

Gartnavel Gazette

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THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



New Series. APRIL, 1915. No. 48.

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Notes.

"When that Aprille with his showres swoot
The drought of Marche has pierced to the
root,
And bathed every veyn in suche licour,
From which vertu engendred is the flour,
When Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Enspired hath in every holte and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the ram his half course runne,
And smale fowles maken melodie,
That slepen al the night with open eye,
So pricketh them nature in their
corages."

THERE is a "perennial freshness" about the work of this "Morning Star of Song." "Perennial freshness" is Lowell's, if we remember aright, "Morning Star of Song" Tennyson's; but we do not think any charge of plagiarism can be brought against us in combining the two in an editorial *ex cathedra*. And surely no lines on Spring were ever penned more instinct with the spirit of the season than those of *Dan Chaucer*

given above. Well, April has come at last, and "glorious summer" will be with us before the appearance of our next number. In the interval we expect to see outdoor games and recreations in full swing. It is some time now since the golfers were seen polishing their clubs and debating as to which particular ball they should commit their chances of success in the first "Cup" competition of the year. We wish them, and all other habitués of our greens, whether for croquet, tennis or bowls, an enjoyable time in the season just beginning, and to all those who, in quieter ways, find pleasure in the open air and the world of nature, both blessing and profit.

Christmas and New Year Services were held in the Chapel of the Institution as usual. At the former, carols were sung both at the morning

and the evening services. At the special New Year service on Friday, January 1, the officiating clergy were the Chaplain, the Rev. James S. Carswell, B.D., and the Assistant Chaplain, the Rev. T. L. Douglas, B.D., the latter preaching from Philippians ii. 2:—"*Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind.*" an apposite sermon on the lessons to be learned by Christians from the war, and the duties consequent thereon.

At the services of Intercession in connection with the war, held on Sunday, January 3, the Form and Order were those appointed to be used by the Commission of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. Printed copies were, through the kindness of a friend, supplied not only to those who took part but also to those who through illness were unable to be present. The Rev. T. L. Douglas, B.D., the Assistant Chaplain, officiated, taking as his text at the morning service, the words from Revelation xiv. 13:—"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*" which in an expository discourse, at once thoughtful and clear, he dealt with in their application to the nation as a whole, the fallen, and their bereaved relatives respectively. The nobility and heroism of those who had sacrificed their lives for their country were suitably dwelt upon and eulogised, and the duty which we as a nation owe in the conduct of our daily life to their memory, forcibly brought home. At the evening service the words "*Hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end.*" Hebrews iii. 14, were taken upon which to base a commendation of steadfastness as one of the cardinal virtues of the Christian life, special reference being made to

this quality as illustrated in the character of St. Paul, which, in conjunction with his "saving gift of common sense," as manifested in his refusal to take, through a spirit of rashness, any unnecessary risks, had enabled him, though the "first of the mystics," to accomplish so much for the Christian faith.

We congratulate the Rev. T. L. Douglas, B.D., our Assistant Chaplain, upon his election as minister of Gorbals Parish, and the Congregation upon their selection of so sound a theologian and distinguished a scholar to be their pastor. Mr. Douglas while among us greatly endeared himself to all those with whom he came in contact, and we shall miss him much.

The New Year Dance proved as pleasant a function as usual, and was well attended. In addition to extra dances we were favoured with songs from Nurses Murdoch and Crawford, Attendant Gavin and Mr. J— R—, all of which met with a gratifying reception and were evidently much enjoyed.

That most enjoyable function, the Staff Dance, was held on Tuesday, January 5. Colonel Roxburgh, who represented the Directors, conveyed their greetings to the many who were present. The floor was at its best, and Mr. Ferrier and his colleagues played right merrily—need more be said?

The "At Homes," though, on account of the war, held at somewhat longer intervals than formerly, have been well attended and are clearly much appreciated by the patients. Perhaps the most enjoyable of all was that on January 12, which took the form of a Whist Drive, when some twenty couples sat down to what

proved a most absorbing game. Tea was served during the course of the play, and afforded a welcome and refreshing interlude. At the conclusion of the Drive the prizes were presented by Dr. Oswald, who congratulated the winners and voiced the general opinion as to the pleasure all had experienced in the evening's diversion. The first prizes were won respectively by a lady in the East House and a gentleman in the West, while both "booby" prizes went to the East. Therefore will the scoffer say, "If Wisdom abideth in the East, dwelleth she not among the ladies?"

At the weekly concert on Thursday, January 21, the last before the Burns' Anniversary, the songs given were naturally reminiscent of Burns. Mr. W— H— and Mr. D— A— kindly favoured us, the former gentleman with "My Nannie's Awa," and the latter with "There was a lad was born in Kyle." Both songs were well received, and Mr. A—, particularly, must have been gratified by the swelling chorus which he obtained as the refrain was taken up by the audience. Miss Ramsay sang with much taste and refinement the well-known "Afton Water," the compass of her full and rich voice being well exemplified. To Miss Lorimer we were indebted for a pretty pianoforte piece, played in her usual excellent style.

We miss Sister Matheson, whom, in the short time that she was with us, we had come very highly to esteem, and wish her all prosperity and happiness in her new sphere of duty.

At the evening service on Sunday, February 14, Mr. Douglas chose as the subject of his farewell address, the poem by Francis Thompson, entitled "The Hound of Heaven."

