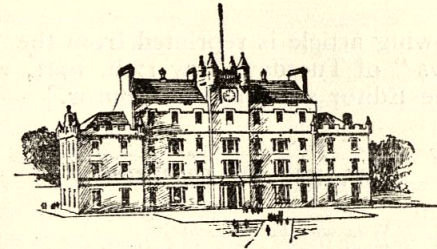


Gillespie's School
Magazine

July 1921.





GILLESPIE'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE.

JULY 1921.

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[The following article is reprinted from the "Edinburgh Evening News" of Tuesday, May 17th, 1921, with the permission of the Editor and the Contributor.]

JAMES GILLESPIE'S.

"Wha wad ha'e thocht it
That noses wad ha'e bocht it."

HARRY ERSKINE.

THE largest school in Edinburgh, boasting a roll of 1560 boys and girls, James Gillespie's, arose from a little snuffmill in the parish of Colinton, whose owner in the manufacture of the titillative dust amassed a considerable fortune, and laid up for himself an abiding name as the patron of generations of city youths. Gillespie was born at Roslin in 1715, and with his brother John, who ran the retail branch of the business in the shop, 231 High Street, filled the snuff mulls of many eighteenth century wits, lawyers, divines, and lairds. The brothers were bachelors. James' familiar bust proclaims the shrewd and capable Scot, the douce and thrifty burgher who finally blossomed into the laird of the lands of Bonaly and Spylaw, and the owner of the carriage which provoked Harry Erskine's caustic couplet. But James Gillespie possessed a heart larger even than the nasal caverns of his self-indulgent clients and critics; and when he was laid to rest in the churchyard of Colinton, his trustees conveyed to the Merchant Company the sum of £40,000 for the endowment of an hospital for the aliment and maintenance of old men and women, and a further sum of £2700 for the endowment of a free school. The hospital and school were built in 1801 on the site of an old baronial pile opposite the west side of Bruntsfield Links, and the scholastic part of the buildings accommodated 150 boys from 6 to 12 years of age. Under a Provisional Order in 1870 the aged foundationers were boarded out, and their asylum—the present derelict edifice lately acquired by the Education Authority—became a large primary school for day pupils of both sexes. For nearly 40 years, first as an elementary school and latterly as a higher-grade institution, Gillespie's, under the spirited management of the Merchant Company, ranked as a flourishing city school. It was largely preparatory for the secondary departments of the other Merchant Company schools, and perhaps no other school sent out as pupil teachers so many candidates for the teaching profession.

The school began to outgrow its material shell. Demands for new equipment became more clamant. Expenditure was rising. In 1908 the governors reluctantly transferred Gillespie's to the School Board, and shortly after it was housed in the splendid structure dominating the heights of Bruntsfield and looking across the spacious undulations of the Meadows to the bastions and spires of the historic ridge. The ordinary playground utilised in evening hours for tennis courts is supplemented by the natural playground of the Links, and scholars of Gillespie's are prescriptive members of the oldest golf course in Scotland, sharing their privilege with the leisured veterans (some of them Gillespie pensioners) who haunt the putting greens on summer days. The open-air class movement, in recent years encouraged by the Education Authority, naturally finds particular favour in the beautiful surroundings of the school. Interior features are the lofty corridors, the ample staircases, and the two great halls devoted to drill and song and academic and festal functions. The social life of the school is vigorous. There is a flourishing Former Pupils' Club, and athletics are well developed. The spirit of the founder would rejoice in the fact that the War Savings Association holds the record for the schools—a sum of £6000. A series of entertainments to wounded men during the years of war made the name of Gillespie's fragrant in the military hospitals of the city.

The School has been fortunate in a succession of capable headmasters. Following Wallace Dunlop, William Jenkins, and Alexander Blacklaws, now of Broughton Higher Grade, Mr T. J. Burnett, the present head, has served himself heir to the soundest traditions of the School, and lavishes his organising gifts in fresh and progressive developments.

The School curriculum includes an elementary course and a higher grade course, leading on to the intermediate certificate of the Department. Public interest in the Montessori method in infant education has been revived by the recent visit of Madame Montessori to England. It was in Gillespie's eight years ago that the first experiment was made in Scotland on Montessori lines, and the classes continue to attract experts and enquirers from all parts of the world. In the sunny halls of Gillespie's the theory of auto-education has become a living reality. School has been robbed of its terrors for the child. It is a pleasure to see the little ones freely moving about their self-selected tasks, proudly solving their own problems, and exulting in their achievements. The indefeasible right of childhood is joy, and it is good to know that the three R's (with other things

added to them) can be acquired just as readily in the brighter atmosphere of Montessori as under the rigid and passive methods lingering still in too many infant rooms.

James Gillespie's for many years has taken the leading place in the Heriot bursary competitions, and the marked increase in the number of intermediate certificates signalises the steady advance of the school in the sphere of higher education. The motto of the school is "Forward," and "the glory of going on" is embodied in an active movement among parents just now for crowning the curriculum by a secondary course. It is one of the first demands which the new Authority must meet, and there is no doubt that it will be sympathetically received. With the phenomenal impetus to continued education, brought about by the war, the congested condition of the existing Secondary schools and the economic difficulties created by augmented fees, the opportunity of proceeding, at a moderate fee, to the leaving certificate at Gillespie's is a privilege insistently desired.

The pupils on this point are just as keen as the parents. For the girls especially the position is a hard one, because their future scholastic career is limited to the non-paying higher grade or to schools practically prohibitive to the parental purse. Gillespie's is a standing proof of the need of the fee-paying school in the national educational system. The prosperity of the school is no doubt due to its old traditions, to its teaching staff and educational facilities, but also in no small degree to the fact that a large proportion of the citizens with very modest means value the privilege of making some direct payment for the education of their children. To become a pupil of James Gillespie's, as a humorous member of the Education Authority recently said in public, "One must be enrolled before he is born." The school is overflowing. Some relief has been afforded by the institution of fees at Warrender Park, but it is evident that the attractions of the parent school are powerful and ought to be encouraged and maintained. It will be for the new Authority to grapple with these problems—somewhat overdue a solution—and perhaps seriously to consider, as a result of the Gillespie success, an extension of the fee-paying system in other quarters of the city than the south.

Meanwhile the bright battalions that surge through the gates of Gillespie's are brought up in the pride of its name and fame. Many of them are grandchildren of citizens who tell of their own gambols in the now silent corridors across the Links, and have passed on the watchword and the spirit of the school to the generations following.

JOHN ROY STUART.

SCHOOL NOTES.

SESSION 1920-21 has not passed altogether uneventfully. It opened with an important change, Mr Westwater coming from Abbeyhill School as First Assistant to take the place of Mr Robertson, whose retiral was chronicled by the Press as well as being recognised by our own social leave-takings and presentations. Mr Robertson, it might be added, is not losing any of his keen interest in Gillespie's, for he has paid many calls, private and public, since June last. Mr Westwater is no stranger to this school, having conducted the Higher Grade Science Classes during part of the war period.

The Infant Room Staff lost one of its Montessori mistresses when Miss McLennan left in November for India to join her future husband. To her succeeded Miss Jenkins, from Gorgie School. Transfer of teachers has caused a change in the Lower School, but the Senior Department is as before.

The Higher Grade Department has seen the departure, also for the state of double bliss, of two ladies who have had quite a long and happy connection with the whole School: Miss Bell in October last, and Miss McLeod at Easter. Teachers and pupils showed their goodwill to both, and a floor littered with confetti and rice remained to show their classes' high respect and mark a final hurried exit. Miss Bertram and Miss McCallum take the places of these ladies.

A varied selection of songs by the School Choir formed part of an R.L.S. concert programme in the Usher Hall last December, arranged to help to provide funds for the purchase of the Stevenson house at Howard Place, and towards this good purpose £160 was the amount that then resulted.

The annual Christmas Party, as the pupils' own special night, was most enjoyable. Coming as it does, just before the holidays, with all the spirit of abandon, it is probably the most welcome single night in all the year for young folks and many of those older.

A visit was paid to John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln" by invitation of Sir James Leishman; and classes saw different productions by Sir F. Benson's Shakespearean Company.

These outings, and a talk (with lantern illustrations) on Canada and United States by Miss Hunter, along with dancing exhibitions by Mrs Lowe's pupils for charitable purposes, have been the chief indoor breaks in an otherwise

steady and, this time, uninterrupted session. Earlier Easter holidays, coming more closely on the Certificate Examinations, left a longer and less broken summer term, while sports and games have also had a larger share of time. The Closing Exhibition arrangements have thus been well in hand, and the School should even excel its very successful closing evening of last June.

An informal social meeting was held to introduce Principal Grieve, of the Congregational Church Hall, as visitor to Religious Instruction Classes; and another to welcome back Miss Hunter and Miss Richardson, after four-month tours in America. These ladies entertained a large company to a racy account of their doings on the other side. Principal Grieve has taken part in joint Morning Exercises of the Upper and Lower Schools, while an Address was given on Boys' Brigade work by Captain Sinclair at another joint service.

The Savings Association now collects its contributions monthly, and the total sum invested has reached £4,800.

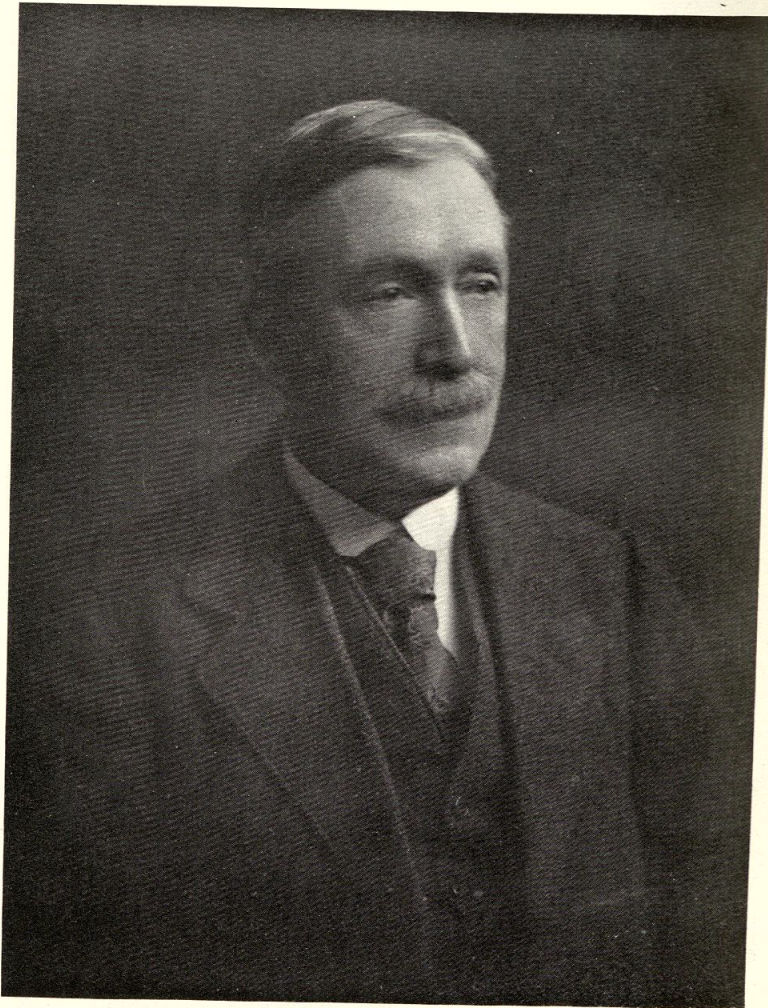
Intermediate Certificates last session numbered 56, another large increase.



MR ROBERTSON.

THE close of last session was marked by the retirement of Mr Robertson, First Assistant and Deputy Headmaster, after a connection with James Gillespie's School of over forty-five years. In recognition of his long and honourable career in James Gillespie's School, former and present members of the staff presented Mr and Mrs Robertson with a wallet of notes and a wristlet watch, while the pupils' gifts were a handsome clock and a bangle. Both presentations were made by Mr Burnett, and at a social meeting a large number of former and present colleagues united in wishing Mr Robertson well in the days of his retirement. The Former Pupils' Club, to which Mr Robertson has always given his hearty support, also recognised his retirement by presenting him with a copy of the works of R. L. Stevenson at the meeting on October 22nd, when Mr Robertson himself was the lecturer.

