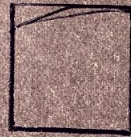
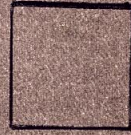


Gillespie's School
Magazine



July 1914



A Record Unequaled in the United Kingdom.

*Successes of Skerry's College,
Edinburgh, during the past Session.*

Customs-Excise Officers *Age 19-21*

- 1st Place United Kingdom—
R. J. MACGREGOR, Rankeillor Street, Edinburgh.
- 2nd Place United Kingdom—
J. STEWART, Cardenden, Fife.
- 3rd Place United Kingdom—
G. W. P. SHAW, Bathgate.
And 10 Successes at Edinburgh.

Girl and Lady Clerks *Age 16-20*

- 1st Place United Kingdom—
DOROTHY EDGAR, Sciennes Road, Edinburgh.
And 20 Successes at Edinburgh.

Government Typists *Age 18-30*

- 2nd Place United Kingdom—
M. F. BROWN, Archibald Place, Edinburgh.
- 3rd Place United Kingdom—
M. M. HARRIS, Glencorse, Midlothian.
- 4th Place United Kingdom—
E. MATTHEW, Fingal Place, Edinburgh.
8 successful out of 10 presented at Edinburgh.
Highest Marks in U.K. in Typewriting, viz., 99 per cent.

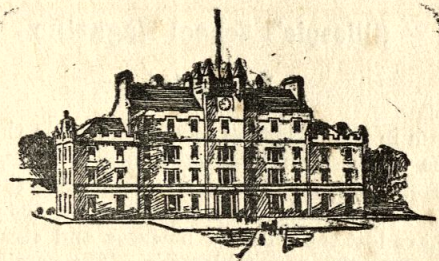
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Gillespie's School Magazine.

Vol. IV., No. 2. JULY 1914. Price 3d.

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The next issue of the Gillespie's School Magazine will appear in December 1914. Contributions are invited from former and present pupils, and should be sent to the Editor, at the School, not later than November 1st, 1914. Drawings suitable for reproduction are specially invited.

Editorial.

THE chief item in the history of our School since the last issue of this magazine has been our removal to new premises. On the 7th of April we flitted to our new quarters over the links. The removal was very quietly and expeditiously accomplished, and already we have lost the sense of newness and strangeness which we felt at first in the new Gillespie's. The new building is now known as James Gillespie's School, and our address is no longer Gillespie Crescent, but Bruntfield Links. Correspondents please note.

* * *

We would call the attention of our readers to the two photos which we produce in this issue. The first group consists of the pupils of the 3rd year classes, that is, those classes which are finishing this term their connection with our school. For the block we are indebted to our Headmaster, Mr Blacklaws, who has very kindly presented it to us for use in our magazine. The other group is that of the swimming team which won the Lorne Competition, and brought the trophy to the old School. We beg to acknowledge our indebtedness to the management of the "Evening Dispatch" for kindly granting us the use of this block.

* * *

One paragraph of our last editorial has borne fruit, for, since the appearance of our last issue, we have received two communications from "old boys" who have gone abroad. These we reproduce in the current issue, one being sent from South Africa by Robert Thomson, and the other coming from James Ritchie, who has just recently gone to Australia. Let others follow suit.

* * *

Our pages will show that the F.P. Club continues to flourish. The session, which was brought to a close last March, was the most successful the Club has yet had. The membership was greater than ever before, and the interest in the various meetings was keen and continuous. Reports are given of the various sections of the Club, the Dramatic Section and the Tennis Section. A Rambling Section has been added, and we give its programme for this summer.

* * *

We beg to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following school magazines: - *Arbroath High School Magazine*, *Harris Magazine*, *Falkirk High School Magazine*, *Heriotes*, *Watsonian*, *Stewart's College Magazine*, *George Square Chronicle*, *Schola Regia*, *Merchant Maiden*, *Grammian*, *Boroughmuir Magazine*, *Broughton Magazine*.

Farewell, "Gillespie's!"

Farewell, ye hallowed walls, where childhood's days
Were spent, and at the fount of learning drank
With eager thirst: where staid preceptors kind,
Withal sincere, sought to impress their lore
Upon the plastic mind.

Thou grey majestic pile
Whose weather-beaten stones to me are dear
As jewels fitly set in golden crown:
Temple of learning, may the torch in thee
Be ever with undiminished brightness borne!

Too soon doth ever-changing Time unwind
His scroll, and to our wondering gaze display
New scenes, new circumstances, plans and ways—
Yet do we fondly hearken back unto
Those olden times association dear
Hath long time hallowed in thy stone and lime.
Farewell! farewell! a long farewell to thee:
The silent tear shall trickle all unseen
And water memory's garden, oft the grave
Of hopes, and vague imaginings—though yet
From out the dead and withered leaves and mire
Burst forth sweet blooms of our heart's desire.

F. A. D.



A Parallel to "Jeanie Deans."

A FITTING parallel to Sir Walter Scott's famous "Jeanie Deans," the heroine in his well-known and well-read novel, "The Heart of Midlothian," may be cited in the case of Mrs Parker, the neglected wife of the leader of that notorious and historical mutiny at the "Nore" in 1797, a mutiny which shook the very foundations of Britain, and imperilled, not only the welfare of the fleet, but the very supremacy of the whole Empire such as it then was. Never during her whole history was the greatness of England so completely staked as in the closing years of the eighteenth century. England stood alone as the unbending and unbeaten foe of France, her ambition, her allies, and her legions. Never was it so true as then that she was mistress of the seas; the maritime traffic of the world was in her hands, for she had swept the trading craft of France and Holland from every corner of the main. Yet England treated her gallant seamen shamefully, paid and clothed them badly, and even robbed them of their hard-earned prize money and their very food.

Both of these women hailed from Scotland. Both women endured intense mental and physical suffering and strain on behalf of their loved one. But how different in the sequel, the

one being rewarded with a happy result to her appeal, the other ending in a ghastly tragedy.

But I must not anticipate, and for the sake of our young friends who "do not like history," I will deal lightly with them.

On the 29th day of June, 1797, a middle-aged woman, evidently suffering from some great sorrow, clad in a black silk gown, a plaid or purple shawl, a black bonnet, and a deep gauze veil, might have been seen waiting with a companion at the palace of St James, in the great city of London. Every minute adds to her weight of agony, for time is of serious moment to her, and the sound of the bells as they strike the slowly passing hours seems to her like a death-knell. She is only a common sailor's wife and a poor woman, but, fired with a passionate love, and a determination such as possessed the heart of Jeanie Deans, she has succeeded, like that heroine of romance, in making her way from Scotland to the metropolis of England in order to see her husband, and save him, if possible, from a felon's death and a dishonourable grave.

Three days before, her husband, Richard Parker, had been condemned to death by court-martial, and she had a petition drawn up in her name, which the Earl of Morton, her fellow-countryman, had promised to present to Queen Charlotte, praying Her Majesty to use her influence on behalf of her husband—on the ground that he was insane, that he had on that account, at a former time, been dismissed from the navy, and that his sister was actually in confinement as labouring under the same disease. This prayer of the loving wife has been presented by her noble Scottish patron, and as she waits anxiously for an answer from the Queen, she talks to the pitiful bystanders of her sorrows, and assures the attendants in the guard chamber that she would give a thousand guineas if she could save her husband's life. At last, wearied and hopeless of success, she hears the hour of five strike; the wife of King George has not deigned to notice her petition, and she drives away with her companion so that she may be able to reach Sheerness and see her husband for the last time before his execution on the following morning.

It was close on midnight when the Rochester coach arrived at its destination, carrying among its other passengers the forlorn wife of Richard Parker, the notorious mutineer, whose name had been in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in that district of Kent during the past few weeks. In spite of this odium, however, she immediately succeeded in finding a boatman who was going up to Sheerness with garden produce, and who agreed to take her with him. At an early hour she reached the side of the "Sandwich," the vessel on which her husband was to suffer at the yardarm; but the stern sentinels, heedless of her anxious request to see him, ordered her off, and even threatened to fire in case of disobedience. When this first boatman had taken her back to Sheerness on the pretext that, as the yellow flag had not been hoisted no execution would take place that day, she engaged a

second. As this boat was rowed up she discerned the fatal flag; again she begged to see her husband, but, in spite of her intense pleading, she was once more ordered off and taken on shore. She hired a third boat, and this time, as she approached, she saw the fatal procession of her husband, with his hands bound, from the quarter-deck to the fore-castle. "My dear husband!" she exclaimed with a loud shriek, as she fainted away; recovering again, she beheld him mount the platform on the cathead and the dark-robed chaplain leave his side; but from that moment a pall fell upon her sight, and she mercifully "saw nothing but the sea, which appeared covered with blood."