This he dealt with in a masterly and illuminating fashion, graphically bringing home to his auditors the lessons which the author sought to convey.

We welcome Sister Bruce, and hope that she may spend a happy time among us: a hope, the accomplishment of which, we assure her, we shall do all in our power to further.

It was but fitting that the departure for the front of Attendant MacLennan, who was so long with us and was so highly esteemed, should have been made the occasion of a special function, as it was on the night of Friday, February 26, the eve of his leaving, when he was presented by his fellows on the staff with a handsome dressing case, amid every good wish for his welfare. May he have all good luck, and a wide sphere of usefulness with the army.

We congratulate Mr. W— H— upon his success as the first winner of the Golf trophy for the current year.

The Cinematograph shows have this winter been most excellent items. The chief credit for this satisfactory state of matters is without doubt due to our indefatigable Master of Works, who has spared neither time nor trouble both in equipping and controlling the machine; while to Mr. B— we have, on more than one occasion, been indebted for most enjoyable selections of music played during the progress of the shows.

We have received copies of *Under the Dome*, *The Morningside Mirror*, and *Excelsior*, all brightly written and interesting numbers. For these periodicals we beg very cordially to thank the senders.

The concerts of the fifty-eighth season by the Glasgow Abstinents' Union have proved as great a success as ever, and were eagerly looked forward to by all, staff and patients alike. In addition to the singing, which has throughout maintained the usual high standard, we have been favoured with such enjoyable variations of the programme as the recitals of Mr. William McCulloch at the concert on Wednesday, January 13, the dancing of the Thomson family at that of Wednesday, February 10, and the violin playing of Miss Kathryn Lees on Wednesday, March 10, all of which special items were received with marks of the highest favour.

We congratulate Dr. Reid upon his appointment to the Royal Army Medical Corps. During the time that he has been with us he has won, in a very high degree, both our regard and esteem, and we shall miss him much. But while our loss is great, greater still must be the gain to the army, in which, through the unprecedentedly high number and severe type of casualties, professional skill of the first rank is urgently required.

Mr. Dugald Sinclair.

SHORTLY before last Christmas there passed away one of our oldest employees, Mr. Dugald Sinclair, who for some forty years had been in the service of the Institution as a gardener. In his latter years Dugald had the misfortune to lose one of his legs, which was amputated above the knee, but with the aid of crutches he daily made his way to the potting-shed, where he worked most industriously.

With the ladies especially Dugald was a great favourite, and while engaged in potting he often discoursed

to a small but select audience on fruit and flowers, for all the world like a college professor addressing his class. Like Father O'Flynn, in the famous song, he could talk on every subject under the sun, "from theology down to conchology," and what was most amusing to his audience, he never for a moment ceased working. Even in the heat of a political argument his speeches would be full of such interpolations as—"hand me ower that pot," or "ye're dibblin' in thae plants far ower close, ye'll never mak' a gardener," but all said in the most good-natured and friendly manner. Often some lady or gentleman patient who loved horticultural pursuits would volunteer to assist him in his work of potting, and then Dugald was at his best, his tales and reminiscences of old times and garden experiences never ceasing, while his busy hands worked assiduously, and his careful eye kept a constant watch on his amateur helpers, to put right any of their mistakes. Dugald was a great politician and a diligent student of the newspapers, and often waxed eloquent on Church and State, and particularly on the Home Rule question, to which at one time he was bitterly opposed, though latterly he confessed he had taken a wrong view of the matter. After his retirement he took up his residence at his native Garlochhead, and often corresponded with his old friends in the Institution, who were in the habit of sending him newspapers. His letters were always interesting to those who knew him, and were full of quaint remarks and pawky wit, for Dugald was a bit of a humorist. Just a short time before his death, the writer of this short article received a long letter from him in his usual pithy style, lamenting the dreadful war, and also confessing that he had been mistaken on the

Home Rule question, a great admission for polemical Dugald to make! He was troubled with dropsy latterly, and passed peacefully away, having by a few years exceeded the allotted span of three score and ten.—AMICUS.

A Golfing holiday.

(Letter from Phil Struthers to his friend Ingram Smart).

DEAR INGRAM,—The Red Tape Office finds that my invaluable services may be dispensed with from the 14th prox. for a month. Just the ideal time of year for a holiday if the weather holds. I think you said that you are free on the 15th. If so, and you have made no other arrangements will you join me? My destination is Scotland; my object—golf. Is there any special place you would prefer? At this season the various golf resorts will be crowded, and as neither you nor I are members of any club I think we should avoid the more popular courses, such as A—, B—, or C—. D— has all the faults of a newly constructed course; without enumerating them I shall merely remark that the putting-greens are hazards and the hazards putting-greens. At E—the soil is much too heavy, and after playing a match a feeling of fatigue is experienced which as regards the victor is inexplicable. Of course if the loser has a feeling of general done-up-ness, that is natural and not to be attributed to the clayey soil. F—is a splendid course in some respects with its "heichs and howes," and springy turf, but the bunkers are too much for my play and my temper. It is not inspiring to raise showers of sand with your niblick, some of which is certain to find its way down your back and make you feel for the rest of the round as if you were wearing a penitential shirt, and as a secondary

result of your efforts find your ball sink deeper with every stroke, like a tortoise in search of winter quarters. How ignominious to have to lift it in the end, and besides all the strokes you have already lost, add another! Edwardes and I tried this course two summers ago. We left, shaking the dust or rather the sand from our feet and vowing that we would "gang nae mair tae yon toon." Ed. got so irritated over his fights with bunkers that he threatens to leave all his money to have them filled up.

