

## **Gartnavel Gazette**

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**THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE**

The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum



Founded 1810

**New Series.      JANUARY, 1914.      No. 43.**

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
NOTES, ... ..	1	COMING EVENTS ... ..	6
DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE ... ..	3	A HUNDRED YEARS AGO ... ..	6
A SORROWFUL CONVERSION ... ..	3	<i>The Borgia's Last Charge</i> ... ..	7
<i>The Rescue of Santa</i> ... ..	4	A GARDEN INDUSTRY ... ..	8
NEEDLES AND THREAD ... ..	5	REMINISCENCES OF AN OFFICE-BOY ... ..	10
<i>The Carol Singers</i> ... ..	5	THE RUB ... ..	12

## Notes.

"A guid New Year to aye and a'  
And mony may ye see;  
And during a' the year to come  
Fu' hearty may ye be!"

**W**E wish a Merry Christmas and a  
Very Happy New Year to all  
our readers!

The festive season has come round once again; and merry times are in progress, and merrier in store, at Gartnavel. The weekly concerts and dances, which have already passed many happy evenings for us this winter, are as cheerful as ever, and as thoroughly enjoyed by all of us. We have been given excellent concerts by our old friends, the members of the Abstainers' Union; we have had lectures and cinematograph shows. All have been splendid.

And a regular plethora of entertainments is ahead. What with dances, concerts, musical and dramatic performances, a billiard tournament, and a fancy dress ball, we look forward to a winter as happy as the best which we have enjoyed here in the past! And that is a high standard to aim at.

Outdoor amusements are almost at a standstill these wet, wintry days. Only golf, that perennial joy, remains with us. The summer greens have been carefully sanded, and are at present forbidden ground; but their winter substitutes are at least sporting, if at times rather trying. The St. Vincent Cup was played for in September and October, and, *place aux dames*, was won on each occasion by alady, Miss D—(92—40 = 52), and Nurse Whitecross (104—40 = 64). We congratulate the fair



winners on their athletic prowess. But where are the men? They must look to their laurels.

In October, the Harvest Thanksgiving services were celebrated. We must record our appreciation of the beautiful scheme of decoration in the chapel, carried out by Mr. Barr and his assistants. Flowers and fruit were used with lavish hand and most excellent effect.

A very welcome innovation was the Organ and Choral Recital on the evening before the Harvest Thanksgiving. The sacred solos, which were rendered by several of our musical friends, ladies and gentlemen, were greatly enjoyed by a large audience.

The Gartnavel Players are to the fore again. They have two plays in hand, we learn, for Christmas; and from sundry covert hints we have received, we understand that the company is an all-star one. The programme, which they have shewn to us, is certainly varied, and looks attractive. We print it in another column.

We should like to draw the attention of the lady members of our dramatic company to the following statement by Miss Kate Moffat, "Buntie," in a recent interview. "My first public appearance," she said, "was at Gartnavel. It was there Mr. Aitken saw me, and gave me my first offer of a professional engagement at the City Hall." To all the potential Bunties we may see at Christmas—our best wishes!

The Football Club have embarked on another season. Their efforts, so far, have not met with the success which possibly they have deserved. Four games have been played. One

has been won, the others lost. Goals for Gartnavel, 5; against, 12. This is disappointing, but we trust that better days are in store. Individually many of the players are good; but combination is conspicuous only by its entire absence. If games are to be won, the team must abandon its present disjointed and somewhat spasmodic attempts at scoring; and put some brains into the play. When this is done, we may see the purple and white carried to victory. Not before.

To Dr. John M. Forsyth, welcome!

The curling pond has been coaxed tenderly on several occasions of late, but it refuses to freeze. The devotees are despondent. Cheer up! though: we'll have the roaring game yet.

Dr. Hamilton Marr, H.M. Commissioner in Lunacy, made an official inspection of the Hospital on the 11th and 12th December. He was accompanied by Mr. Wood, Secretary to the General Board of Lunacy, or, as it will soon be called, the General Board of Control. As it was the first visit of the latter, we hope he carried away as favourable an impression of us as we formed of him.

We offer our congratulations to two of our former Clinicals Dr. Hugh Watson and Dr. R. S. Millar, who have taken the degree of Doctor of Medicine at their alma mater, the former being awarded first class honours for his thesis.

