



F. A. Swaine.

Photo.

LIEUT.-COL. W. R. IZAT, R.E., D.S.O.

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Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Izat, R.E., D.S.O.

WE have pleasure in presenting to our readers, with this number of the *Magazine*, the portrait of a very distinguished officer of the Royal Engineers, who took an active and important part in the war. In the early nineties of last century, William Rennie Izat, eldest surviving son of Alexander Izat, Esq., of Ballalisk, was a very well-known and much-esteemed pupil of Dollar Academy, being equally to the front in the class-room and the athletic field. On completing his studies at the Academy, he entered the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, from which he passed out second, and took a commission in the Royal Engineers on 31st December 1896. With this regiment he went to India on 1st April 1899, and was two years with the Malakand Force in the Swat Valley, in the military works' department, and sappers and miners. After this he was with the Indian State Railways until September 1914, when he was recalled to England for the war. He was with the 26th Division, Royal Engineers, in France and Salonica, until August 1917, when he was granted a well-earned leave, and came home in the expectation of having a good time of rest and enjoyment. On arriving at Ballalisk, where the family were in residence at the time, he found a letter waiting for him, ordering him to France at once. It was, however, too late for the boat, and he had a little respite of a fortnight before he could get another. He then went as C.R.E. (Commandant, Royal Engineers), 74th Division, to Palestine, in the advance on Jerusalem. He was recalled to France, with the same Division, in March 1918, and served with it at the front till the Armistice was signed on 11th November. He was mentioned in dispatches on 23rd March 1917, 28th November 1917, and 8th November 1918, and gazetted D.S.O. on 1st January 1918, and Brevet Lieut.-Colonel (Birthday Honour), 3rd January 1918.

It is interesting and very gratifying to note that Lieut.-Colonel W. R. Izat now holds the important position of Chief Engineer on the Bengal North-Western Railway, Goratupur, United Provinces, India, one of the appointments held by his father for the long period of twenty-three years. We heartily wish him long life and good health to follow in his father's footsteps.

A Vision of Peace.

IT is good in these days to dwell from time to time upon some memory associated only with peace ; to call up some tranquil picture as a contrast to the lurid vision of death and destruction to which the world of to-day has become used.

For myself, I like to summon from the past the vision of the old village schoolmaster—a vision that belongs to an age which has gone for ever. When I knew him I was very young, and he seemed already venerable. To picture him as a young man, or as in any way different from the white-haired, placid, precise, and courteous dominie, is even now impossible.

His dress became him, and seemed to belong to his personality, for I never remember his wearing anything but a suit of black, a white tie, and a soft, semi-clerical hat. He spoke with an accent rather broad, but softened by the gentleness of his voice, and sharing in the charm of his words.

Sound teacher I believe he was—firm, kind, and well beloved ; but most of his acquaintances knew him best as a genial philosopher and a cultured poet. As for his philosophy, he derived it from the Good Book, and it shone from him upon all his humble circumstances, and beautified the simplicity of his environment.

Nature was his study—the sunny hillside, the green meadows by the shining river, where he might hear the trout jumping and the harsh note of the heron flapping down stream to try another pool. “Gladly would he learn and gladly teach.” If you shared his walk with him, you came home wiser by a new insight into the busy, quiet, but ever changing life of wild Nature.

His poetry was part of the man, a natural blossoming of his mind. To read it was to talk with him, hearing his courteous, slowly spoken words ; to stroll with him while the birds sang in the woods, or to sit upon the bench in his little garden where sunlight glowed amongst the brightest, warmest tinted flowers, and bees and butterflies worked or sported as if aware that this was the domain of one whose eyes took delight in them, and whose heart loved them.

N. K. H.

The Ministers of Dollar Parish Subsequent to the Reformation.

BY REV. W. B. R. WILSON.

REV. JOHN GRAY (*continued*).

THE last abnormal contribution which helped to swell the total of the Dollar people's givings for 1736 was collected on Sabbath, 19th December 1736. On this date, the record states, after mentioning that the ordinary collection for that day had amounted to £1. 16s. Scots: "Eodem die, there was collected eight pounds Scots money as a Contribution appointed by the presbyytrie of Stirling to be made for one James Crichtoun in the parish of Clackmannan, who had his house and housold furniture brunt by fire when he and his family were attending on ye Lord's day at Communion in Tulliallan." This kindly interest in the distresses and calamities of neighbours seems to have been a general, as it certainly is a most creditable feature of the social life of the Scottish people in the eighteenth century, a fact which is strikingly illustrated by the columns in the same Session book, from which I have already quoted, which describe the way in which the church collections were allocated from week to week by the elders.

Thus, first of all I find that assistance to passing tramps (as we now call them) seems in eighteenth-century Scotland to have been a routine part of the elder's duties on the Sabbath. For example, in 1734, on no fewer than fourteen Sabbath days, I read that from two to six shillings Scots were allocated to persons who had apparently attended church, and waited on the Session at the close of the service, and who are described as poor strangers, poor suppliants, a poor dumb man, and so forth. On one occasion, indeed, no fewer than six such strangers were relieved, and received no less a sum than £1. 8s. Scots. It is suggestive of a large amount of brotherly feeling as prevailing among our country people at this time that the church gave such ready and sympathetic heed to the poor suppliant strangers who solicited her help. In 1735 the demands thus made were even greater than in 1734. For there were in that year no fewer than twenty-two Sabbaths on which the elders had to do with these expectant tramps, one of whom is described as a poor blind man. In 1736 the stranger poor seem to have been even more frequent in their appeals, for in this year no fewer than twenty-eight Sabbaths are marked as having been signalled by the allocation of the church's bounty to these needy

suppliants. One of these Sabbaths was the communion Sabbath of which I have already spoken. And on this occasion, along with other benefactions given to the poor of the parish and district, who were known and named in the record, the Session adds the suggestive statement: "*Item*: To ye Common beggars y' attended of the Sacrament six pounds Scots money." One gathers from that statement that a communion in rural Scotland was a sort of rallying ground for the class we now call tramps; a fact which shows that the Church had then a relation to the outcast poor which she has since lost.

Other needy persons who were thus helped by church funds include the following: "22 Feby. 1734 To a student in divinity six pounds Scots," and "October 30th 1734 There was distributed by the Session to the highland bursar one pound and ten shillings Scots money."

Of course, though the Session was thus generous in ministering to the wants of persons outside their jurisdiction, so to speak, the greater part of the sums they distributed was reserved for their own parish poor, about a score of whom are named as receiving, from time to time, doles to assist them in their need. Then on more than one occasion we read of rent being paid, and a loan given to persons in extremity. And in another case we learn that a coffin had to be provided for the burial of one of the Dollar poor. A few other of the disbursements of the Session were such as the following: Sept. 2nd, 1734, "To the Kirk Officer, five pounds Scots as his dues for ye year." "*Item* to the Synod Clerk one pound ten shillings Scots"; also April 4th, 1735, "To the Synod Clerk, one pound and ten shillings, Scots; *Item*, to the presbytrie clerk, four pounds, Scots; *Item*, to the presbytrie officer, one pound five shillings Scots"; and again, "July 20th 1735, To the Kirk Officer for his dues ys year four pounds Scots." Furthermore, in 1736 we read again on the 18th April, "Distributed by the Session to the Synod Clerk for the dews belonging to him, two last Synods, three pounds Scots money. *Item*, to the presbytrie Clerk four pounds Scots; *Item*, to the presbytrie officer one pound and ten shillings, Scots." Later in the year, on the 5th June, I read the following interesting item: "There was given out of ye poor's box by the Elders one pound and eight shillings Scots money for a pewter plate to collect the poor money in." It is further interesting to notice that in connection with the disbursements that accompanied the memorable communion of 1736, the following items appear: "August 10th 1736 Distributed by the Session to Mr John Ritchie, Schoolmaster, two pounds Scots money for his work in putting up the tent and table boards at ye sacrament: *Item*, to

William Draysdale, Kirk Officer, two pounds for his work, as also four pounds Scots money for his salary for this year."

I cannot doubt that to an intelligent and sympathetic reader the facts I have grouped together in the above paragraphs, must suggest the existence in the Dollar of that period of a large amount of brotherly and kindly sentiment, which speaks well for the morals of the community, if not for its religious life.

And now to return to Mr Gray and his closing years in the parish. As I have already mentioned, he married very late in life. The exact date I have not been able to ascertain. As, however, his only daughter, Jean Gray, was born in February 1741, and as he himself died in 1745, it seems likely that it may have been in 1739 or 1740. The lady who became Mrs Gray was a Miss Sophia Steedman, and was herself a daughter of the manse, her father having been the Rev. John Steedman, of the Tron Church, Edinburgh. Mr Steedman was himself the son of a minister. This Robert Steedman had suffered as a Covenanter, and was restored to his parish after the Revolution. He had married into a county family, and it would appear from the fact that Mrs Gray's brother was a colonel in the Dutch service, that the Steedman family had some claim to aristocratic connection even in the second generation. Mrs Gray seems to have been about thirty years of age at her marriage, which probably did not last more than six years. Her daughter, Jean, seems to have gained more distinction than her mother, as I understand that in an eighteenth-century compilation her life has been sketched as an example of Scottish piety and generosity. I have myself seen a summary of that life in an old church magazine, where I learned that she was born in 1742 in Dollar Manse, and died in 1792, much admired as a beautiful and generous Christian character.

I have now brought to a close my long and meticulous study of the incumbency of the Rev. John Gray, and I trust, as the result of my investigation, I have helped to make clearer and more intelligible to the readers of to-day what was the type of social and religious life that prevailed in Dollar in the first half of the eighteenth century.

FINIS.

Glasgow Dollar Academy Club.

FIFTH ANNUAL DINNER.

THE Fifth Annual Dinner of the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club took place in the Grosvenor Restaurant, on Tuesday, 2nd December. About fifty gentlemen attended, over whom Sir William H. Raeburn, M.P., presided; and Dr John Cram acted as croupier. The guests included:—

Sir William H. Raeburn,
M.P.
A. H. Briggs Constable,
K.C.
Richard Malcolm.
S. J. L. Hardie.
Charles S. Dougall.
William Maclean.
John Mowat.
Alexander Brand.
Hugh Lamberton.
R. R. Marshall.
C. M. Walker.
J. Wilson Penman.
T. B. Anderson.
R. M. Pringle.

Neil C. Lamberton.
G. H. Paulin.
W. T. S. Cairns.
H. W. Dinwiddie,
John Patrick.
D. C. Walker.
G. A. Duthie.
Richard Somerville.
C. B. Low.
M. L. Jamieson.
W. J. Johnston.
Allan Pearson.
W. Robertson.
R. Hunter.
H. E. B. Neilson.

R. M'Lachlan.
J. L. H. Harris.
R. L. J. Henderson.
Thos. Henderson.
C. R. Dougall.
W. E. Fulton.
Wm. Jeffrey.
J. E. Young.
A. S. Middleton.
John Cram.
Herbert C. Sloan.
J. Hally Craig.
J. Middleton.
John MacGill.
D. M'Kechnie.

After the Royal Toast had been submitted by the Chairman, Mr CHARLES S. DOUGALL, M.A., Rector of Dollar Academy, proposed the toast of "The Imperial Forces." Alluding to the war, he said that once again in her history Britons had proved that Britain's sons and daughters were able to face and overcome any odds, however great, for the sake of freedom, justice, and truth. There might have been mistakes made, but there was never any doubt as to the issue when the long day of strife drew to a close. The toast included every man who fought, irrespective of class, situation, or occupation—men who were ready to respond to the call of the Empire in the day of her distress and danger. Referring to the men who fought and who belonged to Dollar Academy, he admitted that his record was somewhat incomplete, but, nevertheless, it contained some 800 names of men and women who were engaged in the country's service during the last five years. They were engaged in every branch of the service, but, of course, the great majority were in the line regiments. There were 33 in the Royal Air Force, and about a score in the Navy. Several of the girls educated at Dollar Academy distinguished themselves, and earned decorations in the nursing service. Of the 800, no fewer than 156 proved their loyalty by laying down their lives. He thought that was an unusually large proportion, but he found that secondary schools had, as a rule, a

large proportion. Dollar Academy boys had played their part in filling up vacancies caused by the casualties among the officers in the early days of the war. It was a singular coincidence that almost the same number of Dollar boys had gained distinctions as those who had laid down their lives. The one was 156 and the other was 152. One boy, a native of Clackmannan, who joined in 1914 and died in November 1918, rose to be colonel of his regiment. Hundreds of others who joined the ranks gained commissions, and many also rose to be majors, and got ribbons, including the Military Medal, Military Cross with bar, and Distinguished Service Order with bar.

Colonel S. J. LINDSAY HARDIE, D.S.O., who acknowledged the compliment, said that in the Great War they had only done their duty. They were faced with an enemy, and it was a case of defending their own homes. While he was associated with the 7th Argylls, he had a number of old Dollar boys serving with him, and he paid a warm tribute to their keen, energetic, enthusiastic, and cheerful manner on the field.

