

Whitehill School Magazine.

No. 14.

Christmas, 1926.

Contents.

Editorial,	3	A Queer Passenger,	27
Vale!	5	Obiter Dicta,	27
Nil Desperandum,	6	The Great Pearl Mystery,	28
Impressions of a Carnival,	7	On the Dole,	29
Warriors All,	8	With Apologies to Shakespeare,	29
Cartoon,	9	VI.—B. would like to know:	30
Prefects,	10	Girls' Swimming Team,	31
History of Whitehill,	11	Group of Players,	32
The Haunted Manor,	12	Higher English Paper in 1937,	33
A Burst Balloon,	13	Three Tales,	33
The Street Vendor,	14	Our Serial Story,	34
Recipe for a Thrill,	14	America cuts out the Trimmings	35
Women, Men, and Tea,	15	An Encounter,	36
The Coal Strike Home Journal,	17	To Sassenachs,	36
Burlesque,	17	A Simple Tale,	36
A Peep at Home Life,	18	To the Editor,	37
Baldness,	19	The Rugby Victim,	38
Whitehill Notes,	20	A Tragedy of the Coal Strike,	39
Vth Year Gossip	26	II.—G.a.,	39
Evolution—More Modern Verse,	26	Tripe and Onions,	40

ADVERTISERS.

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SUPPORT YOUR ADVERTISERS.

EDITORIAL.

“Honour and shame from no condition rise,
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.”—*Pope*.

“Play up and play the game.”—*Newboldt*.

ONCE again we bring to the notice of readers our activities for the past half-year.

The Magazine has now become one of the School's most potent forces, and by its informative and attractive influence we hope to establish the mutual understanding so essential to the welfare of Whitehill.

Although things have gone on smoothly, there are one or two matters which, if attended to, would ensure a still more pleasant future.

Whilst the work of the School has been carried on by some, others have remained somewhat indifferent. We ascribe this to a lack of enthusiasm; for, if everyone played his or her part, a higher standard of excellence could easily be attained. It is to be desired that all pupils should “play the game” and support the School, in every department, with the same vigour as is displayed by them on the playing field.

Happily, the success which has attended our efforts throughout our various activities is such that we can congratulate ourselves without being unduly optimistic. Whatever next year may show, we feel confident that with each other's co-operation, it will be a prosperous year, and that no pains will be spared in raising our School to a position second to none. Why not?

Apart from our daily work, there are other interests in connection with the School—the Sports Club, the Dramatic Club, the Radio Club, and the Choir—which foster social feeling.

As usual, the Sports Section has acquitted itself worthily. Special mention is due to the Girls' Swimming Club, which has carried off more trophies this year than ever before, and in conjunction with the Boys' Club, have singled out Whitehill as the fort of swimming.

In the direction of sport we have made a great recovery from last year, and hope that it will be more than maintained.

The previous performance of the Dramatic Club, held in the Bellgrove Halls, in June last, received a very favourable reception, and we trust that those to be held on the 16th and 17th Dec. (considering especially the good cause to which the proceeds will be contributed, namely, the Necessitous Children's Fund), will be well supported.

Some time in the Spring, the Annual Concert will take place when the Choir, under the leadership of Mr. MacGregor, will provide an enjoyable evening. As the attendance at the Choir practice has not been too good, we should like to remind the scholars of the fourth, fifth and sixth years, that the success depends upon them, to maintain the high standard set up in the past.

We regret to announce the departure of two of the oldest and most respected teachers, Mr. Stevenson and Mr. Hair, both from the Maths. Department. We wish them the best of health and the best of success.

Mr. Stevenson has endeared himself to those who have been under him by his kindly manner, and the pleasure afforded them by his clear and simple methods of teaching. His absence will be long felt at Whitehill.

To Mr. Hair, we extend our congratulations, who, after a period of about sixteen years with us, has been promoted to the post of Second Master of Church Street School. Mr. Hair was held in high esteem by all who had the pleasure of his faithful and unremitting services. He was always obliging, and always willing to do what he could for the School, and his absence too will be felt by all of us.

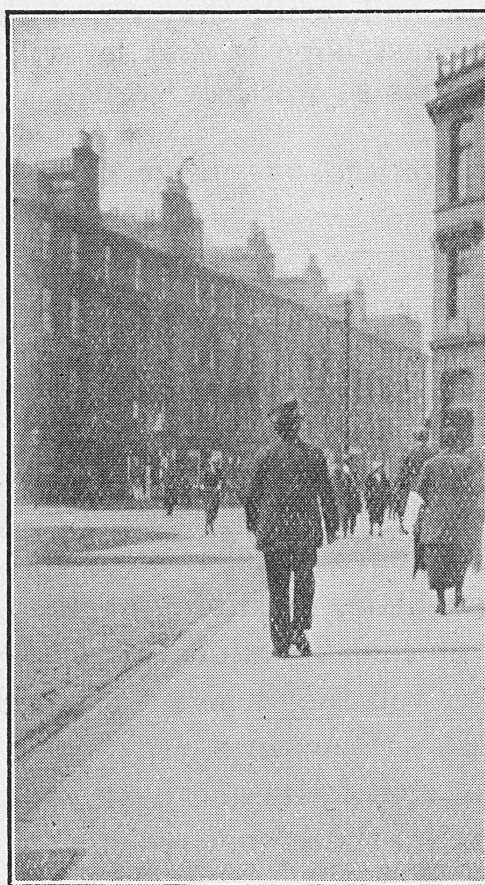
In conclusion, the editorial staff wish to express their appreciation and thanks for all articles sent in.



Vale !

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces."

Many familiar faces have disappeared from Whitehill in the last few years, and still they go. When we meet at the beginning of next term, one well-known figure will be missing from our ranks, and the School will be the poorer for the loss of one of the most honoured of her teachers—Mr. Stevenson. He has been a notable member of the staff for 28 years, and his departure will leave a gap difficult to fill.



It was with feelings of the utmost regret that the pupils of Whitehill heard of Mr. Stevenson's decision to retire at this time. No man is better known to whole generations of scholars. Where two or three of the former pupils gather to talk of old times, the name of Mr. Stevenson is first on their lips. When they meet present pupils, it is for Mr. Stevenson they first inquire, and with quiet chuckles exchange stories old and new—and all this with a deep undercurrent of affection that would do his heart good to hear. To them all, Room 41 is a holy of holies. There they were initiated into the mysteries of higher mathematics; there they watched the winged Mercuries flying to all the points of the compass with his decrees. The various rooms may be known to their individual classes, but the whole School knows Room 41, and who presides there.

Whether it be in his own subject of Mathematics, or in his keeping of the School records, or in his association with his colleagues, Mr. Stevenson has always pursued his unruffled way with the minimum of friction and the maximum of efficiency. His own work is a model of neatness and accuracy, and he insists on getting the same from his pupils. And he gets it—to the envious admiration of his colleagues who have to be content with a far-off imitation.

That Mr. Stevenson's departure from the old School will be regretted alike by headmaster, colleagues, and pupils is, in his case, no mere conventional phrase. He has a place in the hearts of all, that is unique, and, while they regret the necessity for the separation, their earnest hope is that he will long be spared to enjoy the leisure he has so worthily earned.

O optime magistrorum, ave atque vale!

Nil Desperandum.

When anyone is asked to write
 An article, he spends a night,
 In vain endeavours, chewing pen,
 Writing a little, beginning again.
 Instead of such laborious ways,
 By which you might spend many days,
 Merely do as Nansen says,
 "Destroy your boots and burn your breeches."
 Do not mind the higher reaches
 Of prose, or verse. Without a stammer
 Grab a subject, even grammar.
 We've got the SUBJECT—Not so bad!
 I PREDICATE that if I'd had
 An OBJECT given, to write about,
 I could not even have turned out
 A dozen such poor puerile lines,
 As here before you, brightly shines.
 But now, even without a mention,
 Of subject, here is an EXTENSION—
 Instead of a subject, take a text,
 "If you've nothing in this, write for the next."

(VI.—G.)

Impressions of a Carnival.

It was a cold, wet night, the rain falling with an even, monotonous patter which was only raised to crescendo as the wind swept along, and, gathering the raindrops into a more compact mass, dashed them against the kerb, or rattled them on the panes of the street lamps. Even these tall sentinels seemed weary of their watch, for they only cast a sickly yellow gleam on the numerous channels of water that ran between the cobblestones.

I was awakened from this fanciful dreaming by being (on turning a corner) almost blinded by the glare of reds, blues and greens, purples, pinks, and yellows. It was a carnival !