At G—the putting-greens are not the regulation size, therefore I cannot get the full benefit of my matchless wooden putter. It gives me a great advantage in a long putt, but I also use it for short distances. Have I ever shown you this paragon of clubs? It is the admiration of all my friends, some of whom would like to buy it, but I have no intention of selling.

I think H—is the best all-round course for us. The start-off is only five minutes walk from the hotel. It is exceptional to be kept waiting more than half-an-hour for a start. The ground varies a lot; there is plenty of hill and dale, also a stream which intersects the course at two points, making capital hazards. The course only crosses itself once and that at so sharp an angle that two sets of players are rarely in each other's way. There is one up-hill and one down-hill drive, which are quite out of the usual and thoroughly interesting. Then the rainfall at H—is below the average, and after rain, owing to the sandiness of the soil, the ground dries quickly.

Let me know by return what your plans are. If we arrange to spend our holiday together give me your opinion as to place, etc.

Yours as ever, PHIL STRUTHERS.

Cameos.

III.

A SOLDIER.

A grizzled soldier next I see
Stand with me by the southern sea,
A man abrupt of speech, and quick
The careless in the ranks to pick

And rate them with a caustic tongue
Which makes them wish they might be
hung.

Or sink beneath the earth and leave
A vacant space for them to grieve!

Alert, of martial step and air,
A soldier always, everywhere,
Within the sea-lines of his land,
He fitly holds supreme command.

One smiling morn in early spring,
We start off west, that he may bring
The troops to the approved salute,
And scrutinise each cap and boot

And all the accoutrements of war
Which in the field of service are,
And put the men through evolutions,
And hear original solutions

To questions which he cares to ask,
And so complete the official task,
Reporting to the powers that be
As to each corps' efficiency.

The aide I quizzed, saying, "We shall see
To-day, it seems, the lions at—"
"The devil, rather," answered he;
At which we laughed right heartily.

For he possessed a ready wit,
Which to occasion he could fit;
And, truly, a sarcastic jest,
When apposite, gives life a zest.

The inspection o'er, we hie us back
To our good host's, and make attack—
No sham—upon the evening meal,
Then out our light conveyance wheel,

Yoke to the horse, and bid adieu
To all our friends—they're not a few—
And post off quickly to invade
The silence of the evening's shade.

For miles along the darkened sea,
Which laps the road's rim soothingly,
We drive; anon, the silvery moon,
To travellers a welcome boon,

Above the near hills rising bright,
Floods all around with brilliant light,
Which dances on the dimpling sea
In convulsions gorgeously.

Whilst we the fortunes of our friends
Discuss, and other odds and ends
Which help to while the time away
In idle fashion, grave or gay.

And if a chorus did arise
From that lone beach to starry skies,
I think it was not out of place
Nor to the army a disgrace.

And fishes still may be alive
Who heard the chorus and survive,
And say 'twas quite a catching tune,
When heard in *water*, 'neath the moon!

J.M.C.

(To be continued).

Dramatic and Musical.

ON Monday, the 21st December last (too late for a critique to be inserted in our January number), we had a visit from that select dramatic company, *The Players*. The return of this popular company is looked forward to with eager anticipation by all those who have once been privileged to witness one of their excellent representations. On this occasion three short plays were given, entitled respectively *Sugar and Cream*, *Sunset*, and *A Quiet Little Dinner*. In the first of these, a comedieta, the parts of Mr. Wentworth and his son Frank were ably sustained by Mr. Simpson and Mr. Hendrie, the impersonation of Mr. Wentworth, in the ludicrous positions in which he finds himself, causing much merriment. The part of spruce, the maid, was well acted by Miss A. E. Campbell, but the best impersonation in the piece was undoubtedly that of Miss J. A. M. Borthwick, who, as Mrs. Mirfield, the young widow, filled her rôle with much grace and charm, showing that intuitive understanding of the character she has to portray, and that mental alertness which enabled her always to produce precisely the correct effect at exactly the right moment.

The second play, *Sunset*, was well presented, all the actors satisfactorily sustaining their respective parts. If special praise is due to anyone, we think it should be accorded to Miss Nina M. Jardine, who, in the part of Lois, a sympathetic, clever and nobly unselfish young woman, carried through her impersonation with much vivacity and refinement, displaying histrionic talent of a high quality.

The third piece, a farce entitled *A Quiet Little Dinner*, was a source of much mirth, and all the casts, whether the host, hostess, guests, table-maid, cook or cabman, were in capable hands, the last named *persona* being impersonated in a way true to his class, the length to which he was prepared to go to recover the value of a bad sixpence, which had been inadvertently given him by Mr. Simpson, one of the guests, being remarkably true to life. Mr. Simpson's remark, so humorously made and reiterated on the occurrence of each untoward event which put dinner as far away as ever, "Yes, the dinner is the main thing," heartily amused the audience. We have not the slightest doubt that Mrs. Simpson finds one who takes his disappointments in such a facetious and philosophical manner an excellent husband. He has our whole-hearted admiration.

The selections, discoursed at intervals by *The Players' Orchestra*, were perfectly controlled, the tone effects being smoothly and harmoniously blended. This musical part of the programme was highly appreciated, and reflects great credit upon the conductor, Mr. Chris W. Stewart.