The classes of instruction for nurses and attendants are now in full swing. Many of the pupils are showing very great promise; and we trust their devotion to their studies will be fitly rewarded when the examinations come.

## Dramatic Performance

BY

GARTNAVEL OPERA COMPANY.

January 3rd and 17th, 1914.

Overture by the Gartnavel Orchestra.

### BURGLAR-PROOF.

A MELODRAMATIC COMEDY SKETCH.

A swell burglar enters a flat, and is surprised by the daughter of the house. She mistakes him for a gentleman, a view which the burglar tries in vain to controvert. The girl's father, discovering the two together, and being suspicious of his daughter, charges the intruder with being an undesirable suitor. The latter, after trying without much success to prove himself a burglar, finally disappears with everything he can lay his hands on.

Mr. Arthur, *The Master of the house.*  
Kitty, ... *His Daughter.*  
The Burglar.

Selection by the Pierrot Band.

Ventriloquial Virtuoso:—

Signor GUTTIPERGA, and his wonderful wax figures.

Selection by the Gartnavel Orchestra.

### COUNTRY COORTIN'.

A COMEDY IN SCOTS.

A Scottish farmer and his wife are sorely exercised over the matrimonial prospects of their daughter, Meg. She, however, amid a plethora of suitors, contrives to gain her own way and the man of her choice.

Rab Mitchell, ... *A Farmer*  
Mrs. Mitchell, ... *His Wife*  
Meg, ... *Their Daughter*  
The Dominy.  
The Laird's Agent.  
Tam Gordon, *The successful Wooer*

## A Sorrowful Conversion.

"HOME Rule for Ireland!" I exclaimed derisively. "You Irish will never manage your own affairs. You never could, and can't!"

"Me son," said my opponent, "a man might say you're entirely mistaken. And, begorra, it's inclined to belave, Oi am, that yer honour would cut a moighty quare figur' in a tussle against the loikes o' mesilf."

That was enough for me; for, being an Englishman, I deemed myself immeasurably his superior, and I then and there, in the politest words I could command, invited him to throw his coat aside and prove his impudent assertion.

He did remove his coat, and we set to; and, full of confidence, I went boldly in at him and caught him so cleanly with my right that he toppled over like a ninepin and lay outstretched before me, a sadly inelegant mass of apparent helplessness.

"What now?" I demanded. But he answered never a word. He only grinned annoyingly.

"Where is old Ireland now?" I continued, "which of us is the better man?"

"Troth," he began at last, "for the sake of the swate little Country's reputation O'll have to explain to ye. It's the better man Oi am still, O'll maintain. Shure Oi didn't care to scratch your fine chubby cheeks, me bhoy. When Oi looked seriously at ye, me big Oirish heart grew soft and kindly, and Oi couldn't strolke out dacently at all."

I ought never to have become angry at that, but I did. And I taunted him beyond endurance.

"You lie!" I snapped.

A strange, ominous glow appeared suddenly in those tremendous eyes of his, and I saw the blood rush to his face.

"Up wid yer skinny fists!" he cried; and in a trice we had come to grips again.

But there, I do not wish to tell everything about our encounter. You see, I am rather a proud sort of fellow. And besides—but draw no ugly inference—I am in bed writing under extreme difficulties. I must be brief.

When it was all over, and he stood with his hand in mine, looking curiously down at me, "Pore lad," he said, "it's an amazing job O've bin an' made o' ye. Ye look a troille furrin now. Oi should have bin aissier on ye. But," he queried in a quiet and friendly way, "is it any good at all O've bin doin'?"

"Yes, I have learned my lesson very, very well. Home Rule for Ireland," I had to say—quite simply this time. CUDDY.

#### THE RESCUE OF SANTA.

Christmas Eve with stars teeming, and the drowsy world was dreaming  
Of the turkeys, stuffed and steaming, to be polished off next day.  
When with motion soft and silky, down the highway known as Milky  
Sped a bi-plane, richly laden with an up-to-date display  
Of such toys as man or maiden never saw this side Cathay.

On the bi-plane firmly seated, looking somewhat flushed and heated  
(Doubtless from the way he greeted every passing moon and star),  
Might be seen an oldish party, white of beard, but hale and hearty,  
Speeding onward, speeding ever, to that tiny world afar,  
Where by mountain, plain, and river the abodes of mortals are.