I stepped from the cold into the warmth, the gaiety, and yet I cannot say the beauty of life. The first thing that met me after the man who collected the tickets, was a great blaring of trumpets,—“like the rushing of a mighty wind.” It was a howling success, even though all the instruments were not concentrated on the one tune. One set of instruments was accompanying the “hobby-horses” with—it sounded like “Annie Laurie,” but it might have been “My Irish Home Sweet Home.” Another set, only more blaring, was accompanying the “swing-boats” with one of the previous year’s “rag-times.” As for the others, well, I could not come to an agreement as to what they were playing, as there were so many false notes, one could hardly have recognised the pieces, even if one had had the music before one.

Beside all these attempts of rival stall-holders to drown one another’s musical efforts, there was the bawling of quacks who stood before their stalls, the piercing high-notes of some soprano on the “chair-o-planes,” who would incessantly throw her notes in at a part where there was no possible chance of harmony. To have all this mixed up with the joyful cries of children as they won a prize, was to be in Bedlam.

I was in a sense glad when the show closed, and as I elbowed my way through the crowd, I was reminded of these lines by Thackeray:—

“Ah, which of us is happy in this world? Which of us has his desires, or having them is satisfied? Come children, let us close up the box and the puppets for our play is played out.”

(VI.—B.)

Warriors All.

"Gregalach! Gregalach!" roared the Highlanders, as, with flashing kilts and uplifted claymores they rushed upon the Low-land towns to murder and to ravage.

"Ettrick and Teviotdale!" "Eskdale and Liddesdale!" shouted the Border reivers, as they plunged through English territory:

"England shall many a day,
Tell of the deadly fray

When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border,"

Now, as the centuries passed, the two have joined; with kilts swinging to the lilt of the pipes, they marched to war on the Continent. And what foreign host could withstand for long the thundering charge of the fiery men from the North? The years passed, and the French and the Germans had almost forgotten the war-cry of the Highlanders; then came the Great War, The fiery blood was aroused, and this time even the fierce, warlike Prussians quailed before the onset of the kilted hordes who were led by the cry of, "Remember you're Scottish, boys!"

This is now the year A.D. 1926, and as you read this you say, "Oh, that's all very thrilling and romantic, and all that, but what has it to do with us? We, who live like peaceable human beings!"

Ah! with what false security you say that. You know not that within your midst, there are dreadful elements at work. You think that man's passion for blood-shed is a thing of the past, that he no longer responds to a war cry. Dear reader, you have only to go to a Rugby match to find out how untrue it is.

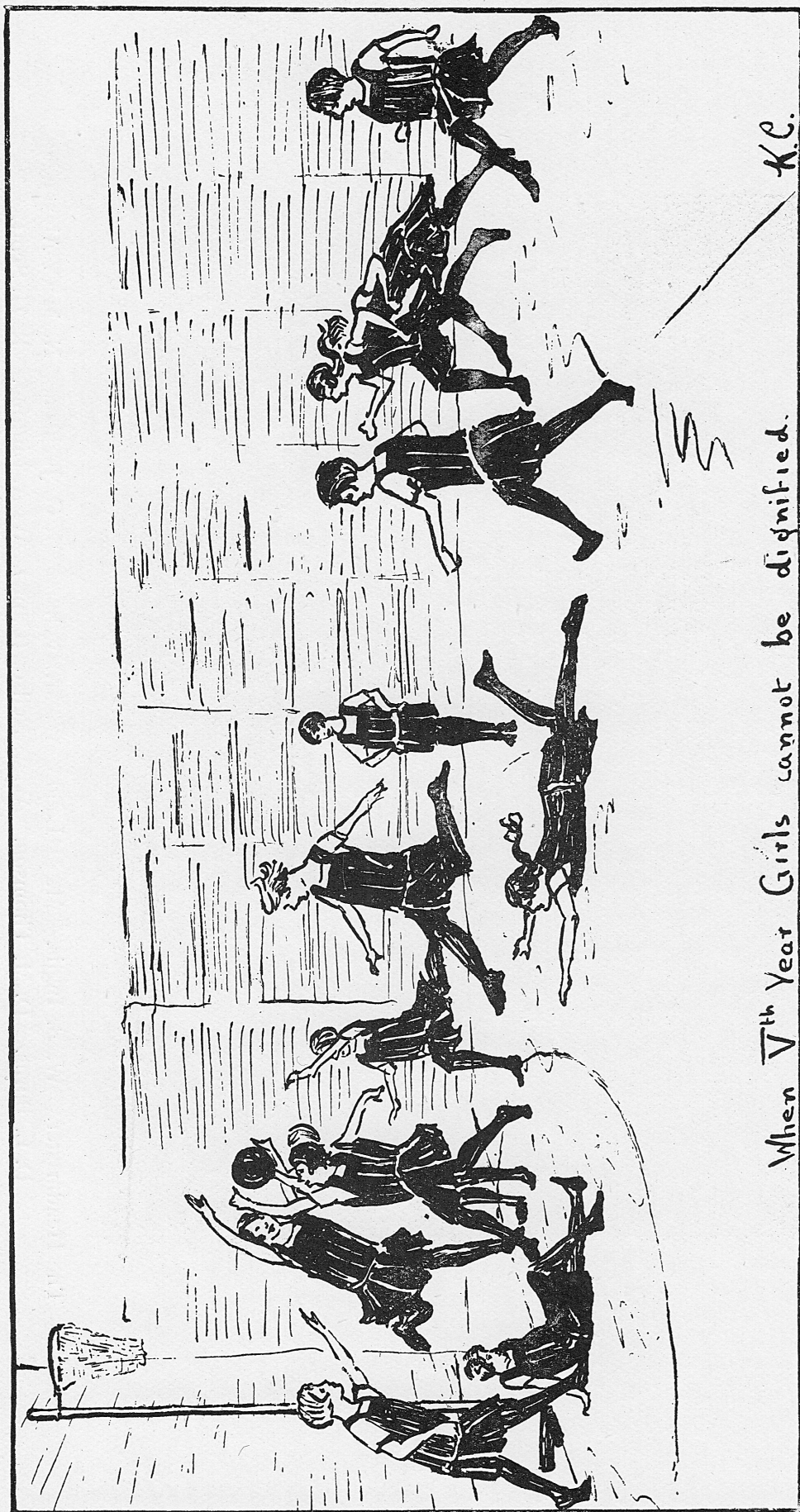
Immediately a man enters the turnstiles of the grounds, he is transformed into a blood-thirsty, war-like savage. He yells at a pack of running, snarling, rasping, pulling individuals who are nothing better than animals, I repeat it, animals. The blood-lust gleams in his eyes as he roars at the pitch of his voice, "Herio-o-o-ots!" or "Accies! Accies!" or "Scho-o-o-ol." His voice rises to a scream of frenzied excitement as he yells, "Feet! Feet!" or "Push! School, Push!"

And these central figures in this great scuffle—how they gallop here and there, leaving behind them a trail of maimed and wounded. How they tear each other to pieces—become tied up in knots, push, scramble, shout—and then make a wild dash for the enemy's line. With that, the watchers rise up in a body, they scream, they roar, they toss their hats, they tear their hair, and behave exactly like a pack of the wildest savages.

And this is permitted every Saturday in a decent, law-abiding country! What is the League of Nations thinking about?

But now I have succeeded in bringing before your notice this terrible evil in our midst, and here I stop, first, because, dear reader, you are dreadfully bored, and secondly, because I must save my breath and energy for the Inter-City match on Saturday.

J. W. D. (V.—G.)





The Headmaster. W. B. Inglis. M. M'Leod. W. M. Bigham. J. G. Jackson. N. M'C. Alexander.
D. L. Burns. D. M. Thomson. W. C. Neilson (Capt.) W. A. Linning. R. H. Scott.

PREFECTS.

History of Whitehill—With a Moral.

I have no doubt all Whitehill pupils will be interested in extracts from the past history of their School; the time when those wonderfully clever, well-behaved pupils were in the School; the time when pupils had their "Highers" at the age of 14, and were at the University about 15 or 16.

I met an old "F.P." the other day, and as I was thinking of my contribution for the "Mag.," I asked him for an account of some event that happened while he was at school. He did not tell me much, but I gathered a very important fact from our conversation.

At one time there was a Junior School in Whitehill. There were children from $4\frac{1}{2}$ years upwards. Naturally, these children required special attentions. One of their necessities was a small stool. The ordinary stool was too high for them to mount without the teacher's aid. Now these small so called stools were really pretty little boxes, turned upside down, almost square, and of a brown colour. They were not oak, although the pupils then were certainly worthy of such an honour.