A most enjoyable performance was given by the *Gartnavel Opera Company* on Saturday, January 2, and with some slight alteration of

the programme and additional songs, was repeated on Saturday, January 9.

Great credit is due to the Pierrot Troupe for a first-class entertainment carried through without a hitch. The jokes, particularly those referring to the Kaiser and the German Crown Prince, the Centenary and the Gartnavel Curling Pond, evidently "got home," if we are to judge from the applause with which they were received, while the duets and quartettes were excellently rendered. Nurse Crawford's naturally sweet voice was heard to good advantage, and her dress suited her well. Dr. Reid's songs, which were happily chosen and admirably sung, received the whole-hearted and demonstrative ovation to which they were justly entitled while Mr. Paterson's rendering of "A-Roving" was accorded a highly appreciative reception. Attendee Gavin's singing and acting were of the usual high standard, quite after the fashion of the outside halls, while his clear enunciation, a desideratum not always to be found even in the case of great singers, rendered the following of his songs an easy matter. The dancing and recitation of our little friends, the Misses Wilkie, formed, without doubt, one of the features of the evening, both the action and delivery of the younger being quite phenomenal. Miss Ramsay's rich and powerful voice was heard to good effect, particularly in the song "Land of Hope and Glory," and her singing was greatly appreciated. We recognise, however, the power held in abeyance, and which would, we believe, not fail to prove itself equal to even more difficult productions. Nurse Murdoch's song, "Little Grey Home in the West," was well chosen, admirably suited her voice, and, in the phrasing of the refrain, so perfectly controlled and rendered,

she was heard to perhaps greater advantage than any of the other singers. Nurse Cochrane looked well in her red pierrette dress. Her song, "Sammy," though not one of the best to illustrate the compass of her voice, was well sung, and the charm of her acting added greatly to the effect. But then, of course, when did "Peggy" not look charming? She was heard to much better purpose in her second song, from "The Yeomen of the Guard," which she and Mr. Paterson gave as a duet, and which was greeted at the end with hearty rounds of applause. Nurses Murdoch and Cochrane and Miss Ramsay each received an *encore*, the first two ladies repeating part of their original songs, while Miss Ramsay's beautifully expressive rendering of "Your King and Country need You" was accorded particularly gratifying appreciation. Nurse Campbell's recitation was received with much favour. Mr. W—H—'s song, "Melissa," was one of the successes of the evening, and his execution of the step-dancing in the chorus both graceful and refined. Master Robert Barclay's finished rendition of his violin pieces, and the piano accompaniments, so tastefully played by Mr. B—, were received with the marked favour due to their merit. The Centenary Band, so ably conducted by Mr. W—H—, rendered during the evening a well-chosen selection of music, and were accorded quite an ovation at the close.

The play, *A Bigamous Scrape*, which concluded the evening's entertainment, was, compared with the productions of previous years, somewhat thin, affording little scope to the actors for the display of their capabilities. To Mr. Douglas, in particular, of whose histrionic gifts we have on more than one occasion had ample proof, the part assigned

was not one to call for any striking originality either of speech or action. Still, both he and Mr. Paterson well sustained their respective rôles. The chief praise is undoubtedly due to Miss Lorimer for her skilful control of the whole situation, in every development. We have more than once previously referred to her gifts as a talented and accomplished leading lady, and her latest impersonation causes us in no way to modify our opinion. Without the firm grasp which she took of the whole position, a grasp which she continued to hold throughout, the piece might well have proved a complete fiasco.

In conclusion we must refer to the perfect working of the stage arrangements. For this and for the furnishings and fittings for the play, the thanks of all are due, and are hereby tendered to our ever obliging Master of Works, Mr. Wilson, and his capable and willing assistants.

We were favoured on Monday, February 1, with a visit from that excellent combination, *The Southern Amateur Dramatic Club*, when two farces, entitled respectively *The Matrimonial Agent* and *Aunt Charlotte's Maid*, were successfully presented. It were invidious, in a company so uniformly good, to single out any one actor or actress for special mention, but we may be permitted, perhaps, to make particular reference to the singing and dancing, after the fashion of one of our most popular music hall artistes, of one of the members of the Club, singing and dancing which were so uniquely and strikingly combined as to call forth repeated demands for an *encore*, to which the gentleman in question kindly responded by favouring the audience with another item from his evidently extensive repertoire. OCULUS THEATRI.

Gartnavel Royal Asylum Roll of honour.

Medical Staff.

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------|---------|-------------|--------|------------------|-----------------------|
| Dr. WALKER, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | R.A.M.C. |
| Dr. T. D. M'EWAN, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | R.N.R. Hospital Ship |
| Dr. WALTER J. MAY, ... | Captain | 1st Mounted | Rifles | Natal Carbineers | |
| Dr. CHAS. S. BLACK, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lieutenant 6th H.L.I. |
| Dr. H. B. MORGAN, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lieutenant R.A.M.C. |
| Dr. R. S. MILLER, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lieutenant R.A.M.C. |
| Dr. JAMES J. SINCLAIR, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lieutenant R.A.M.C. |
| Dr. FINDLAY MURCHIE, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lieutenant R.A.M.C. |
| Dr. ALEX. J. GIBSON, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lieutenant R.A.M.C. |
| Dr. JOHN M. FORSYTH, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | Lieutenant R.A.M.C. |

Nursing Staff.

