

W. Barber

THE GRYPHON

THE JOURNAL OF THE YORKSHIRE COLLEGE

ET AUGERITUR SCIENTIA

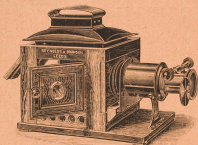
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"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the season when she hath any idle feathers; yet have we ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when we know them full of waste matter; yielding ourselves to the censure which we have never found than to the praetence which was ought to fear."—LXXV.

Vol. VI.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 6.



Since the publication of our last number university affairs have moved with some speed. Charters constituting the Victoria University of Manchester and the University of Liverpool have been approved by the Privy Council and are now lying for the statutory period of one month before the House of Lords. It is regrettable that the Yorkshire Charter has not been issued simultaneously by the Privy Council, but, of course, having been faithful to the old allegiance, the College began its preparations for independence long after Owens and Liverpool. Still, rapid progress has been made, and before this number is issued it is probable that a charter constituting the Victoria University of Yorkshire with its seat in Leeds will have been lodged with the Privy Council. If there is no hitch the charter should be ratified before Parliament rises in August.

Meanwhile, until its charter is issued, or until October, 1904, the Yorkshire College remains attached to the Victoria University.

We need hardly recapitulate here the provisions of the Yorkshire Charter, as they have already been published in the daily papers. The name which has been selected is perhaps rather a mouthful, but it represents very accurately the historical origin of the new university, and no doubt the genius of the English people, which has given currency to words like "socket" and "rigger," will contrive some suitable abbreviation for the Victoria University of Yorkshire, Leeds. We note that an additional income of £7,000 per annum is desired, as well as a capital sum of £60,000. We regret that the profits of *The Gryphon* do not at present enable us to make any considerable contribution towards these sums, but we shall be glad to publish free of charge the names of any of our readers who may subscribe towards the good object, and if encouraged we will open a million shilling fund or assist in any other way possible to the third estate.

We really think that old students of the College could and should do something. Owens College, after 50 years' existence, recently raised £20,000

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The Gryphon.

from among its old students. The Yorkshire College is aged 29; perhaps some Engineering student who has a slide rule will calculate how much is due from its old students. One decimal place will be sufficient.

♦♦

We may remark parenthetically on the great need there is for some convenient term for old students of the College and University. We venture to suggest "Old Elors" as suitable. It is true that the term has been monopolised by a gentleman of our own calling, but if the Yorkshire cricket team goes on as it has begun this season it seems not unlikely that the gentleman in question will withdraw into private life, and in bitterness of spirit abandon the patent of his nobility.

♦♦

The most striking and encouraging incident in connection with the university movement has been the munificent action of the Clothworkers' Company of London. They have agreed to hand over absolutely to the new university the whole of the splendid buildings in College Road, which at present bear, inscribed on a stone model of Noah's Ark, the legend, "The Property of the Clothworkers' Company." In addition to this they give a perpetual endowment of £4,000 per annum to the departments which they have founded, and "during pleasure" an annual unappropriated sum of £200. This represents in all a capitalised sum of £200,000. Truly, a magnificent gift, and we hope that the students may have a chance of letting the worthy Clothworkers hear what jolly good fellows they are considered to be. If the eloquent pleading of the Marquis of Ripon, Lord Alerton, and Sir James Kitson shall prove to have stimulated the Leeds City Fathers to rival the London City Company the University will have a fine send-off.

♦♦

We regret to notice that Dr. Turnbull is leaving the College. We wish him every possible success in his new work as chemist to the Manchester, Liverpool, and District Tanners' Federation, and we acknowledge gratefully the keen interest he has always shown in the students, both at work and at play. Dr. Turnbull, we understand, has also taken upon himself a new responsibility of a private character, and we also wish him happiness in this venture.

♦♦

With regard to the photographs that we reproduce as a supplement to this number, the photo-

graphers have asked us to state that any defects must be put down to the lack of suitable light, and if any of the likenesses are not lifelike the blame rests entirely with the victims, and in no way whatever with the artists.

♦♦

Though the country is presumably at peace, the College was recently invaded by a hostile band who effected a bloodless entry into our hallowed precincts. The garrison surrendered without a blow. The invaders had evidently foreseen an easy victory for they marched with the band in the van, and the triumphal entry was accompanied by blowing of a trumpet (when this battered old instrument, relic of many a past victory, could be induced to emit any sound) and beating of drums, or rather tins. The procession proceeded in the direction of the Engineering Department (the trumpeter trying to play—well, we believe it was "See the conquering heroes come," but are not certain), finally coming to a halt in the Drawing Office. We must draw a veil over the happenings there. The garrison of the College (consisting of the Hall Porter) drew up a written report of this "irregularity," and we regret that we have not been able to secure this interesting and unique document for reprint in this number. We have since heard that the invaders consisted of the winning team in the tug-of-war and a few of their supporters celebrating their victory. We believe, however, the rumour of a wholesale expulsion is unfounded.

♦♦

This is the last number of the session, and many of our readers will soon be severing their connection with the Yorkshire College. To those we offer our sincere wishes of success in whatever course of life they adopt; may their time here have been both pleasant and profitable so that in after years it remains a bright spot in their life; and, finally, when they attain to positions of honour and wealth, may they remember their Alma Mater.

♦♦

Any students who are leaving and desire to continue as subscribers to *The Gryphon* or become life members of the Union, will please leave their names with the Porter.

♦♦

The Tennis Department has been booming lately. It is a pity that we have only one grass court, and that a long way off. Gravel courts, though a good

substitute, are not the real thing; still they have proved a strong counter attraction to the smoke-room. We believe, too, that the spectators, often of the fair sex, have found their interest not unmingled with amusement. A self-appointed committee, consisting of a highly-placed official of the Union and a student distinguished in many other branches of college life besides Agriculture, accompanied by two ladies, recently set off to inspect the court at Headingley. Their report, however, has not yet been submitted.

♦♦

Here is a tennis problem:—A has hired six tennis balls, and while playing B knocks one over into the road; he then sees a boy pick it up and disappear round the corner of College Road. A and B know that recovery is impossible, so go on playing. After finishing their game they find six balls on the Court. What should A do?

The Greatest Cod Fishery in the World.

By HOWARD PRIESTMAN, Ben Rhydding, Leeds.

Of the many English and Americans who sail up the coast of Norway to see the Midnight Sun, there are few who break their journey long enough in those northern regions to become acquainted with the many interesting phases of life as it is lived by a civilised people within the Arctic circle.

It is probably a surprise to all visitors to find so many signs of modern advancement in regions so remote from the principal centres of civilisation, but the plate glass and electric light of Bodø or Hammerfest are only the outward and visible part of a civilisation which has already taken great hold on the quiet, persevering people in those Arctic provinces.

Many of the women are not now content with the education which they can get in the nearest town or the reading for which they have time in the long dark days of winter, and hence it happens that when a traveller in some remote fjord calls and asks for hospitality at the only large house in some scattered hamlet, he may find that the lady of the house replies in good English to his broken Norwegian, and she will explain, if asked, that she had a university education in Kristiania before she settled down to the quiet lonely life of a Nordland matron. Nor are the men behind the times. Three English mountaineers, who were exploring in Lyngen three years ago, met a Norwegian schoolmaster who was glad to join their mountaineering camp, and it happened that he spoke neither English nor French. Two of the Englishmen spoke Norwegian, but the third, a barrister of the party who was in Norway for the first time, did not know the language.

He and the schoolmaster were therefore unable to converse until they discovered that they were both acquainted with Latin, and so it happened that, under the rays of the Midnight Sun, they discovered of peaks and passes in the language of Julius Caesar.

Those who are acquainted with native life away from the beaten tracks in southern Norway will at once be struck by the comparative wealth of the inhabitants when they travel for the first time in the north. The visitor seldom sees houses of single unpainted logs, which are so common in the south. Nearly every house has double walls. They are usually neatly painted, and very many of them have curtains and even flowers in the windows.

It is strange to think that in this barren land, where for six weeks in winter the sun never rises above the horizon, it is easier to make a living than is the case in the smiling valleys of the south, where in autumn the corn stands deep and golden in the fields and the fruit hangs temptingly in every orchard on the heavy laden trees.

The question is easy of answer, for here through the long dark days and darker nights, whilst the women sit at home and spin and weave in the lamp-light every able-bodied man turns out to take his share and his reward in the danger and hardship of the great Lofoten fisheries.

In summer the long low lines of the ottrings (eight oared fishing boats) are very familiar as they lie far up on the shore out of reach of the waves, and it is plain to all who have seen the Viking ship, which was discovered buried near Kristiania, that these boats are built on exactly the same lines as that and all those other Viking ships which 1,200 years ago slipped out from these self same fjords to cross the wild North Sea and to carry fire and sword throughout this land of ours.

