



"The Gryphon never spreads her wings in the instant 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 current which has hitherto found them in the previousness which was ought to shun."—LULLY.

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THE University has come at last. Long may it exist! May its Professors ever have a reputation for learning and wisdom, its students continue to be hard-working and conscientious, so that its influence may be wide and far reaching, and that whosoever that influence is once felt, the darkness of ignorance and prejudice may be banished for ever. April 26th, 1904, should be an epoch-making event in English twentieth century life, and yet scarcely more than a ripple troubled the dull, heavy waters of the traditional English belief in *laissez-faire*. The world at large did not go into raptures on hearing that a new University had come into being: so much the greater need is there then for this institution of ours to justify its adoption of new conditions of life. It may be said,

however, that the students at any rate have already shown their disapprobation of the passive nonchalance of the average Englishman by the demonstration which they made on the occasion of the reading of the new Charter by the Vice-Chancellor. There is some justification, it is true, for the holding of such a view; for the afternoon of Tuesday, the 26th of April, will doubtless long be remembered for its culmination of dissonant clamouring and its great extent of *disjecta membra*.

And yet over-joyed as we are that anything is so potent as to quicken in the dry bones of College life even an approximate approach to universal enthusiasm we are, nevertheless, prone to think that such enthusiasm was rather superficial than profound, temporary than abiding. It was but a spontaneous outburst of physical energy—and as such to be admired—through which a somewhat rich strain of temporary insanity found its way.

[For real enthusiasm—a stirring of the soul springs of the individual—would not have been quenched within a day as the other was. Its effects would have been many and various. These would have

been mirrored in the conversation of the students, and, as a result, contributions would have been poured into the *Gryphon* box dealing with many controversial matters. For surely the formation of our new University should be epoch-making in this respect apart from any other. There should take place now a review of all the traditions of our College, and a set determination formed to eradicate the bad, and perpetuate the good; there should be, in short, a re-casting of all the best landmarks of our College life, and, finally, additions made to our existing ideals and a glow of colour infused into much of the prosaic routine now existing in the College.

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We willingly direct the attention of our readers to the article in which is contained the results of the interviews we have had with some of our College worthies respecting the formation of our new University.

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When summer comes round it is as true as ever it was true, that "a young man's thoughts lightly turn to—excursions. Hence, we are glad to be able to make it generally known that the Literary and Historical Society has chosen Fountains Abbey and Helmsley as the places to be visited by them between now and the end of the session. This Society has long possessed a firm reputation for the success which invariably accompanies its annual excursions. We can accordingly then commend these facts to the attention of all our readers, and of Freshers in particular, for, given fine weather, two enjoyable half-days are in store for us.

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This will be the more pleasant news in that the shadow of the Examinations is now day by day looming darker and darker around us. Everyone seems to be on the very tip-toe of expectation, you, even eager to meet the examinations half-way, a fact which causes your humble Editors, O gentle readers, to be sorely troubled both by day and night, lest in your too eager expectation ye overbalance and "deep in the roaring tide plunge to endless night." It would indeed be a sad fate if you thus courted disaster, and your names were not proclaimed aloud to all the world on that glorious eve of June. Be temperate in all things, and, whenever your work presses like a mill stone around your neck, just pay a morning call to the Editors' sanctum, who, knowing beforehand as they do, the

kind of questions that will be set, and having special influence with the Professors, will be able to offer you kindly words of sympathy, and guide you to rich streams of enduring wisdom. And yet we know that in spite of this, our powerful warning, some poor hapless beings will work between now and the examinations, by aid of midnight oil, and swallow whole books, even leaves and all, so that during that dread time they will be tossing violently without a rudder upon the waters of Lethe. For such we write this epitaph as symbolic of our grief:—

At length, his transient trysting past,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in every class,  
Could catch the sound no more;  
For then, by toil subdued, he sank  
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

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On Thursday, May 19th, the College Sports will be held. The Conversazione and the Sports rank without doubt as the most important events in the students' calendar. Notices respecting the Sports have been already printed, from a perusal of which we feel justified in supposing that this event will prove to be very successful this year. The Sports' Committee, together with its energetic Secretary, Mr. Ward, have had much work to do in organising that event—work which those inexperienced in such matters never dream of—and, naturally, are hoping that their efforts will be well supported by the students on May 19th.

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On looking through a back number of the *Gryphon* that was published in November, 1899, we found the following appeal from the Editors to the students. As being very appropriate to the present state of things, we thought that it would not be unfitting to publish it *verbatim*:—"We should like to urge on students to send us contributions more freely, whether letters, poetry, or articles sober or gay. We desire letters, so that grievances may be ventilated, and suggestions for the common weal may obtain a larger audience. We desire poetry, so that we may be sure to catch the first efforts of the future Kipling or Austin; we desire articles, because we feel certain that the majority could support us in this way if only they would set about it, and not be discouraged at the first failure. We assure would-be contributors that we will deal tenderly with whatever they send, and we have not the slightest doubt but that success will crown their efforts, and procure them the undying fame of entry to our pages."

"New University, new Chairs," was the first thing to be written on the escutcheon of our new University. But this is not the only thing that we must make mental notes upon, for respecting our new and loftier status it will of course be quite *à propos* to speak of our late revered Principal as "The Vice-Chancellor Mr. Bodington." Even "The Vice-Chancellor Bodington" is quite out of place. The words "The Vice-Chancellor" form an official title; on the other hand the words "Dr. Bodington" are a purely personal designation. Let us then not mingle the two, but rather employ the one or the other according as we wish to imply an official or personal distinction.

### The Russo-Japanese War.

THE widespread interest taken in this war and its extreme importance to all European countries will probably be a sufficient excuse for troubling readers of the *Gryphon* with some views on it; the more so, as this will be an expression of an opinion on the subject by a Russian.

It is strange that in spite of the various indignant outbursts against Russian atrocities at home, English liberal and radical opinion remains through all its superficial utterances in favour of Japan, an undeniable friend of Russia, and just now we are even having talks of an Anglo-Russian alliance. That France and Germany should be friendly to Russia is not to be wondered at. France is the official ally of Russia, and, what is still more important, the largest portion of the huge Russian national debt has been obtained in France, and a defeat of Russia would mean a considerable loss to the French financial world. Germany again finds in Russian autocracy a *balwark* for its own reactionary politics, and, moreover, can well hope to aid its own expansionist policy by helping that of Russia. But England—the ally of Japan—the land of Freedom—what can it have to do with the most despotic country of modern times? Apart from other minor considerations a very good answer is furnished by a phrase which often appears in articles on this subject—"The Yellow Peril!" The victory of Japan may, indeed will, mean the rise of the Yellow Peril, but one usually forgets that the success of Russia—if won at not too great a cost to herself would mean the rise of what might be termed the "Despotic" Peril. The question then is are both these indeed perils, and, if so, which is the greater? What is meant by the Yellow Peril? Is it the over-

running of Europe and America by the Yellow Races? Hardly, Japan and China together would be entirely overcome by the combined forces of Europe and America. Moreover, the spread of the Yellow Races would mean no influx of savagery or barbarism; in the first place, we see in the case of Japan how readily they take up European civilisation; secondly, the Chinese, though stagnant, are yet the inheritors of a great civilisation and culture, in many branches hardly surpassed by our own. If Japan should indeed fulfil its destiny and succeed in awakening the dormant capabilities of the Chinese, all true friends of culture are bound to wish them well in the attempt; but this would mean that the land of the Japanese and Chinese would remain theirs, and that they would insist on working out their own salvation. And it is this which Europe, England included, is afraid of. We are terrified at the Frankenstein we ourselves have brought into being. Japan has proved too precocious a pupil, and, instead of remaining passive and merely furnishing us with markets, it is fast coming into active competition with us. We cannot blame her. We cannot hope to have it both ways. To develop or encourage the development of a country as an outlet for our surplus production, without, at the same time, allowing the growth of its own industries and foreign commerce is a hopeless dream.