During his long connection with the school, Mr Robertson saw many changes. He saw the management pass from the Merchant Company to the Edinburgh School Board. He saw the school grow in size to the large institution it is



MR THOMAS ROBERTSON.

to-day. He saw it develop from an elementary school to a school with advanced classes, and later to a fully constituted Higher Grade School. With this last development Mr Robertson was particularly associated, pioneering the new development in James Gillespie's.

For many years Mr Robertson made a specialty of presenting his pupils for the entrance examinations for pupil-teachers held by the School Boards of Edinburgh and Leith; and many present teachers in Edinburgh and other parts of Scotland owe their entrance into the teaching profession to his conscientious and careful teaching.

To the many new ideas in the method and subjects of teaching which he encountered in the course of his long career, he always held an open mind and was ever ready to support their adoption if desirable, but he never lost sight of the fact that there is an irreducible minimum which must always be taught and which no ideas can remove. In the later years of his teaching he confined himself to the subjects of English and Mathematics.

In his younger days Mr Robertson interested himself in the games side of the school and made a success of it, the cricket in particular profiting by his interest. He it was who designed the school badge which ornaments the caps, hats and drill costumes of the pupils. He also at one time edited a manuscript magazine, the "Gillespie Gazette," a forerunner of our present magazine.

Outside strictly professional duties Mr Robertson did quiet and useful work in various teachers' organisations, captaining the now defunct, but in its day highly successful, Edinburgh Teachers' Cricket Club, and being at one time president of the Edinburgh Merchant Company Teachers' Association.

All who came in contact with him have always known in Mr Robertson a man of sincere and strong character, always ready to help others with his wise and kindly advice; a teacher of high ideals to which he was ever faithful; and a friend always ready to give to others the benefit of his wide and deep experience.

Though retired, Mr Robertson has not severed his connection with the old school. Various social functions during this session have been brightened by his presence and enlivened by his characteristic little speeches marked by a sage blending of sound wisdom and quiet humour. We hope that for many years to come he will be able to pay visits to the old school for which he worked so well, and which owes so much to him.

From the Higher Grade.

PICNICS.

PICNICS are of two kinds, successful and unsuccessful; but mostly of the latter. By an unsuccessful picnic I do not only mean an utter failure, but one in which some accident of a more or less annoying nature occurs to mar the pleasure of the picnickers. I shall not describe an entirely successful one, as it would be rather uninteresting to read about, except in a novel or something like that, in which at the said picnic the hero and heroine meet for the first time and promptly fall in love with each other. But let us, in imagination, accompany some ill-fated picnic party and look pityingly at their various misfortunes.

It is a beautiful morning in July. The sun is shining brightly, there is not a cloud in the sky, the barometer is high, and altogether everything gives promise of a lovely day. At the Browns', everything is preparation and excitement, for there is going to be a picnic to-day. Several families are going, making a fairly large party, each family taking its own provisions, and all meeting at the station. To describe what is going on at one house is to describe more or less what is going on at the others. Mrs Brown is packing up the food, being greatly hindered by the little Browns, who, however, think they are being a great help to her; meanwhile Mr Brown stands with his hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe, looking on and throwing out suggestions as to how this or that should be done, but never lifting a finger to help; for, being on holiday, Mr Brown doesn't see why he should work. At last everything is ready and they rush off at the last minute to catch the train, arriving hot and out of breath at the station about a quarter of an hour before the train is due—evidently the clocks at home were fast. They wait for the others in ever increasing impatience as the time drags slowly on. By the time everyone has arrived, the train has just left the station, and they have to wait twenty minutes for the next one.

During the journey, little Johnny Brown insists on standing looking out of the open window, causing poor Mrs Brown agonies of fear, imagining that the door might open and Johnny fall out and be killed. However, they arrive at their destination safely, and keep the train waiting several minutes while they get everything out of the carriage.

After having a look round, they at last find a suitable place for the picnic under a few trees beside a small river. Here the grown-ups sit down for a rest, while the children play about. Tommy wants to paddle in the river, but his mother will not let him do so till the afternoon, at which Tommy sits down by himself and sulks. Then they start to light a fire, for a picnic would not be complete without one. After using about half a box of matches they succeed in getting it lit, and all the children, even Tommy, busy themselves in gathering sticks to keep it going. Then, as everybody is feeling hungry, they decide to have lunch. The food is unpacked out of baskets and bags: here a terrible discovery is made—several of them have brought tins of fruit, &c., but nobody has brought a tin-opener. Several penknives are broken in an attempt to open them, but all to no purpose. So they will have to be taken home again in the evening.

After lunch, the children go paddling in the river. Tommy, the eager one, goes in too far and gets his clothes wet, making himself uncomfortable for the rest of the afternoon. All goes well till tea time, everybody being too prostrated by the sultry heat which has come on to do much; it is stiflingly close, with not a breath of wind, the sun shining down through a kind of grey haze which does not seem to lessen its heat at all. Then, while they are engaged taking their tea (still having energy enough left for THAT), dark clouds come over, and when they are nearly finished thunder begins to rumble. Immediately they begin to pack up in all haste, for they do not wish to be caught in a thunder storm; but they are too late: before they are quite ready to go it begins to rain "cats and dogs," and the thunder crashes overhead. They are afraid, because of the lightning, to stay under the trees to get the little shelter they afford, so make for the station as fast as they can. "Just because we didn't bring our waterproofs," grumbles Mr Jones. When they reach the station they are all soaked and miserable, and their happiness is not increased when they find they have to wait half an hour in their wet things for a train home. When they do get home at last, feeling very uncomfortable to say the least of it, the storm has passed over, the sun is shining cheerfully again, and all the world looks fresh and smiling. Oh, the "cussedness" of things.

HAROLD STENNING, 3 H.G.A.

THE TROUBLES OF THE CAMPERS.

THE sun was beating down for the first time for three days. It had been raining "buckets," as people say, for a while, and now as the sun had deigned to let hungry mortals see his jovial face once more, the spirit of enterprise filled me. At this time, let it be known, I was supposed to be enjoying the "dry" country air some miles out of town, so that everything was suited to my purpose. I therefore called together my band of sisters and comrades to expound with high glee my ideas.

That day, early in the radiant afternoon, my mother noticed an untidy but determined band, armed with hammers, nails, poles, and canvas, crossing the open space near our house. Nevertheless, she said nothing, for she had a presentiment that it would be soon abandoned if I was in charge of the movement. This was the idea. A tent was to be rigged up that afternoon, and we were to do everything but sleep in it. We all set to work to put up the tent. First, we tried it in one position. We found we had not enough canvas.

Next we rigged it up with the help of four poles. This position seemed ideal, but suddenly the whole contraption crashed to the ground, at the same time dampening my ardour somewhat. We tried to fix it up as before, but it refused to be twisted about.

We moved towards another spot beneath an old lady's window. My project was just taking shape when suddenly the window flew open and a large cross face was put out. She beckoned to me.

"Helen, come here," she said.

I went.

"Do you know the Golden Rule?"

"I think I do," I answered.

"Well, repeat it," was the rejoinder.

I did.

"Do you think you are doing to me what you would like me to do to you, by making me gaze upon that most abominable erection?" she snapped.

"I don't call it a bit cruel," I answered, but hastened to add, "Of course, to look at that spectacle is rather trying to the nerves of one so advanced in years."

"Cease arguing," she said, "and let me see you clear that wreck away."

Meanwhile my companions were ranged along, grinning in the background at the whole proceedings.

She watched us dismantle the eyesore, and promptly told us to keep at a distance on pain of being reported to the landlord, then slammed the window. To add to our misery, the rain commenced to pour and we were obliged to go indoors, my temper much the worse for wear.

After tea, it cleared up, and by myself I put the tent to rights. What an achievement! Of course my companions flocked to my standard, so to speak, when they saw their work done for them.

We hastened to make the interior comfortable with rugs and old carpets. We stayed in the tent till bed-time. I rose with the lark, as it were (meaning 7.30) next morning, and laid a cloth in our tent. My companions and I had breakfast there. The whole day was passed in merriment. There was perfect weather for three days, but on the fourth and fifth days it drizzled dismally, off and on. We sat looking on the slowly saturating canvas. "We will be quite sunburnt with this, and we will go back to school fit and able for anything," said my friend, sarcastically. "Sarcasm won't put the weather clerk in a good temper, so please desist," I said bitterly. We spent a miserable day!

Towards evening a wind sprang up. Suddenly, before we knew where we were, we found ourselves slowly suffocating under a mass of soaking canvas and poles. We struggled to our feet rather the worse for our embrace with the tent. I crept home like a beaten cur, and very much more sensible after my experiment.

HELEN BEZELLY, 3 H.G.B.



AN ENGLISH BOY'S LIFE IN UGANDA.

I AM an English boy, although I live in a tropical country. My father and mother brought me out to Uganda when I was a tiny baby. I am now going to give a vivid description of my home in far-away Africa.

Uganda is that part of Africa discovered by the great explorer Stanley, who made it known to England. A great part of Uganda is covered with forests, although of recent years great progress has been made in the clearing of these forests, and part of the ground cultivated.

Most people imagine that a white man's dwelling in Africa is not a thing of beauty, but a comfortable hut made of mud; but that is not always the case. It certainly is not in my case.

My home is built of brick, and has a large verandah running from end to end of the house. This verandah protects the house in two ways: firstly, from the sun; and secondly, from the rain. If the rain were allowed to beat on the walls of the house, they would melt, as they are only built of sun-dried and not kiln-made bricks. Our windows are protected from the sun, or rather the rooms are protected from the sun, by shutters. Our floors are made of mud, on which are laid mats made of straw.

All our rooms are on one flat, and we have neither attics above nor cellars below. This style of house is called a bungalow. Our servants are all blacks, and it takes an Englishman who has just come out quite a while to get used to them.

They are somewhat lacking in cleanliness, and they will take all day to dust a room if one lets them. It is quite the usual thing to find finger marks across the jam or in the tarts. If they are questioned they put the most innocent expression on their faces that one finds it very difficult to suspect them. Our cooking is done apart from the house in a small mud-hut, and while it is in progress it is sampled by a great many little black boys; indeed, sometimes when the dinner is ready it has greatly diminished in size.

I am now going to tell you about a buffalo hunt I managed to attend, although youngsters are not usually wanted on such an occasion.

The night before, the hunt-boys were sent out early to bring us tidings of any game to be seen in the district. They came back with the news that plenty of game had been seen. We were up early next morning, and were soon ready to follow the black boy. He walked along with ears and eyes strained to catch or see the faintest sound or sight of any game. "Shoot," cried the boy, and, obeying his orders, we fired, and had the pleasure to see a large buck fall. I had the pleasure to attend many hunts before I had to go back to England.

HELEN WAITT, 3 H.G.C.



A VISION.

ONE glorious summer day I was leaning on the verandah railings, gazing dreamily over the blue ocean, which lay, with hardly a ripple to mar its bright surface, shimmering in the sun.

All at once, it seemed to me, something seemed to rise

out of these blue depths—I saw nothing, I heard nothing, yet there was certainly an intangible something which made me feel half afraid to be there alone, yet I seemed not to have the power to draw back. It came closer, this spirit, as it must be, and—yes—it was speaking to me, calling me to follow. Yet not a sound disturbed the stillness; but I had heard the summons, and I had to go.

Unseen hands now bore me up,—I felt that it was not *me*, but my mind, that was wandering thus,—and I was borne over the railings, then we sank, I cradled by those unseen arms, into the deep. Down, ever down, we glided, with such a gentle, easy motion, that I must have lost consciousness. When I awoke, all was changed. The sea-blue was gone, and all around, and as far as I could see, everything was a misty green. My surroundings were beautiful, certainly, but so weird and strange that I became filled with dreadful fear. I seemed to be in a cavern, gigantic beyond all imagination, but the strange thing was, that although we had come through the sea, the interior of the cavern was filled with air.

I was now alone, but I felt that someone was in the vicinity, and watching me closely. Suddenly a heavy screen at one side was pushed aside, and with slow, majestic step a beautiful figure came out into the greenish light. It was a woman, and as she came and stood there with head thrown back proudly, I thought nothing had ever been seen which was as lovely.

Something about her seemed vaguely familiar, and, as I gazed, my half-awakened mind struggled feebly with the question of her identity. And now, these awe-inspiring, unseen hands took me up again, and I submitted passively, for I felt as though hypnotized.

