevens he was an enthusiastic sport, and his untiring efforts as sub-editor of the C. I. M. will not soon be forgotten by those who are interested in that publication. In the debating class he was very often *en evidence*, and readers of Deykircasia frequently wondered how he found time for his many contributions to that periodical. It is very evident that Mr. Kirby “played the game” in no selfish spirit at the C. I., and consequently we have genuine pleasure in wishing him the most brilliant success at the Liverpool University, where he has already commenced his three years’ course in the school of Science.

---

## Victor Hugo.

BY J. A. CURTIN, M.A.

In the case of many great writers it is hardly necessary to be acquainted with their lives in order to understand and appreciate their works. As regards Victor Hugo, however, the greatest among French poets, owing to the subjective character of his work it is absolutely essential to consider in brief the outlines of his life, because his character is reflected so completely in his writings. He was born in 1802, his father being chief of a battalion in Napoleon’s army; consequently he was taken by his mother in the wake of the Emperor’s army. He traversed in this manner practically the whole of Spain and Italy and when at last his father returned to settle down in the shadow of the Convent of the Feuillantines in Paris, our poet, being then only about sixteen years of age, had seen more of men and mortals than the average youth. Although he was extraordinarily proficient in mathematics, and wished to enter the school

for the training of officers of artillery, his penchant for literature wrapped him in its embrace. He first came into public notoriety by his “Odes et Poésies,” after which he was acknowledged as one of the most promising young literary men of his day. His “Hans d’Islande” is important as being the opening of the campaign between the romanticists and the classicists in France. Afterwards came his “Odes and Ballades,” his great drama “Cromwell.” Later his “Orientales,” which are the most picturesque of all his works. It would be unnecessary to enumerate his different writings, which are of a most numerous and varied type. By this time Hugo was the chief of the romantic school, and continued so until his banishment by Louis Napoleon in 1848. For fifteen years he was an exile spending most of his time in Guernsey, and only returned to France after the fall of the Empire in 1870. In the declining years of his life Hugo remained the undisputed sovereign of French literature, and in this period appear such works as “Les Contemplations” and “La Légende des Siècles,” works which, from the originality of their versification and choice of rhymes, form an epoch in French poetry.

It must be remembered that at the outset of Hugo’s career there was a struggle for pre-eminence between two schools of Poetry; the Classic, which wished for the imitation of the great classic writers, whether Greek or Roman, and the Romantic which, instead of tying down the individual as regards theme, treatment and style, allowed free scope to develop as the spirit listed. And this is the idea which runs through all Hugo’s works. He abandoned the stereotyped rhymes of the classic school, and his new rhymes are redolent with creative genius and ingenuity. His thoughts moreover are very high-souled, and his imagery is most realistic, *e.g.*, in speaking of the destruction of Sodom and Gomorra, “Sudden the cloud of fire bursts the scarlet flame, tears asunder its flanks, and overwhelms in streams of sulphur its crumbling palaces; Oh! Gomorra and Sodom, with what a burning dome are your walls now vaulted, oh! unhappy people! On you now is poured the burning stream of the avenging God; it melts like wax, the agate and porphyry tombstones crumble and fall, it bends as it were a tree the marble giant whom

they called Nabo, and each column burns and crackles like some huge torch. The fire is merciless; men, women and children all perish. Not one of those imprisoned malefactors can burst open the gates to liberty, but whilst lifting up their vile hands ask themselves what God is thus pouring his volcanoes on their heads. To-day, the palm tree which grows on the hillock feels its leaves wither, and its stem parch with that air which stifles and oppresses. These towns are no more and like a mirror of the past, over their burnt remains stretches a glassy lake which steams like some huge cauldron." Could one imagine anything more realistic than this description of the total destruction of those two unfortunate cities? Then again we have his impassioned address: "Where, Oh children of Cairus are those fleets which one time carried to combat their thousand soldiers; those sails which the infidels manned, and which lent their wings to the claw of the fire-ships? Where are your thousand sloops, and your haughty topmasts, and your proud captains? Your ruin has begun, you, who in your madness beat against the huge walls of stone like Leviathan."

Further, in his "Clair de Lune," his descriptive qualities are predominant, e.g., "The moon was calm and played upon the waters, the window at length unbarred is opened to the breeze. The Sultana locks out, and the sea which foams below with a silvery beam illumines the black islands. From her fingers still vibrating, slips the guitar; she listens!—a heavy noise strikes the silent echoes. Is it an unwieldy Turkish vessel which ploughs its way from the waters of Cos, beating the Greek Archipelago with its Tartar's ram? Are those cormorants which plunge one by one cleaving the water which rolls over their pearly fins? Is that an evil spirit which high overhead screams with shrill voice, and flings into the sea the copings of the battlements? Who troubles thus the waters in the neighbourhood of the palace? Neither the black cormorant, on its cradling wave; nor the rocks from the wall; nor the cadenced noise of the unwieldy vessel."

In these few examples the art of Victor Hugo is very well represented. His imagery, his antitheses are most potent. In fact a modern critic has described him as the embodiment of

antitheses. In the original the multiplicity of the rhymes is bewildering, showing as has been mentioned above his creative genius, and further, that his whole works are the embodiment of all the ideas held by the romantic school of which Hugo, Alfred De Vigny, Lamartine, Soumet, Madame de Staël, and W. Scott in prose, are the best representatives. These ideas represent freedom of thought and of style unfettered and untrammelled by the stereotyped rules of the old classic writers.

In French literature, Victor Hugo, takes a place analogous to, if far behind, Shakespeare in England and Goethe in Germany. If his defects could be summed up in a sentence, it would be, that his weakness lies in the predominance of the intellect over the emotions, or as Heine says, "Hugo is all fire without and all cold within." This is the fault of all French literature—its love of rhetoric. His memory is prodigious and the first fruits of his imagination are absolutely inexhaustible. His success was due to his vanity; his celebrated answer, "Je serai Chateaubriand ou rien" is typical, when we consider the place Chateaubriand occupied in French literature, and we cannot but admire the audacity of this young man of sixteen years (as he was, when he uttered that sentence), which is fittingly depicted in his motto, "Ego, Hugo."

## A Visit to Shakespeare.

R. B. CUNNINGHAM.

One Wednesday in October, we held our "theatre night;" it was the occasion of the visit of Mr. Benson, and his Shakespearéan Company to Liverpool, and the majority of the C. I. Seniors gladly availed of the opportunity to witness the performance of the "Tempest." At least for some time we were free from the abhorred thralldom of lesson books, and this combined with the prospect of passing a very pleasant evening together tended to make everyone merry. After a short wait, during which someone had the chance of displaying his notorious store of wit, the doors were opened, and the surging masses of school-boys poured into the narrow "cockpit," where, having comfortably installed themselves, they awaited with silent (?) and wondering expectation the raising of the curtain; and, indeed, we were not disappointed.

The first scene was very thrilling; one heard a confused roar; and the multitudinous din made by the sailors seemed more dire than the voices of the furies; several dark figures flitted about; a dim light at the mast head was all that could be seen; and, although very little was heard of what was spoken, yet I think it was a very successful and realistic representation. On the whole we were very favourably impressed, and prepared to hear with great attention and interest what was to follow.

