



"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the season when she hath any idle feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgments when we know them full of words written; yielding ourselves to the vertice which our have ever found than to the prolixities which we ought to fear."—LXX.

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THE month of May has been the delight of songsters from Chaucer onwards; and Henryson, who sings of "mirthful May, of every month the queen," is but one of a multitude of poets who talk in the same strain. But the seasons are changing, and May is becoming associated in the minds of the younger generation with bleak winds and ceaseless showers. The present month, so far, has been no exception—unless perhaps it has been exceptionally bad. At the time of writing, the month is half spent, yet not a single day has been free from rain, while the hours of bright sunshine might be counted on the buttons of your waistcoat. This has been a sore trial to the patience of us all, especially in the case of the cricketers, who have had to "scratch" every match but one. We are anxiously looking for an early improvement—of which at the present moment there is some promise—and we live in hope of a fine day for the Sports,

and many weeks of warm and cheerful weather to brighten the hours of study and recreation.

We are not in a position to give much information about the new University, but of course this is, as already stated, a backward season. We notice that the daily press has failed to serve up much that is new on the subject lately. We have reason to believe that the arrangements are about reaching the point when a final charter will bring the charter into the courtyard of the Privy Council, and we wish good luck to the gentlemen who are handling the ribbons.

Meanwhile Sheffield has abandoned the idea of federalism, and is actively engaged in a campaign for a university of its own. This strikes us as being decidedly more reasonable than any further philandering with federalism. There can be no doubt that this additional appeal to the Privy Council will be embarrassing—but who is to blame?

We have received from an esteemed correspondent a communication in advocacy of federalism, or rather we should say of federalism in Yorkshire. We do not print the article, because in the first place it is now belated, and in the second because it makes some insinuations that we believe to be quite unfair.

We understand that there will soon be issued a statement of the chief things required in connection with the transmutation of the Yorkshire College into a self-respecting University. We trust that classrooms with reasonable cubical space are on the list, and that the great need of better provision in common rooms (both masculine and feminine) will not be forgotten. What a grievous pity that there is not more general plan in the College buildings. Just consider, for instance, the journey from the Physics Lecture Room to the Smoke Room! It is like walking along a Gaussian key border. There seems to be no main street in the whole building.

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We print in this number an article of some severity on the deterioration of cricket, as well as a letter referring to College cricket. We should be glad to have further discussion of the subject, which we believe to be one of very general interest.

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We have been asked to call attention to the fact that there will shortly be on the market College shields similar to those which are common in our public schools and older universities. The shields will be of wood, with the College arms raised in some enamelled ware on it. We believe that the Chairman of the Students' Union has the matter in hand.

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With this number Mr. J. P. Whitlow severs his connection with the Editorial staff of *The Gryphon*. His position as co-secretary will be filled by Mr. F. W. Skelsey, of the Engineering Department. Mr. Whitlow's services during the past session have been invaluable, and it is scarcely necessary to point out the energy and vigour with which he has shared in the editorial and secretarial duties of this magazine.

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We have had some difficulty in making up this number of *The Gryphon*, not for want of material, but for want of material of sufficient general interest. It would save us much of the disagreeable task of rejecting communications if contributors would remember that they must aim at interesting a large number of readers. We constantly receive matter of a jocular character so highly specialised that we cannot make head or tail of it. The key is probably in the hands of only a dozen of the writer's friends, and we do not think *The Gryphon* can be fairly used for publishing things of the kind.

The Deterioration of Cricket.

It is probably not too much to say that from the present time until the middle of September the first news of the day that will be sought by the great majority of Englishmen under fifty years of age will be the cricket scores of the preceding day. I base this statement upon observation and upon the confession of all sorts and conditions of men, from bishops to bus conductors. The vast majority of these people have probably never played anything more than bat and ball, and could never in their lives have sent down or played a really good "ball." They will, perhaps, see one first-class match in a season. This phenomenon, the instinctive turning to the cricket scores as a matter prior to wars, politics, or share lists, is surely very remarkable. I was never a good cricketer, but I know the names and achievements of the chief cricketers of the last X years. When I think of the number of saints and professors who have rescued mankind from darkness, and how few I know of them by name or "form," compared with my list of cricketers, I feel that I ought to be ashamed. I am not ashamed, and yet I have a kind of feeling that I am growing out of the absorbing interest which cricket formerly aroused in me. Hence I speak of the deterioration of cricket. For it cannot be that, if cricket is what it used to be, my interest in it could be any less. I may be utterly wrong, but all the same I should like to give a hypothetical explanation.

I believe my interest in cricket is ceasing because cricket is being organised to death and is losing the best qualities of a pastime. County cricket is surely not promoted or played as a form of amusement for the players; no one can pretend that. It is not promoted in order to match the athletic product of one county against that of another; for how many counties share the excellent practice of Yorkshire in limiting their team to natives? County cricket is nothing more than a competition between county-supported teams of players, whose personal origin, interests, or amusements are a matter of no consequence whatever. The county "pride" is stirred solely to procure a more skillful team than any other county can procure, and so the tournament proceeds.

There is, however, one important qualification to be made. The county teams have usually included a substantial element of genuine local amateurs. These amateurs have, for the most part, been recruited from the university teams, which are of course entirely amateur (N.B.—from now, I love), and play cricket as a game, and so there has remained in most county teams a captain and one or two mere persons who have imported and maintained the traditions of the game as it is played for amusement by gentlemen. The result of this has been no doubt wholly admirable. Is there any finer sight in athletics than a stiff inter-varsity match? There you have physically the finest manhood of England in its period of most complete physical efficiency, the perfect eye, the unerring hand, the tense muscle, the compelled nerve, and the utter bonelessness of pain or injury to sell. But far beyond all this you have the game played in the spirit and temper that prevail among well-bred men, and with the true heartfelt and innocent rivalry that has been nurtured

through generations by the two great ancient universities. And, of course, cricket is a game of skill, and when properly played has infinite life, variety, and humour.

There is also another domain of cricket which gives birth to a genuine and healthy admiration of the game, namely, village cricket. Of all the cricket I ever played none gives me more pleasure to look back upon than the matches on a village pitch against a miscellaneous team of rustics. I can see them yet—the tall thin man who went to the wicket with the guard on the wrong leg (never had worn such a thing before, but did not like to admit it), the little fat roddy man who shut his eyes and played with a mighty swipe at every ball and declined to go out because he had been bowled with a "grub." It may not have been sterling cricket, but fun it most certainly was.

I have given some idea of the origin of that feeling which gives cricket such a place in my affections, and carried on my interest so many years. But now when I look round what do I see? A big county match and a big crowd, with "pie 'ere," lemon drops, and penny fine oranges, of course "the order of gymn," and also a complete illustrated history of too chide cricketers—one penny. As I arrive I see a player make one run. There is a prolonged burst of applause. Why? It was not a particularly fine stroke. No, but it made Tuppet's aggregate to the end of June, in first-class cricket, greater than that ever achieved by any other cricketer (except of course W. G.). This had been confidently anticipated by an intelligent Press and had been enlarged upon in that peculiar species of floral English with which we are so familiar, and which is so stimulating to the literary palate. "Singularly enough," I am wrong; the applause was because there had been 16 consecutive maiden overs up to the point of that miserable hit. "Sound cricket" was the order of the day—it was desired to play for a draw. The amateur who fiddled the ball is well known. It was he who in the "varsity match a few years ago bowled three wickets in succession so that the other side should not follow." The man at long-on is an amateur—of course he is, but he is also sub-vic-deputy-assistant-treasurer of his county club at a salary of £300 a year, and has no other visible means of support. At cover point that other amateur, who has just missed a catch, writes a column a day on the art of playing cricket. But there—I may stop and turn to an adjacent field. Here is a more modest game. It is a scratch in the second division of the South Riding Nonconformist. Candlestick-makers of the League. The feeling runs high, an umpire is being hooted for giving a man out lb.w. Excitement is intense—amusement apparent nowhere.

The truth of all this is duly attested by the newspapers of the following Monday. Column upon column of reports, list of averages, notes on the game, twaddles upon twaddles. And such verbiage! such "records," such "coincidences" not to speak of "despatching the succeeding delivery of the Pudsey transfer into the country for a similar quartette." Here are four columns of a newspaper taken up with this attempt to inflate young men's play into the seriousness of international politics or a South African war!

I repeat that cricket is being organised to death; it is becoming a business, and a serious business; it is losing all heartiness and fun. It is becoming a grim unhealthy struggle, engendering a foolish county and personal vanity, and setting men's minds to poor objects of interest. Players play stupid cricket, mean cricket, and often downright unfair cricket, to avoid defeat in an artificial tournament, everything being forgiven if the end be victory or not defeat.

What good does this highly-organised cricket really do? I can imagine some kind of an answer. It provides good innocent amusement to large crowds of people. Well, I doubt very much if it be good amusement or altogether innocent. It does not refresh the body, it does not cheer the heart; it gives excitement, and that, not amusement, is the real object of it. It may be said, to quote an argument from those who defend the degraded and degrading sport of horse-racing, that it keeps up the breed of fine athletes. I doubt that too. The urgency of competitive cricket has made the game a subject instead of a recreation in schools. We have cricketing masters, cricket duties, until cricket is becoming to schoolboys as "bestially a nuisance" as Euclid or irregular verbs.