All we can do is to recognise both the manifest and latent abilities of the yellow races, to try and live in friendly relations with them, to allow them a free hand in developing themselves, and to seek for remedies other than their subjugation, to release as from the Sphinx of modern over-production and chaotic wealth distribution. Let us now turn to the other Peril—that of the "Russian Despotism." In no country have the forces of reaction found such a steady friend and ally as in Russia. Though the world may shudder at the atrocities committed in Kishineff and Gomel (at the instigation and with the assistance of the Government); though we may denounce the policy of sending students to the barracks for demanding liberties such as we should think it childish to withhold here; though we may think it hardly credible that men and women on merely being suspected of having read a leaflet of an advanced political character should be kept in prison for more than a year awaiting trial, or others, for similar offences, exiled to Siberia, etc., etc., still these things are not only of almost daily occurrence, but

they have a direct effect on the rest of Europe. Russia is, and so long as its autocracy lasts, is bound to remain the greatest stumbling block in the path of progress. The more dangerous is it now, that it is taking an active part in the political and commercial affairs of Europe. Already we see that in Germany, not only are Russians often under police supervision, not only are Russian students not allowed to meet for the purpose of reading together, not only are they on the slightest provocation handed over to the Russian authorities, but German subjects themselves are now in prison for daring to say something offensive to His Majesty—the Russian Tsar—and the stronger Russia might become the more ready would the other European states be to take up a similar policy. The Alien Bill of England is already a foreshadowing of what might follow. All lovers of freedom, all true friends of the Russian people must perforce be against Russia and earnestly hope for its defeat. Fortunately, defeat or victory for the Russian arms, the Russian autocracy is doomed. In the former case more speedily, in the latter, however, not less certain. "Russia," according to the *St. Petersburg Viedoussis* of some years back, "is chronically starving." The taxes on the peasantry are at their utmost limit, and indeed beyond it. They have to pay them with their food. Poor as the crops are, the grain has to be sent out of the country, while the people are starving. Russian expenditure is out of all proportion to its revenue, and her national debt is increasing by leaps and bounds. How long can it keep on thus? Not to speak of the disturbed condition of Poland and Finland, all parts of the Russian population are deeply discontented. The so-called patriotic manifestations are mostly engineered by the police, and the "free" grants made by working men towards the war fund are deducted from their wages without consulting them. In one case related by the *Iskra* (*The Spark*), a workman complained that he could not afford the reduction, and the Government officials replied that if he will not consent to it he must lose the work.

The organised working classes as well as most of the educated classes, are decidedly against the Russian Government's war policy, as well as against its tyrannies at home. The only way the Government can keep the seething discontent in check is by the use of the military. At present, however, its attention is attracted elsewhere. The longer the war lasts the nearer does the Government approach a state of

financial bankruptcy, and the worse do the physical conditions of the people become. The more defeats it sustains, the more discredited does it become. Will it then be much wonder if the revolutionary elements, already a force well nigh too strong for the Government, will at this moment prove quite irresistible and finally succeed in liberating themselves from the yoke of autocracy?

This indeed is likely to be the one bright spot in this war, and not only will Russia herself benefit by it, but the whole of Europe will breathe more freely and pursue an onward course more easily once Russian despotism is dead.

A FORMER STUDENT OF THE COLLEGE.

### "Fourteen Days' Hard Labour."

SUCH was the sentence passed on ten members of the Engineering Department at the end of last term. They were not, however, destined to be the guests of His Majesty at any one of those handsome edifices which are always open to any on whom the above sentence has been passed, and I think I shall be voicing the opinion of the Yorkshire College Surveying party when I say that their work and surroundings at Barden were far more congenial than had they spent their time in one of the buildings referred to above. Not for one moment do I wish to imply that they did not work hard—wherever heard of an Engineer slacking?—absurd—preposterous. Revellé was sounded at 6.30 a.m., work commencing at seven o'clock sharp. Field work continued until 2 p.m., with an interval for breakfast. The weather clerk was, on the whole, very considerate, there being only two exceptionally bad mornings which prevented work before breakfast. The afternoons were spent in various ways, according to the store of energy in the members of the party. Hikey, Burnall, Skipton, Blubberhouses, and Grassington were all in their turn patronised. Ah! what memories the mention of this last named place must bring back! What a happy time we spent, and what an enjoyable drive we had home! After book work was over, the remainder of each evening was generally enlivened by musical selections, all thanks to our able pianist, who, by the way, must be known in future as the "Barden Poet." May his shadow and his verses never grow less.

On the last evening a short toast list was gone through after dinner, the remainder of the evening being devoted to an excellent smoking concert.

S. E. M.

P.S.—JUST PUBLISHED—

"The Green Tammy," by *The Barden Poet*.

"The Lighting of Rook Rilles," by W. E. K.



## Among the Chemists.

FRIDAY, March 25th, was a great day for the Chemical Department. The day broke dull and cloudy, and remained so till one o'clock (at which hour the terminal in Organic ended), but after this all was sunshine; there was gladness everywhere.

The inhabitants of the Organic Lab. claim that their fragrant retreat is the abode of the gods, the centre of the world, the hub of the universe. This is a superstition which originated with one gaunt, vclept Rufus, and is believed in even unto this day by the present jaded inhabitants. These call themselves "Chemists," in order that they may be distinguished from the inhabitants of another place—to wit, the Top Lab,—whom they designate "Bottlewashers." The Chemists have one great abiding sorrow; last summer they were beaten by the Bottlewashers at cricket. This defeat has rankled in their minds ever since, and with a view of wiping out the memory of it they challenged the Bottlewashers to mortal combat on the football field. Ye gods, what a document that challenge was! It is to be preserved in the Chemical Museum, and if any desire to see it, to ponder over the mysterious seal—a benzene nucleus, side chains, all complete—Kellott is the man to whom application must be made.

Two and twenty sturdy warriors assembled on that eventful day. It was a magnificent sight. There were all sorts and conditions of men, dressed in all sorts and conditions of clothes. Here and there the familiar maroon and white colours were to be seen; some of the Chemists played in ordinary dress. Scholfield played in all black, his trousers securely fastened with clips; his appearance resembled that of a beetle. It had been rumoured that instead of tossing in the usual way with a coin, a beaker was to be used; if this broke on falling, the Chemists won, but if the aforesaid beaker came through the ordeal successfully, the Bottlewashers won. The chief of the Bottlewashers, however, to wit, J. Waite, having had long experience at his trade and remembering his title of champion beaker-smasher, declined, and so the formal penny was tossed. Of course the Chemists won and Chadwick elected to play from the Headingley end.