The characters were very admirably depicted, although on some occasions Prospero seemed a little too stern. Miranda was indeed "the top of admiration," and she perfectly understood the part assigned to her. Some hold that Ariel should not be represented on the stage, one should only hear the voice, but Mr. Benson thinks differently. However, the acting of Prospero's spirit added much charm to the play, as did that of the other spirits introduced. The most complicated character, namely that of Caliban, was taken by Mr. Benson himself, and although his uncouth gabbling and emphatic gesticulations perhaps sometimes seemed a little overdone, yet the representation was very original, and the part, as it was performed, was the essence of grossness, but without a particle of vulgarity in it. His monkey tricks were very characteristic, and he was vociferously applauded when he climbed the tree to escape the vengeance of Trinculo. Stephano very readily appealed to his affections by making him drunk, and the monster servilely adored and set up as his god the possessor of such an elixir. Gonzalo was a typical old counsellor, and Antonio and Sebastian were perfect in the admirable conception of their respective roles. The humorous scenes were well sustained by Stephano and Trinculo, the former allowing the audience to see that he was using a bottle without a bottom, and he was deservedly applauded for his realistic depiction of the drunken butler. The two were as like roystering sailors, as they could be, and what more need be said! The banquet which was set before the king and his followers was a real Barmecide's Feast, and it must have been a great consolation to the castaways, when it disappeared, to think that they had not lost much. To our surprise the rather interesting part of the play, the masque, was omitted.

Upon another evening we had the pleasure of witnessing the performance of Henry V. In this, the characters were well depicted, but the stage accessories were very poor, a wooden chair taking the place of a throne, and a bare room that of a council chamber; the audience were called upon rather frequently to "use their imagination," and it was only with the help of the latter that one could "deck the kings." Mr. Benson sustained the title rôle with great ability. The perfect gesture and delivery compensated for the voice which sounded perhaps more like Shylock's than that of a young monarch. The French King was depicted as a weak person in a state of dotage, and chiefly influenced by his hot-headed and boasting son. The minor characters all played their respective parts very ably, Pistol being the best of them, and he excelled himself in the scene where he is forced to eat the leek. He was a perfect swash-buckler, determined on winning "immortal fame," and his attitude and tone towards the French prisoner were very amusing. Fluellen was very good, but the rôle of the Irishman was not well performed, the character being a mere burlesque. The tableau was the best scene of the play; it was a grand spectacle, and the curtain fell amidst the thunders of unanimous applause.

The large audiences bore eloquent testimony to the fame already achieved by this Shakesperian company, and indeed the plays were a collective as well as a personal success, for Mr. Benson was very well supported. On returning from the theatre we had nothing to do but dream of Ariels and warrior kings, and it is with great pleasure that we look forward to the return of one of those events which tend to make one's life at school less methodical and certainly less dull.

## The Life and Works of Charles Dickens.

By J. HALL.

Charles Dickens was born at Portsea, in 1812. He was the son of John Dickens, a clerk in the pay-office of the Royal Navy, and was the second of eight children. His mother was Elizabeth, sister to Thomas Barrow, who was also a government clerk. When Charles was four years old the

family moved to London, and thence to Chatham, where the boy received most of his early impressions. No one, to look at him, could see in him a future genius and a man who would take the world by surprise, as well as entrance it with his humour and pathos. For he was a small sickly-looking child; subject to violent fits of spasm,—and as regards sports and games, a spectator rather than a partaker in them. From his mother, he received the rudiments of English and Latin, and, at the age of seven he was sent to a day school kept by a certain Mr. Giles, to whom he endeared himself, and who in later days, sent him a snuff-box, on which was inscribed—"To the inimitable Boz." He was, at this early age, a lover of books, and for hours together his sole companions were Robinson Crusoe, Peregrine Pickle, Don Quixote, The Vicar of Wakefield, and the Arabian Nights.

However, in 1821, his father was removed to London, and Charles was forced to leave his books and companions, and bid good-bye to the scene of his infancy. The family now took up their abode in a back-garret in Bayham street, one of the poorest quarters of London. Here began the life of misery which the child passed; here he pined for companions and longed to go to school. Any school would do so long as he could learn something. But this boyish life was to be one of misery. His father fell into debt and was sent to the debtor's prison, the Marshalsea, whilst Charles was sent to work in a blacking factory. His sister Fanny, however, was a clever musician, and was elected as a pupil to the Royal Academy of Music. One can imagine the pride he felt at having a clever sister, and yet what feelings of jealousy must have pierced his heart when he beheld her going forth to receive an education, whilst he, a miserable boy, was shut up in a dingy, blacking warehouse, pasting labels on bottles, and mixing with none but the meanest, and most despicable beings living. The miseries, the hardships, the labours and horrors of his life, he laid before the world in David Copperfield.

A day of redemption was at hand. A rich relation, dying, left his wealth to the elder Dickens who was, thus, able to comply with the demands of his creditors, and received his discharge from the Marshalsea. Charles was rescued

from his disreputable position, and was sent to the "Wellington House Academy" where, for a space of two years, he was the leader in all the boyish mischief imaginable, and where he nurtured that excess of animal spirits, which were displayed in *Pickwick*. At the age of fifteen he entered an attorney's office, where he remained for about fifteen months. He then set to work to learn shorthand, and having mastered the mystic turns and pothooks of this science, he entered the gallery of the House of Commons as a reporter for the "True Sun," and later on for the "Morning Chronicle." The Editor of the "Morning Chronicle" was Mr. George Hogarth, whose eldest daughter Dickens married in April 1836. That same year he wrote "Sketches by Boz."

A few months earlier he had presented to the public his first number of the "Posthumous Papers of the *Pickwick Club*." The same year he left the Gallery, and devoted himself entirely to writing. The years from 1836 to 1841 were the first five years of his fame, and during them he composed and set before the astonished and admiring world, "*Pickwick*", "*Oliver Twist*", "*Nicholas Nickleby*", "*The Old Curiosity Shop*", and "*Barnaby Rudge*". In these the public saw real characters, who lived among them and conversed with them day by day. In them was displayed Dicken's knowledge of human life; life in every sphere; the burglar Sikes; the scheming, plotting, thieving Jew; the pickpocket; the sportsman Winkle, and the host of other characters who daily walked the streets of London under different names.

Even though these five years were for him a period of fame it was also one in which he experienced great mental strain. He had been led into forming contracts with editors of papers, and he had to work night and day to fulfil them. A tour through America, during which he visited Philadelphia, Niagara, Boston and Montreal, occupied the years 1841 and 1842, and when he returned, he wrote his "*American Notes*," describing his travels.

In 1843, he commenced *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *Christmas Carol*, both of which he had completed by the *Christmas* of the same year. He was, however, bitterly disappointed in the sale of the former, which was only about twenty thousand copies compared with

the fifty thousand of Pickwick. However the sale of the Christmas Carol compensated for this, and between December, 1843, and January 1844, he sold six thousand of the first edition, and realized a profit of some £460; and before the close of the month he had received about £760 for a sale of fifteen thousand copies.

In 1844 he left England for a visit to Italy to study the character of that people. He visited Albaro, and went from thence to Genoa, and while there he wrote the "Chimes"; he then visited Parma, Modena, Bologna, Ferrara, Venice, Verona and Mantua, and returned to England in 1845. About the Christmas of that year he wrote, "The Cricket on the Hearth," in which he tells of the cheerful chirping of the cricket and the happiness of home. A propensity for travelling now seemed to have seized him, and the glimpse of the Alps which he got in his Italian visit awakened in him a desire to visit them again. Accordingly, in May 1846, he left England, and going down the Rhine he visited Lausanne, where he wrote, "Dombey." He then paid a three months' visit to Paris, and then once more returned home. In 1848, he commenced "Household Words," and, in 1850 he wrote, "David Copperfield", in which he laid before the world the story of his life. He tells of his boyhood, his misery in the blacking warehouse, and what he had hitherto kept secret from his friends, he now laid open to all. "Bleak House" and "Hard Times," both of which were published before the middle of 1852, were his next works, and at the conclusion of a second continental tour in 1853, he wrote "Little Dorrit." A few years later he discontinued "Household Words," and started a new weekly paper, which he styled, "All the Year Round." In this he first published the well-known "Tale of Two Cities" and also his "Great Expectations." During the years that immediately followed he frequently gave a series of paid readings, and in 1867 we find him again the prey of that desire to travel, which so frequently beset him and which now led him to re-visit the new world.

