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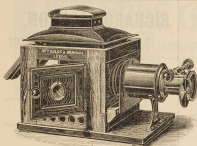
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Vol. V.

FEBRUARY, 1902.

No. 3.



A CRITICAL account of the all-absorbing Victoria question appears elsewhere in our columns. It is from the pen of one intimate with the workings of the University, and will, we are sure, be of interest to all our readers. We can add nothing to the wealth of argument and experience (some of it afterthought, it is true) which has been brought to bear upon this supremely important subject on all its sides. It only remains for *The Gryphon* to place on record, in the name of the College, its plain, strong, and emphatic opposition to the proposed dissolution of the Victoria University. In our council-room, among our graduates, at the dining-table and in the smoke-room, no dissentient voice has been heard. The opposition of the Yorkshire College is not one of conservatism; though inevitably there must be

strong feeling when spade and pick-axe are being employed (we mean no reproach) to tear up foundations which have only become more closely knit and hardened with the progress of time. Still less is it one of interest; everything has gone to show that a Yorkshire University would be worthily upheld by the county. The conflict stands on the higher ground of educational motive. Honour is divided equally among advocates and opponents of the disruption scheme. The composite University is doing a splendid work; would three municipal universities do a more splendid work? This is the point at issue, and we should estimate that seventenths of those nearly interested are strongly opposed to any revolution. Unfortunately but six-tenths of these have been able to make their voice heard, and this only by way of protest. This has been unmistakably vigorous, and, if plied hard, may yet be effectual. The future is full of possibilities; the question is not one of politics, and with good organisation and influence the Victoria graduates and undergraduates will yet shape their end according to their desires.

We note with pleasure the advent of no less than four of our first team into county football. To Cramp and Platts the honour is not new; but

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The Gryphon.

we would heartily congratulate J. D. Davis and G. S. Richardson on their fresh laurels. The profit accruing to the College from such successes is enormous; not measurable, it is true, in pounds, shillings, and pence, but it is of a no less real, if of a less tangible, character. College Rugby football is, indeed, just now at high-water mark. With ordinary luck we should have supplied seven players to the Varsity team, whose play, by the way, has been an eye-opener to the counties.

.

It is the duty of *The Gryphon* to send out its annual exhortation to all students to use their best endeavours to make the *Conversazione* a success. Everyone can do something. We are inclined to think that the burden of this and other College work is too concentrated. The members of the Union Committee have to do everything. There is plenty of work up in the hall in connection with the *Conversazione* for as many as are willing to help. One thing every student can do, and that is, advertise it. We hear that the Lord Mayor of Leeds has accepted an invitation, and this is only as it should be. Successful as the function has been hitherto, it has not yet established for itself in the city the standing we should like.

.

Speaking of the *Conversazione* reminds us of the College Pantomime night (why it should seems doubtful!). By the time *The Gryphon* is published, this will have been either a success or failure. Up to going to press the efforts of the managing committee have not met with the success they deserved. We have heard of one man who refused to buy a ticket because his mother did not approve of his going to the balcony!!! Attempts are being made to organise the fun, so that the evening may be enjoyable to all. There are too many in the College who mistake rowdiness for wit, and obtrusiveness for humour. The terms are not synonymous.

.

We have received no less than three batches of notes from the Chem. Lab. and two lots from the Agricultural Department. To use an appropriate expression, it is impossible to "fuse," and we should be glad if our chemical contributors would unite their wit.

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Professorial patronage has dignified the new institution of the "Twopenny Tea" with mention in our Editorial. The venture is a splendid one

and merits its success. But to the casual visitor the *wire en scène* of the College Hall at 4 p.m. is not suggestive of high mental endeavour, and we would recommend a removal of the stall to that cryptic and ghost-smelling chamber beneath the smoke-room. It is said (and the story has a smack of truth about it) that a well-known professor asked a student where the tea-tickets were to be had. He was directed to the Principal's room and thither he went. *Et cetera*. The Principal as a confectionery clerk!! What next?

.

The suggestion of our correspondent, "L. Y.," should be noticed. The condition of our notice-boards is "confusion worse confounded." Some such arrangement as he puts forward would be a decided reform.

.

The following extract from the *Yorkshire Evening Post* may interest some readers.

"Lieut. W. P. Hamlyn, who was for some years attached to the Leeds Rifles, and was noted as one of the finest runners at the Yorkshire College, has been given a captaincy in the 5th (Hay Tor) V.B. Devonshire Regiment."

.

Since our last issue the Chairmanship of the Union has changed hands. Everyone will wish Mr. E. M. Leaf the best of everything in the future. He was a most popular Chairman, and deservedly so, by reason of his many-sided interests and activities in College life, and his never-failing courtesy. We would congratulate Mr. W. T. Munro on his election to the vacant honour.

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Remember THE CONVERSATION on FEB. 21st.

The College and the University.

THE greatest crisis that the Yorkshire College has ever had to face is before it now, and readers of *The Gryphon* will naturally look for some guidance in forming their opinion upon it. It is a crisis which presents a somewhat different aspect according as it is regarded from the point of view of the body of students or the staff, and I should like to see a full and frank discussion of it by the students themselves. But I have had five years' experience as a teacher in the Victoria University, and am glad, therefore, to accept the invitation of the Editorial Committee to set down a few thoughts about the situation and the problem that is before us.

I am much struck by the precipitancy with which the move is being taken and the absence of any solid arguments, addressed to reason and founded

on educational expediency, in favour of the irrevocable step which it is proposed to take. It is not questioned that the Victoria University has done excellent work and has, of late years, been very rapidly gaining the confidence of the North of England; it is not seriously asserted that any educational development in any of the three colleges has been really hampered or injuriously postponed by the system of confederation, and it is unquestionable that in some instances proposals have been improved by criticism and even by opposition. All the three colleges have grown rapidly under the federal system, nor have the students of any college shown less enthusiasm for their college because it is linked with others in a University. Loyal support of the federal idea would have discovered new services that it might have rendered to education in the North of England, and might easily have removed many of the inconveniences and annoyances that were connected with it. But it found few loyal defenders; and municipal rivalries, personal ambitions, and rhetorical phrases have destroyed an interesting and most promising experiment in university education. If anyone wishes to see the weakness of the case against the Victoria University, let him look at Mr. Ramsey Muir's article in last month's *National Review*; he will find little there except a slavish appeal to precedent, an American readiness to gauge the success of an institution by its income, and a few discursive references to the Yorkshire College, of which the author is himself probably by this time ashamed.

But I have spoken of the Victoria University in the past, and I fear that that is the tense that must be applied to it for the future. Its worth, growing constantly thinner, will linger yet for some time, for three years at least; but that is no longer a University whose governing body has declared that its highest aspiration is for the happy despatch. There seems indeed to be a growing volume of opposition from the graduates of the University to the proposed dissolution, and it is sincerely to be hoped that when the matter comes up for decision by the government the whole situation will be dispassionately inquired into with due regard to the needs of the future and the whole question of university education in England. But we deceive ourselves if we think that the decision of the University Court can possibly be altered. A federal union might perhaps subsist where one member was so reluctant; it cannot possibly subsist where two out of the three have declared themselves in favour of dissolution. Nor does the Yorkshire College feel itself aggrieved in the matter. We deplore the decision that has been taken; we believe it to have been taken hastily and upon motives different from those which ought to influence a decision that will materially affect education over a large part of England. But if the representatives of Manchester and Liverpool have thought differently there is no room for recrimination. We pass with regret, but without bitterness, from an alliance which we believe to have been useful to all parties; and now it is our business to face the future with a clear brain and a stout heart.

What the future will be is in very many important details uncertain; but it is certain that Yorkshire

will have in the future, as in the past, a degree-granting institution in its midst. All students will have seen the decision to which the Governors of the College came after mature debate and after a careful review of the situation from the lips of our Principal. They have decided to work for a Yorkshire University with its seat in Leeds, based upon the federal principle, with power to admit other institutions either as constituent members of the University or in affiliation to it. The Press generally and public opinion in the county has given a very warm welcome to the proposition. Much hard work lies ahead of us before this bold resolution can be embodied in a working University, and the situation is by no means free from difficulty and anxiety; but I do not doubt that success will be reached.

The chief point on which doubt has been felt was the wisdom of again building on the federal principle, after, as the opponents of that principle would urge, it has failed in the Victoria University. The answer of many of us to this is clear and based on deep conviction. We do not think that the federal principle has failed in the Victoria University; we hold that it has been a great educational success. The real root of the trouble, it seems to the present writer, was that at the beginning it was not heartily accepted by Owens College, which at first was the only college in the University, and has always been, by virtue of the number of its students and the eminence of its staff, the predominant partner in the University. From the first Owens desired to become a separate University; its consent to federation was a concession to a necessity imposed by government. It has all along worked in the federal system with perfect loyalty but without enthusiasm, and when Liverpool attacked the system Owens did not feel called upon to lead the defence. With the Yorkshire University it will be different from the beginning. The strongest college in the county (we can have no hesitation in describing ourselves so), having already tried federalism, declares its wish to maintain that system; its charter will regard the federal constitution as final; its arrangements will from the first try to avoid those causes of friction, never very serious in themselves, which have been the excuse but not the cause of the disruption of the Victoria University. The spontaneity of the union with any other college or colleges will itself be a pledge of its permanence. The geographical and social characteristics of Yorkshire seem themselves to suggest, and will assist in maintaining, the union of colleges upon an equal basis.

There is every reason for caution and thoughtfulness as we choose our course; but there is no excuse for despair or even for despondency. The Yorkshire College has, in all that is most important, in the number of its students, the character of the staff, and the results of the teaching as shown in the University Examinations, maintained an honourable place in the Victoria University. We may look forward with confidence to the time when it will play the leading part in the councils of the Yorkshire University.

A. J. GRANT.

Varium et Mutabile Semper.

Picked up on Professor Smithells' field,

Dismay my mind doth now possess
And I am sore perplexed;
Strange things have happened here of late—
What's going to happen next?

Not long since, as I sallied forth
The city sights to spy—
Tearing along the North Grange Road
Some cyclists caught my eye.

They all wore of the gentler sex,
But in each dainty hand
Were weapons of ferocious style;
'Twas an appalling band.

Of these, in dazzling hues arrayed,
Some eight or nine I counted,
Who, coming to a lonesome field,
With one accord dismounted.

Lo! there were poles and cords stuck up—
A ghastly institution;
As if there were about to be
A public execution.

And now these mud-bespattered mounds
With shrieks began the strife;
They evidently had conspired
To take each other's life.

Wildly their weapons wielded they,
And wrought destruction drastic;
For though, 'tis true, they were but few,
They swore enthusiastic!

No doubt they were on murder bent,
For with their monstrous staves,
Most of this crew were busily
Engaged in digging graves.

One thing was strange—they all like sheep
Huddled together there.
Sheep are not warlike, I am sure,
But these strange creatures were.

That famous field, I doubt me not,
Has witnessed many fights;
But surely ne'er a fray like this,
A war for Woman's Rights.

