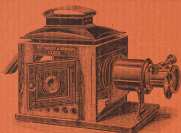


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Vol. VI.

FEBRUARY, 1903.

No. 3.



THIS being our first number in 1903, we are perhaps not too late to wish our readers the old wish, "A Happy New Year." Doubtless many of us have already found that the good resolutions we made have already been broken and forgotten, but we hope that the one which concerned the writing of an article for the *Gryphon* will yet bear fruit abundantly.

* * *

As evidenced by the address presented by the Students' Union, the College as a whole felt highly gratified by the presence on Prize Day of our esteemed President, the Marquis of Ripon. In the words of Rudyard Kipling:—

"We're all as willing as Burke,
We all of us love the Marquis."

and he may always be sure of a hearty welcome whenever he appears amongst us.

The Conversazione is fixed for Friday, February 20th. Proceedings will commence as in former years with a *Café Chantant*, followed by a gymnastic display, while exhibitions will be given of work done in the Textile, Dyeing, and Art Departments. Through the kindness of Mrs. Schöndekopf, the picturesque operetta of *Papacette* will be presented, and this should prove an irresistible source of attraction. May we impress upon all students the absolute necessity of their presence on this occasion. Last year the Students' Union officials and other enthusiasts spared no pains to provide a thoroughly first-class entertainment. The result was a marked success in every way—except financially. The great mass of students failed to respond to the efforts made on their behalf. The Hall was well filled with a large number of distinguished guests from near and far, but our own students were for the most part conspicuous by their absence. While hoping for as enjoyable an evening's entertainment as was provided last year, we trust that every student will see to it that this year the financial result may be more encouraging.

* * *

As stated in our last issue, we made arrangements to send a special correspondent to attend the sittings of the committee of the Privy Council

The Gryphon.

concerning the University question. We are glad to say that he was enabled to attend, and supplies us with an account of the proceedings in this number. We are thus spared the trouble of preparing a special report in the editorial office, as was hinted might have to be the case. It seems impossible to make any statement as to when the Committee will make any pronouncement, but surely it cannot now be long before the demand of Liverpool is either granted or rejected. The sketches reproduced as a supplement to this number were made in Court by an eminent artist well-known in the College world. He desires us to explain that any imperfections in the likenesses are to be attributed to the engraver.

On January 19th an old familiar figure appeared in the College. Those of us who had not been forewarned received a pleasant shock on seeing the genial face of Mr. Wheatley in the Porter's office as we entered the College. Inquiry revealed the fact that the Porter who has done duty hitherto this Session has obtained the position of Canteen Steward at York. We wish him all success in his fresh surroundings.

This month the College loses another member of the Staff. Mr. Herbert Ingle, F.I.C., has obtained a post under Government as Agricultural Chemist to the Transvaal. Mr. Ingle has been associated with the College since 1879. He was a distinguished student first; then for many years Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Chemistry; and finally Lecturer in Agricultural Chemistry. We believe he is regarded by the scientific authorities of the College as a chemist of quite exceptional talent, and we know that his personal qualities have won the admiration and regard of the hosts of students who have had the advantage of his teaching. He sails to take up his duties in South Africa on the 14th, and the good wishes of the College go with him.

The University Trial.

[BY OUR OWN REPORTER.]

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubts expressed in your last number, I had no difficulty in gaining admission to the Privy Council Office and hearing as much as I wanted of the University trial. On my return from London I wrote a report of the proceedings. This report I have since lost, and I have now to start afresh. The advantage of this is that I shall be obliged to be brief, and to deal only with features

of the case which were sufficiently pronounced to have remained in my mind after a month's interval. On the other hand, I need hardly say that the report which I wrote in December and lost was a very remarkable production of the snap-cutty interview order, bedecked with every ornament of debased literary style, violating the sanctuary



The Chancellor

of private life, bordering occasionally on the indecent, chipped into short-headed paragraphs, and, in fact, conforming to the chief requirements of what is called smart up-to-date journalism.

My chief impression of the trial is one of sadness, for it was distressing in the extreme to see the three Colleges of the University, which have worked



The
Gryphon

together so long and so amicably, opposing one another through the agency of lawyers, like quarrelsome partners in a mercantile firm. Not that there was any acrimony or bad taste. On the contrary, there was all possible courtesy displayed throughout. But it is obvious that the kind of inquiry was highly unsuitable for the purpose in view. The ablest

counsel cannot be expected to learn in a few days the intricacies of a complex University, or to speak on the different aspects of a disruption question except by an elaborate, and necessarily imperfect system of "instructions." During the hearing one saw at times the Registrar of the University telling something to a College Professor, who told it to the Solicitor, who told it to the Junior Counsel, who told it to his leader, who finally spoke it out loud. It is ever to be regretted that the proposal for a Royal Commission was not accepted by our sister Colleges.

There were no really exciting incidents during the hearing of the case. The first day was devoted to the Liverpool people. Their leading counsel, the Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, K.C., the celebrated wicket-keeper, spoke at great length in opening. His chief witness was the Right Hon. R. B. Haldane, K.C., whose appearance in that capacity would be a puzzle to people who did not know that he had been originally engaged as chief counsel for Liverpool. When, at the Coronation, he was made a Privy



ROBERT
B. HALDANE
K.C.

Councillor, it became impossible for him to plead. He therefore relapsed or ascended into the position of educational expert. In this capacity he produced a printed scheme for federating an extraordinary variety of educational institutions into a Yorkshire University. This scheme fell somewhat flat, and was not further noticed than in a parenthesis by Mr. Acland, who described it as fantastic. The various members of the Committee frequently interposed with questions, and at the end of Mr. Haldane's disquisition Lord Rosebery gave a very neat summary of what the right hon. gentleman "had wished to convey."

On the second day Manchester stated their case, and there seemed some doubt as to whether they were opponents or friends of Liverpool in the technical sense. It was decided that they were neither or both, I forget which. Their actual position was, of course, that of approving the Liverpool claim, provided their own prior claim were admitted. Principal Hopkinson was their chief witness, and he made their situation and aspirations very clear.

The last part of the second day was occupied by the speech of Mr. Cripps, K.C., opening the case for the Yorkshire College. This speech was continued on the morning of the third day, and eventually, after the gathering up of the waters there was dry land, and it was good, as it is somewhere remarked. The evidence of the Marquis of Ripon, who was the chief witness for the College, provided,



MR. CRIPPS K.C.

perhaps, the most interesting period of the proceedings. I am not daring to offer criticism of individuals, and therefore I must refrain from saying anything in detail about his Lordship, but the complete knowledge which he has of all the bearings of the question, his great experience of affairs, and his strong feelings, resulted in a very striking display, which was not impaired in any degree during cross-examination.



EFFICIENCY

The Right Hon. A. H. D. Acland also, as an ex-Minister of Education, spoke with exceptional authority and effect. Lord Alton represented Leeds with grave and measured words. The Staff had only a short innings. The Principal had a few jobs sent down, which he played judiciously, and then one or two curly ones, off which Mr. Lyttelton

endeavoured to take him at the wicket. He was generally considered to be not out at the finish.

The proceedings ended as they began with much forensic oratory, in the midst of which, feeling that I had done my duty sufficiently, I retired to write the report which I have lost.



