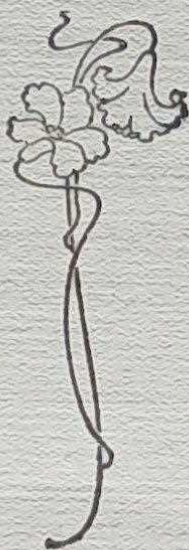


THE TOWER



THE
MAGAZINE
OF
PORTOBELLO
H. G. SCHOOL

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THE TOWER.

Portobello Higher Grade School Magazine.

Vol. 1., No. 1.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

July 1912.

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Foreword

THE world's greatest inventor was the man who, by written symbols, first gave human thought a visible representation, and thereby added to its extent, clearness, permanence, and transmissibility. The next greatest inventor was the first printer, who, by means of movable types and machinery, made it possible to reproduce easily and quickly any number of copies of a manuscript.

As a result of these two great inventions, writing and printing, we now live in a world where books and papers have become a necessity of existence. If Solomon, three thousand years ago, could declare "Of the making of books there is no end," what shall we say of the myriads of books, pamphlets, magazines, and papers of to-day? And yet we propose to add to this immeasurable pile! Well our justification is that our venture is a little one, that it will deal with new subjects in giving expression to the life and thought of our School, and that a printed record of our own story will, by its visibility and permanence, stimulate us to produce something that is both new and true, something that is worth saying and something worthily said.

May the little boat that carries the cargo of our thoughts sail over a calm and sunny sea; may its voyage be prosperous: and if its load be not precious and golden, may it at least never bear anything that is harmful or worthless!

W. M.

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Editorial.

FELLOW-STUDENTS and well-wishers, we present our first Magazine.

We shall not apologise for adding our weight to the bookstalls. Let us explain that we were requested by a number of influential scholars to become the vehicle of their meditations, an outlet for their suppressed humour, and a repository for their poetic effusions.

So, for a little, we have laid aside all vexatious school problems. Amusement in moderation is, we believe, wholesome, and to be commended. We may say that, as a relaxation from our graver pursuits, we have found this work both pleasant and profitable, and it is our hope and expectation that the Magazine may provide our readers with the same gratifications.

Our object throughout has been to adapt the Magazine to the requirements of a school. To scholastic attainments we make no pretensions.

The making of a magazine is an arduous work. To their call for contributions, most editors encounter an amazing apathy, and constantly do they deplore their painful plight. Our school, however, when it was realized that we were in real earnest, exhibited a splendid enthusiasm which has resulted in this modest production.

We recall the first flush of excitement when the contribution box, with an affixed notice inviting students to send articles, was placed conspicuously in the principal class-room. This box was of somewhat curious construction; indeed, it was but a biscuit box with an aperture through which, by stealth, timid students, filled doubtless with a dread of the editorial demeanour, and the havoc generally executed by the blue censorial pencil, dropped their contributions. But, after all, they were not treated to that harsh, unthinking criticism which forgets that "*la critique est aisée, l'art est difficile.*"

To the younger students who, with a lively interest rallied round us, but

whose literary efforts have not found a place in our pages, we would convey our sincere thanks, and incite them to perseverance, for they may, with just a little improvement, attain to publication in future issues. To all the stalwarts who so valiantly put their shoulders to the wheels, we tender our special thanks.

We would also express our gratitude to Mr Mackay, our esteemed and respected Headmaster, and to Mr Scott, for the hearty encouragement they have given us in this enterprise, and for their practical assistance in the business affairs.



An Editor's Idealism and Realism.

I SAT in the editor's den
With paper, and ink, and a pen,
No frown on my face could be found;
I was rapt in the treasures of mind,
For papers were sent me 'galore'
(I could not have wished to get more).
With hope in my heart I commenced,
And got all the papers condensed;
The editor's prefacing note
With bright inspiration I wrote.
I swelled in my pleasure and pride,
For mine was the hand that did guide.

I sit in the editor's chair.
My worried disconsolate air
Is proof of the fact, it would seem,
I simply was dreaming a dream.
I felt for a while that perhaps
Our venture must suffer collapse.
The truth I'll no longer deny,
Our students are painfully shy,
But this is the case as a rule,
In even a Higher Grade School.
But why show the slightest chagrin,
Though papers are not coming in?

EDITH M'INTOSH.

"I wish to see all the pupils in one seat only," remarked a certain teacher the other day.

"Tommy."

How well I remember my introduction to "Tommy." When I began teaching he was in the Fever Hospital, and so the full realization of what exasperation meant was delayed a month or two. But one broiling afternoon, when the atmosphere in the stuffy slum class-room had become absolutely unbearable, when a perspiring teacher and a sleepy class were passionately reiterating "A, A, A" (it was before the days of phonetics!), the door suddenly opened, and on the threshold appeared the quaintest little figure in the world. The "Pied Piper" himself could not have caused a greater thrill, and it was some moments before I recovered from the shock and drew the grinning little figure into the room.

At the time what riveted my attention was his attire; it was only afterwards that I had time to do justice to the queer sunshiny smile that was to make Tommy at once my future joy and despair. The first thing that struck me was "wherever did the child get the clothes?" For Tommy was lost in his attire: his trousers, which should have stopped at the knees, fell over his boots; his hands were hidden up his sleeves; his boots were turning up at the toes; and his tiny head was lost in his cap, for Tommy had not yet discovered the social necessity of removing it.

But Tommy's smile was a thing to make angels weep, for his cup of joy was brimming over.

"Please, teacher, the Queen gaed me thae claes, and I've got a scrub—see!" holding out two comparatively clean hands. Tommy had been presented with the Coronation suit of clothes, and as they were stock size, no recognition of individual idiosyncracies was possible. To this day I rejoice that neither teacher nor children permitted a smile to mar the gleeful satisfaction of Tommy, or to qualify his gratitude to the "Queen," for we all surveyed him with grave admiration. From that day—in fact, to the end of his short chapter—Tommy

wore his Coronation suit, and with all its drawbacks it had the supreme merit that it could not be "pawned," and thus escaped the fate of all Tommy's other gifts.

A vision of his queer deformed little figure, the twisted body, the arms and legs looking so pitifully "overfits"—as if they had just been selected haphazardly and "stuck on"—comes before me just now, but what redeems the tragedy of it is the smile and the eyes of him. They were the bluest, most twinkling eyes you ever saw, and the blueness of them obscured the lack of intelligence, while the smile was more baffling than Mona Lisa's, more inscrutable than the Sphinx, for is there anything in the world so baffling as the smile of a half-witted, yet wholly happy, child?

From that day onwards, Tommy was at once my greatest worry and my source of deepest amusement. For, though undoubtedly quite devoid of intellect, as we accept it, he had the knack of saying the queerest, most inconsequent things. Thus, for example, he would suddenly put up his hand in the Bible lesson, and crack his fingers energetically. My heart would leap. Tommy was impressed. "Please, teacher, there's a black spot on your nose," or in the middle of a reading lesson, "Please, teacher, the wife next door has got a new baby—and," —the rest was sternly suppressed, and Tommy subsided.

He had a knack, too, of bringing the queerest sort of presents. One day, feeling in a "spring" mood, I pinned in my dress a bunch of violets. Next day Tommy met me with some withered dandelions which he had pulled the previous day—and had *not* put in water.