For the first few minutes the game was evenly contested. Following a combined rush of the Bottlewasher's forwards, Pontreart scored with a long and rather good shot. This player was soon afterwards disabled in trying to put his *scoria* against Hartley's *momentum*, whilst the latter was making a brilliant dash for victory. The play which followed was of a very ordinary kind until a fine shot by Gatecliff equalised matters. The Bottlewashers got up steam again and Thompson was fortunate enough to score with a shot from the extreme right, a beautiful shot which happened to find the net. The Bottlewashers did not maintain their lead long, however. Some fine passing by the Chemists' forwards ended in Radcliffe scoring with a capital shot, which quite demoralised the Bottlewashers' custodian and surprised everybody—most of all Radcliffe himself.

Lemons now appeared, and the players who had, in the morning, been discussing at length on the structure and properties of citric acid, tested the

accuracy of their statements by a practical examination of the substance itself. On resuming, the Bottlewashers attacked strongly, but their shooting was wretched in the extreme. It was plain that the Chemists were suffering from the effect of the "Honours Organic" exam, and began to flag a little. The Bottlewashers quickly added two more goals. Later, the play became more evenly contested, but the Chemists were unable to reduce the Bottlewashers' lead, and when the whistle blew, victory rested with the Bottlewashers, a good game ending with the result:—

Bottlewashers.....	4 goals.
Chemists .....	2 goals.

The victors were slightly the better side, but the performance of the Chemists was a highly creditable one, considering that they have only about fourteen men from which to choose an eleven. For the winners, Pape played a magnificent game at full back. Waite played well until he had the misfortune to be kicked in the eye, and Thompson was probably the best forward in the field, although he slacked somewhat in the second half. Marchant, at centre forward, played a strong, but rather blind, game, his shooting being very poor. For the losers Chadwick and Gatecliff played very well indeed at half back. The thanks of the Department are due to G. S. Stewart, who gave universal satisfaction as referee.

After the match all adjourned to the Refectory for tea, and after tea a "Smoker" was held in the Ladies' Dining Room. It would be impossible to even give a list of the songs sung. Everybody sang, everybody enjoyed everybody else's singing, and everybody joined in the chorus—as only Chemists can. Armes told of how "His day's work was done," and also sang a song with a most appropriate title "Tired." Thompson, who comes true the lund o' the brie and the bur-r-n, and the strong accent, sang "Killicranke," and one feature of the evening was the duet of Thompson and Waite, "Excelsior." Hartley's warlike soul craved for "Peace," in the beautiful valley of Blough, away from the chemical throng, and for "The Good Old Summer Time." Zottmann made his debut as a vocalist, and delighted everybody with his rendering of "Mush, mush." Zottmann has a brilliant career in front of him as a vocalist. A curious thing happened. "J. J." and Gatecliff are both temperance advocates; the former sang "Drinking," and the latter performed the rare feat of singing that good old baritone drinking song, "Down among the dead men," an octave higher than it is written, in a sweet tenor voice. Hodeman sang of a zelon, a moon, a picammy, and a coon, and Morrison favoured us with that old favourite, "The Veteran's Song." The thanks of the meeting are due to Radcliffe, who accompanied the singers. There were various toasts; someone suddenly proposed the toast of "The New University," and this was drunk amid a scene of wild enthusiasm.

The whole affair was a huge success, and the hope was expressed that in future a football match, tea, and smoker will be held on the last day of the first and second terms, and a cricket match and tea on the "results" day.

## Prehistoric Pepsys at Appleby.

March 31st.—Up and to the railway station by 9 o'clock of the morning, where I do find Mr. D. and his lady and others of his party about to set out for Appleby. But, Lord! how odd we do all look among so many gaily dressed people, and how they do stare at us!

Pretty to see ladies on the platform how they do blow kisses to their friends as the train starts. Mr. K., a most worthy man, do miss the train and will have to travel later in the day.

We arrive at Appleby betimes and to the Commercial Tavern, where was brought our baggage after us. After a most excellent lunch, did start out for Hoff Beck, where we did break stones with our hammers. But to see Mr. D.'s sledge, which we thought to be strong, break almost at the first blow, did vex us much.

Mr. K., the Commander-in-Chief, did arrive in the evening, and we did all greet him with the shout of "Yah wither." But Lord! how dull we were before he came and how cheerful now, and how many strange tales he do remember.

So to bed where we do sleep four in one room, which do make us each anxious to go to sleep first, so that we shall not be kept from sleep by the snoring of the others.

April 1st.—Do remember on waking that this day is set apart for playing practical jokes. Silly to see how sober persons do conduct themselves ridiculously, to the vexing of their friends.

Mr. K. do find a piece of rhomb-porphyry near the station, which do make his countenance fall; he very perplexed, till Mr. E. do remind him of the date.

Comes to our minds that there is a stream to be crossed by a fallen tree, so we do run to get across first. But curious to see how they who have crossed first do splash the others by placing stones in the water; and how Mr. W. do hesitate, and how he do sit down on the tree and hang his feet in the water.

Thence up a horrid steep hill whose steepness do terrify us exceedingly, and there caught by a snow-storm, so that we do fear for our lives, being very wet.

Very merry in the evening. Mr. L.'s playing of the "Dead March in Saul" in a new manner did please me so well that I resolved to practise it when I get back to Leeds.

April 2nd.—A most terrible day. Did set out in good spirits for Highcup Nick, and presently come to a hill which Mr. K. do tell us was made by an old glacier. But Lord! how odd it must have been then, and how thankful I should be to be spared from such a climate.

At length do arrive at Highcup Nick, where the hail so terrible that I do repent of my thankfulness; and the hail so strong all the way back that for my life I do not know how we did all get down safely.

Comes Mr. M. in the evening, a most curious man, and some do say a wizard. He did tell tales to us, but did so hold us under a spell that we could not laugh. Then he did take cards from our pockets whilst he at some yards distance from us; and other wonderful tricks. But it do alarm me to think that he may be in the service of the Evil One.

April 3rd, Sunday.—Up and did put on my Norfolk suit with belt, mighty fine; but did feel ashamed that it was not in the fashion this day, most people in the city wearing black coats, and trousers

instead of knickers. To Keasley and Fuss Gill, where we did find most curious stones carved in the shape of animals. They do say that the animals lived many thousand years ago, but this I find hard to believe. Nevertheless we did all bring some of these stones back with us to show to our friends. Did hear the names of these animals: Calymene Blumenbachii, Illaenus Bowmani, which did sound to me most silly to give to such small things.

April 4th.—Great discourse to-day how two of our party do show a strange liking for water. Mistress ———, her mind filled with that most pleasant play of Will Shakespeare, "Hamlet," did try to float down a stream like "Ophelia." Soon comes Mr. W. to a deep pool, and looking round him for the deepest water sits him down in it, and remains as though enjoying himself for several minutes. This do seem to me a most odd fancy; but Lord! how some people do run after strange amusements.

April 5th.—Up very early and to Shap by carriage, where do see men digging stones in the quarry. Find everyone here gone crazy over a new form of patch, which I do think is a most silly habit. The patches are called "basic patches," and are not so black as are ordinarily worn. Brought a large one away with me, but shall not wear it I think.