Passed he many a starry steeples, many a meteoric people,  
Then with one tremendous sweep alighted safely on the earth;  
When, as though the word were given, every youngster under heaven,  
Half-awake, made to turn in his or her respective berth,  
With a little cry of yearning and anticipative mirth.

Not an instant did he tarry; every Tom and Dick and Harry,  
Every Kate, Corinda, Carrie, must he visit soon or late.

But, the moment that he grounded, he was straightaway surrounded  
By a crowd of snarling creatures who had clearly lain in wait,  
On their keen and canine features looks of unrelenting hate.

In the snow his goods they scattered, into bits his bi-plane shattered,  
Cynically beat and battered poor old Santa's flaxen poll.  
While was heard above the babel, "Caught at last, you dull old fable!"  
Useless is the row you're making and in vain for help you call;  
We intend to stop your faking and impostures once for all.

Thus they shouted in derision, and their cynical decision  
Had been soon beyond revision (Santa's looks were precious blue);  
But along the night-wind chilly came a challenge piping shrilly:

"Hold, ye cynics, sour and baneful!  
Hold, and for our pardon sue!  
Otherwise 'twill be our painful task to wipe the floor with you!"

Then from every hill and valley, every city square and alley,  
Suddenly were seen to rally countless children high and low,  
Fearlessly with drum and rattle marched they forward into battle,  
Merrily with snow-balls potted the battalions of the foe.

Each of whom was soon allotted (in the neck) his share of snow,  
O the deeds those little men did! It was nothing short of splendid!  
Not a snowball they expended save on some devoted head.  
One by one the foe departed, thick of ear and heavy-hearted,  
Troop by troop they veered and vanished where the thickest shade was shed,  
All their "new" ideas banished, and their scorn for Santa dead.

As the last foe, wet and worried, through the darkling shadows scurried,  
Anxiously the victors hurried to where luckless Santa lay.  
Not a whit the worse they found him; how they danced and romped around him!  
Then on many a willing shoulder he was borne with laughter gay.  
Down the night-wind, blowing colder, o'er the hills and far away. ORLANDO.

#### Needles and Thread.

MANY hands must have been busy during the year to enable us to send such large bundles of garments to the various "Homes" in which we are interested. As the total number of garments made reached 210 (exceeding any previous year's work) we were able to include the inmates of the little Hospital for Tubercular Children, near Strathblane, in addition to our older friends—the Children's Home at Crookston and the Waverley Park Home at Kirkintilloch; while the members of the C.O. Needlework Guild used their needles to some purpose, chiefly in stitching soft flannel garments for smaller children.

"Pay Day Pence" are spent on new material for undergarments: dresses, coats, bonnets and boys' trousers are transformed out of old discarded dresses and capes.

Recently two of us paid a first visit to the Crookston Home, where Miss Campbell showed us over the building. We watched the smaller children at play in their large recreation room: such happy, well-cared for youngsters, from two to six years of age, who flocked round us at once to curtsy or salute and show off their pet toys. One small boy proudly shook hands with the lady who made the suit he was wearing.

Older boys and girls, just returned from school, were removing muddy boots in a convenient cloak-room, then increased sounds of merriment in the play room showed it was not all work with them.

Up in the beautifully kept dormitories each of the 45-50 beds is supported by a different "Circle" of workers. Above the "Peter Pan" bed hangs a charming portrait of Miss Chase, who, when in Glasgow,

never fails to pay the children a visit; and here a small boy, the only one on the sick list, lay fast asleep; not even the loud ringing of a tea bell disturbed his slumbers. We went down to hear the children sing grace and have a welcome cup of tea ourselves before going out into the wind and rain, glad to know that the children are so well looked after and that anything we send in the way of clothing is so much appreciated.

#### THE CAROL SINGERS.

##### I.

*Exultate deus hominum*

*Exultate deus hominum.—Psalm xci.*

Tender ladies, gaily dight,  
Who, 'neath my window, sing at night  
Of Christ and his nativity,  
Of Him who died that He might free  
Our souls from sin's captivity,  
We backward cast our gaze and see  
Our Lord upon the accursed tree,  
The pierced hands, the bleeding feet,  
The timid women, meek and sweet;

##### II.

But, when the suffering is o'er,  
The fragrant spices' costly store,  
The spotless winding-sheet of white,  
Of the redeemed, the emblem bright;  
The sepulchre, then, with the rich,  
And the descent to hell, from which  
Is born our immortality:  
All glorified our Lord appears,  
And joy abounds in place of fears.