Such thoughts as these were mingled with
My terror and my fear;
But as I pondered—whizz!—a ball
Came flying past my ear.

And so I left that battlefield,
While wonder filled my mind;
But even as I went I heard
The clash of sticks behind.

S. H. E.

* Vide "Students' Handbook," page 25, line 5.

The Engineer

(From an Outsider's Point of View).

"It is a glorious thing to be a Pirate King,"—Gilbert.

Possibly! but it seems to me that it is a far, far more glorious thing to be a Y.C. Engineer. Looked at from certain standpoints no doubt the position of Pirate King would appear to be more or less enviable, but—and I have the authority of an Engineer acquaintance for the statement—it is not to be compared with the honour of being a member of THE DEPARTMENT of the College.

As a rule, the Engineer is unmistakable and easily picked out from the common herd of students, on account of his altogether superior appearance. It is just possible, however, that he may be confused at the commencement of the session with the Freshman. If you are curious to learn whether a man is an Engineer or merely a new boy, approach him in a properly respectful fashion and request him to multiply for you 7×35 by 85×787 . Now if he happens to be a Freshman he will probably look at you in a dazed sort of way, as if he thinks you are mad; but the Engineer will produce an instrument resembling a diminutive alarm clock in appearance, and proceed to manipulate it between his fingers. He is using what he calls his calculator; and, as a matter of fact, in the hands of a skilled operator, the calculator is not a bad thing. It is possible to work with it, after some practice, to within fifty per cent. of the correct result, and almost as rapidly as in the ordinary manner. It will be readily seen that the quantity of paper saved in the course of a few years is considerable. I am told that the large size may be procured by Outsiders, price one guinea; Engineers, seven and sixpence.

In the dark ages, when I was but a Freshman and only shaved once a week, the Engineer was a great mystery to me. "What," I wondered, "must be the nature of his work that he is always so busy, so evidently full of responsibilities." I went home and looked in the dictionary. I am not certain just now whose dictionary it was, or whether it is to be relied upon, but it distinctly defined an engineer as "a person skilled in mathematics and mechanics." This being so, one can understand the gravity of the Engineer's existence and excuse a certain amount of self-consciousness on his part.

Yet I was very far from understanding the kind of work in which he was engaged from mid-morning to mid-afternoon, and my curiosity was only piqued by hearing groups of his kind discussing horse-powers, cylinders, flanges, and things.

At last I summoned up enough courage to ask one if he could manage, by any possibility, to show me over the Engineering Department. He graciously acceded to my request, pointing out to me at the same time that I was being accorded a very high privilege, and one not to be enjoyed by every chance Outsider.

It was a day of what are technically termed "Boiler Trials," and my friend was arrayed in gorgeous, but utilitarian faded and greasy, garments

of a sky-blue colour. From what he said, it seemed that he was the most important man of the boiler trial because he was stoker, and if there was nobody to stoke there could be no trial.

As we descended into the subterranean regions, I braced myself for the roar and rattle of machinery, and must confess to feeling some little disappointment when we arrived at our destination. There was a small engine certainly, which, having nothing better to do, was turning a wheel round and round in a free and easy sort of way, and there was a faint odour of engine oil, mingled with the more pungent fumes of tobacco. My friend explained that one's nerves got shaky after a short time of boiler-trying, if smoking was not resorted to; in fact, the first item of interest pointed out to me was a short cut to the smoke-room.

Away in a distant corner of the apartment was the little party of boiler triers, all engaged for the moment in the nerve-soothing process. I endeavoured to ascertain from them what exactly was meant by a boiler trial, but this was apparently a secret.

Presently a boldish official with a sandy moustache approached, tapped a gauge, and remarked that he was going down a bit. My friend examined the glass critically, and replied that she was all right when he looked a minute ago. The official told him to get her up as quickly as he could because they wanted to run the experimental off her. With a magnificent display of cooey, my friend flung open the fire door, put three lots of coke in, threw down the shovel, wiped his brow with his dirtiest hand, and lighted a cigarette.

Hardly had I time to congratulate him upon the successful achievement of this performance, when he told me that he was going to start the experimental engine, and wanted me to turn the fly-wheel. It was fine to see the judicious manner in which he distributed oil on all those parts of the machinery that were in the least likely to come into contact with one's clothes. Then he opened some taps underneath, screwed up some nuts at the end, shut some other things on the top, and told me to hang on. Not seeing anything particularly inviting to hang on to, I just stood and watched. He turned a little wheel; there was a rushing sound, and a large volume of steam appeared and enveloped him. The noise increased until it became absolutely deafening. My friend became lost to sight in a white cloud—but the machine never budged an inch. I was wondering when it was going to start when I heard a shriek; I couldn't catch what was said, but the hairs on my head rose one by one until they were like the bristles on a broom, as it dawned upon me that the thing was barking. Ye gods! how I ran. Up one passage, down another, and at last flung myself panting upon one of the luxurious seats of the Common Room.

My friend said later that she always did like that until she got warm—I couldn't for the life of me see anything to suggest it.

But stay, lest we were sarcastic over the Engineers. Let us not forget that they have their place in the world. They are decidedly ornamental whilst at College, and besides—we must have somebody to drive our trams and things.

J. B.

New Bacteria.

This article is suggested by the *debut* of a new microbe or bacillus which Mr. Gu-zie, of the Scientific, omitted to mention.

This specimen of bacteria was discovered by dint of much spectacular observation, "*per ardua*," as a certain gifted youth once answered when asked how a much begoggled master looked when about to whack him. Now all students of the Chem. Lab. will readily admit that the fate of their department hangs on the lab. assistant.

Now a Chapman or a Kellett is born, not made. Of course, I do not say that they spring full-equipped, like Minerva, with retort-stand and bath-brush, from the brains of Professors Stroud and Smithells. No; they must first pass through the microscope or embryo stage; so let me return to my starting-point, not quite of no length or breadth, ye men of mathematics, but very nearly so.

I first set eyes on this Lilliput lad, this professional *gratulee* of the Physical Department, in the Intermed. Phys. Lecture. It was in a state of unstable equilibrium in the front row. "Great things have small beginnings," thought I, "and who can tell but that this budding bacillus may have concocted within him the soul of another Santos-Dumont, Campbell-Bannerman, or even of a future Chapman or Kellett. For surely these latter great names may rank side by side with those of the two jockeys, one rider of a steed of Air the other of that celebrated piece of horseflesh "*Garden Fence II.*" winner of the Liberal Stakes.

It was, I say, in a state of unstable equilibrium till I saw it suddenly leap to its feet—you must excuse my non-scientific language—I should say it leaped to its pedal appendages, for, if I may use the words of Mother Goose's poet—

For Dr. Sir-d

He called aloud,

He called for his microbe wee,

For none there were

That could compare

With that muscular physical fen.

Here I must break off, for Dr. Sir-d, not knowing what floods of the muddied ink of eloquence he is stopping, is just saying "Mr. R-o-e, how do we know the earth is flat at the poles?"

Imaginary Interviews.

III.—With the Editor.

THERE was a lull in the torrent of lecturing, for it was the still hour of noon. Our energetic and valuable staff had unwillingly retired to the seclusion of its dining-room to nibble the learned biscuit, and at last, an academic stillness held the College, a stillness which became it well. Through the long morning lectures we had dozed in company, the Editor and I, but I saw that he was troubled. Ever and again his eye, in a fine frenzy rolling, would glance away from his book, and I knew that great thoughts were surging through his mind, that he had escaped from the trammels of classics and history, and was busy in the world of his own

imagination. I thought to meet him at lunch, but he was missing; so I crossed over to his room and put my hand inside the door.

"Are you busy?"

"No, come in. Have a smoke?"

I glanced round the room. It was a sight to make the housemaids weep. Everything was in the most admired disorder. Books, pipes, papers, coal-scuttles, photographs, letters, comic songs, ink-bottles, proofs, were hobnobbing together in impossible places. I was irresistibly reminded of that famous turret chamber in Weissnichtwo where Teufelsdröckh used to sit, silent as the Sphinx, wearing his great philosophy of Clothes, the centre of a little world of night-caps, tobacco-boxes, coffee-pots, periodical literature, and Blicher boots, "all united in a common element of dust," and the face that peered at me through the smoke of a strong tobacco might have been the face of the great professor himself, so grave and sad and troubled it seemed.

"What's wrong?" I asked.

"Everything," was savagely barked at me. "*Gryphon's* to be out next week and there's nothing in. I shall have it all to do myself, and I'm fairly crooked with my work. I've prepared nothing for a week and I'm certain to be turned on this afternoon."

"Oh, never mind that, you'll muddle through somehow."

The Teufelsdröckian vision faded summarily at the sound of the familiar slang and I knew that I had caught the Editor on one of his bad days.

"But have you *nothing* for *The Gryphon*?"

"Well, there's any amount of stuff come in; but what can you do with 'Lines to a Lady learning Latin,' or 'A Plea for Greater Seriousness,' or 'The Varsity Tea-Cup.' The poem with the jingling title is called 'An Irregular Ode.' The adjective certainly fits it. The 'Plea' is the dullest thing I ever tried to read. The Varsity skit is fairly good, but I can't use it. So many interests are at stake that we must walk warily; and so, there's a good subject spoiling."

"Can't you put these things in, though? They might be at least unconsciously amusing."

"Put them in! Sir, it would ruin our circulation. And besides, we have set the standard for our paper. It must be something between *Punch* and *The Chronicle*, as you know. But our contributors will persist in being serious, or in too self-consciously attempting the light and airy topic. Why don't they try to emulate *Punch* rather than the *Saturday Review*? With a wonderful complaisance they write long essays for the profs., which nobody wants to read, about Kant's Categorical Imperative, or The Poetic Dictation of the Eighteenth Century, or some such rubbish which they don't understand. At any rate, I don't understand them, and I've written yards of 'em. And the worst of it is, that this needful essay-writing vitiates the style and destroys the natural and spontaneous gaiety of the undergraduate mind. What I say is, they would do themselves far more good by sending in light, chatty, or even semi-literary articles to our paper. Why shouldn't you, for instance, throw off a poem on 'Phyllida posing at the Ping-Pong' in the

style of Herrick, say? Why shouldn't Tomkins send us in his adaptations from Horace? By Jove, there's an idea!"

And the poor distracted Editor grabbed his pen, and for a minute or so there was silence. Then he resumed, and I saw a momentary sparkle in his eyes.

"There's nothing like talking for providing for yourself with ideas. It'll make a grand article: 'The Necessity for a School of Journalism in the New Yorkshire University.' He declaimed the title with unctious and fingered off his sub-heads: "Journalism, the consummation of literary culture; the pen is mightier, &c.; the ethics of reviewing, how to 'write up' and to 'write down'; special subjects for 1901; 'Snippet Journalism' and 'Log-rolling'; candidates must present certificates of competence from the Editor of *The Gryphon*.' Hurry! Man, I'll be a professor of the University, endowed by the *Daily Mail*, and you shall be my printer's devil!"

