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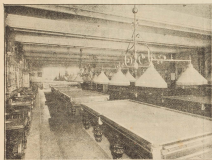
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Vol. IX.

MAY, 1906.

No. 8.



THE *Conversazione*, held last term, may fairly be judged a complete success. For the first time for some years a substantial profit was made, the guests were as numerous as our room would allow, and the various entertainments provided, including the play, left nothing to be desired. The whole of the proceedings went without a hitch, and it has been universally agreed that they left nothing to be desired. The success of the evening is very largely due, from the point of view of organization, to Messrs. Donaldson and Perkins, the Secretaries of Committee, who worked indefatigably up to the last moment, and to those who played the more conspicuous rôles of actors, singers, and gymnasts, and last, but not least, to Mrs. Schiddekopf, who coached the actors with infinite pains.

An interesting diversion from our usually peaceful manner of life was created last term by the appearance

at a local music hall of "Doctor" Walford Bodie, who was pleased to pour his lofty scorn on the medical profession. Several representatives of the University arrived one afternoon to witness his performance, and upon their expressing their disapproval in a manner which was entirely pacific, but which was displeasing to the manager, because, forsooth, his audience disliked his precious "doctor," the police, who were there in large numbers, started ejections with more force than judgment. A free fight ensued in more than one direction, the police losing their heads helmets and tempers, so that some of our men were hurt, and, with others, had summonses issued against them the same night. The result was that both summonses and counter-summonses (for the police had been cross-summoned for assault) were dismissed, on grounds of insufficient evidence on either side. The whole proceedings reflected a good deal of discredit on the police force, who apparently considered that the students were prepared to wreck the music hall and slaughter the "doctor." Next time, perhaps, these gentlemen will prefer to make use of the better part of valour, which will, at any rate, save them from making fools of themselves in the witness box.

We have received a copy of the current Annual Report of the Royal Society of St. George, which is

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interesting reading. We regret, however, a foolish article on the New Ministry, which strikes a strong note of exclusiveness. Great disappointment is expressed because nearly all the Cabinet are Scotsmen! A good deal of high faluting on the qualities of Englishmen follows, which borders on the ridiculous. It will be a pity if the Society of St. George are unable to combine sanity and patriotism. We should be sorry to see a good cause brought into disrepute.

\* \* \*

Three mid-day services for undergraduates and others were held on the last Fridays of last term at Emmanuel Church, and were well attended. The preachers were, respectively, the Principal of the Clergy School (The Rev. J. G. Simpson), the Vicar of Leeds (Dr. Bickersteth), and the Rev. Canon Brameld, Vicar of Chapel-Allerton. They have been continued this term. The preacher on May 4th was the Rev. Paul Bull, C.R., of Mirkfield; and on May 11th, the Rev. Canon Watson, of York.

\* \* \*

The Athletic Sports are fixed for Friday, May 25th. Some people will win prizes, more people will not, but all people, we hope, will be there. Notwithstanding the fact that it is very near to the end of term, and nearer still to examinations, every effort should be made to ensure a large attendance of spectators. There was a record *Conversazione*; let there be also a record Sports.

\* \* \*

While we are on the subject of the Sports we should like to draw attention to the fact that there is no prize for the inter-departmental quarter-mile. The points gained in this race merely go to swell the total number of points gained by each department in the whole list of events. We note this in case any well-disposed individual should feel moved to present a shield or some other suitable trophy for this particular race. We can assure him or her that it would be much appreciated.

\* \* \*

Belated as they are, we offer our hearty congratulations to Mr. Greenwood on being elected to a fellowship at his old College, King's, Cambridge. We are pleased to think that this honour does not necessitate his departure from Leeds, yet it would be a source of gratification to us to record the further honour which would entail it.

\* \* \*

As we go to press we learn with great satisfaction that Messrs. Macpherson and Fisher came in first and

second respectively in the two yards at the Inter-Varsity Sports, held at Liverpool, on Saturday the 12th. Mr. Macpherson's time was 10½ seconds.

\* \* \*

### THE GRYPHON.

ONE more number, and the *Gryphon* will have completed another (the ninth) year of its existence.

