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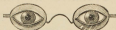
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*"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the noon when she
hath any idle feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises
before your judgments when we deem them full of useful matter;
yielding ourselves to the criticism which we have ever found than to
the profusion which we ought to fear."*—LUCY.

Vol. V.

MAY, 1902.

No. 5.



"STILL waters run deep." Men and women do not care to talk much on the subjects which lie nearest their hearts; and the Examinations, fast approaching, though seldom mentioned, are none the less an object of deep concern in the thoughts of the vast majority. Would-be bachelors of art or of science—candidates for the prelim., as well as aspirants for honours—are beginning to realise that it is on the present term that their fate hangs. Hard-worked Secretaries are seeking to delegate their official duties to other hands, that they may be left free to concentrate their whole energies on preparation for the great event. Oh! happy they who still have twelve long months before them ere they too must pass through the dread ordeal; but happier they, who, in a few brief weeks, shall have

accomplished their hearts' ambition, and may soon rest peacefully in the assurance that they have fought and won! Meanwhile, the gay season of Summer is before us. The Departmental Societies have held the last meetings of the Winter Session, and are turning their thoughts towards the coming field-days, when they shall escape for a few brief hours from the gloom and smoke of Leeds. Football and hockey must give place to the more peaceable pastimes of cricket and tennis—especially tennis. Large looms the racquet in our College life, and the fair damsels seem bubbling over with glee at the thought of the pleasant hours in store. In brief, all that we need to make the term one to be looked back upon with feelings of keenest delight is a spell of fine weather—and a lenient board of examiners.

By way of beginning the term in good style, let none forget the Sports on the 15th of May. It is an occasion which should meet with the hearty support of all, and those who cannot fill the rôle of athletes can at least appear as spectators. The Cricket Club, too, makes an appeal for heartier support, not so much in the matter of net-practice

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—for that appears to be so far satisfactory—but in the College matches on Saturdays. It is the old cry, that men prefer to play for local clubs rather than for their own College. That such should be the case shows a lamentable lack of *esprit de corps*. The College term is but a short one, and students will be free to support their local clubs for a full half of the season. If it were the case that men lose their chance of inclusion in their local team unless they offer themselves for the whole of the season, some sympathy might be felt with them; but the case is unlikely, and we have not heard of a single authenticated instance. So let all true-hearted students rally round the College banner, that it may wave triumphantly and win the success it so richly deserves.

§ 8

A certain jury, which appeared against the hardness of the seats of the jury-box, was informed that matters could not be altered, lest any additional comfort might tempt the jurymen to doze and forget to attend to the case before them. We have heard a similar argument applied in favour of hard seats in churches or chapels. And there may be some who will affirm that the re-seating of a portion of the common-room affords an additional inducement to the vice of laziness and the cutting of lectures. Be that as it may, the said common-room now presents a much more respectable appearance, to say nothing of the increased comfort in which the hard-worked student may beguile his too-brief leisure hours; and our best thanks are due to all those who have contributed towards this much-needed improvement of an important corner of the College buildings.

Tintagil—an Idyll.

A LITTLE village—a long straggling street, with a little offshoot down to the shore—a stretch of moorland behind it, and in front the blue far-stretching Atlantic, ever breaking in lines of white foam upon the two great headlands which stand out against the skyline—the one crowned with a few old walls and crumbling stones, the remnant of an ancient castle, and the other surmounted by a big battlemented modern hotel—what is there in all this that attracts people from all parts of the world? Not the village itself, for, though quaint, it is nothing out of the common; not the moors, for there are finer in other parts of England; not the sea, for though finely coloured here it is surpassed at Boscawen or at Newlyn; not the cliffs, for there are more majestic on the coast of Cornwall, both

north and south; not the great ugly hotel, so much out of keeping with the surroundings. What then? Is it those old crumbling ruins, those toppling stones? Yes, for this is Tintagil—Tintagil, which brings up memories of our great legendary King Arthur, and the Table Round—Tintagil, which we people again in our imaginations with the valiant knights and richly-dressed ladies—Tintagil, not far from the scene of that dim weird battle in the west where fell King Arthur.

So as we lay one autumn evening stretched on the grassy slopes of the headland, and gazed across the little bay at the stones which were scattered about that other, what thoughts thronged through our minds! We had strolled that afternoon about the ruins; we had stood in the old grave-yard where lie the bones of many a famous knight; we had sat in Merlin's chamber, and looked across the sea from his seat, and gazed down the sheer cliffs to the rocks three hundred feet below; we had walked through the old banqueting-hall, and everything seemed so real to us.

And now, in the short autumn evening, the heat of the day passed, and the sun nearing the horizon, we lay and looked across the little bay, and watched the sea breaking in ceaseless lines of foam on the little pebbly beach. Far different from this calm evening was the stormy night when Merlin stood with Eleys on the shore below us, and the waves

"Fall of voices slowly rose and planged
Rearring, and all the waves rose to a dance,
And down the wave and in the flame was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's foot,
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried 'The King.'"

But as we looked on the beach the sun dipped to the horizon and passed behind a low rock standing solitary in the sea. The islet glowed fiery red as a furnace wherein were forged the glowing bolts with which the sky was studded, while from it shot great flames of amber and gold through the clear light green of the sky. As the sun passed from behind the rock it shed a golden track across the water to our very feet, which seemed like a shining ladder leading straight to heaven's gates. Surely 'twas on such a night as this that Tristram coming to Tintagil, "half in sea and high on land," found Isolt sitting with "a low sea-sunset glory round her head," amongst the dark shadows in the castle. How the rubies would reflect the dying sun as he clasped the necklace round her neck!

"But as he stooped to kiss the jewelled throat,
Out of the dark, just as their lips had met,
Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek
'Mark's way,' said Mark, and cleve his thro' the brain."

It was with this tragedy ringing in our thoughts that the sun vanished beneath the water's edge, and soon the sole light was given by the moon, as she swung across the starry sky. How quiet and hushed everything was now, save for the voice of the sea, as it sang its serenades to the moon, whose wishes it still obeys. "All for the sake of old love, dead at his heart though it lie!" What stories was it telling to her now? Was it narrating the tragedies and comedies of life that it had witnessed at this very spot, or was it telling still older stories, now whispering them as the waves broke on the flat shore, now booming them out in the deep recesses of the hollow caves, and now

carrying them to the lonely crags and rocky islets far out on its own cloud-strewn breast? To us it was not given to understand fully the meaning of its stories, yet somewhat we gathered as we silently arose and went off up the old village street, leaving Tintagil behind us, but its memory ever in our thoughts.

W.

Life of an Electrical Engineer.

Crompton, Doulton, Callender, Silvertown
Run it in with bitumen, in trowling in the drains
If it's too much trouble, you
Should work on B.I.W.,
And then you will be happy,
Such a happy little chappy,
In your khaki-coloured marquee when you're working
on the mains.

Mains! mains! don't you like the mains?
Lying on a rubber mat doubled if it rains.

Negative and Positive
(Don't you be too positive);
If you're on the copper strip
Never let your pliers slip;
Once I dropped a shifting spanner right across
the mains.

Flash! bang! fusing on the mains,
Engineer came dashing up on seven special trains.
I'd nearly wrecked a dynamo
When I let the spanner go;
He cursed me to all eternity
With words that nearly stifled me,
He started at my fingers and finished at my brains.

Brains! brains! you don't want any brains,
You're never paid for thinking when you're working
on the mains.

You've only got to scrape a lot
And finish with a metal pot;
Cover up and come away,
Draw your regulation pay.
Always back your overtime, when working on the
mains.

Mains! mains! oh, steady on the mains;
Better see the current off on certain kinds of mains.
Once I knew a man and he
Hud's my memory—
Now he's not a chance to shrink,
He's an angel out of work.
And I don't suppose he's happy,
Don't see how he can be happy;
How can anyone be happy where they don't run
any mains?

BARNEY HOLMES.

At a Hindu Festival.

THE Mysoree feast is one of the chief of the Hindu festivals which are held yearly in Madras. It lasts for some ten days, and includes in its programme such items as a procession in which sixty-three gods are carried round the temple-tank, and a car-festival, when the huge car which stands at the side of the temple

is dragged round the tank by scores of devotees—or coolies. The prettiest sight must be the water-festival, held on the tank itself, while the one which I saw, the procession of Silva, his wife and two sons, was a weird spectacle, held, as it was, in the middle of the night.