Would you believe it? This calm and judicial Editor, a minute ago in the depths of despondency, was now dancing round his table, waving his pipe over his head, like a wild Highlander.

The next thing I know was that a bundle of proofs had barely missed my head, and that a staid and portly "Decline and Fall" had ended an inglorious career in the coal-scuttle.

"The next number's saved, anyhow, and alean I do it!" With that he subsided and lit his pipe with the "Plea for Greater Seriousness."

So I got in a word. "I like your idea of using class exercises as *Gryphon* articles. Why has it never been tried?"

"Don't know, I'm sure. But it seems feasible, if we could only bring the staff to our way of thinking. That's a big *if*, though. For my own part, I don't see why *The Gryphon* should not be made an instrument of culture, and a real help to the literary side of the College." There was just a suspicion of an ecclesiastical twang in his voice, and I had to pull him up sharp.

"Well, why not try it on the dog? You put the University Charter into Latin prose, so as to give it a chance with posterity, and I'll turn the regulations into Greek almanacs. Or we might deal with the University question in a new 'Tale of a Tub,' in Swifitean prose. Such work would be both valuable and interesting to us."

He paused for a minute with his eyes fixed on vacancy. "Yes," he went on, oblivious of my suggestions, "our new scheme would free us from all our difficulties. We would get a subsidy from the University chest; we would have articles from the professors—strictly anonymous, of course—and *The Gryphon* would become a power in the land."

"But in the meantime—"

"In the meantime!—and there was an undertone of melancholy in his voice—"in the meantime, we're floored—almost. Public interest is waning. Examinations are drawing ominously near, and the undergraduate mind is 'sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought.'"

"Humbly? Sit 'em up, man. Get something sensational. Take a lesson from the New Journalism. Why not try the instalment system of buying books, for instance?"

"What books? How do you mean?"

"What books! Hear the man! Why, you might have Wheatley's 'Reminiscences, or Lost or Forgotten'; Hutchinson on 'The Art of Conducting'; Emulation's 'Confessions'; and so on, and so on. Your imagination will fill in the rest. There are enormous possibilities—and your little volume of TETES."

"This I said in a low and apologetic tone. And he blushed. As I live, this Editor, hard as adamant to bullying postcoets, blushed. I felt his hand stealing into mine and there was a break in his voice as he said—

"Thank you, my boy! You're a true friend." And I knew that we understood each other. After a pause he went on in a more cheerful strain.

"But what a chap you are for ideas! Got any more?"

"Not at present, I think, but you might start a competition of some kind. That sort of thing pays, you know."

"That's true: let me think. . . . How would a College song be for a subject? Words and music; professors and lecturers barred?"

"You mean it to take the place of 'Clementine'?"

"Yes: under the new regime we shall have to dispose of the lady. She is grown rather disagreeable, and, like a poor relation, has a way of turning up at the most inopportune moments. She is distinctly *de trop* at the Reception of Associates, for instance. All this, of course, is part of the wider question, as to the function of the *Gryphon* in raising the tone of the College. There are times, you know, when I feel that the weight of responsibility is almost too heavy for me. When I reflect on the power for good or ill which the Press has, I tremble at the magnitude of my responsibility to the youth of the College."

And I, too, trembled. For I knew that his fixed idea had once more got him in its grip, the idea that he is destined to effect a reformation in the manners and the morals of the undergraduate. This it is, this obsession of morality, which clouds the natural cheerfulness of his disposition and causes his friends and well-wishers so much doubt and uneasiness. So it was with a sense of relief that I heard the lecture hall, and I broke in on a peroration in Gryphonic periods (which I saw he was preparing to perpetrate) with the exclamation—

"Hullo, that's the second bell. Come along!"

"At once he was his natural self.

"Hang the bell. I'm not going."

So I left him to his dreams.

[We beg to thank (?) our anonymous contributor.—Ed. G.]

An Oddment.

The energetic soul who holds the proud and responsible position of Senior Editor of *The Gryphon* is not content with merely drawing on the almost inexhaustible stock of literary genius which surrounds him at the Yorkshire College.

He goes farther afield, and has endeavoured to press into his service the timorous me.

It is, to use one of my stock phrases, "with feelings of awe and veneration," that I take up my pen (a cheap and unostentatious article of the style-graphic kind) to endeavour to lay before the critical readers of *The Gryphon* a condensed account of my experiences since leaving the abode of bliss situated in College Road.

When first I spread my wings and left the nest where for five short years my mental (?) faculties had been tenderly nurtured, a feeling of blank misery came over me.

Then, alas, too late I remembered that my days of merry, hard-working youth were gone for ever.

No more should I rub my eyes in answer to my landlady's announcement that it was "half-past nine and breakfast has been up an hour."

No more must I work out the pleasing problem as to how little work it would be possible to do for each individual professor whose classes I graced with my occasional presence.

No more must I "knock and walk in" to indulge in a lengthy argument on the wiles of the examiners with a gentleman who was evidently biased in favour of those arch-fiends, the curses of modern life.

These, and many other similar pleasures, were to be henceforth forsworn, and in their place I was called upon to face the stern realities of the outer world.

My path was chosen amongst the verdant pastures of the Emerald Isle, and I was deputed to act as "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend" to the agriculturalists of an Irish county.

The fact that a piece of unnecessarily active salt water was to be placed between me and my old haunts did not make the parting easier to bear.

Personally, I'm never seasick, but whenever I have to go anywhere by boat, it's a most curious thing, but I invariably eat something that disagrees with me, and ignorant and unsympathetic people are apt to attribute my indisposition to *mal de mer*.

Arrived safely at my destination, I found that my duties for the winter months consisted largely in giving lectures every night at very out-of-the-way places. This proceeding brought me in contact with three very important classes of men.

These three classes I shall hand down to posterity in their order of merit. They are:—Car drivers, parish priests, and audiences.

I have in most cases to drive a distance of from ten to eighteen miles to each lecture. This necessitates the use of a car and driver. These drivers are usually very polished and polite men as to manners, with most unprepossessing external appearances.

They regale their passengers with accounts of wakes, murders, and league meetings. They frequently address their horses as what must be a most interesting ornithological specimen, to wit, a "Hell-crow."

Their conversation is composed largely of collections of elaborate "swears," interspersed with frequent ejaculations of "God forgive me."

The priests are quite different from anything we have in England. They have absolute power of life and death over every "soul" in their parishes.

For this reason they make superbly excellent chairmen. They frequently preface their remarks

by such statements as "If I hear so much as a pin drop, I'll throw the dinner up at through the window and send him a bill for the damages to-morrow."

They are very hospitable, and never let you go home without joining them in what they describe as "a taste at the wine at the country."

The audiences are a medley collection of all ages and classes. The most noticeable feature in them is that almost every man is a finished and eloquent public speaker, even if he can scarcely write his name.

They are very attentive, and think nothing of walking four or five miles on a winter's night to hear an hour's lecture.

What strikes me more than anything is that Ireland is comparatively little known to Englishmen.

It seems a pity that a country which possesses such a variety of unqualified scenery should remain practically unexplored, especially in these days of quick, cheap travel.

Ireland may not be a prosperous country, but its people are kind-hearted, merry, and hospitable, and no one could help feeling at home with them in a very short time.

L.

Students' Union Notes.

It is with great regret that we have to record the resignations of Messrs. E. M. Leaf and F. W. Hunt. The former has received a Government appointment in the Agricultural Department of the North of Ireland; the latter has obtained a post in the Leather Department. We heartily wish them all success in their new departures. In consequence of these resignations, a bye-election was held early this term, six students being nominated to contest the two vacant seats. Mr. R. C. Gant came out well at the top of the poll, and Mr. W. H. Davis was second. The scrutineers were Messrs. E. W. Mundy and C. N. Moberly. Through Mr. Leaf's departure the chairmanship became vacant. Mr. W. T. Munro, of the Textile Department, has been unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

Mr. C. N. Moberly is the new secretary of the Union Rooms Committee in Mr. Hunt's place.

The Conversations have been postponed till Friday, February 21st. It is hoped that every student will make it his duty to be present, so that the event may be a huge success.

The Sports have been fixed for Thursday, May 15th.

A plain blue blazer with the College crest on the pocket is being made by Messrs. Hym & Co., Bridgegate, Leeds. It will be ready very shortly; the probable cost will run to about 18s. We feel sure that it will meet with the approval of every student.

A letter was received from Glasgow University a short time ago suggesting that an annual Congress be held at different Colleges, when delegates from various Colleges would meet, to encourage by social intercourse a general feeling of fellowship amongst University students. The Committee heartily fell in with the idea, thinking it to be a splendid

opportunity for exchanging ideas and seeing what is going on in other Colleges. The Congress will be held some time in June, when two delegates will be sent from here.

W. N. TITTINGTON, Hon. Sec.

"Smokers."

The second "Smoker" of the Session took place at the Victoria Hotel on Wednesday, December 4th. Owing to the unavoidable absence of E. M. Leaf (Chairman S.U.), L. A. Coxon was elected to the chair.

It is somewhat invidious to specialise when describing the entertainment, as all the "turas" were first-class. Special mention must, however, be made of S. H. Elliott's excellent recitation ("John James Brown on Rubinstein's Piano-playing"), W. N. Tittington's scathing denunciation and yet heroic defence of tobacco, as also his description of a motor-car ride. For the latter he was encored, and in response to loud calls proceeded to "wash his mother." The chorus of P. T. Sienhal's "Brown of Colorado" went excellently, as did the soloist's part. Mr. Thompson sang "I'm a Roamer," and after tremendous applause gave us the old favourite, "In Cellar Cool." At the close of this, the Chairman proposed Mr. Thompson's health, as a slight recognition of his willingness to assist at the "Smokers." The toast was enthusiastically honoured and duly replied to. Special mention must also be made of Mr. Ball's "turas" *à la* George Grossmith, both of which were encored in a way which left no doubt as to the appreciation of the audience.

On the Chairman next rising, he mentioned the fact that there was a record attendance of members of the Staff. Their health was drunk amidst great applause, and Dr. Dawson replied.

J. W. Embledon contributed to the programme the "Gladiator" and "Off to Philadelphia," Davies "The Skipper," Stansfield "Nonsense and Toedle-de," &c., &c. (almost *ad infinitum*).

Many of the old favourites were given:—"The Mer-maid" (A. Guthrie), "Mush Mush" (S. H. Stelfox), "Upides" (Mr. Dueryhouse), "John Brown's Body" (J. W. Embledon), "Little Brown Jug" (Fisher), and &c., &c., as before. Messrs. Ball and Thompson both obtained hearty encores for their second contributions.

At the finish, "The King" was proposed and drunk with musical again "sic, only more so" honours, and an almost ear-splitting rendering of "Auld Lang Syne" brought to a close a most enjoyable evening. The thanks of all are due to the hardworking accompanists, Messrs. Hartley, Davies, and Hutchinson.