Sunny (Wad)

I have said nothing about the Committee. Everyone knows that the Duke of Devonshire was Chairman, and that the other members were the Earl of Rosebery, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord James of Hereford, and Lord Justice Fry. I do not say that they enjoyed themselves; I believe they may have had merrier days; but of their patient endurance, only one who, in the discharge of onerous journalistic duties or in other trammels of conscience, sat through the trial, can speak with due admiration and sympathy. I felt that I would give much to know how they spent the evening of the third day.

Some Common Fallacies Analysed.

- I.—*That the instinct of private ownership in children shows the impossibility of collective ownership by the State.*

So often has this been asserted, so obvious is this instinct in children, that one has almost come to regard this statement as an axiom needing no further proof. Yet there are many other instincts in children, such as selfishness or the instinct of seeking chiefly one's own good, which by a similar argument might lead one to think that anything in the nature of exploitation of the majority of human beings by a minority would be almost impossible; but this system is now in full swing, and is even believed to be the only possible one by most people. As a matter of fact, our instincts play but a subordinate part in our social organisation, and the degree to which they assert themselves is wholly dependent on external conditions, such as the kind of society we live in, or the grade we are born into. Almost every worker would seem to most uselessly give up about one-half, or at any rate some fraction, of his labour to his employer, since his wages never reach the full value. Whether he does it willingly, or through other causes, does

not enter the question; the point is, that the instinct which is in all probability as strong in him as in his employer, does not prevent him from doing so. Again, how far is this instinct of private ownership satisfied at the present time? The country of England, for instance, is supposed to belong to the English people. How far is this true? Taking London, it has been shown that almost its whole area belongs to about six or seven people, yet there are at least 5,000,000 inhabitants in London. Does there seem to be much ownership of land here? And the same holds good for pretty much all England. Let us take the ordinary working man. Nothing is strictly his own except the clothes on his back, and the things most immediately around him in the house, which, under the most complete State ownership, would still remain his own. For by collective ownership by the State we mean the ownership of all those things which concern the people as a whole, and which can be better managed by combined than by individual effort. Thus we advocate the rationalisation of all public institutions—such as Hospitals, Schools, Colleges, &c.; and also the ownership by the State of the land, the factories, and all the instruments of production. As a matter of fact, since the invention of labour-saving machinery, the tendency has been all towards collective ownership rather than towards individual. Thus the private producer has been ousted by the owners of the small factory, the latter has been nearly driven out of existence by the combinations represented by the rings and joint stock companies; and these again are being replaced by the still more powerful combinations known as the trusts. In our most important industries, then, we have the vast majority owning nothing (except their labour power), whether of a private or collective nature, whilst the whole of the wealth of any one industry belongs collectively to a very small minority. This has led to an enormous growth of luxury and ease on the one hand, whilst on the other it has, in proportion, alarmingly increased the poverty and degradation of the masses. The inevitable outcome of this centralisation of wealth and spread of misery is the ownership of all the means of production, &c., by the people themselves, to be managed by them in the interests of the entire community. Surely the instinct of private ownership cannot oppose this more than the present wretched state of affairs, where most have nothing that they can own privately. Even if the instinct of private ownership were really as powerful in preventing collective ownership as it is not, it would still not be an argument against the latter, but if in adult life we found collective ownership more profitable and more convenient, it would mean that we must try and destroy this harmful instinct, as we do not hesitate to destroy others of a like character.

- II.—*That two blacks don't make a white.*

To begin with, let us define the only meaning that can be, or is, attached to this phrase, e.g., that of two black actions (black being used in sense of wrong); the second can never cancel the first. Let us take some familiar example. A robber meets a man on a lonely path and demands his money or his life; the man knocks the robber

down, and escapes. Now here we have two eminently black actions:—(1) The wish to steal or kill; (2) knocking a man down. Yet who will doubt that the man's action was perfectly right, i.e., was quite white, and it was only made so by the black action of the robber. The truth is that we cannot consider actions divorced from their circumstances. We have, of course, ideas on the absolute whiteness, or blackness, of actions, but in practical life we seldom have to deal with actions which can be considered absolutely, i.e., out of relation with other actions. It is all the more surprising that this phrase should so often be flung against one, when after all our whole social system depends upon the denial of this statement. It is generally thought wrong to make a fellow-creature suffer, yet is there a general outcry against the suffering inflicted on criminals? No; because it is considered that their black actions have justified, i.e., made white, the action of making them suffer. In these cases, and in many another of everyday life, we assume that two blacks do, or rather may, make a white. It is only when we wish to crush an opponent without sufficient argument that this phrase is brought forth as a sort of gospel truth. Instances of this kind may be found in the hungry child who steals a loaf of bread, or in the outraged Russian student who strikes at a merciless governor.

III.—*That we are considerably more honest and more humane now than in former ages.*

This seems a curious statement to make in an age which is seeing the fiercest struggle for the battle of life that has ever existed. In an age in which the commercial element is supreme, with all the forced dishonesties and sufferings which it brings in its train; at a time, too, in which we see in all its nakedness the bloodshed of India and Ireland by England, the atrocities of Germany in China, the outrages of Russia against most of her citizens, and so on. What seems to be the fundamental fallacy in this statement is that effects are mistaken for causes. People must have grown more honest, it is asserted, for see how much purer our public life is, how much more honest and just are our law courts, &c. Undoubtedly these things are true. Our elections, for instance, are far more free from bribes and intimidations. Why? Because people will not offer them, or because they would be refused? Hardly. The very fact that in a milder form these things still occur shows that this cannot be the case. The fact is that we have to a great extent removed the possibility by the institution of the secret ballot and like reforms. Surely, were we really more honest, such institutions would be less necessary now than formerly, and we might at least release the rigour of their action. We find we cannot do so; on the contrary, we constantly increase the number of obstacles to dishonest actions. Moreover, these institutions arose, not because the sense of honesty became stronger in a considerable portion of the people, but through the need of those whom dishonesties in public life wronged the most. Now for a few words on our humanity. Wars are certainly not so frequent; charitable institutions have increased; there is no longer a Spanish Inquisition; and so on. If wars are rarer, is it our

humanity we have to thank? The most superficial study of history will show that wars have always been provoked in the interest of the most powerful party. When it was considered a glory to hold sway over as much land as possible, we had wars purely for territory. No less fierce (although at a much later date) were the wars at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when the opening of new markets were essential to the development of our manufacturing and commercial classes. At present the various nations have their colonies and their outlets, and have each grown too powerful to be attacked. There is not so much need now for external warfare for any party. There is now rather internal war, i.e., war between the working and capitalist classes of each country. Yet, whenever there is an opportunity, do we engage in it more gently, with less rigour? The wars in the Sudan, the Transvaal, the general onslaught on China, are yet too fresh in our minds for any such conclusion; and this in spite of peace conferences and tribunals. Truly, one is almost inclined to think that our hypocrisy has made far greater strides than our humanity. Again, if charitable institutions (those very doubtful blessings) are numerous, we must not forget that the growth of wealth has been enormous, and, if taken in proportion to the number of needy, it will hardly be found to be much more extensive now than at any other time. Lack of space will not permit me to further develop this subject. What I wish more particularly to point out is that, whereas many devices have indeed sprung up for checking dishonesty or inhumanity, we owe these comparatively little to the actual spread of ethical feeling amongst us, but far more to the recognition of the material needs of some particular class in our society, and it is in this direction that we must chiefly look for further development. Naturally, living amongst surroundings in which actions are bound to be somewhat more humane and more honest, our ideas on these things get modified, and what was at one time regarded with equanimity, might now be thought impossibly harsh; but the point still remains, that, relative to our opportunities for acting cruelly or dishonestly, we are as a whole very inconsiderably better now than in former times.