When this Junior School was abolished and all children who failed to qualify were not admitted to our establishment, a great question arose—what was to be done with the stools? Like our present crisis, it took a long time, some 14 months, to come to an agreement, but one thing we are sure of—it *was* settled.

Whitehill had now made its name. Pupils came from afar off and so had to lunch in school. A lunch-room was obtained, and an inspiration came to our Janitor. He spoke to the Headmaster. It was a very important thing he had to say. It concerned both past and future. It concerned every pupil in the school.

After the subject had been fully discussed by the Janitor and Headmaster, my friend was astonished to see in the corner of every room one of these little boxes, the very boxes some of our present teachers had used.

Appeal: Now my co-mates and brothers in affliction, let us show our respect for the past pupils of Whitehill School by making full use of these famous boxes. In other words—Please deposit your paper bags in the waste-paper box. By so doing you will respect the former pupils in the only possible way, and you will help considerably to lighten the burden of cleaners and prefects.

L. A. W.

The Haunted Manor.

"And on every 5th May the ghost of Sir Marmaduke walks through the grounds of the Manor." So read my friend, Stella, out of the book which contained all the old stories of the village of Greybank.

"Oh! how exciting!" she cried, "A real, live ghost in the house where we are living." "But better still," said I, "Tomorrow is the 5th May."

We both ran into the manor, which had stood for hundreds of years, and now looked grey and grim. Going up to the picture gallery, where all the pictures of the old ancestors of the manor were to be found, we espied Sir Marmaduke Latymer who had been killed in the time of Cromwell.

The next day passed all too slow. Before going to bed we decided to try to keep awake. Just as I was beginning to doze, I was rudely awakened, and told to hurry as it was time to see the "spook." We had gone to bed half-dressed, so it was not long till we were stealthily creeping down the long corridors and out of the house.

"Look! there it is. Let us turn back," whispered Stella, trembling with fear. For behold! coming across the lawn was a figure draped in white. It could not have seen us because it still sped on. I told Stella to wait until I should settle the ghost, and crept up behind it silently (I always thought ghosts had no feet, but this one had), and though very scared, I tripped it up. A white sheet was flung off, and there before me sat the dazed figure of the boy next door.

He had been sleep-walking!

H. S. (II.—G.c.)

What am I?

I am a word of seven letters.

My 157 is to fix,

My 4567 is to bash,

My 1564 is to despatch,

My 256 is a number,

My 2567 is used by Arabs,

My 1234 is used with a collar,

My whole is a pupil.

Solution—"Student."

J. L. (II.—B.c.)

A Burst Balloon.

He paused near the door of the class room, looked at his trousers, adjusted his tie, made the white edge of his handkerchief a little more conspicuous, and smoothed his hair. Oh the razor edge of those trousers, and the taste exhibited in that tie! Oh the snowy whiteness of that handkerchief, and the polish, the brilliance of the hair! These spoke eloquently of only one thing, of an aspiring soul, of a fixed purpose, of a resolute mind; of the whims of a Junior Student.

A Junior Student! He smiled proudly. He was entering on the noblest profession in the world, the training of young minds, fresh and innocent, ready to receive the great thoughts that he would impart. He would revolutionize the profession. He would show them the right method to deal with children. He would exert his personality on the class; stern but not severe. kind but not weak, the class would respect and love him.

He opened the door, and floated in, a human balloon, filled with that most exuberant gas—self-confidence.

He smiled at the teacher, and looked at the class with a countenance which he intended should both impress and reassure. The result was the smirk of a circus clown. The class tittered.

His vanity was offended, and his self-confidence a very little shaken, but it takes a great many pin-pricks before self-confidence wholly escapes and leaves the mind a vacuum. He began to walk round. Never before had he realized how impudent small boys and girls could be. They were grinning at him, whispering, nudging each other in delight. But his dream of "personality" still existed, and when he prepared to ask questions on the reading, it was with perfect sang-froid and self-possession.

But the class had suddenly become stupid. They stared, and now and again, grinned. He became a little nervous. The dreary desert of dull faces, each bearing an irritating grin, and never relieved by a welcome hand, was getting on his nerves.

"Now, tell me, what foods are imported into this country for consumption." The same expanse, but suddenly a hand shot up. Eagerly he asked, "Well?" "Please, sir, Cod Liver Oil!"

He gave up the book, and began to walk round again. His dreams had dissolved "like the baseless fabric of a vision," and they had left behind shame and hate. He glared at them malignantly. His love had fled. Their faces were not those of human beings, but of youthful anthropoids. He suddenly became convinced of the truth of Darwin's theory, but not being a superman himself, or a relative to George Bernard Shaw, he had no desire to elevate their minds from the debased state in which he found them sunk.

The bell rang. He made his way to the door. His balloon-like buoyancy was gone. He felt like a punctured sausage-skin. Once outside, he fled.

"Major Bagstock" (IV.)

The Street Vendor.

There are several vendors, but the most interesting one is the man or woman who shouts, "Candy Rock for any old woollen rags." In every tenth stick of rock you may find a half-penny. The vendor who invades Dennistoun is usually smoking the relics of a "Woodbine." He wears an apology for a scarf, and a "Hooker Doon" which has seen better days. His jacket is many sizes too short for him. When he was buying it, he might have said to himself, "I had better get a short one, because it will be long enough before I get a new one." But to get on with his description. His trousers, you would think, are a lot of holes sewn together. He has a pair of boots through which you are able to see his toes playing at "I Spy."

Unfortunately, you don't see him often just now. It is not because people have no rags, but because they have to wear them. Before the "Strike," children used to run into the house and come out with their arms full of rags. Now they run into the house and come out holding their ears. For so many rags one can get a stick of rock, which is really poison, a postcard of the vendor's lady-love, and an apology for a brooch. The children, when they get the rock, appear to relish it greatly, but, for my part, I would throw it down the nearest sewer.

He ought to be called "Sheet-Lightning Charlie," because he takes about half-an-hour to go from one end of the street to the other. He has no pity, because he can stand eating rock and never say "Collie" to the children round about. After a half-hour's wait, he moves on to another street to make the children's mouths water there.

F. M'C. (II.—B.c.)

Recipe for a Thrill.

This is the recipe which many famous authors use. I could quote many famous unsolicited testimonials, but I don't wish to bore my readers. It makes authors from labourers, and novelists from navvies.

Ingredients:—One Bunter; Two or Three Good Lads; Two or Three Bad Lads.

Stir these up, and add a few Masters. Bring to the boil, and having beaten up one School Porter, add some few hundred Schoolboys, and pour in this mixture. Boil for two minutes more and pour into a mould, which should be shaped something like a school. Dust some powder of tuck-shop over it, and leave for fifty or sixty years to let it gather a few traditions. It will then be ready to make up into any form.

J. T. B. (IV.—B.)

Women, Men, and Tea.

It was a cold, wet, miserable day. "Drizzle! drizzle! drizzle! Will that rain ever go off? What about having a cup of tea to warm us?" my cousin asked, as we wearily picked our way among the crowds in Sauchiehall Street, with feet like lead, and water running off our umbrellas.

"Very good idea," I answered, trying to avoid splashing my clean silk stockings.

So, without hesitation we went into Craig's, only to find a queue from the door of the tearoom to the counter.

"Tea! did you say? I'm not having any if I have to stand in that crowd. It seems that there are a great many more people who want to be warmed."

My companion agreed, saying—"Come, let's go home; after all, that is the best place on a day like this."

Back home we went. Oh, what joy! The kettle was nearly boiling upon a bright, cheerful fire, and the table was set, ready for our longed-for cup of tea.

As we drank that most excellent beverage, sitting by the fire, we commenced to discuss whether men or women were the fonder of tea.

This formed a very interesting topic for conversation, and many a good laugh we had about it afterwards.

My friend, naturally, supported the men, saying that women were just "tea-jennies," and couldn't go into town for a few messages without having tea to revive them after their very hard work. "Poor dears!" (He certainly wasn't very sympathetic.)

"Perhaps some women do," I retorted, "but I think the majority have more to do and think about buying things for you men and planning to-morrow's dinner."

He was silenced for a little. I went on:—"Take to-night, for example. Who suggested having a cup of tea? You, of course. I do not deny that I heartily supported it, but then——"

"Ah! then what? No excuses. If I had not suggested it, you undoubtedly would have before long." "Yes, perhaps I would. Don't let's quarrel about it. I would just like to tell you that in the office where a girl friend of mine works the men go out every morning in life about eleven o'clock for a cup of tea or coffee, while the poor girls have to work away contentedly."

