

Gartnavel Gazette

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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



New Series. JANUARY, 1915. Nos. 46-7.

Centenary Number—CONTENTS.

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Notes.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.
 The Year opened with our country at peace with all the world, and desirous of remaining so. Its close finds us engaged in the greatest war of all time. May the New Year bring victory to our soldiers and sailors fighting for their country in a just cause, and may it bring an abiding peace.

GOD SAVE THE KING.

The Glasgow Royal Asylum—at that time situated in Parliamentary Road—was opened for the reception of patients on 12th December, 1814. So that this month we attain our

centenary. In happier times the directors would have celebrated in various ways this interesting occasion, but with the country engaged in a struggle for national existence, they felt that festivities would be out of place, and have contented themselves with setting aside a sum of money to be distributed as a bonus to all those in their service, in commemoration of the occasion, and as a mark of appreciation of their services.

It is interesting to recall that in 1814 we were at war with a would-be European dictator as we are now. May history repeat itself, and as in 1815 there came his Waterloo, so may our enemies be confounded in

1915, and victory rest with our arms.

Articles dealing with the centenary will be found in other parts of this number of the GAZETTE. Some six years ago, on the occasion of the centenary of the laying of the foundation stone, we published an illustrated number dealing with the inception of the Institution, and giving some account of our city at that time. Our contemporary, the *Glasgow Herald*, published on Dec. 19, an interesting article on the Centenary.

The war has not failed to make its mark upon our little world. Dr. Black and Sister Haddon have both been called away to their respective army duties; while of those at one time with us, Drs. Murchie, Forsyth and Gibson are already at the front, and Sister Brodie engaged in nursing at one of the hospital bases. Other members of the staff, too, have either been summoned to the colours or have volunteered for active service. About ten, we believe, have already gone, and our Roll of Honour grows. At this time of feasting and good wishes we do not forget them, and have sent to each a box of good things to eat, to smoke and to wear. May they reach them safely and take good luck with them. We pray for a speedy and successful issue to the operations now in progress, and for the safe return of all who have left us to serve their country.

The contributions of the staff to the various War Relief Funds now amount to the substantially satisfactory sum of £45 4s. 6d. To this should be added the £6 allocated by the Directors for the Autumn Staff Dance, but which it was the unanimous wish of the staff should be set apart for the benefit of the sufferers

from the war. On the request being submitted to the Directors, they agreed that the desire, so highly creditable to those from whom it emanated, should be at once acceded to, and an allocation was accordingly made on the basis that £3 go to Princess Mary's Fund and £3 to the Belgian Relief Fund. The contributions of the staff, therefore, to the various funds, since the beginning of the war, are as follows:—To the National Relief Fund, £26 18s. 6d.; to the Belgian Relief Fund, £14 6s.; to the Princess Mary Fund, £10, a total of £51 4s. 6d.

"Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco largere ponens." So wrote the Roman poet, some two thousand years ago. We have not ceased to admire his latinity; but, now that the sharp winter mornings and evenings are upon us, we admire his sage counsel more. Summer and autumn have gone; but the seasons were good ones, and not even that most proverbial of grumblers, the farmer, should have cause to complain. For ourselves, the time—much of which was spent in the open air—passed happily, enlivened by such games as croquet, tennis, bowls, and the perennial golf. Long evenings and inhospitable days loom ahead, when indoor games will be much in vogue. With these, and our weekly and monthly concerts, we hope to prove that winter is not altogether a season of gloom.

We miss Dr. Ross, so greatly liked and esteemed by all, whether patients or staff. It was but fitting that the regard in which he was held should be materially symbolised, as it was in the handsome silver-mounted china afternoon tea set, subscribed for by the ladies, and silver fruit compotier

from the staff, with which he was presented on the eve of his departure to assume more important duties. We wish him every felicity and success in his responsible position as Medical Superintendent of the Argyll and Bute Asylum.

We extend a hearty welcome to Dr. McKinlay Reid, who recently came as Senior Assistant Physician in succession to Dr. Ross. Dr. Reid is a "Highly Commended" M.D. of Glasgow University, and has had a wide experience in the practice of his profession. When he resigned his post in one of the large English Asylums to come here, his leaving was spoken of as a distinct loss to the London Asylum service.

We also welcome Dr. Tulloch, who has succeeded Dr. Ivy Mackenzie as Director of the Western Asylums' Research Institute. We hope Dr. Reid and Dr. Tulloch will be in no hurry to leave us.

We apologise for the non-appearance of the autumn number of the *Gartnavel Gazette*. Our Editor, Dr. Stewart Black, was called away on a day's notice to join his regiment, the war occupied all our thoughts, and there was much to do, and many places in the official and nursing staff to fill. We congratulate Dr. Black on his "step," and hope by and bye to have for the GAZETTE some of his experiences in Fife—or in the fighting line. Dr. Marshall, who was studying abroad at the outbreak of war, tarried too long, we understand, in Paris, and had some difficulty in reaching home. We should be glad to hear of his adventures.

Sister Salmond, who so long and so efficiently acted as our Head Attendant's coadjutrix in the West House, has just left us. She was the

recipient of a handsome silver trinket box from the members of the staff, in recognition of the courtesy and true kindness which, during her stay among us, she never failed to extend to all with whom she happened at any time to be associated.

We heartily welcome Sister Mathieson, and trust that she may find the time spent with us both profitable and pleasant.

We have to congratulate the following members of the staff who have passed the Medico-Psychological Examination and have obtained the certificate of Proficiency in Mental Nursing:—Nurses, Jean Andrew, Catherine Gould, Catherine Leitch, Annie McLean, Harriet McLean, and Attendant Turner.

The following have passed the Junior Examination:—Nurses Margaret Campbell, Jessie Chrystall, Anne Connor, Helen Duncan, M. J. Murdoch, Agnes McKay, Catherine McLean, and Attendants John Bell and James Cunningham.