Mentally, he was given up by us all as hopeless—and yet? There were times when I felt that there was a subtle perverse spirit of "cussedness" behind that grinning mask, and that Tommy was not so stupid as he pretended. At any rate very soon I discovered that he had a fund of quaint unconscious humour, and I'm afraid at times I "drew" Tommy.

On two occasions, at least, he brilliantly distinguished himself. One was when he was asked to give the story of "Adam and Eve" in his own words, and Tommy treated us to a realistic account which convulsed the youthful teacher, and afterwards made even the "Mediæval Drama and the Miracle Plays" pale into insignificance. For Tommy, wanting to tell how God rebuked the guilty pair, informed us gravely that "He came doon tae the gairden and *shoved* them oot, and saed, 'Adam and Eve come oot o' there, fur yer *blued* ony wye.'" "Blued," as he explained to his hysterical teacher, meant "found out."

The other occasion, when Tommy became sublime, was once when he was placed on the "penitent form," and gravely rebuked for telling a lie. The teacher turned to the class and said, "What happens to little boys who tell lies?" And when Tommy was confronted with the awful fate, cheerfully delivered in chorus by sixty other young sinners, "Please, he'll gaun tae the burning fire," he appeared for one moment to quail before the conventional threat. But next moment the old familiar smile broke out, and Tommy rejoiced the heart of a sympathetic teacher by triumphantly announcing, "Och, I dinna care; I'll be deed at ony rate." So in a nutshell Tommy gave the world his philosophy of Life, and although Omar Khayyám expresses it somewhat more eloquently, who shall say that there is more significance in it than in Tommy's defiant little shrugs.

But, alas! Tommy's brilliance was strictly divorced from "lessons"; like that of so many of our 'Varsity wits, it excelled in every sphere but work. True, he had learnt the great art of social success; he never contradicted you. He would reward half-an-hour's patient tuition by agreeing with you that "a" was "a," but in five minutes with equal amiability he was assuring you it was "x" or "y" or "z." To Tommy it was a matter of complete indifference; possibly he wondered why you were making all the fuss about such a trifle.

Then again, if you counted out sweets he knew the difference between "two" and "four"—especially if you gave "four" to the other boy; but as he could not be brought to see that the law applied equally to counting "sticks" or "balls," Tommy's mathematical faculty did not develop rapidly. For it came to be rather a strain on the limited resources of a young teacher's purse to supply sweets to sixty stupid children, and there would soon have been a social revolution had Tommy counted (and incidentally devoured) sweets while they struggled with a gloomy monotonous ball-frame.

No! Tommy did not succeed in the world of school. It was only when teacher could be beguiled into telling a story about "beautiful princesses," and giants and dragons and dwarfs, and lovely princes made out of ugly ducklings that Tommy showed signs of being interested. Then his blue eyes lost their witless look and became beautiful with the spirit of romance, childish wonder, and rapture. Those eyes inspired the romantic young teacher to still wilder flights of imagination until the bell rang, and Tommy went home to a drunken mother, and a grimy attic which spelt "home and heaven" to his imagination.

But one day Tommy did not appear, and when teacher entered there was a look of suppressed excitement on the faces of the sixty other grimy little atoms, who were Tommy's scholastic colleagues.

"Where's Tommy, to-day?" And an involuntary catch of the breath for such excitement in slum children meant only one thing—something horrible had happened. "Please, teacher, he's been runned over by a lorry, and he's taken to the 'Firmary.'"

"That will do, children," for they were eagerly preparing to launch out into a hundred gruesome details; children—yes, even pretty well brought-up ones—glory in "bluggy" details, for they are not so afraid of life as "grown-ups."

At four o'clock that afternoon the kindly nurse in the Infirmary ward let me have a peep at Tommy. They were just going to place the screen round his bed-side, for his brief sojourn in this "best of all possible worlds" was over. The pain had all gone, and the queer three-cornered smile was puckering up his quaint little face, now so clean and white.

M. M.



A Day's Shop-keeping.

I WAS tremendously excited. Last week I had had a visit from my uncle, and he had told me that I would have to take charge of his shop for him next Thursday, as he had to go to town to be a juryman. At last the day had come. I got up about five o'clock, and set out on my six-mile tramp. I arrived in time to have breakfast with my uncle, and then I went to open the shop.

It was quite a small shop, and really I did not know how uncle managed to keep so much in it. The window was filled with a mixture of wearing apparel, workmen's tools, sweets, household goods, and provisions. Dust lay thick all over it, and as the window had not been cleaned for months, I should think, it was a perfect pain to see through it. I therefore decided to clean it out, and make everything neat and tidy as a surprise for uncle.

I was disturbed in my explorations by a tiny little boy, who came for a pot of gum. After hunting in vain for about ten minutes, I at last fished up a small bottle from the depths of a tin box, and triumphantly handed it over. I carefully placed the penny in the cash box, and once more began to explore every hole and corner. Before long I had the window pretty well cleared, and was wondering where to put all the rubbish which I had unearthed from the dust.

Suddenly I had an idea: Why not have a "Grand Clearing Sale" to get rid of all the old unsaleable articles? I took a huge piece of white paper and laboriously printed in monster letters

GRAND JUMBLE SALE.

Then I once more went to the tin box and got a bottle of gum. With this I returned to my paper, and prepared to gum it to the window. Then I thought I had better wash the window first, and accordingly I took a brand new pail from a corner of the shop, filled it with water, and washed the window. When it was done I entered the shop, and began to put things a bit in order. By twelve o'clock everything was ready, and therefore, after having affixed my bill, I retired to await the appearance of customers.

Soon an old lady came in and demanded the reason of this muddle. I politely informed her that the managers of the establishment had seen fit to hold a sale to get rid of old stock, at greatly reduced prices. She seemed very doubtful, but at last decided to buy a pail. I promptly showed her the pail I had used that morning. She gazed at it earnestly, then burst out, "Na, na, I'm no for ony o' your second-hand pails, show me some mair." I felt decidedly baffled. "But, my dear madam," I began, "you"—— "Nain o' your madams here," she broke in, "I'm plain Eppie Tamson o' Tummle Cottage." In desperation I seized another pail and meekly handed it to her. She decided to take it, and after wrangling over it for some time, she went off with it for about one-third of its real value.

By four o'clock I had almost sixteen shillings in the cash box, but I had sold at least four times that amount of goods. I began to feel a little nervous, and had just decided to shut the shop and go to my uncle's house when he came in. I shall never forget the look of horror on his face, as he gazed helplessly at the disorder. I shall conclude here: the next few minutes were too frightful for words.

E. S.

A Clan Gathering, 1912.

SUMMONED, not by the blood-stirring sight of the Fiery Cross, but by a peaceful circular, some thirty or forty members of a clan found themselves in that district so full of patriotic interest for Scotsmen—Stirling. Go back for three hundred years, and tell me if a similar gathering could have been held in broad daylight in a then hostile part of the country, without exciting suspicions in all quarters. The little band would have arrived travel-stained and footsore, wearing, in all probability, ragged dirty tartans and wielding cumbersome claymores and death-dealing dirks. Look at them now! Waterproof coats and umbrellas are their weapons against their only enemy—the weather. There is no thrilling entrance to the town, making use of every bush and rock as cover, no stealthy approach to the Castle, their first destination.