Not yet will I say with Rudyard Kipling "damned fools," for they are not fools for the most part, but fine fellows. We are the fools who look on so complacently. But is not this one of the things in which nobody can do anything? Alas for that fatal exclamation of the indolent! It is indeed true that no one person can do everything; but each one can do something. In one of the Leeds schools is a motto which has always commanded my admiration as one of the best to put before a community of young or unimportant people. "A little thing is a little thing; but faithfulness in little things is a very great thing." This article will have served its purpose if it persuades my friends, the hostile readers of *Gryphon*, as Mr. Jabberjee would say, to keep Yorkshire College cricket a healthy, hearty amusement, with a smile on its face, and to prevent it from ever growing into the glum, leagued, pot-hvented, sour-featured struggle that much of other cricketing has lapsed into.

LONG-OFF.

Sayings of Great Men.

WHEN great men die we are generally favoured with a selection of their choicest sayings, whether true or otherwise does not matter. In some cases, however, these sayings ought, for the benefit of the public, to be placed on record soon after they are uttered. With this end in view, some of the sayings of certain great men, well known in these parts, have been collected and placed below, and here they are in all their glory.

"Ladies and gentlemen, as I was saying at the close of my last lecture—"

"It would be rather more respectful to the class, Mr. H. if you took your hands out of your pockets."

"No applause, please—it's mere distraction."

"Don't talk to the board, Mr. P."

"Is this an exercise in unseen, Mr. E.?"
 "Not *knave*!! you'll have to attend my Tuesday afternoon class again, Miss ——."

"Chut, chut!"
 "Beem away for the week-end, Miss ——?"
 "Good game on Wednesday, Mr. W.?"
 "That reminds me of the story——."

———

"Be good enough, please, to make a sketch."
 "We might just as well cut our sections with penknives."
 "A colourless green leaf."
 "Duster, Herbert!"

———

"Something of the order of one ten-millionth of a millegram."
 "Mr. ——, are you taking down these immortal observations?"
 "Abominable aberration."
 "These things are not different *is*, but equal the one the other."
 "Chemistry is the dirty part of Physics."
 "Sublime accuracy."
 "Getting on all it'?"

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"Far be it from me to say a word against Professor ——, but——"

"We are all of us liable to make mistakes; even first year students."

———

"That answer is manifestly wrong; there must be a nigger somewhere in your calculations."

———

"Well, I am afraid I am neglecting this class very much this year."
 "I can only pick out two or three incidents of the war."
 "I wish I could tell you more about this subject."
 "I imagine it would be very interesting if one were to dig it up."
 "However the State managed to exist for a day with the tubulate is a mystery to me. I suppose, you know ——"
 "(When the bell rings.) "But that will make a very convenient place for stopping."

A Cross-Channel Trip.

It was evening as we put out from Newhaven. A glorious autumn day had spread a shimmering haze over the sea and little village, but towards the late afternoon a breeze had sprung up, freshening towards sunset, and the horizon was cleared. From the deck of the cross-channel boat we looked back on the white cliffs of Sussex standing out boldly against the deep blue, broken to let the waters of the Ouse escape into the harbour of Newhaven. The lighthouse at Beachy Head was already shining pallidly, and we gazed on the rapidly receding shores of England till at length they faded out of sight and left us the centre of a circle of water, foaming and tossing in the evening breeze. For a couple of hours we enjoyed the ever-changing

monotony of the scape of sea and sky, the waves racing each other and tumbling over one another in their eagerness, till the sun in a gorgeous splendour sank into a bed of cloud which lay in a heavy bank on the western horizon. Away in the distance was a sailing vessel in full rig, her white sails just catching the last rays. The light wisps of cloud above had not lost their tinges of indescribable colour when slowly from the opposite quarter of the sky rose the monarch of the night. Cold, silent, almost at her full, she sent a track of silver across the waters and looked down upon the sea; at her bidding it seemed the breeze died away, and the wild white horses went to their rest.

So the midnight hour came and went, and the coastwise lights of France flashed their warning rays across the water. To the east was the brilliant revolving light at the mouth of the Seine, while westward were the lights of Barleur and Cap de la Hague. Between these our vessel shaped her course, and we were given which reverberated strangely in the night-silence, and we were laid alongside the quay at the little village of Ouistreham. The moon was hid behind a mass of rising cloud, which obscured one part of the heavens; in the rest the stars were shining with all the brilliance of an autumn night, and in the faint light we could barely discern the shadowy outline of the few cottages flanked by ghostly poplars which make up the little hamlet. In one of these cottages a lamp was burning, shedding its warm rays through the unshuttered window and the half-opened door, serving by its gleam of colour to throw the darkness around into still deeper gloom. A French officer clad in the full panoply of his country's Customs service, came aboard; and here at the entrance of the canal to Caen we lay through the remainder of the short night. We snatched an hour or two of rest, and when we awoke the vessel was slowly steaming up the canal.

Arriving on deck we found that the heat of the previous day and the heavy cloud-banks had brought the rain, and it was descending in a steady deluge. La belle France! The country on either side of the canal was flat and uninteresting; the double row of poplars which lined its banks stood dripping and mournful as we passed them by. The driving rain hid the horizon from our view and made everything look dull and smudgy; the only signs of life were the silent lock-keepers who, with rain splashing from their oiskins, obeyed the summons of our steamer's weird siren. Suddenly a rift appeared in the clouds, and a shaft of light fell on the summit of the hillock the beams fell on the spires of Caen—the city of churches. "Nearth that one lies the tomb of the first of our Norman kings, whilst another shelters the nuns who still are praying without ceasing for the repose of the soul of the Conqueror's Queen. A few minutes more and the vessel is in dock—blue-smocked porters stand about with their hands in their pockets or walk idly to and fro with their sabots clanking on the cobble stones; some of the more energetic seize our baggage, we follow them into the Customs house, and our night's journey is at an end.

W.

The Spring Poet.

A Reverie.

On a beautiful summer morning,
When the daisies were adorning
All the verdure of the meadows, as I wandered
By the stream
I espied a youth reclining
On the turf, his visage shining
With the light of inspiration, for his heart was
In a dream.

As I gazed the sweet expression
Vanished, and a vague impression
Of anxiety and trouble clouded o'er his youthful
Brow:

But he saw me not, nor knew me
To be there; his eyes looked through me
With a far away expression I remember even now.

And he murmured: "Muse, awaken,
What word rhymes, pray, with 'foresaken'?"

And he gazed at me inquiringly; I started with
Surprise,

Felt my own sweet Muse awaken,
Modestly suggested "baron."
And I saw a gleam of anger flash across those
Dreamy eyes.

Then truly did he waken,
And he said he'd give me "bacon";
There was murder in his optics, so I deemed it
Best to flee:

Over hill and dale he chased me,
Over meadowland he paced me;
He was on me with the death-blow, when—I
Dodged him round a tree.

Then I heard a sudden wailing;
And I saw his awful pining
With an awful recollection; and I trembled,
For, alas!

His ensuing conversation
Was unfit for publication,
For he'd left his sheets of poems by the river on
The grass.

With a step more swift than ever
Off he hurried towards the river,
But his sheets, alas! had vanished, for the wind
Had blown them in.

Later, when I ventured high him
Amongst the reeds I could spy him
Sadly fishing for his papers with some twining
And a pin.

BRUTUS.

Some Reflections and a Plea.

THE whole question as to the extent to which other
objects than that of work—the normal work in-
volved in a normal course—are to be followed is
so much a matter of individual potentialities and
personal ideals that an attempt to set forth some-
thing more than the self-centring views of another
unit might seem hopeless. Yet the narrow outlook
of one observer, the partial defence of another,
and the inadequacy of both, make some further

comment necessary, in spite of concomitant diffi-
culty and—futility.

Let it be granted, in the first place, that work
is not the absolute be-all and end-all, even of College
life. "Travaillez, travaillez toujours" is the cry
that goes up around us, truly. It is good to re-echo
it, and well if we do, but mark that there may be
nothing of real inconsistency between that and our
postulate. The former demands from us concentra-
tion—travaillez, travaillez—that shall be con-
tinued—toujours—rather than continual. The latter
requires relaxation, in its true sense the reverse
of concentration, and a certain dissipation of self
that negates excessive introspection. The two
notions are not antagonistic; they are complemen-
tary, for one or other of the two states must be
alternately latent. Now comes the problem. Where
is the balance between the two; in what
relative proportions shall the periods of work and
of relaxation, of concentration, and of dissipation
exist? At once the personal factor comes in;
it cannot be eliminated and therefore an answer
which shall be absolute and final is impossible.
It is for the individual to see that the extreme in
either direction is not reached, but that some sort
of balance is continually preserved. How each
will affect this depends largely on the faculty for
utilisation of opportunity.