"Is that the case in every office? I don't think so. Even if it were, what about the sly cups of tea women have when they are in the house by themselves all day?"

The look I gave him sufficed. He thought it best to say no more.

The Coal Strike Home Journal.

Having so far survived the greatest coal-strike in the history of our famous coal country (or should it be cold country?), a few remarks on the terrible straits to which we have been reduced in our efforts to keep the "home fires burning," would not be out of place.

In our home, when we had carefully scraped the cellar floor, everything in the house was then surveyed by father to see what could best be spared for burning.

He started by looking very covetously at grand-mother, but perhaps, relying on future events, dismissed her from his list. We burned, first of all, some old photos and frames of mother's friends (Aunt Teenie, Uncle Tom, and his nine gawky daughters). We then burned mother's whist prizes, a miscellaneous collection of rubbish gathered during the past twenty years, and then father's old pipes. Mother said it was a pity bottles would not make good fuel (I think she must have meant the medicine bottles, as father said they did his cold good). After that, we burned the what-not, and then father burned the perambulator, then sister Bertha's ukelele also went west. The bedroom suite mother got from Aunt Annie was reverently added to the bonfire. The kitchen shelves and bunker went the way of all good wood. (As it was the factor's, no one expressed any regret.)

Father has a number of articles on his list yet, but refuses to let us know what comes next, so we are all carefully locking our belongings away each night, and dread seeing the remainder of our once happy home being added to the bonfire.

D. P. (II.—G.c.)

Burlesque.

It is an ancient parrot
And it shouteth loud with glee.
"By thy old false teeth and big glass eye
Where is that seed for me?"

The parrot's cage is open wide
The seed is put within;
The bird is glad its feast is set
May'st hear the merry din.

The gay old bird sat on his perch
He cannot choose but dine,
And thus ate on that ancient bird
That bright-eyed bird of thine.

It holds the seeds with a skinny claw
"Ah this is good" he'd laugh.
But by next day t'was sad to say
The seed had turned to chaff.

D. A. N.

A Peep at Home Life.

Mr. Brown had just settled himself comfortably for the night. His pipe was lit and drawing satisfactorily, and his feet were resting on the mantle-piece at a rather inconvenient, but wholly attractive, angle. After all, there are no joys like the joys of home, especially when the materfamilias is out. There was a large heap of papers lying beside him, Sunday and otherwise, and it was with a feeling of absolute peace and contentment that he picked up the top one. He anticipated a very pleasant evening of solitary enjoyment, but it was a pity little Johnnie could not accompany his mother to the pictures. However, he was diligently engaged with his new railway set, so there was little fear of interruption from that quarter. But, as in the oft-repeated lines of Burns,

"The best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

He had only time to glance over Saturday's belated results when the light patter of feet, which so often fills the father's heart with a bright glow of anticipation, was heard from the direction of the nursery. Of course, they came right to the door of the study. What else could be expected?

"Daddy, my engine won't go."

Daddy tried to brazen the matter out.

"That's all right; you know there is a coal strike on just now, so there are no trains running."

But it is very difficult to satisfy a child, and Johnnie was not satisfied.

"But you get a train every morning at Bellgrove."

Inwardly, daddy thought the child would be a marvel at geography when he grew up, but at present it was expedient to be rid of him as soon as possible and, as he foresaw an all-night argument, he wisely decided to investigate the matter of the broken-down engine. So he told Johnnie to bring it to him and, with that meekness for which men are famed the world over, he quietly resigned half-an-hour of his time to mending the toy. I said half-an-hour, but it is wonderful how intricate toys can be when one is in a hurry to be rid of them. The half-hour went by and poor papa was little further advanced with his repairs. Little Johnnie was sitting on the rug, watching all that was being done, sometimes with unconcealed contempt, at others, with childish astonishment.

Papa was sweating valiantly and desisted from his efforts for a moment. Johnnie took the opportunity to ask a question which seemed quite irrelevant but, nevertheless, gave father an outlet for his feelings.

"Why are we having such bad weather just now, daddy?"

"Huh, why are we always having such bad weather? If it is not too hot or too cold, it is sure to be raining or snowing, or even foggy. Just imagine, I have not been at a football match for a month." (Daddy likes to believe it is the weather that

keeps him from attending football matches on Saturday afternoons.)

"Daddy, what kind of match is a football match?"

"Huh, you'll understand when you grow up."

"Daddy?"

"What?"

"Will I be as big as you, when I grow up?"

"Oh, I must get on with this thing. I will answer all your questions when I am finished."

Quarter-an-hour went by, silently, but for the stertorous breathing and smothered ejaculations of father.

Johnnie could endure it no longer.

"Daddy, what makes the Sun go?"

"The Sun is a chariot and is drawn by horses."

"Who feeds the horses?"

"A cook."

A short silence ensued.

"Daddy, why do we never see the Sun now?"

"Huh."

"Is it because there are no coals to light it?"

"Well I will be dished, I believe that is the reason."

"What will the cook do, then, if there is no fire to cook the meals for the horses?"

"He will probably be out of work. The very opposite from our cook whom the strike supplies with work. However, here is your engine. Bring out the rails and we will give it a trial."

So Mr. Brown enjoyed his evening after all, though not in the manner he had first intended. But there is enough said of woman's superior mind. Let us draw the veil over the rest of the evening; suffice is to say, that daddy's conduct certainly raised him in Johnnie's estimation.

M. M. (IV.—B.)

Baldness.

Ah! gone are the bountiful tresses,
That sheltered the top of my head,
What barbers got fourpence to dress was
One mighty, magnificent shed.

The tropical, lush vegetation
That gladdened my innermost soul,
Has changed to the bleak desolation
And barren expanse of the pole.

II (VI.—B.)

Whitehill Notes.

Whitehill F.P. Athletic Club.

"Day by day, and in every way"—the words are familiar to all, and, while we have not become devotees of Coueism in the Athletic Club we can, nevertheless, report satisfactory progress.

Losses in personnel must be expected every year, but if our losses are to be so satisfactorily made up by a generous influx of recruits, as they were made up this year, then the future of the Club must be a bright one. Unfortunately, we have not been able to assimilate all the new blood. The number of teams being run is still limited to two in each section, but before long we hope to arrange fixtures for more Rugby and Association teams.

Before long, we also hope to possess roomier and more suitable pavilion accommodation. Movement in that direction is having the best attention of the responsible committee, and early developments are expected.

It is difficult at this time of the season, and it would not be very enlightening, to say much about the doings of the individual sections. It is sufficient to say that the improvement in play is beginning to show itself in results, and all sections can report a more successful season, so far, than last.

In conclusion, we would again like to extend a hearty welcome to all of you when you leave School. We want you if you are a player, we want you if you would care to come and help us run the Club, we want you even if you only come as spectators.

DOUGLAS M'NAUGHTON, President.

JAMES WALKER, Secretary.

Whitehill School Club.

The School Club commenced a new season of activities early in October, when Mr. A. C. Somerville, M.A., of the School Staff, gave us a very stimulating paper. We are now almost half-way through the interesting syllabus, which the Committee have drawn up, and all the meetings have been largely attended and very enthusiastic. The Secretary reports additions both to the roll of Life Members and of Ordinary Members, and the Reserve Fund now totals One Hundred and Thirty Pounds, so that we are able to make a satisfactory annual donation to School Prizes.

We would remind those of you who are in the fifth and sixth years that a Club such as ours, to ensure its continued progress, must be yearly recruited from those who leave School. The Club, in addition to its literary and social activities, forms the

only common meeting-ground for all former pupils of our School. We, therefore, heartily commend it to you, and invite you to inform yourselves of its functions, either by visiting us at one of our fortnightly meetings in the School, or by applying to our Secretary, Mr. Robert Lumsden, 129 Whitehill Street, Dennistoun, who will be glad to supply any information.

JOHN FLEMING, President.

ROBERT LUMSDEN, Secretary.

Association Football (1st XI.).

As few of last year's 1st XI. returned this session, it was found impossible to run two XIs. this year. However, this year's team has been playing very well indeed.

Up to date, five matches have been played, from which we have gained eight points.

Our first match was with Greenock High School, at Greenock. The result was 4—1 for Whitehill.

In our second game we received a drubbing from Coatbridge, and were defeated by 7—1. However, since that game we have never suffered defeat. In the following games we defeated Paisley Grammar, 3—0; St. Mirren Acad., 2—0; and Camphill Higher Grade, 3—1.

In the first round of the Shield, we defeated Dumbarton Academy by 6—0.

Unfortunately, we were defeated in Second Round, at Clydebank, by narrow margin of 3—2.

D. M. T.

Intermediate XI.