Was shewn a piece of Mr. S.'s wig, which they do say he has had cut up to give to the ladies. But Lord! what silly fancies the dandies of these days have, do make me sick to hear of, and the ladies as bad.

April 6th.—In the evening did all meet at the tavern and were very merry. Mr. C. do play the piano uncommon well, which makes me resolve to learn. So with songs and music did pass the evening and broke up the party in good spirits. And so did end our pleasant week at Appleby.

YAM WITHER II.

## The College Porter.

THE College Porter has very definite opinions on the University question, and I found him by no means reticent of these.

"In the first place," said he, "wages must go up. I can't support the dignity of an University on my present pay." An approving murmur from his satellites greeted this expression of opinion. This daunted me. I had been about to reply with some Carlylean fustian about the dignity of labour and hard work being each man's own peculiar kingdom. In the end, I weakly answered, "A very proper sentiment, and one which I wish we could instil into the students here. If they would consider the dignity of the University as you do, they—"

"Would not smash chairs and desks in the large hall," said he.

"Exactly," said I.

"And they would conduct themselves always for the honour and glory of their University," said he.

"Just so," said I.

"And," went on the relentless janitor, "they would return tennis balls the same day on which they used them, instead of passing them on to others."

"Such a reform should certainly accompany the new era," I answered.

The 10.35 bell rang.

### Thoughts prompted by our New University.

Crystallize in purest form  
All the worth of nobleness;  
Weigh each act and deed of time  
In the scale of goodness.

Oblivion, spread thy mantle o'er  
The low, the mean, and all that;  
But, far and wide, the good proclaim  
These walls hold in remembrance.

May such like deeds an example be,  
That all who do come after,  
May cherish them within their time,  
And do the good thereafter.

Set on high in letter'd gold,  
"Labor omnia vincit,"  
That those who this world's goods possess  
May manly strive in spite of them.

Confound these pompous money'd fools  
Who strut about in weeds of dullness,  
And ne'er in true perspective see  
Their own abnormal littleness.

They think this world a dwelling place,  
Where money e'er will ruler be,  
But ah! my friends, who does the right,  
Nor wealth nor birth has need of.

Then let us all with one accord  
Make Sovereign Lord of all,  
The one who does the best he can,  
And each man makes his kin.

AGE QUOD AGIS.

### Professor Smithells.

I round the Professor of Chemistry standing in the middle of his room in a to-be-or-not-to-be attitude. My unexpected visit, however, decided his course of action for the nonce, and I was courteously beckoned to a chair. After a few preliminary skirmishes about the weather, I managed at last to get at close quarters with Professor Smithells on the all-absorbing question of the University of Leeds. I asked him whether it was likely to be a more useful institution than the lamented Victoria University.

"That," said Professor Smithells, "is not a question which can be answered categorically. The University of Leeds will have a somewhat different mission from the Victoria University. I had formed great hopes of the latter, and looked forward to the time when it would become a force comparable with Oxford and Cambridge, and be a great national institution. Unfortunately, disruption came just at the time when there seemed to be a great chance of this hope being realised. The new University would find its fellowship with Manchester, Liverpool,—"

"And Birmingham," I suggested.

"Just so," said Professor Smithells, "and a very honourable connection it is. It is probable that the future of this country will be largely determined by the new type of University."

Continuing, Professor Smithells said that he would be the last to suggest that the University of Leeds should confine itself to a local service, but this did not disturb the fact that the new Universities would inevitably rouse more enthusiasm in the counties than the old federal, and, to the public, somewhat incomprehensible Victoria University. He hoped that Yorkshire would soon be proud of its University, and show its pride in substantial fashion.

I ventured to put the old question of examinations to Professor Smithells, and asked him how far it would be possible to mitigate them in the one-College University.

"I have a great objection," said the Professor, "to the usual type of Degree examination. It sets before the student a wrong ideal altogether. The one-College University certainly offers a possibility of reducing the evil. Personally, I am in favour of increasing the importance of the class examinations, and making these and the general character of the student's work count in determining the question of his Degree. He should feel that he is always under examination."

The inevitable train-to-be-caught interrupted our most interesting conversation, and I had to remain contented with these gleams of light from a lantern which will help to light the new University along its path.

### Social Club Schemes.

WITH the dawn of the new Era in the history of our Alma Mater we begin to wonder whether several institutions connected therewith are quite up to the standard that should obtain at a University, even though its life may only be reckoned in weeks.

Social intercourse between students has always been of the most meagre description; largely, I believe, owing to the lack of opportunity. We must all admit that the Rectory and the Common Rooms in the main building are hopelessly inadequate as a place of meeting or recreation for students. But the provision of this accommodation, poor as it is, recognises a certain principle; it is to the enlargement and extension of the present system to a larger and more adequate one embodying the same principle that I wish to draw the attention of the readers of the Gryphon. This principle may be broadly stated as the co-operation of students for mutual benefit. To ensure success we must work on "club" lines.

Let us first consider our wants as regards premises. These would consist of a staff dining-room, men's dining room, women's dining room, smoke room, reading and writing rooms, and last, but not least, a billiard room.

These, I take it, would be the absolute necessities; other rooms might be added as the need for them arose; but we will for the present consider the above mentioned only, and see how they could best be provided.

The rooms now used as common and committee rooms will not always be available; and in the new building scheme no provision is being made for what we may call students' rooms.

The present Refectory is nothing like large enough, and the building is not one that would stand any addition, unless indeed such an addition were designed to help the old part to hold together. To erect a new building in a convenient position and suited to our requirements would be an ideal plan if the necessary funds could be raised. Some of the Scotch Universities have magnificent students' club buildings; but, in every case, almost the entire cost of the building was defrayed by one or two handsome donations from outside people. Experience in the past leads us to the conclusion that there is no ground for hoping that a similar start would be given in our case.

The only alternative is to rent or buy a place that could be made suitable; probably the best plan would be to rent a house or two adjacent houses on a lease, with the option of buying on the expiration of the lease. This scheme has the advantage of enabling us to give the club idea a fair trial without a very great initial outlay to be lost if the scheme were a failure.

The status of the club, its relation to the Union, voluntary or compulsory membership, and many other questions would have to be carefully considered; but the time for their consideration is not yet.

It is rumoured that the Union Committee is considering some such scheme as has been outlined; if so, advice from people who have had any experience in such matters would doubtless be welcomed by them.

In conclusion I should like to urge all my readers to give the matter careful thought, so that if, nay, when the time comes for a club to be formed, it will be a club worthy of the University to which it will be attached.

S.

### Students' Union Committee.

THE thirteenth meeting of the Committee was held on Wednesday, 9th March, 1904, at 12.30 p.m.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

A communication was read from the Students' Representative Council of Manchester inviting the Committee to send delegates to a conference of students.

Mr. Ward proposed, and Mr. Ellis seconded, that the invitation be accepted. The motion was carried.

Mr. Ward proposed that the Colours Sub-Committee be deputed to make arrangements for putting into effect the accepted Colours Sub-Committee.

This was seconded by Mr. Dobson and carried.

The question of the provision of Tennis Courts for 1905 was then discussed. It was agreed that the Chairman should interview the Principal on the subject.

