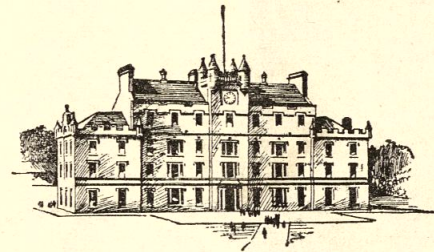


Gillespie's School

. . Magazine . .

July 1920.





Gillespie's School Magazine.

JULY 1920.

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SCHOOL NOTES.

LAST session closed with our first post-war Choir Concert and Exhibition of Music and Dancing, held in the Usher Hall, at which Leaving and other Certificates were presented, along with some Special Prizes.

Intermediate Certificates numbered 46, the highest total yet gained.

Following on Games Day in mid-June, sports forming part of the National Peace Celebrations were carried through on Blackford Hill on the closing afternoon of the session. Medals and other gifts were presented to the pupils by the Municipal Authorities to celebrate the occasion.

The School Camp was held in July at Woodside, Forfar, under Mr Hill's supervision.

In School itself, of Staff changes the most notable has been the coming of Mr Wishart as Musical Instructor in place of Mr Macleod, now Lecturer in Music at the Provincial Training College, whose long service with us and successful work were recognised in a parting gift from the older pupils.

The Higher Grade Xmas Party, confined owing to our large numbers to the 3rd year pupils and representatives from the other classes, was a very happy ending to the First Term's work. The Staff party was resumed in January.

At the close of the Spring Term a special concert programme, including singing, dancing and a sketch, was given by II. H.G.B. and Infant Classes on behalf of the Royal Infirmary funds and the sum of £27 10/- was contributed by the audiences of staff and pupils.

A full and successful season of the Hockey Club was matched by the winning of the School Board Cup by the football eleven. Tennis has been played most enthusiastically, though rugby and cricket have not had so large numbers. Swimming, golf and other competitions have been held as before. One of our footballers, William Drummond, besides taking part in representative and inter-city matches, played for Scotland against England and against Wales.

The Saving's Association has now collected £4396 6s. and is in as vigorous a condition as it has been since its inception.



From the Higher Grade.

MY EARLIEST RECOLLECTIONS.

SOME of my early recollections are very clear and distinct, while others are mixed up in an alarming fashion. For instance, eating over-ripe mulberries and falling into a tub of water come to my mind simultaneously. What they have to do with each other I do not know; but, there you are!

I remember one incident that happened at Kneller Hall. Father bought what Scottish schoolgirls commonly call a "straw biff." It was a beautiful hat (in his estimation), so you can imagine the care it received. One day, soon after the purchase of the hat, a neighbour hurried to the door and cried, "Mr Douglas, come and see what Nugget is doing." Father and mother rushed to the door to find Miss Douglas (my Sunday name) standing on the straw hat, singing "I'm the King of the Castle."

There are other recollections, such as the sequel to the hat trick, which are better left untold.

Most of my recollections of England can be classed among the mixed-up ones, but I remember distinctly many incidents which happened in India.

I cannot recall much about the voyage out except flinging pennies to the native boys at Port Said, and father buying us our first "topis." For some reason or other the ship could not go straight into Bombay, and we had to go ashore in a little boat. Although I had not been sea-sick on the ship, the boat nearly proved too much for me.

Then I have dim recollections of a 2½ days' journey in a stuffy train to our station, and arriving at our bungalow at Nasirabad on Christmas morning.

Nothing is clear about the first few months there except father's trying to make a garden. Unhappily, as soon as anything green showed itself the sand-rats came and ate it. I can remember to this day father sitting on the verandah with a small '22 bore and exacting a blood-thirsty revenge.

In those days I used to drink something like a dozen bottles of mineral water in a day (the temperature averaged 100 degs.). The bottles were kept in a large "chattie" in the "ghusul khana." Here father had an adventure with a snake.

One hot breathless night I asked him to get me a bottle of soda. He went to the "chattie" and found, to his horror, a snake curled round it. In the monsoon weather, frogs used to come up the waste-pipe in the "ghusul khana," and the snake had evidently followed them. Father managed to kill it with a stick, and was very proud when he learned it was a cobra, but great was his chagrin when the "bearer" told him next morning that the snake had been so full of frogs that it could not have moved for another 24 hours.

After a few years, my mother, having detected signs of incipient "Chee-Chee-ism" in me (I had described the two principal ports of England as the Lon-dón and the Liverpool) determined to bring me home. I can almost remember the voyage home in detail. We sailed from Karachi and called at Aden, Alexandria and Malta. When we were passing through the Red Sea, I took a great fancy to sit on the rail. I had only been sitting there a few minutes when the ship lurched. Luckily for me, I fell inward instead of outward or you would never have had the pleasure of reading these memoirs.

JEANETTE DOUGLAS, 3 H.G.A.



A VISIT TO A LONELY ISLE.

My "Lonely Isle" is the little island of St Kilda, far out in the Atlantic.

The ship which calls there sails from either Glasgow or Oban. It calls in at various towns, or rather fishing villages, in the Inner and Outer Hebrides. At each place the natives come out to the ship in little boats, for the purpose of selling their homespun tweeds to the passengers.

At last the ship reaches St Kilda. It takes the harbour with some difficulty for there is no bay to speak of.

Bags of meal, flour and various other provisions are put ashore for the inhabitants, who must have all their goods sent from the mainland, as there is no cultivated land on the island, not even a little garden patch.

There are about sixteen houses on the island, besides a school and a church. The walls of the church have several gaping holes in them, which were caused by shells from the German guns, when the island was bombarded.

The appearance of the people is very quaint. All the men have long black beards and wear loose-fitting homespun suits. On week days they wear no shoes or stockings, and their toes are so very strong that they are able to grasp the

rocks with them when gathering sea-bird's eggs from the cliffs, just as well as with their hands.

The women wear loose-fitting blouses and short skirts and shawls. They, too, have no shoes or stockings through the week, but on Sundays wear hand-knitted, fleecy white stockings with stout leather shoes, skirts just reaching the knee, with a loose blouse, and a red handkerchief tied over a white mutch on the head.

None of the older folks of the island can speak a word of English, but the children learn English at school.

Very few babies live there. They nearly all die of lockjaw before they are eight days old. The mothers make no clothes for them until they are five days old, for if they are that age with no sign of the trouble, they will live.

The houses are very sparingly furnished and the walls and floors are of hard baked mud. Round the walls huge ling fish are hung to dry.

At last it is time to go on board ship once more and soon St Kilda is just a speck on the horizon.

RITA CROCKETT, 3 H.G.A.



LEISURE HOURS.

Some time ago, after having seen a stamp album, I was fired with enthusiasm for stamp collecting. I bought an album, a threepenny packet of stamps and some stamp mounts, and for a while spent most of my time and money in the noble cause of philately. This enthusiasm soon passed away and left me sadder, wiser, and pecuniarily embarrassed. I still collect, but the fiery ardour with which I started has abated, and I now look twice at a sixpence before spending it on stamps.

Round about Easter my thoughts turn to bird-nesting and I sally forth, my pockets loaded with little boxes full of cotton wool. I have not a good eye for nests, nor am I a good climber, so I usually get more exercise out of my excursions than birds' eggs. However, if I have the good luck to get an egg, or eggs, I am as proud as any king.

My father's hobby, which I have perforce to make mine, is his allotment. About the middle of February, 'o nights, I am to be seen toiling up the road, carrying my "mattocks and hoes," and trying to get the creases out of my back, that a hard afternoon's work has put there. Allotments are interesting to look at, but not to work on.

Every Saturday during the winter I go to football, so it can easily be deduced that I go to the baths in the afternoon. In summer I wield the willow, the racquet and the golf club.

My latest hobby is to keep a diary, but I am not sure if this will last, as I have made the experiment before and have failed to keep it longer than two weeks at a time.

ALEX. BATEMAN, 3 H.G.A.



AN AMUSING STREET INCIDENT.

ONE day, quite a while ago, I witnessed an amusing street incident in the vicinity of a car terminus. A lady, very fashionably dressed was walking along the footpath, when she noticed a friend on the opposite side of the road. She immediately stopped and walked slowly across the car rails. The lady was just in the act of crossing the rails when her heel caught.

In spite of her tugging and pulling the boot stuck fast in the rail. In a very short time a crowd gathered round the spot. The lady was furious at having caused such a commotion. A gentleman, seeing her plight, politely inquired if he could assist her by removing the lace. The lady indignantly refused the kind offer. By this time a line of cars stood waiting to pass. The lady took no notice of this hindrance but stood looking about her.

At length a burly policeman approached, and on learning the cause of the commotion ordered the lady to cut her lace. She was as determined as the policeman and they argued for about ten minutes, while the eager crowd laughed with glee. In the end the policeman lost his temper. He bent down, quickly cut the lace, drew off the lady's boot and showed to the crowd her stockingless foot. Everyone laughed, while the astonished lady stood with her eyes fixed on the crowd. On being asked for an explanation by the policeman, she answered that she wore no stockings, so that she might have neat feet.

ELIZABETH FRASER, 3 H.G.B.



NATIONAL PECULIARITIES.

In every nation there are peculiarities. We shall imagine a school, say in the south of England. Boys of many countries are sure to be there to finish their studies. There is an

American with some name like Franklin T. Scott, always ready to do business and to "take in" the "nation of shop-keepers." Then comes the China boy, with his sleek ways and flowing tongue. He might be called Yen Sing or "Son of the Sun." Oh! such names! Here is the boy from Japan, wiry, nimble, and sure to be well known in the art of wrestling. Where is that boy from New Zealand? Oh! he's on the rugby field playing his national game. He is tanned dark brown and is called "Maurio Sthor" and sometimes "All Black." A yelp from a dog, or is it third-form boys howling? Gludstein the bully is sure to be there and also Leblanc shouting "Sham" (Shame). There is the British boy—ah! he's the man. He has a plain name like William Smith. He plays at football and cricket—always up to mischief! But he's worth all the Yen Sings, Leblancs, Gludsteins in the world.

Yet we must not forget "canny Mac" or "Irish Paddy." Mac, clever, thrifty and unexcitable—Paddy, the very opposite.

Every nation has its own names, sports and peculiarities.

DAVID RITCHIE, 3 H.G.B.



ONE WINDY DAY.

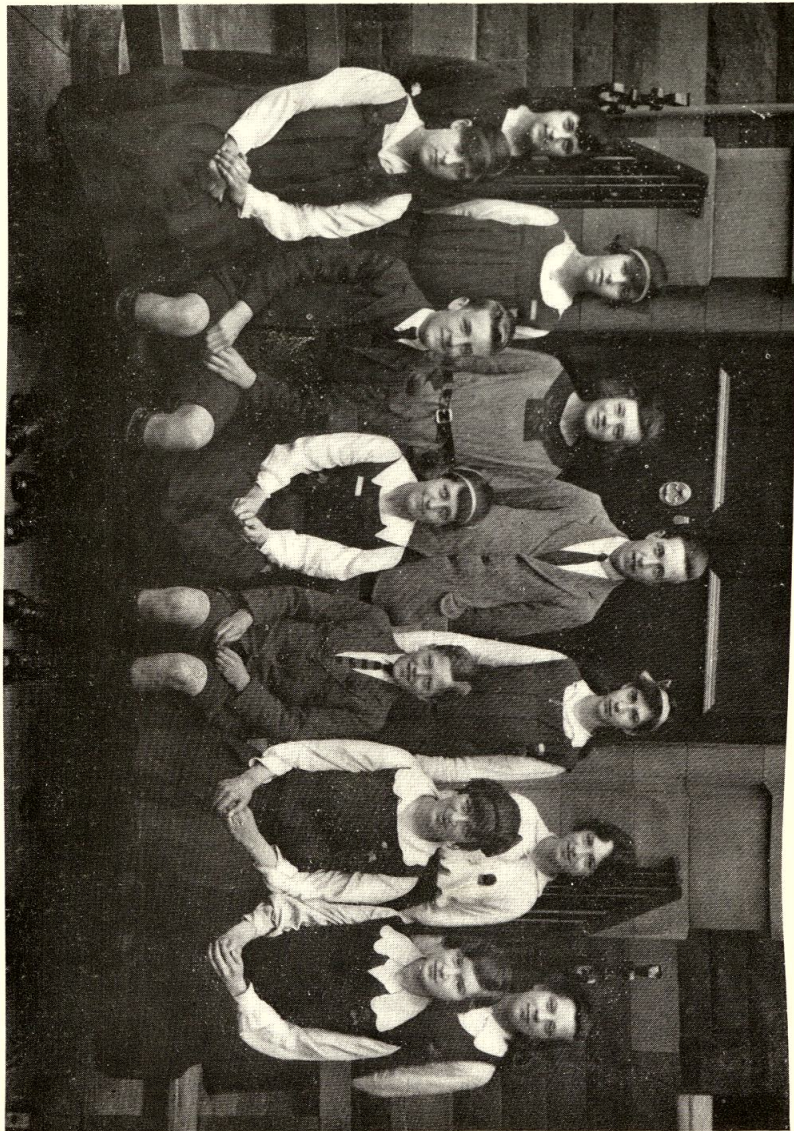
As I was walking along a crowded street in Edinburgh I noticed an elderly business-looking gentleman walking along in front of me. As I came near him it appeared that he had had bad luck at the stock exchange or something else of an equally annoying nature had happened to upset him, for he was in a very bad humour. He was cuffing the ears of all the urchins who came up to him in the hope of selling a paper.