I was borne through the wide side entrance, and found myself in a most wondrous hall, whose dimensions exceeded even those of the outer cavern. The domed roof was upheld by gigantic pillars, and every nook was filled with the same faint phosphorescent gleam which permeated the whole of the first cavern.

I was soon aware that many figures, shadowy and unreal, were filling the hall. Presently, amid the gloom, I easily recognised them as human forms, and, strangely enough, I knew them all. The hall was filled now with familiar faces, but above them all was the strange, beautiful woman whom I had first met, far above us, where she had sprung on a pinnacle of rock, and now stood poised, like a bird ready for flight.

I looked around on the vast assembly of people, who, indeed, had never walked on the earth, but with whom I was as familiar as with those who dwelt in that house which I had left so long ago, as it seemed to me. Gathering courage, I at length ventured to ask, in an awed whisper—"Who—oh, who is she?" A murmur, low and confused, ran through the throng, and from the rocky dome far above, I seemed to catch the echo—" 'Tis 'She'—'She-who-must-be-obeyed!'" Where had I heard the words before? I grasped frantically at the elusive memory, but in vain. But when I again looked on the assembled company, all at once everything became clear. I knew them all. There was the beautiful Rosalind, there Isabelle of Croye, the dark but lovely Ayacanora, the gentle Amy Robsart, the immortal Diana Vernon—hundreds more. Men too, from chivalrous knights of high fame—the Sieur de Marsac, Ivanhoe, D'Artagnan—to the lowly Sam Weller. I looked around, picking out here and there my best loved friends.

But my period of enchantment was almost at an end. Already the cavern was half empty, when the unseen hands raised me for the last time, and I knew no more till I was borne above the surface, to see in front of me my own verandah. Softly I was carried over and laid in my wicker chair; and then, and not till then, the unseen spirits melted away, and I came to myself.

Absent-mindedly I lifted my book—the title caught my eye—one simple word of three letters, yet it made me sink back in my chair with a start—"She." So here, in Rider Haggard's book, was contained the secret of my weird afternoon! Yet *was* it only an idle vision of my imagination, or had I really been in that cavern under the sea, held close in the spell of these spirits, of whose power no pen can tell?

MAY L. GILBERT, 2 H.G.A.



SPRING - CLEANING.

OH, those ideas which women take into their heads of turning the whole house upside down and inside out and calling it "Spring-cleaning!" Here was I, home from a tiring day's work, to find the house, and also the garden, in a terrible muddle. After bumping into innumerable chairs, tables, &c., and sitting down suddenly on the newly-polished hall-floor, I at last succeeded in getting safely into the house.

Here I was greeted by my wife with "Oh, John, you will have to come up to the attic and take your tea, there's nothing else for it." I stood and gasped, but meekly followed her upstairs, where there stood a stool and a small wooden box covered with a newspaper, on which were a cup, a plate, some bread and butter, and a few scones. My wife left me with the parting shot, "You can make your own tea, John, can't you? There's some tea in that tin, and there's the tea-pot; I must fly," and she tripped away downstairs again, leaving me to face my impromptu meal alone.

Having been married but a short time, I had not had much experience of this sort of thing, so it was a good while before I could turn out a drinkable cup of tea for myself. I had to fish out a nail from the cup, and then found some polish on the spoon! Ugh! However, after I had remedied these trifling matters (and a few others), swallowed my cold tea and stale scones, I wandered away downstairs again. Now, I thought, I would at least have a quiet evening before the fire. Here, however, I was wrong, for I was evidently not to be allowed that luxury that night.

When I came downstairs I heard a muffled voice frantically calling for help! I was all on the alert in a moment. Straightening my tie and jacket in a business-like manner, I seized a poker and rushed to the scene of action, prepared to find my wife struggling with a masked burglar or something of the sort. When I reached the room from which the cries had come, I was dumbfounded, yet also somewhat relieved, to find, not a daring villain, but my wife, holding on to a picture which was just slipping through her fingers! Here she was, standing on the top step of a ladder, grabbing wildly at the falling picture, with the duster which she had worn now covering her eyes. How like a woman!

After I had assisted her in this matter, I was very indignant at being told that I was to go and paper the bedroom. What a nice quiet evening I was having! Assuming the most bored expression I could, I asked my wife for the paper. The bored expression had no effect on her though, for I was packed off to the bedroom with the steps, paper and paste. Resigning myself to the inevitable, I started my task.

I was just telling myself that I was getting along quite famously when a mishap occurred. I was nearly finished when my wife entered the room. I had not noticed that I was just about to step off the ladder by standing too far back to admire my workmanship, but she had, and, of

course, had to make a noise about it. This so startled me that the steps began to wobble dangerously, and, as my wife rushed forward, there was a stifled shriek and we all landed in a nice mess upon the floor. Oh, dear! A row, was there? Well, I should just think there was! At last I got so disgusted with the whole proceedings, that I stamped up to bed, which, by the way, consisted of a mattress on the floor of one of the empty bedrooms!

But even there, I was not finished with spring-cleaning, for I lay for two or three hours dreaming about chairs, tables and carpets chasing each other through the house, while we tried to dodge them. At last I managed to snatch a few hours' peaceful sleep in the early hours of the morning, and so forgot the troubles of spring-cleaning in slumber.

CATHIE FOWLER, 2 H.G.B.



TAKING THE CENSUS.

WHAT at the present moment is the greatest bugbear of paterfamilias? Why, the census.

The first real census of any importance was taken in 1086 by command of the King, William I. In it the values and owners' names of land were entered.

How many censuses have been taken since then I do not know; but I think each of them has worried and harassed the filler-in equally well.

Once more, in 1921, we bend our heads over the census, puzzling over questions such as these: When was baby born? What is John's age? What is mother's exact occupation?

Miss Oldmaid thinks she looks 30 years old, but those in "the know" can tell one that she is at least 46.

Many excuses and "dodges" are coined to avoid filling in the census paper. In a census taken in 1901 a lady of uncertain age was about to be married to a rich young gentleman. They both resided in a hotel, and as the landlord would ask her what her age was and thus force her "to let the cat out of the bag," she traversed the streets all night during the filling of the dreaded form. But, alas, she was doomed to disappointment, for a policeman found the wanderer and took her in charge. The lady had by force of circumstances to reveal her dire secret, and the match was broken off.

June will again see the heads of all the population bent over the interrogative sheet.

JAMES IRVINE, 2 H.G.C.



[Taken with a "Lizars" by A. Ancherlonnie.

Prefects—1920-21.

(1st Row) Graham Robertson, Harold Stenning, William Archibald, James Heddle.
 (2nd Row) Rhoda Henderson, Dorothy Littlejohn, Nan Williamson, Molly Kane, Lilius Murray, Alice Morrison, Lily Brand, Elsie Nisbet.
 (3rd Row) Margaret Wood, Helen Miller.

A CONTRAST.

" Oh lilies, tall and slender,
What do you do all day,
Among'st the fields and meadows,
Amid'st the flowers gay? "

The lilies tossed their heads,
Too proud were they to speak,
They turned away in wrath,
I had again to seek.

" Oh violets, small and fragrant,
What do you do all day
Among'st the leaves half-hidden,
Beside the brook at play? "

The vi'lets nestled down,
And modestly they said,
" We help to cheer this world,
In every wood and glade. "

" We help the blind, in darkness,
With our fragrance, rich and rare,
We help the weak, in sickness,
With our colour, pure and fair. "

We can be proud and great,
We can be modest, too,
And help all those in need,
By little things we do.

MARJORIE TILLMAN, 2 H.G.D.



SUNSET ON THE MOORS.

THE golden god of the blue ethereal world was slowly hiding his face behind the western horizon. The heather-clad mountains were changing colour, from the most brilliant gold to the deepest, darkest, intensest shadow. All was steeped in mystic, beautiful grandeur. The sky behind the mountain peaks was golden, fading to purest amber, which changed in turn to dainty shell-pink, till this also was transformed into ruby-red, dashed with purple, deepening—ever deepening—till it merged into ebony shadow at the foot. The moors were also being influenced by the quick succession of rainbow colourings, just as if they were o'ershadowed by a fairy spell; and the lowing cattle were stealing, like awesome shadows, across them, with their faces turned westward, their big red eyes fixed, as though they were entranced and could not turn them away, on the transformation before

them, watching the Sungod make his slow but chivalrous exit, that the pale, silver-clad moon might make her entrance like some gallant cavalier of yore, who, with stately measured tread, steps aside to let his lady pass. The birds were singly softly their good-night lullaby. The fairies were peeping out of every flower upon the moor, and the heath-bells were ringing out their alluring call to them to prepare for the arrival of their queen, who would come with the rise of the moon, to play hide-and-go-seek with her gay little subjects, out and in among the heather. There was only a silvern line on the western horizon now, and one by one each sweet little bird-voice ceased. Then, above the eastern skyline, stately, pure and calm, rose the fair goddess of the skies—the moon—in all her glorious radiance; and as the echo of the last bird-voice died away, there arose across the moor a cry, as of a thousand silvern voices, calling sweetly:

"She comes! Our fairy queen comes to allure
The fairy world to dance upon the moor."

MARGARET EDINE, I H.G.A.



ROSSEND CASTLE.

A FEW miles out of Burntisland lies a quiet and deserted spot named Rossend, where at the edge of the "Cliff" is situated an old ruined castle. It is by no means like a castle from outside appearance, in fact it is like an old house unfit for use. To enter the Castle one must push the big iron gate which leads to the "Cliff Path," a long and dreary path surrounded by shrubs and trees. On a stormy day, walking along the path is very disagreeable owing to the noise of the wind through the leaves, and, above all, the noise of the huge waves beneath.

After entering the Castle a maid takes the company upstairs and shows them the rooms and all its old-fashioned furniture. Every sound which is made echoes through the huge building. The furniture is very antique, and the floors are without linoleum, so that everything seems strange. The rooms are very large, but they are almost empty. The queerest thing I noticed was the chairs; they were covered with leather, and had no backs, which did seem unnatural. Altogether, there are thirty-two rooms, and two large tea-rooms for visitors.

CHRISSE PENTLAND, I H.G.B.

A TYPICAL INCIDENT IN THE OLDEN DAYS.

ALTHOUGH France and Great Britain are now firm friends, there were many years during which warlike parties from one country raided the other. On one such occasion a young lad accompanied his father, an Englishman of noble birth, to Normandy, to try and win booty. After much fighting the boy's father was badly wounded, and he himself was taken prisoner and confined in an underground dungeon in a castle in Normandy. At first the boy expected that his father would rescue him, but after a long time he nearly gave up hope, and thought that his father, having been seriously wounded, might be dead. One night, however, the warden of the castle heard a knock at the door of his house, and on answering it he saw a man in the king's messenger's uniform who handed him some letters which made him believe that he was a messenger of the King of France. The man said he had come for particulars about the prisoners in the castle, and that he was to deliver his message to the king the following morning. The warden led the man into a dining-room, and gave him refreshments. Then they talked together a lot, and during the course of their conversation the warden drank heavily, while the man drank very moderately. When the warden retired he fell into a deep sleep, and the man, who was not the king's messenger but the father of the little boy, after retiring to his room for a few minutes, crept into the warden's apartment, stole his keys, and went down to the dungeon in which his son lay. On opening the door he saw that his son was asleep on the stone floor. He took off the attire of a king's messenger, left it in the dungeon, wrapped the boy in a cloak, crept quietly out of the place, and walked three hours until he reached a harbour where a ship was waiting for them.

HAZEL ASHFORD, I H.G.C.



THE GENTLEMAN GIPSY.

IT was a fine morning in the month of June,—the sun had risen over the lonely, vast moors, and the heather was wet with dew. A little girl about nine years old walked smartly over the heather, carrying a basket laden with goods on her arm. She was the only person to be seen on this solitary spot. She tripped gaily along, singing to herself, with no feeling of fear within her, for she was used to the

place. Suddenly from round a bend came the sound of horse's hoofs and the rattling of wheels, and very soon a caravan came in sight. Two rough and ready men stood at the caravan door, whispering to each other. A sign from one of them made the driver draw up. The two men jumped from the caravan and pounced on the little girl. Taken by surprise, and borne off so quickly, the child could not even call for help. She was bundled into a dirty-smelling room, with a heap of straw in one corner, a broken chair in another, and an old deal table in the middle, before she quite knew what had happened. "Now, Missy, you 'ave come 'ere to work an' not to cry, so stop at once," said one of the men in harsh tones. "Get this room tidy before I come back, or you'll hear about it." With these words, he left the room, and turned the key in the lock.

