

Gartnavel Gazette

Publication/Creation

1914, July

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THE GLASGOW ROYAL ASYLUM

Founded 1810



THE GARTNAVEL GAZETTE



The Journal of the Glasgow Royal Asylum

New Series.

JULY, 1914.

No. 45.

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Notes.

"Lusty May, that muddir is of flouris,
Hath made the birdis to begyn their
houris,
Amang the tendir odouris reid and
quhyt,
Quhois armony to heir it is delyt."

SUMMER is with us again. Old Sol leaves us in no doubt as to that. During June he has been smiling most benignly on all around, and his good graces promise fair to remain for months and months. Touch wood!

The grounds and gardens have benefited to the utmost by the glorious weather which we have been experiencing. The many fine trees which shade the walks are now in full foliage; and the flowering plants, under the tender care of Mr. Barr

and his staff, are beginning to shew forth a beautiful picture of many-coloured blossom. The herbaceous borders are particularly fine at present. Full of old-fashioned flowers, most tastefully selected and arranged, they bring back memories of gardens of long ago and the joyous days of youth.

A botanical correspondent informs us that in the grounds there are to be found four true maples (*acer*), not sycamores (*acer pseudo-platanus*). Who can point them out? Our friend also wonders whether anyone has observed a specimen of *Epipactis latifolia* this year? This not very common plant grew plentifully a few years ago near the Claythorn Road wall, directly below the central part of the main building. Each plant grows markedly alone, and is about two feet high.

Talking of botanical rarities, how many know that high up in the corner of the rocky there has flowered for five seasons a healthy clump of "Mountain Everlasting"? It was transplanted from a lofty Highland moor. The plants composing it often marvel, no doubt, at their new surroundings, bright with rare, sweet alpine and other beauties; and some of us fancy that, as they wave their little pink-tinged tassels in the mild June breeze, there is heard a low whisper, "But, brother, where is the Spey?" and a response deeper and sadder, "And where, oh! where, the mighty Cairngorm?"

We offer our congratulations to two of our former clinicals on their success at the Spring degree examinations at Glasgow University. Dr. Walter May and Dr. A. J. Gibson have completed their medical course, and obtained the degrees of M.B. and Ch.B.

The indoor entertainments are now things of the long past, but we must record our enjoyment and appreciation of the last one, when the children of Temple Parish Church performed the operetta, "The Magic Mirror." Young folks are only too infrequent visitors; and their rosy faces and cheery, treble voices will be very welcome back again.

Sister Brodie, who joined the staff over five years ago, has left to take up the post of Matron of Leicester Borough Asylum. Their gain is our loss. We heartily congratulate Sister, however, on her appointment, and wish her all possible happiness and success in her new sphere of work.

The cricket team has not set the Clyde on fire. At least so far as the season has already gone. But they

have hopes. *Dum spiro spero* is the motto of the club. *Resurgat!*

Bowling against Rutherglen in the second game of the season, Dr. Ross took three wickets with three successive balls. The "hat trick" is a feat which a bowler does not accomplish many times during his career, and we rejoice with our gallant captain on his achievement.

In the honours list this year of the Asylum Workers' Association figures the name of Nurse Jessie Towns, of Glasgow Royal Asylum, who has been awarded the Gold Medal in recognition of her thirty-five years' service in that Institution. Nurse Towns has already obtained the silver medal of the Association, and some years ago she gained the Morrison Prize.

Our readers will be pleased, we are sure, to learn of the new professional dignities assumed by two old friends. Dr. Ivy Mackenzie has been appointed lecturer in Mental Diseases and Dr. Hugh Morton lecturer in Physiology at the Andersonian.

It was our privilege and pleasure a few days ago to make the acquaintance of His Majesty's newest Commissioner. We found Dr. Carswell a genial visitor, and trust that we may long number him among our friends of the Board of Control.

The golf course is in grand trim at present. The greens are true and keen, and on the hard dry ground long driving is the order of the day. The new bunkers in the east field have added considerably to the hazards and the interest of the round, and are greatly appreciated by our many enthusiastic golfers. The course was carefully measured

recently, and was found to be almost two miles long—not bad for a private club such as ours.

On another page we give a list of the holes in the order of play, with the exact length of each. We ask our golfing readers to make a mental note of this list, as it is important for the comfort of everyone that the holes should be taken in the proper rotation.