J.M.C.

We beg to acknowledge receipt of recent numbers of the *Morningside Mirror*, *New Moon*, *Passing Hour*, and *Under the Dome*. It is always a pleasure to read contemporaries, and learn what is doing in sister Institutions.



## Coming Events.

Monday,	22nd Dec.	Billiard Tournament begins.
Wednesday,	24th "	Concert and Dance, 7 till 9 o'clock.
Thursday,	25th "	Christmas Day.
Saturday,	27th "	Lantern Lecture by Dr. Oswald, at 7.30.
Sunday,	28th "	Special Services—with Carols—at 11 and 7.
Wednesday,	31st "	Concert and Dance, 7 till 10 o'clock.
1914.		
Thursday,	1st Jan.	New Year's Day. Church Service at 11 o'clock.
Saturday,	3rd "	Performance by Gartnavel Opera Company.
Tuesday,	6th "	Staff Dance.
Saturday,	10th "	Conjuring Entertainment (probably) "The Kirks."
Wednesday,	14th "	Concert by Abstainers' Union, at 7.15.
Saturday,	17th "	Repeat Performance by Gartnavel Opera Co.
Monday,	19th "	Cinematograph Entertainment.
Thursday,	22nd "	Fancy Dress Dance, 7 till 10 o'clock.
Monday,	26th "	Burns Concert.
Wednesday,	11th Feb.	Concert by Abstainers' Union, at 7.15.
Monday,	16th "	Concert—Mr. and Mrs. Frew—at 7.30.
Monday,	23rd "	Cinematograph Entertainment.
Wednesday,	11th Mar.	Concert by Abstainers' Union, at 7.15.
Saturday,	21st "	Cinematograph Entertainment.

## A hundred Years Ago.

REPORT  
OF THE  
LORD PROVOST, MAGISTRATES, AND COUNCIL  
OF GLASGOW,  
AT OPENING THE  
GLASGOW ROYAL ASYLUM.

AT GLASGOW, the first day of  
December, eighteen hundred  
and fourteen years.

After hearing a most excellent and  
very appropriate discourse from the  
Rev. Dr. Balfour, the Magistrates  
and Council, accompanied by the  
Directors, proceeded to the new  
Asylum, with which, after a minute  
examination, they expressed the  
highest satisfaction.

The apartments for patients are  
clean, neatly furnished, and their  
ventilation is perfectly ensured by  
the process for heating them; a  
process which effectually keeps up a

regulated temperature, precluding  
the possibility of damp and all risk  
of fire.

The galleries are airy and cheerful,  
the day-rooms commodious; and  
the exercising grounds judiciously  
laid out with broad gravel walks,  
where patients may enjoy the open  
air and the beauties of nature, an  
object which will prove an ample  
compensation for all the additional  
expenditure.

The kitchen and laundry, the  
rooms for the servants, and for the  
sick, seem also very well fitted for  
their respective purposes.

By a proper distribution of water-  
pipes throughout the building, clean-  
liness will be promoted, and the  
advantage of regular washing and  
frequent bathing fully enjoyed; and,  
as a resource against accidents, which  
occasionally interrupt the supply of  
water by pipes, a copious perennial

spring of very pure water fills a large  
well, which has been dug in a rock  
near the building.

The Magistrates and Council  
cannot conclude their Report without  
presenting, in their own name, and  
in that of the community whom they  
represent, their warmest thanks to  
the Directors, for the activity, perse-  
verance, and fidelity with which they  
have conducted to a happy close a  
work of no common difficulty.

They also most heartily con-  
gratulate their fellow-citizens on the  
opening of an Asylum to which  
they have contributed with their  
characteristic liberality, and the  
Magistrates are confident of being  
joined by every contributor, when  
they express the most ardent wish  
and hope that, by continuing under  
judicious, faithful management, this  
Asylum may, for many ages, remain  
an ornament to Glasgow, and a  
blessing, not to it only, but to all the  
West of Scotland.