And now let us take a survey, as broadly and
liberally as may be, remembering above all that man
"fulfils himself in many ways." There are,
according to some, four types of student corre-
sponding with the four columns of a term-examination
list, and the fourth type has been in turn deplored
and exonerated. One rather fanciful that students
existed long before a diligent examiner evolved
the notion of arranging them in four classes, and
doubtless that proceeding of his was purely arbitrary,
so that no one can object to the introduction
of any other type system. It is sufficient, how-
ever, for our present purpose if we recognise first
the existence of the "conscientious scholar." We
knew him at school, he is with us at college, and
doubtless we shall meet him again in the future.
But it is a mistake to suppose that "fourths"
are comprised of such; in reality the number is
much smaller than examination-lists might be
thought to indicate, though the indirect influence
of the few is one cause of the swollen proportions
to which the fourth column occasionally attains.
Therefore, a judicious application of the wholesome
principle of "rustication" might be beneficial,
eliminating the genuine centre of the "slacking"
spirit from its attendant satellites. The latter
form a part of the living system which oscillates
between the "Third" and "Fourth" regions,
and without attempting to analyse this complex,
one thing may be said. It is that individuals ex-
hibiting a capacity for systematic effort are occa-
sionally, and it may be unconsciously, prone to take
credit to themselves for the possession of their
developed habit of steady work, formed long ago,
how and when they know not. Thus it is that
the apparent attainments of less successful students
are underrated, whereas the intrinsic worth of an
effort which produced so little exceeds by far that
of a greater achievement won through the possession

of a long-formed habit weighing lightly on the owner. The student's mode of routine at college is continuous with his at school. One must simply expect to find it in a later stage of development here. Hence the absurdity of looking for a different state of affairs. A modification only of it may be sought for, and that exists, consisting in the recognition of individual responsibility. But the habits of school years will not be altered in the day.

There is another consideration which the narrow mind is apt to overlook: the widely divergent bent of different individuals. It is probably a characteristic of the strongest minds that they refuse to move in an ungenial groove, and the slightest acquaintance with biographical literature shows that great powers may be dormant so long as they remain in the wrong sphere. It is not until college days that very many minds shape themselves towards an attempt at realisation, so that we must expect to find some whose expanding powers are cramped in a routine and environment which their natures shirk. Again, there is a larger class of individuals who, not measuring knowledge by academic requirements, seek an acquaintance with reality such as books cannot give. Who shall say that they are not wiser than their critics, seeing but lazily through lack of that wider training which they themselves condemn? It is just that broad outlook, based upon contact with fact, which ought itself to spring from college life, and be not the least gift of it to us. Herein is to be found some sort of answer, incomplete it must be, to the problem with which we started—the extent and justifiableness of relaxation. Apart from the attention given to sports and bodily exercises, which no unbiased observer will assert is here too great, and which many think is all too little, the quest of a wider culture provides lines upon which it is not only desirable but imperative that opportunities of self-dissipation should be utilised. And is not the necessity for this evinced by the spontaneity of its existence in the gifted man, in whom is ever found some spark of the universal?

The danger with some of our students is to be in the direction of dedication of work rather than neglect of it, and that is why a plea is made for strenuous workers, absorbed in the accumulation of what is too often mere hear-say knowledge, to look occasionally beyond routine and formulas to fact itself. Let us seek a living contact with men and things, then shall we grasp "not shadows, but reality."

S.

B.C.C.U.

THE Summer Conference of the British College Christian Union will be held this year at Matlock Bank, in Derbyshire, from 22nd to 31st July. Lady students will be accommodated at the hydros, while the men will camp out. The meetings will be arranged so that the afternoons are left free for walks, cycle rides, or games. By making application to the General Secretary, at 22, Warwick Lane, London, E.C., before July 11th, reduced terms may be obtained, viz., two guineas each for the ten days or 5s. 6d. a day for less than that period. Any student may apply, but the secretary of one of the

College Christian Unions should first be consulted. Presidents and secretaries are invited to arrive at Matlock a day earlier, without further charge, in order to allow time for the discussion of executive C.U. work. We would urge all who have any interest in the work of our Christian Unions to make a special effort to attend the Conference this year. If this is done, the benefit to themselves and to the College will be incalculable.

The expenses of carrying on an immense undertaking such as the British College Christian Union are, of course, very great, and it becomes us as a College to bear our share of the financial burden. We therefore appeal to every C.U. member, and to all others who are interested in Christian work, to make some contribution, however small, towards the funds of the B.C.C.U. It is suggested that the three Unions of the College should this year join hands to raise a sum worthy of our position as a University College. Subscriptions may be handed to the respective treasurers before the end of the present month.

A business meeting of the Men's Christian Union was held on Tuesday, May 10th, Mr. S. H. Elliott in the chair. The question of a College subscription to the funds of the B.C.C.U., as well as that of a delegation to the Conference at Matlock, came up for discussion. Subsequently the following officers were elected for next session—

Staff President :	Dr. MOORMAN.
Staff Vice-President :	Mr. J. H. OATES, B.Sc.
Student President :	Mr. S. H. ELLIOTT.
General Secretary :	Mr. J. E. APPEYARD.
Treasurer :	Mr. J. GATBLEFFE.
Bible Circle Sec. :	Mr. H. G. BENNETT.
D.P.M. Sec. :	Mr. C. HOLLINS.
Committee :	Mr. R. D. JEVKINS.
	Mr. S. JARROLD.

It was resolved to seek to enlist the co-operation of members of the staff by inviting some of their number to act as Vice-Presidents. The question of a Freshmen's soirée for next Session was left over until the next meeting.

Chemistry.

[We are favoured with the following article by the author of a new work on chemistry. The manuscript is much soiled, and bears evidence of having been submitted to a large number of publishers. We are to have the refusal of further extracts from this epoch-making work.]

Chemistry is a science which deals with the study of Nature. Nature is that which is dealt with by chemistry. Nature is very widespread; we are all sons of Nature. Nature abhors a vacuum. [The student should carefully note this and protect himself.] Chemistry has been called the dirty part of physics, and it may also be regarded as the cleanest part of physiology. We are all familiar with chemical changes. A candle burns; we blow it out. The candle is extinguished. First we have the candle burning, then it is not burning. This is a chemical change.

EXP. 1.—Take a piece of rusty iron, and rub it with emery-paper till quite bright. Here again we have a change from red rust to bright iron. This is

chemistry. We thus see that chemistry deals with matter. Matter is that which occupies room; it is stuff. All that is not matter is no matter. Nature therefore may be said to consist of no matter and matter—that is stuff. The different kinds of matter are divided into two classes, compounds and non-compounds. There are two great classes of compounds, viz., chemical compounds and mechanical mixtures. The latter are not, as their name might imply, necessarily produced by mechanics. They do not work by elaborate machinery, nor, indeed, can they be wound up. Chemical compounds are produced by chemical action; mechanical mixtures simply by physical change. We must thus carefully distinguish between physical and chemical change.

Exp. 2.—Take a fairly good Bunsen burner and turn on the gas without lighting it. Hold your finger in the stream of gas. Your finger thus becomes intimately mixed with the gas, and you have a mixture of gas and finger. But a little observation will show you that no permanent change of properties has taken place—that gas is gas and finger is finger still. They are, in fact, only lying in a state of mechanical juxtaposition, and can be easily separated by simple mechanical means. This is a physical change. Now light the gas, and a difference is soon observed. Heat is felt, indicating chemical action. The finger darkens in colour and begins to frizzle; a peculiar odour is noticeable. The finger is no longer recognisable as such; it has entered into chemical union with the gas, and has produced something which is not finger and is not gas, but a compound of the two from which finger and gas (especially finger) cannot be recovered by any simple mechanical means. This is chemistry.

Exp. 3.—Take a fairly clean mortar about the size of a mince pie, and grind in it a mixture of 32 parts of sulphur and 56 of iron filings. Throw the mixture on a paper and note its colour. It is a bilious grey. Look at some under the microscope, and you will see the particles of iron and sulphur lying side by side. Throw some on to water, and you will see that some of the iron sinks and some swims, and so with the sulphur, which shows that you can separate the two by this simple means. Note also the important fact that bodies which are heavier than water sometimes float and sometimes sink. Draw your own conclusions about this. Treat the mixture with a little (not more than 4 oz.) carbon disulphide, and assist the action by warming gently over the blowpipe. The sulphur has dissolved. To prove this evaporate the liquid. The sulphur will be left behind in the form of a dirty, sticky-looking mass, very different from what you thought you would get. This is an allotropic modification. Now treat some of the mixture with hydrochloric acid to dissolve the iron—the residue is sulphur. Here again the sulphur is greatly changed because of the carbon (i.e., dirt) of the iron, which is insoluble in hydrochloric acid. This, however, is a trifle, the experiment being merely elementary and qualitative. Now take some of the mixture of iron and sulphur in a tube about 16 barleycorns long and 10/17 of a square perch in section, closed at one end by holding it in the flame. Heat it. The thick blob of glass at the end of the tube will probably crack off (a physical change), in which case the mixture may be

transferred to an eight ounce test tube of thin glass. Heat again, and notice the glass shivered up and caved in. Soon the sulphur will melt and give off vapours, which in part condense higher up the tube. At length, just when the glass has wrapped itself round the solid contents, they begin to glow and blow out the glass into a variety of grotesque shapes. This is chemistry. Now allow to cool, and when cool take out the solid. You will not be able to do this, but if no one is looking batter off the whole end of the test tube into a mortar and grind to powder. Now examine the powder you have got. It is no longer like the original, but seems to be a mixture of glass and dirt. Under the microscope you will see some sulphur, but this is merely accidental, and must be wiped at. Throw into water, and you will again see that some sinks and some swims. Treat with a magnet, and you will find that, no matter how careful you have been or what anyone says, the magnet will attract part of the powder and not the rest. In this experiment a chemical compound has been formed, part only of which is attracted by a magnet and part only of which sinks in water. This may not seem strikingly different from the original mixture, but it is if you only knew it, and it is wonderful that there should be exactly 32 parts of sulphur to 56 of iron.

