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Magazine

July 1913



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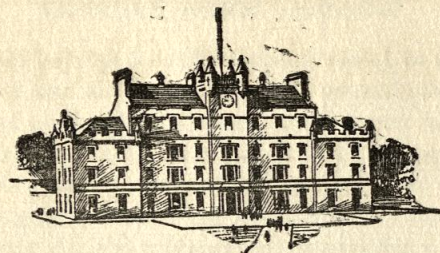
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Gillespie's School Magazine.

Vol. III., No. 2.

JULY 1913.

Price 3d.

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Editorial.

THE summer number of our School Magazine appears at a welcome time. The examinations are all over, sports and games are in full swing, and the inspectors have all paid their visits. The holidays are at hand, exhibitions and closing concerts are being got ready, and prize lists are anxiously awaited. Amidst all the bustle of the close of the session, our little magazine makes its appearance.

We have much pleasure in reproducing in this issue the photograph of our esteemed headmaster, Mr Blacklaws. The coming of

Mr Blacklaws to James Gillespie's School marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the School. It is now five years since that time, and during those years Mr Blacklaws has come to be loved and respected by both staff and pupils. To many pupils who have left, Mr Blacklaws, as Headmaster and man, needs no introduction; to many more of an earlier day, his photograph will serve to introduce a gentleman who worthily fills his place in a noble heritage.

Another great change is looming near, and that is the transference to Boroughmuir. We are pleased to learn that we are going to take our name with us to our new abode. It is probable that when our next issue appears we shall be installed in our new quarters.

Our other illustration speaks for itself. It is our well-known and well-used tennis-court, with some of our champion players.

We beg to thank all those who have sent us contributions. Most of them have been printed, some have been held over, and some have been consigned to the w.p.b. The poets seem to have become wearied. We have not received our usual number of effusions. What the reason of this may be we do not know, but we have no doubt that our contributors will have an attack of the poetic fever soon, and then the verses will flow in.

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following Magazines:—*The Harris Magazine, Falkirk High School Magazine, The Herioter, The Watsonian, Stewart's College Magazine, George Square Chronicle, Schola Regia, Merchant Maiden, The Grammarian, Boroughmuir Magazine, Broughton Magazine.* The next number of the magazine will be issued in December 1913. Contributions are invited from both former pupils and present pupils. These should be sent to the Editor at the School, not later than 15th November.



The Autograph Album Craze.

WHO invented the autograph album craze? I repeat, who? Why did it happen, answer me that? What freak of Nature gave a man such a twist of mind as to make him invent such a thing as an album? And more especially, and more particularly, why did the craze come to this beautiful isle, to spoil its youthful generation by its introduction into schools? Why should we poor scholars be forced to contribute to a collection of daubs and of feeble attempts at humour



MR ALEX. BLACKLAWS, B.A. (LOND.)

—each and all of which give the idea of softening of the brain being prevalent—by a still more hideous daub, and a still weaker example of what we think wit? Why? Will some kind person answer my questions, and, if not able to answer them all, at least attempt the first? I simply must have some name to vent my anger on when I find that a miserable, cringing, hateful little parcel is cowering among my books!

How well I know the uncomfortable, hot and cold feeling of the moment when some misguided fool begins to “haver” about autograph albums, and when, despite my feeble attempts to turn the conversation to other matters, the fateful question leaks out, “Have *you* had my album yet?” Then the speaker, without waiting for the inevitable string of fabrications which my brain was already inventing—and perhaps just as well—would continue quickly, “No! neither you have. You’ll take it now, though, won’t you? Just do anything! I know quite well that you’re awfully good at it! Yes, you are! I know!” Would I were half as certain!

O thou thrice miserable book! Times without number thou hast prevented propositions or poetry entering my dulled brain. Times without number I have wasted precious hours gazing in magazines or in stationers’ windows in innumerable, futile attempts to get an idea. Once, when baffled at all points, I said to myself, “Originality is what is wanted, so I’ll sit here and *think out* something!” At the end of half-an-hour I rose. I knew how many people had passed in the road beneath, I knew that Mrs and Miss Robinson had just driven off in a cab, and that the Misses Brown had gone away already to the tennis courts, but, alas! one thing I did not know was what to put in the autograph album! Thrice miserable book!

I scribbled something in it at last. It was not original, nor humorous, nor beautiful, nor yet carefully done, but I sighed to think of the hours of misery it had cost me. Hurriedly the book was closed, for I dared not look inside; shamefacedly it was slipped among my books. But—but—“Revenge is a kind of wild justice,” quoth I, and chuckled as I thought that soon it would be in its rightful owner’s hands, and—something else—SOMETHING ELSE! I had an autograph album of my own.

A SUFFERER.

The Wilds and After.

Alone with Nature in her desert state—

Around, dead calm ; above, a starless sky :
The haunt, time was, of trapper rough and bold,
Nor now far distant from the forest cry.

Yet harmless, naught opposing, Man may take
His rugged path, rough made, by track's steep^sside,
Beholding, as he looks or steps, through all
A vastness stretching, solitary, wide.

The dark of hills, stray gleam of moon-struck marsh,
None else befriends him to his lonesome shack
Save light of glow-worm or fitful firefly,
His slumber there to hold by wayside pack.

Yet little stands here 'twixt wild life and free :
The virgin country soon is border ground
Between old hunting land and carrier line
From stores of grain to distant sea-bank bound.

For, lo, at dead of night, a monster strange !
With thunderous noise, and eyes which, glaring, shone,
Snorting, like game of old, with lights of fire,
Sudden, the air vibrating, then agone.

The iron road has freed the wooded wilds ;
Where once a "place of huts" was wont to be,
Now farm and colony and "meeting-place,"
Create a teeming world of energy.

C. H.



Madeline's Adventures.

FAR away, in a land unknown to this country, which was purified with fields and parks of sweet-scented flowers, and enriched with numerous orchards, there lived a little boy called Austin. At this time Austin was only six years old, but his ways and manner showed that he was now developing into a bold and brave youth.

He had a little sister called Madeline, who was only two years old, and he loved her very dearly, and was always kind to her. These two children lived with their father and mother in a large

mansion, which resembled more the form of a castle than anything else. It was surrounded by a large garden full of charming flowers and large trees. At the end of the garden there was a wall, and, on the other side of the wall, there stretched, for many miles, a dark, gloomy wood. This wood was never entered by anyone, because it was supposed to be haunted by all kinds of fairies, elves, and other spirits, and great courage was required to enter into such a place.

