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Vol. IX.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 4.



EVERYONE is now getting ready for the Conversazione. Huge posters meet our gaze at every turn. Rehearsals are in full swing, secretaries are performing secretarial functions all day long, and by the time we are in print the fruits will have been gathered in. If they bear any proportion to the labour expended they ought to be enormous.

Two inter-debates have been held, at Manchester and Liverpool, and both were well attended. At the former the centary was for the most part turgid, although enthusiastic. The Swimming Club has been promised an increased support, and the proposal for a mid-week half-holiday seems to find favour among students generally.

The Rugby Challenge Shield has come at last to Leeds. Long may it stay here!

We should be very pleased to hear of anyone who is a good caricaturist. It is a long time since we had any cartoons, so that if anybody is anxious for fame in this direction, we cordially invite him to come and earn some.

* * *

The *Gryphon* still hungers for more. More articles, more poetry (? or not ?), more skits, jokes, do you know, titlle tattle, letters, yes, even lampoons if you like. We did not think we should be taken quite so seriously when we said that lampoons were often not all that could be desired. There are lampoons and lampoons. Good taste and humour are not mutually exclusive terms.

* * *

No one has now any just ground for saying that the *Gryphon* is a useless publication. A few weeks ago a letter was received by the Editor asking for permission to republish in a magazine of "a certain medical institution" a poem previously published in the *Gryphon*. The author was communicated with, and with a blushing countenance consented. Visions of future glory and renown rose before him. He looked forward to a time when the world would talk of the new era which had been inaugurated in English poetry at the University of Leeds. He contemplated successive Editors of the *Gryphon* occupying the editorial chair of *Punch*, and forming the centre of an

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illustrious group of litterateurs hailing from the fog-bedimmed city in the north. He was, however, considerably astonished to receive a reply to his letter stating that the above mentioned "medical institution" was a private lunatic asylum!!

We trust the above information will stimulate contributions to the *Gryphon*. Even though the articles therein do not appeal to the dull intellect of the average student, there is always the glorious possibility of doing some real service to mankind by beguiling the long hours of the inmates of a "medical institution."

University Affairs at the Antipodes.

It is a fact now widely recognised by the well-informed that New Zealand is the greatest country in the world, and the brightest jewel in the British diadem. Its scenery rivals—according to the portion selected for admiration—that of Iceland, Switzerland, or Norway. Its climates, of which there are about twelve, are as attractive as they are various. Its natives are handsome, and very far from being either black or stupid. Its mutton has, through sheer merit, won its way in England, even to the tables of the poorer classes. Its women vote in parliamentary elections, and yet remain women. Its contingents of troops in the Boer War, as New Zealanders universally admit, were chiefly responsible for the ultimate success of the British arms. And it has provided no less than two-thirds of the entire clerical staff of an important English university; at the same time maintaining a university system of its own, any information about which, however inaccurate, can hardly fail to interest the readers of the *Gryphon*.

The colony, unlike its Australian sisters, has no large city, and only four towns of even moderate size—Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin—each of which has a population of fifty thousand or so, and a profound conviction of its own immeasurable superiority to the other three. The university system is in consequence like that of the late-lamented University of Victoria: degrees are conferred by the University of New Zealand, which seems to live obscurely in a small office somewhere; while each of the four cities has its college, which is of course, in each case, better than any of the others. What's in a name, indeed; but it may be as well to mention that the Christchurch College is called Canterbury, after the province—where also the lamb comes from, and not, as the deluded purchaser too often thinks, from Kent; and that the Dunedin College is called Otago, also after the province—and this name must be pronounced so as to rhyme not with saga but with cargo, the *r* in cargo being duly suppressed. As for the other two places, the provinces have the same names as the towns: so that the ingenious people of Wellington called their college Victoria (after the late Queen), while they of Auckland were dull enough to be satisfied with Auckland College.

As there are not, in the whole colony, twice as many people as in Leeds, and as the ideal of knowledge for knowledge's sake is, if possible, less revered in the colonies than in England, no one of these colleges is, so to speak, densely populous, and any student departing from the beaten track is like to find himself ploughing a lonely furrow, with no great consolation from the fact that at another college some one else is doing the same. Specialisation is now being pressed in certain branches to try and remedy this. Dunedin has long been the centre for medicine, and Auckland for mining; Christchurch, which claims to be a centre of literary culture, is devoting itself to engineering; and Victoria contemplates leading the way in the study of law. But an ordinary arts or science degree can be taken at any college of the four, and a student naturally stays at home if he can, and loses thereby many of the advantages of university life.

In the matter of buildings there is great variety, both in outward appearance and also, I believe, in inward efficiency. The front of Canterbury College is a noble span of grey stone, and within is a comely court shaded with weeping willows, which, like most other plants introduced from England, grow much better in New Zealand. In Wellington an ugly cliff of yellow clay has been scooped away enough to provide a site for new buildings in red brick and white limestone, which promised, when I last saw them, to rank among the very worst specimens of modern Gothic—at least, they will be Gothic in front; behind they will be a pure and refined example of the cotton-mill style.

For the university examinations English examiners are usually chosen, and candidates have the pleasure of waiting some four months for their results. Occasionally they have to wait longer, as when the steamer carrying the papers went down in the Straits of Magellan. Each college also examines its own students, but less often than the University of Leeds: whether for the students' sake or for the sake of the staff, I have never discovered.

Academical dress is worn by all, except when laboratory work is being done, or anything else that makes a gown awkward. Women students rather seem to like it, and if one who is no expert in such matters may be allowed to express an opinion, it becomes them considerably, though of course a daughter of New Zealand would look well in anything. A certain professor of classics sometimes has hard work in keeping down the practice of wearing cap and gown with long hair, a practice somewhat in vogue with youthful fresh-women, which he is said to do by asking such persons to translate those passages of the classics which make special mention of ancient coiffures, and cross-questioning them on the details, returning to the charge at every opportunity till they mend their ways. Though what constitutes the special incongruity of a mortar-board and flowing hair, no one else has discovered, and he has not explained.

The four colleges, unfortunately, have little intercourse with each other. This is not their fault; but the nearest pair of them are separated by at least

12 hours of sea, and the New Zealand seas, as the disillusioned tourist is apt to find, are not restful; while Auckland and Dunedin are not only 48 hours apart, even if one travels night and day, but it costs as much to go from one to the other as to go from here to Italy. Once a year, however, those who can afford the time and money may meet at one of the centres for the annual tournament. This festival is not like a scene from *Frankie*, nor does one play chess at it, but there are cricket and tennis matches, an inter-college debate, dances, concerts, picnics, much colonial hospitality—in which, as in all other things, the New Zealander excels—and occasionally engagements, in the narrower sense of the word. But delightful as all this is while it lasts, it can do little to make the University of New Zealand into a tangible whole. All the rest of the year that important process, the natural selection of friends and acquaintances, has to operate within depressingly narrow limits. Surely universities are like tea-cakes and salaries, the bigger the better. But as this principle does not apply to everything, I will say no more for the present.

L. H. G. G.

Futurum in Præterito.

[We publish to-day a newspaper cutting from what is known here as the "Queens Institute" Collection; a former selection having appeared in November, last year.] Ed. The Times, Feb. 22nd, 1905.]

OUR cutting is from the *Yorkshire Post* of June 4th, 1906. The University of Leeds which was founded in 1904, had evidently not escaped the so-called "Simple Life" craze. Our readers must bear in mind that at the beginning of the twentieth century certain enthusiasts were smitten with a desire to live a simple life. Their desire was, in the main, laudable enough, but as their doctrines became popular, the inevitable result ensued. The "Simple Life" became a society fad, and in consequence the whole thing was spoiled. And this, too, was the very period when the "practical materialism" which we spoke of in introducing our last collection was also at its height, the rage for reducing everything to terms of practical utility, and when the standard of excellence was measured primarily by the amount of money it would bring in. Education was the first thing seen to be on the "practical" track. A boy was sent to school with the avowed purpose of never spending a moment upon anything which would not pay, and it might safely have been said that any undergraduate at our Universities, or any boy in a public grammar, or board school would have been able to quote far more readily the Stock Exchange official intelligence than Shakespeare or Milton. The Ancient Classics had been forgotten long ago in most places. And so, as if this was not bad enough, "simplicity" must needs have come in and further degraded us. However, *vous savez* changez tout cela, so that we can afford to smile.

From the "Yorkshire Post," June 4th, 1906.