The price for admission is paid, not in one's life-blood but in coin of the realm, and the few soldiers scattered about in the square merely raise their eyes from the fascinating occupation of teasing the regimental dog, instead of falling on the invaders like a horde of savages. *Tempora mutantur*. In 1612 the clan would have led forth in triumph some of their number who had been treacherously and shamefully confined in the dungeons of their arch-enemy. Their spoils in this year of grace are picture postcards and tartan-covered souvenirs.

But give these modern scions of a noble race credit for real downright enthusiasm and admiration for the deeds of their mighty dead. No one with a drop of fighting blood in his veins would stand unmoved in the centre of scenes of such vital interest to Scotland. Is it not curious that so close together are found memories of both Bruce and Wallace?

"O! for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well skilled Bruce."

Could these forty clansmen listen for one short hour to descriptions by these heroes themselves, their liberty, so lightly prized, would become symbolical of all that was best and truest in Scotland's history.

Would Wallace ever think while fighting almost single-handed against fearful odds, that more than five hundred years after, his countrymen would set about erecting such a monument to his fame as that on the Abbey Craig. But surely it behoved the Scots of to-day to recognise the work of the past.

In spite of what the cynically-minded may say, there is something in a name after all. One may smile and feel very superior when there is a discussion regarding rival clans and clan societies, but there are still very distinct traces of the undisciplined savage in most of us. True, we cloak our belligerent ideas with a semblance of civilisation, and might is no longer right, but deep down in our hearts there is a vague undefined longing to return to the times "o' lang, lang syne."

The more energetic of our clansmen have climbed the Wallace Monument, to view from its height the old river twisting in and out, slowly, steadily, heedless of the rapid march of Time. Looking southwards one notices Cambuskenneth Abbey with its royal tomb, but beyond all this, the eye becomes riveted on the site of that memorable battlefield—Bannockburn—which, in the words of the old song, "laid the proud usurper low."

Full of the thoughts of what that day meant for our forefathers, we make a return across the valley that has seen such stirring times, and the clansmen of our day disperse, laden, not with the spoils of war or raid, but renewed enthusiasm for the Fatherland.

ONE OF THE CLAN.

"Elle a la coeur gros" is translated by "she has the swollen heart."

Query: Does "elle a la tête grosse" mean "she is subject to swelled head"?

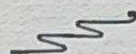
Life: a Vision.

BEFORE me I see a straight road lying like a silver ribbon among the green hills. Above it there hovers an angel with radiant wings. I can see at the beginning of the road groups of happy children all arrayed in white robes of Innocence. The path on which they travel is smooth and pleasant, and though the by-ways of Disobedience look beautiful and tempting, it is easy to keep on the straight road, for there are many gay flowers and butterflies by the wayside, and so the children go singing on their way, merry in the sunlight. From time to time the angel sweeps down and bears away some of the children; but they do not fear, for they that wear the white robes of Innocence can see his face, and know that it is kind.

But as they continue on their way the path grows more difficult; the flowers grow scarcer; and the sun is often hidden from their sight. Sometimes the way lies between the black rocks of Adversity, and it is then so dark that those who do not look ever to the star of Hope will surely stumble in the bogs of Discontent or Despair. Many turn aside into the paths of Pleasure, where, though they walk with their heads among roses, their feet are torn by the thorns. Of those that leave the straight road few return, for the paths of Pleasure lead to those of Indolence, Intemperance, and Folly, and to a labyrinth of other forbidden paths each more tempting than the last, whose roses are fairer but whose thorns are sharper; and many, hopelessly lost, wander listlessly from one to another until they sink and perish. Some few escape, but they continue their journey in dread lest the angel may bear them away, for their robes are sadly soiled, and they dare not look upon his face. But the angel is kind and sometimes he allows them to cleanse their robes at the Fountain of Repentance before he calls them home.

Near the end of the road the by-ways become fewer, and the way becomes more pleasant, for it lies between the green fields of Contentment. But the angel has given rest to many weary ones, so the pilgrims are few. I can see they smile with joy, for before them are the golden gates that stretch upwards to the clouds. There they linger till the good angel takes them to his bosom, and flies with them through the gates that open to let him pass. I strain my eyes to have one glimpse of the Holy City, but they are almost blinded by the flood of golden glory. All I can see is a multitude of Divine faces, like those of men who hear music sweet beyond all sweetness, faces—radiant with the bloom of perfect souls.

E. M.



The Fisher Lad's Song.

AND ho and hey! Pull up the line,
The line from the rolling sea;
And ho, a happy life is mine,
A fisher lad to be!

Upon the waves and waters wide,
In storm, and sun, and rain,
From morning on I freely ride
Till night come down again.

And ho and hey, the wind is here!
Make fast the flapping sail!
Pull up the lines and to the pier,
Before this fine breeze fail!

Ho for sea, and hey for home,
My home upon the strand,
My home 'though over seas I roam,
And sail to some far land.

My little Scottish cabin here
I see in dreams at night,
And when in storm, thought brings you
For dear folks there I fight. [near,
I will not lie in churchyard green,
With carven stone and grave,
But where no monument is seen,
Still 'neath the sparkling wave.

There on the waves no human eye
Can see me all the day;
And in the praise of nature, I
Have sung this simple lay.

M. E. D.

My "High Adventure."

HENRY MARSHLANDS was a man of some thirty years of age, tall and handsome, and had been married about a year before the story begins, but this has little to do with my tale. He was a preacher with great oratorical powers, and from the time that I was nine or ten years old he had visited our neighbourhood in spring and autumn, preaching the religion in which I had been brought up, the religion known as Presbyterianism. When he came my mother always made him welcome, and in the evenings our little family sat round the hearth listening to his teaching. Now that I think of it, he must have been quite a young man then, and his voice was pleasant to listen to; such at least was my early impression of him. As I grew older I learned to love the religion he taught, and the oftener I heard him the firmer grew my resolve to die rather than renounce my faith.

So time went on, and when I was seventeen years of age my father died, leaving my mother with eight children. The farm was a good one and in good order, but I was too young to manage it, so my eldest brother left the army where he was serving under Montrose and came home, while I enlisted in his place. I remained there for two years, and it was during this time that Henry Marshlands married. His wife was very young then, but she was a plucky little woman, and, as my mother told me, a great favourite with her husband's followers.

As I did not like the army I obtained permission to leave, and I had hardly done so when I realised how lucky it was that I had; for, scarcely two months after I had returned home, the people of Scotland were called upon to sign the "Covenant," and to swear to uphold and preserve the Presbyterian religion in their native land.

With Henry Marshlands' words burning into my brain, I took a roan cob which was said to be the swiftest and best built horse in the countryside, the

pride of our stable, which was known far and wide for its fine horse-flesh, and rode off to add my name to the long roll; to write my name in my own blood, promising to die, if need be, for my faith. When my worthy steed, of which you will hear again later on, had carried me home, I told my mother of what I had done, but I told no one else, for at that time it was unsafe for such deeds to be discussed even in the family circle; yet I felt sure that my brothers and sisters held the same convictions as I did.