Despite the abnormally fine atmospheric conditions that have prevailed throughout the season, the Bowling Green has been somewhat poorly taken advantage of, which seems rather a pity, as we have a fine stretch of sward at our disposal, situated in what probably is one of the most picturesque spots in the garden. Unfortunately, we have nothing new to chronicle regarding matches, as there has only been one trial of strength, which was reported in our last number; so that, on the whole, this season must rank as the quietest and most uneventful since the green was opened, nine years ago. Many who used to play have deserted it for the more elusive game of golf; but we are glad to observe some

sincere devotees, who were not to be wooed by other attractions. The turf was kept, and still is, in fine trim, for which thanks are due to the whole-hearted efforts of the garden staff.

On an afternoon of brilliant sunshine, when nature was at her best, the Tennis Courts were also at their best: for on this special afternoon there was a tournament, played after the American style, each couple playing every other couple. Miss Muir and Mr. H—, Miss Barr and Mr. J—, tied for the final, so extra games had to be played, in which Miss Muir and Mr. H— came off victorious, gaining the first prizes, the second prizes falling to Miss Barr and Mr. J—.

The Croquet Greens and Lawn Tennis Courts were the scenes of many interesting games this summer. The new Croquet lawn, at the Laboratory, witnessed many an exciting contest during the long summer evenings, some enthusiasts even playing until the balls were scarcely visible. A Croquet Tournament was arranged, and passed off successfully. There were over fifty entries; and some of the contests were so keen that there was little difference between the winner and opponent. The semi-finals were played between Miss D— and Mr. J—, Miss M— and Mr. M—, and the final between Miss D— and Mr. M—; Miss D—, the winner, carrying off the cup and first prize.

The concerts given monthly during the winter season, under the auspices of the Abstainers' Union have, so far, been most successful. The Directors and Mr. Mackerracher are to be congratulated on the high standard attained and maintained,

and we accept with pleasure the assurance that the artistes are always glad to come and sing to us. Mr. Roxburgh, the Chairman of the Weekly Committee, presided at the first concert in October, while Mr. Blyth was present at that given in December, and voiced our thanks for an enjoyable evening.

The "moving picture" shows have quite displaced the old "lantern lectures." We have now the sole use of a cinematograph apparatus, which is most capably worked by Mr. Wilson, our Clerk of Works. Films of all kinds can be hired, and the recent exhibitions were up-to-date and instructive, as well as amusing.

A well-contested billiard tournament has just been concluded. There were about thirty entries, and some close matches. The finalists were Mr. G— and Attendant Atkins, the former winning by something like 30 points. Dr. McKinlay Reid took the prize for the highest break. The arrangements and handicapping by Dr. M— were excellent, and he has the thanks of all the players.

Commissioner Dr. Hamilton Marr made an official inspection of the Hospital on 26th and 27th October. In his report he writes, "the management of the Institution is conducted with much zeal and ability, and it was evident that the interests of the patients are its first consideration."

We make friends but to lose them, and it is with deep regret that we intimate the loss by death of two of our residents to whom the GAZETTE owed much, one having been its first Editor, and the other one of its most valued contributors. The

Gartnavel Sports.

THE Annual Sports were held on Saturday, the 25th of July. Unfortunately the weather was not kindly. Contrary to his wont on our special occasions, the sun did not shine; and there was a distinctly bitter chill in the air, which probably marred to some extent the enjoyment of onlookers. But the enthusiasm amongst competitors appeared rather to be increased by it, and almost every event was contested with delightful keenness. Among the items on the programme were flat races, boys' and girls' races, throwing the cricket ball, relay races, a tug-of-war, wheelbarrow, obstacle, blindfold and sack races, threading-the-needle and three-legged races, a pillow fight and five-a-side football. We regret that the limited space at our disposal precludes us from giving a list of the successful competitors. To those who worked so zealously and with so much real interest and consequently were mainly responsible for all the splendid arrangements, particularly Dr. Ross, Mr. Waddell and Mr. Barr, we proffer our utmost thanks. At the close of a day of much happiness Dr. Oswald congratulated the various winners and kindly presented the prizes.

The illustration on the front page, under the title, shows a part of the West House as viewed from the south. It takes the place of a view of the old Asylum, which some indeed considered to be still in existence.

OCTOBER.

The chilly morn peers vaguely o'er the dark world's rim,
The cawing cranes fly through the mist and slowly skim
The damp, dank coverts, dense with foliage green and brown;
And ruddy, rustling leaves that now come rattling down,
And brittle branchlets, burs, and beech-moss strew the grass.
The sunbeams struggle sore to part the sodden mass
Of eager, envious clouds that close, and curling round
Retard the red gold rays that fain would reach the ground,
What can withstand the sun? The sombre clouds must start
Apart, that love and life may lighten every heart.
October! oft with mournful morn but sunset smile,
From winter wild, thou wilt protect us yet awhile.

FERN-SEED.

Cricket.

CRYING over spilt milk is proverbially futile, and it would be equally useless at this time of day to point out the reasons for the disastrous cricket season we finished in September. We cannot chronicle further victories since the last issue of the GAZETTE. On several occasions we shaped like winning, but inexplicably broke down at the critical time. Against *Unitas* we scored 40 and took four wickets for 19, but the fifth wicket brought our opponents'

score to 97. In our match with Denny we had a total of 63. The visitors' score at the fifth wicket was 22, and at the end of the match 157. The last game of the season, with Airdrie Brotherhood, showed what good bowling, backed up by keen fielding, could do. We managed to make 37 runs—a miserable total—and our opponents replied with 38; though, at one part of their innings, the scoring-board read 3 wickets for 34. Mr. H—'s bowling was mainly responsible for this. In his last four overs he had six wickets for two runs and the "hat-trick," and his analysis came out at 7 for 13. The applause he received from sporting visitors, at the close of the game, was well merited.

The team has lost one of the best of captains. If Dr. Ross was not a great cricketer—apart from his fielding—he was an excellent sportsman, and the man who dropped a catch or was slack in his returns, received only encouragement to do better, and some of us tried him sorely.

On an analysis of the batting, we find Attendant Mather first with a total of 137 runs for 10 innings, or an average of 13·7; while Attendant Atkins runs him close with a total of 120 for 9 innings, or an average of 13·3; the highest scores for the season being Attendant Atkins, 50, Mr. H—, 42 (not out). The bowling averages are found to be—Mr. H—, 8·97; Attendant Atkins, 10·72; Dr. Ross, 13·26.