He was in the act of stepping off the pavement when a 'bus swept by and splashed him with mud. He jumped back so quickly that he tripped on the kerb and fell over a barrow which a small boy was pushing along the pavement. The barrow, which was not built to hold fifteen stone, gave way and the gentleman landed on the pavement with a terrific thump. He jumped up feeling very sore and with his fury increased ten-fold he turned round and for the first time I saw his face. It was almost purple with anger, and a heavy grey moustache, which seemed to bristle and add to his angry appearance, adorned his upper lip. When he fell his hat (a silk topper) blew off and flew madly down the street. He

rushed after it and tripped over the remains of the barrow and fell all his length in the mud. "A shilling for the person who gets my hat," he roared in a voice that made me quake. There was a scramble after the hat and I, who had witnessed a hat chase before, wisely stood clear. Off went news-boys, urchins, policemen and all. Dogs, wondering what was the matter, rushed after them barking loudly. Meanwhile the hat had been causing trouble. It had blown into the face of a policeman and he got such a fright that he waved his arms and caught an innocent citizen, who had been asking where some street or other was, in the eye. The hat, however, did not stop to see what damage it had done but went gaily on. The next person to come in contact with the hat was a "sandwich man." It flew in between his legs and the man, thinking it was a dog or something, tried to avoid it, with the result that he fell on the street with a terrible crash. A dog jumped on to one of the advertisement boards and the man rose up so quickly that the dog was thrown into the air. At the time a message boy was coming along carrying a large basket of eggs and the dog, as it came through the air landed right into the basket. It was a white dog when it went into the basket but it was rather a yellow dog that jumped out.

The street now seemed to have gone mad. Everybody was running the same way—after the hat. Policemen tried to stem the rush but it was of no avail. The hat still went on but the crowd were gaining on it gradually. They were now only a yard from it and they all fell on it (or tried to fall on it). But just at this moment a puff of wind came and blew it out of their reach. They all scrambled up again and continued their chase—it was indeed a mad-cap galloping chase. The hat had been blown high by the wind and it hit a man who was mending an electric lamp and he got such a fright that he stepped off the ladder. Fortunately, he was strapped to the lamp and when he stepped off the ladder he was suspended in mid air, looking very comical, although perhaps he did not see anything to laugh at. As the hat came down to the street again a cart wheel went over it and this time the crowd *did* fall on it. They scrambled about all in a heap, and as the old man came panting up a news-boy extracted himself from the mob and approached the gentleman with the brim of the hat in one hand and the bashed crown in the other. "Do I get the shilling, sir," he asked. But the old gentleman just spluttered, cuffed him on the ear and stamped into a hatter's.

GEORGE CRICKSHANK, 3 H.G.C.



PREFECTS—1919-20.

[Taken with a "Lians" by A. Auchtertonic.

(1st Row) Marion Robertson, Elsie Melhven, Peggie Matheson, John Tweedie, Helen Penman, Betty M'Gregor, Alice Grelton
(2nd Row) Isa Black, Harold Stenning, Maud Ramsay, Graham Robertson, Margaret Torrie, Lillias Murray.

OUR FORESTRY CAMP.

ONE Monday morning in July saw a few straggling figures coming down the Waverley Steps with shouldered kits and smiling with the look of content that one has when going to a timber camp. When we arrived at our destination, Forfar, we spent most of the five hours we had to wait there, tasting the delicious "bridies," and walking round the famous old town. We stayed on a farm in an unused barn from which we had to emerge at 7 o'clock for breakfast in order to start our daily work at 8. Clearing up and burning the brushwood was our chief work, whilst at dinner-time and at any other opportune moment we busied ourselves catching rabbits.

With the work we had no difficulty till the end of the first week, when an alarming fire broke out on an adjoining estate, Glamis, caused by the heather, which grew close to where we were burning the brushwood, catching fire. There was a gale blowing at the time and the fire spread rapidly. We worked many hours before we got control of it and became very proficient in the use of the switch. After such a dry season the heather was very dry and even burned against the wind. The soil being peat to a depth of 6 inches smouldered for days. We were divided into three relays and each relay worked for eight hours. We carried on in this way for a week before it was safe to leave it. Altogether it was an exciting experience for us. The proprietor, Colonel Gardyne, and the estate agents complimented us on our work, which had prevented the fire from reaching Glamis Forest. We were invited to tea at Finart Castle, where there is a very fine armoury and also a collection of animals from India, Africa and Turkestan, which Colonel Gardyne personally explained to us.

We had a great time catching rabbits, gathering fruit for jam and biking into Forfar for "bridies." We visited Kirriemuir, saw the "Window in Thrums," the "Bonnie Hoose 'o Airlie," the Glen and the Round House.

On the Friday evening before we left we had a farewell tea and concert to which we invited our friends of the neighbourhood. It was a great affair, the fun was fast and furious and we played some games which were new to us. Next day we returned home after a month's grand holiday among the hills and woods.

J. S. REID, 3 H.G.A.

A SNOWBALL IN SUMMER-TIME.

"YES, I fully expect that Leo will get the first prize," said young Mrs Stanmore to her friend, as they sat chatting over the teacups. Dinah Stanmore and her husband occupied a large rambling country mansion in Sussex. She and her friend had been discussing the coming cat show which had been the talk of the whole country-side for the past week or two. Leo was a big white Persian cat, which Mrs Stanmore was quite sure would take first prize at the show. She was quite a well-known personage in the cat fancier world, her cats having won several prizes before.

That night, when Mr and Mrs Stanmore were sitting talking together, Mr Stanmore said, "Well, Di, I've got rid of that fellow Jackson from the office to-day. He was found fiddling with some rather important papers, so I'd plenty of evidence against him and showed him the door. I didn't like the look of him as he slunk out, though. The chap means mischief." "Oh! don't talk about him," said Mrs Stanmore, shuddering (she was very feminine, you see). "I'm getting quite nervous and I'm sure I'll dream about that horrid man, and just fancy," she added reproachfully, "you haven't seen Leo since yesterday morning. Come and see him at once, please." "I'm afraid I've got a rival in the shape of Leo," said Mr Stanmore, laughing. "I really think you like him better than me," and they both went out.

The next few days passed quite uneventfully but on the third day before the show Leo was found to be missing. No pen can find words to describe the consternation of poor Mrs Stanmore. Leo, her Leo, missing! Never!!! And the whole house was turned upside down in search of the missing cat but without any success. That night when Mr Stanmore returned home from his business, he was met by a very tearful little wife indeed, who poured all her troubles into his sympathetic ears and who always kept saying, "Oh! Bertie, dear, it's the show too. Do think of some way to find him, please, oh! please!!! Just then "Bertie, dear" got a brain wave (which really didn't happen very often). "Cheer up, dear, I've got it," he cried. "Oh! Bertie, what? Oh! do hurry up and tell me," cried Di, who was quite as excited as he by this time. "Well, you see, we'll send for that chap Sherlock Holmes, whom everybody seems to pin their faith to," and off he rushed to the telephone and rang up the great man, who, fortunately, hadn't a case on hand. Mr Holmes

said he would come down by the next train, so 7.15 p.m. saw Mr Stanmore waiting at the station with a dog-cart. As they were hurrying to the scene of excitement they passed a travelling show where they saw a man printing on a big placard "Come this way to see a snowball in summer-time. Most marvellous show in the world." When the detective's keen eye saw this he turned to his host and said that he would like to have a look round the show. Bertie Stanmore thought this a most unbusiness-like proceeding on the part of the detective, but as it was not for him to raise any objection he got up without a word and let Sherlock Holmes out of the trap. Next minute found the detective strolling up to the tent in which one was supposed to see a snowball, which seemed most impossible, as it was a broiling hot day in July. He paid his money and was admitted into the tent by a dirty-looking individual, whose main object in life seemed to be to inform the crowd through a tin trumpet that "this was the most wonderful side-show in the universe" and to "walk right in and see the snowball in summer-time." The people inside the tent hadn't very long to wait before a curtain was pulled up and a beautiful white Persian cat in a basket was exposed to view. It had a ticket round its neck on which was printed, "A snowball in summer-time." That was quite enough for the detective, who felt he need not prolong his visit at the gypsy tent any longer. On his way to the railway station he made a call at the local police station and told the inspector to send some of his men to the show to arrest the proprietor of the tent in which was a white cat. The cat they were to send to Mrs Stanmore and to tell her that Mr Holmes sent his compliments and wished Leo every success at the coming show. That night there was great excitement when Mrs Stanmore received the prodigal Leo from the police. When the man in possession of the tent was tried he confessed everything. He said that a man named Jackson had bribed him to steal the cat and to destroy it. The gypsy said that Jackson had paid him £3 and then had gone away, but instead of destroying the cat he thought that he could make some money out of it at the shows, so he did not destroy it as instructed by Jackson. Jackson was never found, but the man got "three months hard." The night after the show, as Sherlock Holmes was sitting smoking in his room in Baker Street, the post came with a letter for him from the Stanmores, who thanked him very much for recovering Leo, who, none the worse of his adventure, got first prize at the show.

DOLLY KIRKWOOD, 2 H.G.A.

A DREAM.

I OPENED my eyes wearily. It was a hot afternoon in June and I was nearly sleeping. What was that? There, sitting at my feet, was a tiny man dressed in books. "What do you want? What are you doing here?" I demanded. "I have come to take thee to see the factory of books. Come!" I rose to my feet but I was soon whisked away. At last we arrived at a tiny cave. Into this I was led. A long passage, brilliantly lit, stretched far before me. Doors stood open at regular intervals. I walked into the first cave. This was the romance factory and little men and women were running from shelves to the long table which ran up and down the whole length. To my surprise I found that all the shelves were divided and on each division there was a card. For example, on the shelf labelled "heroines" the divisions were marked "fair hair and blue eyes," "Dark hair and brown eyes," etc. The little folk ran to the division that they wanted, then ran to the shelf marked "stories," and from each of these took the number of sheets of paper that were required. They then took them to the table and fastened them together. I left this cave and entered the next. This was the Arithmetic Book Factory, and round the walls were divisions for all kinds of sums. I left this cave hurriedly. The next cave was a huge one, and over the door a big ticket labelled "School Books" was hung. I walked bravely in. Immense cupboards were packed with all kinds of information and the busy little people were fastening different kinds together with a gum, marked "School (dangerous)." I left the cave and entered the next. Sounds of music and singing met me; some of the sounds were sweet and pleasant, but some, oh! they were awful. The cause of this was that the little folk were mixing together different notes which they obtained in the cupboards. I looked for the name of this cave and found it to be "Music Cave."

The next cave was the "Poetry Cave." I looked into the cupboards and found that in each rhyming words were to be found. I thought I would make an attempt to do what looked so very easy. I went to several cupboards and carried armfuls of rhyming words to the table. I stuck them together and proceeded to read my poem aloud. When I finished I found that the little men were staring at me with perfectly horrified and shocked faces. I wondered what they looked so shocked at, but I saw they were looking at my poem. They retreated to a corner and whispered together a while, then with a rush they seized me, dragged me along the

corridor and flung me outside. Then they tied me to a tree and pulled my poem to my side. In angry haste they wrapped it round me and prepared to set fire to it. A horrid little man approached me, lighted torch in hand. I tried to scream—and with an effort I awoke.

MARIA BALFOUR, 2 H.G.A.



THE RETURN OF A WANDERER.

I SAT alone in a railway carriage and from my seat in the corner, viewed the passing scenery.

Recollections flooded my brain as I gazed upon each familiar scene of some stage of my childhood. But suddenly a doubt assailed me—"What if they should all be dead and buried? But no! at least my sister, Stephanie, must be alive and in the little house on the cliff." I had no time to think further of the matter for the train stopped and I, after thirty years' absence, set my foot again upon my native soil. Ah! how well did I remember every stone that formed the station, each little rockery, each signal.