Mr A. H. BRIGGS CONSTABLE, K.C., Sheriff of Caithness, Orkney, and Shetland, in a racy and reminiscent speech, proposed "The Glasgow Dollar Academy Club." At the outset, he said he supposed that, like their Edinburgh Club and other such societies elsewhere, they had been for the past few years in a state of suspended animation, but, judging from the gathering that evening, they seemed to be starting out fresh and vigorous to carry on, and he desired to wish them all prosperity in their efforts to promote good fellowship and friendly intercourse between all men who could claim the proud privilege of being an old Dollar boy. He always felt there was something extremely interesting about the gathering of old School friends. It brought back with vividness scenes and incidents of the past as if they were but yesterday. After some personal recollections of his early life at Dollar Academy, Mr Constable remarked that he did not think there was a place in the world where, within a week's notice, they could not get a goodly gathering of old Dollar boys. While Dollar Academy drew its pupils from every part of the world, there had always been a specially strong contingent from Glasgow. It was therefore not surprising that they in Glasgow had such a flourishing and successful Club. Long might they continue to keep love in the hearts of the old Dollar boys—that love for the fine old School to which they owed so much. He coupled the toast with the name of Sir W. H. Raeburn, and at the same time congratulated the Club on having such an able man in the chair. He had been long known to them all as one of the leaders of the leading industry in this country, and he had now added to the high

responsibilities of his ordinary business that of chairman of the greatest harbour undertaking in the country, and further, the most onerous burden of representing in Parliament one of the largest industrial constituencies.

Sir WILLIAM H. RAEBURN, M.P., in reply, said he thought he was the oldest Dollar boy present. His time went back to 1866-67. His friend, Mr Constable, was a mere child to that. He had kept up his connection with Dollar Academy through the former pupils. In some reminiscences he said he remembered two or three boys in Dr Milne's house, talking about what they were going to be and to do when they went out into the world. Of that little group, all had passed into the Great Unknown, except himself and John Knox, who was still in London, and who was, until lately, Secretary of the London Dollar Club. The other evening he attended one of the biggest dinner functions he had ever attended in his life—the Institute of Marine Engineers—and an old Dollar boy came forward and shook him by the hand, saying, "You don't know me"; but I said, "Yes, you're Adamson." Old impressions were a great pleasure to one in a life such as he was leading. It was delightful sometimes to get into a reverie after one had been sitting in the House of Commons for hour after hour, wearied to death with long speeches. He had had a great many people coming to him in the House and saying you are an old Dollar boy, did you know so-and-so? He thought the *Dollar Magazine* had done a very great deal to bring back such recollections. It was an admirable journal. He knew from friends all over the world that they looked forward with keen anticipation to the *Dollar Magazine*. He thanked Mr Constable for the kind personal words he had used in proposing his health. He felt he had been an unworthy President, but as their Secretary knew, he had tried to do his best, notwithstanding that his time was so much occupied. Any thing he could do to further the interest of Dollar Academy would be cheerfully undertaken, and would give him the greatest pleasure. He regarded such gatherings as most useful and most delightful.

DEMPSTER GOLF TROPHY.

The Dempster Golf Trophy, which was won by Major John H. Lamberton, was at this stage presented by the Chairman, who, in doing so, expressed the opinion that they should give something to the winner of the cup which he could retain as a memento. He would be very glad to present such a prize himself.

Dr JOHN CRAM, the croupier, proposed the "Memory of Captain John M'Nabb and Dollar Academy," and recalled once again their

gratitude to Captain John M'Nabb, the founder of the School. He emphasised the Educational value of the Academy in the inculcation of patriotism and citizenship, so necessary adjuncts in the training of officers for the forces during the war. He thought that old pupils of Dollar Academy, and those connected with the Academy in other respects, distinguished themselves in a way that could never be forgotten. In spite of its centenary celebration last year, he was proud to think that the School was still continuing as strong and as capable and adaptable as ever. It certainly had great difficulties in the face of it, but they believed that out of these difficulties and misfortunes would come great triumphs. The experiences Dollar Academy had passed through since last they met were due to the financial, economic, and monetary changes the war had brought about, and, still more, the Educational Revolution which had taken place within the last year or two. It had brought difficulties which it would not be easy for the Governors to face, but they had no doubt there were men there able and willing to provide for the necessities of the School, and to start it off upon a new career of usefulness. There was, he thought, one gentleman who had well earned the right to reply for Dollar Academy. Dollar Academy had recently celebrated its centenary, and for more than half of that period ex-Provost Malcolm had been associated with it in various capacities, first as ladies' English master, and from that he moved to be head English master, and there he remained until he sought retirement. That did not afford sufficient outlet for his energies, and he entered the Town Council of Dollar, rising to be Provost. Later, he entered the Dollar Academy Board, and recently he was promoted to the chairmanship. The Board was face to face to-day with one of the most difficult questions it had ever had to face. Most of them, however, had sufficient confidence in the School to believe that its usefulness in the future would be greater than in the past. They had every confidence that under the able leadership of Mr Malcolm, the Governors would be able to bring the School successfully out of its present difficulty. He coupled the toast with the name of Provost Malcolm.

Ex-Provost RICHARD MALCOLM, Chairman of the Governors, in responding, thanked Dr Cram for the kind words he had said about himself. He was proud of the honour which his colleagues on the Board of Governors had done him in appointing him their chairman. They were met to-night in honour of the Academy, the Alma Mater of men who had been and were distinguished as scholars and legislators, and in almost every walk of life, all over the world; and to-day it was well equipped, finely organised, ably conducted, and abundantly prosperous. The boarding houses were full to overflowing, and the

work in the School went on pleasantly, "with aspiring study and inspiring sport." Altogether, he thought they might congratulate themselves upon the success which was attending their efforts there to-day. It was quite true that 1919 would be long remembered as an important year in the history of Dollar Academy. The centenary celebrations lasted for three days. The festivities were well arranged by Mr Dougall, and were a complete success. The order, harmony, and fine feeling displayed were all that could be desired, and the impression that was left was of the very finest. In fact, he had looked forward from the celebrations down a long vista of sessions in which the high reputation of the Academy would be maintained and extended; but the 1918 Education Act, with its consequent increase of expenditure, had disturbed his day dreams. The scales of salaries demanded now were so great that their revenue was not able to meet what was required in order to pay the excellent staff they had at present. The Governors had applied to the Education Department in London to see what grants could be given, in order that they might be able to continue and keep Dollar Academy at the high standard which it had; but the answer received was to the effect that the Governors should apply to the Education Authority of the county of Clackmannan, which they did, and received for answer that the deficit would not be made up by them unless the Academy was transferred to them. That was their position to-day. He thought it was a very great hardship indeed that they should require to begin negotiations with the Clackmannan Education Authority as they had done, and he did hope that, as Dr Cram had said, good might come of it; but he was very doubtful of that. The character and standing of Dollar Academy would suffer if it were to be put under a public board instead of being, as at the present time, under a special trust. He should have liked to see a second Captain M'Nabb, who would come forward now with £40,000, which would enable them to dispense with the grants which they had been conditionally refused. The members of the Education Authority were all men worthy of the highest respect, who seemed to see that circumstances had brought within their grasp a fine prize which they would like to capture. He was sure they would all be glad to think that the Academy was still to have its able Rector, as at present, whatever change was made in the governing body. Before he sat down he would like to express his very cordial thanks to Sir William for the encouraging words he had used regarding the *Dollar Magazine*. Dr Strachan and he were joint-editors, and it was cheering to hear that their labours were so highly appreciated. We owe much to Mr Drysdale for the illustrations, which are much admired.

At this stage the Chairman, Sir WILLIAM H. RAE BURN, M.P., said

he could not believe that Dollar boys throughout the world were going to let the Academy drift into a School Board Academy. He thought if they had more knowledge and information as to what it would really take to endow the Academy, it was well worthy of the Committee's consideration. He knew there were clubs throughout the world that would do their part, and he had a strong belief that among all the Dollar boys who were spread all over the world there were many who would not allow their Alma Mater to go down. He did not know how long time they had to get their forces together, but if they had more information they might seriously consider what they could do to support a scheme of endowment. Of course, there was one difficulty about Dollar, and that was education had been so very cheap; but that was another matter. He thought they should seriously consider an effort before they surrendered.

Mr CHARLES S. DOUGALL, M.A., in reply, stated that as a consequence of the Education Act a national minimum scale of salaries was issued by the Scottish Education Department. The salaries which will be paid on the minimum scale, and which are now due, and the salaries which will be required when the scale is in full operation, were as follows. Just now £5,050 was paid, when the increase due fell, £7,542, and when the full scale was in operation, £9,437, which was an increase of nearly £4,500. In addition to that, within a couple of years they should lose the grants they had hitherto received from the Scottish Education Department, running from £1,200 to £1,500 per annum, so that they should be faced with a deficit of between £5,000 and £6,000 per annum. Where, he asked, was that to be met? One thing ought to be remembered by all former pupils, and that was that the cost of education in Dollar at the present time was almost double what they paid. The first step would be to raise the fees to cover the cost of education, and he had reckoned that that would bring in about £1,200 per annum. An additional endowment of £40,000 was the very lowest that would enable them to carry on, and he was sure that would be very difficult to raise. The question was not yet decided by the Governors. They had had a conference with the Education Authority, and they had had almost weekly meetings, but on the 18th December the Governors would be asked to say yes or no to the Education Authority. If they said no, then their grants from the Authority would be cut off—probably at once—and the situation would be very serious indeed. If the Academy were taken over he understood the idea was to maintain Dollar as a Classical School, and Alloa Academy as a Technical School.

Sir W. H. RAEBURN, M.P., who presided, thanked Mr Dougall

for his statement, and promised to call the Committee together at once.

Mr WILLIAM M'LEAN, in a racy speech, proposed "The Guests," and the compliment was acknowledged by Mr W. E. FULTON.

The health of the Chairman was pledged on the call of the Rev. A. STANLEY MIDDLETON.

A Silent Cruise.

PERHAPS 'twas only fancy or it may have been a dream,
Yet seemingly I drifted down a gently flowing stream.
I knew not where my craft was built, by whom or when or how,
But she familiar was to me from stern sheets to the prow.
Though somewhat cramped, her deck space gave me room to turn about,
And how she kept her proper course I never did make out.
Tall trees upon the starboard side in grand procession passed ;
All mirrored in the water clear, a joy from first to last.
Green bushes on the port side overhung the fretted edge,
Where golden spear-wort glowed and vied with tawny-tinted sedge.
I looked for pale primroses where primroses ought to grow ;
The heyday of their prime was past, the flowers had ceased to blow.
I scanned the banks for violets, but none could I discern,
Though doubtless many hid among the male and lady fern,
Whose graceful fronds arose from out their damp and mossy bed
In bold relief against a bank of beeches brownish red.
And oh those flights of swallows ! their dexterity of wing,
Their turnings and their twistings were to me bewildering.
Hedgerows, complete or broken, often came within my view,
Where hawthorn, broom, and roses wild in sweet profusion grew.
And fairy-haunted bluebells seemed to tinkle in the light
Beside the dainty celandine and woodruff snowy white.
The near horizon hemmed me in—so little could I see—
That each point of the compass round looked much the same to me,
Save where one lofty peak arose and cut the vaulted dome,
Or where a tall cathedral spire brought memories of home.
Broad fields of waving corn I passed—wheat, barley, oats, and rye,
With intervening pastures merging into cloud and sky.
On knolls, in copses, overgrown with bracken, bramble, whin,
Green linnets, finches—warblers all—kept guard o'er broods within.
And now faint murmurs reached my ears ; I saw not as before—
One moment's darkness, then sunlight—a day had dawned once more.

J. T. R.



From a painting in the Royal Academy by Mr Albert Bowman.

A BIT ON THE DEVON.

How Two Former F.P.'s Spent the Peace Holiday— 19th July 1919.

WE felt we must get away from the noise of the crowd and all the rejoicings, fireworks, bonfires, &c.; but where to go, to be alone and enjoy Nature. Several places were thought of but rejected as not fulfilling all we required to really enjoy ourselves. "What about Stobo," said one, "and take our cycles?" It had long been a favourite spot for taking rods and reels. "The very thing," said the other, with great rejoicing. So, after due preparation and trying to limit our luggage to a minus quantity, we set out on the Friday, 5 P.M., by train from "Auld Reekie" to the quiet of Stobo by the "Cally" line. After a fairly quick run to Symington we were shunted on to a side line and left there to ruminate for an hour.

Many were the suggestions as to the delay. Had the railway men gone on strike (strikes being fashionable at present) and left us stranded? Had we been forgotten? &c., &c. We saw an engine and vans go along with "tool train" on it, but did not connect that with our delay. It was a breakdown at Lamington we found out afterwards.