Z. K.

The Prize Distribution.

THE President of the Yorkshire College, the Marquess of Ripon, K.G., received the new associates and distributed the prizes on December 10th in the presence of a large and enthusiastic gathering. Almost as soon as the learned and distinguished procession had filed with solemn tread up the central aisle of the Hall, Mr. W. T. Munro slipped on to the platforms. As Chairman of the Students' Union he presented Lord Ripon with an address from that body on this, his first official visit to the College since the formation of the new Students' Union, of which he is the President. The address assured his Lordship of the sincere respect of the students, and of their appreciation of his great services to the College. Lord Ripon, about to

reply, was greeted by an enthusiastic rendering of "For he's a jolly good fellow," led by Mr. Munro, and by a chorus of bird-warblers led by somebody else. When the opportunity was forthcoming, his Lordship heartily thanked the members of the Students' Union for their address. He was glad that they recognised that he had always felt an interest in their prosperity and happiness. None and on all occasions he wished them success.

This pleasing little ceremony over, the Principal rose and gave his review of the work of the College. In a somewhat lengthy speech he enumerated the successes gained by present students, old students, and members of the staff in various walks of life—from one gentleman who has secured the appointment of Chief Inspector of the River Ribble Board to another who has graduated in the University of Strasbourg *sempre cum laude*.

Lord Ripon, after touching on the sad fact that the balance sheet shows an excess of expenditure over income, spoke on the subject of the University crisis. "The College authorities," he said, "had received the largest, most unstinted, and unanimous support of Yorkshire's public bodies, and of almost all its public institutions." With regard to the inquiry then pending, his Lordship refrained from discussing the whole question, and concluded by expressing his deep sense of the great services rendered by Principal Rodington and his colleagues in advising the Council of the College with regard to the proposal to break up the Victoria University.

His address was listened to throughout with the politeness due to the chief speaker on such occasions, save for a few misguided individuals who imagined that a slight accompaniment on their twopenny toys added humour to his remarks.

Proceedings were somewhat more boisterous when the prizes were being distributed, but this was fair game, and nobody had any objections to offer. After the prizes had been distributed, Sir John Barran, in proposing a vote of thanks to Lord Ripon, gave us a lively five minutes. Offering the students some advice, he said that if they were to be successful they must be saturated (loud and prolonged cheers), but it was to be with the subject they studied. We felt for the poor chemist engaged in the study of some of the more spicily-scented compounds in which he was to be immersed to obtain his success. Mr. A. G. Lupton seconded the vote of thanks, and Lord Ripon, having briefly replied, the proceedings terminated.

We append a list of the prize-winners:—

Latin, Miss Savage, B.A. English Language and Literature, Spencer H. Elliot and Oliver Waterhouse. French, Ethel Margaret Holman, B.A. German, Ethel Margaret Robinson, B.A. Ancient History, J. Percie Whitton. Modern History, Frederick R. Fisher. Education, Arthur Greenwood. Mathematics, Sidney H. Sedles, B.Sc., and Arthur A. Stoddard, B.Sc. Physics, Albert Phillips. Chemistry, Henry S. Kears, B.Sc., and Derrick Booth. Botany (Zoology), Ethel E. Goodson, B.Sc. (Botany), Ethel E. Goodson, B.Sc. Geology, John A. Dill. Mechanical Engineering, Sidney H. Sedles, B.Sc. Civil Engineering, Arthur A. Stoddard, B.Sc. Electrical Engineering, Robert J. A. Preece, B.Sc., and Harry S. Bagley. Fourth Year, Walter G. Hill, Cecil S. Moke, Howard Pymant, Percie Keadell, George S. Madson. Art, Percie Keadell, Alaska Savary, Irene Maguire. Diving, Sydney F. M. Briggs, Alec R. Stevens, Norman Gresham. Leather Industry, Gilbert Roberts and Abraham J. Berghattin. Law, William B. Gil, Charles H. Harris, James M. Wade, Edmund Lee.

The Juliocæsiad.

A HYMN.

Upon an agger, near a wall,
Before his camp in upper Gaul
J. C. was meditating;
The conquest of another isle
To add to Rome's increasing pile
His mind was contemplating.

They fought against us with the Gauls
And aid would often lend 'em,
Ergo, inquit, Q.E.D.
Est nobis pugnandum.

"Twelve thousand men," cried Julius C.,
"If but I dare to send 'em,
And ninety-eight good ships," quoth he,
Est nobis iam vincendum.

The ships were launched; the weather was
At all unpropitious,
"Now, hurry up," cried Julius C.,
Est nobis celerandum.

"Fair Albion's shores!" he cried again,
"And natives to defend 'em!
Quick! what your broadswords, natives,
Est nobis capiendum."

At barbari in collibus
Were there at unpropitious,
And no fit place could Caesar find
Ad hunc agendum.

At once they reached a level shore
Where Caesar tried to land 'em,
"Pull tight your braces, men," he cried,
Est nobis dimicandum.

Along the shore the barbari
Were ready to withstand 'em;
Yet echoed every Roman breast,
Est nobis unum pugnandum.

"Pick each your man," brave Caesar cried,
"To kingdom come we'll send 'em;
Now, right about, in flutibus
Est nobis consistendum."

"The beggars funk," quoth Julius C.,
"May mighty Jove defend 'em;
Est nobis nunc— it seems to me—
Auxilium vitendum."

Then up the eagle bearer sprang,
And mightily he kerrned 'em,
For, leaping in the sea, he cried,
"Est iam dentendum."

He dashed amongst the barbari,
His blade was drawn to rend 'em;
Hæc fecit in periculum.
Ad aquilam ferendum.

Unto his gods he cried aloud
That fortune might attend 'em,
Then rose a cry from every throat,
"Est omnibus agendum."

Then twanged the bows and *arcs* flashed,
While stones flew thick and random;
And step by step they cut their way
Ad *verillam servandum*.

"By Mighty Mars," cried Julius C.—
Excitedly he scanned 'em—
And loud his voice rang o'er the fight,
"Est nobis *superandum*."

"Now bend the giant catapults
As fast as you can bend 'em,
And deal 'em death with deadly darts;
Est *liquido torrendum*."

"Now let the boats be filled with men,"
And then—to those that manned 'em—
"Attack ye yonder open flank,
Est *nobis nunc pugandum*."

From these strange things the natives fled;
They didn't understand 'em.

"To victory, men!" cried Caesar then,
"Est *tanquam cunctandum*."