So full of strife and bloodshed were the lives of these old Norsemen that they seldom lived through their many wars to die in peace; in fact, to die in bed was an end they so thoroughly despised that when they were old and infirm many an old Viking gave orders that he should be placed once more on board his beloved ship and seated tiller in hand on the thwart from which he had steered over many a stormy sea to deeds of blood and fire. His retainers are ordered to heap round him the driest and most resinous of firewood, and when an angry sun is sinking over the western oceans the one huge sail is hoisted, he orders a light to be applied to his own floating funeral bier, with his own hand cuts the last rope which binds the straining ship to the rocky shore, and like a thing of life she bounds out to sea, carrying to a terrible yet glorious death the master who had sailed her so long.

Out through the gathering gloom she flies, whilst from some high headland the old man's berserks watch the blazing ship until she is only a flickering speck far out on heaving ocean, hard to discern from the gold and red of an angry sunset, and there, alone, between fire and storm, the Viking meets the death he fears not. A terrible, pagan, yet glorious end; and who shall say that it is not in keeping with the life the man had lived. Truly, as Jerome says of another of the same breed, "A very shocking old Viking, but it might be worth while giving up our

civilisation and our culture to get back to the days when they made men like that."

If by some strange mischance, death ever took one of these old warriors unawares in bed, or if he had died with his face to the foe in battle, his body was laid to rest with his arms and treasures in his ship, and two of such boats which were buried in the south of Norway have been so preserved by the blue clay in which they were embedded that they were practically perfect when discovered in 1857 and 1880. The ship which was found at Sandefjord is 103 feet long and 26 feet wide. The tomb chambers had been rifled by marauders in the middle ages and the body and jewelry stolen, but there were many copper implements remaining, and some perfect portions of a peacock's feather shows that at those early times the Northerners had dealings with the more civilised peoples of the east. It is also interesting to note how perfect in form and strength were the boats which carried the Norsemen to harry our coasts 1,400 years ago. The gunwales are long and low, widest a little before the waist, with a high fine bow and a long fine stern which slips so easily out of the water as to leave but little wake.

We know, too, that the art of their construction has been handed down from father to son through all the ages, and there in the north boats of the self same build are used to-day.

Careful investigations as to the habits and movements of the cod fish have shown that they migrate regularly and in such incredible multitudes that it is impossible to form any idea of their numbers. Their movements are naturally a question of great interest and practical importance, and the Norwegian Government fitted out an Atlantic expedition to investigate the whole matter.

It was found that the slope towards the great Atlantic deep continued at no great depth under water right up to the 80th degree off the coast of Spitzbergen, and the whole of this enormous stretch of banks is not only suitable for cod, but is literally teeming with fish, and they are caught in small numbers all summer.

Early in January every year they begin to migrate southwards, keeping to a depth of 20 to 40 fathoms and travelling in shoals which are small at first, getting larger and larger until they attain such enormous proportions that the fishermen call them "fiskeberge" (fish mountains).

An old writer says that, "Between Skrogen and Vaagen there is sometimes 20 manfold fish that when one ties an ironstone weighing 13 marks to a line and lets it down towards the bottom, then can this weight not come at the bottom for fish, but remains lying on the backs of the fishes however heavy and big it may be."

As the cod begin to arrive in Lofoten in mid winter the boats must be prepared for service about Christmas time.

The sun is so far south in mid-winter that the continuous darkness, within the Arctic circle, is only broken on fine days by an hour or two of grey twilight at noon.

The rocky shore where the boats lie pushed far up out of reach of the waves, is then covered by a deep mantle of snow, and the hardy Norsemen in

their thick clothing, covered with leather and oilskin overalls, wear their sou'westers tied down over their ears as they wade knee deep from their snow-covered houses to the snow-covered boats.

All help to dig out and run first one and then another of the "Lang Skibe" (long ships) down over the wooden logs which form the slipway to the sea, and soon three or four ottrings will be rising and falling gently on the swell in the sheltered bay, whilst the stars twinkle and often the many coloured aurora flickers and leaps on the northern horizon.

So different is the scene, that visitors who saw the place from their floating palace *en route* for the North Cape in summer would not know it now, but it is home to these toilers of the deep, and soon they must forgo what small comforts their little cabins on the shore afford, in exchange for a life of unspeakable hardship. Almost as soon as the large brown sails are hoisted, the boats are out on the heaving waters of the Vest Fjord. Darkness is over all, and when the frequent squalls of sleet and snow come shrieking across the water, it is indeed a darkness which can be felt.

Often the cold is so intense that the fish must be split under water as soon as they are caught, because they would freeze solid if exposed to the air: think of working with hands in water and the thermometer standing 20 degrees below zero, and of nights and days in open boats in such a climate, and yet the men who have been through it say that they would not live a landman's life on any terms.

There is no doubt that the uncertainty of the life has an element of fascination for many of the fishermen, and the monotony is broken at times by exciting incidents almost romantic in their nature.

The most famous has been immortalised by the greatest of northern artists, Gunnar Berg, in his picture "The Battle of the Troldfjord."

It was late winter, and continuous darkness had given place to short bright days, when the level sun tinged the snow-clad peaks with wondrous colours, and the rugged pinnacles stood sharp against the sky. Not that the fishermen cared anything for the scenery, but on that day some sailing boats discovered that far up the Røfsund an immeasurable shoal of cod had run in through the narrow portal of the Troldfjord to the wider basin, beyond where they should be an easy prey. Unfortunately, this lonely fjord was thickly frozen over, and though the cars were manned and the boats charged the ice again and again, they failed to break the barrier. Unwilling to lose so rich a haul of fish, they soon decided to send for the steamers to help to break the ice; and away went one of the boats, whilst others kept guard at the mouth of the fjord.

Long before it was light next day, half a dozen steamers had ploughed and crushed the ice into fragments ready for the great catch, but at dawn, when the boats assembled to complete the work of capture, they found the steamers drawn in a long line across the narrow entrance to the fjord, prepared to prevent the taking of the fish unless they were paid a very heavy toll for their services. Ten per cent. of the catch, in kind, is the usual rate they receive, but thinking that they were masters of the situation, they demanded more than double what was due.

They had reckoned without their host. By ones and twos the smaller boats came hurrying up the Raftered, until a fleet which could be numbered by hundreds was assembled for the work, and pressed almost into a solid mass outside the steamers.

For a while the fishermen debated with the arrogant steamer captains. Their minds move slowly, but when once moved, they are very hard to stay, and so when the wind set in from the fjord they had decided that once more it was to be

"The good old rule, the ancient plan,
For those to take who have the power
And those to keep who can."

Up went a hundred brown sails, and in less time than it takes to tell, the fleet was bearing down in a solid phalanx on the steamers. The fight was short and stormy. Probably many of the fragile boats went down with their sturdy skippers at the foot of the great cliff where the battle raged, but numbers in time must tell. The steamer line soon broke; by ones and twos the little boats slipped through to the coveted position beyond, and as they floated amongst the broken fragments of ice, they were able to reap a rich harvest, of which no share was to go to the grasping steamer captains, who having asked too much lost all.

The Lofoten fisheries are conducted on very different principles to anything practised on our coasts, for the trawl net, which is so largely used on our east coast, is unknown in the north, where the sea bottom is rocky and uneven, and stationary nets and lines are the two methods generally adopted.

In 1864 there were 31,000 men with 8,000 boats engaged in the cod fishery, and of these, 12,000 were using nets and 16,000 used hooks and lines, but as a rule lines are more popular than nets. In 1896 three men were using lines to every one who fished with nets, and on the average the proportion is two to one.

In the line fishery, each boat carries four or five men, and will have out a mile to a mile and a half of hooks and lines in four or five lengths, and at intervals of four feet along the whole length hooks are attached by finer lines about two feet in length.

Each boat will thus have nearly 2,000 hooks. Some lines are set by day and some by night, and in Lofoten the night lines may not be collected before a fixed hour, which varies in different localities from 5 to 7.30 a.m. Day lines may be set and taken in at any hour, and they are generally laid at a mile or two from shore.

The types of nets used are generally 90 to 100 feet in length and 25 to 40 feet deep. As many as 40 may be fastened into one continuous length, and when this is the case they extend for nearly a mile. Some are anchored to the bottom by heavy weights and kept vertical by floats on their upper edge. Ropes are also fastened to them and carried up to the barrels or buoys on the surface, so that the fishermen can easily find them and take them in when they wish to do so.

In the case of surface nets, the upper edge is attached to small barrels or numerous glass floats, which keep it on the surface, whilst the bottom is sunk and the whole net kept vertical by weights.

Although more fish can be taken at one haul than is possible with lines, the total catch per day does not

seem to be so good, for the net must be taken ashore to empty and rearrange before it can be reset, whereas the line fishermen place a new line in position as they take in the old one, and the process can be repeated several times a day.

The annual value of cod taken does not vary much, and the figures of 1896 are seldom exceeded. In that year 30,000,000 fish were taken by 30,000 fishermen and they sold for £475,000, or nearly fourpence a piece.