At last, much to our joy, we were backed into the station again, and not long after we reached Stobo, the end of our journey. Never have I seen finer roses than those covering the cottages where we were to stay. It is a very pleasant journey and through fine scenery. The crowd was great at Biggar, now becoming a very fashionable place. Never had the Tweed looked so low as we went along, owing to the long drought. "Glad we haven't brought our rods and reels," said one to the other. Had we not been so late in arriving we intended to go for a short spin to see how we felt for a long run, not having been on our cycles for over a year. We had to content ourselves with a walk along the Tweed, and compared it in all its summer glory to the last time we saw it on the "Spring holiday" nearly knee deep in snow. Again we rejoiced at not being tempted to fish, remembering our spring experience when we had to don waders and brogues and go for a tramp in the snow instead of fishing in the Tweed. We had also intended to climb Scrape, but Father Snow would permit no liberties with the heights. Scrape is well described in John Buchan's book, "John Burnet of Barnes," a delightful book to all lovers of the Stobo and Manor districts.

We got up betimes next morning, and the weather being favourable we took train to Broughton to avoid one or two hills; and there mounted our trusted iron steeds for Tweedsmuir. Broughton is famous as having been the home of "Evidence Murray,"

who turned King's evidence after the "'45" to save his own life. His estate was afterwards sold to the original of R. L. Stevenson's "Weir of Hermiston."

Who can describe the feeling to be once more awheel, the world to oneself, good roads, and fine weather? Motoring is fine, but cycling has its own compensations; one can dismount whenever the fancy takes one and admire Nature's beauty spots, of which one had plenty on the journey. There are many bridges over the Tweed on the way. A few fishers were to be seen, but all said "no luck" on being asked "any luck" by us, an answer which pleased us, as it made us thankful not to be tempted to wish for a rod and reel to try our luck in the Tweed.

Past Stanhope, Sir David Murray's property; he lost his all in the "'45," but better that than honour, which his uncle had lost. Farther on we passed Polmood, where "Evidence Murray" hid and was then taken. Most know Sir Walter Scott's father's saying, "Neither lip of me nor of mine comes after Mr Murray of Broughton," as he threw the cup out of the window from which Murray had just drunk tea.

Polmood means Wolfe's Burn, and was a hunting seat of Scottish kings. On the way along we pass a sign post which points to a solitary tree in the Haugh below. Here, says the sign post, was the site of Linkumoddie, made famous in Burns's song, "Sic a Wife as Willie had," not giving her much credit for either beauty or cleanliness. "Her face would fyle the Logan Water." We passed the Logan Water joining Tweed. Fortunately, we were not much troubled by passing motor cars, so not much dust.

Before reaching Polmood we spied a most picturesque beggar. I longed to ask him to pose before my camera, but could not summon up the necessary courage. We saw him again on the Monday at Broughton station, where he evidently took train to Biggar, as we saw him get out at the latter station and shoulder his burden or belongings before taking the road again. He was the possessor of a red, white, and blue rosette which he proudly showed us.

Still wheeling along and enjoying Nature, the hills and burns, and not forgetting our dear old Tweed, we reach what is now known as Crook Hotel, better known in the old days as the Crook Inn, where, in the past, the mail coaches changed horses. It was also famous in the Covenanting days and one can quite well imagine the hunted Covenanters hiding in the hills they knew so well, and how nearly hopeless it was for the hunters to track them down. It is told that the landlady of the Crook Inn once hid a fugitive in a novel hiding hole; she built him safely into her stack of peats. As

we passed one house we saw the "guid wife" out at her stack of peats getting in her daily store. Further on we pass the "Bield," which was once an inn. "From Berwick to the Bield," is a well-known Scottish expression. The Covenanters once thought to trap Claverhouse at the Bield, but were not successful, he being too wary to be caught napping.

Now we draw near to Tweedsmuir, which to one of us at least had long been a goal to be reached, but never till now accomplished. Away to the left, nestling among the trees, we spied the church tower. Turning sharply to our left, we left the broad Moffat road to reach Tweedsmuir. A sharp run down, and we reached a most picturesque bridge. We dismounted to get some snaps, and also to see all the points of beauty we could. On we went to find the whole village *en fête* for the Peace celebrations. We turned towards the church, and came to a field where sports were being held. The minister very kindly invited us to enter and join in the sports. He also told us we would find no one at home in the village, as all were out to enjoy themselves and rejoice at the peace long-looked for and well earned. We visited the church, which stands high, and has many interesting old tombstones. Here are the graves of some of the Covenanters. One headstone, it is said, was re-lettered by Old Mortality. On another stone are the quaint words—

"Death pities not the aged head,
Nor manhood fresh and green,
But blends the locks of eighty-five
With ringlets of sixteen."

There are also references in the old Session records to the troubled times of the Covenanters. We sat down by the church wall and enjoyed our frugal lunch, and saw one or two races, then off again for Talla. A good run brought us to the entrance of Talla Reservoir. Again the world was our own. We only went half-way along, as the "cautious one" thought of the ride back, and how long it was since being on our iron steeds before; so after a drink from the reservoir, and watching the solitary fishes on the far side, very reluctantly we turned for our homeward journey. Edinburgh gets its water supply from Talla, and a great undertaking it must have been. It was free-wheeling nearly all the way back to Tweedsmuir. We called at the post office to see if we could get any picture post-cards, but a notice informed us "Closed for Peace Celebrations." A good run brought us again to Crook Inn, where we had tea, then another good run and plenty free-wheeling to Rachan, and a bit further on we turned to our right to come back to Stobo by Drumelzier.

We passed a lovely pond covered with water lilies, and right on to a bridge over Tweed. This is Merlindale, one of Tweed's many beauty spots. It is the reputed burial-place of Merlin, the wizard. Above, on one of the heights to the right, are the ruins of Tinnis Castle. It was here that the haughty Baron of Drumelzier, Sir James Tweedie, used to exact homage from every passer. Once he was told some one had gone by without paying him homage. Furiously, he and some retainers, mounted on white horses, followed the stranger. Overtaking him at Glenwhappen, he imperiously demanded the stranger to be given up to corporal punishment. Great was his chagrin to find the stranger was none other than James V., King of Scotland.

Another good run brings us to Dawych, and another bridge over the Tweed. The old one is still in use, though not very secure; the new one is not finished owing to the war. Soon we reach our cottage at Stobo, sorry to be back so soon. Twenty-four miles in all—not bad for a first run of the season. The "energetic one" insists on a walk after tea (our second one) to Stobo church to exercise other muscles, it is claimed, and also to see the "jouis" at the church door. Next day we climbed to the top of Scrape, 1,700 feet up. We finished the day with a ten-mile run through Lyne to the "Five-mile Brig." So finished our Peace holiday. Home on Monday by the first train to work.

The Indian Jungles.

BY A. W. STRACHAN.

(Read to Dollar Field Naturalist Club.)

THERE has been a good deal of controversy about a tiger's method of killing its prey, and it is often stated that it breaks its victim's neck by a blow from its paw. I have examined perhaps about two hundred animals that have been killed by tigers, and only on one occasion was the neck broken, but this was undoubtedly done as the poor beast fell headlong. The invariable method with a large animal like a bullock is to spring on the shoulders, get a good hold by sinking the claws deep into the flesh, and bury the cruel canine teeth in the throat, which is held in their inexorable grip till life is extinct. The paws are certainly used for a death-dealing blow when a small animal is attacked, and I once actually saw a goat killed in this way by a tiger on a clear moonlight night; but they generally seem to ignore such small fry except when they

become old and decrepit, and are consequently unable to pull down nobler game. A tiger that is in its prime kills even a large and powerful animal like a buffalo neatly and cleanly, but a young and less experienced beast sometimes makes a woeful mess of it. One morning I found an unfortunate bullock lying within forty yards of the coolie lines, still alive, but with the whole of his hump bitten and torn off by a young tiger that had managed to spring on his back. Having got there, it evidently didn't know how to proceed with the business, and from the tracks it appeared that the bullock, a young, vigorous beast, had carried the tiger for about two hundred yards before he fell exhausted from loss of blood from the terrible wounds he had received. The tiger had apparently been frightened off by the close proximity of the coolie lines, otherwise it wouldn't have left its victim in such a hurry without finishing him off after having got him down. I had the unfortunate beast carried back to the lines, and did everything possible for him, but, needless to say, he died that night. Cattle are sacred animals to the Hindoos, and a European dare not hasten the end of any suffering beast, however badly injured it may be, or I would certainly have put this one out of its misery.

Before finishing about tigers, I would just like to say a word about their enormous strength, and I will give one instance that may enable you to form some idea as to what the muscles of these big cats can accomplish.

On the next estate to mine a fully grown buffalo, weighing probably somewhere about a ton, had been killed by a tiger—no mean feat in itself; but the prodigious power the brute had exerted was shown by the fact that the buffalo had been dragged for nearly half a mile through tea bushes, with stems quite a foot in circumference, and these had been levelled almost as if a steam roller had gone over them. To drag a dead weight such as this through obstructions of such a formidable nature I would never have believed possible by anything less than an elephant, but the deep impressions of the paws in the soft soil were indisputable evidence of its being the work of a single tiger.

Panthers were fairly numerous in most of the districts of India in which I have been stationed, but being more cunning in their habits than their larger relatives, are comparatively seldom seen. A panther on approaching its "kill" subjects every bush and tree in the vicinity to a most careful scrutiny, and the hunter who sits up for these wary beasts must be carefully concealed if he would be successful. Tigers, on the other hand, never seem to expect danger from a tree, and seldom look up unless some movement or conspicuous object attracts their attention. Panthers are, however, much

more daring in approaching human habitations under cover of darkness, and there are several instances on record where they have actually dashed through a bungalow in pursuit of a dog, which seems to be the *pièce de resistance* to these spotted gentry. I know of one authentic case where one came into a bungalow verandah, put its paws on the woodwork of the door, which happened to be shut, and looked through the glass of the upper part into a lighted room, much to the dismay of the occupant. On another occasion, a "kansamah" (or native cook) of one of the Europeans in the district was leading the weekly supply of "mutton" (in the shape of a goat) home from bazaar in the dusk of evening, when a panther sprang from the jungle, and carried off the unfortunate nanny before the eyes of the astonished and terrified native.

I once had the good fortune to see a black panther in Assam at very close quarters. The moon was full at the time, and just before turning in for the night, I saw a dark object on the tennis court close to my bungalow. Little dreaming what it was, I went out to investigate, and, keeping a small tree that grew at the near end of the court between the beast and myself, crept up to satisfy my curiosity. Judge of my surprise when I discovered it was a beautiful black panther rolling on its back like a huge black cat little more than five or six yards from me, and quite unconscious of my presence. I watched it, fascinated, for a few minutes till it got up, shook itself, then walked leisurely off the court, and disappeared among the tea bushes. These rare beasts do not belong to a distinct species, but are examples of one of Nature's methods of experimenting which goes by the name of "melanism." A black cub sometimes appears in a litter of ordinary ones when both parents are of the normal type, and it is a curious fact that these "sports" should occur much oftener in the case of the panther of India and its cousin, the jaguar of South America, than in any other members of the Carnivora.

In districts frequented by either tigers or panthers it is a common thing to hear, in the stillness of the night, a weird, unearthly, tremulous cry, repeated at short intervals—a cry that might easily be imagined by the superstitious to be that of a lost soul condemned to wander ceaselessly over the earth in search of that peace which has been denied to it for some heinous crime it has committed. It is uttered neither by tiger nor panther, nor yet by an evil spirit, but by a jackal, though it is quite unlike the ordinary howl of these beasts, and when heard by the initiated, it tells that either one or other of the aforementioned marauders is on the prowl. The cry is uttered only when the jack is under the influence of strong excitement, and a tiger or panther is generally, though not invariably, the exciting cause. Where either of these beasts is numerous, this cry

is often heard, but the jackal responsible for its production is seldom seen in the act. I once saw two giving a musical recital of this sort, and as I am sure you must all be weary of listening to this rather lengthy paper, I will finish with a short description of the performance.

I was sitting over the carcass of a cow that had been killed by a tiger, and left lying in a narrow strip of rice field about forty yards wide, surrounded by bamboo jungle. I had had a "machan," or platform, erected amongst the bamboos on the side furthest away from the "kill," as I concluded the tiger would be lying in the jungle nearest his dinner, and I thought I would be less likely to be seen or winded on the far side. I had been sitting for about an hour, and it was four in the afternoon, when I was thrilled by hearing a loud rustle in the jungle facing me, and the next moment two jackals bolted out of it with their tails tucked tightly between their legs, and ears laid back, in a very evident state of funk and agitation. They didn't stop to look round till half-way across the open, then, finding they were not pursued, curiosity apparently got the better of their terror, for they both wheeled round to investigate. They were never still for a moment, and kept trotting backwards and forwards, with their eyes glued to the spot from which they had appeared, every now and then one or other standing on its hind legs like a performing dog. There was little doubt as to what had frightened them, and I fully expected to see the slayer of the cow emerge into the open, especially as next moment one of the jacks showed very evident signs of having spotted the tiger, though it was quite invisible to me. For a time it had the appearance of being hypnotised, as it cowered, motionless, with its eyes riveted to a certain spot. Then it began to back away very slowly, and seemed to gradually get out of the range of mesmeric influence, when it stood up, threw back its head, and uttered the well-known shuddering cry. It was a weird, melancholy sound, like nothing else on earth, and even in the broad light of day was responsible for a cold shiver down my spine. Both animals now evinced even more intense excitement than before, taking it in turn to repeat the tell-tale howl, and it was the most blood-curdling duet it has ever been my lot to listen to. Though they betrayed unmistakable signs of terror, they appeared to be fascinated by the presence of their autocratic benefactor, and unable to tear themselves away, for though they disappeared once or twice, each time they soon returned to repeat the performance. Unfortunately the tiger remained an invisible actor in the piece. In all probability he was sitting watching me during the whole of this little jungle opera, as my "machan" was badly hidden, and though I stayed till darkness rang down the curtain, he never showed himself.