In a little thatched cottage with a pretty little garden in front, sat an old man with a white, flowing beard, an anxious look on his face. "She left here at eight o'clock, it is now eleven and she is not back; I wonder if anything has happened to little Norah," he said, half aloud. With these thoughts still in his mind, he rose and looked out of the window. He then went to the door, and even out to the garden gate. He looked in vain for that little gay figure. So back to the house he went to wait her return. Twelve o'clock struck, and still there were no signs of her. The market-place was about two miles away. He thought he would go and see if she had ever been there. Buttoning on his coat, and putting on his hat, he left the house. He looked up and down the street, but not a person was in sight. He walked briskly over the moors, his eyes roaming all over for a glimpse of "his little Norah," until he came to the market, where, on inquiring about Norah, he was told that she had gone hours before. Feeling rather puzzled and anxious he reached home, with the faint hope that she had reached there before him. But that hope was crushed, for on returning he found the house as still as he had left it. It was now five o'clock, and after having something to eat he set out again. He took the opposite direction from that to the market, and after walking some time he came to a very remote part of the moors. Here in a shady corner he came across a gipsies' caravan. He was about to pass on, when he was startled by the sound of sobbing, and a voice saying, "Oh, I wonder if grandpa will ever find me."

Quite well he recognised the voice of little Norah, but what could he do against those rough men. Suddenly an idea seized him, and he hurried off home.

It was now about seven o'clock; the darkness was beginning to fall, when one of the gipsies spied a figure coming along the road. "Why, he looks as if he were a gipsy, and very tired," said the other. The stranger, who looked every bit a gipsy, came up, and in a husky voice, he said, "Can you give me a bed for the night, please?" Little Norah had listened to all that was said, and her sharp ears noted the "please." Never before had she known a gipsy to say "please." This must be a gentleman gipsy, she thought, and might not beat her like the others. The stranger was brought into the caravan, and after having something to eat he said that he was going for a walk about the caravan, and would take the girl with him as she looked rather sickly. The gipsies consented, and they set off. The stranger asked Norah to tell him how she came to be in the caravan, and so engrossed was she that she never noticed that they had come to a little thatched cottage. They went inside, where she found the house familiar to her. The gipsy pulled off his garb. "Grandpa" was all Norah could say, and with a satisfied smile he clasped her to his bosom.

RACHEL PRINGLE, I H.G.D.



From the Seniors.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

From the distant south a murmuring came
 As the song of the seaward bird;
 And the flowers, asleep in the cold, brown earth,
 Lifted their heads, and heard,
 And the home-bound birds started to sing
 "'Tis the Spirit of Spring."

Far on the sea-scape a soft wind stirr'd,
 That tossed the blushing cloud,
 And the golden sun, the god of the East,
 Arose from a mystic shroud;
 While the waves on the beach, rippling, did sing
 "'Tis the Spirit of Spring."

Down in the dales of the forests black,
Where shadows are dark and deep,
Where human foot doth scarcely tread,
The snowdrops began to peep,
And the copses and glades with echoes did ring
" 'Tis the Spirit of Spring."

Over the waves, the leas, the woods,
Borne on the wind aloft,
The herald of Time, on his golden flute
Played a melody sweet and soft,
And all who saw him heard him sing
" Comes the Spirit of Spring."

LILY TERRY, I Sen. A.



THE FAIRY REVELLERS.

Deep in the heart of a glade in the woodland,
Far from all human ken,
Far from the fret and fever of cities,
Far from the haunts of men.

Naught but the red deer, the raven and kestrel
Dwell in this fairy spot;
Naught but the wild things of forest and moorland
Live out their lonely lot.

There, on a night by the moonbeams, I wandered
Down by the babbling rill;
All of a sudden the wind in the tree tops
Whispered—" Keep still! keep still!"

Then, in the shadow, I watched with amazement
What no one else has e'er seen,—
An army, a throng, a great host of fairies
Dance on a fairy green.

Hither and thither they danced without ceasing,
Leaving no mark where they trod.
Golden their tresses and glist'ning their raiments;
They daintily danced on the sod.

Quickly the glad hours sped by to the morning,
Birds sang aloud on the bough,
Into the green maze my gay nymphs have vanished,
Lonely my fairy glen now!

Now I have finished my song of those fairies,
None will believe what I tell;
I shall remember them all thro' my lifetime,
Those sylphs of that sylvan dell.

MAIDA BURNETT, I Sen. A.



A MIDSUMMER'S DREAM.

ONE hot June day I made up my mind to go for a walk, so, taking with me a story book and a small lunch, I set out along the road which leads to the Pentland Hills.

I was very warm by the time I had got half-way up Bonaly Hill, so, finding a quiet, shady nook, I lay down to rest.

The soft humming of the bees, the gentle gurgle of the water, and the quiet rustling of the leaves overhead, gently lured me to sleep, so, while the sun was sending forth its warm rays upon the earth, I wandered away into dreamland.

I dreamt that it was the night of the Gillespie Concert, and all the people were gathered together in the Usher Hall to enjoy the performance.

The concert was ended, and had been a great success, and it was now time for distributing the prizes.

All the prizes were given out, and there was a moment's pause, which kept the audience in anxious suspense, to hear and see who was Dux of the School.

The moment was ended; and everyone was clapping and cheering to hear that I was Dux of the School.

The medal was being hung round my neck, when, alas! the bleating of a lamb near by startled me, and I awoke to find,—it was only a dream.

KATHLEEN CADDGER, I Sen. B.



THE WRECK.

" ARE you ready, Mamie? " " Yes," replied the little girl, " I am just going to say good-bye to Mama." " Good-bye, dearie, and I hope you will enjoy your voyage." At last Mamie was ready, and Mr White, her father, took her on board his schooner. It was a glorious morning, and Mamie enjoyed watching the sea-gulls which were crowded at the top of the mast. The weather continued like this for a few days, and then one night one of the sailors, a Mr M'Intosh, who had sailed round by Spain and various other places, remarked, " It is curious, Mr White, but last night there was a beautiful moon, and to-night there is none. I think we had better stay a night at the next harbour." " Do you really? Well, I don't," replied the skipper, and he went on smoking his pipe. At last the storm broke, the vessel paused, and then with a great effort it struggled on. " Daddy, daddy, this is awful." " Come here, Mamie, and don't be so frightened. I will soon make it right, and Mamie, clinging to her father's arms, followed him into his cabin. He took down his seaman's coat, which was hanging on a peg at the back of the door, and wrapped her in it.

He then went out, and bidding her wait till he came back, cut a piece of rope from a broken spar which had been dashed to pieces by the storm.

Returning to the cabin, he told Mamie to come out, and then he bound her to the mast. "Oh, father, I hear the church-bells ring. Can you tell me what it means?" "It is just a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast," and he steered for the angry sea. "Oh, father, I hear the sound of guns. What does it mean?" "It's a ship in distress, which cannot live in such a fierce hurricane." "Father, I see a gleaming light. What can it be?" But her father did not reply, for he lay a frozen corpse. On seeing this, Mamie clasped her hands, and prayed that she might be saved, and thought of Christ who stilled the waves on the Lake of Galilee. At daybreak, a fisherman saw the form of a fair maiden bound to a drifting mast.

MARGARET MACKENZIE, 1 Sen. C.



HOW TWO FAIRIES WERE KNIGHTED.

Now, these two little fairies, whose names were Dicker and Dee, lived in a little house near a wood.

As they sat round their cosy fire at home, Dicker said to Dee, "Come, let us take a trip into Pixieland." So next morning the two fairies rose early and set off. They crossed the river which separated Fairyland from Pixieland, and, sitting under a tree, heard two pixies talking as fast as they could. When the pixies went away, the fairies proceeded on their journey. They walked on until they saw the Pixie King speaking to his followers. The fairies were seen by the king, who chased them to their own land. At the same time the Pixie King stole the Fairy Queen.

Dicker and Dee heard about this, and they said to their king that they would try to win their dear queen back again. After a little conversation with their king, Dicker dressed up as a crow, and Dee as a rabbit.

The two of them set off for the palace of the Pixie King in their queer dress. When they reached the palace they found their dear queen. When Dicker and Dee brought their queen back safe and sound, the two fairies were knighted by the king with great joy and happiness.

TOM CRAIK, 2 Sen. A.

A SCENE IN THE WOODS.

The trees are waving in the breeze;
They are kingly, straight and tall;
The wind is shaking their branches,
And the leaves are beginning to fall.

The meadows are strewn with autumn leaves,
And the river is running along.
The birds are leaving the country;
Won't we miss their cheerful song?

But they'll come back in the spring again,
And all will be bright and gay.
The buds will be bursting, the leaves appearing,
And the birds will be singing all day.

The bees will be buzzing along in the sun,
The leaves have burst on the brushwood sheaves,
The grass will have sprung up, the flowers appeared,
And the trees will be clothed with leaves.

JAMES S. HUTCHISON, 2 Sen. B.



THE FAIRIES.

How I love the fairies,
Dancing to and fro;
In and out the sunbeams
Merrily they go.
But when dusk comes creeping,
Then away they fly,
Kiss their little hands to me
In a sweet goodbye.

ISABEL GRIEVE, 2 Sen. C.



AN INCIDENT IN THE WOOD.

It was a bright sunny day, and in an open space three little bunnies were gambolling merrily, when suddenly, just a little further along, a rabbit dived into its hole, giving the warning whisk of its white tail. The three little rabbits dived into safety just in time to escape from the claws of Reynard. Reynard looked very disgusted at missing a rabbit, for he had his wife and young ones to feed. He trotted off, knowing that it was useless to wait for them to come out again. It was night time, and the moon was out, shining brightly, when an owl winged silently through the air. It was one of the fiercest denizens of the wood. Suddenly the owl gave vent to its hooting cry. Immediately there was a scampering of feet. The owl shot forward like a rocket. There was a squeal of pain and terror, and the owl flapped his wings and rose, while he clutched in his

claws a rabbit. Suddenly a long snaky creature with green eyes jumped from the thicket and attacked the owl with savage fury. So savage was the attack that for a moment it seemed as if the owl would be cheated of his lawful prey. The weasel clung to the rabbit, tearing at the owl with savage, implacable fury. The owl strove to rise in the air. The great bird let go of his prey, and tore at the weasel's neck, making great tearing gashes. Then the end came suddenly. The owl managed to get a grip of his enemy, and tore at his head. After a few struggles the weasel hung limp and lifeless in the owl's claws. Letting the body drop, the victor clutched the rabbit in his claws, and flew away to feed his young ones with his prey, which he had fought for so well.

ROBERT CRAWFORD, 2 Sen. C.



AN INCIDENT IN MY HOLIDAYS.

I WAS spending my holidays at a fruit farm in Kent, in the autumn of 1916.

One morning about one o'clock my father came and lifted me out of bed, and took me to a window at the top of the house. I looked in the direction of London, and saw a Zeppelin, which looked like a large silver cigar in the sky. It had got caught in the beams of numerous searchlights, and was trying in vain to escape.

Shells were bursting all round it, and no firework display could ever compare with the sight.

All at once a red light, just like a toy balloon, appeared right above the raider, and the shell-fire ceased. The next moment the heavens were a mass of flames, and the blaze was so great that although we were thirty miles away you could easily have read a newspaper.

Lieutenant Robinson had brought down a Zeppelin at Cuffley.

J. MAY DODS, 3 Sen. A.



THE LOST RING.

ONCE upon a time, many years ago, a certain queen went to live for a time at one of her country residences, which stood just out of the town of Donibristle. Amongst the hills surrounding Donibristle, there also lived an old woman with her son and daughter, Hans and Marie. One day the queen was making an inspection of the Manor, as the residence was

called, where, after visiting the bake-houses and kitchens, she found she had lost one of her most valuable rings. The next day she kept the matter silent, hoping to find the ring somewhere about the Manor. That very day Hans visited the market, and bought some fancy cakes and took them home to his mother and sister. Imagine their surprise at finding the ring inside one of the cakes. Hans did not know that the ring belonged to the queen, and did not think to take it back to Donibristle to see if anybody had lost it. One morning Marie was milking their only cow. She had put the ring on, meaning to show it to a neighbour. She did not notice the ring slipping off her finger and dropping in amongst the cow's food, neither did she notice that the cow quite unconcernedly had swallowed it. A little while later she discovered her loss, and she was very sad and wished she had never put it on. They had been very prosperous when the ring was with them, and Hans had not needed to go to the market, but now the ring was lost their luck changed, and finally Hans was forced to take the cow to the market. Who should he sell it to but the queen's butcher. The cow was killed and cooked and served before the queen, when, what should she find but the ring. She was overjoyed, and called for the cook, then the butcher. The butcher said he had bought the cow from young Hans Yackel, who often visits the market. The next day Hans was found at the market, and sent to the queen. He told the queen everything and how the ring had got lost. The queen said the cow must have swallowed it. However, she forgave Hans and Marie, and being pleased with their manners gave them a farm, on which they lived happily ever after.

