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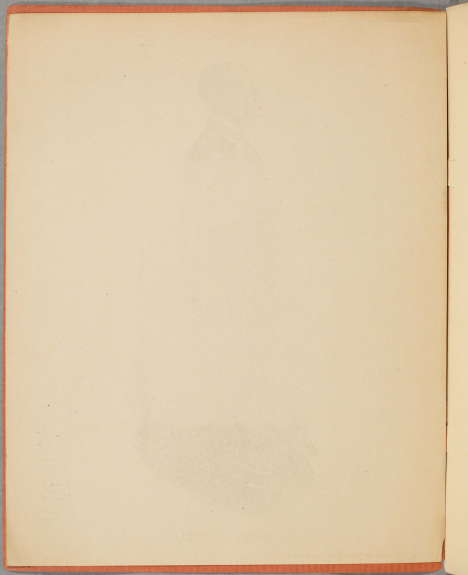
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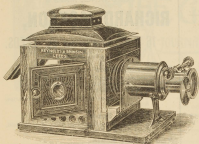


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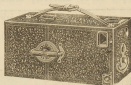
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Vol. V.

NOVEMBER, 1901.

No. 1.



We beg to acknowledge with thanks the generous response, made by Seniors and Freshers alike, to our appeal for contributions, in the Students' Handbook. We have been overwhelmed by original work of first-class quality, some of which we have been obliged to hold over for a future number. We trust this will not have the effect of discouraging any of our subscribers. During the present year we intend to cut down all such contributions as are not of general interest. We hope the various secretaries will therefore excuse us for curtailing their reports.

Our desire is to encourage articles of an amusing character, personal or otherwise. We do not wish to offend anyone, and we trust that everything we publish will be in the best of taste. Hitherto, the difficulty has been to obtain articles of an appropriate

character, and the magazine has been crowded with Society reports of an inevitably dull nature and of limited interest. It is our ambition to produce a paper readable from start to finish.

We are increasing the expenses during this Session, in order to obtain a larger circulation, but this is an experiment, and can only be a success if supported by the College at large. Students are requested to remember that all profits accruing from the sale of *The Gryphon* go entirely to the Students' Union funds. The paper was well supported last year, and things look even more promising for the coming Session. Do not disappoint us! Buy *The Gryphon*!!

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We are very glad to welcome Mr. E. P. Kaye, who has returned to us as a demonstrator in the Physical Lab. Mr. Kaye was known by many still at the College when he was "merely a student." Another former student, Mr. Lodge, has made his appearance in the rôle of demonstrator.

.*.*

Mr. Branford has departed from our midst. We wish him every success as Principal in the Sunderland Technical.

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The Gryphon.

We wish to express our extreme gratitude to Professor Miall for permitting us to publish an article written by his son, Mr. Lawrence Miall, whose very sad death is referred to in another place. It is needless to say how much we all sympathise with Professor Miall in his great sorrow.

* *

We congratulate the Union Committee on the Handbook which they have just published. It is a most valuable compilation to Seniors and Freshmen alike.

* *

We offer our hearty congratulations to Professor Grant on his recent marriage.

* *

The following extract is taken from *The Yorkshire Post*—

A DISTINGUISHED YORKSHIRE COLLEGE STUDENT.—Dr. Harold Albert Wilson, whose election to a Fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge, is announced, went up to Cambridge as an advanced student in 1897, after a distinguished career at the Yorkshire College. During his residence there he gained a University Scholarship in Physics at the London University, and 1st Class Honours in Chemistry at the Victoria University, and in 1897 was recommended by the Council of the College for election to the 1851 Exhibition Scholarship. After his appointment to this Scholarship he went into residence at Cambridge as an advanced student. In 1899 he obtained the Certificate of Research for papers on electrical science, and he gained the Allen Scholarship in 1900, and the Clerk Maxwell Scholarship this year.

* *

We hope all frequenters of the Smoke-room will read, mark, and inwardly digest the letter of the Chairman of the Union, published in this number. The condition of the Smoke-room by night is nothing short of a scandal. During the vacation a considerable sum was spent on re-furnishing and improving; better literature also has been provided. It is not hard to suggest further reforms, but obviously the Union can do nothing as long as the present state of affairs continue. Be advised, Hooligans of the Smoke-room.

* *

Students are requested to note the letters in this issue with regard to the daily use of the College athletic cap.

The Caves of the Edible Swallow.

(BY THE LATE LAWRENCE MIALL.)

The schoolboy knows his French master little, and appreciates him less; with a good-humoured jeer the poor foreigner is dismissed as Froggy, unless some phrase of his, like "C'est tout, good morning" gives an opportunity for originality. A simple philosophy this, to characterise and too often stigmatise strangers by their food, but a philosophy by no means confined to schoolboys. Older people have fastened these emblems on unworldly nations—haggis, sauerkraut, macaroni, caviare. The Eskimo eats blubber—what more is there to say? Let us export train oil to our Arctic friends! The greasy, muddle-pated Chinaman is branded by his chopstick diet of tasteless, slippery mixtures, his stringy sharks' fins, his snail patties and roasted dog, and by the rare luxury of bird's nest soup. His most precious delicacies are those which we hold in the greatest contempt.

Wasteful expenditure, it is sometimes explained, provides the needy with occupation, and good souls with vested interests hate to seek the fallacy. Firms with world-wide renown stand to lose if the prices of obsolete postage stamps should fall; many Spanish herdsmen would be ruined if bull-fighting were forbidden. Let us support the philatelic market and the bull-ring! There is a shadow of reality in the argument. I know of a young lady, whose complexion is neither purely black nor purely yellow, whose prospects of finding a desirable husband are not unconnected with the market value of birds' nests. She is an heiress in her way, with an estate worth £80 a year, which the Resident of Baram saved from her father's creditors. Had it been sold in a country so devoid of capital as Sarawak, it would have realised less than £300, but with economy the debts were paid, and now the estate is free. For my part, I admire the Chinese in their insipid whims, so servicable to the little brown woman. Soon the cry will be "Oyez! Oyez!" among the young men of Muka and the neighbourhood. "The prize waits, who shall obtain it? Will he be Dayak, Melanan, or long-faced Malay? The contest is keen. Oyez! Oyez!" *Pelouse qui merait ferait.*

If the reader would care to know what manner of person this young lady may be, he must inquire for himself; I have not the pleasure of her acquaintance. But I recently visited the estate, and perhaps—but no, there is surely no man so little gallant.

Under the wing of this little girl's guardian, Dr. Charles Hose, I left his headquarters at Marudi one Sunday last June to visit three of the small seaports in his district. For sixty miles the Government steamer wound through the marshy Borneo jungle till we reached the Baram Mouth lighthouse, which guides the Russian transports and convict ships in their route to Siberia. Next day we coasted south-west to the Niah, which we entered with a tide allowing a margin at the bar of only two or three inches, and in the evening we came to the village and took up quarters.

There were no mosquitoes. The courthouse where we stayed is a strong wooden building,

roofed with shingle, in appearance not unlike an American railway shed, but withal clean and airy. The grassy slopes and pleasant lawn of the hillock on which it is built are neatly laid out with native shrubs and trees. Just below lies a sharp bend of the river, eating into the limestone rock with a determination which will soon level the only feature in the Niah landscape that rises above the floods. On every side, at no great distance, the view is hidden by the ragged trees of the jungle, too luxuriant, perhaps, to be beautiful, but green as though it were always springtime instead of always summer. The narrow clearing on either bank is planted with useful palms, coconut, sago, and betel, so dense that pile houses and Chinese bazaar can hardly be seen through the leaves.

Here we had to stay while the Resident did his work. There were lawsuits to decide—no easy matter among a people so litigious and untruthful. Accounts had to be settled of every kind. A household of Dayaks required burning out to ensure their leaving a district where their turbulence would lead to trouble. Above all, calls had to be paid, the headman's hand had to be shaken many times a day, and the crowd which gathered on the long form in the verandah demanded to be kept in good humour by continual conversation.

There was much to prevent the less welcome of the two European visitors from becoming weary. The natives are often affected with skin disease, and disfigured by harelip, and have many of the faults natural to a people, who only of late years have ceased to be haunted by the fear of head-hunters from the interior and pirates from the sea; but they are obliging and not uninteresting. Occasionally we found in the river toy-rafts laden with tobacco, betel, and pointed rice, offerings to the seagods of some poor villager, who little dreamed that his handicrafts would be intercepted in its journey to the sea for inconsiderate infidels to examine at leisure. In the night we heard, hour after hour, the gongs and drums which are beaten while medicine women intercede with the spirits to cast out devils. I was told that the old hags work themselves into a frenzy in order to commune with the powers of darkness, but this I did not see for myself. Then, every evening before sundown, the Malay sailors would race the Dayak or Melanau boatmen, yelling with excitement as they paddled. Time after time they were left behind, until one of the number leaped out of the boat, in a fit of affected rage, regardless of crocodiles, shouting "We never win." A little later we would sit above the river bank to watch the giant fruit-bats flap their way westward in solitary procession, and after dark the boyish fancies of the Dayak fortunes kept us amused till bedtime.

Everything was peaceful, and the trivial gossip of the valley was in charming contrast to the selfish bickerings of European traders in the treaty-port where I had spent the winter. There were no newspapers, no post office, no railway, not even a carriage or a jiriksha—only a steamer, which at the time, as events proved, was imprisoned by silted sand.

(To be continued.)

A Socratic Fragment.

I was sleeping soundly the other morning when Hippocrates came bursting into my room, and wakened me by calling out my name in a loud voice.

"Is that you, Hippocrates?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "and haven't you heard the news?"

"What news?" I asked.

"The revolution"—he began.

This startled me, and Hippocrates, perceiving my alarm, laughed and said—

"The revolution in Athenian Journalism. Don't you know that the new proprietor of the *Hermes* is now selling his news-sheet for half an obol instead of a whole obol?"

Then I saw that he held in his hand a parchment covered with letters both large and small.

"Truly," said I, "a generous man, if he presents the *Demos* with some twenty-five thousand obols daily. It will behave the city to erect a statue of Axiobabes side by side with that of Marsdenius, and even more beautiful, as a public benefactor."

"Yes," said Hippocrates, "and he is a benefactor in another respect also, for he promises that he will not trouble his readers with the long speeches of politicians in the Council or before the people, or the reports of learned societies, and such-like nonsense (*glossologia*), which no sensible man reads; his sayings will be brief, bright, and interesting, upon interesting subjects, political chat, and murders and robberies, and marvels of every sort, described in short witty paragraphs, with striking headlines, so that the business man (*ypographos*) may obtain all the news he wants as he rides down to his shop on the covered car (*agrosphigē*) of a morning. For he says that he knows what gives the *Demos* pleasure, and is pained to think that for so many years its mind has been fed on the solid, unpalatable diet provided by his predecessors."

"Indeed," said I, "the *Demos* has got a wise physician to take care of its soul."

"So I think," he said.