"We are glad, very glad, to see that the University of Leeds has at last decided to throw in its lot with the rest of civilisation, and discard those obsolete

'trappings of a defunct "culture," which forced their way into it, early in the century,—to be exact—about the year 1904 or 1905. The Senate has at last decided to superannuate the classical professors (*ex hoc*); and the change took place yesterday. The classical professors are now grey-haired veterans, who have sadly wasted their lives,—for they have never contributed one single iota—we beg our readers' pardon for thus bringing in the cloven hoof of the Greek alphabet; it was merely a slip of the pen—to the great cause of commercial enlightenment. And so they were taken off in a cab to the Leeds Lethal Chamber, where they will be mercifully put out of the way. Certainly, they protested, but it was vain. The Professor of Greek was heard to quote "*Longinus on the Sublime*, while the Professor of Latin was vigorously reading *Horace*, *Vixi—Vixi—Vixi*—"he muttered. He *potens* and *Laetius* deprecate *ex hoc* in *diem* *Disixit* *Vixi*."

"He seemed resigned to his fate. Poor man, it is very hard, but it is the best thing both for him and for us. The Philosophy lecturer was more sporting, for he took a tremendous leap on to the top of the cab, and thence on to a passing train. A huz and cry ensued, and a lively scene was witnessed. But in the end the train was stopped, and the philosopher was manacled and placed in the cab. We will not dwell on what followed. A public funeral will be accorded to the last of the posnats, and the University of Leeds will now go forward on the path of progress and willily."

"The old Vice-Chancellor, of course, died some years ago, before what would be to him "these troublous times" were seen."

"The English professors fled precipitately some weeks ago to the Caribbean Islands, where they will be undisturbed. The other members of the classical and arts staff have made a public recantation (under pressure) so that we are now pleased to feel that the old system has gone for good."

"Another feature of University life at Leeds is the adoption of the simple life. Sackcloth as an article of clothing has taken the place of broadcloth and tweeds, and the hall-porter has been stripped of his gold band, although at the cost of seven black eyes and two fractured skulls. The textile department is, consequently, somewhat disorganised, and we hear that much discontent prevails."

"However, that will all be overcome in good time, when the advantages of the simple life are more fully appreciated at the University."

"The pictures in the Refectory have been taken down to serve as targets for the rifle club, while the commissariat department of that institution has been seriously weakened by the fact that students at their smoking concerts drink water only. We said smoking concerts, but in reality that is only a survival. No tobacco is smoked now at the University, for it is difficult to procure any, and what is more, an edict of the Senate has decided that anyone found smoking will be compelled to learn by heart no less than four lines of the *Iliad*, a penalty involving such a social stigma that no one has had the

'hardihood to incur it. What used to be the smoking 'room is now the students' sitting-room, where one 'may hear the latest prices discussed.

'When this is so, who can doubt that the future is 'big with promise, and that the bad old days of so-called art, literature, and wasted time have gone, 'sever to return.

'We heartily congratulate the University of Leeds 'on its new departure.' G. H. T. B.

A Warning.

The other day, whilst watching a match on the Rugby ground, I had the good fortune to get into conversation with a real old-fashioned Yorkshireman—a weather-beaten, bronzed old Tyke. After commenting on the vicissitudes of the Rugby game the old man broke forth: "Ye young fellers ud dew well ter jay moor attention te't game, an' less ter basking abaht 'er Setters' neets. Ah've heard tell abaht a crew on yer as goes dahn tahn ivry Setter's neet inter caffays playin' goat an spodin' respectable fowks' enjoyment. When this comes away thew theer the goat inter' puts rahnd abaht, an foolish like 'a'pen gets ower much ah. Nah the reminds me o' John Myers. That lass't heard o' John? Well, ah'll tell the abaht him. "Take goes that when Jack doed he went on his travels till he cum te't gaates o' heaven. John sees't knocker an makes a fine rat-tat. Aht cum's Saint Peter an sez quiet-like, 'Well lad, an what ster want?' 'Can ah cum in?' sez Jack. 'What's thi name?' ser Peter. 'John Myers, o' Holbeck, i' Yorkisher,' says Jack. 'Want ahtside a bit,' sez Peter, es he goes inside. Sooin he comes aht an sez, 'Tha can cum in mi lad, so look slippy.' Just then who marches by but Owd Nick an all his imps o' hell, wi a gurt big brass band i' front. Jack sees this here show, an then sez to Peter, 'Nay lad, ah'm bahn wi't brass band.'"

"Nah, wi'out been ower 'and on yer, it seems ter me es if some o' you lads is takin' after John, an goin' wi't brass band ter join Owd Nick." SPECTATOR.

As Others See Us.

A gallant band from Leeds, to Liverpool they went To speak on foreign aspects of Party Government. Their arguments profound had such colossal weight That they vanquished all opponents in this Inter-Coll Debate.

The ladies fair of Liverpool were captivated quite; Proud were we of our men from Leeds who caused such great delight.

Our pride received a shock. Alas! 'twas not their lucid style

That charmed those lady students—'twas their fascinating smile.

Take heart ye valiant men of Leeds; when dim has grown your name

As men of brilliant eloquence ye still shall keep your fame.

For though men and speech and colleges, 'mid this world's noise and din

Shall vanish like the Cheshire Cat, there'll still remain the grin. K. L. S.

Extract from "The Roman Referee."

A.D. v. 808. Feb. 100, A.C.

THE Roman Empire, owing to the exciting match played at Olympia last December, in which they had lost by 6 points only, were looking forward with much enthusiasm to the return match at Rome, when they would meet Greece United on their own ground. Many people from all over the Empire had come, at much expense to themselves, to see the match; thousands, yea, tens of thousands, had swarmed into the Eternal City to see the great return match.

Greece United had published their team as usual in "The Athenian Daily Telegram"—it was the same as that which had played in December.

All over the then known world there was a feeling of intense excitement.

The day came. A wire came. The Greek team didn't. The following day an epistle arrived at the house of C. Marius, the captain of the Roman Empire, saying that many of the Greek team, owing to the expense of the journey to Rome, and also the intemperance of the season, were unable at the last moment to play. The Romans perhaps were able to afford the time and money to come to Olympia, but the Greek men were unable to return the compliment.

[Ed. of "The Roman Referee": We thought the Greeks were sportsmen, but we find out we have been badly mistaken.]

Does history repeat itself?

D

Integer Vitæ.

He that is sound and whole of life, whose heart Is pure of crime, needs neither Moorish dart Nor bow, my Pegasus, nor the quiver-load Of arrows deadly from the poisoner's art.

No, though amid the Syrtis' rage he goes Storm-tossed, or through the inhospitable snows Of Caucasus, or where with gentle stream The fabled river of Hydaspes flows.

For I went wandering in the Sabine wood Astray with careless heart, that only could Think of and sing of Lalgae; a wolf Found me unharmed—and fled me where I stood.

Has Daemias, the home of warriors, all Wrapped in its spreading oaken forest-pall, Or Suba's land, the lions' barren nurse, Seen ever the like miracle befall?

Place me amid those treeless frozen fields, Where never a breeze of summer comfort yields, That mist-beclouded quarter of our world Where Jupiter malignest influence yields:

Place me beneath the sun's hot chariot, stayed Too near the earth, where never man essayed To dwell: yet I will love my Lalgæ, My sweetly-smiling, sweetly-prattling maid.

L. H. G. G.

A Fragment from the Revised Version of Chaucer's Prologue.

A clerk there was of *Leeds* citee to,
Of twenty yere of age he was, or mo ;
Wel coude he know of engines evericheon,
But Gekishish Blokes, namo than any stoem.
And great harm was it, as it thoughte me
That tho in English he hidde semde see,
And al his lust was for to seme a " rake "
(Therefore he nas nat fat I undertake).
By nightertall he livede to walken doun
To taken to the maydens in the town.
A ring he werede upon his handes bothe
When he was wrood he swoor ful many an ooth.
But sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
He broghte with him also a lady smalle
And, *strange* to telle, a philosophere was she,
For Latin coude she, and philosophye.
The French she spak was that of Paris to,
Althogh to France she never hadde y-go.
The " Clerk of Oxenforde " nas nat so wyse,
Bileveth this ; for sooth it nis no lyes.
A newe thing, it is me thinketh then
When ladyes doun, what dide bifore the men.

J. M.

Song.

(It be song to the tune of—"Oh where, Oh where
has my little dog gone?")

Oh, " College " is nice, but it's really " no go "
When you think of a *Varsitee*,
So three friends they divided, and now, don't you know
They each can confer a degree.