Having cleared his ideas by this simple experiment, the student had better practice keeping up a continuous stream of water from a wash-bottle. This is a most important accomplishment, as well as that of aiming exactly at any desired point. The co-operation of a fellow-student having been secured, proficiency may soon be reached in both these arts, especially in absence of the Demonstrator.

This also is chemistry.

The Debating Society.

THE last meeting of the session 1902-3 was held on March 9th in the Library. Mr. Whitlow in the chair.

When the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and confirmed, the officers for the ensuing session were elected as follows:—President, Professor Clapham, M.A.; Vice-President, Mr. W. H. Davis; Hon. Secretary, Mr. F. W. Skelley; Committee, Mr. Hon. Mr. Landman.

The Chairman then called on Professor Grant to propose, "That this house deplores the influence of the writings of Rufusyard Kipling on this country."

Professor Grant began his speech by saying that the task he had before him was a disagreeable one, being the impeaching of an old friend. He felt strongly, however, that, though Kipling had a good style and good diction, his influence on the country, when compared with that of George R. Sims or of Marie Corelli, was as darkness to light. He had a genius for appreciating other people's views, but no strong feelings of his own, joining to his ballying advocacy of brute force a weak sentimentalism. He was moreover a hypocrite, his "Recessional" being an outcome of monstrous double-facedness.

Professor Clapham opposed the motion, and took exception to most of what Professor Grant had

said. Kipling's ideal of empire was not blood-thirsty and mean, as "The Song of the English" very well showed; nor were his writings in any respect hypocritical. Poets, as a class, had a tendency to seize the feelings of the moment, and Kipling was to be blamed for this no more than were other great poets. He was to be thanked for bringing poetry into everyday life. No man before him ever thought of making a poem about a steam engine.

Mr. Fearnley remarked that Kipling had done a great deal of good work for the army, and compared him with Milton, to the disparagement of the latter.

Mr. Skelsey, with becoming humility, announced that he was not a classical scholar, but he had a sort of a kind of an impression that in those classics *brave force* was handled even more than in Kipling's works, and yet we read them! "*Arma virumque*," &c.!

Mr. Horn flung imperialism and moral courage at our aching heads, and Messrs. Booth, Cooke, and Davis also spoke.

When Mr. Whitlow had replied for Professor Grant, who had left the meeting, the vote was taken, the result being—

For the motion 20 votes.

Against the motion 23 ..

W. A. C.

Of Writing.*

Good writing consisteth not in the use of long words nor in the construction of tortuous sentences. It is well to know the meaning of all words, to be able to open a parenthesis at the fitting place, and, having closed it, to strike truly again into the main current of language; but it is painful to read that which brings constantly to the reader the image of dictionaries and of mental exertion. Write, therefore, simply and smoothly, being assured of this, that the more easily and naturally you seem to write the more at ease will be your reader. Yet do not be so set upon simplicity as to become cold and arid. Language may be genial, human, and withal simple.

Let no man wittingly set himself to get what is called a style, but rather to avoid all that which may seem to tend thereto. For an affected style is the constant iteration of the writer's self upon what he saith, and it smothereth like the constant use of I and me. True style is not ornament upon plain writing, but is in the diction itself. It lieth neither in profusion nor fine words, but is the perfect adaptation of words to their purpose. Words which are truly elegant will never cease to give pleasure, for they will always seem the fitting ones, neither too many nor too few, neither novel nor worn out.

Simile, metaphor, epigram: all these are to be used with caution. Similes and metaphors are often found untrue, and epigram frequently exaggerateth. Be-

*This essay is not included in any edition of Bacon *libretto* published, and we are glad to have an opportunity of presenting it to our readers, with the caution, however, that it is just as probable that Shakespeare was the author.

ware of the vulgarity of using foreign words and phrases, for they are rarely useful, and they appear to the reader intended less to help him than to exalt his esteem of the writer. In exposition be full, in exhortation direct, and in humour allusive. An explanation that is simple and complete will by its simplicity flatter those who already know and inform those who do not, while by its completeness it will satisfy all; an exhortation that is direct will not wear the appearance of a snare; and humour that is allusive will leave to the reader the pleasant exercise of his own wit.

Write all you have to say, and from that re-write what is worth saying. When you have done that re-write it well.

Congratulations.

To Mr. Rufus Gaunt, B.Sc., who has been recommended by the Council of the College for appointment to the 1851 Exhibition Scholarship; and to Mr. W. B. Thompson, who heads the list of students in the examination for the National Diploma in Agriculture, and wins the gold medal.

Oozings from a Cracked Pot.

Beware the hides of joco, and don't fail to pass.

If u laff at another u lose a bit of ground witch
u need wen u r laffed at.

The dog was cowed by the bully.

If only i new as much as i use z think i new!
r! me!

The ashes of the grate r soon cooled except them
as gets more Styx.

Deth is like a rook; comes crowin' over u.

They wouldn't allow Charles Peace z rook anythin'
butt the bible wen e was imprisoned faw murder,
butt e got all the noose at the end.

A solejur's life is like a snipe: slips away bfore
a bullet.

The hare new nothin' about pottery until e
was jugged.

"'Ard lines!' sez i z Vergil.

OLIVEN JIGGER.

The College Walk.

WALKING, as a branch of athletics, has come to stay; to quote the man in the street, it has "caught on." Walking has quite supplanted the more violent forms of athletic exercise, such as football, running, and ping-pong. It will be remembered

that the new sport originated a few years ago in the south, and the craze has now come north, and the Yorkshire College (University?) walk took place on Friday, May 3rd, 1907, from the Yorkshire College Leeds, to the Owens College, Manchester.

The day, from some standpoints, was an ideal one. There was quite six inches of snow on the ground at half-past six a.m.—the time for starting. The sun's heat, however, was very great from nine o'clock till about noon, and this caused the snow to disappear. A hailstorm came on at two in the afternoon, and was followed by heavy rain and thunder. A keen frost set in in the afternoon, and at the end of the walk the roads were very slippery. Thus the competitors' qualities were tried to the utmost, as all kinds of weather and roads were encountered, and for this gift of a typical May day officials and competitors should be duly thankful.

The rules which the Walk Committee drew up were few and simple. One of them was that any male member of the College shall be allowed to compete. This led to some confusion at first as the first six entries consisted of the porter, three microbes, one Lecture attendant, and the Refectory carver. A committee meeting was hastily summoned and the rule was altered so as to exclude all but students and staff. (It may be mentioned that the College servants have gone on strike in consequence of the alteration of the rule. The case will be considered under the Trades Disputes Bill.)

A pleasing feature about the entries was the large number of professors and lecturers who entered. N. B. Dington (Oxon 1833—1837) was a favourite from the start. L. J. Gerson and B. McConnell (Oxon 1840—1846) also entered, although the latter is sadly out of training. W. S. Trond was considered a dark horse for the closed handicap. He is a Balliol man with a great reputation. He walked in ordinary garb, with a range finder in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

But, of course, the majority of the competitors were students, and space will not allow a mention of each. There were the celebrities, the evergreens, and the hardy annuals. Some of the students had reasons for entering which were at least peculiar. C. Joseph entered because he anticipated having a good time at the office end. E. A. Nobel entered with a view of reducing his mass. P. E. Sickersgill intended making a careful study of the macadam roads and issuing a report on the same. W. M. Tunno entered in order that he might look after the other fellows. There were in all forty-nine entries. Most of the footer men and cricket men entered. (It is said that one student remained in the library and wrote a poem on the Neglect of Duty.)

Dense crowds of people thronged College Road and Woodhouse Lane to see the start. Forty-seven men started. G. S. R. Hardon wired that he would start later as he had not been able to get up. G. Reins promised to start when he had found his Bazooka. The start was made at 6.35 a.m. What a sight it was! Forty-seven half-clad shivering mortals waiting to begin the walk. And the garments they wore! Sweaters, blazers, football shirts

and football jerseys of all colours, silk hats and bowlers—all were there. The streets lined with people, the white snow on the ground, and the grey sky overhead. . . . And then the crack of the pistol and the walk began.