GOLF.

THIS has surely been one of the finest golfing seasons on record. Since early spring there has been an almost unbroken succession of bright, dry weather, and golfers accordingly have reaped a glorious benefit. The "St.

Vincent Cup Competition" has been running continuously since February, and never within our knowledge have the entrants been so numerous, or the game so keenly practised as during the present season. A pleasing feature is the number of lady enthusiasts, and they also have been "pot-hunting," as at least five names of the fair sex are to be found on the trophy. Beginning with August, the full medal course of 18 holes has been played; a better and more exacting test than the old round of 15 holes, enjoyable though it was. Mr. W. H— holds the record for the 15 hole course, 60 scratch; Mr. A. L—, with 74, possesses the record for the 18 holes, both compiled, it is to be noted, in the Trophy Competition. Mr. Barr and staff are to be congratulated on the results of their careful treatment of the fairway and greens, which show great improvement from previous seasons.

Appended are the Cup winners, June to October, inclusive, with scores:—

June—Mr. A. L—, 62 scratch (15 holes)
July—Att. O'Hare, 68 (15) 53 (do.)
Aug.—Dr. Ross, 83 (6) 77 (18 holes)
Sept.—Nurse Kerr, 114 (40) 74 (do.)
Oct.—Mr. D. M—, 95 (10) 85 (do.)

The Journey Home.

YOU may know I was in prison in Berlin; arrested as a spy; and for some time really in a prison cell. A miserable little place, only large enough to hold a bed, a stove, and the proverbial crock of water, with a provoking little spy-hole in the door, through which my captors looked at very frequent intervals. However, I won't dwell on the horrors of that experience. Only those of us who were there, and who saw and heard the expressions of hatred and revenge directed at the

head of Sir Edward Grey, can realise what it was like. We lived through that time without a letter or paper from England, and after many weary waits our release came.

Having been provided with duly stamped passports permitting us to leave Germany, we boarded the train at Charlottenburg Station. A few Englishmen, and a goodly number of German friends had assembled to see us off, and when we shouted out "auf wiedersehen," I am sure they wanted to reply with "will ye no come back again when the war is over?"

All along the line, at stations, and indeed wherever we stopped, we leant out of the carriages and waved and shouted wildly to every man, woman, and child that we saw. When we passed Spandau and Döberitz, where some of our British prisoners were, we strained our necks and stood on the seats endeavouring to see them. We waved and cheered those we saw, though we were not sure if they were Russian or English. But, no matter, they were our "Allies," if not our own men, and they returned our greeting. At Hanover we saw many wounded soldiers being moved from one train to another; and they were much more genial, and waved us farewell, though some were too disabled to notice.

When we crossed the frontier and got into Holland, we let loose our pent-up feelings and sang "Rule Britannia," and, when our train, which went right through to Flushing, stopped at Amsterdam, late in the night, we cheered and were cheered by friendly Dutch people who had refreshments waiting for us in the station. Arrived at Rotterdam, a second crowd of Hollanders awaited us, and this time they brought refreshments to the train, while a few of us stepped on to the platform

to stretch our limbs. Soon after this an Englishman turned up from somewhere to tell us the true state of affairs in England, and to undo the effect of the lies on which we had been fed in the German capital. We were, of course, overjoyed to hear that London, Glasgow and Edinburgh were still standing in their accustomed places, and not burned to ashes, as they had tried to make us believe.

At Flushing the happiness of our "Party" was rather checked by the fact that we had to split up into two groups, as there were two boats awaiting us, one for Folkestone and the other for Queenboro. It was my fortune to be in the latter boat, which we boarded about 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning. To procure berths was an impossibility, so we stayed on deck and made ourselves "comfy" on deck chairs. Not a little exciting was the look out that our captain kept for "mines"; but we were not afraid. At last we reached Queenboro, and were heartily welcomed by Kitchener's recruits. They sang some of their favourite songs and served us with tea-cakes and some good solid sandwiches—in fact we were far on the way to being spoiled.

London at last, a crowded platform but no cheering. We who had forgotten all our usual British dignity, who had laughed, sung, and cheered till we were afflicted with tonsillitis, or some such "itis," were received in England by solemn, anxious faces, and a London fog; but, no doubt, beneath the chilly exterior of the relations and friends who waited for us at Victoria Station, beat hearts that were happy and thankful to know that mothers, daughters, sisters and friends were safely on this side of the Channel.

AGNES W. HUNTER.

The Gartnavel Sentinel.

"This garden ground
That now you smoke your pipe around,
Has seen immortal actions done,
And valiant battles lost and won."
—R.L.S.

HE wears no glittering war-dress.
He is not grandly accoutred
like the sentinel we are accustomed
seeing these sad days. In purely
civilian attire he is: not uniformed at
all—unless perhaps in his imagination.
But on his shoulder he carries
a gun, and carries it proudly, with
rare, extravagant majesty, as a very
proper militarist should. It is a
splendid gun, made of varnished
wood, with neat steel trigger and
shining tin mounts and sight.

He guards our entrance like a hero.
But only occasionally it occurs to
him to march six regular monotonous
paces up and down for hours at a
stretch.

"It is not always a wise plan that,"
he declares.

As often as not, you will find our
gallant little lad, all trim and taut,
in his tiny brown shoes and short,
navy pants and jersey, prowling
around the big rhododendron bushes,
springing about with monkey-like
agility, sometimes crouching low and
peering menacingly through them,
his gun at a safe angle, his watchful
blue eyes wide with expectancy, his
handsome countenance betraying no
agony of apprehension, but never-
theless, his sandy hair probably on
end; for are we not at war with
Germany? and is it not possible that
Germans may be advancing nearer,
nearer, galloping straight towards us,
eager to invade our precincts ANY
moment?

Do you know him?—Wee Jim
Littlejohn, I mean. He's great
simply, though three good feet below
the army regulation height, and three
times that number of stones below

the weight. But there's not a keener
little warrior in Europe.

You ought to see him when the
troops pass along, standing superbly
erect, with chest well forward, and
his head very high.

I shan't forget Sunday, the 9th of
August, in a hurry. That was the day
a good many of us were assembled
round the gate to watch a Highland
regiment swagger past, headed by
inspiring pipes and the rub-a-dub-
dub of the drums.