With eager steps I travelled up the path, which was the only station path, and passed through the numerous blocks of cottages that formed this quaint old fishing place.

At last I reached the beach and watched the same little stream trickle down through the sand that had trickled thirty years ago. The sea, too, seemed unaltered and I heard the wash of each wave as it lapped the beach. The birds fluttered around me as if they had not seen a human being for a long time, as, indeed, it seemed by the solitude of the shore. I reached the path which led to the cliff, and hastily scrambled up it, reaching the top whence I viewed the house in which I had spent so many happy hours. With palpitating breast, I knocked on its door. It opened, but no familiar face answered my call. Instead I was met by a stout lady, sleeves rolled up above the elbows and her hands sopping wet. She was, I fear, in none too good a temper and rebuked me for having interrupted her washing. I told her how sorry I was, and fearing lest the water should get cold, as she had warned me, I passed on.

Perhaps they had all gone away! Ah! why had I been so foolish as to leave this peaceful little village for adventure—adventure! Is he who sees much of the world to be

more praised than he who has no chance of doing so, but must persevere through the usual every-day events in after-life?

Meditating thus, I passed along the cliff and watched the seagulls as they breasted each foam-covered wave.

Nothing was changed in this peaceful little village with its shore, yet everything was changed.

At last night fell, and, with a heavy heart, I stumbled on, while everything grew quiet. The wind fell to a whisper and the surf beat gently on the sand.

ELSIE R. WEBSTER, 2 H.G.A.



SPORTS IN THE DEEP.

IT was the day of the races in Sealand and all the fish were quite excited. There were races of all kinds, the first of which was an open race of a hundred yards. It was won easily by Harriet Halibut. The next race was most amusing—Father Neptune kindly lent his large beard for it. The person who struggled through the beard first won the prize. It was so comical to see them all fighting their way through the beard and getting entangled in the knots, and, although Father Neptune must have felt his chin sore afterwards, he did not complain. Peggy Plaice won and was very pleased with herself. There was another race of the same manner, only this time the fish had to swim through very thick seaweed. It was harder than the Beard Race because everyone breaking the seaweed was disqualified. Flossie Flounder won this race because she reached the winning-post first and made the best passage through the seaweed, but Peggy Plaice was a good second. In the next race the pike were to try their skill. The one who was able to catch a small fish and bring it to the winning-post first was to be the winner. It was not very easy to catch the small fish because they were so nimble and quick, but at last Percy Pike caught one and brought it to the winning post. The pike did not eat the small fish but let them swim away after that race. The last race was also rather difficult. One of the cuttle-fish was to eject his black inky liquid and whoever got through it to the winning-post first was to get the prize. This race was won by Hetty Haddock. Some of the fish in this race were completely lost and came out of the liquid yards away from the winning-post, obviously much surprised. After this race the

prizes were distributed by Lady Catherine Cod. Harriet got a beautiful green scarf made of seaweed; Peggy was presented with a beautiful necklace of coral; a beautiful cloak of sunshine on the water trimmed with shells was Flossie's prize and Percy was made happy for life by the gift of a mermaid's comb. The only dissatisfied one was Hetty Haddock, who thought the new silver skin she was given was not as pretty as Flossie's cloak.

Next came the tea and some of the fish declared that they would have given half of their holidays for such a tea again. They had sand pie, watercress, sea foam on toast and seaweed salad.

After tea the fish went into the ball-room, which was lit by small phosphorous lights. There were mermaids and mermen in the ball-room and they danced with the fish. Soon, however, it was time for the fish to go home. They had had such a delightful day that it was unanimously decided to have another soon.

NORA LAURENCE, 2 H.G.B.



LESSONIA AND EXAMINUS.

WHEN Lessonia dwelt on the earth every school child was happy. There were no nasty examinations to worry them, just a few lessons each night.

But up in the clouds lived Examinus. He was always making examination papers, storing them up for future use. One day Lessonia's mother was out and as she thought her mother would be away for some time she went into the woods for a stroll. Examinus, seeing this, immediately fastened on his wings and flew through the air until he was quite close to Lessonia and then alighted with a great rushing sound. Lessonia turned round, expecting to see some large, strange bird, but when she saw Examinus she gave a little cry and turned to run away, but Examinus was too quick for her, seized her in his arms and bore her away up to his castle.

When Lessonia's mother came home great was her anger when she found that Examinus had stolen her child. For days she puzzled her brains how to rescue her daughter but as she had no wings she failed to do so and at last died of a broken heart.

When Examinus heard this he was exceedingly glad and locked Lessonia up in his strongest fort, where she lives till this day, while Examinus rules over School-land, much to the dismay of every child.

AGNES BROWN, 2 H.G.B.



A DREAM OF FAIRYLAND.

ONE afternoon I was lying on a bank reading a fairy story and wishing very much that I could visit Fairyland, when I suddenly saw the most enchanting sight before me. In a beautiful silver chariot, drawn by four butterflies, was a fairy, who wore a gorgeous robe of gossamer and had lovely fair hair which was very long and thick. She held in her hand a silver wand with which she drove the butterflies. She asked me if I would like to visit Fairyland, and, of course, I was delighted to say "Yes." The fairy then told me to come into the chariot and off started the butterflies and we were on our way to Fairyland! We soon arrived there, and what a sight to the human eye, for round the trees and on a bank of a flowing stream were bands of little fairies who danced and sang fairy songs. They were dressed in fairy robes of different colours, which looked like a rainbow when they danced. I then saw the Fairy Queen, and what do you think?—she asked me if I would like to remain till midnight and see a fairy banquet. I could hardly believe it was true and it was she who was asking me. Of course I said "Yes," so I remained and I had a glorious time. When twelve o'clock struck all the fairies and elves stopped dancing and went in twos to the fairy banquet. The Queen said to me, "Come, Mortal, with me," and she led me to the front of the line of fairies. Then, after we entered the ball-room, which was a beautiful crystal hall with dainty fairy articles everywhere, there commenced the most enchanting music that could be heard. Then the fairies danced and I danced with a dear little fairy named Bluebell, who told me all about the rules of Fairyland, and about the sorrow which came over it when a mortal was heard to say "I don't believe in fairies," for a fairy dies when that is said. Then we had a feast of most delicious food, which consisted of fairy cakes and honey wine, which had the very taste of Fairyland. The Fairy Queen sat on a rose and all the fairies sat on different flowers of pretty colours and the little elves sat on mushrooms. But alas! the

time was too short, for when the feast was over, the Fairy Queen said that it was time for me to go home. She asked me to shut my eyes and count three, and when I opened my eyes I found myself lying on the bank with the fairy story by my side, and hoping that I might have the pleasure of visiting Fairyland again.

LILY WAITT, 2 H.G.C.



POEM.

Down by the rippling brooklet,
Over hills and dells,
Are numerous fleecy lambkins
Gambolling 'mid bluebells.

When the dusk is falling,
Fairy rings we see,
And pretty fairies dancing
On the grassy lea.

LILY WAITT, 2 H.G.C.



OUR CYCLE RUN TO DUNBAR.

IT was a fine morning in March when we, Eddie and Bill, set out for Dunbar, which is thirty miles from Edinburgh. We went along Princes Street, down into Portobello and through Musselburgh, where the roads are very bad. After we passed Musselburgh we went up on to the Haddington road which was very different from the roads we had just passed. The first thing that happened was that Bill's lamp began to leak. After we had passed a rough part on the road the oil began to run all down his mud-guard. Of course, we had to get off and clean his bike and try to mend the lamp, and that put off time. After we had done that we started again and Eddie said, "Come on, make up for lost time," and so we did! We scorched along the road right on to Tranent; fortunately there were no policemen with stop watches that morning. We stopped at an ice-cream shop and bought a slider each. This gave us fresh energy to face the hill we had to climb before reaching the level road which stretched all the way to Haddington. At Haddington we felt the need of another slider. The rest of the road was fairly flat, with fields and woods on either side. In the fields were little lambs which we watched capering about. The buds of the trees were just beginning to open; spring was in the air. We made up our

minds as to what we were going to do. Bill had a "brain wave," and said we would buy a line and fish. At last we came to East Linton Brae, which is a mile long and fairly steep. Eddie said, "Isn't this topping going down at such a rate?" and Bill replied, "What about coming up though?" When we got into East Linton we knew that our destination was only six miles away and that cheered us up. The road was flat and we did not take long to do it. At last we came into the town and made straight for the seashore to have our lunch.

Having finished our lunch we went to the High Street, where there was a small shop in which we purchased hooks and left our bikes. We then got some bait in "Cat's Raw," which is just beside the harbour where we went to fish. There were some steps which led down to the water where we sat. The water was clear and we saw the fish going for our bait. We saw a "great big one," as Bill called it, and we both tried to catch it. Just as it came near a small fish took the bait, so we lost the "big one," but we caught one so big that if we told you how much it weighed you would not believe us.

We went up for our bikes then started for home and came to East Linton Brae, which tried our patience. Another brae took us down to the woods, where we got off and lit a fire beside which we took our tea. After tea Bill was bent on climbing trees, pretending he was "Tarzan of the Apes." At his first attempt he put his foot on a dead branch and fell to the ground. This finished his desire to be Tarzan, so we climbed on our bikes and after getting off about a dozen times to light Bill's lamp, we reached home about ten o'clock, tired but happy.

EDWARD GILBERT, }
WILLIAM ADAMS, } 2 H.G.D.



A SOLILOQUY.

AWEEL! the bairn's asleep, the house red up and the porridge boiling merrily; but my poor old cauldron—five, six, no! seven years it's held out—might "spring a leak" at any time. Dear! dear! how that little nautical phrase does set a poor mother thinking of the boy who first said it to her. He'll be near Italy. From what he said, poor lad, he's home sick, although, not even on first joining the merchant fleet was he

sea-sick. He asks me to send him a wee bit of heather. Ah! that reminds me! Will Johnnie be getting good prices for the wee lambs at market? Those lambs won't see Scaraben Hills' heather again, at least, I hope not. What should we do this coming winter if he did not get them sold?

Still, the cow's giving a good help, for her milk fetches elevenpence a quart and may get a shilling later, and "Grunt" (bless the bairn, she named him herself) is nearly ready for market, and bacon goes high just now. A good thing, too—if it didn't, why! the bairns would have to go without new boots, and John badly needs a new suit, while this old green skirt is wearing thin—but no! the others need things more than I do, though I do feel rather shabby to go to the kirk.

Ha! ha! puss, you know how to make yourself comfortable on a chair. Lazy old lady, the bairn's ball is lying on the flags, get up and have a frolic with it—The creature understands one as well as the bairn would.

Now here's this stocking done and I'll get John's supper made in good time.

DAISY GRANT, I H.G.A.



THE BEAUTIES OF LOCH AWE-SIDE AT EVENTIDE.

THERE is a certain spot high up on a green hill, rising gently from the loch side, to which, in summer, I am accustomed to climb at eventide.

All around are mountains—rugged, heather-clad mountains—the lower slopes clad in soft shadows, while their summits are bathed in the light of the dying sun. Nestling at the mountains' feet is the beautiful loch, shimmering in the blaze of sunset glory—every ripple a flash of gold.

But high above all towers the magnificent mountain, Ben Cruachan, rising in green slopes, which give way at the summit to rock. From my point of vantage almost the whole mass of towering grandeur can be seen. The soft, fleecy clouds of evening envelop the upper slopes, only leaving the extreme top of the crown of rock visible, which looks like a very fairyland, for, rising out of the cloud of gauzy mist, it seems to be floating in the air.

To either side the loch stretches away till it seems to lose itself among the hills. The beautiful little islands vary the long, rippling swell and are encircled by a line of snowy foam

when the swell of a passing steamer disturbs the water on their shores, breaking into spray on the rocks.

Far down among the Glenorchy Mountains the shadows are gradually deepening and the patches of sunlight becoming fainter. Cruachan slides into cloudy privacy and the loch loses its gold.

At last the sunlight vanishes altogether. Night wraps the country-side in her dark mantle and all is still.

MAY GILBERT, I H.G.A.



THE SUNBEAM.

Lovely little Sunbeam, sweetest thing of all,
Almost seems like silver shining in my hall.
Bring your little fairies, to dance to me, so gay,
Then I will be happy, as happy as the day.

I wonder, Mr Sunbeam, if on your silver way
If you'd let me take a part in your fairies' play.
I would not like to spoil them in any way, you know,
But oh! how very small each one does seem to grow.

I thought as much, they've vanished, no one stays here long,
Mother, tell me quickly if I did anything wrong.
I really do not think so, said mother, soft and and low,
But they'll come another day, but when, you never know.