Next session will see the usual changes in its Staff. A fresh Editorial Committee will have been elected, and a fresh Editor will have cautiously to feel his way, and begin that harassing operation, that of writing to order. We, who are about to lay down the Editorial pen, feel inclined to heave a sigh of relief that the work is almost done, not because we have found it peculiarly irksome to have something to do external to our daily round, but rather because we have come to look upon the task of getting half-a-dozen numbers of the *Gryphon* through the press much in the same way as we should regard the task of having to hit the bull's eye at five hundred yards six times in succession. In other words, there has always been the anxiety present that as the time drew near for each number to be produced, there would be a creditable shortage of matter, or else an abundance of contributions only fit for the waste-paper basket. There ought not to be this difficulty if more people would rise to the occasion. Of course, the appearance of each *Gryphon*, filled up to the brim, probably discounts any feeling that may be expressed as to the difficulty of producing it, but those who are behind the scenes know very well indeed that much has to be written to order, and is consequently second rate, and much has perforce to be published which the Editor would find more pleasure in consigning to the waste paper basket. If the first fact be not patent to every one, the second must be.

What then is to be done? Are we to drag on our weary way, year after year, living on doles, given reluctantly at the last moment, like a needy client under the Roman Empire, or are we to reform and live a more independent existence? *Memento mori*—we can expire—commit suicide, but we still desire a little longer life, and have no wish to be relegated to oblivion just at present. Besides, our obituary notice would not look well. And so, by a process of elimination we find ourselves bound to reform. How, then, shall we begin?

In the first place, the *Gryphon* should no longer be controlled by a single individual, working alone. There ought to be an Editorial Board, composed of an

Editor-in-Chief, and a body of Sub-Editors. There should be two Athletic Editors, one for the men's sports, the other for the women's, who would be responsible for the reports of the doings of their respective clubs, a Departmental Editor for each faculty, and one to represent the women as a whole. These latter should be responsible for getting in subscriptions at the beginning of the session, and for unearthing any people suffering from a complication of excessive modesty and the casalties *scribensis*, and for setting them to work. By this means, we should have an Editor-in-Chief, and seven Sub-Editors, of whom two would be women, together with a Treasurer. These would form the Editorial Committee, together with one or two ex-officio members. By this means we should have a working staff who would represent every interest in the University, and thus prevent the *Gryphon* from becoming a party organ. There would also be the guarantee that all members of the Committee had some work to do, for the privilege of acting as censor. At present, it seems rather one-sided that half-a-dozen individuals should act censor while doing nothing necessarily in return.

But, of course, all this demands public spirit and plenty of it, much more than we have seen at present. So much for organization.

The price must also be lowered, and the frequency of issue increased, though the latter alteration would depend entirely on the amount of literary support accorded. At present the price of each of the six numbers is 6d., and the annual subscription is 2s. 6d.

Now, if eight numbers could be published during the year at 3d., making the total cost 2s., and the annual subscription 1s. 6d., we feel sure that the number of subscribers would be increased, and that there would be little, if any, diminution in the receipts.

It seems to us that before very long some change of this nature will have to be made, more especially in view of the fact that the Medical School will, in all probability, shortly be starting a magazine of its own, and thus throw us entirely on our own resources.

We should, therefore, be very glad to receive suggestions from our readers on this matter, together with criticisms of the reforms we have put forward, and we shall endeavour to publish as many letters as we can on the subject in the June issue.

## Proceedings of the Union Committee.

THE sixth meeting of the Union Committee was held on Wednesday, March 7th, at 12.30 p.m., Mr. T. F. Tomlinson in the chair.

1. The minutes were read and approved.
2. The terms of the *University Review* were read, and the Chairman and Secretary were authorised to sign the schedule. Professor Connal was appointed a trustee of the *University Review*.
3. It was agreed to send two delegates to the Students Annual Congress, and also to subscribe £2 towards the expenses of the Congress.
4. It was proposed that of the 13 members elected annually for the Union Committee, five at least should be in their first year. A Sub-committee consisting of Professor Vaughan, the Chairman and Secretary, was elected to enquire into the proposal.
5. Mr. G. S. Richardson was elected Tennis Representative. W. A. R.

## The Cecil Duncombe Observatory.

AT length, after many vicissitudes, our Observatory is in working order.

Many may wonder why the preparatory stages have been so long drawn out.

After the presentation of the telescope some two years ago, the question of housing had to be considered, and it was not until several sites had been discussed, that it was decided to ask the City Council to allow us the use of the cottage on the Waterworks property, at the Grammar School end of Reservoir Street.

There is usually considerable difficulty in adapting an old building to a new purpose, and the present instance was no exception to the rule. Then there were various committees, academic and municipal, to be consulted, which meant a further expenditure of time. Finally, when our arrangements had almost reached completion, atmospheric conditions were against us, and the still uncompleted dome was seriously damaged by a gale.

