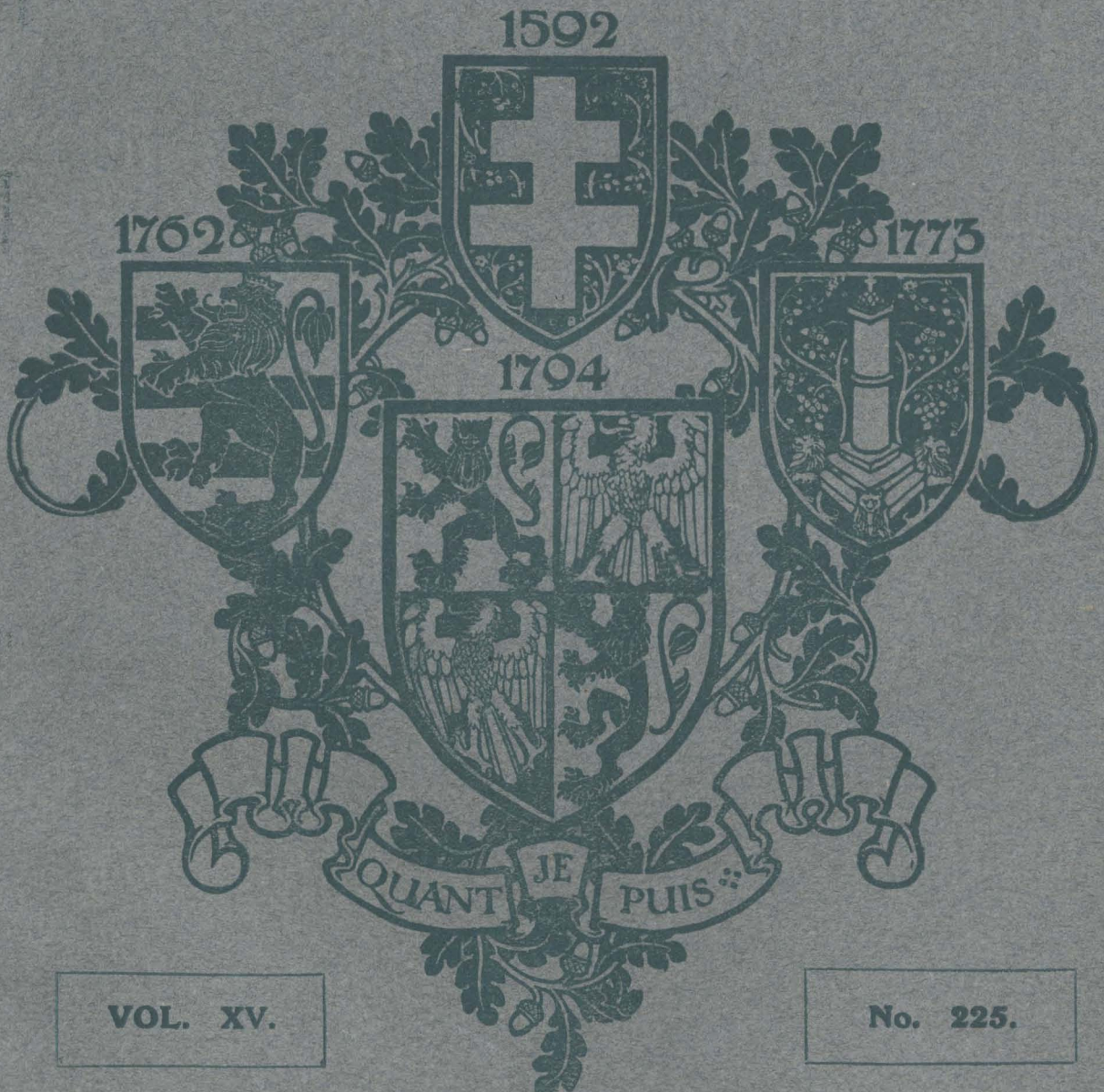


THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE



VOL. XV.

No. 225.

DECEMBER, 1919.

THE ATTENTION OF
VISITORS TO STONYHURST
IS CALLED TO

The Shireburn Arms
AND Bayley Arms Hotels,
HURST GREEN.

Both houses having Private Telephonic Communication with
Stonyhurst College, and preference being given to Parents and
Friends of Clergy and Students wishing to visit the above.

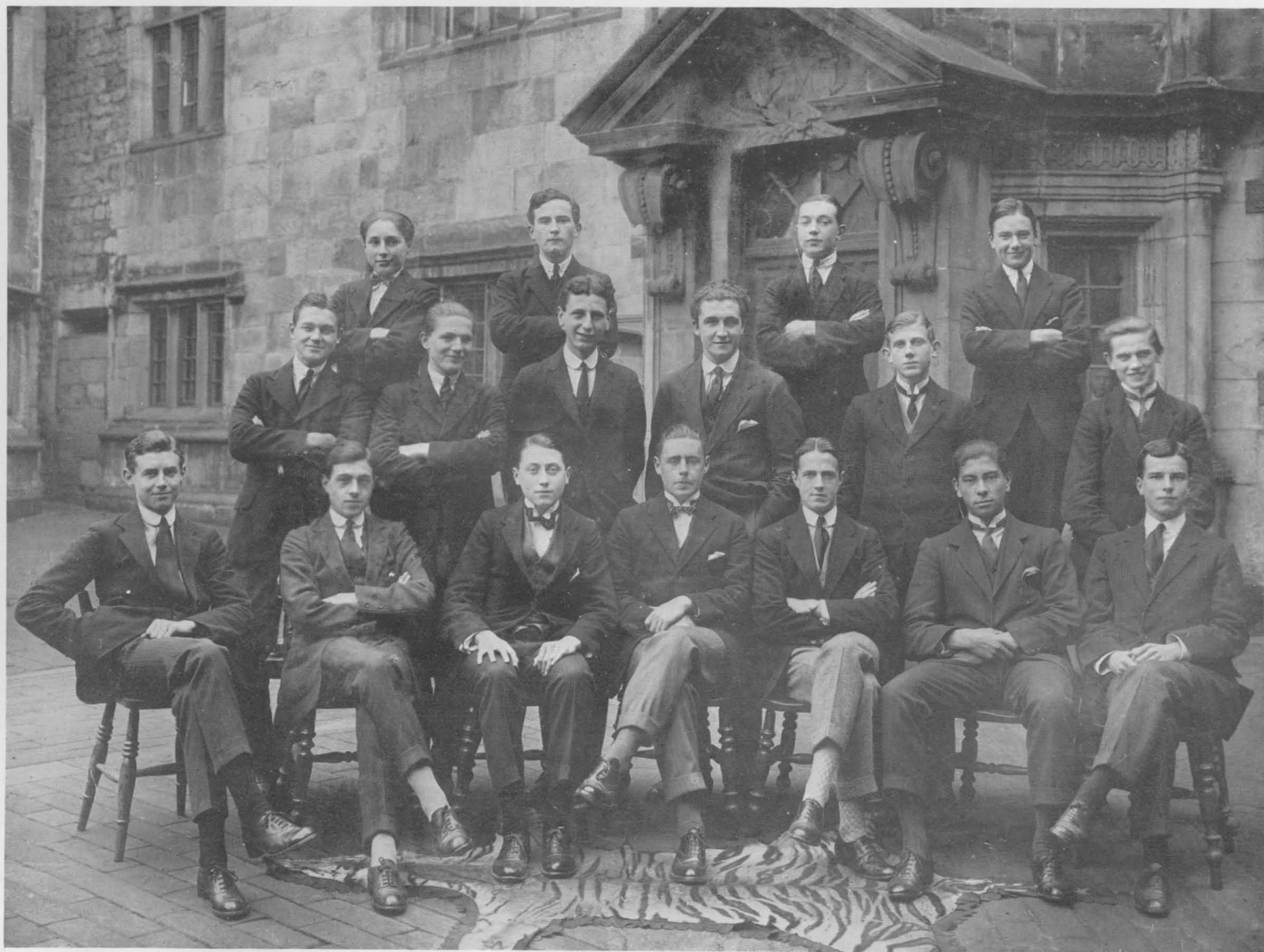
MOTORS AND CARRIAGES FOR HIRE.

*N.B.—Anyone visiting friends or being directly connected
with Stonyhurst College can be met at Stations and
conveyed at Special Rate of Charges for Stonyhurst.*

FOR TERMS &c., APPLY TO
W. F. DUCKETT, Shireburn Arms Hotel,
HURST GREEN.

Telegrams : "Duckett, Shireburn Arms, Stonyhurst."

Stations : Whalley, Clitheroe, Blackburn, Preston and Longridge.



RHETORIC, 1919-20.

	P. Sempill.	D. Kane.		G. Cole.		O. Fox.	
W. Collingwood.	D. O'Connell.	C. Ratcliffe.	F. Sullivan.		P. Kennedy.		E. Cosgrove.
M. Gorham.	F. Wellard.	L. F. Robertson.	C. Carrigan.	B. Tarleton.	F. Bahr.		J. Baron.

THE STONYHURST MAGAZINE

"Quant je puis"

CONTENTS.

Vol. XV. No. 225.

December, 1919.

THE CLASS OF RHETORIC— <i>Frontispiece</i> .		CAMBRIDGE NOTES	59
EDITORIAL	41	SODALITY NOTES	60
THE STONYHURST WAR MEMORIAL	42	JOURNAL OF AN AMATEUR "TOMMY" (<i>Continued</i>)	61
CURRENT EVENTS	45	WILD ANIMALS OF AFRICA	68
HODDER NOTES	49	THE LITERARY CLUB.....	71
OLD ALUMNI	50	DOINGS AND VIEWINGS IN GREECE, NOV., 1915—	
PLAYROOM NOTES	51	JULY, 1917— <i>Plate</i>	72
DONATIONS	52	VERSE—"CHRISTMAS"	77
THE PHOTOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY	52	MUSIC NOTES	78
O.T.C. NOTES.	53	WITH AN ARCHIE SECTION UP ZONNEBEKE WAY	
VARIA	54	— <i>Plate</i>	79
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR	55	FOOTBALL	80
THE FIELD DAY— <i>Plate</i>	56	STONYHURST UNION DEBATING SOCIETY	81
RHETORIC ACADEMY	57	REVIEWS	85
OXFORD NOTES	58		

EDITORIAL.

WE note with some gratification that the amount subscribed to the Stonyhurst War Memorial is now £10,700, and we look with interest to the publication of the designs of the Memorial Shrine and the Science Laboratories which are promised at an early date.

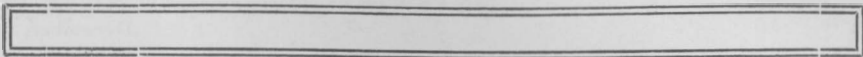
Mr. Lescher, in his letter which we publish in this issue, points out that this sum, large as it is, will not, after erecting the Shrine, leave a sufficient balance for the Science Laboratories, in view of the present-day cost of building.

We have always considered that the general scheme of the Stonyhurst War Memorial was admirably conceived, and it would, therefore, be a thousand pities if this had to be curtailed.

If the final stages of the War Memorial appeal are as successful as were the early ones, the sum required will be obtained, but for this to be the case we are aware means looking again to the generosity of those who have already given, where such is possible, and asking those who have not yet subscribed to do so at once, and in as liberal a spirit as possible.

The Hon. Treasurer is Mr. PHILIP COLLEY, 13, Hyde Park Terrace, London, W.

THE STONYHURST WAR MEMORIAL



CONSERVATIVE CLUB,

ST. JAMES'S STREET, S.W.,

November 25th, 1919.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

DEAR SIR,

The sum so far subscribed to the Stonyhurst War Memorial is approximately £10,700; this is exclusive of the two University Scholarships founded by Sir John Lane Harrington.

The design for the War Memorial Shrine is in hand, and at an early date will be placed before subscribers. When approved, the Shrine will be erected without loss of time. There remain the new Science Laboratories.

It is perfectly obvious that the balance of the amount collected will not be sufficient to meet the present-day cost of building, and if the Science Laboratories are to be built and the Stonyhurst War Memorial thus completed, we shall have to look to the further generosity of subscribers. Plans of the Laboratories have been prepared and will shortly be published.

In the meantime it will very much assist the Council if those who are willing to give a further subscription would intimate their willingness either to the Rector of Stonyhurst, or to the *Hon. Treasurer*, Mr. Philip W. Colley, 13, Hyde Park Terrace, W.

The fund is the result of subscriptions from some 750 individuals; I think it will be agreed that this number is capable of increase.

May I ask any one connected with Stonyhurst who reads these lines, and who is not yet a subscriber, to think what the Stonyhurst War Memorial stands for, and then I trust he will make a donation in as generous a spirit as circumstances permit.

Yours faithfully,

T. EDWARD LESCHER,

Chairman Stonyhurst War Memorial Council.



EIGHTH LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Anderson, Mrs.	2	2	0	Fitzpatrick-Robertson, Lieut. A. M. . .	2	2	0
Anderson, Capt. P. Berkeley . . .	5	5	0	Fletcher, C. O., Esq. (2nd Sub.) . . .	10	0	0
Anonymous	300	0	0	Fox, G. A., Esq.	2	2	0
Anonymous	10	0	0	Gainsford, W. D. (2nd Sub.) . . .	10	0	0
Anonymous	1	5	0	Galwey-Foley, E., Esq.	1	1	0
Anonymous (C.M.W.F.) (2nd Sub'n)..	12	10	0	Griffin, E., Esq.	1	1	0
Awde, Major and Mrs.	5	0	0	Hallam, Mrs.	3	3	0
Banks, Lieut. Wm. D. (3rd Sub'n) . .	3	0	0	Harling, Mrs.	1	1	0
Barry, D. M., Esq.	10	10	0	Harrison, J. Spranger, Esq.	10	10	0
Bigelow, Mrs. Grace Upham . . .	20	0	0	Hastings, J. B. Macdonald, Esq. (2nd			
Bisgood, W. P., Esq.	5	0	0	Subscription)	50	0	0
Breen, Mrs.	5	5	0	Hawe, Lieut. J. A.	1	1	0
Brodrick, Capt. A. L.	5	0	0	Hawe, M. R., Esq.	2	0	0
Butler, Lieut.-Col. P. R.	5	5	0	Hawes, Col. B. R., C.B.	5	0	0
Colley, Capt. John W.	5	5	0	Hemelryk, F. J., Esq.	2	2	0
Costello, Brig.-Gen. E. W., v.C. 2nd				Holden, R. J., Esq. (In memory of 2nd			
subscription)	5	0	0	Lieut. Joseph Holden, R.E.) (R.I.P.)	1	1	0
Coverdale, F. G., Esq.	3	3	0	Hughes, F. Ernest, Esq.	1	1	0
Cragg, J. C., Esq. (2nd Subscription)..	5	0	0	Hughes, Lieut. T. V.	2	2	0
Cuffey, Dr. E. (In memory of 2nd				Imossi, G. and A., Esq.	3	0	0
Lieut. M. O. Cuffey, 2nd Batt. R.				Jackson, Lieut. Bernard C. L. . . .	5	0	0
Dublin Fusiliers) (R.I.P.)	15	0	0	Jarrett, Very Rev. Bede, O.P. (2nd Sub.)	5	0	0
Curran, Charles J., Esq. (2nd Sub.) . .	2	2	0	Jarrett, Lieut.-Col. H. C. D. . . .	5	0	0
Dalton, Walter, Esq. (2nd Sub.) . . .	2	0	0	John, Sir E., K.S.G., C.B.E.	100	0	0
Dealy, Mr. & Mrs. T. K. (In memory				Kelly, P. Charles, Esq.	2	2	0
of their two only sons, Lieut. T. S.				Kemball, O. E., Esq.	5	5	0
O. Dealy, A.F.C., killed acci-				Kenna, Rd. Kerens, Esq.	60	0	0
dentally at Ayr, 7th March, 1918 ;				Kenna, T. J., Esq.	10	0	0
and Lance-Corpl. F. H. O. Dealy,				Kennedy, Col. A., A.M.S.	5	5	0
43rd Batt. A.I.F., killed at				King, Austin M., Esq.	6	6	0
Suzanne-sur-Somme, 26th Aug.,				Langdale, Mrs. (In memory of Lieut.			
1918). (R.I.P.) (2nd Sub.) . . .	99	15	0	E. J. F. Langdale), (R.I.P.) . . .	50	0	0
Davies, R. S., Esq.	5	0	0	Lee, John C., Esq.	1	1	0
Edmondson, H. H., Esq. (2nd Sub.) . .	5	5	0	Lescher, Major F. Graham, M.C. . .	5	5	0
Egan, Michel, Esq.	2	0	0	Lingard, Lieut.-Col. A.	2	2	0
Ellis, Capt. H. C., R.A.F.	3	3	0	Macadam, Francis, Esq. (2nd Sub.) . .	5	0	0
Filose, Capt. A. A.	10	0	0	Macadam, J. F., Esq.	5	0	0
Filose, Lady Clement	10	0	0	McAuliffe, Mr. and Mrs.	5	5	0

EIGHTH LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS—(Continued).

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
McClymont, Major	1	0	0	Radcliffe, Capt. Roger (3rd Sub.) ..	5	0	0
MacDermot, The (In loving memory of his eldest son, Hugh, who was killed at Suvla Bay), (R.I.P.) ..	5	5	0	Ryan, Lieut. E. T. .. .	10	10	0
Macdonald, Ronald, Esq. .. .	5	5	0	Ryan, Capt. D. J.	5	0	0
McQueen, Kenneth, Esq. .. .	1	1	0	Rincon, J. Palomo, Esq. (2nd Sub.) ..	1	0	0
Malabre, Dr. Herbert F. .. .	2	2	0	Sellier, J. D., Esq. (2nd Sub.) .. .	5	0	0
Mangles, Mrs. .. .	1	1	0	Smyth, Mrs. .. .	5	0	0
Moloney, W., Esq. (2nd Sub.) .. .	5	5	0	Skrimshire, Charles, Esq. .. .	2	10	0
Mostyn, P. J. F., Esq. .. .	5	0	0	Swarbrick, W. I., Esq. (In memory of Basil Swarbrick), (R.I.P.) .. .	2	2	0
Neely, John, Esq. .. .	5	5	0	Tempest, —, Esq. .. .	1	1	0
O'Connor, 2nd Lieut. Charles A. ..	5	0	0	Uquhart, F. F., Esq. .. .	10	10	0
O'Ferrall, Lieut. J. F. .. .	3	1	0	Weld, Reginald J., Esq. .. .	21	0	0
Offiler, Henry, Esq. (2nd Sub.) ..	2	2	0	Weld-Blundell, Herbert, Esq. .. .	100	0	0
Parsons, Major E. R., M.C. (In memory of Capt. E. V. Parsons, <i>Worcester</i> <i>Regt.</i>), (R.I.P.) .. .	3	3	0	Westwood, Frank, Esq. .. .	5	0	0
Peliti, Mrs. (2nd Subscription) ..	1	1	0	Withnell, T. A., Esq. .. .	10	10	0
Plant, Dr. H. W. .. .	5	0	0	Woodroffe, Rev. L. (2nd Subscription).	3	0	0
				Total amount Subscribed to date ..	£10,734	13	4



CURRENT EVENTS.