Almost every part of the fish is used and sold. The heads are cut off and made into guano in factories near at hand, realising about £4,500. The livers, from which cod liver oil is made, sell for £50,000, and the roe goes to be made into tinned caviare and brings in another £16,000. Some of the fish is salted, but the greater proportion is dried. When it has been cleaned and split, it is spread out on the rocks in the sun all over the coast during the spring and summer, and, prior to packing, it is made into small round stacks through which the wind can blow.

In this condition, and known as klip fish, it is exported in cases from Kristiansund and many other ports. It goes principally to the Mediterranean Catholic countries for use on Fridays when no meat may be eaten, and as these countries have the sea as near to them as it is to Norway we can only draw the inference that they are too lazy to catch sufficient food for themselves; but it is an ill wind which blows no one any good, and the Norse seamen by their hardihood reap the reward which the more indolent southerners might so easily take for themselves.

We have seen that the cod always come in the winter to definite places at well-known times, but it is quite different with the herring, for beyond the fact that they will come every summer in greater or less numbers very little is known as to their movements.

The most careful investigations as to ocean currents and submarine banks, which have been of the greatest service in forecasting the movements of the cod, have as yet failed to give any clue as to the migrations of the herring, so no one knows when or where they will first appear on the Norwegian coast, and hence there is a large element of luck and consequent excitement for all who take part in the summer fisheries. As hydrography and deep sea exploration have failed to foretell the movements of these erratic fish another science has been called to the aid of the fishermen, and now in every fjord and on almost every inhabited island on the coast the telephone is ready to send word to every fishing centre in Norway on the first signs of the incoming of a herring shoal.

So rapidly are messages sent that boats assemble as if by magic, and a lonely fjord which does not contain a sail at sunrise may be black with boats ere the sun is high at noon.

Again and again it happened so last summer whilst a party of Englishmen were exploring the mountains of Lofoten. It is a land of indescribable beauty, where the dark rock towers rise so abruptly from the sea level that when viewed from their shattered summits the fjords seem to be like a map spread out for miles on every side.

In the early hours the long shadows of the jagged peaks lay dark across the silent fjords, and the first

sign of life would be a long thin line of smoke to seaward, so far away that the steamer from which it came was invisible to the naked eye, but as it drew rapidly nearer the boat itself appeared as a tiny speck with many smaller dots on the water behind it, all keeping equidistant, and glasses showed that each of the 16 or 18 dots is a fishing boat being towed to the place where the herring are reported in Østnesfjord.

On the other side of our mountain, sails, bright red in the sunshine, are hurrying down the Rødsund with a favouring breeze, whilst other skippers realising better the great value of time in such a case, have chartered tugs to take them to the rendezvous. The same evening 200 boats were lying in the bay at Sildpollen, and nearly 200 more in a harbour further down the fjord, and all night long the clank of oars and the rattle of chains came floating across the silent water.

All through the glorious Arctic night they rowed and trawled and cast their nets, but all to no effect, for the herring had gone as quickly and as silently as they came, and Østnesfjord was empty. The natural question rose quickly to our lips, "Is the game worth the candle?" and quickly from those who knew came the brief answer, "Yes."

The herring fishery is a great lottery; the first prize is very high as you shall hear, and no one knows to whom success may fall.

Near the end of August, 1901, a hot clear day was drawing to its close in silence, and there seemed but little prospect of a change until ominous leaden clouds began rapidly forming over the mountains to the south, and a lurid sunset gave to them and the dark crags below the colours of a very inferno. Red, heavy bands of mist hung low on every black rock face, and all nature seemed to hold its breath in expectation.

Suddenly came the first sign of storm. The belt of cloud on Trøld tind rose vertically at tremendous pace, until it cleared the peak and hung momentarily like a pall over the summit. Then down came the wind, and in less time than it takes to tell the mirror surface of the Rødsund was ripped into sheets of spray and foam, the clouds were torn asunder only to reform and be ripped to shreds again, whilst every peak was soon buried in a hurrying chaos of clouds. For two hours rain came down in sheets whilst the hurricane raged and every boat ran for the best shelter it could reach, for a long dry Arctic summer had given place to the short and stormy Arctic autumn.

On such a night a steamer was towing four boats down the Rødsund when the storm struck them and they were obliged to slip their cables and run for the shelter of Svartsund, where there is a safe anchorage behind two islands.

They had barely got their anchors down when an enormous shoal of herring came up through the narrow sound. The men rushed for the boats and the nets were cast, but the herring swam so close and fast that the nets were drawn nearly flat, and the boats themselves seemed likely to be dragged under, as the shoal went like a river through the sea.

All the nets were set, however, and that night the men reckoned that they had taken at least

10,000 measures of clean fish valued at £4,000, and as a matter of fact when the catch was all disposed of, it was found to have realised nearly £8,000.

It was the first prize in the great herring lottery, and the lot had fallen to strangers, for in Svartsund itself, in sight of all this good fortune, were the home people who had lived there all their lives. They had their nets ready, but they came an hour too late and hardly got a fish. They only saw how this harvest of the sea had been taken from under their very noses by others.

The herring visit all parts of the coast, and early last June a shoal was netted at Kjerringo. It was far from a record catch, but on June 8th the net was still hanging in the water enclosing such fish as had not yet been shipped. For three weeks the steamer "Svolvær" came about every other day and took away a complete cargo. She must have been filled 12 times from that one net, and on June 29th there were still a large quantity left.

When the steamer came, a lighter was rowed alongside the net, and the fish were literally dug out of the water by a man with a large spade made of net stretched over a frame.

Water was pumped out from the bottom of the seething cargo as it was rowed alongside the steamer, and the men stood nearly up to their waists in the living mass of fish, filling them into boxes which were quickly hauled on board the "Svolvær." It was a remarkable if not a very pleasant sight, and it was first hand evidence that in the north a single night may bring comparative wealth to a family that until that time had lived in penury.

The total value of the herring catches are forcible evidence of the uncertainty of this fishery. It is only necessary to quote the results of three consecutive years to show how great a lottery the whole thing is.

In 1890 the catch realised over £80,000; in 1891 the catch realised only £3,300; and in 1892 there were not £350 worth of herring taken on the whole north coast of Norway.

A Visit to Fountains Abbey.

It had been the original intention of the Literary and Historical Society to visit Whitty on Saturday, June 6th, but I doubt whether one of the thirty excursionists regretted the diversion Riponwards, made necessary by intractable railway arrangements. We left Leeds just after midday, and arrived in the ancient city of Ripon in the very sweat of the afternoon. There is plenty within the city boundaries to interest the connoisseur for a week, but this was not the day for such amusement. Accordingly the majority of us hastened to pay allegiance to the sungod by a pilgrimage to the graves of Studley; a few stopped then and there to pour libations before proceeding farther. The walk between Ripon and Fountains was not the least enjoyable experience of the day, as one or two had anticipated. It lies through a beautiful country, not rugged, wild, or grand in its effects, but of the mellow, peaceful type. And then the Park itself—inhabited in living green and plumed with full-leaved trees shimmering

in the sun, yet casting forth cooling shadows. Anon a lake and a stream emmirroring before the heavens these beauties of nature, and last of all the Abbey on its banks—the work of men's hands, and the object of our quest!

Modern impressions of Fountains Abbey must differ very much from those of former days. To the ancient wanderer a place of refuge; to the modern tripper it is a place for enjoyment. Was it the more admirable in the days when it loomed across the darkening moorland, defying the feudal world without as it defied Satan within—a prison-hold of religion fighting the secular prison-holds? We think not. We prefer it mined, moss-grown, and unpeopled—in the middle of a trim-kempt estate. It represents a higher philosophy of life and religion.

From an architectural point of view Fountains Abbey stands almost supreme among English churches. Its magnificent cloisters and splendid church and chapels illustrate by window, niche, or doorway nearly every type of work from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, while the survival in form of the kitchens, &c., bring vividly before the mind the main features of monastic life.

Tea was taken near the Abbey, and after a short rest we made our way slowly back to Ripon. Some tried boating on the river, and all contrived to spend the time very agreeably. The party reached Leeds about 9.30, after what must have been one of the most enjoyable picnics the Society has ever had.

The Theoretical Athlete.*

*Requiescant manes Homeri, P. Virgilii Maronis,
M. J. Bruti, C. J. Casarii, Platonis,
Socratis, et I. Newtonis in pace.*

When I was a boy I had no fun,
But studied and stewed at a lexicon;
I worked at my Greek and I loved my stool,
Like the good little boy in the Sunday School.

I worked at my Greek so carefully,
That now I'm the rival of a W. G.

I stewed at such words as *Oé* and *Mé*,
But I could then their difference seldom see;
I translated my Greek by the aid of keys,
And scored all my verses with *yaws* and *yes*.

For I scored all my verse so lavishly,
That now I can score like a W. G.

Don't think that I loved old *Homér's* verse,
There was nothing, I think, that I hated worse;
As for pious *Æneás's* pilgrimage,
I scarcely could construe a single page.