Our Department of Engineering was then consulted and needless to say they triumphed over the difficult problem set before them of making an originally unsatisfactory structure stable.

This, of course, all took time. It is a much more tedious matter to correct the errors of a faulty structure than to design and construct a serviceable one *de novo*.

Having secured a weather-proof covering over our heads, we next had to erect and adjust our instruments, and here again the elements were against us. Many nights we watched and watched in vain for the stars to guide us. Time and again we waited for the transit of the Pole star, only to find that our view was obscured by cloud and smoke.

Dr. H. H. Turner, Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford, is a native of Leeds, and the members of the Committee were unanimous in the opinion that no better chair could be made than that of our distinguished fellow townsman.

## The Gryphon.

Those who were privileged to meet Professor Turner, and to hear the interesting address which he delivered on the occasion of the opening ceremony on the 4th of May, cannot but concur in that opinion.

Professor Turner said that, though he had had a good deal to do with Observatories in different parts of the world, he had never been at the inauguration of one, though he had narrowly missed being present at some.

He spoke at some length of the magnificent Observatories which have been established in the United States, and particularly of the Yerkes Observatory, near Chicago, and of that on Mount Wilson, in California, both of which he had visited.

These, Professor Turner said, provided some contrast to the present occasion, for whereas in California he was some thousands of miles from home, he now stood within a few hundred yards of the house wherein he was born.

His brother and he passed the site of the present Observatory every day on their way to Miss Summer's school, and measured their growth by the increasing height at which they could clamber up the reservoir wall.

As a Leeds man, therefore, he might claim to exercise that privilege of plain speaking which is one of the prerogatives of Yorkshiremen.

He might say that the astronomical enterprise of Leeds compared unfavourably with that of the citizens of Chicago and Pasadena. All honour to those who had done what they could, but what of the others? It was not, he explained, that the instruments were small, since Leeds was clearly, or rather smokily, not the place for a great telescope. But might they not at least expect the provision of an endowment, on however modest a scale, so that an observer in Leeds might make Astronomy his life's work?

The instrument in this new Observatory was, he continued, eminently suitable in character. It was large enough to do good work without being unwieldy.

On the motion of Professor Kendall, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Professor Turner for his interesting and stimulating address.

The Vice-Chancellor proposed a vote of thanks to Major Duncombe, the donor of the telescope.

Major Duncombe said he esteemed it a privilege to have contributed, in however small a degree, to the equipment of a great modern Yorkshire University, and he esteemed the privilege all the greater in that the University had permitted him to associate the gift with the name of his late father, to whom he had every reason to be most devotedly attached.

The Pro-Chancellor then proposed a vote of thanks to the Corporation for allowing the Observatory to be erected on Woodhouse Moor.

Mr. Harold B. James, chairman of the Property Committee, replied on behalf of the City Council.

The Observatory was then opened by Professor Turner, and was afterwards inspected by a number of visitors.

The telescope is an 18½ inch reflector of the Newtonian type, and although the mounting is not of the most modern design, the instrument is by no means difficult to handle.

The large mirror has had an interesting history. It was the first successful large glass mirror made in England. It is the work of Mr. G. Calver, of Walspole, in Sussex, and was originally made for Dr. Common in place of a similar one by the same maker, which the astronomer unfortunately broke before it had been used.

When, later, Mr. Calver made for Dr. Common a 36 inch reflector (now known as the Crossley reflector), our telescope was taken over in part payment, and subsequently purchased by the Hon. Cecil Duncombe, whose son has now presented it to us.

Thus our instrument has had an illustrious past, and as it is still in excellent condition, it is to be hoped that in the hands of its present owners, in spite even of the Leeds atmosphere, its record will not be tarnished, though its lustre may.

In addition to the large equatorial, there is also a three-inch transit instrument and a sidereal clock, both made by Messrs. Cooke and Sons Ltd., of York. With these instruments time observations will be made, so that it will be possible to check our clocks and watches, and it is hoped that in the near future a mean-time clock will be introduced, and arranged so as to fire a daily time gun.

We may then hope to have our public clocks agreeing one with another, and even the College bells may be synchronised.

The following are the regulations as to the use of the Observatory:—

I. The Observatory and Instruments shall be under the control of the Curator, and no person shall be allowed to go into the Observatory or to use the Instruments unless he is present, except as provided for in Rule VI.