A year later we were thrown into a state of anxiety by the non-appearance of Henry Marshlands in autumn at the usual time, and we feared that Montrose and his men were at his heels at last. Autumn passed and winter came, bringing with it bitter frosts, icy winds, and snow and sleet, but Mister Marshlands did not arrive. Christmas Eve came, and with it a more violent hurricane than usual. We sat close round the fire, shivering when the wind shook the door or rattled the windows. In a lull of the storm we heard what appeared to be groans outside the door. Mother became pale, and my brothers and sisters sprang to their feet with exclamations of terror or distress, and I am sure that we were all thinking of Henry Marshlands. My hands were first on the bolts, and with trembling fingers I hastily undid them, shivering as the icy blast blew in my face.

I gazed into the night and could see nothing but the driving sleet, and was about to close the door again when I perceived a figure on the ground. There lay Henry Marshlands' wife. We brought her in, and presently she recovered enough to speak a few words. "They are close behind me," she said. Mother led her away and gave her dry clothing, while my sisters prepared something for her to eat and drink. When Mistress Marshlands came back she was quite recovered, and told us that several troopers had been following her husband for some months, forcing him to leave the Lowlands and seek

such safety as the North could offer him. She told us that although he was in great peril, and had twice been almost caught, her husband refused to leave the country till his usual round had been finished. "He has gone to Perth," she said. "He left me three days ago, and yesterday three soldiers came and tried to make me tell where he is, but I wouldn't, so they tortured me. That is why I ran away to-day. I know where he is, and I *might* tell."

She was a tiny little thing, but she had plenty of pluck and courage, and after she had had something to eat she *would* go on till she had joined her husband in Perthshire, and nothing could persuade her to stay with us for the night.

When she refused for the last time I went to the stable and chose a swift horse which was gentle enough for a lady to ride, and saddled it and led it to the door. I was about to call to her when suddenly the wind fell, and I heard the trampling of horses in the distance. I ran in and hurried her out; she *did* turn pale but she was quite calm, and mounted quickly and lightly. I told her that the road led straight on to Leaside, but that on the way there was a farmhouse, beside which she would find a footpath. "Follow it," I said, "and I will come after you presently."

I had no time to say more, for Mistress Marshlands urged on her horse and disappeared into the storm. I just managed to fasten the bolts before the troopers were at the door, seeking admission. I made haste to undo the door and made a show of welcoming them. They searched the house when we told them that we had seen the woman pass some time ago, but as they found nothing they sat down at our cosy hearth, and asked for meat and drink.

Having seen that they were comfortable, I went out to the stable and chose three large, powerful horses, which, although they were excellent for the plough, were not of much use in

chasing runaways on first-class race-horses. I saddled them and tethered them to the door-post while I returned to the stable and saddled the roan cob, of which I have spoken before, for myself. Then I went in again, and seeing that the three troopers were very comfortably settled, I said, "Your horses are outside, for we must start now if we wish to catch the woman." As I had foreseen they lingered round the hearth, and so I said, "Very well, I will start myself and you can follow. I have been in Montrose's troop, too, so I know what to do." When he heard this, their leader promptly sat down again. I then told him that Leaside was some ten miles away on the straight road, and that he could easily find his way there without my guidance.

When I went out the wind had fallen, but the snow was still heavy, and when I reached the footpath, I had to dismount and pick my way carefully over the uneven surface. After some ten minutes' walk I reached Mistress Marshlands who was still waiting for me. We rode abreast in silence till we finally reached the highroad from Edinburgh to Perth. Here I pressed a small leather bag full of bright golden guineas upon her, and wished her God-speed. When she had disappeared into the night, I returned by the foot-path to the western highroad which I had left about an hour previously, and rode as fast as my horse could carry me to Leaside.

As it was Christmas Eve, or rather morning, some people were still about, but on the whole the streets were deserted and quiet. As I rode through the sleepy town the late wayfarers glanced curiously at me, but I spoke to no one till I reached the inn at which I intended to pass the night. I made inquiries of every one I saw around, about a covenanting woman who was fleeing from justice. I was well-known at Leaside, and the innkeeper must have been surprised to see me upholding the law like this, but he said nothing, and I went to bed, leaving many people hanging round the door to hear the news. I do

not know at what time the troopers arrived, but I do know that their leader was delighted with my good work, for a hue and cry had been raised while I slept. How little did that soldier think that I was working not for but against him all this time.

Instead of leaving Leaside at once, the troopers waited to see what the search in the daylight might bring forth, and it was afternoon before we rode on. An hour's riding brought us to the Edinburgh road, and I felt more anxious for that plucky woman's safety. Just as evening closed in, we arrived at an inn, where we learned that Mistress Marshlands had spent the night, leaving the inn one hour only before we arrived, because her horse—my horse rather—had gone lame, and she had to wait till one was brought from a farm some distance away. At this information the troopers pressed on, and not even the ungainly pace of their mounts could deter them. I feared now for Mistress Marshlands' safety, and tried to devise some plan by which I might help her. We were nearing Perth and gaining on her every minute, when I remembered that we had to go through a narrow rock-walled pass, in which there was a part which one man could hold against an army. We had not long entered this place, when through the snow we perceived Mistress Marshlands not half-a-mile ahead. We gave chase, and when I was some two hundred yards behind her, the troopers were about a quarter of that distance behind me. In a second I had reached the narrow gorge, and had swung my horse round so violently that he went back on his haunches, but he recovered himself immediately and stood there, his nostrils quivering in anticipation. As the foremost of the three rode up, I pulled out my pistol and levelled it at him. He reined up sharply but not before I had fired. The bullet grazed his right arm and he let the reins drop just as the horse, excited by the second bullet which had grazed its flank, raced forward, throwing its rider heavily into the snow where he lay motionless.

The second trooper I killed outright, but the third and last of them was my strongest opponent, and he drew blood first, wounding me in the left shoulder. He had come past the narrow part, and was so near that the powder of my next shot must have blackened him. It was my last shot and I did not wait to see what happened. I swung round my horse and sped swiftly down the narrow gorge. I had ridden some time before I found that my arm was bleeding freely. Darkness had fallen but the snow had cleared away, and the night was very beautiful. I began to feel giddy now from the loss of blood, and I am sure I should have fallen then had I not perceived a dark figure on the white road before me. It was that of Mistress Marshlands, and I made one last effort to come up to her. I spurred on the horse and that is all I know of what happened next.

When I regained consciousness I found myself in bed, my arm and shoulder bound up, and Mistress Marshlands sitting at my bedside. "Don't move," she said to me; "you are quite safe here. My husband and I will look after you till you are better." I lay ill for several weeks, and when at last I was strong enough to ride again, I accompanied Henry Marshlands and his wife to the coast, where they embarked in a merchant ship for Flanders. It was not till I arrived home that I heard that the three troopers had been found dead in the pass, and that explains how I was left in peace to recover from the wound, the mark of which I bear to this day in remembrance of my "High Adventure."

MARTA DALLAS.

Dealing with his history "quarterly," a certain boy states without a blush that "when Queen Mary returned from France, she married Cardinal Beaton. Henry VIII. was very angry because he had wished her to marry John Knox."

One of my Favourites.

My eyes glance over my books, and I see many old favourites. Fairy tales, books of thrilling adventure, and stories both merry and sad, are to be found side by side on these shelves. What shall I read? Not "Cranford," surely, for that would be the third or fourth time of reading; yet as soon as I open that delightful book, I am completely carried away by its charm.