HENRY MONTEITH, *Provost*.

## THE BORGIA'S LAST CHARGE.

It fell in Spain, in fair Navarre, right by  
Viana town,  
That young Borgia charged an army, and  
rode its rear-guard down.  
That sword, which clove a bull in parts,  
flashed in the dawn like flame,  
And men and horses strewed the ground  
behind him as he came.

He had wakened in Viana, there, out of his  
angry dreams,  
All dazzled with their glory in the early  
morning beams;  
And the town was in an uproar with  
trumpets, and with drums.

And those that cried "The foe! the foe!"  
to arms! to arms! he comes!  
Then he sprang from bed, and stretched  
his limbs, and braced his armour on,  
And girt himself, and gat his sword,  
that by the bed-side shone.

And rushed without, and seized a horse, the  
first that he could find,  
And galloped to the Puerta Sol, like a  
fiend upon the wind.

There, by the gate, the horse came down,  
but he wrenched it to its feet,  
And, like a panther, leapt again up in the  
saddle-seat.

And forth the gate there, all alone, across  
the champaign wide,  
Put hand to rein, and spur to horse, and  
got into his stride.

For the foe was there, and in retreat, its  
daring night-task won,  
Viana castle victualled, and Cesare's work  
undone;  
But he, his horse's belly flat to the flat and  
grassy plain.

Was up, and away, and after them, to  
cleanse his careless stain.

The sentinel, that paced alone, at guard  
upon the wall,  
Looked out to sunward, and beheld his  
great sword rise and fall,  
As he fell upon their rear-guard, like a bolt  
out of the sky.

One solitary horse-man there, and smote  
them hip and thigh;

As forward still he flew and leapt, and  
horse and man went down,  
Like clouds before a thunderstorm that  
lightens through their frown,  
And through he clove rank after rank, and  
fearless broke away.

Beyond the reeling rear-guard with his  
wheeling sword at play.

In the Father's name and Son's he smote  
the rear-guard of that host,  
But he crashed into their centre in the  
name of Holy Ghost.

The Captain-General once elect of God and  
Holy Church,  
Though now long since simoniac slaves had  
left him in the lurch.

The sentinel at pace alone upon Viana wall  
Beheld that awful impact, and the first  
ranks reel and fall,  
And all the host go rolling down into a deep  
ravine.

Like rolling cloud and thunder-smoke with  
the thunder-flame within.

And later on they found him there amid  
a heap of slain,  
Stripped of his splendid armour, lying  
naked on the plain.  
Stripped to the skin by thieves and knaves,  
just such as all his life  
He had struggled with and trampled on in  
a just and holy strife.

JOHN EVELYN BARLAS,  
June 28th, 1913.

### A Garden Industry.

(Concluded).

IN the previous part of this slight narrative allusion was made at the close to an incident that occurred in Northern Russia, when an Austrian Countess did, with intent, what I did instinctively, on the sudden entrance in the dark, into my bedroom, at Sawley Inn, of a massive Newfoundland dog. Since the occurrence I have, more than once, inwardly laughed at the palpable absurdity of my attempt to make that big creature come out of a room where he would naturally consider me the intruder. This leads me to give the facts of the more serious encounter which I read recently. So far as I remember the facts are these: An Austrian Countess was driving an English friend to her summer residence on the shore of the Gulf of Finland. A ferocious wolf-dog, owned by none and starving, sprang out of a thicket and rushed toward the carriage. The Englishwoman was almost dead with terror when, to her surprise, her Austrian friend pulled up the drowsy, stopped it as the dog reached it, and clearly and deliberately addressed the savage animal in her own language. The dog dropped its ears, turned away without a sound, and disappeared. On being asked what had turned the situation off so easily, the Countess replied that it was the only thing she could think of to ward off the imminent attack. "But what did you say?" asked the Englishwoman, and her friend replied that she simply told the dog where they were driving and for what purpose. The mere courtesy of being informed of their purpose and their destination seemed to satisfy the animal.