We left the house on our cycles at a little after half past ten, in the brilliant light of a half-moon. All around us was calm and peaceful and beautiful, while in the distance we heard the wild tom-tomming, and occasional bursts of fireworks from the direction of Mysore, and we marvelled at our own taste in willingly seeking the crowd and the noise. We had to ride with the same caution that is necessary in cycling along Headingly Lane on the afternoon of a football match, our difficulties being increased by the fact that no jukka-driver ever knows which side of the road he ought to take, and, as he usually drives fairly quickly, collisions with cyclists are by no means infrequent even on the widest roads. Here and there by the way-side were erected booths, where refreshments were sold or shows exhibited, and each was surrounded by an eager crowd. After some 25 minutes of thus picking our way amongst the people, we were brought to a standstill by the congestion of the crowd just outside an archway, which had been erected over the road. Passing through this we found ourselves at one corner of the road skirting the square tank, which covers an area that is, I should judge, not much less than that part of Woodhouse Moor bounded by Woodhouse Lane and Moorland Road. Before very long we were comfortably established on the roof of a tall house, whence we could look down upon the surging crowd, and across the tank to the temple. I do not know whether we appreciated the immensity of the crowd most when we were down amongst it, pushing our way through, and seeing the hundreds of men, women, and little children who were lying asleep at the edge of the road, waiting, after a weary tramp, till the evening's entertainment, for as such they most of them appeared to regard it, should begin; or whether we realised it even more forcibly when we could view it from above, and could see the swarms of people who were moving in and out, backwards and forwards, in friendly conversation, availing, with less impetuosity than we, the signal that the procession had set out. It was an interesting crowd, and by no means lacking in variety. The women who were in evidence were all of the very poor classes, and all wore the customary dark red cloth draped, or rather twisted, over one shoulder, and the colour of which is evidently designed to be as little affected as possible by the red Madras dust. The men, however, appeared to be of every rank in life, from the poorly pompous gentleman with his carriage and pair and his Evedred servants to the religious mendicant with his dishevelled locks, and from the prosperous well-clad merchant to the poorest of the poor. The streets were brightly lighted with flaring lamps fastened to strings, while many of the people carried torches as well. Vendors of sweetmeats passed backwards and forwards, carrying their wares in flat baskets on their heads, with a tiny oil-lamp in the centre to assist their customers in selecting amongst the variety of stickmeats. In the middle of the tank was a pyramid glittering with lights,

The Gryphon.

which were placed as close together as they well could be, each having its own reflection in the water. Every now and again a huge elephant came along and afforded a little amusement by begging; and so the time passed, while the moon in the sky, which was intensely blue as only an Eastern sky can be, looked down with calm indifference upon it all.

Our polite hosts feared that we should take cold on account of the "snow" which they said was falling, a remark at which I could only smile blandly until I discovered that by "snow" they meant dew, which was indeed falling so heavily as to make us wish we had brought better protection with us than our media bouises afforded. However, the time of waiting came to an end at last, and we heard that the procession had started, and before long could follow it in its slow progress by the glow which was reflected from the sky. On our side of the square it made a long halt, and an elaborate display of fireworks took place, while magnificent rockets were sent up from time to time just behind us. The crowd had increased in density till it had become literally a sea of heads, but fireworks of all kinds were fired in amongst the people without the slightest compunction, momentarily clearing spaces which were as rapidly filled up again. The most exciting exhibition of all took place almost immediately beneath us. A string was stretched across the road from one post to another, and bore at its centre a drum-shaped box of considerable size, while on either side were three similar, but much smaller, boxes. The centre of the bottom of the big box was fired, when, to the intense delight of the people, a gorgeous tinsel-bedecked paper figure of little less than life size stepped out, and remained suspended vertically. This was turned round, illuminated with fireworks, its dress raised to display its texture, and then after some minutes the box was again ignited, when the first figure fell to the ground and was succeeded by two others, which hung limply side by side. Another interval, and a man on horseback appeared, and then another figure, and yet another.

The big box exhausted, the smaller ones were ignited in turn, and greater still was the excitement of the crowd when from one after another a live pigeon flew out, although in the sixth the poor bird was either dead or disabled, for it fell heavily to the ground.

More fireworks followed, and the policemen ran about and flourished their sticks at the crowd with the greatest energy, intending thereby to make a way for the procession, but their efforts were futile, the people simply flowed round them, and wherever they were not the crowd was as dense as ever. At last the procession started once more. In itself it was not very imposing, for no one could tell how much was procession and how much was crowd. A number of torch-bearers straggled along irregularly first; then came Siva astride of his golden bull, mounted on a roughly-made wooden platform borne by scores of men, who looked, from our elevation, more like ants than human beings. One or two priests stood beside the god fanning him, while other fan-bearers walked before and behind. After Siva came his wife, and his two sons, borne in the same way but with fewer accessories, and after them again came a couple of groups of priests, halting

every few hundred yards to shout prayers in unison at the top of their voices.

As soon as they had turned the corner we essayed to take our departure, no easy matter in such a crush. With only one exception—a man who threw handfuls of mud at me—the people were exceedingly polite in making a way for us wherever it was possible. By this time it was about half past one o'clock, and the experience which we met with on the other side of the archway which led into the square defies description. We had to force our way for some three or four hundred yards through a crowd of beggars, exhibiting every kind of human deformity such as only a nightmare could conjure up, together with the blind, and the lame, and the paralysed, and people stricken with every sort of loathsome disease, many of them adding to the fantastic horror of the scene by wearing masks, or having their faces whitened. Almost every one of the poor creatures carried a little lamp, so lighting up the grotesque deformities. The air was full of their howls and piteous cries as they begged, pressing their sightless faces into ours, or trying to detain us with disease-stricken arms. We knew that some at least of the wounds and sores were made for the occasion with but little pain to the victim, but many of the deformities were unquestionably real and almost inconceivably terrible. The unearthly horror of it all so took possession of me, that I must confess, that if I had not had my bicycle to wheel, I think I should have put my fingers in my ears and run. At last we escaped, and mounting our bicycles, we threaded our way carefully through the still crowded streets, and were soon once more on the moon-like calm of the boarding school compound.

M. G. F.

In Memoriam.

On the Death of Cecil Rhodes.

Call of the future! seal of the sculptured past!
Featureless shadow, presenceless yet felt!
Once more upon the wall thy hand hath spelt
The fatal symbols of an empire passed.
"Dreamer profound," he wakes not now. The vast
Apocalypse of peace in which he dwelt,
Like transient times of even, soon must melt
Into the shade his golden sun hath cast.
Ah death! how long must yet that sign be given?
How long in vain shall furrowed Time and these
Teach us to read the future right? To know
That gold may never pave the way to heaven,
That golden dreams are but an empty show,
And gilded splendour proud mortality?

K. Z.

To Patras for Currants.

(Continued.)

THERE is yet much to be done below before we shall be at liberty to go ashore, and indeed, the sweltering heat of the day saps our eagerness somewhat; but after tea, as we sit chatting on deck, the pier to which we are moored gradually becomes peopled with fashion-

ably-dressed citizens and is evidently one of the chief evening resorts of the place. We hasten to resume collars, waistcoats, and other tokens of civilisation, and are soon promenading with the rest.

Any visions we may have conjured up, of flowing draperies, bare hands and bracciated arms, are quickly dispelled. The ladies are clothed in light-coloured stuffs, wear large hats, tan boots, and dangle pretty little parasols. The gentlemen also dress much as in England with broad-brimmed straw hats and dark suits. In fact, as this throng passes slowly up and down the pier, one might, with little effort, imagine oneself on the Spa at Scarborough, in the height of the season, save for a marked absence of the portly *Academy de famille* so conspicuous at our watering-places. The Greek gentleman is slim and languid and smokes little Turkish cigarettes.

We make the acquaintance of a young clerk in the shipping office who speaks tolerable English. He informs us that certain singing girls perform on the pier at nine o'clock, but, pending their arrival, he will accompany us on a stroll through the town. The money-changer, to save one the trouble of opening and closing a door, has had a hole made in the wall of his establishment so that business may be transacted on the street. Here, in return for good, solid, English coin, we receive a lump sum of greasy paper drachmas. Our friend counts them.

"They are all right," says he,

"Oh, but we want some small change."

"This is quite small. See," holding up a dirty rag, "this is one drachma," it was originally equal to a franc but is now equivalent to the English sixpence."

Money is money, so we thrust the dirty bundle deep into our pockets and endeavour to think of other things than microbes. One can understand five pound notes or even paper sovereigns, but paper sixpences!

There is one advantage in using paper money, however; it saves the weary Greek the effort of putting his hand into his pocket for change. For instance, if an article valued at one drachma is purchased, and the shopman is given a note for two, he quietly tears it across and returns half again, thus obviating the necessity of producing a handful of money and selecting the required coins.

Along the front of the city are a number of hotels whose chairs and tables take up three parts of the broad road which reaches to the water's edge, and which, by the way, is bare and treeless. Each group of tables is supplied with a little pan of glowing charcoal at which to light cigarettes. Turning up a by-street, we stumble against a dark-skinned fellow who is squatting in the road toasting *maize* over a charcoal fire. There are many of his kind about, and numerous fruit hawkers, but they keep quiet and refrain from pestering. We pass along the main streets rather hurriedly, as it is getting near nine o'clock and our friend is anxious that we should not miss any of the singing girls' performance.

It has been claimed for Patras that it is a handsome city, and certainly, viewed from the sea, it looks well enough, but seen from within there is a slovenly appearance about its shops and streets

that is decidedly unbecoming. Here is a fruiterer's with grapes, tomatoes, melons, bananas, and apples, all piled in one untidy heap. The pet-shop keeper has his jugs, dishes, water-coolers, and vases jumbled about anyhow, all over the floor. So it is with other establishments, while the streets are littered with rotten fruit and other rubbish. There is little or no traffic and the scene is not improved, either to the sense of smell or sight, by the presence of several drinking-shops of the cheap and nasty order, taking up the roadway with their dirty tables. These places, however, are mansions compared with the third-rate wine shops in some of the dark streets behind the city, which are frequented, strange to say, by many of the youths of the upper classes. The vicinity of a wine-shop is only made evident by its strong odour, as it has no distinctive window and displays no sign. The bare earthen floor is on a lower level than the street, and a stranger stands a good chance of rolling down the half-closed steps at the entrance. The furniture consists of a chair or two, a plain deal table, and some large casks. As we pass the open door of one of these dens, three young Greeks, with gleaming eyes and tilted hats, recognising our nationality, cry, "Vive l'Angleterre!" and treat us to a rendering of our National Anthem on their mandolinos which is very affecting. Passing through a large open square, we return to the pier by a circuitous route.