When Madeline was seven years old, she had a great desire to go into this wood and visit the fairies, because her nurse had been reading fairy tales to her, and she was sure the fairies in the wood would be just as kind as the good fairies she had heard about. Madeline knew very well, for she had often been warned, that on no account was she to enter the wood, but, of course, her curiosity was roused, and she made up her mind that she would go. She did not even tell Austin of her resolution, because she knew he would prevent her going.

This is how it all happened. It was a beautiful, clear night in June, and everyone was in bed and sound asleep, except Madeline, who lay awake in her little bed gazing up into the sky, which was lit up by the stars, and they seemed to be dancing and smiling to her. She lay in bed, shaking with excitement, and wondering if everyone would be asleep. She made up her mind that they were, jumped up quietly, bundled on her clothes as well as she could (and that was not very well, because she had never dressed herself before), and slipped out of her bedroom, down the dark stair, and into the kitchen. She managed to unlock the back door, and, with a throbbing heart, ran down the garden path to the wall.

How was she to get over? She seemed to hear the faint strains of music, which, she was sure, came from the fairies, and, in her excitement, scrambled up the wall—how, she did not know. Then she listened, and, to her astonishment, heard plainly these words repeated by someone far off, but whose clear and charming voice reached her ears : -

"Madeline, Madeline comes to-night,
Prepare, prepare, be merry and bright."

"How did the fairies know I was coming?" Madeline asked herself, but, without trying to answer, she ran in the direction of the voices. She ran on and on, never stopping a minute to listen or take a breath. She could hear more clearly now the voice of the fairy, but saw no light to lead her in the right direction. Then

a pang of fear seemed to grasp her for the moment, and she grew stunned and dazed. What if they were not good fairies, but horrid, bad, ugly goblins, trying to entice her into their power? She listened! now the music was faintly dying away, and trumpets were faintly sounding far away in the distance. She was despairing now. "Oh, Austin! if only Austin were here!" She could not call out; she seemed choked and was gasping for breath.

Let us now turn to Austin, and see how he took all this. It was fast becoming light, the dawn crept over the sky and left streaks of light behind it; there were only a few scattered stars here and there, showing that it was still very early in morning. Austin sat up half stupified in his bed and looked about him. "Where is Madeline?" he muttered, and, jumping up, ran to the window. He saw that it was but early in the morning, and never thought that Madeline would be out in the lonely wood. He searched in all the rooms upstairs, and then went quietly downstairs. Finding no trace of her, he dressed himself quickly, making up his mind that no one would know of Madeline's loss if he could help it, and he would search all over and bring her back before anyone was up. He just remembered that Madeline had often spoken of the wood, and felt convinced that she would be there.

Madeline had sunk down on the ground, feeble and exhausted, and now lay fast asleep. She was dreaming that Austin was happily sleeping, and that good fairies were dancing round his bed, singing and smiling to him, and whispering sweet things in his ear.

Suddenly she woke up, stretched herself, and looked about her as though she were still in a dream, and who should she behold standing in front of her but two beautiful fairies. The fairies spoke to her kindly and asked her who she was. Madeline told them her story, how she had so much wanted to come and see the fairies. She had also told them of the music she had heard and the song of the fairy, and the fairies looked at each other and smiled. "Come along then," one of the fairies said, "for over yonder"—she pointed with her wand—"all the fairies are awaiting you." Madeline hurried on with them, wondering if she would really be happy with the fairies.

She seemed to hear sounds, not of music or singing, but something resembling the clinking of silver vessels. The fairies still walked on as quickly as ever, as if they had a long way to go. Then the clinking noise stopped, and Madeline heard distinctly

loud and clear voices singing quite close to her. She heard one of the fairies saying to the other, "They are ready now," and all at once Madeline found herself in the midst of a circle of fairies, who adorned her with chains of flowers, and put on her head a little crown. They gave her the most delicious of fruits, saying she must be tired and need refreshment. Then the fairies all at once joined a large ring, and Madeline and another fairy danced in the centre. She did not realise till then that she could dance so well; her feet seemed to move as they were wanted, and she felt at that moment a fairy herself. Madeline had said to one of the fairies, when she arrived, that she would have liked Austin to be here, and since then she had noticed the absence of the fairy, but she soon found the reason of her absence.

Austin had wandered through the wood, never once giving up hope of recovering Madeline. He never once heard the sound of music, because he was not listening for it; he only thought of his sister. The fairy who left the company had seen Austin once so she went to get him. She found him, and told him, if he followed her, he would find his lost sister. He at once followed her, feeling sure she would not mislead him. The fairy gave him a trumpet to blow whenever he saw Madeline. Austin soon saw the circle of fairies with Madeline in the centre; he blew the trumpet, Madeline turned quickly round, and, beholding Austin, ran into his arms. The two embraced each other, half laughing and yet half crying. Austin got something to eat, and then they had another dance. He then said he must take Madeline home before anyone was up. The fairies were greatly disappointed, but, seeing Austin's desire to go, agreed that he should take her home. One of the fairies said she would take them as far as their garden wall, and the other fairies waved to them till they were out of sight. When they reached the wall, the fairy bade them good-bye, waved her hand, and disappeared from view. The two children ran upstairs to their bedroom, and just then nurse came to waken them. Of course, you can imagine how astonished she was to find them already dressed, and to hear their wonderful story. The father and mother readily forgave Madeline for disobeying them, and were very pleased with Austin for recovering her, and said he was a very clever and brave boy. When Madeline and Austin grew up, they often sat at the fireside, on a winter evening, talking of their adventures with the fairies.

M. G. B. C.

A Schoolgirl's Reflections.

I'm leaving school ; do I rejoice ?
 Ah, yes ! methinks I do ;
 Because no longer must I be
 What some would term a "stew."

Yet, on reflection, am I sad ?
 It must be so, I fear ;
 Because I part from those I love
 To start a new career.

I slowly now must "simmer" down,
 And go in search of health ;
 And after that has been achieved,
 I'll try and make for wealth.

For filthy lucre ? No ! not that,
 But wealth which stores the mind
 With knowledge, and with virtues great
 That benefit mankind.

When "stewing" hard, and "cramming down"
 The things that were not nice,
 The teachers all were very kind
 To serve them up with spice.

They talk of "stews" ; but sometimes I
 Did vary "stewing" much,
 Because I got into a "fry"
 Which "stewing" could not touch.

Now, as I said, I'll "simmer" down
 To be again a "stew,"
 And, after having six months' rest,
 I'll start in pastures new.