Chorus.

Oh where, oh where has our little *Call* gone,
Oh where, oh where can it be ?
It's career cut short, and it's name cut long,
For it's known as the " Leeds 'Varsitee. "

Our charter was granted in April, '04,
Our Chancellor is Ripon, K.G.,
And now we are started we just shan't deplore
In the youthful new Leeds 'Varsitee.

Chorus.

We're not narrow-minded, there come to our hall
Many students of various degree,
Arts, Science, Law, Textile, we welcome you all
To our liberal Leeds 'Varsitee.

Chorus.

Come farmers and tanners and medicals oh !
Come miners and those who would " dee ! "
And we're just not ashamed of our " own little show, "
In the spightly young Leeds 'Varsitee.

Chorus.

And last but not least are our great engineers,
As hearty as e'er you did see,
And we all of us know how to raise three good cheers
For our jolly old Leeds 'Varsitee.

Chorus.

C.M.B.

Aeschylus, Prometheus Bound.

(Il. 88., foll.)

Thou Air divine, O Becomes swift of wing,
O Rivers' Fountain-heads, and countless ring
Of salt Sea-waters' laughter ; Mother Earth
That gave us, gods and men, a common birth
O circle of the Sun that seest all
Behold, a suppliant, yet a god ; I call
On thee—what things a god from gods I bear,
Air, Rivers, Sea, Earth-mother, Sma-god, hear
And look on me.

G. H. T. B.

An Anecdote.

—A heavy man
Too slack to care for strife
Of any kind, in any sphere,
What should he know of life ?
I met a simple student once,
His collar was undone,
His voice was rather like the grunts
Of pigs upon the run.
He had a rough and town-bred air,
And he was loudly clad.
His eyes were rare [good job they were !]
His manner made me mad.

" What do you do all day, " I said,
" When lecture work is done ? "
He sadly shook his heavy head,
" I am an only son. "

" I rush away down Woodhouse Lane,
When I have lectures done ;
To me the catching of a train
Is simply glorious fun. "

" Now heavy man, if that is so,
I prithee tell me why, "
" I cannot say, I do not know, "
" You bally ass ! " said I.

" For here's a 'Varsity and men,
Vitality galore ;
Now, is the catching of a train
To that superior ? "

He answered me—" I do not care—
My lecture work is all
That matters—and the fare
From here to Gomersal. "

You chump ! your Alma Mater's heart
For viler stuff could never year,
Did you but form a hundredth part
Of those who here do learn. G.H.T.B.

Answers to Correspondents.

Disgusted :—The report that the whole of the next issue of the *Gryphon* is to be devoted to an appreciation of the late Lord Masham is incorrect.

Foster :—No doubt the University football field did once form part of a farm, but we are in a position to state that the pavilion was not originally used as a cowshed.

Engineer regards the proposal *re* a mid-week half-holiday with real pleasure. He says we have long worked under too great a pressure at this University, and consideration tells us that he thinks ten hours' work per week is quite enough for a student.

Fist *carth* thinks that the future of the Scientific Society is full of promise. He says that the last debate—with the "Mary-had-a-little-lamb" overture was a distinct success, and hopes that another equally educative debate will be held shortly. In the event of there being any difficulty in choosing a subject, he ventures to suggest one which, he thinks, would be a fit companion to the last: "Is the Moon made of Green Cheese?"

Contributor :—Yes, send it on. An article on the teaching of Chinese would be of very general interest.

Amused wants to know who it is that mutilates the journals in the common room to the great annoyance of the rest of the students who read them. We are sorry we are unable to supply the information, but we fancy it is the University Bursar, who has become tired of defiling the notices on the notice boards, and has turned his energies into another channel.

WEX.

The Horse, the Stag, and the Man.

It is rather a strange coincidence, but another fable has turned up. I suppose it has been overlooked by the other antiquarian.

The horse (by which you must understand the British Empire) was a very noble animal, and used to feed in a beautiful, rich meadow. One day, however, a stag (by which you must understand any foreign power) came along, and began to partake of the horse's food.

The horse (by which you must understand the British Empire) approached the stag (by which you must understand any foreign power), and asked him what he would give in return for the pasturage. The stag promised that he would be pleased to do something as soon as his own fields were ready, so the horse let him stay.

But the pastures of the stag were a long time in getting ready, so the horse went to a man for advice. The man (who could only see from one side, being short-sighted) promised to help the horse, saying, "Only let me put a bit in your mouth, and I will find the weapons." The horse agreed and the man mounted. Together they taxed the strength of the stag to its utmost extent, but with what result? The poor horse returned home breathing hard, utterly exhausted and tottering.

"Ah," he gasped, "we have certainly taxed the stag, but I have had to pay."

And the owl on the tree near by sighed and flew away. Tooso whit, tooso whooo.

Moral: There is wisdom inside the Golden Club.

C. M. B.

Suggestions.

1. That the lady students be allowed to pass through the Engineering Department when late for lectures, on payment of 4d., which proceeds shall be devoted to buying new gowns for certain Professors and Lecturers.
2. That where fires are used in the University, nursery fire-guards be provided to prevent Lecturers acting as fire-crews.
3. That electric bells be provided on the steps to give warning of approach of students round corners, and so to prevent indiscriminate embracing, and crushing of favourite corns.
4. That Lecturers continuing after bell has ceased be fined 6d. per minute. Fines to be devoted to the "Gown Fund."
5. That boys in bottoms be provided to meet trains and cabs on rainy days between 9—9.30, and 1.45—2, with cloaks and umbrellas.
6. That a special track be marked out, particularly near the Porter's office, for students going to and from lectures; all loiterers found on this track to be fined.
7. That an underground way be made to the gymnasium for use of bashful young ladies.
8. That bells on the top floor start to ring two minutes after those on the ground floor.
9. That social intercourse be encouraged, and for this purpose the gentlemen be invited to join the "Ladies' Tea Club."
10. That after a gentleman has opened a door three times for a lady it shall constitute an introduction.

FRANK.

The Stacker.

Nor a man in the College but is so orthodox as to profess that everything has its purpose of being, and that all things are of use in the world; and yet, how very few men who believe what they profess, who are ready to carry out into details the broad principle that we are so ready to lay down.

And if, in consideration of any one thing, our principle fails to work out, it is with regard to that much maligned but still delightful person "the stacker."

We all are careful not to make profession of the fact that the "sweetest" is our hero; we should deny *instanter* the idea that we desired to be like him, yet some of us desire it so much that at times we even work to try and catch him up, and we are beautifully unanimous in our idea that *he* is the seasoning of the place, that by him it exists, and that he and the University are mutually wrapped up in each other's existence, and mutually supporting and retaining.

And as we all profess to despise and inwardly admire him (need our hypocrisy be dragged into the unedified glare of print?), so we are all at once in despising the "sweet." So from our pinnacle of self-conceit we agree that the stacker has no place in University economics, and that the end of such a man is of benefit to nobody.

Now, after all it is the trifles that make up the solid fare of our enjoyment. What does all the glory of not having failed in the term exam. matter to me, if I can't go to the footer match by reason of a cold? What does all the feeling of goodness which thrills me when I get up in time for Church count to me when I'm afraid to sit down in my new skin-tight —? and so it is when we look at things sanely, which we so seldom do, that we instantly decide that the slacker is a far happier and better man in the trifles that matter, than is the abominated "swot."

Coming to the chief reason, first, which of them enjoys himself best? I have an idea that in a sermon that I heard once when I listened, having been in bed a week, and having nought else to think about, that something was said about not thinking of yourself first, but of course this is the twentieth century, and facts deny what I think I really did hear. Now of course the swot, will assure you that he enjoys himself, and that working is to him a pleasure, but nobody believes him, even if he believes it himself—which he most certainly does not, seeing 'as 'ow he acts the giddy whenever he thinks he has time and money.

Now a really good slacker does not talk about enjoyment and philosophise about solid enjoyment, he goes and does it. Why does he romp off to all the footer matches? To seek enjoyment, but because he wants to do it; and there you have a bit of philosophy worth half-a-dozen first-class passes.

And now, having considered the only question which really matters, as everybody will of course admit, what about the good these men do to their 'Varsity?

Now, not only does the slacker enjoy himself, but he provides enjoyment for others: the place would be duller than a workhouse hospital were it not for the enlivening and cheering influence of these men who don't come to work.