Space does not allow of a detailed account of the walk. We can only say, and say it with pride, that every man finished. The last man arrived on Sunday evening. Unfortunately we cannot publish the names of the winners as the first nine to arrive were all objected to by those who came later. The matter has been left in the hands of the Walk Committee, and their decision will be published when the result of their deliberations is known.

EDLER.

Jottings from Camp.—I.

[In view of the approaching Summer Conference of the British College Christian Union at Matlock Bank, in July next, we publish a series of jottings from the diary of one who attended the Conference last year. It will be seen that though the weather last year was most unfavourable the Conference was a thorough success in every way, and the camp life proved most enjoyable. Full particulars of the coming Conference, to which all Yorkshire College students are invited, may be obtained from Mr. S. H. Elliott, or from any of the Christian Union Secretaries.]

MATLOCK BANK, 22nd July, 1902.

BEHOLD me sitting like Achilles in his tent, wrathful as he was, for it is raining hard. My little plan of touring was successful in every detail, and enabled me to see a good deal of this part of the country on my journey down. Taking a tourist ticket to Buxton, I packed up my baggage this morning, and caught the 10.2 from Leeds. The journey to Sheffield was not particularly interesting, but the Dere and Chinye line was vastly entertaining. Leaving Sheffield at 11.5, we were soon in the midst of the mountains, and as we dashed along, peak after peak rose high on either side. At the little village of Edale I broke the journey for an hour, and had a most delightful walk along the valley, surrounded by the everlasting hills. I went on to Buxton at 1.5, and spent the afternoon most pleasantly in exploring that delightful place. It struck me as greatly superior to Harrogate—in the same sort of style, but on a grander scale. The hydroes, are well built: one of them, called the Old Hall, looks an ancient sort of place, and must be at least 200 years old; but most of them of course are quite new. The Devonshire Hospital is a thing worth seeing; its immense dome is said to be the largest in the world. I wandered at random over the grassy "slopes" which the Town Hall overlooks, and had a walk through the Serpentine, a rough sort of park with a dirty yellow stream running through it. At 4.15 I left for Matlock Bridge, which is the nearest station to the camp. A B.C.C.U. man was on the platform to meet us and look after the luggage. A climb of some twenty-five minutes brought us to the camp.

Our present situation is on a kind of plateau, about 800 feet above the sea-level. The camp is arranged in a quadrangle—marques at each end and bell-tents down each side. The Matlock Reservoir at the top end of the field conveniently affords a plentiful supply of fresh water. Not that we are hard up for water just now—it's been raining for the last half hour; but as

it has been fine all day there is not much to complain of, inasmuch as I have got here in the dry after a most enjoyable little tour.

On arriving in the camp, we were made to feel at home at once. Tea came on presently, in a large marquee, and I found myself in conversation with University men, who could scarcely be called strangers after the first five minutes.

Our first job after tea was to fill our palliasses with straw from a neighbouring farm. Then we had to peg down our tent, and dig a trench round it to lead off the rain, which now threatened us. We had just ended our task when the weather, which had been of an intermittent, drizzling nature for some time, resolved itself into a regular downpour; and so we have taken refuge in our tent, as Jonah took refuge in the whale, to keep out of the wet.

* * * * *

WEDNESDAY, 23rd July.

I suppose no one sleeps heavily the first night in camp. At any rate, everyone in our tent was awake by five o'clock this morning, none the worse for a night somewhat broken by the novelty of the situation, the pattering of the rain, and the sound of the pickets loosening the tent-ropes that the rain had unduly tightened. The morning broke fine and clear, and we have now a beautiful view across Darley Dale and the Fausley Valley as far as High Tor and the Heights of Abraham. It is a valuable experience to meet a number of University men of the best sort, from all over the country, as we do here. There are about 170 of them, and they hail from Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, Belfast, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Cardiff, Aberystwyth, as well as Manchester, Liverpool, and Leeds. The Scotchmen are worthy specimens of their race, and tremendous drinkers at football. We had a game of "rugger" this afternoon—Celts v. Teutons—and although footer in July seems an anomaly, it is a splendid idea for this Septemberish-April sort of weather, and afforded great sport. It is hot, we shall play cricket.

We flourish greatly on plain, wholesome food, and plenty of it. The commissariat is excellently managed and we lack nothing. Our attire is simple and suited to the occasion—"footer tops" are admirably adapted to this changeable weather. We put ourselves comparatively tidy, of course, to attend the meetings, which, it must not be forgotten, form a very important part of our programme—but of that more anon.

S. H. E.

(To be Continued.)

Geologists at Appleyby.

Our annual excursions to Appleyby took place as usual during the Easter vacation, and extended from the 9th to the 16th of April.

The majority of the students were present, together with several friends, including Professor Thompson, and in addition our party was reinforced by seven London gentlemen.

There was a little flutter of excitement on leaving Leeds, since our worthy chief stroked down to catch the 10.5 a.m. train at about 10.25, and he succeeded in catching it owing to the usual punctuality of the Midland trains.

Appleyby seemed to be looking much the same as usual as we made our way down to the "Commercial." The hotel had been slightly altered since our last visit, two new bedrooms having been added, but the same old faces were there to welcome us, and the buxom Alice once more satisfactorily attended to our many wants at meal times.

On our excursions, too, we met with many well-known faces—old Mrs. Dargue still supplied us with "shandy-puff" at Hilton; the old waiter at Shap Wells Hotel, when our worthy chief asked for more gooseberry jam, replied, "Yes, sir, I believe you asked for more last year, too, sir"; the game-keeper at Kestley was still smiling; many others, too, greeted us, though we missed one very conspicuous figure at Dufton. We had the usual round of excursions to Hoff, Hilton Beck, Roman Fell, Kestley, Pusgill, Dufton, Swindale Beck, High Cup Nick, Shap, Troutbeck, Eyroft Hill, and Carrock Fell, but on the Monday and Tuesday we were most unfortunately deprived of the leadership of Mr. Kendall who had to go up to London on business. Very cold weather set in on the Saturday, the first of the "borrowing days" which April is alleged to have borrowed from February for some such thing, but everybody knows all about that, I suppose!

Snow showers were of frequent occurrence, and on the drive home from Shap we were treated to a terrific blizzard on the top of Orton Scar, and also when driving to Penrith there was a steady downfall all the way, while on Wednesday we rose to find the hills all covered with snow.

We were never flooded out of our favourite quarry at Hungrigrigg (where, by the way, the echo was still as lively as ever), and also one of the fields below at the farm was under water, which gave us great expectations, but though there was much splashing in crossing Hilton Beck and High Cup Gill, most of the other becks were very low, and, indeed, Swindale Beck was a failure for there was scarcely sufficient water to wet your feet. One day certain persons, who shall be nameless, deliberately walked up-stream for about half-a-mile in a most ungeological manner in order to cross by a bridge!

As usual the rush to the post office commenced very early, and it was on our way thither that we discovered that the nice little footbridge over the river by Bongsale Church had been damaged by a falling tree, a circumstance which we greatly regretted, since it prevented us taking our evening stroll and mouthful of air before retiring to bed. The local cricket club's dance was held as usual on the Monday evening, and, of course, was well patronised by several of our party who received a hearty welcome and afterwards wended their way homeward in the silent hours before the dawn.

But notwithstanding these "disappointments" the week was unusually quiet, so much so that the worthy Alice remarked, "What a glum and prumpy lot they looked as they walked in!" Could they have but seen the stirring times of former years! The days of Appleyard and kindred spirits! Verily, they would have quaked in their shoes! This quietness was probably partly due to the absence of old students, your humble servant being the

only one present, and one is hardly sufficient to form a riotous band of mischiefmongers whose deeds shall be handed down to posterity.

Then, again, the presence of ladies in our party may have soothed their troubled spirits and quelled the rising disturbances within them so that they appeared but as the frisky lambs of Spring!

Before laying down our pen we wish to say that our worthy chief had the unique pleasure (?) of possessing a picture gallery in his room, which afforded picture gallery he publicly exhibited one evening to the admiring and envious gaze of the party. Furthermore, he possessed a sculpture gallery of chaste design, which, however, for reasons, was not publicly exhibited, though a few of the elect were admitted to view it in privacy.

"YAH WITHER."

The Scientific Society.

Some forty members of this Society were enabled, through the courtesy of R. H. Townsley, Esq., to visit the Dewsbury Road Gas Works, on the afternoon of May 7th. The operations of both machine and hand stoking were witnessed, and the mechanical details of cooling and purifying the gas explained as the different parts of the plant were successively passed. The manufacture of water-gas, also carried on there, attracted special attention, while many points of scientific interest were in turn noted, including the final analytical examination of the gas. At the conclusion of the visit many availed themselves of the opportunity given to examine the construction and mechanism of sundry forms of gas meter.

HOS. 880.

Literary and Historical Society.