For the wise physician prescribes for his patient what his patient likes, and so benefits both the patient and himself, inasmuch as the one obtains pleasure and the other goes off (*diapherō*) with a substantial fee in his pocket: thus both are better off than before (*ultra acria diapherō*).

To this Hippocrates gave no answer, for he was absorbed in reading his newsletter, and I heard him muttering broken phrases, of which I caught "crossing the herring-pond," "smiting his audience," "C.B. prohibited from blushing for the nation," and chuckling at the Laconian wit of the young man who wrote them. After several ineffectual attempts, I succeeded in attracting his attention, and said—

"Hippocrates, I have a lurking suspicion that we were over hasty in praising Axiobabes as a benefactor of the *Demos*."

"How so?" he asked.

"There is a thing which we call good, is there not?"

*This number is conjectured, the MS. being here indistinct.

"Yes."

"And if a thing is good, it is good for something?"

He agreed.

"A good diet produces a good healthy body?"

"Quite so."

"Can a course of rich, highly-spiced dishes, with unmixed wine in unlimited quantities (*déjeuner à la carte*), be called a good diet?"

"No, Socrates, for it leads to gout and dropsies and the excessive deposit of adipose tissue, all of which spoil the body."

"Then a good physician does not prescribe such a diet."

"Certainly not; he would be mad if he did."

"Then, if the physician of the soul prescribes for his patients highly-seasoned sensations, and cheap witticisms and vulgarities of every possible kind, and employs, as his assistants, young men whom he selects for their ability in devising these, and the public swallows them greedily, continually asking for more, like the boy in the story, and it becomes yet more gross and rotten and diseased than it was before—is this a good diet for the soul?"

"Do not be profane, Socrates (*εὐφρων*)."

"Then the parchment on which these things are written is good—for what? Not for reading, but rather for wrapping up butter and other groceries (*ἔφαρ*), or kindling the fire."

"I agree."

"And is he who prescribes such a mental diet a benefactor of the Demus?"

"Just the contrary."

"And his art is the art of a cook, rather than that of a physician, and a bad cook at that, and he is only good for receiving a month's wages and instant dismissal."

Cetera desunt.

Freshmen's Soirée.

Thus very important function was held on the first day of the present term. All Freshmen were invited, though barely half of them turned up. Present students were allowed to be present on payment of sixpence. Up to this year, the only attention that had been given to Freshmen at the beginning of term had been given by the Christian Union; they had been in the habit of holding a *soirée*, to which all Freshmen were invited. This year the Students' Union Committee took the matter in hand, thinking that they would be able to do the thing on a larger scale, and also that it was an excellent way of getting Freshmen interested in the various College sports and societies. The *soirée* was held in the Hall, as there was no other room large enough to hold us all comfortably. Tea was provided, and was the first item on the programme. After we had given full justice to ourselves and the tea, Mr. E. M. Leaf, the Chairman of the Union, addressed the gathering. In the course of his speech he pointed out the object of such a gathering, and said he hoped it would be the means of many, if not

all, of those present taking an active part in the sports and societies of the College. Mr. Embleton followed by giving an account of the Debating Society. He said that it was the oldest society in the College, that there was no subscription, and that every student was a member. He hoped that many of the Freshmen would turn up, and so help to make the debates keener and more interesting. Numerous songs followed, which were more or less amusing. The gathering closed at 6.45, and on the whole everybody seemed to have thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

W. N. T.

Imaginary Interviews.

[THE Editors of *The Gryphon* beg to announce to their readers that they have engaged a special correspondent to interview prominent College personalities. The gentleman, whose services they have been fortunate enough to secure, is of considerable parts, both physically and mentally. Naturally a high premium has been demanded, but the Editors, secure in the good-will of their patrons, have had no hesitation in closing the negotiations. He is proposed to publish an interview in each of the numbers of *The Gryphon* during the coming Session. At the same time, the Editors abrogate all responsibility for the views expressed by their correspondent; nor will they be answerable for any breach of contract on his part.]

INTERVIEW NO. 1. THE CHAIRMAN OF THE UNION.

"Station or police-court?" demanded the caddy, as I emerged from my rooms in Park Lane. Taking this as a reference to my professional exterior, I informed him civilly that my business was at the Yorkshire College. Seated in my hansom, horrible suspicious crossed me re those simple words. Cabbies are not superabundantly civil or loquacious on frosty days, and their winter wit is caustic. "Police-court" is a good straightforward English word with only one meaning; but "station"!! Did he mean it to have a "locomotive" significance, or was he referring to the place where dog-licenses and other luxuries are procured? Context seemed to favour the judicial connotation. Possibly my "caddy" had seen me at the police-station, when I went for that—well, negative dog-license. But, as the wind was biting, he had probably intended to be insolent; the chances were about 1 to 1 on it, quite enough to justify me in cutting him off with his bare fare. Bear with me, readers, in all this personal detail. When one visits kings, how one ponders over afterwards all the small attendant incidents of the day, and had not I . . . bear with me, reader, I ask again; I am new to the trade; but I have been studying that incompensable volume "Tits to Interviewers." There is only one way of setting to work, one lot of questions, and an imaginative genius wanted to fill in the gaps, *et voilà tout*. So much for myself. Arrived at the Yorkshire College, I passed down a lofty corridor quaintly decorated with examination papers on right and left. Wheeling sharply to the left, I was ushered into room No. 106. On the threshold

Audite voces, virgines et ingenu infantumque.

I found on entering a game of Ping-Pong proceeding. Mr. L.—f was displaying remarkable versatility in his strokes, but, on seeing me, he instantly resigned his racket, and the customary greeting ensued.

"Then you have fallen a victim to the popular craze," I remarked.

"I have, indeed," Mr. L.—f responded, "I am strangely entranced with it." Speaking further in this connection, I elicited that he was about to patent a new game, "Table-Football," which he intended following up with "Table-Foxhunting."

"This will bring you a very sufficient fortune," I said. "So I anticipate," was Mr. L.—f's brief but pregnant reply. Our conversation soon wheeled round to other things, and I obtained many interesting facts concerning my subject's career. He had first seen the light (although he does not personally recollect the fact) in the ancient town of Eboracum. He had shown strong leanings to athletics from very earliest childhood. His first prominent appearance was with the Rustic Nomads: and he had the satisfaction of negotiating two tries in his first venture. Interacted as to his future, Mr. L.—f said, "I do not intend donning the amateur jersey, although the offers of the North-Eastern League teams are undeniably tempting." Everyone must admire Mr. L.—f's staunch refusal to be drawn into the ranks of professionalism. Asked if he, like other great men, had any particular hobby, Mr. L.—f answered, "My onerous duties give me little leisure, but I may say that any spare moments I have are devoted to agricultural science."

"May I ask your opinion on the present agricultural outlook?"

"Better times are coming," was the oracular reply. With great diffidence did I elicit from Mr. L.—f the story of his first public appearance. It was on the occasion of an "Impromptu Debate," when he was called upon to propose "That Whiskey is better than Beer." "I need only quote *Historicus'* eulogium:—'Rarely has such oratory been heard within these walls; more picturesque than Cicero, more fervid than Demosthenes, the speaker did feeling justice to his mighty theme.'" Since this, Mr. L.—f's career has been one of continued triumph. He is not dazzled by the greatness of his position, but still devotes his unimpaired energies to the well-being of his fellow-students. When I ventured to congratulate him on his brilliant career, he remarked, with a sigh—

"The path of glory leads but to the grave." Thus true greatness sees itself.

Mr. L.—f has ambitious and ideals like other men. In his own words, "My yearning ambition is to see the carpeting and padding of the Smoke-room seats completed; my ideal is a country cottage with a mug of beer and churchwarden pipe."

These are Mr. L.—f's simple aspirations. I would fain have spent longer with him; but I had not yet acquired that art of sublime insolence, which only experience can bring even to a journalist, so I was satisfied with one half-hour out of a very busy life.

A "Fresher's" Effusion.

A Freshman am I,

And I do not deny

That it is most inordinate cheek,

To attempt to compose

Something better than prose

Before I have been here a week.

But I happened to look

In a certain red book

Composed by the swells of the College,

And I happened to read

That there seems to be need

For some Freshmen to show off their knowledge.

I don't mean to boast,

For I haven't a ghost

Of truly poetical feeling.

It is for the sake

Of some people that make

Their lunch at the "Coll." I'm appealing.

For when dinner is done,

Which is just about one,

And lectures are not until two,

Is there anything wrong

In a club for Ping-Pong,

I am sure it would please not a few.

A. M. R.

[Advice to A. M. R.:—Visit room 106.—Ed.]

The Literary and Historical Society.

Excursion to Castle Howard.

It has always been the excellent custom of the Literary and Historical Society to reserve one of its excursions till after the examinations. Coming events cast their shadows before them, and examinations are not exceptions to the rule. More, and lighter-hearted than usual, then, were the excursionists on Saturday, June 22nd, without gloomy forebodings of the future and without twinges of conscience for waste time.

The party arrived at Castle Howard Station shortly after two o'clock, but thence it took most of an hour to reach the lovely residence of the Earl of Carlisle. For the most part, however, the walk ran through the beautiful park. The path was lined with magnificent trees which were still at their freshest, so that no one begrudged the distance. This long avenue up to the house was wonderfully reminiscent of Studley, and indeed two leveler parks it would be difficult to imagine. At the turn up to the mansion, we came across a pillar which informed us that a former Earl of Carlisle had pulled down the old castle and built the present one in its place. We heard some of our party demurring that such iconoclasm should receive honour, but these must have confessed to themselves that the old Earl had a good taste for the new, if

not for the old. The only charge that can be brought against the new erection is its modernity. It is charmingly built and situated. If the exterior is somewhat uninteresting, the same cannot be said of the interior. It abounds in lovely pictures and paintings by all the great masters; there are also some splendid tapestry and some magnificent china, to say nothing of the many valuable busts.

Our time in the castle was only too short; we were bewildered and dazzled by the rapid succession of objects of interest and beauty; we seemed to see everything and to observe nothing. On leaving the castle we adjourned to tea, for which most of us were quite ready. Luckily there was better provision for us than at Ripon, and a well-spent half-hour ensued.

The programme for the evening was a visit to Kirkham Abbey. Unfortunately, rain came on when about half way there, and we had to hurriedly seek a place of refuge. The majority of the party turned into the reading-room at Welburn, and abrogated the newspapers and bagatelle board. Others, however, made use of the village inns, temperance and otherwise, and at least one little impromptu concert was held. Thus the time was whiled away. At half-past nine the rain was still falling relentlessly and Kirkham was yet about two miles away. But now the elements had to be braved. For the protectionless ladies a carrier's cart was commandeered, one of those hooped structures which always seem on the point of toppling over and dragging the horse with them. The others, by a judicious use of the available umbrellas, reached the station in comparative comfort. The party finally arrived in Leeds about 11.30 p.m. Despite the inclemency of the weather, we believe *en tout cas* the day was enjoyed.

Agricultural Notes.