Once more the ladies have asserted themselves. Three times has the St. Vincent Cup been played for since the last *Gazette*, and thrice has it fallen to the fair and reputedly weaker sex. In March the winner was Sister Salmond (100-40-60); April saw Nurse Frater triumphant (92-30-62); in May the trophy was carried off by Sister Brodie (89-40-49) Rouse ye, oh my brothers!

A tennis match was engaged in last week with the Giffnock Tennis Club, a very enjoyable evening ending in a rather decisive victory for the visitors. Why is so little attention given to tennis these days? Our courts are very good, both ash and grass, yet they are almost always vacant. There must be many players among our readers, and we suggest that they get into practice at once for the coming tournaments.

Where the more active athletes have failed, it has been left to the bowlers to uphold the fair name and reputation of Gartnavel. Two rinks from Barnhill were met a few days ago, and laid low by our doughty "bowlers." Mr. T. Barr's rink won by 23-14, and Attendant Watson's by 23-17—majority for Gartnavel, 15 shots. We wish our stalwarts equal success in the remaining matches of the season.

The new croquet lawn, which has arisen beside the laboratory from the ashes of the late neglected grass tennis court there, is a decided success. It has seen not a few stern and dogged fights already. The surface is very level, and in splendid condition for the competition for the cup. Have you all sent in your entries?

The older residents will be glad to hear of the promotion of Dr. C. J. Shaw, who a few years ago was a popular assistant physician here. Dr. Shaw has been for some time Medical Superintendent of the Argyll and Bute Asylum. Now he has gone to occupy a similar post in the Montrose Royal Asylum.

"Tis simmer, when the hay is mawn,
And corn waves green in ilka field,
While claver blooms white o'er the lea,
And roses blaw in ilka field."

The Return of the Prodigal.

HARRY has returned. For the benefit of the uninitiated I must explain that Harry is a beautiful green parrot belonging to a lady in No. 1 Ladies' West. We did not partake of veal on the occasion, none being handy, but we fêted the home-coming in many and diverse ways; besides, Harry does not care for fatted calf, he much prefers bananas.

The prodigal son left us about two and a half years ago. For two summers his mistress had been in the habit of letting him out of his cage every morning to fly wherever his bird-will dictated. Every evening he returned, usually ravenously hungry, when, having satisfied the pangs of hunger he slept contentedly in his cage until morning broke and it was time to fly off again. At the end of

the second summer he became rather dissipated, remaining out all night on several occasions and arriving with the milk in the morning. The evening of the day before he bade his mistress a long farewell he roosted on one of the electroliers and sang a lyrical good-bye with many breaks in his voice. The next morning he departed to return no more and Miss B— refused to be comforted.

About six weeks ago Mr. T. Barr went out to look after his many little chickens, the progeny of the incubator, of which he is justly proud. Not a chicken was to be seen. This being a most unusual state of affairs, particularly at feeding time, Mr. Barr looked about for the cause which had produced so extraordinary an effect. At first no explanation could be found, but presently an enlightening squawk, issuing from a neighbouring tree, reached the listener's ears. He proceeded to investigate and discovered a green parrot. He then tried to catch it but Harry—for it was actually the prodigal son returned—refused to be caught with chaff, although he had evidently partaken largely of husks, the husks, with corn inside, meant for the chickens. But when did the bird kingdom ever triumph over civilized man? An artful trap was laid and next morning Harry was caught and restored to his mistress. What a joyful re-union that was! Harry appeared quite as delighted as Miss B—. For several weeks he was quite contented but that could not last. Like all great travellers the call of the wild is ever upon him and he has twice nearly strangled himself in his attempts to get out of his cage. It will not be long now before his mistress opens the cage door and he is free to fly to and fro.

TRIPLE.

DON'T WORRY.

Whence we come, or whither we go,
Whether we're ploughmen, whether peers,
No one of us can rightly know—
All the same in a hundred years!
Whether in purple or fustian clad,
Besieged by hisses or cheers,
Whether a Tory or a Rad—
All the same in a hundred years!
One is born with a silver spoon,
Another's hand hard labour sears;
But what's the use to cry for the moon?
All the same in a hundred years!
We are like skittles, set in rows—
A little laughter, a lot of tears—
To all go down when old Time throws,
All the same in a hundred years!
So take the smooth and take the rough—
Life's weather cock for ever veers—
Take with them both a pinch of snuff,
All the same in a hundred years!