ELLA ANDERSON, 3 Sen. B.



THE FAIRY BELL.

ONCE upon a time there stood at the edge of a dense forest a hut in which a woodcutter and his wife lived with their two daughters. One day the two little girls were sent by their mother into the forest to gather fuel. Attracted by the beauty of the flowers they strayed further than they intended, and on deciding to return home they found that they had lost their way.

They wandered about till darkness fell, and then, in despair, sank down at the foot of a great oak tree and sobbed bitterly. They had almost sobbed themselves to sleep when they heard someone talking in a squeaky voice,

and, looking round, saw a dwarf dressed in green. He asked them why they cried so bitterly, and on hearing their sad story offered to help them. The dwarf then told them that he had been sent out by the Fairy Queen to find a little silver bell which had fallen from her crown when dancing among the trees.

After he had left them, and just as they were about to fall asleep they heard a sweet tinkle above them, and, looking up, saw a magpie with a little silver bell in his beak. They knew this must be the bell which the Fairy Queen had lost, and determined to watch where the bird hid it. They kept very quiet until at last the magpie flew into another tree and hid the bell in his nest and then flew off again.

The girls waited till the dwarf returned, and told him what they had seen and where the bell was to be found. He then quickly climbed the tree and got the bell. The dwarf was so delighted that he took them to the Fairy Queen's Palace, where the queen held a ball in their honour, and after spending a very happy evening the dwarf took the two little girls safely home, and the queen gave each of them a ring, telling them that whenever they cared to again visit Fairyland all they had to do was to rub the ring.

KATHERINE ROBERTSON, 3 Sen. C.



From the Juniors.

THE MAGIC BALL.

ALICE was trying her new ball in the garden. What a lovely ball she thought, and how it bounces. "Fancy, I am almost at a hundred," she said, as she counted "ninety-eight, ninety-nine," and just as she was giving a high bounce to finish off, the ball went higher than she expected. Alice caught it before it reached the ground. Then, wonder of wonders, it began to fly. Up, up they went, Alice and the ball together, until she thought they must be near the sky. It stopped quite suddenly, and Alice was too dazed to see where she was for a moment. Then she looked round and found she was in a beautiful garden, and what was this moving at her feet? She looked down, and saw a little fairy sitting on the grass. "Who are you?" asked the fairy. "I am Alice," and "Who are you?" asked Alice. "I am Fairy Bluebell," said the fairy, "and this is my kingdom. In my garden are many bluebells, but a

wicked wizard has turned all their petals black, and until a little girl picks three of them they cannot become blue again. Will you please pick three bluebells?" Alice did so, and immediately the bluebells were changed again into their lovely blue colour. The fairy then touched her with her wand, and Alice found herself back again in her own garden.

BETTY BANKS, 1 Jun. A.



THE MAGIC RING.

It stood in the centre of the tray, on mummy's dressing-table. Now everybody is asleep, said the ring, half aloud, I shall be able to go to the ball Mr Comb is holding in little Betty's bedroom. So he jumped off the dressing-table on to the floor without a sound. He walked right into Betty's bedroom, and then he was welcomed by Mr Comb. What a lot of guests were there. There were Mr and Mrs Brush, Mr and Mrs Comb, who held the ball, Mr Brooch and his wife, and lots more people that you would not believe to be alive. But there was somebody watching them. That was little Betty. It was Mr Ring who saw her first. She gave a shout, and they all faded away. Next morning she told her mummy all that had happened, but, strange to say, the ring was back in its place. Betty believes what she saw is true, but mummy said it was a dream.

FREIDA HAMILTON, 1 Jun. B.



LILY'S VISIT TO FAIRYLAND.

"LILY, LILY," cried Mrs Raymond, "are you coming out a walk with me?" "I'm sorry, mother, but I'm going out with my chum, Lena Drayton," called Lily from her little bedroom at the top of the house. "All right then," said Mrs Raymond, "but remember to be back for tea." Lily and Lena were soon skipping merrily along the road, which led to a pond which was very deep. Arm in arm they ran round the pond. "Oh, Lena, look what lovely flowers." The flowers in question were growing round the edge of the pond, and really looked very pretty. "I must get them," cried Lily, and ran to the side of the water. Next moment Lena gave a cry of warning, but it was too late. In an effort to get a flower that was far out, Lily had overbalanced and disappeared into the pond. But much to Lily's surprise, instead of getting very wet, and finding her mouth and eyes

full of water, she seemed to be walking on earth. When she had sufficiently recovered from her surprise to look around her, she saw a house; but such a peculiar house. It was all peaks. The chimneys had peaks; the windows had peaks; the door was one big peak. She walked along further, and discovered that the whole place was the same. Then someone came towards her, and all astonishment was lost in admiration of the newcomer. She was a dainty little fairy with golden hair and sunny blue eyes. Her dress was white with golden peaks at the foot, sleeves and neck, and her wings had the same peculiar shape. In her hand was a golden wand. "Why, Lily," she said, "you are just the one I have been wishing for. You have been so good lately that the Fairy Queen has decided to give you a wish. Come." She led Lily to a great hall in a palace of white marble, and there sat the Fairy Queen. "Well, Lily," said she, "what is your wish?" "Oh, Your Majesty," and Lily's eyes filled with swift tears, "could you make my daddy get better?" For Lily's father had been very ill for some time owing to an accident. "Your wish is granted," said the Fairy Queen, and Lily could scarcely put her thanks into words. "But how am I to get back again?" "Turn round three times and say:

'Back again, back again,
Take me, O sprite;
I wish to go home
Before it is night.'

Good-bye, little Lily, and take this as a remembrance of your visit." The queen handed Lily a little gold ring with a pearl in the shape of a lily in front. Lily repeated the magic rhyme, and she found herself on the banks of the pond again. So quickly had the visit passed that Lena, who had been raising her hand, had not yet completed the movement. Quickly Lily ran home and told her mother. Not long after Mr Raymond recovered, and "It's all through the doings of the fairies," said Lily, as she recounted the story of her visit to Fairyland. DOUGLAS LINTON, 1 Jun. C.



FIFI.

I HAVE a little dog called Fifi, who can beg for her dinner. If you ask her to speak for a biscuit she growls and barks. Fifi is a very good runner, although she has very short legs. She is very good at jumping and doing tricks. I often take her down to Roseburn and throw her into the water, for she

loves to swim about. When Fifi meets a cat she runs after it, but if the cat stands still she runs away herself! She can also shut the door if you ask her. Fifi and I are great friends, and we have splendid times together.

HARDIE ROSS, 2 Jun. A.



FOXIE.

I KNOW a man who has a terrier called Foxie. When you have a ball, it growls and wants it. It jumps so very high that you have to put the ball on a shelf out of reach. Foxie then gets on a chair, holding up its paws wanting it. One day it got my little brother's ball, and put its teeth through it and burst it. It's master gave my brother a lovely new ball. My brother is going to give Foxie his old one to play with.

JENNY MARTIN, 2 Jun. B.



OUR NEIGHBOUR'S BABY.

OUR neighbour's baby has two names sometimes. She is called Molly and sometimes Pucksy. When she gets up she has a bath, then at night, before she goes to bed, she has a bath again. For food she has milk from a bottle, but she likes to suck her ribbons, bibs, pram-covers, and best of all her own little thumb. She likes her daily airing, and chuckles gaily all the time. She can tell her mother when she is tired, hungry, angry, and sleepy. Can you guess how?

JEAN FARQUHARSON, 2 Jun. C.



From the Infants.

I AM going to be a nurse when I grow up, and nurse babies. I will have a lot of washing, but I like it very much. I like the babies when they are walking, because sometimes they are dressed in white. The nurses sometimes are dressed in blue, and in the house they are dressed in white.

I am going to be a day-school teacher and a Sunday-school teacher to teach a lot of lessons. I will be very kind to the

little children, and give them lots of half-holidays. My Sunday-school teaching will be in the morning to let the people go out walks in the afternoon.

I am going to be a cricketer, and I hope I am the batsman. I will be in the Heriot team. There are fielders, and if you have your foot in front of the wicket you are out. If you don't know you are out, you have to turn the bat upside down.

Adv. Inf. A.

I will try to tell you how I should like to spend my Easter Holidays. One afternoon I would like to spend in the Zoo seeing the animals. My first stop is at the place where all the parrots and pretty birds are kept; and I go to see Snowball begging. After that I go and ride on Jumbo's back.

On Sunday I had three Easter eggs, but I did not eat one of them. One of the eggs was from our hens, and my mother dyed them for us.

On Sunday I had nice fancy eggs for Easter. My auntie gave me one which could open, and was full of sweets.

I enjoyed my Easter holiday very much. I had a long walk with daddy. I got a basket with four nice chocolate eggs.

Adv. Inf. B.

I was at Queensferry, and I love the run. It is nice to have holidays, and I was at the Blackford Hills. I have had a lovely time. I got a lovely book from mother, and I play in the meadows and I go to the pictures.

I am going to Pitlochry for my holidays. I am going to play with the cat; it is a nice little thing. My little sister is a big girl now, and will soon be to school. I am getting on at school, and I can do my sums. I can write and read. I go out with my sister, and she plays with all her toys.

Adv. Inf. C.

I was at Dunsappie on Saturday, and I had my boots and stockings off. I went into the water, and I was catching fish in my hands. My brother's stocking was floating in the water, but he got it again.

When I was at the Zoo I saw a baby bear, and I gave it some biscuits to eat. Once when I was before, a little girl was hurt by one of the bears. It got hold of her hand.

Adv. Inf. D.

When I was a wee girl my brother had to go to school.
He had a frog, and it jumped out of the window one night.

Our baby is trying to walk, and she holds on to the chair.
She can say "daddy" and "mother."

I was at the farm, and I saw the hens lay eggs, and I got
one of the eggs.

At a farm there was a big white bull, and his name was
Walter. One night he ran out of his house, and he was
chased back with a stick.

Jun. Inf. A.

On Sundays I got out to the church, and yesterday we
went to the pond. I take my baby out in the pram.

I take my baby out. I am going to play at golf in the
links.

Jun. Inf. B.

School Sports.

HOCKEY.