THE CASSIDY MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

We are very pleased to be able to announce that an old Hodder boy, wishing to show his gratitude to Father Cassidy and to keep his name honoured amongst future generations of Stonyhurst boys, has offered an exhibition to be called "The Cassidy Memorial Exhibition." It has been decided to make it a leaving exhibition for boys going to the College from the junior school.

The past generations of Hodder boys, remembering the great debt of gratitude they owe to Father Cassidy, will rejoice at the happy inspiration of this generous donor.

Our only regret is that we cannot personally offer our gratitude to him, for at his express wish his own name is in no way to be associated with the memorial exhibition.

On October 17th the O.T.C. went to Knowsley Park for a Field Day with other corps from the Western Command. An account of the expedition will be found on another page. Our special artist, Br. William McKeon, who accompanied the forces, obtained some photographs which illustrate the account.

On November 1st, All Saints, Father Woodlock, who had been a Military Chaplain in France from 1914—1919, gave a most interesting lecture on some of the people he had met during the war. The lecture was followed by all with the deepest interest.

As a lecturer, Major A. Radcliffe Dugmore is always a favourite at Stonyhurst. His lecture on Big Game in British East Africa, which he gave us on November 9th, is, perhaps, the most popular of his series.

His photographs of lions snapped in various attitudes within a few feet of the daring photographer, and of rhinoceros, pictured in the act of charging him, are not merely unique in their excellence as

examples of wild animal photography, but, needless to say, derive a special interest from the obvious risk incurred in obtaining them.

As might be expected from a trained and gifted artist who has specialised in animal painting, there is an artistic finish and sense of colour about the tinting of all Major Dugmore's lantern slides which is refreshingly unusual. The pictures of various animals surprised by the camera when drinking at water-holes by night, and his landscapes of veldt and jungle and riverside, dotted with big game, were really artistic as pictures.

The lecturer's lively and humorous presentment of his adventures carried his audience with him throughout.

His absence on active service in France, in the course of which he was wounded and gassed, has prevented Major Dugmore from visiting us for some four or five years. Let us hope that he will be able to repeat later on some of the lectures which we remember in past years, notably those on the Beaver and the Caribou. He is preparing for another expedition to East Africa, during which he hopes that, backed by past experience and aided by improved methods, he will secure even better results. We wish him every success.

Dr. Edward Fox (1885), has kindly offered money prizes to the Debating Club to the value of £2 and £1 for the Prize Debates of last year.

He has also offered a £2 prize for Chemistry. This will be awarded to the best in Chemistry in the School Certificate Examination.

In our last issue we omitted to mention that Peter Bartlett (1913) passed the summer entrance examination for the Royal Navy, and is now at Osborne.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

The annual Distribution of Prizes and Rhetoric Academy took place on November 4th. An account of the Academy appears on another page. We give below a list of some of the principal prizes, with the names of those who won them :—

THE HARRINGTON MEMORIAL LEAVING SCHOLARSHIP

(£60 a year for four years), offered by Lieut.-Colonel
Sir John Lane Harrington, K.C.V.O., K.C.M.G., C.B.

Michael Trappes-Lomax.

THE HARRY KEATING MEMORIAL PRIZE.

For an Essay on some subject bearing on the influence
of the Church on Public Life.

Prize (£8) GUY BARON.
Next in Merit Maurice Gorham.
" Dudley Ward.

SCHOOL PRIZES.

RELIGIOUS DOCTRINE.

First Class—1st Division—Books to the value of £2 :

Prize Maurice Gorham.

First Class—2nd Division :

Prize Francis Sullivan.

Second Class : Prize .. Herman David.

Third Class : Prize .. Patrick Devlin.

Fourth Class : Prize .. Cyril Dawes.

Fifth Class : Prize .. Timothy Healy.

Sixth Class : Prizes .. Ian Shaughnessy.
George Lynch.
Cyril O'Bryen.

HEATHCOTE GOLD MEDAL.

Presented by Lieut.-Colonel Gilbert Heathcote, for
English Composition and Literature :

Guy Baron.

Next in Merit Dudley Ward.

" Michael Trappes-Lomax.

RHETORIC.

Latin—Medal Edward Irwin.

Prizes for Gaining Distinctions :

In French Guy Baron.

" M. de la Bédoyère.

In Mathematics Dudley Ward.

POETRY.

Latin—Medal Osmund Frodsham.
Greek—Medal Osmund Frodsham.
S.C. French Prize Osmund Frodsham.
S.C. English Prize Osmund Frodsham.
S.C. English History Prize Wilfrid Collingwood.
" " Francis Wellard.

UPPER SYNTAX.

Latin Medal Dominic Kane.
Greek Medal Dominic Kane.
S.C. French Prize John de T'Serclaes.
S.C. English Prize Dominic Kane.
S.C. English His'y. Prize. Paul Kennedy.
Lynch Prizes Edward Leicester.
" Leo Frodsham.

LOWER SYNTAX.

Latin Medal Herman David.
Greek Prize Alfred Sire.
L.C. French Prize William Savage.
L.C. English Prize Arnold Fox.
L.C. English His'y Prize. Leo Smith.

UPPER GRAMMAR.

Latin Medal Arnold Warneken.
Greek Prize Arnold Warneken.
French Prize Arthur Darwood.
English History Prize .. Patrick Hoseason.

LOWER GRAMMAR.

Latin Medal Austin Sandeman.
Greek Prize John Whyatt.
French Prize Joseph Comouth.
English History Prize .. Cuthbert Pyke.

UPPER RUDIMENTS.

William Ryan Memorial Prize :
£2 in Books Richard Campbell.
Hubert Smith.
French Prizes Manuel Pizarro.
Salvador Correa de Sa.
English Prizes Timothy Healy.
Leonard Peulevé.

LOWER RUDIMENTS.

Latin Medal	Evelyn Dickinson.
Latin Prize	Alphonso Cassidy.
Greek Prizes	David Parry.
	Evelyn Dickinson.
French Prizes	John Caraman.
	Ignatius de Landa.
English Prizes	David Parry.
	Edmund Nugent.
	Evelyn Dickinson.

UPPER FIGURES.

Latin Medal	Francis Solvey.
Greek Prize	Desmond Hannon.
French Prize	Francis Solvey.
English Prize	Patrick Corbally.

LOWER FIGURES.

Latin Medal	Cedric Taylor.
French Prize	Philip Hollingsworth.
English Prize	Francis Craven.

UPPER ELEMENTS.

Latin Prize	Ian Kilgour.
French Prize	George Wilson.
English Prize	Alfred Booth.

UPPER ELEMENTS (HODDER).

Latin Prize	John Dewsbery.
French Prize	Oswald Earle.

LOWER ELEMENTS (HODDER).

Latin Prize	Kildare Cape.
French Prize	Michael Egan.
English Prize	Joaquin de Yturralde.

PREPARATORY (HODDER).

Class Prizes	John Mortimer.
	John Firth.

MATHEMATICAL PRIZES.

MATHEMATICAL HONOURS.

Upper Honours (£5) ..	Dudley Ward.
Lower Honours (£5) ..	Owen Fox.
Trigonometry Class (£5)	Roy Birmingham.

FIRST ALGEBRA CLASS.

First Division : Prize ..	Frederick Bloomfield.
Second Division : Prize	Arnold Fox.

SECOND ALGEBRA CLASS.

First Division : Prize ..	Herman David.
Second Division : Prize	John Whyatt.

FIRST ARITHMETICAL CLASS.

First Division : Prize ..	Dermot Macdermot.
Second Division : Prize	Peter Prescott.
Third Division : Prize	Frederick Wilcock.

SECOND ARITHMETICAL CLASS.

First Division : Prize ..	Richard Campbell.
Second Division : Prize	Desmond Andrews.

THIRD ARITHMETICAL CLASS.

First Division : Prize ..	Stanley Brand.
Second Division : Prize	John Cape.

THIRD ARITHMETICAL CLASS (HODDER).

First Division : Prize ..	Oswald Earle.
Second Division : Prize	Kildare Cape.
Preparatory : Prize ..	John Grant.

SCIENCE PRIZES.

Higher Certificate Science :	
Physics Prize	Dudley Ward.
Chemistry Prize ..	Dudley Ward.
Peotry Science Prize ..	Niceto de Larrinaga.

ELOCUTION.

First Division : Prize ..	Francis Sullivan.
Next in Merit : Kirby	
Prize	Paul Kennedy.
Second Division : Prizes	Alan Kennedy.
	Alfred Barrow.
Third Division : Prize ..	Terence O'Shea.
Hodder : Prizes	Arthur Prime.
	Oswald Earle.

DRAWING.

Rudiments : Prize .. Cyril Morley.
 Figures : Prize Paul Kassapian.
 Geometrical Drawing : Prize
 Felix Feeny.
 Mechanical Drawing : Prize
 George Cole.

SINGING CLASS.

Prize Clement Fuller.

STONYHURST ASSOCIATION CERTIFICATES.

DEBATING.

First Certificate Francis Hannan.
 Second Certificate .. Michael de la Bédoyère.
 Third Certificate Guy Baron.
 Dudley Ward.

LOWER LINE ESSAY.

First Division Certificate and
 Prize Louis Branday.

SKETCHING FROM NATURE.

Certificate and Prize .. Silvio Gomes.

MUSIC CERTIFICATES.

Awarded by the Stonyhurst Association.

Higher Division .. A. Maclachlan (*Pianoforte*).
 Lower Division .. R. Dromgoole (*Pianoforte*).
 Elementary Division F. Solvey (*Pianoforte*).
 Primary Division .. L. Morley (*Pianoforte*).

ANNIVERSARY OF ARMISTICE DAY.

On Armistice Day the signal for the "Great Silence" was given by the tolling of the College great bell at 11 o'clock, and two minutes later, the boys, who were in the playground for the morning recreation at the time, stood in silence with uncovered heads during the two minutes interval, which, according to the wishes of the Bishop of this Diocese was to be employed in reciting the *De Profundis*.

THE PAST SEASON'S ANGLING.

Anglers, like farmers, are seldom satisfied with the weather. Last year's spring and summer suited neither. Both wanted rain, and did not get it. When the rain finally arrived in August it was too

late to save the crops, and the best months for trout fishing had passed. Most of the Mort (sea-trout) had ascended into the upper reaches of the Ribble and Hodder when the water rose to a suitable size for fishing by day. Yet there were more mort this year than usual, and the rain came just in time to bring up the best run of Sprod that has been seen in these rivers since 1910.

All through August the night fishers for mort made good baskets, especially in the upper reaches.

It was during the last days of August and the first of September that some record catches were made by local anglers. Conspicuous among these were the achievements of Mr. Tomlinson, of Clitheroe, who caught 32 mort and sprod on August 30th, on the Papermill reach of the Hodder, and of Mr. Tom Craven, whose catch on the same day totalled 27 mort and sprod, and seven trout. His fish were taken on the Hodder between Whitewell and Bolton Roughs. Other good catches were made about the same period.

The absence of sufficient rain during September and October resulted in a very poor salmon season. October is the best month for salmon on the Ribble and Hodder, but this year, through lack of water, the run of salmon was scanty, as the rivers were rarely high enough to provide the suitable conditions for salmon angling.

In spite of these drawbacks four salmon were taken on the fly by Stonyhurst anglers during October. Of these Father Baillon, of the Seminary, had three, a 16-pounder and a 5-pounder, at Hodder Foot, and a 5-pounder at the Naze (Calder Foot). Father T. White, on a visit from Liverpool, killed a 12-pounder salmon at the Naze. Poor as these results were, the score of Stonyhurst salmon fishers probably surpasses the combined total of salmon caught by all the other local anglers this season.

EXCHANGES.

The Beaumont Review, Royal Military College Record, Oscotian, Raven, Mountaineer, Elizabethan, Rossallian, Zambesi Mission Record, Examiner, Month, Xaverian, St. Xavier's College Magazine (Bombay), The Ampleforth Journal.

HODDER NOTES.

We have a scientific lecture every Thursday. It is in length about half an hour. Once we had Father Cortie; he gave us one about the distance of the stars. Father Rector's was on Wireless Telegraphy; Father Watts' on the depth of the ocean; Father Irwin told us all about fishing. I don't think Father Weld has ever arranged that brilliant idea before. We have certain good strong books to write down what the lectures are about. I do not mean that we have to write down every word which the lecturer says, but I mean about one or two days after there is written on the black-board what it was about and we copy this. Preparatory have thin books not thick.

An old Hodder boy, who was an old friend of Father Cassidy, has very kindly presented a scholarship to Hodder only, but that does not mean to say that you get the £10, but it is knocked off the bill—worse luck! All First Elements went in for it and some Second Elements chaps. The result was given out on November 4th, and William Sundius-Smith won it—lucky beggar!

Down here at Hodder, first match is being coached by Mr. Clark, whom we got down from the College to teach us to keep our places and not to talk when we are playing, and to pass when we are going to be tackled. He is teaching the eleven forwards to go up the field, followed by the half-backs. We are improving. Should occasion arise we'd be ready to beat any eleven that would dare to confront us. We hope to lick Fourth Playroom before we have finished.

Two magnificent cases, each containing about 30 kinds of grasses, have been put up in the playroom; one shows the good kind of grasses; the other shows the bad kind of grasses. Some are bad for the cows' mouths; some are bad for other reasons, and all this is explained. They have got the English and Latin names, and I can only remember about two. We will soon be giving Father Cullen hints on farming.

At Hodder lately we have been having some concerts which have caused a great deal of interest to all the house. The first concert we had this term consisted of a piece of music played by Smith, some conjuring tricks by B. Basset, T. McEvoy, and Father King, and also some recitations and card tricks by various other boys. Most of the other concerts consisted of the same things, except one, and in that concert Father Weld played on his harp, Moore did the Highland fling, and Flanagan danced the Irish jig.

To-day it is snowing hard, but we are not allowed out. Two of the chaps, Basset and Murray, are very lucky, because they had to walk up to the College to see the dentist, as he did not come down here, and I am sure that they must have had a decent time.

The last Victory Walk we had rested with the Carthigineynes (I was one). We had a lovely time! First we saw the Gas Works, the men were clearing the furnaces. We saw them scraping out all the red hot coak, and the others pouring water on it and clearing it away. Then we saw the parrots and went into their house, but they flew at several of us (espilily me). Then we had to go home.

ROGER GILES,

*Surgin, Parish Clark, & Skulemaster, Groser,
and Hundertaker.*

I as laid in a large azzortment of trype, dog's mate, lolipops, ginger beer, matches and other pikkles, such as hepsom salts, hoysters, Windzer sope, anzetrar. Old rags bort and zold here and nowhere else, new layde heggs by me R. Giles; singing burdes keeped, such as howles, donkies, paykox, lobsters, crickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder.

(Copy of an old signboard at Burton's Old Curiosity Shop, Falmouth).

OLD ALUMNI.

MARRIAGE OF H.R.H. PRINCE FELIX DE BOURBON PARMA (O.S. 1913).

We offer our hearty congratulations to Prince Felix de Bourbon Parma, who was married on November 6th last to the Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg at the Cathedral of Luxembourg. The Rector telegraphed congratulations in the name of Stonyhurst, and received the following reply:—

“GRAND DUCAL PALACE,

“LUXEMBOURG.

“Deeply touched by your kind congratulations.

“FELIX DE BOURBON PARMA.”

The *Illustrated London News* for November 8th contains photographs of the Prince and the Grand Duchess, together with the following account:—

“It may be recalled that the Grand Duchess, who succeeded to the throne of Luxembourg on the abdication of her sister, the Grand Duchess Marie Adelaide, in November, 1918, obtained a large majority in the recent plebiscite as against the introduction of another dynasty or a republic. Under the ex-Grand Duchess the personnel of the Court was largely German.

“Prince Felix of Bourbon Parma, who is descended from Louis XIV., is brother of the ex-Empress of Austria.

“He served in the Belgian Army during the war, and went to Morocco with his brother, Prince Sixte, to join the Belgian Congo troops there.

“Prince Felix recently visited President Poincaré in Paris, and was invited to bring the Grand Duchess later on.

“President Poincaré also promised to visit them in Luxembourg.”

Lieut. Bernard Jackson (1913), late *Anti-Aircraft*

Artillery, writes to inform us that he is “now demobbed and studying medicine at the Middlesex Hospital.”

He was until recently with the Army of the Rhine, and following lectures on medicine at Bonn University.

In the present issue of the *Stonyhurst Magazine* we publish an article by him giving a picture of life with an anti-aircraft battery in Belgium during the war.

In a letter to the Rector, George Imossi (1915), who left us last July to study for the law, informs us that he has “become a member of the Temple,” and has started work.

J. F. Smee (1912), *R.A.*, writes that he left France in March, and was with the Army of Occupation in Germany until September, where he found the life interesting and enjoyable.

He is now stationed in Ireland (*R.A. Mess, Athlone*). “Cashman is there, too, and we share a room, and consequently do most things together, as we are also in the same battery (the 25th *Res. Batt. R.H.A.*). He adds: “I have now got my second “pip,” and am full lieutenant.”

C. J. Irwin (1891), late *Indian Cavalry*, who was, after demobilisation, on sick leave for several months, sailed for India early in November to resume his post of Deputy Commissioner Indian Civil Service (Central Provinces), which he vacated to go on war service in France, Egypt, and Palestine. His nephew, Lieut. R. A. Irwin (1908), *2nd East Lancs.*, until recently stationed at Fulwood Barracks, Preston, has been transferred to the *3rd Bn. East Lancs.* at the Barracks, Buttevant, Cork.

Lieut. Henry Hoseason (1912), *1st Connaught Rangers*, paid us a visit in November. He had been stationed at Cologne, and sailed a few days after leaving us to join his battalion in India.

PLAYROOM NOTES.

HIGHER LINE.

Owing to the heavy fall of snow on the 12th of November the match with the Liverpool University XI., which was to have been played on the 13th, had to be cancelled. Disappointment was, however, lessened, owing to Higher Line being allowed to go tobogganing in Paradise on the afternoon of the 13th. "Health-walks" were granted on the morning of the 15th, and this afforded Higher Line another opportunity for indulging in that sport.

The Golf Club shows every promise of success. The links are well patronised at every time available for golf, and all the members are showing plenty of keenness.

It is pleasing to note the increased interest in Fives and Racquets, shown by Higher Line.