RENT.

A Pleasant Adventure.

It has been said—and I think truly—that the most enjoyable adventures are not always those we go to seek.

One of the pleasantest experiences of my life came to me unexpectedly upon a calm evening in the early autumn of last year.

In company with a friend, I was walking through eloquent country-places—rich and splendid, yet strangely quiet and restful, with the gold on the sad trees and in the happy harvest fields, and everywhere the birds singing softly.

Outside a quaint village where the men and women idled about in a placid contentment, and the children romped—pictures of purest radiance—we espied far down in the valley below, an encampment of some sort.

We love uncertainty, my friend and I, and tacitly we agreed not to enquire of the villagers who the occupants of the tents were; but to entertain ourselves debating the point on our way down the picturesque incline—the which we did, but

unsuccessfully, until an eerie sound struck our ears.

We stopped and looked at one another, wonderingly at first, and then joyously, and said at last, both together, "It's the Scouts' whistle. Let's visit them." And we quickened our pace, and came presently upon a sight which made our hearts beat well.

Batches of merry, brown-faced boys, in scanty, unceremonious attire, were rushing up and down between the rows of canvas, drying themselves after an obviously healthful dip in the convenient trout-stream. Splendid little lads they were: tough and wiry, and keen and vigorous, and all so frolicsome.

We lay down upon the soft grass near by and waited, not impatiently, until one particular scout we had somehow admired above them all, got his clothes on.

Tommy was his name. And Tommy was first favourite evidently, and possibly a hero: at least his name was on every lip, and always with infinite respect.

We wanted him to come and talk with us, and beckoned him across to where we lay. He came instantly, walking gracefully like a prince, his handsome face aglow with mirth and manly frankness.

"We'd like to be guests of yours for an evening," I told him.

"That's splendid," he said, "By Scout Law I have a good turn to do someone every day, and it hasn't been done *this* day so far. But here is my chance now. What would you like best to do?"

We explained that we were merely curious city men whose wish was to discover what camp-life really was.

"To-night, then," Tommy said, "when the stars come out, you shall do as I love best to do: lie on your

back in a tent near the river and the music, and look up at the sky, and think and think, and you will say there is nothing to equal it. The stars won't be long now. Let's go where the music is and wait for them."

So we went to the tent nearest where the music was, and waited.

The music emanated from young voices, uproarious or magically sweet, as the theme changed to demand, accompanied alternately by a fiddle and a mouth-harmonium. But I never heard music I liked better. It sounded so fresh and hearty, and had such an air of romance to it, coming from that jolly circle round the great log-fire outside.

We lay outstretched upon straw inside the open tent, looking silently up, through the little unclosed part, into the open sky, watching for Tommy's stars. They began to appear after we had waited an hour. One by one the sprightly things came twinkling through the mysterious heavens. And when the distance between any two of the bright dots was very small, Tommy slipped out and commanded the concert-party to strike up "The Swanee Ribber."

I remember nothing more of that evening distinctly. A sweet, drowsy contentment seemed suddenly to fill my whole soul. I have a dim recollection of a fiddle and a mouth-harmonium, and a circle of good little lads humming in a strange, seductive way, a sorrowful nigger-tune; and of countless stars, and a glorious moon sailing majestically amongst tiny, light-grey clouds.

Tommy sent me off upon an exquisite journey into slumberland—and my companion likewise—where we dreamt much, and lived over again the pleasant adventure which we did not go to seek.—W. H.

Cameos.

STEPHANIE.

A vision of the past I dream:
A silvery, sunny, glancing stream,
Wandering its verdant banks between—
Romance and mystery, I ween.

'Gainst shingly beaches banks rise high,
Tall Eucalypts tower to the sky
And stretch away, on either hand,
Across the fresh, primeval land.

The mountain slopes that circle round,
Well-wooded to their farthest bound,
Wind-swept, a tossing sea of green,
Alternate light and dark are seen.

The tender air that floods the night,
The star-y-paven heavens bright,
The infinite silences of space—
A necromantic, haunted place.

A happy home, within its plains,
The smiling Horse Shoe Vale contains:
The lady's locks of raven hue,
Her eyes, like sky of morning, blue.