Those dear far-sighted people who look into the future will say, of course, "oh yes, but we shall laugh when we leave college and roll in wealth and cigars, whilst the slacker seeks a position." Well, the fact is that most slackers have fathers, so that quite 75 per cent. of them are immediately put outside the pale shadow of the argument.

But what of the others? When you finish your course and go scrambling for a position, somebody has to be disappointed and downhearted, and the slacker, with his broad views and wide philosophy, has long ago decided that it is in the interests of the happiness of society that as few as possible shall be so discouraged, and cheerfully sacrifices himself to lessen the number, a height of courage and lack of self-seeking to which 99 out of a hundred of the swots would altogether fail to approach.

And as for your clubs and institutions, who keeps them going? Does your sweeter go out and work for two kettes punting a ball about a muddy field for the honour of his Coll.? Oh no, drudgery like that is left to the poor maligned slacker.

Now a University has got a reputation to keep up for many things, and the slacker in supporting our

clubs and things like that gives folks the idea that it's a jolly good thing to be a student, and that a life like that is flowing with drink and theatres, and so we are able to decoy folks into seeking to be better educated, and from the revenue thus obtained, the be-praised sweeter is provided with all the necessities of making him a bigger swot, than ever.

As to the introduction of new fashions and pantomime songs, and jokes of new styles of hair-parting, and of choice additions to our already somewhat extensive vocabulary, I refrain from writing.

These would-be slackers that we have here do their best to keep up our reputation, but you can't make bricks out of sawdust, and the weakness of our University lies here, that we haven't got even one real genuine slacker, like many other things that we've got. Our slackers are but feeble parodies of what a real genuine slacker should be. When it falls to our lot to receive such an one, let us do so with open arms, and retain him as long as he is willing to stop, which should be for ever, and then perhaps our University may take its proper place among the educational establishments of the world.

I say then, "Here's to the advent of the genuine slacker." P. M.

Ode.

O collar mine
That once didst shine
With spotless hue of brightness,
Go to the wash—
—crown's splash,
And get back all thy whiteness!
No name hadst thou
Till up to now
But "Melanod" will give it,
And after rub—
—bing in the tub,
My swan-like neck then rivet. INMATE.

Do You Know

Why the quad, of the College is never opened?
Why the students don't wear gowns?
Why the students are forbidden to have dances?
Why men scratch off for away matches?
Why the gymnasium is never heated?
Why there are no time bells in the U.H.?
Why the students don't contribute more to the Gryphon?
Why the College building is called "The University"?
Why the Medical School keep to themselves?
Why the Union fee may not be raised?
Why there is not a games committee?
Why the games are only half supported?
Why there is not a half-holiday on Wednesdays?
Why there is not a Union House?
What is the University definition of "wet weather"?
Whether students are expected to creep through the keyhole or under the door?
Who dropped her book out of the Common Room window?
Who descended the pit to rescue it?

WHO received a waistcoat button on February 14th?
 WHO locked the Physics Theatre door?
 WHO kicked the Physics Theatre door?
 WHO picks human bones in the Organic Lab?
 WHO advises us to test the accuracy of the law of the
 loss of energy through impact by jumping over
 a precipice?

WHO has tried the experiment?
 WHO has applied to have the bells mended?
 WHO lectured half-an-hour over time?
 WHICH is the hardest-worked department?
 WHO said it was?
 THE Lady in Black?
 WHERE she is to be seen?
 WHY she stands there?
 WHAT Apollo thinks of it?
 THAT his language is unprintable?
 WHO scored the last try?
 THAT it was Mike?
 THAT he did not get the drinks?
 THAT he is down-hearted on that account?
 WHO set the smoke-room on fire?
 JERRE?
 SUNNY JIM?
 THAT he still sings "Bangor"?
 THAT he ought to be shot?
 BRUNNER B—m—cin?
 THAT he is not an M.D.?
 THAT she thought he was?
 THAT the earth is flat?
 WHO says so?
 WHO got veard at the debate?
 IF it was J—rd—u?
 THAT he said there was nothing to *left* at?
 THAT we didn't believe him?
 THAT the last Gryphon was rotten?
 THAT it wasn't?
 THAT it is time to shut up?

Charivaria.

A and B were cyclists, and, cross-eyed. Riding one day in opposite directions, they each carefully steered out of the way. Naturally there was a violent collision, and the following conversation ensued:—

A: Why don't you look where you're going?

B: Why don't you go where you're looking?

Upon this A began to cry, and the tears flowed diagonally.

The Greeks had breakfast once a day,
 And that they called *dejeuner*
 But when it came to Shrove Tues—day
 They called it *repas carnavales*

The Greeks had breakfast once a day,
 And that they called very good;
 But when it came to Shrove Tues—day
 They called it pancakes. BONUS.

"Faith," said the Irishman, "and isn't was man
 as good as another? Aye, and a jolly sight better,
 too!"

A bus driver, when passing a certain cab, was in the habit of holding up a piece of string and twisting it. A passenger once asked him why he did it. "It seems to make the cab driver very mad," he said. "Well, sir, its like this," replied the bus driver, "is *his* rather was *angry*!"

During a block in Cheapside, the driver of a hearse found himself behind a bus. "Now, bossy, get on, get on," he said. "All right," said the busman, "your passenger ain't in no bloomin' hurry."

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column.

Athletic News.

Association F. C.

Dec. 16th, v. DEWSBURY AND SAVILE. At home.
 Won, 10—nil.

Goals scored by Abbott (4), Balden (2), Fisher, Lock, Whiting, and Humble.

Jan. 13th, v. SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY. At home.
 Won, 6—1.

Sheffield were the first to score. Goals for Leeds by Abbott (3), Fisher (2), Balden, Whiting.

Jan. 24th, v. LIVERPOOL. At home.
 Drawn, 2—2.

Leeds, playing with the wind, were weak in front of goal, and several good opportunities were missed. Liverpool scored twice, once from a penalty, whilst Elliott missed a penalty for Leeds.

Leeds in the second half had most of the game, and goals were scored by Abbott and Fisher.

Elliott and Goodson defended well for Leeds.

Jan. 27th, v. ST. MARTIN'S. At Potternewton.
 Won, 2—1.

For us Balden scored twice.

Feb. 3rd, v. 18TH HUSSARS. At home.
 Won, 2—1.

We were without Elliott, Ross taking his place. Balden scored both our goals.

Feb. 14th, v. MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY. Away.
 Lost, 0—4.

Manchester soon showed their superiority, and led by 3 goals at the interval.

In the second half Leeds played up better, and Manchester only scored once.

Feb. 17th, v. BOOTHAM SCHOOL. At home.
 Won, 4—2.

Goals scored by Abbott, Humble, Fisher, and Smith.

SECOND XI.

Jan. 13th, v. OLD KESGILLIANS. Away.
Lost, 2-3.

Jan. 27th, v. ST. MARTIN'S 2nd. Home.
Won, 3-0.

Feb. 10th, v. DEWSBURY NORFIELDS. Home.
Won, 7-1.

Feb. 17th, v. COLLEGE OF THE RESURRECTION.
At Minfield. Lost, 2-7.

Leeds had a very weak team, in spite of good play by C. Abbott and Ross.

Hockey (Ladies).

MATCHES this term:—

Bramley Ladies, at Bramley, Jan. 13th. Leeds,
3-0.

Lightcliffe, at Leeds, Jan. 27th. Lightcliffe, 1-0.

Belle Vue, Halifax, at Leeds, Feb. 3rd. Leeds, 2-4.

St. Margaret's College, Ripon, at Ripon, Feb. 17th.
Ripon, 3-0.

The return match with Belle Vue, Halifax, was cancelled.

E. A.

A very successful Hockey Social was held on Friday, January 26th, in the Ladies' Common Room. Tea was provided by the students—thus making by the charge for tickets a clear profit for the Club funds. The first part of the programme consisted of a "geographical competition," at the close of which Miss Robertson presented the first prize to Miss Birkhead and the booby prize to Miss Golding.

The charades arranged by Misses Edwards and Naylor passed off well, whilst the musical part of the programme, which included songs from Misses Charlesworth, Rogers, and Field, a pianoforte solo from Miss Jowett, and a violin solo from Miss Midgley, was excellent.

Miss Hastings and Miss Golding gave "recitations!"

At the close the Hockey eleven distinguished themselves by an effective rendering of a number of students' songs.

The evening, both from a social and financial point of view, was a distinct success.

£1 17s. was realised for the Club funds.

Literary and Historical Society.

SEVENTH General Meeting of the Session, January 20th, 1906.