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------|-----|-----|-----|-----|----------|
| Sister HELEN HADDON, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | R.A.M.C. |
| Sister EFFIE MATHESON, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | R.A.M.C. |
| Sister BRODIE, ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |

Male Staff.

| | | |
|-------------------------|------------|-----------------------------------|
| LACHLAN CAMERON, ... | (Sergeant) | Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders |
| DONALD MORRISON, ... | ... | Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders |
| THOMAS THOMSON, ... | ... | Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders |
| JOHN W. BUTTERLEY, ... | ... | Derbyshire Yeomanry |
| ANGUS M'LEAN, ... | ... | Cameron Highlanders |
| ROBERT ROSS, ... | ... | Gordon Highlanders |
| JAMES BALLANTINE, ... | ... | Scottish Horse |
| ALEXANDER M'DONALD, ... | ... | Scots Guards |
| HUGH M'KERNAN, ... | ... | Irish Guards |
| JAMES STEWART, ... | ... | 1st V.B.H.L.I. (Territorials) |
| GEORGE JOHNSTON, ... | ... | 2nd Batt. H.L.I. (Territorials) |
| GILBERT M'FADYEN, ... | ... | ... |
| WILLIAM O'HARE, ... | ... | ... |
| DUNCAN TURNER, ... | ... | ... |
| MALCOLM M'LENNAN, ... | ... | ... |
| ARTHUR FORSYTH, ... | ... | ... |
| WILLIAM ROSS, ... | ... | ... |
| FRASER TAYLOR, ... | ... | ... |
| ALEXANDER GARDNER, ... | ... | Army Veterinary Department |
| CORNELIUS M'GRATH, ... | ... | ... |

Lame Dogs and the Poets.

"Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when you meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles."

IN contemplating Kingsley's well-known lines, a casual observer cannot but be struck by the huge proportion of humanity who at some time or other come under the heading of the title rôle.

The genus lame dog—the incompletes—the incapables of life are the common order of the day, and this sad fact is more pronounced in the strenuous nerve-racking times of this go-a-head century. So many go to the wall in the rough and tumble of everyday life, and their unenviable position there could be much relieved were the poet-author's advice more frequently brought to mind. Many feats, intellectual and scientific, also daily records of derring-do, grace our modern times; but, for the majority of us, the "even tenor" is a lost quantity.

Another cursory glance at the verse and the realisation of the sad frequency of life's many stiles "must give us pause." Between stiles and lame dogs matters often present a sorry spectacle, and pessimists have a large area for thought. It behoves us all to act the good Samaritan when necessity arises, and bring out our possible virtues and cheerful view points when a poor brother goes under instead of over the stile. The task should not be wholly disinterested either, as one never knows how soon a like service may be required in this world of ups and downs. Few of us are constituted to take "nature's buffets and rewards with equal thanks." The seamy side has educational values, and experience brings home another poet's thought, "All my life I'll go the softer, sadder."

A kindly little shove in the right direction till matters mend physically, mentally and spiritually, is the mode of procedure in dealing with lame dogs. Unlimited patience (with which Lafcadio Hearn says women are twice blessed), a discerning intellect, or perhaps, rather insight, a suppression of self-interest (a no-axe-to-grind quality) would be characteristics of yeomen service in tackling the time-being lamester. Mark the last adjective as it is brimful of hope, and should never be lost to sight.

Many-minded Shakespeare in his day bemoans the dearth of ideals, moral and otherwise. "Rome, thou hast lost thy breed of noble hounds," speaks volumes and needs no commentary. Surely such "pretty wit" would reckon as a shove in the spiritual direction.

"Get thee to a nunnery" has also something to be said in its favour, and is an admission that "the scallop shell of quiet" has its advocates as a soothing balm. Perhaps the "sweet oblivious antidote" may be more readily found there than "where men most do congregate." Who can tell?

Matthew Arnold somewhere pointed us to the stars for our lack of repose, and, by so gazing, we acquire, in a small way, some of their sublimity.

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all," sings another, and as none of us wish to pass under the unlovely name of prig, we must for the nonce submit to the epithet lame dog—*faute de mieux*. With this reservation, however, that "Rabbie's" most humane wish about an unmentionable party should be applied to ourselves:

"May be ye'll tak' a thought and men,
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken."

In the fine old Scotch word "aiblins" lies the delightful un-

certainty which makes life so interesting and full of possibilities. Let us take heart of grace and doff our hats to the poets—our "guides, philosophers and friends."

KATE-O-WHIMSIES.

Of our Chrysanthemums and one who loved them.

IT may seem rather out of date to write of Chrysanthemums in April. Are we not now on the outlook rather for daffodils all through the grounds, and tulips and crocuses in the flower-borders? But to some of us it would seem a strange thing if no word of thanks were spoken in these columns for the beautiful Chrysanthemum Exhibition supplied by Mr. Barr and his son, which brightened—as often before—for so many of us the closing months of the year. The care, and time, and skill that must be expended on the rearing and budding of the "autumn flower," in order to secure good results, are little realised by many; but all enjoy the wealth of colour that blossoms out so freely in our galleries from September to December, and are very thankful for it.