We did not know which regiment
it was—until Jim informed us.

"There's Dr. Black," he cried
triumphantly. Then we knew, of
course, it was the magnificent 6th
Battalion of the Highland Light
Infantry, which to a man, has volun-
teered for active service.

Jolly good luck to them—par-
ticularly the intrepid doctor.

My first encounter with Jim in his
role as sentinel occurred one sunny
afternoon within a week of Britain's
declaration of war. Hitherto I had
invariably regarded him as an
eminently peaceful young gentleman.

"What's this you're doing to-day,
Jim?" I asked, tentatively, after I
had studied him for five minutes and
convinced myself I knew very well.

"Watching for Germans," he
replied promptly, and with manifest
enthusiasm.

"Would you shoot a German,
Jim?"

"Yes, the first one I see," was the
dauntless answer.

"A German boylike yourself, Jim?"

"Yes, a German boy like myself."

"What would his mother say if you
did that?"

"What would mine say if I let him
do that to me?" he queried roundly.

"I think she would break her
heart, Jim," I said, and strolled
quietly, meditatively, away up the
West House Avenue. W.H.

Then and Now.

1814.

1914.

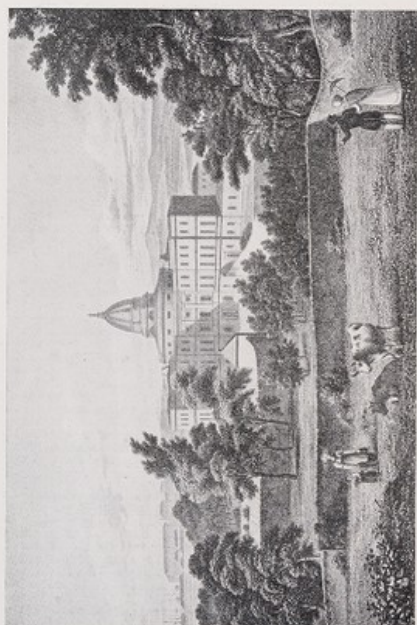
*Extract from Minute of Weekly
Committee, held 14th December,
1914, John A. Roxburgh, Esq.,
Chairman, presiding:—*

"The Chairman stated that on the 12th
of December the Institution had attained
its Centenary, the first patients having
been admitted on 12th December, 1814.
During this century of active existence,
18,408 patients had been admitted, of
whom 7,784 had been discharged
Recovered; 6,407 as Relieved or Greatly
Improved; while 3,436 had Died. He
reviewed briefly the history of the Asylum,
referring to the large minded views of
their early predecessors in the directorate,
and mentioned that the Asylum which
was situated in Parliamentary Road was
regarded by competent authorities as the
best arranged of its kind in this country,
if not in Europe. The growth of the
city led to its removal to its present
situation in Kelvinside, in 1843. He
referred to the many advances in the
treatment of mental disease, and said
the directors were encouraging scientific
research into the causation of mental
disorders, and he only wished the public
would realise the importance of this
work and give it support. In the spirit
of their forefathers, who opened the
Institution with prayer and devotional
service, they gave thanks to Almighty
God for the large measure of success that
had attended the work of the Institution,
and they prayed that the blessing of God
might continue to rest on them, and on
all those who laboured with them."

"The Physician Superintendent reported
that 3 patients—2 of whom sought
treatment voluntarily—had been ad-
mitted during the week, and that the
number in residence at this date was
445, all of whom were of the private class.
He submitted a list of the amusements
and festivities to be held at Christmas
and New Year for the benefit of the
patients, and of this the Committee
approved. The Committee proceeded to
allocate among the staff the bonus they
are giving in commemoration of the
Centenary of the Institution and as a
mark of appreciation of their services,
the said bonus to be paid on the last
day of the year, or on a day as near
thereto as possible."

*Extract from Minute of Meeting of
Directors, held 13th December,
1814:—*

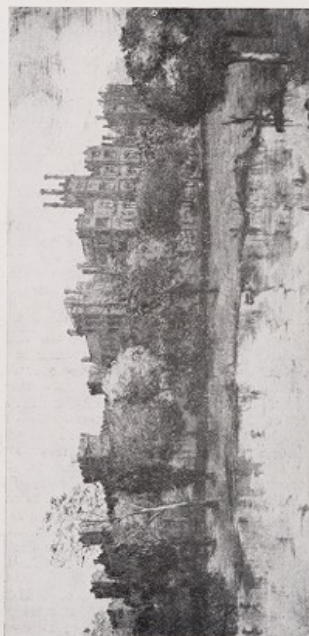
"Dr. Cleghorn reported that the Com-
mittee appointed at last meeting had
met with the Managers of the Town's
Hospital, and had received a list of
thirty-five patients to be removed from
the Cells to the Asylum, in place of which,
owing to a mistake about the number,
whereby the Superintendent had been
put to much trouble and inconvenience,
forty-two patients, twenty-three males
and nineteen females, had been sent to
the Asylum yesterday—that all of these
he understood were paupers, excepting
three, who were to pay the lowest rate of
board above paupers—that they were
got well removed—were in general
pretty well clothed—seemed pleased
with their new situation—and that he
had been on the whole very much
gratified with their appearance both
yesterday and to-day when he visited
them."



THE FIRST ROYAL ASYLUM IN PARLIAMENTARY ROAD.

FOUNDED 1810. OPENED 1811. DEDICATED 1808.

From an old engraving.



THE GLASGOW ROYAL MENTAL HOSPITAL.
AT GARTNAVEL.

A VIEW OF THE PRESENT BUILDINGS TAKEN FROM INSIDE THE BAXTERS LOCH GARDENS.
From an engraving by Miss Susan Crawford.

Diary of Coming Events.