Before an hotel is a large crowd diverting itself with the intellectual amusement of throwing coins into the hat of a buffoon on high stilts, whose chief ornaments are sundry black smudges on his face. Among the spectators is a man wearing a white uniform with gilt buttons.

"See," exclaims our friend excitedly, "there is a navy gentleman; he is captain of a large ship, but it is not the only one; we have very many warships."

"How many?" we ask curiously.

"More than fifteen," is the proud reply.

As a feature of this crowd the policeman must not be forgotten. One meets very few policemen in Patras, but they are all the more remarkable on that account. To describe his get-up is beyond me. Suffice it to say that it is a happy blend of Eton coat and kilts. It will readily be understood that the effect is very imposing.

We had entertained the idea of a drive through the district on the *horreo*, but, coming face to face with several scraggy carriages, drawn by some remarkably uneven specimens of horseflesh, we decide to think over it. On asking our companion if there is anything worth seeing in the neighbourhood of Patras, he says the great thing is to drive to a certain wine shop, behind the hills, and when quite drunk to drive back again. He adds that he would be delighted to accompany us only, unfortunately, he is in mourning. We give up the notion. Now follows an introduction to two young fellows who cannot speak a word of English, but are acquainted with Italian and French. The conversation is carried on in the latter tongue for our especial benefit; Greeks of the upper middle class can converse in French as glibly as in their own language. Needless to say we do not shine in the discussion, managing but indifferently and with much gesticulation. The talk drifts on to the subject of a convict prison in

Patras, and, from what we can make out, the convicts have a decidedly good time of it. They occupy themselves by carving wooden cigarette holders, which they sell to visitors so that they may procure tobacco with the money.

The lower portion of the lighthouse on the pier consists of a café, and there is a platform upon which some of the singing girls are already tuning their mandolins. We take our places at one of the tables outside. Here, the dainty costumes of the ladies, the rapid waiter with his tray of ices and muscatels, the starry sky, the dark shadows of big ships on either hand, the clinking glasses and twanging instruments combine to remind one of foreign restaurant scenes in *Kitty Grey* and *The Messenger Boy*.

Patras is connected with Yorkshire in the matter of aerated water bottles, for as we pour out our lemonade we observe that the bottles were manufactured in Castleford. The world is not such a big place after all.

Just a word as to the singing girls. There is nothing remarkable about them except that in our opinion they are not quite girlish enough. Two of them, at least, will be over 30 years of age, and no penny-in-the-slot proprietor, with any regard for the delicate interior mechanism of his machines, would undertake to weigh them. We are told that they are Austrians of exceptional attainments, and can sing in any language. For a trifling consideration, therefore, we shall be able to have an English selection. An Italian song being much appreciated, we produce some small coins and wait expectantly for the result. Several items are given and a stout lady sings a song in which she is apparently endeavouring to impersonate a coquette. The eyes of the audience wander restlessly between ourselves and the singer. At the close of the song there is a burst of applause in which we feel compelled to join.

"Ah," says our friend, "How you like that, eh?"

"Oh, very well; what language was it in?"

"Language! Why, did you not hear her sing 'You do not love me now.' My dear fellow, that was an English song."

To give them their due, we succeeded later in recognising the airs of "Daisy Bell" and "Sweetheart May," and edified the audience by joining in the choruses.

At midnight we waken the sleepy boatman and return to the ship.

Thus passes one of a series of very pleasant evenings, and our acquaintance with Patras was mostly made in the evenings. The hot part of the day was spent in bathing, or resting, or counting the currant boxes as they were swung into the hold. When a box broke and its contents were scattered, it was amusing to notice the adroit manner in which the lads scamped them into a heap and peesed them into the mended box with their dirty feet.

One afternoon I set off in the full glare of the sun, bent on a walk in the country; but, after toiling up a steep and badly-preserved road for a short distance, I gave it up. The ground is covered with scanty sun-burnt grass and a few puny shrubs, but there is an utter absence of woodland. No cattle were to be seen, though in one small village a man

was driving some goats and rattling some tin mugs. If a housewife required milk, he seized one of his goats and milked it on the spot; the idea being, I suppose, to prevent waste.

At length the evening comes when we hear the singing girls for the last time. Next week, we are informed, an English party of girls, at present in Athens, will take their place. Alas! we shall be far away by then.

Now the hatches are closed and the current merchant takes his farewell glass of whisky with the captain. Hardly is he down the side when the stern rope is cast off, the anchor hove up, and soon Patras dwindles into a streak of white as we make for London bearing the fruit for the miscemant and Christmas fare of our friends at home. J. B.

The Position of Man in the Laboratory.

HOWEVER well kindred subjects to the one indicated above may have been discussed, it will be allowed that this particular topic has not received the attention which it deserves; hence its present introduction.

The Lab., as the centre of student-life, is the source from which all the students' woes, pecuniary and otherwise, emanate; it is the happy hunting-ground to which all ticket-vendors, societies' secretaries, and bearers of subscription-lists flock. Hence the need for the recognition of a Lab. community, or, if you will, society, whose members include, besides students, male and female, demons, microbes, and an occasional migratory asymmetrical carbon atom. What, it may be asked, is the position of man in this society? Is he supreme, a self-constituted "lord and master," or is it rather true that "the hand that rocks the cradle" rules the Lab.? Let us inquire dispassionately—as others do—for then we shall be permitted to state as a conclusion what is, in truth, our pre-conceived opinion—as others also do.

From the time of the pre-historic cave-lab., founded, no doubt, for the production of face-pigments, down to the establishment of the modern Lab. devoted to the elaboration of new and gaudy dress-dyes, man's position has been one of apparent supremacy. We say "apparent" advisedly, for are not the very articles he seeks to produce devoted to the glorification of woman? A supremacy which is restricted at every turn by the vagaries of fashion and the foibles of an intellect admittedly lower than man's, is a mere mockery, a caricature of the truth. And now woman, not content with this external jurisdiction, has invaded the Labs. herself. Truly, the glory of the alchemist's solitude has departed. Well might the new Hiawatha lament the depredations of the stool-scraper, for the worst offenders are—tell it not to an Amazon—*snatchers*. And there is no redress—man must submit—and stand. Look where you will, woman is in possession; aye, even of the very stink-cupboard. But, alas, man has not only to passively suffer, he must also actively perform, must play the part of an abject "demon," must supply the deficiencies of that

inferior intellect. Woe to the man who has done an experiment which female others have not; he will be abused, cajoled, taunted, and, because of his long tutelage, he will analyse the salt, will "connect up as in the figure," will draw the section. But his aid is courted only to be flung away on the approach of a real "demon," who will at once instruct and amuse—and it is truly wonderful how long such instruction sometimes lasts. Woman has as yet shown no desire to exercise what intellect is given her; it will be a source of gratification to man when she does. She is quite content at present to monopolise the "demons," and to utilise the resources of every available male student in such a way as to make him her's completely—body, soul, and apparatus.

Closely associated with this question of man's position in the Lab. is the equally important one of his place in the lecture theatre. Here, it is true, he is vouchsafed a seat, but, apart from its being a back one, to what contumely and indignity he is put! Woman, happy in adorning the front row and safe in the knowledge of her exemption from the lecturer's questioning, looks round and scoffs at the unlucky wight who has blundered, joins in the professional jeers at his expense, and laughs at the discomfiture of the very man who, half-an-hour before, was aiding her in the Lab.

Thus it is that man, oppressed by those who should call him master, and fettered in his every action by conventionalities such as no woman was ever bound by, is often driven to shake from off his feet the very real dust of the Lab., place of Krugerian despotism, and trek to the smoke-room. There, at least, he may find temporary respite from all his woes, there he will not be worried by female enthusiasts into buying a conversaz. ticket. In the Lab., man may have a bench, but a social position worth calling one he certainly has not.

MEL DA KAHIN.

Final Physics.

Scene: Physical Lecture Theatre.

Time: 10.35 a.m. Monday morning.

PROFESSOR STR-D, *Aquilar*.

"WELL, now, let's see. Did I set you anything last time? Oh yes, I remember! Have you done that, Mr. Th-r-p? That's all right. You, Mr. St-d-d? How's that? Well, but you know that's no excuse. This is a question of stupendous importance to an engineer, &c. You done it, Mr. Cr-r? Very well! Yes, nine eighty one is ten to the power three, that thirteen cancels this seventeen, seven fives are forty, and so we get two multiplied by ten to the twelfth. Is that right, Mr. G-l-l? Well then, you'd better find out where you're wrong. Oh, yes, I'm scery, my mistake! Why didn't you point that out before? You've got that all right, I expect? Well then, to proceed. You will remember that last week we were discussing the question of the difference of entropy between two adiabatics. I will now show you an excessively pretty little trick for getting at the same result. . . . Do you think you understand that, Mr. S-mers?