The persistently good weather of last season had naturally a most marked effect on both out and indoor plants. The former were simply rampant in strength of stem and foliage, and masses of blooms. Not one of the open-air plants bedded out in the lower garden, some seven years ago, has failed; they all yielded early in September, and onwards for several weeks, a splendid crop of blooms for cutting.

The grand exhibition, however, when the greenhouse is yearly cleared of all other plants, and chrysanthemum reigns supreme without a rival, began in the middle of October and lasted until Christmas. It reached

its climax in luxuriance and intensity of colour in the fortnight following the 23rd of November. Mr. Barr had secured this year an unusually large number of new varieties, all valuable additions; and some—for example, "White Countess" and "Evangeline" (both snow-white and large) were specially beautiful—while scores and scores of ever-welcome old friends were there in great perfection and profusion. We must not lengthen these notes by giving the names of the finest, for names are to many but names; yet we cannot omit to accentuate the fine assortment of "singles," so suitable for table use, and of such infinite variety of colour. Altogether it was a very fine collection.

Walking silently round among the flower-faces, drinking in their beauty and enjoying the quiet, we seemed to feel—to see—almost to hear a not unexpected presence, one that loved these flowers with a passion, and, year by year, looked forward with an eager exhilaration to this, to him, most gracious autumn festival. He is now no more with us, having died in August last, but with these flowers he is inseparably connected in the minds of many, and always will be. Though delighted to saunter round the greenhouse with acquaintances daily—sometimes oftener—giving out richly of his brilliant mental stores, he loved to spend long hours with his chrysanthemums quite alone; and here amongst them, glorying in their many hues, their varieties of growth, their sweet wonderful ways, he passed—as he one day confided to a friend—his very happiest hours.

It is rare to find intellectual and poetic gifts, such as his, united with the unvarying kindness and unfailing courtesy he so freely lavished on the members of our little community.

He was at all times approachable and full of sympathy with one's enthusiasms. No wonder he gained to so large an extent, and without directly seeking it, the high esteem and strong personal affection of those around him. His power of unconsciously raising the tone in his immediate neighbourhood was remarkable, and no man ever drew more generously on his treasures of learning for the good of others.

Who does not miss and mourn our brave, sensitive poet? E.V.

A Trip on a Cargo Boat.

(Experiences at the outbreak of the War.)

We left Granton on Tuesday afternoon, 14th July, for Libau, on the west coast of Russia. The weather was all that could be desired on the North Sea. As for life on board a cargo steamer, one can experience nothing more enjoyable. We started the day with a salt-water bath (hot or cold), then breakfast at 8 a.m., lunch at 11, dinner at 1, a cup of afternoon tea and a sleep.

We had hammocks slung on board where we usually spent the afternoon, and were wakened in time for high tea at 5 o'clock. After tea we always did a constitutional on deck, or played deck quoits, skipped and had a dance. One of the crew was a very good violinist, so he, being the only musician on board, was greatly in demand. Then we spent the last hour on the bridge before turning in for the night. On the third day out we were wakened at 4 a.m. by the Captain, who told us we were passing Elsinore, so we hurried on deck to see the castle made famous by Shakespeare in the play of "Hamlet."

We had a beautiful view of the coast of Denmark, which we skirted for some hours, the Swedish coast being on the opposite side, but we

were too far off to see any object distinctly. We then lost sight of land till nearing Libau.

Libau is a very fashionable sea-side resort, and being holiday time, we were able to see Russian life. It is mostly German that is spoken, not Russian as one would expect.

What strikes an English visitor in Russia are the numerous outward signs of law and order that exist in the form of police, military and custom house officers. A dockers' strike had broken out during our visit. One day the dockers struck four times between 7 and 12 o'clock.

The Russians are a very gay people. We did not expect to see the latest Parisian fashions, but the crowds shopping in the principal streets were as fashionably attired as those one meets in Bond Street or Regent Street. The ladies are not what you would call good looking. They are rather swarthy and inclined to stoutness. One sees very few motors or fine carriages, but the droschky cab, which is a victoria drawn by one or more rough, shaggy horses, is the chief means of conveyance and very cheap.

The electric cars are very up-to-date and have first and second class compartments. One morning we visited the market. It was very interesting to see all the different stands and everything beautifully clean. You could buy from a needle to an anchor. On Sunday morning we went to the Russian Church, which is a most elaborate building. It had many very fine paintings and a beautiful altar. We only stayed a very short time, as it was a hot day and there are no seats. The men stand on the right as you enter and the women on the left. Sunday being over by 12 o'clock, we returned to the boat for lunch. Then we started out for the afternoon. We took a motor boat to Sandwien, which is a

small island some distance from Libau. There one sees all classes of Russians out to enjoy themselves. After walking for some hours and partaking of Russian tea, we took the boat back to Libau and finished up at the Kurhaus. At the Kurhaus you have cafés, orchestras, tennis and bathing. There is a splendid beach which extends along the coast for miles. It is quite a sight to see the crowds that go to bathe in the afternoon, as all business is suspended from three to five, then begun again at five till nine p.m., so it is not till 10 p.m. that everything is in full swing. There are two orchestras during the evening. The first performs from 8 till 12, and the second from 12 till 4 a.m. We never had the privilege of hearing the last item on the second part of the programme. There is also an aviation station at Libau, which we were very anxious to see, but, as war was declared, no person was admitted to the ground without a pass. However, we had the pleasure of seeing quite a number of Russian aeroplanes.