II. The Curator will attend at the Observatory on an average, two nights per week during the session of the University, when persons eligible under Rule IV. may attend. All arrangements as to classes and observing nights must be made with the Curator.

III. Not more than twelve persons shall be admitted to the Observatory at any one time.

IV. The following will be allowed to use the Observatory under Rule II. :—

- (a) Members of the University staff;
- (b) Students of the University, on the recommendation of heads of departments;
- (c) Members of Astronomical Societies;
- (d) Teachers in the Schools of the Leeds Education Committee, in groups of not more than six persons.
- (e) Senior scholars from schools of the Leeds Education Committee, if accompanied by a teacher, who should, if possible, be one interested in the subject;

- (f) Teachers in Leeds Schools other than those of the Leeds Education Committee, by special arrangement with the Curator;

- (g) Such other persons as the Observatory Committee may from time to time determine.

V. Persons wishing to use the Observatory under Rule IV., Sections (b) and (c), must apply for a recommendation to the Leeds Education Committee.

VI. Permission to use the Observatory for research work in the absence of the Curator may be granted by the Observatory Committee (1) to Professors and Lecturers of the University teaching Physical Geography or Surveying, who may, subject to Rule III., use the Observatory for class purposes, (2) to such persons as may be specially recommended by the Committee of an Astronomical Society as competent to use the Instruments, it being understood that the permission will apply to the authorised person only, who may not admit any other person, and (3) to other persons approved by the Observatory Committee.

VII. A list of persons authorised to use the Observatory under Rule VI. shall be supplied to the Hall Porter at the University, who will issue a key of the Observatory to the authorised observer on personal application.

The key must be returned immediately on leaving the observatory, or before noon on the day following.

VIII. Permission to use the Observatory under Rule VI. may be withdrawn by the Committee at any time; and the Observatory will only be available under that rule when it is not required for class purposes.

IX. Persons using the Instruments under Rule VI. shall be held responsible for their proper use during the time they or their students may occupy the Observatory, and shall be liable to make good any damage they or any of them may do to the Instruments.

They will also be responsible for the safe closing and locking of the building on leaving it.

X. A book shall be kept in the Observatory in which all persons using the Instruments will be expected to enter their names, with the hours during which they have been present, and the nature of the work upon which they have been employed.

XI. The Curator is empowered to refuse admission to any person, or to require him to withdraw from the Observatory, without giving any reason to the person concerned; but any such action shall be reported to the Committee at its next meeting.

### The Conversazione.

MARCH 9th, 1906.

THE easy task of cheap criticism is taken away from anyone who would record his impressions of the Conversazione. If it had not been the unqualified success that it is generally allowed to have been, one would have prepared for the usual picking of holes with a lighter heart. But, as it is, one is left with the rather more difficult duty of bestowing praise without seeming to indulge in a weak flattery which

does not blame, because it lacks the knowledge and judgment necessary for the task.

However, be that as it may, the function of a critic is not merely that of finding fault, for, if it were, it would be out of place on this occasion, since it may be said with strict veracity that the *Conversazione* last term eclipsed all its predecessors. We heralded the show with large and brilliant posters, we bombarded every individual likely to make it a success with renewed invitations to buy tickets, we wore haggard and anxious faces as the day came nearer, we cut lectures by the dozen, and the result was crowned with a success unlooked for by the most sanguine.

The guests, who numbered nearly 600, were received by the Chairman of the Union, Mr. T. F. Tomlinson, in the Hall. This operation lasted some time, and at the end of it there came the usual perambulation of the buildings in order to inspect the various exhibits in the Engineering, Textile and Dyeing Departments. Owing, however, to lack of time, the guests had to choose between a concert in the Library and the exhibitions, since these two items were necessarily concurrent.

The lay mind was much impressed, and not a little mystified by what it saw in the Technological Departments. It feels that it would be presumptuous to give a detailed account of what it saw there, but it desires to record the sense of its own inferiority as it watched the circular wool-comb, and the weaving machinery.

At the same time, other people were being entertained by a gymnastic display, under the direction of Mr. Mason Clarke. Mr. Guthrie distinguished himself in high-jumping, and Mr. Mason Clarke performed some fine combinations on the parallel and the horizontal bars.

In the meantime, under the direction of Mr. T. J. Hoggett, Mus. Bac., a concert was being given in the Library.