At the above meeting Miss Wilson read a paper on "Venice in the 16th Century." The main portion of the paper was concerned with the ecclesiastical history of Venice, and the career of Paul Sarpi, who, as Miss Wilson said, is not known sufficiently well.

Venice never had been in the same relations with the Papacy as the rest of the Italian states. S. Mark, its inhabitants considered, was quite as good as S. Peter, and they strenuously opposed all Papal aggression. As early as 1308 they had decided that the Papacy had no concern with their temporal affairs, though they had to give way before a bull of excommunication. Though in the 16th century Venice had lost much of her Eastern trade, owing to the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, still, externally, it was a city of considerable grandeur, and it was perhaps jealousy that excited against it the hostility of France, Spain, the Emperors and the Popes. It was now that Paul Sarpi, who had risen from a humble position to one of considerable influence in the Servite Order, appeared on the scene as the champion of Venetian liberty. "The dominion of the Church," he said, "marches in the path of heaven, and cannot clash with that of princes, which marches in the paths of earth." The Pope tried to stir up war against Venice, but failed, and in 1607 a great reconciliation took place. This was mainly due to the work of Sarpi, and it was largely owing to him that Venice formulated its splendid conceptions of civil liberty, and of the superiority of the civil law. A good discussion was carried on by the President, Prof. Grant, Mr. Young, and Miss Wilson.

Eighth General Meeting, February 12th, 1906.

At the above meeting Mr. TenBruggenkate read a paper on the "Aesthetic Movement of the 19th Century." Ten years after the accession of Queen Victoria, he thought, English art was in the same position as English poetry had been at the time of the Lake poets, and it was to check the tendency towards stereotyped form and colour in art that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was formed. The reader touched upon the work of the two Rossettis, Holman Hunt, and John Everett Millais, Woolsey, Stephens, and Collinson, together with the later members of the Brotherhood, William Morris, and Sir Edward Burne-Jones, and whilst eulogising the aims and methods of the true reformers, deprecated warmly the degeneracy of their followers—the degeneracy which is so ably portrayed in "Patience."

The paper was packed with excellent stories relating to the life and habits of the Pre-Raphaelite brethren, a selection of which will not here be out of place.

The personal attraction and geniality of Rossetti caused his friends to forgive him a good deal. For instance, he was at one time living with Madox Brown, and painting his picture. "Found," Brown was in great poverty at the time, and says, pathetically, that Rossetti sleeps in their parlour, a bed being made up on the floor, and will not get up till eleven o'clock; that he makes very slow progress with the call, painting hair by hair, "all the time he wearing my great coat, which I want, and a pair of my trousers;" requiring unlimited supplies of food and turpentine, and quite impervious to hints that his presence was inconvenient. "I told him delicately he must go, or go home at night by the 'bus," This, he said, was too expensive. I told him he might run to his work in the morning, and walk home at night. "This," he

aid, "I will never do." He addressed his mother in his letters as "Dear old Antiques," and considered a charming waitress "a cordial stunner." Once, when seeing a couple of camels shambling down the street, he said, "Look! there's Ruskin and Wordsworth virtuously taking a walk."

An interesting example of the way Burne-Jones regarded his own position, and that of the world around him is given in the following anecdote. A lady had written to him flattering herself that he lived hidden in some world of beauty, untouched by the sordid present, somewhere with Tennyson's gods who "lie beside their never when the bell is hurled." A friend of his chance to call in as he was reading this, and finding him much disturbed asked what was the matter, whereupon Burne-Jones replied, "There! read that! What has a poor old 'ard-workin' feller like me done, as he's to be called a Tennyson's gods, and the Lord knows what, by the likes o' she? I arst you as a man, you don't think I'm a Tennyson's gods nor nothin' o' the sort, do you? It ain't fair, it ain't. A man as has always worked 'ard for a livin' and liked to see things decent and comfortable about him, and is a growin' old, very old, my dear. Tell me I'm not a gibberin' idiot. Tell me I haven't wasted my whole life in running after things that no man will ever be the better for." He had a habit of expressing his ideas in somewhat violent and strained language. He once told Mr. Gladstone that in a certain tree in his garden, 801,922 birds roosted every night, and found himself faced with the anxious enquiry of the astonished statesman, "How many birds did you say, sir?"

These may be taken as typical of the many excellent stories in which the paper abounded. The discussion following the paper was carried on briskly by the President, Mr. Batterworth, Mr. Young, Mr. Greenwood, Dr. Moorman, Mr. Ashburner, Mr. Gill, and Mr. Cohen.

The Scientific Society.

At the fourth meeting of the above Society, held on December 6th, 1905, a paper was read by Mr. A. H. Davies, B.Sc., on "Chlorophyll." An interesting account of its history and the various researches in connection with it, was given, and the theory of the mechanism of the change from carbon-dioxide to the complicated organic compounds in plants was explained.

The fifth meeting was held on January 24th, 1906, Mr. Allen presiding. A paper was read by Mr. H. R. Nettleton, B.Sc., on "John Tyndall."

Tyndall cannot be regarded as ranking with the greatest of modern scientists, nor is his name associated with any great researches. However, in him can be detected the dominating influence of the truly scientific mind, and the study of his life must, at all events, give some idea of the motives which inspire men to pursue the study of the laws of Nature.

He was born in Ireland in 1820, and was educated at the nearest National School, where he acquired a

knowledge of trigonometry, algebra, and conic sections, and at the same time becoming an adept in climbing, swimming, running, and other sports. He entered the Ordnance Survey in Ireland, and subsequently the same service in England, and later he became a railway engineer. Having saved sufficient funds, he went to Marburg, becoming a doctor of philosophy after two years.

Mr. Nettleton then went on to outline Tyndall's chief researches and experiments, and his methods were criticised.

He has been rightly regarded as a populariser of science, and it is a debated point whether this is complimentary or derogatory. Possessed as he was of a remarkable facility of exposition, it seems hard that he should be negatively criticised for trying, in simple and lucid language, to explain the woodens of nature to the uneducated masses; but in this there can be no lasting benefit to science.

Tyndall was a lover of controversy, not only in science, but also in religion and politics. However, he was always free from bitterness, and he knew how to reconcile the duties of courtesy with the earnestness of debate.

The sixth meeting was held on Wednesday, February 7th, Mr. Allen presiding. An unusually large number assembled in the Physics Lecture Theatre, the debate "That the earth is flat" no doubt proving a special attraction.

Mr. Bennett, in opening the debate, remarked upon the hypothetical foundations of modern astronomy. To ascertain the true form of the earth, he said, the Zetetic method of reasoning must be employed, that is, the method of direct investigation.

The direct experimental evidence of the "Flat Earthists" was then brought forward. These are, however, very few, the majority of the Zetetic arguments being attempts to show that the phenomena used to show that the earth is a sphere could occur if the earth were a plane.

Experiments have been carried out on the Bedford Canal, in which posts have been set up at such a distance that if the earth were a sphere they would be invisible, the one from the other. However, the whole of the posts were visible.

An entirely new theory of the universe is advanced, and by its aid the phenomena of day and night and the seasons are explained.

Mr. Hodgman, in opposing the motion, first traced the origin of the Zetetic Society. It originated among certain people who found modern astronomy incompatible with their religious views. He then went on to criticise the Zetetic reasoning, which is open to far greater objection than astronomy. Examples of phenomena which could not be explained on the flat-earth theory were given. Mr. Hodgman spent a considerable amount of time in the defence of astronomy, and as a result of this, the more telling arguments, the exposure of the fallacies in the Zetetic theories, and direct experimental evidence of reliable scientists, were crowded in at the end of his speech.

The subject was then thrown open for general discussion, in which the following took part:—Miss Ward, Miss Claridge, Miss Hastings, Messrs. Jordan, Croland, Tiffany, Guthrie, Murphy, Perkins, and Hinckley.

It was decided on a show of hands that the motion was carried, but as the subject was treated as a huge joke by all present, the result cannot be accepted as the decision of a gathering of sober-minded scientists, and it might be safely stated that no member of the Society, including Mr. Bennett, has been convinced that this earth is a flat and stationary disc.

H. P. A.

Delphi.