EDITH WOODWARD, I H.G.B.



THE BECKONING HAND.

ONE beautiful summer's day I sat dozing on a chair under a shady green tree. A book lay open on my knee. It was one of those creepy ghost stories which send cold shivers all down one's spine. I read a few pages, idly turning over the leaves, then stopped, suddenly alert. What was that noise? Hark! there it was again! Yes, I was sure it came from that bush.

Trembling with fear, but also curious to see what the noise might mean, I managed to get off my seat and treaded stealthily towards the said bush. Cautiously I peeped into the bush, and then, oh, horrors! a ghostly, bony hand stretched forth and beckoned me to follow. Sick with fear, I followed instinctively, and it seemed as if I was drawn into a deep, dark hole. Then I heard a low moaning coming from the bottom of the hole.

Suddenly a strange thing happened, for I found myself floating in air down this dreadful tunnel. Down, down this tunnel I went, feeling something like Alice in Wonderland, only far worse, with the strange white hand beckoning me all the time. Oh, where was I going? Would this awful journey never end? Would I never see the light of day again?

As these thoughts revolved in my head something clutched hold of me and I felt myself falling—falling—falling—then bump! I found myself in a hall, dark, and somewhat misty-looking. A ghostly figure, draped in white, emerged from the gloom and stood motionless before me. I am sure my heart missed a beat! What was coming next?

At last I found speech and in a shaky voice asked the apparition who he was. The figure gave no answer except to raise a bony hand and point it at me. I gasped! It was the same hand which had led me down the hole! That did for me, and I turned and fled blindly—anywhere—to get away from that awful haunted place. I ran along endless winding passages, until at last I barged into something. Bump! I awoke with a scream to find that I had fallen off my chair on to the grass. I rubbed my eyes and pinched myself, thinking it was too good to be true that I had got away from that haunting skeleton of a hand. Yes, it had been only a dream after all!

I scrambled to my feet and hastily shut my ghost story-book with a bang. I then went indoors to tea, deciding that I would not read any more ghost stories for a while, as they evidently did not agree with me.

CATHIE FOWLER, 1 H.G.B.



A DREAM.

NIGHT has always held a strange lure to me, and this night especially, for as I looked out I could see the moon rising, while the trees moved their branches as if beckoning me out among the cool shadows that were falling.

I came to a loch, around which was a fringe of trees, and settled there with the soft wind on my face and breathed the sweet perfume of violets and other woodland flowers, brought out by the mist.

As I looked at the loch with half-closed eyes I saw a wonderful change take place. It became alive with tiny living things, each clad in some shimmering dress. Their

light was the moon and their music was the sweet chimes of the bluebells, while that whole shining surface was their ball floor. Then into their midst stepped a beautiful lady and her presence caused a pause in her subjects' revels. With the moon shining full upon her slender figure she danced one of the most beautiful dances that ever I have seen.

Quick as the scene came it vanished, and I was left only with its memory.

ANNIE McLEOD, 1 H.G.C.



MY FIRST TRIP TO FAIRYLAND.

ONE warm summer evening as I was sitting under a large tree, a tiny little man, exquisitely dressed, beckoned me to follow him, and, as I rose to comply, he led the way to the stump of a huge old tree. This he touched with his wand and immediately an opening appeared. We stepped inside and went down a long, dark stair, at the foot of which was a most wonderful reception room, brilliantly lit and crowded with charming little creatures, the companions of my silent guide.

At the head of a large table sat their King and Queen, both of whom received me in the most friendly manner. With a smile the King invited me to be seated, pressed me to partake of the luscious fruits which were spread in rich variety and abundance. Encouraged by the feeling that I had been expected, I did eat some. It only required a beginning, for I felt that I was really hungry. Lifting a golden goblet ornamented with precious stones which sparkled like stars, the King asked me whether I would have wine or water. I said "Wine if it please your majesty." I took the goblet from his hand, and having satisfied myself with the fruit and wine, I felt so cheery and contented that I could sing or dance or do both at once.

But my joy was only beginning. The King invited me to go with him to see his treasures. There were thousands of beautiful things to look at. Among them was a monstrous golden ball, so remarkable that on first beholding it I uttered an exclamation of wonder. The King, observing my delight, pressed his finger on a little knob. The ball parted in two, like a door moving on its hinges, revealing a curious arrangement of compartments, each full of every kind of precious stones, jewels and pearls.

The King offered me some of each—handfuls—but as I had only one pocket, I had to content myself with one of each. The refusal on my part seemed to please my royal host, and he insisted on me taking a glorious pearl necklace.

As I beheld my reflection in a large mirror, I felt glad I had been so "modest," for those pearls were of exquisite beauty and of priceless value.

I thanked the King for his kindness to me and prepared to return home.

Just outside the Reception Room I took a false step and found myself falling down, down into vast darkness. In my fear I uttered a piercing scream, and—awoke.

NAN MUNRO, 1 H.G.D.



From the Seniors.

ODE TO A DAISY.

Gem of modesty and light,
Kissed by day, caressed by night,
Pure white face and golden eye
Gazing upwards to the sky.

Gazing upwards in content,
God no sweeter flower hath sent;
Daisy, with thy graceful mien,
'Mongst the grass can scarce be seen.

So, when we this world traverse,
Let us bear in mind this verse—
Modesty's a sweeter thing
Than worldly wealth can ever bring.

AGNES H. WOOD, 1 Sen. A.



THE SNOWDROP.

Snowdrop! first of all flowers,
First to be welcomed in woodland bowers.
First to be praised, first to be blest,
Snowdrop! of all flowers thou art the best.

PEGGY LAW 1 Sen. A.

MY DÉBUT.

AT last my dearest wish is about to be realised, for to-night I am to make my début as a singer on the concert platform. How happy and excited I feel as my maid carefully arrays me in my white crêpe-de-chine dress and delicately touches up my golden locks. I have a peep at myself in the oval-shaped mirror and whisper softly, "I do look lovely anyway." The critical moment has arrived, and I hear the overture to my song being played over softly as I enter from the wings. I bow gracefully to the audience and commence to sing in a sweet melodious voice the fascinating song, "I passed by your window." As I finish and walk off, the applause is deafening, and shouts of "encore" ring through my ears. In response to the repeated calls I reappear and sing Tosti's "Good-bye." Just as I am finishing the last notes a lovely bouquet of flowers is thrown to me and I lift them up to bury my face in the sweet scented blossoms. Suddenly I awake to find that all the dazzling lights and the grandeur have vanished, and that it had all been a beautiful dream. But that first appearance on the concert platform will always remain a never-to-be-forgotten memory.

BESSIE H. KILMURRY, 1 Sen. B.



THE VOICE OF SPRING

Arise! Arise! ye maidens of to-day,
For, here I come, all dressed in bright array.
I waken the flowers from their sleep so sound,
And now their heads do peep above the ground.

Oh come! Oh come! ye know not what ye lose,
All those who to waste their hours indoors do choose.
For, ye will grieve, when the golden days are past,
And wish the days of Spring hadn't gone so fast.

Oh! take ye this warning before 'tis too late,
For, I know ye the darkness and gloom all do hate.
But, if you'll obey me just now you'll be glad
You made useful the glorious hours that you had.

Thus warns ye the fair Spring and she gives ye her aid;
And I hope ye her warning have ta'en and obeyed.
For, though a long time ye think she will stay,
Ye will find that the hours will pass quickly away.

DORIS PEEBLES, 1 Sen. B.

MY GOOD OLD SCHOOL.

There is something with which none can compare
On the "Links" in the cool, fresh, fragrant air.
Oh! how I wish I *still* were there—
James Gillespie's School.

Oft I remember, in days gone by,
When up the stairs I used to fly
To find the cloakroom *locked*. Now, why?
At James Gillespie's School.

Your football team have faces bright,
The coveted "Cup" they've won, all right,
They played up well, with all their might
For James Gillespie's School.

And even when at work or play
Your motto, "Forward," cheered my way
Till the time came for me to say—
"Good-bye, Gillespie's School!"

HELEN IRELAND, I Sen. B.

**THE SEASONS.***Spring.*

Here is Spring, our welcome guest
And dreary winter's gone to rest,
The birds are singing so blythe and gay,
As if to welcome the month of May.

Summer.

Summer, bright Summer, has come,
When all the bees begin to hum,
The flowers are blooming in sweet array,
And signs of Autumn every day.

Autumn.

Here is Autumn come at last.
When colder days are coming fast,
The leaves all falling and dying away,
And no Summer flowers to cheer up the day.

Winter.

Here are the cold days of winter begun,
As the days fade away without any sun,
Then comes the strong winds, oh! how they do blow,
As we little children play out in the snow.

ELLA W. GLOVER, I Sen. C.

PEGGY AND NED AND THEIR THREE COUSINS.

ONCE upon a time there lived two little children, one called Peggy and the other called Ned.

They lived together with their Grandma and Grandpa away out in a small villa on the high road, not far from a large wood.

Now one very wet day when Peggy and Ned could not get out, they went up to their nursery, and there they sat by the window watching the rain rapidly falling in big drops and lashing against the window-pane. After some time Grandma came up and announced that tea was ready (and it was a very sulky little boy and girl who went down for tea), but although they had spent a very dull and unpleasant afternoon there was a great treat in store for them, for, just when they were in the middle of their tea, a loud knock was heard at the door, and a great clamour of children's voices, then in burst three little cousins, who had come all the way from a big farm some miles away, and they were just dying to tell Peggy and Ned that they had come to stay for three whole weeks, as their little baby sister was very ill with measles.

Bill, Cissie, and May were the names of the trio, and not long after they arrived Peggy and Ned and the three cousins clamoured up to the nursery, all fully intending to have a right good time.

After great pondering and worrying of what the game was to be, Bill and the others decided on a hospital for wounded soldiers. May, being the eldest there, was made head nurse, then Peggy one of the ordinary nurses, and Cissie and the two boys were chosen as wounded soldiers.

Later on during the fun, May, who was attending to a very serious case, turned round to get fresh bandages, when suddenly Cissie exclaimed that Peggy had disappeared, and after much searching they discovered that Peggy had entirely vanished, and they were just going to leave the nursery and look in some of the other rooms for her, when the light went out, and they were all left in darkness, and immediately followed the groans and cries of mischievous Peggy. They all listened attentively to the direction in which the cry came from, and after great discussion they decided that it was from a small box placed on the edge of the roof outside where the electric wires were; and they were all certain that this was where the sound came from. So all four climbed up a flight of narrow stairs leading to the place, and here they found poor Peggy, doubled up with cold and pain, and

unable to speak, and after getting her safe into the house, she related her story and said that a thought had entered her naughty head that she would like to cut off the light and leave them all in the dark, including Grandma and Grandpa, and to do this she had to climb up on to the roof to the wire; and after she had succeeded in doing so she slipped and fell down with her left foot underpeath her, and, of course, sprained her ankle, and she said that she was unconscious of everything else that happened until she was lifted into the house. As Grandma said, it was a very unfortunate ending to the happy evening which they all intended to have, but the other four were all too sorry for poor Peggy to be angry with her.

ELLA GLOVER, 1 Sen. C.



THE LAND OF THOUGHT.

"OLIVE! Olive! come here," a voice called out, and in response a girl came running up the garden path. "Yes, Mother?" "I want you to go to Mrs Smith, who is ill, with these few things, dear," came the answer. "All right, Mother, I shan't be long," said Olive, and in a few minutes she set off, humming to herself as she went. Her way went through woods and down hills, at the top of one of which she paused. "Now for a good run," she said, and, no sooner were the words out of her mouth, than she started, arriving breathless at the foot a minute later. "Oh! what a run!" She lay down on a bank to recover her breath, and all of a sudden she seemed to be back in the schoolroom, doing lessons. "Olive Manners," called out Miss Campbell the teacher, "you have done exceptionally well in your examination. You have got ninety-seven out of one hundred for the examination, which is the highest in the class this time. Well done!" Whereupon Olive gave a joyful start. Had not the teacher only yesterday chided her for carelessness in the examination? When she went home for lunch she found Mother with a radiant face at the door. "Just guess who's been, dear?" "Why! Mr Blake, and he's left five whole pounds, and a box of chocolates for you." "Hurrah! everything's going right to-day, Mother. How fine!" Luncheon hour over, Olive hurried back to school, only to find that she had twenty minutes to spare before school-time. She had a good romp and went back to school much refreshed. "You are getting away at two o'clock to-day,

children," the speaker was Miss Campbell, her words giving pleasure to every child, "and I am also excusing you from preparation for to-morrow." Bump! Bang! Olive sat up and rubbed her eyes. "Where am I?" "On the bank at the foot of the hill," answered a squeaky voice. Olive had slipped down the bank with a bump, which had wakened her up. "Where have I been?" "In the Land of Thought," answered the same squeaky voice, and looking up she saw a brownie perched on the railing. "Who took me there?" she asked. "We did! We did!" chorused the birds. It had been all a dream! Alas! such Utopian worlds exist only in imagination.