Mr. Hoggett and the Musical Society are to be congratulated on the success of the entertainment they provided at the *Conversazione*. They fully justified the contention of those who promoted the foundation of the Musical Society last autumn, that there was plenty of interest in music and of musical talent within the walls of the University, and that only organization was required to make them effective. All who see in music a delightful addition to the life of the University must be grateful to the organizers of the Musical Society, and especially to Mr. Hoggett, the conductor, for the trouble they have taken. We hope that the Society will live long enough to give us a concert at every *Conversazione*, and why only at the *Conversazione*? We should like to see a concert given by the Musical Society every term. And why should we not have a chorus of fifty at least?

Not the least gratifying feature of the concert was its variety. There were five part-songs, sung with a "go" and a finish which reflect great credit on trainer and trained. Miss Charlesworth's fine soprano voice was heard to great effect in Liszt's "Lœlele" and a song by Miss Needham. We confess that we

wish that the former had been (to use an elegant Americanism) "substituted" by something else. We dislike the song as much as we dislike—well, gramophones and piano-organs. In Heine's poem the singer wonders why he feels so sad, in Liszt's setting (or she) proclaims a wild melodramatic excitement to a crowded audience. To our mind the feature of the concert was the violin-playing of Mr. A. Cohen, whose fine tone and brilliant execution were well displayed in the second item which he gave, Hubay's "Hejre Kati." A cello solo, tastefully played by Mr. F. H. Branson, completed the programme. Mr. Hoggett combined the offices of conductor and accompanist, aided at the piano by Professor Rogers, who played with the seriousness of expression required by the importance of the occasion.

We regret that the concert had to be given in the Library, and not in the Hall, as in some previous years. The Library is not good to sing in and can only admit a very moderate audience. We are well aware of the difficulties with which the managers of the *Conversazione* have to contend in fitting in the various entertainments, but suggest that they should next year consider the possibility of giving the concert in the Hall.

#### "THE REVELS."

It is with feelings of unmixed satisfaction that we set about recording our now somewhat misty impressions of the central event of this year's *Conversazione*. Our production of Sheridan's play marks an important stage in the dramatic history of our University, a stage that we may congratulate ourselves on having reached. There is the most remarkable consensus of opinion to the effect that not only is the play far our best play hitherto, but that our acting is the best acting yet seen, and moreover, what is supremely important as a moral for the future, that the goodness of the acting was due to the goodness of the play. We look forward with satisfaction to the reproduction of the masterpieces of Sheridan, Goldsmith, and even Shakespeare, with the same triumphant success as has attended this pioneer performance.

There is little reason to regret the extent to which, under the circumstances, it was necessary to abridge the play. Not that a good deal of interesting matter was not left out. We confess, personally, to a great weakness for the first scene, for instance, and the engaging simplicities of old Thomas. But we are heartily glad to be rid of the paragon Julia, and still more to escape Faulkland, whose weaknesses are as tiresome as his virtues. "These personages," it has been well remarked, "are such palpable excrecences that they were no doubt introduced to conciliate the sentimentalists. They so successfully appealed to the audience of their day as to lessen the importance of the other characters. Time, however, has had its revenge; in modern productions of the comedy the sententious speeches of this laudable pair are always extensively cut." Whereby it will be seen that much of the shortening of our own performance was only what is usual. What we were able to present contained the kernel of the piece, and nearly all that is most characteristically Sheridan.

We think it is fair to say that all the actors did well, and that at least some of them did conspicuously well. Miss Katie Wilson, in undertaking to represent so celebrated and important a personage as Mrs. Malaprop, was sure to subject herself to keen criticism; everyone has his own idea as to how this interesting part should be acted. For our own part we think Miss Wilson's performance most creditable. The peculiar shrill-voiced and mannered style she adopted is not perhaps essential to our conception of Mrs. Malaprop, but no one can call it inappropriate, and it was maintained with admirable evenness. The "deranged epitaphs" were well emphasised without being unduly obtruded; and Miss Wilson did not fail to discern the dramatic effectiveness of the part, which by no means depends on its verbal humour alone. Miss Phyllis Shepherd had, perhaps, a harder task before her as Lydia Languish, but from the vigorous book-throwing opening of the first scene onwards she had the sympathies of the audience with her. Her part suffered more than most from excision, and she was consequently deprived of the chance of bringing out adequately the exaggerated passion for romance that is at the root of Lydia's somewhat superficially attractive character. But within the limits allowed to her she was successful, and her appearance was as charming as her actions. Miss Violet Stroad was distinctly good as that reprehensible person Lucy; especially good, we thought, in her more hypocritical moments; there was perhaps a suspicion of exaggeration in the way she remonstrated herself. We should like to see her in a more leading part some day.