The great attraction of "Cranford" lies in its delicate blending of humour and pathos. There are two instances in the book which particularly illustrate the latter quality. The first is the rejection of the lover of Miss Matty's youth, who was considered by her father and sister as too "plebeian" for the daughter of the Rector of Cranford. After many years they met again, with trembling delight on Miss Matty's side, and open pleasure on his. The writer says that the little book of poetry which he gave her at that time was placed side by side with her Bible. He died soon after this meeting, and Miss Matty requested her milliner to make her caps something after the style of the Honourable Mrs Jamieson's. "But she wears widows' caps, ma'am." "Oh! I only meant something in that style; not widows', of course," said Miss Matty. Though this is pathetic, it is at the same time, rather amusing. Miss Matty's character is summed up in the last sentence of the book. "We all love Miss Matty, and I somehow think we are all of us better when she is near us."

There are no touches of humour in the second incident. It is throughout more strongly written, and is the most tragic part of the book. It is the story of Peter Jenkyns, the brother of Miss Matty, a mischief-loving but good-hearted boy. He was continually getting into scrapes, and finally the tragedy occurred which for ever marred the peace of that quiet family. His father caught him at a more than usually serious piece of mischief, and

flogged him in the full gaze of the inhabitants of Cranford. It was too much for the boy. He went into the house and bade farewell to his mother (little did she think what this farewell meant), and ran away to sea. It broke his mother's heart. From that time she grew weaker and weaker, and a year afterwards she died. With what minuteness and delicacy is this part of the book written. The whole scene is brought clearly before our eyes, and the effect is almost unbearably tragic.

But the happiest bit of the book also concerns Peter, and this compensates for the pathos of the other part of his story. Miss Matty lost all her money, and was forced to set up a little shop for selling tea. One day she was sitting behind the counter knitting and softly humming to herself, when, lo! Peter arrived on the scene, white-haired and old, but still the mischievous Peter of bygone days, called home from India by a letter written to him by the teller of the story.

This re-union was the beginning of some of the happiest days of Miss Matty's life. Fine though the pathos is, the amusing parts, of which the book is full, are more enjoyable. There are numerous merry tales told in "Cranford" about the inhabitants, the town itself and the customs.

The story of the Misses Jenkyns, who retired each to her own room to suck oranges, because, though it was vulgar to suck them, it was the only really pleasant way of eating them; the various doings and sayings of the determined Miss Pole (or shall we say the would-be-determined Miss Pole?); the surprising and shocking engagement of Lady Glenmire to a common Mr Hoggins — the book is full of such incidents as these, coupled with amusing conversations such as that between Captain Brown and Miss Jenkyns — Miss Jenkyns who so admired the large and noble Dr. Johnson, and the Captain who delighted in the works of Charles Dickens, then bringing out his "Pickwick Papers." The gallant Captain

met a glorious death saving the life of a little child. Some years after Miss Jenkyns referred to the "Pickwick Papers" as the book that "Poor Captain Brown was killed for reading"!

Captain Brown is an important actor in one of the funniest stories of the book. An old lady in Cranford had an Alderney cow which she loved exceedingly. But there came a day when in an unguarded moment the cow fell into a lime pit. She was rescued, but had lost most of her hair, and very queer she looked in a bare skin; but Miss Betsey Barker, her owner, saw nothing to laugh at; indeed, "she absolutely cried with horror and dismay, and it was said she even thought of trying a bath of oil." Captain Brown, however, would not hear of such a thing. "Get her a flannel waistcoat and flannel drawers, ma'am," said he, "if you wish to keep her alive." In a short time all the town could see the amazing spectacle of an Alderney cow going to and from her pasture, clad in grey flannel.

"But they did *such* things in Cranford."



A Retrospect on My Intermediate Struggle.

BY AN OLD "PORTO-BELLLOWER."

DEAR READER,—It is no fault of mine that I am obliged to call myself an old "Porto-belllower." The final portion of the name of the seaside suburb compels me to make use of a word reminiscent of a country meadow rather than of such a select place as a Higher Grade School.

It is only with an effort that one can carry oneself back these four or five years, but the events of the years 1907 and 1908 are recalled with a pleasure which makes the effort worth while. Chief among these events is that anxious spring-time, which season makes or mars, as some one has it, the Higher Grader (in the third year, at least). I allude, of course, to the Intermediate Exam.

These exams are a horror to the Higher Grader in all schools, but in the case of Portobello four years ago, they came as a blessing, because, if the Higher Grade Department had not been instituted at that time, those in the highest classes would probably never have been where they are now.

The present pupils do not know the difficulties under which classes and teachers laboured. There was no special part of the school for this department. This, no doubt, is explained by the fact that the Higher Grade started with one class only. Chemical Laboratory there was none. The Science Room was situated above the headmaster's. Perhaps you know the place I mean. If you do, you may imagine it fitted up (?) as a Science Room—benches round two sides, a large table in the middle, a few bunsens and balances scattered promiscuously about the benches, and that was all—visible to the ordinary observer. There were no shelves on which to place reagent bottles or chemicals—everything was stored away in presses underneath the benches. Well I remember the search for articles required by the teacher when in the middle of an experiment. "James, you might give me a stopper out of that drawer." James opened the drawer, only to find that there was no stopper. Then followed a brain-racking on the part of the teacher in trying to remember where he put the particular object when it came from Tatlock's, and a hubbub on the part of the class in hastily, and not at all silently, pulling out and pushing in each drawer in the hunt for the missing stopper. Worst of all, however, was the lack of water. This was not to be had in the room, but had to be "carted" from the nearest cloakroom in pails, red in colour and labelled "Fire." This operation, needless to say, was carried out by the male portion of the class, and they seemed to take a peculiar delight in the task, for you can never please a pupil better than by asking him (or her) to do something which necessitates leaving the classroom. More-

over, I have since heard that there was a substantial decrease in the expenditure of the cleansing department of the school in the year in question.

Art Room, also, there was none. The drawing was carried on in the Cookery Room when there was no cooking class present. The walls were decorated with beautifully artistic pictures, not of the ordinary book and bottle or tulip variety, but with those of a more practical character, showing how to dissect a bullock, or bearing the tragic words, "Alas, my poor brother!" By the by, when you sit for your Intermediate Drawing, *make it black enough*. Do not shade a "bowler" as if it were made of glass, for when the examiner places your drawing beside the object, you will find that you can scarcely see what you probably think is a masterpiece.

As to the Intermediates themselves, they were not held in our own school but at Broughton. This is the future home of most successful Portobello Higher Gradesters. The surroundings are not such as favour candidates for Inters. In front of the school there are a soap-works, a dogs' home, and an iron-works with a most energetic gas-engine, whose reports are sufficient to drive all the identities on page 166 out of your head. This is the place they call Broughton. Imagine the plight of the ordinarily quiet, nervous-looking youth from P.H.G.S. when plunged into this place to settle his fate! The Science exam. was held in our own Chemical and Physical Laboratories, viz., above the headmaster's room, as aforesaid. Each individual was presented with a neat package containing some chemical substance, and bearing a number, the meaning of which was to be found in a notebook belonging to the examiner. And oh! the Oral examination—we draw a veil. Finally, the examiner collected our papers and quitted the premises, leaving behind him a crowd of pale-looking pupils each asking the other how he got on, but never very willing to say how he himself had fared.