This experience left me so thoroughly chilled that I next, by feeling, examined the coverings of

the bed, and found them very inadequate, and still despairing of sleep I again ventured to call the landlady. She was very young and, with her husband, had only entered on their occupation of the inn that term, and were not well prepared for guests. I asked her for a hot jar, as more easily got at than a rug or blanket. "A jar," she cried, "what kind of a jar do you require?" "Oh, I said, anything that will hold hot water, even a glass bottle, if you don't crack it with too hot water." Still looking perplexed she left and some time after, with her husband's help, I heard her slowly dragging a heavy weight upstairs and across the landing to my room, followed, of course, by the large black dog. The woman pushed in before her an enormous straw-covered stone jar that must have held gallons, for it reached up to the bedstead.

"Please take it away," I said, "no amount of boiling water will heat that jar through the straw casing."

Then it was that I watched the darkness slowly dissipate and day dawn in tremulous waves of faint grey, tender pink, and luminous orange, till the great orb freely showered down his golden light.

I worship at the shrine of the sunset whenever I can, and, since that morning, I have seen sun-rise in mid-ocean; in the valley of the Mississippi; in the amazing silences and obscurities of great cities like London and New York; as well as in the clean, pure, suburban air here. But who can adequately describe a sun-rise or a sunset?

No two are ever alike and, like the clouds—those fleets of heaven that are for ever sailing and have no haven—they are, with the rainbow, of such finely etherealised form and exquisite gradation of tone as to be unproducible.

I met the lady gardeners in the meadow near the house, only the three: the Irish lady well in front, straight and angular, dignified at all points, and soberly gowned in black; the Devonshire maid, demurely quiet and meek, in dove-toned grey; and my special friend, tripping daintily along with the distinguished look of the London habitant at their best, dressed in a rich brown velvet, with picture hat and drooping plumes. Socially as well as intellectually she took the lead, and I was sorry to reach the Episcopal Church so quickly as we did, for I kept to my original intention not to dine with them, but leave them to the rest they might require, or for correspondence, or reading, arranging to join them for tea and evening service.

That was our last meeting, with the exception of the London young lady. Some correspondence passed between us, and shortly after I saw a long account of them all in (I think) the *Ladies' Pictorial*, whose man-reporter gave a highly coloured but misleading description of the Garden. The climax came soon after, when a peremptory order reached Sawley from London, to dig up their potatoes on receipt of a telegram, and send them into market. I do not know the reason, but they did not send in time, and this brought the owner of the garden from London, and between them a final severance was made. The Melrose ladies returned to Scotland, but the other three were so enamoured of the gardening (on its fancy side) that Miss G. and Miss S. deputed the London girl—she was little more—to examine a house and garden in Kent, and to secure it on a short lease. It had, I believe, been occupied by Mr. Hall Caine, the novelist, and Mr. William Morris resided at that time in the next house.

What interval passed I do not recollect, but in the springtime and with a day to spare, I used it to run down into Kent and again interview the intrepid gardeners. The house lay in a secluded corner, and pushing open (I saw no bell nor knocker and the gate opened to a touch) I passed through this low, green painted gate into a quiet sunny garden, utterly bare of growth; one green-house, flooded with several feet of stagnant water; another half-filled with refuse of decaying vegetable matter; not a sign of occupation in all the house; the only live being I found in an outhouse, a half-witted, shambling, gawky youth, who could not answer the plainest question. I was turning away in a bleak dismay when the garden gate swung open, and the dear little woman of the city came limping towards me and hugged me in her gladness to have a chance to tell her woes. She had a sprained ankle but had hobbled out to a man gardener near and got him to fill a crate, with vegetables, to the value of 14/- for a friend in London.

"Now I am free," she said, "and you will spend the day with me, and I will tell you all my troubles. I'll light a fire and though I cannot give you any right dinner, I have two eggs, no butter, and scarcely any sugar, but I have some preserves made from a few small tomatoes my gardener neighbour was throwing away. Yes, I am entirely alone; we had an awful quarrel one Sunday morning, because I pinned in a flower of my own in Miss S's hat as she was too shabby to go to church. Miss G. said I was breaking the Sabbath, and in my anger at the cranky old thing, I happened, by ill-luck to say, 'Oh, your grandmother!' That was the last straw and the camel lay down, poor girl, for the other two to walk over her. This they did in a few days,



with their personal belongings, leaving Miss H.—she had taken the house in her own name—with arrears of rent and no means of making a pound. She answered advertisements for lodgers, for boarders, for pupils, to let furnished or unfurnished but nothing had come of it. We chatted and laughed over it all day long; but neither saw a way out, only the small chance that the friends I stayed with in London might possibly rent it for the summer months. But they preferred the sea. So what befel that brave, bonny woman in the end I never could find out. My letter was returned with the pathetic words pencilled on the envelope, "gone away," and here ended one of the many efforts made by our sex to work in unity for a commercial return. Alas, here, there was not even the living income.