An hour had passed away before she reached the ship in a fourth boat, in time to see her husband's lifeless body lowered from the yardarm. It was immediately placed in a shell already prepared for its reception, and exactly at mid-day it was interred in the Navy Burying Ground at Sheerness, amid the deep silence of a large company of the comrades of the unhappy man.

It was in vain that the sailor's widow made an earnest and immediate appeal to one of the vice-admirals for the disposal of her husband's body, and she formed a resolution for securing it by means that have perhaps no parallel even in the wildest of romances. When darkness had come down upon the quiet waters of Father Thames, and silence reigned over the harbour of Sheerness, this faithful wife, accompanied by three other women, clambered over the high gateway of the cemetery, and by their aid dug up with her hands the rude coffin in which her husband's dishonoured body was enclosed. But how, after this first portion of the strange undertaking had been accomplished, was the dismal freight to be carried off unseen? Whatever means was adopted—and one story of the time gives an account which, though perhaps true, reads like a ghastly fable—certain it is that the shell which encased the mortal remains of Richard Parker was safely lodged in a room hired by his widow in the Hoop and Horseshoe public-house, Little Tower Hill; that immense crowds gathered there on the two succeeding days; that the weeping woman was led before the magistrates in Lambert Street Police Court; and that the public authorities, in fear of tumults, had the body buried secretly and finally, shortly after midnight, in the vault of White-chapel Church.

Such then was the fate of the most notorious leader and dangerous mutineer that England perhaps ever had or ever will have.

The moral is quite clear, viz., if one has a grievance, act in a legitimate and constitutional manner, and not, like Richard Parker, take the bit in one's mouth and attempt to run away.

What eventually became of the faithful, loving wife and widow history does not say, but let us hope that her loving heart met its just reward, if not on earth, in the realms above.

J. W.

The Production of a Newspaper.

"The luxuries of to-day become the necessities of to-morrow." The truth of this aphorism must have been very apparent to the thirty members of the F.P. Club, who were privileged by the courtesy of the proprietors of the "Scotsman" newspaper to visit their great establishment on February 19th and see some of the necessary detail and organising skill at work in the ordinary production of the great journal now nearing its Centenary. The contrast alone between the first small volume easily held in one hand, price 10d each issue weekly, and the ponderous bound collection of two concluding months of 1913 was sufficient to prove the truth of the above trite remark.

As only thirty were invited, and as the other members of the Club might enjoy a few facts elicited in the visit, the writer herewith desires to supply a brief account of what would require in itself a volume of description.

Passing through a spacious entrance hall to the advertisement office, we were conducted by a very obliging and highly-informed guide to the sub-editing department, where, in the centre of the room, several large tubes connected various parts of the building as well as the General Post Office. By these the various "copy" arrived and left. "Press Association Telegrams" came in quick succession along this tube direct from the G.P.O., taking a few seconds on their journey; lengthy accounts sent in by local correspondents arrived, and, after being suitably condensed by a merciless sub-editing staff, were re-transmitted to the printing department.

Perhaps the most fascinating information was that which described the messages by telegraph, these being transmitted by the "Scotsman's" own operators in London over the newspaper's own wires, and arriving from the instrument as long strips of type-written messages requiring no interpretation other than ordinary reading. When one remembers that the average operator can transmit perhaps 30 words per minute by telegraph, and that the receiver at the other end has to re-write the message; then hears that these mechanical arrangements may transmit from 200 words per minute on a typewritten slip printed by the receiving machine, one realises how complete is the mastery of human science and skill over evident impossibilities. Our guide quietly informed us that, ten minutes after a speaker had commenced his oration in the House of Commons, the paragraphs were arriving at the desk of the Editor in North Bridge, who thereupon commenced his leading article or critique.

After a visit to the photographic room where a very valuable installation serves to reproduce ready for the printer all the necessary illustrations in a modern evening paper, we were introduced to the "composing" room, and had the privilege of personal explanation by the operators of the linotype machines, another of the more modern achievements of an intensely

mechanical age. To see what appeared like the work of ordinary typewriting produce a line of completed printing type in a second or two, was magical and almost incredible.

We were now ready to witness the last stage, viz., the actual printing, and were taken downstairs to the level of the five great presses, each of which is ever ready to produce 400 copies of the paper per minute, or 24,000 per hour. One of these marvellous engines we saw in readiness to start, fresh, great rolls of clean Swedish-pulp paper having just been fitted. One movement of an electric switch and the whirr of wheels increased to a roar, while there issued more quickly than the eye could follow—at the rate of 400 per minute—copies of the "Weekly Scotsman" ready for the morrow's issue.

As instances of the perfect development of organisation, let us give two outstanding examples. The three o'clock afternoon edition of the "Dispatch" is made ready to enable the machines to start at 3 p.m. This is daily done to a minute, and the first country parcels of that issue are sent off by a train which leaves Waverley at 3.3 p.m. The wrappers are all addressed and gummed ready to receive their contents, which are disgorged from the machines at the above rate. Again, on Derby Day, one and a half minutes after the winning horse has passed the post the copies of the "Evening Dispatch" are in the news-vendors hands in Market Street. Such items as these are testimony, not so much to the strenuous nature of modern life as to the perfection to which science and human intellect have attained in contributing their aid to all departments of commerce and industry.

The F.P. Club does well to include in its programme visits of this nature, and it is to be hoped they can be continued in future sessions. We gratefully acknowledge here and now the Club's indebtedness to the proprietors of the "Scotsman" newspaper for their kind courtesy, and to their staff for the patient and helpful guidance on the occasion of this session's visit.

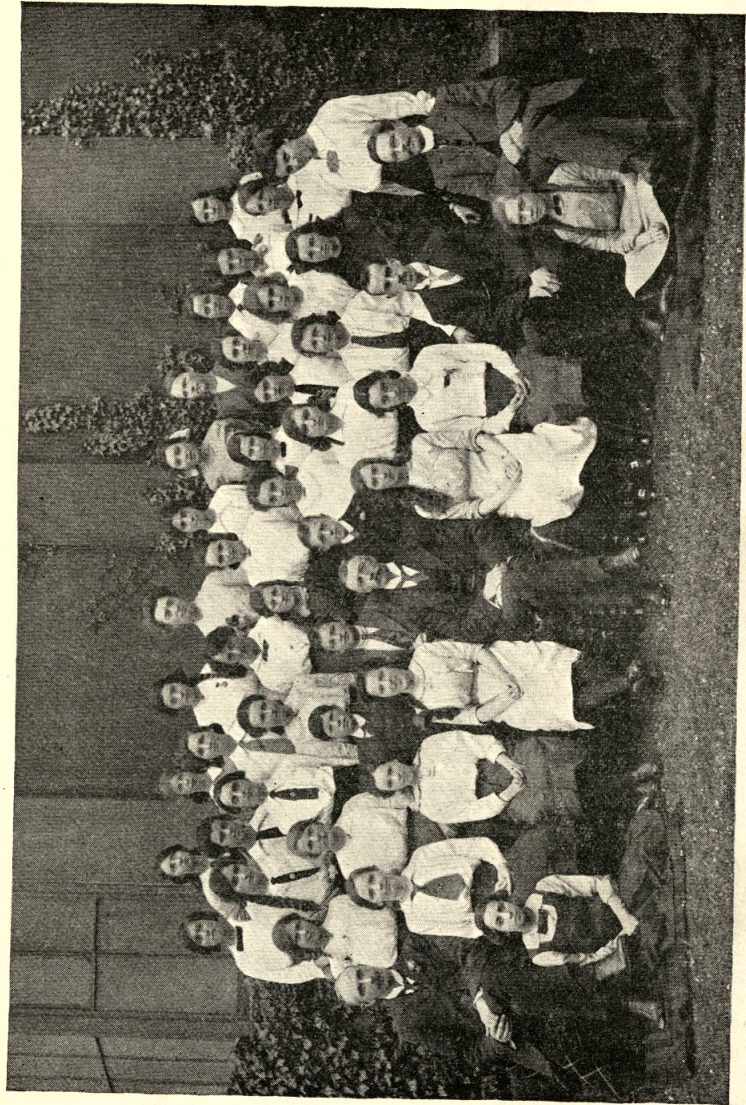
PRESIDENT.



An Old Gillespie Pupil's Voyage to Australia.