Do you! I'm surprised. What, then, is the difference of entropy between these two points, Mr. Sc-d-d? Quite right. Yes, quite right, you've no need to answer in such an injured tone! Oh, do, for goodness' sake, stop that horrid noise! Is Mr. M-r-p-y absent? Well then, Mr. Bell, what is the gain of heat here? Come! you must know this, it's of the utmost simplicity. Mr. Isle? Is it! That's wonderful! Try again. Yes, that's right. You see, on compressing this gas, heat must be produced, since work is done on the gas. Well—er—never mind about that just for the present.

"Returning to the subject of heat engines, you see that we could bring about a theoretical improvement by interposing a motor working between these two temperatures. Mr. Stelfx, what is the difference between a theoretical and a practical improvement? Well, you see, the difference is this: that a practical improvement puts money into somebody's pocket, whilst a theoretical improvement puts money into nobody's pocket. Understand? Yes, I think that will do for to-day. Oh, by the way, don't forget to work out those calculations!"

BY MAXWELL'S DEMON.

Reflections of One Who Has Dined at the Refectory.

THE Refectory is an institution which formerly had its quarters in the College itself, but now it stands further along College Road. There are three rooms for students, the rest including those used for cooking, &c., &c., and also that mysterious room labelled the "Professors' Room." The word refection is of Latin derivation, viz., *refectio*, from *reficere*, "I make again." It is called Refectory on account of the same dishes being served up again and again. When so served up, they are called by such fancy names as "Hot-pot," *Curried Mutton*, *Victoria Pudding*, *Boiled Manchester Pudding*, &c., &c. The Refectory is intended for those students who are too lazy to go down to the "Athenaeum" or other restaurants in the town. The days when the Refectory does a roaring trade are wet days, general meeting days, and those on which students have lectures to one o'clock. It is pretty well patronised, too, on a hot summer's afternoon, when aerated waters and stronger beverages, such as tea, can be obtained. We also think that, owing to the introduction of the ping-pong table into the smoke-room, the waitresses will be taxed to the uttermost. For the benefit of those who have not been up to now (and shame on them!), a short description of the proceedings that take place before you "feed" will be useful. After entering the gate, you saunter along, and, if you are at all absent-minded, you will find yourself seated among some of the fair sex. It will be as well for you, should such happen, to get up, apologise, and step out into the next room. When you have got about five yards inside, a voice cries through the startled air—I beg your pardon—the pay-box—"Eh, you want a ticket, don't you?" You say "Ye-es," and, having got one, proceed to the nearest table. If, by chance, there is no seat available, except at the other end, you proceed to it. At

this stage, everybody is delighted to see you, and show their delight by "stamping" a march. With a sickly smile, you sit down. A friend will pass along the menu or the "Order of going in." (This latter name, by the way, was given to it because on several occasions "hot pies" are provided, and the two together remind you of a frog-blossomed old man, to be seen at Headingley in the summer.) The first thing that catches your eye is the date. Fancy putting a date, as if to show that the Refectory changed its food daily! A suggestion is that it should be as follows:—"For the week ending February 8th." However, after the date, you read "Soup." You look on the walls and smile. Next, "Roast Beef, Roast Shoulder of Mutton, Hot Pies, Hash, Roast Lamb, &c., &c." After giving your order you sit where you are. Any sensible person would go into the adjoining Smoke-room for a smoke or "forty winks," or both. We are assuming your ignorance of these little ways. You sit, and wait, and wait, continually hearing such orders as "Three Large Muttons, One Small Hot-Pot, Three Tarts," and also watching the carver, for ever sharpening his knife, stood before the very joint you are going to help to demolish. Hurrah! you get what you have ordered (at least Gerty, or whoever it may be, puts something before you, and you say it is yours, even if you have forgotten your order). While eating this you are probably hit on the head by what to-day is a piece of bread, but to-morrow served up, along with others, as "Chester Pudding." You next have choice of "Apple Tart, Victoria Pudding, Sago Pudding, Stewed Figs." By this time, the Refectory is not so busy, and so you get it perhaps within five minutes. Finally, you see on the menu, "Bread and Biscuits, with Butter and Cheese." The biscuits can be bought at any dog-fancier's, whilst the butter is one of the substitutions for butter that was discussed in a recent paper of the Scientific Society. The waitress then comes, and bluntly asks you—"What have you had?" You pay your 1s. 3d. like a man.

The Refectory, however, in all other respects, is a model institution.

The Students' Union.

The first meeting of the Students' Union Committee was held on Thursday, May 1st.

The General Election will take place during the last week in May. Particulars will follow shortly.

The General Meeting has been fixed for Thursday, May 29th, at 4 p.m.

It is hoped that all students will be present at the Sports on the 15th inst., so that the day may be a success. W. N. TITTERTON, Hon. Sec.

Textile Department.

THERE has been an abnormal amount of industry displayed recently in the department, owing to the examinations of the London City and Guilds. As usual, the conscientious slacker persevered in his down-

ward career until within a week of the exam.; then, beginning to be troubled with funk, he began to read, staying up half the night. Poor man! he turned up in the mornings with a faded, world-weary look, peered about in a ghostly manner, with vain repetitions and murmurings about Automatic Looms, Self-Shuttling Motions, and the like.

Some good original work has been done for these exams., proving that there is no lack of technical skill amongst the present students. The Day Students were well represented by HILL, KNOWLES, SYKES, O'FLYNN, and Davis, whilst Haigh and Hemingway upheld the reputation of the Evening Students.

Now, however, our troubles are over, and we turn with joy to the more pleasant duties of the summer term. We have heard a rumour of a department championship at cricket. We sincerely hope that it will come to maturity. The Textile Department will prove to be one of the most enthusiastic in the struggle for premier honours.

Literary and Historical Society.

THE mandate of the Editors of *The Gryphon* has gone forth that the magazine is not to be overburdened with society reports, and the mandate of the examiners is at hand. Therefore, we must perforce be brief, even at the expense of leaving untold so much that is excellent. On February 3rd the society had the pleasure and honour of hearing a lecture from the Rev. J. G. Simpson (Principal of the Leeds Clergy School) on "Scott and Stevenson." It is not too much to say that the paper entranced a crowded meeting.

Next, on February 17th, Miss Porteous gave her paper on "Gipsies in Spain." The lecturer showed great knowledge of a subject which is very dark to most people. Hence, perhaps, the scepticism which revealed itself in the discussion after the paper.

Then, on March 3rd, we had Mr. Phillips's painstaking and comprehensive effort on "The Comic Dramatis of the Restoration."

The last paper of the session was read by Miss Wood, on April 28th, on "Buddhism," and a very good one it was too. We were particularly pleased to see so many old students present at this meeting. After the conclusion of the paper the members proceeded to private business. The following elections were made for the next session:—

President: Miss J. A. EMERSON.

Vice-Presidents: Miss E. A. AVEYARD.

Mr. W. H. DAVIS.

Treasurer: Miss E. L. MELVILLE, M.A.

Hon. Secretaries: Miss J. G. WOOD.

Mr. — KAYE.

Committee: Miss H. SAVAGE.

Miss J. FAIRBROTHER.

Miss F. JOHNSON.

Mr. B. M. CONNALL, M.A.

Mr. J. H. WAITE.

The excursions for the present term were settled as follows:—

May 10th ... Bolton Abbey and Woods

" 31st ... Nun Monkton.

June 21st ... Whitby.

Scientific Society.

The last meeting of this session was held on March 13th, when Dr. Dawson read a paper entitled, "A Student of the latest School of Chemistry."

In choosing Prof. J. H. van't Hoff as representative of the Modern School, Dr. Dawson was not only guided by pre-eminence of position in the chemical world, but personal associations also contributed largely to the choice. In summarizing the valuable contributions of van't Hoff to science, the lecturer distinguished four periods of activity. To the first period belongs the theory of the asymmetric carbon atom; to the second, fundamental researches in the province of chemical dynamics and equilibrium; in the third arose the theory of solutions; and the fourth consisted in most valuable investigations on the formation of oceanic salt deposits. It was pointed out that van't Hoff occupies at present an ideal position, specially created for him by the Prussian Government, by the magnanimity of which he is freed from the cares and worries of the ordinary University professor; no routine duties disturb his thoughts; in his search after Nature's hidden truths he is absolutely free and unhampered.

At the Annual General Meeting the following officers were elected for the session 1902-3:—

President: Professor STROUD.

Vice-Presidents: Dr. MCCABE, Mr. T. H. TAYLOR, M.A.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. W. E. WELDON.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. R. BARTON.

Committee: Miss MORTON, MESSRS. HUMMELL, GAULT, and ELLIS.

F. T.

Geological Notes on Appleby.

"A time to cast away stones and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace and a time to refrain from embracing."—*Eccles. iii. 1.*

APPLEBY again! The very thought of it fills our hearts with joy, for memories of happy times spent in the fair Vale of Eden will ever linger in our minds.

Our annual visit extended from March 27th to April 3rd, and all the notabilities of the Geological Department were present (except our genial friend Jones). In addition we had the pleasure of the company of nine London students (including the member for Plumstead with his "camp"), and further still, we are pleased to chronicle the presence of our new Professor of Mining. Why do not other members of our staff try a holiday with us at Appleby? I'm sure they would enjoy it!