On his return the following year he wrote his last work, "Edwin Drood." It was to consist of twelve parts, but when he had completed the fifth number, he was called away from the scenes of his earthly pilgrimage. He died in June, 1870.

As a novelist Dickens was supreme. His humour is unsurpassed in English prose, and in all his writings he shows a marvellous power of imagination, and an unequalled knowledge of character and of life.

In Pickwick he describes the life of a clubman travelling round England collecting all sorts of news; he describes the sportsman, Winkle, and the post boy, the stroller, Jingle, the spinster, Rachel. In Oliver Twist he portrays the parochial waif, Oliver, the burglar, Sikes, the wretched Nancy, and in "David Copperfield" he tells his own life story. In his works he shows good to be the best thing, and creates among his readers a hatred and loathing for all evil. In them is reflected his own character: a jovial good humour, a hatred and disgust at immorality or sin; and a profound and sincere love for all that is good and just.

---

## Catholic Institute Debating Society.

Some very interesting debates have already taken place this term. The season was opened with a paper on "The Roman Schoolboy," in which the Classical Master briefly sketched the history of the Roman schools, so far as it can be gathered from the brief allusions in the Classical authors. Beginning with the first brief reference to a school in Livy, in which Virginia figured, we were taken quickly along the four different periods which mark the development of Roman Education, till the Augustan era was reached, in which Greek literature and Greek culture had taken a permanent position.

Particular interest was taken by the members in the rigid discipline in vogue during the time of Plautus, when the pupils were "spotted like the pard" for some slight infringement of Roman discipline; and the story of the pupils at Falisci caning their treacherous master home from the Roman Camp was received with vociferous applause.

The first subject of debate, "Has civilization advanced in the last century," was characterised by eloquent rhetoric on the part of Messrs. Cunningham, Wareing, O'Mulloy, and Bannon. It was decided by an overwhelming

majority that civilization had *not* advanced! Germany's encroachment on Morocco was the next debated question, and, in spite of the pronounced Jingoism of the VIth A form, Fr. Meier's able address convinced the majority of his listeners that the Fatherland had once more exhibited "the mailed fist" in a righteous cause.

"Has Science destroyed Poetry" was particularly notable for the very brilliant part taken in the debate by the Juniors—especially Messrs. Brown and Kieran—who spoke admirably, and set an example which the seniors might follow with advantage. Master Brown pointed out the devastation caused by Science during the past few years, and caused no little amusement by his caustic references to the Killarney and Blackpool trippers.

## For the Young Folk.

### "SIR WALTER SCOTT."

Perhaps you would like to know something of his life. I did, I know, after I had read some of his books. Well, he was born in the Year, 1771, on August 15th. He first saw the light in one of the narrow streets of old Edinburgh—the Queen of Cities—and soon his trouble began.

Little Walter Scott lost the use of his right leg when he was still a baby, only eighteen months old; of course this affliction gave his parents great anxiety; they did everything in their power to restore the limb; but with little good effects; for though he did recover its use he was doomed to go through life lame. Othewise, he was quite strong, and, as he grew up, used to climb the famous Castle Hill with his schoolfellows.

His teachers did not think him a clever boy. Let it be noted that some of the most brilliant writers were not good boys at their studies. He went to the High School, and did nothing to distinguish himself there; nor did he do much better at the famous University, whither he afterwards went. His instructors had very little hope that their lame pupil would afterwards become famous. But, if Walter Scott learned little Latin and less Greek, he learned many things which proved of much use to him in after life.

His passion for reading could never be satisfied. He himself has told us that probably no boy of his age had read so much of the old legends and romances, as his imagination was early aroused to the interest contained in these old stories. He had a boy friend, and the two used to compose romances for each other's amusement, and read them to each other as they walked about Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags—two famous hills that tower beyond Holyrood Palace.

Edinburgh—"the Modern Athens"—in those days was just the place to kindle the imagination of a romantic-minded boy. He would find, at almost every turn of its grey and narrow streets, some landmarks of Scottish history, many of which have now disappeared.

Though he did not work at his prescribed lesson you must not imagine that he was lazy. He readily learnt French and Italian, in order to read romances written in those languages. For poetry, also, he had a great love, and he read long passages of poetry with as keen a liking as many a modern boy would read a stirring detective story. When he was fourteen he entered his father's office, and seven years afterwards he was qualified as an advocate. But one gift was denied him, the gift of oratory; he could not speak in public.

In 1882, his "Border Minstrelsy" was published, and three years later his "Lay of the last Minstrel" followed by "Marmion," and the "Lady of the Lake." He had already tried his hand at a long story in prose of Scottish life and character, dealing with the lifetime of his father, but he had mislaid the manuscript. Rummaging one day in the drawers of an old cabinet he suddenly discovered it, and, sitting down he read it through. He was so pleased with it that he decided to give it some finishing touches, and send it to his publishers.

That story was the famous "Waverley." "Waverley" immediately became popular, and Scott then began to write the series known as "The Waverley Novels." They were first published without his name. As each new one appeared, people became more deeply interested and fascinated by the brilliant pictures they presented, and the real characters set forth in them. Many guesses were made and much speculation aroused as to who was the writer.

Then came trouble upon poor Sir Walter. Just before his wife died, the

publishing house in which he had invested his money failed, and he became involved in the general ruin. He needed £130,000 to pay the creditors. How was he to get it? He made up his mind at once. Writing had before been a pleasure to him; now it must become business. Before he died, in 1832, he had nearly paid off the whole of it. In six years he had accomplished that gigantic task. Was he not a wonderful man?

The visitor to Edinburgh is often seen standing in the street, looking up at the window of the house where his hand formerly could be seen going regularly backwards and forwards, hour after hour, writing, writing, writing. Afterwards, at Abbotsford, the same hand could have been seen. And every time he put down another sheet upon the growing pile of manuscript beside him, a little more of that vast burden of debt was lifted. So he toiled on to the end with the heart of a hero. When this end was very near, he called his son-in-law to the bed-side. "Lockwood," said he, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous, be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

### WHEN BUMBLE-PUPPY WAS A FOX.

"Run in the warm sun, and play, and grow big and strong," said Mother Dog to her dearest puppy.

White, curly Bumble-Puppy did. He was fat and round and could not run very fast.

"Bark now, said Mother Dog.

"Woof! Woof!" said Bumble-Puppy, very loud and high.

"Now gnaw this bone, and get strong teeth," said Mother Dog; and Bumble-Puppy lay in the sun and gnawed the bone.

"Eat this bowl of milk now, and grow fat," said Mother Dog.

Lap, lap, lap, went Bumble-Puppy till the good, warm milk was gone. He liked his eating lesson best of all.

"Now," said Mother Dog, "go and lie by the fire, and sleep, and learn to be a watch dog. You must never let your ears go to sleep. If anyone you do not know comes in, growl like this," and "Urr-urr-urr!" said Bumble-Puppy very loud and deep.

"You are a good child," said Mother Dog.

Soon Bumble-Puppy grew bigger and stronger, and could run in the fields. One day in the long cold time he said to Mother Dog, "I saw a new dog, a red one, by the hen-house to day"

"That is not a dog. That is Fox. He is sly. He eats hens. Our master has told the dogs to watch for him. Some day we shall catch him. Do not speak to Fox.

Next day Bumble-Puppy saw Fox in the field near the wood. He was lean, with bright eyes, and he lay still in the long grass, and he looked very glad and kind.

"Come and play with me, Dog," he said.

Bumble-Puppy went near.

"You can't catch me," said Fox, and how he did leap and run! It made Bumble-Puppy jump and bark to look at him. "I can," said Bumble-Puppy, and O, dear me!—he forgot what his mother told him.

Into the wood ran sly Fox, and after him went fat baby Bumble-Puppy. They ran hard and ran till they came to the fox-home in the sunny hillside. Young Fox was there, and he was lean and red, with bright eyes, and how he could leap and run!