To those members of Higher Line who have left us for their Army Examination this term we wish all success.

CONOR CARRIGAN.
L. F. ROBERTSON.

SECOND PLAYROOM NOTES.

As so much of our time has been taken up with football, preparing for the coming out-matches, we have been unable to organise this term any billiard or ping-pong tournaments.

Since the beginning of the term we have been gradually forming our football eleven. The first match we played was against the first eleven, of the second match against Higher Line.

This resulted in a victory for Lower Line—4-3. After this Father Woodlock and Father Jones kindly consented to coach us. For this we wish to thank them very much.

We had a return match against this same team

a week later. This was even a greater victory for Lower Line, the score being 10—0, showing the advantage of the coaching.

On November 1st, with three of our most useful men missing, we played the College second eleven. The match resulted in a win for them by 5—2. As yet we have had no return match, but we hope to face them at some future date with full strength on both sides, and trust that it will provide a good match.

Our second eleven have also played a draw in two matches against Higher Line.

THIRD PLAYROOM NOTES.

We have been very fortunate this term in being able to have so much football. We have had some very good matches against Second Playroom teams, for which we are extremely grateful to Father Morrison.

The choice of the eleven this year has been very difficult as practically all last year's team have gone up to Second Playroom. We hope to be able to give a good account of ourselves in our two out-matches.

The match against Preston College has had to be postponed as the fields are covered with snow. We hope, however, to be able to have the match in the near future.

The Ping-Pong Tournament is in full swing at present. There have been about forty entries for it, which has enabled quite a good first prize to be offered.

E. M.
G. M-L.

FOURTH PLAYROOM NOTES.

It is such a short time since the last Magazine came out that there is very little of any interest to record.

The Ping-Pong and Billiard Tournaments are in full swing again. It is a great nuisance the Magazine coming out again so soon, because we wanted to announce the names of the winners.

We wanted also to give an account of the football match against Preston. But that has become quite impossible, as we have not been able to play the match on account of the snow. We are hoping that it will come off later on. It will be our first really proper out-match, and so we are very anxious to win. Perhaps as it has been put off we shall get our new colours in time.

The names of the eleven will not be announced until we are able to record the match which we hope will be next time.

C. O'B.
B. B.

DONATIONS.

The Rector acknowledges with thanks the following donations :—

TO THE LIBRARY.

Heures à l'usage de Rome ; par Germain Hardouyn, undated, but 16th Century ;

Summa Doctrinæ Christianæ, auctore D. Petro Canisio, S.J. ; Antverpiæ ex typis Christophori Plantin, 1559 ;

presented by Col. Reeves (Boulogne).

Epistres Dorées de S. Hierome ; à St. Omer, Chez François Bellet, Libraire et imprimeur juré en la Tenne-rue, 1602 ;

(François Bellet was the first printer at St. Omers, and this little book is apparently the first printed by him there.

B. P. Canisius, S.J. : *Summe of Christian Doctrine*, printed at St. Omers for John Heigham, 1622.)

La Santa Casa de Loyola, por el P. Rafael Perez, S.J. ;
presented by Dudley Baxter.

THE PHOTOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

*SUMMER TERM.

The Photographical Society has amply justified its inauguration. The spirit has been keen throughout, and the number of new photographers increases almost daily. The membership is well over one hundred. For the modest subscription of 1s. 6d. a term one is admitted as a member of the club. This includes free use of the dark room and all chemicals. The club boasts of a large and well-fitted dark room, which, though as yet only a temporary abode, and not all that is to be desired, yet is quite a serviceable one. Lectures and demonstrations have been given by the President on Sunday evenings, though not quite as frequently as we would like. We hope the President will find time to make them a regular weekly item in the syllabus of the Club.

The Club possesses a library well equipped with photographic literature dealing with every possible branch of the subject. Catalogues of all the well-known firms are also at hand.

A Competition was held this term in which each competitor had to send in a set of three prints. Three prizes were awarded, viz., 1st prize, a quarter-plate Klito magazine camera ; 2nd prize, a subscription to *The Amateur Photographer and Photography* for six months ; and 3rd prize, a subscription to the same paper for three months. The 1st prize was awarded to L. Guilly, the 2nd to I. Shaughnessy—these two sent in sets which, according to the judge “showed very good technical merit, and a certain amount of pictorial perspective.” C. Radcliffe and A. Howell were bracketted equal for 3rd prize.

Mr. F. J. Mortimer, F.R.P.S., Art Editor of *The Amateur Photographer and Photography*, kindly consented to judge the entries.

*These Notes were unwittingly omitted from our last number.

November, 1919.

In spite of the fact that photography is not very much practised in the winter months, owing to obvious difficulties, the club is still going strong. Though the number of photographs taken is fewer than in the summer time, members are concentrating more on gaslight-printing. The President has just purchased an enlarging lantern, which will prove very useful to members, and which is sure to be in great demand.

Whether or not the splendid lecture by Major Dugmore on his experiences in South Africa, where his only weapon against wild beasts was a camera, has inspired any of us embryo photographers to emulate his achievements, we do not know, but the slides which he displayed show what wonders can be done in photography, and in very difficult and adverse circumstances, too. Major Dugmore hopes to pay another visit to Stonyhurst in the summer, and he has promised to give a lecture to the Photographical Society.

We learn from the President that several Photographic firms have offered to send supplies of materials and apparatus for the purpose of lectures demonstrating their various processes, etc.; so we may hope for some interesting demonstrations in the near future.

We wish to take this opportunity of expressing our most sincere thanks to our President, Rev. Mr. O'Hea, for the keen interest he has shown, and all the trouble he has taken in starting the club and in keeping it going. He asks us to state that he will offer a prize of ten shillings for the best snow scene photograph taken this winter, and that the competition will close some time in February.

C. RADCLIFFE,	} Higher and Lower Line Club Secs.
F. HALL,	
I. SHAUGHNESSY,	
R. BARNES,	

O.T.C. NOTES.

Cadet Officer B. Tarleton, Segts. D. O'Connell and C. Radcliffe, and Corpl. B. Mostyn have left us to take their Army Examination. We thank them all for their good work in the O.T.C., and wish them every success in their future careers.

Owing to the departure of the afore-mentioned, the following promotions, dated from the 11th November, are posted;

C.S.M. W. Jones to be Cadet Officer (No. 3 Platoon). Sergt. F. Wellard to be C.S.M.; Corpl. E. Cosgrove to be Sergeant; Acting-Corpl. O. Fox to be Corporal.

The following Acting-Corpls. have passed their preliminary test: C. Carrigan, G. Baron and Sullivan.

The following Acting-Lance-Corpls. confirmed in that rank: C. Unsworth, W. Drake-Lee, B. John, O. Frodsham; C.Q.M.S. J. Cagger to be Cadet Officer and Quartermaster Cadet Riley to be Acting-Lance-Corpl., and A.Q.M.S. Band-Corpl. M. Rodrigue to be Band-Sergeant; Cadets Cragg and Ayala to be Band Lance-Corpls.

Up to the present special attention has been given to Physical Training and Squad Drill, the former under the able tuition of Lieut. O'Hea.

The new S.M.L.E. rifles are now in use in Nos. 1, 2, and 3 Platoons.

Our late R.S.M., Sergeant-Major Marchant, was presented with an inscribed tea-service as a token of appreciation of his services in the O.T.C. The Commanding Officer delivered a short speech before the presentation. Sergeant-Major Marchant answered with a few but well-chosen words, thanking the Corps for the consideration that had always been shown to him, and urging them to keep the high standard attained during the last four general inspections.

We are delighted to hear that he has been able to obtain a cottage in Sussex.

F. WELLARD, C.S.M.

VARIA.

Father Cortie has recently been presented by the Royal Photographical Society with the Traill-Taylor Bronze Medal on the occasion of his lecture delivered before them on the subject of Stellar Photography.

The *Amateur Photographer* for November 5th, 1919, commenting on his lecture, writes :—

“ The 22nd Traill-Taylor lecture was perhaps the most popular of its series.

The Rev. A. L. Cortie, s.j., Director of Stonyhurst College Observatory, managed to deal with a sublime subject in such a way as to make his audience alternately smile and gasp. His announced subject was the photographic evidence for the formation of stars from nebulae, and this he dealt with both on the purely optical and the spectroscopic tone of proof.

He also contrived to say a good deal about the photographic illustration of the heavens.

In the belt of Orion about a hundred stars can be counted by the naked eye, but an ordinary camera and plate can record 6,500 in the same area.

As is well known, photography, allied with the telescope, can search out stars which visual observation, even with the aid of powerful telescopes, will fail to discover, because the action of starlight on the plate is cumulative.

In our own galaxy, according to Father Cortie, it would be possible to photograph no fewer than one thousand million stars.

Photography has helped not only to count the stars, but to measure their distances, for by comparing photographs taken of the Milky Way, taken twenty years ago, with those taken now, remembering that in the mean time the sun and the earth and the accompanying planets have been moving on at the rate of twelve miles a second, it is possible to work out the mean distances of the cluster.”

The above considerations inspired the following verses, which appeared in the same number of *The Amateur Photographer* :—

GREAT AND SMALL.

“ Stars to the number of 6,500 in Orion's belt have been photographed on one plate with an ordinary camera, a lens of about 6 ins. focal length, and one hour's exposure.”—FATHER CORTIE in his *Traill-Taylor Memorial Lecture*.

How small, extremely small, you feel
Inferior quite, from head to heel,
When you've been tempted to expose on
A trifling thing, cockade or cuff,
A feather, fringe, or bit of fluff,
A silver tray, a box for snuff,
A pillow for the eyes to close on—

While all the time another plate
As small as yours, as delicate,
And just as fugitive and fickle—
Has caught nigh seven thousand stars,
The studded aisles of high bazaars,
The flashing of Jove's scimitars,
The flame of fair Selene's sickle !

But that this glass with just a skin
Of silver-salted gelatine—
Should take in all, above or under,
The far-off worlds, a spider's eye,
Orion's belt, November's guy,
The wheel of suns, a lover's sigh,
To me is the abiding wonder.

THE MAGPIE.

BACON.

“ Bacon is good for carters and plowe men, which be ever labouring in earth or dunge ; but yf they have the stone and use to eat it they shall synge ‘ wo be to the pye ! ’

Wherefore I do say that coloppes and egges is wholesome for them as a talowe candell is good for a horse mouth, or a piece of powdered beefe is good for a blere eyed mare.

Yet sensuall appetyde must have a swynge at all these Thynges, notwithstandinge.”—*Andrew Borde, Regiment, 1557. Fol. k, iii. b.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

SIR,—As an old sub-editor of the Magazine, may I crave a little space for a cause which should be of special interest to Stonyhurst boys, past and present.

Three-hundred men and women from the neighbouring Lancashire towns visited Stonyhurst one Sunday afternoon during the summer holidays, listened to speeches in the Academy Room, and sang *Faith of our Fathers* in the College Church.

They were not just "trippers"; they were students. They were men and women who, in their spare time, after a heavy day's work in factory, shop, mill, office, or mine, gather together weekly in little groups to study Catholic social science.

They study not because they want to get better jobs or make more money or add to the interest of life. They study because they want to help the Catholic cause, which is the cause of Western civilisation.

Society is faced with two dangers. It may harden into servile state, in which religion and liberty will be strangled, or it may soften into anarchy, in which civilisation itself will disappear. We know how to avoid both dangers. Leo XIII. has told us. But his message must be impressed upon all classes in the country, and that is why these Catholic working people are studying, namely, that they may fit themselves for leadership in their own circles.

Powerful and wealthy educational agencies are at work trying (alas! with much success) to spread abroad the doctrine of the class war, and to plunge the country into anarchy. They have already captured a number of Catholics. But now we have a Catholic organisation (the Catholic Social Guild), which is forming Catholic study circles, producing Catholic social literature and educating leaders who can hold their own.

Catholic students are taking up the work with enthusiasm. We have the material. But we need help, and for this help I appeal most earnestly to Stonyhurst boys past and present. We want to place this work on a secure basis and make the Catholic Social Guild a great power in the country.

For this purpose we are raising a fund of fifty thousand shillings. At present we have collected about two-fifths of this sum. Will Stonyhurst help us to find the rest? I will gladly receive and acknowledge donations to this fund.

Cardinal Bourne and Cardinal O'Connell have already subscribed. Cardinal Gibbons writes that "The mission of the Catholic Social Guild is a glorious one for humanity and for the Church." Old Stonyhurst boys who set a value on education, and who would be glad to see it brought within reach of those who are so keen upon it, will give an helping hand to an O.S. who for ten years has worked to build up an organisation for social education worthy of the Catholic name.

Yours sincerely,

CHARLES PLATER, S.J.

Campion Hall, Oxford.

NOTE.—I heartily sympathise with Father Plater's appeal, and trust that Stonyhurst boys, present and past, will respond generously. The Catholic Social Guild is doing splendid work. At the present time it is faced with a momentary problem, and needs all the help we can give.

E. O'CONNOR, S.J., *Rector.*

OLD GUNS.

To the Editor of the Stonyhurst Magazine.

SIR,—May I, through the Magazine, draw the attention of those interested to the condition of the pair of old guns at present lying near one of the Playground Tennis-Courts?

Towards the close of 1915 one of the carriages showed marked signs of decay, and, apparently, a little later, fell away, for since then the gun has been rusting on the grass.

Apart from the fact that as guns, and old ones at that, they are objects of interest; they are valuable also as—

(a) Ships' Carronades—presented by Admiral Jerningham (O.S.)

- (b) The guns which fired the salutes at the old Stonyhurst Grand Matches—veritable links with the past.

The guns require attention on the following points:—

- (i.) Entire remounting on the same design—a matter merely of carpentry, as the old iron-work is available.
- (ii.) Removal of rust and old fouling from the bore, followed by
- (iii.) Provision of tompons at the muzzle to protect against undue rusting through foul weather.
- (iv.) General protection against rust.
- (v.) A more suitable site, *e.g.*, under the arches of the Playground Front, or near the Front Entrance.

I remain, etc.,

MILES.

THE FIELD DAY.

October 17th.

On Friday, October 17th, a field day was held at Knowsley Park, near Liverpool, for the Northern Schools in the Western Command.

The general idea was that a Southern Force (White) was billeted about Widnes, protected by outposts. A Northern Force (Khaki), having reached Ormskirk the previous day, was to attack and occupy Prescott by 16 hours the following day.

The general idea for the White Force was to take up an outpost line covering Prescott before 14 hours, forming the left sector of the general outpost line N.W. of the St. Helens Branch of the L. & N.W. Rly. The inhabitants report movements of the Khaki Force on the Kirby-Ormskirk road on the 17th October at 11 hours.

The Southern Force was composed of Liverpool College and Stonyhurst College; the Northern Force of Rossall, Lancaster Grammar School and Bury Grammar School.

Having arrived at Prescott about 11, and after a brief delay for lunch, positions for pickets and

supports were selected; Liverpool College held the left flank and Stonyhurst College placed three pickets on the right flank and provided supports.

Bury started operations at 14 hours by attacking our left flank. This attack failed, as it was made against the strongest part of our line. The main attack was made soon after by Rossall in the centre and Lancaster on our right flank. Owing to the lack of time and want of ammunition a counter attack was not possible.

After the "Cease fire" contingents assembled and were addressed by Lieut.-General Sir B. de Lisle, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O., General Officer in Command Western Command, who pointed out as chief faults, on the part of the Northern Force, that the ground had not been sufficiently reconnoitred; on the part of the Southern force, the lack of counter attack.

A remark may here be made on the importance of section commanders keeping their sections under absolute control during field work. Lack of such control was noticeable while falling back to the woods from our first lines.

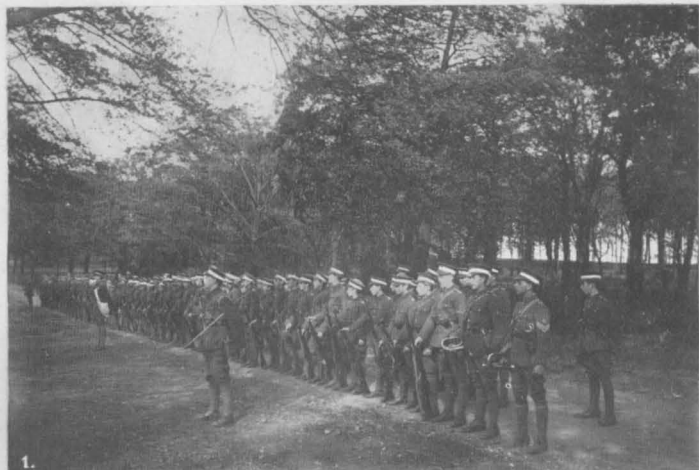
Tea was obtained at the Wire Works, Prescott, thanks to the foresight of our C.O., who had taken the trouble to order it some days in advance. After a much prolonged journey our contingent reached the College, tired, but having thoroughly enjoyed the day.

We hope that, now the command has organised such a field day, such useful and instructive manoeuvres will take place more regularly and more frequently than hitherto.

J.C.

BEER.

Beere is made of malte, of hoppes, and water. It is a naturall drynke for a doche man (German). And now of late dayes (1557) it is moche used in England to the detriment of many Englysshemen; specially it kylleth them which be troubled with the colycke and the stone, and the strayne coylon; for the drynke is a cold drynke. Yet it doth make a man fat and doth inflate the belly, as doth appere by the doche mennes faces and belyes.—*A. Borde, Regyment, Fol. G. ii.*



THE O.T.C. FIELD DAY AT KNOWSLEY.

1. Stonyhurst drawn up just after entering the Park.
2. Liverpool College O.T.C. Reserves (Nos. 1 and 2 Platoons).
3. Officers discussing plan of operations.
4. Rossall under fire.
5. Stonyhurst at Luncheon.

RHETORIC ACADEMY.

The Academy was held on November 4th, and was well up to the standard of these entertainments. The prologue was an excellent composition by D. Kane and F. Sullivan, and was well delivered by C. Carrigan, who has learnt at any rate one great art of the public speaker—namely, that his remarks should be addressed to the furthest person in the room to ensure everyone hearing. We were, however, shocked to hear that some sinister form of Bolshevism has found its way amongst us, and hope that at any rate at Stonyhurst the advice of the Northcliffe press will be followed, and that no one will attempt "to shake hands with murder."

The Greek recitation was distinctly original, and we fancy that many Greek professors would like to know more of an author who seems to have escaped the notice of modern scholarship. Roughly, we should hazard a guess that he was a contemporary of Aristophanes, as both his humour and his vocabulary were reminiscent of that school. Was it a fragment of Eupolis or Cratinus? The excerpt was translated, and for this we were glad, as obscure allusions were made abundantly clear in the terse Saxon rendering. Kane found his ideal part. His mystic smile was really Delphic, for surely that oracle must often have had hard work to conceal its mirth. Kennedy was good as the pilgrim—a little gullible, perhaps—but that was quite in character.