BERTHA WEST.

### Reminiscences of an Office-Boy.

THE modern writer in what is known as the "biographical novel" often introduces his hero thus: "The many vicissitudes in my checkered career would furnish material for a series of novels"; or, "Like the rolling stone I have gathered little moss or lichen in my somewhat romantic journey through this vale of tears, although constant attrition has produced some degree of polish." However, to proceed with our sketch of the office-boy, whom we all know to be a fearsome and awful individual and in general a kind of "holy terror" to business men, especially if fresh from school.

"Erchy, come ben!" I almost smile as I pen the words, for well I remember them. Years, many years, have elapsed since then, how many

I do not care to remember. I was then office-boy to a gentleman whom I shall call Mr. James Jarvis, a commission agent, and a most worthy man; in fact, he was what is known as "a regular auld Scots seed," and not unlike his famous namesake, the Bailie in Rob Roy. His office was within a hundred yards of Argyle Street, though it is quite unnecessary to give its exact location, the building having been pulled down many years ago to make room for larger premises. The office consisted of two rooms, the office-boy occupying the outer one and Mr. Jarvis the inner, or private room. The duties were very light, and chiefly consisted in sitting at a large double desk with an immense ledger open before me, which I was strictly enjoined always to keep open, as it looked business-like.

"Erchy, come ben." I generally got the "cry" about half-past four o'clock, when he had finished writing his business letters, which never numbered more than half-a-dozen. "See, Erchy, there's the letters, an' mind ye read them ower carefully, for whiles I write in a hurry, and correct ony mistakes." This duty I faithfully performed, and always found them correct in all but punctuation, upon which I prided myself.

"Erchy, come ben," the tone was almost plaintive. I found Mr. Jarvis holding a letter in each hand, and a look of speechless astonishment on his face as he gazed through his pince-nez, first at me and then at the letters. "Wh-wh-whit's a' thae wee dots for?" "That is punctuation," I replied with youthful enthusiasm. Mr. Jarvis still shook his head in a dubious manner, and exclaimed, "But, there's far ower mony dots—far ower mony." Having been drilled at school in "Armstrong's

Composition," I was beginning to explain the meaning of simple and complex sentences, and how it was necessary to separate them from the rest by commas, semi-colons, and colons, but was cut short by the worthy man exclaiming, "Na, na, there's ower mony dots, there's ower mony dots!" As I retired to address the envelopes, he sadly called after me, "Noo, mind, be canny wi' thae dots!"

On one occasion I heard a peremptory "Erchy, come ben!" and let me state here that when worthy Mr. Jarvis was unduly agitated or, as he termed it, "pitten about," he always slid into the doric speech. "Whit wey are my London letters always a day late?" I meekly replied that I did not know, as I always posted them in the nearest pillar-box. "Nearest pillar-box!" he cried in horror. "Dae ye no ken that I write thae letters on purpose to catch the London mail about half-past four o'clock, an' ye wad pit them in a pillar-box! Man, but it bates a'! Noo, mind, whenever ye book the letters efter this, flee up tae the General at yince. Nae wonder I hae lost orders!" Of course I profited by the instructions.

But the big ledger was an object of great interest to me. It was the biggest ledger I ever remember to have seen, and was enclosed in a canvas cover to preserve the binding. The ledger and another small book—a waste book, Mr. Jarvis called it—were duly placed in the safe at five o'clock every evening, which was our closing hour. Entries in this ponderous tome were either made by Mr. Jarvis or by me under his direction. Entering the office hurriedly one afternoon while I was "booking" the London letters, he laid a small account on the desk, telling me to put it through the

ledger. It was a patent mangle he had bought on behalf of a business friend, "just to oblige him, for I dinna deal in mangles" he added, with a good-humoured smile. Next morning, after the letters had been duly opened and attended to, I received a "cry" to "bring ben the ledger." I lifted the ponderous volume and deposited it on his writing table, thinking that he wished to examine and commend the beautiful entry of the mangle and its appurtenances I had made the previous evening. "Erchy, come ben!" The tones appeared to my ear horror-stricken, and I hurried "ben" to ascertain the cause. "Eh, Erchy, Erchy, ye hae pitten it on the wrang side o' the ledger! See, man, jest score it oot nately, an' pit it on the ither side." This I did, with strict injunctions to let him see it when done.