No more my name can written be
 Upon the culprits' roll ;
 Because the passing of the years
 Has brought me to the goal.

In fancy oft I take my flight,
 And soar to heights sublime ;
 But I descend with suddenness
 From heights I could not climb.

For ever daring to aspire
 So high as "ologies,"
 Dear teachers all, I'll humbly send
 Sincere apologies.

Teachers and pupils all alike
 Immortalised have been
 In photos that I now possess,
 Which keep the memory green.

The "stew" is done ; please to partake
 Of thanks, from one so full
 Of gratitude, for help received
 At James Gillespie's School.

H. E. R.



Letter-writing as a Hobby.

In order that the reader may not be misled by the heading of this article, I may as well state at the outset that I am not going to stick slavishly to the "text."

I prefer, rather, to write in a discursive strain. After the general reader has waded through these lucubrations, perhaps he shall conclude that the title ought to have been "The Evolution of a Letter-writer," or "A Plea for Letter-writing," or some other thing. As the subject is presented from the writer's point of view, it will necessarily contain a few autobiographical allusions. Modesty forbids me saying what distinction I have achieved in the art of letter-writing. Whether I was born to it I know not ; but this I do know, that it was thrust upon me at a very early age. Cast your thoughts back to the days of the red Victorian penny stamp, and the time when sealing wax for envelopes had not gone out of fashion.

Well do I recollect these innocent days of childhood, when, with all the seriousness of a judge on the bench, I penned strange epistles to my maternal grandmother, which were partly dictated by my mother. The big, sprawling characters of the schoolboy, the same huge periods like small daubs of mud, the same stereotyped beginnings and endings—all these float before my mental vision, as though they were written only yesterday.

But I must not detain the reader with unnecessary matter ; I pass on to a later period of my schooldays, those spent within dear old "Gillespie's" classrooms. These times are brimful of happy memories, stiff exams, "palmies," and all that.

Essay writing, composition, paraphrasing, and recitation of poetry were outstanding features of the curriculum of those days. It was during this period that I received a decided bias towards

putting down my thoughts on paper either in prose or verse, or ordinary letter-writing. If my fellow scholars could not write and speak in a proper manner, it was no fault of the teaching they received at James Gillespie's School!

Time wore on—by the way, it has an ingrained, bad habit of doing that—and my school days ended.

I pass over a number of chapters of my life's history, which can be of no interest to the ordinary reader, and get to the subject proper. There are so many points one can discuss this subject from, that I have some little difficulty in choosing the most interesting one. But I think we are all agreed on this head, viz., that letter-writing is the most natural way, next to speaking, of expressing our thoughts to our friends. I am inclined to call letter-writing an extended form of speaking, and, furthermore, I believe that we ought to be as choice in our *written* speech as in our *spoken* speech. A well-written, friendly epistle is a joy to the heart. I have such letters in my possession that I would not part with for a great deal.

How often one reads dull and uninteresting letters written by people of whom one would expect greater things! Some folks seem to think that any sort of style, or no style at all, does for a letter. Such can never hope to attain to a high literary standard in their correspondence.

Surely 'tis worth taking pains for, this communion between man and his fellows through the medium of pen and ink! Why cannot we and why *don't* we express our ideas on paper as simply and chastely as we do in speech?

I fear, in these wonderful, modern times, that letter-writing is fast becoming a lost art. These are the days of the typewriter, the cyclostyle, and the picture postcard.

People have not TIME any longer! They cry aloud for facts, FACTS, FACTS, hard, bare facts, with the same vehemence and persistency that the Modern Suffragette cries for "Votes"! There is no time for elaboration of their ideas, no time for embellishment of a thought with them.

It is the testimony of a large number of business men that the average product of our modern School Board system cannot write half-a-dozen decent sentences, let alone a readable letter. Surely this is a sad commentary on the efficiency of our huge, educational machine!

Speaking of "Suffragettes" recalls to my mind that saying,

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common amongst the vulgar, "throwing bricks"! Now, all the world knows that man, long ago, used bricks to write upon; paper wasn't in fashion then. But men were quite content with the materials that came to their hand, mud, clay, etc.

I have a conviction that every habit and custom of man has a remote origin, yea, and every saying. The above is a proverb, and I am certain now I appreciate the full meaning of it when I discovered that, in the cities of ancient Babylonia and Egypt, "brick throwing" was a common occurrence at their periodical electoral contests.

If the candidates for municipal honours took offence at each other, they engaged their strongest slaves, hired the largest bread basket from the baker, and loaded it up with the hardest baked bricks imaginable, but not before they carved with a stylus their choicest vituperative expressions on the plastic substance. What a time the newspaper reporters must have had in these far-off times with brick-bats flying in the air!

They must have been heroes indeed, but then, at that time, elections were decided, not by the number of votes cast, *but by the number of broken skulls.*

Why, an Irish "Donnybrook" is a tame affair compared with the stirring times of the ancient civilisations! And have we not a parallel in modern days when the voice of the "Suffragette" is heard in the land?—history repeating itself.

We see it in the stone and hammer-throwing "Militant," whose war-cry is written on a label and attached to the missile. This is letter-writing of a kind. I said I would digress a little, but, nevertheless, the above has an intimate connection with our subject. I only interpolated this matter to show that letter-writing is one of the primitive instincts. But all joking and pleasantry aside, I regard letter-writing as one of the purest and simplest delights that the mind of enlightened man can participate in. What is more appreciated by a dear friend at a distance, or even in the same city when a personal interview is impossible, than a well-written epistle? It is like genuine charity; it blesses him who gives and him who receives.

A person's correspondence is a true index of his or her character, the manner of the written speech the measure of his or her culture. 'Tis one of the social graces that ought to be cultivated assiduously by the rising generation; 'tis a delight that will never pall, lasting as long as our years.

At the present time, I have quite a number of friends, both male and female, who are correspondents of mine—friends to whom I can open the secret recesses of my mind, whose tastes are akin to my own, and who do write in a manner after my own heart.

I might have treated this theme from a purely philosophical standpoint, and classified the various kinds of letters, but I venture to say not ten per cent. would have read the thesis. I chose, rather, to look at the subject from the intellectual and social side. I would say to the readers in general and my fellow scholars in particular, develop the Psyche within you by means of communion, through the medium of letter-writing, with your fellow men. And the natural progression of communion with soul and soul is communion with the Deity. Here is the Supreme Mystery! I leave you there!

F. A. DICKSON.



“Leap Year.”