It is some considerable time since any Agricultural Notes appeared in *The Gryphon*. We wish the reading public to clearly understand that this is solely due to the fact that the members of the Agricultural Department are kept in a state of chronic over-work, and so are unable to spare time for the luxury of journalistic levity. However, when we do start, we have something to write about.

First, the Sports.

Here, everything went off quite as it should do; Agriculturalists were everything—everybody else nothing.

In charity to other departments we will refrain from bursting into a psalm of victory, but hasten on to our next subject.

This is what was officially known as Opening Day at Garforth.

In case some timid readers may think that this title smacks somewhat of unsavoury scenes that may not unfrequently be observed in the neighbourhood of butchers' shops, we will explain that the event referred to was the opening of the long-promised Educational Buildings and Dairy at the

Manor Farm, Garforth. The important personage of the day was Earl Spencer, who was supported by Lord Herries, Sir Charles Legard, and others of the *crème de la crème* of the Agricultural world.

For some weeks the preparations for this memorable day had been literally and metaphorically turning the department inside out.

Every day mysterious parcels of bucolic rarities were carefully conveyed from the College to Garforth, under the personal supervision of the Departmental Microbe, who increased in importance, if not in stature, to an alarming extent. Those who were fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to be invited to Garforth to help saw some wonderful sights. There was Professorial Dignity, in its Shirt Sleeves, executing hieroglyphics with an "Easy" sign-writer, and using crude human ejaculations when it inked its Fingers.

There also was assistant P.D. graduating as a general factotum.

Poorly lecturers might be seen busily engaged in the absorbing occupation of hammering plot labels into very hard ground.

Science personified doing the dirty part of a practical electrician's work. But all these celebrities were under the finger and thumb of an awful (we use the word in its literal sense) personage, known to fame as The Mechanic.

This Power struck us as regarding Professors and their attendant satellites as so many children, who were easily kept quiet by promises which it was entirely unnecessary to fulfil. However, at about midnight, on June 27th, everything was got into some semblance of order for June 28th.

Two days before, and contrary to all expectations, those in authority had done a most unheard-of thing. To wit, they had actually asked the Students of the department to take part in the departmental spree! Surely, people said, there were plenty of Lords, Knights, Clergymen, Farmers, and Tradesmen who were really interested in Agricultural Education, without inviting Agricultural Students, for whom the buildings and their object could have no possible interest.

However, the thing was done.

The Day itself was fine, interesting, and enjoyable.

The Lunch was excellent, both in quality and quantity.

The Speeches were short and to the point.

The Company was most amusing.

Everything went off without a hitch, and everybody was satisfied.

What more can be said.

From the large number of Students in the department this session, we feel safe in predicting that before very long the Agricultural Department of the Yorkshire College will have to hold another Opening Day of much larger buildings. When this event takes place we hope that those whose good fortune it is to be present will enjoy themselves as much as we did at the Department's maiden effort in that direction at Garforth, on June 28th.

RUSTICUS.

In Memoriam.

LAWRENCE MIALI.

Born Feb. 25th, 1878. Died Sept. 5th, 1901.

THE opening day of the Session brought us the sad and unexpected tidings of the death of Lawrence Miall, at the age of 23. He was the second son of our Professor of Biology, and many past students of the College, as well as many members of the staff, had known him from his earliest years.

He was educated at the Leeds Grammar School, and later at the Cantonal School of Zürich. On his return from Switzerland in 1894 he was successful in gaining a West Riding Scholarship, and entered the Yorkshire College. Here he remained until 1897, in which year he obtained the B.Sc. degree (Victoria). In the same year he gained a Minor Scholarship at St. John's College, Cambridge, and there continued the study of Natural Science, but unfortunately a few months later an obscure eye-disorder obliged him to relinquish study and to seek a complete change. A holiday in Norway proved of great benefit, and subsequently, after a short period spent in London, he returned to Leeds in November, 1898, as a member of the staff of the *Leeds Mercury*. In his adopted profession of journalism he showed great promise, and found the work most congenial to his mind. In May, 1900, he severed his connection with the *Mercury*, and left England with the view of taking up journalistic work abroad. He travelled to Canada and crossed the continent to Vancouver; but while he was there the Boxer rising in China had called attention to that country, and he decided to accompany the correspondent of a London newspaper to Shanghai. He remained in China through last winter, and joined the staff of the *North China Herald and Daily News*. From Shanghai he wrote:—"Japan and British Columbia, which seem to me next-door neighbours, so pleasant was the three weeks' voyage across the ocean, are glorious countries. I am of two minds whether Vancouver or Zürich is the best place in all the world. . . . The feature of Japan is its greenness and the puckered contour of the hills. I had expected to enjoy the towns and the people, but the narrow seas, strewn with great green rocks, and alive with white sailing junks, were a surprise. This place I do not care for. It is not Asia, but an island or enclave of Europe. . . . In May I go to Borneo. I shall stay there six months or a year, as a sort of private secretary to a resident who has a big literary task on hand. And then . . . ?"

This work in Borneo was to be his last. After a short time spent there he was attacked by malarial fever, from the after-effects of which he was slow to recover, and he was advised to return home to recuperate. During the first part of the voyage he apparently became stronger, and wrote in a cheerful strain of his approaching return. However, he again became ill on leaving Singapore, and after a very brief attack he died and was buried at sea.

Those of us who knew him best in his student

days, remember him as ever full of the joy of living—kindly, clever, and original in talk or debate, an earnest student among students, a warm friend to his friends, an ideal companion for a day's walk over the hills and dales of his native county, which he loved and knew so well. And the College which bears that county's name was to him ever most dear, as his remembrance will be to the College. The deepest sympathy of all of us is with his parents and relations in their sorrow, and while we, his friends, grieve that we are the poorer because he has left us so soon, we know that we are the richer because he was once among us.

R. B. B.

The Students' Union.

Extracts from the Minute Book.

PROFESSOR GOODMAN has been elected as Staff Representative on the Union Committee.

By a resolution of the Committee, a letter of condolence was sent to Professor Miall, whose son, a former member of the Students' Union Committee, had died on his way home from India.

The General Meeting has been fixed for Nov. 6th, when the Balance Sheet will be brought before the meeting.

It has been decided that no Union Dinner be held this year, since, as a rule, Union Dinners are unfortunately so badly attended.

W. N. TITTINGTON, Hon. Sec.

The Engineering Society.

THE above Society has commenced its 16th Session most satisfactorily. Professor Goodman, the President, gave his inaugural address on the 14th, taking as his subject "The Life and Work of John Ericsson."

On the 28th two papers were read by present students: first, Mr. Isaacson gave an account of the new Wipac Engine; and secondly, Mr. Halliworth sketched the evolution of the Great Northern Railway's Locomotives, and also the Company's works at Doncaster. There promises to be keen competition amongst present students for the two premiums offered for the first time by the Committee.

C. N. M.

Musical Society.

THE first meeting of this Society was held on Friday, October 25th. The President, Prof. Rogers, conducted, and Mr. H. Hartley acted as accompanist. There was a fairly large number of members present, but we should be pleased to see more men students present at future meetings of the Society. The subscription this year has been fixed at 1s. The meetings are held on Friday evenings, at 5 p.m., in Room 61. Last session the Society gave two

selections at the Students' Union Conversazione, and this year it is intended, in addition, to hold one or two musical evenings. Intending members, who have not yet joined the Society, are requested to do so at once.

Miss M. HEPMORTH,	} Hon.
Mr. J. COOKE,	
Mr. TOMLIN, Medical School,	

A Suggestion.

VISITORS to the next Leeds Festival may possibly find it agreeable to see a change in the mottoes surrounding the walls of the Town Hall, and we recommend to the City Council the following specimens as substitutes. More can be supplied on application.

<i>Present Motto.</i>	<i>Proposed Motto.</i>
Magna Charta.	Magnum Bonum.
Trial by Jury.	Try our Yorkshire Relish.
Forward!	Starboard!
Honesty is the best policy.	Make money, honestly if you can.

As each English motto alternates with a Latin one, any of the following seem equally appropriate for the purpose:—"Sine qua non," "e pluribus unum," "in corpore vili" &c.

Across the Larig Ghru.

"WHERE and what is this unpronounceable thing?" are the first questions you will ask.

The Larig Ghru, or to give it its full name, the Leary Ghruamach, is the pass in the Cairngorm Mountains in the Highlands, through which runs the ancient right-of-way between Aviemore in Speyside and Braemar in Deeside.

The name means "the gruesome pass," and this describes its character, for the Cairngorm district has been acknowledged by the officers of the survey to be the wildest part of Great Britain.

It was on the evening of Aug. 8th that we, "the Inquest" (vide *The Gryphon*, Vol. IV., No. 5, p. 71), arrived at Aviemore with the intention of tackling the Larig next day. Our good landlady entertained us with numerous tales of persons crossing the Larig, not forgetting to mention that many of them got lost, and indeed there had been several instances of loss of life on the Pass. Next morning dawned dull and threatening, and it was certainly not cheering to see the mist settling on the hill tops and filling the Larig, after having been regaled with a few more tales of accidents on the Pass.

However, we set out in a gentle rain, crossed the Spey, and took the road along the Drurie, soon plunging into the outskirts of Rothiemurchus Forest. Here we fortunately met a gentleman, Mr. Cash by name, who is well acquainted with the district, and on hearing where we were going he kindly offered to come with us part of the way. At Coylumbridge we left the road and took the path leading through the heart of the forest and

following the course of the stream, Allt na Beinne Moire.

The path winds about through thick heather, which in some places reached up to our knees, and in a short time we passed Black Duncan's cottage, the last inhabited building for over twenty miles. Having crossed the stream by an ancient foot-bridge, our path now followed the course of the tributary, the Allt na Larig Ghru, and in a few minutes passed into an open glade in the forest, in which stood Aultraie, a ruined hut, the last building for nearly fifteen miles. The path was very indistinct here, and difficult to follow, but after leaving the glade it plunged into thick heather again; it was now on the rise, and for the next few minutes we had a warm climb, until the outskirts of the forest were reached, where we took a well-earned rest by the finger-post.

The weather meanwhile had changed, the wind had risen and blown the mist away, and the sun shone out brilliantly. The worst of the heather was now past and the path became strewn with huge boulders, for the Larig proper had commenced, and we tramped on until a small cairn was reached, which marked good drinking water. The next few miles we had a very warm time, for our guide took us along at a good pace, and the path was rising all the way and the boulders increasing in size and number. There was no chance of getting lost here, for we were hemmed in on either hand, Ben Muik Dhui on the left and Braerlach on the right, the second and third highest peaks in the British Isles; and it was with murmurs of pleasure, that we reached the watershed between Strathspey and the Dee about noon. It has been said that there is no other pass in Great Britain that the traveller is more pleased to reach the summit of, and we quite believe it.