Mr. Skelsey proposed "That the Union Rooms Committee be empowered to obtain photographs of present and past Chairmen for the use of Union Rooms." Seconded by Mr. Battle, and carried.

It was agreed that the Union Committee should be photographed.

The following grants were made:—

Cricket Club .. .. .	£15
Tennis Club .. .. .	£5

The Committee were of the opinion that no grant be made to the Victoria University C.C. unless a full statement of accounts be made.

The fourteenth meeting of the Committee was held on Thursday, 28th April, 1904, at 12.30 p.m.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed.

The following were appointed members of Hand-book Sub-Committee:—Miss Skinner; Messrs. Ward and Battle; two representatives from the S.R.C.; and the ex-officio members of the Students' Union.

The following were appointed members of the Union Club Sub-Committee:—Professor Clapham; Messrs. Battle, Ward, Skelsey, and Ross; three representatives from the S.R.C.; and the ex-officio members.

J. H. WAITE, Hon. Sec.

## College Athletic News.

### Rugby Football.

#### NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES v. OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

At Oxford. This was the first match between these two, and a very pleasant game ended in favour of Oxford by 4 goals and 2 tries to nil. After the teams had been duly photographed, Cartwright kicked off.

The game during the first half was somewhat scrappy, neither side showed good combination, but the tackling on both sides was quite sound. The only score was a goal for Oxford. Stoop secured 15 yards from the line, and dodged through the opposing backs and scored. The try was converted by Fearnside. The loss of 5 points at half-time, against a team which the Standard before had piled up 40 points against a strong Blackheath team at Blackheath, was very creditable.

Early in the second half the Oxford backs got into their stride, and try followed try in quick succession for about 15 minutes. The Oxford men could do nothing wrong, whilst the Northerners, who were somewhat handicapped by injuries, could do nothing right. After 5 tries had been added (three of which had been converted), the Northern men recovered themselves, and when the whistle blew for time were attacking strongly. A. Richardson should have scored once; the ball was passed right across the field to his wing, but he hesitated and the chance was lost.

For Oxford, Stoop (2), Sandilands, Nisbitt, Dixon and Gyeon scored tries, whilst Fearnside and Cartwright kicked the goals.

In the Northern Universities team, the forwards showed up best. They could hold their own at shoving, but when it came to breaking up the scrum, and wheeling, it did not compare well with the opposing pack. Crump and Stephens played well, but were somewhat overhauled by Stoop and Munro—the latter of whom played a very fine game. The centres were good—Sydney's tackling and Andy's kicking were quite features of the first half. The wings were rather weak, but they never let their side down badly. Richardson at full-back, with the exception of one blunder in the first half, was generally safe.

Considering the opportunities which the Oxford team have of playing together, and the time taken on which the Northern Universities play, the result should not be considered a very great disappointment. Let us hope that a different result may be recorded when Oxford come north (to Leeds) on December 17th.

After the match, those of the Northern Universities team who could stay, dined with the Oxford University XV. Teams—

**NORTHERN UNIVERSITIES**—G. S. Richardson, full-back (Leeds); W. Quilliam (Liverpool), W. Seymour (Durham), J. S. Arty (Leeds), and A. Richardson (Leeds), three-quarter backs; S. J. Crump (Leeds), H. E. R. Stephens (Manchester), half-backs; W. H. A. Elliott (Leeds), captain, C. J. H. Stark (Durham), N. Bulkeley (Durham), J. Heathcote (Manchester), H. George (Manchester), H. de P. Fells (Manchester), J. Jones (Manchester), W. E. Mitchell (Liverpool), forwards.

**OXFORD UNIVERSITY XV**—H. Clayme, full-back; G. V. South, J. H. P. Stoddard, J. E. Raphael, H. E. S. Grogan, three-quarter backs; F. Munro, A. D. Stoop, half-backs; V. H. Cartwright (captain), E. J. Morris, W. D. Kennedy, J. J. Russell, G. V. Kyros, J. C. Parpherson, C. Broun, E. Peareside, forwards.

## De Rebus Medicalibus.

THE Charter has been received—and read! The first notice headed The School of Medicine, The University, Leeds, has made its appearance on our notice board, and we are forgetting our days of lesser dignity as The Medical Department, Yorkshire College, as fast as we can. In the present number will be found a sketch of the present position of Victoria medicals.

Towards the end of April two house surgeons were announced to be "attached"—and are already busy with their house-appointments—Mr. Teasdale to Mr. Brown for six months longer, and Mr. Wales to Mr. Littlewood. Mr. C. I. Brierley has been appointed R.O.O., and Mr. T. Brown H.P. to Dr. Barrs.

In March the School lost one of its most faithful servants, in the person of W. Bacon, the attendant in the Physiology Department. A wreath was sent by the students as a slight token of the esteem in which he was held.

We hold out the hope in our first number that Dr. Clifford Allbutt would come to deliver the opening address to the Medical Society in October. This he unfortunately cannot do, but we hope to hear him at the opening of the New Dispensary in Hartley Hill on the 12th inst.

At Outpatients—

Dr. G.—"John Atkinson, 26. Well, John, you have been here before, have you not? I seem to know your face quite well."

J. A.—"No, sir, I've never been here before."

Dr. G.—"Oh, but I'm sure I have seen you before; your face is quite familiar to me. Come, what is your employment?"

J. A.—"I'm a policeman, sir."

## Examination Results.

### VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

#### March.

#### and M.B. Anatomy and Physiology.

D. W. Hardy.

W. O. McKane.

#### Final M.B., Ch.B.

#### First Part.

J. Dixon.  
R. G. Dixon.  
H. Fearnley.  
A. Gough.

H. S. Halling.  
W. B. Hill.  
J. J. Horswell.  
A. J. Laidman.

C. N. Smith.  
F. Whalley.  
F. W. B. Young.

#### Second Part.

\*P. W. Ashmore.  
\*F. W. Hayes.

\*S. L. Hadd.  
\*B. Suggitt.

### COSJOINT BOARD.

#### March.

#### Practical Pharmacy.

G. Flack.

#### Elementary Biology.

T. G. Percival.  
C. C. Fiddes.  
S. J. Taylor.

#### Medicine.

\*A. E. Backhouse.  
\*C. H. Booth.  
\*W. E. Brierley.

#### Surgery—H. Leach.

#### April.

#### Anatomy and Physiology.

H. E. Barlin.  
I. B. Close.  
E. Sutcliffe.

H. Wales.  
J. P. Walker.

#### Midwifery.

C. E. Cleo.  
R. A. Vais.  
W. S. Williamson.

### SOCIETY OF APOTHECARIES.

#### Anatomy.

R. J. W. McKane.  
A. W. C. Miller.

#### Physiology.

A. W. C. Miller.

#### Medicine.

\*R. H. Bighy.  
A. Anderson.  
R. W. L. Wood.

#### Forensic Medicine.

\*H. Ped.  
R. W. L. Wood.

#### Midwifery.

A. Anderson.  
A. B. S. Todd.

#### Surgery.

A. B. S. Todd.  
R. H. Bighy.

\* Now qualified.

We apologise for any possible omissions.