"Stay with us. Be a Fox," he said. "Stop and play with me."

"Yes," said Old Fox, laughing, "you are so lean and quick, and run so fast, you ought to be a Fox."

Bumble-Puppy believed every word, and said: "I wish to stay. I wish to be a Fox."

What fun Bumble-Puppy and Young Fox had! They hunted mice in the fields, and tried to dig woodchucks from their beds, and at last they lay down and slept in the sun. When Bumble-Puppy woke, he said, "I wish my bone."

"Wait, said Young Fox, "till my brother comes. He always brings food."

They waited long, and Bumble-Puppy was, O, so hungry!

"I wish my bowl of warm milk," he said. "I wish it now."

"Wait, said young Fox," my brother has gone to your farm for something good."

After a long time Old Fox came with a hen in his mouth. Young Fox ate, but Bumble-Puppy did not like to eat hens. He sat and watched Young Fox eat. How hungry he was! How he



did wish he was at home! How he did long for his bowl of warm milk!

"Listen!" said Young Fox at last.

"It is the dogs," said Old Fox. "We must run!" and away they ran, and Bumble-Puppy after. Down the hill to the edge of the stream. This ice was over the water. Down the hill came the dogs, and over the ice leaped Old Fox and Young Fox, light as feathers, and after them ran Bumble-Puppy, dear, fat, heavy, clumsy, Bumble-Puppy, and what do you think?—he broke right into that cold, cold water.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" he cried, trying to swim.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" laughed old Fox and Young Fox, safe on the other side of the stream, and then—O, then, Mother Dog jumped right into that icy water and took Bumble-Puppy to the shore! She shook and shook him till most of the water was out of his coat; she slapped him with her paw, and then O dear, she took him by the ear—his poor ear, and led him home.

How it did hurt, but Bumble-Puppy did not say one word.

"Eat," said Mother Dog, and gave him milk.

"Lie by the fire and dry," said Mother Dog.

How good that warm milk was! How good that fire did feel! When Bumble-Puppy woke, he was warm and dry.

"I am not a Fox," he said. "I do not wish to be a Fox."

"I should hope not. Be my good puppy," said Mother Dog; and Bumble-Puppy bit her ear for love, and they both were glad.

## ON THE BATTLESHIP, "LIBERTÉ."

(Blown Up in Toulon Harbour, Sept., 1911.)

BY D. L. KELLEHER.

### I.

The sun rose pale above the crouching shore,  
Mocked by the brazen guns that glowed  
With the haughty hint of death;  
And, fearful evermore,  
The young winds held their breath  
In awe to see such monster shapes as rode  
Upon a placid tide that scarcely showed  
A pulse of foam, so timidly it flowed.

### II.

But lo! as the polished muzzles filled  
with scorn  
To see the sun so pale,  
And the grim torpedo sneered, "No  
man can warn  
Against me, I prevail!"  
A red flame leaped about the vessel's  
deck  
Like a blood-red ghoul that gloats upon  
a wreck,  
Then darted up and down with awful  
haste  
Like some robed sentry startled in a  
waste  
Of desert, land who rushes wild about  
A sleeping camp half-wakened by the  
shout  
Of savage foes triumphing at the rout.  
Almighty God, what battle is begun?  
It is not men who fight but furies  
wrapped  
In fiery mantles, winged demons  
capped  
With solid smoke and vapours foul and  
dun,  
And men are ashes ere they can  
retreat,  
As love by lust pursued with flaming  
feet:  
Like midges caught within a heather  
fire  
They burn unnoticed in the greater  
pyre.

### III.

The shattered hull may sink and blown  
apart  
In trail of weeds the ribs ride out like  
hags  
To tell their sorrow by the haunted coast  
Of lonely isles that make no bloody boast  
Of war and flaunt no conquest-laden  
flags;  
And, oh, the widow's grief, the broken  
heart  
Of sire and brother, these our heritage  
Of pain and sorrow, wilt Thou not  
assuage!

### IV.

Oh, God, who made the lightning and  
the gale  
Oh, Lord, who taught our hands the  
might of steel,  
Remember all the bitter woe we feel,  
Give us some other force that will avail;  
Lest fire and metal idols grow again  
And Thou the Lord of Peace be scorned  
by men!

## C. I. O. B. Association.

### QUARTERLY MEETING.

The usual Quarterly Meeting, which was held on Sept. 18th, was presided over by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. W. J. Murphy. There were present Messrs. Tindall, Lacy, Hayes, Maguire and the Hon. Sec. The Treasurer's Report was submitted, and was considered very satisfactory. A list of dates for the Association Socials was drawn up and referred to the Social Committee.

At a subsequent meeting of the Joint Committees the following Programme was approved :—

1911. Oct. 11th.—Debate.  
 „ 13th.—Bohemian Concert.  
 Nov. 6th.—Debate.  
 „ 30th.—Debate.  
 Dec. 4th.—Grand Concert.  
 „ 13th.—Musical Evening.  
 1912. Jan. 9th (about).—Whist Drive  
 and Dance.  
 „ 18th.—Address.  
 Feb. 8th.—Debate v. School.  
 „ —Annual Dinner.  
 „ 29th.—Address.  
 Mar. 21st.—Debate.  
 April 12th.—Debate.

Particulars of Debates may be had from Mr. F. J. Tindall or Mr. J. F. Ford, The University.

### UNIVERSITY LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

We have at last settled down to pursue the normal course of events at the Varsity. I doubt if normal can be strictly applied to our doings considering that our first object is the success of social life, work being a minor consideration.

Such little work as is being done is performed by those pioneers of our band, the Messrs. Twomey. Dick is engaged in delightful wandering in the mazes of mathematics, whilst Jerome is searching industriously for new elements, to make the life of the students who come after him, still more intolerable. Jerome makes an ideal President of the Chemical Society; his wit and humour being always a welcome feature of its learned discussions.

Mr. Halsall is feeling the strain of his work as Secretary of the Physical Society. Already, the Society appears imbued with new life, due to his never failing energy.

Messrs. Forde and Dean appear grave and sad, no doubt because even now they are being haunted by the spectre of their 'final.' Our representatives amongst the Engineers, Messrs. Tindall and O Donovan, are also working steadily, both desiring to see the magic letters B. Eng. after their names. Mr. Bevin, our Senior Arts representative, is doing all that can be desired to keep the banner of the C.I.

floating in the breeze, and is being accepted as an example by his first year followers, Messrs. Burke and Lovelady.

Our second year Science men are also to be seen following the excellent lead set them by the Messrs. Twomey. Messrs. Cunningham and Lambie are revelling in the weird mysteries of Chemistry, whilst Mr. Hagan prefers the more precise physical phenomena.

Our rawest recruits at the University, Messrs. McMillin and Kirby, have already made themselves at home in their new surroundings, and have even been known to smile—an unpardonable offence in a 'Fresher.'

And so we form a compact body of steady workers, some striving to enrich the world's scientific discoveries, others engaged in profound philosophical discussion. It is excusable to predict, perhaps, that the harvest of such a company will be rich.

Yours,

A. L.

### PRESENTATION.

The ex-pupils of the C.I., who had been pupils of Mr. D. L. Kelleher, B.A., made him a very handsome presentation on the eve of his departure from the C. I. The ceremony took place at St. Mary's Hall, and a very good impromptu Concert, presided over by Mr. J. L. Lacy, added to the joy of the occasion. Several appreciative speeches were made to which Mr. Kelleher replied in his usual eloquent style.

### AT HAMMERSMITH.

A belated communication informs us that the Old Boys, at St. Mary's, are doing well. Messrs. McNally and Hennin are members of the 1st XI., and quite a large number do battle for the 2nd XI. Mr. Concannon has been making records at the Annual Sports, and others have been called on to discharge the arduous duties of prefects, librarians, &c.

Notwithstanding their strenuous lives down there they find time to sigh for 15th Dec., when they will say adieu to the many attractions of college life, and return to Merseyville and home.