The night we arrived one flew right over the boat. After doing the sights of Libau, and as news of war was becoming more alarming, the Captain was advised to leave and go to Finland, as it was considered likely the Germans would bombard the town, which they did shortly after we left. We also heard that the Russians had been very successful in sinking a German cruiser, which had only a few months ago been in Dundee and the crew on board were all spies. We then sailed for Wasa, in Finland, where we got a cargo of pit props.

When you arrive in Wasa you are surprised at the town. It looks as if it had been newly built. Old Wasa was burned some ten years ago, and this is the reason for everything looking so nice and clean. All

the houses are built of wood. It was only when we got to Wasa that we realised what war meant. The people there speak Lettish. We of course did not dare to air any German. We hit on a baker's shop and café which we used to frequent. The girl there had been to America, so any information we wanted regarding the war we got from her. One forenoon, while we were out for a sail in a small boat, we noticed a motor boat with Russian pilots on board, lifting all the coast marks, and also painting the lighthouses black or covering them with black blankets.

In Finland the women load and unload the boats. This is where women have the vote! I wonder if hard work compensates for the vote!

After getting part of the cargo, as the trains were required for conveying troops, the captain got orders to go to Hernösand, in Sweden, where we thought everything would be all right. Instead of that we were practically prisoners on board, as we were not allowed to land.

We left Hernösand in the charge of a Swedish guide, who spoke very good English. We sailed from Hernösand to Sundsvall, in a coasting steamer. The scenery is very like our Western Highlands with great boulders and heather slopes. From Sundsvall to Östersund by train. Östersund is a very fine town, with beautiful houses. After spending a night and part of the following day there, we took train again to Trondheim. The travelling in Sweden is very luxurious, but by no means fast. A particular feature about Sweden is the catering. At the station you enter a large room in which a table is spread, and where you just help yourself to whatever you fancy, and for which there is a fixed charge. We then went through miles of pine

forests, and here, as in Finland, we saw how they get the timber cheaply taken down from the interior to the sea coast. The trees, after being cut into suitable lengths, are dragged to the banks of the river. There is a large outer ring into which the timber is thrown. This forms a sort of raft to which a platform is attached, on which three men stand, who pole it down the river. We took the coasting steamer from Trondjem to Bergen. The scenery all along the coast was very grand. When we got to Bergen there was great excitement, so many British and American refugees hurrying home. We were very fortunate in getting a berth on the "Irma." Among the passengers on board was the French Ambassador from Berlin, and eight of his suite, who were so shamefully treated by the Germans there. On Sunday afternoon the steamer suddenly stopped and considerable excitement arose, as a black object was seen floating on the surface of the water which was supposed to be a mine.

A small boat was lowered, and an officer and two sailors went to inspect the object, which turned out to be only a floating barrel! Thankful not to have struck a mine, we arrived safely in Leith on the 16th of August. M.R.

UNCONSCIOUS WIT.

A French officer having some friends to dinner, his little son entered the room and desired to be seated with the guests; but his father objected, remarking that his beard was not yet of sufficient length. Thereupon his mother directed the servants to set a separate table for him, and see that he was well waited on. During the course of the meal, an old cat attempted several times to seize portions of his food. At first, the child bore it patiently, but, at length, becoming exasperated, exclaimed, "Go, you, and dine with my father; your beard at least is long enough!"

The Gates of Thebes.

STARTING from Clapham Common one afternoon, in late November, I went to the British Museum to revisit the Elgin Marbles, more particularly a group of three: an *Endymion*; a winged *Mercury*; and the *Apotheosis of Homer*; placed in a small side room off the Egyptian Court. Having satisfied myself with seeing, I lingered in the large vestibule, and finding a short form between two pillars, sat there to rest and read the week's *Spectator*.

Engrossed with this I looked up on hearing a slight rustle, and saw two workmen advancing, carrying a coil of rope. They proceeded to rope in the space where I sat, half hidden by the pillars, and, not asking me to rise, they roped me in, while I waited developments in considerable curiosity.

As the workmen left, a small party, headed by an artist-looking young gentleman in a black velvet coat, came within the enclosed space, followed by an elderly couple and (apparently) their daughter and a friend. Eyeglasses were raised and they prepared to be interested in an unknown something.

From large presses in the wall several men brought forward the different parts of two gates, green with mould. They were the gates of far-distant Thebes, and they were built up before us, while the artist-looking young gentleman, by the light of a candle, read an account of them and of their transit to London. After the short lecture, the gates were removed, piece by piece, the rope was withdrawn, and the party departed. B.W.

The more you say, the less people remember.

All girls are alike, except the one you are engaged to.

A Stranger in Liverpool.

A STRANGER arriving at Lime Street Station is, unless previously advised, sure to be at once attracted by the wide spaces of the square outside the station to St. George's Hall and then to the contrasting seclusion of William Brown Street, close by, in which are other three large public buildings—the Walker Gallery of Paintings; the Rotunda, and the Public Library. Seeing a notice on the gate of the Rotunda that a lecture was to be given that evening on Lyric Poetry, we arranged to return there to hear it. The hall was sparsely occupied by a curious gathering. Not many intellectuals were present, as one might have expected, but here and there, at distant intervals, were seated shabby, ill-fed men, who looked like ill-paid clerks, office lads, and broken-down hangers-on at theatres or of any of the professions. Few women were among the audience and, with the exception of three or four solitary units, were accompanied by one of their own sex. It was not an enlivening audience, nor was the lecture of sufficient interest to raise any enthusiasm on the subject of lyric poetry.