Few, we think, will disagree with us when we assert that Mr. Unwin's Sir Anthony Absolute was the triumph of the evening. His strong voice and clear enunciation made him comfortably audible in the remotest corners of the hall; his every action was the embodiment of vigorous senility; his stick and his snuff-box were used with moderate but telling effect; he was Sir Anthony in almost every detail. Here and there we conceive that the torrent of ferocious speech might have rushed forth with more tumultuous fluency; but Mr. Unwin's deliberate violence was plausible enough, and in all essentials he was quite admirable. Mr. Durrant was well suited as the Captain; not least as regards his figure and deportment; but not in this alone; he succeeded completely in conveying the character of dashing melancholy that pertains to the unhappy officer; and he grappled well with the difficulties of a part that is not only a long one, but, like all hero's parts, though less than most, contains much matter not calculated to win the sympathies of an intelligent modern audience averse to taking melodramatic sentiment seriously. Still, Ensign Beverley has his humorous side too, and Mr. Durrant made the most of it. Bob Acres, of course, is the purest of jokes from start to finish; and, in Mr. Barnes' capable hands, the joke was a thoroughly good one. When the curtain rose and revealed his majestic figure magnificent in spangled purple, the applause was loud and long; and the audience soon found that Mr. Barnes was no mere spectacle, however gorgeous, but an actor fully capable of bringing out

the rich and original, if not particularly subtle, humour of Bob Acres' character. The celebrated scene in which the challenge is written was one of the very best in the play, as Sheridan no doubt meant it to be; and for this Mr. Barnes must share the credit with Mr. White, who impersonated Sir Lucius O'Trigger. We are told, when "The Rivals" was first produced, that "the piece barely escaped being damned on the first night owing to the wretched performance of the actor who played the part of Sir Lucius." Had our audience this year been so merciless—a thing imagination boggles at—yet our production would not have had to fear the like fate. Mr. White was not very Irish, and not very fire-eating, but yet he gave us a sound and painstaking piece of acting; and the part is not, we think, as easy as it might at first sight seem. Mr. Richardson, as Fag, is another of those who found his opportunities curtailed. His voice, unfortunately, did not carry well; but his acting redeemed this defect—there was no mistaking the significance of his elegant mincing, which were employed with great effect in the scene in which he keeps Lydia on tenterhooks by withholding what he knows of the "suicide, parricide and simulation" then proceeding in King's Mead Faddie. In the scene with Master Thompson, who did his little part as the Boy satisfactorily, the point somehow failed to come out quite clearly. Finally, we wish to bestow great praise upon Mr. Fottrell for his David, which his animated rendering made into an important part—as indeed it is, though not a large one. Mr. Fottrell was what we believe is commonly called "convincing"; it was hard to remember that he was by no means the crack-voiced old dodger he represented so skilfully.

The staging of the play was adequate without being needlessly elaborate. Our old friend Castle Bunthorne—though we do not know that this elegant piece of scenery was first born to serve the cause of "Patience" at the Albert Hall—made a satisfactory substitute for North Parade, and the indoor arrangements were at least all that was needed. The dresses, however, were more than satisfactory, they were as good as could have been wished at any performance, however elaborate or magnificent. We are too conscious of our incapacity to discuss them in detail to venture on more than awarding them our general but very hearty approval.

Every year it is our pleasant duty to thank Mrs. Schüddenkopf for her unwearying exertions in the noble cause. This year our thanks must be especially sincere and heart-felt, not only in view of the especially satisfactory result, but because we feel sure this result was only attained by more than her usual energy and enthusiasm. The gratitude of all those whom she has placed in her debt must be added to what she will no doubt regard as the true reward of her labours, we mean the consciousness of having been chiefly responsible for the doing of so good a thing so well. The actors owe simply everything to her careful and patient training. And we have also to thank the actors too. We hope and believe they have derived great pleasure from it all;

but we must not forget the heavy price they have had to pay. Too many of them have had to make up, by hard work during the Easter vacation, for the precious hours they were robbed of during term. Let it be no small part of their consolation and their recompense that, so far as drama in the University of Leeds is concerned, they have had a share in the making of history.