Appleby seems to be getting quite enterprising now! They've got the incandescent light in one lamp on the Market Pillar, and, moreover, they actually play ring-pong! The usual excursions to Hoff, Hilton Beck, Roman Fell, Swindale Beck, Keasley, Pusgill, High Cup Nick, Sharp, Troutbeck, and Carrock Fell were undertaken, and the usual playfulness of the party was exhibited at certain

well-known spots on our lines of march. The Hungriggs echo, as usual, was well tested by the double-barrelled lungs of the party.

At Dufton we met the good old original of our famous war-cry, "Yah wither." Our presence seemed to excite the old boy, for he proceeded to give us his views on the South African question, which consisted of—"I'll tell you what—Rule Britannia—I'll tell you what—they're good men, but badly led."

By the kind permission of our fellow-students we have been allowed to make several extracts from their note-books, with a view to illustrating the general structure and chief features of the district:—

Thursday, March 27th.—Commercial Hotel, Appleby. What a dear old hotel this is! So homely and comfortable! And the girls! Edie doesn't seem quite so shy, and the fair Alice—simply charming—and . . . (The notes here are very indistinct, being obliterated by rain.) There's such a lovely short cut to the post-office, round by the castle and across the Eden by the footbridge! The geology is magnificent! We could spend hours at this spot, and from experience, we find the evenings are the best time for it! Hubert seems to have lost something! He's been wailing miserably about a "bonnie" that he wants bringing back to him! Let's hope he'll find her before long!

Good Friday, 12 o'clock (midnight).—The member for Plumstead has a hach. Confound him! He should remember that there are bedrooms near the bathroom. How can chaps get to sleep when there's a joker in the bath, who, not content with merely splashing, also coughs and chokes and splutters and gurgles and blows like a whale! We'll lock the bathroom door another night!

Saturday, March 28th.—High Cup Nick.—The wind still blows as strong as ever up here. Just down the slope were two dead horses blown over by the winter storms. Our London friend, Hunter, proceeds to investigate. Somebody drops a stone from above! Phleg! Hunter hurriedly retreats to less vitalized atmospheres! It probably reminded him too much of a Biological Lab! . . . In the evening we called at a nice little shop to buy chocolates. Oh! she's a charmer! And such a pretty little giggle, too! We called again later on and . . . (The next page of the note-book has somehow got lost.)

Sunday, March 29th.—At Hilton there was a great run on Mrs. Dargue's "Shandy-gaff," for it fills you with gas so nicely that the climbing of Roman Fell afterwards is much facilitated. The member for Plumstead seems to have a mania for bathing. He attempted to paddle in Hilton Beck, and afterwards calmly sat down in the stream at the back of Roman Fell! Poor old "Sta-agg!" Truly he is a very hygroscopic person!

Monday, March 31st.—Some interesting experiments on the motion of rolling bodies were carried out on the slopes of Dufton Gill. The spectacle of staid geologists rolling boulders down the hill reminded us forcibly of our text—"a time to cast away stones." . . . Appleby Cricket Club Dance in the evening, and the girls were all expecting us, too! Shortly after 12 o'clock, several of our chaps were seen hurriedly

rushing off in search of somebody—only to return in a few minutes to be greeted at by everybody, and to realise it was now the "First of April."
 Didn't know there were so many nice girls in Westmoreland. There are the stylish young ladies from Cliburn, and the girls from Temple Sowerby, and Di— oh, yes, many others! We saw Glover with an admiring crowd of six! Of course, we (Here the notes become too technical to be understood by non-geological students.)

Thursday, April 21.—2.0 a.m. Just got to bed after the Dance! Tired! And breakfast at quarter to eight, and the longest excursion to-day, too! 7.45 a.m. Breakfast! Just managed it! Very sleepy! 9.15 p.m. Just back from the Shap excursion! Sleeper than ever!

Wednesday, April 2nd.—Troutbeck to-day! Hurrah! At Cliburn Station an eminent member of the Y.C. Staff was heard asking a porter if some young ladies called Ellis lived here, and then a voice said, "Give them my love!" but unfortunately the noise of the train starting prevented us from recognising whose voice it was. On the return journey, Willey was observed to hand out something (like a letter) at Cliburn! This is very strange! Willey and our London friend Hunter are absent from dinner! The mystery deepens! We discovered that the attractive forces came from Cliburn! How funny! This is probably the time for the second part of the text above! Sharp has had the temerity to celebrate the anniversary of his birthday! He received a large selection of useful presents from his fellow-students!

Thursday, April 3rd.—Appleby, farewell! Let us draw a veil over the sorrowful partings! How truly the text says, "a time to refrain from embracing."

"YAH WITHER."

Education Notes.

TRIP term is well begun, and the "Knock-and-walk-in" visits are over. The gravity of countenance and serious demeanour of many of us betray some great anxiety, viz., Exams. Hard workers should again ponder over the classical work on "Hysteresis," and R. L. Stevenson "On Idlers."

A certain autograph album, owned by a K. S., has been inscribed with the names of the third year men, followed by suitable and unsuitable nick-names. A.B. appears as the "Elder Brother," J.W.E. as "The Prodigal Son," P.S., "The Ideal," G.W.M. and B.L., "The Hermits," and then, of course, there was "Grandpa." There was another "Prodigal Son," and he shall be nameless. All the names were inscribed on the folds of a Gryphon's wing, with the title "In the shadow of her wing we shall rest, sweet rest." The original can be seen on application at the porter's office. The "talker-talkers" birds have been going strong on the Budget, the Education Bill, "Sherlock Holmes," and the "Teeth of Mammals." It is really surprising the number of these birds we have got, and all in fine condition, too. G.

Peeps at the Engineers.

"SUMMER is coming" is a remark we heard from the lips of a certain College student. Summer to an engineer flavours of boiler trials. We fear that the prospect of pleasant trials is rather distant just at present, if we may judge from a certain notice, lately posted in the Lab., which called forth remarks for more than one reason. "No Smoking allowed" seems to be the order of the year.

We have had our usual group taken already this year. The principal excitement of the operation was the prompt ejection of a worthy electrician, who seemed to think he was an engineer. Prof. G. did not fall in with the idea, and the miscreant was sent home, followed by F. L. W-d's cries of "Villain!" &c.

The tug of war season is again at hand, and we hope the Engineers will be able to do a little better than last year. We have not yet seen any sign of the teas which Mr. M-rs was to arrange in connection with the "tug" practices. We hope he will give the matter his early and serious consideration.

The Surveyors spent their Easter at Barden, as is the custom. Some account of their doings is given below.

PROBLEM.

A is on an engine trial at a celebrated Leeds establishment. He is engaged in taking the temperature of a mysterious article called a Hotwell at the end of every ten minutes. The trial has a duration of six hours, so that, assuming A to take a full half-minute each time to read his thermometer and to enter his reading, he has a total of at least 18 minutes' hard work to perform. Given that smoking is not allowed, how should A employ himself during the remaining 24 minutes?

[Suggestion: Is he to drink beer?]

THE VISIT TO BARDEN.

The day-time was chiefly spent in surveying, intermixed with golf and duck-spearing. In the case of the golf, the game seemed to be to make holes through the walls, break the clubs, and lose the balls. The duck-spearing was much better sport. Three men would hide behind a wooden hut and wait for the quarry; after showers of arrows had been spent, only one poor duck would be hit, and it would shake off the arrow as it would a raindrop.

Of course a Ping-pong tournament was arranged, much on the lines of "Kitchen Ping-pong," à la Punch. A net was improvised of books of various heights, placed across a rather small table, and instead of frying-pans, "field-books" were used. The game soon died a natural death.

Mr. Du-on had given such an excellent recommendation of a certain cottage where tea could be had that, after lunch one Saturday, much was our surprise to find a game of cards in progress, and we were informed that the winner was to lead the way into the cottage, and so on in order of merit. We afterwards learned that there were other attractions besides tea.

Ty-k and Ble-at were sometimes able to get down in time for breakfast, though they had occasionally to make an impromptu staircase of the water-spout. One cold night, when some of us were making

observations on the Pole-star, Be-nt was challenged to bathe. There was some chance of his doing so, as he had already had a splash which had made him speechless the Saturday before. But the price asked was too high, so the venture fell through.

Perhaps what eclipsed all was the (let us call it) madness of Be-nt and Wh-d, when on the last night, at 12 o'clock, they set off in the pouring rain to walk up to "Simon's Seat." Report says that they returned at 3 a.m., after losing their way on the return journey, and that they entered the house by forcing a window-catch, making a terrible noise over it, just as an amateur burglar might do. It may be that these shortcomings were due to an over-indulgence in "tea-leaves." I believe that the remainder of the packet was presented with great ceremony to the driver of the coach on the return journey to the station, since when I have not heard of any more erratic performances of any of the party.

H. M. H.

The "Result" Smoker.

The last Smoking Concert of the Winter Session, which was heralded by gaudy posters, took place on March 25th at the Victoria Hotel. An elaborate programme was printed for the occasion, the cover being adorned with sketches and caricatures, some of which were decidedly good. There was a large attendance of students, but the Staff was terribly weak in numbers, if not in quality.

Dr. Barrs was advertised to preside, but as he had to see a man about a dog, he didn't turn up. His place was admirably filled by Mr. T. S. Carter, Hon. Dental Surgeon to the L.G.I. Mr. Carter has been a regular attendant at the concerts, and it was fitting that just on the eve of his retirement from the position which he has filled so long and so ably he should be made chairman.