On April 28th the session of this Society was concluded by the reading of a most interesting paper by Mr. P. Barbier. The subject chosen was "L'Avocat Patelin." For the moment Mr. Barbier seemed to have entirely dropped his lecture-room instincts, and devoted himself most enthusiastically to the elucidation of Patelin's character. The piece was interesting from many points, one being the wealth of history which it presents in the form of odd French words. Notwithstanding the energetic demand there had been for the piece, a copy of which had been kindly lent by the lecturer, the discussion was decidedly lax. This was no doubt explainable on the ground of the difficulty of the subject matter. Happily, however, one cannot judge the merits of a paper by the discussion it evokes, and in all parts of the house the paper was thoroughly appreciated. On behalf of the members, the President, Miss Emmons, heartily thanked Mr. Barbier for his enjoyable paper. The meeting closed with a hearty vote of thanks to the officers of the past session.

Before the meeting, some time was devoted to the arrangement of the excursions for the summer, and the election of officers for next session. After a little mirth at the expense of the scrutineers, the counting of the votes showed a majority in favour of visiting the following places of interest—May 16th, Bolton Abbey; June 6th, Whithy; June 27th, Byland Abbey.

The following were elected officers for next session:—President, Mr. B. M. Connal, M.A.; Vice-presidents, Miss H. Raven, Mr. D. J. Kay; Hon. Treasurer, Miss L. Melville, M.A.; Hon. Secretaries, Miss A. Dodson, Mr. H. Landon; Committee, Miss K. Gray, Miss C. Holmes, Miss Sheard, Mr. W. H. Davis, B.A., Mr. F. Hepworth.

De Rebus Medicalibus.

We regret to learn that the Dean of the Medical School has recently been the unfortunate victim of a cycling accident, which is likely to incapacitate him from his official duties until the end of the month. It is to be hoped that this may conclude the chapter of accidents which has occurred during the last two years among the members of the Honorary Staff, and that Dr. Birch's recovery may be as complete as have been those of his predecessors in misfortune.

RECENT EXAMINATION RESULTS.

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY—SECOND EXAM.

Anatomy and Physiology.—J. DIXON, R. G. DIXON, H. F. FEARNLEY, S. R. GLOYSE, A. GOGG, W. B. HILL, J. J. HUMMEL, G. H. HUSTLER, A. J. LANDMAN, T. E. LISTER, F. WHALLEY.

Materia Medica and Pharmacy.—J. S. CRAWFORD, H. S. HARLING, C. N. SMITH.

FINAL EXAMINATION.

First Part.—F. BAILEY, F. P. H. BIRTHWISTLE, A. BOYLE, W. E. BIERLEY, F. W. M. GREAVES, S. L. HEALD, H. TOMLIN.

Second Part.—T. BROWN,* F. SUGDEN,* J. C. TEASDALE,* S. C. WILKINSON.*

LOND. M.B.

Intermediate.—R. A. VEALE.

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

Anatomy and Physiology.—H. FISHER, G. I. WALKER, C. E. CLAY.

FINAL.

Medicine.—J. C. TEASDALE.*

Midwifery.—BLACKBURN.

PRIMARY FELLOWSHIP.

H. W. EDMUNDSON, E. R. FLENT.

L.S.A.

Anatomy and Physiology.—G. I. WALKER.

*Now qualified.

The percentage of passes in the final M.B. (40 per cent.) was identical with that of the Owens men. At present there are twenty intending "scalers" for the July Examination. As almost all the men are either in for the second time or are sixth year "McGill" competitors, the percentage should then be increased considerably. May it be so. The First Part results were fairly according to expectations, as also were the Anatomy ones, with one or two exceptions.

Victoria students are awaiting the evolution of the new University scheme with considerable interest.

Meanwhile the diploma of the conjoint Board continues to grow in favour, and the daily papers are "booming" the proposed "Sheffield University."

A curious state of affairs—to say the least of it—has been brought to light in connection with the S.R.C. At the last meeting it was accidentally discovered that the estimable gentlemen who, on behalf of that body, so kindly superintended the culinary arrangements at the school are *not ipso facto* members of the S.R.C. for the ensuing year without election. Think of the far-reaching consequences—how the lordly Braithwaite has oftentimes illegally sported his geranium in the solemn conclave of the S.R.C., how the simious Swanson followed (figuratively) in his footsteps, and how great have been the consequences of a majority of one. The S.R.C., however, bore the shock of the discovery with that strength and courage which ever characterises their actions, and will take measures to prevent the recurrence of any such unwelcome breach of regulations in the future.

Since our last issue various little improvements have been inaugurated for the benefit of mankind. Improved accommodation for overcoats has been provided—especially for the summer weather, we presume. The cushioning of the window-seat in the "Common Room" is now *au fait accompli*. We append result of our examination:—

Inspection—Symmetrical; appearance as that of carriage seat in N.E.R. excursion train.

Palpatio—Does not belie its appearance. No [let sleeping springs].

Percoasio—Not available, for hygienic reasons [let sleeping dust lie].

Auscultatio—Squeaking rhonchi—also blowing, "whistling," howling, cooing, rales [draught through window chinks].

Prognosis—Bad—for comfort of occupants—and for their nether garments.

Treatment—Symptomatic or radical cure.

N.B.—Possibly the gravity of the lesion has been rather overdrawn to subserve clinical instruction.

New chairs have also appeared in the Infirmary "Common Room"—through the "private" door. They merit unstinted praise. Intending purchasers of furniture would do well to engage the assistance of our able S.R.C. Secretary.

Motto for certain gentlemen at the early morning lecture:—

"It is never too late to attend."

— [Contributed].

Amongst the many joys of the O.P. Department not the least is the unconscious humour often indulged in by those who come up for treatment. The other day one of the physicians was endeavouring to illustrate the symptoms of facial paralysis by means of question and answer. "And when you drink, does any water fall on to your dress?" "No! Ah put pot further in!"

— [Contributed].

Speaking of O.P.'s, it is not so many generations ago since a student, on being asked what was most

prominent in the patient's aspect, replied truly, but unprofessionally, "He needs a shave badly."

We hear on very good authority that our late junior demonstrator in physiology has been engaged in original research on the eye. He has succeeded in proving that a glass eye can have an enlarged pupil and the vessels of the sclerotic inflamed.

Students' Representative Council.

The Main Nichol prize of £1 1s. for the best original essay on some subject of medical interest has this year been awarded to Mr. C. T. Matthews for his essay on "Some impressions of the work of a Field Hospital in South Africa, March, 1900—April, 1901, and on a Troopship, May—June, 1901."

The adjudicators appointed were Dr. Churton and Mr. Littlewood, to whom the best thanks of the Council are due for their kindness in acting in that capacity.

There is still a guinea left to be competed for, and contributions should be sent in to the Secretary before November 1st, 1903.

W. H. SMAILES, Hon. Sec.

The Sterilisation of Catgut.

MacVean's Cylinders.

THERE are but few things more disconcerting to the dresser and more annoying to the surgeon than the breaking of catgut ligatures when in the process of being tied. Such an occurrence, unfortunately, has hitherto been—we had almost said the rule—in the case of the more important knots, and by no means infrequent in those of less importance. One welcomes, therefore, with alacrity a simple practical method of sterilising gut which is spoken of very favourably by Mr. Ward and Mr. Moynihan, and more especially since the credit of its invention lies with a present Leeds medical (Mr. MacVean) we cannot do better than be the first scientific journal to give an account of it.

The ordinary formalin sterilised catgut sent out in the form of hanks or small bundles is taken and wound on to a copper rim. The surface of this rim is about half-an-inch wide and is quite level, whilst the edges are slightly turned up and contain four sets of small holes for the commencement and finishing off in rolling. The rims are about three inches in diameter and are also furnished with two cross-bars. These latter facilitate the operation of winding by being so arranged as to permit of the rims being placed on the rod of an ordinary bandage roller.

The rolled rims are placed in a boiling saturated solution of ammonium sulphate (2 lb. to the pint) and boiled for 20–25 minutes. They are then taken out with sterilised forceps and rinsed in boiling plain (i.e., no soda) water and finally transferred to a cylindrical or rectangular vessel. The vessel has, of course, been previously sterilised by boiling, and contains a solution made up 1 part iodolom,

6 parts ether, and 14 parts absolute alcohol. The gut must remain at least 12 hours in this before use.

At operations the catgut is sewed from a dish containing spirit and bichloride to a depth which entirely covers the copper rim.

As at present used this solution contains at least 5 per cent. of water, which is found to be enough to cause softening of the gut during the course of one or two long operations. This has been overcome by the use of bichloride tablets in spirit in the requisite strength of 1 in 500.

The advantages claimed for the use of these rims are that owing to the absence of any acute bend a great source of weakness has been removed, that in tying and sewing the gut does not curl up in the irritating manner of the Xyloid prepared gut, and also that the mode of chemical preparation itself improves the quality of the gut.

Fives.

On Wednesday, March 25th, a quartette of Medicals engaged the exponents of the game at the Leeds Grammar School in their covered courts. An enjoyable and vigorously contested match ended in our favour.