ON the 29th of January 1914, the White Star ship "Medic," on which I was a passenger, left Liverpool on her thirty-seventh voyage for Australia. The weather was wet and foggy, with the result that no land could be seen after we left port. We all felt strange in our new, temporary home for the first day or two, and, owing to the boisterous weather, a great many passengers had rather an unpleasant time of it with sea-sickness until we were clear of the Bay of Biscay. Owing to lack of time after her last voyage, the ship had not been cleaned in dry dock, and so our daily runs were much smaller than usual. We were two days

late when we reached the coaling station of Tenerife, where we took on 500 tons of coal, but we were just in time to catch the mail boat which took our letters back to England. The weather here was glorious, and many of the passengers went ashore to see the quaint little Spanish town, which looked more like an exhibition with its white houses and bazaars all round about. For the benefit of those who did not want to go ashore, salesmen came to the boat with all sorts of goods and souvenirs from the island, and it was very amusing to watch them trying to make a bargain in their broken English. One man wanted "thirteen guineas, five shillings" for what he vouched to be a silk shawl, and in half-an-hour's time he was glad to take fifteen shillings for it. We started for Capetown very soon after the coaling operations were finished, and for the next two or three days everybody seemed to be eating oranges, which they had purchased at Tenerife and which only cost sixpence for twenty-five. The weather gradually became warmer as we neared the equator, and quite a number of the passengers slept up on deck at night all the way to South Africa. We had concerts and dances two or three times a week, and before we came to Capetown we had a fancy dress ball. The usual Neptune ceremony was gone through when we were crossing the line, and all those who were bold enough to go through the trial and the sentence were presented with a certificate by the captain at one of the social evenings. All sorts of deck and card games were indulged in throughout the fortnight, and prizes were presented to the winners at the fancy dress ball. We reached Capetown on the 20th of February, after having cruised about for nearly a whole day in the fog, just outside Table Bay. The mist seemed to clear away all at once, and we spent a most enjoyable day ashore in lovely weather. I went for a long car run, going by the seaside and coming back by the mountains, but unfortunately the famous Table Mountain was enveloped in mist, and we only got a view of its base. Other 500 tons of coal were put into the bunkers and a fresh supply of fruit and vegetables were placed in the cold storage, and then we were ready to sail once more with fifty new passengers on board. Most of the new people were Rand miners with their wives and families, who were leaving owing to the unsettled state of the country, and who were going to make a new start in Australia. This portion of the voyage was a very enjoyable one, and more of the Scotch talent was shown in singing and dancing than previously. The sea was in a confused state nearly all the way across to Albany, but the weather was fine and the temperature was sometimes as high as 86 degrees in the shade. We had a splendid fancy ball before coming to Albany, at which port a Scotch family from Portobello were getting off, so we finished up with singing the well-known Scotch song, "Auld Lang Syne." We got into port on the 10th of March, five days late, and I think every one of the passengers went ashore, most of them to form their first impressions of Australia, but I doubt it was hardly fair to judge



THIRD YEAR CLASSES, 1913-14.

from such a little, unimportant place as Albany is. I went to the golf links with my chum (a Carnoustie fellow) and the chief engineer on the "Medic," and we had a most enjoyable outing on a very rugged and unkempt-looking course indeed. At night we went to a picture house, and, like most of the others, did not make an appearance at the boat until about twelve o'clock, which was the specified hour for turning in. We sailed out of the fine natural harbour at an early hour in the morning, and before nine o'clock we were out of sight of land once more. Those who were intending settling in South Australia were busy for the next day or two getting their luggage ready and preparing themselves for disembarking at Adelaide. We went into port at what is called the outer harbour on Saturday night, but it was too late to go up to town, which is about ten miles from here, so we stayed on till Monday forenoon. No discharging of cargo, which was mostly sheet iron, was begun till twelve o'clock on Sunday night, and after that the winches went all night long, keeping everybody awake, so that most of the passengers were glad to go up to town away from the noise on the Monday morning. After seeing our baggage through the Customs, we said good-bye to all our friends on board, and left by train for Adelaide after having had a very pleasant, though rather long, voyage.

J. S. R.



A Tour in the Shetland Isles.

LEAVING Leith, the course of the vessel lies by Aberdeen, which it reaches in about eight and a half hours. Then the ship sails across the Pentland Firth, and in about sixteen or seventeen hours, Sumburgh Head, a bold cape, the most southerly point in Shetland, is sighted. The lighthouse on Sumburgh Head was built by the Commissioners of Lighthouses in 1820, the Superintendent being Mr George Stephenson, the erector of the Bell Rock tower. This is the first lighthouse built in Shetland. Here the journey is often unpleasant, owing to the meeting of two tides, making what is known to all travellers in this northern region as the "Roost." As we plough on through a heavy swell, the green, mossy hills of Shetland, surrounded by the blue sea, are admirable in the sunlight. The Creek of Voe is passed where the submarine telegraph comes ashore. After a stretch of rock-girt coast a long cape called No Ness is noticeable. Beside it lies the fishing village of Sandwick. The steamer passes between the mainland and the very flat Island of Mousa, on which are the best remains of a Pictish castle with its round walls. On the mainland is a village having a very unusual industry for Shetland, namely, copper mining. The Island of Bressay, is now straight ahead, and soon we enter Bressay Sound or Lerwick Harbour.

At the southern entrance to the harbour stands Bressay Lighthouse. This harbour has two entrances, one at the south and one at the north. The harbour is very deep except at the north, and vessels can come to the piers irrespective of the tide. It is one of the largest and most commodious harbours in the kingdom, being three miles long and one to one and a half broad. Dutch luggers come to Lerwick in June for the herring fishing, and, in that season, it is a common sight to see the peculiarly-dressed Hollanders in the streets of Lerwick. The Hollanders seem to have built Lerwick, which is now the capital of Shetland, in the seventeenth century, when no less than two thousand Dutch busses visited it annually. It resembles very much some of the smaller seaport towns in Holland.

Coming ashore we arrive at Commercial Street, the principal street in Lerwick. At about the centre of it stands the Market Cross. The street is a very fine example of an old Scottish street with its houses jutting out and in, and it is so narrow that in some places two vehicles cannot pass. Fort Charlotte is then seen, which resembles Edinburgh Castle, but on a smaller scale. Higher up from the shore is the Town Hall, which crowns the heights of this northern capital. For the Educational Institute and the Widows' Asylum the town is indebted to a distinguished Lerwegian, the late Arthur Anderson, Esq., Chairman of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company. A park has been presented to the town by Robert Patterson Gilbertson, Esq.

Proceeding by the north of the town the numerous fishing stations are passed. Then for about six or eight miles there is nothing but peat hills, and then, having crossed the island, Scallaway, the ancient capital of Shetland, is seen. It stands on a bay, and is sheltered by Trondra Island and others. The chief object of interest is Scallaway Castle, built by Earl Patrick Stewart in 1600. While Scallaway still continued to be the capital of Zetland the law courts were held there. It was garrisoned by a party of Cromwell's soldiers. It has a tower house with vaulted cellars and kitchen, and a turret at each corner of the building. Coming back to Lerwick, the green, mossy, peat hills are again passed and the village of Gulberwick is seen, which boasts of considerable antiquity. Here Ronald and Harold, joint Earls of Orkney, after being shipwrecked, and losing much treasure with their gallant barques, were hospitably entertained by the landowners. Although the Earls experienced this mishap their lordships made themselves very comfortable.

Next, Sandy Loch is passed, whence Lerwick draws her water supply, and near here a wireless telegraph station is going to be built. Soon a sheet of water called the Loch of Clickhemis is seen, and on its banks stands an old Pictish brough or castle. The loch used to surround the castle, but now, owing to the draining of it, the brough stands on the shore. It has three walls. After going through an opening in the first wall, a circular passage is entered where there is a very rudely built altar.

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On traversing an opening in the next wall a narrower passage is reached. In the third wall are small apartments, and lastly is a circular room in the middle of the castle.

Leaving the loch and the castle, the journey is resumed, and soon Lerwick is again reached.

One morning Lerwick is left by steamer and the journey lies north. From the deck of the ship the many fishing stations look like a yellow band along the coast because of the number of barrels made of yellow wood. Leaving Lerwick by the north entrance to the harbour, the vessel sails into a very rocky and dangerous sea. When Mary Queen of Scots took refuge in England after the Battle of Langside, Bothwell sought safety in Orkney. Being closely pursued by Kirkcaldy of Grange he obtained a pilot in Bressay Sound, and told him to keep as near as possible to a sunken rock in this part of the sea that the ship is now at. Kirkcaldy fell into the trap, and one of his ships was wrecked on the rock.