ENA STOREY, 2 Sen. A.



A DOLLY'S ADVENTURE.

ON a hill overlooking the Glencorse Valley backed by a thick pine wood stands a tiny shepherd's cottage. It contains only a "butt" and a "ben," nevertheless it is as dear to us as any fine mansion. It is surrounded by heather-clad hills, with here and there a patch of bracken. Not very far away at the foot of a hill is a little glen, which we called, "The Happy Valley." Through it winding and twisting in and out flows a little stream, the home of many trout and minnows, which, darting in and out of the banks, look like flashes of silver lightning flecked with scarlet.

Here one fine summer's day I wandered. For a while I amused myself gathering ferns and mosses for my stream garden, which I soon began to make. The background and sides I made of fern. I put a bed of moss in the centre, and on either side a clump of celandine and forget-me-not. In transplanting the celandines I found a dead, blue butterfly, which I laid to one side on the grass. Feeling rather tired I sat down, and on putting my hand in my pocket out fell a little celluloid doll. "I will make her queen of the garden," I said to myself. "A fairy queen."

Taking the butterfly's wings I fastened them to her back with a blade of grass, and dressed her with leaves. Then I seated her on the bed of moss, and went back to the cottage for tea.

That night and all the next morning it rained and rained. When at last it stopped, and I came to the valley garden, the flood had destroyed it and carried off my queen. Then

I gave up all hope of ever seeing my dolly again, and I walked slowly and sadly back to the cottage. The "Happy Valley" seemed to me a pleasant place no longer, for my dolly was drowned: it was now to me a place of sorrow.

Next day I stayed at home to read, while my brother went fishing. Presently there came a voice from the stream, "Come and see the fish I have caught." Down went the book and away I rushed, expecting to see a monster trout lying upon the bank. Picture my surprise, for, instead of a fish, he had saved my fairy queen from a watery grave.

FREDA W. HAWKINS, 2 Sen. A.



A CONVERSATION BETWEEN RUBBER, PENCIL AND PAPER.

"I AM of great importance!" exclaimed the pencil.

"Why, I am of more importance than you, because, if I were not here to rub out your mistakes, what would happen to the poor paper?"

"Oh! you hurt me dreadfully both of you. The pencil scratches at my face while you, Mr Rubber, rub until I ache, and the scars you make never heal; but talk of importance, you are mere instruments of torture.

"I shall live when you are dead, and the great wide world discuss me over and over again. I may save a world from war or win a battle by the words of wisdom written upon me. So think of the importance of a scrap of paper."

HELENA WYLLIE, 2 Sen. B.



WORK AND PLAY.

Work, children, while you may,
Leave the holidays for play,
'Tis hard, I know, to try your best,
Yet do what you can and leave the rest.

Play, children, play, for work is over,
Now you may trip o'er the green fields of clover,
Now is the time to skip and play,
Enjoy yourselves the livelong day.

FLOWERS.

Give me a garden of sweet flowers,
Hidden nooks and shady bowers,
Where lilies and roses shed their perfume
And the sunflower shakes her golden plume,
Or better still, an emerald wood,
Where violets cluster 'neath a green hood
Form'd by the stately, magnificent trees
That gently sway in the cool summer breeze.

VIOLETS.

I wandered slowly down a wooded glen
Beyond the haunts of human ken,
When all at once I spied a little flower
Hidden 'neath a shady beechwood bower.
Sunflowers and lilies are both very fair,
And roses excel in their beauty rare,
But to me a violet is sweeter far
Than all these glorious flowers that are.
I love to watch their purple heads
Shyly nestle in their green beds,
And then, when the sun comes out fair and bright,
To watch their faces turn to the light
As if welcoming back some long lost friend,
As, he, the sun, his beams does send
To brighten this gloomy world of ours,
And draw from the earth sweet Nature's flowers.
The violets smile to the world again,
And joyfully take the sunshine and rain
That God sends for their benefit,
For they know God sends them just what is fit.

LILY TERRY, 2 Sen. C.



AN AMATEUR POET.

I've tried so hard to make a rhyme
To please you and to pass the time,
But poems are not in my line
At present.

I've thought of warriors, grave and gay,
Of men at work and men at play,
But other things come in the way
At present.

Of sunsets, moonbeams, flowers and trees,
Of woods and streams and summer breeze—
All subjects for a poet's wheeze
At present.

Poets, they say, are born, not made,
It's well to call a spade a spade,
There's nothing more that can be said
At present.

COLVIN ANGUS, 2 Sen. C.

DAWN.

All is still in the town, in the hedge, copse, or field,
And the birds' songs are so gay;
And the hedges sparkle with dewdrops so bright,
As night breaks into day.

These dewdrops sparkle like chaplets of jewels
On the hedges, flowers and trees,
And these silvery jewels fall to the ground
As the branches waft in the breeze.

Afar in the highlands on wide-stretching moors
The purple heather blooms,
And in the greyness of the dawn
The peasants work at their looms.

The small burn babbling along its course,
And the skies of pink and fawn;
All these form a picture most rare to behold,
As darkness breaks into dawn.

MURIEL GILLESPIE, 2 Sen. C.

**MY ALLOTMENT.**

My garden is twelve square yards in size, and is surrounded with a wooden fence. It is in three divisions. One part is for flowers that only go to sleep in Winter, and bloom again without being sown. Another part is for the vegetables which we all enjoy so much in Summer. In the third division, I sow hardy annuals and have a glory of bloom in Autumn.

It is great fun to dig and prepare the beds in which to put the tiny sleeping seeds, and afterwards to watch them slowly waking up and growing into healthy plants and beautiful flowers. Little children are put to bed to go to sleep: little seeds are put in beds so that the warm sun shall awake them.

MARY MANSON, 3 Sen. A.

**MY PETS.**

IN India I had two pets, and they were both dogs. One of them was called "Willie Dog." He was a lovely big terrier with long hair. He was a very clever dog and learnt tricks very quickly.

The other puppy did not live long enough to have a name, for he died shortly after we bought him. This is how his death came. One day my father's camel came to take him

to his office, the puppy came out of the house, and round the camel's legs. The camel lifted his leg up, and the puppy went beneath it. The camel, who did not know the puppy was there, put his foot down and killed the puppy.

I had a pony besides the two dogs. It was white, and it was called "Paddy." We were very fond of this pony, which had large black eyes. We had to sell "Paddy" before we came to Edinburgh.

WINNIE ORCHARD, 3 Sen. B.

**From the Juniors.****PRINCESS GOLDYLOCKS.**

ONCE upon a time there lived a beautiful princess. Her name was Goldylocks. Her favourite place to wander about in was the garden where she lived. One day she was wandering about in the garden as usual when a wicked-looking dwarf came up and carried her off. Goldylocks cried loudly for help, but no one heard her. He carried her to a thick, dense, black wood, and made her a prisoner there in a rough-looking hut. He said that she must be his servant, and she was never to get out of the hut. Meanwhile the king had missed Goldylocks, and he had sent out search-parties to try and find her, but they could not. Then the king said that he would give a great reward to any person who would be brave enough to go and look for the princess. A great many knights and brave men said they would go and try to find the princess, but they all failed to find her. But there was one knight named Fearless who was braver than the rest, and when it was his turn to go and find the princess he made his way through the very wood where the princess was concealed. One day when it was getting dark he came upon the little hut, and he saw the princess standing at the door; but he saw the dwarf sitting inside. Fearless went up to the hut and asked the dwarf if he would give him a shelter for the night, and the dwarf said "Yes." So the knight went into the hut, and while the dwarf was still sleeping he stole into the princess's room and told her to get up and come with him because he had come to rescue her. The princess was very glad, and she went with him. When the princess and her rescuer arrived at the palace of the king he was very glad to

see them. A great deal of feasting went on in honour of the princess's return, and Fearless and Goldylocks were married and lived happily ever after.

ELSIE MALLOCH, 1 Jun. A.



MARY'S KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

MARY was going to her aunt's house, and her way lay through a field. On the way she heard a strange sound. She quickly searched the ground and came across a lamb at the foot of a deep hole. She hurried home again, and as her parents were out she climbed through the window. Fetching some bread and a pitcher of milk she hurried back again. To the pitcher she tied some string and let it down. She also threw the bread down. When she reached her aunt's house, her aunt gave her a scolding for being late for the party. But when Mary told the cause she forgave her. On the way home a gentleman stopped her and asked her name and address. Next day the same gentleman called and gave Mary a lovely box of chocolates for her kindness to his lamb.

ELLA ANDERSON, 1 Jun. B.



A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

I LIKE a walk into the country to see the flowers and hear the birds singing. I love the green grass and to see lambs skipping about. I know many of the trees by their leaves. One Saturday I went to get some catkins, but it came on rain and I had to turn back. I have had a few walks over the Pentland Hills.

BETTY BANKS, 2 Jun. A.



THE DAFFODIL'S LETTER.

IN the garden there grew a daffodil close to a rose bush. They were great friends, very chummy you know. Now the daffodil wrote a letter to the rose, and asked her to come to tea with her. The rose said that she would be delighted to come, so they spent a happy evening together.

FREIDA HAMILTON, 2 Jun. B.



PEGGY'S LOST FATHER.

"Now then, Peggy," said Mrs Maitland, "if you are going to Granny's to-day you had better start at once, because it is already after two o'clock." "Yes, Mother," said five-year-old

Peggy. Peggy's father had gone away very abruptly on the very day on which Peggy was born, and had never been seen by any of his friends again. Well, Peggy went away, and was soon running happily through the wood. "Down this path and up that one, and I will be at my Granny's house," said Peggy. But there was no Granny's house, in fact there was no house at all, only a wide clearing, with one solitary tree in the middle. "Surely I have lost my way," said Peggy. "I will try to go back," but she only found herself in the clearing again. "I know what I will do," said Peggy. "I will sit down under that tree and rest," and she soon fell fast asleep. Then a tiny voice from the fork of the tree, "All is safe, the little maid is fast asleep," said the fairy, and soon all her friends came racing up a small ladder in the middle of the trunk of the tree, and carried Peggy down the ladder. When Peggy awoke, she found herself in one of the fairy queen's halls. The fairies dressed her in a pink satin dress, and little pink stockings and shoes, and she danced with the fairies. Then the fairy queen held up her hand, and the music stopped. Then the fairy queen told Peggy to come to her. "What one thing would you like best?" said the fairy queen. "I wish Father would come back again," said Peggy. "All right," said the fairy queen. "Follow this robin and he will take you to your Granny's house." As soon as Peggy reached her Granny's house she told her story. Peggy went home that night, and when she woke she saw her father bending over her. When she had had her breakfast she said, "And it's all through me losing my way."

DOUGLAS LINTON, 2 Jun. C.



From the Infants.

WHAT I AM GOING TO BE.

I AM going to be a lady at an art school and paint beautiful pictures. I will give you one if I know you then.

I am going to be a nurse to take out the baby, or a maid, or a servant, or a teacher. I don't know which of them to be, or just a married woman with a little girl and a little boy. But there is no use worrying my head about that yet.

When I am old I am going to be an editor. I have started already. It will mean a lot of work, writing books and

stories. I will have to put a lot of competitions and jokes, and show the children how to make dolls' hats and scarfs and dresses, and toys. I will show the boys how to make castles, and do tricks, and show the girls how to play games.

I would like to be a teacher, and I would give the children easy lessons to do. They would have to do their lessons in school, and they would have none to do at home. I would give them a half-holiday every day.

I am going to be an engineer when I grow up to be a man, that's to say if I get a job. Perhaps I won't get a job as an engineer but I will try to see. You never know your luck; it's best to try and see.

Adv. Inf. A.

Won't it be fine when Easter time comes. I will try to get some Easter eggs for you and me, and I will roll them down the hill.

Adv. Inf. B.

I am going to go away to Forfar to-morrow sometime to my granny. I am going to Stirling first, then I go to Forfar with my mother, and we will leave my daddy to keep the house while we take our holidays. And after, we'll bring him some chocolate cakes, and some nice sweeties, and a big ice cake for him.

Adv. Inf. C.

If I get my story in the *Magazine* I will get a doll's head for Dora from my mother. I got a doll from Santa Claus at Christmas time. One day I was giving her a walk in my big doll's pram when she fell over the side and broke her head to pieces. I have all her clothes, and a nice green tammy, and I will be so pleased when I get a new head for Dora.