On Thursday, February 22nd, we were privileged to hear the Vice-Chancellor give a lecture on the famous Greek oracle. To Prof. Roberts we owe much gratitude for his energy in organising the lecture, and for entertaining us to tea in the refectory beforehand. The room was decorated, and pictures of Greek statuary and scenery for the nonce filled the places usually held by Dr. Johnson and the Laughing Cavalier. About a hundred and thirty people were present, and came on to the lecture in the Chemical Theatre. Dr. Bodington gave us a description of his voyage from Athens through the canal which has been cut through the isthmus of Corinth, out into the Corinthian Gulf. He then gave us a short history of Delphi and its temple, and described the legends of the coming of Apollo. An interesting series of slides showed the state of Delphi before and after the French excavations of 1892-7, the various treasures, and the great temple of the god, built over the chasm whence the vapour rose. The priestess sat upon a tripod placed over the chasm, and, intoxicated by the vapour, pronounced the words which, interpreted by the priests above in the adytum, were to serve the enquirer as his guide. The whole lecture was most interesting, and it was pleasant to feel that the "cult of the useless" had some devotees, or at least sympathisers, after all. We must confess, however, that anything dealing with Delphi from a purely antiquarian point of view, so as to pass over the psychological and religious aspect which will always be its chief interest, remains unsatisfactory. However, it was impossible to do justice to both, and the antiquarian aspect had necessarily to come first. We desire to thank the Vice-Chancellor for giving us such an interesting evening.

Hic theatrum gratior ussus erat.

Men's Christian Union.

On February 7th we had a visit from Mr. Silcock, one of the travelling secretaries of the Student Christian Movement. He addressed a meeting at which Dr. Moorman took the chair. Mr. Silcock dwelt upon the value of the movement in securing definite organised Bible-study. The points he emphasised were that we should be thorough in personal reading, and be quite free with ideas and difficulties in the weekly united meeting. He also spoke of some of the objections

to joining Bible circles which are raised, but chiefly that of lack of time, which he considered was not insuperable. Let the members exert their personal influence to the utmost, and many more would soon join Bible circles, and derive the benefit and pleasure which undoubtedly comes from them, and which it would be their great advantage to enjoy.

After prayer, the meeting, which was very enjoyable and successful, closed.

E. B. G.

Women's Christian Union.

A GENERAL MEETING was held on Friday, February 9th, at 1.15 p.m., and was addressed by Mr. H. T. Silcock, B.A. (Oriel College, Oxford, and Travelling Secretary S.C.M.).

Mr. Silcock spoke from the words of Hebrews xi. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for," and emphasised the need of translating the enthusiasm of last term's Conference into action, quoting the advice of George Meredith—"Flod on, and keep the passion fresh." In order to do this the spirit of prayer and of systematic Bible study must be cultivated, and the whole of one's influence must be used for Christ.

In connection with the *Universal Day of Prayer for Sinners*, on Sunday, February 11th, a meeting was held in the Recreation Room, Trinity Congregational Church, at 3.45 p.m.

The chair was taken by Miss Conyers (President C.U.).

Miss F. G. Wilson spoke briefly on the inspiration which a realisation of a share in the work of the W.S.C.F. brings to the individual member, and summed up the chief points of progress during the past year, and the objects for which intercession is desired.

Miss Conyers gave an address on "The Voice of Prayer," urging the importance and the need for prayer for the work of the Federation. Examples of the miracles which have been effected through prayer were given. The Prayer Life is to be attained by Faith and Bible Study. "If we realise the deep and all-conquering love of Christ for us, He will gradually teach us how to pray."

United Prayer followed, after which the meeting was brought to a close by a hymn and the Benediction.

F. G. W.

The Debating Society.

THE fifth debate of the season was held on Monday, February 10th, 1906, in the smoke room, Professor Clapham in the chair.

Mr. Gill opened with the motion "That Parliamentary representation should be granted to all Universities." He contended that a privilege which had been conferred of old on Oxford and Cambridge, and later, on London, Dublin, and the Scotch Universities, should not be withheld from the newer ones, which were now coming into existence. This was a matter of simple justice. Dealing with the general question of University representation, he argued that

a University was a suitable area from which to send a member to Parliament; the electors were men of education and refinement, and by this means seats in the House could be found for worthy men who would not stoop to "court the Democracy."

Mr. White opposed the proposition. He objected to all University representation, and refused to support the extension of a system which increased the sphere of plural voting. Universities were corporations, and had no more right to Parliamentary representation than any other corporations. Further, the graduates of a University were not the best people for electing representatives; they were often out of touch with current affairs, and often lacking in real culture. Again, the system was illogical and not in accord with modern tendencies.

A brisk discussion ensued, in which many interesting points were raised. Mr. Greenwood suggested that the logical or illogical character of the proposal mattered little so long as it produced a satisfactory result. The British Constitution is illogical enough, but yet it works very well in practice. So he thought University representation might result beneficially.

Messrs. Young, Jordan, Ward, Guthrie, Tiffany, Butterworth, and Frol, Clapham also spoke. The motion was then put and carried by 14 votes to 7.

Inter-'Varsity Debate.

At Manchester University, January 26th, 1906.

MOTION: "That a telegram of congratulation be sent to the Prime Minister."

Representatives were sent from Leeds, as well as from Liverpool and Sheffield, and one from Birmingham.

The debate was opened by Miss Fox (Liverpool), who claimed that the new Liberal Government was prepared to abolish all class privilege, and to work on purely democratic lines. It was, in fact, the dawn of a new age, of political freedom, and thorough-going reform. She briefly criticised the late Government's record, more especially the Chinese Labour ordinance and the Fiscal Question. We consider her speech to have been quite one of the best of the evening, though this, unfortunately, is not saying much.

Mr. F. Ashburner (Leeds) opposed the motion. He failed to see the need of a fresh Administration, since the out-going Government had done excellent work, and the new one could hardly, in the nature of things, be expected to do any at all. The Cabinet were at sixes and sevens, their policy, if they had one at all, was entirely destructive, and the Prime Minister was—well!

Mr. Alexander (Birmingham) seconded the motion. He described himself as a pilgrim from Mt. Ararat to the waters of Cobdenism. He talked of sugar and socialism, and played to the gallery. He condemned Mr. Chamberlain roundly as a mountebank and charlatan, who won his election only by the force of his personality. He was shouted down at last as the house began to grow weary of his little tales about West Indians.

Mr. Adams (Liverpool), as an Imperialistic South African, sharply rebuked the Liberals for their misrepresentation of the Chinese Labour question. He described the condition of the indentured labour on the Rand from an eye witness point of view, and referred to the Prime Minister as an arm-chair critic, and added that South Africa would be lost to the Empire if the Liberal Government meddled in their affairs.

Mrs. Schuster (Manchester) came to the rescue of the Prime Minister and applauded him for his courage in sticking to his guns during his long Leadership of the Opposition. She also defended the cause of Free Trade.

Mr. G. W. Butterworth (Leeds) quite failed to see why anyone should wish to congratulate the Prime Minister. Were his majority ten times as great, he had as yet, necessarily, done nothing, and only for what he might do could he be congratulated. Liberalism was not essentially different from Conservatism, and his attitude, as a supporter of the Labour Party, was one rather of stern criticism than that of congratulation.

Mr. Shiel (Sheffield) and Mr. Veitch (Liverpool) also spoke, and the discussion was concluded by Miss Pankhurst (Manchester), who, as a member of the Independent Labour Party declined to support the Liberal Government, because they had definitely refused to grant the franchise to women.

On a division the motion was carried by 123 to 119.

The debate was rather disappointing, as many of the earlier speakers were allowed too much time in which to trail off into side-issues. However, there was plenty of enthusiasm, if there was a lack of fire in the speeches, and we take this opportunity of extending our very warmest thanks to the members of the University of Manchester for their welcome, hospitality, and send-off.

Inter-'Varsity Debate at Liverpool.

February 16th, 1906.

MOTION: "That Party Government is consistent with an effective foreign policy."

THE Inter-'Varsity Debate at Liverpool proved to be only a flavouring of intellect sandwiched between two substantial entertainments—a wholesome physic, coaxed down with sweetmeats.

In the afternoon we were taken through most of the departments, and came back to tea in the Hall. At 5 o'clock the debate proper began—Mr. MacAlpine in the chair, Miss Alderson-Smith, the lady president, also on the platform.

Mr. Belton (Sheffield) moved the proposition. He did not bring forward any strong arguments. He told us naively that naval supremacy is the whole of our foreign policy—and that is not affected by party government; nor could he see any alternative to party government, except autocracy. The speech was full of red-hot patriotism.