A being bountiful and fair,
Gay, spirituelle and debonaire;
The master, one of worth and weight,
True, manly, kindly and sedate.

Fair children keep the home in glee—
A happy household this, you see.
And here is solved the mystery
Of England's might and empery.

My little sweetheart, what of you?
You've hardly seen nine summers through,
Yet say, that you have sweethearts six,
And I am one. Well, here's a fix!

Your flaxen hair, your eyes of blue,
Your happy spirit shining through,
Your cheek as lovely as a peach—
I fear there is not one for each!

Then, after breakfast by your side
(How many secrets you confide!)
You're straightway off, that you may see
Choice horses kept for you and me.

Next, in your riding habit sweet,
From which your happy, little feet
Steal out, at times, like playful mice,
You're back again, and, in a trice,

You're standing, smiling, at my side,
My little, lovely, fair, blue-eyed,
Before your 'witching, loving' look,
Away is flung my prosy book.

Our mounts are ready; thus you say:
So be it; we'll out and greet the day,
And, shortly, by no bounds confined,
Leave lagging breezes far behind.

THE RIDE.

A smart little horsewoman rides by my
side;
We clear, at a leap, the courses, sun-dried,
Of creeks which, in winter, are full to the
brim;
She trusts her fine horse and is worshipped
by him.

And now at a hand-gallop onward we go,
O'er the plains, to the bright-streaming
river below;
We call at the head-man's, and welcome
are made,
Then hobble our horses, and rest in the
shade.

Next, reining our steeds round, we start
back for home,
On the way gathering mushrooms, as
white as the foam
Which flashes in silver on Thetis' fair feet,
Or fringes the shore of the Nereids' retreat.

Ah! far past those mornings of early
romance;
My Valkyrie now may be touring in
France,
Or making things hum, on ten thousand
a year;
But, wherever she is, her heart's without
peer.

(To be continued.)

J.M.C.

Life in a Boarding House.

SOME years ago I resided for about
six months in a boarding-house
in a quiet little village on the west
coast of Scotland. The house looked
out upon the broad and beautiful
expanse of the Firth of Clyde, and as
I was at that time in feeble health,
I enjoyed the rest and quiet of the
place. The boarders varied in
number from a dozen to fifteen or
thereabouts. Now, at a coast
boarding-house one meets with all
sorts and conditions of people, and I
found a great source of amusement in
studying those with whom I was
associated.

On the day of my arrival I was
rather shy of mixing with the rest
of the company. After dinner I
found it was the custom to arrange
a walk in different directions in order

to explore the beauties of the
surrounding country. On going out
to the green in front of the house I
discovered a fussy little man busily
engaged in arranging small parties
for the different walks, and giving
directions as to where the best views
were to be seen.

"This will doubtless be the
manager," I mentally remarked, as
I stood aloof watching the pro-
ceedings.

Suddenly the fussy little individual
noticed me standing apart, and came
over to where I was. I noticed he
was fumbling in his waistcoat pocket
as he came along, and suddenly he
drew forth a large and not over clean
lozenge which he handed to me,
saying in low and unctious tones,
accompanied by many mysterious
nods and side-shakes of his head,
"See, you're no' forgotten, you'll
go with us." So I meekly followed
the party for a long walk, imagining
we were all in charge of the fussy
little man, whom I had taken for the
manager of the house.

That same evening I found our
fussy little friend in the sitting-room,
busily engaged in arranging the
chairs in rows, and at the same time
he informed me in a most confidential
manner that they were going to have
an entertainment. I now began to
wonder who this little, dogmatic,
self-assertive, individual really was,
as he always seemed to surround
himself with an air of mystery.
Applying for information to a newly-
arrived visitor, who had informed
me that he had been in the habit of
visiting this place every summer, as
to what he knew of the fussy little
man, and if he were really manager
of the establishment, my query was
met by a burst of merriment.

"Manager!" he exclaimed, when
at length he managed to restrain his
risibles, "well, that's a good one!

Why, that's the man we call Wee
Stobo," and he went off laughing
again. "He's just a visitor like
any one else, but he thinks he has a
talent for elocution and entertaining;
but you can judge for yourself,
though some people think him a bit
of a nuisance.