"Lest we forget 'tis well to make
A mental memorandum

Of all the salient points, e.g.,
The mighty general Julius C.
Came o'er in 55 B.C.,
And whittled the Celtic *barbari*.
You read (take this advice from me)
Book IV. of his Commentaries
(Beginning Chapter 21).
Wherefore, *de cetero*, Q.E.D.
Erat *quod demonstrandum*.

BRUTUS.

The Organic Chemical Laboratory.

"The organic lab.? Where's that?" we hear the Freshman say. It is a remarkable fact, and one which speaks volumes for the modesty of the third-year chemical student, that no Freshman ever does know where is this organic lab. Neither is it intended that he should. The entrance of a first or second year man is regarded as an unpardonable intrusion—take note, ye ubiquitous meddlers!

Before taking up his abode in this earthly paradise, the student, during two years of life in the big lab. upstairs, has had his corners rubbed off by friction with the vigilant laboratory steward; he is therefore better fitted for the more genial atmosphere of our lab. Should it be his intention to engage in the pursuit of chemistry for another year, he will now endeavour to gain admittance to this elysium. Here comes the difficulty. The distinctive feature of the organic lab. is its selectness, marked only by the presence of a fee—but, no, we must not disparage them, for do not they number in their ranks that profound philosopher of "sudden death" fame, from the presence of whom in our midst we derive so great benefits? To return to the point, the organic lab. does not open its portals to all and sundry who may care to enter. The Honours student alone can say the magic

"Open, sesame!" There are many to whom the privilege of entering into the joys of this abode of the blessed is refused. Some are doomed to pass the remainder of their college chemical career in the gloom and obscurity of a little room in close proximity to—ye gods! the first year medicals!

We have heard that organic chemistry is studied upstairs. We doubt it. It is perfectly true, however, that a brilliant devotee of chemistry, erstwhile celebrated for his apparatus-breaking propensities, having separated a mixture of liquids into two layers, threw the result of the labour of days, aye, probably weeks, down the sink, and carefully treasured a few c.c.s. of more or less pure—we beg pardon—*pure* water. In our lab. all is different.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife—far, unfortunately, from ping-pong or the common room—we live in bliss unalloyed. Here is no Chapman admonishing one to keep his bench clean, if by chance one has not strictly adhered to that golden rule, "Above all, work with . . . clean apparatus on a clean bench." Here is no dispensary where mysterious mixtures are concocted to trap the unwary analyst. There are none of these curses of modern civilisation. Our time is employed in manufacturing pleasant-smelling essences (amyl acetate, phenyl isocyanide), preparing wonderfully shaped crystals, or staining our hands with dyes. Absolute peace reigns (if that small boy is not about). The silence is only broken by the occasional drop of somebody's glass-ware, the explosion of a sealed tube, or the gentle murmur of small-talk over the middle bench on the right-hand side. There is one great drawback—upstairs chemicals are provided; in our celestial abode we put our hands in our pockets and pay like men, a very subtle difference, as our philosopher has it.

CACOËTHES SCRIBENDI.

Charivaria.

The intimation is not official, but we have it on good authority that at the last meeting of the Finance Committee it was decided to erect a notice-board for the especial benefit of the Principal.

While we have been writing the above, the notice-board has appeared. It naturally occupies an exalted position in the College entrance, so exalted, in fact, that we would further suggest the purchase of field-glasses or fire-escape.

This matter needs urgent attention, as not a notice has been despatched on the board since its erection—at least, with the naked eye.

The Marquess of Ripon *is a wain*.

We have been requested to call attention to the fact that the photograph of the Chairman of the Union, which appeared in the last issue of *The Gryphon*, was taken before the 1st January, 1903.

It is not true, as stated in the last number of *The Gryphon*, that the meeting of the Entertainments' Committee was adjourned, at the desire of the engineers, to elect more ladies. It was the other way round.

Further, the resignation of a certain member of the Union has no connection with the above incident. There has been much unnecessary comment on the matter.

In a recent speech at Johannesburg Mr. Chamberlain said that a vote given against Lord Milner was a vote given to the Mad Mullah (Reuter's latest telegram).

DA: DA:

Microbiana.

By "A VACCINE."

Beware of the microbes! Such is the cry that greets us wherever we turn.

"Britains never, never shall be slaves." We cannot now sing the old song with the same gusto. We are slaves to the deadliest enemy of the human race—to the microbe. We are like Hercules and the Hydra, for no matter how many microbes we destroy, their places are taken by others more numerous and more awful. The medical profession is being slowly done to death by this dread spectre. The clergy permits of no slackness, allows no amnesty, but slowly and surely, octopus-like, winds its tentacles (or, shall we say, flagella) firmly round its unwilling victim.

How anyone lives at all in face of the sources of infection around is a profound mystery. "In order to save life the bacteriologist is doing his best to make life not worth living." Even the lay public—that body of people who are, of all the human race, the most indifferent—is being roused by the cry of the microbe hunters, and those enlightened people—the educationists—are beginning to realise the incalculable benefits that must accrue to the community in the future by bringing up the children in the way they should go. Indeed, we believe we betray the confidence of nobody when we announce that in the near future instruction in the microbe-theory will before long be made compulsory in all public schools. *Tempora mutantur*! Even now the slum children are not unaware of the deadly influence of microbes. Only recently a youngster in one of our Sunday schools stoutly refused to believe that Gehazi became a leper on account of his sins. "No," said he; "there was germs in his clothes."

Our readers will no doubt remember a fairly recent article in the *Lowest*, calling attention to the "appalling" practice of opening letters at the breakfast table. It dangers lurk in such places, can we wonder at the cry of despair that breaks upon our ears? Shall we allow the thousand and one items that make life worth living to be snatched from us without a struggle? There is

no life to us if there be no risks; and shall we exchange our present life for a few more years of dull, monotonous being, without incident, without microbes?

Such is the problem that faces the thoughtful man of to-day. There is no escape! Would that we lived in the good old days!

Microbe diledo est!

"The time is out of joint; O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right."

In conclusion, we would commend to the notice of our readers a verse taken from *The Baltimore News*.

"Go draw the curtains, sister, and stop up all
the chinks,
For microbes and bacilli are kicking up high
jinks;
Go sterilise the water, and disinfect the cook,
The germ is grimly stalking like some pursuing
spook.

Go vaccinate the oatmeal
And sulphurize the rice,
And once again, dear sister,
Don't fail to *kill* the ice."

A. V.

'Tis Better to have Loved and Lost than Never to have Loved at All.

I WRITE this on my return home from the meeting of the Debating Society, at which the above subject was one of those chosen for impromptu debate. Both the speakers professed an ignorance of the subject, so, as I have had some experience, perhaps I may be permitted here in a few sentences to give an opinion on the subject.