About half-way through the evening, the Chairman announced the victory of the Rugby XV. over University College. The news was received with such enthusiasm that it is evident there is still a very large amount of *esprit de corps* amongst the students, much as it has been doubted of late. May such a feeling long exist.

Agricultural Society.

THE fifth ordinary meeting of the Agricultural Society was held on January 15th, when a paper on "Rural Depopulation" was given by Mr. P. H. Lamb.

Mr. Lamb, in his opening speech, said that rural depopulation was, without doubt, one of the most perplexing problems which had to be faced. He pointed out that, according to the census of 1801 and 1901, there had been a marked migration of the country people into the urban districts, and especially to our large industrial centres. Although the population of England had trebled, the counties of Cornwall, Dorset, Hereford, Huntingdon, Kent, and Wiltshire had decreased considerably the last 20 years. The causes of rural depopulation were numerous, but the principal ones were:—(1) The fall in price of agricultural produce; (2) increased locomotion; (3) unsuitable elementary education; (4) the housing question; (5) the love of gaiety. He said that the low price of agricultural produce was the result of the laying down of large tracts of arable land to grass, which lessened the labour formerly required on the farm; nevertheless labourers were scarce. During the past hundred years the labourer's wages had doubled, and this, with the low price of agricultural produce, had made farming less profitable than formerly. Railways were helpful to farmers who lived near them, despite the high rate of carriage. Mr. Lamb went on to say that the housing question was one which ought not to be omitted. For, though not a general cause, it held certainly in some districts, where the houses are small and in a dilapidated state. As to education, the present elementary system obtaining in the country was inadequate; a more scientific teaching in the principles of agriculture was required. Owing to the exodus of the country labourers to the town, the agriculturist was obliged to pay a high price for the labour done by those that were left.

The remedies suggested by Mr. Lamb to prevent rural depopulation were: to offer better inducements in the form of holidays, shorter labour hours, sound agricultural education, and better houses for the labourers.

The importance of the agricultural question was becoming more and more recognised. The war had brought out the truth that after all it was in a healthy, vigorous country population that the safety of the country resided.

A vote of thanks to Mr. Lamb for the able manner in which he had delivered his paper was proposed by Mr. W. B. Thompson, seconded by Mr. G. Blaker. T. H. H.

Chem. Lab. Notes.

AN erroneous statement was made in our notes for last term, which calls for immediate correction. It was stated that "Puer" had given up breaking apparatus, but this is false, as all who know "Puer" will at once affirm. He will, however, have to look to his kauris, for both E-l-s and Sc-f-d are rapidly becoming adepts in the art of flask and beaker breaking; the mortality among E-l-s's apparatus for last week amounting to four beakers.

A curious disease has appeared in the Lab, this term, the chief symptoms of which are profuse bleeding of the fleshy part of the thumb, accompanied by an increased flexibility of the tongue for five minutes. The disease, which nearly all the Seniors and many of the Juniors have suffered from, seems to have been intimately connected with the solving of a puzzle owned by Rh-d-s. At any rate, we think it our duty to warn students not to mention anything about "puzzle locks" in the hearing of the frequenters of the Lab, especially in the hearing of "Puer," Ha-gh, or Mu-p-y. E-l-s, as usual, has been doing a little original research, and we have just heard that his pernicious example has been followed in the Physics Dept., where Sc-d and Fe-u-l-y cooked up a boiler of water—and then boiled it, with the usual result.

During the last few days, the Lab, has presented a scene of unusual activity on the Senior side. Even Mu-p-y seems to have shown signs of doing some work. The result is the preparation of an innocent-looking white substance, the properties of which can be ascertained by applying to Sc-f-d. While speaking on the subject of work, we are reminded that all hope for W-l-s-n and Sm-eh seems to be abandoned, for not content with their own flagrant offences, they must needs admonish their fellow-students on the subject of work.

Oh, how are the mighty fallen! Weep! all ye students! Weep for the fallen! Tell it only in whispers! The great, the mighty, the learned W-l-s-n has descended to the depths of breaking apparatus. This, then, is the secret of that long woeful face, of that spectral gliding to and fro.

H-i-h so far forgot himself the other day as to appear in the Lab, with three ladies, inquiring anxiously for Hansel; for further information apply to Mu-p-y.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mu-p-y and W-r-n, on their promotion to a bench and cupboard for themselves; with a little attention they will no doubt soon become capable of looking after themselves. H-r-3-y seems to have become aware that Chemistry is the subject which is usually studied in this department, and so the unique spectacle has been seen of H-r-3-y working a little. He is hoping, however, to renew his learned talks shortly, giving the Lab, the benefit of his profound study of various Philosophical subjects. X. Y. Z.

Yorkshire College Musical Society.

THE first Musical Evening in connection with the above Society was held in the Men's Refectory, on the last Wednesday in last term. The choice of evening was rather unfortunate, although quite unavoidable. It was first proposed by the ladies, and might almost be termed the "Ladies' Smoker," although, of course, there was no "smoke." A very enjoyable programme was presented, consisting of glee by the members of the Society, songs by Mrs. Schildekopf, Miss Briggs, Miss Hepworth and Miss Mitchell (duet), and Miss Wilson, and Messrs. Thompson and Swanson, and a recitation by Mr. Elliott. At "half-time" there was an interval for refreshments, which was, we have reason to

believe, appreciated by all. It is the first Musical Evening which the Society has held, but, we hope, not the last, as it is the only social function in the College, with the sole exception of the Conversations, which draws all students together. We hope to hold another about the middle of the present term, after the Conversations. Our best thanks are due to Prof. Rogers, who conducted, to Mr. Connal, who discharged the arduous duties of chairman very ably, and to Mr. Hartley, who acted as accompanist.

Ballad of Cracispate,

Or How the Debate was Won.

'Twas long ago, on winter's night
Black as the witch's spell,
That there was fought in bitter sport
The battle which I tell.

With candles lit and foreheads knit,
All on that dismal night,
A fearsome band of desperate men
Were met in deadly fight.

For they had sworn a solemn oath,
By candle, bell, and book,
By earth and water, air and fire—
Wherewith all chaos shook—

That they in combat would decide
A point of deepest weight:
"Shall a man call, in public hall,
Our conduct wrong, and have not all
A right to crack his pate?"

With grim-set face each took his place
And glared defiance round;
Ready with shout and din to chase
Th' opponent from the ground.

Hartley first opened out the fray,
The leader of his band;
Upon the side of Liberty
He firmly took his stand.

"Shall not a British subject
Neath England's flag be free
To speak the truths that fill his heart,
Distasteful though they be?

Or is our boasted Freedom,
On which we built our past,
Fled from our shores for ever,
An exile and outcast?"

He ceased. And from th' opposing ranks
The swarthy F-sher sprang;
"What!" thundered he, "shall any man
Our glorious army slang?

Freedom for such, whose very touch
Would make a patriot quirm!
For such a traitorous villain, dog,
Detested carion, worm!"

Half choked with rage, he paused. At once
The mighty H-ot arose,
And with a sneer from ear to ear
Thus turned to rend his foes.

"Gods! what a sight! Sure never wight
Heard arguments so strong!
How can they blate at such a rate
And yet keep on so long?"

My dear young friends, your language tends
To most uncalled-for wealth,
Why strain a point that's out of joint
And thus destroy your health?

Decide on this: we should be wrong
To crack the human pate,
But no man's any right to speak
Things traitorous of the State."

The walls re-echoed with applause
And counter shouts and cheers;
"Hooley!" "What rot!" "Shut up!"
"Hear, hear!"

'Twas fit to split one's ears.
Amidst this tumult and uproar
Was heard a strident shriek:
"Let's batter, slay, nay rather, flay
The traitor who *will* speak!"

'Twas Shylock C-x-a. Well they knew
That voice, and shrank agast,
Shudd'ring to think that such as he
Were free to speak. At last

Sage G-thrie stepped into the field,
Burden'd with weight of years,
Grief filled his soul, and forced a vent
In bitter manly tears.

"Stay! brothers, stay!"—the words found way
Through sighs of heartfelt pain—
"Nor listen to these men, who wish
For tyranny again.

'Twas England's boast, and patriot's toast,
That Freedom that you spurn.
Pym, Elliot, Hampden, gave their lives,
Tongue-slavery to o'turn.

By fearless speech the saints of old
Our Reformation won;
By it the task of freeing slaves,
Of all reforms, was done.

The few are those who lead the way
With higher soaring wing;
The few preach peace; call them not rogues
And traitors to their king."

In vain he pleaded. Tongues were loose;
All sober effort failed;
Shouts of abuse gained common use;
Cheers, yells, and screams prevailed.

Then Embl-ton his prowess showed,
Famous in public brawl,
With pointless wit and jeer, while still
His sounding thump would fall.

The end *did* come. By dint of drum
Of feet upon the floor,
Hunt went the day, and bore away
Of captives many a store.

'Tis long ago since yelling foe
Trampled on Freedom's law;
But still men tell how Hartley fell
In the brave days of yore.

Debating Society.

SECOND ORDINARY DEBATE.

The second debate was held in the Smoke-room on November 18th. Dr. Turnbull took the chair. The subject for debate, viz., "That Town Life is superior to Country Life," although very hackneyed, brought as many as sixteen speakers to their feet. Mr. S. H. Elliott was the proposer, and he put forward his ideas in well-delivered style. After apologising for his presence so early on in his career at the College (he being a Fresher), he started off by quoting the first line of Horace's "Satires." This fairly staggered the house. He emphasised the superabundance of sentimentality with regard to village pumps and greens. He then dwelt on the advantages of town life for education, sports, and amusements. In conclusion he quoted from Lamb and Dr. Guthrie.

Mr. Gant, the opposer of the motion, pointed out the variety of sports in the country, mentioning the recent successes at the College sports. The College, he said, was where it was on account of its convenience. He made a great deal of the sentimentality of the moonlight in the country. The members who spoke for the motion were Messrs. Fisher, Whitlow, Battle, and Hutchinson, whilst those against were Messrs. Guthrie, Embleton, Hartley, Normanton, Coxon, Jenkins, Davis, Bibby, Cooper, Leaf, and Cooke.

The motion, on being put to the house, was lost by 34 to 14.

During the meeting the attention of the Chairman was called to some members who seemed to be devoting most of their time to interrupting the speakers. It is to be hoped that this will be a warning to all in future.

Next term the committee hope to have the pleasure of two members of the Staff taking a debate. Besides that, there will be the Yorkshire-Owens debate and another impromptu.

R. W. HUTCHINSON, Hon. Sec.

IMPROMPTU SPEECHES.

A meeting of the above Society was held on Monday, December 2nd, in the Hall, the business of the evening being the competition for two prizes kindly offered by the President, Dr. Turnbull, for the two best impromptu speeches. One prize was for the ladies, and one for the gentlemen. A large number of students were present, and there were 23 entries.