Mr. Carter was introduced by Dr. Hellier (finely, Dr. Hellier at a smoking concert! and enjoying it as well!), and seemed to derive great comfort from the fact that, as Consulting Dental Surgeon, he would be able to extract four teeth a month, just to keep his hand in.

The Secretaries (Messrs. Young and Sykes) had arranged an admirable programme, all the old favourites being again on view, together with some new talent.

Mr. Teasdale contributed two violin solos, Mr. Wilkinson "imitated," and the following gentlemen successfully made amiable fools of themselves:—Messrs. Swanson, Sutcliffe, Fenyth, Sugden, Coates, Kendall, Reed, Hood, and Collinson.

Infirmary Appointments.

R.M.O. at the Ida.—O. GRÜNER, M.B.

R. Obst. O.—H. BROWN, M.B., Ch.B.

House Physicians.—H. LEACH (to Dr. Churton).

J. ACOMB (to Dr. Barrs).

House Surgeons.—R. N. BUTTERWORTH, M.B., Ch.B. (to Mr. Brown).

H. N. KERLING (to Mr. Littlewood).

W. H. M. TELLING, M.D., B.S. (Leond.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., the Resident Medical Officer, has been admitted to the Membership of the R.C.F.

Three Benedictions and a Curse.

Now praises be to him who first

Invented lager beer,

The cooling draught that quenches thirst,

When summer heat is here.

And praises be to him (alas,

Now in his endless sleep!)

The man who first conceived a glass

Ten mammoth inches deep!

And praises be to him to whom

All lofty praise is due:

The man who was the first to sell

That glass for pennies two.

But curses be on that vile gent,

That wretch without a peer,

Who first drew inches nine of foam

On one small inch of beer! B. HOLMES.

Medical School Notes.

Owing to the severe illness of Professor Hartley, the Public Health Lectures will be delivered this term by Dr. W. S. Cameron, the Medical Officer of Health for Leeds. We are pleased to announce that at last Professor Hartley's condition is improving, and extend to him our best wishes for a speedy return to health.

Those who have "gone before," to wit, those men who got through their Seconds in March, are at once a source of wonder and surprise to those who are left behind. You can easily spot one of the new Seniors, by his persistent toying with a new stethoscope, or by the four inches of dressing forceps which he is careful to leave showing out of his waistcoat pocket. It is said that one of these "genus swaggi" attended for about three hours in the Out-Patient Surgical Room, thinking, in his child-like innocence, that he was clerking for Dr. So-and-So!!

The Anatomy Department receives this term an addition to its honorary staff in the person of Mr. Michael A. Teale, M.A. (Oxon.), M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., who thus brings back an honoured name into the active work of the school. The Gryphon welcomes the new honorary Demonstrator with a crowd of delight.

It is with deep regret that we have to apologise for having misled our readers in the last number of this magazine. Some fellows were found peering around the Dissecting Room on May 1st, looking for a person of commanding presence, with a large moustache and a long flowing beard. They were grievously disappointed, for the said hirsute adornment, after patient cantharidine treatment, has retired into obscurity during the Easter Vac.

Outside most grocers' shops are found small bowls of water, over which (for canine edification) is written "Drink, pretty creature, drink," or words to that effect. The humanity which prompts this kindly consideration is evidently absent in the powers that

be, or the thirsty student would be able to quench his thirst without having to break into the Physiology Lab. No matter how dry one feels, it requires an educated sensory apparatus to appreciate the flavour of an old pancreatic digestion. Now that the warmer weather is coming on, perhaps the filter will be renewed and kept full.

Examination Results.

Victoria University.

FINAL.

PART II.—R. N. BUTTERWORTH, W. L. MACORMAC.
PART I.—P. W. ASHMORE, L. R. BRAITHWAITE,
R. COATES, E. CUNDALL, B. H. HIRST, H.
MAPPER, P. K. STEELE, J. C. THASDALE,
A. B. S. TODD.

SECOND M.B.

Anatomy and Physiology.—F. BAILEY, F. P. H. BERT-
WHISTLE, E. R. FLINT, F. W. M. GREAVES,
H. TOMLIN.

CONJOINT (England).

Medicine.—J. ACOME.*

Midwifery.—J. J. ANNING, C. H. BOOTH, F. J. STANS-
FIELD, R. L. WOOD.

Anatomy, &c.—A. E. BLACKBURN, G. FISCH, J. H.
SUTCLIFFE, W. S. WILLIAMSON.

CONJOINT (Scotland).

E. GAUNT.

L.S.A.

Surgery.—S. C. WILKINSON,* E. O. LIBBY.*

Anatomy.—G. H. ALMOND, A. G. GAMBLE, J. O.
SARGENT.

* Now qualified.

Medical Magnates.

II.—Professor Barrs.

I FOUND the Professor of Medicine in the state, for the time, of the interesting invalid, or rather convalescent, he being fast recovering from a nasty accident while indulging in the boyish pastime of slaughtering. Having hurried through a few words of condolence and congratulation with regard to the accident, I expressed surprise at seeing how well the Professor looked, I having only that morning heard a gloomy account of his condition from his friend and co-worker the Professor of Politeness—I beg pardon, I mean Art and Surgery. That was the necessary spark to set the train going. "Students," I was told, "have a habit of remembering that a blow on the head is dangerous to life; I don't believe it myself." Following this came a discussion on Feeding, that is diet, especially with regard to Typhoid Fever. "Milk!"—this sounded almost like a cry of horror—"Why, what is the good of filling up a patient with four, five, or six pints of milk when one mutton chop will do; and as for beef tea—stinky, watery, greasy, sloppy, evil-smelling, unappetising stuff—if beef must be given, give steak and onions." Our Professor again

showed his knowledge of students. "Students have, or think they have, great difficulty over these things. I don't see it myself." And later, "Why on earth, when a man finds he has a case with grunting, bubbling, rumbling, liquid, sticky, musical rales at the left apex, must he call it cirrhosis of the liver?" I had another attempt at the diet question, and this time was answered rather surprisingly. "Diet a man because he has a tendency to obesity? Not at all; let him eat, drink, and be merry. Why, in these days nothing is simpler than the operation for removing slabs."

Time being up, I left the Professor to his doubts as to generally accepted beliefs, and went off with two thoughts continually recurring—firstly, was the illustrious Professor over a student himself, and if so, what sort of student was he? and, secondly, how very pleasant it would be, in the event of having Typhoid, to be treated by him with steak and onions instead of the unlimited but unsatisfying Milk and the greatly condemned Beef Tea.

The Medical Society.

Lecture Night.—March 26th, 1902.—The subject of the

"Medical diseases of the Stomach and their treatment," had full justice done to it by Mr. E. A. Wilson, who dealt with Gastritis, Gastric Ulcer, Gastric Dystension, and Gastralgia according to notes taken from lectures by his learned chief, the Professor of Medicine: he quoted the successful employment of very large doses of Bismuth Subnitrate for Gastric Ulcer, and suggested its more extensive use in the treatment of that condition.

The "Surgeon," Mr. J. Longley, gave us a careful description of the various operations in connection with the Stomach, describing particularly Gastrostomy and Gastrostomy, and performing Gastro-enterostomy for the relief of pyloric obstruction, on the blackboard: a case of perforated Gastric Ulcer was also dealt with successfully.

In the criticisms which followed, Mr. Ladell ruled that the Stomach governed the world, contrary to the commonly accepted "hand and cradle" theory, in that it had power over the brain: he pointed out that every Pro-boer was at the same time an anti-vaccinator and a vegetarian, the Pro-boerism being due to chronic dyspepsia consequent upon the vegetarian diet.

Mr. Thomas confined his congratulations to the "Professor" of Anatomy, stating that his own method of handling the subject would have been on precisely similar lines, at which, doubtless, the lecturer felt highly honoured.

Votes of thanks were heartily accorded all who had lectured, and after they had replied to the questions which had been raised, the meeting terminated at 7.15.

March 25th, 1902.—The closing meeting of the term and of Session 1901-1902 was held on the above date, in the Refectory, in the presence of a few members who were waiting for the Victoria University examination results. Originally it had been proposed to hold a Parliamentary night, but the indifference which reigns supreme after exams. are over seemed to have affected this Society also, so that only a short meeting was held, Mr. A. Gregory being elected to

the chair in the absence, through illness, of the Vice-President, Mr. James Ewing. After the minutes had been read and confirmed, a letter was read from Dr. Wm. Ewart, stating that he was forwarding copies of his address, delivered before the Society on October 18th, 1901, for distribution. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded him for his kindness. A discussion on the topic that "All Medical Schools should be open to Women Students" was opened by Mr. H. M. Birkett, who objected to the concession, though he did not object to the fair sex as practitioners. The meeting was then abruptly terminated by the declaration of the examination results.

W. H. SMILES, Hon. Sec.

An Incident on an American Railway.