### BOHEMIAN CONCERT.

The Annual Inaugural Bohemian, under the auspices of the Association, was held in the Bear's Paw, on Friday, October 13th. Mr. C. P. Murray was in the chair. Although the Concert was not so well attended as its predecessors, still the Programme, which was augmented by the efforts of several well-known members of the Association, was carried

through with great success and enjoyment. Miss Hamblett & Miss Madigan excelled in some very well chosen songs. Mr. E. Trowbridge and Mr. D. Hayes both sang with their usual vigour and brilliancy; and those who came on at a moment's notice, especially Mr. W. Murphy at the Piano, were very well received. Miss Kimmer accompanied very proficiently, and the evening was greatly enjoyed by those present.

### FOOTBALL CLUB.

The Old Boys began their season this year very favourably. Their first match with Liscard High School Past, resulting in a victory, which was well deserved. In many of the succeeding matches, notably that with Brompton (away) and Lynwood, the usual run of bad luck seems to have dogged their footsteps, most of them being lost by very small margins. With the victory gained over Brompton in the return match the Old Boys came into prominence by giving a sound thrashing to the first team of the league. On the whole the season has been comparatively successful so far, and although the match with All Saints, Stanley, certainly proved a fiasco through several men not turning up, the same thing is not likely to occur again. It would greatly facilitate the work of the Committee and augment the ranks of the Association, if former students of the Catholic Institute now playing football showed that "esprit de corps," which is so essential, and informed the committee of their names and addresses together with their willingness to play shoulder to shoulder with their former comrades of their "Alma Mater." This would prevent the possibility of several efficient men being quite unknown to the committee, as is the case at present. It might be added that the Committee are only too anxious to keep in touch with Old Boys whether they have left college one or more years.

Results.	Old Boys—1	{ Liscard High } { School Past }	3
	"	—3 Brompton	—4
	"	—0 Lynwood	—2
	"	—3 Brompton	—1
	"	—4 Gateacre	—4

The Second XI. started the season very satisfactorily by beating Wallasey Old Boys. Against Marlboro' College also they scored a victory, but were defeated by the Liverpool Collegiate Masters and by the S. F. X. Old Boys. Latterly they have been badly disap-

pointed owing to the fact that several of their fixtures have been cancelled by the opposing team. If the Old Boys of the other Secondary Schools do not take a deeper interest in the success of this embryo League, it will scarcely succeed.

### LITERARY & DEBATING SOCIETY.

We opened the season on Thursday, 19th October, by debating, "That it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." Unfortunately, the weather was most unfavorable, and consequently many members were prevented from coming. Those who did brave the fury of the elements were rewarded by a very interesting discussion.

Mr. J. F. Lacy proposed the motion, and spoke very eloquently, but in our opinion very theoretically about love. The opposition was led by Mr. M. J. McGuinness, who commenced by reproving the proposer of the motion for confining the subject to its narrower meaning. He quoted liberally from standard writers in support of his arguments, and emphasized the misery and remorse of Wolsley, Napoleon and Judas Iscariot, which he attributed to their having loved and lost.

Messrs. A. Lamb and W. J. Kearns spoke at great length in support of the proposer and the opposer respectively. When the debate was declared open several speakers were forthcoming, among whom were Mr. W. S. Delaney, who declared himself unloved and unlovable, Mr. R. A. Twomey, who quite agreed with the wider interpretation of the opposition, but still spoke for the motion, Mr. J. Cunningham, Mr. MacMillan and others. The casting vote of the Chairman carried the motion.

The second meeting was held on Nov. 6th, when we discussed, "That the study of Science is more advantageous than that of Art." An interesting discussion was opened by Mr. R. A. Twomey, who championed Science in an eloquent and well-reasoned speech. He was ably met by Mr. J. A. Curtin, who led the supporters of Art. Quite a large number of speakers participated in this debate, and in some instances the Chairman (Mr. J. F. Lacy) was called upon to enforce the time limit. The voting at the close of the meeting was in favor of Science by the narrow majority of two. The meeting was well attended.

**ANNUAL CONCERT.**

The combined School and Association Concert was held this year at the Concert Room, St. George's Hall, on Dec. 4th, and was one of the most appreciated and best attended of the many successful functions which have been held under the auspices of the Association. It would seem almost invidious to mention individual items of the high class programme which was submitted, but we must say that the splendid reception accorded to Mr. Trowbridge and his Party who presented scenes from Faust was well merited; it was perhaps some recognition of the generous and self-sacrificing efforts of Mr. Trowbridge, who has so often placed his valuable services at the disposal of the Association. The Old Boys feel deeply indebted to the ladies and gentlemen who placed their services at the disposal of the Concert Committee, and they have requested us to express their sincere gratitude to Mr. Trowbridge and his party—Madame De Lara and Mr. D. Spöhr, to Miss E. M. Shute, Miss Rimmer, Miss E. Hamblett, Messrs. J. Keegan, J. J. Smith, P. Donnelly, D. Hayes, the Members of St. Clare's Church Choir, to the Orchestra, and especially to its able conductor, Mr. H. M. Phillips, to the School Orchestra, and the School Choir. To Miss Rimmer and Mr. Keegan the Old Boys are very deeply indebted on account of the valuable assistance which they have so frequently given at the Association Socials. Indisposition prevented Mr. T. Moore-Ried from taking part in the Concert.

We hope to give a full report of the Concert in next issue.

**OBITUARY.****Ambrose J. McCann,**

(LAWRENCE ROAD, WAVERTREE).

It is with very deep regret that we record the early demise of Ambrose J. McCann, who departed this life on July 19th, and was interred at Ford Cemetery. The sad intelligence of his death came as a surprise to most of his acquaintances, because he was one of those ardent personalities, whose bodily and mental vigour seemed to promise a long and

useful career. The period of his illness too was very short; in fact he seemed to enjoy perfect health until a month or so before his death. Had he lived but a few weeks longer he would have completed his twenty-first year, so that his early decease is one more verification of the statement that in the midst of life we are in death.

He was for many years a pupil of the C.I., where his genial disposition, his unflinching candour, and his consistent devotion to duty won him the esteem of both masters and pupils. His success at the School Examinations was a natural result of his industry, and his enthusiasm on the playing field at a time when the C. I. was but commencing to establish its claims to a place in the front rank of the Liverpool Secondary Schools, did much to secure that reputation which was won a little later. The implicit confidence, which his class-fellows reposed in him is perhaps sufficient testimony to integrity, but we must add that this same confidence was placed in him by every master under whom he worked at the C.I.

He passed on to the University in 1909, and at the time of his death had successfully completed two years of his course in the School of Science, and in the University Training College for Teachers.

Since his departure from the C.I. he never missed an opportunity to show his sincere affection for his old school. The C.I. Old Boys' Association had no more ardent member than he, and at the Annual General Meeting, which was held during his illness, a letter was received from him apologising for his unavoidable absence, and enclosing his subscription for the current session.

We are sure that not only his class-fellows, but all his acquaintances will have heard of his decease with profound regret, and we feel that we are but expressing their sentiments when we offer his afflicted parents and family our sincerest sympathy. The impression of his edifying life and his genial, kindly, generous disposition will not soon be effaced from the memories of his many friends. The O.B. Association have had Mass offered for the repose of his soul; and he will, no doubt, sometimes be remembered in the prayers of his late fellow members and of his school companions.

R.I.P.