Mr. Wynne opened with "Curiosity is the strongest trait in human character." He observed that curiosity, when properly directed, led to discovery. A child, he said, exhibits this property of curiosity in a remarkable degree; he then described that ideal child whose curiosity leads to knowledge. Mr. Ramsome's remarks on that great social question, "Should ladies smoke?" were entirely inaudible. Mr. Davis was entrusted with a subject which affected all present—"The abolition of the Victoria University." He thought the Union should move in the matter, and that V.C. students should show that they were adverse to the proposed abolition. Miss Martin advanced the claims of her

sex with respect to matrimony in speaking on the subject, "Should bachelors be taxed?" Her speech was a mixture of pity and indignation. There are more women than men in the world, and since it is the desire of every woman to be married, it is the duty of every man, so far as it is in his power, to gratify that desire. She pitied the poor bachelors. What did they know of home comforts or the advantages of keeping good hours? Bachelors should be taxed as a punishment for neglecting the advantages accruing from married life. Mr. Hutchinson's bad luck still clings to him. He explained that the subject he had to speak upon—

"Is the public taste degenerating?"—was the only one about which he knew nothing. His faith in human nature is very small. The public had ceased to distinguish between pure and arsenical beer, "trashy" plays were supported at the theatre, *Comic Cuts* was the literature, and "San Toy" the music of the people. Mr. Leaf made an excellent speech on the subject, "Should examinations be abolished?" Exams. are the ruin of all that is best in students; they ruin public spirit, complexions, and cause iniquity in the hitherto innocent mind of the student. He concluded by saying that exams. were the cause of his ruined life. Mr. Miall considered "Shy Widows" the best indoor game. He remarked with sorrow that it was losing its popularity owing to the rage for Ping-Pong. He did not speak long, being overcome with emotion, as a result (so he explained), of the presence of the ladies, the absence of his pipe, and the dimensions of the Hall. Mr. Elliott, in showing that

"The man that bath so music in himself
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,"

gave no indication that his speech was an impromptu one. A musician, to the poet, was not the man who was an expert performer on some musical instrument, but the man who was in sympathy with Nature. A man who is not in sympathy with Nature, who cannot appreciate the beautiful, is not a musician. He is an outcast of society, and devotes himself to the perpetration of dark deeds—to "treasons, stratagems, and spoils." Miss Kahau was quite at home with the subject, "Knowledge is a greater power than wealth." Although this is true, it is not recognised. The wealthy man, nowadays, wields all the power. This was not so formerly. The ancient philosophers possessed more knowledge than the wealthy rulers of to-day; a greater value was then set upon learning. If knowledge received the recognition and attention it deserved, a great many social evils would disappear. Mr. Normanton was decidedly of the opinion that advertisements should be taxed. He advised the Chancellor of the Exchequer to consider the question. Some advertisements are, he said, in themselves objectionable; hoardings are always an eyesore; immense sums of money are made by advertising companies. Mr. Whitlow told a funny story which had not much connection with his subject, "That cycling is superior to walking." Although one can get over the country quicker by means of cycling, yet one misses all the glorious spots of country inaccessible to the cyclist. Mr. Coxon was the last speaker. He made an interesting speech on the subject,

"There's no place like lodgings." There is nothing so pleasant as the feeling of freedom and independence which pervades one when using a latch-key.

Messrs. Ellis, Hauptmann, Booth, Fisher, Hartley, and Cooper, and Misses Aveyard, Bailey, Porteous, Cardozo, and Goodson also spoke. The judges, Mr. Hartley and Dr. Dawson, awarded the prizes to Mr. Elliott and Miss Kahan. Mr. Norminton and Miss Marlin were selected for honourable mention. A vote of thanks to the judges closed the proceedings.

INTER-COLLEGE DEBATE.

One of the most important meetings of the Yorkshire College Debating Society is the Inter-College Debate with Owens College. This annual function took place on Friday evening, January 24th. The Owens delegates, who arrived in Leeds about five o'clock in the afternoon, were met at the station by students, who succeeded by means of trumpets, bag-pipes, &c., in counteracting the effects of the dismal weather. At City Square a car was boarded, and thus the College was reached. After tea had been partaken of in the Ladies' Dining Room (in which members of both societies sat down), the company adjourned to the Students' Dining Room. Here the room was arranged in Parliamentary fashion. The President (Dr. Turnbull), after expressing a wish that this meeting be continued, whether the Victoria University split take place or no, then called upon Mr. R. A. Needham, M.B., Ch.B., B.Sc. (Owens), to propose the "Abolition of the House of Lords, no second chamber being necessary." After making an excuse for his late appearance, he proceeded to abolish the House of Lords in fine style. The speaker traced the origin of that House from the time when it was the privilege of every freeman to attend. In time, only those with money and time to spare could do so; and the privilege once lost has never been exercised since. He went on to point out the importance of the House of Commons, "for the King wants money sometimes." The House of Lords, he said, had become obstructive only to Liberal, and not to Conservative, measures. Thus it hampered true legislation.

Mr. S. H. Elliott (Yorkshire) led the opposition. He also told a little story as a set-off to his opponent's excuse. Then he started off in dead earnest. He proposed to discuss his subject under two heads: (1) its dignified side, and (2) its efficient side. He pointed out the reverence in which the squire was held, compared with that of the "man who had made his money by tuppences and sixpences." The Lords were honoured as being demi-gods. That was the gist of the first half. He went on to show how the position of the House of Lords enabled it to check any rash measure brought before it by the House of Commons. He next astounded his hearers, and set some thinking, by the statement that the House of Commons was not representative. To prove this, he referred to the methods adopted by political parties, of bringing forward programmes which they promised to follow. Further, the members of that House lose a certain amount of respect by their dependence on the people's choice.

Mr. H. Norminton (Yorkshire) seconded the resolution.

The meeting was now thrown open for discussion, in which speakers of both societies joined. Among them were Messrs. R. N. Porier, McLachlan, Phelps, Jackson, L. S. Arnold, S. Arnold (Owens), and Messrs. P. Hartley, Coxon, Whitlow (Yorks.).

The motion, on being put to the vote, was carried—For, 48; against, 24.

After the meeting, the Owens delegates were escorted to the station, and on their departure "Auld Lang Syne" was sung amid handshakes and farewells. Thus another eventful day came to a close.

Applied Shakespeare,

With Examples.

- E. M. L-r. "Censure me in your wisdom."
H. D. D-r-s. "Methinks he looks as though he were in love."
Dr. S-r-s. "Noted for a merry man."
Z. K-r-s. "The time is out of joint—O cursed spite, that ever I was born to set it right."
L. A. C-r-s. "What, will these hands ne'er be clean?"
S. H. C. B-r-s. "Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table."
Dr. C-r-s (ex Hons. Org.). "Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad."
E. E. G-d-n. "Where did you study all this goodly speech?"
R. G-r-s. "His beard was not well cut."
H. A. S-r-s. "The motley-minded gentleman."
M. B-r-s. "Queen of the Amazons."
J. T. T-r-s. "The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the hugo, are all one."
H. S. R-r-s. "I never saw the like."
Dr. J. M-r-s. The bard of Aven here falls us; cone and hydrogen peroxide were not known in his days.
Prof. R-g-es. "Cunning in music and the mathematics." "Puck."

Peeps at the Engineers.

There has been a change in our staff since last number. Mr. Morley has left us, and his place has been filled by Mr. Duncan. We wish Mr. Morley the best of luck, and cordially welcome his successor into our midst.

The twopenny teas seem to agree with the digestions of the engineers, if we may judge from the patronage bestowed upon that worthy institution by that still more worthy department. Certainly it does seem *infer alie* to sup tea in the porch of the College, but it is most refreshing and cheap. Visitors must keep this in mind, and not be shocked at the sight.

We are sorry that J-n-s has lost the stripe which he wore as commander-in-chief of the vaccination brigade. "Poor Fuss" is also a member of the brigade, and in consequence has kept rather quiet lately.

J. D. D-r-s has been doing wonders on the football field lately, if we can believe recent reports;

there is another way of accounting for the reporter's good opinion of him, but we have no direct evidence for the truth of the story.

There are strange and weird rumours of the arrest of A-k-o-k, an old student; we hope the accounts of his crimes are exaggerated, and that he will in future side on the road.

We hear on fairly reliable authority that Monsieur de C-l-r-e is thinking of growing a moustache on his chin. From personal observation we imagine there is some truth in the report.

Education Department.

THE great ceremony of the bamboozling of the Professors, which, being translated, means "term exams," is over. Students have succeeded to very varying degrees in impressing on the professional staff their apparent (note the word!) depth of knowledge. Having ourselves sneaked through the aforesaid bamboozling like a thief in the night, we turn our thoughts to such weighty matters as departmental notes.

We heartily congratulate Mr. W. H. Davis on his election to the Students' Union Committee. The number of King's Scholars on the august assembly is slowly increasing.

On Saturday, January 18th, the K.S. dinner was held; the affair was a huge success. Professor Welton presided, and a merry evening was spent with wine and song, and song and wine. As usual, a few of the noisiest of the men kept up their reputation by uproarious outbursts of mirth. The chief topic of conversation at present is the University dissolution question. It seems, however, a case of Humpty-Dumpty; no one, not even University graduates, can put him (or her) together again. We do not care to commit to print our opinion of those who favour dissolution.

We hear that some of the first year men are contemplating taking their degrees at the end of the second year. Oh! indeed! My dear boys, don't attempt the impossible. Although some of you may think so, you are not built like E-b-t-ns and B-l-rs. [Note, these gentlemen must not be judged by term exams.] Besides, there are higher powers to be consulted. The first year men are requested to note that they may take their letters from the rack in the porter's office without asking permission, and that they are not required to replace the letters in the rack after perusal. (Oh! Mr. D-k-n.)

We have come to the conclusion that the junior men can be divided into two broad classes: those who never frequent the smoke-room, and those who never frequent lecture rooms. The former would derive much intellectual benefit if they spent, say, half their time in the common room. To the latter we would offer a suggestion. Go to a few lectures a week, even if only for an exercise of self-sacrifice.

First year men, always carry yourselves with dignity, or you will be mistaken for the Geological men, which would be a great insult. Seek not the company of men who, instead of swearing in plain English, call you a Trilobite or an Ichthyosaurus. Such language should not be brooked.

We wish to congratulate "Yah Wither" on his admirable literary taste; he has quoted from our column.

Lately H-tch-s-a's melodious voice has been fairly active. His favourite ballad is entitled "Down by the river side." People are beginning to wish he was there in the flesh, as well as the spirit. Oh these pantomime ditties!

Someone has suggested that Grandpa should pay a visit to the "Grand" in order that he may better study the costume of a certain period in which he is interested.

P.S.—A subscription list has been opened with the object of raising funds to buy a watch-key for Mr. P. H. Small contributions will be thankfully received. Any surplus will be devoted to purchasing a ribbon, so that the watch-key can be slung round the wearer's neck. A. G.

Hints to the Sec. of the Debating Society.

The motion passed by the Inter-Coll. Debate.

By every god
That ever trod
The shady groves of Greece;
By the wind that blew
When Jason's crew
Went after the Golden Fleece.

By Phœbus car,
Which shines from far
(At least in Shakespeare's plays);
By the valour of old,
Which is lost, we are told,
In these Fingian-Pongian days.