The next item was a famous one: the rustics' play before Theseus from the "Midsummer Night's Dream."

Some of the actors forgot they were rustics, perhaps. L. Robertson had walked straight out of the Adelphi Theatre, London, period 1880. It was a fine bit of melodrama, but beyond the powers of Bottom, I fancy. Gorham had a difficult part, and did it well—the feminine suggestion was not exaggerated, and he did not shriek as most Thisbes do. Kennedy was really good as Moonshine. What humour there is in the chaffing Moonshine gets from Theseus and the Courtier (C. Carrigan and G. Baron). F. Sullivan, as Wall, was quite successful—not an easy part to sustain, and F. Wellard's Lion

we should really like to see again. Congratulations to all concerned in this piece.

The Plautus selection was too slight to give much chance to the actors. Isn't Plautus getting rather played out? Latin Comedy in any case is rather a poor artificial affair; though real poetry can be found in it doubtless. This piece at any rate gave us every chance to increase our vocabularies. Who will say after this that modern ideas cannot find Latin equivalents?

We liked the French play: it was quite intelligible to those who didn't know much French. Perrichon (F. Sullivan) played a little bit too much to the house, but so do most actors in farce. His "business" was always good, and his final exit simply a triumph. (Did it hurt much?) Madame was well played by D. Kane (he still seemed a trifle oracular), and W. Collingwood was versatile in his parts. The other characters were quite satisfactory. But Perrichon was inevitably the life of the performance.

It was a clever show throughout, and really enjoyable.

The plays were followed by a part song, and the Distribution of Prizes came last. Then we all sang the Stonyhurst Chorus and "God save the King." Appended is the full programme:—

OVERTURE "Simple Aveu" Thome
THE ORCHESTRA,

Pars Prior.

Prologum, a D. KANE, F. SULLIVAN, conscriptum, pronuntiabit C. CARRIGAN.

Oraculum Delphicum, a D. Kane conscriptum, agent:

Pilgrim P. KENNEDY.

Priestess D. KANE.

Scenam e fabula Shakesperiana Midsummer-Night's Dream, agent:

Theseus C. CARRIGAN.

Courtier G. BARON.

Prologue O. FOX.

Pyramus L. ROBERTSON.

Thisbe M. GORHAM.

Wall F. SULLIVAN.

Moonshine P. KENNEDY.

Lion F. WELLARD.

INTERLUDE From "Peer Gynt" Grieg
THE STRINGS.

Pars Altera.

Scenam e Plauti Aulularia, III. 10, agent :

Megadorus F. SULLIVAN.
 Euclio P. KENNEDY.

Scenam e fabula Gallica, Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon, agent :

Perrichon... .. F. SULLIVAN.
 Madame Perrichon... .. D. KANE.
 Henriette P. KENNEDY.
 Majorin L. ROBERTSON.
 Armand C. CARRIGAN.
 Daniel P. SEMPILL.
 Un Employé... .. }
 Un facteur, une } W. COLLINGWOOD.
 marchande }

"Song of the Vikings"... .. Eaton Fanning
 THE CHOIR.

C. G. M.

OXFORD NOTES.

OXFORD,

Tuesday, Nov. 18th.

Very little warning has been given for these notes as the October Magazine has only just arrived here with an intimation included to the effect that the writer must hurry up, the December issue being already in the press. Consequently he is obeying, and wishes to apologise for any hurriedness which may appear in his work—what Mr. Verity would call "internal evidence."

The following is a full list of O.S. undergraduates :

Balliol H. R. Bigelow, J. L. Gradwell,
 R. L. Smith.
Christ Church.. A. Hobbs, E. Pyke, M. Sidley.
Corpus Christi . R. P. J. Walker.
Exeter E. Reeves.
Hertford J. Dalton, J. Neely.
Lincoln G. Quin, H. Tobin.
Merton L. McDonald.
Oriel W. Waddington.
Pembroke.. .. G. Yturregui.
Trinity R. Danson.
Wadham E. Peeler.

It may be interesting to compare this total of seventeen with the figures from Downside, given by the *Universe* as fourteen, and from the *Oratory* as eight. They give Stonyhurst as fourteen, so there is no evidence to show they are accurate in their other figures ; but, as a matter of fact, it would appear that Downside at least is given correctly.

The Newman is indeed reviving to some purpose. A dinner is to be held on Monday, November 24th, which will be attended by Cardinal Bourne, the Spanish Ambassador, the new Catholic judge (Mr. Justice Russell, Univ.), and Mr. Hilaire Belloc (Balliol), among other distinguished visitors.

At the first meeting of the term, Mr. Urquhart gave a resumé of the history of the Society, and suggested several points as regards the future, which led to an interesting discussion.

On Sunday, November 2nd, a debate was held on the motion: "That some sort of compulsory military service should be maintained." Walker opposed, supported by Gradwell, and Smith was the teller for the Opposition, which (consequently) won by four votes! Walker has also spoken at the Union.

One would feel inclined to suggest the introduction into the S.U.D.C. of the procedure used by all debating societies here, were it not for the probability that this has been considered long ago. However, the Board of Six might profitably weigh the advantages of both systems on many points—for instance the scope they allow to extempore speaking.

On the River the various Colleges are busy, rowing races between their tub fours to see who are shaping well for the Torpid Eights next term. Pyke rowed in the Christ Church fours last week, Reeves and Dalton are rowing this week in the Exeter and Hertford races. Quin and Gradwell have also taken up rowing, but the latter was prevented by 'flu from racing in the Balliol Fours.

Danson plays right half and Neely left in for Trinity and Hertford at Soccer. Tobin has been in the 'Varsity trials, while Gradwell, in the intervals of rowing, has played for Balliol against several teams. Neely has also won quite a reputation on the running track, winning the Hertford half-mile, and in the inter-collegiate relay race, he ran against Montague without losing a yard to him.

Walker plays for Corpus at hockey, and Bigelow is "first board"—this is the correct term, one is lead to believe—of the 'Varsity chess team. Unfortunately chess is no longer rewarded with a half-blue, but merely, it would appear, with a tie, which outrages even the most modern taste.

Mr. Heurtley is living up at Boar's Hill, and coaching Murray and Trappes for smalls in December. We wish them all an Anabasis! Gorham is also coming up in December to try for a scholarship—an excellent piece of news. McDonald—as we have at last reached a more academical groove—is taking History Previous at the end of the term, and Smith "Divvers," a Scriptural exam., in which the President of the Union is rumoured to have failed fourteen times. The number seems rather too much of a coincidence!

CAMBRIDGE NOTES.

November 22nd.

Your Oxford correspondent laments that there are not more O.S. undergraduates at his University. We lament there are not more here. Catholics certainly do not come in nearly sufficient numbers to the 'Varsities. And for some reason or another the proportion here at all events is even smaller than it was before the war. Out of 4,192 undergraduates in residence only some 90 are Catholics, and of these 11 are O.S. Your Oxford correspondent concludes by some process of reasoning which he does not

divulge, that there should be at least 30 Stonyhurst men at Oxford. Assuming the correctness of his premisses it is clear that there should be at least 40 at Cambridge; isn't it?

Apart from the well-known advantages of this University, Stonyhurst has personal connections with Cambridge which should settle the balance for those who, for want of better knowledge, are hesitating as to which 'Varsity to favour.

A distinguished O.S., the Baron Anatole von Hügel, has for nearly 40 years been the leader of the Catholic cause here. He had much to do with procuring the Papal permission for Catholics to come to these Universities, and throughout has laboured and contributed in order that the conditions the Holy Father attached to that permission should be duly carried out. Catholic interests at Cambridge continue to be increasingly in debt to him. Another personal consideration at Cambridge is that the present Chaplain, Father Bernard Marshall, is an O.S.

Of our little band of undergraduates there is not much history to record. They are doubtless laying the foundations of great things to come, but so far they have not been much in the public eye—though one has been hauled before the law for too much enthusiasm with his motor-bicycle. Such misadventures are not infrequent here.

G. E. T. Eyston (Trinity), (1907), who gained the M.C. in France, is our principal hope for a Blue. He is a rowing man of renown, and has rowed much in Trial Eights. We much hope he will be chosen to do battle on the Putney-Mortlake course before the end of his career here. And what greater glory is there than that?

Two others of our number have been plying the oar—E. Lennane (Downing), and M. P. Gurney (St. John's). The latter, unfortunately, has had to desist for medical reasons. He promised to do well. But Lennane is struggling away—early birds see him plying the oar somewhere about sunrise—

and he will have rowed his first race before this appears in print.

Keeping still to the sports world, those who favour the introduction of Rugger at Stonyhurst will proudly point to the achievements in that game of J. M. Collins (Pembroke). He has frequently appeared in his College team. D. B. O'Shea, of the same College, is the regular goal-keeper for the Soccer XI., and should get his colours. O'Shea is also getting dangerous with the gloves, we hear. T. S. Bloomfield is likewise at Pembroke, and playing Soccer regularly.

In the matter of learning, which also counts for something up here, O'Bryen (Caius), Collins, Cuffey (Pembroke), Lennane and Gurney, are in various stages of the M.B. exams., which are too baffling in their many subdivisions for the uninitiated to unravel. But we believe that the progress is generally satisfactory. Eyston is engineering and J. Bernal (Emmanuel), is doing mathematics. We have two O.S. priest undergraduates at St. Edmund's House. Father A. A. Brogden is working long hours at Natural Science, but finds some opportunity for indulging his musical talents. Father Harrington studies history and makes vigorous speeches at literary meetings.

We are glad to hear that Baron and Fox are shortly coming up to sit for scholarships. Here's luck to them. We want their successes and lots more in order to "keep our end up" against our formidable rivals from Downside. They outnumber us at present, but we decline to admit they outshine us.

One other note of Stonyhurst interest. Father Bede Jarrett, the distinguished Provincial of the Dominicans, and a contemporary with Father Marshall at Stonyhurst, has been thrilling us with some brilliant conferences on Sunday mornings.

O.S. CANTAB.

SODALITY NOTES.

Owing to the departure of the Prefect (B. Tarleton) and several Councillors, the officers of the Sodality are as follows:—

Prefect : C. Carrigan.

1st Assistant .. F. Wellard.

2nd Assistant .. F. Bahr.

Council : L. F. Robertson, E. Cosgrove, G. Cole, W. Jones, G. Baron, P. Kennedy, C. Unsworth, M. Gorham, D. Kane, C. Marchant, F. Sullivan, O. Fox.

October 19th, Sunday.—Instead of Office our new Director (Father Francis Woodlock), gave us an excellent address in the Sodality Chapel.

October 25th.—A Dirge was sung for all O.S. who had died in the War.

October 26th, Sunday.—Father Bartley very kindly addressed the Sodality on Devotion to the Sacred Heart in the War.

November 8th.—In the absence of Father Director, who had gone on the Pilgrimage to Lourdes, Father Bartley said Mass in the Oratory.

November 9th, Sunday.—Father Cortie spoke to us most interestingly of the Lure of Spiritualism. Our thanks are due to him and Father Bartley.

CONOR CARRIGAN.

THE ALE SONG.

Bryng us in no browne bred fore that is made of brane,

Nor bryng us in no whyt bred, for therein is no game.

But bring us in good ale.

Bryng us in no befe, for there is many bonys ;

But bryng us in good ale, for that goth downe at onys.

And bryng us in good ale.

Bryng us in no bacon, for that is passing fate ;

But bryng us in good ale, and gyfe us i-nought of that,

And bryng us in good ale.

Ipswich Minstrel, 15th Century.

JOURNAL OF AN AMATEUR "TOMMY."

Continued from the October Magazine.

FARNBOROUGH AGAIN, AND IT SEEMED LIKE "A HOME FROM HOME."

I reported at the dépôt and was sent to Malplaquet Barracks, and told to report again on Monday morning.

I was given a bed and a welcome which cheered me up very much, as I was lucky enough to get into a room with a lot of men I knew. Most of the men I knew, however, were in France. I had been on a draft several times, but at the medical inspection I was always sent away.

The doctor used always to amuse himself and us too by giving an imitation of me doing sentry go.

On Monday I reported at the orderly room, and found I was excused duty for a month.

I returned to Malplaquet and found I had to move my sleeping place.

This moving of sleeping quarters became a mania, and you never knew where you would sleep, and sometimes even when we were in bed we were made to get up and go somewhere else.

This had a bad effect on me, and in the end I couldn't bear it, so I asked the Flight-Sergeant, Hudson by name, who will figure largely in these chronicles, if I could stay in his barrack room. He said I could, so I was safe after that. These perpetual moves were necessitated by the unexpected arrival of new recruits. I may mention that they punish refractory lunatics by never letting them sleep twice in the same place. It very quickly reduces them to order. It reduced me to disorder nearly.

Flight-Sergeant Hudson was indeed a kind friend, and all the five months I was in Malplaquet barracks he did all he could to look after me. While I was sleeping in his barrack room I was with very nice men. One was an ex-captain from the *Gloucester Hussars*, and he and I slept next to each other for

some weeks. It made a great difference who you slept next to, as some of the men were not exactly what you would have ordered.

One, I remember, came into our room for a while. He had that morning left Wandsworth Prison, and had been seized by the Army on his emerging. He made his living—when not by crime—playing a jews-harp outside pubs. He had his instrument (?) with him, and used to entertain us.

My second day in Malplaquet I went into the Y.M.C.A., and what was my surprise on seeing Archie Walker, whom I had known at Cambridge, selling behind the counter. He was most pleasant, and introduced me to the head of the hut—a nice old man, we called Uncle George—and I was told that I must come in and use their private sitting room whenever I liked.

The great kindness I received from all the workers here I must mention. I was made to come up for lunch with them every day—it didn't need much persuasion—and I used to stay all the afternoon. I used to help in the library or kitchen, or anywhere—so the time went very fast. Though I was excused duty, I was not allowed out of camp till 5 p.m., so the Y.M.C.A. was a haven of refuge in the afternoon.

Reveille was an awful moment at 5-30 on a December morning.

Though I had nothing to do, I had to get up. The day was a long one—5-30 a.m. to 10 p.m. ! Breakfast in the dining hut I could not face, and after one or two attempts I used to have coffee and biscuits at a little stall in the barracks, kept by an old woman. I used to help her to wash up sometimes. It used to warm my hands.

I "went sick" one day a little later and Captain Musson, the M.D., who was always most kind to me—told me I could stay in bed if I liked in the mornings, and gave me a pass to that effect. I had rather fun out of this with one of the corporals I disliked, as did all the other boys.

The first day I had the pass I stayed in bed. Round came the corporal. "Get up there, you, etc.——" I got up.

Second day, the same again, only more language, and threats to bring the Flight-Sergeant to me. I got up.

Third day. Even more language, and off he went for the Flight Sergeant, whom, I must say, I had told about my pass. It was he who invented this little rag, as he couldn't stand the corporal—in private life “a gentleman from the Prudential.”

Back came the Corporal with the Flight-Sergeant. He started off on his story, but the Flight-Sergeant broke in: “What the—do you mean by bringing me round, etc., etc.; everyone knows the M.O. told this man to stay in bed, etc.”

Exit the gentleman from the Prudential hurriedly. At about eight o'clock I would start to brush up the barrack room. There was a hut orderly every day to clean up, but for something to do, and for warmth, I used to lend a hand. To tidy up the straw palliasses, about 140 kits, brush the floor and black the stove, fold about 400 blankets was hard work for one man, so my help was welcome.

I remember one rather funny little incident happening one morning. We had been sent another man in to help as the orderly was not very well. I told him to black the stove. He said: “Me—a Cambridge B.A.—black the stove!—(this was probably a lie)—I don't know how to.” “A pity they didn't learn you something useful there,” said my mate. “I've always kept two servants to do work like that,” said the B.A. “Yes, one going and one coming,” said my mate. Collapse of the B.A.

The cleaning up took till about 10-30. After cleaning my boots, cap-badge, and myself, I used to take refuge in the barber's shop, through the kind invitation of Charlie, the head barber. He had a lovely fire and used to let me sit there and read, and watch the recruits being given “a regimental hair cut.” This was a cruel process, which consisted in cutting off every possible hair with the clippers, leaving nothing but a fringe in front.

This indignity used to cause the recruits much rage and useless argument. In many cases, too, a useless tip to the barber to be merciful. He always took the tip, but was not allowed to make any exceptions.

Flight-Sergeant Hudson and Corporal Roylance used to escort the victims to the sacrifice. Roylance's speech, endeavouring to sell them combs, tooth brushes, etc., with which the shop was well

stocked, was a masterpiece of persuasion, and if he did not do as well as he hoped, he would pour our floods of sarcastic rhetoric.

I used to listen to him every day, and he never repeated himself—a somewhat difficult task for a would-be seller of toilet requisites, you would think.

We became great friends. My cigarettes were much appreciated by the barbers and Corporal Roylance—henceforth to be known as Bill—but Flight-Sergeant Hudson—henceforth to be known as Jim—would have none of them—Woodbines for him!

I found out later that Bill was employed by Lesley and Roberts (my tailors), as cutter, or something. The day I got my ticket I asked him if he recognised the maker of the suit I had got on, and it turned out that it was one he had made himself. He had naturally never connected me with the customers at Lesley and Roberts. He was fearfully excited about it.

He and his chum, Corporal Lewis—to be known as Lew—and I used to go out together in the evenings to a pub called the Old Ford, at North Camp. Here I used to play the piano for the boys, and after a night or two—I was regularly hired by the owner at sixpence a night and a glass of beer, to come every night. The beer I afterwards was able to change for a glass of gin—which I really did enjoy, it smells so nice, too. All the boys used to bring me drinks, too, so I sometimes got “very nicely, thank you.” I used to love playing for them, and wrote one or two songs myself, which they seemed to like. I suppose I used to play “The sunshine of your smile” at least six times a night in various keys to suit all voices. “Thora” was another favourite.

The owner of the pub, whom all the boys knew as “Auntie,” was one of the kindest and most generous people I have ever met. Every Sunday she used to ask Lew, Bill and I to come to lunch—and what a feast it was. And after a friend of hers, who drove a taxi, used to take us all over Surrey and Hampshire. He never would charge anything, but I think Auntie made it up to him in other ways, as she got him a lot of work.

Auntie had a sister and a niece, who used to serve in the pub, and they used to come on our drives.

How on earth the taxi ever got up the Hog's Back and other fearful hills I don't know, as there were always eight people at least in it.

Auntie was very short and fat and had the reddest of faces. She used to wear the most gorgeous garments and moved along like a ship in full sail. Nothing was too much trouble for her, and many are the good turns she did for some of the boys quite unknown to anybody. All the boys loved her. It was wonderful the way she could keep about two hundred men in order on a Saturday night. I and Lew and Bill, and a few other favoured beings used to sit in her private room, where she had a very good piano. If it was very busy we used to help in the bar. I generally was too busy playing the piano to be able to help at the bar.