After the exams, however, we earned our reward, for, except for a week or two spent in hastily getting up a few catechism questions and verses for the annual Bible examination, the remainder of the session was not what anyone could call hard. Botany excursions were then prevalent, and it was really most annoying to find that it would be impossible to be back to school in time for the French class! During the last month, or so, of the year, the young hopeful is taken into one of the Junior classes to receive his first experience in teaching. He carefully works out his lesson at home, but when he faces the class the memory of it all has gone. He grips the pointer firmly, however, and starts afresh. When he steps back from the board on which he has written a sentence for analysis, he finds that his writing is doing its best to get off the board, and that towards the end of his sentence, he must have been standing on tip-toe.

And now I have come to the end of my say. It only remains to the Higher Grader to gain his Certificate, and blossom forth as a Junior Student. As yet, he only knows his own school, his own teachers, and those with whom he has come into contact in his classes, but let him become a Junior Student and he is in his own boat all by himself, and then, but not till then does he begin to think over his pleasant schoolboy days, and wonder by what miracle he got through his Intermediate.

LAMBDA.

LOOSE THINKING—"A savoury bone is one which you save up for the next day's soup."

The teacher was writing in the register, and had ordered "silence!" Two boys who had an altercation (forgetting, for the moment, where they were) began recklessly to hurl offensive epithets. "You're the greatest donkey I've ever seen," one called out to the other. The teacher, looking up, said inquiringly, "Boys, do you forget *I* am in the room?"

Saved by the Fidelity of a Dog.

A FRIEND from India told me of an adventure which he had had, and which I think will prove interesting.

In the fields surrounding his father's estate, there was a large number of snipe, and, being a keen sportsman, he often went out shooting. On this occasion he went out accompanied only by his little English terrier, Jack, and as he had to cross marshes he did not wear stockings but only a pair of sandals. Coming to a jungle he entered and walked on, shooting as he went, Jack meanwhile picking up the birds as they fell. After walking for some time he came to its edge. Here the jungle described a right angle, and taking up his stand where the arms of the angle met he waited impatiently for snipe to rise. Behind and to the left of him was the thick, almost impenetrable jungle, while on the right and in front stretched a level plain. The place he stood in had recently been cleared, and a heap of half-burnt brushwood lay near him. All of a sudden, Jack, who had been standing patiently by his side, became restless and started snapping at his bare legs. My friend became annoyed and kicked him away, but Jack would not be quiet and kept up the attack, whining dolefully the while. He was just going to kick the dog again when he thought he heard a hiss, and turning round, he saw to his horror a huge cobra with expanded hood, on the point of avenging itself on his bare leg for having disturbed its sleep. As my friend stood amazed, looking at the cobra, Jack leaped forward and tried to seize it by the throat, but alas! the cobra was too quick for him, and before my friend could raise his gun it had buried its fangs in poor Jack's side. A shot soon killed the horrible snake, but nothing could be done for the poor little dog, and in a few minutes he died, mourned for by the master he had so bravely defended at the cost of his own life.

MISTLETOE.

Loch Lomond.

EMBOSOMED in the midst of circling hills,
Whose shadows on its placid waters lie,
The lake far-stretches 'neath o'erhanging
woods,

And, on its broad expanse of dark blue
waves,

The dotted islands gleam like emeralds.

Guarding this jewelled princess of the
lakes,

The towering Ben stands silent sentinel;
Across his mighty shoulders, heather-clad,
Or scarred with rocks, the lights and
shadows play.

While stillness like a benediction lies
On everything, and Nature dreams her
dreams

Through all the languid hours of afternoon;
Till day declines behind the western hills,
And saffron, gold, and crimson-tinted
clouds

Burn in a bed of clearest, tenderest green.

Then cool, grey shadows wrap the lake and
hills,

Save where the glory of the dying day
Flames on the summit of the mighty Ben
That sits like monarch with his gold-
crowned head,

Wielding o'er night a fleeting sovereignty;
Till, wave on wave the billows of the
gloom

O'ershadow and obscure his diadem.

Fainter and fainter glow the sinking fires
On Nature's altar, and the stars come out:
The night wind moans upon the water's
face,

And darkness falls upon the glorious
scene.

TEACHER: "What is meant by the word
'excavate'?"

PUPIL: "To hollow out."

TEACHER: "Construct a sentence with
'excavate' in it?"

PUPIL: "The baby excavates when you
pinch him."

"Alas, alas!" sighed a sad young man in
autumn, "All the foliage is fast becoming
plumage." "How so?" asked a still sadder
young man. "Why," said the first young
man, "can't you see all the leaves are down?"

Rowena and Rebecca.

It is a curious fact that although Sir Walter Scott has painted his male characters with so true and so skilful a hand, he has by no means been so successful with his women. We take an intense, living interest in most of the heroes of his tales; we appreciate the naturalness and the humanness of Edie Ochiltree, Dandie Dinmont and Oliver Proudfoot; but our sympathy is excited in no such way for most of the female characters in his works. They are insipid, lukewarm, all possessing womanly virtues but rarely any vices. In fact, the majority of the women throughout the *Waverley Novels* possess very little human interest for us at all.

A notable exception to this rule, however, is Rebecca, the Jewish maiden, the true heroine of "*Ivanhoe*"; and nothing could better show how utterly unlike Scott's ordinary woman she is than the contrast between her and her foil Rowena, who is a typical example of Scott's usual representation of the feminine character.

The contrast between these two is all the more surprising when we remember the position of each in the story. Rebecca was a Jewess; and in the time of Richard I. the Jews were so cruelly persecuted in England that this maiden might well have bitterly hated the oppressors of her nation, Norman and Saxon alike. Her whole nature might have been dwarfed by the sight of the treatment her relations received, and she might have become a bitter, hardened woman. Rowena, on the other hand, a descendant of Alfred the Great himself, holding an honoured position in a Saxon household, and accustomed to all deference, might have been a much stronger character than Scott has painted.

The way in which Scott introduces each into the story leads us to expect of the two just the opposite of what is really the case. Could there be anything more effective than Rowena's first appearance in the tale? Scott gives us a wonderful description of the hall at

Rotherwood, of the guests and retainers of Cedric the Saxon, gathered around the laden table ready to begin supper; then our attention is arrested by that command: "Forbear! Place for the Lady Rowena!" It is on this occasion that her beauty and, in a way, her character are described. Our interest in her is further excited, also, when we learn that she is loved by and loves *Ivanhoe*. Rebecca, on the other hand, enters the story in a very unobtrusive way. In a throng of beautiful, richly-dressed women, gathered to watch the tournament at Ashby, she appears beside burghers and yeomen, clinging fearfully to her father's arm.

In the light of these two scenes we might imagine that Rowena would play no small part in the story, whilst Rebecca would be of little or no importance. Our opinion soon changes entirely. We find that Rebecca was worth fifty Rowenas! Yet, although we know and feel the difference between these two, it is not a little difficult to define it; and it is only by examining the character of each that we can see clearly the essential difference between them.

Rebecca was kind and warm-hearted. When *Ivanhoe* sent the price of his horse and armour to old Isaac her father, she promptly sent it back again, knowing that he needed the money. And was it not her warm heart which prompted her to take charge of the wounded *Ivanhoe* when he was forsaken by his friends, and nurse him when others refused to do so? We have no example of Rowena's kindness throughout the whole of "*Ivanhoe*." If she had a warm heart it was carefully hidden under a calm exterior. One cannot help thinking that kindness, far less her professed love for *Ivanhoe*, might have made her more persistent in begging Cedric to take him to his own home when he was wounded at Ashby.