The Intermediate XI. have not had great success in this year's League Competition, but the spirit and play of the team steadily improve, and the second part of the season is expected to bring much better results.

The team succeeded in beating Ardrossan Academy at Ardrossan in the Shield Competition.

The Second Round Shield Tie will be played at Millerston on December 18. Kick-off, 10.30 a.m. Our opponents are St. Mirin's Academy.

Come and support your school!

A. L. (II.—B.b.)

Rugby.

We started this season with four regular XV's and, so far, have met with moderate success. Judging from our standard of play, we are undoubtedly better than last year. This season we have had more training, which may account for our success.

We were rather unfortunate in losing to the Academy 3rd XV., by the narrow margin of 6—3. Our 2nd XV. are improving, and were beaten only by 8—0, by Hillhead 3rd XV.

Keen interest is taken in this section of the Sports' Club by the younger boys, and we feel certain that there are brighter days in store for us. As was the case last year, we are faced with stronger opposition in many schools, but we are still hopeful of being more successful in the latter half of the season.

W. M. B., Secy.

Swimming (Girls).

The Girls' Section of the Swimming Club still continues in a flourishing condition, which is due to the pleasant co-operation of instructors and pupils. We are specially indebted to our mentors for the enthusiasm they have brought to bear on the Club, and for their painstaking instructions.

In the Inter-Schools' Gala we carried off three trophies, which is a record for our Club.

We wish to congratulate the team for the praiseworthy manner in which they carried off one of the cups.

We are ~~very~~ especially proud of Nettie Burns, who won the Schools' Championship, and of Margaret Gibson, who won the 50 yards race for girls under fourteen.

L. W., Secretary.

Swimming (Boys).

Why aren't you in the Swimming Club?

If you wish to help on your swimming, join now. If you can't swim it will teach you; if you can, there is still something we can teach you.

You visit your Aunt on Thursdays? Put it back to Wednesday, and come down to Whitevale Baths.

Look what School folks have done this year. Ross Blackadder has won the 150 yards School Championship of Glasgow, in the fine time of 1 min. 45 4-5 secs., D. W. Jackson being third in the same race. Blackadder also won the Lord Weir Trophy in startling time. J. Rowan was first and H. Irvine third in the Junior Race at the Schools' Gala.

Buck up and get your name in the Magazine too. And don't forget Thursday is the day.

D. L. B., Secretary.

Golf.

As the result of the untiring efforts of our Committee, the Golf Section shows the exceptionally large membership of forty-three. Although the numerical strength exceeds that of previous years, there is, to a certain extent, a lack of interest, and it is the duty of our members to remedy it. For example, the lack of interest on the part of the girls has done away with the mixed foursome competition, and in its stead the Boys' Club Championship will be revived.

The Committee has thought it desirable to accept challenges from other schools, but before doing so we earnestly request as many members as possible to hand in their returns as early as possible after the Monthly Medal Competitions, when their scores will be carefully gone over with a view to forming a strong representative team.

As form always plays a very important part in matches, and as we are only commencing to accept challenges, we feel we cannot emphasise the point too strongly that all members should make it a habit of attending diligently to their practice games, which should take place frequently. By this means we hope to build up a fighting team worthy of the School.

W. P.

Hockey.

The Hockey season has but recently begun and, although we have not so far been very successful, the form, which will improve greatly with practice, and the enthusiasm of the players foretell a prosperous future.

In the next issue of the Magazine a full account of our activities will be given, which will verify our prediction.

J. K.

Radio and Photographic Club.

The Radio Club has commenced another session, and the membership has now risen to thirty-five. As we have extended our lectures to include photography, the name of the club has been changed accordingly.

The session was opened with a lecture on Flashlight Photography, by Mr. MacGregor, which was greatly appreciated. On another evening an interesting lecture was given by Mr. M'Michael on the construction and use of the Magic Lantern.

Later on, Mr. M'Kenzie instructed us on the various types of wireless valves; whilst one evening was devoted to the construction of wireless apparatus.

As many lectures have been arranged, we wish the Club to continue with the same eager spirit which at present prevails.

J. E. G., Secretary.

The Dramatic Club.

It does not take one long to notice that in the 1,200 or more individuals who make up "Whitehill," there are many who have a strong bent toward the dramatic art. It is constantly breaking out—in the playground, in the class-rooms, and occasionally in the staff-rooms!

The aim of the Dramatic Club is to give this latent talent a stage, so that it will be associated with the School. If all one hears is true, it does so not unsuccessfully. During last session two public performances were given in the Bellgrove Halls, and were well supported by good audiences. From the proceeds the Club was able to hand over about £20 to the Necessitous Children's Fund.

This session we hope to continue on the same lines. Our first performance this time is on Thursday, 16th inst., in the Bellgrove Halls, the chief item on the programme being four scenes from Pickwick Papers ("Bardell v. Pickwick"). The proceeds, as before, will go to the Necessitous Children's Fund. We ask for the same hearty support as we have had on previous occasions. Tickets (price 1s.), may be had from Mr. Williamson, Mr. T. Duncan, or from Members of the Club. James Reid (fifth year), is acting as Secretary.

Membership of the Club is open (without subscription) to all. The Club meets once a month, on the last Wednesday, in Room 12, at 4 p.m. It is intended that short plays or scenes should be given at these meetings, by various groups in the Club. An appeal is made to Members of the Staff who are interested, and who are free, to help in the supervising of these groups.



Vth. Year Gossip.

We started off meaning to be dignified; but, alas! our good intentions have come to grief. We no longer "walk the studious cloisters pale," otherwise the top corridor, but specialise in the "nigger walk" and "crocodile trot," which one of our learned professors likens to a tipsy hen on a hot girdle. The prefects have also succumbed to this malady, perfecting it to such a degree that they can balance a pot of hot tea whilst Charlestoning.

We would beg the younger members of the staff to use more discretion in their colour schemes. We admit we are "frilled fru and fru wif frobs," but the strain is too great for our eyes.

We are sorry to learn that one of our most venerable teachers is threatening to leave the teaching profession in favour of the more humble calling of a carpenter. He showed great skill in mending the back of a cupboard. Even the headmaster complimented him on his efforts.

We wish some of the members of V.—G. would make sure who is outside the door before they attempt to hold it shut. There is always the chance that a teacher may come to the room earlier than usual.

The sympathy of all members of the fair sex is implored on behalf of V.—G. Certain of the opposite sex believe and flaunt in their faces that one can meet only one beautiful girl in a thousand, and that there is no reason for calling women "fair."

(V.—G.)

Evolution—More Modern Verse.

Once the buskin'd vendor used to wheel his barrow,
Crying thus—"I' faith, my maids, for hearths both broad and
There's nothing near so good, [narrow
So come and buy, come and buy my English firewood."

And then he sells his ware from a creaking horse-drawn lorry,
And chants aloud—"Hey, madam, come, or you will soon
That you let your chance by roll, [be sorry
So buy! buy! buy! my English nuts and coal.

And when a strike doth come, thus inwardly he sings:
"My fuel is produced from the refuse of the bings;
But, madam, do not wait
For some real coal for the grate,
But come and pay up now for my English slate."

A Queer Passenger.

The night watchman was in the habit of telling the little children a story each night before they ran home to bed. One night as they huddled round his fierce, glowing fire, he told them the following tale.

A pilot of an Air Transport Company was ordered to carry a huge gorilla, which was kept in a crate, in his 'plane to a town about one hundred miles away. So, at the requested hour, the pilot and his mechanic boarded the 'plane and flew off.

When they attained the height of about ten thousand feet they flew steadily on. All went well for about ten minutes, when the mechanic felt something cold and clammy touch the back of his neck. His hair stood on end, and a cold shiver ran up his spine, and, whirling round, he found himself confronted with the most hideous looking, man-sized gorilla.

The gorilla was standing in the cock-pit, which is just behind the mechanic's seat, and was terrorized at finding itself so far from the land, but gradually its terror gave way to rage, and it turned round to attack the mechanic. It was a mystery to him how it had managed to get out, since it had been drugged when they set off. The only explanation seemed to be that it had come to its senses sooner than expected and smashed the bars of the crate.

The mechanic tried to draw the revolver which he kept in his hip-pocket, but he was not nearly quick enough, for a pair of long, hairy and powerful arms shot out and hauled him out of his seat. Fortunately, by struggling frantically, he managed to squirm out of that awful clutch. He hauled himself up on to the upper wing and began to crawl along. The gorilla, maddened by the escape of its victim, followed, but the pilot, seeing his chum's predicament, caused the 'plane to swerve. The gorilla, taken unawares by this move, lost its balance, and fell headlong, twisting and turning on its way to the earth—and doubtless to its doom. The mechanic managed to worm his way back to his seat, and to safety, very thankful for his lucky escape.