Nature Notes.

THE ROOKERY.

BY JOHN STRACHAN, M.D.

INTEREST in the rooks and the rookery is continuous practically all the year round. Even in this dead season, when the trees, entirely stripped of their leaves by the recent intense frost—several degrees below zero—followed by violent storms of wind and rain, afford no shelter; and when the great felling of the surrounding thick fir woods must be forcing the rooks to go far afield to find roosting quarters, we still have frequent large assemblies, with much caw fabulation, and magnificent aviatory displays, which are well worth observing. The nests are visited by their respective owners and, no doubt, cleared of withered leaves and other decaying matter, and the security of their fastening to the branches duly inspected. An interesting episode in this year's nesting was again that of an apparently alien pair trying to build on the family tree at the extreme south-east corner of Manor Park. All attempts at stick building were frustrated by the rightful proprietors of the tree, who finally drove off the intruders after many little battles. The aliens then betook themselves to a neighbouring unoccupied tree, where they were left undisturbed to build their nest and rear their family. The solitary nest had rather a pathetic appearance as compared with the clustering nests on the other trees. It will be interesting to observe if a family colony will be formed there next year. There are now 174 nests in the rookery, which are distributed as follows:—

Manor Park—North, 14; South, 47—total	-	61
Academy Grounds—North, 19; South, 27—total	-	46
Gateside	-	14
Sorley Brae	-	25
Manse Grounds	-	13
Club	-	7
Ochilton	-	2
Harveston Villa	-	6

174

A flock of brambling finches and another of redwings have been observed in the neighbourhood of the sewerage park; and also a single rock thrush, which is very rare. These are all winter migrants from Scandinavia. The fieldfare has not been noticed.



A. P. Russell.

ON THE BURNSIDE.

Photo.

A Spanish Bull Fight.

(Continued from page 79.)

IF a bull proves very sluggish and runs away from its own shadow, it falls to the "banderillero" to arouse him. The crowd soon see that he is "an ox and not a bull," and a chorus of protests is directed to the presidential box, and cries of "Fuego! Fuego!" (Fire!). The President, yielding to the insistent cry, waves a red handkerchief and a "banderillero" approaches the bull with explosive darts. Immediately they stick in the bull a series of explosions take place, and the hair is singed off. By the time the second and third pairs are stuck fast, the melted fat on the neck begins to simmer, and the bull twists his massive body in a vain attempt to dislodge them. His eyes go bloodshot and his tongue licks the pitiless sand, and the "matador," awaiting the signal, quickly dispatches him. "He is an ox," say the crowd, "No vale nada!" (He's no use!). A roll of drums announces the great final scene, the last act, when the professional "matador," the people's idol, will, single-handed, fight the bull to the death. Taking a "muleta" and a rapier from his attendant, he steps up to the President's box, carrying his hat in his hand. He pronounces the "brindis"—a formula in which he declares in whose honour he will fight and slay the bull—and he promises to do his duty. Amid roars of applause he turns to the arena, and as he turns, throws his fighting cap back over his shoulder with a jaunty motion. Waving back all the footmen, who stand ready to intervene with the fascinating red rag, he advances, spreading out the "muleta" with his rapier, and so invites the bull. In the chapel behind the arena a priest has administered "extreme unction" to him, and he has said his prayers to the Virgin, adored by bull-fighters, so, should he fall, it matters not, for his soul has been sped by the Holy Mother Church, and well-paid masses will shorten his spell in Purgatory. A terrible silence is felt along the rows; the bull-ring seems suddenly to be empty, for every breath is held. The bull eyes his insignificant enemy. The "matador," stepping up a few feet from his muzzle, incites him to attack, and the bull, accepting the challenge, hurls himself upon him. The rapier lifts the "muleta" out to the right side, and as the horns meet the red rag it is lifted over them, and they toss the sapless air. The "matador" stands firm. With a bellow of rage, the bull wheels; the "matador's" back is towards him, why doesn't he wheel to meet the bull? Instead, the rapier lifts the "muleta" out to the left side; the bull charges, and again it smites the air. The "matador" stands firm. Again and again the pass is made; again and again the horns graze the tassels on that

swerving body, and suddenly, bedlam is let loose. "Esta en su terreno ; no se movió un centímetro !" (He is still on his ground ; he never moved a centimetre !) cry the delighted crowd. "Bravo, Belmonte ! Well done, the Seville boy !" The "matador's" name is on every tongue. They will kneel before him to-night as he sits in the "casino," and they will kiss the hand of this popular god. It is a marvellous feat of daring, but see ! the bull is round again, and foam and blood are dripping from his mouth, and flecking the man's brilliant costume. At last, the bull stands still and quiet, as if trying to understand this golden puppet, who has tricked him so long. The "matador" sees that the supreme moment has come for the *coup de grâce*. He flips the "muleta" across the bull's eyes, but the bull is too spent to accept battle. He lifts the rapier at full arm's length to the height of his eyes, aiming at the nape of the bull's neck. Silence settles on the crowd like a pall. Will the man miss his mark ? Will the bull make a final plunge across that narrow space before the blade is in position to strike home ? This is the moment for which the crowd has waited ; this is the thrill for which they have paid their money. Suddenly the "matador" launches himself forward with his poised sword, and as suddenly the mountainous bull hurls himself upon the "matador," but that arm never shortens, that eye never wavers, the weight behind that blade withdraws not an inch ; for an instant man and bull are a huddled mass ; all is confusion, and then the "matador" emerges, staggering from the shock. He seems to have lain across the brute's very horns. The bull, carried forward by his own weight, continues his charge, but in his broad neck the Toledo blade is almost hidden out of sight, for it is buried to the hilt. The bull stops short, shudders like a ship hit by a heavy sea, folds his forelegs under him with a jerk ; he is dead before his muzzle smites the sand, for the blade has severed the spinal cord.

The crowd seems smitten with madness. Hats, programmes, fans, and sticks are thrown into the arena as a tribute to the "matador," and rounds of applause crash like hail while Belmonte steps up to the President's chair to salute. He then cuts the ribbon from the bull's neck and hands it up to the "señorita" in whose honour he has killed the bull, and if the crowd clamours for full honours for their hero, an attendant presents him with a dark, hairy, bloody triangle ; it is the tip of the bull's ear, and it follows the ribbon in its ascent to the gallery. A mule team dashes in with jangling bells ; a rope, knotted round the bull's horns, is attached to the team, and the bull is ignominiously dragged from the arena. Some pails of sawdust obliterate the marks of the combat ; the ring is cleared ; a fresh bull crashes through the enclosure and the fight begins again. We looked at our watches ; it was 6.30 ; the fight

had lasted three and a half hours ; seven bulls had been killed, and the crowd had clamoured for a "toro de gracia" (an extra bull). As we made our way out the sun was setting behind the walls of the bull-ring, and its last rays were blotted out by showers of fluttering handbills. We caught one, and it announced that to-morrow in the "Mercado del Pueblo" (People's Market) the eight bulls would be sold at fourpence per pound.

A Spanish bull-fight is a tragedy in three acts, but the bull is foredoomed, and has not the scope and liberty of action granted to the hero of the Greek drama. He is no *Œdipus*, who controls all the forces at work, till success is almost in his grasp, for, from his first charge, he fights a losing battle. He is no *Macbeth*, who dies, but only after drinking the blood of his enemies, for bull-fighters are seldom killed, though they scarcely have a sound rib. Considered as a dramatic spectacle a bull-fight lacks the true dramatic essence, *i.e.*, collision of equal powers. It is brain against brute force ; it is an obviously unequal fight ; the bull must die and be sold furtively next day, and yet, could he but be persuaded to concentrate all his attention on one man at a time, and relentlessly to track him down, he would clear the arena, and poetic justice almost demands that the bull should kill one of his foes before he dies on the "matador's" blade.

The bull, like the Satan of Milton's "Paradise Lost," is unconsciously made the hero, for although the "matador" is always within an ace of death, he does not command sympathy. He is, frankly, a daring butcher, and once he dares do less than would become a "matador" his day is done. He is called a "journeyman" and one "who kills to feed his house." His life is cheap, for "absent friends and dead bull-fighters have no friends." His position is exactly that of our boxing and football gods ; the worship is the same ; the heart misleads the head. The British instinct, focussing itself upon the mangled "hacks," brands the whole spectacle as "cruel and heartless," but the Spaniard, in reply, invariably points to our fox-hunting and prize fights, and it is questionable if the Spaniard ever sees the barbarous side at all. The visitor, who keeps one eye for the ring, and another for the spectators, is surprised to see the complete detachment of the audience from the sordid details. Immediately a horse is badly gored the eyes of the Spaniard leave it to follow the bull, while those of the unaccustomed Britisher linger over the mangled animal. The differences of psychology and of national instinct must be taken into account.

Originally, the bull was not killed, but simply "played" by a knight on horseback, who thus made good his claim to be a "caballero"—a mounted knight—but in these latter days professionalism has dug the grave of the bull-fighting, along with that of many a nobler sport.

R. M. M.

The Law of the Pack.

THE life in barracks, you must know,
Can sometimes seem a trifle slow,
Although civilians from outside
Imagine that his martial pride
In always looking bright and smart
Must occupy the soldier's heart,
Allowing not the smallest place
For ennui. This is not the case.
The officers of my brigade
Are simply models on parade ;
The social circle, as the mess,
They grace with old-world courtliness,
Yet being young and mortal men
They tire of tedium now and then,
And in the precincts of the mess
Relax, expand, and effervesce,
And speed the night, however long,
With laughter loud, and louder song.
Now, Major Pybus liked to go
To bed at ten o'clock or so,
And made it plain he was annoyed
By what his juniors enjoyed,
Exerting his official frown
To put our midnight frolics down.
His attitude so peeved the boys
(Who as a tonic turned to noise),
That more in sorrow than in spite
They took the matter up one night.
They bade the Major bye-bye, then
Went into action—after ten.
Beneath the windows of his room
The tea-tray rang with hollow boom ;
Harsh jangled many a frenzied bell,
The bagpipes raised their whirlwind yell ;
And with them quainter instruments
Diverted from their true intents—
The poker smitten by the tongs
Beat buckets clangorous of their wrongs ;
The harmless hair comb forced to try
To emulate the peacock's cry—
Conscripted for this raucous raid,
Piped, whistled, bellowed, banged, and brayed ;
While certain of the shameless crew
Stood at his door performing, too ;

Some danced with ponderous feet, and some
Smote the scared panels as a drum.
But not a sign grim Pybus gave,
His wrath was warm enough to save.
Next morning round the mess there ran
A chit inviting every man
Who serenaded Major P.
To come and talk with him at three.
That outraged officer all day
Revolved the things he meant to say,
Improved, embellished, pruned, rehearsed,
Contented only with the worst,
Foretasting, with a frightful glee,
Triumphant vengeance, timed for three.
Upon the striking of the clock
Came at his office-door a knock,
And Pybus, aching to begin,
Barked out a bellicose, "Come in!"
The senior culprit led the way—
And Pybus found no word to say,
But, purpling, started from his chair
To see the Colonel standing there.

They turned us out and closed the door ;
Officially we heard no more,
But yet a cheerful rumour grew
Of what befel between the two,
How Pybus, startled, kept his head,
And swallowing what he would have said,
Complained—not of the rag one bit,
But that he had no share in it !
And how he even took a stand
Upon his right to join the band,
Backed by the claim that he was strong
At obligatos on the gong.

False tale or true, our Pybus now
Is seen and heard in every row !
The thoughtful reader will perceive
What good example can achieve.

W. K. H.

September 25-27, 1915.

ON the night of 20th September 1915 the men were settling down in the billet (a loft above a stable) for a good night's sleep, for had they not been told that there would be no digging party for the trenches that night? About 8.30, however, a step was heard on the ladder, and everybody lay quiet. But it was no use. The voice of the platoon sergeant bellowed out, "Twenty men wanted 'at the double' for a fatigue; section commanders, tell off your men." In a very short time, but with much grumbling, the twenty men paraded outside with rifles and bandoliers. They found that the same toll had been levied on each platoon, making a party of eighty men from the company.