By these, tho' loath
To swear an oath,
By these, indeed, we swear,
To try to abolish
Upset or demolish
The Lords, or "La chambre première."

A. M. R.

Geological Notes.

We pen these lines with sorrow, for the term exams, have routed our noble recruits. They went forth to the exams, with feelings of pride, being already assured of victory and resolving to make their mark as exponents of a noble science—but, they came forth from the spacious hall with drooping heads, and sinking along in the shadows, they plunge into the depths of the smoke-room to cool their fevered brows, and give vent to their troubled minds. What are their views of the exam? "Oh, the questions were all right," says one, "but I made a mess of them somehow." Another remarks, "The questions were simply ridiculous, and examiners should not be allowed to set such things." "The questions were too easy," says another; "I really hadn't time to write all I knew." "He had no business to set questions

on paleontology," still another says, "because I haven't been working at that." Well! well! Such are the ways of the mighty! Do not grieve over your numerous fourth classes! Be brave! March boldly up, "knock and walk in," according to instructions, and leave the rest to providence—all will come right in the end! We have pleasant memories of that well-known room, but now the ordeal is quite shorn of its novelty!

It gave us great pleasure to be present at the annual dinner of the Day Training College Club, the other Saturday evening. There was quite a small crowd of geologists present, and they contributed in no small measure to the enjoyment of the evening. They certainly made the most noise, and thus upheld the ancient traditions of our worthy department. But certain notable budding geologists were conspicuous by their absence. Where were Hubert and John Willie? We have heard distressing accounts of these youths. It is alleged that, on the Sunday morning following the dinner, the latter fell downstairs in an attempt to get down to breakfast. This is, indeed, a suspicious circumstance—if they were not at the dinner where were they, and what were they doing? We should certainly like to know. "YAH WITHER."

Trimmings.

THE Leather Department held its annual dinner on Thursday, December 12th, at the Griffin Hotel. W. Beckworth, Esq., J.P., kindly consented to preside. After the toast of "The King" had been received, and the National Anthem sung, the senior student of the department proposed "Our Patrons," mentioning the Skinner's Company and members of the leather trade. Mr. Beckworth, in his reply, gave a very interesting history of the Leeds leather trade since he had known it. The following toasts were also proposed: "The Professor and Staff" and "Past and Present Students." A smoking concert brought a very pleasant and profitable evening to a close. At this dinner many of us had our last glimpse of S-m-n (the Tanner), who, we hear, has gone home to warmer climes. He was a fine specimen of the Britisher from beyond the water, and so the Lab. has wept many "tears, idle tears," over his departure. We have lately discovered a great secret: the great "Rouge(mont)" is an inhabitant of the home of industry behind the smoke-room; he is a terror on Ping-Pong, and his office hours are 12½ to 2 in the Refectory. We hear the H-t was once practically silent for a week; there are many L.L.B.'s who would like this performance repeated. Crash! Bang!!!! Then dead silence. Then a still small voice—"It's only a breaker." Mr. F-r was just thinking of commencing his term's work. Bore Acid is a favourite estimation at present. For this, glycerine is required, but the demand exceeds the supply; the Lab. Sherlock Holmes has found out the reason. Mr. S-w-l was discovered the other day with the glycerine bottle applied to his lips and tilted to a convenient angle. He was only testing to see if it were neutral!!! Darling G-the

has got plenty of cheek; literally, not metaphorically. On Tuesday the molar was removed, and G- spent the rest of the day in resting and admiring it from outside. And now, dear reader, farewell! I see Z's back hair standing straight out. It fairly hides the light. Alas! I cannot see to write more.

Yours for ever,

SPETCHES.

Agricultural Notes.

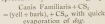
SINCE the last number of *The Gryphon* was issued we have lost our esteemed and noted member, Mr. Leuf; and the most important duty of writing Agricultural Notes has devolved on others and less able. We, however, will do our utmost to make these notes as attractive as possible, and heartily congratulate Mr. Leuf on his appointment as Agricultural Lecturer.

If the students progress as they have done during the last two months, some of them will undoubtedly rise to great importance in the Scientific World, as at least two important discoveries have been made. The circumstances leading up to one of these discoveries may be interesting. The other day, when the students had the melancholy duty of spending an afternoon in the Chemical Laboratory, they were joined by an unusual visitor, who rejoices in the name of *Canis Familiaris*.

This distinguished visitor was shown round the Lab. in a remarkably short time, and then one of the students, more kindly disposed than the others, politely showed the visitor into a cupboard, where he was left to view the operations of the students through a chink in the door.

After a while, however, S-v-rs seemed struck with the idea that here was a chance to make a name for himself; and consequently he commenced experiments to expel what had now become an unwelcome visitor. He commenced operations by treating the cupboard as though it contained a solution of metals, using an entirely new method of separation, which consisted of adding CS₂ to the cupboard.

When the reaction commenced, which was of so violent a character that the results could be seen and heard all over the Lab., S-v-rs seemed delighted with his discovery. He has not yet had the opportunity of further studying the reaction, but his opinion is that the chemical action which took place is represented by the following equation:—



S-v-rs thinks that the CS₂ acts the part of a catalyst; but he cannot say with certainty till further experiments are carried out.

The other discovery must be left over for want of space.

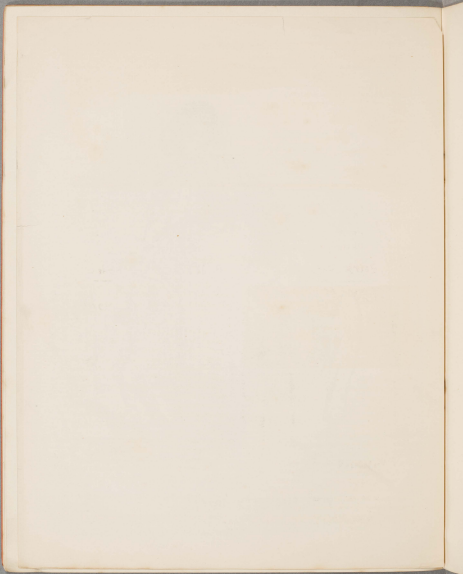
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The department should feel highly honoured at having a student who is a young and rising politician. Since the inter-debate with Owens he has never tired of declaring his intention, in very polite language, of abolishing the House of Lords.



YOU NAUGHTY BOYS!

(WITH APOLOGIES TO SIR JOHN TENNIEL)



The Society's impromptu speech night on Dec. 18th, was, as must be admitted by all, a brilliant success. It was characterised by an unusually large number of "golden speeches," which, though short, were to the point. Also several of the second year students received subjects to speak from which could not have been more appropriate, had they been specially chosen. For instance: Webster on "Agricultural Notes in *The Gryphon*"; Lamb on "Dairy Farming"; Blake on "Boars." We must apologise for having to leave so many interesting subjects untouched upon, owing to lack of space.

OVERLOOKER.

The Engineering Society.

Mr. A. O. Allen, B.Sc., gave a very interesting paper on the "Exact Measurement of Length," on the 6th December, which was well attended.

Mr. Konrad Andersson read a paper on the "De Laval Steam Turbine," on the 13th January, before a record audience. The chief feature of the turbine is its enormously high speed of 30,000 revolutions per minute. The discussion was held on the following Monday, after a visit had been paid to the turbine shop at Messrs. Greenwood & Batley's.

C. N. MOBERLY.

Yorkshire College Chess Club.

A Chess Club is just being formed, and it is hoped that all lovers of chess will join it. There will be a small subscription. Further information may be obtained from the following:—W. Hey, J. D. Ellis, M. Jonas, G. S. Richardson, R. A. Sturgeon.

Medical School Notes.

As is only natural, feeling has been running high on the probable disruption of the Victoria University. The Council of the University have announced, through the medium of the Press, that all students who have commenced a course will be allowed to proceed to their degrees. But what person in his senses wants to proceed to a degree the only value of which is its rarity, and which is to be a full step, e.g., an M.B. Ch.B. degree? The split seems to us, naturally, to affect our profession more than any other, and it will be hard lines on the many M.B.'s who want to proceed to their M.D.'s to have to fall back on M.D. Yorks. The degrees of a new University must require many years to mature, and although we believe the standards will be equal after some years, there are the present needs of the graduates to be considered. A speaker at the debate on this subject was cheered to the echo when he remarked that the split would be a "dastardly breach of trust." Meanwhile we put our trust in Earl Spencer.

In another column will be found a list of examination results, which shows that Leeds still keeps its place in the front rank of Medical Schools. Whatever happens in the Victoria question there should be no talk of "going to Edinburgh," for,

after all, it is not a question of degrees and qualifications, but the man himself who is the deciding element for success or failure in practice.

A curious sight is to be seen in the dissecting room at present, which at first sight makes you wonder whether vanity or insanity is the cause. On inquiry you will find out that the pretty red ribbons, so neatly tied on by admiring sisters, &c., are merely danger signals and indicate vaccination.

The Gryphon welcomes Mr. R. Veitch Clark, M.A., B.Sc., M.B., Ch.B. Edin., to the Demonstratorship in Physiology. Dr. Clark is already appreciated by the "Marchmen."

Dr. C. Powell White, Senior Demonstrator of Pathology, has been selected to deliver the Erasmus Wilson lectures before the Royal College of Surgeons on February 10th, 12th, and 14th. Dr. White will lecture on "The General Pathology of Tumours."

The School has sent the handsome sum of £8 4s. to the fund opened on behalf of the widow and children of the noble and self-sacrificing Dr. Smyth. The medical world has responded splendidly to the appeal and raised £6,000 for the above object.

The Gryphon at last has a home of her own at the School! It is hoped that budding journalists will avail themselves of the opportunity of showing their talent, and put their articles in the box which has been fixed in the common room.

Results.

London University.

- M.S.—J. F. DOBSON, M.B., B.S., F.R.C.S.
M.D.—W. H. MAXWELL TELLING, M.B., B.S.,
M.R.C.S. (Gold Medal), L.R.C.P. (Guy's
Hospital and Leeds Infirmary).
M.B.—G. W. WATSON, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Royal College of Surgeons.

Final Examination for F.R.C.S.

— STEWART, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

E. TROTTER, M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.

Primary Examination for F.R.C.S.

C. H. GERRINGHOOD, M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.),
M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (Lond.).

Final Examination.

Surgery.—J. ACOMB.

Medicine.—H. ATKINSON,* H. N. KEELING.*

Obstetrics.—J. ACOMB, E. A. WILSON.

* Now qualified.

Intermediate Examination.

E. M. DOLAN.

First Examination.

G. HOLKOTTS.

H. D. DARIN, B.Sc., A.I.C.

L.S.A.

Final Examination.

Obstetrics.—J. J. ANNING.

Primary—Part II.

J. CREE.

The following appointments were recently made by the Medical Board of the Leeds General Infirmary:

Mr. H. COLLINSON, M.B., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., to be Resident Surgical Officer.