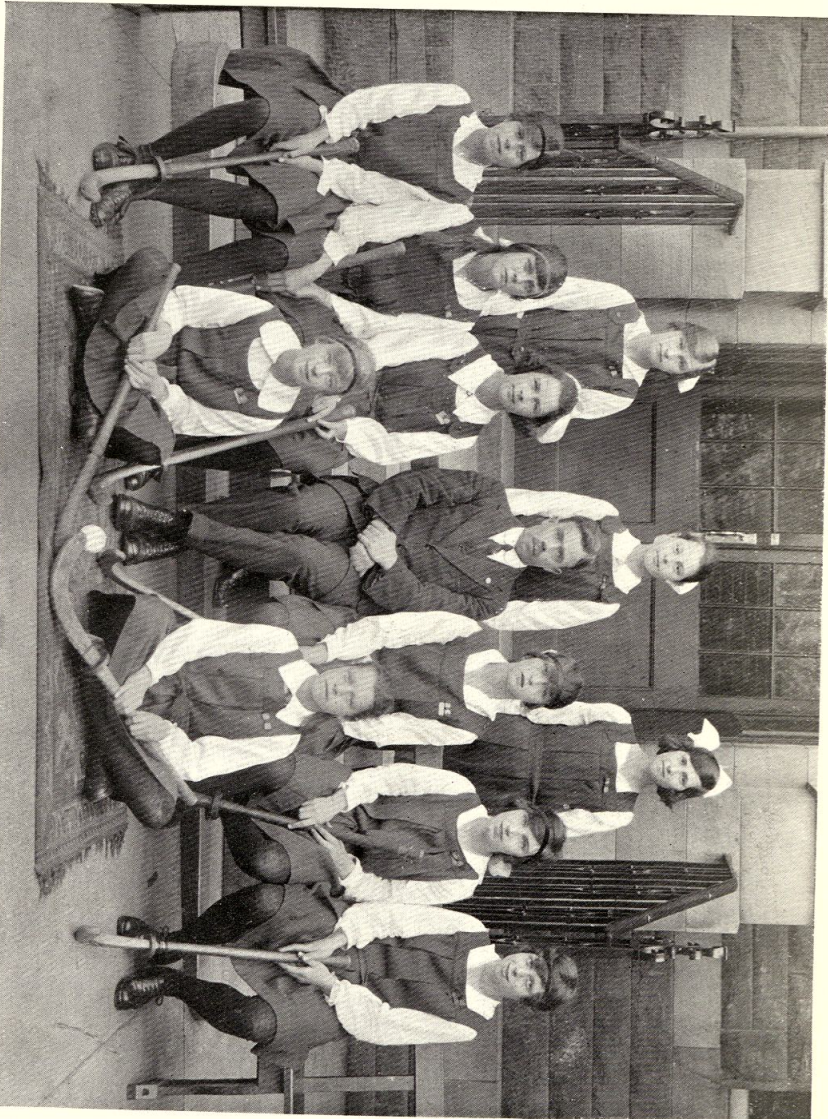
THE membership has increased considerably since last session, 67 pupils playing more or less regularly. With such numbers we were able to run both 1st XI. and 2nd XI., with a few odd games for a 3rd XI. The keenness is as great as ever, and the standard of play has improved greatly, the teams playing as teams and not as a collection of individuals. The first XI. played 19 matches: won 11, lost 5, drew 3. The goal register reads 67 for and 40 against.

Maisie Cleghorn, as goalkeeper, was brilliant on occasion, but apt sometimes to take risks.

Anne Johnstone.—A little more restraint would make her a really good back; a mixture of brilliance for and danger to her side.

Nan Haddow.—Remarkably good back for a first year at hockey; powerful in drive, and resolute in tackling.

Brodie Johnston.—Prone to wander; hard-working half-back.



Hockey Team 1920-21.

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

(2nd Row) Maisy Cleghorn,

(1st Row) Jessie Binnie, Anne Johnstone, Jean Forsyth.

(3rd Row) Christie Carmichael, Nancy Johnson,
Alice Ross, Brodie Johnstone, Helen Roger, Dolly Kirkwood, Nan Haddow.

Helen Roger.—As centre-half proved a tower of strength; inclined sometimes to overdo individual work; a hard hitter and good tackler.

Jean Forsyth.—The best half-back; a never-say-die tackler, and a good support to her forwards.

Jessie Binnie.—Very quick on the ball, but her crosses from the right were often late; quicker passing would make her dangerous.

Nancy Johnson.—A hard-working good inner; as a support excellent, but poor in shooting.

Chrissie Carmichael.—A small, dashing and clever centre; always kept the opposition on tenter-hooks.

Alice Ross.—Too individual; should think more about others.

Dolly Kirkwood.—Fast on the ball, but too easily dispossessed; inclined to roam; did not cross the ball often or quickly enough.

The second eleven possesses strong players for next season, and had quite a good year. Of their 11 matches, 7 were won, 1 drawn, and 3 lost. Goals read 34 for and 17 against. The third eleven played 4 matches, drawing 1 and losing 3.

RUGBY.

AGAINST the attraction of "Soccer," which latter produced international and inter-city players as well as a cup-winning team, it has been by no means easy to keep the "Rugger" flag flying, but still a few faithful survive, and we have been able to field a XV. in 6 matches, losing 4 and winning 2.

ASSOCIATION.

DURING Season 1920-21 two football teams were run, a 2nd XI. and a Higher Grade team.

The 2nd XI. took part in the Warriston League and School Board Cup Competitions, and while not achieving high honours in either, maintained good positions in both, being third in the League, and reaching the semi-final in the Cup.

The Higher Grade team, after a strenuous fight with the James Clark XI., succumbed in the first round of the Colonel Clark Cup.

For next season our prospects seem quite good, as a number of this season's players are again available, but team-building difficulties would be lessened if eligible pupils who wish to play would hand in their names at the beginning of the session.

From our players, Graham Robertson was selected to fill a place in the Edinburgh team, and played consistently throughout the series of events, while Willie Drummond got his place in the Higher Grade team which opposed Glasgow.

CRICKET.

LAST year, owing to the late opening of the Meadows for play, only six matches took place, of which 4 were lost and 2 won.

This year the game has been taken up with great enthusiasm, and there is even a second XI. Matches have taken place every Saturday from the middle of May, and there are fixtures right up to the end of the session. Up-to-date, matches have been played against teams from the Royal High School, Heriot's, and Portobello, all of which matches have been won. The second XI. have played one match against a team from Boroughmuir, and were successful, scoring 61 to Boroughmuir's 44.

GOLF.

IN the competition for the Golf Medal 24 boys entered. Two of the younger boys, J. Turner and J. McAdam, won their way into the semi-final. In the semi-finals, which were played over the Braid's eighteen-hole course, W. Archibald beat John M'Leod, and J. Turner beat J. M'Adam. In the final between Archibald and Turner, Archibald won.

TENNIS.

THE results of last year's competitions were as follows:—
 Champion—John Tweedie; runner-up, Alex. Bateman.
 First Year Singles Competition—1, Chrissie Carmichael; 2, Nettie Sutherland. Second Year Doubles Competition—Phyllis Senior and Lottie Gibson. Third Year Doubles Competition—Mary Mackay and Maud Ramsay.

We were able to put forward a very strong team in the matches played, with the result that all were won. The

matches were played against Broughton, Leith Academy, Trinity Academy, and the Staff. The team consisted of Maud Ramsay, Nana Crawford, Nettie Douglas, Ethel Moir, John Tweedie, Alex. Bateman, and James Martin.

This year the Club has a membership of 235, and play takes place regularly on the School Court and at Warriston. The tournaments are in progress as the magazine goes to press.



FORMER PUPILS' CLUB.

THE end of September brought on an earlier opening meeting than usual. There was an attendance of 130. After the President had reviewed the session's programme, the meeting was given over to songs and recitations, in which the following took part:—Miss Dobson and Messrs MacIndoe and Stronach with recitations, Misses Gladstone, Saunderson, Young, and Mr Jackson with songs. Mr Burnett, Headmaster, Hon. President, and Mr Baillie, Gillespie's Continuation Classes, commended the Musical and Dramatic Classes. Votes of thanks to Mr Hutchinson, who accompanied, and the other contributors closed the proceedings.

On October 8th a fair attendance of members was present to take part in impromptu speeches. The subjects discussed included: The Coal Strike; Women and Civil Life; The British Climate; Prohibition. Misses M. and A. Tod, Davidson, Miller, Pearson; the President, Secretary, and Editor took part. A heartier response from younger speakers would have been welcome. Miss A. Tod recited a selection from Conan Doyle.

On 22nd October a representative gathering of former pupils listened to a breezy, humorous and informative talk on "Gillespie Reminiscences," by Mr Thomas Robertson. His pawky and topical recollections were thoroughly enjoyed by all present. He described the growth, since his own early days, of city landmarks; recalled boyhood incidents, customs and fashions; pictured his colleagues and their humours; gave characteristics of inspectors, older and younger; traced the rise of the Heriot Trust and the Merchant Company; told of the founder of Gillespie's.

An evening which will long be remembered concluded with a gift to Mr Robertson of several volumes of R. L. Stevenson's works.

November 5th was devoted to a musical evening. There was a falling off in the numbers present. The President

gave a humorous reading, while Miss Dobson with recitations, Misses Gladstone and Grant, Messrs Jackson and Paton with songs, also contributed to the programme.

The debate "Is Conversation Man's Chief Business in Life?" on November 19th, met with rather a poor response. Miss Miller, for the affirmative, treated the question as including all forms of activity. Miss A. Tod, for the negative, dealt with conversation as merely the utterance of the spoken word. After some further speaking, the amendment was declared carried, on a show of hands.

A Reunion was held in School on Friday, 10th December, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. Over 80 were present.

The second half of the session opened with a Games Evening on January 14th, substituted for the Hat Night. There was a small attendance, at what proved to be one of the most enjoyable of the Club meetings.

On 28th January a special Burns Night was much enjoyed by a large gathering of members. Special thanks were due to Miss Porter for piano selections, Miss Dobson and Mr Sim for recitations, Miss Gladstone for songs, and Messrs Glen and Paton for a reading and a humorous monologue. Mr Robertson, in some closing remarks, took part in commemorating the Immortal Memory.

The dance in Kintore Rooms on February 11th was the first within recent years held out of school. A company of over 100 was present.

On February 25th a musical evening was enjoyed by a number of members. Singing, solo dancing and reciting were the items in a varied programme, contributed to by Misses Cameron, Gladstone, Tweedie; Misses Brown and Mortimer; Messrs Murphy and Sim. In closing, the President intimated arrangements for tennis and other club meetings.

The Annual Business Meeting was held on Friday, 11th March. After a vote for Committee, the office-bearers elected for next session were intimated as below. The evening concluded with dancing.

SESSION 1921-22.

<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 R. G. Forsyth.
<i>Secretary</i>	-	-	Miss I. Miller.

<i>Treasurer</i>	-	-	-	Miss J. Pearson.
<i>Committee</i>	-	-	-	Misses Brown, Gladstone, Grant, Hadden, Somerville, Tweedie; Messrs Horsburgh, Sim.
<i>Tennis Club Secretary</i>	-			Miss E. Cook.
<i>Dramatic Club Secretary</i>				Miss H. Pairman.
<i>Editor of Magazine</i>	-			J. G. Glen, M.A.



F.P. DRAMATIC CLUB.

A PRODUCTION of Oliver Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," was given in the Lauriston Hall on Monday and Tuesday, 4th and 5th April. This was the Club's initial venture outside the School buildings, and a large audience greeted the efforts of the members with evident appreciation. The play was produced by Mr A. MacIndoe, instructor, and effectively staged. The parts were all capably filled, and the play was presented with a distinct smoothness of action and freedom from prompting. The more ambitious attempt brought with it great credit and much success. Principal parts were played on both evenings by Misses Pairman and Pearson, Messrs MacIndoe and Sim. Misses Hadden and Miller, Messrs Drysdale, Forsyth, Millar, and others took special parts on one evening. Selections were played between acts by an orchestra under Mr W. H. Traill. Mrs Ross, Edinburgh Education Authority, complimented the Club on its successful production.



F.P. TENNIS CLUB.

THE Club is again playing at Craiglockhart, where we have four Courts with a membership of about 50. The season promises to be very successful, and members are taking a keen interest in the game.

Some matches have been arranged with other clubs. We have already played the Shaftsbury Club, but unfortunately were beaten.

We are just now in the midst of a mixed doubles tournament, which promises to be very exciting.

A most successful and enjoyable Flannel Dance was held last September in the Kintore Rooms, and we hope to have another at the end of this season.



HONOURS LIST.

- Mr WILLIAM J. JENKINS, M.A., B.Sc.—Appointed to Indian Forestry Service.
- Miss NORA I. CALDERWOOD, M.A., B.Sc.—Appointed Lecturer in Mathematics at the University of Birmingham.
- Miss MARGARET KERR JENKINS.—Appointed Gymnastic and Games Mistress in George Watson's Ladies' College.
- Miss MARY INNES.—Decorated O.B.E. for work with the W.A.A.C. in France.
- Miss AGNES I. TAYLOR, M.A. (Hons.).—Graduated B.Sc.
- Miss ALMA B. CALDERWOOD.—Graduated M.A. with Honours in History.
- Misses HELEN CAMPBELL, DORA W. GERRARD, ANNIE W. ROXBURGH.—Graduated in Medicine.
- Mr MAGNUS R. NICHOLSON.—Graduated M.A.
- Mr DOUGLAS R. MILL.—Graduated B.Sc. in Engineering.
- Mr HENRY LIPETZ.—Graduated B.Sc. in Agriculture.
- Mr DOUGLAS M. REID.—Graduated B.Sc. in Pure Science.
- Miss JESSIE GALLOWAY.—Gained Lanfine Bursary in English at Edinburgh University.
- Mr ROBERT ROBERTSON.—Gained Mackie Divinity Bursary.
- Mr ALASTAIR SIM.—At Edinburgh Musical Competition Festival, 1921, won the Gold Medal for Elocution; gained First Prize in Elocution (Senior Male Class); Second Prize in Elocution (Scots Dialect Class).
- Mr GEORGE STRONACH.—Gained Second Prize in Elocution (Senior Male Class) at Edinburgh Musical Competition Festival, 1921.
- Miss E. NAYSMITH YOUNG played principal parts in Grand Opera productions of the Edinburgh Amateur Opera Company.