Sure enough at the appointed
hour, when we had all assembled in
the sitting-room, Wee Stobo bustled
in, and bowing to the audience began,
"Ladies and gentlemen—eh—eh—
ahem—eh—by special request I shall
now give a short entertainment, and
—eh—eh—I—I purpose to begin with
—ahem—that excellent poem by—eh
—eh—a celebrated writer, entitled
'Willie Winkie.'" We then had the
elocutionary performance, which was
followed by a number of sleight of
hand tricks. This species of enter-
tainment took place every evening
afterwards during my sojourn, until
it became an absolute infliction. My
interest in Wee Stobo may surprise my
readers, but I may state that some
ten years afterwards, I was fated to
again renew my acquaintance with
this extraordinary and at the same
time interesting character.

I also felt much interested in
listening to the conversation of
several elderly ladies who sat in a
circle round the fire, sipping hot
water from tea-cups, while they
discussed church matters, and sipped
and groaned over their ailments.
To these Wee Stobo was a great
comfort, or appeared to be so, as he
often sat and sipped and groaned
along with them, and so, as it seemed
to me, got into their good graces.
We had sometimes quite a number
of hypochondriac boarders, and
among them several ministers and
lawyers, some of them being very
pleasant companions. But to return
to Wee Stobo, who seemed to all new
arrivals to have all the house under

his control. I discovered him one day taking down names and addresses of visitors from a book kept for that purpose, which I afterwards found he put to a good use, as he got himself invited to their houses; so in this way he managed to keep up a round of acquaintances.

Sometimes we had a journalist or reporter staying for a week-end or a few days, who to amuse themselves wrote a short account of the entertainments given in the house for the local papers, of course good-naturedly giving all the glory and honour to Mr. Stobo. These he carefully collected and had a programme printed giving the "opinions of the press," under a large print heading—"Mr. Stobo, the amateur reciter, has arrived: vide press opinions."

Long after I had left the boarding-house, I met Wee Stobo on the street, and he at once made up to me, very desirous to know where I lived. Of course I did not tell him, or I and my friends would have been plagued with him. Poor Wee Stobo! I still have a vivid recollection of seeing him dressed up in an old military uniform entertaining people with "The Charge of The Light Brigade," while he triumphantly brandished a wooden sword in this character, or that of "The Absent-minded beggar" with a gun in his hands, when he was always rewarded with great applause.

I have resided at several boarding-houses since then, and perhaps at some future time I may describe other extraordinary characters I have met and associated with.—ROVER.

A Visit to Town.

"Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat to peep at such a world!"
—Cowper.

LORD Rosebery wrote some time ago to one of the London newspapers to the effect that the men

and women who are immured in mental hospitals are not only dead to the world, but are, in fact, sepulchred (he made no allowance for possible recovery) and without any hope of resurrection.

A gentleman, resident at the time in the Royal Asylum, Edinburgh, wrote a reply which was published in the *Morningside Mirror*, repudiating this statement of Lord Rosebery. He mentioned the entertainments, as well as the other healthy arrangements made for the benefit of the mentally afflicted—the lectures, concerts, dramas, dances—all of which afforded himself and other residents a more hopeful view; and he claimed not only resurrection, but complete recovery by Asylum treatment.

There are, doubtless, in cases of mental illness, long periods of enforced inactivity, when the brain will not act, nor the will follow habits of "use and wont." The patients are naturally cut off from the simple and natural but always remedial pleasure of walking and working, of music, and her sister art of dancing, being narrowed down to an apparent "death in life," as practically hopeless as a broken-off twig to recover connection with the parent tree; so these pieces of human driftwood sink into depression and despair—every interest dropped, every occupation left aside, every friend and, probably, even loved relatives, forsaken in effortless apathy.

Let some happy chance, however, occur, when time, opportunity, and ability combine to give a patient some fresh starting point, and immediately the result is found eminently beneficial. In acknowledgment of such a combination the writer would, here and now, while impressions can be recalled, give the

result of two hours freedom in this City of Glasgow.

Riding on the top of a car along Great Western Road to Sauchiehall Street, an opportunity was here to observe the great alteration that had taken place in women's dress within a period of say eighteen months—the brilliant hues that are worn of green, and pink, and yellow, and purple; the narrowed, shortened skirts; the hats with down-turned brims, low crowns, with high up-standing plumes of feathers and of ribbon; and the straight light coats; all giving women and girls an entirely different character from what they had two years ago.