Adv. Inf. D.

I AM going to drive a fire-engine when I am big.

I have a cat not so big as a mother cat.

I saw some small crabs at the sea-side. A peacock has a tail like a fan.

I saw rabbits on a hill at Kinghorn. I am going to Kinghorn for my holidays in summer.

I want to be a teacher and a mammy. I have a pram and a dolly.

I like to go my holidays. I have a sleeping dolly. I have got a nice dress for it.

I have been to see the hats in the shop.

The chickens are out and we have seen them, and the mother had them out with her.

My father took me to the sands. I had a fine time.

Jun. Inf.

OUR School column would be incomplete without mention of two other happenings, late enough in announcement for insertion in the first copy of School Notes. Mr Tait's wedding gifts from staff and pupils were an appreciation of his own great popularity and the activity of the various sports' clubs, due to his continued enthusiasm and capable management.



The other is an outstanding event in the history of Gillespie's—the retirement of Mr Robertson, now Deputy Headmaster. Mr Robertson has had a very long and honourable career of 45 years in this School, extending through four Headmasterships. The Primary School has known him best of late, but much of the development and expansion of the higher department has been due to his initiative and tireless efforts. He has fathered more than one generation of scholars, and has to leave congenial work with the regard, and regrets, of old colleagues and pupils everywhere; fresh and fit yet for sage counsel and kindly criticism in the world of education. A movement is afoot at present to mark significantly Mr Robertson's conspicuous services. One could hardly meet a member of the profession who has been more faithful to his own high ideals and the traditions of a large modern school, or one more naturally fitted, alike from love of his work and participation in official and conference duties, to give to others of his wide and deep experience. The School loses a distinct personality in Mr Robertson.



SCHOOL SPORTS.

Hockey.

THE Hockey Club had a membership of 46 last winter, and the attendance at practice was so large that supervising and coaching were rendered difficult. Among the younger members many promising players were found, and this augurs well for future seasons. The first eleven played 10 matches—won 2, drew 3, lost 5. In spite of this bad summary good hockey was played by the team, and only weakness at back allowed our defence to be easily overcome. The second eleven played 3 matches—won 0, drew 0, lost 3. The match of each season most eagerly looked forward to is that against the staff, but this did not take place this year owing to bad weather upsetting the arranged date on three occasions.

Rugby.

OWING to the counter attractions of Soccer only one fifeteen could be raised this year. Seven matches were played, and of these three were won and four lost. We look for a larger number of boys coming forward next year to engage in this—the better—football.

Association.

AT the beginning of the season a Soccer team was formed which had a wobbly chequered career, but with the advent of the cup competitions our forces were reorganised. For each of the three competitions we entered a team. In the Colonel Clark Cup Competition we suffered eclipse in the first round, and a like fate was ours in the Inspectors' Cup Competition, although it must be stated that we fought a stubborn fight, playing with nine men throughout the game. In the competition for the School Board Cup we more successfully contested each round, and ultimately beat St Bernard's School in the final, thus for the first time in the history of the School one of the football trophies has come our way. As this team was composed of boys under 13 our prospects are indeed rosy. Of the team, the outstanding players were—John Drummond, Graham Robertson, James Robertson, John M'Leod, and James M'Leod.

This year William Drummond was selected to play for Edinburgh, and so well did he perform that he was chosen to play in the International Matches against England and against Wales. The press reports of both matches speak of him as the cleverest half-back on the field.

Swimming.

THIS year both boys and girls took part in the gala open to the Authority's School, but save for Beryl Bateman, who won the learners' race, none of our competitors were successful. Still, swimming has received a much needed impetus, and will be taken up enthusiastically next year by both sexes. For the various certificates we have many entrants, but the results have not yet come to hand.

Cricket.

A CRICKET Club has been formed, but owing to the late opening of the Meadows for practice no matches have yet been played, although several have been arranged.

Tennis.

THE results of the competitions last season (1919) were as follows:—Champion—Alex. Bateman; runner-up—Maud

Ramsay. The First Year Doubles Competition was won by Helen Roger and Chrissie Frame; the Second Year Competition by Nettie Douglas and Gladys Tyson; and the Third Year Competition by Eleanor Davidson and Eleanor Patrick.

This year the Club has a membership of 185, and play is taking place regularly on the School Court and also at Warriston. Tournaments and matches will be in full swing by the time the magazine is published.

Overhead Ball Game.

THIS is a new departure for girls, and has been taken up keenly. The Higher Grade Girls engaged in a match with St Thomas of Aquin's H.G. School, which resulted in our defeat by 7 games to 4. Teams from the Elementary School are preparing for the competition open to schools under the Education Authority. Whether successful or not we are confident they will not disgrace the School.

Golf.

IN the competition for the Golf Medal in 1919 there were 26 entries. The preliminary rounds were played on the Braid Hills Nine Hole Course. Some keen games took place, and Robert Dick and John Tweedie fought their way to the final. This was played over the Braid's Eighteen Hole Course, and resulted in a victory for Dick.

This year 32 boys entered for the competition, quite a number being from the Elementary School. Two of these younger boys, J. Aitchison and James M'Leod, won their way to the semi-final. The semi-finals were played over the Eighteen Hole Course. In this round J. Philp beat J. M'Leod, and D. Young beat J. Aitchison. In the final between Philp and Young, Philp won by three up and two to play.

**FORMER PUPILS' CLUB, 1919-1920.**

THE opening meeting for this session was held in School on Friday, October 17th. The President, Mr Murphy, occupied the Chair. Mr Burnett, Hon. President, also spoke, and reviewed very shortly the work of the session. An excellent programme of songs and recitations was contributed to by Misses Ruddock, Nisbet, Waldie, Shinie, Bell, Mr Hair, and Miss Harrison. Membership cards were given and subscriptions taken during a short interval. Votes of thanks to the artistes and the Chairman concluded the evening.

A Lecture on "R. L. Stevenson—Edinburgh Homes and Haunts," was given on November 7th by Mr Burnett, the President in the Chair. After pointing out that the schoolmaster was but the directive process, the lecturer proceeded to deal with Stevenson's personality in its unconscious elements, describing his ancestry, his environment, and the books he read, especially his Covenanting models. The various elements that blended to compose Stevenson's curious style of writing were also treated. Lantern views were shown of the members of Stevenson's family, Glencorse, Swanston, and other outstanding places in his Edinburgh life. Illustrative extracts were given from his works, and his various imitative styles were also exemplified. Mr Robertson expressed the Club's thanks for Mr Burnett's very full and instructive lecture.

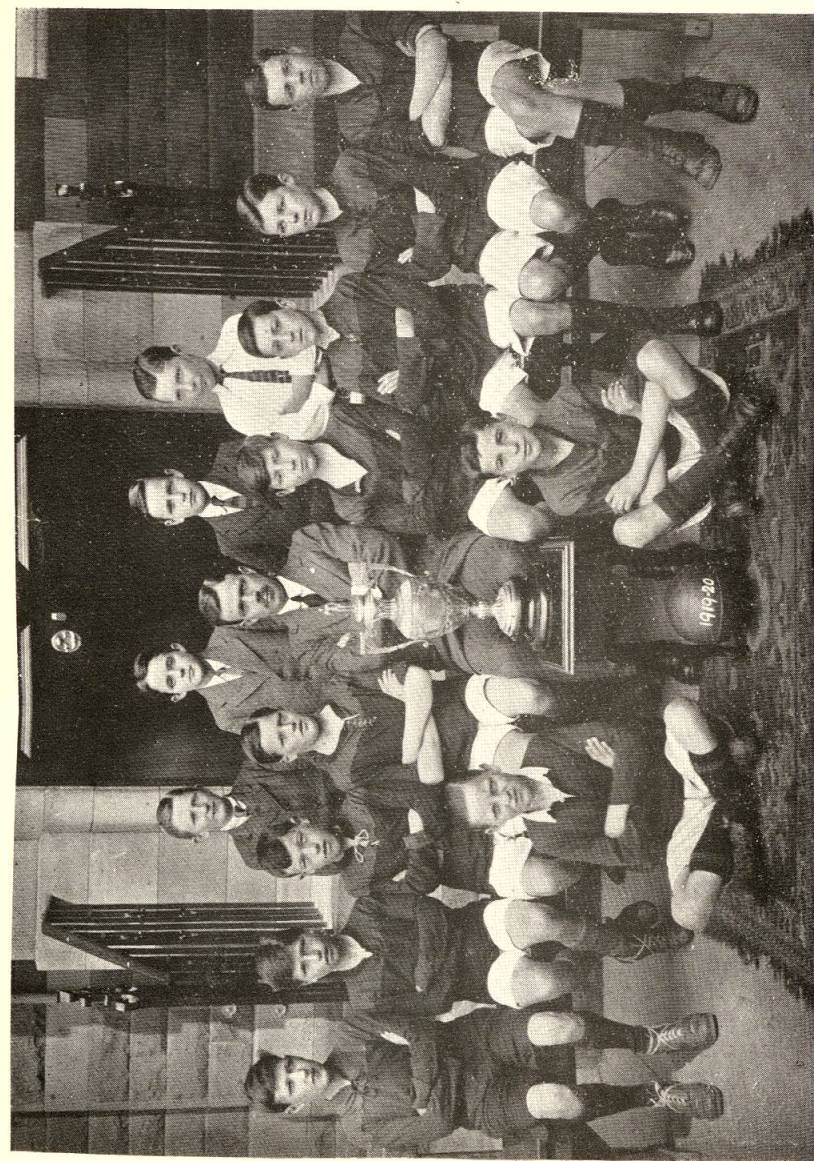
The next meeting was on November 26th, the President in the Chair. Short papers were read on "G. K. Chesterton," by Mr R. Forsyth; "My Canvassing Experiences, and Should Women Have the Vote?" by Miss Miller; and "Are We the Slaves of Fashion?" by Mr D. L. Hutchinson (*Aff.*) and Miss A. Tod (*Neg.*). An interesting open discussion took place afterwards. Musical items were contributed by Miss Tod and Miss Gladstone.

A Hat Night was held on December 12th. A considerable number of subjects was handed in, but the number of volunteers for speaking was not so large. Among the topics were the following—Are we dancing Mad? What Profession or Trade is Overpaid? Should Beauty be Unadorned? Are we better than our Grandfathers and Grandmothers? Should Women Propose?

Songs were sung by Misses Ruddock and Saunderson and Mr Jackson. The President was in the Chair.

A Reunion was held in the School Buildings on Friday, January 16th, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Over 160 were present.

A most interesting and much enjoyed musical lecture was given in School on February 6th by Mr W. B. Moonie, Mus. Bac., a former pupil. His subject was "The Growth and Development of Musical Culture in Modern Times." He dealt with the subject under the following headings—1. Music in Scotland. 2. Success of opera. 3. Musical taste. 4. Musical confession of faith. 5. Light and frivolous music. 6. National music, *e.g.* Hebridean. 7. The Press and music. 8. Teaching of music. The lecturer later played two of his own compositions, which were highly appreciated. The Hon. President moved a vote of thanks to the lecturer.



FOOTBALL TEAM 1920.

(1st Row) W. M'Farlane, G. Smith, W. Drummond, J. Heddle.

(2nd Row) J. Bell, J. Robertson, Jas. M'Leod, G. Robertson, J. Drummond, J. Ross, W. Trotter, R. Watt.

(3rd Row) C. Binnie, John M'Leod.

[Taken with a "Lizars" by A. Auchterlounie.]

On Friday and Saturday, February 27th and 28th, the Dramatic Club produced three plays, a short comedy, "Popping the Question": a sketch, "Just like Grandmother": and an Old English comedy, "Tom Noddy's Secret." In the caste were the following: Misses Pairman, Donaldson, Keir, Cowan, Bell, Grant, Pearson, Miller, Nisbet, Forster, Messrs A. and G. Paton, Jackson, Forsyth, M'Ilwrick. Large audiences thoroughly enjoyed the performances.

The Business Meeting and Social Evening was presided over by Mr Murphy. The Secretary's and the Treasurer's reports were read, discussed, and adopted. The former gave a résumé of the literary meetings and the doings of the branch clubs. The membership numbered 125. The Treasurer's Accounts showed a balance in hand of £10, 10s. 3d. The vote of £1 to the Jenkins Memorial Prize was continued. The Chairman intimated that Tennis Courts had been acquired at Craiglockhart. Several recommendations were passed on for consideration by the New Committee. The evening concluded with singing and dancing.