The officer in charge marched his men away from all houses, and then halted and spoke to them. He told them that they were to form a carrying party, and that their loads would consist of long, heavy cylinders. "Probably," he said, "you all know what they contain, but you must on no account talk about them. If you should find it necessary to mention them, refer to their contents as 'No. 1 Accessory.'"

After this little speech the party marched about three miles to a little village just behind the reserve line of trenches. Here all was bustle. Big motor lorries came silently up, and their drivers immediately began to empty them of the long coffin-shaped cases they contained. In each of these cases was a very innocent looking black cylinder, fitted with two handles. They resembled huge bottles, but the necks had each a strong screw cap, covering and protecting them. They contained the mysterious "No. 1 Accessory."

Such, then, was the load for the party of eighty men. An order was passed along that there would be three men to each cylinder, and that the first man of each group was to take a pole and two rope slings, all of which articles would be found in one of the wagons. Before setting off, each man had to take his gas helmet from his satchel, and put it on his head in such a way that it could be pulled down at a moment's notice.

As soon as the party had done this, the order to lift loads and advance in single file, with an interval of three paces between each group, was given. The first two men of each three raised a pole between them, and with some difficulty got it on to their shoulders. What a weight! Very slowly the party staggered along, and in five minutes a halt was called, to enable the third man to relieve one of the others. In this manner a quarter of a mile was covered, and the beginning of the communication trench was reached. This didn't improve matters, for on the road a man could sway and

stagger about without hurting himself, while in the trench he came crashing against the hard sides, and damaged his arms, as well as hurting himself with the jar of the pole on his shoulder.

For about a mile and a half the trench wound backwards and forwards, and then the firing line was reached. From this line several very narrow tunnels had been dug, and into these the party slowly and painfully wound its way, till the advanced saps were reached. Here, deep narrow ditches had been dug, and into these the cylinders were very carefully lowered, and covered completely with solid bags of sand.

When all had been disposed of, the party was led back to their billets. And it was a strangely jubilant crowd, for were they not going to get back some of their own at last? The Huns were going to get a sample of something just as deadly as anything they had inflicted on the British.

On the three succeeding nights a similar procedure was gone through, and by that time there was one long line of cylinders of "No. 1 Accessory" stretching along the whole of the trench to be occupied by the battalion a few days later.

Friday morning (the 24th) found the battalion parading with their packs at a shed some distance behind their billet, and in the evening they were lined up, dressed in a manner that must have looked strange.

Instead of the usual heavy pack, a small haversack was fixed on each man's back. These haversacks contained as much "bully" and hard, sustaining biscuits as could be crammed in. Underneath the straps a waterproof sheet was neatly folded, and the whole was made as compact as possible.

Instead of having both ball pouches full of cartridges, one of them contained two very highly explosive bombs, bombs which would blow a man to atoms if not carefully handled. Two bandoliers of ammunition were slung round the shoulders, making it two hundred and twenty rounds that each man carried. The "Tam-o'-Shanters" usually worn were replaced by a very safe, but very ugly gas helmet. This helmet had a rubber and metal valve for breathing through, and two glass windows for seeing through.

In this guise, then, the battalion marched to, and took up their position in the trenches, on the eve of the greatest battle ever fought.

The night of 24th to 25th September was wet. A thin, drizzling rain fell without ceasing, which made the trenches very wet and muddy. That fact, however, in ordinary circumstances, would not have kept a war-hardened battalion from sleeping. What did manage to do this was the never-ceasing gun fire which was kept up during practically the whole night by artillery of every size.

There was the light field gun, which, despite its size, contrives to do a great deal of damage. There was the famous French "75," with its tearing, screaming, screeching projectile. There was the deadly "6-inch"—in short, there was every kind of gun, from the light 4.7 to the slow, lumbering, and heavy 15-inchers. And every separate piece was handled with wonderful accuracy. Every shell told, and there was no lack of shells.

At half-past three there was a lull. Except for an occasional round from a heavy gun, everything was quiet, and this state of affairs lasted for exactly an hour. At half-past four, as if touched by one wire, every gun—and there were hundreds of them—belched forth fire and death. Crash! Boom! Whiz—Bang! Gr-r-r-fuch! It was Hades. Every man looked at his neighbour and said nothing. A strange, awed look was on every face. Men sat on the fire step cleaning their rifles and bayonets, and working their bolts to make sure they were working perfectly, feeling terribly excited, and trying to appear calm. When this awful fire had lasted half an hour, a new and just as deadly factor was added. A special section of the Royal Engineers, who had been sitting idle through the night, suddenly grew desperately active. They took the covering of sand bags off the cylinders buried below the fire step, and feverishly began fixing long, bent iron tubes to the mouth-pieces of the gas cylinders. They were all ready, and at a previously arranged minute, every tap was loosened, and a thin, hissing stream of whitish vapour was blown slowly towards the enemy trenches. After ten minutes this ceased, and for five minutes a dense cloud of thick, brown smoke took the place of the vapour. Then another ten minutes of gas, which was again followed by a smoke cloud. All this time the bombardment was kept up with terrible intensity.

At ten minutes to six the order was given for the two leading companies to mount the parapet. As there wasn't a ladder for each man, those who were first out walked quietly past our barbed wire, and lay down till the rest came up and joined them. In a few minutes the line was formed, and the signal to advance given. The battle had begun in earnest. The charge was no mad, exhilarating rush. It was done at a steady walk, and was all the more terrible for that. Before a hundred yards had been covered, the ranks were visibly thinned. Men were dropping fast, some without a sound, and others with an agonising groan. The short, sharp bark of many machine guns was always present, and the German artillery found the range in an incredibly short space of time. Still the line advanced steadily, and it was greatly cheered to see the other two supporting companies following just two hundred yards behind. These two companies had even a worse time than the first line, for

a perfect hail of high explosive shells was rained on them as soon as they appeared. As they advanced, they passed the dead and wounded of the first line, and no man was allowed to stop and help another.

By this time the German trenches were reached, and some bloody bayonet work was done. No mercy was shown, and none was expected. For the time, men were changed from human beings to raving beasts. A big brawny Highlander, who in ordinary circumstances was a quiet, God-fearing man, was now a foul-mouthed blasphemous savage. His bayonet, yes, and the muzzle of his rifle, gleamed red, and every man he killed, died with the sound of an awful curse in his ears.

And this was war—glorious, romantic war! It was murder, just murder.

Three lines of trenches were taken, and a halt was called in the shelter of some slag heaps. The battalion was hastily reorganised, headquarters established, and a screen of men sent out to form a position, with orders to hold it at any cost. For ten hours the men hung on in spite of a tremendous shelling. Rain fell practically the whole time, and the trenches were knee-deep in water and mud. Reinforcements had been promised, and were anxiously awaited, for everybody was very tired and cold, and the numbers were so small that it would have been quite impossible to resist a counter-attack if delivered in any force at all.

When darkness was beginning to fall, and the men were resigning themselves to a bad night, and the possibility of being wiped out altogether, the reinforcements arrived. They were fresh men who had never been in trenches before. Rather shaken by the sights they had seen and the groans they had heard, they were not in a very fit condition to withstand a violent attack. In spite of this, what was left of the battalion were led back, presumably for a well-earned rest. But no such luck was theirs. When the original British fire trench was reached, they were told to man it, and "stand to" all night. Wearily they did so, and they also contrived to bring in a large number of wounded, and lay them in all the empty dug-outs to be found. Before the night was past, every shelter was full of wounded and groaning men, and the trenches themselves were in places impassable.

On Sunday the 26th the battalion continued to man the old trench, and no man got any opportunity to sleep. There was too much work to be done, and the Germans were expected to attack at any moment. It was not, however, till the morning of the 27th that any move was made. Instead of coming over the open, the enemy advanced by their communication trenches, bombing all the way. The battalion of fresh men who were holding the advanced

positions, not knowing how to fight this kind of fight, retired, losing a large number as they did so.

Just in the nick of time some seasoned troops were rushed into a very strong position. The place, known as the Hohenzollern Redoubt, had been captured in the morning of the 25th, and it was of vital importance that it should be held. About half of it had been retaken by the enemy when these old hands were sent up. Barricades had been hurriedly built, and round these the fighting was fiercest. For hours it raged. The Germans were using a heavy bomb, which, because it had a wooden handle on it, could be thrown further than our "cricket balls" could. This was a big drawback, for it meant that the enemy could do us considerable damage while remaining out of range himself. Things were getting very serious, when a corporal stepped into the breach and saved the situation. He approached the officer in charge, and asked permission to get out of the trench and throw bombs from above. This sounds a simple thing, but it assumes a different aspect when one considers that if a man as much as showed his head above the parapet, it was greeted by a very heavy machine gun fire. Permission was granted to this corporal, and with as many bombs as he could carry, and after arranging for more to be thrown to him as they were required, he climbed out of the trench.

Po-po-po-pop went the quick-firers, but by some miraculous luck he wasn't hit. Advancing a few yards, he began hurling his bombs as fast as he could light them. This was too much for the Germans, and they immediately began to retreat along their trench. The bomber followed them for about fifty yards, and kept on throwing till nearly all his bombs were done. The machine guns were still turned on him, but it was not until he had driven the enemy back a good distance, and kept them there, that he was wounded. The time and distance gained had allowed the men in the trench to advance and build another barricade, and thus secure a valuable bit of ground. The gallant corporal responsible for this was brought in, and he was afterwards awarded the Victoria Cross.

On the afternoon of this day it was decided that progress by bombing was too slow, and a second charge was ordered. The men who made this charge were those who had come through the first one on the Saturday morning. They had had no sleep for three days and nights, and had been soaked to the skin during most of that time. There were no officers to lead them, as all the company and platoon commanders had been either killed or wounded. They had no warning of what was before them, the word simply being passed along that every man was to mount the parapet and form up in front. This was done, and at a given signal the line advanced in perfect formation. A certain general who witnessed this, afterwards

declared that it was one of the finest things he had ever seen. "Considering," he said, "the condition of the men, and the fact that they had no officers, it was nothing short of marvellous."

Magnificent it may have been—it certainly was terribly costly. The machine guns which had missed the bombing corporal for so long could hardly fail to work fearful havoc in a line of men. Nor did they fail. Men dropped on every side, but fortunately sufficient were left to drive the enemy from his position. Terrible slaughter was inflicted on him, and the position retaken. Not only was it retaken, but these weary men held it against another attack, although they could hardly keep their eyes open, and all their food was gone.

Relief was confidently expected—in fact, it had been due to arrive in the afternoon, but it had not appeared. At last, when it seemed that human flesh and blood could stand the strain no longer, the word went along that a battalion of seasoned troops was coming up. And it was no false rumour, for these old hands arrived, and the way they went about their job was a glad sight to the weary, worn-out fighters who had been at it for so long.

Just as day was breaking, what remained of the battalion which had so confidently taken over the trenches on the Friday night, was led out. It was a pitiful sight. Every man was covered with mud from head to foot, very few had any head covering at all, and the gas helmets which these few had were mostly torn and the glass broken. Legs were bare, kilts and tunics were in shreds, and rifles and bayonets, once so bright and smooth, were now brown with rust and mud.

As this remnant passed the artillery, which had done such good work, it was greeted by cheers, and shouts of, "Well done, the Jocks." "You gave them hell." "Are there no more of you?" "Well, I'm d——, and that's what's left of your bat.!" The men tried to say something in return, but they couldn't. They were thinking of familiar faces which they would never see again. They were thinking of the folks at home, who would receive no field post card, with everything but "I am quite well" scored out.

Weary and footsore, they staggered back to the village where they had been billeted. The French peasants gazed in wonder, hardly crediting that there were no more to follow, some of the women openly weeping as they thought of their own men folk.

Arrived at their old quarters, a pleasant surprise awaited the men. The staff of a clearing hospital, having learned that the battalion was coming back, had built a huge fire, and had filled every available "dixie" with water, and made tea. With great slices of soft bread, and plenty of jam, the men made a splendid meal. Following this, each man got a tot of rum to put warmth into his sluggish veins, and tongues began to loosen a little. There

was much hand shaking. An orderly appeared with post cards, and was immediately deprived of his stock. Then a reaction set in. Great brawny Highlanders, who had a few hours before been slaying Germans, cursing in their native Gaelic, were to be seen sitting in quiet corners, sobbing. Yes, strong men broke down completely. And who could blame them? For three days and four nights they had been under as severe a strain as ever befel the lot of men. Their nerves had been strung to the tensest pitch. Their friends with whom they played as children had fallen by their side. Small wonder, then, that they broke down and sobbed. It was probably the best thing they could have done, for their feelings had to be relieved in some way.

At noon the cooks had dinner ready. Hot savoury stew, full of vegetables, was a welcome change from the bully beef and biscuits which the men had carried and eaten during the last three days. After dinner tubs of hot water were provided, and attempts to clean up were made. Dry socks were commandeered from anyone who had them, mud was scratched from uniforms, and at three o'clock the battalion was ready to move again. With one drum and two sets of pipes bravely trying to emulate a full band, the men marched off to some motor vans which were to carry them to a comfortable billet.