I never could construe properly,
No more, it is said, could W. G.

Would that *Virgil* had died, as he surely could,
While cutting his teeth in his babyhood!
Would that *Brutus* had made old *Cæsar* squall,
Before he had ever gone to Gaul!

He captained his team so splendidly,
He's quite as immortal as a W. G.

* This interesting document was discovered in an old cupboard in the Physics Lab. with a sketch of a range-finder on the back; we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.—Ed.]

Would that *Homér* had died on his mother's knee,
Of stomachic complaints in his infancy!
Would that *Plato* had drunk the hemlock dregs,
Which bowled poor old *Socrates* off his legs!
It bowled the poor chap so thoroughly,
As tho' he'd been bowled by a W. G.

I slaved while at school at my *Algebra*,
With never, oh never a thought of play.
Like the rest of the chaps whose chief delight
Was to bat or to bowl with all their might,
But they hated to field so dreadfully,
That now they're rejected by a W. G.

Would the *Pons Asinorum* were, alas!
The only bridge for an ass to pass!
What comfort 't would be if *Trig's* confine
Extended no further than the sine.
We'd learn all the *Trig* so easily,
We'd set out a field with a W. G.

Would that *Newton* had tumbled from the tree
Instead of the apple from gravity!
Would the bump at the bottom had dissolved,
The brain which the calculus had evolved!
Alas! there was no such relief to be,
Or we all might have time to be a W. G.

So now, my good friends, if you are wise,
You'll lay to your heart what I advise,
You'll work like a slave while you're at school,
And always observe this golden rule—
To study all day and have no spree,
And you all may be Athletes in Theoree

A Song of Victory.

For years the shield has hung on high,
And Textiles, Medicals, and Sci-
Entists this year resolved to try
To win it, and with cheer and cry
To hang it on their wall.

Eight Medicals, all strong and bold,
Who averaged fourteen stone, unsold,
Police-man-tutored, so I'm told,
Thought for once that shield to hold,
And hang it on the wall.

Their heads they shod with iron stay,
Watered the field the previous day,
And but for the pluck of "Engineers A"
The trophy they'd have borne away
And hung it on their wall.

The Engineers, though not so tall,
Were men of muscle one and all,
Who'd been taught how and when to haul,
And hold the shield, odds great or small,
And hang it on the wall.

They pulled together, as they'd been taught,
They pulled together as good men ought,
With backs kept straight, and muscles taut,
So home with them the shield they brought,
And hung it on the wall.

An Engineer, I'd have it known,
First gave the shield—a man named Sloan;
So once again this fact we've shown,
"An Engineer can hold his own,"
And hang it on the wall.

"ENGINEER."

Jottings from Camp.—II.

[We again venture to direct the attention of our readers to the approaching Summer Conference of the British College Christian Union on July next. Full particulars may be obtained from Mr. S. H. Elliott, or from any of the Christian Union Secretaries. Unfortunately some of our most active Christian Union members are deterred from attending by reason of the expenses, which amount, all told, to about £5 10s. per head. If any more wealthy friends of the movement were disposed to contribute liberally towards so good an object, a delegation fund might be opened on their behalf. We believe that such liberality would be amply repaid by the benefit which would accrue to Christian work in our College.]

MATLOCK BANK.

Saturday, 26th July, 1902.

ANYTHING more nearly approaching the ideal than the life we are living here I can hardly imagine. Every part of our nature is provided for in a way I have never in my limited experience seen equalled. Of the high spiritual level of the meetings, and the great intellectual pleasure of familiar conversation with men of wide university experience, I cannot adequately speak. Physically, our method of existence is highly enjoyable and altogether healthy. The "open-air treatment" suits us all. I was afraid that a night or two in a beryll tent would be productive of colds or of neuritis, but the fresh mountain air is against such ailments. We get plenty of exercise, too—cricket and football, and long walks among this splendid Derbyshire scenery.

Yesterday afternoon I had a walk to Matlock Bath, which is a good way from here. The road runs along the side of the river, and as you look across the rippling water, the cliff of High Tor rises up in imposing majesty to the height of 500 feet. Not that 500 feet is a huge height for a hill, but this cliff is absolutely perpendicular, and you see all the 500 feet of it at one glance. It is quite an imposing sight. On the other side of the road are the Heights of Abraham.

Matlock Bath is a greater favourite than either Matlock Bridge or Matlock Bank, but for that very reason it misses the peaceful quietness of this part of the district. To my mind it is spoiled by the extraordinary number of automatic machines. All along the street you read: "Try your strength—Moderate strength rings the bell, great strength returns the penny!" "Moving pictures—Dan Leno at cricket!" "The automatic football match—Try your skill," and so on. Why not rather find amusement in the natural beauties of the place?

We went to see the petrifying wells, where umbrellas and bowler hats are turned to stone by the action of a mountain stream; after which we went for a row on the river.

Last night we were strolling round the quad in the moonlight, before turning in for the night, when the

wierd wailing strains of "Ton-y-Botel" were wafted from the Welsh marquee. The tune was Welsh, the words were Welsh, and the singers were Welsh, and the effect was impressive and harmonious in a way peculiar, I think, to the Welsh. Then other Welsh airs were sung—"Crugbyr," "Tan-y-castell," "Car-Salem," "Aberystwyth," and so on. A Hungarian in the same marquee followed with a Hungarian war-song—quite a different type of tune from the Welsh, but in its way perhaps equally striking. Then we had the Welsh National Anthem—"Hen Wlad fy Naudau," and so good-night.

* * * * *

Monday, 28th July.

Everything still goes on swimmingly, and I am enjoying myself beyond expression. Last night I had the experience of going on picket duty. Two of us were awakened by the retiring pickets at 2 a.m. The moon was shining brightly, and the sky was studded with stars. Half an hour later the light of the moon was dimmed by the first grey streaks of dawn, and the stars had apparently receded into invisible space. Then gradually the growing day declared itself; the white fleecy clouds in the east were tinted with gold, and reflected the light upon the dark storm-clouds that hurried down from the western sky. The early morning was very cold, and the last pickets had let the camp fire die out; but having found some wood and chopped it, we gathered together a collection of straw and paper and coal, and soon had a cheerful blaze. We then went the round of the tents, some of which were badly in need of attention. One man's boots, projecting from under the canvas, were full of water; and as we emptied the water out and put the things to dry, we heard some sleeper inside the tent turn over and mutter "It-mush-be-je-picketsh!" After some necessary refreshment we sat down on a soap box by the fire and talked till it was time to make another round of the camp. Then at four o'clock we awakened the next pair of pickets and turned in for another sleep.

To-morrow the Camp Sports will be held, and on Thursday our ten days' elysium comes to an end. Why can't we always live in this state of bliss? I suppose it is because our life at present does not include that essential of earthly existence—work! Perhaps it would not do to have everything heart could wish, without labour or effort. But a brief period of rest on the mountain tops, such as we have had, surely fits us for the work we have to do, and makes us ready to face problems with renewed vigour and courage. I have not said much about the splendid meetings we have had; but that is only because their value is too deep for my feeble words. They have been devotional but not effeminate, enthusiastic but not fanatic; they have pointed the way to the attainment of a high ideal, which it should now be our aim to make part and parcel of our daily life.

S. H. E.

Charivaria.

A HUMOUR has gained currency in the College that there is to be an amalgamation of the Engineering and Literary and Historical Societies next session.

The chief difficulty of such a project would be in the choice of papers, not of excursions. There has been a distinct "rapprochement" between the two societies this term, and a strongly-marked sympathy of aim.

If an amalgamation is realised, we may anticipate a paper from M. Quartier on "The Overcrowding of Railway Carriages, and its Remedies."

Dr. Turton says that the present arrangement of colours was chosen for its artistic beauty—and yet "Life is short; Art is long."

Colour-Sergeant Steinthal has been "marooned" at White's, and the Gamon's coffee-house knows him no more. He is now seeking fresh *aida* and pastures new.

It is not true that the first throw in the Ladies' Event at the sports injured the conductor of the band. It just went over his head, and he smiled.

The "Tag-of-War" Shield was installed with great pomp and ceremony in the Engineering Department the day after the sports. The College Bassoon, with Mr. P. Davies, was in musical attendance. Among noticeable absentees were His Majesty the King and the Medicals.

It was generally expected that the Medicals would carry off the shield this year. In bulk and parade they looked like a gang of policemen. Moreover they had special boots. Unfortunately they carried the affection too far, for they were not there when most wanted.

The Students' Union.