Meanwhile the wind was blowing a perfect hurricane up the pass from Deeside, so that we kept the lee-side of the watershed to take our lunch. Having crossed the watershed we had the March Burn above us, dashing down from Ben Muik Dhui and giving rise to the Pools of Dee, which now lay below us. There are two chief pools with no apparent connection, and their water is clear but bitterly cold, as one member of the party soon found on attempting to bathe.

Our genial guide here left us and returned, while we pushed on down the Dee, and in a few minutes "the rough corrie," an Garbh-choire, between Braerlach and Cairn Toul, opened out on the right, from which emerges the Garchory Burn, the real head-waters of the Dee. In the numerous dark corners of this gruesome corrie snow patches could be seen, although it was the height of summer. Proceeding onwards down the narrow pass, whose sides are scarred with numerous water-channels, Cairn Toul with its flanking peaks, the Angel's Peak on the north and the Devil's Point on the south, is in close proximity on the right. We rested for a short while opposite the Devil's Point, a bold and precipitous hill, at the foot of which stood a small hut, the first building we had seen for fifteen miles. The valley of the Dee opened out in front of us, but opposite the mouth of Glen Geusachan on the right our path turned

away to the left round Carn a' Mhain (Cairn Vym to the natives), the southern shoulder of Ben Mulick Dhui, and we left Glen Dee and crossed over into Glen Luibog. Then, following the stream, we entered the outskirts of the Forest of Mar, the largest deer forest in Scotland, and though we saw only one red deer as he climbed the hill and stood for a moment on the sky-line, yet there were hundreds within a few miles, as the gamekeepers afterwards told us. We soon passed Luibog Cottage, the first inhabited building for over twenty miles, and having crossed the Derry we reached Derry Lodge about five o'clock, where Donald Fraser, the Duke of Fife's head gamekeeper, entertained us to an excellent tea. A good road now commences at Derry Lodge, and after tea we resumed our tramp down Glen Lui, and about seven o'clock secured a night's lodgings in a pretty cottage by the famous Linn of Dee, after a hard day's tramp of about twenty-seven miles.

"INQUEST No. 2,"

Hon. Guide and Interpreter.

On the Recent College Election.

Alas! alas! how fallen are the strong!

Where shall we find a fitting dirge for him,

Who, in his noon deserted by the throng,

Saw the bright glory of his hopes grow dim?

Fancy had filled the goblet to the brim;

The sparkling wine of triumph fired his eye;

But cruel Fate, that goddess stern and grim,

Her fiat issued—and the cup passed by.

So young, so fair, so true a one to die?

No; though a thousand fights be fought in vain,

His blazon'd banners yet shall float on high,

And future years on him their honours rain.

Rise then, brave heart, ring forth that glorious knell,

"England advance! to Empire or to Hell!"

W. A.

The Freshman's Progress.

THE first two days of the Session are the most enjoyable days of the year. The day on which the University Examination results are published certainly runs them very close, but all the enjoyment in that case is concentrated into the hour following the return of the bearer of news from Manchester, "the messenger of joy to many, and of grief to some." But even the state of ecstasy—for it is hardly less than this—in which the newly-fledged graduate is lost, for this one crowded hour of glorious life, hardly compensates for the long hours of weary waiting and anxious questioning which precede. It is a fleeting emotional state, which fades away to flatness, like a bottle of champagne. On the first two days of term, however, that examination horror is no more than a cloud on the far horizon, hardly bigger than a man's hand.

The average undergraduate, moreover, has the rare faculty of blissfully ignoring troubles which do not by their imminence and insistence dog his every footstep. And so, for the senior student especially, these two days are one long delightful experience. He has his friends of last Session to greet, he has his professors to patronise—for it is our traditional privilege to depose ourselves before our former awe-inspiring chiefs with an easy familiarity born of a conscious equality—but above all, if he be a man of critical temperament with a sense of humour, he has the opportunity of watching what is surely one of the most amusing events of College life, the attempts of the Freshman to fit himself into his environment. Now the Freshman is a very worthy fellow—worthy and well-meaning. Let us Seniors give him all due credit. He has the noblest aims and ambitions. Was there ever a Fresher yet who had not designs on all the prizes and distinctions of the place? And, bear in mind, he takes himself quite seriously. There is no humbug about our Verdant Green. You can see that at once in his eye and from his manner of walking the College Hall. There is an air of deference truly, in his demeanour towards his professors, and he looks into their eyes with all the wisdom of an inquiring spirit, as they apportion him his lectures and his laboratory work, and give him a cheering word with his dismissal. But the real character of the boy (for he is hardly more than a boy yet: one year of College life will steal away his bloom), the real character of the boy is seen when he sits down to a chance desk to pore over his time-table and his scheme of study.

Determination is written on every line of his face. The pose of his body, the cut of his clothes, the integrity of purpose that exhalates from him, proclaim him a man at last, standing four square to all the winds that blow.

But those delightful time-tables! provided by Benevolent Authority so that none of the precious hours shall be wasted, that no ingenuous youth shall tiddle into a class-room when the lecturer has reached his "thirdly." What a boon these are to our Freshman—for one week. On the first day he croons over this time-table, like a young mother over the delight of her eyes. Next day he makes a fair copy of his lecture scheme and meditates an incursion on the Principal. And could you penetrate into the secret folds of the diary in which he keeps that cherished card-board, you would find on the reverse side elaborate rulings and figurings, setting out his scheme of work for the evenings—for the early mornings—for the lunch-hour—twelve mortal hours a day. He doesn't show this to his friends.

That would but call down on his head the jeers of the Philistines. It will be much if he shows it to the admiring circle of mother and sisters at the domestic tea-table. And well for his future peace of mind that he refrains, for in three weeks (and *inexpertus loquar*) that precious scheme will have followed his New Year resolutions into the limbo of unrealised ideals. This, however, is to anticipate. Watch him in the quiet seclusion of the Library, how he creeps about noiselessly, slowly, reverently, with bated breath, fingering a magazine

The Gryphon.

here, handling a book there, thinking of the time when he, too, shall tumble his books and papers about, as that very sophisticated three-year-old is doing at the corner table.

In far different spirit from this, with diffidence and hesitation, does he approach the Librarian's desk to inquire as meekly as you please whether he may use the Library. And so he takes out his first book, an event in his life, did he but know it, of the same order of importance as cutting his first tooth, smoking his first pipe, drinking his first surreptitious glass of beer. It is a date in his life to be marked with a white stone. And what is his choice, think you, in this wilderness of books? Some succinct and easy text-book well within the scope of his preliminary ability? Not so. He is a science man, maybe, and has heard that all great scientific teaching comes from Germany. So his choice is a huge tome of foreign erudition, done into English for the special benefit of such enthusiastic youths as he. Or is he an Arts man? Then nothing less than a *foetus* Plato or a historical three-decker will satisfy his rapacious literary man.

The third day of term, on which lectures should begin, is invariably a disappointment. He is yearning to be lectured at. Give him only a chance, and he will sit and be ministered unto until his senses reel. But what happens? Only the registering of names, the description of text books, a few remarks from the lecturer's desk, and the cullow youth is turned adrift once more to haunt the corridors and common rooms, vainly seeking for some great thing to do. This is the psychological moment at which we can note the faint beginning of that moral disintegration, which eventually leaves him, at the end of the second term, more or less of a wreck. Nay! by the time these words are printed the Fresher, pure and unadulterated, as we see him on the first day of term, is as extinct as the Dodo. There is not a single revelation that has not been broken, not a single high ambition that has not faded into the light of common day. Our young friend has learnt the joys of the dainty cigarette; he has made himself proficient already in the fine art of cutting lectures; he has ceased to talk to the folks at home about his doings at College. And we need not wonder at it, nor should we sorrow over much. That the average undergraduate should become degenerate is a kind of natural law; but in the process he develops into a very good sort of fellow. He may not get a University Scholarship, but he'll muddle through his examinations somehow. He may not astound the Debating Society by his brilliant oratory, but he'll stumble and stutter through his little speech, and laugh with the fellows who laugh at him. He may not win his colours at football or cricket, but he'll shout himself hoarse to cheer on his men. Where should he be, indeed, without our verdant Fresher? It is he who brings some enthusiasm into the place, who is not afraid to lighten the dreary class-room by flashes of mistaken learning, who lines up for the football matches, who subscribes to *The Gryphon*, who helps to crowd the Society meeting, who makes things hum generally. So here's to you, Fresher friend, loyal son of your alma mater. For our part, we have

reached academic senility, and the sight of your fresh young face, bringing with it an air of the early spring-time, is almost enough to make these dry bones live again. You, too, will have your day, and then, having reached the serenity and philosophical aloofness of the Senior student, like us you will chant the rhyme of the disabused idealist:

"Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about; but evermore came out
By that same door wherein I went."

The Textile Department.

THERE has been a general exodus from this department since last Session: very few of the old set now remain, and as yet there is a feeling of stiffness between the old and new men. This, of course, will wear off in a few weeks, when the students become more intimately acquainted. The department possesses its usual cosmopolitan character, as there is a fair proportion of foreigners—Americans, French, Germans, and Japs. Not the least important amongst the agencies which promote the social aspect of College life is the Textile Society, which will commence its programme early this month (November) with a lecture by Mr. Verburgh, M.P., on "Commercial Education." Several prominent men have also promised lectures, and a full and interesting syllabus is now in the hands of the printers. The students' meetings will be held as usual, and although there is some difficulty in getting premises for papers, owing to the dearth of third year men, it is hoped these will be forthcoming when the Session has got fairly started. It is very gratifying to learn that several of last year's students have obtained good posts in the textile trades.

In athletics the department continues to hold its own. It is represented in both Rugby and "Soccer" first teams; and our men acquitted themselves bravely in the matches with Owens. The Lyddon Hall men are not to be allowed to forget their defeat at the hands of the Textile Department last summer, when in the noble game of cricket Qates led his men to victory. We take the liberty of reminding them that they shall have the opportunity of redeeming themselves early next season.

N. GRIMSHAW.

Second Annual General Meeting of Women.

THIS meeting was held in the Ladies' Common Room on October 9th, when there was a good attendance. A report of the work done last year by the Women's Representative Committee (W.R.C.) was read. After discussion, it was decided that all representatives on W.R.C. or on S.U. who had once occupied office would not be allowed to resign during their term of office. Also, it was unanimously carried that the work of the W.R.C. was not merely to control affairs of the Ladies' Common Room, but also to be the means of communication between every women's society represented upon it and the

Students' Union. There were suggestions made with regard to the disposal of this year's fund in papers, furniture, &c., for the Common Room.

L. BURKASS, Hon. Sec.

Geological Notes.

A new session has come again, and brought with it the usual changes; several of the old faces are gone, though some still remain to haunt the corridors as of yore. But we are glad to see many new ones to fill the places of the departed, for it is evident the department is growing, there being a good increase on last year's number of students.