Just as the men were about to mount the buses, two well-known figures appeared. They were both small men: one was dressed in the uniform of a British Field-Marshal, and the other, a very young-looking man, had the three stars of a captain on his shoulder, and his red-bound hat marked him at once as one of the General Staff.

The Field-Marshal, who was none other than the Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France, made a simple little speech. He said that he would speak to the battalion as representing the Division. He thanked the officers and men for what they had done. They had done more than was expected of them, and they had been expected to do a great deal. He regretted that their casualties had been so heavy, but he trusted and believed that a very large percentage were accounted for as wounded. Turning to the colonel, who had been one of the very few officers to escape unhurt, he extended his hand, and again thanked him. The colonel stepped forward and cleared his throat as for a speech. But not a sentence could he utter. He had lost practically his whole battalion in doing what he had been asked to do, and his feelings would not permit of a reply to the chief's remarks. The great little man understood.

With a cheer, the men crowded into the motors, and were whirled away to a good billet, to plenty of food, and best of all, to a sound sleep.

R. L. J. HENDERSON.

An F.P.'s Recollections.

ON reading the *Dollar Magazine* I find that notice is often taken of stories told of Dollar boys, and in every case I see that they were resident in what I may term the "West End" of the village.

When a boy crossed the burn, and went up Sorley's Brae, or crossed the bridge at "Tibbie Hutchinson's," he was then into the "Auld Toon," and many boys lived there whose haunts were usually in a different direction from those of their schoolmates of the New Town.

When they went to "guddle," it was Kellie Burn they made for, and they would "guddle" from Gibson's, of Kellie Bank, right up to John Morgan's at Hillfoot, and many a good trout they had to show.

When they went bird-nesting, it was to Gloomhill, where they also found many slaes and hazel nuts.

Many a good game of cricket was also played on the old mill green, where Davie Scotland, who was lame, used to act as umpire, sitting on a hollowed-out seat in an old tree which stood on the raised brae at the east side of the pitch.

One of the players, "Jimmie Simpson," was left-handed, or "carrie-pawed," and when batting from the north side he very often sent the ball into the burn, and sometimes over it altogether, which meant a sure four.

Hounds and hare was another favourite pastime, in which small pieces of paper were scattered to keep the hounds on the scent, and many long runs were taken round the country side in this way.

"It was up by the rough auld Castle road,
And ower by the 'Brewlands' we went ;
And we had a drink at the 'Maiden's Well,'
Wi' the hounds still close on the scent."

In this way we took them on to Glendevon, down by Muckhart and Cowden, and so by way of the old coach road into Dollar. "A glorious run!"

The old town at this time boasted quite a number of boys. At the top of the town, near "Hillfoot," were the Pitts and Sinclairs; further down were the Walkers, the Johnstons, the Horns, the Simpsons, Carmichaels, Donaldsons, Faichney, Dickie, Wardlaw, Wallaces, and others. Most of those boys were what we called "free scholars," and a certain enmity existed between them and the "boarders," or paying scholars.

This class distinction led at times, especially when snow was on the ground, to great rival fights, and often the "boarders" had the best of it, owing to numbers.

Sometimes, however, the few tradesmen in the village, who could not work during the frost, threw in their weight on the side of the free scholars, and often turned the tide of battle. The battlefield was always the Academy grounds, and the "boarders" always took the west side, towards the Upper Mains; while the east, or Teachers' Row side, was held by the "frees." Sometimes an ill-conditioned boy would put a stone inside the snowball, and many a nasty knock was got in this way, but, as a rule, the spirit of honour and fair play, which usually characterises a British boy, was found to prevail. Both sides were loathe to give up the fight when the bell rang, and the snowballs often followed up to the very doors of the school rooms.

What a tingling sensation the tawse had on the fingers when they were covered with chilblains, but the Dollar boys took their punishments gamely, and forgot about them very quickly.

Oh, the fun of those winter evenings, when we used to tie up the outer door of "Cock Andra's" house, and put a big "divot" on the top of the lum, and then blow through the keyhole with our "Jenny Reekies"; and if Wull Tamson or John Scotland came out, what a chase there was up the old Castle road, or down by the old mill green! And, oh, how sweet Jean M'Ivor's apples were, especially the crab variety, and how many brugs we got in our knees when crawling through the hedge!

Never did beans or turnips taste sweeter than when we got them out of Jimmie Smith's park on the road over to Kellie Burn! The biggest turnip was kept for a lantern, and it was then our mothers' table knives went amissing, when we had to cut off the top to keep for a lid, and then "howk" out the inside and make the holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth. Many a fright the timid one has received on seeing this apparition appear on a dark night, with the candle light inside beaming through the holes, for it did not look canny!

Where are all those old boys now? Most of them, alas, have (in army parlance) "gone west." Still a few are left scattered over the globe, and if any of them chance to light upon this article it may bring them once again very near to their old home—

"When they can mind langsyne,
When the simmer days were fine,
And the sun shone brichter far
Than it's ever done since syne;
They will mind the very turn,
Where we guddled in the burn,
And were late for the schuil in the mornin'."

J. S. W. (F.P.).

Letter to the Editors.

From Major A. A. M'CLELLAND, R.E.

NO. 66 FIELD COMPANY,
2ND (Q.V.O.) S. & M.,
ROHAR, INDIA.

To the Editors of "The Dollar Magazine."

DEAR SIRs,—I am writing to ask if you would be good enough to put my address in your next issue of the *Magazine*.

During this year I have met several old Dollar men whom probably you will be interested to hear of. At Bangalore, about the beginning of the year, I met Plinston, who is brigade-major of the Bangalore Brigade. Then in the sapper mess, at Bangalore, I met J. Middleton, a major, R.E., who was once, I think, captain of the Rugby XV., and A. R. Anderson, who is in the Burma P.W.O., and at present serving with the Second Sappers. These three fellows must have left School about 1900.

We assembled at Plinston's bungalow for dinner one night in January, and from eight o'clock until the small hours of the next morning we talked of nothing but Dollar.

I met J. H. Innes in Murrie last year, and he is now somewhere on the frontier in a Gurkha regiment. I think he is staying on in the regular army. The other day, in Rawalpindi, I discovered Neil Lamberton. He had his wife with him. Neil is anxiously waiting to be sent home for demobilisation.

I have had a company of the Second Sappers on the Afghan Frontier since May. It has been exceptionally hot weather during June and July in a tent. We felt as if we were being baked alive, the thermometer usually registering between 116° and 120°, and sometimes over 120° in the middle of the day. We are mighty thankful the cold weather is now near at hand. I am looking forward to visiting Dollar again in the near future.—Yours faithfully,

A. A. M'CLELLAND.

Notes from Near and Far.

WE often hear it said that a spirit haunts the closing hours of every passing year—a silently working, but a powerful spirit—which not only bows the tender plants to the earth, but strips the monarchs of the forest of their foliage, changes the whole aspect of Nature, and thus plainly intimates the completion of one of her annual rounds. The influence of that spirit seems to extend to the

regions of periodical literature. We have felt its inward promptings, and heard its whispered words—another volume complete. At the commencement of the present year we laid down our plan of operation, and now we rejoice at its realisation. A review of the contents of this volume—the eighteenth—will show how closely and carefully the editors have adhered to the aim and spirit of their task. It contains an abundant variety, ranging from “grave to gay, from lively to severe”; the present and the past are laid under contribution; imagination has its due scope, while historical details are not neglected. It is, in fact, a kind of repertory, a store-house of reading, with articles which suit different and very diverse tastes, while there pervades the whole a species of harmony. At the same time we cannot hide from our readers and ourselves the difficulties in the way of production, arising from the increase in the cost of printing which, owing to the rise of wages and other causes, has been trebled. It will be necessary to have “every iron in the fire,” if the future is to be at the high level of the past. Meantime, we cordially thank our contributors, our subscribers, and our friends, glad that opportunity has been given us to do so, and that under favour of all we may be led to “take courage” to continue our efforts to equal our aspirations and our hopes.

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DOLLAR ASSOCIATION AND NATURALISTS' CLUB.—Hazlitt, in one of his delightful essays on “Men and Manners,” mentions the case of an old Scottish gentleman who owned “that he preferred the dullest book he had ever read to the most brilliant lecture he had ever heard.” We do not agree with our countryman, for we believe that public lectures never fail to produce question and inquiry, and often inspire their hearers with a desire for further acquaintance with the subject. This adds immensely to their utility. It leads to reference and thought, to a more extensive knowledge of books, and a deeper investigation into opinions and questions of interest. Besides these advantages attending public lectures, there are others in the tendency they possess of popularising what they treat upon, to make known what would otherwise have been obscure. Hence it is that we welcome the revival by the Dollar Association and the Naturalists' Club of the periodical lectures which they provide.

The first lecture of the Naturalists' Club was given by the President, Dr Strachan, who took for his subject, “Adornment in Nature,” and treated it, we need hardly say, with great ability, demonstrating by illustrations drawn from flower, insect, and bird, that all was the outcome of a “purpose to beautify.” A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr Penman, Springfield, in most felicitous

terms, congratulating Dr Strachan on his knowledge of Nature, and the Club that they had such an enthusiast to encourage them in the pursuit of Nature study. The second lecture of the session was by Mrs M'Arthur Moir of Hillfoot, and her subject was, "Wyoming, from a Woman's Standpoint." After a rapid sketch of the physical features of the State, which consists mainly of tablelands at an average height above sea level of something like 5,000 feet, she went on to speak of ranching as, after all, by far the most important industry. The number of cattle on a ranch is usually very great, and the territory belonging to it very extensive. These facts are brought home to one when it is realised that it takes a number of the mounted ranchers ten days at least to collect the cattle. The houses, built of wood, are quite comfortable, with libraries containing a good collection of standard books. Amongst neighbours there is usually a very kindly feeling. In her peroration Mrs M'Arthur Moir spoke enthusiastically of the freedom, kindness, and hopefulness of the rancher's life. The applause of the audience showed how highly her lecture had been appreciated, and she was heartily thanked.

The members of the Dollar Association turned out in great numbers to hear Captain P. Walton's lecture on "A Day's Fighting in 1917." It was a description of how his battalion, the 5th Gordon Highlanders, by a counter-attack, forced back the Germans who had broken our front line in the neighbourhood of Greenland Hill. With the aid of two large maps, drawn by Captain Walton, it was easy to follow every step of the operations. The President, Colonel Haig, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer, complimented him on his clear description of what was certainly a good day's work.

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MUNICIPAL.—A well-attended meeting of the ratepayers, which was held in the Masonic Hall on 22nd October, and presided over by Provost Mrs Malcolm, set agoing the movement for a municipal election. The Provost and other members who were retiring gave an account of their stewardship, referred to the pleasure they had had in serving the community, and spoke particularly of the harmony which had prevailed at their meetings. Several nominations for the vacancies were made.

There was not much stir or bustle in connection with the election of the new councillors. The canvass was carried on in whispers. The fact, however, that twelve candidates—two of them ladies—appeared for six seats, gave rise to some speculation as to who were to be the successful six. Our only regret, when the poll was declared, was that the lady candidates had been defeated. Better luck the next time! The new Provost is Mr J. B. Green, who retired from

the council and the civic chair in 1913. (See *Magazine*, Vol. XII., pp. 1, 2, 209, 210.)

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LADY TOWN COUNCILLOR.—We most heartily congratulate Mrs Somerville (F.P.) *née* Euphemia Gibb, on her success in obtaining, by a handsome majority, a seat on the Edinburgh Town Council, as representative of Merchiston district.

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CRIEFF TOWN COUNCIL.—It gives us much pleasure to record the reappointment of Provost Walter Mungall (F.P.) as Chief Magistrate of the town of Crieff. He had done arduous work for the town during the war, both in carrying on Town Council work, and also in arranging the various schemes, that fell to him as Provost, to see carried out, for the help of our sailors and soldiers and of their relations at home. Members of the Council speak enthusiastically of the pleasure they have in sitting under his rule.

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RETIREMENT OF DOLLAR'S LADY PROVOST.—It seems only reasonable that, now that Dollar's accomplished lady Provost has finally withdrawn from municipal life, some appreciative notice should be taken in these pages of the character and extent of Mrs Malcolm's services to the community.

It will be remembered that no sooner had our legislature opened the sphere of civic life to the women of the country, than the Dollar public, recognising the value of the privilege thus bestowed on them at once honoured themselves and Mrs Malcolm by electing her to sit as one of their representatives on the Town Council Board. Twelve years have passed since that memorable choice was made, which constituted Mrs Malcolm the very first lady member of a Scottish town council, and it will be disputed by no one familiar with the last twelve years of Dollar's municipal history, that the first lady councillor in Scotland, who was destined also to be the first Scottish lady provost, has not only justified, by the variety and the value of her services to the community, the choice then made, but has also signally demonstrated the wisdom of the step taken by our legislature, when it opened up to the womanhood of the land this new sphere for the exercise of their talents in administrative and practical work.