Passing the Island of Whalsay the villages here and the scenery are very picturesque, and on this island sea-weed is burned for kelp, which is very useful to the manufacturing chemist, as it yields iodine and cromide. Coming now to the mainland and travelling up a long inlet called Vidlin Voe, one of Lord Cecil's residences is passed, and for about three miles up this voe the green hills dotted with crofters' cottages surround the ship. Leaving Vidlin Voe, the Skerries, a group of weather-beaten islands lying about ten miles from the mainland, are seen.

The Island of Yell, lying to the north-east of the mainland, now lies ahead, and soon Burravoe, a village on the south-east of this island, is arrived at. The word Yell means barren, and the island is formed of gneiss covered with deep beds of peat-moss, hence it is particularly boggy and dreary. Leaving Burravoe the ship sails along the south coast of Yell, and presently comes to a stop at Mossbank, a very small but picturesque village on the mainland. The sea here is so calm owing to the shelter afforded by Yell and the mainland, and there are so many small and beautiful islands that the whole scene is very pleasant and picturesque. Retracing its path the ship comes to Burravoe and then goes up the east coast of Yell. The Horse of Burravoe, a cape like a horse's head, is seen, and after passing some peat-hills and cottages, Mid-Yell, a village on a voe or inlet, is arrived at.

Unst is seen after leaving Mid-Yell. This place is an island, oblong in shape, measuring about twelve miles by four or five, and lies at the north-east of Yell, separated from it by Blue Mull Sound, a very beautiful strait, at which, on Yell, stands the very rural and pretty village of Cullivoe. The Druidical circles found in Unst seem to indicate that this island was at one time inhabited by Picts. It was at Haroldswick in this island that Harold Harfagre, King of Norway, first landed in his expedition which resulted in the conquest of all the Scandinavian colonies of Shetland, Orkney, etc.

As we arrive at Uyeasound and drop anchor, we see the peat-hills of Unst in front. Leaving Uyeasound and sailing up the east coast a feudal castle is passed, and soon Baltasound, a fishing village with a very good harbour, is arrived at. Here we are as far north as the boat will take us, and turning south we make for Fetlar, an island lying off the east coast of Yell. This island is about seven miles by five, and the principal proprietor is Sir Arthur Nicolson, who rears the famous ponies of the "Fetlar Breed." The forefather of these animals was a fine mustang, which was ridden by the famous Bolivar at his last great battle. At the north of Fetlar are some very magnificent cliffs. After leaving Fetlar, we return to Lerwick.

The Shetland people have some very peculiar customs, one of which is Up-Helli-Awe, an ancient Norse festival, at which a Norse boat is burned and a torch-light procession is held. It is a very common sight to see a man or woman with a "cashie" on his or her back filled with peats. Their speech is very peculiar, being a mixture of Norse and English. To the tourist the chief occupations of the people seem to be knitting, stretching shawls, and drying fish.

M. R. N.



Lines on seeing Edinburgh Castle by Moonlight.

Set on a rock on high,
 Castle half real, half dream,
 Thy turrets seemeth nigh
 To the moon where it faint doth gleam
 Through the misty air,
 While here and there
 Shineth a light from out thy towers.

Girt on one side thou art
 By mystic feathery trees,
 Whence floats to the world apart
 The song of the evening breeze;
 While sleep the flowers
 In their dusky bowers
 Till each petal opes neath the sun's first kiss.

And into each soul there stealeth
 A feeling of wondrous peace;
 Viewing thee, every sting now healeth,
 And all inward strife doth cease.
 Oh, long may thou, rocky fastness
 In thy grey and rugged vastness
 Stand, with thy beauty to gladden each heart!

F. P.

Letter from South Africa.

ROODEPOORT, TRANSVAAL, S.A.

I am assistant surveyor on this property at the nice salary of £240 a-year. My hours are from 8 a.m. to 4-30 p.m., with an hour off for lunch, so I cannot complain of long hours. I am usually underground for about four hours each day, but have been busy lately with a large surface survey.

The property is a small one and a low grade reef is worked. It is one of the oldest mines on the Rand, and has only paid two five per cent. dividends in its thirty years' life. I like the work very well, but am not too fond of the dust. The rock is quartzite, and the dust when it gets to the lungs just eats them up, giving one miners' phthisis. This disease kills one in a very short time once it has a proper hold. Naturally I keep as clear of it as possible, and wear a respirator.

All the drilling and general work is done by Kaffir boys, who get from £3 upwards per month with board and lodging. We employ about a thousand and a half of them here. They stay in a compound, and it is no joke looking after them. They have a happy knack of learning all the white man's vices, and on a Sunday the majority get hopelessly drunk. The sale of liquor is prohibited to natives, but it has no effect.

I stay in a room on the property and board at the hotel. We have a boarding-house, but the food served there is really too awful. I think the idea of having quarters for the employees on the property an excellent one, but here, unfortunately, the men are a most unsociable crew. However, I am going to a larger property soon where there is more life.

We are right out on the veldt, Roodepoort, our nearest town, being two miles away. This is really a wonderful piece of country, sixty miles long by about two broad, and having close on fifteen towns. Johannesburg is the centre, and Springs and Randfontein bound the Witwatersrand at either end. The veldt is really tremendous. Personally I don't like it, as it is too flat and dried up, but it is fine to mount a horse and gallop for miles without meeting a fence (I can't jump yet). We are really out of the war country here, but the site of the Jameson Raid is only some six miles away. There is a monument erected now to those who fell. Seeing the place one can easily quite understand how Jameson was cornered, with Boers to the east, hills to the north and south, and a kloof on the west. Then the battlefield of Roodeport Nek is quite close, where fifteen Gordon Highlanders fell. They have a cairn of Aberdeen granite erected to their memory. The majority of the men here are most unpatriotic, but it beats me to know how a man can visit one of these lonely cemeteries and not feel a thrill, at least, of patriotism.

We have just passed through very stirring times. In spite of having an armed guard of twenty-two burghers, we had an attempt to blow up our hauling engine-house with dynamite. Taken all over, however, things were rather quiet. I was a special constable for a month, but was never called up. The staff, of course, remained loyal, and between about ten of us the mine worked throughout as usual. The Government, by declaring martial law, had the upper hand, and the strong Labour anarchist is now feeling that his fingers are burnt. The burghers, who were doing a lot of the patrol work, were commandeered off their farms round Potchefstroom and Eemelo. They came just as they were caught, and a dirtier-looking crew would be hard to find.

R. T.



Street Humour.

It is a well-known propensity of human nature to do that which is forbidden. More particularly is this experienced with regard to laughter and similar forms of pleasure. People generally feel more inclined to laugh when they know it would be awkward to do so, as in school or church, or other such place. The temptation is not so strong when they are under no restraint and are free to roar as loudly as they please.

The street, being a most free and unrestrained place, cannot have its humorous side enhanced in this way; but there is a certain propriety of the street, the breaking of which leads the beholder to smiles and laughter; for instance, when instead of shaking hands people greet each other in a more Oriental fashion, with osculatory demonstration; or when a stately gentleman is compelled to pursue the hat which recently adorned his head. G. K. Chesterton says that this latter form of occupation, if taken in a right spirit, becomes a highly fascinating and interesting recreation. A person whose hat blows off is a privileged person; he is allowed to run and dance about without being thought peculiar, which is not ordinarily permitted to a man unless he is trying to catch a car.

A discussion of the humour of the street is not, however, confined to such episodes. It may be taken to include the vagaries of all the different types of street characters, and these are of very various and numerous kinds, such as message boys and message girls, carters, hawkers, tramps, street artists and singers, beggars, orators, policemen, postmen, sandwichmen, car-men, scavengers, electric light and water men, collectors, and Prevention of Cruelty to Animals men—called more shortly "Cruelties."

These are some varieties of the "man in the street," whom

journalists and politicians take so seriously. Taken humorously they might perhaps appear to as great advantage.

Let us begin with message boys and girls, though, indeed, the same type of humour characterises children who go into the streets for mere play. Their specific and peculiar kind of humour is to be what is vulgarly called "cheeky." I recently heard of a choice exhibition of this fine art offered to a carter by a message boy. The carter was a huge, stout man, one of the same appearance as the man in Phil May's pictures, regarding whom one friend said to another, "Mr So-and-So has been coming to the front lately." The other friend, taking in at a glance his bodily proportions, said, "So I perceive." The said carter, having partaken of something stronger than Bovril on Saturday afternoon, provoked the newsboy by the use of language proportionately strong. The latter presumptuously approached him and said, "Hey, maister! Will ye lend us your stomach for Thursday night? I'm gaun to a soiree."