It was thawing in New York. The blizzard of the previous week had covered the country with a thick layer of snow, and the streets were now in a dreadful state of slappiness. For this reason it was with reviving spirits and pleasant anticipations of a good time that I shook the mud of the city—where the people have not time to be polite, and the predominant cries are "Hurry up" and "Dollar"—from my feet, and took the ferry across the Hudson to Jersey city, where I was to catch the celebrated "Black Diamond" Express to Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

The Pullman car "Seneca" was magnificently furnished, and I settled myself comfortably in a great armchair about five minutes before the Express was due out. That five minutes was occupied by thoughts of quick American travelling, and I imagined, or tried to imagine, what it would feel like travelling at a speed of 70 miles an hour. We started and kept up a fair speed for about an hour, then the rain came. I cannot describe the tremendous downfall. The further we got up country the more ground was under water, and the river was obviously rising. Water was pouring from the hills on to the track, and in some places it came over the wheels of the car. You can imagine the speed we were going. After a short stay at a town called Gaston we made a halt and got to a place with the name of Bethlehem. There we stuck. It was very interesting, at first, watching the river. At the particular point where we were stopped the water rose six feet in an hour and a half. People were busy carrying their furniture, &c., through the windows and dropping them on to rafts; sometimes they dropped them into the river, and this made watching interesting. This got tiring in time, however, but what could you do? One cannot swear at a place called Bethlehem, and that was the only thing I calculated would relieve my feelings. "Like some dinner, sah?" inquired a nigger with a spotless suit of "overalls" which matched his teeth. I wasn't particularly hungry, but to pass the time I walked along to the dining-car and had what I considered a moderate feed. It cost me \$2.00, and I decided in future to find a less expensive way of passing the time.

Excitement was now caused by the news that a big reservoir at White Haven had burst and the surrounding country was entirely under water. A big bridge on the railway between Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk, which was about 20 miles further on, was washed out, and this prevented the passen-

gers in the previous train to ours from returning. These and the other people were told to take to the hills and manage as best they could. We, thankful for the slowness of the crack express, were run back as quickly as possible to New Jersey and across the ferry to New York. I was just as glad to return as I was to leave, and though I had lost my chance of seeing Niagara, I still had a chance of seeing dear old England again, and so I slept soundly with that consoling idea.

S.

Rugby Football.

THE record of the past season, as seen in the following summary of results, is a welcome and much needed improvement upon that of recent years:—

Matches played, 16; Won, 8; Lost, 6; Drawn, 2.
For... Goals, 16; Tries, 24; Points, 120.
Opponents " 10; " 20; " 100.

Owing chiefly to frost, four fixtures had to be cancelled. If these matches had been played our record would look still better, as three of them would undoubtedly have resulted in wins for us.

In individual scoring, Crump heads the list of try-getters with 8 to his credit; then follow Platts (5), Marriner (4), Price-Williams and Hood (3 each), Birkett, Davis, Cooke, S. L. Heald, H. M. Heald, and Lee (2 each), H. Sutcliffe, Elliott, and Tinker (1 each). Richardson has played 12 goals and Hood 2, whilst Platts and Davis have each dropped a goal.

Before the season opened it was generally expected that the weak spot in the team would be in the back divisions, more particularly in the three-quarter line, but contrary to expectations, the combination shown by the backs has been one of the most gratifying features of the season.

There has been a healthy keenness amongst the players for places in the team; and throughout the season the enthusiasm, which in former years has waned considerably in the second term, has been kept up. With so many candidates for the team some men may naturally have felt disappointed at not getting a regular place, but there has been absolutely no favouritism, and each man has been picked solely on his merits.

In reference to the players, Richardson at back has improved a good deal, and his claims for county honours have at last been recognised.

In the three-quarter line, Platts, Davis, Hood, H. M. Heald, Marriner, and Cooke have done good work. Owing to accidents, illness, &c., a good many reserves have been called upon to fill this position and have done so with credit.

At half, Crump has been in very good form and has had a splendid partner in Price-Williams, who has unfortunately now left the College. Lee has proved a very capable substitute in Crump's absence, and has also filled three-quarter positions with success.

The forwards have been ably led by Brierley, Elliott, and Munro. The pack, though much lighter than usual, has accomplished some good performances. In addition to the above, Wales, Birkett, Blaker, Edmondson, Edwards, and Cattle have all been hard workers in tight scrummaging; Birkett's loose play on several occasions was irresistible.

The past season has been a very memorable one, on account of our double victory over Owens, in consequence of which we have become the first holders of the handsome "Whitworth Challenge Shield," presented for competition amongst the three Colleges of the Victoria University. As far as can be ascertained from past records, this is the first time Owens have been defeated by Yorkshire at Manchester. Richardson, Platts, Davis, Crump, and Elliott have at various times done service for the County, while the same players, along with Brierley and Munro, have also earned their University caps. Hood was also picked for the University, but was unable to play owing to a fractured collar-bone.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. OWENS COLLEGE.

The last of the Inter-Collegiate matches was decided at the Firs, Fallowfield, after several postponements, on Wednesday, February 19th. The winning of the Shield depended upon the result, and a very different match was expected from the first one, in which we had obtained such an easy victory. Fortunately we were able to take our best team, the numerous damaged limbs and diseased bodies having all recovered during the few weeks' rest which the unfavourable climatic conditions had imposed on all footballers alike. In spite of a practice on the previous Saturday the team was only naturally wanting in condition, but as the Owens' ground was in a splendid state a good game was expected. From the start considerable keenness was displayed, and the ball was kept mainly amongst the forwards. Yorkshire pressed for a long time, but the back play was of a scrambling character, and by means of forward dribbles and long kicking the homesters were enabled to attack. From passing amongst their three-quarters a dangerous attack was initiated, but was checked in time, and Davis obtaining possession, with a run along the touch-line brought relief. This was almost the only time that the homesters were threatening, and the run of play was greatly in favour of Yorkshire. A round of passing ended in Hood giving to Platts, but he could not quite get round. White was hard pressed but managed to find touch on his own line, but the efforts of the backs to complete the movement were abortive, and half-time arrived without any score.

On resuming the Owens forwards showed great vigour, Brierley saving. Crump and Williams passed out repeatedly, but the movements of the three-quarters lacked the finishing touches. Cunliffe, for Owens, got through a lot of good defensive work, and the Owens backs being by far the faster set, our men could make no impression. Davis made a strong attempt to break through but was overpowered by numbers. Time was fast approaching when Crump tricked his opponents by going round the scam, and scored a good try. Platts failed to convert, and with ten minutes left Yorkshire were still pressing, until shortly before time, when an excellent bout of passing, all along the line, enabled Platts to overlap, and eluding White, he succeeded in scoring. Hood failed to convert, and time was immediately called, leaving us victors by two tries to nil, and possessors of first holders of the Shield. Teams:—

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE: *Full-back*, G. S. Richardson; *three-quarters*, S. Platts, E. C. Hood, J. D. Davis, H. M. Heald; *half-backs*, S. T. Crump, D. Price-Williams; *forwards*, W. E. Brierley, W. H. A. Elliott, W. T. Munro, H. Wales, H. M. Birkett, H. W. Edmondson, E. J. Edwards, G. E. Baker.
OWENS: *Full-back*, White; *three-quarters*, Jordan, Goulard, Jenkins, Alcock; *half-backs*, Cunliffe, McGill; *forwards*, Moore, Harrison, Holdsworth, Dove, Lapage, Cox, Davies, Heathcote.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. CASTLEFORD.

This return match was played on the College grounds on March 1st. The College played a very good game in this match, and were unlucky to lose by as much as eight points. At half-time the score was one try each, thanks to an excellent try by Birkett, for which the opening was splendidly made by Lee. Castleford showed the better stamina and had the better of the play in the second half, but their penalty kick was touched in transit by Elliott. Unfortunately the referee failed to see this, and a goal was allowed. Birkett, in spite of injuries, played a good all-round game at three-quarters, whilst Lee kicked and fielded safely, and the forwards all did well. The final result was—Castleford 1 goal, 1 penalty goal, 1 try; Yorkshire College 1 try. Team:—

Full-back, G. S. Richardson; *three-quarters*, H. M. Heald, E. C. Hood, H. Lee, H. M. Birkett; *half-backs*, S. T. Crump, D. Price-Williams; *forwards*, W. E. Brierley, W. H. A. Elliott, W. T. Munro, H. Wales, H. W. Edmondson, E. J. Edwards, G. E. Baker, J. H. Legge.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. SKIPTON.

Played at Skipton, on March 8th. The College lost the toss, and had to play uphill against a gale of wind, but defended so well that Skipton were unable to score until near the end of the first half, previous to which, from an opening made by Crump, good combination resulted in a try to Lee in the corner. With a lead of only two points to face, the College looked certain winners when favoured with slope and wind, but a soft try in the first minute of the second half increased the deficit to five points. It took the College some time to overhaul this lead, but after many hard lines Davis scored a splendid try, Richardson converting. Soon afterwards a great disaster befell us, as Davis, in saving from the Skipton forwards, had his leg broken. Only a few minutes remained for play, but though the College were almost over luck was against them, and the game resulted in a draw of 1 goal and 1 try each.

Up to the time of his injury Davis had played exceedingly well. Crump also was in his best form, and Lee was good, but made one disastrous blunder; whilst Boyle dodged prettily. Elliott and Edmondson were most conspicuous amongst the scrummers, and Brierley and Munro did a lot of useful work in the open. Team:—

Full-back, G. S. Richardson; *three-quarters*, A. Boyle, E. C. Hood, J. D. Davis, H. Lee; *half-backs*, S. T. Crump, D. Price-Williams; *forwards*, W. E. Brierley, W. H. A. Elliott, W. T. Munro, H. Wales, H. M. Birkett, H. W. Edmondson, E. J. Edwards, G. E. Baker.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v WEST HARTLEPOOL.