Mrs Malcolm's colleagues at the Council Board were not long in recognising the value of her counsel, and the devotion and efficiency of her work on any committee to which she was appointed. As a result, she was repeatedly sent by them as their representative to the Annual Convention of Scottish Burghs, held in Edinburgh, where also she proved to be the very first woman to take her place

in that historic assembly. Not only so, but the uniqueness of her qualifications was so appreciated by that ancient municipal body that she was chosen by them to act as a member of a select deputation dealing with the important question of infantile mortality, in connection with which she attended meetings in London and elsewhere. It was at this time, I believe, that the idea was first impressed on Mrs Malcolm's mind that the lack of any distinctive badge of office detracted from the dignity and impressiveness of the person who for the time held the high position of civic head to the Dollar community. Accordingly, to obviate this drawback, Mrs Malcolm generously presented to the Council a handsome gold chain, to be worn by the Provost on all public occasions. But if Mrs Malcolm's zest for and *flair* in public business was conspicuously revealed when she merely occupied the seat of an ordinary member of the civic board, it is during the last six strenuous years that her special fitness for and success in administrative work have been pre-eminently made known. During five of these years we were engaged in the Great War, and as a result, the number and difficulty of the duties devolving on the chief citizen of any community were greatly multiplied. But nobly Mrs Malcolm rose to the occasion, and acquitted herself to admiration in every situation, however novel, to which, through all that anxious time, her public position might call her.

It is impossible, of course, in this brief summary to enumerate all the directions in which Mrs Malcolm's activity in the public service has been usefully exerted. But I may mention, as a characteristic specimen of her anxiety to promote the amenity and dignity of the Council she so long adorned, the part she took in securing the present convenient and comfortable Council Chamber in which all Council meetings are now held. A lady of high culture and refined taste, as Mrs Malcolm admittedly is, it goes without saying that her conduct in the chair has always been distinguished equally by dignity and courtesy. In public speech she is never long-winded, but, though always brief, she is invariably intelligible and clear, and her phrasing is always fit and sometimes graceful. Her success in public life is perhaps due to a hereditary aptitude, as she is the granddaughter of one who, for many years, was Provost of the ancient burgh of Forres.

Meanwhile, in bidding farewell to Dollar's lady Provost, as she enters on a period of well-earned rest, her many admirers in the community would fain assure her of their esteem and grateful admiration, and would also convey to her their earnest hopes and wishes that she may yet be spared for many years. W. B. R. W.

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MAP READING MADE EASY. By Capt. C. C. Esson and G. S. Philip, F.R.G.S. Published by Geo. Philip & Son Ltd. Price 3s. 6d. net.

The increased attention paid to the study of maps and their interpretation within the last few years has given rise to a demand for text-books dealing with the subject, and the above volume is well worth the perusal of teacher and student desiring a clear and concise introduction to map reading, and particularly to the subdivisions relating to bearings and scales.

The book is divided into the three natural parts—relief, bearings, and scales—and each part is illustrated by numerous diagrams and maps, which make it exceedingly easy to follow and to understand the text.

The part devoted to bearings is well developed, and deserves the attention of all interested in the teaching of that branch of map reading.

Map reading, however, consists of much more than mere manipulative skill in taking bearings and calculating scales, and it would have been wise had the authors developed Part I., relating to relief, as fully as the other two parts. The correct interpretation of relief is exceedingly difficult for young people, and as much help and training as possible is required in this branch, in this respect the volume fails to keep up to the level of its other parts.

For army classes, O.T.C. work and the manipulative side of map reading, we heartily commend the book to all teachers and students.

Might we add that it would be a valuable addition if the suggested exercise on spot levels, on p. 18, were worked out fully for the student's benefit, as this type of exercise is one which proves a stumbling block to many.

The printing and binding of the book are all that could be desired.

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"BOSH AND BOCHE" is the punning title of a booklet, wherein Paul A. Savi (F.P.) portrays in humorous sketches some of his experiences with the 42nd Canadian Royal Highlanders in France. All phases of danger and discomfort cheerfully endured at the Front, and at the back of the Front, are cleverly illustrated; and an explanatory jingle, by the wife of the artist, accompanies and reinforces each. We quote one accompanying a route march:—

"They're hiking over muddy roads in sunny Picardy;
They've heard about the roses . . . but no roses can they see!
If walking makes one healthy they should be a sturdy bunch,
They've just done eighteen kilos on iron ration lunch."

Back numbers of the *Dollar Magazine* contain several amusing contributions, in prose and verse and illustration, from the pen of Mr Savi; and readers of these, and also the general public, will welcome this booklet. It is published by Routledge & Sons, and may be had at Mr Miller's, or at W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls. Price 1s. 6d.

* * * * *

A LADY friend, who recently went as a missionary to India, gives interesting glimpses of her journeys:—We got to Siliguri next morning at six o'clock, and I had again to change into the train for Kalimpong. I was able to make the coolies understand what I meant fairly well—not by what I said, but by what I did: it was signs and wonders! I was the only lady about the station, and I had to wait for an hour before my train moved off; it was reassuring to find my own name on a ticket attached to the carriage door in that outlandish place. The railway from Siliguri to Kalimpong Road is a marvel; it winds like a snake, and sometimes it is just on the edge of a precipice, then very often you see your passengers in the other carriages when it takes a quick curve. But, oh! the magnificence of the scenery; I wish I could describe it, but words fail entirely. If you could imagine thirty miles of the grandest bit of botanical garden, with great wooded mountains in the background, and a river flowing so near you that you could step out of the train into it, and the most wonderful colour of the flowers—well, I just can't tell you all. I am very glad I have been privileged to see it. Of course, it is very dangerous, as there are frequent landslips, and the speed has to be *five* miles an hour most part of the way.

* * * * *

A DOLLAR BOY AND A NEW GOLDFIELD.—We quote, with much pleasure, the following paragraph from the *Manitoba Miner*: “H. G. Beresford, surveyor, is busily engaged in making new maps of all the surveyed claims in the district. If there is any man who is deserving of credit for the developing of the Rice Lake district it is Mr Beresford, who has hit the trail and endured many hardships during the past few years mapping out the new goldfields which bid fair to rival any other gold-producing district in the world.”

* * * * *

U.F. CHURCH MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—We are glad to see that Mr Baillie, who has for many years taken a pride in training the U.F. Church Musical Association to understand and render pieces of a high standard, has again got to work, taking up Gaul's “Holy City,” which abounds in tuneful choruses, trios, and quartettes.

Mr Baillie deserves every encouragement, and we hope that many who are possessed of musical talent will flock to his assistance, and benefit by the weekly practices.

* * * * *

WE take the following from the *Glasgow Herald* of 15th September: "But the most astonishing surprise was sprung on us at Thisted, a bright township in the north of Jutland. At the inevitable banquet there, a Danish gentleman rapped his glass and stood up. He opened his speech in English that was good, but rather stilted and foreign. Then he stopped, looked a little embarrassed, and suddenly broke into a prolonged flow of faultless and unadulterated guid braid Scots. The Englishmen of the party thought he had reverted to Danish, and the Scotsmen did not know whether to doubt their ears and the suspect schnapps, or believe their ears and be homesick. *The Danish orator had learned his English in Dollar.*"

[If this should meet the eye of the speaker, we shall be obliged if he sends us his name and address.—EDS.]

* * * * *

MESSRS EDITORS.—The *Dollar Magazine* is always interesting and entertaining, but the September number was especially so, with its admirable account of the Centennial celebration. It made me wish I could have been in Dollar during those memorable days; and many an "F.P." throughout the British Empire and in foreign lands must have felt as I did in reading that centennial number. From start to finish the celebration ceremonies, so varied and so attractive, seem to have been conducted with remarkable success. I was glad to see that at the conversazione Dr Strachan represented the "old" F.P.'s. I was somewhat disappointed that Mr Malcolm was not called on to say a word or two as representative of the still older former teachers, of whom there are so few.

During the summer I had a visit from a friend who is a professor in one of the oldest American colleges. He is a noted classical scholar—spoken of as one of the three or four best Latinists in the United States. Quite recently female students have been admitted into his college. *A propos* of that he remarked that he supposed the schools and colleges of the old country did not take kindly to "the American practice of co-education." "American! forsooth," I exclaimed. "Let me tell you ——," and I thus told him the history of Dollar Academy. On the subject of co-education I read to him from the *Dollar Magazine* what Dr Strachan said at the banquet of the Dollar Club in Edinburgh, or London, when he told how successfully boys and girls, young men and young women, had been taught together in the Academy from its foundation. I showed him the excellent photographs of the Dollar Hockey Club girls contributed to the *Magazine* by my friend, Mr Drysdale. The professor was

astounded by the fact that "co-education of the sexes" (that is the American phrase) was not an American invention, but had been in active and most successful operation for a hundred years in the finest School—(they would call it a college here)—the finest School in Scotland, and as good as the best in England.

It astonished him to learn also that the burgh of Dollar could boast of having a lady as provost—the first instance in the old country, and without a parallel in this country; for, with all its boasted go-aheadativeness, no American town has as yet placed a woman at the head of the town council.

Just a few words more. In my article on Sir Douglas Haig in the June *Magazine*, I expressed the hope that, when elevated to the peerage, he would take the title of Earl of Bemersyde. He has done so, greatly to the delight of both Auld Scotland and Greater Scotland. Let us repeat what Thomas the Rhymer said six hundred years ago :—

"Tyde what may betyde,
Haig shall be Haig o' Bemersyde."

When he read the article in the *Dollar Magazine* sent to him, Sir Douglas, in a charming letter he promptly wrote, said, "I am very grateful to you for the honour you have done to the British army, and to me."

W. C. BENET.

GRIMSHAWES, NORTH CAROLINA.

P.S.—May I correct a typographical error in the article referred to? On page 65, June number, "the Messrs Haig" should have been "the Misses Haig."

W. C. B.

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CHURCHES.—The Rev. Mr Armstrong, who was ordained to the parish of Dollar in July 1913, 'mid many manifestations of welcome, has now been chosen by the congregation of Kilconquhar Parish Church as colleague and successor to the Rev. Mr Legge, who now retires. While we congratulate Mr Armstrong on his appointment, we feel that by his going we lose a minister who has secured the love and esteem of his congregation, by faithfully declaring the doctrines and duties of the Christian religion in the pulpit, by insisting on the prime and paramount necessity of practical godliness as the result of a true and lively faith, by visiting the sick, and comforting the sorrowing and bereaved. In his intercourse with his people, Mr Armstrong always makes them feel that while he is a minister he is also a man; and it is that feeling which makes him dear to them all. He is entirely without the professional pedantry which stiffens so many men into a shape you cannot get near, and to which by and by you do not care to come nearer than you are. His intellectual powers, combined with suavity of manners and a

cheerful, amiable disposition, have won him many friends. We feel confident that we are expressing the feeling, not only of the congregation, but also of the whole community, when we wish Mr and Mrs Armstrong a life of much happiness and usefulness in their new home.

It is interesting to recall the fact that the Rev. Mr Irvine, the predecessor of Dr Gunn, also went from Dollar to be minister of the parish of Kilconquhar. History repeats itself.

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THE U.F. Church of Dollar has been without a settled minister since the death of the Rev. Mr Spence in April; but the vacancy is now filled by the election of the Rev. Peter Drummond Gray, B.D.

* * * * *

WE have much pleasure in quoting the following from the *Court Circular* of 3rd December:—

“The King held an investiture in the Ball-Room of the Palace this morning.

“The following were severally introduced into the presence of His Majesty, when the King invested them with the insignia of the respective Divisions of the Orders into which they have been admitted—

“*The Most Eminent Order of the Indian Empire.*

“Companions—Lieutenant-Colonel John Izat, Indian Army.”

* * * * *

OUR very good friend, Mr Alexander Stewart, of Milera, Tenterfield, N.S.W., whose annual Christmas gift of £30, as a “handgrip across the sea” to the deserving poor of Dollar, has been such a pleasing feature in the social life of our little town, has put the cap on his previous generosity by intimating his intention to perpetuate the donation by sending £1,000 in 5 per cent. war bonds, under trust to three local gentlemen, who have kindly agreed to act as trustees in the matter. While recording here our deep appreciation of his most kind and generous thought for the poor of his native parish, we cannot but express our great regret at the reason given for this final act of beneficence, namely, that at his great age—close on ninety—he feels his hold on life becoming more and more precarious. Yet is he not greatly to be envied when the call comes, “Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord”?

* * * * *

HONOUR TO F.P.—It gives us much pleasure to learn that Mr William Mungall, of Transy, has been appointed Hon. Sheriff-Substitute for the western district of Fife. We know no man better qualified for this important position. We are confident that he will administer justice with an even hand without fear or favour.

Marriages.