Mr. C. H. GREENWOOD, M.B., Ch.B. (Vict.), to be Resident Casualty Officer.

Mr. H. R. BEALE, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (re-appointed), to be Assistant Resident Medical Officer.

Mr. O. C. GRÜNER, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. (re-appointed) to be House Physician to Dr. Churton.

Mr. RAMSON, F.R.C.S.E., M.R.C.S. (Eng.), L.R.C.P. (Lond.), formerly House Surgeon to Mr. Littlewood, has been appointed Honorary Surgeon to the Bradford Royal Infirmary.

The Medical Ball,**Or Champagne-loo.**

THERE WAS a sound of revelry by night,
And Yorkshire medicals had gathered there,
Exams. and clinics quite forgotten. Bright
Shone the electric globes o'er women fair,
O'er nurses freed from toll and carrying care.
Within a windowed alcove of that long hall,
Sacred o'er this to those who wished to "grind,"
But now descending to the light footfall
Of laughing dancers, apt for Lancers lined.
Sat th' nurses honoured chieftain—she who oft
Had meted stern rebuke across the way
To those who "frivolled"—or with whisper soft
Mingled the hours of duty with light play.
No frown this evening figures on her brow,
Sweetly she smiles on him who sits quite near;
And he—tides of whose prowess in the ward
Full oft have made the students quake with fear—
Smiles back at her. And presently then, too,
Rise from their seats, and join the giddy throng
Of dancers twirling on fantastic toe.
And little reck they though the dance be long.
But hark! A welcome whisper goes around:
Supper is ready. Each with partner fair
Descends the stony stairs to where the sound
Is heard of popping, as with scissel cure
The flying cork is loosed from gilt-necked flask,
And busy waiters ply their wonted task.

And now a small soft sound from yonder nook
Is wafted clear. Did ye not hear it? Nay,
'Twas but a door turned on a rusty hook,
Or else perchance some cricket sings at play.
The younger members looked in doubt—full well
They knew that sound which oft themselves had
made.

By escalations in some shady dall.

It brought to merriment things which ne'er would fade,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

BYRONICUS.

[Full account of the ball in the next number.—Ed.]

Christmas at the Infirmary.

To spend Christmas, of all times of the year, inside a hospital is considered by many well-meaning people to be the most dreadful of fates. But the patients do not all think so, nor does the nursing staff, nor, least of all, do the students, judging by the time they are willing to spend within the portals of the Leeds General Infirmary.

A few days before the eventful day the wards began to wear a brighter and cheerier aspect, and, despite the orders of the Board, there was much worrying, much difference of opinion, and much fun over the ornaments that decorated the wards, and especially over the magnificent structures which in all their beauty were exposed to the public gaze above the entrance to each ward. Ceremony for the nonce is broken down, professional etiquette relaxed, and the usual silence is relieved by gentle voices, merry jests, and rippling laughter. The week of pleasure slipped away rapidly. The "tea-fights" and "coffee-shines" became again a thing of the past. Christmas Day was devoted to the patients, nurses and residents alike being indefatigable in their efforts to afford amusement and give pleasure.

This year the entertainment was held, not in the Out-patient Hall, but in No. 7 Ward. The minstrels, with their clean faces and in spotless garments, proved a great success. The singing was good, the talent undoubted, the standard of excellence high, and the Medical Medleys appreciated greatly by the vast audience, which was swayed as a field of corn on a windy day, while the monotonous and discords rose and fell on the still night air. "But all good things have an end," saith the wise proverb, and the end came with the distribution of toys to the children from the large Christmas tree which raised its peak, like the summit of Mount Parnassus, towards the sky above.

It may be said in conclusion that only one regrettable incident occurred during the festive season, but happily there was no untoward result. A single and solitary microbe—of what nature no mention is made—is said to have gained admittance to one of the surgical wards at this time by some means, fair or foul. Being discovered before it had time to venture on its leathsome and relentless work, the mighty forces of the surgical staff were brought to bear on the great enemy, which was ultimately ejected effectively and effectually.

And so commenced the year 1902.

The Medical Society.

DECEMBER 3RD, 1901.—With votes of censure the order of the day, it seemed quite natural to propose one against the Vice-President, Mr. J. Ewing, for his absence at the opening meetings of the session, but this did not deter him from giving an excellent address on "Poverty, Hunger, and Dirt: a consideration of social reform from a medical point of view." He strongly condemned the sweating system, drunkenness, back-to-back houses, and suggested sweeping reforms for all the evils he mentioned; doctors were needed in official positions as magistrates, city councillors, &c., and the new Utopia would seem to be an accomplished fact. An interesting discussion followed.

DECEMBER 17TH, 1901.—On this date the Annual Competition for the President's prize for the best impromptu speech was held, when Principal Bodington, and Professors Birch and Trevelyan kindly officiated as judges. There was a wide range of subjects, and about a dozen members competed, all the speeches being very well rendered. "Virilisation," "Vaccination," "Lady House Surgeons," and other interesting questions were dealt with, the prize being awarded to Mr. J. Ewing, with Mr. R. A. Veale, B.A., as *proxime accessit*.

JANUARY 21ST, 1902.—On this occasion an informal discussion on the Victoria University "crisis" took place, the start being made by Mr. Ludell, who treated of the loss to higher secondary education which would accrue from the proposed dissolution of the University. A most enthusiastic discussion followed, and all protested against the dastardly betrayal of their interests as students of the University, and resolutions were unanimously carried to do everything possible to prevent the disruption of the federal University. From that meeting it may be gathered that "Leeds medicals" to a man hold fast to their *alma mater* with filial affection, and do not wish her to be humbled in the dust and east aside after a score years or so of splendid work. W. H. S., Hon. Sec.

Infirmary Notes.

SINCE the last issue of *The Gryphon* appeared there have been some important changes at the Infirmary. Mr. Collinson has most deservedly succeeded to the post of R.S.O. on the retirement of Mr. Dobson. Whilst regretting exceedingly Mr. Dobson's departure, we are indeed pleased to think that it is only a case of *unus pro reo*, and, meanwhile, if good wishes mean success, his is already secured. Mr. C. H. Greenwood becomes R.C.O., *sic* Mr. Collinson promoted. The opportunity will also be taken here of wishing every success to Miss Addis, who has taken up an appointment in Chester, and to her successor in Leeds, Miss Densham, late night sister.

In the hope that the Professor of Classics—pardon, we mean Surgery—will not see this paragraph, we may say his return to active service has been a source of great rejoicing to his admirers, and though he

would say "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," we cannot speak so kindly of his offenses. We are informed, however, that neither hand has lost its cunning, and his colleagues' "*Flindie*" are daily losing their polish and turning green with envy.

"Can you make a fourth," is not the infrequent query with which one's ears are greeted. Normally, we think either of cards or eyes; but, alas! we have to study the practice as well as the theory of medicine, and a tube of lymph just holds enough to vaccinate four people. Up to the time of writing these notes, no case of small-pox has made its appearance in the L.G.L., but the wise ones are adopting the motto, *Mibi cura futura*, and the R.M.O. is for the nonce the wielder of the scalpel.

There are many things in life worth remembering, and one of these was the Ball; what a success it was! The Committee reckoned upon about 130 acceptances, and were called upon to make provision for 250! The success of the ball was assured when the staff promised their support, but it was an "event of social importance" when allowed to be held at the Medical School. Many of us were delighted to have such an opportunity to return, in even such a small way, the many little acts of kindness and hospitality of which we are the recipients at the Infirmary, and it opened up the way for those pleasurable acquaintanceships which help to make work in the wards so enjoyable.

The "Victoria University Disruption" is the subject of the moment. Graduates and undergraduates are feeling very keenly the betrayal of their interests in this matter. It is to the everlasting credit of Leeds that our Professors and Lecturers (long may they live!) opposed the disruption on every occasion. Leeds should now become, if disruption does take place, the Victoria University, as advocated by a Vict. M.B. in the Press. Some men are talking of giving up the "Victoria" altogether, others of taking "Victoria" and "The Conjoint," and some of the younger men are meditating leaving Leeds for good! We sincerely hope every man will stick to Leeds, no matter what "final" he wishes to take, as the fact of being a student at the L.M.S. and L.G.L. is a criterion in itself.

We are waiting further particulars of the report that, owing to the probable collapse of the Victoria University, all men who have satisfactorily "done their month," will receive, "in due time and at a set place—to wit, Word XVI," at the hands of the Chief Gynecologist, the L.M.(Leylands).

"Expectant treatment, gentlemen," is the advice of the Professor of Therapeutics. We have patiently tried it for a long, long time, and it has at last succeeded. Finnen's Lamp has arrived! The following cases, we understand, will be the first to receive

the benefits of the new treatment:—Ex-gr for "Alcoholism," Bgs for "Brain Fever," S-g-d-m for "Bashfulness."

* *

Contributions (literary) are requested for this column, and should be placed in *The Gryphon* box in the Common Room at the Medical School.

My First Appointment.

It is O. W. Holmes, I believe, who comments on the pleasure we derive in finding our own thoughts expressed by others, and in learning that others have experienced yesterday sensations similar to those which find a place in our bosoms to-day. It is on that account that I venture to think that the following reminiscences of my early hospital life may not be without interest to some.

When I look back the first thing that strikes me is, what a lot I have learnt! When I look forwards I shudder to think how little I know! Between my College days and my present position there seems a great gulf fixed—and yet, now I am one myself, I cannot feel that the "Infirmary men" are such encyclopedias of knowledge that I once thought them. By the way, it is a curious paradox, but one familiar to Leeds students, that every time they "go up one" they come down lower. The path of learning to the College is indeed a hard one, and a royal road, in the shape of a hydraulic lift, would be exceedingly welcome. Many a lagging student is spurred on to greater exertions by the consideration that, the "1st" once triumphantly passed, his further studies will be carried on at a less inconvenient distance above sea-level than formerly. In a similar way his "2nd" brings him down still lower. One wonders what would happen should the authorities decide to increase the number of exams. by, say, two more. We should have future medics completing their course in "diggings" so far underground—and no doubt the increased facilities for studying drainage would lead to a higher percentage of marks being required in the paper on Hygiene. All this, as I said, is by the way.