The next morning, a fine morning in early November, brought us again to Lime Street Square, to explore the buildings on either side of the Rotunda. The library was soon disposed of, but the nearer building, the Walker Gallery, was not quickly exhausted. The interest was not only great but enduring in its attraction. Many notable additions must have been made to the collection since that November, but there was enough then to delight even a mere novice in art.

Memory recalls a fine *Dante and Beatrice* by Henry Holland. Near this fine "Holland" was a dainty

work called *The Ancestor on the Tapestries*, beside a very beautiful *Ruth and Naomi*, and on the opposite wall an episode in the *de Rimini* story, painted by Edward Everett Millais, at twenty-one, in his early pre-Raphaelite days, every one seated at the dinner table being a portrait and painted with great fidelity to detail. Near it was a Holman Hunt: *The Triumph of the Innocents*. In the next room we saw the *Vagrants* of Fred Walker, a Henry Morland: *The Old Soldier*, playing on his flute to the villagers in the sunset, a quiet restful scene. In a further room hung the wonderful seascape by Henry Moore, and a characteristic picture by Albert Moore—a woman asleep by a fountain, with some exquisite flowers near her.

Turning from the walls at the sound of wooden clogs and heavily nailed boots, we saw the floors (vacant before) now suddenly peopled by an influx of Norwegian emigrants, who had come to spend their short interval, between Bergen and New York, in this great picture gallery. The healthy weather, marked faces of the men, and the fresh comeliness of the women, gave point to their quiet mannerliness and good taste; a promising indication of fine material for settlers in a new country.

A car in Lime Street took us to the busy district of Bootle, thence to Waterloo, a bare, arid-looking residential suburb on the river. In transit one saw many phases of life almost cosmopolitan in variety. Crossing the Mersey to Egremont, we reached Bidston Hill in Cheshire, and got glimpses of that softer, more suburban county.

But what can compare with the ever-moving life in the streets of this river-port city; the wonderful sunsets from the landing stage that sees

steamers sail off into Northern America, Wales, Isle of Man, Ireland, England, Scotland. Then up Water Street, Church Street, Bold Street, Hardman Street, to the upper reaches of the Boulevards with the handsome width of pavement and arboreal shade, protecting the fine homes of the wealthy citizens of Liverpool.

Beyond the Boulevards lies a pleasure ground (though small) in Princes Park, and farther on we come to Sefton Park, with a country outlook.

On Sunday morning we attended the forenoon service in Sefton Church and heard the Rev. John Watson preach on *Books*, starting from the text, "He that dwelleth with wise men shall himself be wise." He instanced Robert Browning as the Christian's poet, because he believed in God and immortality; Fra Angelico as the Christian's artist; and Thomas Carlyle as the Christian's seer, for he taught us sincerity and the dignity of labour.

In the evening at the Church of the Blind, in Hardman Street, the preacher took for his subject two paintings that were sent to that year's Autumn Exhibition: *Elizabeth of Hungary* and Greiffenhagen's *Sicilian Peasants*.
BERTHA WEST.

JOCK MACRAW.

To the guid hielan' neibors a veesitor spoke,
"At *Hortus Pomorum* ye'll see some queer folk;
But if ye wud see the chief o' them a',
He writes for the papers, an' his name's Jock Macraw.

He's down on the Tories; he says they're nae guid;
An' he disna believe in the thing they ca' bluid;
But gie him a castle, an' a million or twa,
An' his leeb'ral opeenions nicht sune flee awa'.

He's up in the mornin', an' dances the jig;
For kings, queens an' earls he cares na a fig,
He says the nobility's nae use ava:
But, loosh! frien's, ye ken, that's only his blaw.

Sometimes he'll dress up in a reid, wursted kep,
His pants an' his semit, an' then he'll keep step,
Wi' a wan' in his han', to the music, richt braw:
Hech! sic an' like folk are no canny ava.

On Hame Rule an' Irelan' he'll lay down the law,
Till, wi' fair vexation, yer heid ye cud claw.
He says, gin ye'd only gie women the vote,
Ye'd see ilka man in a braw Sawbath coat.

He gangs tae the kintra, i' the fa' o' the year;
But what he dis there, ye maun juist weel speir:
He gets a guid breakfast; there's nae doot o' that;
But, wi' a' his feedin', he never grows fat.

We hae mony a yarn o' the fish he has seen,
An' the tent, fu' o' beer, that stood oot on the green,
An' the dancin' an' flirtin' an' sic cairryin' on
As, I'm shair, ye'll no read in the Gospel o' John.

But the ploy maist excitin' was the chase o' the bull
That scares a' the folk frae the island o' Mull;
For the hunters got huntit—the thing's gey an' like—
An' kept back the bull, hurlin' fire owre a dyke.

Some folk say oor frien' wud mak' a gran' Pope,
Or cud raise up an army to beat Johnny Hope;
But yin Pope i' the warl' I'm thinkin's eneuch:
What yin cookit, the ither nicht fin' unco teuch!

Noo, lest ye be thinkin' oor Jock's gey an' raw,
An' no a nice chiel to be acquent wi' ava,
I maun state—it's a fac'—that he's yin o' the best,
Wi' a hairt gey an' tender for a' the opprest."

UNUS EX AMICIS.