BENNETT—BENNETT.—At Dollar, on 4th June, by the Rev. R. S. Armstrong, B.D., Robert Fleming Bennett, third son of Andrew Bennett, Jarvey Street, Bathgate, to Isabella Bennett (F.P.), eldest daughter of Thomas Bennett, Radcliffe Place, Dollar.

RYLANDS—COLLYER.—At Christ Church, Tynemouth, on the 29th November, by the vicar of the parish, Edmond Thomas Rylands, Engineer, Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company, to Elizabeth Gray, elder daughter of the late Arthur Hamilton Collyer, of Dollar.

Birth.

CRAIG.—At Burnside House, Dollar, on the 12th September, to Mr and Mrs G. Dundas Craig, a daughter.

Obituary.

LEESON, EDWARD ALEXANDER.—At 51 Hereford Road, Bayswater, London, on 14th July, Edward Alexander Leeson (F.P.). Edward Leeson left School in 1874, served his apprenticeship as an engineer with Messrs Hawthorne, Leslie, & Co., Newcastle-on-Tyne, represented that firm in Italy on Government work at the Royal Arsenal for thirteen years. On his return to England, he held important positions in several towns. After the outbreak of the war, he filled, for four and a half years, a responsible post in the National Explosive Works, Hythe, and had left only two weeks before his sudden death. Our sympathy is with his widow and friends.

FAICHNEY.—At the Old School House, Burnside, Dollar, on 18th October, Miss Jane Faichney, daughter of the late Louis Faichney, shoemaker.

ANDERSON.—At Dollar, on 22nd October, Thomas Anderson, retired gamekeeper, aged 78.

ADIE.—At 59 Braid Road, Edinburgh, on the 25th October, Charlotte S. P. Sharp, widow of William Adie, formerly of Dollar.

MURRAY.—At 47 Brunswick Road, Edinburgh, on 3rd November, Thomas Murray (F.P.), late of Dollar.

M'IVOR.—Near Dumfries, on 18th November, from pneumonia, Mary Flockhart (F.P.), second daughter of the late John M'Ivor, Lawhill, Dollar.

School Notes.

IN previous numbers of the *Magazine* appeals were made for subscriptions—(1) to mark the centenary of the School by the purchase of the cricket field; (2) to erect a memorial to the former pupils of Dollar who had fallen in the Great War. The subscription list will be kept open for some time yet, but the amount already realised is sufficient to warrant the statement that both objects will be accomplished. The field has been acquired on perpetual lease for the sum of £750, and will be the property of the School as from 11th November 1919. There will be a nominal feu-duty of one shilling per annum. Considering that, in the event of the field being feued at the lowest ordinary rates, the feu-duty would be over £90 per annum, the School may be congratulated on having acquired the field on very favourable terms.

The difficulties in the way of carrying out the proposal to put a suitable memorial to our fallen heroes in the School Hall are proving so great as to be almost insurmountable. In the meantime, Mr Paulin has prepared a model of a monument which could be erected in the School grounds. The model was on view at the Glasgow Dollar Academy Club Dinner on 2nd December. When it is completed, a description and a photograph of it will be circulated among the members of the sub-committee appointed to advise in the matter of the memorial, and subsequent proceedings will be determined in accordance with their advice. It is hoped that something will be left for the foundation of Scholarships, in addition to the £500 donated by Mr Samuel Pitt for Bursaries in Forestry and Agriculture, and the £1,000 sent by Mr Andrew Adie to found Bursaries in Commerce in memory of his friend, the late William Masterton.

On the monument to be erected there will be inscribed over 150 names. Since the last list appeared in the *Magazine*, there have been added the following:—

Lance-Corporal FRANCIS KEILLER, Scottish Rifles, who was reported missing on 24th March 1918, and is now presumed to have been killed. He was the son of Mr and Mrs Keiller, Lochfield, Kinross, and left School in 1911. In September 1914 he joined the R.A.M.C. He transferred to the K.O.S.B. in the following year, and served in the Dardanelles with that regiment. After having been invalided home, he was attached to the Scottish Rifles and sent with them to France. In 1917 he was wounded, but was not sent home. For his bravery on the field he was recommended for a commission.

A. GORDON BOSTOCK, R.G.A., the son of Mr and Mrs Bostock, 5 Burnbank Terrace, Glasgow, left School in 1904. He had been



P. D. Lauder.

Photo.

Back Row—D. M'Innes (Alloa); D. Cairns (Ireland); I. Sime (Ayrshire); E. Woodman (Yorkshire); E. Shackleton (Yorkshire); W. Cruickshank (India); P. Blackwall (Wales); R. Milne (Fife); J. Parsons (Straits Settlements); R. MacDowall (Inverness).
Second Row—J. Blackwall (Wales); R. Gray (Alva); E. Cairns (Ireland); J. Mains (Lanarkshire); A. Stewart (Fife); B. Ferguson (S. Africa); A. Wilson (Ayrshire); M. Soga (Glasgow); D. I. M'Phail (Canary Islands); H. E. Hughes (S. Africa); A. Cruickshank (India); L. W. Hay (Glasgow); W. Wrighton (Yorks.).
Sitting—C. M'Corquodale (Argentine); A. M'Intyre (Islay); A. Campbell (Wigtonshire); G. Thakin (Burmah); J. Hayler (India); C. Wrighton (Yorks.); I. Davidson (Capt.) (India); A. Young (Burma); K. Dawson (Burma); A. Carnegie (Stornoway); P. Leburn (Fife); J. N. Bonthron (Perth); G. Miller (Brazil).
On Ground—D. Whyte (Argyllshire); D. M'Dougall (Glasgow); D. Gray (U.S.A.); M. Johnson (India); J. Bodeker (Brit. E. Africa); J. La Frenais (Brit. Guiana); W. Neil (China); T. Firth (Yorks.).
Absent—J. Balfour (Grangemouth); R. Hastilow (Morayshire).

Note.—The First Fifteen are named in *Italics*.

on service for over three years, and, at the time of his death, was attached to the Essex and Suffolk R.G.A. He was home on leave last Christmas, and immediately after his return to duty he contracted influenza and pneumonia, to which he succumbed in the Military Hospital, Dovercourt, 12th January 1919.

Driver JOHN M'GREGOR, R.A.S.C., the son of Mr and Mrs M'Gregor, High Street, Dollar, was called up in August 1917 and joined the R.A.S.C., with which regiment he was sent to the East in March 1918. He died of pneumonia in the 32nd Casualty Clearing Hospital, Beirut, Syria, on the 12th June 1919.

JOHN PROCTOR, who boarded with the Headmaster, and left School in 1906, has died from the effects of shell-shock. The news of his death has been received only as this goes to Press. Details will be published in a future number.

The names of all former pupils who are known by the Headmaster to have died in the service of their country since August 1914 have appeared in the *Magazine*. It is almost certain that there are some, the news of whose death has never reached Dollar, and an urgent appeal is made to those who have information of the death of any former pupil on service, to send that information to Mr Dougall, so that the list of names on the monument may be as complete as possible. During the month of January a circular will be sent to representatives of the 156 former pupils whose names are on the list, asking for verification of the proposed inscription on the monument. If that circular is not received by the parent or guardian of any boy who has fallen, it is requested that immediate intimation should be sent to the School.

Chaplain J. L. B. Findlay, D.S.O., has been awarded the Italian Military Cross for his services with the Army of the Black Sea. His brother, Lieutenant-Colonel D'Auvergne Findlay, D.S.O., has received the French Croix de Guerre.

We give the usual photograph of the first three fifteens (*plus* one extra man), with the names and birthplaces of the members.

The "Overseas" and the Scottish born are in their usual proportion, each about two-fifths of the whole, viz., eighteen and nineteen respectively. Five were born in England, two each in Wales and Ireland. Of the "Overseas," the usual half are from India and the Straits Settlements; one comes from China, three from Africa, one from the United States, and three from South America.

The survivors from last year's group number twenty, or rather less than the usual number. Of these, only four were then in the 1st XV.; the remainder were in junior teams, and, inasmuch as

during the war these teams have had very few matches, or none, experience is one most important factor towards efficiency that is at present lacking.

Since the group was taken, several changes have been made in the teams, without, however, greatly affecting the figures given below, which are for mid-September :—

1ST XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.	Backs.		Forwards.	
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average * - - - -	16	8	5	7 $\frac{3}{4}$	9 11	9 6 $\frac{3}{4}$	10 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Last year - - - -	16	5	5	8 $\frac{1}{4}$	10 0	9 7	10 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	10 6 $\frac{1}{2}$
This year - - - -	16	8	5	7 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 10	9 6 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 13	9 13	9 13

* Age = average of 21 years ; height and weight = average of 16 years.

2ND XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.	Backs.		Forwards.	
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (13 years) - -	15	10	5	5 $\frac{2}{3}$	8 9	8 2 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 1	9 1	9 1
Last year - - - -	15	8	5	4	8 3	7 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 9	8 9	8 9
This year - - - -	16	6	5	6	8 13	8 3	9 7	9 7	9 7

3RD XV.

	Age.		Height.		Weight.	Backs.		Forwards.	
	Yrs.	Mths.	Ft.	In.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.	St. Lbs.
Average (10 years) - -	15	2	5	3 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 10	7 1 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	8 3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Last year - - - -	15	9	5	6	8 5 $\frac{1}{2}$	7 9	9 0	9 0	9 0
This year - - - -	15	1	5	3	7 11	6 13	8 7	8 7	8 7

It will be seen that the 1st XV. differs little from the average. Further changes in contemplation may, however, considerably reduce the weight of the backs and increase that of the forwards.

Whereas last year the 3rd XV. was considerably over average, this year it is the 2nd team that shows this promising feature.

Shackleton, for the third year, is tallest in the group. He is now 6 ft. 5 in., and weighs 12 st. 7 lbs. In weight, C. Wrighton again comes first, being 12 st. 10 lbs. for his 6 ft. $\frac{3}{4}$ in. During twenty years, at least, only D. Ferguson (12 st. 13 lbs.) has exceeded these two burly Yorkshiremen. M'Corquodale and Syme (in the 2nd XV.) weigh slightly over 11 st. Mains weighs 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ st., Davidson, Dawson, and Soga, about 10 st. ; the remaining present or probable members of the 1st XV. range from 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ st. down to 8 st.

A Glasgow Novelist.

MR MACFARLAN'S "THE INSCRUTABLE LOVERS."

WHEN Mr Alexander Macfarlan, F.P., was a student at Glasgow University some four or five years ago he was not known to the generality of the *cives*, but to the small circle of his intimates his curious and penetrative mind was a source of constant delight. One and all, they rightly predicted of him an interesting career, an unusual *modus vivendi*, and speculated as to whether the stage or letters would claim him. I lost sight of him completely during the war, but on the publication of his first novel, "Mockery," a few months ago, I recaptured him, and discovered that he had plunged definitely into the hazardous career of a novelist. "Mockery" was very much a first novel; it started exceedingly well, but the end was marred by a sense of unreality, as if the novelist had only imperfectly realised his characters.

There is no doubt about this second novel, "The Inscrutable Lovers." Mr Macfarlan has made an enormous advance on his first attempt, and he now bids fair to settle down into a serious novelist, whose work will claim unceasing attention.

How does one venture to assess the merits of a new novelist? We ask from him, first, that he must demonstrate his ability to observe independently; second, that he gets properly to grips with the situations he creates; third, that his characters are living, are vitally realised portraits; fourth, that his style possesses the marks of individuality, and is perfectly adequate to the needs of his theme. That is a deal to ask, you may say, from a new novelist; yet, if he has not these things, what need for him to persist? for the market is overstocked, and, as Mr Hugh Walpole recently pointed out, the way of the new novelist is a thorny one that leads him to the publisher.

BEARSDEN AND RENFREW STREET.

I leave it to Glasgow readers to judge, when they read Mr Macfarlan's book, whether he has fulfilled the first of the above demands. To read the modern novel one would presume that all novelists know only London, for it is seldom that any other city gets more than casual notice. Mr Macfarlan has very wisely written of what he knows, and thus, while his story opens in Ireland, its development takes place in Glasgow. The train journey of the hero and heroine to Bearsden, for example, the description of that suburb's station at night in war time, and the passages which concern the flat in Renfrew Street are all well done, and are the natural consequence of sincere and clever observation.

The Greater Dollar Directory.**CHANGES OF ADDRESS.**

DAWSON, Mr CECIL, L. C. W., and Parr's Bank House, Stanley Road, Bootle, Lancashire.

FOX, E. S., Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, 12 The Bund, Shanghai.

JEPSON, Mrs N., "Strathyre," Audley Place (Audley Lane), Blackburn.

LAMBERTON, NEIL, Oakenhurst, 235 Nithsdale Road, Pollokshields, Glasgow.

M'LELLAND, Major A. A., No. 66 Field Company, 2nd (Q.V.O.), S. and M., Robat, India.

MONK, A. V., The Glen Line Eastern Agency, 5 Canton Road, Shanghai, China.