A less flagrant remark, but of a similar kind, was made by a boy on the occasion of a temperance procession in the town of Ayr. One of the dignitaries of the place, who was taking part, had an unfortunately red nose, which was, of course, attributable to indigestion. This apparently attracted the attention of a small boy who was watching the procession. Pointing at our majestic friend, he cried out to another urchin, "Eh! look! There's yin that's no lang jined, onyhow!"

When beggars become humorous, it is usually by the employment of some crafty device for the deception of the public. The following presents a true account of such a device, and shows how in one case it failed. A family was, one Sabbath morning, in various stages of backwardness in their preparation for church, when the door-bell rang. The lady of the house, being most advanced with her toilet, went to open the door, when—lo and behold!—upon the door-mat she found a young man writhing in agony. His legs had given way, he had sunk upon his knees, and between his groans his expected benefactress heard him gasp out something almost inaudible. She knelt down beside him to hear what he was saying, but could gain no information except that he had a frightful pain inside. She kindly asked if there was anything she could give him that might do him good. "Well!" he gasped, "I think I might try—a little pepper and—whisky." "Oh!" the lady said, "It'll be the pepper you want from me, for from the smell of your breath you seem to have got the whisky already." She withdrew, and left him on the door-mat for a minute or two. When she returned to ascertain the effect of her absence, he was making his way off. Turning round in his retreat he said, "Och, missus! Shure you're a cute one. It's two or three as I've done already by that same trick this morning."

The street artist is a modern development—a bye-product of Caithness slabs and cement. It is doubtful whether the streets

of Rome were well enough paved for such purposes or not. Probably the poet was right who said :—

“ When Caesar, stabbed by Brutus, fell a cropper,
No one was helped to earn an honest copper.”

Street artists are not generally regarded as a specially humorous class. From an old copy of “ Punch ” comes the most amusing statement I have heard attributed to those workers in chalk and stone. One of them, when asked how trade was going, replied, “ Oh ! well, sir ! it's fairly hard times just now. You see, there's an exhibition going on at the Academy.”

To turn to the street orator, much more might be written about him than we have space for. One example must suffice. Phil May (an artist of a different type from those already referred to) has a picture of a Temperance orator standing on a barrel and holding forth earnestly to a crowd in Hyde Park. He is vigorously declaring, “ Whisky, my friends ! Whisky is the curse of England ! If you don't want whisky to get the best of you, you must get the best of whisky ! ”

All references to street humour would be incomplete without a grateful acknowledgment of the prominent part played by the Highland policeman. Like the Scot in America he has become a standing butt for a certain type of joke. The “ Daily Record ” announced on a poster, some time ago, that the Edinburgh police were about to begin the study of Esperanto. It is possible that the “ Daily Record ” intended it for a joke. If so, it is worthy of notice as a type of the subtle form of humour peculiar to English journalists.

There is no dubiety in the following story as to the earnestness and zeal of P.C. 869. Mrs Brown, who conducted a sweetie shop, had her window mischievously broken one day. When the time at length came for the policeman to pass that way upon his beat he saw the broken glass, and shrewdly guessed there had been some mischief in the air. Out came his notebook. After scrutinising the place and making some judicious notes, the constable entered the shop with due solemnity to question Mrs Brown, poor body. After a great many inquiries as to the time of the catastrophe, the persons suspected, and so on, he happened to look towards the window from the inside, whereupon he was greatly surprised, and said, “ Indeed, Mrs Brown, this is a more serious affair than I had suspected. Your window is broken on both sides.”

Many humorous tales owe their origin to what is in some respects a sad spectacle—the home-coming of a toper from a convivial gathering. A gentleman, in a state of partial intoxication, was assisted home by a clergyman called Mr Paul. When convinced that he had safely reached his own threshold, the toper was most profuse in his thanks to his kind benefactor, and said he was anxious to know the name of such a noble-hearted gentleman. Mr Paul at first successfully evaded the question,

saying that what he had done was nothing, and that any Christian would gladly have helped him in the same way. The man, however, insisted till at length he obtained satisfaction. He thereupon wished Mr Paul good-night once more, and went indoors. The kind clergyman had not gone many steps along the street, however, when he heard a voice behind him crying, “ Mr Paul ! Mr Paul ! Excuse me troubling you, sir, but did you ever get any answer to your Epistle to the Galatians ? ”

A man in a bemuddled condition was found standing on an island platform in the middle of Princes Street on the evening of the last Leith Burghs election. He was waiting for a car to take him to Leith, from which he had come to Edinburgh in a state of high elation and great joy at the success of the Unionist candidate. He was, however, on the wrong side of the street for the Leith car, and was told that he ought to be on the other platform. This intimation seemed to tickle him greatly, for he laughed and said, “ Oh, no, no ! I'm not on the wrong platform.” The Radicals were—in his estimation—the people on the wrong platform on that occasion.

To light upon such choicer specimens of street humour is not, however, our ordinary, everyday lot. We must, as a rule, be content to extort what humour we may from the efforts of ladies to jump off cars the wrong way, from chasing our hats, watching suffragettes, or beholding for the first time some new kind of board for exercising the faculties of meditative sandwichmen, or trying to get past people who are trying to get past us.

T. E. R.



F.P. Club Notes.

On Friday, December 12th, a programme of three dramatic pieces was presented by the Dramatic Section of the Club. These consisted of a one-act farce “ Oor Geordie ” ; a musical sketch, “ School Girls ” ; and another single-act farce, “ My Turn Next ! ” These, produced in the above order, were all received with much enthusiasm and applause by a crowded house of members and friends, and those taking part in them were rewarded with the unanimous thanks of officials and audience.

On Friday, January 16th, a new form of meeting, a Hat Night, was carried through. Some fifty subjects were handed in, and almost a like number of names. These were balloted by the President, and discussion took place on the subjects as drawn. Among the topics were the following :—“ Is University Education suited for Women ? ” ; “ Present Fashions ” ; “ What is Ideal Man ? ” ; A Possible Future for the old School Building ” ; “ Is Everyone capable of appreciating Music ? ”

On Thursday, February 19th, a visit was paid by thirty members to the Scotsman Office buildings, and the company were shown through the various departments at work.

An Impromptu Evening, held on Friday, February 20th, served to introduce the talent of younger members in various ways.

Items were contributed of music, song, or recitation by the following:—Misses Gray, Reid, Bertram, Cumming, Sherar, Apedaile, Hutchinson, Nisbet, Young, Forster, Wakelen; Messrs Hastie, Dickson, Hair. Several members of the Dramatic Club present gave also an unrehearsed representation of two charades, which were cleverly performed and much appreciated.

At the meeting on Friday, March 6th, given over to Short Papers, and presided over by Mr Hair, papers were read, as follows:—

Miss A. Forster.—School Humour.
Miss J. Wakelen.—Court Humour.
Mr G. Jenkins.—Church Humour.
Mr T. E. Robertson.—Street Humour.

In the open discussion Miss Bell and Messrs Dickson, Robertson, and Hair took part.

Arrangements were also made for the Annual Business Meeting.

The Annual Business Meeting was held on Friday, March 13th, Mr Hair presiding. After the Chairman's general remarks on the success of the Club during the session, the reports of the Secretary and the Treasurer were given, and favourable comment was made on the large membership and the very considerable credit balance shown.

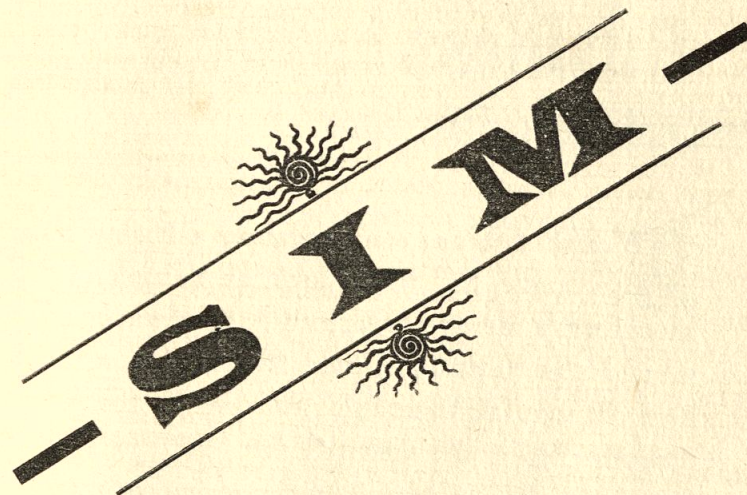
The appointment of office-bearers followed, and a change of rule was made in the constitution. The formation of new sections of the Club was discussed, and to the Dramatic and Tennis Clubs a Rambling Club was added, a Hockey Club also being proposed for next winter session, while a Golf Club suggestion was delayed, owing to the existence of such already. Songs were rendered by Misses Cumming and E. Gray, and the poem, "Farewell, Gillespie's!" was read by Mr F. Dickson.