### Inter-Varsity Debate at Sheffield.

THE unintentional experiment of our Sheffield friends in fixing the date of their joint debate on the day after most of us had finished examinations, proved a complete success. In numbers and in spirits we excelled any previous debate party this year, and the fact that we were of most diverse opinions on the question of the day did not lessen our excitement. The train journey therefore was easily beguiled, and even the ugliness of our destination (the town, not the University) was scarcely noticed.

The subject for discussion was "That the increase of Socialistic ideas is advantageous to the Nation." The opener was Mr. G. S. Veitch, of Liverpool, who is now quite well-known to us as a debater. His speech was moderate in tone and excellent in delivery. His great point was the municipalisation and nationalisation of as much as possible, including land and milk. (Honey was not mentioned). Mr. Ashburner, who opposed, seemed to be quite satisfied with the *status quo*. What we had lived on for centuries could be allowed to persist, and nothing better had as yet been proposed. He caught up the good old phrase "Equality of opportunity," and tried somewhat unsuccessfully to develop inconsistencies between it and municipalisation. He was followed by Mr. Butterworth, who seconded, at the same time carrying Mr. Veitch's ideas to a radical extreme. He dangerously gave the opposition the opportunity of contrasting his extremism with his leader's moderation. Advantage was not taken of this.

Mr. Butterworth's speech was considered, apart from the wording of the motion, one of his best this winter, and one could not help regretting that it was probably his last as a Leeds student.

Mr. Jump, of Sheffield, seconded the opposition. His remarks were rather fragmentary, and he introduced the question of national railways. This was unfortunate, for we never heard the last of the railways, and after all, we were discussing Socialist measures as a whole.

Mr. Perkins supported the resolution, devoting his arguments largely to proving that competition as commonly understood was not necessary for true progress.

Miss Conyers made what was the most eloquent speech of the day in opposition. Her basis, however, was not good, as she confused the demagogue and the democrat, and attacked the latter rather unfairly. She also applied various epithets to the unemployed, and then transferred them to Socialists as a

whole. The result was that Mr. Veitch had to apologise, in replying, for the defects in his character and general behaviour.

Mr. Williams, of Liverpool, opposed the motion forcibly but not convincingly. He had the usual references to Utopia, &c., &c., and suffered much from the interpolations of his opponents, whom, however, he finally silenced.

Other speakers were Mr. Mather and Mr. Tyan (Sheffield), and Mr. Guthrie (Leeds). After Mr. Veitch had replied the motion was put and lost by 54 votes to 36.

An adjournment was now made to the supper-room, where a convivial evening was spent. The regrettable absence of Manchester and Birmingham was explained, and various speeches made, toasts drunk, and songs sung. Leeds members were again prominent, and the Liverpool songs were very popular. After seeing each other off with cheers and "Auld Lang Syne" at the various stations, we each in turn departed, congratulating the new Sheffield S.R.C. on its first joint debate.

### Literary and Historical Society.

On Feb. 26th, 1906, the Society was edited by a very learned and erudite paper of Dr. Moorman's on "Shakespeare's Ghosts." It was extremely interesting, and for real scholarship must be ranked alongside of Dr. Rhys Robert's paper on "Porson" at the beginning of the session. It is, indeed, a good record for the year to be able to point to two such really first-class papers. Dr. Moorman traced the pedigree of the Shakespearean ghost back to the Senecan, the Euripidean, and finally to its first parent the Aeschylean ghost. But Shakespeare broke free from the Senecan convention of placing the ghost in an atmosphere of classic myth, and made the fullest use of the belief in ghosts current in his own day. Dr. Moorman then distinguished the various views on the subject of ghosts current at the time of the Reformation. To the Catholic the ghost was a departed spirit, to the Protestant a manifestation of the devil. Shakespeare held the Catholic view, as in the Hamlet ghost, though in Hamlet, Act I., Sc. iv., there are distinct traces of the latter doctrine. In a word "for the gibbering ghost of Senecan tragedy, Shakespeare has in Hamlet offered us the warlike king, the gracious father, and the husband who bears with him to the abode of spirits a love for his faithless wife which has triumphed over crime, dishonour, and death."

The meeting showed its intense appreciation of this excellent paper by declining to venture on a discussion, and the President, after thanking Dr. Moorman, adjourned the meeting.

On Mar. 12th, 1906, Mr. G. W. Butterworth read the last paper of the session, his subject being "Thomas Carlyle." The paper was very well worked out, and gave us a résumé of his life, and a very sympathetic appreciation of his work. The uncompromising Joe of the crude materialism which characterised the Mid-Victorian Era, he was shown to be one of the great prophets of his age. His weeship of strength,

of mind and character, led him at a later stage to include that of body as well, which would amount in some measure for his political change of mind from democracy to aristocracy.