Miss DOROTHY GODFREY.—Gained Second Prize for 'Cello Playing (Senior Class) at Edinburgh Musical Competition Festival, 1921.

At George Watson's Ladies' College, HELEN WOOD was Dux in French last session.

In the world of sport Miss IRENE CLARKSON played in the Scottish Ladies' Team in the International Hockey Match against American Ladies' Team.

Intermediate Certificates in 1920 were gained by—

Frances I. Allan, Alexander Bateman, Agnes M'G. Beach, Kathleen L. Beevers, Robert Braid, Blanche Brown, May Brown, Mary G. Carmichael, May R. M. Clark, Hilda G. Cowie, Annie G. Cranston, Agnes M. B. Crawford, Margaret G. Crockett, Gilbert G. Dodds, Jeanette Douglas, Margaret B. Dunsmore, Mary B. Finlay, Elizabeth Fraser, Marion G. Gardner, Charles H. Kemp, Muriel J. D. Laing, Charlotte H. D. Laurensen, Elspeth Lawrie, Margarite G. Low, Mary B. Mackay, Margaret M. Maclachlan, Elizabeth Macleod, William J. M'Duff, James Martin, Clare E. Matheson, Mina G. Milne, Ethel Moir, Alexander W. S. Morris, Isabella L. Mortimer, Elizabeth R. Paterson, Elizabeth N. Pirie, Margaret E. B. Porter, Wilhelmina A. Rae, Eric D. M. Ramage, Maud M. Ramsay, John S. Reid, Helen Richardson, David J. B. Ritchie, Elizabeth G. Ritchie, Grace W. Ritchie, James H. Robb, Annie W. Robertson, Wilhelmina R. Robertson, Walter D. Scott, Amelia R. M. Smith, Elizabeth H. Stark, Annie J. Steven, Alice E. D. Todd, Violet I. Turnbull, John T. Tweedie, Jeanette I. Wright.

SCHOOL BURSARY LIST, 1920-21.

- CLASS 2 H.G. A.—May Gilbert, Margaret Grant, Chrissie Carmichael, Margaret Johnston.
 CLASS 2 H.G. B.—Janet M'Ilwrick, Agnes Williamson.
 CLASS 2 H.G. C.—James Irvine.
 CLASS 2 H.G. D.—Jessie Wedderburn.
 CLASS 1 H.G. A.—Katherine Thomson, Ella Lamb, Elizabeth Heslop, Robert M. Sorbie.
 CLASS 1 H.G. B.—Norah Smith, Sarah Grant.
 CLASS 1 H.G. C.—Jean Smith, Hazel Ashford.
 CLASS 1 H.G. D.—Maud Lynch.
 CLASS 1 SEN. A.—George Beveridge, Maida Burnett, Lily Terry, James Robertson.

- CLASS 1 SEN. B.—Muriel Gillespie, Alison Robertson, Colvin Angus, Thomas King.
 CLASS 1 SEN. C.—Rena Grant, Margaret Brown.
 CLASS 2 SEN. A.—Beryl Watson, Jean Steel.
 CLASS 2 SEN. B.—James Hutchison, Margaret Nisbet.
 CLASS 2 SEN. C.—Mary Henderson, Robert Crawford.
 CLASS 3 SEN. A.—Elsie Malloch, Grace Sponder.
 CLASS 3 SEN. B.—Jean Renton, Gordon Walton.
 CLASS 3 SEN. C.—William Ross, Ella Middleton.
 CLASS 1 JUN. A.—Robert Ross, Elizabeth Hardie.
 CLASS 1 JUN. B.—Mabel Ginsburg, John Drummond.
 CLASS 1 JUN. C.—Helen Douglas Linton, Nancy Stewart.
 CLASS 2 JUN. A.—Margaret Edmond, Robina Deans.
 CLASS 2 JUN. B.—Robert Inglis, Janet Martin.
 CLASS 2 JUN. C.—Robert Hamilton, Jessie Stewart.



SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1920-21.

<i>Dux of School</i>	HAROLD STENNING.
(<i>Proxime accessit</i>)	MARGARET WOOD.
<i>Dux in English</i>	HAROLD STENNING.
„ <i>Latin</i>	PEGGIE F. MATHESON.
„ <i>French</i>	PEGGIE F. MATHESON.
„ <i>German</i>	MARIA A. BALFOUR.
„ <i>Mathematics</i>	HAROLD STENNING.
„ <i>Science</i>	HAROLD STENNING.
„ <i>Art</i>	MURIEL H. STORIE.
„ <i>Needlework</i>	NETTIE SUTHERLAND.

Class 3 H.G. A.

- English*.—1, Harold Stenning; 2, Margaret Wood; 3, Margaret B. Steel; 4, Maria A. Balfour; 5, Flora M'L. Murphy; 6, Eliz. B. Simpson.
Latin.—1, Peggy F. Matheson; 2, Harold Stenning; 3, Margt. R. Calder.
French.—1, Peggie F. Matheson; 2, Harold Stenning; 3, Maria A. Balfour; 4, Eliz. D. B. Young.
German.—1, Maria A. Balfour; 2, Marion Cleghorn; 3, Eliz. D. B. Young.
Mathematics.—1, Harold Stenning; 2 and 3, Peggie F. Matheson and Margaret Wood; 4, Margt. B. Steel.
Science.—1, Harold Stenning; 2, Andrew R. Meikle; 3, Maria A. Balfour; 4, Helen Fairgrieve.
Art.—1, Muriel H. Storie; 2, Helen F. Roger; 3, Mary B. Kirkwood; 4, Marion Cleghorn.
Physical Training.—Helen F. Roger, Harold Stenning.
Art Needlework.—Phyllis Senior, Muriel Storie.
Stencilling.—Margaret Wood.

Class 3 H.G. B.

English.—1, Nora B. Lawrence; 2, Helen C. Bezelly; 3, Georgina Gladstone; 4, Mary W. Rosie.

Mathematics.—1, Alice M. M'Intyre; 2, John W. Gilray; 3, Agnes L. Cowie.

French.—1, Mary W. Rosie; 2, Alice M. M'Intyre; 3, Nora B. Lawrence.

Science.—1, Barbara T. L. White; 2, Georgina Gladstone; 3, Agnes L. Cowie.

Art.—1, Alice M. M'Intyre; 2, Mona L. Watson; 3, John W. Gilray.

Physical Training.—Margaret H. W. Forrest.

Woodwork.—John W. Gilray.

Cookery.—Bessie Forrest.

Laundry.—Margaret Forrest.

Art Needlework.—Margaret Forrest.

Stencilling.—John Gilray.

Class 3 H.G. C.

English.—1, Margaret Gladstone; 2, John Clark; 3, Ernest Leeper; 4, May Littleton.

French.—1, Dorothy Wilson; 2, Alexandra Patrick; 3, Helen Waitt.

Mathematics.—1, Ernest Leeper; 2, William Trotter; 3, John Clark.

Science.—1, Margaret Gladstone; 2, Ernest Leeper; 3, Wm. Trotter.

Art.—1, May Littleton; 2, John Clark.

Cookery.—Nan Haddow.

Laundry.—Nan Haddow.

Physical Training.—Charlotte Gibson.

Woodwork.—William Trotter.

Class 2 H.G. A.

English.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Margaret Grant; 3, Margaret Johnston; 4, Chrissie Carmichael; 5, Kathleen M'Hardy.

Latin.—1, Chrissie Carmichael; 2, Margaret Grant; 3, Donald Stewart.

French.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Margaret Grant; 3, Chrissie Carmichael; 4, Mary Manson.

German.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Mary Manson; 3, Eva M'Ghee.

Mathematics.—1, May Gilbert; 2, Margaret Johnston and Evelyn Sutherland; 4, Margaret Grant.

Science.—1, Guthrie Thomson; 2, Chrissie Carmichael; 3, May Gilbert; 4, Margaret Johnston.

Art.—1, Lillia Murray; 2, Graham Robertson; 3, Chrissie Carmichael; 4, Evelyn Sutherland.

Needlework.—1, Margaret Johnstone.

Physical Training.—Chrissie Carmichael, Emma Masterton.

Woodwork.—Guthrie Thomson.

Class 2 H.G. B.

English.—1, Janet M'Ilwrick; 2, Agnes Traill; 3, Gladys Bryce; 4, Margaret Simpson.



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

Football Team, 1921.

(1st Row) R. Taylor, D. Mitchell, W. Scott.

(2nd Row) R. Watt, J. Robertson, J. Drummond, G. Robertson, Jas. M'Leod, C. Binnie, J. Cranston.

(3rd Row) A. Currie, J. Drummond.

French.—1, Catherine Brown; 2, Catherine Fowler; 3, Margaret Simpson.

Mathematics.—1, Janet M'Ilwrick; 2, Margt. Millar; 3, Ruby Thomson.

Science.—1, Janet M'Ilwrick; 2, Ruby Thomson; 3, Dorothy Lawrie.

Art.—1, Janet M'Ilwrick; 2, Agnes Williamson; 3, Annie M'Leod.

Sewing.—Agnes Williamson.

Cooking.—Annie Barclay.

Physical Training.—Nettie Sutherland.

Dressmaking.—Janet Sutherland.

Class 2 H.G. C.

English.—1, James Irvine; 2, William MacFarlane; 3, Donald Bracken; 4, George Bryson.

French.—1, Donald Bracken; 2, James Irvine; 3, William MacFarlane.

Mathematics.—1, Malcolm Giles; 2, Donald Bracken; 3, James Irvine.

Science.—1, Malcolm Giles; 2, James Irvine; 3, George Bryson.

Art.—1, Raymond Lawson; 2, William Archibald; 3, George Bryson.

Physical Training.—William Drummond.

Woodwork.—Raymond Lawson.

Class 2 H.G. D.

English.—1, Barbara Macgregor; 2, Jessie Wedderburn; 3, Doris Watson; 4, Agnes Mackay.

French.—1, Jessie Wedderburn; 2, Doris Watson; 3, Barbara Macgregor.

Mathematics.—1, Jessie Wedderburn; 2, Barbara Macgregor; 3, Kathleen Wight.

Science.—1, Constance Archibald; 2, Jessie Wedderburn; 3, Dolly Whyte.

Art.—1, Jessie Wedderburn; 2, Ann Johnston; 3, Alison Meldrum.

Sewing.—Agnes Mackay.

Cookery.—Agnes Gavine, Nan Munro.

Physical Training.—Dorothy Littlejohn.

Laundry.—Dorothy Littlejohn, Kathleen Wight.

Class 1 H.G. A.

English.—1, Katherine Thomson; 2, Graham Turnbull; 3, Nancy Scott; 4, Agnes Logan; 5, Edith Lawrie; 6, Elizabeth Heslop.

French.—1, Katherine Thomson; 2, Elizabeth Heslop; 3, Lily Brand; 4, Graham Turnbull.

German.—1, Mary Bruce; 2, Nancy Scott; 3, Alice Mowat.

Mathematics.—1, Ella Lamb; 2, Doris Peebles; 3, Kath. Thomson; 4, Violet Grieve.

Latin.—1, Katherine Thomson; 2, Elizabeth Heslop; 3, Graham Turnbull.

Science.—1, Robert Sorbie; 2, Charles Wilson; 3, Margaret Ednie; 4, Ella Lamb.

Art.—1, Thomas Robb; 2, Lily Brand; 3, Jessie Nicolson; 4, Doris Cleghorn.

Needlework.—Mary Purdie.

Woodwork.—Thomas Robb.

Physical Training.—Alice Mowat.

Class 1 H.G. B.

English.—1, Norah Smith; 2, Sarah Grant; 3, Ethel Archibald; 4, Molly Kane.

French.—1, Norah Smith; 2, Sarah Grant; 3, Olive Mitchell.

Mathematics.—1, Norah Smith; 2, Sarah Grant; 3, Ethel Archibald.

Science.—1, Norah Smith; 2, Jeana Cadigan; 3, Ethel Archibald and Robert Ottleben (equal.)