THE second general meeting of the session was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre on Monday, May 28th, Mr. W. T. Munro in the chair. There was a large turn out of students, male and female, no doubt attracted by the artistic poster which had hung in the hall a week previous to the meeting. The Chairman, on opening, informed those present that the meeting had been called in order to lay before the students a new arrangement of colours for the College blazers, caps, ties, and hat-bands, the same having been prepared by a Committee elected by the Union Committee. He then called on Mr. P. T. Steinthal, as Secretary of this Committee, to lay their ideas before the meeting. After all the details had been lucidly explained by means of drawings, &c., Mr. Steinthal resumed his seat amid loud cheers. Unfortunately the hat-band chosen by the Colours Committee clashed with that of Lyddon Hall, and Mr. Ward, as representative of the College Hall of residence, rose to defend their rights. He explained in rather a lengthy manner that Lyddon Hall had already changed their hat-band, as the Medical School desired it for their use. Mr. Connal rose to support Mr. Ward, and said he thought it would be

a decidedly churlish thing for the College to adopt the said hat-band against the wishes of Lyddon Hall, and proceeded in this strain for quite a lengthy period. The peaceable Mr. Davis then rose to pour oil on troubled waters, but unfortunately his stock of oil ran out before he had achieved that worthy object. Some rambling discussion followed in which Messrs. Cooke, Richardson, and Steinthal took part. It was finally agreed to accept the scheme of colouring as it stood with the exception of the hat-band, which was referred back to the Committee for further consideration. The meeting was then adjourned till the following Monday in order that the Committee might have time to reconsider the hat-band question.

On Monday, May 25th, the third general meeting of the session was held in the Chemical Lecture Theatre, Mr. Munro in the chair. The colour question had aroused a great deal of interest in the College during the previous week, and large numbers turned up in order to hear the reconsidered decision of the Colours Committee on the hat-band question. Mr. Munro called on Mr. Steinthal to lay the matter before the meeting. He informed the meeting that since the Monday previous the Committee had met, and after long discussion had come to the conclusion that it was impossible to get any arrangement of the College colours (maroon and white) other than that of Lyddon Hall, which was at all satisfactory. He also informed the meeting that he had received a letter from Mr. Rowe (Warden of Lyddon Hall) saying, as he heard there was a great desire to adopt their band as the College one, he was quite willing to withdraw any objections he had previously stated, and on account of those two facts Mr. Steinthal once more proposed that the College should adopt this band, Mr. F. A. Battle seconding this proposition. After this it was necessary for the Chairman to call order before Mr. Ward could commence his lengthy and prepared speech, the gist of which was that if the College men were true sportsmen they would not deprive Lyddon Hall of their birthright. In reply to this speech Mr. Fearnley stepped forward and made some rambling remarks on third year men, universities, colours, and such like. Several other gentlemen then had their say on various points, among the rest being Messrs. Davis, Cooke, and Steinthal. After this desultory discussion had terminated, Mr. H. Hartley rose, and in a long and stirring speech, pointed out that many people thought the College colours quite satisfactory, and asked the reason why the change was proposed, and at the same time questioned the right of the Students' Union Committee to make any change in the College colours. He then went on to say that the past students were as much concerned in the matter as the present, and suggested that all old students be "circularised" before any change be made. The Chairman, in reply to his question, pointed out that about two years ago numerous letters appeared in the *Gryphon* ridiculing those who wore the College caps, the result being that it is now never used, this fact alone proving that at least the College caps were very unsatisfactory. He also mentioned that several hundred old students always received circulars about the sports, conversation, &c., and that a mere

handful ever turned up, thus trying to prove that the old students did not take such a great interest in College affairs as the last speaker had suggested. Dr. Paterson, in a short and very matter-of-fact speech, suggested that it would have been much better to change the colours next year, as the whole question would have to come up again next year when the new university colours were settled, and when that time came that the colours should be standardised, so that in future it would be impossible to again change the colours without the consent of the University Committee. Dr. Turton then rose to support Mr. Hartley. He informed the meeting that he had been a member of the Athletic Union Committee when the present colours had been agreed on, and said that at that time the colours were considered very satisfactory, and if the colours were now changed that we had no guarantee that a future Committee would not consider the present choice as unsatisfactory. The last three speeches had evidently had a great effect on those present judging by the cheering they received. As it seemed to be the general wish of the meeting, the Chairman allowed Mr. W. H. Davis to make the proposition, "That the whole colour question be once more reconsidered," seconded by Mr. Ward and carried unanimously. In spite of the fact that nothing was arrived at, the Union Committee consider this meeting to be a highly satisfactory one, as the large number of speakers and huge turn out of students showed that they had the interest of College at heart, in spite of all the talk we hear about of the great want of *esprit de corps* in the College. I hear on good authority that the Students' Union intend to let the colour question lie over for another year, when no doubt the present scheme will be entirely remodelled.⁶

RIP.

Guillaumosities.

FINAL PHYSICS students are requested to let it sink solidly in that—

1. Recurring decimals are mathematical enmities requiring celestial accuracy.
2. A torpedo strikes a battleship below the belt.
3. The ancients had elastic consciences.
4. In 1845 Joule was physically more or less a babe.
5. The ant has been enjoying a spurious reputation for diligence since the days of Solomon.
6. Probably a whale knows nothing of even the most elementary phenomena of surface tension.
7. Two things are said to be similar when the one is a glorified representation of the other.
8. Some of you will be late for your own funerals.
9. In your sober moments say "helical," not "spiral," spring.

[⁶ We imagine that it must have been by a slip of the pen that our esteemed contributor wrote "remodelled" instead of "standardised."—Ed.]

Peeps at the Engineers.

"FROM trials unexcepted" are the Engineers, for at present the Department is quite engrossed in "mule;" refectory sandwiches and bottled—well, what you like, form the standard lunch. It is a pity that these trials, so dear to the heart of an engineer, cause some inconvenience to the rest of the College, but no true engineer considers this side of the question at all.

One of us, known to the intimates as "the mother's boy," was recently trying to emulate the exploits of the late Captain Webb, and was dangerously injured; his friends, however, may rest assured that he is now quite recovered.

Those members of the Department who accompanied the Literary and Historical Society on their excursion to Ripon being back glowing accounts of their adventures, and OH! I say! one of these gentlemen upheld particularly well the best traditions of the Department and of the Hall.

The member of the staff who thoroughly understands the scientific principle of resolution of forces, applied these in his coaching of the tug-of-war teams, with what result everybody knows; it was largely owing to his untiring efforts that the teams met with the success they did, and he deserves the thanks of all engineers; the result of the tug-of-war shows that it is much better to treat the human body as a machine than as a receptacle for drugs.

It has been proposed to present an illustrated text to our rivals, to be hung in the place which had been prepared for the shield.

We congratulate ourselves that the most important event in the sports, viz., the sack race, was won by one of our number; we regret, however, that the winner of this event was not more successful in the tennis tournaments.

Some leading spirits are talking of having a mass meeting to discuss two propositions:—(1) That a sound-proof floor should be put in between the Drawing Office and the Lecture Theatre, so that tug-of-war, long jump, or other sports might be indulged in upstairs without disturbing the lecture going on below. (2) That a lift be put in to save the climb up the steps to the D.O., and to shorten the time taken going thence to the smoke-room.

De Rebus Medicalibus.

THE Gryphon rejoices to hear that the Dean of the Medical School has now almost recovered from the effects of his recent mishap, and hopes to resume his duties at the end of the present week.

Successes still crowd upon us. Surgery to the fore as usual at Leeds. We append recent results:—ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—Final F.R.C.S.

H. Collinson, M.B., B.S., Lond.

W. Gough, M.B., B.S., Lond.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—Final M.B.

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

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

All have our heartiest congratulations; may many follow in their footsteps.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Sir James Crichton Browne has been secured for the opening of the Winter Session of the Medical School in October next. We are hoping to secure as able a speaker for the opening meeting of the Medical Society, which occurs some days later.

Will First-year Medicals at the College remember that they are expected to nominate men to stand for election on the Students' Representative Council in October next, when they join at the Medical School. There are three representatives required for the year, and it is desired that there should be keen competition for the places. In former years they have frequently put forward a plea of entire ignorance of the election. We were pleased to notice that they rallied round our standard on the occasion of the sports; let them remember the Medical Society and other kindred institutions next winter, and support them in a similar way.

The Sports: it is difficult to know what to say about them. The great event of the day, so far as the Medicals were concerned, was the tug. The result of that final pull everybody knows by now.

May we, on behalf of the Department, congratulate the Engineers on their great victory, and apologise for any possible appearance of ill-will.

Far be it from us to criticise the Sports Committee, but we feel that in future years a more definite statement of tug rules should be set out by them to obviate any objections that might arise immediately prior to the pull.

As for the other events, our Department shone brilliantly in the persons of A. B. S. Todd and S. L. Heald, the former of whom won the Championship Cup. Heald won the high jump, beating last year's winner by a narrow margin; and last, but by no means least, H. M. Birkett won the consolation race in fine style. Thus did the Medicals distinguish themselves.

Turning to less frivolous matters, work for the July examinations is progressing. The library is thronged daily with "grinders," and all the available text-books are out. We wish all success to our representatives. We hear rumours of Honours lists in which Leeds names will figure conspicuously in a short time, and hope that they will turn out to have been true.