## From the Patient's Point of View.

*Being the reflections which have occurred to one lately immersed within the classic precincts of that great and benevolent Institution, the Leeds General Infirmary.*

By a combination of circumstances which would by the ordinary person be bluntly described as a piece of ill-luck, it befell that I required recently a little surgical attention, and the impressions produced on my mind at the time I venture now to bring before your readers. I claim for them no novelty nor any special proprietorship, but the experience may be yet sufficient of a rarity to lend these records at least a little interest.

Being myself by occupation a medical student, I was afforded the unique opportunity of exchanging my rôle for that of a patient; a patient, too, lying abed in hospital, with full academical honours, as it were. There was even an abortive attempt made to write out a bed sheet for me, but it got no further than my name, the vagueness of my address being, no doubt, intended as a delicate compliment to my world-wide fame.

Here, at the very outset, I must set down something not at all to my credit, and which I would much rather have omitted. It was nothing less than a slight conflict with the authorities, on the all-important subject of diet. It had been taken for granted that I should have a light milk diet for a day or two. Now there are some things that should never be taken for granted, and emphatically this was one of them. I have a theory—it may be ill-founded, some theories are—that the time for a milk diet was, in my own case, somewhere about twenty-five years ago. Consequently, the idea seemed to me somewhat belated and savouring of infancy, and naturally I kicked against it. The result was I had my way, and ever after fed royally. Looking back upon this incident now, it seems extremely doubtful whether I could have conscientiously remained ill simply on porridge and milk. Happily, by prompt measures, my recovery, which at first threatened to be unseasonably swift, "underwent a natural course." Certain carping critics will say that I give this incident undue prominence, but the great body of opinion will undoubtedly be on my side. The matter of food once settled, there was time to look about and make one's self at home, which I did so effectually that in one short day I became a patient of the patients. Instantaneously, almost, I became aware of a whole series of rights and wrongs which had never existed for me before. How truly obnoxious a medical student can be I had never dreamt in my wildest moments, and him I soon regarded as an alien, questionably useful, and decidedly not ornamental, visiting our patient world without express invitation, and, having come, displaying no alacrity to depart. Still everything comes to an end, and by five o'clock we were left in possession. At this time and onwards the ward more or less belonged to us, the proper inhabitants; then truly were we "at home." Having read and discussed our evening paper, and sister having said prayers, at 8 p.m. all lights are lowered, and those of us who can compose ourselves to sleep do so. Eight o'clock being early for bed, even for a country man, it fell often that I lay awake for hours listening to the sonorous vibrations yeapt snores, which issued from the sleeping ones. At such times did I realise the wonderful kindness with which nature gives her afflicted ones forgetfulness of to-day and strength for to-morrow. Often there were other sounds than these, a monotonous groan of pain and weariness, persistently regular and defying fatigue.

Then the flutter of a woman's dress, a little whispering, and presently comfort, opiate, or sheer fatigue prevail, and, at last, even that sound is

stilled. Then blank and oblivion until the unholy hour of 4 a.m. Yes, I write in all deliberation, Sybarites all, and spoilt sons of fortune, and these things are true I tell. At 4 a.m., no later, in these benighted wards does the bogle sound. If you have gone to rest at 8 p.m. prompt, of course you have no grumble, but me, I didn't.

One awakes to the sound of chattering and washing, for it is at this unearthly hour that the patients hold their receptions, and are beholden of men. And the reason of it all? Well, chiefly it would appear for the most prosaic of reasons—no less than the making of the beds. So you are tumbled out willy-nilly, making but a poor figure in the world at this hour of the morning, and miss those extraneous attractions with which we are wont to bamboozle a complaisant world—in order that the night nurses may scientifically "make" your bed. Then, if you choose, and the nurse be kind, you may have a cup of tea and talk small-talk with your neighbour, providing he happens to have a tongue and a jaw, these being essential, but sometimes missing in a surgical ward.

It is at this hour that patients really seem at their best and liveliest, and for once the "appendicitis man" compares notes with the "tuberculous knee" and grumbles confidentially that "appendicitis man No. 2," three beds lower down, who was "done" a week after himself is nevertheless going out before him. To which "tuberculous knee" gives a sympathetic assent, as of one long since resigned to the vagaries of the men called surgeons.

[To be continued.]

## The Medical Society.

March 8th, 1904.

At this Meeting there was a Debate. Mr. H. W. Edmondson proposed "That at the present time mental culture is more needed than physical development." He held that the greatness of a nation depended on mental culture; that crime is best suppressed by educating a nation; and that a taste for good literature is lacking at the present day. Mr. F. P. H. Birtwhistle, the opposer, thought that the national physique was deteriorating; and that asylums were filled by children "cramming" at school. After a short discussion, the motion was put, and was carried by a substantial majority.

March 26th, 1904.

At this, the last Meeting of the Session, the President gave his Address. The subject might aptly be called "Qualified—what then?" Mr. Collinson said the newly-qualified man was not competent to treat disease; he needed further experience, which could be gained by taking a hospital appointment or an assistantship, preferably the former. Post-graduate work was also useful. A "specialist" was one who, "with a good knowledge of the whole,

had special knowledge of a particular branch." Next, Mr. Collinson gave us some useful hints on medical etiquette. Then as to a "bedside manner," it should be "dignified, but always natural." The great importance of a cheerful manner was emphasised. The President's excellent paper was listened to by a large and appreciative audience.

In the discussion which followed, Mr. Veale pointed out the difficulty which the absence of any salary attached to the post of house-physician and house-surgeon placed in the way of many of our men who would otherwise be able to apply for the resident appointments across the way. He also entered an emphatic protest against each man's going the round of all the available appointments when once he had set foot inside "the house," and advocated that under no circumstances should more than two appointments be given to any one man. The discussion having been continued by Messrs. E. A. Wilson, Thomas, and Crawford, Mr. Collinson replied. He was, he said, in entire sympathy with Mr. Veale in both the points he had raised. After surprising the Society not a little by the information as to what was done with our Infirmary fees, he replied to a warmly accorded vote of thanks for his splendid paper, and the great services he had rendered to the Society throughout the Session. G. W. T.

### A Summer Reverie.

It is 2.5 p.m. on a summer's afternoon and we have just taken our seats in the Lecture Theatre preparatory to enduring that most ill-timed of functions—the 2 o'clock lecture.

It is the hottest day in the year. All the windows are flung wide open, and yet the place is stiflingly hot. Not a breath of air is stirring, and the sun blazes in through the open windows with a dazzling heat. A big, fat bumble-bee buzzes drowsily round the walls. The sound of a distant barrel-organ comes floating in through the open windows, with a sleep-inviting lilt. A pedestrian strides down the street outside—his retreating steps ringing a diminuendo on the pavement. Our eyelids are heavy as lead; and very existence itself seems hardly worth the energy it involves.

The lecturer's words gradually become less distinct. They run into one another. They become nothing but a delightfully monotonous hum. The lecturer himself slowly fades away into a mist of unreality. The restless bee ceases to annoy my ears. The distant barrel-organ becomes fainter, fainter, faint—

I am flat upon my back upon the sands, with my straw hat pulled over my face to protect it from the scorching sun. Away to my right are the sands and the Parade, and beyond them the solid, immovable grey-stoned Pier—bristling on its further side with the masts of shipping in the harbour.