One of the earliest of my recollections is the love which I felt for a favourite kitten. I remember now how well I used to enjoy the society of the little animal, and how (as is so often an accompaniment of the feeling) I used to ill-treat her. Yes, I loved that kitten, and—I lost her! I remember well the grief it gave me at the time, but now I reflect that had I not lost her I should have her still. Fancy carrying a kitten round for 20 or 30 years, as I should have done had I not lost my first love. And, after all, she could not have remained a kitten, and, doubtless, when she grew into a sedate matron of a cat my disappointment would have been boundless. Yes, I am glad I lost her, and I trust she was found by someone who would not swing her round by her tail and pull her ears. Yet, though I was but a child of three or four years old, I feel that the love I bore for the kitten did me good, and also that the losing of her did me no harm. Truly, it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

At the age of seven I was sent on a visit to a girls' school. The visit lasted for about three weeks, and during the time I had a birthday. Reader, have you ever been the only male in an establishment and had a birthday there? If not, you have missed one of the joys of life! During

the three weeks I underwent my first attachment for one of the opposite sex. Her name was Angelina. I remember well that the attachment was instantaneous and mutual—it was a case of first sight! The attachment lasted nearly a fortnight, at the end of which there was a quarrel, which might not have proved insurmountable had I not in an evil moment stuck a pen-knife into the back of my charmer's hand. She, weeping, went and told, and I was suitably chastised. That, of course, finished the affair. I afterwards found that she was the heiress to three-quarters of a million—she is now married. The losing of my first love taught me one great lesson—never to stick pen-knives into the back of a girl's hand. So even to have learnt that was something worth the pains of losing. Again, I say, it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.

I had one or two other attachments at the age of 10 or 11. The objects have passed out of my life now, but the memory—what a precious thing it is—lingers with me still, and though since that age I have never felt the same thrills again, I, without hesitation, give a final and, I hope, convincing statement that it is better, ay, far better, to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. F.

The Biter Bit—the "Wigger" Fit.

And are there hearts who in creation's life
Stand ranked as men who breathe in this fair Isle
The air of freedom, with no little gall,
So low a spirit, prostrate than to fall,
Before these slugs and without a groan
Bear wrongs night and day seemers loose a stone?
—*Chamberlain.*

O say me sooth, proud "wigger" of the freshling youth,
Upon whose head, unwigged and humbly lowered,
Thy satire "bold" in jubilation was poured,
Was it thine own choice wits' desire
That drove thy quill of pointed fire?
Or did old Boethius with assiduous care,
Intent to lure the fresher to his lair,
With scented woodbine impregnate the air?
Or, fofled, because his pleasures were refused,
Revengeful thoughts into thy mind infused?
Or did this god of Bacca send his son to bear
Calumnious charges 'gainst the novice fair?
That son renowned in wars with dical men,
Whose jovial smoky presence fills the common den,
Who many a draughty joust with ease hath won,
Rejoicing in the noble name of Dee and son.
Did he thy mind with this new thought arrest?
Did he suggest that by thy "barber" thou jests
The venon'd barbs should lance our breasts?
If that were so, our gods would we invoke
To harass both with vilest Lim'rick smoke,
To give thine "urken locks" a country crop
And place a "liberal" powdered wig upon the top.
But list, O cynic, list but once again,
If thou wouldst lure us to thy common den,
Remove the noxious fumes, admit refreshing air,
For can a stalwart fresher breathe what ain't fresh air?
—*OLIVER JIGGER.*

Scientific Society.

At a meeting of the above society, held on December 15th, a paper was read by Mr. J. A. Dell on "The Honey Bee." He mentioned first one or two facts concerning the history of bee-keeping. Bees were mentioned in the writings of most of the ancient civilisations of the world. On the earliest Egyptian inscription yet discovered we find a bee figuring as a symbol of Lower Egypt, showing that even at that date (6,000 B.C.) bee-keeping was a prosperous source of income to a certain portion of the Egyptian population.

He next proceeded to give some account of the anatomy of the worker bee, pointing out the numerous strange and interesting devices for securing efficiency as a pollen and honey collector. Illustrative lantern slides were used to show the arrangement of hooks which unite fore and hind wings, and allows them to work together as if a single membrane. The brushes and combs on the legs used for scraping pollen off the body and antennae were described and illustrated, and mention was made of the structure of the sting and its effects.

He concluded his paper by mentioning some of the more interesting features of the bee's daily life. The curious way in which similar larvae can, by appropriate feeding, be developed either into queens or into workers; the mode in which the cells are put together; the care of the queen; the nursing of the young princesses; and the mutual relations of drones and workers were each described, and as far as possible illustrated, with either lantern slides or models.

On January 15th the society listened to a paper by Dr. Patterson. It was entitled, "The Founding of a great industry," and dealt chiefly with the life and labours of the French chemist, Leblanc. During the unsettled times of the French Revolution, so great was the demand for soda that the Government offered a prize for the best and cheapest method of manufacturing it from salt. Leblanc invented the best process, and with the help of his patron, Orleans, set up works and began the manufacture. When Orleans was executed, however, the works were confiscated, and Leblanc expelled. Although many appeals were made to the Government, permission to re-open the works could not be obtained for several years, when competition and obstacles purposely placed in his way prevented Leblanc from making them succeed. F. T.

The Debating Society.

The fifth meeting of the session was held on January 26th, in the College Library, and was given up to impromptu debates, the President, Mr. Hartley, kindly offering two prizes—one to the ladies, the other to the men—for the best speeches. There was a large attendance, the ladies turning up in great force.

Professor Stroud and Mr. Connal had kindly consented to act as judges on the occasion. In general, the subject of debate was drawn out of a box and announced, and the names of the proposer and opposer of the motion drawn out of another

box and announced before the proposer of the preceding motion had spoken. The speeches were limited to five minutes. Mr. Stead opened by proposing "That Leeds is the finest city in the kingdom," which he did as a loyal citizen of the same. Mr. Elliott, who was opposed by Miss Cardozo, proposed "That the reading found in magazines and newspapers satisfies all the needs of the present day." This he did by referring chiefly to the great reviews. Miss Barton proposed "That the salaries of the Staff should be increased." She was opposed by Mr. Fearley, who made a humorous speech, in which he contended that the salaries of the Staff vary inversely as the cube of the work done. Mr. Cooper proposed "That the multiplication of College Societies is a mistake," and was opposed by Mr. Whitaker in a well-proportioned speech. Miss Johnson, though she said she had had no practical experience, waxed sentimental over loving and losing and not losing at all. In a vigorous speech Mr. Skerley attacked "The Gryphon," declaring that it was a useless magazine, whilst, after Miss Porritt had defended it, Miss Kahan and Mr. Fisher enlarged upon "That much study is a weariness to the flesh."

The other speakers were Misses Conyers, Goodson, Hilary, and Standing, and Messrs. Hartley, Horn, Jenkins, Kay, and Landman.

The ladies' prize was won by Miss Kahan, who retired in favour of Miss Porritt; the gentlemen's prize was won by Mr. Whitless. A vote of thanks to the judges closed the proceedings. W. A. C.

Men's Christian Union.

MR. W. PHILLIPS, M.B., of Queen's College, Belfast, and Travelling Secretary of the S.V.M.U. (Student Volunteer Missionary Union), paid us a three days' visit during the last week of January. The S.V.M.U. is an important branch of the British College Christian Union, and aims at bringing before students the claims of the foreign mission field, and the necessity for "The Evangelisation of the World in this Generation."