W. W. (III.—B.c.)

Obiter Dicta.

Of course you won't know about that—it's in the Bible.

No'ice the phrase.

Those—latecomers!

Of course, the chalk can't go as fast as my brain.

See, boy, are you in the habit of doing this?

Others again, without effort, can get ten per cent.

Treat the next one to the same dose.

Watch the board like—anything.

I'm all out of broth.

Start with the examples in the examination papers of the year '15.

The Great Pearl Mystery.

The great detective Herlock Sholmes, sat in his studio, deep in thought. He had sat like this for hours, and was likely to continue sitting like this for another hour, or so, had not a man come into the studio. Except for the fact, that he wore a plumed hat, carried a sword, and wore green and red striped riding breeches, this man looked like an ordinary civilian.

He introduced himself as Colonel I. Amit, and, after taking a chair, he said, "You will probably know I am the possessor of a wonderful pearl! Well, it has disappeared, and I want you to come and see if you can trace it." The detective agreed to come, and they went downstairs to where the colonel's 20 h.p. Ford was standing.

Before entrusting himself in it, the detective made a complete examination of the car. Every now and again, he made sarcastic remarks about it, and when he stepped in, the Colonel was furiously angry. Indeed, he was so angry, that he drove all the road to his mansion, at the breathless speed of 4 m.p.h.

When they stopped before the door of the mansion, the detective asked to be shown the room in which the pearl had been kept. He was taken to the dining-room, where he took out his magnifying glass, and a little book entitled, "Hints to Brainy Sleuths." Thus equipped, he began to search the room. While he was doing this, the Colonel, whose wrath had now cooled down, looked at him in wonder, and when the great detective gave a shout, he rushed forward to see what he had discovered.

When he came up to the great detective, the Colonel saw that he was pointing to a muddy mark on the carpet. "Do you see that mark?" said the detective, "well from that, I know what has happened to your jewel. It has been stolen." The Colonel was amazed at such intelligence, and gazed in admiration at the great detective, who had now jumped out of the window, which luckily was on the ground floor, and was following the footprints down the garden path, when he almost knocked down an oak tree.

While the great detective was sitting wondering why the stars had suddenly come out in the daytime, a servant came up to the Colonel and said, "Please sir, Mr. I. D. Iddle, the jeweller, has sent back the pearl you sent to be reset." When he heard this, the Colonel glanced anxiously at the great detective, hoping he had been too dazed to understand what the servant said. But alas, the great detective had overheard everything, and now with his face white with rage, was about to hurl himself on the Colonel, who had wasted his precious time, by sending him on a wild-goose trail. Just then, however, the servant again interrupted, and said to the Colonel, "Please, sir, I hope you will excuse me for making the mark on the dining-room carpet; but when I was watering the plants, one of them fell, and all the wet earth scattered over the carpet, and although I cleaned it well, there was still a muddy mark left."

A. J. (III.—B.c.)

On the Dole.

Dear Sir,

I am Yuan. It is for my personal benefit that I write for a position in your honourable firm.

I have a flexible brain which will adapt itself to your business and in consequence bring good efforts to your honourable selves. My education was impressed upon me in Pekin University, in which place I graduated Number One. I can drive type with good noise and my English is great.

My references are of the good, and should you hope to see me they will be read by you with great pleasure.

My last job has left itself from me, for the good reason that the large man has dead. It was on account of no fault of mine.

So honourable sirs, what about it? If I can be of big use to you I will arrive on some date that you should guess.

I am,

Yours respectively,

J. A. M'F. (VI.—B.)

K. T. YUAN.

With Apologies to Shakespeare.

The forces of the strap, they are not strain'd;
It droppeth like a thunderbolt from heaven
Upon the hand beneath; it is much cursed;
It hurteth less who gives than he who takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it rebukes
The naughty schoolboy better than can words;
The strap doth show the force of bodily power
The instrument of deadly pain and torture
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of boys;
We wish we were above this painful sway;
We are indeed of optimistic hope.
Each teacher is a modern Hercules
And his arm's power doth then show likest him
When strapping seasons justice. Thus it is
Though innocence were all thy plea, just think
All teachers know the wiles of cunning youth,
And know their duty: you do beg for mercy
And that some prayer should teach you to lie low
While class is in. I have but spoken thus
To teach discretion to you and your friends
Just now it is too late, hold out your hand—
But let us draw a curtain o'er the scene.

T. E. W.

VI.—B. would like to Know:—

Who is the teacher who will persist in classifying a small gentlemanly cough as a "bark," and who is always worrying about the welfare of "Bella"?

Who is the enlightened classical master who brightens up our dreary Livy with such vivid translations as, "A Carthaginian was once arrested at Rome on the ground that he made a plot on the Campus Martius"?

Who is the distinguished philosopher in the School who gives us pupils such examples of his profound thought as, "The slow development of the human mind is a wonderful thing"?

If the "General Strike" accomplished anything of greater moment than the cancelling of our School Sports?

If the ladies of the Sixth have lost all taste in adorning their sanctuary in Room 48. We have regretted the loss of the usual gay posies on the window-sills for the last month?

[*Ed.*—The absence of button-holes from certain members of VI.—B. has been conspicuous for the same period.]

If it is not possible for certain patricians of the Upper School to do away with the utterly plebeian headgear, the "hooka"? We are now able to suggest a "snap-brim"?

If exams. are of such small value that a teacher can afford to forget all about them on two separate occasions?

If, when writing his massive "History of Rome," the Admirable Creighton saw in it a possible treasure of light Latin Exercises for our Upper School? Nevertheless, his heavy Latin jokes, such as the "Curius Turnips," will go down to posterity.

If any pupil could enlighten us on a problem which one day perplexed one of our Bible teachers, viz., "Was MacAdam a Jew or an Aberdonian"?

If a weekly test can be classified as an examination?

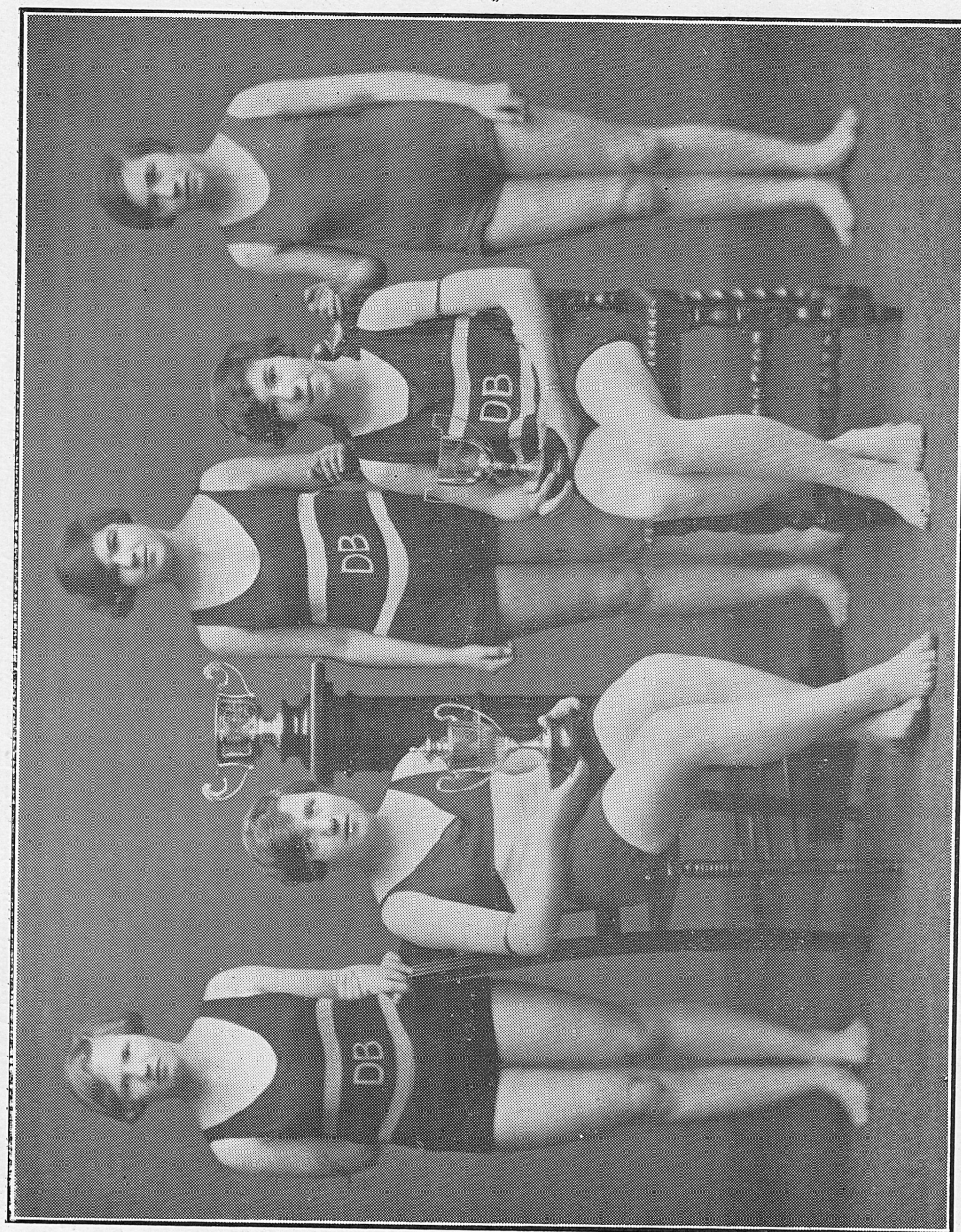
If certain young gentlemen of the Upper School know that the "Palmolive Soap Company" are still offering a large genuine Gillette safety razor along with a tube of their own shaving soap for the mere trifle of 1s. 6d.?