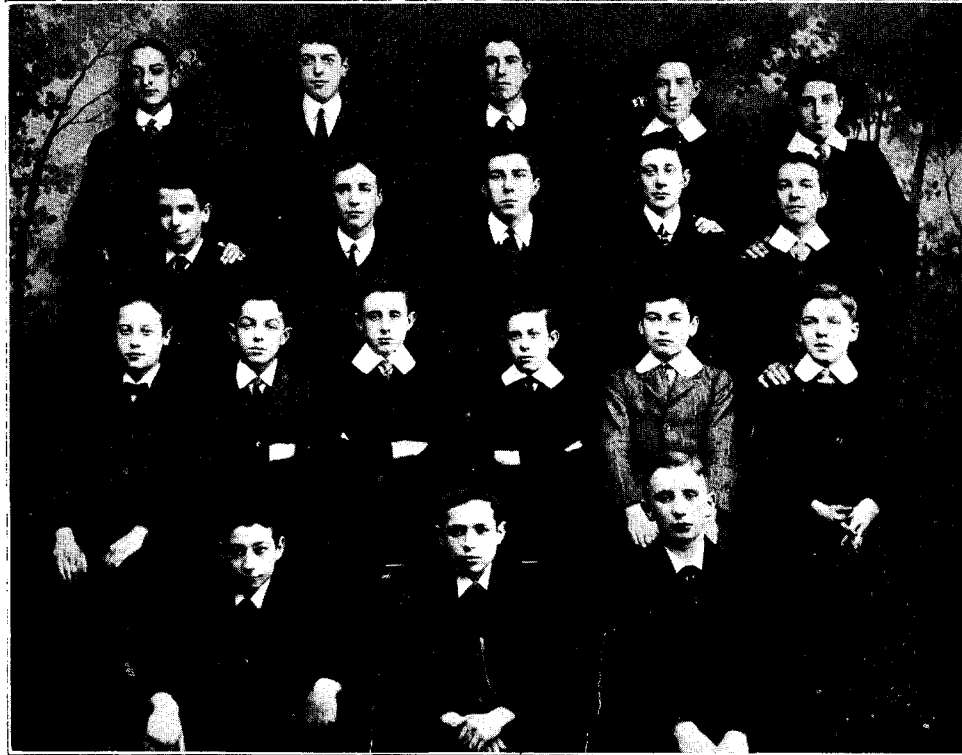
J. SAUNDERS.  
T. GREGORY.

J. V. QUINN.  
E. WALKER.

D. GAVIN.  
F. O'KEEFE.

B. MERRON.  
J. LYNCH.

J. FLANAGAN.  
J. A. O'NEILL.



Oxford  
Honours,

Juniors  
1911.

M. FURLONG. J. O'MULLOY. W. O'DONNELL. J. HALL. P. SUPPLE. A. WHITFIELD.  
H. BURNS. I. GRAY. E. KIRBY.  
H. GANNON, F. WINFIELD and A. RAMSBOTTOM were unavoidably absent.

**CHEZ NOUS.**

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The City having recovered from the shock given it in the late Summer by Tom Mann and his famous "Strike Committee," work is once more the principal part of our daily lives, and toil again rules most of us.

Walking the City during the busy time of the day one is tempted to ask one's self, not "what to do with our boys," but "what becomes of our boys," and in thinking thus one naturally recalls to mind one's own schoolfellows and wonders where are they and what are they doing. An Old Boy of the C. I. is certainly comforted when he reflects that old C.I.'s, young though some may be, are now an important part of the City's life, and are to the fore in everything that makes for the improvement and betterment of their city, for is not one of our Old Boys vice-chairman of the Repertory Theatre, and are not many others shareholders of Liverpool's greatest intellectual asset? In the

University of Life and Commerce our Old Boys shine—they being successful members of the staffs of the Dock Board, the Municipality, the leading Finance, Insurance, Cotton and Shipping Houses, while many are ruled by the bank-rate which is indeed a roundabout way of saying that they adorn the profession of bankers. Many train the young in the way they should go; a goodly number are devoted servants in the Lord's vineyard; one, at least, fills a worthy place in the ranks of the Episcopate; and others bring Science to the aid of suffering humanity. Several roam the mighty ocean as guides of England's Commerce, or as sturdy protectors of England's flag. Well then, our Old Boys, to use an Americanism, 'are doing grand,' and we know that in a few years many of our younger savants will be occupying some of the foremost positions in the City, and who knows but one of them may, perhaps, be the first Catholic to occupy the Civic Chair of Liverpool.

Yours, &c.,

STROLLER.

# *The Catholic Institute,*

*(Recognised Secondary School for Boys),*

**HOPE STREET, LIVERPOOL.**

**Under the Patronage of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese,  
and under the Direction of the Christian Brothers.**

The Course of Studies, which has been approved by the Board of Education, affords a good, sound, liberal education, well adapted to those entering the Church, the Learned Professions, Commercial Life, or the Civil Service. Special attention is given to the Religious Training of the Pupils. Pupils who have completed the approved Course are specially prepared for the Scholarship Examinations of Liverpool University and for the various Civil Service Clerkships. Those desirous of adopting a commercial career can get special instruction in commercial subjects. Facilities are provided for organized games on the Wednesday and Saturday Half-holidays.

For Prospectus apply to the Principal.

## Football Club.

The members of the Senior Forms held their Annual Meeting for the election of Captains shortly after the opening of the Session. Both Forms were fully represented, and throughout the proceedings there was agreeable evidence of that unanimity which has been so characteristic of our Annual Football Meetings. Indeed there was very little of the election atmosphere present, and members seemed agreed that on that occasion they could all unite in hearing genuine testimony to the splendid services which individual members had rendered the C. I. XI.s last season. The spirit of 1910 and previous years was there, and it was clear that no personal considerations would prevent them from rendering honour to whom honour was due.

Accordingly, R. B. Cunningham and J. Parker were unanimously voted to the position of Captain and Vice-Captain respectively of the 1st XI. E. Culshaw was unanimously elected vice captain of the Shield XI., and a majority of votes put J. Fletcher and O. Wareing in charge of the 2nd XI. as Captain and sub-captain respectively.

We have not as yet advanced far into the season, but we have seen enough to say that this season's Captains are not unworthy of their predecessors, and were we so minded we could instance a goodly list of C. I. Captains, who did more than earn their "Caps." Up to the present a spirit of healthy enthusiasm has been the main characteristic of both teams, and we unhesitatingly say that the successes which they have already achieved have been more largely due to this factor than to their physical superiority over their opponents. The unfortunate knock out of our gallant "left full" five minutes after the start of the game gave the Liverpool Institute their hard-earned victory over us by 1 goal to nil. It was doubly disappointing to have to attribute our first defeat to an accident to one of our defence, but such is the rule even in the great game of life. Up to the present 7 games have been played in which 25 goals have been registered for us to 5 goals for our opponents. The second XI. has been more successful this season than it has hitherto been: indeed the usually large interval that

generally exists between the standard of the 1st XI., and that of the 2nd has been considerably reduced this season.

### "BESIDE OUR OPPONENTS' GOAL."

[WITH APOLOGIES TO BACON.]

*Loquitur X.*

To be thus is nothing :  
But to be safely thus—Our fears in C—F.  
Stick deep ; and in his selfishness of nature  
Reigns that which would be feared ; 'tis  
much he dares,  
But, with that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He lacks the wisdom that should guide his valour  
Into the goal mouth There is none but he  
Whose dribbling ways I loathe and but for him  
My Genius no defeat abroad should fear.  
Nor dread last year's rebuff. He chid the  
critics,  
When first they counsel cried across the field,  
Forbade them speak to him ; then prophet-like  
We hailed him bungler of the line to be.

It's be so,  
To fruitless issue have I bent my mind ;  
For it the gracious Seniors have I murdered ;  
Put rancours in the vessel of their peace  
Only for this ; and mine ambition's jewel  
Given to that common enemy of ours  
To make them Kings, the seed of Mount St.

Kings !