Friday,	25th Dec.	Christmas Day.
Sunday,	27th ..	Services at 11 and 7 o'clock, with Carols.
Monday,	28th ..	Cinematograph Entertainment. (Special pictures).
1915.		
Friday,	1st Jan.	New Year's Day. Service at 11 o'clock.
Saturday,	2nd ..	Performance by "Gartnavel Opera Company."
Sunday,	3rd ..	Special Service of Intercession at 11 o'clock.
Tuesday,	5th ..	Staff Dance.
Thursday,	7th ..	New Year Concert and Dance, 7 till 10 o'clock. Fancy Dress optional.
Saturday,	9th ..	Repeat Performance by "Gartnavel Opera Company"
Monday,	11th ..	Lectures, etc., resumed. Monday "At Home."
Wednesday,	13th ..	Grand Concert, 7.15.
Monday,	25th ..	Cinematograph Entertainment.
Monday,	1st Feb.	Performance by Southern Amateur Dramatic Club.
Wednesday,	10th ..	Grand Concert, 7.15.
Saturday,	13th ..	Lantern Lecture, 7.30.
Monday,	15th ..	Monday "At Home."
Monday,	1st Mar.	Cinematograph Entertainment.
Wednesday,	10th ..	Grand Concert, 7.15.
Monday,	15th ..	Monday "At Home."
Monday,	29th ..	Monday "At Home."

Thursday Concerts as usual. Other Engagements will be intimated as made.

The Centenary Sermons.

THE Centenary Sermons were preached on Sunday, the 20th December, by the Rev. T. L. Douglas, B.D., the assistant chaplain of the Hospital, who took as the subject of his morning's discourse the miracle of his Lord recorded in Saint Mark's gospel, chap. v., verses 1-19, Mr. Douglas intimating that this was the passage chosen for exposition by the Rev. Dr. Balfour at the inauguration of the Institution, one hundred years ago. In a disquisition of much thought and power, and admirable lucidity, Mr. Douglas drew attention to the great difference in the treatment of nervous disorders at the period under review, as compared with the present day, and evidenced, in the instance under consideration, by the course pursued by the sufferer's fellow-men, making particular reference to the contrast

afforded by the kindly attitude of Christ, an example which had not come to be generally followed till within the last century, and in which our own Institution had been one of the pioneers.

At the evening service, preaching a reasoned and thoughtful address from the words, "Now therefore perform the doing of it; that as there was a readiness to will, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have," 2 Cor. viii. 11, which he stated was the text chosen for his sermon by the Rev. Dr. McGill, of the Tron Church, at the laying of the foundation stone of the first building, Mr. Douglas made pointed reference to the motives which actuated the original Directors of the Hospital, among whom particular mention was made of Mr. Robert M'Nair, of Belvidere, the Rev. Drs. McGill, Balfour, and Rankin, and Dr. Cleghorn (the last named being the first physician

to the Institution), and expressed the hope that the administration might ever be guided by the same principles, a spirit of mutual help and forbearance being specially commended as pre-eminently conducive to the common good.

An Experience at Dumoon.

IF one has good weather there is no month like September for a holiday. Some people object to the long dark evenings; but in a lively place like Dumoon, where I intended spending a fortnight, there are always plenty of entertainments to go to. This year they were rather different from usual, and decidedly more exciting, on account of the war. One adventure I met with is, I think, worth recounting: it was amusing—after it was over. One evening two friends, who had arranged to pay a visit to Innellan, asked me to accompany them, but, not feeling inclined for such a long walk, I said I would rather start later and meet them on their way back. I set out about half-past seven and had walked about a mile, when I was nearly startled out of my senses by a man jumping out from behind a hedge and shouting "Who goes there? Halt! hands up!" I neither put my hands up nor answered him, but as soon as I had recovered from my fright, I asked him indignantly what he meant by startling me so. He replied: "If it had been a fortnight ago, I would have fired. Why didn't you put your hands up?" I told him angrily that I had no idea he was a sentry. "You might have been a German from the way you sprang out," I said. After asking me if I were a visitor, and where I came from, he allowed me to pass. I felt I neither wanted to go backwards nor forwards; but, on his assuring

me that the next sentry didn't stand behind a hedge, I went on. However, I met my friends almost immediately, and turned back with them. On repassing the sentry, we had to walk single file with our hands up; but, as I had my friends with me, I didn't mind. Two small boys, coming from the opposite direction, in answer to the challenge, "Who goes there?" shouted back "Germans." The sentry laughed good-humouredly and said, "This is the sort of thing the boys treat us to." We reached home, without further adventure, and, before I left Dumoon, I had got quite accustomed to this new form of sea-side entertainment.

M. M.B.

Every Little helps.

THERE are few idle hands in the Ladies' Division this winter, everyone seems busy with knitting or sewing, and we have sent away bulky parcels of clothing.

First, our old friends at Crookston Home were thought of, then came the urgent need for garments for children among the poor Belgian refugees, and a request for infants' clothing in the homes of our soldiers and sailors—270 articles were sent.

Next, with generous help in the way of cash to buy materials to make warm garments for our fighting force on land and sea, we were able to send 50 pairs of socks and some belts to Queen Mary's Fund, a dozen each of shirts, socks and helmets to the 6th H.L.I., and 90 articles (mitts, mufflers, waistcoats, etc.) to the Navy League, while 30 warm garments were sent elsewhere.

From a kind gift of travellers' samples of tweed, flannel and buttons, abdominal belts were made, also small garments which have been sent with a few dolls to be given on Christmas Eve to Belgian children.

A Retrospect of the War,

DECEMBER, 1914.

It was said by a famous General, that next to a defeat a great victory was the saddest thing on earth. Who cannot say this of the appalling loss of two thousand marines that sank suddenly in the Southern Atlantic, off the Falkland Islands, last week, with the loss of three costly war vessels? It marks another awful item in a war that is changing not only the face of Europe, but also the other Continents, and is now making of the water highways, and of the air itself, a death-trap for their enemies. Who can estimate the horror of all that lies in this track of destruction? The heroism that has brought out from every rank and condition of life—the professional, the commercial—the noble of our men, at all ages and at incalculable sacrifice to defend the honour of their country, gives us a page of passing history, unequalled in the annals of any period in time itself.

What are some of the results that are already showing? Perhaps one of the most valuable is the sense of comradeship that is forming among men of differing nations, language, and customs: a brotherhood that is making the vicissitudes of warfare the opportunity for acts of bravery and benevolence that are (one may say) unprecedented, and creating a bond of unity that may ultimately tend to make future wars impossible.