Nothing can altogether destroy the charm of a beautiful woman; but, alas, her plain sisters follow the fads of Dame Fashion as zealously as she, with hazardous results, adopting, with slavish bad taste, all the eccentricities of the present mode of dress in crude colours that set the teeth on edge.

All inclination, however, to adverse criticism was lost presently in the homely comfort of a studio tea, daintily set out with fine Japanese ware, and silver teapot under the good old-fashioned coxey, delicious delicacies in bread and butter, and cakes, accompanied by very lively chatter. After tea there were excellent etchings to examine, etchings made in France, in Flanders, in Holland, at Bristol, St. Andrews, Edinburgh, and Glasgow; bringing one into an atmosphere of pure art where no bizarre fashions intrude nor glaring hot colours irritate the eye, affording what the poet calls "one crowded hour of glorious life," thus closing this brief record of two pleasant hours of city visiting, brightened by mutual interests and genial sympathies.

BERTHA WEST.

A Mystical Pastoral.

ALPHESIBEURUS. DAPHNIS. DAPHNE.
CORYDON. THYRSIS.

Alph.—
Hence idler! I, who stall the pastured
herds,
Or bind the sickled corn in thrifty sheaves,
I, all the year awake before the sun,
Oft wearied long before the day be done,
Whose bodily strength supplies the
country's needs
And with my wasted form the village feeds,
I only have man's right upon the earth,
Just claim on Nature's wealth and whole-
some mirth:
For me the foaming vintage bleeds of right,
And rose-crowned virgins dance to please
my sight;
For me are love and all love's loving ways,
To soothe my labours all my toiling days;
And so to me doth Daphne fair belong,
Her beauties, and her love-thoughts, and
her song.

Daphnis.—
Stay there! To speak no word of other
things.
What know you of her song, and her who
sings?
Seek out some sun-burnt sharer of your toils
To clasp your sun-burnt body, that sweats
and molls,
To wipe your beaded brow, to cheer your
ease,
To pour you wine and honey, when you
please.
Seek Chloe gleaming in the harvest fields,
And share with her what wealth your labour
yields;
Leave Daphne, with her glittering gloss,
to me,
Who taught her song, but could not teach
it thee.

Alph.—
Who taught her song! Who taught the
nightingale!

Daphnis.—
Her too. In yon dark tree, by moonlight
pale,
All of a sudden to the startled night,
Like memory of sin or lost delight,
The inspired bird her old-world grief awakes
And tells the tale, whereat the darkness
aches.
Of Procris, Tereus' broken word and crime,
And old Pandion counting weary time,
By his own heart-beats. Love, they said,
of course,
Must be her theme. Alas! it is remorse.
Alas! from me she learned that bitter
theme.

Where else had been an empty, sensual dream
Of lawless pleasure and vengeance un-
avenged,
An Ixylus forgotten and estranged,
A cruel ravishment without a tongue,
No love, no music, no immortal song.

Alph.—
Oh human race! Behold the harmless kine!
Whom I have often feared to name as mine!
The gentle heifers lick each other's neck,
Which man with cruel axe may some day
break,
And thou, unkindest Daphnis, to retrace
So sad a tale at such a time and place!
The calves have stopped their frisking, and
the cows
Stare blank and mournful: such regrets
you rouse.

Daphnis.—
Your fault, young shepherd, who prefer'st
a claim
To Daphne, who is mine; and you to blame,
If Nature be struck dumb, as with a blight,
Herds check their movement, birds their
leaping flight;
And all the stream of country life be stayed
To list the sorrows of that former maid,
The Athenian princess, ravished Philomel,
With wrongs that rave for speech, no
tongue to tell.

And helpless Ixylus. With that tragic tale
I might surpass the tortured nightingale,
And win my Daphne, who keeps love for
song.
Unmoved by both the industrious and the
strong.

Alph.—
Unmoved! For whom have I consumed
my days
In double toils, if not for her, and praise?

Daphnis.—
Alas! good youth! Yours is a frequent lot—
Health wasted, joys part by, and all forgot.
How many wrestle with the barren earth
To bring the natural fruits of soil to birth,
Sweet purple vintage, and sweet yellow corn;
But not of earth for them was Daphne born.
Come, come, dear friend! To Chloe make
your suit,
Who loves the grapes' green leaves and
emerald fruit,
Who loves the green blade and the bearded
ear,
And bearded strength to whom is doubly
dear.