Mr. Phillips addressed a meeting at five o'clock on Tuesday, January 27th, at which Dr. Moorman presided. In introducing Mr. Phillips, the Chairman pointed out that this meeting served as an introduction to the missionary study which our Christian Union hopes to carry out this term. Mr. Phillips, who is himself a "Student Volunteer," and intends to sail for India next October, then gave an interesting and valuable address on the uses and methods of missionary study. He showed how the old Jewish idea of a tribal God had given way before the Christian idea of a God who was the God of the whole earth, and on this latter idea he based an appeal for the recognition of the necessity for foreign missions. The need for a thorough and systematic study of such missions was then pointed out, and some useful hints were given as to the methods by which missionary study might best be carried out.

The subject selected for study during the present term is "Mohammedanism." The following gentlemen have promised to contribute papers:—Mr. J. E. Appleyard, "Mohammed." Mr. H. G.

Bennett, "The Koran." Mr. O. Waterhouse, "Islam." Mr. S. H. Elliott, "The World's Need." The dates of the meetings will be announced in due course. S. H. E.

Women's Christian Union.

COMING back to College after the Christmas vacation with renewed vigour and hopes for our C.U. work during the coming term, we, at the V.C.U., think it advisable to have a large C.U. "tea-meeting." Mrs. Hefler, our outside President, very kindly invited all our students, and also those from other Colleges, teaching in Leeds, to tea in the Common Room on January 16th, and about 44 accepted her invitation. After tea, and the opportunities it affords for social intercourse, we settled down to the meeting. Miss G. M. Wilson, of Sheffield, came to speak on the M.S.U.W., giving its history and some of the results up to the present, then going on to the share we can take in it. We are not asked to be merely subscribers, but Home Members. It should cost us not only our subscription, but our prayers for, and sympathy with, the "settlers" and those amongst whom they work. Photographs and extracts from letters helped to make the meeting very interesting and helpful, and to stimulate the missionary interest in the College. It was quite a missionary meeting, as we had present Miss Greenwood, of Rôyapettah; Dr. E. Stuart, of Julia, Persia; and Mrs. Audley Parry, late of Aurangabad, India.

Dr. E. Stuart said a few words on student work generally, but reserved an account of her work in Persia for the ordinary C.U. meeting on Monday, January 19th. Some 25 were present at this meeting, when Dr. Stuart told us of her journey to Julia through a barren country, with just here and there a few bright spots. As is the country, so are the people—thirsting for the Water of Life. They are not satisfied with their prophet, and it is to us to whom has been entrusted the gospel of a living Saviour that they look for help and guidance. As the time was short, Dr. Stuart did not say much of the general hospital work, but spoke more especially of the missionary aspect. The success of the Mission Hospital depends not only on the European doctor, but on the native Christian nurses. We were told of some of the first converts, and how the work is progressing quickly. God is permitting His servants to see some of the harvest. But how few and inadequate are the labourers! Speaking of some of the objections made by students, Dr. Stuart showed how the attitude of indifference to foreign missionary work is to be met. Have not they of other countries as much right to all the privileges of Christianity as we have? We have no right to say our work at home is too important to leave unless we have faced the question in God's presence as to where He would have us work. There and there only is the right sphere for us. To those who say they are not fit to go, one would very quickly say God forbid that those should go who think that they are fit in their own strength. They would do nothing but harm.

The address closed with a very earnest appeal to those present to consider the question of personal

service. "Who will go for us, and whom shall we send?" comes to each one of us. Surely we will answer, "Here am I; send me."

E. A. A., Secretary.

Education Notes.

OUR information for this number is more meagre than usual. The most important event is undoubtedly the football match. The result was as it should be, viz., the Seniors were the victors, the score being 13 goals to 1. If the Juniors had won, the second and third year men would have lost their prestige. The Freshers would have ceased to look up to them with awe and admiration. The first year people are beginning to appreciate the Smoke Room, which is a good sign. It is also encouraging to see that a good force of juniors presented itself at the Departmental dinner. This accounts for their irregular attendance in the Common Room. Being "mere men," the way to their hearts is via the stomach. The said Common Room would be more popular if it provided material wherewith to tickle the palate. We are pleased that the first year have healthy appetites; we have got something to work upon. Thompson, one of the pillars of the Department, has died for a short time to the walls of Cheshire. Embleton paid a flying visit to the College a short time ago, and appeared as broody as ever.

The moving spirits of the Department are infusing an enthusiasm for chess into the souls of the men. Owing to this outburst of interest, Noble has for the present suspended his usual round of mystifying performances.

Agricultural Notes.

THE fifth and sixth ordinary meetings of the Agricultural Society were held on December 17th and January 14th respectively.

The former was devoted to Impromptu Speeches, when all members took part in the discussion of agricultural topics chosen. There was a good meeting, and the proceedings were generally "lively."

The meeting on January 14th took the form of a debate, the subject of which was "That grass land is more profitable than arable land farming." The discussion was led by W. B. Thompson, and was replied to by R. G. White. Both members succeeded in giving lucid accounts of the problem from their respective points of view, neat balance sheets being introduced in support. The discussion which followed was long and animated, opinions being freely expressed on both sides, but although the attitude of the speakers seemed to lean toward the negative, yet when the voting was taken the decision was entirely reversed. The meeting lasted over two hours.

Before closing these notes, we feel it our duty to make some reference to the recent appointment of Mr. Herbert Ingle, F.I.C., to Pretoria. Truly the Agricultural Department is great! Its lecturers are sought for from the four points of the compass!

As students in Agricultural Chemistry, we congratulate Mr. Ingle most heartily, but, as students also, we know that we are losing a valued and distinguished teacher.

Mr. Ingle sails for South Africa on February 14th, subsequent to his attending the Departmental dinner on February 11th. We wish him a pleasant voyage out, and all success in his new duties.

The following poem has come to hand, and we add it in conclusion:—

I would not be a "tater," and a story I'll relate
Of the sufferings that befell our, and what a dreadful
tale
Was his, you'll own, when you have heard of all
The fearful woes
That happened to that "tater" whose tale I now
disclose.

That "tater" was a "kidney," at least so I've heard
tell,

But if he won't, some other sort will answer quite
as well;

He spent a happy childhood, free from want and
care,

But there never was a "tater" as suffered like that
"ere.

One morn, when sweetly slumbering down in his
precious earth

(Near to the rotten "tater" to whom he owed his
birth),

He heard a great commotion, and he gave a dreadful
start,

For he saw a brother "tater" was stabbed right
through the heart.

And then the earth began to shake, and tremble all
around,

And he felt himself borne upwards and hurried above
the ground;

And though the light near dazzled him, he stared
with all his eyes,

For he saw a dreadful monster who seemed to reach
the skies,

And presently the monster stooped and picked him
off the ground,

And filled his poor dear eyes with dirt as he rubbed
him round and round,

Then threw him headlong far away, although so
bruised and sore,

Till he fell on other "taters" whom he'd never seen
before.

Time won't allow to tell of all the whacks, and
thwacks, and cracks,

That fell on that poor "tater" while borne about in
sacks;

Or how they nearly drown'd him (to make him
clean, they said),

Till he wished he never had been born, or else that
he were dead.

But now the death for which he mourned so much
was drawing near,

For a horrid wretch took up a knife and skinned
that "tater" dear;

Then adding to his agony, she soured him in a pot,
And "biled" that poor dear thing to death in water
sizzling hot.

"OLD PHYLOGIST."