J. A. Longley and P. K. Steele v. A. A. Seaton and W. H. Sykes (9—15) (11—15).

J. A. Longley and P. K. Steele v. F. A. Dykes and H. W. Slatter (15—8) (15—10).

C. T. Matthews and E. Cundall v. F. A. Dykes and H. W. Slatter (8—15, 15—13, 15—7).

C. T. Matthews and E. Cundall v. A. A. Seaton and W. H. Sykes (8—15, 15—10, 14—14, 3—1).

RESULT.—Medicals, six games; Grammar School, four games.

The Grammar School courts have a back wall about a yard in height and play a very fast game. The structure, which by courtesy we term "Our Fives Court," suffers by comparison. Since the crusade for the abolition of the buttress nothing appears to have been heard of Fives Court Reform. At that time various improvements were suggested at general meetings. In view of the original cost of the court, which was very large, and also of the interest which is taken in the game at present, we are glad to be in a position to state that the S.R.C. have the matter once again before them.

In connection with the Christian Union we have before us a copy of the arrangements for the Annual Student Summer Conference, which is to be held from July 22nd to 31st. The tents are once more to be pitched on the hill-top at Matlock. It is hoped that enough Leeds men will go to obtain a large tent for Leeds alone. Our strongest delegation was three years ago when Leeds, under the captaincy of W. H. A. Elliott, successfully encountered a "Rest of World" team at cricket. Against those who regard as incompatible a vigorous enjoyment of life and an equally vigorous following of "higher things," we can imagine no more complete argument than the Matlock Conference.

Great is the influence of public opinion! As we go to press—May 11th—an old Leeds student has

just been unearched, who, it would appear, has been amongst us in multi since May 1st. Various conjectures have been raised as to the cause of his disguise—"For a wager," "To avert barbarous proceedings," &c. Suffice it that "all's well that ends well."

From a local contemporary—

BEALE—MORTIBOY.—April 21st, at St. Leonards, Streatham, by the Rev. W. B. Lindsey, LL.D., assisted by the Rev. W. H. Tasker and the Rev. J. C. Wilson, Hanway Richard Beale, of Leeds, to Blanche Mortiboy, eldest daughter of Mrs. Mortiboy Allen.

Answers to Medical Correspondents.

W.A.M.—(1) To answer your question involves the unmaking of a hitherto well-guarded secret, namely, that the President of the S.R.C. has mysteriously disappeared. (2) We trust only temporarily.

Jusis.—We consider that bare-headed excursions between the school and infirmary are distinctly "not the thing." As you say you *would* be taken for a Medical Man; on the other hand the general public may not know that the office boys wear uniforms.

Bassan.—That is the worst of picture post cards. We recommend that an envelope should be employed next time, especially if the message is to remain so long in the window.

Cannily Dressed.—The port of clearance at the Infirmary Commis. Room is, we have every reason to believe, an arbitrary one.

D. E. M.—The presence of a surgical condition of the lower extremities is not considered for a valid reason for the performance of "lavages."

Entered.—The Gryphon box at Medical School is for purely occasional purposes, so far as we can judge.

Phlebotomy.—As you will see from our article, MacV.'s cylinder is not an infernal machine, as has been rumoured, but a metal article.

Owing to the near approach of the July Examination, I shall be unavoidably compelled to place in other hands the editorship of the articles "De Rebus Medicibus" in the final issue of the *Gryphon*.

EDWARD CUNDALL,

Medical Representative.

Association Football.

The Annual Meeting of the A.F.C. was held on the 19th inst. The following officers were elected for next season—

Captain 1st XI.: L. W. ALDERSON.

Captain 2nd XI.: J. WAITE.

Secretary: J. STEWARD.

Committee: A. L. STAPLETON.

F. W. SKELEY.

P. O. W. (Hon. Sec.).

The following have been awarded their colours for the past season:—L. W. Alderson, W. C. Cooper, T. Procter, F. W. Skeley, A. L. Stapleton, P. Wain, P. O. Whitlock.

J. P. WHITLOW (Captain).

Cricket News.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. BRADFORD (AN XI.).

THE College won the toss and batted first. The first three wickets fell very quickly, but Alderson and Whitlow, by careful batting, stopped the "rot" and put a different aspect on the game. The College score eventually reached the very respectable total of 200.

The Bradford team were only able to score 61 in reply, thus leaving the College victorious by 39 runs.

Heald, after a few practice overs, bowled exceedingly well, his average being seven wickets for 20 runs. The College fielding was very good.

Full score and analysis:—

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

J. M. Russell, c and b Lister	0
T. H. Sykes, b Lister	0
L. W. Alderson, b Lister	10
E. C. Hood, b Lister	0
J. P. Whitlow, b Ackroyd	20
W. H. A. Elliott, b Wyrill	24
P. Hartley, b Lister	8
J. Humble, b Ackroyd	3
J. Cooke, b Wyrill	9
S. L. Heald, b Wyrill	0
J. Miller, not out	3
Extras—byes, 9; leg byes, 5	14
	100

BRADFORD.

J. Ackroyd, b Hood	13
W. Scott, b Heald	1
E. Bateman, b Heald	4
G. S. Lister, c Humble, b Alderson	23
C. L. Arnold, b Heald	1
A. Masgley, b Heald	1
E. Crafter, c Hood, b Heald	2
D. Mortimer, b Heald	7
E. F. Wyrill, c and b Heald	0
H. Atkinson, b Alderson	2
W. Capstick, not out	0
Extras—byes, 6; no-ball, 1	7
	61

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Overs.	Matches.	Runs.	Wickets.
S. L. Heald	8	1	20	7
E. C. Hood	5	0	21	1
L. W. Alderson	2	1	12	2

On account of the bad weather several matches have unfortunately had to be scratched.

Some New Books.

BY OUR OWN REVIEWERS.

THE AGE OF SHAKESPEARE (1570-1632), by Thomas Secombe and J. W. Allen; with an Introduction by Professor Hales. George Bell & Sons. Two vols., crown 8vo., 3s. 6d. each.

The Elizabethan period shows itself to be the golden age of English literature, not only in the superlative excellence of the works which it produced, but also in

the wide field which it covers and the large number of notable names which it contains. When Messrs. Bell announced that their series of *Handbooks of English Literature* would include a volume on "The Age of Shakespeare," we wondered how the immense mass of material to be dealt with under that heading could be compressed into a handbook of the size adopted in that series. It is therefore without surprise that we find that the work in question has grown into two volumes, while Mr. Secombe has taken Mr. Allen into collaboration in carrying out his allotted task. The two volumes are well divided between poetry and prose on the one hand, and the drama on the other, with the result that each is complete in itself, while the two together give an admirable survey of our literature between 1570 and 1631. Professor Hales supplies an excellent introduction in the first part.

The series to which this work belongs is one well-known to the literary students of our College, and Mr. Secombe will be recognized as the writer of "The Age of Johnson," which is, perhaps, the best of the group. The latest additions to this series are very welcome. The ground has indeed been previously covered to some extent by Professor Saintsbury, but when it is remembered that the latter includes from Tottel's *Miscellany* to the end of the Caroline period in a single volume, it will be seen that there is room for further handbooks on the same subject.

The literature of Shakespeare's day is closely bound up with the national life of the time. Whereas the writers of Milton's age sought to withdraw from the stress of public life and produced their works in seclusion, the Elizabethan men of letters were immediately interested in affairs of State. Shakespeare's dramatic career exactly coincided with the years he spent in London; during his period of creation he was in the full stream of public life. Bacon's life, also, was full of stirring incident, and his greatest literary works appeared while he was employed upon his political labours. Spenser, too, did his best work while engaged in seeking the settlement of Ireland. It would seem then that there was something in the national life of the day which acted as a stimulant to literary work. What this was is admirably portrayed by Professor Hales in his introduction. It was an era of rare national consciousness, "a time when the spirit of the nation was high-raised and enthusiastic, was exceptionally elite, self-confident, sanguine." Great maritime discoveries had widened the mental horizon. About the middle of Elizabeth's reign, England reached the height of her prosperity, and realised for the first time her right to a place among the nations. It was this feeling which found utterance in such works as Spenser's "Faerie Queene," and Shakespeare's historical plays.

Literature is the form of art which best accords with the English character, and it is noticeable that at those times when a great stirring of artistic feeling made itself felt throughout Europe, it revealed itself in England through our literature. Thus the Renaissance, which in other countries showed itself in art or in music, or was turned into a purely theological channel, as in Germany, had in England the effect of carrying literary work far beyond that of any other country. At first, indeed, the revival of learning depressed the native literature, inasmuch as the high standard set up by the classics discouraged any attempt

to copy or emulate it. Colet, Erasmus, and More, however, supported the purely English literature, and the result was the most literary outburst which came from 1570 onwards. Shakespeare expressed in the drama the humanist spirit of the Renaissance, Bacon exhibited its intellectual and scientific side, and Spenser exemplified its devotion to beauty.