“LEAP YEAR,” or “The Ladies’ Privilege,” was the comedy presented this session by the Dramatic Section of the Former Pupils’ Club.

The title is suggestive enough of the old-fashioned flavour which would pervade such a play, and the earlier period it depicted was done full justice to by a very creditable performance. The plot of the story was quite good, very amusing, and without the thinness of many of the modern comedies. The facts, too, appeared very well arranged. But to the actual mumming!

Sir Solomon Solus, a middle-aged, terrorised baronet, was the only elderly character, and the only one “unplaced” at the end. His stage life was a prey to nervous exhaustion about his matrimonial fate and the numerous anonymous letters he received, and his timidity (“Me fight!”) was quite obvious. Like the experienced traveller and man of the world, his speaking was specially deliberate and clear.

Captain Mouser was the ultra-polite, military gentleman of ancient family but little means, who, while on the stage, made his commanding presence felt and heard with his abrupt address. Was he muttering “nasty” asides when almost out of breath and temper? In quiet style the simpering John and the ever-ready Joseph played their smaller parts quite effectively.

Mr Dimple, obligingly apprenticed for three days to the “handicraft” of a husband, was naturally unromantic and matter-of-fact. As becoming a “nobody,” he made a rather quiet master, his domestic sense being strongly marked, even in his most elevated moments.

Walker, the footman, apparently the hero of the piece, turned out to be the schemer, in a sense, the villain. His figure and pose were very appropriate. His statuesque appearance and dramatic utterances accorded well with his rigid and unbending features, and it was quite refreshing to think, in our innocence of the coming Third Act, of a characterless, curt, if devoted servant, being possessed of amorous ambitions towards his mistress, and being a poet in the making, and the quoting, as well as a successful wooer, in the end. This mistress, Mrs Flora Flowerdew, whose love desires are unsatisfied, was sufficiently dainty, yet imperious, undecided and changeable, quick-tempered and generally emotional, with a manner ready for each situation. Her bosom confidante, Miss O’Leary, with Irish accent fresh imported and always very good till it went (no disgrace indeed to a native), had the true, sympathetic quality for the part, and looked it well; while the female demon, Miss Desperate, the assiduous husband-hunter, was bright and diverting, her speaking being particularly lively and breezy. Superman did not lose much by her interpretation.

Susan, the maid, produced the usual fuss, and gesticulated in becoming fashion over the lugubriously clad Mrs Crisp. This cheery, Dickens type of character was quite an important person in the story. We were with her in her soliloquies, so naturally and feelingly spoken, and the acting of the part gave the play a strong opening. As the cautious widow, ever hopeful, now excitable, now sympathetic, but always talkative, she was particularly entertaining.

The stage fitting was very complete, and helped greatly in the success of the production. With no elaborate disguises, the players of the “company” were yet very suitably got up. The play itself, too, was unexpectedly good, having some very apt language, some very smart sayings, and some very well-expressed sentiments. The voice of the prompter was not unheard, especially towards the end of the comedy; but that, and the lost cue, the empty stage, the part omitted, the laughter and applause at wrong places, after all is done, afford but a little more mirth to the hard-working mummers.

SPECTATOR.

The Battle of the Tribes.

Now it came to pass in the month of Mwhartsh, and on the eleventh day thereof, that there arose a great murmuring among the tribes of the Hittites of that region which is called the Squul of the Gyll Esspyi, and they said one to another, "Let us arise, let us get up and smite that tribe which calleth itself the 'Daughters of Gillai Spai' and many other names exceeding strange."

And they took council one with another, and said, "Yea! let it be even so." And they chose unto themselves a captain whom they called him of the Valley, an exceeding strong man, and he gathered ten other of the tribe, even as valiant as himself.

Now they robed themselves in strange garments, and armed themselves with mighty rods, and each rod was cunningly bent, and they went forth to the Field of Murrai, a plain where there is much grass, and many strange lines marked thereon.

And there found they the enemy drawn up, even the Daughters of Gillai Spai, to the number of eleven.

And they were clad in strange vesture.

And, with great cries, the Hittites bore down upon the Daughters of Gillai Spai, and their wrath was exceeding great.

And he of the Almanac arose, a mighty man of valour, and did with great strides outrun the enemy, and came within the stronghold of the Daughters of Gillai Spai, and the tribe of the Hittites did rejoice.

And there was one Titus, a centurion of the Hittites, who did great havoc in the tribe of Gillai Spai.

Now there was great consternation among the daughters, and they did take council together, and they said unto one, "Oh, go thou, daughter of a scribe, and carry the war against the enemy." And she went, but it availed nothing. And the daughter of the Tiller of the Soil did arise, and did smite mightily, but strength was not in her.

And Saint Clara, one of the Hittites, even as Atalanta swift of foot, did rush down upon them, and did break through the ranks of the Daughters, and again did the Hittites rejoice with loud shouts.

And many other mighty deeds of valour were done that day even to the number of seventy times seven. And the battle ceased at the fifth hour, before the going down of the sun.

And the tribes withdrew, and word went out that victory was with the Hittites.

And he of the Valley rejoiced greatly, and they that were with him.

Q. E. D.



Former Pupils' Club.

The December meeting consisted of a lecture on "The Humours of Scottish Song," by Mr Alex. Wilson, F.E.I.S., Lecturer on Scottish Song, Alloa. The lecturer pointed out, explained, and illustrated by solo selections, the traits of character in some of the well-known and the less familiar national lyrics. Numerous anecdotes were also drawn on to bear out the subject. Mr Coutts proposed the vote of thanks. Mr Dall was also thanked for accompanying.

Short papers were read on January 17th by Miss A. D. Cumming on "Superstition," by Miss J. Richardson on "Scottish Character and Humour," and by Mr H. Hastie on "The Victories of Peace." These were well received and discussed by a number of speakers. Songs were sung by Miss Hobson and Miss J. Barr.

The Reunions were held as formerly, the Junior on December 6th, the Senior on January 31st. Both were again much enjoyed, but the latter showed signs of less support than is required for its complete success.

The dramatic production, "Leap Year," was given on February 21st under the management of Mr Glen. It was very successful, and was received most cordially. Mr Blacklaws expressed the pleasure of the large company present in the vote of thanks proposed.

The closing meeting of the session took place on March 14th. The Secretary's and the Treasurer's reports were read and approved, after a discussion of the state of the Club's funds. Office-bearers were elected for next session. Secretaries were appointed for Dramatic and Tennis Sections. A programme of music and recitations was given, those taking part being Miss Barr, Miss Mackay and Miss Rendall. Dancing finished the evening's proceedings. Miss White and Mr Warren accompanied. The singers and other helpers were thanked for their services, and intimation was made for re-opening.