De Rebus Medicalibus.

The following gentlemen are to be congratulated on their recent successes:—

F.R.C.S. (Fina).

A. R. THOMPSON, M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

B.S. (Lond.).

H. COLLENSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

M.B. (Lond.), First Class Honours in Medicine.

J. A. COUPLAND, M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

B.C. (Canab.).

D. HOLROYDE, B.A.; H. WALES, B.A.

M.A. (Canab.).

H. WALES, B.A.

M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Medicine: R. APPLETON and C. W. SHARPLEY.*

Midwifery: J. B. STEPHENSON.

L.S.A.: R. APPLETON.*

*Now qualified.

We are pleased to note the success which attended the weekly services which were held in the Chapel during Advent. The attendance increased each week, and on the occasion of the last service nearly thirty students were present—about one-fourth of the entire number of Medics. Excellent addresses were given by the Vicar of Leeds and others, and were much appreciated. These services are to be continued during Lent, when it is hoped that they will continue to be well supported.

The Medical Society.

The third ordinary meeting was held on December 9th, 1902, when the annual competition for the President's Prize took place.

The competition took the usual form of semi-impromptu speaking on subjects chosen by the members, five minutes being allowed for preparation and five for delivery. Mr. Tomlin was first called upon to speak on the subject "Should all medical degrees be of one standard and Government supported," but, after two and a half minutes, gave it up. Mr. Vesle then spoke on the "Typical Medical Student," apologising for the personal nature of the subject. He gave an impressive sketch of the medical student as he sees himself, and had obviously not finished when time was called. Then followed Mr. Smith on "Vivisection," Mr. Suggitt with a witty speech on "Recollections of the Zoological Lab.," and Mr. Baker on the "Policy of Taxation in South Africa." Mr. Reed consulted the House on the subject of "Ladies as Honoraries," while Mr. Radcliffe was unfortunate in not understanding his subject.

Mr. Ewing, who did not enter for the competition, then gave us a speech on a subject of his own, "Should Honoraries be Tolerated."

Dr. Bares and Mr. Ward, who had kindly consented to act as judges, then announced their verdict as follows:

1st—Mr. VESLE,
2nd—Mr. SUGGITT,

their decision being received with applause.

The next meeting of the Medical Society is announced for February 10th, when there will be a debate on "Should the New Licensing Act have been Passed?" *Affirm.* Mr. H. M. Birkett. *Neq.* Mr. J. Harvey K. Sykes. We are informed that the choice of sides depended on the toss of a coin, but that, of course, will in no way affect their burning eloquence.

After the debate the second Medical Smoker will be held, if possible in the Refectory. A great effort is to be made to make this a stupendous success, both from a musical and social point of view. As we go to press an imposing array of "talent" is being advertised.

We hope to meet you there.

By the time that these medical notes appear in print the festive time of Yule will be but another cherished memory of the past, and once again we shall, according to our several dispositions, have begun to work or think of work. The School and the Infirmary differ in their manner of merry-making. The former gets its annual Xmas excitement by a sudden, apparently unprepared, rise to a fever heat on the night of the Medical Ball, with a drop to its normal state of algid comatose collapse next day. At the Infirmary, on the other hand, there is a gradual rise through a series of decorations and "teas," to culminate in a fastidious in the two entertainments, until, after the demolition of the Xmas tree, the temperature of one's excitement falls by crisis—for another year.

Of the ward decorations it need only be said that they were of their accustomed excellence, except, of course, where such frivolities are excluded on the grounds of very strict *asexis*. No casualties were reported in connection with their erection this year; even Mr. Deane did not perform his customary feat of stall, which consists of displacing a ward clock with a ladder, dropping the ladder, and catching the clock.

Mr. Beathwaite was the principal artist, and his weirdly wondrous works were much admired.

How can one attempt to analyse in cold hard print the tender associations with which you surround the recollections of "teas" and "coffees" galore? To do so would be profanity itself. Enough to thank our kind hostesses, and assure them that "we do not forget."

Then as to the entertainments—they were a huge success. We are told by paunt perennial students, who can look back on several years of Infirmary life, that even in their time nothing has been seen to approach them. Yet of what avail a long-drawn-out description? It would be puerile to those who were present. It would be undescribed by the absentees. We shall not attempt it; indeed, to do justice to all the performers one would need

to go through the items *seriatim*, and extemporise for each a different mode of saying. "This was excellent, and was much appreciated."

Mr. Ellis and his ballet held the premier place in the affections of the patients, whilst the Rajah of Bhong and his "party" were keenly appreciated by everyone, especially by those to whom the topical verses appealed. Mr. Greenwood was quite as humorous as he is in private life, which is saying much. The farces, both by the nurses and the residents, were—pardon the feminine expression—"simply killing." All the performers showed a keen insight into the parts assigned them. It would be invidious to particularise when the skill of each was only limited by the scope which their individual part afforded, but Mr. Keeling's part as Jones Robinson Brownsmith was certainly the most difficult, and was excellently portrayed.

Several songs were tastefully rendered to the accompaniment of the select band, ably conducted by Mr. Beesley, and, in fact, there was not a weak spot for criticism in the whole of the entertainments.

We are enabled to print, by special permission (accorded only to *The Gryphon*), the topical verses sung by Mr. J. C. Forsyth as the "Rajah of Bhong."

Now that Christmas is here there are many, I fear,
Whose jaws just about spoiled their digestion
By going to "tea," where it's scramble and squeeze,
And all elbow-room's out of the question.
Yet it's perfectly true that without such a "do"
Not a Sister would feel in the fashion;
And I'm sure they each know that we all like to go
To the functions they spend all their cash on.

Teas, teas, those terrible teas, I think all this stuffing
Is wrong;
But I'm sure we should miss such perfection of bliss

In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

Chorus.

Teas, teas, those terrible teas, I think all this stuffing
Is wrong;
Too much eating avoid—you'll be very annoyed
At your pains in the valley of Bhong.

Of all pests in this life, that which makes for most
Stifle.

A poor matron's is far the most trying;
She must watch o'er her flock, be as firm as a rock,
And on all their manoeuvres be spying;
And at this festive time there must often occur
Little scenes that require her attention;
But if she's not about it, it will all be found out
By someone whose name we won't mention.

Peace, peace, why can't I get peace?
I think all these worries are wrong;
And the opposite sex my poor ghost will still vex
In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

Chorus.

Peace, peace, why can't I get peace?
I think all these worries are wrong;
Will they want "specials" then, will there always
be men
In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

Every cure has its source in Mist Rhei of course,
Which you know is my only prescription;
And I rise in my wrath when a patient's on broth
Or in diet there's any restriction.
Gave 'em might they can take, be it pork pie or cake,
For I feel all my typoids on mutton;
And they do very well, which is rather a sell
For those surgeons who love Murphy's Button.
Peace, piece, give them a piece
Of mutton, so that they'll get strong;
And you'll very soon see my H. P. Gregorice
Do the same in the valley of Bhong.

Chorus.

Peace, piece, give them a piece
Of mutton, so that they'll get strong;
For a patient on slops—well, he very soon drops,
In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

In the days that are done, as Assistant Surgeon,
I was in here at night, noon, and morning;
And I've heard it declared I've a bedroom prepared
Now my name the "Full Staff" is adorning.
And though that may be true, I don't know what
to do.