If a juvenile member of VI.—B. knows that a suitable successor for Rudolph has arrived at Hollywood?

If doctors are agreed that chalk is a brain-food, as borne out by the fact that several teachers like to taste their chalk before writing on the board?

Why a venerable teacher tried to condemn a young lady of "plunking" because she had "missed her bus"?

If the bright "spark" who put up the notice requesting "all those possessing wings to hand them in at the gym.," thought that the pupils of Whitehill had become angels?



Helen Hislop.

Catherine Burns.

Isabel Anderson.

Margaret Gibson.

Nettie Burns.

GIRLS' SWIMMING TEAM.



GROUP OF PLAYERS IN "MR. COLLINS'S WOOING."

17TH JUNE, 1926.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. W. H. M'GREGOR.

Names from left to right:—Daisy A. Clark (Mrs. Hill, Housekeeper), May W. Black (Lydia), Margt. V. Tudhope (Elizabeth), Wm. B. Inglis (Mr. Bennet), Olive C. Campbell (Mrs. Bennet), Thos. Fulton (Rev. Mr. Collins), Nancy H. C. Logan (Charlotte Lucas), Ethel M'Cutcheon (Mary).

Higher English Paper—Year 1937.

COMPOSITION.—“But O the heavy change, now thou art gone.”

Write an essay on the results of the withdrawal from currency of the threepenny piece.

LITERATURE.—“Yet he doth give us bold advertisement

That with our small conjunction we should on.”

From your reading, what do you know of Shakespeare's views on (a), electric sky-signs; and (b), the horrors of English grammar?

ETYMOLOGY.—“Of twenty year of age he was, I gesse.”

Discuss the mutual influences of middle English and American.

LITERARY CRITICISM.—Discuss the relative merits of

(a) The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Dammus Barkon.

(b) Mr. Piffle's Love Story.

(c) The Sacrifice of Sara.

Three Tales.

Away alluring pleasure and delight
That I may think and write some verse to-night,
Some verse whereby that dear old rhyme of mice,
May seem a classic and appear more nice.

Ye ken the tale about wee beasties three,
Wha' were sae sleekit and sae weel could flee,
Wha' saw a wife and gan her chase wi' glee,
And so she hackit a' their tailies three.
The puir blin' mice.

So now the tale of three blind mice is told.
Casibianca had a heart of gold.
A puir wee lad whose faither sailed the seas,
Was on the boat when it went a' ableeze,
His faither deed, the lad stayed a' alane,
The boatie sank, the laddie made nae mane
The puir wee lad.

Now listen to the tale of Mary's lamb
Which grew to such a fine and sturdy ram.
A wee bit lassie had a bonnie lamb,
Her name was Mary, his was only Sam.
He lo'ed her as a dear fond lover may,
And followed her to the schule ane day.
The silly lamb.

B. M. S.

Our Serial Story.

SYLVIA ARDINE'S HUBBY.

By an unavoidable accident, this instalment has become interspersed with items of news and general interest.

It was evening,—cold, dank, miserable,—and to S. Ardine, fishmonger, of 99 Findon Street, Auchenshuggle, came the awful questioning of conscience—searching, probing. Had he, the accused, been in a perfectly sober condition on the evening of the 31st ult? Would he not be considered guilty, by a British jury, of committing a breach of the peace by smashing in the head of Silas Junker, tarboiler, of Carron Road, Wigan, with one of his wife's home-baked scones? Ingredients—one egg (shelled), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. margarine, 1 teacup of milk; add and subtract the square of half the coefficient of x; tune in on 537.65 metres; soak in cold water for four hours and apply with the left elbow to the offending ear; a certain cure will result.

Yes, he was dead, old Junker, and he had killed him. Too well he remembered the ghastly details, too well,—the huddled heap leaning against the sideboard, the red blood soaking into the thick pile of the carpet, the lethal weapon unsoftened by the precious drops. Five minutes before old Junker had been blithely discussing the result of the three-thirty, and now he was dead, dead! In the inner circle it is not expected that he will take part in Saturday's league match—dead!

Still deep in thought he turned off to the left, past dull grey houses with chimneys swathed in fog, towards home—and Sylvia. His footsteps quickened, and he soon arrived in front of his own house, into which, having found the keyhole at the third attempt, he entered.

Now he was standing in the hall, and Sylvia was coming downstairs to meet him. How lovely she was! And in conclusion, my dears, to be really chic, you must powder. Now she was beside him, close beside him.

"But you are late, George," she said.

"Detained at the office, dear," was the mysterious reply. Good results can only be obtained by the use of a rolling-pin.

Her eyes flashed. "You—!" she began.

"Sh, sh sh—!" broke in her husband, "We are not alone. Look yonder!" She looked.

It was moving, there, behind the curtain, ruffling the scarlet folds. It was approaching her, it was nearing the opening, now it was visible—a lean, tapering hand, white, with talon-like nails, and, in the slender, steely fingers—a silver-plated automatic!

She gasped. The curtain quivered, and a figure emerged, short, emaciated. A Clipper's message states that members of a troupe of performing monkeys have escaped. She recognised him at once; it was Spottem, of Scotland Yard. Her husband knew him of old.

"I've got you this time, Ardine!" he snarled.

Mrs. Ardine hissed. The culprit himself was obviously moved. His face turned to the shade of an unripe apple. "The pea-green incorruptible" his associates used to call him. Household Hint. The green excrescence so formed may be removed by brisk application of a cloth soaked in equal parts of turpentine and ammonia. He was a man of many crimes, but, thank heaven, Spottem could not yet know his latest. He waited for the great man to speak, nor did he wait long.

"Denial is useless," barked the detective. "I have certain knowledge of your dastardly crime. My witnesses can prove that, on Friday, umpteenth ult., you bought or obtained, at 8.3 p.m., one ten packet of 'Prize Crop.' "

The crimnal groaned; his wife sobbed.

Spottem was calm and resolute, even in the moment of his greatest triumph. He took one step forward, opened the street door, and motioned to two arms of the law who were supporting the gable of a nearby tavern. In a trice, Sylvia Ardine was gazing sorrowfully down the darkening street at the retreating figure of her husband, his progress somewhat impeded by the presence of an extra arm on either side. A later message announces the capture of another of the escaped monkeys.

Do not miss next month's enthralling episode!

Misprint (V.)

America Cuts out the Trimmings.

Say, Meg, settle around and connect for Ah'm gonna spill a bibful. This boy don't hang around a jane for nix, so tune in to what Ah'm gonna sling across. You sure are a dinkie little skirt and a bo can't help hitting the high spots over yuh. Guess I'd be a reg'lar dumbell if Ah didn't rechernize you sure are a good looker, and fall for yuh. And that ain't no banana oil, nither.

Sweetie, the boys call me a reg'lar he-man and no dog-gone lounge-lizard. No bohunk in li'l' ol' N'York could hand this child the lemon. I got a big gas waggon and a real natty 'bus, a two-seater flipper. I got a big dollar factory on Wall Street, City, a pot show in Fifth Av., and a swell doss-house in Long Island. I ain't no John D., but 'tween you and me, I could buy up half the tinpot nibs in Europe. If I hitched up with any dame I could give her a fine time, hit her with a snappy little mile-eater, swell rig-outs, and let her boss my shack and the people. I ain't shy with the coin; I don't buck at a few green-backs. I could provide old Liberty of Noo Yark Harbour with a nifty rig-out, and never feel no draught.