Mr. Robinson (Liverpool) opposed. His meaning was obscured by the frequent use of foreign words; but one gathered that his chief point was the danger of a break of policy in the middle of a war, or in a delicate passage of diplomacy. This argument he served up in several different forms. Mr. Robinson rashly accused British premiers of choosing only orators for ministers. He approached dangerous ground in mentioning Majuba, for Majuba leads on to the Boer War—and on that road lies fiscal reform.

Mr. Butterworth (Leeds) divided humanity into two parts—prospective and retrospective, Liberal and Conservative, go-ahead and backsliding, and so forth. But he went on to say that this division refers only to domestic policy; "foreign affairs are a matter of common courtesy and justice" (*infans fore*); and so they are above and beyond all considerations of party interest. Mr. Butterworth evinced a dislike for parties as a whole—always excepting the I.L.P.; but he spoke with approval of the English gentleman, the only person qualified to control our relations with other countries.

Mr. Veitch (Liverpool) was the most emotional speaker of the evening. The meaning of his words was clouded rather than elucidated by the impressive sadness of his delivery. Which perhaps is a good thing; for a full report of his speech would be melancholy reading. He quoted Paine, of the "Age of Reason," and threw entirely new light on the work of the elder Pitt. He attributed the French Revolution to the fact that Vergennes succeeded Choiseul as Minister of Finance.

Mr. Ashburner (Leeds) spoke more reasonably. Unlike Mr. Butterworth, he had some regard for all parties; he refused to believe that any party was wholly without an idea of justice. The British nation, he said, has some common-sense, and it will have the ministers it wants.

Mr. Williams (Liverpool) stated the obvious fact that a single man is a nimble agent than a committee.

Mr. Sanderford (Manchester) asked if any improvement could be made on party government. He said he was rather Conservative himself, and criticised the Liberals, though he could tolerate Socialism and the Labour Party. He ended with some pleasing sentences about the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Matthews (Leeds), addressing the chair, seemed to strike rather a low tone in national morals, when he asked whether inconsistency in foreign policy is always a bad thing. Certainly it has proved convenient at times. He then dealt with the etymological meaning of "effective"—which, he assured us, is derived from two Latin words.

Mr. Small (Liverpool) would restore absolute monarchy, and give the king the sole power of choosing his ministers. The Labour Party were banded to and fro severely during the debate. Mr. Small said they did not care a jot for Great Britain.

Mr. Lawson (Liverpool) was a counterfoil to the Machiavellian principles of Mr. Matthews. What is an effective foreign policy? he asked, and answered, A policy of right. What is a policy of right? The

continuation of what is good in previous policies. And so on, in series, of *infinity*.

Mr. White (Leeds) altogether objected to party government.

Mr. Adams (Liverpool) was patriotic. He said that other nations may assist us in their Foreign Offices; but they do not on the field of battle. From this defiant, warlike opening the speech moved, by an easy transition, to the financial welfare of the Empire—i.e., Mr. Chamberlain's policy. It was fortunate that this subject was introduced late in the evening. If it had been dragged in earlier it might have spoilt the debate entirely.

The motion was carried by a very large majority—123 votes to 49. A few of the opposition voted conscientiously; others merely remained in their places.

The debate, as a whole, was not very satisfactory. The subject was ill-chosen, the speeches were not stimulating—the most impassioned was calculated to move one to tears rather than to action; and some of the speakers had strangely distorted ideas on matters of history and politics.

However, the chief fault lay in the subject: foreign policy and party government really have not a debatable connection with one another.

The supper which followed the debate was a much more enjoyable function; the speeches were better and more entertaining, and the songs were excellent.

Mr. H. G. Williams, just before we left, broached an ambitious plan for a general debate open to all English and Welsh Universities.

C. G.

Parliamentary Debate.

AMENDMENTS—1. Fiscal Reform.

2. Universal Suffrage.

3. No Confidence in the Government.

It was at a quarter-past-five on Monday, March 4th, that this debate opened with the reading of the Minutes. The Chairman, Prof. Clapham, then read the *King's Speech*. We wanted to applaud, but he told us it was not customary, and so we resolved to follow the rules of convention. The *Speech* was proposed by Miss Brown, and seconded by Miss Claridge. As Miss Brown sat down, Mr. A. C. Ward appeared on the scene, and we have been unable to find out whether the applause was meant to greet Mr. Ward, or to cheer Miss Brown. And then came question time. Mr. R. Ward was up on his feet in a moment, almost bickering over with questions. He asked the President of the Board of Trade a question, but the President of the Board of Trade wasn't there. "Does he intend to treat the House with contempt?" furiously ejaculated the would-be questioner. The Government have settled that they won't give Home Rule to Ireland. "Yes! It is certainly Slavery." Nevertheless, they are not going to remove it. Mr. Matthews was there as usual with his demi-semi-philosophical questions. Then came a host of questions for the Minister of Agriculture from

a certain agriculturist. The Minister was at a loss. There was a bill for butter, and another for dogs. Yes, he said, the Government are going to look into all these matters. What better way could there be of proving himself from any awkward questions? The "free-beer" man was there with his usual question, which somehow fell rather flat. The tall and slim Mr. Guthrie, who drinks nothing but water, answered that we haven't got free water yet, and the "free-beer" man sat down, only to rise again, we feel sure, and put the same question next session, if he is here. The Government are going to do everything some time or other. Overworked students are going to be looked after, but the Disestablishment of the English Church is not likely to be brought in.

The amendments were now brought forward. The leader of the Opposition said he aimed at Free Trade, but wanted Protection, which was the only way of getting it. But no! The Liberals would have none of it. Mr. Donaldson seconded him in his usual manner. Among other things, he said he was down on the liquor trade, much to the disgust of certain gentlemen in the corner. The Prime Minister, Mr. Sykes, then rose to reply. He started: "Mr. Speaker," and everyone followed his example for the rest of the evening. He spoke in a high-pitched melodramatic voice, which he adopts for such occasions. When he has said anything which he thinks particularly cute, how he looks out at the corner of his spectacles in a sort of self-congratulatory way! When he got on to Imperialism he waxed, or rather tried to wax, exceedingly sarcastic. But it was poor stuff. "This proposal," he said, "is a marvel," and tried to look surprised. An endeavour was here made to howl him down. When this had been quieted, we were suddenly surprised to see Mr. R. Ward bounce on to his feet, and call the Prime Minister to order for speaking over time. Strange to say, the Chairman seemed to think he was in control of the meeting, and Mr. Ward subsided for the second time that evening. Mr. Butterworth, in a way which would have done credit to a Labour man, then brought forward the second amendment. He started by saying he saw a large number of Labour members in front of him, but couldn't tell where.—We begin to think that these debates should not be held in the selectory. It was grand to see the way he clasped and unclasped his hands, and to hear his eloquence. He was seconded by Mr. Perkins.

Mr. Guthrie then, gradually unfolding himself, rose to oppose the amendment. He spoke of how the Government were going to double the wage this year and next year, and so on. It seems that soon it will be all work.

Mr. Ward next rose to propose the third amendment. "We shall resist whatever you do," he said. "You're going to put the Bible out of our schools; you're going to take our money." He said he couldn't understand the robbery at all. "Now you've broken your promise of Home Rule. You are utterly unworthy of the confidence of the country."

"And he shook his fist, and he bow his hair,
Till really I felt afraid."

"Mind the speaker," suggested someone.

This amendment was seconded by Mr. TenBraggkate, who spoke from the Labour point of view, and accused the Liberals of not being true democrats.

Mr. Foot supported the Government. "The coolies get a shilling a day in South Africa," he said. "And Tommy Atkins gets one and a penny," replied someone. The Chinese coolies were said to be allowed to bring their wives; but they evidently preferred to leave them at home. The condition of Chinese coolies has been compared to undergrads. When talking of the Boers, he said he didn't mean the foers in the corner.

Mr. Greening was the last one to rise and speak. His speech was rambling and rather incoherent. He was good enough to patronize the work of Non-provided Schools, but he mingled historical inaccuracy with his remarks, somewhat hopelessly. On a vote being taken, the Liberals were thrown out, for the second time this session, by 63 to 41.

Women's Debating Society.

The sixth meeting of the session was held on Monday, February 5th, the men being invited to join us on this occasion.