She will appear later again.

I used to get my pay—14s. a week—in the orderly room, on Saturday morning. Pay parade always upset me, as they shouted at you so, so Corporal Whittaker (who I mentioned when I was in the cook-house), told me to come there for it. I was much honoured at times by being asked into tea in the orderly room, and also in the camp post office, where I had two friends.

When I got back from hospital I set about trying to find my kit bag, which I had left behind in October, when I went for my week-end leave which ended in hospital. After about a two days' search I found it, but someone had "won" everything nearly. Tunic, slacks, boots, all my small kit—everything had gone. All that was in it was one pair of boots, luckily new, but about size four, and about five pairs of dirty dungarees. The boots luckily I was able to change at the stores for a pair to fit me.

I had to live altogether in my walking-out breeches and tunic, strictly against regulations, but I was left in peace as they knew. My shirts and other washing luckily was at Mrs. Cottle's.

We were not allowed fires till 4 p.m. For a fortnight all the taps in the washing places were frozen. I used to use the Y.M.C.A., so I was all right. I have never felt such cold as we had that winter.

It is funny, but I have never felt the cold really since.

The officer used to come round very occasionally to inspect the barrack rooms. One day he came in alone, as the orderly sergeant, who knew me well, was detained outside. He shouted at me. "What are you on?" I tried to explain, but could say nothing; but made a horrid noise. He turned and fled, and told the sergeant he thought I was mad. We laughed so over that. He never spoke to me again.

I was finally moved from my comfortable home in "C" Block to "M" Block. It was really a stroke of luck, as the next day spotted fever broke out in "C" Block. No one died of it there, but many of them were fearfully ill, and all were isolated for weeks.

"M" Block was beastly. It was used as a changing place for the recruits from their civilian clothes to uniform.

I luckily got in a corner and though very far from the fire I preferred it. Also there was a window above my corner.

One day I came back about 8 p.m. and found the whole room under arrest. We were supposed to have stolen two silver hair brushes which some idiotic recruit had brought, perhaps in the hope of impressing us. In came the Flight-Sergeant. We were all to be searched, and our kits too. Turning to the recruit, "You are sure you left them in your kit bag?" "Absolutely certain." "And they are not there?" "No." "Have another look, any way." He did; they were at the bottom.

Exit the Sergeant, after a few words, much to the point.

The accuser would willingly have followed, but that was not to be. He was set upon, and severely chastised!

Many of the recruits were most amusing. Their efforts to impress us with their civilian importance were ludicrous.

One day one of them shewed me a sort of locket with a portrait of his wife in. The following is the little scene:—

Man (looking at locket): "Ah! The best wife man ever had—died last February. The perfect lady, evening dress and all" (shewing me the locket).

Me : " Oh !—er, was she on the stage ? "

Man : " Yes, once, but quite the lady, when I learned 'er a thing or two."

The humorous part was that the picture was of Lady Harmood-Banner (my guardian's wife), in evening dress and a string of pearls. He had been Lord Mayor of Liverpool the year before, and the locket was one of the sort of things you can buy on Lord Mayor's Day in the street. I didn't say anything to the man, but what rotten luck just to pick on me to show it to !

One of them had a diamond ring. He was showing it to one or two of the old boys and myself, and said, " Of course I never need be at a loss for money with this to pawn." " No," said one of the boys," but how long would the fourpence last you ? "

One night we were talking about London. One of the boys said he came from Rotherhithe. " Oh," said the recruit, in a very superior way, " I couldn't live down there." " No," I said, " the rents down there are very high."

One man told me his wife was the leading lady at Drury Lane Theatre in " The birth of a nation." He didn't know it was a picture !

These are examples of what the boys called " talking well off," a sweet expression, and so descriptive.

" Talking well off " was one of the best ways of becoming extremely unpopular.

The wife of one of the men worked in the biscuit factory of Huntley and Palmer, at Reading. She used to come over on Sundays and bring enormous bags of broken biscuits, which the workers were allowed to take each week. We used to enjoy them very much, eaten with canteen cheese.

I was sugar provider to everyone I knew in Farnborough. I made friends with the manager of the S—— Stores, whom I played for once or twice, and he used to give me as much as I wanted. I used to arrive on Sunday at the Feeny's with bags of it. The manager of these stores also had a share in the picture show near the fair ground. He gave me a pass in, but I lost it, unfortunately. He was a most useful friend in many ways.

There was a very good recreation room in barracks, presided over by Corporal Penso. He was a

wonderful pianist. We became great friends. The Sergeant-Major used to come round often in the mornings to catch the men dodging parade, etc. He used to have us all out and question us closely as to what we were doing in there. The dodgers " didn't half cop it."

I was left in peace both in this room and everywhere, and used to scrounge about wherever I liked.

The sleeping accommodation was not very good. A barrack room was supposed to hold twenty-four in peace time. We never had less than a hundred, and generally about 130. We had no beds. The lucky ones had a straw palliasse (I had), and three blankets. I had one lovely blanket—a civilian one from a double bed. It was much envied. When I got my ticket I gave it to a pal who was under canvas.

A corporal left me his bed when he went overseas, but I only used it about twice, and then went back to the floor, which I preferred. I was offered 4s. for the use of the bed, so I scored.

The R.F.C. about this time was invaded by Jews. They used to try and get out of everything by paying. The corporals must have made many a dishonest pound. We all used to do them whenever we could. One said he would give me half a bar (10s.) if I could wangle him out of the regimental hair cut, and 10s. for the barber too. Charley the barber and I were all over this, so Charley was merciful. Just outside the door he met the Flight-Sergeant lying in wait, and was sent in for another hair cut ! Jim came in and saw he got it, and then we three divided the pound with much glee.

I was sent into hospital again about this time. I didn't want to go at all, remembering my last visit, but I had to. I went to the Connaught Hospital.

Next day the doctor said, " I will cure you in five minutes." I feared the worst—electricity again ! Yes ! He put a live wire down my throat and rattled it against my teeth. I didn't mind it much though I shouldn't make a hobby of it. After about five minutes of this he realised I was real and not " lead swinging." and explained that he had two men in the week before who were false. They were

forced to speak to make him stop. He gave them a fearful dose of electricity "in case their voice went again."

He was very pleasant after that, and said I could stay in hospital, but I didn't want to, and used to go every day. He did me no good as a matter of fact. He asked me one day about myself, and as he was a decent man I told him about school and Cambridge.

Most strangely it turned out that we had been up at Trinity together, and he had kept in my courtyard. We had vaguely recognised each other, but thought we were mistaken. He sent me to a T.M.B. (Travelling Medical Board) for discharge.

The only night I stayed in the Connaught Hospital the man in the next bed to me had a fit. I think I have now seen every sort of fit.

The medical board came round after about three weeks. I appeared.

In spite of the efforts of Captain Musson, the R.F.C. doctor, and Captain Adrian (the doctor at the Connaught), I was marked CIII.

On being shewn the letter from the nerve specialist, the senior doctor said, "I don't care a bit about the specialist; he can work on the land" (meaning me).

Rather a delicious little incident happened at the board.

Senior Doctor: What school were you at?

Me: Stonyhurst.

Junior Doctor: What standard were you in when you left?

Me: I—er—I—

Senior Doctor (very sharply): Don't be silly; they don't have standards in a school like that, but obviously he is of respectable parents!

One rather distressing scene took place one night in my barrack room.

One of the men came in about 9 rather lively, and we thought he "had had a couple."

He "kipped down" anyway, and went to sleep. About 2-30 we were all awakened by piercing screams, like an insane man would utter, and cries of "Annie, Annie; where are you? I'll do you in if I find you, not half I won't."

After this he ran across the room and seized hold of one of the men and tried to strangle him. You

couldn't see who was who, and all the boys thinking they had got hold of him had really got hold of some of the other helpers. There were about six sets of men struggling together by mistake.

There was no light except that of the moon, shining faintly through the window, when not obscured by clouds, and the struggle continued amidst sounds of screams and blows.

At last, after nearly choking his victim, he was secured. He soon got perfectly quiet, and explained that he had often had these attacks—how nice for Annie!—and would we let him go back to bed?

No, we wouldn't. We took him to the guard-room, and he went to the lunatic asylum next day, I heard.

Another of the boys in our room walked out naked in the night, and was found next day six miles away near Farnham, frozen to death in a field.

I used to give a party on Saturday sometimes at the Hippodrome, and afterwards at John Eighteen's fish shop. My friends from the barber's shop, and Lew. and Bill generally came. We all felt very honoured by the presence of the two corporals! The supper usually consisted of "two middles, a pen'orth, and a pint" (two bits of the middle of the fish, a pennyworth of chips, and a pint of beer).

If the supper room was full we took the fish out in a piece of the *Aldershot Gazette*, and ate it in the road. I never took vinegar with mine; it makes you so damp round the cuffs.

Aldershot is a collection of tripe and onion shops, fish shops, merry-go-rounds and lovely boot shops and smells, mostly of frying fish.

Some of the shops were quite good, but whatever they had been like I should have enjoyed them.

On our motor drives we always used to go to the best places for tea, such as the Beacon, at Hindhead, or the Angle, in Guildford. The remarks about us as we had tea were too lovely. "It is a shame to let in privates and people like that," etc. A nasty one for the corporals! I was the only private, but bore up well.

Auntie never turned a hair. The ruder the remarks got the worse we behaved. I always noticed these remarks were made generally by couples who had obviously no business to be there—together.

One of my great friends was a piano tuner named Greig, from Edinburgh. He was a most pleasant well-educated and amusing man. We used to go out a lot together until he went to Egypt.

One episode he figured in was rather amusing. He and I used to help in the Y.M.C.A. pretty often. The fatigue party of the Y.M.C.A. was composed of N.C.O.'s (conscientious objectors), and a lot of them used to come in and use the library, over which I presided. One day one of them came and asked me if I would explain to him "the exact relation between cause and effect." Though much taken aback, I was ready, and said I was too busy at the moment—luckily true—but if he would come later I would do so.

After lunch Greig, Mr. Louis (the head of the hut), and I set to work and composed a long statement, meaning nothing at all but full of long words and philosophical terms, such as "undistributed middles," and worse.

In the evening I handed it him. Next day when he came I asked him if it was alright. "Most lucid, and just what I wanted."

The state of mind of these conscientious gentlemen (?) was a mystery to us. They were always trying to impress everyone with their earnestness. They pretended in the hut not to smoke or swear. You should have seen and heard them outside!

The "cause and effect" question I think was probably asked to impress, and perhaps to take us aback somewhat. The man probably found it on a pamphlet in one of the other huts, which were well provided with this type of literature—so suitable "for the dear soldiers"!!!

One thing happened greatly, I think, to the credit of the Boche, with regard to the N.C.O.'s.

They and the Boche were put on to work on a light railway that was to be built. The Boche refused to work with them, and did not do so either. When they were taken away he returned to work.

They were a dirty lot of men, and their uniforms were a disgrace, dull buttons and boots, and they looked so rotten compared with the *Flying Corps* boys, who always looked clean and tidy.

I remember feeling very proud walking out with my little swagger cane, cap well on one side, the point over my right eye, and my boots shining.

I luckily had an excellent tunic and breeches. I am sure I looked killing.

The end of my "private" life was now approaching.

One day we were all sent to a medical board sent down by the War Office to examine into the categories of all the men—and to raise them where possible.

I went into the room and heard one of the doctors say—Captain Musson—"This is the man I told you about." After a few questions and searching looks, which petrified me, the senior examining doctor said, "I quite agree."

I went out, and heard nothing for some time. One morning I and a taxi-driver named Kans—who I have often met since—were sent for to report at the orderly room.

In the good old *Flying Corps* fashion we waited about for three hours, and at last were called in and given our tickets.

I was put into Class W Reserve. No one knew what that meant. I was to find out later. Good-bye to all the boys and a wonderful send-off from Auntie, and all at the "Old Ford," and my Army life was over for a time.

Class W Reserve it turned out meant that a man in this class could go home and work at munitions. I couldn't do that, so I was recalled, very luckily, as it turned out.

Free for three months, then a letter from the Record Office asking various questions.

The answers evidently did not please them, and I was ordered to report at Farnborough in two days' time.

Back again. I got into my old friend Flight-Sergeant Hudson's section.

The boys were in camp on the depôt under canvas. I had a very kind welcome from him and all the old boys.

The doctor sent for me next day. He was very angry, and said that I had been disgracefully treated,

but that he would get me finished off finally this time, and would send me to a special board for neurasthenia in London.

Both he (Captain Musson) and the other M.O., Captain Williamson, were most kind to me all the time I was at Farnborough. They did everything they could for me, and made my life as easy as they possibly could.

Jim Hudson told me not to do any parades, and to sleep where I liked. I went home with him for a bit and later went to Auntie, at the Old Ford.

Sometimes I slept in camp in Jim's tent, which I used to rather enjoy.

Reveille and the shouts of "show a leg there," left me quite unmoved, luckily.

My old friend Lew was in charge of the recruits, so I was all right in that direction. Charlie the barber and Corporal Penso, and all the boys, were awfully decent, and I appreciated it all most thoroughly.

My two friends in the cook-house, Corporal Baker (the Ipswich one), and Tomkin, told me I must always come into the cook-house if I wanted any "tommy," and I used to go in and have it with them.

I reported every morning to the M.O., and at last heard I and Corporal Absolom were to go to the board at Lancaster Gate on the next day.

We were both finally and honourably discharged.

The corporal was given £50 down, and I 27s. 6d. a week for six months.

This is three years later, and I am still drawing a pension, so they don't treat you so badly.

The last time I went to the pension board I was much put about. I had been at Oswestry working in a canteen, and had had a bad eye, which the camp doctor treated with cocaine.

This was just at the time of the Billie Carlton sensation, which explains the following :

Doctor (after examining me) : You're taking drugs."

Me : I'm not.

Doctor : But I can see you are ; and, anyway you drink.

Me : Yes, sometimes, like everybody else.

Doctor : It's no good denying ; you take cocaine.

Me (suddenly remembering my eye—then cured).

I explained the circumstances. He didn't believe a word, and knocked me down from 13s. 9d. a week to 5s. 6d., and probably put me down as a drug fiend.

My *Flying Corps* days were over. I was very glad in many ways. I was sorry to leave all my many friends. I found I missed the boys most awfully later on. One of my greatest pleasures, until they all moved to Blandford, and it became impossible, was to go down and see them.

Auntie always made me stay at the Old Ford, and never once on all my visits would she take a penny for the room or the food, and very often not for the drinks. She afterwards married my good friend Lew—Corporal Lewis—and I am hoping to renew their acquaintance when Lew is discharged.

Had it not been for Mrs. Feeny, Mrs. Cottle and Auntie my days at Farnborough would not have been nearly so pleasant as they were.

I think the boys all liked to see me when I went down. I used to love going, and they always made me so welcome. They very often come and see me here, or ring up, and I meet them somewhere and we spend a very pleasant time together.

I hope I shall always keep in touch with them. They were some of the best friends I have ever made.

People often say to me, "How could you be a private, with all those nasty rough men ; besides, it must have been so uncomfortable ; you must have been miserable."

The answer is, I didn't find the men either nasty or rough, with one or two exceptions. I liked them all, and got on well with them, and I think they liked me, too.

It was a little uncomfortable at times, but there were many compensations.

I don't think this feeble record of my life in the Army can be called an altogether gloomy narrative with the exception of my time in the Nth — General Hospital, and on the whole it seems to me a happy record of months which might have been much more unpleasantly and unprofitably spent.

In conclusion I may add that if I ever went back to the Army again it would not be as an officer but as "one of the boys"

RALPH JUMP, (1912).

WILD ANIMALS OF AFRICA.

Comments on a Lecture by Major A. Radclyffe Dugmore

BY NATU MINIMUS.

These comments are actual extracts from the essays of small boys. The variety in the spelling of the same words is due to the fact that the extracts are taken from a number of different essays.

INTRODUCTION.

Out of the many kinds of animals there are on the face of the earth, I imagine it would be difficult to pick one who has not its own habbits, set apart from each other. I have never seen thies wild animals in there native countrys, but half an hour's lecture from a man who has been out in Africa was enough to show any man the nature of all thies beasts.

But at the end of an hour and a half you can imagine what we know, so I am going to tell you as much as I can on their habbits.

It was Major Dugmore who very kindly gave us a lecture on wild animals of Africa on Sunday evening, the 9th of November, and he gave us a few insidens of his adventures in trying to take photors of them.

It was very nice and interesting indeed. He first told us that he had gone out to Africa to photograph wild beasts, but when he got near the beasts he did not feel so anchius to take a photor of them as when he was at home. He started with big game, such as Rienoterus. He had some splendid potografs.

One was of a rino asleep in the corse grass. This is how he took it. "With rifles loaded in case of imerganci, we stole silencly up to it and took a pototo. The click waked up the rino.

I thought he would come for mc, but the old beast just stood up and let me take his pototo. When I was looking down in my camera the picture began to get biger and biger, and all on a sudden I heard the native say 'Mind out! He is coming!' and he was. When I looked up he was not less than seven yards off. I hastely dropped my camera and said 'Fire!' We had only small range little guns, but we fired, and

only got him angry by knocking a little dust off his back. We stepped aside not a minuit too soon. At last he was wounded, and he snorted and walked away."

Major Dugmore had with him a man called Cleark. His job was to shoot beasts that got too near the camera.

After a bit Major Dugmore wanted a change, so he went to the lion part of the country. He walked for a hundred miles, till he came to a tree. It was in a long piece of land called a dessert. He saw some vulturs on the tree, so there must be some flesh about. They looked about and found the remains of a Heart Beast. This showed that the lions were in the nabighbourhood. So he fixed his flash light camera and built a shelter of sticks. That night the lions came and they got some good potos.

Their habbit was to kill a Zeebrer and lay it out as a snare for the lion. Then they hid in a sort of hole in a hedge. At night the lions came and made a ruch for the bait, and then the camras and flash-lights went off.

But Major Dugmore never killed beasts unless it was apsolutcly nessesery.

And now I will teach you something about the nature and habets of the beasts he used in his lecture.

THE LION.

Habitat of the Lion.

Lions generally always live in the Aquator in layers surrounded by blood and bones, and they belong to the cat sex.

Character of the Lion.

He is the wildest of wild beasts.

It is considered the noblest of all beasts.

It represents Great Britain.

They are often great cowards, and if a person stares it steadily in the face it will soon quite calmly walk off.

Food of the Lion.

The lion feeds on roar meet, but he will eat almost anything, from a mouse to an elafunt. It also goes after such pray as rabbits, hares, mice, rats, young birds, or anything of that stile.