SECRETARY.

Office-Bearers.

Hon. President.—Mr A. BLACKLAWS, B.A.

Hon. Vice-President.—Mr T. ROBERTSON.

President.—Mr J. F. HAIR, M.A.

Vice-President.—Miss BELL, M.A.

Secretary.—Mr A. C. MURPHY, M.A., 9 Spottiswoode Road.

Treasurer.—Mr E. TAINSH, c/o A. D. Smith, C.A., 4 York Place.

Committee.—Misses Cumming, Forster, Gunn, Pearson; Messrs Bell, Christie, Coutts, Hastie.

Editor of Magazine.—Mr J. G. GLEN, M.A., The School.

Dramatic Secretary.—Mr H. HASTIE, Queen's Avenue, Blackhall.

Tennis Secretary.—Miss J. PEARSON, 6 St Vincent Street.

F. P. Tennis Club.

A CLUB has been started this session, and courts have been secured at Craiglockhart Ponds. Thirty-five members have joined, and play takes place every evening and also on Saturday afternoons. The subscription is 5s per season (April to September). For further information apply to the Secretary, Miss Pearson, 6 St Vincent Street.



Poem.

Who does not love through summer woods to roam,
To spend the lazy day in happy dream,
When sunbeams filter through the leafy dome,
And, slanting, sparkle on the rippling stream!

Who does not love, forgetting and forgot,
'Long tangled, winding paths to make his way,
Or in some grassy glade by man unsought,
'Midst fragrant flowers, in happiness to stray!

What joy is this! what pleasure unalloyed!
How soothing is the rustling of the trees!
Here wearied, waning hope by peace is buoyed,
Here sweet content is murmured by each breeze.

The twittering of birds is passing sweet,
And frightened creatures scamper by unseen,
In vain to see them we with silent feet
Creep up, and try to pierce the leafy screen.

But now the sun towards the west has sped;
Its dying gleams illuminate the scene;
The stream, in parts, reflects the gold and red,
And every ripple glitters with its sheen.

Each bird is silent now and in its nest.
Strange, unaccounted sounds now reach the ear,
By twilight grey the peaceful scene is blest,
Still this mysterious dusk arouses fear.

E. G. C.



The Missing Dispatch.

(Continued.)

About half-past six that evening you might have seen two figures make their way stealthily through Lord Osmond's garden towards the back entrance to his house, and take up their position behind a bed of sweet peas, where they commanded a clear view of the back of the house, and were themselves perfectly hidden. For nearly half an hour they remained motionless, watching and waiting. At last, towards seven o'clock, the door opened, and a trim figure in a black skirt and a close-fitting black jacket, with a pretty face and sparkling eyes peeping out from below a large, black hat, tripped down the few steps, and walked briskly down the central path towards the outer gate. Cautiously the two men followed her till they saw her open the gate in the wall, and step outside. Then, with all haste, they made towards the gate. Here they halted, and, by listening intently, overheard the following conversation:—

"Ah, there you are, sweetest! How I have been longing to see your pretty face! Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere, dear, I don't care."

Here the two began to pass along the street, and the rest of their conversation was lost to the two men. After a few moments, however, the two watchers slipped out of the gate, and began stealthily to follow the lovers. The latter stopped a little further along, engaged in earnest conversation. The girl seemed to be describing some occurrence in which she had played an important part. As the two men crept nearer,

they heard the latter part of her speech. "And no one seems to have the slightest idea that it has disappeared," she was saying. "Master has said nothing to me or any of the other servants." (Here a grim smile passed over the face of the man.) "So you have managed to get it, then," he said. "Ah, dearest, I shall never be able to express my gratitude to you sufficiently. You have saved my honour, the thing I hold dearest next to you. Now I am secure from the vile machinations of my enemies. Give it to me, quick! Let me feel it in my own hands!" The girl was about to hand over a small packet when the two watchers pounced on this honourable creature, who could look the world in the face, and pinned him to the ground. Another man appeared from the other direction, and calmly took possession of the packet which the stupefied girl was still holding out. Instantly she turned on this man like a wild-cat, but stopped, pale and confused, on encountering the calm gaze of the young fop she had shown into the Ambassador's room that forenoon, no longer an affected dandy, but a stern, indomitable man, whose piercing eyes seemed to read her very thoughts.

"Bring that fellow along this way," he said, addressing the two men, "and you," to the girl, "will accompany us also." And so in gloomy silence they approached the Ambassador's house, and were admitted to his astonished presence.

Hardie handed Lord Osmond the dispatch with a smile. The latter flushed, seized it eagerly, and examined the seals carefully; then, turning to the young man with a sigh of relief, he said impressively, "Mr Hardie, you have done me a great service, a very great service. I shall not forget it." "And these are the culprits," he said, a moment later, turning to the man and the girl, and eyeing them sternly. The man shrugged his shoulders defiantly; the girl began to sob. "But tell me, Mr Hardie, how you managed to unravel this mystery which was a perfect enigma to me."

The young man laughed. "It was simple enough," he replied. "Let me explain."

"I first examined the bureau, but got no information from it. On the carpet, however, in front of the bureau, I noticed two

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dusty marks, both small and perfectly circular. One showed plainly the markings of a small rubber heel; the other, which was by far the most distinct, showed marks as if a flat, rather muddy, substance had been twisted round on the carpet. Obviously a lady wearing rubber heels on her shoes had stood in front of the bureau for some time, and had then turned round on one heel, leaving a distinct, dusty mark. The dusty mark suggested an unpaved footpath or a garden; but, on looking out of the window, I found the footway was made of cement. This, along with the fact that the window was, and still remained, barred, suggested that the lady had come in by the only other possible entrance, the door, and had probably passed through a garden shortly before coming in, so that some mud had adhered to the rubber heels of her shoes. This mud had gradually dried, and eventually come off on the carpet, causing the dusty marks.