Intimation was made of the Committee's arrangements for the re-opening of the meetings about the beginning of October next.

This being the last Club Meeting in the old School, reference was made to the change and "Auld Lang Syne" was sung by the members.

ON poetic licence some younger bursary entrants ran riot. Poets, we read, have to apply for a licence before they can write poetry with an extra syllable in a line, or they would not be allowed to write. Just like a man who is going to open a public-house, so a poet requires a special licence to write in blank verse.

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F.P. Club Dramatic Performance.

If the progress and ultimate success of the F.P. Club is to be gauged by the growth and skill of its Dramatic Section, then the founders of that body and its present directors and members are entitled to the assurance that the Club has in every sense justified its inception and continued existence. Not every member has the time or skill to devote to the cultivation of that popular form of art known as histrionic, but the large audience which assembled on the evening of 12th December of last year both in numbers and hearty appreciation must serve as a fitting and worthy compliment to our Dramatic Secretary and the branch of Club membership which under his guidance has made so apparent progress since its last performance.

The presentation of three distinct pieces was in itself eloquent testimony to the diligence and sacrifice of time on the part of the caste; and, when it is affirmed that all three were presented with equal skill and with not one false line or movement, no higher compliment can be paid. In the successful presenting of a Scottish character sketch there is always considerable risk, even in the country of its origin. So often are the dialect and idiom cruelly murdered; so frequently is pathos rendered ludicrous and humour ridiculous, that few are able to feel quite happy until the curtain has fallen. "Oor Geordie," however, as played by Mr Shankie, was an undoubted success. Entering fully into the sense of the situation and its varying "contretemps," he presented a really satisfying impersonation of the "title role," and a part that might have failed was creditably filled and heartily enjoyed. The honours, however, lay with Miss Zoe Shearer, whose acting of "Maggie," exhibited in high degree the qualities which will always ensure success on the stage, or for that matter, in real life. Always natural, and possessed of ready wit, generous good nature, she made herself a very efficient subordinate in a somewhat difficult domestic establishment. The audience richly enjoyed the inimitable acting of our old friend, Miss Alice Forster, in the delicate position of the useful aunt, Miss Gurnington, whose belated and wished-for arrival was so awkwardly received by Geordie's innocent obedience to Maggie's commands. The scene at that moment was, in itself, perhaps the best five minutes of the evening. As Arthur Davidson, the artistic spendthrift, Mr R. Shankie played well; and as Mrs Davidson, Miss Nan Scott shewed true appreciation of wifely wisdom, while Mr Hastie's glib eloquence served to keep the piece always lively. Mr Tom Jack made a very presentable and worthy uncle in his portrayal of the part of Mr Bluster. If these had minor parts, one must at once confess that they very efficiently filled them, and with more practice and more pronounced roles they will meet with yet greater success. We would willingly enjoy again the human nature and honest fun of "Oor Geordie."

The second part of the evening's programme consisted of a

musical sketch entitled "School Girls." This short sketch, of about half-an-hour's duration, was given by permission of the author, Mr Arthur Brogden. The scene lies in the parlour of a girls' boarding-school. The school-mistress, Madame Voss, is called away suddenly to interview her solicitor in town. She leaves the school in charge of Maud, the senior girl. As soon as Madame Voss disappears, Maud and her companions decide to take advantage of their opportunity and have a party, to which they invite some young gentlemen friends. Their pocket money only amounts to 1s 1d, but with the assistance of the ever-obliging Angelina, the servant, they manage to obtain a very small cake and some muffins for tea. One only of the young gentlemen put in an appearance at tea, and he had to resort to a disguise in order to be able to come. While the party is in full swing, Madame returns suddenly. Confusion reigns for a time, and Fred, feeling guilty, tries to conceal himself. He is discovered, however, but being Madame's nephew and having just come into a legacy of £1000, he is pardoned. It ends happily in true school fashion by Madame granting a holiday. The part of the school-mistress was capably played by Miss Pearson, who is now an old hand at our dramatic entertainments. Mr Shankie played the part of Fred, the rather "knutty" nephew, in true schoolboy fashion. Misses Dorothy Forster, Morris, Reid, and Bertram are to be congratulated on their very realistic presentation of the parts of the schoolgirls. In particular, the little incident of writing the letter of invitation deserves special note. It was most natural, the curiosity, criticism of spelling, and advice being just the real thing. Miss Sherar, as Angelina, the good-natured maid-of-all-work, passed out and in and pled for her "man of letters," the postman, in a very excellent fashion. In fact, the younger members of our dramatic section are to be congratulated on their production.

The chorus by the schoolgirls was very tunefully rendered, while the solo by Miss Bertram well deserved the encore it received.

The third item on the programme consisted of a one-act farce, entitled "My Turn Next!" The scene is laid in a country chemist's shop parlour.

Mr Twitters is a long-suffering apothecary and dispenser of small orders, who is mysteriously wed. A knot of troubles winds itself about his excitable and suspicious nature. At first romantic and over-affectionate, he soon becomes fussy, easily confused, and subject to numerous periods of utter bewilderment, raging at his once little wife, now, matrimonially, a "perfidious crocodile." The part occupies most of the later vigorous action of the farce, and the performance was fully realised, the character being worked out with great excitement and with striking effect to the climax of Twitters' abject terror and his sudden disillusionment, with the expectancy of another's turn of being scapegoat affording him a similar enjoyment.

WINNERS OF THE "LORNE" TROPHY.



STUART CRAMB. WILLIAM SIMPSON,
Mr HARDIE (Instructor)
JACK DEAR, IAN SHAW.

Lydia, his spouse, no ordinary female, fair, presumably, and ingenuous at the outset, but apparently designing and diabolical as the farce proceeds, is the experienced widow and disposer of four husbands, as far, at any rate, as names go. These being really aliases, however, her unfurried guardianship of her harassed husband shows up strongly and genuinely in the end.

A nice fellow is Tom Trap, well got up, the old friend, towny and debonaire, who relieves considerably the quandaries of the worried Twitters.

Peggy is an honest, industrious housekeeper, with no fondness or respect for a new mistress. Her discontent reveals itself in her homely, outspoken opinions, and the facial expressions and fitting gestures she assumed were a perfect study.

Wheatear is significantly an old farmer, the appearance of whose downy cheeks does not belie his practical view of things, domestic or other.

Cicely is becomingly the sister of Mrs Twitters, more of the society lady, whose manners are duly proper and gushing.

ONLOOKER.



F.P. Tennis Club.

THE same ground has been secured this year as last year, and play commenced at the beginning of April, the season, as usual, lasting till 30th September.

Unfortunately, the membership this year is not all that is to be desired, there being only about half the number there were last year. However, we are still hoping for more members although the season is advancing.

The Club is having rather a lively time just now, what with competitions and matches. As yet we have just had two matches, one against Broughton Junior Students, the other against Boroughmuir Present Pupils. We played Broughton on the 28th May out at Craiglockhart, the match ending in a draw. The match against Boroughmuir P.P. was played at Warriston, and likewise ended in a draw. Dates for return matches have been fixed.

We are looking forward very keenly to our match against the Staff, and, having been previously beaten, are going to do our best to knock them out this time.

A LOOSE examination sheet had flown from a balcony to our new walk-border, and an anxious dominie had pursued his lost treasure. A modern Mr Cheeryble, also struck by its great value, was deciphering its rugged scroll till arrested by the question of his really finding any interest in the contents. But the intended dissertation on modern education was prevented by as up-to-date time-tables. So was the way the wind blew an inspiration to much (thinking) might-have-been philosophy?

F.P. Rambling Club.

Programme of Rambles for 1914.

- May 23.—From Barnton to S. Queensferry; meet at Caledonian Station; train, 3-2 p.m.
 June 27.—From Aberdour to Burntisland; meet at West Pier, Leith; boat, 3 p.m.
 July 25.—From Colinton to Balerno; meet at Caledonian Station; train, 2 40 p.m.
 Aug. 22.—Corstorphine to Kirkliston; meet at Waverley Station; train, 2-37 p.m.
 Sept. 26.—Roslin to Penicuik; meet at Waverley Station; train, 2-53 p.m.

RULES IN BRIEF.

1. Membership is open to all F.P.'s and Members of the Staff.
2. Gentlemen not F.P.'s may attend the rambles.
3. Subscription of membership is sixpence.
4. Each shall pay his or her own expenses at the rambles.

N.B.—The rambles are on the fourth Saturday of consecutive months.