Throughout the whole story we have evidence of Rebecca's bravery and high principles. With what courage she passed those first hours of her imprisonment in *Front-de-Bœuf's* castle! Scott

does not tell us how Rowena spent that same time. When the Jewish maiden was persecuted by Bois-Guilbert, her moral and physical courage together produced a woman who awed and cowed the man before whom the bravest, strongest knights had quailed. She stepped out upon the battlement. She saw the ground, far down, at a terrific depth below. She was prepared to dash herself from the precipice on which she stood, down, down into that fearful space, rather than give herself up to disgrace. Rowena, on the other hand, treated in much the same way as the Jewess, though her persecutor was by no means so evil a man, behaved in a very different manner. She first repelled De Bracy's advances with haughty and indignant replies; then, finding that that failed to produce any impression, she burst into hopeless tears. There is, perhaps, no better example throughout the whole book of the immense superiority of the Jewess over the Saxon lady.

Again, think of Rebecca's bravery through all she had to bear at the Preceptory at her trial, and on the day of the trial by combat. She bore it all with such courage, and yet with such womanliness, that our admiration for her cannot but be excited in the highest degree. What would Rowena have done under similar circumstances? Would she have looked so calmly, and with such holy resignation on the stake to which she was so soon to be tied?

There is one thing which at first sight we may think these two had in common—namely, their love for Ivanhoe. Yet, taking a closer look at every detail, we begin to think that even there, there was not much in common. Did Scott wish to convey the impression that Rowena loved Ivanhoe very devotedly? The two had grown up together, and their affection for each other had been the real cause of Ivanhoe's banishment. In spite of Cedric's attempts to betroth her to Athelstane, she remained true to Ivanhoe. Was it really because she had an affection for him, or because she was just determined not to marry Athel-

stane? Scott does not hint the latter, but he certainly does not say much to support the former.

Far different, one cannot help thinking, was Rebecca's love for Ivanhoe. Kindness prompted her to take charge of him after the tournament at Ashby. Out of kindness at first, she nursed him. He merely showed her gratitude. Yet it was not kindness which made her go to the lattice in the room at Torquilstone to tell Ivanhoe of the siege without. It was not kindness which made her murmur, when he spoke of the danger of an arrow striking her, "It shall be welcome!" There is, perhaps, no more touching evidence of her deep love for "the disinherited knight" than her ashamed confession to herself that she was beginning to care more for his safety than for that of her old father.

Comparing these two women in this way, we begin to see how vastly superior in every way was the Jewess to the fair Saxon. Every single point in Rebecca's character reveals a depth of nature which Rowena, were the greatest allowance made for her good traits, could never claim. Rowena had virtues of a certain order; she had a certain pride and dignity; but the deep womanliness, the pride, and the high-mindedness of the humble Jewish maiden were far nobler than the cold dignity of the princess. Rebecca was essentially a woman—noble, high-souled, sympathetic, unselfish. Rowena was lifeless, unsympathetic, insipid, devoid of all the lovable traits which make the Jewess hold our sympathy from first to last. Surely everyone will agree that there is no comparison between these two. One feels that Sir Walter Scott's tales would be read with even more pleasure had he given us fewer women like the Rowena, and more like the Rebecca, of "Ivanhoe."

I. L. S.

The latest translation of "les bouquets d' onions" is "the nosegays of onions."

Motherly Advice From a Third Year Girl.

WHEN we "Third Year" Pupils look back to the time when we first came into the "Higher Grade," we find that we looked upon school and school-life then in quite a different light from what we do now. In the first year, discontented with our position, we longed to be in the highest class in school; now in the "third year," we wish with all our hearts that we were back in the first. That is, of course (and listen, first yearers!), because we know what that ideal "third year" really is. Our castles in the air have all fallen to pieces. We have found that the "highest class" of our imagination does not exist. After making such an important discovery, of course, we feel quite ready to preach a long sermon in a grown-up fashion, the subject being—"The joys and sorrows of the first year as compared with those of the third."

First yearers have, they think, a great many disadvantages; we thought so too. Oh, our first Math. lesson! How in the world were we to use the set squares and compasses? Why did we not put the top edge of the protractor along the line? After our first French lesson we wanted to "parler français" like the third yearers, and we made excruciating attempts ourselves. At "Science," while writing notes about finding the area of a tile, we were wishing with all our might that we could prepare gases and use "hydrochloric" like the bigger ones.

Thinking that the whole Higher Grade looked down upon us and thought us "kids," we forthwith made the noble resolution: "These third year ones aren't going to boss us!" They got all the fun, we thought; they got to sit about in the garden; they got the Art Room to dance in at the School Party, etc.

These, then, were the supposed disadvantages of the first year, and there were only two points in its favour about which we agreed; these were—not so many home lessons in the first year, and no "Intermediate!"

Alas! we had not been long in the *second year* before we began to see what we were coming to. Our time-table was changed, and of course our lessons were changed too. We began to understand too well about that protractor, and we found to our sorrow that there was such a thing in the world as the Theorem of Pythagoras. Our desire to "speak French" was fully gratified, and we discovered that although preparing gases *was* good enough fun, we always got quarterly exams. about them afterwards. Still it was some consolation to think that we weren't the "kids" this year, and that next year we would be the highest class in School.

And now we are third yearers, and we find that this summit of our hopes does have a few good points! We do find it pleasant to "boss the kids" a little, and to give them bits of information with a superior air. We make privileges for ourselves which the "younger ones" do not enjoy—and which we will leave them to discover for themselves, by the way; and at the extreme end of the session—a little before it, if anything—we do have a little relaxation. But these things, together with the fun we can't help making out of our most serious work, serve only to brighten the gloom of a session of grind, grind, stew, stew, everyday, from nine o'clock till half-past three—and after that, at home.

The word which pupils hear most during the third year is "Intermediate"—we'll hate the sound of it ever after. That word spells the huge disadvantage of the third year. It is rather curious that although we enter the Higher Grade with the purpose of trying the Inter. Exam., it is not until then that we realise what that really means. The "Inter." always seems so far away until then. In the first two years we did our lessons—somehow. When it came to the third, we found we knew hardly anything. Oh! why did we leave all the real work till the last minute? We had to stew and stew for three months before the examination.

Therefore, first yearers, take a lesson from the experiences of the third year regnant. If you want your last year at school to be a success, work well during your first two, and you'll have great cause in the end to be thankful that you did so.

Yes, our third year was not such a success as we expected it to be; and it was all our own fault. And now we begin to think "we will soon be leaving school. What will our life be like then?" In spite of all our disappointment we cannot help wishing now that Portobello H. G. was in never-never-land. First yearers, don't wish to be out of your despised first year, for once you are out of it, you will go on and on, into the third year, and out of it—and you will never get back to it. And do not our fathers and mothers tell us that this is the happiest time of our lives?

School Sports.

Football Club.

THE splendid facilities for Football which the school enjoys were fully taken advantage of in the session which has closed, and matches were played with our near neighbours, Towerbank and Niddrie. Victories with big scores were gained over these opponents.