Far away to my left the beautiful, gracefully bending headland stretches boldly out to sea, its high cliffs flashing golden in the brilliant sunlight; and, before me, lies the picture sea—calm, clear, blue. My eyes close and I drop into a doze. I can just hear

the whispered ripple of the gently breaking waves beyond my feet. The twang of a harp, rendered sweet by distance, comes floating to my ears, as the Pierrots commence their afternoon performance at the other end of the sands. Behind my head I can hear energetic, heat-despising children digging away for dear life. Their spades seem to move with a drowsy rhythm suited to the day; and the low hum of their mothers' conversation is a lullaby. I raise my hat from my nose for a second and watch a microscopic steamer plunging lazily along the horizon. A cobbler, quite near in shore, is returning from a morning cruise. Her high-drawn sail flaps helplessly against the mast; and the lap, lap, of the fisherman's long oars, with the answering growl of the clumsy rowlocks, comes floating over the water with a peaceful regularity. Someone close by me throws a stick into the sea and a dog plunges after it with a delicious, cooling splash. That pretty, little, sea-side girl, that one gets to know somehow or other, is by my side. I place her parasol behind our heads. I bend tenderly towards her and—

\* \* \* \* \*

Crash!! Bang!! I wake up with a start, just in time to see the lecturer picking up his pointer as he smiles forcibly in my direction; and, with a sudden, momentary, but overwhelming wave of actual physical nausea, I realise that I am hemmed in by the four walls of a Leeds Lecture Theatre. In two minutes I am making a note of the interesting fact that "a fibril is the pseudoulimate subdivision of a fibre." Can there be any letter in the English alphabet but the big, big D?

OSTEOPOLOS.

### Reforms.

I HAVE just been reading the Medical News contained in the last four issues of the *Gryphon*. It seems mainly composed of complaints and requests for reforms.

As I lay claim to knowing a little about most of the subjects mentioned, and also about the wishes and needs of the body of students of, say, a year ago, and there is little doubt but that they are the same to-day, perhaps the Editor will find room for this contribution.

The reader's indulgence is requested regarding literary style, and the writer hopes that more attention will be paid to *matter* written rather than to the *medium* of writing.

The minor grows, I take it, are connected with the *Gryphon* and "attendance at smokers." Now I may be mistaken, and I hope I am, but my opinion is that the reason of the small number of 2s. 6d. contributors to the *Gryphon* is because the pocket of the men does not admit them of indulging in this luxury. I have not seen this theory advanced before, but it was the case with me, when I was a junior at any rate, and I am convinced that it is the case with a large number of men at the present time.

If the price could be reduced to 3d. there is no doubt that the circulation would go up, and, consequently, the paper would increase in importance proportionally. I do not know sufficient about the

inner workings of the production of the paper to suggest how this could be done, but if a less elaborate get up and a reduction in the quality of the paper used, will reduce the price even 2d. then that is a step in the right direction.

I wonder if anything is being done about an Infirmary—but stop! that is an official secret.

I sympathise with the Editor. His waste paper basket is seldom used, owing to lack of contributions, but perhaps when the price is lowered and the circulation goes up with a bound, his fare will expand happily when he can pick and choose his articles.

Now as to "smokers," I am going to be egotistical and tell you straight that I am an authority on "smokers."

This is how you go about "getting one up":—A day is fixed for the event; a place, an excellent place too,—the Refectory is placed at our disposal, and then you begin to ask the men with talents to help you. All this is fairly easy. The tickets are printed, and now comes the task of persuading men to buy them. That is only fairly difficult if you go about it the right way, but the greatest difficulty of all is to get the men to turn up. It is like asking them to go to a dentist's for pleasure. They won't do it, and I boldly advocate the *Abolition of Smokers* due to lack of support.

Now to the man with his head full of nothing else but reforms. They are all needed, every one of them, though goodness only knows when they will be brought about. I venture to predict that we shall never see them consummated.

Everyone is agreed regarding letter-rack in Common Room.—(Been applied for many times and refused.)

Rooms and board for Maternity Clerks.

Earlier publication of appointments.

Greater regularity of the visiting staff.

More careful notification of Honoraries—"In" or "Out."

Better lighting of Common Room.

And then we come to the question of increased comfort in the Common Room. I am going to hit hard, and I may get "jumped on" (figuratively only, please), but here goes. The men do not conduct themselves in the Common Room as they ought to do, and as they doubtless do in their own drawing rooms. When buying chairs and other things weight and solidity have to be seriously considered so that they may have a reasonable life. Until men regard the Common Room as a room they cannot hope to have anything done for them in the way of luxurious fittings and appointments.

To my mind the most serious point touched upon by "Greater Efficiency" relates to the advising of students as to the arrangement of their appointments and the planning of their reading. The junior student and the budding senior too are allowed to fish things out for themselves in a way that is a disgrace to the School and Infirmary.

Men discover only when too late the serious mistakes that they have made solely due to want of proper advice.

OLD HAND.

[As to a reduction of price by a cheaper production of the *Gryphon*, "Old Hand" is referred to the

replies made in the second and third numbers to precisely similar suggestions by "R. B. N."

We do not agree with "Old Hand" that the circulation would go up at all if the price of the *Gryphon* were reduced to threepence. With the men who do not take the magazine, it is not a matter of 6d. as against 2d., or even 1d., but a matter of making any effort—in some cases it may be any sacrifice—at all to afford it.—*Med. Rep.*]

## The Medical Society.—Unauthorised Version.

MEDICAL Society meetings are amusing. Say, reader, would you have thought it? Dry-as-dust is unknown there, really. In fact mirth has been in such super-saturated solution this winter that it crystallised out at one meeting. The last debate was typical. Despite the grim and deadly tussle in which Brachycephaly tried conclusions with Doligoccephaly, championing Cortex Cerebri against Biceps Cubiti, the laughing Muse never hid her face. Brachy had the advantage at first

"Twice armed is he who hath his quarrel just,  
But three times armed, who gets his fist in fast."

says the old couplet. Well, he "got his fist in fast," and for the space of ten minutes stoutly *percussed* his unresisting opponent, and sat down quite the hero of the moment. Then arose Doligos, smarting 'neath the affronts done to man as man. "Bah!" roared he, "your so-called mental culture! especially for the poor women." (We longed to ask him his opinion of "this so-called twentieth century" or "the so-called Education Act," but restrained ourselves, and, instead, pricked up our ears, knowing we listened to a celebrated, not to say notorious, authority on this last-named theme.)

"Take your brainy woman," he continued, "such would not I; give me a natural woman . . . What is the pleasure—er, I think I'll leave that bit out. . . . Besides, where would you stop?—teaching, medicine, law, Parliament!" (this in a crescendo of tragic alarm).

Thus was the onslaught repelled, and an equally impassioned advocacy made of the doctrine of music. Then arose the Long 'Un, and having given it as his opinion that an eminent philosopher recently deceased, would have done more good in the world had he been athletic, resumed his seat with such suddenness that perplexing whys? hows? and whittys? struck the whole assembly dumb.

One speaker gravely warned us of the danger of loss of mental equilibrium we ran if we devoted ourselves too closely to study, while another, evidently intent on driving us, on the horns of a dilemma, into the slough of mediocrity, predicted a still more awful form of the same calamity should we cultivate the hose of physical development and physical beauty.