Let us hope the Freshmen will uphold the ancient glory of the department—a department long noted for its inebriativeness, sobriety, and general quietness of demeanour—and we desire them to consult *The Gryphon* for February last, in which appeared our Rules and Regulations. We should advise them to learn the rules by heart, backwards as well as forwards; and we say this because we understand that Rule 9 has already been transgressed on a recent excursion to Bolton Woods, for we heard that they actually crossed a stream by a bridge!! What an excursion! What ungeological behaviour! They must be careful, for we may be taken for the Education Department going to Manchester, or the Rugby Second Team, or even the First Year Medicals. There must be a great improvement before next Easter. Nothing much is changed in the Lab., except that a huge stock of rock-specimens and a number of bottles of evil-smelling "beasties" have arrived, to show how severely the west coast of Scotland has suffered during the past summer. The recent earthquake shocks in Scotland are easily explained when we know that a Yorkshire geologist had been let loose upon that unsuspecting land. We notice that the Grammar School Old Boys have been scattering challenges broadcast—well, let them come with us to Appleby next Easter and take a few cross-country excursions, and if they reach home every evening in a respectable condition we will gladly place them as victors and honour them for evermore.

"YAH WUTHER."

Yorkshire College Christian Unions.

On Tuesday, October 29th, the second annual meeting of the three Christian Unions was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre. The Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Ripon was the speaker of the evening. Dr. Hellier presided, and after prayer, explained that His Lordship was there by invitation from the Christian Unions of the College, and not in any official position, and asked him at once to take charge of the meeting. In his address, the Bishop laid special stress upon the need for greater earnestness in every department of life. The severest judgment that could be passed on a man would be that he had wilfully closed his eyes to his opportunities for service. "Effectiveness," however, always costs; it necessitates not only real work in outward action, but

also purity and intensity of motive and aim. The Bishop closed his speech by wishing the students, and the Christian Union in particular, every success in the coming Session. A vote of thanks to His Lordship was moved by Mr. Candall, of the Medical School, and seconded by Miss Morton, President of the Women's Christian Union.

H. S.

Women's Christian Union.

TUESDAY, October 2nd, will, we venture to think, remain a memorable day to the large number of women students who gathered together by the kind invitation of the Women's Auxiliary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society to bid God-speed to one of their number. Six years ago, one of the neighbouring schools, which is said to look forward to the day when the Yorkshire College will only be one of its branches, sent up one of its best scholars to the College. All through her school career Mary Grace Findlay was remarkable as a thoughtful pupil, possessing abilities of no common order, yet as one who was ever ready to help others, and to take a leading position. Those who came under her influence felt that in her some unseen force was at work, and all her actions showed her to have a humble, Christ-like mind, yet at the same time one that aimed at the highest in the world of learning, and would be content with no position other than the first. In all the intricate organisations of College affairs she took a prominent part, but that which was ever nearest to her heart was the Women's Christian Union, which she was largely instrumental in forming. In becoming a member of the Student Volunteer Missionary Union, she was only publicly declaring that which had been for years her purpose in life, and with which she never allowed her studies to interfere. At the end of her third session she obtained the degree of B.Sc., 1st Class, and in the following year passed the examinations for M.Sc., proceeding in the following year to take the Honours degree of B.Sc. in Mathematics, and Class. Always the same, genial and ready to help all who needed her help, she proved to be to the new student a friend indeed. It was always Mary Findlay who was the moving spirit in the "Freshers' Campaign," and the last "Freshers' meeting was held under a feeling of loss. There is the loss, hers the gain. She has but gone to do the work for which her whole life at College and elsewhere has been a preparation. Now, in some degree, she will be able to help her Indian sisters, for whose darkness and ignorance she has ever felt. She has gone with the prayers and good wishes of the other women students, whose representative she will be in the educational and missionary work of India. The Yorkshire College Women's Christian Union feels it an honour to be thus allowed to send one of its best members to form another link in the chain that binds the eastern and western world. Now that their first volunteer has sailed, are there not others who will follow in the steps of Mary Findlay?

D. M.

Education Department Notes.

It is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that we take up our pen. We are plunged into the deepest sorrow when we let our thoughts dwell on those who have disappeared from our midst and gone forth into the great world to fight the battle of life; probably we shall never cast our eyes on them again; or at most we may only meet them in far-off years, bearing the heavy burden of old age, dragging their tottering bodies wearily along and looking on the cruel world with "rheumy" eyes. On the other hand, our heart is warmed with joy when we behold the visages of the breezy Freshers. They carry their bodies jauntily, gazing on a sunlit world through smiling eyes. 'Tis beautiful to live, they think. (How different is this from the belief of our worthy brother D-r-s.)

That beautiful self-assurance and fine conceit with which we made our entry into College life is present in the new men to an exaggerated degree. O Freshers! list unto the voice of one who came even as ye have come, loud of voice, and apparently irrepressible, with blast of trumpet. Ye shall go through the fire of purification and ye shall be refined, even as gold is refined by the blazing furnace. The dross of "cockiness" shall leave you. Yes, I say it.

We glow with pride at the success of the Freshers, who have elected two of themselves to sit with the mostere and honourable gentlemen of the Students' Union Committee.

The men of the department held a meeting at the commencement of the Session, when the band of fellowship was extended to the Freshmen, and the importance of the social life of the College was impressed.

We feel it our duty to mention in these notes the men of the old first year. On succeeding to their new title of "second year" they have become unmanageable. Chains of iron could not hold them. We even heard H— discussing in a Smoke-room a most profound question in Theology with the imperturbable gravity of a Doctor of Divinity. 'Tis sad, but the baser metals cannot be converted into the noble metals. Iron we cannot make into gold; we can hope for no improvement. We bow our head in anguish. Nature, like *mauder*, will out. Our paternal breast swells with emotion when we think of the honour which has been brought to the department by our worthy brothers, Embleton and Hutchinson. Never before could we boast of supplying both candidates for the Parliamentary election. We congratulate the former gentleman and offer our consolations to the latter.

The only point remaining to be noticed is the advent of the monstache craze amongst us. We feel pained, but it is, nevertheless, our duty to expose those who have succumbed to it. Amongst its victims we find T-p-w, M-sh-l, L-s-f, M-r-v, B-g-s, M-r, H-l-y, Ten, B-l, W-r-n, and "others too numerous to mention." You may verify our statement by close examination. (N.B.—A good microscope will be of great service in your observations.)

Lastly, we would recommend our Freshers, and, indeed, all new men, to carefully read, learn, and inwardly digest an article in the first number of last Session's *Gryphon*, entitled, "Hysteresis," by our honourable M.P.

A. G.

Scientific Society.

On Thursday, October 24th, the opening meeting of this Society was held, when the new President, Dr. Cohen, read a paper entitled "A Student of the earliest English School of Chemistry." Prof. Procter took the chair at 5.30 p.m.; over eighty people were present.

In tracing the development of science during the Middle Ages, Dr. Cohen described how Theology dominated every phase of thought until Bacon and Descartes struck a final blow for the free study of Nature. It was upon these foundations that Boyle raised the first English School of Chemistry, which acquired a world-wide reputation, attracting many chemists from the Continent. From among the number of Boyle's pupils the names of two Englishmen stand out clearly—Richard Hooker and John Mayow. Dr. Cohen proceeded to explain Mayow's views on the nature of combustion and calcination, which have been commonly misunderstood and twisted into a modern form. Misunderstanding has also crept into his views on the formation of acids. Dr. Cohen concluded by stating that, though Mayow's views had been distorted, he nevertheless helped to establish the best traditions of science in the first English School of Chemistry.

Prof. Smithells, in proposing a vote of thanks, said he would be extremely sorry if anything had to be taken from Mayow's reputation.

Dr. Dawson seconded the vote of thanks, which was carried unanimously.

Literary and Historical Society.

The inaugural meeting of the Session was held on October 14th in the Refectory. There was a very gratifying attendance of some sixty members. After partaking of some tea, an adjournment was made to the Ladies' Dining-room to hear a paper from Mr. W. M. Rankin, B.Sc., on "Jonathan Swift." Mr. Rankin treated his subject rather from the biographical standpoint than the literary. The great satirist's life, from his early years spent with Sir William Temple, through the exciting political career, to his last sad years, shaded by an ill-fated love, was picturesquely and sympathetically painted. Mr. Rankin secured an indulgence for Swift which is rarely accorded by the casual reader of his works. As the President (Mr. Gillespie) pointed out in the succeeding discussion, in no case is the divorce between the man and his writings so complete as in that of Swift. Others who joined in the discussion were Dr. Moorman, Messrs. Hartley, Whitlow, and Davis.

This Society met on October 28th to hear a most interesting paper from Miss Florence Bradley

on "The Genius of Thackeray." The attendance was again very good. After referring to the many-sidedness of Thackeray's genius, Miss Bradley proceeded to discuss his position and manner as a novelist. Special point was made of his skill in character construction, especially of typical characters, such as the Indian Nabob, the army officers, &c., &c., which yet lost nothing of their realism and individuality in their exponents—Joe Sedley and Rawdon Crawley, &c. Well-chosen pages were read in illustration of Thackeray's genius in this. Space will not allow us to touch on the many other important and interesting questions which Miss Bradley raised in her paper. A profitable discussion followed, in which the President, Messrs. Hartley, Whitlow, and Davis joined.

Sec.

Peeps at the Engineers.

The Engineering Society has made a start, as will be seen from a paragraph elsewhere in this number. Mr. H. opened the ball with an eloquent recitation of what happened in the last meeting of the previous Session. The Presidential address seems to have favoured of the race-course, if we may judge from the report in a certain local paper. We are surprised that Prof. G. cannot keep engineering and sport more apart. Several old mates have left us since summer. Rumour says that a well-known footballer of last year is now busy making tin cans; F. Jones is, we hear, still on his long vacation; and Ball-riddle has given up frivolities and is settling down to business. P. Brown is still at the College, but has sunk to electricity pure and simple.

We hear F. Jones has taken to the dog-fancying business; in other words, he has purchased a puppy to keep him company. Ping-pong seems to have caught on in the engineering side as strongly as anywhere else, which is saying a lot; why should we not introduce the game at the next sports? A ping-pong tent would be a really great attraction to all, especially if inter-departmental teams were organised. The Y.C.P.P.C. should certainly be one of the College athletic clubs.

The Professor has just published a paper on tests made on hooks. We hear that a very complete set of tests is soon to be made on "hooks and eyes."

There was great consternation a few weeks ago owing to the first entry of T. H. M. in our marvellous motor car. His careless and sort of "giving-the-girls-the-treat" expression was the cause of great envy to the first year students.

Mr. H. S. M. has now organised a regular set of primitive boiler trials. So far there have been no fatal accidents, but we are still in hopes of better news.

P. H. W. has returned to our midst again, and has almost commenced work; we think he will possibly start before Christmas, but we should not like to make any rash statements.

As far as the eye can see, he is in his usual state of health. We hear he has changed his tailor, but this is not certain; indeed, if we may judge from appearances, he still patronises the same tailor and jeweller as before.