"I then turned my attention to the door. The lock was of the well-known 'Chubb's Patent' pattern, and showed no signs of having been tampered with. On turning to the catch, however, I found something extremely interesting—a small shred of black cotton. I tried the door, and found that it opened quietly for about two feet, but beyond that it squeaked very audibly. Evidently, the person who had entered had known that the door squeaked, and in endeavouring to gain admittance without opening the door too far, had caught her blouse on the projecting catch of the lock. The fact that she knew the door squeaked pointed to a person well acquainted with the house, probably one of the household. The waiting-maid was the only person in your household likely to be wearing a black, cotton blouse. Therefore I resolved to enquire into her movements on the previous evening. I then examined the side of the door-way, and, as I expected, found faint marks of a sharp instrument like a chisel having been forced between the thin, painted boards which cover the actual door-post. With reasonable care, the board on the inner side of the door-post can be prised out, and with the help of a small bar or a long screw-driver, the strands of the lock can be pushed up, and the door is open. The board can then be replaced, so

that, to all appearance, the door has been opened in the usual way.

"I next visited the garden, and here I was so fortunate as to find in the soft earth at the foot of a clump of bushes a number of footprints, a considerable number those of a man, the rest those of a woman wearing rubber heels. I then found a pretext for getting rid of you, and engaged in conversation with one of your servants. From her I learnt a number of interesting facts: that the waiting-maid was out in the garden shortly after nine for some time talking to someone; that she had been keeping company for some time past with a man, who, however, rarely showed himself to any of the rest of the servants; and that she was the only one of your servants who wore rubber heels. I also learnt from you that she was going out this evening, presumably to meet her lover. I judged then that this lover was a spy, making love to your waiting-maid because he thought she would be a useful tool, through which he might gain information concerning your movements which would prove valuable to the Government employing him; also that he had learnt that you had a dispatch ready for sending to your Government, and, knowing from past experience that you would keep it in your bureau, had resolved to gain possession of it with the help of his sweetheart. He had therefore supplied her with a key to open your bureau, probably made from an impression obtained at the time of your attack in the Bois, had shown her how to gain entrance to your room, and persuaded her to get the packet from your bureau, giving out some pretext that it was false evidence damaging to his character; and she, in her blind love for the man, had at last agreed to do as he asked. She was going to meet him to-night, and would, in all probability, hand over the packet to him some time to-night. I therefore had her watched and followed, with what success you already know. And now, Lord Osmond, I will leave these two for you to deal with. I must be going, for my time is rarely my own. Good night."

A. Y. S.

THE "Pilgrim's Progress" tells about the progress of the Pilgrim Fathers on their way to America.

The School Sports.

ON the anniversary of Waterloo, 18th June, the school went on holiday, as the Sports were held at Warriston Recreation Grounds on that afternoon.

After a week of great buzz, the eventful day arrived, and great was the rush homeward, for all had to be arrayed in summer attire to grace the occasion. The car routes which led past the ground were kept busy, and the greater part of Edinburgh were made aware of the fact that "Our" School Sports were being held.

All heats and finals were run this year on the one day, and although it entailed a long programme and much work, yet it was got through expeditiously, save when Jupiter Pluvius moved an adjournment for a short period. Good running in fast time showed that the school has some budding athletes among the younger pupils. The open events for boys were rather thin, and too easily won by John Duncan, who, however, was stretched to his utmost in an endeavour to snatch a victory in the Squadron Race. "Well done, Duncan," was the opinion of all. In the girls' open events there were some rare tussles, and some of the fancied sprinters were relegated to the class of "also ran," the surprise of the afternoon being the clever running of Cathie Mathieson. The egg and spoon race provided the usual fun, and was a proof of the fact that "the race is not to the swift," the open in this class being won by Billy Hewat. Of course, the sack race is always good sport, and this year was no exception, as a further attraction was here offered in the race for Higher Grade girls. Some of these latter acquitted themselves well, while others——. The obstacle race was cleverly won by Willie Rogers, who wriggled through the obstacles like an eel.

A pleasant afternoon's sport was brought to an end by the presentation of the prizes by Mrs Sim.

The brass band from Dr Guthrie's Industrial School enlivened the proceedings, while the refreshment marquee was much resorted to by both the athletes and the spectators.

THE French clad Joan of Arc in white armour and a white horse.

"ART is long, life is fleeting," means that it takes a long time to paint a picture, and we haven't long to do it in.

Retrospect

MY forward glance, at present, is confined to the future of those who have left or are now to leave us. And, to be generous, I shall think first of the pupils in all the stages of school life, who, from any cause, are going to seek pastures new. Some leave to continue their educational travels in wider areas. They have found our nursery too confined, our methods too antiquated, our tuition uninspiring or, mayhap, over-zealous. It is right that such should go, but when they suddenly find their genius develop elsewhere, may we ask them to remember the "rock from which they were hewn," and think kindly of the foundation on which their after-fame was laid.

Some go because wider avenues lead them to more ample mental equipment. With tools well sharpened they go to carve for themselves an educational future in our higher seminaries and colleges. For them we have wishes deep and true. They remained with us to the end of our programme, and their loyalty evokes friendship and respect. When, in a few years, these have gained fame, may our Editor have the pleasure of their names to inscribe them on a Roll of Honour?

Others are now to take up the duties of citizenship and active life. School is over and life is about to begin. With their outlook we have a sacred sympathy which leads me to make a parting request. In making their choice of a vocation, if they have any voice in the matter—and most young folks have—pardon me, Mr Editor, if I appeal to them to look a little higher than the average leaving-school young lady and gentleman. So many run at once to what are popularly known as "classes," who would, with their mental powers and attainments, adorn better positions with more lucrative return, that one is sorry for the wasted talent. Let them continue their studies as they enter business careers, and, with wider horizon and more mature mind they will appreciate our plea for something better in the future for themselves and those who love them.

When I speak of those in the School Staff who have left, I have the ear of all who know us from within. During the season we have had, and that from the saddest of reasons, to say "Good-bye" professionally to two Art Teachers, Miss Ewen and Mr Burnett. With the latter, during his weary weeks of retirement, everyone

was in deep sympathy, and when, with returning health, he re-visited us the other week, we were gladly surprised at his recovery, and trust ere long to hear that it is complete.

The 'Xmas vacation brought us the pleasure of congratulating and honouring Mr Lamb on his appointment to the Rectorship of Larkhall Academy, where he continues the career which embraced in its course some pleasant years with us as colleagues and pupils. In early Spring, we parted with Mr Bromage, who, like many others, has left the Old England, which he held so dear, to seek new fortunes in the Southern Island continent. We wish him good luck in the far land. And lately, some of us have looked in vain for our friend the Gardener, always so industrious and painstaking in the care of his lawns.

In our circle and comradeship and our council of war we have welcomed and learnt to admire Miss Veitch and Mr Smith. In these pages we cannot say all we think, Mr Editor, but, lest they should misunderstand me, I shall tell them quite frankly that we now could hardly do without either of them. We also greet for the first time in these pages Miss Sophia Munro, M.A., in the Infant School, Miss Elsie N. Lee, as Instructress in Gymnastics, and Mr Hill in room of Mr Bromage, and hope to have their presence long with us.