Rather than so come fate into the list  
And—

### "LE PREMIER ONZE."

Considérons, mes camarades, un peu en détail les différents élèves qui nous représentent dans le jeu de football. Quels héros ils se montrent dans quelques parties, et au contraire quels coquins ils se croient quand ils sont mis en déroute, événement très rare sans doute. Et, d'abord, que dirons nous de leur chef redoutable — Cunningham ? Quel puissant appui il s'est montré dans presque toutes les occasions. Il a prouvé à nos collègues voisins qu'il sait bien jouer au football. De plus, il a inspiré une confiance complète à tous ses camarades ce qui vaut beaucoup dans maintes parties bien contestées. Il travaille bien et ne craint pas de la fatigue. C'est vraiment un joueur bien recherché. O'Donnell au contraire se montre bien fatigué en toute occasion même avant d'avoir fait une seule chose. Sans doute, lui aussi sait bien jouer au football, mais à quoi bon ? C'est un grand garçon fort et terrible quand on le compare par exemple à Burns, mais voyez les forces inépuisables de ce petit joueur. Il faut que O'Donnell

se repose et après se dépêche: aussi, qu'il se souviennne qu'un grand garçon est ordinairement aussi brave qu'un plus petit. Quel dommage que Burns soit si petit, mais sans doute il grandira.

Downey montre beaucoup de vitesse et d'habileté, mais en plusieurs occasions il ne met pas à profit les opportunités que lui donne La Fortune, comme, par exemple, dans le "Match" que nous avons soutenu contre l'Institut de Liverpool.

Qu'est-ce qu'on doit penser de Bannon? Doit-on dire qu'il ne sait pas jouer au football, ou peut-être qu'il est paresseux? A cela on devrait répondre qu'il s'est montré assez habile dans les différentes années passées. A-t-il donc oublié son habileté? Qui sait? Peut-être s'éveillera-t-il plus tard comme Rip Van Winkle et trouvera-t-il que tous ses camarades ont fait beaucoup de progrès et qu'il lui faut se hâter le plus tôt possible afin de ne pas se trouver déplacé.

Quant à Occleshaw, les autres élèves peuvent bien se faire beaucoup de profit à force de contempler l'enthousiasme et l'énergie que montre ce garçon. Culshaw mérite bien quelques mots de louange et à côté de lui il faut faire mention de O'Keeffe à cause de son habileté et de son sang-froid. Quand il pourra courir plus vite il sera presque parfait comme "full back". Gavin aussi s'est bien souvent montré digne de confiance. A cause de sa grande taille, il vaut bien deux joueurs dans la position où il se trouve, mais il lui faudrait le même sang-froid que O'Keeffe. Et que dirions-nous de Parker? Il n'est pas grand, c'est vrai, mais nous n'avons pas eu à l'Institut un meilleur joueur de football que Parker. On croirait que c'est à cause de sa petite taille qu'il peut si bien éviter les gros garçons tout en s'emparant de la balle.

Maintenant nous finissons, mais au mois de mars nous aurons beaucoup à vous dire. Néanmoins nous voudrions voir tous les élèves à Wavertree surtout, le mercredi, et quand ils ne jouent pas eux-mêmes ils devraient faire visite à chaque partie pour encourager leurs camarades et applaudir leurs belles actions.

A SUIVRE.



## FIRST XI.

### Catholic Institute v. Holt Sec. School.

Played at Calderstones Park. The C. I. Team were: Gavin; Culshaw, O'Keeffe: Burns, Cunningham, Parker; Occleshaw, Downey, Bannon, Kelly, and O'Donnell.

There was a rather stiff breeze blowing up and down the pitch, and the Institute winning the toss kicked with the wind.

The play was rather even for some time until Culshaw took a long shot which the Holt full-back headed into the goal.

The Holt team seemed unable to keep pace with the game at this time, and all the play was in their half. The Institute kept up a strong attack, and after some wild shooting began to get more steady. Bannon added another goal, and was speedily followed by Parker from a long shot. Kelly and Downey also scored; at half-time result was C. I. ... 5. Holt ... 0.

In the second half Holt improved and scored a good goal shortly after the whistle was blown. Play now became very fast and was fairly balanced, except that the Institute forwards were stronger against the wind than Holt had been. Holt in this half scored three goals and Downey, O'Donnell and Bannon scored for the C. I.

Final result:—

C. I. ... 8. Holt ... 3.

### C. I. v. Liverpool Collegiate School.

Played at Fairfield in glorious weather. C. I. team was unchanged. Both teams were soon into the game, and after an attack on the C. I. goal the ball was passed to Occleshaw, who took it into the Coll. half, and centred to Bannon. In the scrimmage which ensued the Coll. full back gave a penalty, from which Culshaw scored. The Coll. now made a desperate attack on the C. I. goal, but with no success, and the game continued fast and at times exciting; at half-time the Coll. had still made no headway. In the second half the Institute attacked strongly, and the Coll. backs had some stiff work. The Coll. forwards also made several dangerous rushes, but Gavin was safe as usual, and saved some fine shots.

The result at full-time was—

C. I. ... 1. Coll. ... 0



**C. I. v. Bootle Secondary School.**

Played at Wavertree. C. I. won the toss, and after some play Bootle got possession and pressed hard. They were, however, easily repulsed, and the play was soon transferred into the other half. The Bootle backs played well, though closely pressed, and they cleared again and again; but Parker securing the ball passed to O'Donnell, who sent in a shot, which the visitors' right-back sent into the goal. The C. I. now seemed to wake up, and soon added three goals to their first lucky one. In this half Bootle broke away a few times, but were soon held up by the C. I. defence. In the second-half the visitors were completely out-played, and the C. I. had practically all the game, Bootle's few attacks being quite feeble. In this half the C. I. added another four goals.

Result :

C. I. ... 8. Bootle ... 0

Scorers :

Gilmore—3, Downey—2,  
Kelly—1, Occleshaw—1, O'Donnell—1.

**C. I. v. Liscard High School.**

Played at Liscard.

Both teams played well, but the ground was in a bad condition due to the recent rains. C. I. attacked strongly, but Liscard's defence was sound, and little advantage was gained. Liscard did a little attacking during the first half, but did not score, as Culshaw and O'Keeffe were always on the alert. Towards the end of the first-half Parker put in a nice shot, which entered the net. During the second-half Liscard did most of the attacking, but they failed to score owing to the brisk work of the C. I. defence. The C. I. forwards broke away a few times, but could not increase their score.

Result : C. I. ... 1. Liscard ... 0.

**C. I. v. Birkenhead Institute.**

Played at Bebington on Saturday.

The ground was again in a bad condition, and the game was not interesting. The C. I. half-backs played excellently, and kept the ball in the Birkenhead half most of the time, but the forwards spoiled their advantage by aimless shooting. The Birkenhead forwards only reached the C. I. goal once or twice during the first-half, and failed to score. In the second-half the game seemed as if it was going to proceed as it had begun, but O'Donnell gave Bannon a lovely

pass, which Bannon sent into the goal. Shortly afterwards Occleshaw also scored a lovely goal. Later on, Birkenhead broke away, and this time they scored. Downey added a third for C. I. just before full-time, leaving final result :

C. I. ... 3. Birkenhead ... 1.

**C. I. v. Wallasey Grammar School.**

This was a home match and played in fine weather. Wallasey started well by a vigorous attack, but were soon brought up by the C. I. defence, and the ball pressed into dangerous quarters for Wallasey. C. I. succeeded in keeping the ball well in their opponents' half, although Wallasey played a good game. After some work the C. I. forwards procured a corner, and after a little play Burns put in a fine goal. Wallasey's play now began to decline chiefly because of their uncertain defence, although they strove hard to equalize, but could not. Occleshaw played a magnificent game, and from outside right shot two goals one after the other. During the second-half the play was much the same for both sides, but C. I. had the advantage, chiefly through Occleshaw, who added another goal to the score. Parker, Cunningham, and Burns were in their best form, and the C. I. backs especially in this half gave their goalie a leisurely time.

Result : C. I. ... 4. Wallasey ... 0.