Rumour has it that F. O. K. is about to become a professional wrestler. He has been practising upon St. David, we hear, but the latter objected to the amount of dust which was rubbed into the back of his head during the contest. K. had better tackle Crer, who is nearer his own size.

Cricket News.

Review of the Season 1901.

NUMBER OF MATCHES PLAYED, 11. WON 6, LOST 4, DRAWN 1.

IN this season's cricket, although distinctly unsuccessful as regards the Mayo Robson Cup, the College have won more matches than usual. With regard to inter-collegiate cricket, we were outclassed by Owens College on each occasion, our batting being very much to blame in both matches. We only played one match with Liverpool, and were lucky to escape with a drawn game. Leeds Grammar School were beaten for the first time; Headfield Grammar School and Sheffield College were also easily beaten. Although we got a weak team, which Mr. Yonge kindly sent against us, out for 53, yet we only won by one wicket. With regard to batting, Richardson and Tinker show creditable averages, although the former has fallen off considerably from last year. Heald again has got through a lot of work, but was not backed up so well as last year. Crump bowled very well towards the end of the season, but commenced badly. It was a great pity that we could not have had the assistance of Tinker more regularly, as he performed exceedingly well both in bowling and batting on the few occasions he played. At the beginning of the season we were promised the help of two or three good men, but, as usual, they preferred to assist other clubs.

For the first time a University Cricket Club was organised. Only one match, with Durham University, was played, but we came out very well, since Durham were compelled to follow on. In the second innings our bowling was knocked about, but at the call of time we only required about 100 to win. We are unable, owing to an unfortunate occurrence, to publish a report of the match, but it will appear in the forthcoming issue of *The Gryphon*.

Appended are the averages for the past season.

BATTING AVERAGES, 1901.

	No. of Innings	Runs not out.	Score.	Total Runs.	Average.
S. Tinker	4	2	32	68	34
G. S. Richardson	9	1	68	190	23.66
N. Grimshaw	7	1	39	107	17.83
W. H. Elliott	6	0	26	81	16.49
W. Carter	11	0	37	141	13.00
L. Gaunt	4	0	47	59	12.25
E. C. Hood	4	0	20	37	9.25
J. W. F. Glover	6	0	19	59	8.33
N. Thirington	4	0	16	31	8.25
S. L. Heald	9	2	15	49	5.71
S. T. Crump	3	0	23	35	4.37

BOWLING AVERAGES.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Avg.
S. T. Crump	36	12	84	12	7.00
S. L. Heald	105.4	24	262	37	7.08
E. C. Hoold	44	7	145	9	16.11
W. Canter	35	5	141	4	35.25

THE FOLLOWING ALSO BOWLED:—

H. Hartley	12	3	30	6	5.00
S. Tinker	27.5	7	66	11	6.00
J. W. Glover	20	5	68	5	13.60

Batting qualification, 4 innings.

Bowling qualification, 30 overs.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. BRADFORD GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

At Bradford, June 11th.

BRADFORD.

Mr. Gilbert, b Crump	11
V. A. Elliot, lbw, b Canter	1
Mr. Naudsley, c Crump, b Heald	5
B. W. Elliot, not out	9
Wilks (prev.), b Heald	3
Gregory, b Heald	0
Mr. Langhorne, c Crump, b Heald	0
Stenhal, b Heald	0
Laycock, b Crump	3
Richards, b Heald	0
Hefine, lbw, b Heald	0
Extras	6

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

W. H. Canter, run out	13
G. B. Richardson, c Richards, b Elliot	68
A. S. H. Gaunt, c Stenhal, b Gilbert	47
S. L. Heald, b Elliot, b Hefine	3
W. H. Elliot, not out	19
S. T. Crump	
C. E. L. Livesey	
J. S. Lee	
Titterington	
H. M. Birkett	
T. Holroyd	
Extras	4

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

Crump	9	5	8	2
Canter	1	9	6	1
Heald	8.4	2	18	7

MR. YONGE'S XI. v. YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

At Huddersley, June 19th, 1901.

MR. YONGE'S XI.

G. Clements, c Canter, b Crump	1
J. H. Burton, b Crump	0
S. Holmes, b Heald	4
J. J. Barnes, c Cudall, b Heald	14
J. P. Firth, c Cudall, b Crump	0
J. A. Yonge, c Lee, b Crump	11
C. J. Shawe, lbw, b Crump	0
B. S. Briggs, b Crump	7
P. Hirst, b Heald	1
F. B. Shawe, b Heald	1
S. R. Gloyna, not out	2
Extras	10

53

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

Richardson, c C. Shawe, b Holmes	12
Canter, b Holmes	0
Titterington, b Barlow	12
Edwards, c Barlow, b Holmes	4
Crump, b Holmes	0
Heald, b Barlow	6
Cudall, c Firth, b Holmes	15
Lee, b Holmes	0
Fisher, c Firth, b Holmes	0
Thompson, b Holmes	6
Hartley, not out	2
Extras	9

65

Heald	8	1	26	4
Crump	7	2	17	6

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. SHEFFIELD COLLEGE.

On the College grounds, June 26th.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

L. H. Gaunt, b Coward	2
W. H. Canter, c Price, b Blythman	34
N. Titterington, b Blythman	5
W. H. A. Elliot, b Coward	11
S. T. Crump, b Coward	0
W. Grimshaw, b Blythman	0
S. Tinker, b Stokes	32
A. Pollard, b Blythman	44
J. L. Lee, c Anderson, b Blythman	11
Birkett, not out	4
G. Holroyd, b Anderson	1
Extras	17

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SHEFFIELD COLLEGE.

Dr. Price, b Tinker	5
Dr. Stokes, c Gaunt, b Crump	9
B. Mantle, c Holroyd, b Tinker	13
A. E. Blythman, b Tinker	1
H. Coward, lbw, b Tinker	3
F. R. Knowles, b Crump	0
Dr. Anderson, b Tinker	1
Dr. Broadley, b Crump	6
A. Emmerson, b Crump	0
C. E. Coward, not out	6
G. Smith, b Tinker	18
Extras	13

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S. T. Crump	12	2	32	4
S. Tinker	11.5	3	35	6

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. OPEN'S COLLEGE.

At Leeds, July 2nd.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

G. S. Richardson, c Hudson, b Wilkins	12
Canter, c Wilkins, b Hudson	1
Titterington, c Hudson, b Wilkins	0
Elliot, c Harding, b Hudson	11
Heald, c McCann, b Hudson	2
Crump, b Wilkins	0
Grimshaw, c Moore, b Wilkins	19
Tinker, not out	13
Birkett, c Crum, b Wilkins	11
Lee, c Moore, b Hudson	0
Heald, c and b Hudson	0
Extras	14

85

OWENS COLLEGE.

J. N. Miller, c	Crump, b	S. L. Heald	...	4
E. M. Williams, b	S. L. Heald	0
T. S. Harrison, c	Unker, b	S. L. Heald	...	19
F. C. Hudson, b	S. L. Heald	1
H. Simms, run out	1
W. H. B. McCann, not out	34
H. E. Moore, not out	14
A. Ginn
P. T. Harding
H. Parkin
F. Forest

Extras 19
89

	Runs.	Wickets	Runs.	Wickets.
S. L. Heald	...	11	...	42
E. C. Hood	...	7	...	2
S. T. Crump	...	2	...	0
Tinker	...	2	...	0

Football News.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY TRIAL MATCH.

A TRIAL match for the selection of the University team to meet Lancashire was held at Manchester on October 30th. There were several alterations from the selected sides, but two good sides turned out. The general play was of an unsatisfactory and scrambling nature, although there was some good individual play. S. Platts scored two excellent tries for the Whites, and Hutchinson, Walker, and George scored for the Stripes, who won by three tries to two. Among the forwards, Mitchell, Munro, Jeans, and Lapage were most conspicuous. Lawton played a strong game at half, and Price-Williams was also in good form. The full-back play was only moderate. After the match the following side was chosen:—

Full-back, G. S. Richardson (Yorks.); three-quarter backs, S. Platts, E. C. Hood (Yorks.); T. S. Harrison (Owens), T. C. Clark (Univ.); half backs, A. Lawton (Owens), S. T. Crump (Yorks.); forwards, L. B. Hopper, F. J. McPhill, W. F. Mitchell (Univ.), O. Harrison, H. E. Moore (capt.), C. P. Lapage (Owens), W. T. Munro, W. H. A. Elliot (Yorks.).

Reserves—Full-back and centre three-quarter, R. H. Mole (Univ.); wing three-quarter, L. G. Hutchinson (Univ.); half, D. Price-Williams (Yorks.); forwards, A. N. Jeans (Univ.), Heathcote (Owens), and Kells (Univ.).

It will be noticed that the team is different in several respects from that of last year. The names of Hebblethwaite, Alcock, and Davis are missing, and their loss will be serious as they were all county men. We hope to see Davis playing again in the course of a few weeks. Despite these losses the team may be expected to give a very good account of itself, especially forward.

S. T. C.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. OLD DEWSBURIAN.

The College opened on October 12th with a creditable victory over their heavier opponents. Marriner, snapping up a pass, ran over, but the kick was too

far for Hood. The Old Dewsburians had most of the play but could not score, and after half-time a good dribble resulted in a try to Hood. Crump also scored a good try, Richardson kicking both goals. The visitors pressed for some time, and, breaking away from a scrimmage, scored, but missed the goal kick. The College defended well, and were attacking when time was called, with the score 2—

Yorkshire College, 2 goals, 1 try—13 points.
Old Dewsburians, 1 try—3 points.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. SEDBERGH SCHOOL.

Played on the morning of October 19th. The College, after the first ten minutes, had all the best of the play up to half-time. Williams commenced the scoring, and H. M. Heald followed suit, but Hood failed to improve either try. Mackie put in a useful run to the College "25," but Richardson kicked well, and Mackie, mulling, let in S. L. Heald, who scored, Richardson converting. Punched stopped a rush of the College forwards, but before the interval, passing among the College backs led to a try by Marriner, from which Hood kicked a fine goal. Lee made a splendid opening from which Hood ran over, Richardson converting. Although the College led by 21 points at half-time, play was very even in the second half, when the School training began to tell, and Sedbergh in this half scored seven points to five. After Sutcliffe had scored a try which Richardson converted, Sedbergh got away and Punched dropped a neat goal. MacDonald ran with dash and got a try which Punched failed to improve. The School forwards continued to pack the better, but the passing of the backs was very crude, and although Sedbergh got possession at every scrimmage there was no further scoring.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. OWENS COLLEGE.

Munro started, and after scrimmages in College quarters Crump got in a good kick and Owens had to concede a minor. Owens' forwards got away, but the Yorkshire backs passed prettily and Crump scored. Directly after Crump got away again and passed to Hood, who scored. The College backs combined well and H. M. Heald dodged in, Richardson converting. Marriner prettily passing inside Hood gave to Crump, who again scored. S. Platts dropped at goal from his own "25," but the ball went dead, and from a pass by Hood the same player was successful with another drop from the visitors' quarter flag. Half-time score 1—Yorkshire, 1 goal, 1 dropped goal, 3 tries, 18 points; Owens, nil. After the interval Simon headed a good movement on the part of Owens. For some time Owens were pressed, but eventually Jordan got away with a dribble three-parts the length of the field and scored a try, but it was not converted. After the drop-out the College backs passed well, and Owens had to defend. The ball was kicked out to Platts, who scored an easy try, and also added another. A movement started by

The Gryphon.