All pupils and Staff, past and present, will unite in offering our congratulations and cheer to Mr Macleod on his appointment as Director of Music under the School Board, and to Mr Callander on his graduation at Edinburgh University. Both honours have been well earned and are richly deserved. To Miss Bowie, in the Sewing Department, who leaves us now to fill a higher post in another school in town, we tender our best wishes.

The year 1912-1913 has not been colourless in tone, or monotonous in its story. Our Christmas parties were the best we have yet had, for we do know how to enjoy ourselves at times; and, if work is hard, play and fun are all the sweeter. And did not the town all enquire what event was taking place at Warriston on June 18th? I dare not describe the Sports, but when were sack races seen like ours? The band and the marquee, the prizes, and the open space are just what we required to ensure success.

Our pupils are nothing if not patriotic in the civic and national sense. The Senior pupils, under Mr Macleod's guidance, again gave two evening concerts in the centre of Old Edinburgh, to the

intense delight of large audiences of the denizens there. Alexandra Day found a score of the elder girls doing their loyal share of a gracious duty.

Now, we are on the eve of drawing the curtain on another happy session—yes, as happy as any of the past. Our gains are not yet all declared, and therefore a balance cannot yet be struck. But we have some Heriot Bursaries, a laudatory Elementary School Report to hand, and, in a few days, our larger results will be to hand. The Closing Exhibitions are to be better than ever, and at these we realise our best Retrospect in the re-greeting of many of our oldest and truest pupils and friends. Those who read these lines will find it a real pleasure to visit us on the occasion of these functions; and when the concert is over and the speeches are made, and the choir has again outdone even its former excellence, we shall, with full faith and earnest hope, repeat our old war-cry, "Forward!"

J. F. H.

ROLL OF HONOUR.

Graduate of Glasgow University . . . Miss MAY B. DOUGLAS

The following Former Pupils have completed their course of training as Teacher in University and Provincial College, Edinburgh;—

Miss RONA MACEWAN, M.A.

" MILLIE OGILVIE } complete their M.A. course.

" EFFIE STEWART }

Miss ANNE BRINDLE.

" GRACE COCHRANE.

" CATHERINE A. DARLING.

" CHRISTIAN H. COWE.

" ISABELLA G. DONALDSON.

" ELIZABETH HISLOP.

" DOROTHY C. LUMB.

" ISABELLA PRYDE.

" CHARLOTTE RAE.

" HELEN M. STODART.

" MARY L. STRACHAN.

At the Episcopal Training College—

Miss DOROTHY M. BEEVERS.

" MAGGIE E. PULLAN.

Miss ALISON M. GALLOWAY, Edinburgh,

" AGNES B. PATERSON, Coistorphine,

gained high places in the Civil Service Examination for Women Clerkships, 1912 (Miss Galloway was 1st for Scotland).

Miss LILIAN L. BRANDER (1910-11) has gained a very high place in Civil Service Examination (1913) for Girl Clerks.

Mr JOHN T. MACLAREN was awarded at Edinburgh University the Maclaurin Bursary of £80 for four years.

Miss ANNIE D. CUMMING, Dux of School, 1910-11, gained in Edinburgh Ladies' College, 7 Class Prizes; 1st Bursary in her Class.

Of the 6 Bursaries and Scholarships awarded to that Class, 4 were gained by Former Pupils of Gillespie's.

All successes, &c., of Former Pupils similar to those mentioned above will be welcomed by the Editor.

The following are the chief Prize-winners of Session 1912-13:—

<i>Dux Girl of School</i>	ELIZABETH M. SHEARER.
(<i>Proxime accessit</i> —RHODA E. HARRISON).	
<i>Dux Boy of School</i>	JOHN P. SIMPSON.
(<i>Proxime accessit</i> —J. FORREST RUSSEL.	
<i>English Prize (Jenkins Memorial)</i>	JESSIE GALLOWAY.
<i>Mathematical Prize</i>	ELIZABETH M. SHEARER.
<i>French Prize</i>	NELLIE CAMPBELL.
<i>German Prize</i>	NELLIE CAMPBELL.
<i>Latin Prize</i>	ELIZABETH M. SHEARER.
<i>Art Prize</i>	NORA BERTRAM.
<i>Science Prize</i>	RHODA HARRISON.
<i>Art Needlework Prize</i>	DORA R. IRONSIDE.
<i>Religious Knowledge Prizes</i>	{ ISOBEL ROBERTSON.
	{ GEO. CAMPBELL.
<i>Singing Prizes</i>	{ MADGE M. WALDIE.
	{ THOMAS DICK.
<i>Scott Club Prizes</i>	{ JESSIE GALLOWAY.
	{ NELLIE CAMPBELL.
<i>Physical Training Prizes</i>	{ LALLA BAIN.
	{ J. F. RUSSEL.
<i>Pianoforte Prizes</i>	{ HESTER M. ANGUS.
<i>Needlework Prize</i>	{ ELSIE N. YOUNG.
	{ ETHEL GRIGOR.

Sports.

Hockey.

THE hockey season, which ended last March, was an unusually vigorous and successful one. Practices were held regularly on Tuesday afternoons and Saturday mornings at the polo field, when many enjoyable and exciting games took place. More matches with other teams were played this last season than in any previous season. In all, eleven matches were played. These were against Boroughmuir, Broughton, John Watson's, Falkirk, Lasswade, and the Staff. Of these matches, perhaps the most interesting was the one against the Staff of which notice is taken elsewhere.

Tennis.

THIS year more girls have joined than ever before. The usual single and double competitions are in progress, and some are completed. The first year doubles competition was won by Nana Pairman and Irene Clarkson. In the second year singles, Mary Kay meets Marion Gray in the final.

Matches are to be played with Portobello and Broughton.

Cricket.

THIS year a club has been formed, and a large number of boys have joined. Practices are held in the Meadows on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday mornings. Matches have been arranged with Boroughmuir, Broughton, and Portobello H.G. Schools.

Swimming.

REGULAR lessons are given every week to the boys of the higher classes in Warrender Baths. This year, in the tests for certificates, 13 elementary certificates, 12 intermediate, 3 advanced, and 5 for life-saving were gained. The members of the team from the School which competed in the Scottish Schoolboys' Championship, though not obtaining the trophy, were awarded silver medals for their very creditable display by the East of Scotland Swimming Association.