Office-Bearers for Session 1920-21:—

<i>Hon. President</i>	-	-	Mr T. J. Burnett, M.A.
<i>Hon. Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr T. Robertson.
<i>President</i>	-	-	Mr A. C. Murphy, M.A.
<i>Vice-President</i>	-	-	Mr D. L. Hutchinson.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	Mr R. Forsyth, 47 Colinton Road.
<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	Miss Pearson.
<i>Members of Committee</i>	-	-	Misses Adam, Grant, Miller, Pairman, Ruddock, Tweedie: Messrs Hair, Jackson.
<i>Editor of Magazine</i>	-	-	Mr J. G. Glen, M.A.
<i>Dramatic Club Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss A. Forster, 106 Thirlstane Road.
<i>Tennis Club Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss E. Cook, 12 Buccleuch Place.

HONOURS LIST.

- Miss ANNIE M'LEAN.—Graduated M.A. with Honours in Modern Languages.
- Miss DOROTHY A. REID.—Graduated M.A. with Honours; and B.Sc.
- Miss AGNES I. TAYLOR.—Graduated M.A. with Honours in Mathematics.
- Miss NORA I. CALDERWOOD, B.Sc.—Graduated M.A.
- Miss AILEEN A. CALDERWOOD, M.A.—Gained George Scott Travelling Scholarship.

Miss DOROTHY G. DOWNIE.—Graduated B.Sc. in Forestry.
Mr WILLIAM J. JENKINS.—Graduated M.A.; and B.Sc. in Agriculture.

Mr ROBERT ROBERTSON.—Gained Dick Bursary in Divinity.

Mr H. S. GAMLEY.—R.S.A. in Sculpture.

Mr NEIL G. FERGUSON.—Gained Kitchener Scholarship in Engineering, University College, Southampton.

Mr T. D. FALCONER SCOTT, M.A., B.Sc.—Appointed Assistant in Science Department, Royal High School, Edinburgh.

Miss JEAN L. CHRISTIE.—Appointed Art Mistress in Dalkeith High School.

Miss ANNIE H. NUMBERS, M.A., B.Sc.—Appointed Assistant in Edinburgh University Chemical Laboratory.

Mr DAVID M. R. CROMBIE.—Medallist in Physics (1919), and in Chemistry (1919-20), at Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh.

At George Watson's Ladies' College, Helen Wood and Emily Ruddock each won a Bursary and a Scholarship.

In the world of Sport, former pupils, the brothers Lemon, continue to distinguish themselves as national champion swimmers and divers.

Heriot Bursaries have been gained by—

Helen Ireland, Solomon Turiansky, George Richardson, Doris Peebles, Hilda Young, Agnes Forsyth.

George D. Gray was awarded a Heriot Bursary tenable for three years, in the first instance at the Royal High School.

School Bursary List, 1919-20.

Under 9—

David Robertson, Jack Malloch, James Maxwell, Leonard Robinson, Mary Reid, Katherine Robertson, Ella Anderson, Dorothy Hurford.

Under 10—

James Rodger, James Philp, William Thomson, Herbert Flett, Jean Steel, Margaret Blamire, Isobel Hill, May Dodds.

Under 11—

James Hutchison, Alexander Craighead, James Yarrol (2nd equal), James M'Leod, Alison Robertson, Ena Storey, Betty Bryce, Agnes Speirs.

Under 12—

Graham Turnbull, Herbert Furst, George Gray, Robert Mann, Hilda Young, Ella Lamb, Margaret Murray, Maida Burnett.

Under 13—

Robert Bateman, Malcolm Giles, Donald Bracken, James Heddle, Katherine M'Hardy, Margaret Thomson, Edith Lawrie (2nd equal), Helen Ireland.

Under 14—

Donald Stewart, James Irvine, Margaret Grant, Margaret Steel, Christina Carmichael, Elizabeth Young.

Under 15—

Harold Stenning, Henry Brown, Margaret Wood, Elsie Webster, Isabella Forsyth, Phyllis Senior.

Certificates in Music.—The following of Mr Crombie's pupils passed the Trinity College Theory Examination:—Margaret Thomson and Ethel Watt (Honours). Flora Murphy and Muir Jenkins (Pass).

Intermediate Certificates in 1919 were gained by—

Janet M. Adam, Arthur C. Allan, Margaret I. Barron, Mary M. Black, Edith A. Bradbury, Maud D. Burton, Alex. M. Crombie, Clara R. C. Davidson, Robert J. Dick, Edith K. Gillies, Alice Godfrey, Evelyn M. Graham, John Gray, Katherine B. Hook, Ella R. Hoy, Jean C. J. Hunter, John A. Kennedy, Euphemia L. S. Laing, Janet W. Loudon, Duncan MacLachlan, Douglas H. M'Call, Jean H. M'Leod, James Mayer, Allan E. Michie, Edith M. C. Murdoch, Robert P. Murdoch, William Murray, Mabel W. J. Ovens, Euphemia J. Paterson, Alice B. Patrick, Eleanor M. Patrick, Agnes H. Porteous, Doris F. Ramsay, Davina C. Roberts, Mark C. Roberts, Russel E. Rodger, Malcolm B. Ross, Jemima A. Sampson, Mary Shearer, Marjorie C. Stewart, Elsie M. Telfer, Walter S. Thomson, Janet Torrance, Lionel Turiansky, Agnes C. Turner, Agnes L. Watt.



SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1919-20.

<i>Dux of School</i>	- - - - -	ALEXANDER BATEMAN.
(<i>Proxime accessit</i>)	- - - - -	MARGARET CROCKETT.
<i>Dux in English</i>	- - - - -	MARGARET E. B. PORTER.
„ <i>Latin</i>	- - - - -	BLANCHE BROWN.
„ <i>French</i>	- - - - -	CHARLOTTE H. G. LAURENSEN.
„ <i>German</i>	- - - - -	CHARLOTTE H. G. LAURENSEN.
„ <i>Mathematics</i>	- - - - -	WILHELMINA A. RAE.
„ <i>Science</i>	- - - - -	MARGARET CROCKETT.
„ <i>Art</i>	- - - - -	CHARLOTTE H. G. LAURENSEN.
„ <i>Needlework</i>	- - - - -	BRODIE JOHNSTON.

Class 3 H.G.A.

English.—Margaret E. B. Porter; 2, Alexander Bateman; 3, Margaret Crockett; 4, A. Elise D. Todd; 5, Blanche Brown; 6, Charlotte H. G. Laurensen.

French.—Charlotte H. G. Laurence; 2, Blanche Brown; 3, A. Elise D. Todd; 4, Elizabeth G. Ritchie.

Latin.—1, Blanche Brown; 2, A. Elsie D. Todd; 3, Margaret E. B. Porter.

Mathematics.—1, Wilhelmina A. Rae; 2, Alexander Bateman; 3, Margaret Crockett; 4, Blanche Brown.

German.—1, Charlotte H. G. Laurensen; 2, Alexander Bateman; 3, Elizabeth G. Ritchie.

Science.—1, Margaret Crockett; 2, W. Dixon Scott; 3, Elizabeth Macleod; 4, Wilhelmina A. Rae.

Art.—1, Charlotte H. G. Laurensen; 2, Wilhelmina A. Rae; 3, John S. Reid; 4, Margaret Crockett.

Physical Training.—Leslie Mortimer; Alexander Bateman.

Class 3 H.G.B.

English.—1, Elizabeth Fraser; 2, Mary Finlay; 3, Alex. Morris; 4, Muriel Laing.

French.—Clare Matheson; Elizabeth Fraser; Muriel Laing.

Mathematics.—1, Elizabeth Stark; 2, Clare Matheson; 3, Alexander Morris.

Science.—1, James Ross; 2, Alexander Morris; 3, Elizabeth Stark.

Art.—1, Elizabeth Paterson; 2, Elizabeth Stark; 3, James Martin.

Cookery.—1, Clare Matheson.

Laundry.—1, Muriel Laing.

Physical Training.—Muriel Laing; James Martin.

Woodwork.—1, Alexander Morris.

Class 3 H.G.C.

English.—1, Felix Harris; 2, Eva Fraser; 3, Margaret Robertson.

French.—1, Eva Fraser; 2, May Clark; 3, Gilbert Dodds.

Mathematics.—1, Eric Ramage; 2, Gilbert Dodds; 3, Alice M'Intyre.
Science.—1, Georgina Gladstone; 2, Gilbert Dodds; 3, Annie Hook.
Art.—1, Muriel Storie; 2, May Brown; 3, May Clark.
Cookery.—1, Mysie Robertson.
Laundry.—1, Jean Forsyth.
Physical Training.—Mysie Robertson; Eric Ramage.
Woodwork.—Gilbert Dodds.

Class 2 H.G.A.

English.—1, Harold Stenning; 2, Peggie Matheson; 3, Elsie Webster;
 4, Margaret Wood; 5, Margaret R. Calder.
Latin.—1, Elsie Webster; 2, Peggie Matheson; 3, Harold Stenning.
French.—1, Suzanne Verdier, Elsie Webster (equal); 3, Peggie Matheson;
 4, Harold Stenning.
German.—1, Marion Cleghorn; 2, Elizabeth Young; 3, Phyllis Senior.
Mathematics.—1, Harold Stenning; 2, Margaret B. Steel; 3, Marion
 Cleghorn; 4, Peggie Matheson.
Science.—1, Harold Stenning; 2, Eleanor Murray; 3, Maria Balfour;
 4, Margaret B. Steel.
Needlework.—1, Eleanor Murray.
Art.—1, Mary Kirkwood; 2, Margaret Wood; 3, Marion Cleghorn;
 4, Elsie Webster, Suzanne Verdier (equal).
Physical Training.—Margaret Wood; Harold Stenning.

Class 2 H.G. B.

English.—1, Flora Murphy; Ishbel MacPherson (equal); 3, Andrew
 Meikle; 4, Stanley Kennedy.
French.—1, Andrew Meikle; 2, Ishbel Macpherson; 3, Stanley Kennedy.
Mathematics.—1, Alice Ross; 2, Stanley Kennedy; 3, Helen Fairgrieve.
Science.—1, Helen Fairgrieve; 2, Barbara White; 3, Agnes Elliott.
Art.—1, Mildred Cockburn; 2, Elsie Methven; 3, Stanley Kennedy.
Cookery.—1, Helen Fairgrieve.
Needlework.—1, Agnes Cowie.
Physical Training.—Brodie Johnston; George Booth.
Woodwork.—1, John Gilray.

Class 2 H.G. C.

English.—1, Mona Watson; 2, Florence Anderson; 3, Muriel Cresser;
 4, Margaret Stewart.
French.—1, Dorothy Wilson; 2, Jessie Hendry.
Mathematics.—1, John Stark; 2, Margaret Forrest; 3, William Trotter.
Science.—1, William Trotter; 2, Christina Wemyss; 3, Robert Home.
Art.—1, Hilda Rodger; 2, Anne Mason; 3, Mona Watson.
Needlework.—1, Florence Anderson.
Cookery.—1, Isa Black.
Woodwork.—1, William Trotter.
Physical Training.—Hilda Roger; Douglas Young.

Class 2 H.G. D.

English.—1, Stanley Lilley; 2, William Adams; 3, Elsie Wood; 4,
 John Clark.
French.—1, Jane Bayne; 2, Elsie Wood; 3, Alice Gretton.
Mathematics.—1, Stanley Lilley; 2, Elsie Wood; 3, John Clark.
Science.—1, Edward Gilbert; 2, Alice Gretton; 3, William Adams.
Art.—1, Rose Pace; 2, Margaret Robin; 3, John Clark.
Dressmaking.—1, Margaret Simpson.
Cooking.—1, Gladys Tyson.
Physical Training.—Rose Pace; Hamish Ferguson.
Woodwork.—1, James Hunter.

Class 1 H.G. A.

English.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Christina Carmichael; 3, Katherine
 M'Hardy; 4, Margaret Grant; 5, Evelyn Sutherland; 6, Frances Currie.

French.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Margaret Grant; 3, Christina Carmichael;
 4, Mary Manson.
German.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Evelyn Sutherland; 3, Mary Manson.
Latin.—1, Christina Carmichael; 2, Margaret Grant; 3, Donald
 Stewart.
Mathematics.—1, May Gilbert and Solomon Turiansky; 3, Christina
 Carmichael; 4, Margaret Thomson.
Science.—1, Margaret Thomson; 2, Donald Stewart; 3, Mary Gilbert;
 4, Christina Carmichael.
Art.—1, Raymond Lawson; 2, Lillie Murray; 3, Wm. Graham Robertson.
Dressmaking.—1, Emma Masterton.
Physical Training.—Chrissie Carmichael; Graham Robertson.
Woodwork.—1, Raymond Lawson.