And surely we may place our women in as honourable a position—the women who have freely given their dearest and their best for their country's need—husband, sons, brothers, lovers, their homes, themselves. They have finely realised the "Vision of Sir Launfal" of James Russell Lowell in the lines:

"Who gives himself with his arms feeds three,

Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me."

Who would dare to gauge the depth, the height, the wide-embracing devotion of these women? It is an object lesson in the Heroics of the Age that will stand the test of time and of eternity, giving us glimpses of a humanity that is divine. The unwearying industry that has responded so eagerly to the necessities of the fighting men on land and sea, the economies that have made ways and means to fill in the weekly calls for further and further effort are simply sublime. From the noblest to the humblest, to those "Who (in the half-remembered words of James Fitzjames Stephen, in his 'Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity') with garments oft trailing in the dust, with feet worn and wounded in their weary march forward, have their faces still set as though they would go to Jerusalem."

Here again we have union, and of the best possible kind. Our women are daily gathering, under the Elect, to work at new—and hitherto untried—industries, at toy-making, cradle making, at inventions, at scouting, at patrolling, at anything and everything that will advance the Cause abroad, and earn a maintenance at home.

All honour to our women, of all ranks and conditions, who are united for such an end! The end will be like the means, blessed and hallowed in the selflessness that takes no account of toil, nor of hardship, nor even of failure; content to be one of the Immortals in the Wheel of Life that is for ever turning and knows no rest. But "the rest is not silence," but the cadenced hum of a tender melody which may make the future harmony of the nations, and change the present "Still sad music of humanity."

BERTHA WEST.

Cameos.

(Continued).

II.

A SENATOR.

One well versed in things of state
And skilled to unravel intricate
Confusion in the affairs of men
Now comes into my mental ken,

A man, broad both of chest and mind,
But urbane, affable and kind,
A moulder of the destinies
Of our Dominions overseas,

Now drafting, with the wise and great,
The constitution of the State,
And loved by its democracy,
Yet by its aristocracy

In gilded chambers called to lead;
A master mind is this indeed.
Before his King to be he stands,
With honour taken at his hands.

The best who in the courts appear
His swift-divining wisdom fear;
In what seems a forlorn defence,
He brings the attack to impotence,

By seizing on some weakness, clear
As noon-day to his mind severe:
Yet those who most his skill admire,
His inborn gift ne'er hope to acquire.

We see him in his city home,
Or dwelling, high above the foam,
At his tree-girdled, mountain seat,
Safe refuge from the summer heat.

As up the slopes we speeding go,
The city spreads away, below,
To meet the gleaming, streaming view
Of ocean waters, turquoise blue.

The plains far to the north extend,
But sweep out, where the ranges end,
In rolling stretches, east and west,
By mystic mirages possessed.

A home's refinement and its grace
Adorn the house in every place,
And dignity in mien and look,
And strict propriety, which brook

No foolish affectations seen
Among the vulgar and the mean,
Who, having all that wealth bestows,
Their houses keep as public shows,

To which a mob comes crowding in,
No questions asked, if they have tin
Or other metal from the earth,
Although their manners shew a dearth

Of courtesy, or instincts true,
Which teach the proper thing to do:
For even cheap civility
Shews semblance of nobility.

But here the master's sober mind,
And natural leanings, all refined,
Brood courtesy in all around,
And joy in others' blessing's found.

For all the truly noble know
Earth's roses do not always blow,
And anyone may need a friend
Before his mortal being end.

"Call no one happy till he's dead,"
The old historian has said:
And even Emperors and Kings
Have known the vanity of things.

J.M.C.

(To be continued).

A Lesson in Economics.

"O should so fair a flower as Love depend on Fortune's shining."

On Thursday, 19th November, 1914, having been presented with a small enamelled bowl, I had some thought to try an experiment, *not* with a view to advocating any theory or system of therapeutics or diet, nor of promulgating the tenets of any creed or doctrine, but rather to give an object lesson and demonstration of Domestic Economy for bright, happy, loving, young people, who might wish to set up light house-keeping in a small log cabin, or croft in the Western Isles of Scotland, or even cross the Atlantic to the Falklands, there to find perhaps climate and much else not unlike the Shetlands and Orkneys and the Northern Counties of their native land.

Accordingly the next day, Friday, I obtained permission to fill the enamelled bowl with some splendid "Cream of Oats" porridge, and the further sanction of the enterprising and affable "Chef de la cuisine" to this being kept over till the next meal. There was no menu card on the table-d'hôte, but if this had been provided, the following items might

have been written thereon to describe the meal as it finally appeared, to which I have subjoined a fair valuation in view of the quantities displayed and consumed: 1 bowl best cream oat-meal porridge, 1d.; 2 large potatoes, cream, parsley sauce and brussels sprouts, 4d.; 2 slices thick white wheat bread, 4d.; white sugar, 4d.; butter, 4d.; 1 half pint glass milk, with cream, 4d.—Total value of meal, 2½d. As this experiment was specially designed to help young and inexperienced people, and those who have a struggle to make a small income yield the best returns, I am sure it will not be too much trouble for any aspirants to a home and fireside to check the following little arithmetical calculation:—Multiply 2½d. by 2 = 5d.; multiply 5d. by 366 (in case of a long leap year engagement) = 1,830, and divide by 12 and 20, equal to the cost of daily dinner for newly married couple for a year—£7 12s. 6d. I am sure that with a few weeks' instruction from Miss Beatson or Miss Porter, any attendant or lady nurse at Gartnavel could—if not improve on the price and value as indicated, at least add to the variety, and they would thus perhaps take to heart the maxim in part of our illustrious contemporary—Theodore Roosevelt—that the best charity in many cases is to help a man or woman to help himself or herself, and more important still, even if there were not fragments enough remaining to fill a basket, there would be a few crumbs for the sea-gulls, the sparrows, and the crows to remind them of the words of a greater Teacher:—Matt. vi. 26—"Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?"

P. J.

A Petition.

WE have received the following, subscribed *Poor Old Maria*, and addressed to "Mr. Barr, The Manager." The writer evidently takes a kindly interest in aquatic birds; but, despite her pseudonym, we should not be surprised if she turn out to be *Little Mary* after all!