Leave Daphne the reward of my sweet voice,
Whence 'er birds, and beasts, and plants
rejoice,
And most the laurel, dearest too to me,
Of every blooming bush, and flowering tree.

Alph.—
Nay, Daphnis, nay. Do thou to Chloe go.
I am weary of sunburnt breasts, and pine
for snow.
I love sweet Daphne best, and even now
Lo! here she comes to hear and seal my vow!

Enter DAPHNIS.

Daphne.—
What quarrel have we here, what angers see!
And all for such a simple maid as me!
Have I not told you both, how many times!
My love is not for toil, nor yet for rhymes,
But vowed to seek perfection, and remain
Myself indeed, but void of fault or stain,
Without that Autumn bluish, which just
grieves
The immortal sense in fadeless, laurel leaves,
That tender tannish of the edge, which grows,
Like youth's decay, upon the petalled rose.
So would I live, devote to chaste desires,
Loved of the sun, and cherished by its fires,
Just like my name sake laurel—free from
want,
Self-satisfied, and cool—a perfect plant.

Daphnis.—
Consider, beautiful! That selfish life
Must fill some other breast with restless
strife,
And whose but mine? for thou for me
wast made,
E'en as the laurel is my favourite shade—
The early gloss of its sun-gilded leaves,
Bright green in spring, the later leaf that
cleaves
In sober Autumn to the lonely bay,
The bright croceus's rosy flower and gay.

Enter CORYDON.

Alph.—
And think'st thou these were made for thee
alone?
For me no flowers to call my very own!
But here comes Corydon. To him I appeal,
And thus my claim to Daphne's love I seal.

Daphne.—
But not thine hand upon me, foolish swain,
Did I not speak frank nay to both you
twain?

Corydon.—
And, see you not? The heavens wear
sudden black,
As though in mourning, and the gathering
rack
Is cleft with lightning. Such is violence!
So hateful to the heavens, when void of
sense!

The cattle scamper to the sheltering boughs,
Or in the nearest cavern vainly lounge.
The earth is cloven, and in its greedy maw
Gulfs towns and cities 'neath the driving
flaw.

The falling rocks, in calms and carries piled,
Where late sweet music swelled, and beauty
smiled.

[Exit.]

Daphne.—
But here is nothing but a passing shower,
Though loud the thunders rave, and deeply
lower
The dismal clouds. And, lo! it rolls away,
And soon reveals again the welcome day,
And lo! where, crowned with ivy and with
vine,
Comes Thyrsis, revelling, with the sweet
sunshine.

Enter THYRSIS.

Thyrsis, our gayest, merriest reveller,
With grapes, and cups of wine, and noisy
stir
Of following nymphs and thyrsus-bearing
friends,
And so the strife between our shepherds
ends.
But where is Daphnis, who has slept away?
How like him Thyrsis looks, grown young
and gay.

J. E. BARLAS.

May 9th and 10th, 1914.

Doodling.

YOU will not, gentle reader, find the
word "doodle" in any dic-
tionary, but that matters little. It
has nothing whatever to do with the
American air called "Yankee
Doodle," which our American friends
are so fond of "doodling" in our
cars; on the contrary, it is a very
Scotch word, and is well known in
most farm houses. I was first
initiated into "doodling" while
residing at a farm house, where a
company of young folks had gathered
one autumn evening after the harvest
had been gathered in. Some one
proposed a dance, but some one else
exclaimed that there was no music,
not even a fiddle or a penny whistle.
"Oh," cried one of the girls, "that
doesn't matter, father can 'doodle!'"
Nothing loth, the father, a dour
elder in the Kirk, took up a position
on the large meal chest, and in a loud
clear voice began to "doodle" the
tune to which we dance "Patronella,"
while young men and maidens

skipped and pironetted over the
kitchen floor, keeping excellent time
to the "doodling." A quadrille
followed, in which I took part, and
enjoyed the music and dance
exceedingly. This was my intro-
duction to "doodling"—A.M.

Cricket.