It is very hungary at night. When it has killed its meet it goes off and burries it neatly, so that you would pass it without noticeing it. If it comes and finds that its food has gone bad it won't leave it—not likely—no, it eats it up with great apeteite, and even thinks it more delicious.

He lives mostly on human flesh. He is too cunning to go and find his pray in the daytime. So he sleeps in the day and goes off in the pitch of night, so as not to be seen so easierly.

When the animals come down to the drinking-pool at night he springs out on a Hardybeast or Leperd for instance, bites its neck, and drinks its blood.

They are very good at storking, and are constantly supprising hunters.

Habits of the Lion.

The lion's habbits are very ordinary, but they are rather funny. He prowels about all night.

The lecturer told us how the feameal lion would kill the pray and then the mail would think it belonged to him and go for her. And why? Because he thinks it was his smel that did it: for when lions are stoking timid animals like Auntelopes, the mail goes up wind and gives the beasts his smel, and they run away from it into the jors of the feameal, who is waiting down wind.

It is easy to distinguish the feameal lion from the mail, because one of them has a lot of browny hear on its head. It must keep it very warm.

The lion has a special watering-place where during the still hours of the night it may creep down and get a drink.

During the day time a lion once went to drink, when suddenly a huge jor opened up from the water and a huge crocadil loomed up. That is why the lion does not indulge in drink during the day.

How to Stalk a Lion.

The best way to stoke a lion is to climb a tree near some animal that has gone bad, and wait till night, when the lion will come for it.

If you are near them in the night without knowing it their ror will give you a most gastly frite.

If the lion raises its left leg it means that it is going to spring at you: so, look out! Lions think nothing of going for you. But they will probably be ex-tinked in fifty years.

*THE RHINOCEROS.**Appearance.*

The Reigno is a huge big fat and lumpy animal with two horns on its nose, a big one in front and a little one behind. If he does not get you with the big one he has you on the little one.

These hornes are not bone joined to the skull, but simply a lot of hears squashed titely together. If you were to peal its skin you would not see any sign of its horn on its bone. It is not the most comfortable spot in the world to sit on a ryno's horn when he is charging.

The rino is one of the ughest living animals.

Habitat.

The rientoterus is found near the Aquator. It lives in the grass and eats vegetabiles. A rieno has no special place of living; it simply goes to sleep in the open air.

Food.

They go into the natives' weat fields and their food consists of a small leaf about the size of one's thumb nail, which they find there.

Habits.

When a rino sees a human person he goes for you. He is very fond of going for you at a matter of thirty miles an hour. When he charges he can uproot a tree. His eysite is weak, but his smel is very strong. He can sem! you at a half a mile off.

The rhyno has skin three inches thick that flaps over in some parts.

If you shoot him with a small gun it will just bounce off his back like a stone on a brick wall.

The rino has very curious habits ; for instance— I never knew that a rino hofted, but it *does* hoft.

When a rino is coming for you it is generally coming very fast and making a terrible noise, and frightens you so much that some people have not the time to get away, unless they know the tricks.

Tricks for Dodging a Charging Rhino.

1. When a rino charges you, wait till he is three yards from you and then just step aside and stick your spear into him. He will go running on the way he was running before, thinking he will bump into you some time.

2. When it is asleep and you come near it and say, "Get away you terrible beast," it would most probably go away.

But the rino is very fierce when he is offended.

The rino always carries two or three small birds on its back, which eat the flies which bother it. These birds are called "Tic Birds."

I think the rino is one of the dirtiest animals God ever made.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

The Hipopotimux is a very funny caind of animal. It is very large, with tite skin, stumpy legs and a huge mouth. They way about four tons. Its food are the little fishes and its drink is water, It spends most of the day under the water, and when it comes up it takes a big breath and then goes down again. They can shoot up water like a whale in the sea.

It is a big animal, but it does not go for you very much. It will chase you all over the place till it catches you. But it does not hunt you unless you hunt it, or if it is hungry it will attackt you and eat you.

It is a very sleepy animal. It is either asleep in the water or laying in the sun.

A hypo is hard to take a poto of, because he stays in the water most of the day, but they have a large rock on which they bake in the sun after dinner always.

Hunting the Hippo.

The natives hunt it in canoes coming on in formation of two flanks and a main body. When they are a hundred yards from the heard of hipos they rise and chase the struggling beasts inland, hurling their spears at the slow-going animals. The wounded ones then begin to lag, and singling out one unfortunate old gentleman the savages slowly transfix it with the darts. At last he is dead, and cut up by the savages. Then one enters and gnaws away at the fat round the heart. When he has been in long enough, he is dragged out, and so on.

Hypos are much bothered by flies. There is a fly out in Africa which comes by night and lays its eggs in your feet and poisons you, and you might have to have your leg off, if not careful.

THE GIRAFFE.

The Geraph has his home under some trees on Kelerman Garva (Kilimanjaro), the biggest hill in Africa.

It is a most extrodinnary looking animal. It has very long legs and a still longer neck, and his neck and body and legs are all spotted and he is very fast on his feet.

You would think he could kill you with his long neck ; but no, he is very timid.

He eats leaves and grass. In order to reach the ground with its mouth he has to stretch his legs very wide apart.

THE ZEBRA.

The Zeebrer is like a horse, but it has no hair but only black and white strips all over its body. They are very intelligent and have a big sence of smel.

It inhabets Africa, and its food generally consists of small animals of the rabit variety.

It has a very bad temper, and they are always quallering among themseves. It is very hard to get a good poto of a zeebrer, as it is always fighting, and you often see it with an ear or skin off.

Some people once tried to make Zebrers work, but it was a failure. They ate all the harness.

THE CROCODILE.

The next thing I will go on to is the Crocodile.

It is a long reptile like a lizard, that lives on the banks of muddy rivers. They feed on other fishes or flesh. It can go into the water and come out without killing itself; it is not like some fish.

It can come out any time that there is a man to eat, and very often does it. It can swallow you up in one bite. It must have a very big throat.

The crockerdil is an animal you want to be aware of when crossing rivers. It can suddenly snap your leg off, and is strong enough to kill a hippotimus.

I don't know much about the crockerdily. All I do know is that it is a very greedy animal.

And, believe me, never you have were there are crockerdils!

THE HYAENA.

The Hyeener is like a little wolf-headed geraph.

Habitat : Holes.

Food : Bad meat.

Habits : Comes out at night with a frightful yell; hence it is called the Laughing Hyeener.

CONCLUSION.

There are a great many more other beasts in Africa you could talk about.

You could go on for hours about them; but I have no more time.

So now I end my essey, hoping to entrest you.

THE LITERARY CLUB.

(POPINJAY)

On Thursday, October 16th, the Club met for the first time under its new President, the Rev. Mr. Watson. Of the old members, only six remain: Barrow, Gorham, Kane, Sullivan, Kennedy, and Carrigan (*Secretary*). and there attended as visitors: Robertson, Curran, and Fox.

The subject of the evening was a paper read by Baron, entitled, "Progress in Literature." Nobody

but the author, however, could see any connection between the two. This gave plenty of opportunity to the President, Secretary, and Gorham to say things—an opportunity of which they availed themselves to the full. Baron, who seems to have endeavoured to reduce the theory of taste to a few fundamental scientific formulæ, was subjected throughout to a running fire of criticism, and had much ado to hold his own, as he received for a time no support. At last, however, Kane having thought deeply, attracted the stream of pitiless logic upon himself, and the meeting closed on his definitions of Literature and several other arts, too.

On Tuesday, November 4th, the Club met in the Square Library. There were present as visitors: Mr. Southern, Robertson, Curran, Fox, Suttill, and Unsworth.

P. Kennedy read a paper on "Which is the more appreciative of Art—the Eye or the Ear." Having assured us, much to our relief, that it was not a medical treatise, he gave us a well thought out and lucidly expressed chronicle of his ideas.

So touching indeed was the description of his emotional experiences at witnessing the "shedding of a silent tear," that several eyes were dimmed, and the Secretary hastens to point out that if there are any omissions in these notes, it was because at times he could not see his note-book.

Kane opened the debate by an almost total disagreement with everything Kennedy had said, which drew upon him the ever ready philosophy of the President, and had the happy result of establishing the fact that Kane himself was totally wrong. For as the President pointed out, the joy of listening to rain-drops pattering on the windows on a cold and wintry night, while sitting at a warm and comfortable fire, lay not as Kane maintained in the rain-drops, nor as the Secretary hinted, in the fire, but rather in the contrast—the Association of ideas.

After this a discussion took place in which Poetry was ruled out because its qualities appeal to both the eye and the ear, and the argument centred about the Plastic Art and Music, and their relative merits for the rest of the time. Baron and Gorham maintaining the rights of Music, and talking about the beauty of the soul, while the President, Kennedy and the Secretary, argued on the attractions of Sculpture.

Sullivan always looked as if about to say something of grave import, but his rhapsodies were invariably uninterrupted by chocolate. We presume, however, that his thoughts were profound.

CONOR CARRIGAN, *Secretary*.

DOINGS AND VIEWINGS IN GREECE, NOV., 1915—JULY, 1917.

By J. M. N. JEFFRIES (O.S. 1891).

DEAR FATHER IRWIN,

You have asked me for some further account of my doings and viewings, so here goes.

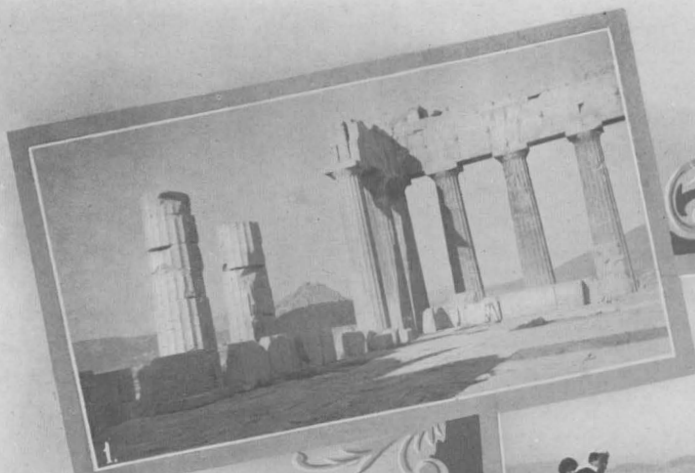
I was at Udine, then Italian Headquarters, in the November of 1915 when I got orders to go to Athens for a week and see what was happening. I crossed from Messina, lengthened my stay in Athens to a fortnight, went back to Sicily to telegraph without impediment, and then returned to Athens, where (or at least on Greek soil) I was to remain for a year and eight months. The errands of the Press are always indefinite after this fashion; you never know when you first set foot in a place whether you are going to be a week-end or a time-honoured resident.

Everything was very uncertain then in Greece. In Macedonia the Bulgars were advancing, pushing the Serbs and allied troops towards the Greek border, and the great question of the moment was, "Will Greece disarm (or strive to disarm) allied troops if they reach her frontiers, and in the sequel intern them in accordance with neutral custom?" The thing was complicated of course by the existence of a treaty between Greece and Serbia, under which either country was to come to the succour of the other in case of its being involved in war. Venizelos maintained that Greece must recognise her bond and join Serbia. King Constantine and his devoted followers virtually said, "This isn't at all what we meant when we made the treaty. It was in our minds just a jolly little treaty in the Balkan family to keep Bulgaria in her place. If she had attacked Serbia on her own, then, of course, we should have joined Serbia and Roumania would have joined the pair of us. Three to one, what? It may be that the terms of the treaty don't contain this limitation, but that was only because we never thought of a great conflagration such as the present war, full of risks and that sort of thing, you know.

Now, if we joined Serbia and the Entente, how do we know whether we should be on the winning side or not? There's no safety about it . . . see?"

This was certainly the Athens and Greece which, in the main, I found on arrival. It was one vast safety match, most determined not to be brought near any boxes for striking purposes by Venizelos or any of the Allies. Venizelos's place as Premier had been taken by Skouloudis, a very rich and very elderly bachelor, with an enormous beard, whose venomous timidity suited the King perfectly. Skouloudis had a shivering hatred for the Allies, and for the war generally, for he was placed in desperate dilemma. If he disarmed the Allied troops at the frontier they might consider it not only as a breaking of his treaty with Serbia, but as a hostile act, and the coasts of Greece were at the mercy of the Allied fleets. If he didn't, Bulgaria and Germany might consider he was espousing the Allied cause, and he understood from the King that Germany couldn't lose the war. The position was terrible for the old time-server. He lived next door to the Hotel Grande Bretagne, where I was stopping, and I regularly used to see him getting in or out of his motor, worried and wild with it all, in a sort of perpetual ague.

His feelings were shared by all the other facing-bothways of the country, who had thronged to Athens, where, with the help of German money and German agents, they were engaged on a violent campaign to discredit Venizelos with the country at large. Their task was in a way not so difficult. All was so pleasant as it was in that immemorial place; I was conscious of it myself, coming there from the cold and mud and blood of the Italian front. The sun shone radiant from a balmy sky, the great monuments were like altars of peace raised above the city: under the elegant shadows of the pepper-trees by the palace people could stroll and talk of a round of pleasantly commonplace occurrences and think themselves happy in their lot. To tell them that this was the most patriotic way of living, that their duty was not to exchange it for the disgusting perils of war, was no very difficult form of gospel to preach.



1.—COLUMNS OF THE PARTHENON.

2.—ATHENS FROM THE HEIGHTS OF PHILOPAPPUS.

3.—THE SITE OF OLD CORINTH LOOKING TOWARDS AKRO-CORINTH.

4.—A STREET IN ATHENS ON A DAY WHEN TROUBLE WAS EXPECTED.

5.—THE HARVEST OF WAR. MACEDONIAN PEASANTS GLEANING CARTRIDGE-CLIPS, ETC.

6.—ULYSSES'S ISLAND AND THE MONASTERY OF PONDIKONESSI IN CORFU. ON THE CYPRESS ISLAND THE SIRENS ARE SAID TO HAVE STRIVEN TO DETAIN ULYSSES.

However, the Queen and von Mirbach, the German minister, put the sad case of Greece before the Kaiser, and it seems to have been agreed that as the latter could not, or would not, come to his brother-in-law's aid, and as the allied fleets were an immediate and irremovable menace, and as Hellenic amateur neutrality was more valuable to the German cause in the Mediterranean than Hellenic professional aid, why Skouloudis's government had better agree not to disarm the Serbs or any other of the Allies. In the sequel, as is known, the allied troops dug themselves in at Salonica, and the Bulgarians did not attempt to drive them out, and the disarmament question didn't present itself so very seriously. One of the royal princes then at Salonica, after a convivial evening probably, wanted to fall with his troops (the Greek army was mobilised) on Sarraïl—the allied commander—without warning, but he was overruled by some wiser head.

In Athens, till the decision was come to, there had been much perverse dilatoriness shown. Looking over some notes of mine, I find I wrote: 'After the promise given by the Greek Government not to disarm the Serbs, it seemed as if the negotiations to obtain the Allies' further demands—bearing largely upon concessions at Salonica, for it was manifestly impossible for a great army to exist there without its having a large degree of territorial control and the possession of certain important defensive positions—'would never get a step beyond.' Day after day fruitless conversations continued between the Allied diplomatists and the Cabinet. Day after day one saw a file of ministers' motor-cars outside Skouloudis's house on Plateia Suntagmatos—Constitution Square—while indoors he and his colleagues passed hours in discussion out of which nothing ever seemed to be born. Inspired accounts in the papers were scarcely coherent, and always on the brink of self-contradiction. King Constantine's gentlemen had learnt a lesson from the Turks, and I should think must absolutely have surpassed the Turks' best efforts at determined futility. Several days, for example, were occupied with a debate upon whether a certain statement which they had *communicated unofficially and not definitely* to the representatives of the Entente should, in the case of its

communication *being regarded as having taken place*, be again regarded as an answer or as "*merely an indication of an answer.*"

Better, or worse, than this even was Skouloudis's celebrated 'conditional interview.' I think it was accorded to Sir Francis Elliot, our own minister, but it may have been given to Monsieur Guillemain, the French representative. In any case, after a long and apparently important conversation, Skouloudis appeared to have decided to fall in at last with our requirements. The diplomatist in question, no doubt profoundly satisfied, summed the concessions up in a clinching phrase, saying, "So you are ready, then, to . . . etc., etc." Skouloudis turned to him and said (or rather I should say, turned *on* him), "Oui, oui, je ferais cela . . . je le *ferais*," laying not a little emphasis on the last word. And then he rapidly continued, "You will have noted, of course, that I have used the conditional mood and not the indicative mood throughout our interview, and all we have said is therefore hypothetical!"

We really only drove the King and his puppet Government to knuckle under by strictly enforcing a blockade of the country. Greece produces currants, olives, wine, and various other spices of life, but she has to import all its necessities, and if you blockade her you block her windpipe, and soon she is gasping. The supply of coal in the Piraeus fell to ten thousand tons, and the cost of this remnant to five pounds a ton. The railways could only dawdle across country, stopping every now and then for a fresh load of wood to stoke their boilers. The cables linking Greece with the outer world, which belong to the Eastern Telegraph Company, were seized, so that it became impossible for communications to be sent to Germany through the United States or any other of the then neutral countries.

The King, under these circumstances, was finally obliged to cave in, and allowed us freedom of action against submarines in Greek waters, control of the Macedonian Railway, with an increase in the railway staff and the hours they worked (during critical periods of the retreat upon Salonica they had broken off work because it was six or eight, or whatever was the given hour for various groups to end their day under normal peace conditions; when we had

urgent need of trains to avoid congestion of the retiring forces they had declared none were available, and so on), and the removal of all Greek troops, save one division, out of the war-zone at Salonica.

The recounting of all the plots and manœuvres and bilking and shying of those days took up all my time and tested the staying power of my typewriter. The greatest relief from it was to go round and see Venizelos whenever I could go and he could see me. He lived on the main residential street of Athens (Leoforos Panepistemiou, *i.e.*, University Avenue) on the upper floor of a two-storied house, next door to the United States Legation. His home was a very simple one. Many bookshelves were all along the walls, but practically the only ornamentation was given by the various tributes, busts, banners, addresses, presentation photographs, and the like, offered to him by Greek individuals and communities from Greece itself, and from all the lands where his widespread race has found a dwelling-place. Of this great man one can hardly say too much; he is the one outstanding personality in the Eastern and Southern European world, and indeed most qualified judges believe that as a statesman, *qua* statesman, he out-topped everybody at the Peace Conference. He sees things clearly in ten minutes, and then spends ten months persuading others to see them as well.