For I must see my cases "four-hourly,"
And I never can rest till I've done all my best,
Tho' my House Surgeon looks at me "dazzly."

Peace, peace—oh, never mind peace,
I'm afraid lest a case should go wrong;
And say boots must be heard, tho' they drown every
word

In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

Chorus.

Peace, peace—oh, never mind peace,
I'm afraid lest a case should go wrong;
"I've a patient to see; I'll be back after tea"
In the beautiful valley of Bhong.

Several other departures from routine treatment contributed to the enjoyment of the patients. Mr. Hayes kindly toured the wards with his gramophone, and gave a variety of selections guaranteed to suit all tastes.

A card party, recruited from members of the nursing staff, also reminded us (I speak as a patient—*MED. REP.*) with seasonable feelings; but what the occupants of the men's wards cherished most was the liberty to partake of the fragrant weed during the afternoon of Xmas Day.

They snatched themselves in clouds of smoke and were happy.

Xmas Coolings from the Dovecots.

ONCE more Xmas is come and gone again, leaving us with weird memories and impaired digestions. For some time before the eventful season there were whisperings of good things in store for us, but we made out nothing until one evening, when we heard a horrible row in the Recreation Room. Of course, we all rushed downstairs, thinking that the seniors were having a squabble, but found to our amusement that there was a German band in possession. Our great anxiety was to find out who were the instrumentalists, and by peeping out of the doors (only just showing our noses)

Yorkshire College Students' Union.

REVENUE ACCOUNT, 1901-2.

Receipts.		Expenditure.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Union Subscriptions	182 3 0	Football—Rugby	9 15 9
Honorary Members' Subscriptions	35 11 0	" Association	8 17 9
Grading of Field	6 0 0	" Groundsmen, wages	10 7 9
Springfield C.C.	10 0 0	" " sundries	4 18 2
Hire of Field, 1901	10 15 0	" Grant to Victoria University R.F.C.	12 5 11
1902	3 0 0	Cricket	5 0 0
Balance on Gryphon	3 15 0	" Groundsmen, wages	18 4 10
" Sporting Concerts	15 7 0	" " sundries	3 1 4
" First Tournament	2 0 6	" Hire of house	55 19 4
Hire of Footlights	0 15 0	" Grant to Victoria University C.C.	5 0 0
Interest (Penny Bank)	0 7 6	" Lawn Tennis	30 12 11
	0 15 9	" Hockey	1 0 9
		Gymnastics—Instructor	105 0 0
		" Less grant from Council	15 0 0
		" Materials and repairs, &c.	40 0 0
		Common Room	7 10 1
		" Her's, College Road	127 11 1
		" Less Donation from	5 0 0
		C. Ryder, Esq.	5 3 0 4
		" Less Special subscription	53 3 09
			17 8 24
		Women's (including £8 &c. 1904, balance of grant from special subscription, 1901)	23 4 4
		Medical School (including £10 grant from special subscription, 1901)	22 0 0
		Grant to S.S.C.	4 0 0
		Debating Society	8 9 0
		Rates and Taxes	5 19 7
		The Insurance	1 7 8
		Way Loans and Tide Rent	0 10 10
		Gas and Water	8 3 8
		Field—Draining	15 13 6
		" Relaying	0 17 6
		" Less £5 granted by College Council	12 11 0
		" Repairs to Pavilion, &c.	3 8 6
		Professor's Stair	5 0 0
		Students' Handbook	14 2 3
		" Less for Adverts.	5 1 3
			19 1 0
		Groundsman's Meeting, Adverts.	1 12 8
		Printing and Postage	1 18 9
		Pavilion Annual Installation	25 11 4
		Deficit on Conventions	5 11 7
		Deficit on Athletic Sports	2 19 8 1/2
		Payment of Pavilion Installation, postponed repn—2	26 11 4
		Balance on the year	1349 15 55
			1354 15 3
Balance in hand from 1900-1	144 0 8 1/2		
" " " 1901-2	11 19 9 1/2		
In hand	155 0 6		



"Re SMOKING CONCERTS."

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*.

DEAR SIR,

In the last number of *The Gryphon* you asked for criticism on the article under the above heading.

I know several men, besides myself, who vowed, after the last smoker, they would never attend another. The first step in raising the popularity of the concerts is to secure the absence of "Class 2." If these men want to make beasts of themselves and kick up a row, why can't they go to the Tiroli or Varieties where they would be very soon ejected. I suppose we can't eject them from our concerts, and so the pleasure of those present and the future attendances must suffer. How can we expect the students, and much more the staff, to turn up if we are to have such miserable, flat evenings as the last one was.

I feel sure the experiment of holding the next Smoker in the Refectory is well worth trying. We should not be catering for "Class 2" to the same degree as at the "Victoria," and they might possibly be disposed to stop away altogether. The expenses might be slightly greater owing to hire of piano, &c., but I think they would be balanced by the larger attendances and greater enjoyment to all present.

Yours truly,

"CLASS 1."

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*.

DEAR SIR,

Will you allow me to thank the contributor of the lines *re* Smoking Concerts (Medical). I am particularly interested in the Smokers' Committee, and can fully endorse what the writer says about the three classes of men. If a man wishes to lose his self-respect he need not do so in such a way as to publicly discredit the College and College functions which he attends. Again, what is the duty of the men, abstainers or non-abstainers, who buy tickets, but don't turn up to the concerts? It is their duty to be present, and, by being in a great majority, support in a proper manner the Chairman, the artistes, and the Committee. If these men will come, the staff will come, and a more adequate return will be given to the promoters of these concerts for their work.

There is a hint also about insults to the Chairman. I sincerely hope that Dr. Griffith did not notice any direct insult to himself, but if he did, might I press him to ignore a very small minority and look back with pleasure on the large number of men who appreciated his efforts as Chairman, and who felt honoured to be presided over by one who puts forth every effort to advance students, both in a professional and social sense.

Yours sincerely,

J. HARVEY K. SYKES.

Medical School, Leeds.

[A portion of Mr. Sykes' letter, dealing chiefly with the proportionate space for College Road and Medical News, has been omitted with his consent, as the suggestions which he makes have been carried out.]

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*.

DEAR SIR,

We should like to direct the attention of students to the reforms which are being made in the Refectory. It has been brought to the notice of the Managing Committee that the Students' Room was not sufficiently warm and attractive to bring together any number of students.

It has been decided, therefore, to cover the heating pipes and to curtain off part of the room; smaller tables will replace those at present in use, and pictures and wall decorations will be provided with a view of giving the place a better appearance.

These reforms will, we hope, be completed by the time this number is published.

It may be startling news to some of your readers to know that the Refectory has never paid since it moved to its present quarters more than two years ago. This is a final attempt to set things in the right direction, and the Committee ask all students who dine away from home to give the Refectory their patronage.

The catering is excellently done, and the prices quite reasonable. Moreover, it ought to be a point of honour among students to support College institutions whenever possible. If the balance sheet at the end of the year shows no improvement, there is a possibility of the Refectory disappearing altogether.

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Yours, &c.,

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