Class 1 H.G. B.

English.—1, Janet M'Ilwrick; 2, Agnes Traill; 3, Catherine Fowler;
 4, Gladys Bryce.
French.—1, Catherine Fowler; 2, Helen Spence; 3, Catherine Brown;
 4, Gladys Bryce.
Mathematics.—1, Janet M'Ilwrick; 2, Dorothy Lawrie; 3, Edith
 Woodward; 4, Agnes Traill.
Science.—1, Janet M'Ilwrick; 2, Dorothy Lawrie; 3, Helen Spence; 4,
 Ian Scott.
Art.—1, Edith Woodward; 2, Janet M'Ilwrick; 3, Catherine Fowler.
Cookery.—1, Dorothy Lawrie.
Needlework.—1, Edith Woodward.
Physical Training.—Agnes Trail; Wm. Drummond.
Woodwork.—1, Donald Stalker.

Class 1 H.G. C.

English.—1, Margaret Simpson; 2, James Irvine; 3, Annie M'Leod;
 4, Muriel White.
French.—1, Margaret Scarth; 2, Margaret Simpson; 3, Mary Carrick.
Mathematics.—1, Malcolm Giles; 2, James Irvine; 3, Ruby Thomson.
 4, George Bryson.
Science.—1, James Irvine; 2, George Bryson; 3, Malcolm Giles; 4,
 Ruby Thomson.
Art.—1, Jessie Wedderburn; 2, William Archibald; 3, George Bryson;
 4, Ruby Thomson.
Cookery.—1, Annie Hogg.
Needlework.—1, Ann Johnston.
Physical Training.—Ann Johnston; Alexander Murray.
Woodwork.—1, Alexander Murray.

Class 1 H.G. D.

English.—1, Doris Watson; 2, Barbara MacGregor; 3, Roma Tulloch;
 4, Louisa Seton.
French.—1, Barbara MacGregor; 2, Doris Watson; 3, Agnes Mackay.
Mathematics.—1, Barbara MacGregor; 2, Doris Watson; 3, Dorothy
 Littlejohn.
Science.—Agnes Bruce; 2, Barbara MacGregor; 3, Doris Watson.
Art.—1, William Blyth; 2, Charles Woodward; 3, Agnes Bruce.
Dressmaking.—1, Dorothy Littlejohn.
Cookery.—1, Florence Somerville.
Physical Training.—Jessie Binnie; William Blyth.
Bible Prizes.—3rd year—1, Margaret E. B. Porter; 2, Helen
 Richardson; 3, Elizabeth Macleod. 2nd year—1, Ishbel C. C. Macpherson;
 2, Flora M. Murphy; Margaret Wood. 1st year—1, Katherine M'Hardy;
 2, Evelyn Sutherland; 3, Christina Carmichael.

Scott Club Prizes.—1, A. Elise D. Todd; 2, Violet I. Turnbull.

Pianoforte Prizes.—Helen Miller; Nora Lawrence.

Singing Prizes.—1, Minnie Robertson; 2, Nana Crawford.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.—1, Fred Gardiner; 2, Helen Ireland; 3, Katherine Thomson.

Class 1 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, George Gray; 2, Graham Turnbull

Girls.—1, Hilda Young; 2, Edith Lawrie; 3, Mary Porter; 4, Agnes Lister; 5, Agnes Logan; 6, Jean Robbie.

French.—Hilda Young.

Sewing.—Kathleen M'Lean.

Bible.—Margaret Law.

Drawing.—James Allan.

Class 1 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, George Richardson; 2, Magnus Williamson; 3, Charles Davidson.

Girls.—1, Helen Ireland; 2, Doris Peebles; 3, Evelyn Eckford; 4, Sarah Grant; 5, Mary Dewar.

French.—Helen Ireland.

Sewing.—Constance Pentland.

Bible.—George Anderson.

Drawing.—Maud Elliot.

Class 1 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, Fred Gardiner; 2, Michael Siger.

Girls.—1, Katherine Thomson; 2, Agnes Forsyth; 3, Lily Brand; 4, Norah Smith; 5, Elizabeth Heslop; 6, Ella Lamb.

French.—Fred Gardiner.

Sewing.—Katherine Thomson.

Bible.—Norah Smith.

Drawing.—Jack Coupland.

Class 2 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, Ian M'Donald; 2, Robert Mann.

Girls.—1, Maida Burnett; 2, Alison Robertson; 3, Ena Storey; 4, Pearl Hyman; 5, Jean Thomson; 6, Kathleen Weir.

French.—Maida Burnett.

Sewing.—Pearl Hyman.

Bible.—Alison Robertson.

Drawing.—Robina Banks.

Class 2 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Andrew Currie; 2, Sidney Crawford; 3, Thomas King; 4, Allan Robertson.

Girls.—1, Gladys Howden; 2, Margaret Penman; 3, Helen Philp; 4, Elizabeth Young.

French.—Gladys Howden.

Sewing.—Mary Watson.

Bible.—Eleanor Smith.

Drawing.—Mary Watson.

Class 2 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, George Beveridge; 2, Colvin Angus; 3, James Robertson.

Girls.—1, Muriel Gillespie; 2, Lily Terry; 3, Marion Linton; 4, Alison Laidlaw; 5, Fanny Davies.

French.—Muriel Gillespie.

Sewing.—Margaret Brown.

Bible.—Alison Laidlaw.

Drawing.—George Beveridge.

Class 3 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, Harry Milne; 2, James M'Donald; 3, John Barrie.

Girls.—1, Jean Steel; 2, Florence Smith; 3, Jessie Pottinger; 4, Jeannie Stark; 5, Margaret Bell.

Bible.—Jessie Pottinger.

Drawing.—Florence Geissler, Edna Seatter.

Sewing.—Edna Seatter.

Class 3 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, James Hutchison; 2, Alexander Craighead; 3, James Philp; 4, Cecil Smith.

Girls.—1, Margaret Nisbet; 2, Betty Bryce; 3, Alice M'Lauchlan; 4, Jenny Dickson.

Bible.—William Thomson.

Drawing.—Patricia Parsonage.

Sewing.—Patricia Parsonage.

Class 3 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, Robert Crawford; 2, James Rodger; 3, James Paterson.

Girls.—1, Mary Henderson; 2, Beryl Watson; 3, Marion Donaldson; 4, Isabel Grieve; 5, Janet Montgomery.

Bible.—Isabel Grieve.

Sewing.—Muriel Dodds.

Drawing.—Charles Inglis.

Class 1 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, David Robertson; 2, William Yarroll; 3, George Fowler.

Girls.—1, Elsie Malloch; 2, Mary Reid; 3, Berta Small; 4, Dorothy Cockburn; 5, Jessie Rae.

Sewing.—Elsie Malloch.

Drawing.—Charles Muirhead.

Class 1 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, Gordon Walton; 2, Graham Wallace; 3, James Maxwell.

Girls.—1, Jean Renton; 2, Katherine Robertson; 3, Dorothy Hurford; 4, Ella Anderson; 5, Jean Reid.

Sewing.—Katherine Robertson.

Drawing.—John Grossett.

Class 1 Jun. C.

Boys.—1, William Ross; 2, James Weir; 3, Daniel Philp.

Girls.—1, Gertrude Sinclair; 2, May Dods; 3, Jean Alcorn; 4, May Harland; 5, Margaret Flett.

Sewing.—Christian Owens.

Drawing.—Frederick Gilray.

Class 2 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Ross; 2, Louis Ginsburg; 3, William Ure; 4, John Irvine.

Girls.—1, Violet Irvine; 2, Betty Banks; 3, Jean Baxter; 4, Doris Grant.

Sewing.—Grace Meikle.

Drawing.—William Nisbet.

Class 2 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, William Porter; 2, George Fraser; 3, J. Irvine Mitchell; 4, Robert Dodds.

Girls.—1, Kathleen Inglis; 2, Mabel Ginsburg; 3, Janet Falconer; 4, Frieda Hamilton.

Sewing.—Jessie Allan.

Drawing.—John Muir.

Class 2 Jun. C.

Boys.—1, Kenneth Clark; 2, Kenneth M'Kinlay; 3, Ian Murray; 4, John M'Gregor.

Girls.—1, Douglas H. Linton; 2, Nancy Stewart; 3, Muriel Howden; 4, Margaret Gray.

Sewing.—Muriel Howden.

Drawing.—William Davidson.

Adv. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Gardiner; 2, Robert Hamilton; 3, Robert E. Inglis.

Girls.—1, Janet R. Martin; 2, Robina F. Deans; 3, Jessie M'D. Stewart; 4, Catherine J. Aitken; 5, Winifred F. Marshall.

Adv. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, James Aalbrecht; 2, Andrew Nisbet; 3, William Montgomery.

Girls.—1, Janet Sanders; 2, Marjorie Cowe; 3, Jean Forrest; 4, Gladys Whan; 5, Dorothy Cessford.

Adv. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, Stanley Gilbert; 2, Alastair Grant; 3, Kenneth MacLean; 4, Arthur Sproul.

Girls.—1, Mary Logan; 2, Elizabeth Yuille; 3, Elizabeth Ferguson; 4, Andrina Gibb.

Adv. Inf. D.

Boys.—1, Jack Bruce; 2, James Wallace; 3, Roderick Mitchell; 4, Eric M'Farlane.

Girls.—1, Margaret M. Brown; 2, Margaret H. Liddle; 3, Jean S. Farquharson; 4, Ella Mitchell.

Jun. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Henderson; 2, Esson Grant; 3, G. Graeme Dowie.

Girls.—1, Catherine I. Davie; 2, Muriel Burrows; 3, Mabel M. Murdoch; 4, Frances Maxwell; 5, Dorothy M. Baird.

Jun. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, Eric Stanners; 2, James Meldrum; 3, William Crichton.

Girls.—1, Isabella Smith; 2, Doris Spence; 3, Catherine Milne; 4, Ethel Briggs; 5, Jean Treacher.

Jun. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, Alexander Baxter; 2, William Margach; 3, Harry Finnie.

Girls.—1, Helen Muir; 2, Agnes Arthur; 3, Evelyn Anderson; 4, Violet Cranston; 5, Jessie Moffat.

Jun. Inf. D.

Boys.—1, Robert D. Barlow; 2, Ian H. Hamilton; 3, Robert Gibson.

Girls.—1, Catherine M. Wilkie; 2, Gladys M. Garratt; 3, Isabella T. Hardie; 4, Agnes D. Somerville; 5, Constance Gregor.



THE SCHOOL GAMES.

THE School Games were held this year on Wednesday, June 2nd, at Warriston Grounds. The entries, though not so numerous as last year, were yet numerous. The weather was good, and both pupils and their friends spent an enjoyable afternoon. A pleasing and novel feature was an exhibition of Country and Morris Dances given by the girls under the supervision of Miss Gibson, our Drill Mistress. The prizes were distributed to the successful competitors by Mrs Ross, member of the Education Authority.

The principal prize-winners were:—

BOYS.

60 yards—under 9	-	-	-	Charles Nisbet.
80 yards—under 11	-	-	-	William Bright.
100 yards—under 13	-	-	-	Robert Ashton.
100 yards—open	-	-	-	Charles Aitken.
220 yards—under 13	-	-	-	Robert Ashton.
220 yards—open	-	-	-	Charles Aitken.
Three-Legged Race—open	-	-	-	James Dick, Donald Bracken.
Sack Race—open	-	-	-	Ernest Dickson.
Obstacle Race—open	-	-	-	John Drummond.

GIRLS.

60 yards—under 9	-	-	-	Daisy Brand.
80 yards—under 11	-	-	-	Esther Brown.
100 yards—under 13	-	-	-	Gladys M'Arthur.
100 yards—open	-	-	-	Maud Ramsay.
Skipping Race—under 9	-	-	-	Ethel Baillie.
Do. under 11	-	-	-	Esther Brown.
Do. under 13	-	-	-	Lizzie Hunter.
Do. open	-	-	-	Molly Greenshield.
Egg and Spoon Race—under 11	-	-	-	Hetty Cresser.
Do. under 13	-	-	-	Mary Dewar.
Do. open	-	-	-	Nettie Douglas.
Thread-the-Needle Race—under 13	-	-	-	Margaret M'Kenzie, Margaret Tweedale.
Do. open	-	-	-	Margaret Millar, Jessie Methven.
Squadron Race	-	-	-	Norah Smith, Maud Ramsay, Jean Renton, Alison Laidlaw.
Sack Race—Higher Grade	-	-	-	Nan Haddow.
Three-Legged Race—open	-	-	-	Bessie Simpson, Phyllis Senior.
High Jump—Higher Grade	-	-	-	Helen Roger.