In the last months of 1915 and the early months of 1916, he had everything a man could have to contend with. King Constantine, after forcing him out of office, in order to give the Skouloudis regime some air of legality, had dissolved the chamber, and new elections had been proclaimed. These elections were, and the intention was that they should be, entirely valueless. The whole army was mobilised, and as there was no proxy system, only the few soldiers who happened to be stationed in their native places were able to cast a vote. All the younger manhood of the nation upon whom Venizelos counted so much for support were thus disfranchised. Venizelos himself said to me, "All my supporters are detained voteless under arms, and the only votes cast will be those of the older and more timid men."

A systematic campaign was also undertaken to corrupt this army. I don't know that there has ever been anything more discreditable done in our days, for some of its very generals and masses of its officers did their best to make the soldiers loathe their service. Venizelos had mobilised the army when Premier, because he intended to keep Greece's obligations to Serbia, and because he intended the army to take the field on the Allies' side. But after driving Venizelos to resign by refusing to follow him, the King, with no intention of entering into the war, yet kept the army mobilised. The truth was probably that the Germanophile cabal around the King wanted an army in being so that if the Allies appeared at any time on the point of defeat, they could fling their men in, strike, or appear to strike a final blow, and get credit and honours from Germany. Meanwhile the troops were kept far from their respective homes, doing and learning nothing, wasting their time. The generals and officers I speak of went among the men saying to them, "It's Venizelos who's keeping you here; he's responsible for it; he doesn't care ten lepta for you; he wants to fling you in front of German bullets (and mind you the Germans are going to win the war), and to have you torn to pieces by German shells for his own vain glory, in order to stay in the graces of the wretched Entente." Soldiers were forbidden to read Venizelist papers; there were lots of incidents wherein men were beaten and bullied, threatened with weapons, often on parade before their comrades, for daring to express Venizelist opinions. One case recurs to memory where an officer found a man reading the *Hestia* or the *Patris* while having a meal. He tore the journal from his hands, plunged it in the soup on the table, and then shoved the whole thing dripping into his mouth. The conscripts, innocent, unlettered creatures, were lied to morning, noon and night, and after some months of this began to believe a lot of what they were told, and used to shout in chorus (after preliminary training in barracks): "Mavro stou Venizelou," meaning "Blackball Venizelos," "Mavro stou prothotou" "Blackball, the traitor." This began as an election cry, and was continued after. When the elections did come off, the civilian Venizelists were also

terrorised into not voting ; the whole police of the country being turned into a spy and repression organisation.

At the Piræus, always a very liberal-minded place, and devoted to Venizelos, less than forty per cent. of the voters went to the polls. Skouloudis and a foxy politician named Gounaris, were jerry-mandered into office.

While the army was thus being "worked," an even more determined corruption campaign was going on through the medium of the Press, and in a thousand other ways to Germanicise the people at large, to point out to them that King Constantine, who did not want Greece to fight, was their loving father, while the odious "Cretan" was the paid henchman of the Allies. The German espionage system in Athens, under the direction of the ever-notorious Baron von Schenk (at present it is interesting to notice Schenk is one of the Noske group in Germany), reached an extraordinary extension. He bought for his ends six or seven papers in Athens, and many more persons and things besides. I cannot do better, I think, than quote from an article I wrote in February of 1916, which was entitled "Kataskopopolis."

"Kataskopopolis is not the name of one of the gentlemen recently returned to the Greek Chamber by a thumping minority: it means 'City of Spies,' and is the latest and not the proudest title of Athens. Yet, as a title, it is only too well deserved. There is, I suppose, here in Athens, more furtiveness to the cubic eavesdrop, more midnight whispering, more sleuthery than anywhere else in Europe.

"The whole of the city is given over to evil propaganda; four-hundred individuals have within a month taken on some sort of connection with the secret police; promising lads are already being brought up to the information business, and in any casual gathering of ten score persons in, for example, any of the larger cafés at the foot of the Leoforos Panepistemiou, or on the Plateia Omonias, when they are full at the report hour, there is probably present the following percentage of craft: sixteen professional spies, five spy-destroyers, four dealers in contraband, three or four *agents-provateurs*, six doggers, miscellaneous watchers and loiterers, a

mysterious woman or two, and half-a-dozen masculine oddments whose fortunes have been told by Baron von Schenk.

"Who is Baron von Schenk? Baron von Schenk is a little bald dissolute man who began life somewhere in Kulturia, endured the vicissitudes of noble families, was Professor of Moral Economy in short-handed university, experienced the *Drang nach Essen*, and Krupped-up in Athens not long before the war; when the war began was officially made local director of Wolff's Agency, but became in point of fact a philanthropist.

"In the space of eighteen months he has established himself as the greatest philanthropist Greece has ever seen, for he has no hesitations about deservingness, about the worthy character of those he intends to present with a new start in life. To von Schenk there is no one sordid, no one outcast, no one vile. If a man comes to him and says, 'I've been in prison most of my life, and I've never earned an honest penny,' von Schenk looks at him and says, 'Poor soul, how I feel drawn to you!' If another comes, declaring, 'I've no money, and they've sent me to you; however, I may as well tell you, that I'm a bad lot, and I can't say that I'm not keeping on with it,' von Schenk replies, 'Well, well . . . is that a reason why I shouldn't help you?'

"Forgers come to him and state the facts about their past plainly; the trusting Baron answers, 'Don't let's look at the past; let's think of the future; you've talent; you shall write letters for me.' Even to the confirmed murderer he says, 'Patience, friend, patience; there may yet be hope.' People who are despised and thrown aside by all the rest of the world say of von Schenk that he has a heart of gold.

"I hope I have made myself clear. Von Schenk is the chief of the German corruption service, and has in his very good pay all the criminals and 'crooks' of this country, whom he thinks able enough for his service. It is he who has turned Athens into Kataskopopolis, and he and his helpers have done as much harm to the Allied cause in Greece as droves of fighting men. Though among his co-workers must be counted Baron von Grancy

the German naval (or as he is called here, 'submarine') attaché, and other legitimate offspring of the German and Austrian legations, Schenk obtains most of his effects through the sons of the Levant.

"These parish-helpers of his are not left to their own devices. Far from it. At the corner of Hodos Pheidou and Hodos Charilaou Tricoupi almost at the junction of this last street and that broad Leophoros Panepistemiou, in whose pillared frontages Athens tries to recover something of the spirit of the past, stands another of the war-triumphs of our enemies. This is the Spy University founded by Baron von Schenk for the higher education of Germanophiles.

"It is an emblematic building with its back door much more ornate, much richer than its front, and on its roof-top, amid other statues, the figure of a goddess, unusually voluminous of attire, representing, no doubt, the Clothed Truth. In one arm she holds a horn of plenty, and with the other disengaged hand points meaningly backward over her shoulder. Apply' she seems to say, 'apply to the men of mark within.'

"The teaching-staff of the university—the Baron himself being, of course, bursar—are mostly genuine examples of the German professor. They are supposed to be still intent, with scientific disregard of the present world-upheaval, upon the archaeological research they once pursued in this neighbourhood. But their real work is to put their students through a systematised course of spy-study, which course, as far as indiscretions have revealed it, is a very practical course. The art of secret communication, of watching persons or houses, of tapping telegraph and telephone wires, of purloining, and of many another kindred act is taught with care. There is much information imparted and acquired about the lives and careers of all who play any part whatsoever in the public life of the country, and about the use of the drachma in relation to public opinion. Most of the students are, of course, full of knowledge on these and similar points already, but the baron's establishment realises one of the true functions of a university; it confirms and adorns all previous

knowledge. A Schenk man is like no ordinary spy; there is a chrism on his brow, there is an unction on his palm.

"Graduates of the S.U. are well looked after. The Baron has been known to give fifteen hundred drachmai (sixty pounds) as a brain-warming gift after a first piece of work that pleased him. Those whom he employs permanently are guaranteed full support for themselves and their dependants (though few of them have any domestic ties) for the duration of the war. Only a fortnight ago a lady student got one hundred drachmai for walking across a café and finding out the name of a man who as things happened would have been quite willing to give it if he had been asked point blank, for it was not his own. These interim presents of his, offered during the very progress of education, are known to scoffers as 'Schenk's Scholarships.' . . .

"I must make some reference to two of the most remarkable Schenk men, Alfredo Caputo and—Rossini. Both have just gone down from the S.U. and are engaged in 'Extension' work in Katas-kopolis, and even before passing through Professor von Schenk's they had had brilliant careers in the school of the world.

"Alfredo has had long notices written by the highest police authorities in many papers of the Levant and was one of the 1915 Moudros Prizemen in provost-marshal law. The great wonder is that the military police, after having had him in their hands and, as it were, tasted him, should ever have released him and let him gain Athens. Alfredo has, however, a worthy compeer in ——— who specialised in fraud both in Constantinople and Smyrna and has won seven years' right of free entry to the prisons of His Majesty the King of Italy. The two gentlemen see Baron von Schenk regularly, and Baron von Grancy now and then, and in the meantime are understood to be working upon an 'Abridged Life of Monsieur Venizelos.'

This article was put into Greek (it took a good deal of adaptation) and published in Athens and as one rather hoped the publicity it gave them proved harmful enough to Caputo and Rossini, who were a thoroughpaced pair of scoundrels. I forget what

became of Rossini, but Caputo was to be carried off later in the year by our Secret Service. He knew he was being watched, and took all manner of precautions, but one day ventured out to Eleusis, or somewhere, and on his way back the motor he was in was obliged to draw up at some corner of the Athens road owing to an accident that had occurred to a cart. A group of people were involved in the accident, gesticulating and spread all about the road. But as soon as the motor stopped one of them jumped at the driver, and the rest paid pressing attention to Alfredo (an Italian renegade or a Levantine patriot, as you please) and, as far as I remember the details, another car came out of hiding, and he was placed in this and carried to a useful house in the Piræus, whence he was sent to Malta, where he proved a docile prisoner and paid tribute of information.

Scheming and plotting under the direction of Schenk and the German minister, von Mirbach (who was afterwards sent to Russia and assassinated by Bolsheviks) was the order of the day for months in the Greek capital. In the provinces we began to take things into our own hands. Skouloudis had surpassed himself by declaring that Greece would adopt a policy of 'benevolent neutrality' towards the Allies; only he could understand how you could be quite neutral towards one of a pair of belligerents and quite benevolent towards him at the same time. As a Venizelist speaker said of it, "Benevolent Neutrality is just like one of those grandiloquent names parents give to children who never after do anything in life." In practice it meant that no obstacle was placed to German submarines or spies or any of their secret organisations. The Macedonian campaign could not be carried on under such conditions. So in January the isle of Corfu was taken over as a naval base; on the twenty-eighth of the same month the forts of Kara Bournou guarding the entrance of Salonica were seized. In April further naval bases were occupied in Ionian waters. It may at first sight seem rather overbearing for us to have taken these places from their Greek owners, but it was a question of our own safety. The Skouloudis government really allowed the Germans to use Greece with absolute freedom,

and we could not leave such cardinal points as the entrance forts of the Gulf of Salonica in the hands of the friends of our enemies. Who knew but that they might at what they thought a favourable moment hand such points over to the Burgars, if the latter advanced. This indeed was what they were to do before long, by the surrender of Fort Roupel, an act which startled Europe, and brought the whole Greek question to a head once more.

(To be Continued).

VERSE.

CHRISTMAS.

In a stable dark and cold
Lies the God of Love.
Kings are hastening with gold,
Shepherds watching in the wold,
Hear the words by angels told,
Sent from Heaven above.
In a stable dark and cold
Lies the God of Love.

Moonlight of the Eastern night,
Falls upon the child.
Fashioned he that wondrous light,
Made he all that starry height,
For He is the God of might,
He so meek and mild.
Moonlight of the Eastern night
Falls upon the Child.

Shepherds from the hill-side sing
Hymns of joy and love.
Bread and wine and lambs they bring,
Tribute to the new-born King,
While their hearts with rapture ring
To the skies above.
Shepherds from the hill-side sing
Hymns of joy and love.

"I will make return," He said,
"In the days to be,"
For their gifts of wine and bread,
With His flesh His people fed;
For their sins His blood He shed,
Dying on the tree.
"I will make return," He said,
"In the days to be."

M

MUSIC NOTES.

On Thursday, October 16th, there was the usual Blandyke Concert.

The Orchestra, which had been slightly augmented since its last appearance, showed great and marked improvement, and played the first piece well. The other two pieces were also played well, but were not, perhaps, appreciated as they deserved, considering the size and capabilities of the orchestra.

Mr. Rogers' fine voice was well in evidence during the evening, and he was deservedly encored.

Father Rector's cornet solos are always welcome. "Roberto il Diavolo" was thoroughly appreciated, The Lost Chord," being given as an encore.

Distinct success marked B. John's song, the audience taking up the chorus well. We should like to see more efforts in this direction by members of the Higher Line.

This was followed by the madrigal from *The Mikado*, by the following members of the Choir: D. Edmondson, T. O'Shea, E. Porter, G. King, S. de Sa, Mr. Comerford, and Mr. O'Carroll. This was really an excellent performance, the balance of parts being perfectly preserved. Why cannot we have larger extracts, even in the nature of operettas, from Gilbert and Sullivan?

The "Dancing Dervish" was certainly the feature of the evening. It is this kind of thing which is needed at the concerts as was clearly shown by the way in which it was received by the audience. The imitation of a jazz band, given as an encore, was, if possible, an even greater success.

Mr. Belton's humorous song was also a great success, the very clever encore, under the title of "When I was a boy at school," producing roars of laughter from all members of the audience.

This is one of the most successful concerts we have had for some time, and we are looking forward to more like it.

Appended is the programme:—

"GOD SAVE THE KING."		
Selection	"Gipsy Love"	Lehar
	THE ORCHESTRA.	
Song	"The Mine Sweepers"	Kipling & Elgar
	MR. ROGERS.	
Cornet Solo	"Cavatina" from "Roberto il Diavolo"	
	REV. FR. RECTOR.	Meyerbeer
Song	"Sister Mary Jane's Top Note"	Caryll
	B. JOHN.	
Madrigal	From "The Mikado"	Gilbert & Sullivan
	MEMBERS OF THE CHOIR.	
Selection	"Fifinette"	Fletcher
	THE ORCHESTRA.	
Song	"The Dancing Dervish"	Hood & Sullivan
	Grand Vizier	C. CARRIGAN.
	Physician... ..	W. JONES.
	Executioner	F. BAHR.
	The Sultan	B. TARLETON.
Song	"The Nightmare"	Gilbert & Sullivan
	MR. BELTON.	
Valse	"Missouri"	Knight-Logan
	THE ORCHESTRA.	

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

On Tuesday, October 21st, Rev. Father Rector gave the Choir a tea.

On October 28th there was a Requiem Mass sung for Benefactors, which was marked by the extreme weakness of the basses.

The music at the High Mass on the Feast of All Saints, November 1st, consisted of the "Kyrie," from Sewell's Mass of "St. Philip Neri," the rest from Gounod's "Troisième Solennelle," except the Credo, which was taken from the Mass "De Angelis," and sung by the Choir and congregation. For the offertory the choir sang "Placare Christe Servulis."

On November 3rd—Commemoration of "All Souls"—there was a Solemn Requiem.

WITH AN ARCHIE SECTION UP ZONNEBEKE WAY.

March 18th, 1918.

"Yer—co-ker—sir," drawls Gunner Carnegie in my ear, depositing a chipped piece of loot filled with a steaming concoction of Fry's by my bedside. (Time, 5 a.m.).

"Morning, Carnegie; how's the weather?"

Well, it's fine, and I must hie me hence to fight the aerial Hun—not like those brave men we hear of who go up in 'airypplanes; but my weapons are a couple of riddled 'Archies' that survived their master at Paschendaele.

My confederate, who does the afternoon shift, grumbles in his sleep, as the Senior Sergeant reports to me—"All ready to move off, Sir."

The Rangetaker and those initiated to our mysteries jump on our two lorry guns, and I, the "Archie Merchant" of the Zonnebeke Road, give the order "Move off." The two drivers slip in their respective clutches, and the whole section advance. "Right Wheel," and off we go from Cambridge Road up the Zonnebeke Road to our early morning position at Crest.

Our heavies are sending the Hun his iron rations, one or two gunners near the road cheer as we pass, and hope we won't come into action near them.

Arrived at Crest, the guns are turned about, their sides are lowered, jacks pulled out and screwed down to the blocks; limbers are opened, exposing readily-fuzed shell; the Rangetaker, height-fuze men, and Spotters take up their stand just off the road. All is now ready.

No time to waste, a D.F.W. Aviatik is patrolling over his own lines. Three whistles sound—Range-finder shouts 6,000 crossing. Fuze Indicator gives 20; my orders are merely "Vertical zero, right eight, fuze 20, gunfire."

Five rounds from each gun are fired; I blow a whistle, as the aviatik turns and goes home in a perfectly comfortable dive.

No, he is not hit, but he knows he has been seen, and his attempt to range his battery has been frustrated.

But another German artillery plane armed with wireless, has seen our 40 foot flash, and a sharp salvo of 4.2's fall a hundred yards away.

We then wait and see. The other Boche plane is also out of range; we can't shoot because it's a waste of shell.

Three 5.9's then fell just behind us, and as I give the order—pack up—move off, another hulking brute burst just over a small dug-out near the guns, and our cook and a bombardier were pretty badly wounded.

We must always be able to engage hostile planes; so we move to a healthier position; one cannot aim at a target flying 100 to 130 miles per hour when under a deliberate bombardment.

We move back to our own plank road at Vampire, built by ourselves for ourselves. (The Boche used it from the end of April to September 28th!).

The guns are backed and got "Ready for Action" again. The two wounded heroes are placed in the tender hands of the M.O. at Frost House, and the game starts again.

Suddenly a siege subaltern rushes up and abuses me, and says "You can't come here."

"Well, old chap, it's an accomplished fact, and no one will move me except the Boche."

He then sends for his major, who called me a b—— archie merchant, always getting other people into trouble and running away when it came!

My reply to him was a stock solution of politeness and rudeness; as before breakfast, especially in the Salient, one is apt to be cross; I told him I was under orders contrary to most people's belief, and that Zonnebeke Road was our preserve as regards "Birds." I did not want to be rude, but we had to shoot from some position, and that if it was not *he* who was asking us to shift, it would be his brother Battery Commander, and that for the present I was going to shoot at every hostile plane from the present spot, without any further disturbance. He left, and five minutes later his batman appeared with a small collapsible cup of rum. I explained my attendance as his breakfast table was impossible, as I had to defend him from the look-see Boche,

That day, I've forgotten the actual date, it was about mid-March, we had three goes at our breakfast; whistles were never more annoying. Twice did my bread and bacon sandwich go inside my tin hat, carefully placed on a piece of ground that was not shell hole, as, standing by the Rangefinder, I shouted the corrections.

We kept the planes off, and our ungrateful heavy gunner brethren laughed at our fruitless efforts to crash one, little knowing we were keeping the "look-sees" away.