THE cricket team has not exactly
'come off' this season. We
started cheerfully with high hopes,
but these were rather early dashed
to the ground by a series of sub-
stantial defeats. We have managed
to win two games so far; but we
have lost eight, and in the matter of
runs we are in arrears to the extent
of some 450 already. Where exactly
the blame must be laid it is difficult
to say. We have some quite good
bowlers, when they are on their
game. Not a few of the batsmen
have the faculty of hitting out from
the shoulder; and some of our
fielders have as good hands as could
be wished for. All three divisions,
however, never seem to be in form
in the same game. When the bowlers
are on, the fielders drop the softest
chances. When the batsmen have
been set and knocked up a respect-
able figure, the bowlers toss up the
most awful stuff, balls which are
simply asking for it. What the
team requires is a general bracing
up. Let them resolve to a man that
matches have to be won. Let each
individual believe that the result of
every game depends on his efforts
alone. Then they may avoid disgrace
and even achieve some slight
distinction. Cricket is a serious
matter, and a game of skill. No man
can play by happy instinct. Constant
practice is indispensable. The nets
are always to be had, and ought to
be used every evening. A word in
season to the bowlers. There are
more ways of taking a man's wicket

than by smashing the middle stump. Catches have been heard of; and a carefully arranged field is of as much value as a lightning delivery.

Now we have got rid of our growl. It had to be done. But the eleven are not such a bad lot after all. We believe they have some backbone, hidden carefully away somewhere. Let them hurry up and shew it. They have much lee-way to make up. But we think they can do it. We offer them out paternal blessing. Good luck to them!

MATCHES TO DATE.

Versus	For	Against	Result
Annie'sland United,	15	162	Lost
Rutherglen "A,"	37	72	Lost
University "A,"	57	126	Lost
Ferguslie "A,"	41	115	Lost
University "A,"	92	42	Won
Airdrie Brotherhood,	30	138	Lost
Hawkhead, ...	188	84	Won
Glasgow Academy,	25	78	Lost
Gartloch, ...	89	143	Lost
Glasgow High School	65	122	Lost

HOUSE MATCHES.

The XI., 30; The Rest, 15.
East House, 60; West House, 27.

ANALYSIS.

Played	Won	Lost	For	Against
10	2	8	639	1082

Golf Course.

ORDER OF PLAY.

1st Hole—Church to Cross-roads, ...	275 yards
2nd " Farm Hole, ...	250 "
3rd " Short Hole, ...	95 "
4th " The Cottages, ...	174 "
5th " Long Mid-Avenue, ...	302 "
6th " Church Hole, ...	167 "
7th " Church to Cottages, ...	400 "
8th " Farm Hole, ...	250 "
9th " Short Hole, ...	95 "
10th " Cross-roads Hole, ...	135 "
11th " Short Mid-Avenue, ...	177 "
12th " Church Hole, ...	167 "
13th " Church to Cross-roads, ...	275 "
14th " Short Mid-Avenue, ...	177 "
15th " Church Hole, ...	167 "

Whole Course, 3,106 yards

Two Odes.

BY STELLA SQUELLER PILLBOX.

I. CONTENT.

I do not sigh for acres wide;
Your belted earl of high degree
May drink his fill of pomp and pride,
And live a little god—for me.

I do not ask his lands of gold,
His gilded cloak or coronal;
I do not ask his mansions old;
I never have, I never shall.

I ask them not; for with resigned
But cogent logic I reflect
That, if I asked till I was blind,
It wouldn't have the least effect.

II. NECESSITY.

The poet sings in mood elate,
Of nature trapped and in control,
Of man the master of his fate
And captain (somehow) of his soul.

Yet every morning, wet or fine,
However dark the tempest lowers,
Though on that cosy couch of mine,
I fain would snore for hours and hours;

No matter what the poets state,
No matter how my wishes run,
The moment that the clock strikes eight
I've got to hop it like a gun.

TO MY GARDEN ASLEEP.

I.

A veil of twilight o'er the world is falling,
The thronging sounds of day have sunk
to rest;
The daisies of the lawn have closed their
petals,
My garden lies asleep on Nature's breast.

II.

We tread a path that winds among the
roses,
How dewy soft beneath our passing feet;
The incense of the garden comes to greet us,
Borne on the wings of evening cool and
sweet.

III.

The red flowers glow like rubies in the
shadows,
The white flowers gleam with radiance
all their own;
Shining upon us with celestial pureness,
As angels shine before the Father's
throne.

A DAUGHTER OF ERIN.