Golf.

THE Golf Medal Competition has been keenly contested this year. In all twenty-eight boys entered, and many good matches resulted. The older boys did not by any means have it all their own way, no less than half the semi-finalists being from the lower school. Those who reached the semi-final were Sam Anderson, Tom M'Ilwrick, John Duncan, and Gilbert M'Ilwrick. Sam Anderson beat Tom M'Ilwrick, and Gilbert M'Ilwrick beat John Duncan. The final between Sam Anderson and Gilbert M'Ilwrick still remains to be played.



A Holiday Retreat.

It has always been a source of wonderment to me that Britons should require to go abroad in order to discover old, world-worn villages and customs, when so many lie, as it were, at their door. But perhaps the old saying, "A prophet is never honoured in his own country," applies to places as well as to persons.

The old-time haunt, redolent with quaint customs and scenes of the past, which I have in my mind, is the Fifeshire village of Ceres, situated about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the county town of Cupar, *i.e.*, by the high road, though pedestrians usually choose what is known as "the hill road," which considerably shortens the distance. For preference, give me the latter, for the contour rises very little above that of the main road, and, as the footpath is nicely sheltered by woods on either side, one is amply compensated for the climb, while, once on top, the landscape view is delightful. Some eight miles away, flows the River Tay, and a magnificent view can be had of the Firth and Dundee in the further distance.



Ceres lies in a hollow, which might well be called "Sleepy Hollow," an ideal spot for the jaded Dundonian to spend a week-end visit, or for a honeymoon couple getting over their first few days of unabated bliss.

The high road from the south to that old and well-established seat of learning and the "Royal Sport," St Andrews, runs through the village, north and south, while the Ceres Burn divides the village into a "new" and "old" town by running east and west. In the old part lies the principal street, the High Street, a narrow thoroughfare, and all places of old and modern interest, while the "commercial" (!) life is also centred there. The houses are, for the most part, huddled closely together, as was the wont in bygone days before the "microbe fiend" was thought of, and are mostly well-built cottages with modern, slated roofs.

In former days Ceres was an important weaving centre, but, since the advent of machinery, its glories have departed, and the click-clack of the shuttle is heard no more. To-day, extensive bleaching is carried on. Agriculture appears to be the chief employment of the younger generation, whilst the old men of the village, of whom there are not a few, take a delight in congregating and discussing topics of local interest at their favourite rendezvous, an iron seat erected on the village green.

The villagers are a kindly, homely—if withal an inquisitive—people (which last is a failing peculiar to all small villages and hamlets); while, at the same time, they are not adverse to giving their own or their neighbours' histories.

As there are half-a-dozen roads converging on the village, in addition to right-of-ways, one need never return to one's abode by the same route. Between the burn and the "new town" lies the village green, rectangular and turf-covered. On this plot is reviewed annually the "sight" of the place in the shape of "Derby Day." Local tradition says that the men of Ceres returned from Bannockburn on the Saturday following the battle, and, in celebration of the part they took in the great victory, sports have been held annually ever since, which surely creates a record in that direction. The great event of the day is the horse-racing, all and sundry taking part in the race, from the plough-horse to the travelling tinker's pony, and the "speed" (!) they get up is really marvellous, it being no uncommon sight to see horse and rider plunged in the burn, which, fortunately, is by no means deep.

Next year, 1914, is the six hundredth anniversary of the battle, and so the games will be of exceptional interest. Music is provided by one of the well-known brass bands for which the county is famous, and, after the games, the young people engage in dancing of the romping order. These young farm-hands enter the village in the early morning from far and near, many dressed in white and gaily be-ribboned, but they return home very much dishevelled, and, if rain has fallen during the day, many of the dancers tumble in the mud, to the amusement of the onlookers. However, as they part at night, or perhaps in the early morning, all agree that they have spent a happy day, while lasses and lads part for another year, and, peradventure, many a partnership for life has been the result of the dancing on the Green at Ceres.

The old road from Edinburgh to St Andrews also passes through the village, and it was by this road that Archbishop Sharp, of Covenanting times, travelled to meet his death at Magus Moor, a few miles farther on. The old bridge which he crossed over is still in daily use, but not for modern traffic, as its narrowness would not permit of a present-day vehicle passing over. It is in good preservation, and likely to weather many a storm yet.

Ceres can boast of being one of the places in Scotland which can still display its jougs, or stocks. These jougs consist of iron collars, and are fastened in the wall of a house facing the old main road. In olden times, nagging or otherwise objectionable women were fastened to these, and, as traffic was much greater in these days than now, the numerous passers-by were permitted to scoff at and spit on the fair prisoners.

The poorhouse, parish church, and cemetery lie in close proximity to one another. Before the advent of the Old Age Pension Scheme, the poorhouse was in fair demand, but is now chiefly used by wandering tramps. The poor consisted chiefly of old folks, and it is facetiously asserted that, as these old people refused to die at a reasonable age, they had recourse to shooting them. Such is the health-giving quality of Ceres' ozone!

The parish church, built in 1806, is one of austere type, and, since the emigration fever has set in, it more than suffices for local needs. It boasts a large clock which correctly informs the villagers of the fleeting hours.

In the cemetery the bones of numerous celebrities now rest, among them being those of a certain De Gourlay, the progenitor of all the Gourlays in Scotland, or so says the inscription on the

tombstone. This personage came over to Britain with the Conqueror, and, judging by the massive tombstone, must have been a man of some consequence. It would be interesting to trace his history, and how and why he arrived at Ceres.

Behind the cemetery are the "Provost Stones," *i.e.*, figures cut out of stone and built in a wall. Gossip says that, at one time, Ceres boasted a Provost, but, for some reason, this civic honour was taken away. Some time later a mason, Howie by name, visited the village, and, being a bit of a wag and a sculptor, conceived and carried out the idea of carving these figures as a skit on the lost provostship.

Five minutes' walk from the village along the Largo Road brings one to the Fairy Den. Following the footpath through a delightful, sylvan glade, one reaches the remains of Craighall Castle. On the old lawn, in front of the ruin, stands a large, stone eagle, which was presented by a former laird to the father of the present keeper, John Brown—not the hero of the song.

A pleasant stroll takes one to the White or Dura Den, another favourite spot for lovers of silence and Nature, while, about a mile from the village, is the Hill of Scotstarvit, from which a splendid view can be obtained of the Tay Firth, the Grampians, and Ben Law rising in the distance behind the city of Dundee. H. W.

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