In the end, the mental culture was found to have produced the larger colony.

The last meeting of the session was graver in its tone; the whole atmosphere was graver. There



were those—one could see and count them on looking round—who might never again, as students, attend a meeting of the Society. Others brought with them anxious, dejected looks which plainly said "Down, I'm certain of it," but a leisk word of cheer, and perhaps a rash wager brought misgivings to a head; while a judicious "exhibition" of caffeine and nicotine wrought wonders ever greater.

*Continuare aures, lætissime ex tunc.*

while the Pater æneas of the evening discoursed of his experience and gave us callow ones advice therefrom. Then arose Augustus. One of his great points was to extol the diagnosis "A chill on the liver;" he had a great respect for the man who would make this diagnosis unblushingly; there was nothing like it for G.P. purposes, giving the patient a substantial basis for a world of subjective sensations. Further feasts of wit and wisdom having been spread, and eagerly devoured by the Society, this, the last meeting of the great and glorious session of 1903-4 came to an end, and suspense was relieved by the arrival of the verdicts from Manchester.

### The Principal on the Status of Medical Students.

In view of the prevailing lack of positive knowledge as to the exact position of Victoria University undergraduates, we have pleasure in recording that the Principal met some of the members of the premier department of the College in the Medicine Theatre late last term. The Principal began with his stock phrase that he was always delighted to meet the Medical Students, in whom he recognised the best asset of the University of Leeds—then to be—but now an assured fact. In the course of a very nice chatty speech Dr. Bodington gave out the following as facts—

- (1) After July, no more Victoria Exams. will be held in Leeds.
- (2) After July, men proceeding to their Degrees in the Victoria University of Manchester will be examined at Manchester.
- (3) Examinations for home-made Degrees will be held from next March, and Victoria men are desired to take Leeds Degrees, counting all exams. passed towards them.
- (4) In all probability men who graduate in the Victoria University of Manchester will obtain ad eundem Leeds Degrees.

At the close of the *cavertis* some questions were asked and an irresponsible student read a letter from the Victoria University of Manchester stating that Degrees could be contracted to M.B. Vict. Dr. Clark thanked the Principal and urged men to be patriotic and work for the new University, for the Leeds School of Medicine stood high in the world and existed before the Yorkshire College, or the Victoria University, or Mr. Chamberlain were dreamt of.

The meeting then closed in a certain amount of order, in which the furniture was not broken and no one made an absolute ass of himself.

### Medical Examinations in the University of Leeds.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

SIR,

There are one or two points with regard to the Medical Examinations in the new University of Leeds, in which students would like to see some alteration from the examinations of the Victoria University.

With regard to the examinations for Degrees, students would welcome a change in the dates. As is well known to all, the Victoria Examinations are held in March and July. This means that if a student be ploughed in March, he has barely four months in which to get up the whole of his subjects again; whereas, if he be ploughed in July, he has fully eight months to wait, before he has an opportunity of presenting himself again for examination.

I would suggest that the intervals between the two examinations be of more equal length. Suppose the examinations to be held in March and October, a man would have a better opportunity of increasing his knowledge, if ploughed in March, and would not feel that he must perforce lose an unnecessary amount of time, if ploughed in October.

Another point I would mention is with regard to the prize examinations in the various subjects of our curriculum. These examinations are held at the close of the courses of lectures. Now a student need not take his lectures at the earliest opportunity, but during any Session which pleases him best. Thus by delaying his course of lectures in any subject, a student can get in all his practical work, and obtain as much clinical teaching as is necessary for a Degree examination, and then to sit for the prize examination a year or two after the earliest occasion on which he might have sat, in competition, not with his contemporaries, but with men much junior to him.

This, of course, is quite unfair to all the men who take their lectures at the ordinary time; and to prevent the possibility of such cases in the future, I would suggest that no student be allowed to take a prize in any subject unless he take his lectures at the earliest opportunity, and sit for the prize examination at the end of the course.

The same applies to the Hardwick and McGill prizes in medicine and surgery. These are valuable prizes, and nearly every year men are known to postpone their Degree examinations in order to enter for them.

I write this from no personal motive, as I have never been known to sit for any examination except under compulsion, and beg leave to subscribe myself,

"A KRONIK."

"A Kronik" will notice some slight alterations in the wording of his letter, but for which its publication would have been impossible. As to his latter grievance, we would direct our correspondent to the regulations on the subject, embodied in "The Prize Scheme of 1901." "When legislators keep the law. . . . Then, order your ascension robe," says Wendell Holmes. "The exception proves the rule," certainly, but not the regulation.—*Med. Rep.*]

**Answers to Medical Correspondents.**

*Refectarian.*—Yes, freedom of speech is again in season, evidently. The goose club worked off all their austerity in Lent, dining very handsomely, we noticed, off the proceeds.

*Junior.*—You must not regard it as a precedent; you must say *Dr. Barris*.

*One who only heard "Hurrah" and "Clementine."*—You have got quite a mistaken idea. It was not a picture auction; it was the Principal reading the new Charter.

*Mewson.*—(1) No, we don't think that all the first lecture was on *Amphioxus*, and what you call "that other little dirty worm," but it may have been so. (2) No need to go mad over reading B-v-u L-w-s, we should advise you to do no more than get *Savage*.

**Correspondence.**

*To the Editor of the "Gryphon."*

Sir,

When I wrote to you last term I fondly hoped that no one would misunderstand my action—but, alas! that hope was vain, for a gentleman who, towards the end of his letter, discovered an inclination to think, accuses me of being aggrieved.

He is apparently under the impression that I attempted to assume the rôle of Dictator, and hence accuses me of poaching on his preserves.

Setting aside these pleasanties, we are united in the common desire for more business-like general meetings.

Whatever improvements have been made during the last four years the management of affairs is by no means perfect, and with the view of suggesting further improvements, I ventured to point out one or two irregularities.

For this vile deed I am accused of attempting to dictate to the Union officials, even after I had received permission from the Secretary to introduce my motion at a certain stage of the meeting.

Under these circumstances the charge of dictating must be laid elsewhere, and the Chairman who refused to hear the Secretary's explanation is nearer to the fire than I am to the smoke. Now for the second line of defence. The motion was notified on March 9th, at 11:55 a.m., but this was a tardy compliance with rules, since the officials received notice of motion at the close of the previous general meeting.

Prolonged study of chimeras has, unfortunately, worked much mischief in the mind of my worthy opponent. Whilst grasping at the shadow he has lost the substance, an act quite excusable in the heat of debate, but altogether unpardonable in a pre-meditated declaration of rights.

Although a Colours Scheme does not fall under the word "rule," the proposition proposed by Mr. Heywoeth and carried by an overwhelming majority falls under that word.

That any misconception on this point should arise in the mind of the Chairman is a sign and almost a proof that efficient management is an ideal not yet attained.

I remain, Sir,  
Yours faithfully,  
FRED HORN.

The following will be of interest to some readers:—

GUTHRIE—LEACH—April 29th, at Sydney, N.S.W.

Tom Guthrie, Ph.D., F.I.C., eldest son of James Guthrie, J.P., of Northallerton, to Elsie, second daughter of the late James Leach of Leeds.—By cable.