As in the previous year, our progress in the Colonel Clark Cup Tournament ceased with the second round. In the first round we accounted for Gillespie's with a score of two goals to *nil*, but when we came to face our victims of last year, Holy Cross Academy, we unfortunately succumbed. Holy Cross gained two goals to our one.

In these matches the players who distinguished themselves were:—Bell (Captain), Brown, Gibson, and Mitchell.

Cricket Club and Golf Club.

Less popular are the games of Cricket and Golf in which comparatively few participate. Last year two Stroke Competitions and a Hole-and-Hole Tournament were carried through.

By far the most successful player was William Dickson, who well earned the title of Club Champion. This year's tournament has not yet reached the final stage.

Tennis Club.

The school is fortunate in possessing a beautifully enclosed, full-size Tennis Court in concrete, and during the last three years the average number of girls joining the Club has been fifty.

Tournaments were held last year for different groups, and the winners were as follows:—

Winner of Racket (1st Prize)—Bessie Anderson.

Winner of 2nd Prize—Eva Mackay.

" 3rd " —Cathie Arthur.

" 4th " —Robina Anderson.

One match with the girls of Gillespie's was played last season, resulting in a win for our opponents.

It is satisfactory to note that the play in the present season is considerably superior to that of previous years. This is as it ought to be; it proves that the school is coming to its own.

A match with Gillespie's was arranged for this season, but on the evening appointed the weather at the last minute unfortunately broke down. The members of both Clubs, however, spent a most enjoyable social hour over the tea and cakes provided by the Portobello Club. It is hoped that a game between the two Clubs will yet be played before the present session closes.

The girls of the Club take this opportunity of expressing their gratitude and deep indebtedness to the lady teachers who stay on the several evenings of the week to supervise and assist in the practices.

Letter to the Editor.

MADAM,—We are proud of our School. We know that it is as good a school as any in Edinburgh, and we ourselves think that it is better. We have a beautiful Art Room and Science Room, just like other Higher Grade Schools, and now we have a new building for Practical Instruction alone. We have our Tennis Club and Football Team, our School Party at Christmas time, and now a School Magazine. We have even had a few Concerts, and one little Exhibition of work.

There is, perhaps, only one thing, therefore, in which we do not quite come up to other Edinburgh Secondary Schools. At the end of the school session, they have a closing concert, where the prizes for the year are presented, and to which the parents and friends of the children are invited.

On our closing day we do have a tiny concert, but our friends are not allowed to come to hear, or to see the prizes presented. Why do we not have a closing concert too? Our friends would like to hear our performance, and take as much pleasure as we in hearing the addresses which are made to us on the closing day.

Our singing master has spoken of having a concert this year. Why not keep it till the end of the session and have a closing concert like other schools? Although we do not need to be persuaded that our school is the best in the world, to have such a thing would, besides pleasing our parents, impress our friends with the fact that our school is prospering, and growing more important every year. And is it not natural that, while thinking the world of that building in Park Avenue, we should all like to be able to remark to some pupil of "Queen Street" or "Gillespie's," "We are having our closing concert on ———"?

There may be one objection made to this. We have not yet got a large enough hall in school. But did we not once have a concert in the Town Hall, for which we all willingly sold tickets to friends all willing to buy them? Surely we would do the same again, with even more zeal, from the fact that such a thing would increase our sense of importance.

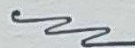
Just think! Another concert in the Town Hall, like the one we had before, but with the addition of a table in front with the school

prizes on it, and the presence of our Headmaster, and the gentlemen who are so kind as to be present always on our "breaking-up" day. May we not put the question before our Headmaster and Teachers?

EXPECTANT.

[This is bound to come in the near future, but arrangements cannot be made for it this session.]

—EDITOR, "THE TOWER."



An Article of Bright Current Interest.

WHAT is our idea of Heaven? Perhaps we have not studied the matter closely; and this I am sure of—we have not studied it mathematically. "How absurd!" remarks some one; "Who can tell the dimensions of Heaven?" The Bible does not enlighten us very much on the subject; but in Revelation xxi. 16, we read, "And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal." From these facts we may deduce certain others. Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,920,000 feet, which being cubed, 496,793,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we shall reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4096, the cubic feet in a room 16 feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We shall now suppose the world always did and alway will contain 990,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts $33\frac{1}{3}$ years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were 100 worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons, and there would be more than 100 rooms 16 feet square for each person.

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The Reason Why.

Oh, pensive maiden, tell me why
So sad-like you have grown,
Why sit you here with tearful eye,
And speak in mournful tone?

Come! hold you up that shapely head,
And let me see a smile.
Go, romp about, and sing, instead
Of weeping all the while.

You've reddened all your face, my dear—
'Tis swollen such a size!

Oh, wipe away the foolish tear
That spoils those soft, grey eyes.

Pray tell me why I find you so
Is someone sure to die?

"Oh, sir," said she, "if you *must* know,
A hair's got in my eye."

MILO.



To my Primrose Nook.

In the woodland's rare recess,
Where the falt'ring sunlight lingers,
Nestle beauteous flow'ret slipped
Secretly from Nature's fingers.

Oh, the rapture of surprise,
When the fragrant primrose wold
Suddenly to weary eyes,
All its glory doth unfold!

All the charm of sweetest fancy,
In th' enchanted spot appears,
All the gaiety of laughter,
All the tenderness of tears.

As a brilliant phrase of music
Breaking on sweet silence seems,
So the forest's fairest jewel,
From its vernal setting gleams.

In unconscious beauty blooming
Like the heart of maiden chaste,
Paradise is in thy sweetness,
Posy of the woodland's breast!

Sweetest mem'ry of my vision,
Redolent of hope to me,
Oh, in every pilgrim's pathway,
May such grace and fragrance be!

E. M.

Editorial Scrap-Book.

TOMMY Jones has gone away,
His face we'll see no more,
For what he took for H_2O
Was H_2SO_4 .

[For the benefit of those who don't know, H_2O is water, and H_2SO_4 is sulphuric acid.]



THE SPRING POET.

"Have you a Poet's Corner?" inquired the gentle bard.

"I've here a little piece, I thought I'd bring,

I wrote up this morning after breakfast
in the yard—

In point of fact, it mentions about Spring."

"Oh, yes," replied the editor, "my bonnie boy, you're right!"

And the laughter that he laughed was harsh and grim;

"The feature that you mention this moment is in sight—

We have a poet-scorner, and I'm him."



DICKENS: "Did you ever hear of such impertinence? That man Oakham offered me a huge commission if I would introduce his 'pills' into my next novel."

THACKERAY: "And didn't you accept?"

DICKENS: "I should think not. Would you?"

THACKERAY: "Certainly. I would have killed the heroine with them."



LESSON ON SHORTER CATECHISM.

TEACHER: "What is the chief end of man?"

PUPIL NUMBER ONE: "His head."

TEACHER (*annoyed*): "Next!"

PUPIL NUMBER TWO: "His death."

TEACHER (*angrily*): "Next!"

PUPIL NUMBER THREE (*a timid little girl*):

"Please, sir, to pay the rent."

[If you do not see your Contribution in this issue of "The Tower," look out for it in the next. We have had to keep back many good articles from this issue for lack of space.

—EDITOR, "THE TOWER."]