Our heartiest congratulations are due to L. R. Braithwaite on the announcement that he has recently been awarded the McGill Prize of £10 in Clinical Surgery. We await the result of the Hardwick with interest.

Our great Assistant-Surgeon has been exploring in fresh fields and pastures new, and has just returned to Leeds after an absence of six weeks on a visit to the Far West. It would be interesting to hear an account of his experiences before the Medical Society next winter if he were willing to give one. We know that Prof. Hartley has a most interesting lecture in preparation on his recent experiences in the land of the Nile and the Sphinx. We commend them to the notice of the Secretary of the Society.

We regret our tardiness in announcing that our late R.M.O., Dr. Telling, was some time ago appointed a Honorary Physician to the Leeds Public Dispensary, in the place of Dr. Chadwick, who has resigned.

The Medical Society.

THE last two meetings of the session were held on March 3rd and 17th, 1903, when Mr. J. J. Anning and Dr. Clarke read papers.

Mr. Anning chose for his subject, "Drug Habits," enumerating the various forms of the disease and the causes which led up to them.

He went very fully into the signs and symptoms of the more common drug habits, such as opium, cocaine, and cannabis indica, showing their effect on the constitution and moral nature, and the great difficulty of shaking off the habit.

An interesting discussion followed, led by the President (Mr. H. N. Keeling), who dwelt on the advisability or otherwise of prescribing morphia in different diseases.

Mr. Birkett and Mr. Radcliffe gave us their own personal experiences of opium and cannabis indica.

Messrs. Arnott, Veale, Cundall, Birtwhistle, Smalles and Thomas having also spoken the meeting was adjourned.

Dr. Clarke's paper was on the "History of Physiology." He traced the development of the science from the time of Hippocrates to the present day. The great theories of eminent physiologists were thoroughly dealt with in the most interesting manner. Though many of these doctrines appear to us to be absurd and incongruous, Dr. Clarke pointed out that, for the time at which they were propounded, they were not at all so.

The work of Aristotle, Galen, Vesalius, Harvey, Malpighi, and many others was fully gone into, and the whole paper was an excellent epitome of the rise and progress of physiology.

In the discussion which followed, Messrs. Arnott, Edmondson, Smalles, Radcliffe, Tomlin, Pickles, and Thomas took part.

The session which has just closed has been most successful in every way. There have been nine meetings, with an average attendance of 41. The record attendance for the last four or five years at an ordinary meeting has been broken, and the standard of the papers, debates, and discussions has been exceptionally high.

The College Sports.

THIS important annual event took place in fine but dull weather on the afternoon of Thursday, May 28th last, before a large and fashionable attendance; a large proportion of which we were glad to notice were ladies.

During the afternoon the Horshost Subscription Band discoursed selections of "music." We were pleased to see that the entries were much larger than last year, but unfortunately a large number did not toe the line. As usual the events were rather behind time because of the slowness of the competitors in turning out for their events. The Lord and Lady

The Gryphon.

Mayoress honoured us with their presence, arriving about 6 o'clock, and were officially received by the President of the Union, who conducted them to the Pavilion.

EVENTS.

Putting the Weight.—1, W. B. Thompson, 33 feet; 2, G. Hagg, 30 feet 8 inches. In this event five competitors put in an appearance, who were evenly matched with the exception of the first prize-winner, who proved far superior to the others.

100 Yards Flat Race.—Heat 1—1, H. Duncan; 2, F. Macphail. Time, — sec. Heat 2—1, W. L. Alderson; 2, H. Lee. Time, 11.4 sec. Heat 3—1, S. L. Heald; 2, A. B. S. Todd. Time, 10.3 sec. Final—1, S. L. Heald; 2, A. B. S. Todd. Time, 11 sec. In the first heat, as only two competitors put in an appearance, they were immediately drafted into the final. The running throughout the heats and the final was excellent, and as seen in the result list the times were good.

Hurdle Race.—Heat 1—1, W. B. Thompson; 2, H. Duncan. Time, 16 sec. Heat 2—1, W. L. Alderson; 2, H. Lee. Time, 17 sec. Heat 3—1, S. L. Heald; 2, A. B. S. Todd. Time, 15.2 sec. Final—1, S. L. Heald and A. B. S. Todd, dead heat; 2, W. B. Thompson. Time, 15 sec. A very even and exciting race, S. L. Heald standing down and W. B. Thompson taking second prize.

Tag of War.—First Round. Textile v. Science; Engineers B v. Arts.—Owing to the fact that the Science Department did not raise a team until the actual day, through slackness, the Textiles proved easy victors. This surely ought not to be the case, as the Science Department is one of the largest in the College. The same remarks which have been passed about the Science Department may be applied to the Arts, the two pulls ending on each occasion in an easy walk over for the Engineers.

Inter-College Mile.—Entr'is: L. Clay, Owens; C. B. Clarke, Owens; A. Grossmann, Liverpool; A. B. S. Todd, Yorks.; W. A. Cooper, Yorks. Result:—1, A. Grossmann, Liverpool; 2, A. B. S. Todd, Yorks.; 3, W. A. Cooper, Yorks. Time, 4 min. 45 sec. Unfortunately, at the last moment Liverpool were only able to send one representative, but his running proved too good for the other Colleges. This victory makes the third for Liverpool, as they had already won the other two inter-college events. A. B. S. Todd ran very pluckily, but he was evidently saving himself for his further events.

Long Jump.—Six entered, 1, S. L. Heald, 19 feet 1 inch; 2, W. L. Alderson, 18 feet 5 1/2 inches. S. L. Heald was in great form, and probably his winning jump was the jump of his life.

220 Yards Flat Handicap.—1, W. L. Alderson; 2, E. R. Swale. Hall led for half the length, when Alderson and Swale put on a good sprint, the former coming in a good first, followed closely by Swale as second.

500 Yards Race.—Great keenness was shown about this race, inasmuch as 75 per cent. of the entries started. Heat 1—1, P. Davies; 2, I. P. Davies. Heat 2—1, J. Waite; 2, P. T. Steinthal. Heat 3—1, F. A. Battle; 2, W. T. Munro. Heat 4—1, J. P. Humble; 2, H. Lee. Final—1, P. T. Steinthal; 2, J. Waite;

3, I. P. Davies. As usual this event evinced much amusement, many of the competitors entirely losing their equilibrium in getting up from the ground, as well as in hobbling to the winning-post.

440 Yards Flat (Scratch).—1, A. B. S. Todd; 2, E. R. Swale; 3, S. L. Heald. Todd soon took the lead with Swale, Duncan, and Heald in close attendance, and maintaining the same throughout came in a fairly easy winner, with Swale second, and Heald third.

Tag of War.—First Round—Medicals v. Agricultural; Engineers A a bye. Considerable discussion took place before this event actually came off respecting the pieces of steel which were fastened into the heels of the Medicals' boots, and the judges decided that these should be removed before the Medicals should be allowed to pull. Considering the great difference in weight the Agricultural pulled very pluckily against the "hefty" Medicals. Owing to the N.D.A. Examination being over some time before, the Agricultural were deprived of some of their best men. The Medicals in each pull proved easy victors.

Half-Mile Flat Handicap.—Five entered—1, G. W. Nicolson; 2, E. R. Swale; 3, H. A. Hale. Time, 2 min. 20 sec. Nicolson took the lead for the first round with Hall second and Swale third. Swale, however, overtook Hall early in the second round, and Nicolson maintained his lead throughout and was easily.

High Jump.—1, S. L. Heald, 5 ft. 2 in.; 2, R. Wood.

Half-Mile Scratch.—1, A. B. S. Todd; 2, G. W. Nicolson; 3, W. A. Cooper. Time, 2 min. 22 sec. Todd and Cooper made the pace fairly strong during the first round. Todd first, Nicolson second, was the order at the end of the first round, which they maintained to the finish.

Tag of War.—Textile v. Engineers A; Medicals v. Engineers B. The first contest was one of the best pulled during the afternoon, the Textiles making excellent opponents for the Engineers' premier team. After strenuous efforts on both sides, the Engineers proved victors in the end. In the second contest the Medicals were far the heavier team; their average weight being 13 stone 10 lbs., and the Engineers average weight only being 11 stone. As could only be expected, although the Engineers pulled most pluckily, they were defeated.

Mile Flat Handicap.—There were seven who turned out for this event. 1, W. A. Cooper; 2, G. W. Nicolson; 3, H. MacLaren. MacLaren, Suggitt, Cooper was the order for the first two laps. Nicolson drew up from scratch to third place at the end of the third round. The running in the third round was very good, Cooper steadily forging ahead came in first, the others in the order as stated above. MacLaren had hard lines in not getting second in this race, as it was within 100 yards from that Nicolson wrested the place from him.