Miss Conyers proposed that "The novel has a greater moral value than the drama." She stated at the outset that the novels of which she would speak were only those worthy of the name of literature, thereby excluding works such as those of Miss Conolly and Mrs. Henry Wood. Then the novelist may be taken as a speaker who appeals directly to his audience, who takes the reader into his confidence, the effect being in proportion to the degree of comprehension of the writer's purpose. The dramas, on the other hand, are grand, magnificent works which inspire one, but leave the personality of the dramatist in the background, so that a momentary judgment cannot be passed on them. Characters that soar so far above us cannot have any real moral influence. Again, the fact that the novel is read allows it a wider range of subjects; thus it can represent the very best and the very worst in man, giving lessons of example or of warning. She concluded by reading a passage from "Villette" which, she claimed, rivalled in passion and lyrical fervour any in the poetical dramas.

Miss J. Walker opposed her, arguing first that the fact that more people read novels than dramas does not prove that the former have greater influence. The Greek dramas are not merely awe-inspiring. Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides tried to interpret the minds of the gods to show what virtues they rewarded and what vices they hated. So in the English drama. The central idea of Shakespeare's tragedies is "man is mortal, sins, is punished, dies; but also immortal, can be virtuous on earth, and to the good there is a reward hereafter." Shakespeare, more than any other writer, except Meredith, emphasises the fact that what a man sows, that shall he reap. She concluded by judging Miss Conyers' reading sentimental, and defying anyone to find speeches equal to Joins of Gaunt's on patriotism, Portia's on self-surrender, and the hackneyed speeches so well known to all.

Miss Claridge held that the Age must be considered. The drama was all powerful among the ancients; no novels were written in the great drama age of Shakespeare; now no dramas are written in Russia, but Russian novelists have great influence throughout the world.

Mr. Matthews supported the opposer, for he maintained that the novelist looks outward and describes only the doings and actions of men, but the dramatist looks inward and gives the passions and thoughts of men.

Mr. Ashburner thought that one must learn to look inward before one is able to look outward. Therefore a higher moral stage is reached by the novelist.

Mr. Batterworth tried to assure us that truly great characters with truly great passions are to be found only in the dramas, and as the greater the character the greater the influence, the novel's moral value must be small compared with that of the drama.

Miss Scholes supported the proposer, for she held that private reading alone is really effective in having influence, and dramas are comparatively rarely read in private.

Mr. Guthrie, Mr. Storey-Bates, and Mr. Moulden also spoke. After Miss Conyers had replied, laying particular stress on the misrepresentations of characters on the stage and the fact that the men and women around us are heroes and heroines, though it has not been pointed out to us. The motion was put to the meeting, and was rejected by 23 votes to 31.

The seventh meeting of the session was held on Monday, February 19th. Miss Hastings proposed "That a uniform system of dress should be adopted in England." She graphically described her idea of a suitable dress which did not trail on the ground, and all the weight of which was supported by the shoulders. Her chief arguments were utility, saving of time in looking through fashion books, saving of money, and the benefit to be gained for health. Miss Brown opposed her, arguing that with such a dress originality would suffer, dressmakers would lose interest in their work, and the money they would tend to insanity, the unemployed problem would be increased, and that short and fat people would look like sacks of potatoes, whilst long and thin people would look like dressed clothes pegs. Miss Walker thought that the motion was the only possible way of overcoming the wild extravagance of the present day. Miss Weider reminded us that Germany had tried the reform dress for its hygienic principles and its beauty, but that it had been merely a craze. The motion was rejected by the casting vote of the chairman.

M. E. C.

Smoker.

The first Smoker this term had been heralded by a notice upon the board, calculated to strike every eye. It was an artistic poster, painted by Mr. W. S. Cameron, and a very fine show it made. Most people, apparently, thought that the poster was an end in itself, for the proceedings on Friday night, the 23rd,

the event which it heralded, began with a mere handful of men. More, however, dropped in later. The feature of the evening was Mr. Barnes' monstache and imperial. Songs were many and various, the chief performers being Messrs. Curtis, Guthrie, Maddison, and Armes. Mr. Young also favoured us, and Mr. T., while Mr. Donaldson sang "The Powder Monkey," and Mr. Willburn "Farmer Giles." "Auld Lang Syne" and the Cake-walk brought the evening to a close.

Correspondence.

The Editor declines to be held responsible for the opinions of his correspondents.

All letters must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

Why cannot the Students' Union see that a University Swimming Bath in connection with the building be provided for the use of the students?

After the poisoning cases at the Cookridge Street Baths, which are considered the best in Leeds, one cannot go there, and yet hope to graduate.

Trusting this suggestion will receive due consideration, and have favourable results,

Believe us to be,

TWO ARDENT SWIMMERS.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

SIR,

Permit me to intrude upon your valuable time to ask you for an answer to a question which is of serious importance to me. Well (to give you my life history, etc.), I am going in for the Metric, in June, and have not yet quite decided as to what languages I shall take.

On page 121 of the University Calendar it states the subjects which you may take, and as number 5 says, "... some other modern language approved by the Board," I want to ask you if you think that the Board would approve of Scotch as a modern language, or would they, on my application to be allowed to take it, vigorously attack and assault me?

Relying on your kindness, etc., etc.

I remain,

Yours, etc.,

MATRIC.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I ask you through the medium of your paper to expose a terrible case of SLAVERY which is in existence on our University of Leeds, yes, and is, I fear, going to be exhibited for hundreds of visitors to gloat over next month. It is, sir, in a certain wooden edifice adjoining the Dyeing Department; there, I saw with my own eyes, men stripped almost to their

skin, with only white flannel clothing during the winter months, carrying bars with balls fixed at each end, and waving wooden clubs. They were also undergoing severe torture on infernal looking racks and rings. They had a man of mighty physique looking after them, so that they were unable to do anything without his leave. Sir, can men in our University talk about Chinese Slavery, when their own fellow-students are undergoing such severe treatment?

Yours, etc., D.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

SIR, May I be allowed to put before the readers of your valuable magazine suggestions for a reform which I believe would be conducive to the comfort—not to say safety—of a great many of the students of the University. Having, like the majority of my fellow-victims, to accomplish the greatest possible amount of work in the shortest possible time, it not infrequently happens that I start for a lecture with a five minutes' walk to do in a two minutes' run. I set out from the library with the necessary impetus, only to find my path blocked by a compact line of backs. I dodge from side to side looking for a chink to wedge myself through, but to no purpose, and I have to wait. My valuable seconds do not wait, however. When finally I negotiate this difficulty, I enter on the last and most perilous part of my journey, with a not too agreeable vision of a sarcastic reception from a member of the staff who believes in punctuality—from the students. I rush up a flight of winding stairs wrapped in almost midnight gloom. Crash! Something coming the other way—, but I need not give details. My last second has gone, and when at last I reach my destination, temporary concussion of the brain prevents my receiving any benefit from the lecture.

I believe I am not the only sufferer. May I suggest that every student determine to keep to the right, at least during his college career, and to allow quite twelve inches on one side of a procession along the corridor.

I remain,

Yours sincerely,

FEMINA.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

The *Gryphon* gives me a headache. You are much too solemn and sedate. Do you *ever* laugh, or, if you do, do you ever laugh in print? Please try to be a little more lively; and induce your contributors to be so too. You aren't the *Quarterly Review* yet.

Yours, etc.,

COCKEYE.

Our Contemporaries.

In the February *University Review* there is what is aptly called "A Confession in Doggerel." It reads something like a Sankey and Moody hymn, but its language, for verse, comes off a poor second. It seems to be an ode to Idealism, but it is a back-handed compliment to one's object to talk thus about it. Some of it doesn't rhyme, and sometimes the metre is wrong. The teaching of poetry by a happy chance forms the subject for another article. Residential halls for the third time are discussed, in which a previous article is criticised by the Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester. The Scottish University problem is again to the fore, and the usual University news closes the number. There is a good portrait of Prof. Butcher, of Cambridge.

We are continually cheered by the arrival of the *G.U.M.*, which is a considerable improvement upon last session's production. However, if the Editor will purchase a revolver for the reception of the authors of "Roundels," and other amatory verifications, he will be doing a service to both the present and the future. The *Sphinx* has increased its subscription and its publication. Were it to decrease both, promptly, and contain a little more matter each time, with just a dash of originality now and then, and less of the cryptic, it would be better for all concerned. By the way, we consider the remarks—intended to be clever, we suppose—at the top of the first column of p. 118 to be in the most execrable taste. Their orthography might also be improved.

We have also received *The Gong* (University College, Nottingham), *The Mersmaid* (University, Birmingham), *College Echoes* (University S. Andrews).

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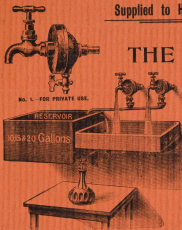
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