I am a little duck, quack! quack!
And it's said I am a *spicler*
Of some merit,
Quack! quack!
But will you please remember
I like water for each member
When I flip-flap
In the gutter and the dust,
Quack! quack!
I would like a square of water,
Like the one you play and laugh on
In the winter,
When with ice it's covered o'er,
Quack! quack!
I've presented my petition;
Don't forget, with expedition
To arrange it, if you can,
Quack! quack!

THE VIOLET (From Goethe).

I.
A violet in a meadow grey,
With head down bent, all hid from view;
It was a sweet, wee violet,
There came a little shepherdess
With dancing step, all sprightliness,
In there, in there,
The meadow fair,
And sang.

II.
Ah! thought the violet, were I only
No longer a wee flower so lonely,
Were I but some tall, stately blossom,
I might be pressed against her bosom;
If that could be, if that could be,
A little while how sweet to me,
The maiden came, with footstep gay,
And crushed the violet's life away.

III.
It sank, it died, but still was glad;
I die through thee, I can't be sad;
Thro' thee, thro' thee;
Where thy light foot doth press,
Death cometh to me as a soft caress.
A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.

Autres Temps.

MORE than thirty years had passed over his head and I was a bit laddie. He was broad and tall (he used to boast of six feet three and three-quarters in his "stocking soles") with features kindly and weather-beaten, and I was an unformed stripling. We could claim blood relationship through our fathers who were cousins. With all our physical diversities we were close friends. I regarded him with a kind of awe. How he could juggle with squares and square roots, right-angled triangles, and tangents! The unknown "x" had a great fascination for him, and his interest seemed doubled when "y" entered into the problem. He could tell to a second how long a thirty-gallon bath would take to fill when the hot and cold water taps were running their fullest, and some careless person had left the waste pipe open. He took me into the maze of Scottish history and intrigue, led me a little in the familiar ground of 1314, then dashed ahead beyond my ken till he came to James VI., when he stopped and marvelled at my ignorance of the intervening landmarks.

When he married he chose a fresh and not uncomely farm servant. She was more than ten years his junior, and people wondered "what she saw in him." I did not wonder, for this man who, in neatness, in practical philosophy, in book-learning, was the antithesis of his wife, had withal a kindly heart and a kindly way with women. They settled in an old toll-house by the side of a main highway, some three miles distant from the coal-pit where he wrought hard for his wages. The house looked across a grassy valley, where ran a nameless burn, and up to the top of the green hill on the other

side. Behind was a wood which stretched over still another hill—a wood of larch and birch and fir. Occasionally were seen deer in the wood, and, in the winter, they came down to the back of the house and barked over so hoarsely and eerily.

And this was the house I was invited to, and this was the house I revisited time and again till he moved three miles further ahead to the middle of the moor. In that burn I caught my first trout—legitimately I mean—with a thin branch from a tree, a piece of fine cord and a hook baited with a "bramble" worm. In my anxiety to land that fish my feet went from me and I fell into the water. Many a time I tried that burn again with rod and tackle more elaborate and with the water roaring in spate, but never again has a trout been lured.

At night when the air became chilly we drew near the fire. The floor of large brick squares, each carefully crossed in white with pipe-clay, was inhospitable and unkind, and we placed our feet on the warm, home-knitted hearth-rug. The fiddle was brought down and wedged while he played. Sometimes his wife sang in a quiet and sweet way, without throat-clearing or formality. At other times the violinello was lifted from its nail on the wall and "Robin Adair," "O wert thou in the cauld blast," "Drink to me only," and many another ballad and song were played. Occasionally we had "a musical evening." Friends would come in from the village three miles away and bring a fiddle and a cornet. Then we would be "deaved" with the sound of two fiddles, a cello and a cornet. Quadrilles, country dances, reels followed in quick succession, punctuated with "hoochs" and bringing forth the laughter of pure happiness.

At times, of an evening, we would dip down into the little valley, cross the burn, and climb the hill to the shepherd's house at the top. There I met with youths of my own age. These were the boys who taught me to "guddle," and many a trout we drew from the hiding places together. On the rocks which bordered the waterfall we gathered wild strawberries and risked our limbs. Tired a little I would come back to the "herd's" house to find the supper of scones and oatcakes, jam and cheese ready waiting on the table, the wife of many years giving household "wrinkles" to the wife of a few months, and the men discussing with enthusiasm the turning tide of the bye-elections of 1904 and 1905. My city stomach squirms when I think of the huge slices of cheese and the newly-baked scones, followed by oat-cakes and rhubarb jam, that were consumed on such nights.

The screech of the passing train, the hammering of the ship-yards, the formality of the city life and the musky heaviness of the city air are but a patch to shew up by contrast the beauty and simplicity of those earlier days. S.V.R.

Holiday Musings.

I ALWAYS go on holiday in September, and have always found it the best month for rest and quiet in the country. The turmoil of the summer tipper is over, and trains and steamboats have resumed their normal state. I am residing at a secluded little hamlet—a veritable "Dreamthorp"—on the west coast, at the head of a beautiful loch which opens out on the Hebrides; for I have only to walk a short distance from the front door and I can see the island of Jura afar in the hazy

distance. This by way of introduction, or, in legal phraseology, I may call it a preamble.