The last match of the season took place at West Hartlepool, on March 19th. There was a large crowd assembled when the home team kicked off at 2.30. The College lost the toss, and had to play against a strong wind, and the home team had the better of the play as a whole. Williams got hurt at the start, and played on the wing for the rest of the game, Lee taking his place at half. Crump got away finely but was stopped at the 25 line, and Hartlepool pressed once more, and from a scrimmage the forwards rushed the ball over and scored. Emmerson converted. The kicking into touch of the Hartlepool backs was very effective, and enabled the home team to press, and on two occasions a score resulted in each corner, but in both cases it was the general opinion that the scorer overstepped the touch line. At half-time the score was 13 points to nil. On resuming, the College forwards played with great dash against their heavier opponents, but unfortunately lost Barker, who had his leg damaged and had to leave the field. After a lot of hand-to-hand passing amongst the Hartlepool forwards a score under the post resulted. The College played a nice open game, but Hogg, the home full-back, drove them back by long kicking. Shortly before time, the left wing of the homesters dodged over, no goal resulting, and the final score was 2 goals, 3 tries, to nil. On the whole, considering that Williams and Barker were placed *hors de combat*, the College played very pluckily, but the absence of Davis was much felt. College team:—

Full-back, G. S. Richardson; three-quarters, J. Cooke, H. Lee, E. C. Hood, S. N. Yeaman; half-backs, S. T. Crump, D. Price-Williams; forwards, W. E. Bradley, W. H. A. Elliot, W. T. Munro, H. H. Wales, H. M. Birkett, H. W. Edmondson, E. J. Edwards, G. E. Barker.

Cricket News.

The interest taken in College cricket has so far been far greater than the most hopeful expectations of the committee, a large number of students, and even members of the staff, turning out regularly at the nets to practise. This is something which has been unknown in College cricket for years. There is, though, one rather disappointing matter, namely, that two or three of the students at College Road refuse to place their services for Saturdays in the hands of the committee, still wishing to play with their local teams, in spite of the fact that most of the other members have thrown over their local teams to lend their services to the College during the College season. Surely the latter is the spirit in which all students should take every sport connected with the College.

A splendid list of matches has been arranged for two teams, and it is intended to arrange several inter-departmental matches.

The large number of away matches for the 2nd XI. has been rendered necessary because of the Springfield team having the use of the ground on several dates. Much better arrangements are being made with the Springfield committee for future years. The College

will have full use of the ground throughout the season, Springfield using it during the summer vacation. I may say that Springfield have done all in their power to meet the College in every way, and they always show a most friendly spirit towards the students. I hope all students will try to return the fellow-feeling, and to create a real friendliness between the two teams. In the first match of the season against the Clergy School the College team did not show up to advantage, but in a first match the players are always somewhat unprepared. Further, the College were without several prominent players. Hence, I think, we may look for better results in the future.

Two departmental matches have had to be cancelled on account of the weather. The third one, i.e., Science v. Arts, took place on Tuesday, April 24th, when both teams were aided by members of the Staff. Victory ended with the Arts, which was only to be expected. The time of Science students is so fully occupied that they have but little to spare for practice, which is so badly needed. Two College teams were playing on Saturday, May 3rd, one against Horsforth Hall Park, at Horsforth, the other against Mr. L. H. Hopkinson's XI., at home. The teams were again weakened by the absence of several players, who have not yet recovered from football injuries. In spite of this the team against Horsforth Hall Park managed to gain a substantial victory. The other XI. was somewhat easily beaten by the Huddersfield team.

H. THOMPSON, Hon. Sec.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. LEEDS CLERGY SCHOOL.
Played at Huddersley on April 19th.

CLERGY SCHOOL.

R. W. Stephenson, c Thompson, b Hartley	...	2
A. E. Bevan, c P. Hartley, b Heald	...	11
E. G. Bishop, b Heald	...	4
E. S. Utterton, b Hartley	...	6
H. White, b Hartley	...	34
T. A. Scott, b Hartley	...	2
C. W. Scott, b Heald	...	2
P. M. Scott, b Hartley	...	2
A. E. Bowles, b Hood	...	5
G. Harvie, not out	...	0
G. R. Wilkinson, b Hood	...	0
Extras	...	5

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YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

Dr. Patterson, b White	...	0
F. Hartley, c and b White	...	1
H. Hartley, b White	...	24
W. T. Taylor, b White	...	1
E. C. Hood, c Harvie, b Utterton	...	30
W. H. A. Elliot, b White	...	9
W. N. Tinsington, run out	...	0
N. Grimshaw, b Utterton	...	1
W. B. Thompson, b White	...	0
K. J. Edwards, b White	...	0
S. L. Heald, not out	...	0
Extras	...	1

47

Bowling.

	Wickets.	Runs.	Average.
Heald	...	25	...
Hartley	...	25	...
Hood	...	24	...

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. MR. L. H. HOPKINSON'S XI.
May 3rd.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.	
S. Phipps, c, b Grist	16
P. Hartley, b Lord	7
P. Smith, b Lord	1
H. D. Dakin, b Grist	1
J. Cooke, c, b Lord	8
G. H. Nicholson, b Grist	2
E. J. Edwards, b Grist	1
M. Booth, b Hanson	5
Sunderland, b Hanson	0
W. B. Thompson, not out	0
H. Thompson, b Hanson	27
Extras	15

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MR. L. H. HOPKINSON'S XI.

J. C. Lord, b S. Phipps	33
H. Hanson, b W. B. Thompson	21
R. White, c Dakin, b Thompson	0
L. Hopkinson, not out	26
S. Grist, c Dakin, b Phipps	8
J. Lord, not out	8
Extras	5

4 wickets ... 101

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. HORSFORTH HALL PARK.
At Horsforth.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.	
W. T. Taylor, b Newstead	7
E. C. Hood, b Newstead	6
T. W. Dickinson, b Newstead	0
W. N. Yitterington, b Newstead	2
J. W. E. Glover, b Newstead	3
H. Hartley, b Newstead	5
J. T. Whitlow, b Shires	3
Dr. Patterson, not out	3
N. Grimshaw, b Barker	4
Extras	3

8 wickets ... 36

HORSFORTH HALL PARK.

T. Cooper, b Heald	2
H. Charnley, b Heald	0
E. Wilkinson, c Dickinson, b Hartley	1
W. Shires, b Hartley	4
H. W. Newstead, b Heald	2
G. E. Gray, b Hartley	0
W. H. Daniel, b Hartley	6
R. Smithers, b Hartley	4
T. Barker, b Hartley	0
S. Child, b Whitlow	0
J. Ross, not out	2
Extras	3

25

DEPARTMENTAL. SCIENCE v. ARTS.

SCIENCE.

W. T. Taylor, c & b Hartley	0
E. J. Edwards, b Hartley	0
S. Phipps, c Smith, b Hartley	18
Dr. McCross, c Moorman, b Hartley	1
M. Jones, b Hartley	0
J. W. E. Glover, b Hartley	2
J. Cooke, b Hartley	4
P. Hartley, not out	9
Gray, b Hartley	0
Davies, run out	4
H. Thompson, run out	12
Extras	6

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ARTS.

H. Hartley, b Glover	0
Stanwan, b Taylor	0
J. P. Whitlow, b Thompson	20
Waitlock, run out	21
R. H. Connal, b Thompson	0
Smith, run out	0
Dr. Moorman, b Taylor	9
Foulds, not out	20
W. H. Davis, run out	0
R. W. Hutchingson, c Cooke, b Edwards	4
W. N. Yitterington, not out	0
Extras	2

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ROYALPETTAM,

MADRAS, April 12th, 1902.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

As a late student of the Yorkshire College, with a keen interest in all that concerns the life of the place, perhaps I may be allowed to express my appreciation of *The Gryphon*, appreciation which has, I must confess, been greatly enhanced by the fact that it makes so long a journey to reach me. It struck me that possibly it might give some degree of satisfaction to those who have to write, what often appears to students still in College to be the least interesting part of the magazine, the accounts of the meetings of the various Societies, of College functions—such as these are—and of other commonplaces of College life, to know what a relish these acquire on their journey abroad, and how warmly they are welcomed by at least one far-away reader. Those articles and notes, on the other hand, which are, I believe, more popular with the undergraduate youth, and which can best be characterised by remarking that the proper names which appear in them are all devoid of vowels, have a tendency to become insipid, and when taken in large quantities, even nauseating, as a result of their voyage.

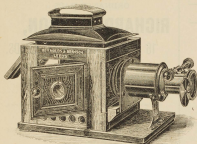
For the sake of the gone-down students who love to go back in imagination to the ink-splashed desks and the uncomfortable seats of their college days, and amongst whom *The Gryphon* should have an ever-increasing number of appreciative readers, I appeal to the chroniclers of Yorkshire College history never to allow the whole magazine to fall into the hands of the caterer for that popular favour which alone can be audibly expressed.

Sincerely yours,

M. G. F.

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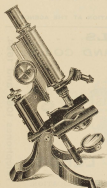


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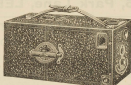
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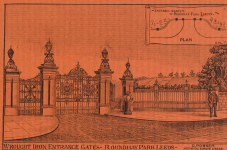
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