"The Age of Shakespeare" takes as its starting-point the year 1570. This is some twenty-two years later than the publication of Tottel's *Miscellany*, which is frequently taken as the beginning of the Elizabethan period. But the age, as we have said, is a remarkably crowded one, and it is only by narrowing its limits that the subject can be treated with the requisite fulness. Moreover, the year 1570 makes a useful starting-point. It was, our authors point out, not only the year of Lyly's *Euphues*, and of Sir Thomas North's version of Plutarch's lives from which Shakespeare learned so much, but above all, it was the year of Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*. English prose from 1557 to 1578 was merely tentative; it was not till about 1580 that a good clear prose style was gained, such as that of Ascham. In poetry, too, there was a period of hesitation. In 1570 it was actually a moot question whether rhyme should not give place to classic metres based on "longs" and "shorts," and some remarkable attempts were made at such a type of verse. But after that date English literature "never looked back," and the volumes before us team with names of famous men and famous books. Sidney and the Spenserians are followed by Spenser and the Pastoral, and though the treatment of the latter is necessarily very brief, it is at any rate very much to the point. Then we have Deayton and Daniel, Drummond and Wither, Donne and the Satirists, amongst a crowd of other poets. The prose begins with Harvey and ends very fittingly with the authorised version of the Bible, which is treated somewhat fully and with due appreciation of its literary value:—

It is in every way a complex unity, the final product of a long series of struggles, fortunate, converging efforts. . . . It has become part of the national mind, and has permanently impressed upon that mind some of its simplicity and directness, its noble figures, happy turns, and gaily sentences are upon every lip. It pervades the whole literature of our country.

Elizabethan drama divides itself naturally into pre-Shakespearean, Shakespearean, and post-Shakespearean, and about a third of the second volume is given to each of these. Here again our authors limit their period somewhat, beginning not with the ancient mystery and miracle plays, as is sometimes done, but with John Heywood and the Interludes. This allows more space to be given to Shakespeare than might have been expected in a book of this character, rather more than a page being devoted to each of his plays. The later drama, down to the death of Ben Jonson, is also suitably dealt with. The conclusion, however, strikes us as somewhat abrupt.

These books are primarily handbooks, and are intended rather as a guide to our reading than as literature in themselves. We recommend them as excellent text books for students of literature, and we venture to hope that though they may be "too solid or technical" to meet the need pointed out by "Lector" in our correspondence column, they may at any rate point the way to "something lighter and

pleasanter, but at the same time wholesome and stimulative." These books tell us "what to read."

The "get-up" of the books is as neat and convenient as the others of this series. We do not care for the division of the first volume into paragraphs instead of chapters; perhaps that may be remedied in a later edition.

We have also received from the same publishers a book of *Elementary Geometry*, by W. M. Baker, M.A., and A. A. Bourne, M.A. 4s. 6d. Although the subject is somewhat too technical for lengthy review in these columns, we may say that the book is written on the lines recommended by a Committee of the Mathematical Association, elected at the suggestion of the British Association for the purpose of making reforms in the teaching of Elementary Mathematics. These reforms are somewhat strange in those of us who learned our Euclid in the old-fashioned way, and who were never allowed to use hypothetical constructions in the proofs of theorems; and it is something new to find that the existence of the bisector of an angle is assumed before the student has been taught to bisect an angle. But our geometry was taught us in the last century, and things have moved forward since then. The present volume is certainly up to date. Book II. of Euclid is postponed till the student has done most of Book III., which is much nicer for the student. There are numerous exercises which are not merely theoretical, but truly "geometrical," inasmuch as the regular use of ruler and compasses is encouraged. The propositions are stated clearly and concisely, and the book is to be recommended to all who wish "the latest in Euclid."

LIGHTER LITERATURE.

The Editor has asked me peremptorily what books I have been reading lately, saying I must write a review. I answered that I had read some time novels in the vac., but he turned up his noble nose with scorn, and asked me if I hadn't read anything worth reading. Nevertheless, I believe that many of the readers of this magazine do occasionally dip into such books, and to them I venture to recommend two weeks of fiction from which I myself have derived much enjoyment of late. They are not new, though it is but a few years since the first of them appeared.

Richard Carvel and *The Crisis* are by Mr. Winston Churchill—not our English Esau-at-any-price politician—but an American novelist. The former is a study of the time of the War of Independence, and treats of the fortunes and adventures of Richard Carvel, both in love and war. The hero is a young Colonial, and perhaps the most stirring part of the book is the account of his adventures in the American squadron, under their famous admiral, Paul Jones. The life of the day in London is vividly sketched, and we are introduced to such well-known men of the time as Charles James Fox and Horace Walpole. The love story is perhaps the least interesting part of the book, though Dorothy Manners is an extremely attractive character.

In many ways the style of the work reminds one both of Thackeray and of Stevenson. In the drawing of character Mr. Churchill follows in the school of the great master, and Mr. Manners is worthy to be ranked with the mercurial inhabitants of "Vanity Fair."

In the clear and straightforward narration of a stirring plot he has much of the charm of Stevenson, though he does not attain to the inimitable descriptions of the great Scotch writer. There is literally not a dull page in the book, and when examinations are a thing of the past, our readers cannot do better than get hold of it.

The Crisis is a story of three generations later. The hero—one, Stephen Brice—is a northern lad from New England, who sets out to earn a living as a lawyer in St. Louis, and, at length, coming into contact with Abe Lincoln and General Grant, joins the Northern forces in the Civil War. The heroine is Virginia Carvel, of southern tendencies, and the difficulties of the hero are thereby greatly enhanced.

In both books the historical characters are set before us in an extremely attractive way, and whether we are put in the company of Paul Jones, Fox, or Lincoln, we seem at the end of the acquaintance to have known them and heard them converse in the flesh.

For those who are fond of biography I can recommend *The Martyrdom of an Empress*. This account of the life of the late Empress of Austria forms a chapter of history far more dramatic than a work of fiction. It is written by a lady-in-waiting of the Empress, and though in consequence we get the story from one who is partial to the House of Hapsburg, the Nemesis which runs remorselessly through the narrative cannot be hidden. The most thrilling chapter is that which contains the tragedy of the death of the eldest son of the Empress—a tragedy which threw a dark shadow over the remaining years of her life. The book is one which can be read at any time, and is lightly and attractively written.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*.

DEAR SIR,

The cricket teams, I hear, have both started well, both having won their first and so far only match, but I notice the absence of several well-known names from the lists of chosen teams.

Their absence, I hope, is not due to premature old age, causing forced retirement from this popular pastime.

In several cases, I believe, is the reason alleged for not playing, but surely this ought not to stand in the way of men playing for the College on Saturdays, if they feel they cannot play in all matches. Then, again, the old enemy to College cricket is the desire on the part of men to play for their own clubs in preference. This is the class of men to whom we ought to appeal. We are only here for a short time (two or three years), and can only play for the College during that time. We can then retire to club cricket.

Of course, we all know, especially those who live at some distance from Leeds, what a pleasure it is to play at "home" occasionally, but I don't think that feelings of personal pleasure and comfort should keep down the display of practical *esprit de corps*.

If we all did as we pleased in this matter there would be no College cricket team at all.

Lastly, I believe there may be some who do not play for the College on the ground of expense. For

such there is my full sympathy. There are, however, only a few matches played at any great distance from Leeds. The greatest railway fare is 2s. 6d. If such men would speak to the captain, some arrangement might be agreed on by which they could be excused from long distance matches if they were willing to play in all other games. This, however, does not seem to be altogether fair to the regular player.

In conclusion, I think non-players would help the team considerably if they would show some interest by turning up to College home matches, especially the inter-college matches.

I am sorry my playing days are over or else I should have been only too pleased, not to say proud, to place my poor services at the disposal of the captain of the College cricket team.

Yours truly,

"CROCKETT."

A SUGGESTION.

To the Editor of *The Gryphon*.

DEAR SIR,

Sundry references to Rudyard Kipling and Marie Corelli and other popular writers of the present day, which cropped up at a recent meeting of the Debating Society, have drawn my attention to the fact that your comprehensive magazine makes little or no reference to the world of books and general literature. I feel sure that periodical articles in your pages in criticism of recent publications would be welcome to many of your readers. I am well aware that the tastes and interests of College students differ widely, and that it would be not only unwise but impossible for you to attempt to review the more weighty books (we speak metaphorically) which deal with scientific, historical, or technical subjects. But the great majority of College men, we hope, turn aside sometimes from the course of study prescribed by the College curriculum to something lighter and glossier, but at the same time wholesome and stimulative. The question which faces the student at such times is, What shall he read? As someone has put it somewhere, we are afloat upon a vast sea of literature without chart or compass to guide our course, and we drift from place to place with every passing breeze, listless and undirected. Why should we not turn for guidance to the pages of *The Gryphon*? The College abounds in literary men, who may be relied upon to know a good book when they see it. Only let them understand that we do not want anything too solid or technical, though at the same time we should like something informative and helpful. I would suggest that some of your readers, when they come across a really good book, be it a book of travel, of discovery, of history, biography, or science, or a novel worthy of the name, should give a brief account of it in this magazine. By so doing, I believe they would be conferring a great boon on a large number of your subscribers.

Yours truly,

LECTOR.

[It will be seen that "the world of books" receives some attention in this issue. We shall be glad if any of our readers will set upon "Lector's" suggestion.—Ed.]