How do I pass the time? Well, I fish, for like old Isaac Walton, I delight in the piscatorial art. Just this afternoon I donned my long sea-boots and waterproof and betook me to one of the burns in the neighbourhood, where on a previous occasion I had caught a pound-and-a-half sea trout. I patiently fished for two hours in a drizzling rain, and all I caught were two abominable eels, most horrible creatures, as you have to cut your hook out of their gullets. I feel disappointed, for several lady friends had asked me to send them trout; but as the trout won't come and be caught there is no help for it. On my return to my comfortable parlour I find the post has brought several letters and papers. I scan the war news first of all, and rejoice to see the forces of the mighty Kaiser are getting the worst of it. I now turn to the letters and find a type-written one from the "Editor" asking me for a "contribution." Having once been an "Editor" myself, of course I have a fellow-feeling for him, and shall tell him he is welcome to my "Musings without Method," as the late Andrew Lang would term them. Just the other night we had a "War Concert" in our little schoolroom, with Sir Hector Cameron, the eminent surgeon, in the chair. It is a very small room, and will at a pinch hold about seventy people. It was a most enthusiastic audience, and the windows were left open for the benefit of those who could not get inside. We were very patriotic, and although the "chair" was only part of a form occupied by Sir Hector, your humble servant, the writer, and two ladies, we were most enthusiastic. Our chairman, who is the tenant of a

neighbouring shooting-lodge, made a most patriotic and stirring speech, telling us it was our duty to do everything in our power to help our brave soldiers at the front. One lady sang "The March of the Cameron Men," no doubt out of compliment to Sir Hector for his kindness in presiding. We had also Gaelic songs and violin music, and selections on the bagpipes. Some young lady visitors from England and the parish minister's daughters acted a most amusing farce in which a "lady doctor" and a "cook" played prominent parts, one being taken for the other, to the great astonishment and indignation of both! The proceeds amounted to £5, not a bad attempt for our poor little community.

The weather has been wet and disagreeable for some days, so when I cannot go out of doors I sit, or rather recline, in an armchair and read. And now, Mr. Editor, speaking of reading reminds me that I have just received three copies of the *Spectator*, which a lady friend has so kindly sent me here, and I intend to sit up to a late hour perusing them. Little Mary, the smart and obliging maid, has put on a most cheerful fire, and the armchair, with a nice soft cushion, looks most inviting.

I cannot conclude these most unmethodical musings of mine without some reference to the dreadful war. All the country people here take a lively interest in the doings of our troops. The mail conveyance arrives daily at 3-35 p.m., or sometimes 3-45, when we get the *Herald* and the *Scotsman*. Every Sabbath morning a special telegram comes from the head post office to our small branch, and is immediately exhibited in our little window, boys on bicycles coming from far away houses to copy it and bring the latest

news home with them. We were rather startled the other day when the mail waggonette drew up at our door to see a large placard on a board fastened to the driver's seat announcing that Kitchener wanted another 100,000 men! Of course he will get them. In the words of the old song—

The Hielan' men frae hill an' glen
Wi' bonnets blue an' hearts sae true,
Are comin' late an' early!

I am writing by the light of a paraffin lamp, and find it rather trying to the eyes. Little Mary has just brought in a jug of warm milk, fresh from the cow, and the armchair by the fire is most alluring, so farewell. ROVER.

The Classic Gallowgate.

IN the slums of a big city, where the struggle for bare life is the main factor of existence, one frequently hears remarks touching the heart of things. The little reserves of more polite circles are an unknown quantity there, and the feelings are in no way veiled, but are thoroughly elemental.

With the accompaniment of the soldiers' and sailors' weekly allowance to a private's wife, a sympathetic lady disburser of the fund wished the soldier husband safely home, with not too ghastly experiences. "Na, na," said the disillusioned wife, "I hope they'll put him weel furrit in the fightin' line, and gie him a taste o' the bullet. He's ne'er dune a day's wark sin' I got him; but, by certes, he'll hae to wark noo!" The spouse in question had evidently suffered much, and spoke feelingly. Let us hope her "tired Tim" may learn some salutary lessons on the battlefield, and return home, minus his besetting sin.

Another elderly dame, also of Gallowgate extraction, accompanied her only son and support to the

station *en route* for the scene of action. The corner house had, as usual, received a passing call from that couple, with the laudable excuse of picking up Dutch courage. The clapping and cheering at the station, for the young bloods about to entrain, had rather a mistaken meaning to the old, be-fuddled mother of limited intelligence. "Haud yer tongues," she yelled, stamping her foot, "it's weel seen it's no yer ain ye're sendin' aff, ye scoondrels!"

The unfailing regularity of Government and other Fund allowances means so much—almost life itself—to these poor, bedraggled humans. A young wife, with a quiverful of five, voiced the thoughts of her sisters in these quarters. Some rumours of her man invalided home with rheumatism quite upset her wifely attitude and all ideas of marital discretion. "I hope no," she said, "It's the time o' my life. I ne'er kent the grip o' siller till noo." The weekly twenty-five shillings (Government dole for wife and children) plus five shillings weekly, and rent paid by "Soldiers and Sailors," dead certainties, make up, in no inconsiderable manner, for the temporary absence of a breadwinner, whose additions to the family coffers are, at the best, slight and variable. "'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true." Sentiment plays no great part, when the wolf is ever at the door. We, of more leisured and enlightened minds, would probably think and feel the same, given the like conditions.

A speedy return of these heroes to the wives of their bosom is the sincere wish of one and all. "England, with all thy faults, I love thee still" will be the spirit of the welcome of these "ladies of St. James'" to their lords and masters, without whose help we should no longer be—

BRITANNIA.

"Punch" and Britain or England.

TO poets much license is given, and much may be forgiven, but on the appearance in "Punch," shortly after the outbreak of the war, of one of the Editor's spirited and patriotic poems, one of us was moved to write to him calling attention to the use of the word "England" where clearly "Britain" was the word. Since that time our Scottish soldiers have covered themselves with glory, and we are proud of their share in the work of the British Army and its Allies.

We have pleasure in printing Sir Owen's reply to his correspondent:—

"Dear Madam,—I am a bit of a pedant myself, but I try to be a poet first. And Britain is an impossible word for serious poetry. In any case, too, it would not cover the whole ground, as it would leave out Ireland and the Oversea Dominions. You can't imagine Mr. Henley's great line—'England, my England'—changed into 'Great Britain and Ireland and the Oversea Dominions, my Great Britain and Ireland and the Oversea Dominions'—can you?"

With compliments, and great love of Scotland.

Yours very truly,
OWEN SEAMAN."

Napoleon is recorded to have commanded certain Austrian officers of high rank, who had been captured by his army, to be brought before him. On their appearance, he questioned them as to why, seeing that they were always defeated, they continued to fight against him. "Ah!" one of them ventured to remark, "we Austrians fight for honour; but you French—you fight for money." "That," replied Napoleon, "is only natural: each fights for what he hasn't got!"

Life is mostly froth and bubble;
Two things stand like stone—
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.