Breakfast finally completed, we washed our guns and ourselves, filled our limbers with freshly timed shells, and the young lithe limbed crew were inspected as a mother inspects her daughter for her first dance.

Action.—A Hun fighting scout is attacking and A.W.B. (English artillery 'bus).

"Barrage A.W.B.—Fuze 6—Lay on A.W.B.—Right 2—Go on."

We aim at our own plane, and by decreased deflection get a burst between our chap's tail and the Boche's nose. The Boche then leaves the A.W.B., and we engage him. At Extreme Range he suddenly caught fire and dived down by Moorslede. The infantry confirmed it, saying. "He was hit by Archie".

It is a mistake to think that A.A. gunners are old men and B2. The A.A. gunner for a mobile 13-pounder section must be agile and A1.

There are other guns further back which are only semi-mobile. These are the 3 in. 20 cwt. guns, and are used for balloon barraging with the other 13 pounder sections when out on rest, as also for the defence of Calais, Boulogne, London, etc.

"R" Battery had a 3 in. section at Ypres when their sections held the lines above described, and these two guns did yeoman service in spite of constant shell fire at Kaie Corner.

Again, to clear up one or two points of misunderstanding with other arms of the service. (1) We only fire time shells; "Archie Duds" are generally empty shrapnel cases,

(2) Remember that many of you laugh at what is actually the most difficult branch of gunnery; also that whereas few, if anybody, ever see the effect of a shell fired from a siege battery, everyone sees our shoots, and we are liberally criticised from a brigadier-general to the S.O. of a Labour Corps.

Still, we afforded much amusement to many a tired, fed up P.B.I., and that's more than our pals, the Toc Emmas, can say!

BERNARD JACKSON,

O.S., 1913.

FOOTBALL.

On Tuesday, October 21st, the eleven played and won their first out-match against St. Mary's Hospital, Whalley.

The home team won the toss and elected to play towards the College. Practically from the kick-off Wellard (our centre-forward) carried the ball down the field and scored neatly. From then it became evident that, though the match would probably be a good one, no fears need be entertained as to the result. After some play in mid-field, Wellard again scored, and was closely followed by Endlemann, who put in a fine centre from Frodsham, the left wing. The visitors then carried the ball up to our goal and sent a direct shot, which was well stopped by Green, whose guarding throughout was excellent. Just before half-time Endlemann scored again from a good corner by Cole (right wing); thus the score stood at 4—0 for us, and hopes ran high.

The second half, however, proved slightly different to the first, the visitors seeming more determined and the home team rather tired. Wellard, however, again led off, and scored his third goal. From the kick-off after this the visitors brought the ball up in a dangerous manner and scored, which seemed to infuriate Pringle so much that he brought the ball down himself and scored by way of retaliation. Soon afterwards Jones took the ball from the very



WITH AN "ARCHIE" SECTION.

No. 1—German Pretelemeter as used at Zeebrugge A. A. Defences. The inventor was once Captain of Hun Archies near Kemmel. No. 2—"Nigger," the section's mascot, daughter of a German Spy's bitch. Wounded—Passchendaele, /17; Ypres Prison, /18, and just had another litter. No. 3—Ready for O.C.'s inspection, Saturday morning, Cologne "R" A. A. Battery. No. 4—A. A. section barraging balloons in rest position (Where's the balloon?). No. 5—Archie O. Q. F. B. P. D. R. 9-cwt. A. A. Gun. No. 6—Gun Drill by night 42nd A. A. Section, near Ottligns, German

gentlemen, mules!" His speech was punctuated with vigorous "How's."

O. FOX (Warrington) began from first principles and the right to a living wage. He disclaimed for the Opposition all Bolshevistic principles, and recounted the wrongs of the railwaymen.

L. FRODSHAM (St. Helens), said that the strike was merely an attempt to coerce the Government when it was in no position to resist; luckily, however, Lloyd George was ready for it. In these days of Leagues of Nations, why could not the railwaymen accept arbitration? The strike had cost fifty million pounds, but the lesson was needed.

D. O'CONNELL (Okenole) quarrelled with the word "utterly." It was very kind and considerate of the railwaymen to strike in autumn instead of December "on account of the climate." He talked glibly of railway company dividends, and held that the strike would make for an AI population.

P. KENNEDY (Athlone) advocated celibacy on 37s. 6d. per week, and drew a nauseating picture of the callousness of the strike. Having requested the House to look out of the window, he called attention to the smiling landscape (uproar in the House), and appealed to English patriotism to resist Bolshevism without and within the College. (The Hon. Member for Sligo was observed to wince). His notes proved somewhat elusive.

W. JONES (Soho Square), armed with inside information from a prominent Red, attacked (somewhat inaccurately) the statements of the Hon. Prime Minister. He claimed sympathy for the National Union of Organ-Blowers, and the phrase "surely, now!" recurred with great effect. His cryptic witticisms, though somewhat time-worn, evidently suited the taste of the Club—and the visitors.

F. SULLIVAN (Cork City) contrasted the ancient Guilds with the modern Trade Unions—the one being defensive, the other offensive in effect. The railwaymen tried to dictate the policy of the Government and rule the country. Before long America would rise, and England become merely a "lil' island."

C. CURRAN (Sligo) made a disconcertingly logical speech in favour of the strike. Asserting that strikes are merely passive, he drew a parallel between

investment of labour and of capital in a railway company, and claimed the right to withdraw either. "A strike cannot be unjustifiable."

THE HON. LEADER OF OPPOSITION, in his first sentence, climbed on to the pedestal of the defender of the rights of the individual, and pointed out the utter discrepancy between the real position of the Opposition and Socialistic ideas of State-servitude. He spoke feelingly of the difficulty of extracting facts about the strike from the masses of information printed and uttered, and accused the Government in its turn of breach of contract over some obscure point of standardisation. He recurred to the passive theory of Strikes.

C. CARRIGAN (N. Tipperary), who amiably agreed with the Opposition in everything but the point at issue, deprecated any belief in the utterances of Mr. Lloyd George. The war was carried on by "shells and blood, and all that sort of thing," but what has become of our vaunted patriotism now in the commercial struggle? Our constitutional struggles will have been wasted if railwaymen are to take the place of kings as tyrants over Parliament.

The voting was:—

For the Motion 40

Against the Motion..... 15

The motion was therefore carried by 25 votes.

L. FRODSHAM (St. Helens) was admitted to the Club. E. COSGROVE having resigned his office of Sergeant-at-Arms, O. FOX was appointed in his place.

On Sunday, November 2nd, the Prime Minister moved: "That this House would regard the total disappearance of Great Empires as a misfortune."

The speakers were as follows:—

*C. Brand (<i>Kensington</i>).	*W. Drake-Lee (<i>Sandycove</i>)
*P. Devlin (<i>Belfast</i>)	*R. Chilton-Thomas (<i>Ludshot</i>).
*P. Conron (<i>Blarney</i>).	B. John (<i>Whitechapel</i>).
F. Sempill (<i>Perth</i>).	*L. Smith (<i>Langho</i>).
*A. Merry del Val (<i>Waterford</i>).	J. Cagger (<i>Limehouse</i>).
*P. Rooney (<i>Ballybunnion</i>)	*F. d'Abreu (<i>Bombay</i>).
L. Pearce (<i>Pitlochry</i>)	*C. Eastwood (<i>Quebec</i>).

Second Session.

Hon. Secretary.

*M. Rodrigue (*Houndsditch*).C. Curran (*Sligo*).C. Carrigan (*N. Tipperary*).*N. Pringle (*Colombo*).

Rev. Mr. Belton, S.J.

Hon. Leader of Opposition.

Hon. Prime Minister.

* Speaking for Admission.

C. BRAND (Kensington) opened for the Ministry. With a vehemence astonishing in one so young, he denounced the Opposition as non-Christians and possibly pro-Germans. Small states lead to incessant wars—e.g., the Balkans. He then staggered any who still remained recalcitrant with statistics of the area, exports and imports of the British Empire.

W. DRAKE-LEE (Sandy Cove): "What's the use of an Empire?" Empires are essentially selfish. England, without her Empire, would be "an ordinary island in the middle of the sea, so to speak."

P. DEVLIN (Belfast), recited his speech so glibly that it did not need the testimony of a member of the Board of Six who lives next door to prove that he had practised assiduously. The state is necessary to civilisation, the Empire is a super-State—a fortiori. His statement that without the Roman Empire England would be to-day a wilderness provoked expressions of dissent from the House.

R. CHILTON-THOMAS (Ludshot) condemned the argument from colonisation as out of date. He seemed to think that 6,000,000 of the Allies in the war had no interests involved in it.

P. CONRON (Blarney) referred once more, with an air of kindly indulgence, to the extent of the British Empire. What would happen to the Colonies if we deserted them?

B. JOHN (Whitechapel) started with the usual jokes, which are becoming an incubus to the Club. The President read the motion to enlighten him as to his point about Empires and Great Empires, the Prime Minister contributed hearty, if somewhat inexplicable applause, and he rose again undaunted but somewhat tongue-tied. A ghastly pause ended in his subsidence.

F. SEMPILL (Perth) dealt freezingly with the Opposition speakers. He defended Napoleon

against the hon. member for Ludshot, and declared that man tends naturally to congregate and to accumulate possessions.

L. SMITH (Langho), spoke under difficulties. Having been prevailed upon to address the Chair, he had hardly started when he was motioned down by the previous speaker, who crushingly corrected a misrepresentation. By this time it was only natural that his assertion that the League of Nations had supplanted the Imperial system should lack of some of its force.

A. MERRY DEL VAL (Waterford) read his speech at such a rate that the Secretary, being unfortunately ignorant of stenography, can only apologise for his lack of information about it. The President's intimation that reading was not allowed came as a perceptible shock. The mistake was unfortunate, as the speech itself would in all probability have satisfied the Board of Six.

J. CAGGER (Limehouse) said that every great body has had its fall—even the S.J. Personally, he preferred blue paint and a beef-and-grass diet to the blessings of civilisation.

P. ROONEY (Ballybunnion). The Secretary was too busy soothing (by correspondence) the qualms and misgivings of future speakers to be able to record this member's arguments, but his five minutes seemed to hang rather heavily on his hands.

F. D'ABREU (Bombay) protested against the rule of one race by another. India had its own civilisation before the English conquest.

L. PEARCE (Pitlochry) excited storms of dissent by calling this "an English House." He then entered into a catalogue of the exports of the Dominions. The hand of Whitaker was plainly to be seen in this speech.

C. EASTWOOD (Quebec) said that Empires were founded on force. He, too, argued from India, which seems to have been the salvation of many speakers on both sides.

Second Session.

The HONOURABLE SECRETARY spoke about blankets and beds.

M. RODRIGUE (Houndsditch) boldly held that a return to small states would lead to the renewed

prominence of females of the type of Helen of Troy, with their disastrous effects.

C. CURRAN (Sligo) swelled the ranks of the Indian arguers, again denouncing the militaristic government of India, and followed by an appeal to and for Ireland.

C. CARRIGAN (N. Tipperary) declared that the appointment of French to Ireland was an insult; that of Milner to Egypt an enormity. Again he attacked Mr. Lloyd George, declaring that the war had ended only in the rule of that gentleman and his Teutonic and Hebraic associates. We are sorry to see that the feud between these two great men still continues.

N. PRINGLE (Colombo) drew a touching analogy between Colonial systems and the Science of Infant Welfare. The strenuous employment of the afternoon perhaps accounted for a certain lassitude discernible in his delivery.

Rev. Mr. BELTON, S.J., then kindly spoke for the Ministry, owing, as he explained, to his Conservative sympathies. He deplored the tendency to "Bolshév," as exemplified by the hon. member for Sligo, and once more flung the Indian bomb back into the ranks of the Opposition.

HON. LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION pointed out that the "putting together" of nations claimed by the Ministry really meant the putting of one nation on top of a lot of others. He also claimed greater benefits for the minority from small states.

HON. PRIME MINISTER arose reeling under the shock of the inaccuracies of the Opposition. Juggling bewilderingly with population figures, he claimed to have convicted the Opposition of errors amounting to hundreds of millions. The club biologists started visibly when he mentioned that he had heard members of the Opposition shrugging their shoulders.

The voting was :—

For the Motion.....	12
Against the Motion.....	13

The motion was therefore thrown out by one vote; G. BARON accordingly becomes *Prime Minister*, and L. ROBERTSON *Leader of the Opposition*.

E. COSGROVE, having resigned from the Club, P. KENNEDY was co-opted to take his place on the Board of Six.

C. Brand, W. Drake-Lee, F. d'Abreu, P. Devlin, N. Pringle, and R. Chilton-Thomas were admitted to the Club.

MAURICE GORHAM,
Hon. Secretary.

Sunday, November 16th.

At the opening of the meeting the President announced that Dr. Edward Fox had given prizes to the value of £2 and £1 as first and second prizes for last year's Prize Debate, and Mr. L. Smith had given a third prize to the value of £1. The President was charged to convey the thanks of the Club to their friends.

The House went into Committee to consider the business motion: "That this House has no confidence in the present Board of Six," which was moved by C. CURRAN (Sligo), and seconded by D. KANE (Benburb).

The HON. MEMBER FOR SLIGO denounced the three motions so far provided by the Board of Six as poor, as being over the heads of speakers for admission, and as having produced poor debates. His attempt to prove that the Board of Six had ceased to represent the Club being ruled out by the President, he once more denounced the motions as poor. He was followed by

The HON. MEMBER FOR BENBURB, who lifted a great weight from six breasts by explaining that the Board were not intrinsically bad, but merely hopeless. His speech was woven round that cruellest of criticisms, "they mean well."

The HON. PRIME MINISTER then rose to defend the officials thus charged with incompetence. He reminded the hon. member for Sligo that twenty applications to speak for admission had been made on the last motion; that some of the speeches for admission had been remarkably good, much better than some made by members; and that the voting had been very close—usually a sign of a good debate. He could hardly condemn to-day's motion

before he had heard what kind of a debate it produced. He wound up with a glowing panegyric on his five colleagues.

The HON. SECRETARY followed; even assuming the sincerity of the hon. member for Sligo, he doubted exceedingly whether, considering his noted obsession by a certain very undesirable trend of modern thought, he could provide the Club with better motions than those he condemned. Though once called to order by the President, and again corrected by the seconder, he managed to accuse the hon. member for Sligo of being a mere seeker for power, and asked other would-be members of the Board of Six whether they would like to have their names enclosed in the same bracket as his in the Magazine.

The HON. MEMBER FOR NORTH TIPPERARY, closing for the accused, complained that the hon. member for Sligo had upset his faith in Shakespeare. Previously he had believed in the bard's famous classification of great men, but now he found in the hon. member one who would fit into none of these categories—in fact, one who thrust greatness upon himself. He congratulated the hon. member on having realised so early that his only road to notoriety lay in making himself conspicuous in various undesirable rôles.

The voting being taken was:—

For the Motion..... 12

Against the Motion..... 6

(The mysteries of the ballot-box having betrayed at least two of the opponents of the motion).

The motion was therefore carried, and the members of the Board of Six handed in their resignations to the President, and retired to unofficial positions about the House. The President, however, expressed his unwillingness to hold the elections, which were universally expected to follow, and wished the late Board of Six to resume office for the debate. This the (late) Board declined to do, the late Leader of the Opposition in particular declaring his disinclination to lead an Opposition which had no confidence in him, and a deadlock seemed likely to ensue. Suggestions by late officials that elections should be held, that a vote should be taken on the subject, that the Hon. Member for Sligo should act

as Prime Minister, Leader of the Opposition, or Hon. Secretary, that the three officials needed for the debate—the leaders and the Secretary—should be allowed to fulfil their duties in their private capacities, being rejected by the Chair, the adjournment of the House was the only alternative. As this would have involved considerable inconvenience, both to the visitors and to the speakers for admission, the three members concerned eventually complied, and the debate at last commenced amidst applause.

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The breade cut fayre and do not it breake;
Thy spone with pottage too full do not fyll,
For Sylyng the cloth if thou fortune to spyll;
For rudeness it is thy pottage to sup,
Or speak to any, his head in the cup;
Thy knyf se be sharpe to cut fayre thy meate,
Thy mouth not too full when thou dost eate;
Not smackynge thy lypes, as comonly do hogges,
Nor gnawynge the bone, as it were dogges.

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REVIEWS.

"LIVING TEMPLES."

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A few days after the above volume reached us for review we came across a youthful personage at Hodder in possession of a copy. Now certainly Dom Bede Jarrett, albeit an old Hodder boy himself (O.S. 1894), had no intention of providing for such a tender age as this. Boys at this stage of their career do not usually

meditate, but their older schoolfellows from about fifteen onwards are quite capable of gaining great assistance from *Living Temples* if they use it in a sane and serious manner.

To read through the little volume in the course of an hour and then throw it aside for something else, is of course futile. It is neither sane nor serious. But let him read one chapter a day—we think that the first nine should be taken consecutively—and after reading it thoughtfully, allow his mind to dwell on the salient facts, and then great good may be reasonably expected. Some subjects are purely religious, others have a bearing on religion in a more or less remote degree; but in every one we learn how a manly Catholic gentleman should regard all these important truths which crowd into a boy's life between fifteen and twenty.

Some misguided persons imagine that no work is suitable for a boy's perusal if it is not thickly interleaved with slang. Father Jarrett is under no such illusion. Subjects are written in a cheerful manly

style, with apposite and terse illustration, which, if it has a fault, is that one is encouraged to read on, and not stop at the assigned limit for the day. "Loneliness" does not sound stimulating reading, but then a very few boys to whom it would not be profitable.

"Hobbies," "Games," "My School," "In Command," are all admirably done, and all pervaded with that note of manly generosity which the author postulates as the groundwork of Catholic youth.

"Whistling!" What has this to do with the training of mind and soul? Read it and you will see. "When my employer slangs me, my friend seems to distrust me . . . when I get out first ball, or miss a catch . . . when someone treads on my toe, or bounces past and spoils my patient work—then let me whistle as vigorously as I can, and one day, perhaps, it will dawn upon me by the Infinite Grace of God, that a whistle sometimes can be the highest form of prayer." (Page 98).

E. J. K.



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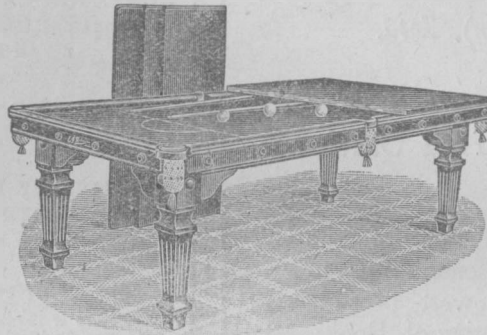
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