Art.—1, Olive Mitchell; 2, Molly Kane; 3, Douglas Grosset.

Sewing.—Evelyn Eckford.

Cookery.—Mary Kane.

Physical Training.—Evelyn Eckford, John Drummond.

Woodwork.—William Turnbull.

Class 1 H.G. C.

English.—1, Jean Smith; 2, Margaret Murray; 3, Hazel Ashford; 4, Marion Payne.

French.—1, Jean Smith; 2, Hazel Ashford; 3, May Payne.

Mathematics.—1, Hazel Ashford; 2, Jean Smith; 3, Nora Somerville.

Science.—1, Jean Smith; 2, Margaret Newbigging; 3, Nora Somerville.

Art.—1, Jane Currie; 2, Lena Milligan; 3, Andrew Mein.

Dressmaking.—Olive Grant.

Physical Training.—Margaret Murray.

Woodwork.—Andrew Mein.

Cookery.—Olive Grant.

Class 1 H.G. D.

English.—1, Rachel Pringle; 2, Isabella Whytock; 3, Ella Campbell; 4, Maud Lynch.

French.—1, Isabella Whytock; 2, Margt. M'Guire; 3, Ella Campbell.

Mathematics.—1, Frank Todd; 2, Maud Lynch; 3, Annie Cruikshank.

Science.—1, Isabella Whytock; 2, Annie Cruikshank; 3, Maud Lynch.

Art.—1, Albert Cramb; 2, George Smith; 3, Gladys Sinclair.

Sewing.—Ella Campbell.

Cookery.—1, Cathie Daniels.

Physical Training.—Gladys Sinclair.

Woodwork.—Albert Cramb.

Bible Prizes.—*3rd year*—1, Helen Fairgrieve; 2, Margaret Wood; 3, Ishbel C. C. MacPherson. *2nd year*—1, May Gilbert; 2, Evelyn Sutherland; 3, Nita Carr. *1st year*—1, Margaret Ednie; 2, Nora Smith; 3, Mary Porter.

Scott Club Prizes.—1, May L. Gilbert; 2, Margaret W. S. Grant.

Pianoforte Prizes.—1, Peggie F. Matheson; 2, Margaret Wood; 3, Chrissie Carmichael.

Singing Prizes.—1, Violet Miller; 2, Helen Roger; 3, Georgina Gladstone.

Margaret Burt Wright Prizes for Essays on Kindness to Animals.—1, James Heddle; 2, Frank Todd.

S.P.C.A. Prizes.—1, Maida Burnett; 2, Colvin Angus; 3, Ena Storey.

Class 1 Sen. A.

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

Girls.—1, Maida Burnett; 2, Lily Terry; 3, Alison Laidlaw; 4, Dora Sanders; 5, Elizabeth Young; 6, Ena Storey.

French.—Maida Burnett. *Bible.*—Eva Terry. *Sewing.*—Freda Hawkins. *Drawing.*—Lewis Williams.

Class 1 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Colvin Angus; 2, Thomas King; 3, Andrew Currie.

Girls.—1, Muriel Gillespie; 2, Alison Robertson; 3, Marion Linton; 4, Catherine Kirkwood; 5, Robina Banks.

French.—Alison Robertson. *Bible.*—Adeline Carrick. *Sewing.*—Pearl Hyman. *Drawing.*—Colvin Angus.

Class 1 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, John Stratford; 2, John Aitchison.

Girls.—1, Rena Grant; 2, Margaret Brown; 3, Marion Ross; 4, Eleanor Smith; 5, Catherine Christie; 6, Agnes Kay.

Drawing.—Tom Canning. *French.*—Elizabeth Whytock. *Sewing.*—Agnes Storrar. *Bible.*—Mary Nicol.

Class 2 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, James Rodger; 2, Thomas Craik; 3, Harry Milne.

Girls.—1, Beryl Watson; 2, Jean Steel; 3, Cissie Flint; 4, Georgina Laidlaw; 5, Alice M'Lauchlan.

French.—Beryl Watson. *Bible.*—James Philp. *Sewing.*—Anna Nicol. *Drawing.*—Anna Nicol.

Class 2 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, James Hutchison; 2, Herbert Flett; 3, James Paterson.

Girls.—1, Margaret Nisbet; 2, Marion Donaldson and Edith Hall (equal); 4, Isobel Hill; 5, Jean Budge.

French.—Margaret Bell. *Sewing.*—Florence Smith. *Bible.*—William Smith. *Drawing.*—James Forbes Macdonald.

Class 2 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, Robert Crawford; 2, Alex. Craighead; 3, Wm. Thomson.

Girls.—1, Mary Henderson; 2, Betty Bryce; 3, Isabel Grieve; 4, Florence Geissler; 5, Dorothy Melville.

French.—Mary Henderson. *Bible.*—Mary Henderson. *Sewing.*—Margaret Alcorn. *Drawing.*—Edna Seatter.

Class 3 Sen. A.

Boys.—1, James Maxwell; 2, Ernest Brown.

Girls.—1, Elsie Malloch; 2, Grace Sponder; 3, May Dods; 4, Maude Brydon; 5, Margaret Fisher; 6, Margaret Glass.

Sewing.—Isobel Giles and Elsie Malloch (equal). *Drawing.*—Stuart Cameron. *Bible.*—Grace Sponder.

Class 3 Sen. B.

Boys.—1, Gordon Walton; 2, David Robertson; 3, John Malloch.

Girls.—1, Jean Renton; 2, Evelyn Robertson; 3, Mary Reid; 4, Ella Anderson; 5, Evelyn Nicol.

Bible.—Davina Crosbie. *Sewing.*—Margaret Rennie. *Drawing.*—Thomas M'Ilwrick.

Class 3 Sen. C.

Boys.—1, William Ross; 2, Arthur Walker; 3, William Yarroll.

Girls.—1, Ella Middleton; 2, Katherine Robertson and Dorothy Hurford (equal); 4, May Harland; 5, Jessie Henderson.

Bible.—Katherine Robertson. *Drawing.*—Fred Gilray. *Sewing.*—Olive Gray.

Class 1 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Ross; 2, Louis Ginsberg; 3, Robert Ure; 4, William Ure.

Girls.—1, Elizabeth Hardie; 2, Elizabeth Banks; 3, Doris Grant; 4, Violet Irvine.

Drawing.—Robert Ross. *Sewing.*—Grace Meikle.

Class 1 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, John Drummond; 2, William Porter; 3, Edward Laing.

Girls.—1, Mabel Ginsburg; (2) Freida Hamilton; 3, Helen Henderson; 4, Enid Robertson; 5, Irene Gow.

Sewing.—Margaret B. Tait. *Drawing.*—Ian Wintour.

Class 1 Jun. C.

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

Girls.—1, Helen Douglas Linton; 2, Nancy Stewart; 3, Margaret Gray; 4, Margaret Cunningham; 5, Christina Ross.

Sewing.—Mary Drummond. *Drawing.*—Ronald Reid.

Class 2 Jun. A.

Boys.—1, Robert Gardiner; 2, William Simpson; 3, George Forgan; 4, Andrew Miller.

Girls.—1, Margaret Edmond; 2, Robina Deans; 3, Janet Sanders; 4, Margaret Logan.

Sewing.—Margaret Peters. *Drawing.*—John Phillips.

Class 2 Jun. B.

Boys.—1, Robert Inglis; 2, James Flett; 3, James Aalbrecht.

Girls.—1, Janet Martin; 2, Grace Beattie; 3, Marjory Cowe; 4, Winnie Marshall; 5, Cathie Rennie.

Sewing.—Jessie Creswick. *Drawing.*—Robert Inglis.

Class 2 Jun. C.

Boys.—1, Robert Hamilton; 2, Andrew Nisbet; 3, James Wallace; 4, Charles King.

Girls.—1, Jessie Stewart; 2, Margaret Glass; 3, Margaret Liddle; 4, Dorothy Ogilvie.

Sewing.—Margaret Brown. *Drawing.*—Robert Hamilton.

Adv. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, Robert M'D. Henderson; 2, George A. Mears; 3, Donald W. Gray; 4, J. Roger Blamire.

Girls.—1, Muriel M. Burrows; 2, Isabella C. Grant; 3, Catherine I. Davie; 4, Jean K. Treacher.

Adv. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, James S. Meldrum; 2, John L. M'Laren; 3, James Buchanan;

Girls.—1, Doris E. Brown; 2, Joanna M. Cameron; 3, Margaret Lowe; 4, Isabella Lister; 5, Wilhelmina Gladstone.

Adv. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, Charles W. Gilmour; 2, Ian Scougall; 3, Ernest J. Brewer; 4, Harry Finnie.

Girls.—1, Catherine B. Duncan; 2, Helen Muir; 3, Agnes Arthur; 4, Doris M. Wright.

Adv. Inf. D. (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Robert Barlow; 2, Alastair Maclean; 3, Ian Hope Hamilton.

Girls.—Agnes Somerville; 2, Jean Caldwell; 3, Isabella Hardie; 4, Isobel Chalmers; 5, Constance Gregor.

Jun. Inf. A.

Boys.—1, John S. Gray; 2, George V. Budge; 3, William Beattie.

Girls.—1, Sheila M'Ewan; 2, Kathleen Paterson; 3, Catherine L. Henderson; 4, Ellen Baillie; 5, Catherine G. Henderson.

Jun. Inf. B.

Boys.—1, Andrew Holmes; 2, George T. Chisholm; 3, David H. Scott.

Girls.—1, Margaret S. Thomson; 2, Lillian R. Nicholson; 3, Grace T. Will; 4, Margaret Fraser; 5, Violet M. Trainer.

Jun. Inf. C.

Boys.—1, Albert Sinclair; 2, Alexander Hastie; 3, Allan Craig.

Girls.—1, Hilda Downie; 2, Winifred Stewart; 3, Mary Henderson; 4, Helen Stewart; 5, Lily Stewart.

Jun. Inf. D (Montessori).

Boys.—1, Robert Russell; 2, Leslie Comfort; 3, Gordon M'Cracken; 4, James Pearson.

Girls.—1, Elizabeth Dobson; 2, Irene Glass; 3, Elsie Grant; 4, Ella M'Lean.

THE SCHOOL GAMES.

THE School Games were held this year on Wednesday, June 8th, at Warriston Grounds. 914 pupils entered for the various events. Though the morning was wet, the afternoon turned out fair, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent by the pupils and their friends. As in the last two years, an exhibition of Country and Morris Dances was given by the girls under the supervision of Miss Kemp, our Drill Mistress. The prizes were distributed to the successful competitors by Mrs Morgan, member of the Education Authority.

The chief prize-winners were:—

BOYS.

60 yards—under 9	- - - -	John Adam.
80 yards—under 11	- - - -	John Drummond.
100 yards—under 13	- - - -	James M'Leod.
100 yards—open	- - - -	William Drummond.
220 yards—under 13	- - - -	James M'Leod.
440 yards—open	- - - -	William Drummond.
Three-Legged Race—Elem.	- - - -	Norman Nisbet and Thomas Craik.
Do. H.G.	- - - -	Harold Stenning and Douglas Young.
Sack Race—open	- - - -	Ernest Dickson.
Obstacle Race—open	- - - -	John Drummond.
Throwing Cricket Ball—open	- - - -	Douglas Young.

GIRLS.

60 yards—under 9	- - - -	Daisy Brand.
80 yards—under 11	- - - -	May Drummond.
100 yards—under 13	- - - -	Margaret Traill.
100 yards—open	- - - -	Bessie Simpson.
Skipping Race—under 9	- - - -	Ruby Deans.
Do. under 11	- - - -	Gertie Sinclair.
Do. under 13	- - - -	Kathleen Weir.
Do. open	- - - -	Norah Smith.
Egg and Spoon Race—under 11	- - - -	Jenny Grossart.
Do. under 13	- - - -	Winnie O'Leary.
Do. open	- - - -	Helen Roger.
Thread-the-Needle Race—under 13	- - - -	Margaret Traill and Isa Mason.
Do. open	- - - -	Nan Scobie and Kathleen Smith.
Three-Legged Race—Elem.	- - - -	Kathleen Weir and Lizzie Hunter.
Do. H.G.	- - - -	Bessie Simpson and Phyllis Senior.
Squadron Race—open	- - - -	Annie M'Leod, Gladys Bryce, Nan Traill, Nan Scobie.
Sack Race—open	- - - -	Madge Gray.