Williams ended in a try to Marriner, and Platts running strongly put on his third try. Richardson placed 3 goals, and Hood with a fine shot the fourth, the final score being:—Yorkshire, 4 goals, 3 dropped goal, 4 tries, 35 points; Owens, 1 try, 3 points.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY R.F.C.

The first meeting of the new committee was held on Wednesday, October 16th, in the Owens Union. All the members were present, viz., Messrs. Harrison and Moore (Owens), Mele and Smith (University), Hood and Crump (Yorkshire). The balance sheet showing a balance in hand of £26 os. 6d. was presented by the Treasurer, and was adopted. The following officers were then elected:—

President	... PROFESSOR HICKSON.
Treasurer	... MR. B. G. A. MOYNIHAN.
Captain	... H. E. MOORE.
Secretary	... S. T. CRUMP.

It was decided to hold a trial match on October 30th, at Manchester, and two sides were selected. The next meeting was called for October 30th, to select team v. Lancashire.

Although the balance in hand is considerable, it will be totally inadequate to the expenses of the season, and subscriptions will be gladly received by any member of the committee.

The fixtures for the season are:—

- v. Lancashire, November 9th.
 - v. Yorkshire, December 13th.
 - v. Cheshire, February 1st.
- S. T. CRUMP, Hon. Sec.

RESULTS OF SECOND XV. UP TO DATE.

- Oct. 12th.—v. WAKEFIELD GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Won, 2 goals 3 tries (19 pts.), to 1 goal (5 pts.).
- Oct. 16th.—v. LEEDS GRAMMAR SCHOOL. Lost, 1 goal (5 pts.), to 1 goal 1 try (8 pts.).
- Oct. 16th.—v. ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, YORK. Won, 3 tries (9 pts.), to 1 try (3 pts.).
- Oct. 16th.—v. ENGINEER INSTITUTE, BRAMLEY. Lost, 1 try (3 pts.), to 1 goal (5 pts.).

P. STEINTHAL.

Medical School Notes.

OUR first lines of a new Session shall be to the new-comers. We welcome you to a School which has a splendid reputation and which ranks high in the list of British Medical Schools, and trust that amongst you there may be many who shall add to the fame of our *alma mater*. Cultivate *esprit de corps*; attend the Medical Society's meetings; dine at the Refectory; join in all the social events of the School, such as smoking concerts (even if you don't smoke and are T.T.) and the annual dinner. Work as hard as you like, but, above all, take an interest in the social side of the School, for it is by doing this that you will gain your life-friends and get most enjoyment from your stay amongst us.

In another column will be found the names of the officers and members of the re-organised S.R.C. The new president, Mr. Ewing, is one who has worked hard for the School, and thoroughly deserves the honour which has been conferred upon him. With such a business-like secretary as Mr. Gregory, we can safely look forward to a year's hard work for the S.R.C.

* *

After many years, Mr. Robinson has resigned the post of lecturer on bones. It is only fitting that we should here thank him, on behalf of all his past students, for the careful tuition he has given us in years past. Ever courteous, he has been generous almost to a fault; his patience has been in inverse proportion to the dryness of his subject, and his affection for the School is shown by his long tenure of an onerous post.

* *

Mr. Moynihan has also felt compelled to leave us, but in his case it is "Not lost but gone before," as we (at least, some of us) hope to meet him "across the way."

* *

There has been a craze of late for insane puns upon people's names, such as "What made Rider Haggard?" "It is the last straw that makes the worm turn," and so we think that the following two insanities will read the funeral service for the craze:—

- "Why did W-ord drop G-e-s-t-h?" "Because he'd got Bron's Chert-n."
- "Why was 'Dicky' Barred?" "Because L-t-t-l-e-d put his My-n-l-n K-n-g-g-s."

* *

Why should there not be a Fires Tournament? It would be a great success. We suggest that Messrs. Sharpley and Steele should get one up and in return for this privilege give prizes for singles, handicap singles, and doubles. The same also applies to Chess.

* *

After the disgraceful treatment of the papers and magazines in the Common Room, it would be absurd to think of asking the S.R.C. to provide "Ping-Pong," but why should we not follow the example of the College men? There are three or four P.P. clubs in full swing up at College Road. A word to the wise is sufficient.

* *

Early this term, as usual, the Seniors were dispensing words of wisdom to the Juniors in the dissecting room, and in the flowing language of a *literateur*, a "grave Senlor" spouted lead and long on the gluteal region. Ye gods and little fishes! When he had left to inflict himself on someone else, the unimpressed Junior, in tones of scorn and disgust, asked "Is *that* a demonstrator?"

* *

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. We feel sure that in the solitude of his lonely furrow

Lord Rosebery would be cheered to hear of his latest convert to solitary bliss. Is it possible that instead of *ploughing*, "our" Public Orator should be reaping his wild oats?"

* *

Once more S. T. Crump has carried the College name into crumbly football, this time in company with W. H. A. Elliott. The *Gryphon* congratulates both of them.

* *

The latest form of amusement in the dissecting room is "stool-stealing." The advent of so many Juniors has caused a boom in the demand for seating accommodation, and after an open competition, a certain serious and staid Fellowship student, whose assiduity is only equalled by his deep voice, has been adjudged "Champion Stool-snatcher."

* *

The annual Medical Dinner is on Dec. 6th.

The Medical Society.

The opening meeting of the Session was held on Friday, October 18th, in the Library, at 5.15 p.m., when about 50 members were present. Dr. Haines, Hon. President, taking the chair. Invitations had been sent to all the members of the staff, but only a few, including the Dean, were able to be present. After the minutes had been read and carried, the Hon. President introduced the lecturer, Dr. Wm. Ewart, senior physician at St. George's Hospital, London, who had selected as the title of his address—"The Art of Clinical Medicine and its Technique." In his introductory remarks the lecturer referred to the art of clinical medicine as "an amazing combination of strictest knowledge and of absolute ignorance, of minute accuracy and of immense vagueness, an art of sciences, and an art of the unknown and perhaps of the unknowable." He re-echoed the pathetic, if time-worn, aphorism, *ars longa vita brevis*, and insisted on the fact that the ideal of clinical medicine was to be found in *inimicus natura*.

Passing on to deal with the modern curriculum of medicine, Dr. Ewart pointed out the artificial repartition between scientific and clinical training. Although this might be said to be the natural outcome of the rapid strides science, as distinct from mere empiricism, had made, Dr. Ewart regretted that this was the case. He looked forward to the time when the student should be made more familiar with clinics proper in the earlier years of his training. The lecturer concluded with a few interesting words of advice on the art of acquiring medical knowledge. Mr. R. G. Veale proposed, Mr. J. A. Coupland seconded, and the Dean supported a vote of thanks to Dr. Ewart for his able lecture, which was heartily accorded.

P.S.—In the columns of one of our morning contemporaries we are pleased to note that "Mr. Veale was also present."

Infirmiry Notes.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

DURING the summer holidays the Infirmary has been invaded by a class of beings known as "substitutes." They are a fairly harmless kind of fanatic who do things for other people, and expect to be thanked (the idea!). Many of them were noted for the consistency with which they absented themselves from the duties they had so glibly promised to perform.

What a hard life is that of the senior casualty dresser! You may see him any afternoon sitting near the smoke-room fire, pipe in mouth, and eyes with the far-away expression of one studying the deepest problem of life.

We hear on good authority that Mr. So-it is quite a favourite in the casualty department. His manly form has evidently impressed the ladies.

Scarlet fever has left its impress upon Mr. C-and-ll. He still has a weary, bleary, and tired look. Whether this is due to the fever or to his recent researches in Pathology we cannot say, but we strongly recommend him to take part in the reasonable game of hockey. It is a good game, and calculated to restore the bloom of health to his manly brow.

(Here follows an undecipherable note about dressing for Mr. Lett-l-d, coupled with the phrase "Cleanliness is next to godliness."—Ed.)

Dox's

- (1) When incising an abscess, don't go deeper than six or seven inches; it isn't necessary.
- (2) In listening to a *brail*, if you disagree with the huncory, don't give way, you may be right.
- (3) Don't make more than nine or ten vital mistakes in your notes on a case. Some honoraries are apt to be rather sarcastic at times.
- (4) When acting as a dresser in the operating theatre, don't fall over the operator in your anxiety to see; he mightn't like it.

Medical "Smoker."

THE attention of all Medicals is drawn to the first grand smoking concert of the season, to be held on Thursday, November 14th. Mr. W. H. Brown has kindly consented to take the chair at 7.30 p.m. prompt. The concert is to be held at the Victoria Hotel, Great George Street. Let us make this a thundering success. The Principal (Dr. Bodington) said at the College "smoker" that he wished there was one every week. To hard-working Medical Students this is impracticable, but, when we do have one, let us make it a memorable one.

Tickets—6d. each—from Messrs. Wilkinson, Young, Battle, Reed, and

J. H. K. SYKES, Hon. Sec.

"Voces Scholæ."

In response to a badly-written notice, several students casually strolled into the Common Room on 4th October, at 12.30 p.m., to discuss and "cuss" some new rules regarding the election of the S.R.C., which were the outcome of the fertile imaginations of a sub-committee of the S.R.C. Proceedings commenced by Mr. Coupland nervously tapping a table, and proposing that Mr. Gregory take the chair. Mr. G., in his modest and painfully shy manner, took it, and asked Mr. C. to move his resolution, which he did with great self-satisfaction. The chief subject was the proposition to divide the School into three wards, viz.:- (1) First year men, three representatives; (2) second year men (including others who are not at the Infirmary), three representatives; (3) Infirmary men, nine representatives.

On a seconder being called for, an inarticulate (I nearly said disarticulate) grunt was heard from one corner of the room, which, strange to say, was accepted by the chairman. Mr. Harling, who had a tremendous lot to say, and couldn't say what he meant, and meant what he didn't say, jumped up hurriedly, and said that he thought that there should be distinction between School electors as regards years. His main argument was that (speaking personally) the present Council was rotten to the core, and did not represent the School accurately. His speech, after a mighty peroration, degenerated into a squabble with the Chairman, and just when he was getting interesting he terminated, only to have to rise again to formulate an amendment.

The ubiquitous and mellifluous Shamus then sprang up, and said that he and two or three others were gasbags and born orators. He murmured that he was always putting his finger in the pie, and he hoped that everybody would speak, and thus convert the meeting into a tutorial.