**C. I. v. Liverpool Institute.**

This fixture was played at Greenbank. The weather was not inviting, and the ground was rather slippery. From the start the game was going well for C. I., but after the lapse of about ten minutes O'Keeffe, who was playing well, was hurt, and had to retire from the field for the rest of the game. C. I. still kept their place in the game, but the Liverpool Institute forwards were very fast and combined beautifully. Culshaw did his double work admirably, and kept them from scoring all through the first-half. The C. I. forwards held their own in the first-half, but the shooting was wild, and two open goals were badly missed. In the second-half C. I. shewed its superiority in play, but utterly collapsed every time in front of goal. The Liverpool Institute left broke away several times, and one or two fine rushes were made by their centre-forward, who eventually scored the only goal of the

game. Though the C. I. defence was without O'Keeffe and consequently badly handicapped, they were able not only to hold the Liverpool Institute forwards, but were responsible for keeping the game chiefly in their opponents' half, and it was only the very poor play of some of the C. I. forwards that prevented them from winning a handsome victory over the champions of last year's Shield Competition.

### C. I. v. S. F. X. College.

Played at Wavertree, on Wednesday, Nov. 15th. C. I. team were: Gavin; Culshaw, Gibb; Guilfooy, Cunningham, Parker; O'Connell, Bannon, Gilmore, Kelly, and O'Donnell. The ground was in fine condition, but a strong wind from end to end of the field together with brilliant sunshine helped to spoil the balance of the game especially in the first half. C. I. Captain won the toss, and made the fatal mistake of putting his team against wind and sun. The game opened briskly, and it was soon evident that O'Keeffe's place at left full was not satisfactorily filled. Weaknesses were from the start very evident in the C. I. forward line, and consequently the splendid play of the C. I. halves was not sufficient to hold the powerful forwards of the S. F. X. team. At half-time S. F. X. were two goals up, but so far the game was indecisive.

In the second-half C. I. attacked vigorously, but the feeble efforts of a few of our forwards spoiled every movement, and generally the S. F. X. backs cleared easily. A foul near the side line by S. F. X. was taken by Parker, who, with a long shot, completely deceived the S. F. X. goalie, and landed the ball in the net. Occleshaw was the only one of our forwards who was at times dangerous, though Kelly played a fine game. Towards the middle of this half-time S. F. X. forwards made a fine effort, and were again successful in scoring. An accident to our only reliable back, fortunately not of a serious nature, caused him to withdraw from the game at this point, and though this incident following on that of the previous Saturday considerably damped the ardour of the C. I. XI., they played vigorously to end. Shortly before full time the S. F. X. centre-forward broke away and added the only other goal of the game, thus leaving the victory to S. F. X. by 4 goals to one.

### C. I. 2nd XI. v. Liverpool Collegiate.

The first match of the 2nd XI. was played at Wavertree against Liverpool Collegiate, on Wednesday, Oct. 11th. Gibb scored the first goal for the C. I., and later on Guilfooy, after some good individual work, added a second. The interval arrived with the score at 2—0 for C. I. In the second-half the Collegiate pressed hard, and scored three goals. However, Gilmore equalised for the the home team. Full time came with score at 3-3.

Scorers, C. I.: Gibb, Guilfooy, Gilmore.

### C. I. v. Oakes Institute.

This match was played at Aintree on Wednesday, Oct. 18th. The C. I. team started with only ten players. From the outset, Oakes were the more aggressive, but their final efforts near goal were weak, and thus the interval arrived with the score 0—0.

Shortly after the restart, Oakes forced their way through and scored. The game continued in favour of the home team, and about ten minutes from full time they added a second goal to their account. Time arrived with the score at 2—0 for Oakes Institute.

### C. I. v. Birkenhead Institute.

On Wednesday, October 25th, we met Birkenhead Institute, at Wavertree. Previous to the game rain had fallen heavily, so that the ground was very damp and slippery. The visiting team was the first to score, but soon afterwards Gilmore equalised. At half-time, the score was 1—1.

After the interval the home team scored, but then Birkenhead were awarded a penalty, from which they equalised again. C. I., however, had the advantage, and Fletcher succeeded in scoring the winning goal for C. I.

Final: C. I. 3. Birkenhead 2.

### C. I. v. Wallasey G. S.

This match was played at Wallasey, on Wednesday, Nov. 8th. The ground was very soft and slippery, and there were several pools of water. Wallasey had a slight advantage over the C. I. in the first half, and were the first to score, but Gibb after missing a good opening, retrieved his fault a minute later and equalised. Wallasey scored a second,

but Fletcher shortly afterwards rushed the Wallasey keeper and scored for C. I. Thus the half-time came, with the score at 2—2.

After the interval, Sullivan slipped whilst clearing on the goal line, and he kicked the ball into the net. The C. I. however pressed hard, and Fletcher again rushed the Wallasey keeper and so equalised. The second-half was decidedly in favour of the visitors, and just before full time, they were unlucky not to score again.

Final: C. I. 3. Wallasey G. S. 3.  
Scorers: C. I.—Gibb 1; Fletcher 2.

### C. I. v. Liverpool Institute.

This game was played at Wavertree, on Saturday, Nov. 11th. From the outset Liverpool Institute pressed. After about twenty minutes play, Liverpool scored, and at the interval the score was 1—0 for the visiting team.

During the second-half, Liverpool continued to have the advantage, and they succeeded in scoring another goal. Full time arrived with the score at 2—0 in favour of Liverpool Institute.

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

On Wednesday, Nov. 15th, we went to Stonycroft to meet S. F. X. College. At the beginning S. F. X. were the more aggressive. From a penalty they opened the scoring. But then the Institute got more into their stride, and Fletcher raced along the wing and equalised. S. F. X., however, scored again before the interval, which arrived with the score at 2—1 for S. F. X.

Fletcher scored after the interval for the C. I., but then the S. F. X. inside right scored for the home team. The C. I. were now awarded a penalty, from which Downey equalised. Shortly before full-time S. F. X. scored a fourth goal. S. F. X. won by the odd goal of seven.

Scorers: C. I.—Fletcher 2; Downey 1.

## THIRD XI.

Lamb was for the third Season in succession elected Captain. The XI. in the main consists of sturdy players, and as shown in the appended reports has fared well. Gillow as centre-half and Leahy as inside left are perhaps the most prominent players.

### C. I. v. Ashford House School.

On Sept. 30th, we crossed over to Prenton. C. I. kicked off, and immediately got up to Ashford House goal, where the ball was netted by Stahl. Ashford reopened by carrying the ball to our territory, but failed to score. After this, play was practically all the while at our opponents' goal. Owing to wretchedly bad shooting by the forward line only two additional goals were put to our credit.

C. I. 3rd—3. Ashford House—0.

### C. I. v. Liverpool Collegiate 3rd XI.

On Oct. 11th Liverpool Collegiate visited us. Our forward line pressed very hard shortly after the start, and Leahy just failed to score. Collegiate defence stiffened up after this, and as our forward line generally failed to rush them we could only manage to put up one against their 2 goals. Throughout the game play was brisk and keen.

### C. I. v. Marlboro' College.

Some of us thought we were in for a big defeat on Nov. 8th, when Marlboro' College made their appearance on the field. They certainly were a bigger and a heavier team. As their play, though in some cases very fine, was not uniform we scored 8 goals to four. Our backs played well. But what were the right wing doing?

Nov. 22nd, we met Wallasey Grammar School 3rd.

Result: C. I. 11. Wallasey 1.

## FORM MATCHES.

It is refreshing to see so much football enthusiasm in several Forms, including even those that are to some extent handicapped by having to supply the two XIs. This looks well for an interesting round of games when the Cup competitions come on. How far the Captains in the respective Classes are responsible for this keen interest in the class matches we do not quite know, but it is very remarkable that the class whose Captain probably holds first place for real sportsmanship has up to the present been the most successful in winning its games. We hope to see his team win the Cup too, because it is but just to wish honor to whom honor is due.