It is curious how little one learns at the School of one's future duties at the Infirmary. I don't think I was much different from other men in my total ignorance of what should be the next step, after seeing my name on the list of candidates who had been lucky enough to get through their second. I got out my Calendar and proceeded to study it carefully, and succeeded in making out that it was necessary to apply for an appointment. By careful inspection of the time table, I came to the happy conclusion that O.P. surgical dressing and O.P. medical clerking could be taken together very conveniently, and a great saving of time effected. I was then away on a holiday; otherwise I might have taken counsel of some more experienced person, who would have speedily convinced me of the fallacy. The next step was to write the application. Ignorant of the fact that proper forms might be obtained at the Infirmary, I proceeded

to state my modest request and my qualifications on an ordinary sheet of note paper, and sent it in. If I expected a courteously-worded reply from the Secretary I was disappointed—he took no pains whatever to let me know that my letter had reached its destination; and I was left in ignorance of my fate until the end of September, when an inspection of the appointment list at the Infirmary showed me I had blossomed into an O.P. dresser. Of the duties of a dresser I had not the vaguest notion. Hitherto the word had only suggested to me a familiar wooden structure fitted to bear the burden of dishes, soup tureens, and other harmless and necessary articles. I did not see how I could be made to subserve such a function, but was content to wait and see. Next day, punctually at 1.30, I presented myself in the O.P. room, and was gratified by a condescending nod from my honorary, and an intimation that, if I would take the "men's room," the men were waiting to be dressed. I went to the room indicated, shuddering to think of the fatalities from coughs and colds which might ensue if I left the men any longer in their unclothed condition. A smell that was not heavenly incense greeted my nostrils, and I found myself in the centre of a number of exceedingly grimy men, who seemed, however, to be very adequately provided with raiment, albeit it was somewhat patched and dirty.

They seemed to be expecting me, and tried hard to force into my reluctant fingers certain decayed pieces of pasteboard covered with dirt and hieroglyphics. Their persistence induced me to gingerly take one and inspect it closer. The hieroglyphics then resolved themselves into some reference to a lady famed in classic literature under the name of Una. I had always understood that this lady never went far without her lion (an exceedingly inconvenient attendant according to our modern notions), but the closest scrutiny failed to detect the slightest recognition of the existence of that noble animal. I returned the card to the dilapidated gentleman with the bandaged leg, from whom I obtained it, and thanked him politely. He appeared dissatisfied, as if he expected something else—possibly a tip. I thought—but I did not see my way to giving him one, and left him. I returned to the big room, and seeing a senior with whom I had some slight acquaintance, I took him on one side, and, informing him that the men were dressed, I asked him what I was to do next. "The cases are dressed!" he said. "Who dressed them?" "I should think they dressed themselves," I replied; "they look old enough to do it." He did not seem to follow me quite, and I thereupon asked him what part in the proceedings Una was to take. Not until then did he begin to realise something of the depth of my ignorance, and said that as I did not seem to quite understand he would show me what to do. He spent the best part of an hour with me, and I shall always love him for it. The name on the card turned out not to be a reference to Spencer's "Faery Queens" after all, but to a white sticky compound in a glue pot, known as Una's Paste. This, when applied hot to a raw ulcer, I discovered, was an admirable incentive to eloquence—the part of the patient. The rhetorical metaphors in which I occasionally indulge, and which are the admiration

of all my (male) friends, I owe entirely to keeping my ears open whilst applying that invaluable recipe, and to having a good memory. I wonder if Umas himself ever quite realised the inestimable benefit his discovery would confer on mankind. I doubt it.

(To be continued.)

Rugby Football.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY v. YORKSHIRE.

This match was played on the Yorkshire College ground on Wednesday, December 13th, 1901. The snowstorm of the previous day was followed by frost during the night, and the ground was consequently not in at all good condition, though the turf beneath was fairly soft. The game was followed by a few hundred spectators, students forming the greater proportion of the crowd. The Varsity played the team originally selected, while five changes were made in the county team.

Yorkshire, playing downhill in the first half, began to press almost immediately, but Richardson relieved with a good kick. Tattersall made an attempt at goal from a mark, but the ball fell short, and Davis cleared well with some fine kicks. After the students had acted on the defence for some time they eventually broke away and took the ball into county ground, and smart passing by the three-quarters was checked only just in time by Tattersall.

Yorkshire broke away and Vincent nearly scored, but was tackled just outside the goal line. After a free kick to the University the Varsity forced their way to the centre, where Crump obtained possession and passed well to Davis, who was tackled just outside the Yorkshire line. Davis, however, in a short time again broke away, and passing to Harrison, the latter handed the leather to Clarke, who scored a smart try. Platts kicked a splendid goal. Soon after restarting, Doncaster, one of the county forwards, had to retire hurt. Half-time arrived with the score—University, one goal (five points); Yorkshire, nil.

After kicking off, the Varsity carried the ball into the county's territory, and nearly succeeded in scoring. Yorkshire, however, broke away, and kept the Varsity for some time busily engaged on the defensive. Cunliffe, finally, dribbling well, carried the ball to the centre, and a series of kicks ended in Richardson finding touch in the county "25." Crump, from a scrum, then got possession and transferred to Cunliffe, and the latter to Davis, who, after a fine run, passed at the right time to Platts. The latter outpaced his opponents, and running round, placed the ball down behind the posts. Richardson easily converted. The Varsity were now playing up splendidly, and accompanied by continued cries of "Victorior-lor-ia," the ball was carried rapidly from one side of the field to the other, neither side obtaining a marked advantage. An attempt at goal by Yorkshire from a free kick put the students on the defensive, and only good tackling prevented the county from scoring. Yorkshire burst away several times after this, but the Varsity saved well, and when time was called no further points had been scored. Final score—

Victoria University, two goals (10 points); Yorkshire, nil.

Not even the most sanguine supporters of the Varsity XV, expected a victory so decisive as was obtained over the Yorkshire XV. The University team fully deserved to win, showing superiority in most departments of the game over their opponents. At full-back Richardson played a safe game, and though Tattersall, the county back, played brilliantly, Richardson showed himself little, if at all, inferior.

The Varsity three-quarters were unquestionably superior to their opponents. The tackling was good, and the passing very smart. The two Yorkshire College backs played a brilliant game, Davis being frequently conspicuous in tackling, passing, and kicking alike, while Platts took his passes well, and showed himself fast in the open.

At half-back, also, the students held the advantage, Crump getting frequently away in fine style, and he was ably supported by Cunliffe.

Forward the University were lighter than their opponents, but capable and hard-working. Their tackling was good, and though at times carried away by the Yorkshire rushes, they saved in good style. In this department, also, the Leeds students set a fine example, being conspicuous throughout.

The University may be congratulated on their magnificent display, which was keenly appreciated by their supporters, whose respiratory passages were used to considerable advantage while cheering them on.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. BRADFORD WANDERERS.

The first match after the Christmas vacation was played at Bradford. The ground was heavy and on the soft side. The Wanderers won the toss, and Elliott kicked off, play resting in the home half. The College forwards got possession in the scrums, and frequently Davis got through, but on reaching the full-back he was always either tackled or passed forward. Many excellent movements lacked all but the finishing touch, and though the College had all the game, they were unable to score until from a penalty for offside play by the home halves Davis dropped a splendid goal from near the half-way line. This was the only score up to half-time. On returning, Crump and Williams opened out the game, and Hendl, taking a wide pass well, had a good chance of scoring, but dodged inside into the thick of his opponents. This old fault of his he repeated, and was imitated by Cooke and Lee, each of whom threw away chances. For the Wanderers, V. A. Elliott played well, and required a lot of holding, but the homesters rarely looked dangerous, and, having little idea of passing, their backs were easily bottled. Their forwards, however, were playing a good game, and Davis had to save on his own line, whence after hot scrambling Birckett and Brierley dribbled away to the home quarters. Blaker was conspicuous for good tackling, and the College defence remained safe to the end. Time was called with the score—Yorkshire College, 1 penalty goal; Bradford Wanderers, nil. The College showed good combination and had far the best of the game, but should have put on a larger score, though perhaps too much should not be expected from their first game after the vacation.



To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

SIR,

There is a feeling of annoyance this term amongst the frequenters of the Gymnasium owing to the fact that it is closed three afternoons out of the five.

Taking the case of the first year men of the Agricultural Department, who, leaving the King's Scholars out of the question, seem to be most in evidence at the Gymnasium, they are only able to attend the Gymnasium on Wednesday nights and Saturday mornings, being at Garforth on Tuesdays, the only other afternoons on which it is open.

If exercise is to be beneficial it must be practised regularly and systematically, which is impossible under existing circumstances.

Would it not be possible to arrange that the Gymnasium should be open between, say, 12.30 and 1.30 each day?

Trusting to see this grievance remedied in the near future,

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.,

GYNAST.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

The following notice appeared in the Owens College Union Magazine for January:—"The University Cup presented by Mrs. Hopkinson and Mrs. Glasbrook has not been competed for this year, therefore it still remains in our possession." This refers to a Rifle Shooting Cup, which can apparently be shot for by the three Colleges of the University. Is there any reason why Yorkshire College should not raise a team to compete for this cup? There are numerous volunteers in the College, out of whom a fairly good team might be selected.

Yours, &c.,

SPOTTER.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I should like to draw attention to the condition of the large notice board in the Entrance Hall of the College. This notice board is almost invariably crowded with notices, some dealing with purely College matters, others connected with the meetings of the various Societies. I would point out that there are notice boards placed on each of the walls of the corridor leading from the Entrance Hall to the Men's Common Room. These boards are very rarely used.

I would suggest that the large notice board in the Entrance Hall be used entirely for notices

dealing with purely College matters, notices of lectures, examination results, professors' notices, &c., and the notice boards in the corridor be used for publishing notices of meetings of societies, football teams, &c. As this corridor is a much frequented one, owing to the proximity of the smoke-room, there is no fear of any notice being overlooked. In a short time students would know exactly where to look for any particular notice. This arrangement would also do away with the crowding together of students in the space before the large notice board, and thus facilitate the means of communication between the library and smoke-room, and the various lecture rooms.

Hoping that this will receive the attention of those who can effect the arrangement,

I remain, yours truly,

L. Y.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I read with much interest "Z. K.'s" letter in your last issue. Without altogether supporting the contention that the pages of *The Gryphon* should be used as the medium, I heartily agree with the sentiment expressed in that letter that subjects of a serious nature, other than scientific or literary, should find a place in the mind of the student, and by him be discussed with his fellows.

At the present day there are many subjects which claim the serious attention of thinking people. Is it not well that we who are at the entrance of life should carefully consider and review these questions, ere we become too absorbed in the struggle going on about us?

The great advantage gained by students at the ancient seats of learning is said to be, not so much the knowledge of the subjects which they study, as the interchange of ideas with other men, and consequent broadening of mental horizon.

In a college such as our own, I fear there is but little of this, and hence men going out from it frequently lack that breadth of culture which is proper to the truly well-educated man.

Of course, if our only object is to learn how to make money and enjoy ourselves, such considerations will have very little weight with us. But these are very low objects, and, without a doubt, we all desire that mankind at large shall be in some way benefited by our existence. To very few is it given to do any great thing for the advancement of learning or science, but all have the power to do something which shall tend to the betterment of the conditions of life of their neighbours.

Under these circumstances would not a Society for the discussion of social problems be a very serviceable adjunct to our College life? By turning our minds early to the consideration of such problems we might gain knowledge which would materially help us to take an active and intelligent part in the moral and intellectual evolution of the world.

In the hope that some such may take up the idea,

I am, yours truly,

W. E. W.

[Send in a serious article.—Ed. G.]

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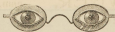
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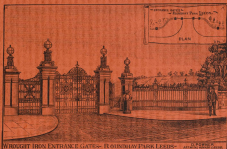
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