Nervous attempts to comply with this were made by Messrs. Legge, Arnott, Young, Hayes, &c., &c. The latter convulsed the meeting by a question relating to the "relieving" officers, as also did Mr. Coupland when he said that election was to be by "ballot" instead of by "ballet" as previously suggested, it being understood that a certain section of the community objected to the latter form of election.

In the end, Mr. Harling's amendment was lost, the S.R.C.'s suggestion carried almost unanimously, and in an outburst of joy the meeting ended in a wild rush to the door.

S. R. C.

The following students were recently elected on the Students' Representative Council:-

J. J. ANNING,
H. M. BIRKETT,
L. R. BRATHWAITE,
J. EWING,
ARNOLD GREGORY,
H. S. HARLING,
H. MAPPING,
J. H. K. SYKES,
H. WALKER, B.Sc.

Infirmary Representatives.

J. H. LEGGE, B.Sc., } *2nd Year Representatives.*
W. H. SHABLES,
H. TOWLIN,
J. J. HUMMER, B.Sc., } *1st Year Representatives.*
P. D. PICKLES,
G. I. SWANSON,

The following Officers and Committees were elected at the first meeting of the Council:-

President: J. EWING.
Secretary: ARNOLD GREGORY.
Assistant Secretary: W. H. SHABLES.

Representatives on the Yorkshire College Students' Union:-

J. J. ANNING,
H. M. BIRKETT,
S. T. CECIL,
E. C. HOOD,
J. LEGGE, B.Sc.

H. TOWLIN, *Gryphon Representative.*

Secretary, ex-officio: ARNOLD GREGORY.

Medical Society:-

President: J. W. HAINES, Esq., M.D., F.R.C.S.
Vice-President: J. EWING.
Secretary: W. H. SHABLES.
Committee: Officers, with J. J. ANNING and J. LEGGE, B.Sc.

Medical Dinner:-

Secretaries: H. M. BIRKETT and H. WALKER.
Committee: L. R. BRATHWAITE,
J. A. COUPLAND,
S. T. CECIL,
H. S. HARLING,
J. J. HUMMER, B.Sc.,
W. H. SHABLES.

Refectory Representatives:-

L. R. BRATHWAITE (*Secretary*).
G. I. SWANSON.

Snapper's Committee:- BATTLE,
E. W. REED,
J. H. K. SYKES.

The following appointments were made at a recent meeting of the Faculty:-

Mr. W. GOUCH, B.Sc., M.B., B.S. (Lond.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., to be Resident Officer at the Ida Hospital.

House Surgeons:-

Mr. J. CAHENS FORSYTH, M.Sc., M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.), to be House Surgeon to Mr. Mayo Robson.

Mr. G. WATSON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., to be House Surgeon to Mr. Ward.

Mr. W. O. GREENWOOD, L.S.A., to be House Surgeon to Mr. Brown.

House Physician:-

Mr. H. BROWN, M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.), to be House Physician to Dr. Bury.

Junior Resident Medical Officer:-

Mr. H. J. STUTCLIFFE, M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.), has been appointed Junior Resident Medical Officer at the Leeds Dispensary.

Exam. Results.

The *Gryphon* notes with joy that the following have bamboozled their respective examiners:—

Victoria Final.

Part I.	H. BEHNS.	A. H. B. FLETCHER.
	J. A. C. FOSBETH.	F. W. HARRISON.
	P. A. H. RADCLIFFE.	E. SAVILE.
	W. A. STOTT.	J. H. SUTCLIFFE.
	A. R. THOMPSON.	
Part I.	R. APPLETON.	H. M. BIRKETT.
	A. E. BURKHARD.	R. G. LABELL.
	J. A. LOMLEY.	P. POLLARD.
	E. TINKER.	

Victoria 2nd M.B.

A.	W. V. FIDLER.	E. W. REED.
B.	F. BAILEY.	F. P. H. BISHOP.
	F. W. MARSHALL-GREATER.	H. J. MACVICK.
	R. B. RADCLIFFE.	H. TOMLIN.

London Int. Med.

A.	BEALKE.	E. C. HODG.	G. W. THOMAS.
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Conjoint.

I.	E. M. DOLAN.	J. H. SUTCLIFFE.
	H. R. DODDSON.	

L.S.A. Final.

F. P. JOSSELYNE.	F. S. PHILLIPS.	H. RICHARDSON.
	(All qualified.)	
S. C. WILKINSON.	F. W. B. YOUNG.	
II.	J. D. SARGENT (Phys.).	
I.	A. G. GAMBER (Pharmacy).	



To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

SIR,

At the end of last cricket season I accepted an invitation from the captain of the University College XI. to accompany his team on a week's tour in Ireland. The team consisted of nine men from University, two from Owens, and myself. The fact that University could get nine men of their regular team to go for a week's cricket will cause Yorkshire College cricketers to open their eyes in astonishment. Both Owens and University run two cricket teams, and play matches every Saturday of term and some Wednesdays. The Yorkshire College can hardly raise one team, and, indeed, had to scratch matches last season through inability to raise eleven men. The facts which will account for the inferiority of Yorkshire College cricket are not far to find. In the first place, our ground is easily the worst in the three Colleges, and neither of the other College teams care to play a fast bowler like S. L. Hens on the wickets

we provide. In addition, we allow the Springfield Club the use of our ground on alternate Saturdays for the inadequate sum of £10, thus entirely precluding all possibility of raising a second team, as it would have to play all its matches away. Another reason is that men will not leave their own clubs to play for their College, a fact which certainly does not reflect to their credit. A third reason is to be found in the attitude of the College authorities to sport. It is with great difficulty a man at the College can get off on a Wednesday to play cricket; he is compelled by cast-iron regulations to attend lectures of admittedly doubtful utility, which are always spread with especial thickness over that particular afternoon. The Principal, in a recent speech at the Leeds Modern School prize distribution, said:—"It might possibly be urged that there was over-athleticism in many places at the present day, but he was not afraid that athletics could be overdone in a town school. Having been at a town school himself, he knew some of the difficulties under which cricket and football were carried on, and he was quite sure it would be for the benefit of a school like the Boys' Modern School if everything possible was done to encourage games."

What applies to the Modern School in matters of sport surely applies with equal force to the Yorkshire College, and there is no conceivable way in which the Principal could give more encouragement to games than by abolishing entirely all lectures, or, at any rate, all compulsory attendance at lectures on Wednesday afternoons.

The remedies which occur to me are these:—

1. That the loan of the ground to the Springfield Club be discontinued—it may be possible to get one good wicket a week out of our ground.
2. To arrange a good fixture list for next season with matches every Wednesday and Saturday of term.
3. To get men to promise to play regularly for the College.

I feel quite sure that most men would give this promise if they were assured that they would get cricket on a good wicket and against good teams. There is no lack of good cricketers in the College, from whom a team could be selected equal to any in the district—the difficulty is to get them to play.

College cricket for the last few seasons has hardly been worth playing, and if it is not going to improve it were better to let it die a natural and quiet death.

Inviting discussion and apologising for the length of this letter,

I am, Sir,
Yours truly,

C

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

A certain well-known character in New Testament history states in one of his letters something to the effect that when he became a College student he left off wearing clothes, including head-gear, which belonged to the age of 10, or the

The Gryphon.

schoolboy stage in one's existence. Does not this apply equally in our own time? And yet we see students of the Yorkshire College daily wearing caps which, to say the least of it, do not suit them and render still more boyish faces and figures that seem to have started student life half a dozen years too early.

The caps which they wear may have the colours and coat-of-arms of the College, but they are not meant to be used as headgear in the street: they are in reality tennis caps, and as such should be worn only when occasion demands. We hold that, to be consistent, men who wear the cap should turn up to lectures in football jerseys and blazers complete, so as to counteract the impression—which is given by the caps—that College students are a set of boys who have left school, but are not old enough for the serious business of life. College students are men—at least they ought to be—and the least they can do is to maintain the dignity and high social status of the College student of bygone days.

I remain, Sir,
Yours very sincerely,
SARTORIUS.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I was very glad to see the letter of "Sartorius" in your last issue, but on looking round this term one sees that very little notice has been taken of it.

If the wearing of the College Athletic Cap with ordinary everyday costume is persisted in, I think it would be a good idea to restrict the wearing of it to members of the teams. On the cricket or football field, i.e., in its proper place, the cap is all right, but in Beiggate, in conjunction with a tail coat, etc., it is very objectionable.

Hoping this will draw the attention of the offenders to "Sartorius'" letter.

I am,
Your obedient servant,

X(CO)₂

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I have been requested to put forward a proposal in favour of a Photographic Society. The lines on which the proposed Society is to be run are as follows:—

(1) There is to be no subscription.

(2) Members will purchase in turn one of three photographic papers—

(1) *Amateur Photographer.*

(2) *Junior Photographer.*

(3) *Photographic News.*

Of course, other papers can be added if desired.

These papers will be handed round to all members in turn, the purchaser being first.

(3) A bi-monthly (or one per term) exhibition to be held of members' slides, prints, &c., each member contributing two at least. Any outsiders may attend such exhibition free of charge.

It seems to me that this is a very feasible proposal, and personally I should be glad to bear the whole cost of, say, *The Amateur Photographer*. Anyone who would like to join such a Society please communicate, by the medium of the Porter's Office, to the undersigned. Thanking you, Sir, in anticipation of your kindness in publishing this letter,

I remain,
Yours truly,
"PLATINOCARBON."

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I should like, through the medium of your paper, to call attention to what I might call a University grievance. This has reference to the granting of certificates. When one passes the Prelim. EXAMS. of the Victoria University no certificate is granted unless written for. Of course in the case of a student taking his degree course, when he passes the Final Exam. the certificate for this is a guarantee for the other exams. But to I unless he writes to Manchester he is not awarded a diploma. Now, writing to Manchester takes time, and as, when applying for a post, it is always usual to send a copy of diploma, it will be seen that delay ensues. What I should like to urge is that certificates should be granted for each exam. It is not necessary to have a large certificate, but on it might be stated the class in which the candidate passed. What is the use of dividing the result lists into two classes when no difference is made between them? Finally, the diplomas and certificates should be sent to successful candidates as soon as possible after the exam. lists are out. I hope that any member of the University Court, who may see this letter, will give this subject his earnest consideration, and see that a state of affairs not worthy of the dignity of the Victoria University be looked into and amended.

Yours truly,
F. W. HUNT.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I wish to call the attention of students to the state of the papers in the Union rooms.

As things are at present the weeklies and the magazines are seldom readable, if even recognisable, after two or three days in the Smoke-room.

Now this is not a fit state of affairs. Since the increased amount of money has been voted to the Union Rooms Committee several new papers, both of the weekly and monthly type, have been added to the list, which the Committee have tried to make as interesting and as representative as possible.

A new paper-rack has been ordered for the Smoke-room, and students are earnestly requested not to throw the papers on or under the seats and tables, but to try to take the little extra trouble involved in replacing them in the rack.

If everybody will do this systematically it will be much better for all users of the Reading-room.

Yours sincerely,
E. M. LEAP.

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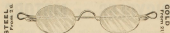
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