I sure am gone on you Meg. Ah go all goosey where I keep ma wallet when I glimpse yuh, and I wanna peck yuh where you park your gum. I don't want a sloppy mammy-pet female. No, I'm sure smit with a sartain high-stepping skirt full to the peepsies of pep and beans, and that dame's you. So what about me and you seein' a preacher, Meg old gal?

Spearment (V.)

An Encounter.

Passing maid, you caught my eye,
That roamed around and would have stayed you
To take my salute, but my
Passing made you

Call all your woman's pride to aid you,
A withering glance, a head tossed high;
Resource that never yet betrayed you,

And so you swept divinely by;
But I, in sooth, dare not upbraid you
Since I am timorous and shy
Passing May Dew.

(VI.—B.)

To Sassenachs.

The best way to eat a haggis at a Caledonian dinner is as follows:—

Take a sharp knife in the right hand. Flourish a fork in the left, and distract the attention of your intended victim. Then suddenly stab the haggis to the heart, when it will deflate like a balloon. Now rip out the thread in the haggis, as it is impossible to cut its skin. Devour the interior, a greyish mass, and pretend to be enjoying it. When finished, say grace for its soul and a prayer for your own. Slip the unused skins into your pocket. They can be used as skins for drums, as mementoes, or for boot-leather. It may interest you to know that the haggis is no relation of the porridges, but is a cousin of the brose, and a direct descendant of the golden eagle.

Scot (V.)

A Simple Tale.

He was standing on the pavement in the gloaming of the day.
He was smiling rather sadly—he was thinking of his home,
Of the crooked, soot-clad building up whose stairs he loved to roam,
And the narrow, dirty alley where he used to run and play.

He was leaning on the gable, now, and waiting for the dawn,
Then he'd get some victuals—pilfer them, or earn them, if he could;
Perhaps a cheering bowl of soup—at least, some bit of food—
The night was growing colder, and the rain was coming on.

He was lying in the gutter in the dawning of the day.
He was smiling rather sadly, as he lay, dead as a stone.
When the big policeman found him he was chill, right to the bone;
So they put him on a barrow, and they trundled him away.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir,

For many years I have been deeply interested in the welfare and progress of that noble organisation for the advancement of all manly qualities—Whitehill School. To me, an enthusiastic observer of its methods, its changing fashions, its wide associations, and especially of its pupils, progress seemed to be both rapid and continuous; until, one day, passing down Whitehill Street, at 8.55 a.m.—at which time, I believe, the pupil should be within the portals of the great building—I perceived, to my sorrow, entering by the eastern gate, two youths, wearing that uncouth and obtrusive form of headgear, which, among frequenters of such base places of amusement as Celtic Park, is designated by that highly undignified, yet eminently descriptive title of “bunnet.”

Imagine my feelings, sir! For many anxious months devoted members of the staff, the more artistic of the pupils, all the true friends of the School, had considered, invented, suggested, and rejected designs, numerous and fanciful, from purple and scarlet panels to orange and violet circles, until, finally, after tremendous effort and repeated failure, there emerged that beautiful and appropriate design that we all know so well. Yet these thoughtless rascals, those ungrateful nincompoops, those brainless idiots, may I call them, held so low an opinion of this good work, that they had rejected the fruits of the toil by which they should have gained. And, sir, their wretched example is being followed! Only the other day, I saw with disgust a group of young fools similarly mis-clad.

I appeal to you, sir, and to all those under whose notice this protest may come, to exert your profound influence to exterminate, if not the culprits themselves, at least the habit, which must be extremely displeasing, if not positively offensive, to all well-wishers of the School. And to the misguided young fellows, those of weak intellect, of puny mentality, I say, “Go to a dance in dinner-jacket with white tie if you must, play rugby in pyjamas if you will; but don’t, please don’t come to School in your big brother’s ‘bunnet’!”

I am, etc.,

S. O. DASCONE.

A Complaint.

Can’t we have more accommodation in Whitehill? I am generally nabbed by stair “cops,” and have to hang my coat on the electric light switches. Even the door handle is engaged.

Mutt. (III.—B.c.)

The Rugby Victim.

"We're on the road, on the road to anywhere."

That is the feeling embodied by the figures that may be seen toiling along the Canal banks every Saturday morning. But, although they turn up with enthusiastic regularity, they do not seem to be over zealous in their expeditions. In fact, they seem like men going to meet death, not with any feelings of glorious martyrdom, but rather with an expression of conscious suicide. Their abject appearance certainly piques our curiosity and we follow in their footsteps to find the reason of their dolorous expression.

Along the Canal they wend their sorrowful way. Perhaps the gloomy walls of the Prison affect them. They wonder what friends lie chained behind those threatening bars, which seem to menace them with a nameless threat. As they leave the frowning edifice behind, however, they throw off their dark fears. The sweet odours of the country arouse new thoughts within. Why should they die, when they might enjoy themselves in other spheres? Why should they not leave the old life behind them—the old life of knocks and blows? The lure of the country is calling them, but then they remember their promise, so rashly taken, when the chastisement of stripes was still hot upon them. So on they go.

Suddenly, a strange odour is wafted across their path by the wandering breeze. They are passing some old sheds. Someone says it is caused by the roasting of the flesh of those who had trodden the same road before them. Another declares it to be a smell, quite common to the farm, the smell of pigs. But such a suggestion is absurd. Is not bacon obtained from the pig? A voice answers that Bacon certainly is a pig. At anyrate, farm-life is made up of everything sweet; only that life they had left behind could engender such foul vapours. So they slink by in fear and trembling, feeling their aches augment their fears.

They proceed at a saunter, which seems habitual to them. Visions of life in all its beauty, away from that hated city, father of all their woes, rise before them, but that rash promise holds them back from their fulfilment. They mount an old stone bridge with all appearances of exhaustion; but suddenly they stop, they gaze eagerly, and then burst forth into a triumphant shout. Breathlessly we hurry from the rear to find the cause of excitement. Below us stretches what was a field, but now a muddy pond, from whose waters protrude poles stuck into the ground in a definite order. What is there in such an innocent scene to provoke their hilarity? As we listen, the medley of confused shouts gradually blend into the one triumphant cry,

"Hurray, the match will be put off."

"Longfellow" (IV.—B.)

A Tragedy of the Coal Strike.

A house-wife to the main street bound,
Cries "Coalman, do not tarry,
I'll give you now a golden pound,
A bag of coal to carry."

Out spoke the hardy coalman bold,
"I'll go, though I'm hard wrought,
It only is your gaudy gold,
That tempts me to do aught."

"Oh! haste, you, haste," the lady sobs,
"Though strikers are beside,
I'll meet the raging of the mobs,
But not a cold fireside."

And still they climbed amidst the roar
Of voices fast prevailing;
At last he reached the top flat door,
And leaned against the railing.

For sore dismayed, with grime and shade,
His pound he did discover,
Had fallen down his trouser leg,
And now was gone for ever.

J. M. (III.—B.a.)

II.—G.a.

There is a class that's known to all,
For mischief and for fun,
Though every day they're spoken to,
They still bring tasks undone.

In it some worried girls do sit,
Endeav'ring to relate,
Th' adventures of some warrior bold,
Or puzzling battle's date.

But some of them perchance may dream
Of castles in the air,
Such girls incur their teacher's wrath,
And make them tear their hair.

We've earned a bad name in the school,
Which we must all live down,
And then we may our teachers meet,
Without the usual frown.

W. M'D. (II.—G.a.)

Tripe and Onions, but mostly Tripe.

Headline on News Poster.—“Woman Bookmaker’s 500 Lines.” Our office-boy, a consistent late-comer, sympathises with her.

“MacBeth” is called one of Shakespeare’s greatest tragedies. We doubly endorse this statement.

Officially, it is denied that Beethoven composed “That certain Party.” The real author is said to be Handel.

A certain literary man translates the French “Sauve qui pe ut,” as “Learn young, learn fair.” We believe that it means “A stitch in time is worth two in the bush.”

A heart attack, says a doctor, may sometimes be fatal. Usually, its worst effect is marriage.

A new disease, Phlidamhelopsia, is said to have been so named by a navvy. A would-be humourist suggests that the discoverer was walking along the road, searching for a name for the disease, when the navvy hit his thumb with a hammer.

Napoleon, alive, harassed the English. Napoleon, dead, is harassing the English children, who have to know all about him.