Secretary.—Miss ANNIE CUMMING, 31 Buccleuch Place.



Office-Bearers of James Gillespie's F.P. Club.

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President.—J. F. HAIR, M.A.

Vice-President.—Miss BELL, M.A.

Secretary.—A. C. MURPHY, M.A., The School.

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

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

Committee.—Misses Buchanan, Cumming, Forster, Pearson.
Messrs Birse, Coutts, G. Jenkins, Hastie.

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

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

Secretary of Rambling Club.—Miss A. CUMMING, 31 Buccleuch Place.

SECRETARY.

NUMSKULLS, writes one pupil, are instruments of torture. How many of them recognise themselves here?

A MANDARIN, we have been told, is a China ornament: that apart, he is not necessarily an ornament of China.

Retrospect, 1913-14.

IN our last issue the patrons of this periodical were afforded a glimpse of school life just a little further back than usual, not uninteresting, but still not near, and therefore not personal. Lord Rosebery once affirmed that a book could not be properly judged or criticised till it was a hundred years old; and one is tempted to say something almost as terrible of a school session, with this necessary difference, that while the book still lies in linen binding or morocco case ready for perusal, the school year, with its joys and pains, its friends and foes, its successes and failures, its "personalia" and "etceteras," has somehow got jumbled up in the journey of the years, with the result that the negatives as above expressed have vanished, leaving only one pleasant entirety, which to everyone will continue to be characterised as good. Therefore as our Editor is unwilling to wait for the necessary time to elapse ere we review the closing session, we shall ask ourselves again to scan the horizon we are leaving behind, and note the outline of the hills and valleys of 1913-14.

When we assembled in the old building in September to commence the year's labours, it was with the consciousness that we were not to finish them amid the same surroundings. And I can imagine a comparison of notes taking place twenty years hence between two old pupils who can fix a kind of common denominator of school experience by remembering where they were at the time of saying "Good-bye" to "old" Gillespie's.

Much has been already said and printed regarding the change of residence; its necessity has been mourned and criticised, or welcomed and praised; some have been jealous enough to envy us the new home and question our right to tenant it; others—including the small shop-keepers—are glad we have gone to a building worthy of our traditions and best future. With all these things we have at present nothing whatever to do. We confess to a feeling of sorrow when we saw the stream of young pupils make its way down the playground, and some of us plead guilty to a twinge of regret at parting with old associations; but, much though we cherish the comfort and texture of old clothes, dire necessity makes us capitulate, and, like our neighbours, we feel respectable when the new apparel is donned. So we are grateful for the new building, of which we mean to be worthy and in which we intend to expand. Some other pen may indite a eulogy of the edifice; for the present my space does not suffice; but we cannot help admitting that, while we enjoy the clean, airy lobbies, and admire unfolded at our feet the splendid city as Marmion saw it, we miss the mice of the old school. They were such kindly wee fellows, and very busy after the mid-day interval when they emerged from their family apartments and examined the waste-paper baskets. My heart goes out to them now, and were it not that some energetic policeman might misunderstand my motive, I

should, on some gray evening, be found with a loaf, entering by a back window to renew an old friendship over a frugal supper. My last reflection on this topic must be made to dispel the fears of a near neighbour of the tenantless school, who asked lately if it was the case that, in the event of a European war, the Germans were to use our old home as a military hospital. My answer to such questions would be, "Madam, I hope not." Perhaps she was recalling the last Royal Review when some Territorials were housed there for a night.

The ordinary current of school life and work has flowed smoothly during the year. Not even the flitting did more than occupy part of one day. Elsewhere fitting reference will be made to the Annual Sports, which the forces of Nature thought of spoiling, but refrained at the last minute. Maintaining its old place in the purely educational rivalries of the city, the School has been able to enrol her name in the list of honours gained in the realm of sport. The Lorne Swimming Trophy was gained by the quartette whose faces we recognise on another page, while, in the International School Football, a place in the team was in two matches awarded to Willie Gillespie, who is as worthy, as his name suggests, in the class-room as on the pitch.

Old pupils and friends would rejoice in a greater number of bursaries in open competition coming to our pupils, but the prizes of this year in that domain include two Higher School Bursaries, while half-a-dozen Heriot Bursaries go to shew that, the other circumstances being equal, the record of the School is being well-maintained.

In other educational and commercial avenues "old" pupils continue to earn credit for the nursery of their youth. Some of these we know, and have sincere pleasure in recording their names on our scroll of fame. The sources of our information are, after all, limited, and we shall value any detail sent regarding others whose careers are giving joy to themselves and intense pleasure to their many old friends among comrades and staff.

We find pleasure in recalling the functions which foster the social side of school life. The tennis and golf matches in which the pupils challenge staff are evidence of the same healthy spirit which makes the Christmas parties and the picnic of the highest classes the unqualified success they have proved to be. A school needs all this, and one rejoices to feel the same spirit continue and live in the meetings of the Former Pupils' Club, where outlet may be found for the loyalty of every old boy and girl.

During the closing session there have been few changes in the personnel of the staff. We have welcomed Miss Wilson—herself a former pupil—to the sewing-room, where already Miss Hutchison had arrived; and in the Infant Department we note that Miss Hunter has taken the place vacated by Miss Gunn, whose cheery personality has been called to charm another sphere, and whose presence as pupil, medallist, and colleague we shall long remember. Miss Wishart also left on the occasion of her marriage.

One feature of school experience which will certainly characterise specially this session is the fact that the Closing Concert is no longer to be a function free and open to all. A Government official has ruled such expenses as are involved therein to be illegal; and so, with courage in both hands, the Headmaster and Choir have invited all parents, friends, old pupils, and others to meet them in the Usher Hall, at a nominal charge, on the 13th July, to enjoy as delightful a programme of music as has ever been given by the School, and meet us all again in that pleasant capacity.

Now the weeks draw us on to holiday and rest, some to return to us for further industry and development, others to wider pastures and larger spheres. For the former we have every happy desire; to the latter we could say much by way of advice and well-wishing. One thought they ought to cherish if they forget all others, viz., that while many mistakes may happen in a school career, the great and eminent good remains in that all the effort and industry on the part of teacher and taught must make for permanent and living gain. Their next aspirations will be outside the schoolroom; let them maintain in this wider horizon the honour of their school and obey its watchword, "Forward!"

J. F. H.



Roll of Honour, 1913-14.

Among the honours and successes gained by Former Pupils, the following have been intimated to us. Such information will be gladly received by the Editor.

- Miss ELIZABETH BARR.—Graduated M.A. Edinburgh University, July 1914, with First Class Honours in Mathematics.
- Mr THOS. ERIC ROBERTSON.—Graduated M.A. Edinburgh University, July 1914; Prize and 1st Class Certificate in Logic; 2nd Class Certificate in Education.
- Miss JESSIE H. WAKELEN (Dux 1911-12).—1st Class Certificate in Latin; 2nd Class Certificate in "Mackay" History.
- Miss ANITA W. ROBERTSON.—1st Class Certificate in Mathematics; 2nd Class Certificate in Latin.
- Miss MARGARET LOGAN.—1st Class Certificate in German.
- Miss GERTRUDE M. BEEVERS.—2nd Class Certificate in French; 1st Class Certificate in Geography.
- Miss AILEEN A. CALDERWOOD (5 years' pupil of J. G. School).—Dux of Edinburgh Ladies' College, 1912; Medal and Better Endowment Association Prize in French at Edinburgh University, 1913; Medal and Better Endowment Association Prize in German at Edinburgh University, 1914.
- Mr WILLIAM J. JENKINS.—1st Class Certificate in Engineering Field Work, and in Agricultural and Horticultural Entomology; 2nd Class Certificates in Geology and Mineralogy, in Agriculture and Rural Economy, and in Forestry.

- Mr JAMES A. HART.—2nd Class Certificate in Logic.
 Mr JOHN F. MACLAREN.—2nd Class Certificate in Logic.
 Miss DOROTHY DOWNIE.—2nd Class Certificate in Chemistry.
 Miss HILDA SOUTHERN.—2nd Class Certificate in Chemistry and in Natural Philosophy.
 Miss MARGARET P. WHITE.—Medal and Prize in Honours Class Natural Philosophy; 1st Class in Dynamics.
 Mr T. D. FALCONER SCOTT.—2nd Class Honours Mathematics.

Miss MARY E. MONTGOMERIE BELL, M.A. (Dux 1904), was appointed Assistant Lecturer in Phonetics in Glasgow under the Provincial Committee for Training of Teachers.

Mr JAMES MURRAY, M.A., received an important Educational appointment as Principal of a College in Moulmein, British Burma.