Good auld Jamie Jarvis has long since gone to his rest, but I can still see him in my mind's eye seated at his writing-table, pince-nez on nose, inditing letters for me to "book," and can still hear his "Erchy, come ben!" Once only, to my recollection, did I get into his black books, and it was all about a gun, and guns are not much in the office-boy's line. Mr. Jarvis had received an invitation to have a day's shooting with some friends, and he asked me to call for his breech-loader at a certain gunsmith's in one of the principal streets (as the shop may be there still I give no name). "Jeist gie them a ca' on your way home, after you shut the office, and get my gun. It's nothing for a young man like you to be seen carrying a gun; folks'll think ye're gaun tae the shooting yersel!" so saying, Mr. Jarvis left the office with strict injunctions "no' to forget the gun." As ill-luck would have it, I



forgot to call for the gun, and having an engagement with a young friend, did not reach home until eleven o'clock, when I found one of Mr. Jarvis's men waiting for me, who anxiously enquired what I had done with the "maister's gun." I was fairly flabbergasted, as the messenger said the "maister's jeist wild about the gun." That gun must be got! *and I got it!* Even now, after the elapse of so many years it makes me smile as I think of it. I looked at my watch, and found it was after eleven. "Wait here," I said to the messenger, "and I'll get that gun or perish in the attempt." I set off for town again in hopes of finding the house address of the gunsmith on the shop door, but was disappointed. However, the only place open was a funeral undertaker's office, into which I rushed and asked for a Directory, and speedily got the address of the gunsmith, which was a good bit on the south side of the river. It was twelve o'clock when I rang the bell, and in a few minutes a window opened and a young man asked what I wanted, "I have come for Mr. Jarvis's gun," I replied, "he (I was careful to use *he* in place of *I*) is very sorry to trouble you, but he is going away early to-morrow to shoot." "Oh, its quite a common thing for gentlemen to send for their guns at night," he replied, "I'll go up to the shop with you." I confess I felt much relieved by this information. Well, we reached the shop between twelve and one o'clock, and after being dogged by a suspicious bobby, were arrested as housebreakers in the act of opening the shop door. However, to cut a long story short, I returned in triumph with the gun, which I handed to the waiting messenger, with the advice to say nothing to Mr. Jarvis unless he asked how he got it, as I thought by Monday he would have forgotten

all about the sending for his gun. Something, however, prevented his shooting excursion, and he entered the office at ten o'clock as usual, giving me a queer look as he passed. Soon I heard, "Erchy, come ben," and I knew what was coming.

"What about that gun?" he asked with the air of a bailie on the bench.

"You got it all right, I hope," I ventured to remark.

"Ay, I got it, but *whaur* did you get it—eh?"

Of course I had to explain how I had forgotten the gun and the sequel.

"An' ye had the cheek to rouse folk out o' their beds to get my gun! It bates a'! Ye had a cheek and a half!"

I heard afterwards that although he termed my conduct "cheek," he admitted "it was geyan smairt tae," and that I had the "makin' o' a business man in me." This was some consolation.

ROVER.

#### THE RUB.

I lay my evening paper down  
And, gazing in the fire  
See many an old romantic town  
And citadel of high renown  
In crumbling ash expire.

The dusky hordes at Pharoah's call,  
Proud Rome's triumphal cars,  
The fleets of Spain, I see them all  
In ruddy ruin reel and fall  
Behind the glowing bars.

And soon the thought suggests itself:  
Shall Britain, too, decay?  
She, too, with all her power and pelf  
At last be laid upon the shelf  
And vanish quite away?

But more or less unheeded pass  
Such thoughts of future ills;  
For what concerns me now, alas!  
Is where on earth I'll raise the brass  
To meet my Christmas bills.

RETT. FORDE.