Ladies throwing the Cricket Ball.—This important event evinced exceptional interest among the ladies gathering around the ropes. Ten charmingly clad ladies came forth to demonstrate their "throwing" powers. After the first throw the spectators were

noticed to place themselves in ambush, as far as the topographical formation of the field would allow. As soon as the first round was complete, it was easy to see who would prove victor. In fact it was only Mesdemoiselles Bateman and Barras who treated the attendance to a scientific display of throwing. The former lady had very hard lines in over-throwing the line in her first most excellent throw. However, Miss Bateman had no difficulty in showing her great superiority over her opponents, and ran out an easy winner. 1, Miss E. Bateman, 92½ ft.; 2, Miss A. Burdett, 84½ ft.

Tug of War.—Final. Engineers A. v. Medicals. Undoubtedly this event was looked forward to with great keenness by all Yorkshire College students, as we had heard so much of the fame of the Medicals, who, with their average weight almost 14 stone, and height 6ft. 1 in., professional trainer, their regimental method of advancing to and from the scene of action, great things were expected of them. However, we were prepared for them, and the Engineers were ready with a most excellent team, both consistent in size and weight, with the exception of the man at the end of their rope, who brought up their average weight *sans success*, and consequently did good service. In the first pull, which was indeed a "long and a strong pull" for both teams, the College came out victors. In the second the School put forward all its best strength and overcame the College representatives. The final was a magnificent pull, each man in the two teams feeling that he had the honour of his College or School on his shoulders. Slowly the Engineers overcame them, and finally with a magnificent effort the pull was o'er and the Engineers were victorious once again to adorn their drawing office with the much coveted shield.

Consolation Race.—1, H. M. Birkett; 2, W. Garforth.

Band Race.—1, John Jones.

At the conclusion of the races the Lady Mayoress most kindly gave away the prizes, which were exceedingly well chosen and handsome gifts.

Previous to this, however, she was presented with a beautiful bouquet by the President, representing the colours of the College.

One of the most successful sports' days known was ended with cheers for the Lady Mayoress and the President of the Union.

C. W. A.

Cricket News.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE FIRST XI. v. LEEDS SPRINGFIELD C.C.

Played at Headingley, May 19th.

LEEDS SPRINGFIELD.

R. D. Chorley, c Russell, b Whitlow	0
J. V. Kaye, b Gloyne	7
J. Burn, b Crump	2
A. Murray, c Cooke, b Heald	22
A. Barrett, c Russell, b Gloyne	0
L. E. Wood, c Cooke, b Heald	0
W. D. Fox, b Elliott	19

A. Wincark, b Hood	8
H. Towers, b Elliott	7
A. Marsar, c Humble, b Hood	4
H. Sanders, not out	0
Extras	12
			81

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Runs	Wickets
S. T. Crump	.. 3	.. 1
J. Whitlow	.. 22	.. 1
S. L. Heald	.. 5	.. 2
S. R. Gloyne	.. 13	.. 2
Hood	.. 11	.. 2
Elliott	.. 6	.. 2

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

J. M. Russell, c Towers, b Murray	18
S. T. Crump, b Murray	3
L. W. Alderson, b Greenwood	9
E. C. Hood, b Murray	3
J. P. Whitlow, c Barrett, b Murray	0
W. H. A. Elliott, b Greenwood	9
Foulds, b Murray	0
J. Humble, b Murray	0
J. Cooke, not out	5
S. L. Heald, not out	11
Extras	13

(8 wickets) 71

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE FIRST XI. v. OWENS COLLEGE.

Played at Manchester on May 20th.

OWENS COLLEGE.

G. G. Parkin, b Heald	13
H. Simms, c Russell, b Heald	8
E. M. Wilkins, b Gloyne	11
H. E. Moore, b Alderson	74
J. S. Harrison, c Russell, b Elliott	8
C. W. Panton, b Elliott	5
W. H. B. McCann, c Humble, b Heald	4
G. F. Porter, not out	35
F. C. Hudson, b Alderson	6
R. L. Ferguson, not out	2
Extras	22

(8 wickets) 188

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Runs	Wickets
Heald	.. 52	.. 3
Hood	.. 24	.. 0
Gloyne	.. 23	.. 1
Elliott	.. 18	.. 2
Crump	.. 27	.. 0
Alderson	.. 22	.. 2

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

J. M. Russell, c Hudson, b Wilkins	14
S. T. Crump, b Harrison	20
L. W. Alderson, b Wilkins	6
E. C. Hood, c Harrison, b Wilkins	2
W. G. Garforth, not out	16
W. H. A. Elliott, b Wilkins	1
Foulds, b Wilkins	2
J. Humble, b Wilkins	3

The Gryphon.

J. Cooke, st. Moore, b Wilkins	2
S. R. Gloyne, b Harrison	0
S. L. Heald, c Parker, b Wilkins	1
Extras	—
	69

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE FIRST XI. v. HORSFORTH
HALL PARK.

Played at Headingley, May 29rd.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

J. M. Russell, c C. Daniel, b Nunn	41
W. G. Garforth, b Lilley	25
L. W. Alderson, not out	64
E. C. Hood, b Nunn	1
J. P. Whitlow, b Lilley	1
W. H. A. Elliott, c W. Daniel, b Newstead	4
J. Humble, c Dobson, b Newstead	13
F. M. Gregory, not out	12
Extras	8

Innings declared. 168

HORSFORTH HALL PARK.

A. Dobson, b Heald	1
C. H. Hardisty, c Whitlow, b Heald	10
W. Walton, c Russell, b Hood	5
H. Charnley, lb.w., b Hood	0
C. E. Daniel, c Whitlow, b Heald	1
W. H. Daniel, b Heald	0
L. S. Clapham, b Hood	0
F. A. Lilley, b Hood	2
H. M. Newstead, c Elliott, b Hood	9
W. Nunn, b Hood	0
C. E. Gray, not out	4
Extras	3
	41

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LIVERPOOL.

Played at Liverpool, May 29th.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

W. F. Mitchell, b Elliott	20
M. Ward, b Hood	2
J. H. Dodds, b Hood	29
G. M. Lloyd, c and b Dixon	40
W. Akroyd, b Hood	4
J. G. Birch, b Gregory	6
C. Upcher, b Alderson	20
R. J. MacAlpine, run out	24
H. G. Harrison, not out	5
C. C. Freeth, b Elliott	0
R. H. Ashbery, b Elliott	0
Extras	23

BOWLING.

	w.	r.
Elliott	3	38
Hood	3	54
Gregory	1	21
Gloyne	—	24
Dixon	1	13
Alderson	1	10

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

J. M. Russell, lb.w., b Birch	32
W. G. Garforth, c Harrison, b Birch	62
L. W. Alderson, c Dodds, b Birch	13
W. H. A. Elliott, c Lloyd, b Akroyd	26
J. R. Humble, b Birch	10
J. Cooke, b Birch	6
E. A. MacPhail, not out	6
E. C. Hood, not out	8
Extras	12

(six wickets) 275

F. M. Gregory, J. Dixon, and S. R. Gloyne did not bat.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN.

Played at York, and ended in a draw, June 6th.

YORKSHIRE GENTLEMEN.

Major Symonds, c Russell, b Elliott	33
S. G. Squire, c Cooke, b Elliott	20
E. S. Jones, b Whitlow	13
F. H. Walker, b Gregory	34
Capt. H. Walker, c Sutcliffe, b Gregory	27
J. A. G. Wilkinson, c Gregory, b Ferguson	0
D. J. P. Davies, b Ferguson	0
A. C. Stamer, b Crump	21
E. C. Green, c Humble, b Gregory	4
Capt. Lowe, b Crump	8
E. Cundall, not out	1

Extras—byes, 15; leg-byes, 5; wide, 1. 21

182

BOWLING ANALYSIS.

	Over.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.
Crump	7-4	2	32	2
Whitlow	12	2	46	1
Elliott	7	1	33	2
Gregory	6	1	25	3
Ferguson	8	1	25	2

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

J. M. Russell, b Wilkinson	32
W. G. Garforth, b Squire	25
S. T. Crump, c F. H. Walker, b Wilkinson	11
H. Sutcliffe, b Squire	4
J. P. Whitlow, b Wilkinson	9
W. H. A. Elliott, b Jones	24
A. M. Tatham, not out	6
Extras—byes, 7; leg-byes, 3; wide, 1	11

(six wickets) 212

J. Humble, F. M. Gregory, H. Ferguson, and J. Cooke did not bat.

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE v. OWENS COLLEGE.

Played at Headingley, June 10th.

OWENS COLLEGE.

G. G. Parkin, c Crump, b Hood	3
G. F. Porter, b Hood	0
T. S. Harrison, c Russell, b Crump	19
H. E. Moore, c Russell, b Ferguson	13
J. H. Fletcher, run out	0
W. H. B. McCann, c Hood, b Crump	12
W. S. Millar, b Crump	9

C. J. Day, c Russell, b Ferguson	15
J. A. Crump, not out	13
W. H. Perkins, c Humble, b Hood	8
W. Gooch, c Alderson, b Ferguson	3
Extras	5
	100

BOWLING.