Mr NORMAN D. CUTHBERTSON, M.A., a Graduate of Edinburgh University, with Honours in Classics, has received a Civil Service appointment under the Scotch Education Department as Assistant in the Library, Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh.

Miss DOROTHY C. CUTHBERTSON, M.A., a Graduate of Edinburgh University with First Class Honours in Modern Languages, has been appointed French and German Mistress in the Douglas High School, Newton-Stewart.

Miss JEANNIE RICHARDSON (Dux 1910-11) this year received a Civil Service appointment in Somerset House, London.

Miss MARY K. HOWIE, Miss MARGARET FERGUSSON, and Miss ALICE DAWSON (1907-8-9) have completed training as Teachers.

Intermediate Certificates were in 1913 awarded to Hester M. Angus, Elizabeth S. P. Bain, Louise M. H. Bennie, Eleanor Bertram, George M. Campbell, Nellie Campbell, Margaret B. Cruickshank, May J. Davidson, May H. T. Dobson, John D. Duncan, Flora Fairlie, Marjory A. Farmer, Jessie Galloway, Rhoda E. Harrison, Dora R. Ironside, Isabel R. Kennedy, Nan J. P. Macpherson, Jane D. Malcolm, Jessie E. Martin, Alice B. Mathie, Magnus R. Nicolson, May E. H. Nisbet, Flora L. Paton, Bessie M. Richardson, Jean C. Ritchie, Isobel R. Robertson, Janet S. Rowland, James Forrest Russel, Fanny T. Scott, Elizabeth M. Shearer, Elizabeth M. Sim, John P. Simpson, Mary Stewart, James D. Thomson, Marjory Thorburn, Madge M. Waldie, Janet Wight, Elspeth N. Young.

School Prize List, 1914.

| | |
|--|---|
| Dux Girl of School | EVELYN MARY MILL. |
| <i>Proxime accessit</i> | JEANNETTE S. OER. |
| Dux Boy of School | JOHN DEAR. |
| <i>Proxime accessit</i> | JOHN TENNANT. |
| Jenkins Memorial Prize to Dux in English <i>Presented by F.P. Club.</i> | JEANNETTE S. OER. |
| Mathematical Prize | EVELYN MARY MILL. |
| French Prize | EVELYN MARY MILL. |
| German Prize | HELENA SHEERWINTER. |
| Latin Prize | CHRISTINA BRUCE. |
| Art Prize | MILDRED W. PURDIE. |
| Science Prize | ISABELLA NUMBERS. |
| Religious Knowledge Prizes | { EVELYN M. MILL. JOHN TENNANT. |
| Scott Club Prizes | { JEANNETTE S. OER. MILDRED W. PURDIE. |
| Heriot High School Bursaries | { JAMES MACKAY ROBERT BROWN. |

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BOYS' RACES.

- 60 yds.—DOUGLAS YOUNG.
- 80 yds.—GEORGE HENRY.
- 100 yds. (under 13).—KENNETH M'NAB.
- 100 yds. (open).—WALTER SLATER.
- 440 yds. (open).—ROBERT CUNNINGHAM.
- Three-Legged Race.—JACK DEAR and JIM DEAR.
- High Jump (open).—TOM M'ILWRICK.
- Sack Race.—ERIC PLOWRIGHT.
- Obstacle Race (under 12).—ERIC PLOWRIGHT.
- Do. (over 12).—JACK DEAR.
- Squadron Race.—{ WALTER SLATER, WM. TOMLINSON.
JIM LAIDLAW, DONALD FRASER.
- Half Mile Race (handicap).—WM. TOMLINSON.

School Sports and Games.

Football.

A TEAM of boys from the Higher Grade Department was this season entered for the Colonel Clark Cup. This competition is played on the league principle, and teams from eight schools took part. Of the six matches engaged in by the Gillespie team two were won and four lost.

In the inter-city match, Edinburgh *v.* Falkirk, two Gillespie boys, Willie Gillespie and Douglas Brown, were chosen to play for Edinburgh. W. Gillespie also got a place in the matches, Edinburgh *v.* Glasgow, and Edinburgh *v.* Midlothian. In all three matches Edinburgh was the winning team. In the Schoolboys' Internationals against Wales and England, Gillespie was chosen to play in the Scottish team, and right well he acquitted himself. We congratulate Gillespie on his honours, and are proud to have an Internationalist at our School.

Hockey.

MATCHES were played last season by the Gillespie girls against Portobello, Boroughmuir, Broughton, and Lasswade. In both matches against Portobello our girls were successful, and against Boroughmuir and a mixed team from Lasswade they lost. The club last year consisted of 30 members, and was ably captained by Irene Clarkson.

Tennis.

THE Tennis Club continues to flourish even more than ever in our new premises. We are now lucky in having a full-sized court with plenty of side space, and also a second small court for practice. The tournaments are now in full swing, and the annual match against the staff is being looked forward to.

Intermediate Certificates were in 1915 awarded to Hester M. Angus, Elizabeth S. P. Bain, Louise M. H. Bennie, Eleanor Bertram, George M. Campbell, Nellie Campbell, Margaret B. Cruickshank, May J. Davidson, May H. T. Dobson, John D. Duncan, Flora Fairlie, Marjory A. Farmer, Jessie Galloway, Rhoda E. Harrison, Dora R. Ironside, Isabel R. Kennedy, Nan J. P. Macpherson, Jane D. Malcolm, Jessie E. Martin, Alice B. Mathie, Magnus R. Nicolson, May E. H. Nisbet, Flora L. Paton, Bessie M. Richardson, Jean C. Ritchie, Isobel R. Robertson, Janet S. Rowland, James Forrest Russel, Fanny T. Scott, Elizabeth M. Shearer, Elizabeth M. Sim, John P. Simpson, Mary Stewart, James D. Thomson, Marjory Thorburn, Madge M. Waldie, Janet Wight, Elspeth N. Young.

Swimming.

A TEAM of boys was entered for the Lorne Trophy offered for competition among teams from the schools under the direction of the Edinburgh School Board. The Gillespie team consisted of Jack Dear, William Simpson, Ian Shaw, and Stuart Cramb. Eight teams were entered from various schools, and in the competition, held on 26th May, the Gillespie team was successful.

The School Games.

THE School Games were held at Warriston Grounds (Inverleith Row) on the afternoon of Thursday, 18th June. Thunder was heard and some rain fell during the afternoon, but the weather kept sufficiently fine for the games to be carried through to the end. The sport was interesting, and in many cases amusing, the wet grass causing some runners to finish their races as if tobogganing. The band of the 12th Edinburgh Company of the Boys' Brigade was present, and the prizes were presented by Miss Kerr. The following is a list of the races with the winners:—

GIRLS' RACES.

1. 60 yds.—BESSIE BROWN.
2. 80 yds.—KATHLEEN FRAME.
3. 100 yds. (under 13).—ISABEL WILSON.
4. 100 yds. (open).—PEGGY BINNIE.
5. Skipping Race (under 9).—ELSIE METHVEN.
6. Do. (under 11).—MAUD RAMSAY.
7. Do. (under 13).—ANNIE ALLISON.
8. Do. (open).—PEGGY BINNIE.
9. Egg and Spoon Race (under 11).—ELLA JOHNSTONE.
10. Do. (under 13).—ISABEL MALLOCH.
11. Do. (open).—IRENE CLARKSON.
12. Thread the Needle Race (under 13).—MARY WARD and EVA INGRAM.
13. Do. do. (over 13).—JEANIE THORBURN and ANN WILSON.
14. Squadron Race.—{ IRENE CLARKSON, WINNIE TWEEDIE.
ETTA SPEIRS, ISABEL WILSON.
15. Sack Race (H.G.).—ALICE STEDMOND.
16. Three-Legged Race.—DORIS HUTCHINSON, MURIEL HUTCHINSON.

BOYS' RACES.

1. 60 yds.—DOUGLAS YOUNG.
2. 80 yds.—GEORGE HENRY.
3. 100 yds. (under 13).—KENNETH M'NAB.
4. 100 yds. (open).—WALTER SLATER.
5. 440 yds. (open).—ROBERT CUNNINGHAM.
6. Three-Legged Race.—JACK DEAR and JIM DEAR.
7. High Jump (open).—TOM M'ILWRICK.
8. Sack Race.—ERIC PLOWRIGHT.
9. Obstacle Race (under 12).—ERIC PLOWRIGHT.
10. Do. (over 12).—JACK DEAR.
11. Squadron Race.—{ WALTER SLATER, WM. TOMLINSON.
JIM LAIDLAW, DONALD FRASER.
12. Half Mile Race (handicap).—WM. TOMLINSON.