	W.	R.
Crump	3	30
Hood	3	31
Ferguson	3	34

YORKSHIRE COLLEGE.

J. M. Russell, lb.w., b Millar	0
W. G. Garforth, b Porter	55
S. T. Crump, run out	7
W. H. A. Elliott, c Fletcher, b Harrison	53
E. C. Hood, c Crump, b Gooch	23
L. W. Alderson, b Gooch	6
J. Humble, b Gooch	6
A. M. Tatham, b Harrison	4
H. Ferguson, run out	9
J. Cooke, c Moore, b Gooch	2
S. R. Gloyne, not out	1
Extras	8

168

Some New Books.

The Drapier Letters.

THE PROSE WORKS OF JONATHAN SWIFT, edited by
TEMPLE SCOTT. Vol. VI. The Drapier Letters.
GEORGE BELL & SONS. 3s. 6d.

A complete edition of the works of Dean Swift is somewhat of a rarity, and the twelve volume edition now being prepared for Bohn's Libraries certainly supplies a need. The latest of the series—Volume VI.—gives us in their entirety those seven remarkable outbursts of political indignation, the Drapier Letters. The circumstances under which the letters were written is pointed out by Mr. Temple Scott in a brief but valuable introduction. When the political crash of 1714 had come, Swift retired to Ireland, deceived in his reliance on the Harley Ministry, and disappointed in his hope of a bishopric. His reception as Dean of St. Patrick's was anything but encouraging, and his first years at Dublin were marked only by the jeering and derision of the people. Ten years later, however, all that was changed, and Dean Swift had become the darling of the nation; for he had espoused the cause of Irish liberty, and had secured the withdrawal of Wood's detestable halfpence.

That the condition of Ireland at that time was a fit cause for discontent is beyond question. The country had been pacified in 1691 by the Treaty of Limerick, but the treaty was made only to be broken. The toleration granted to Roman Catholics was withdrawn, and the disabilities under which the Papists laboured became intolerable. Agriculture was hampered by the principle of "absenteeism" among the landlords; industries suffered by the restrictions imposed to give protection to England. Swift, at

this time a man of deep sympathies and violent passions, was aroused by the popular distress, and came forward in 1720 as an agitator of Irish reform. His "Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures" enraged the Government but delighted the people. Henceforward Swift was the champion of the Irish cause.

The immediate occasion of the Drapier Letters—the granting of a patent to William Wood to issue a new copper coinage for Ireland in 1723—is well enough known. One point, however, is still in dispute, viz., were the halfpence actually debased? Debasement of the coinage was not the central point of dispute; it was enough for the Irish people that Wood had been guilty of gross corruption in his manner of obtaining the patent, and that the granting of the patent was prejudicial to the country's best interests. But Swift vents a further grievance by declaring that the new coinage was below its face value. The people, he declares, "detest, abhor, and reject it as corrupt, fraudulent, mingled with dirt and trash"; and in reply to the argument that some of the coin was put to the test, he exclaims, "How impudent and insupportable is this? Wood takes care to coin a dozen or two halfpence of good metal, sends them to the Tower, and they are approved, and these must assuage all that he hath already coined or shall coin for the future. I have heard of a man who had a mind to sell his horse, and therefore carried a piece of brick in his pocket, which he showed as a pattern to encourage purchasers; and this is directly the case with Mr. Wood's assay." Certainly Swift, and the Irish masses whom he represents, firmly believed the coinage to be debased; whether that belief was well-founded seems to be a matter of doubt among modern historians. Mr. Temple Scott apparently does not express an opinion on the subject, though he quotes Monck Mason's remark that

"the assay masters do not report that Mr. Wood's coinage was superior to that of former kings, but only to those specimens of such coinages as were exhibited by Mr. Wood, which, it is admitted, were much worn. Whether the money coined in the preceding reign was good or bad is, in fact, nothing to the purpose."

The short passage we quoted from the letters is typical of the simple but trenchant satire with which Swift put his enemies to shame. He threw his whole powers into the contest; he saw his adversaries' weak points and made the most of them. His statements are often exaggerated, but his arguments are weighty. By reason of their extreme homeliness and telling humour these letters make most delightful reading, and afford excellent recreation for people of all tastes. Nor can we recommend a more readable and convenient edition than that which Messrs. Bell have just put before us. Besides the general introduction, there are introductory notes to each letter, a reasonable number of footnotes, and numerous appendices. Two first-rate full-page plates greatly enhance the value of the volume.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF T. H. HUXLEY.

The recent publication in the Everyday Series (Macmillan) of the "Life and Letters of T. H. Huxley," recalls to the mind of the present writer

the perusal of the two bulky and somewhat awe-inspiring volumes which constituted the original edition of this work. The opportunity is now taken of recommending the "Life," particularly in its new and lighter form, to all readers of biography. For it may be said at once that this life of "Darwin's Bulldog" is not limited in its interest to biologists only, any more than that of Darwin himself is. If the latter attracted by virtue of the strong, simple nature of the man, his solidity, his tenacity of purpose, his gentle dignity, it is no less true that the life of Huxley fascinates by the elements of dramatic romance, wit, and pugnacity which it contains. It dominates us just as the living Huxley dominated at times the controversial fields he entered, and leaves an impression not unlike that of his own "Lay Sermons" in its tonic effect. Here we seem to have Huxley the scientist merged in Huxley the man, and there are few personalities of last century more striking. The caustic wit, restrained in his formal writings, plays freely in the many letters scattered throughout the volumes, and this, together with the intrinsic interest of the setting in which the letters themselves lie, prevents any approach to that degeneracy into a mass of dreary correspondence which characterises many so-called "lives." It is indeed a refreshing and fascinating book, and that irrespective of the reader, so far as any biography can be.

And just one word of hope; it is that the acquaintance of this "Life and Letters" with the library may not be confined solely to the pages of the Recommendation Book.

PAUL KELVER: by Jerome K. Jerome (Hutchinson).

Those who know Mr. Jerome as a humorous writer will agree that by making humour subsidiary in "Paul Kever," he has both justified himself and produced a very notable book. But the present matter concerns the novel itself rather than the author of it, though one is led by reading the novel to speculate the more on the author's own literary evolution. For "Paul Kever" possesses that elusive air of autobiography which it actually gives an additional interest, and if imaginary is at least a sign of power. In this it resembles the favourite work of the founder of that novel writing to which Mr. Jerome owes allegiance; the "David Copperfield" of Dickens. Nor does the resemblance end here, for "Paul Kever" contains a study of child-life too, one which is worthy of comparison with that other as with "Paul Debeney," one less open to the charge of sentimentalism than these, because it is so eminently real. One is delighted in turn with this new child "Paul," with touches reminiscent of Dickens, with the subdued and mellowed humour of the old Jerome, and above all with the sweet human truth of it. And "Paul Kever" is the more acceptable because it has the merit of cheerfulness as well as of truth. Whether it marks a reaction from the prevalent problem novels or not, it certainly possesses qualities which these never have, however brilliant they may be, qualities of delightful rightness and wholesomeness. Mr. Jerome has indeed put into the mouth of Paul the words, "I thought to help," words which in their context seem to express the author's own object and explain his deeper motive. "Paul Kever" is not only worth reading; it is worth assimilating.



DEAR MR. EDITOR,

There have been several additions to the items in the list of events at the sports this year. Might I suggest that next year a walking race be held of about two miles, and held as the mile race is held now as a preliminary event. This suggestion has not cropped up in my mind as a result of the recent numerous long walking races.

Yours,

K. Q. J. Z.

To the Editor of "The Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

Perhaps, as a student who is just finishing his College career and one who has been compelled to do a large proportion of his work in the library, it would not be out of place for me to suggest a few changes which would greatly increase the value of the library to the College students as a whole. I am sure most students will agree with me, when I say that the library is not worthy of the Yorkshire College; but such as it is, much greater value could be got from it by making a few simple changes. The following are a few changes which to me seem absolutely necessary:—

- 1.—That a good catalogue be made up.
- 2.—That a list of all new books be published in the library monthly.
- 3.—That the books be arranged in their respective classes, chemistry, arts, &c., and not according to size and colour of binding, and that the shelves be labelled accordingly.
- 4.—That the more recent editions of the annuals be kept on the shelves, and not in the store room as is now the case.
- 5.—That the students be allowed the use of the gallery and the store room.
- 6.—That the present method of identifying the students be abolished, as the class ticket nuisance keeps many students from using the library.
- 7.—That books may be kept for a fortnight from the day of issue.
- 8.—That the assistant librarian have the power of issuing books when the librarian is engaged.
- 9.—That something be done to decrease the noise in the library, e.g., a strip of carpet be put round the library.
- 10.—That the Library Committee meet once a month to consider any suggestions which have been put in the suggestion book.
- 11.—That the staff be not allowed to keep books of reference for an unlimited period.

I have no doubt there are many other petty annoyances known to students, but I think that the above mentioned ones are among the most serious.

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