Not the least interesting feature of the evening was the discussion. Carlyle was considered from the point of view of poet, mystic, and prophet. Mr. Cohen scouted the notion of his being in any sense whatever a poet, and raised the question of his being a mystic. His title to that honour was criticised by Mr. Matthews, who claimed that he was more of a prophet. He had, he said, the Hebrew spirit, that of a keen sense of right and wrong, of injustice in persons and in systems, and the power of giving vigorous expression to his feelings. He had not the logical mind, the characteristic of the Hellenic; Jeremiah rather than Plato was his intellectual father. We were glad to hear the claim that is sometimes made on his behalf, that he was a mystic strongly criticised. It is an honour that is far too cheaply bestowed now-a-days.

A new feature of the Literary Society was a Social Evening, which took place in the Rectory on March 21st, 1906. The room was very comfortably full, and we hope this gathering will form a precedent for future years. Proceedings began with a pianoforte solo by Miss Walker. Miss Murphy sang a song, entitled "Hope," and Miss Conyers gave a spirited recitation from "Adam Bede." Other items included a capital violin solo by Mr. Cohen, recitations by Messrs. Gill and Butterworth, songs by Miss Rogers and Father O'Flynn and a song from "Patience" by Mr. Ten Bruggenkatte.

### Wit and Humour.

The history of words is an interesting study. So many have entirely altered from their original meanings, or have been greatly modified during generations of use. Some have altered also in their outward form. In trying to get at some sort of definition of the qualities wit and humour, it may be worth while to look back for a moment at their derivation and at the changes in meaning that have come to them.

1. The word wit has come to us unaltered outwardly from the Saxon word "wit," which originally meant as did almost identical words in Old German, Danish, and Swedish, *knowledge, understanding, wisdom*. Gradually this meaning of the word was enlarged by its application to skill and ingenuity in the use of knowledge. Used in the plural form it meant senses and perceptions, faculties of the mind. The "five wits" are spoken of by Chaucer, and later by Shakespeare. But down to the time of Pope the word was used by writers in a more or less serious sense. Then the change of meaning begins. Burnet, a writer in the 18th century, says "serious wit is neither more nor less than quick wisdom." This idea of quickness seems to lead to the use of the word rather in regard to cleverness than wisdom, to quick perception, and apt expression. Nowadays wit is almost always connected with what is ludicrous, incongruous, or comic. It is an intellectual quality and does not exist of course, without expression either in writing



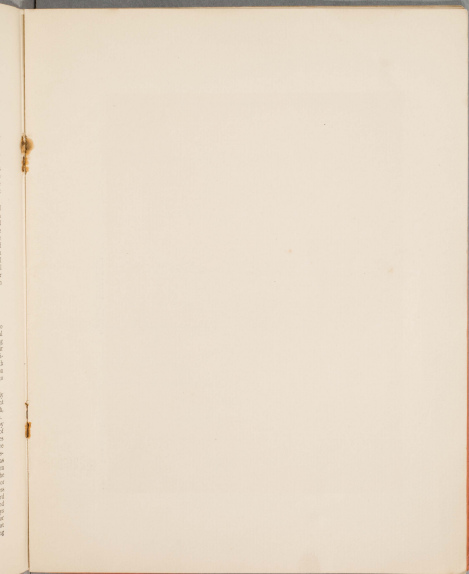




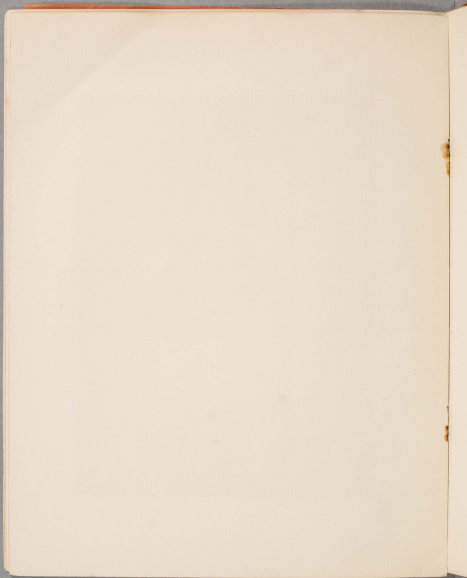
Photo by R. H. H. H. H.

"THE RIVALS."



Photo by Rosemont, Lucie

"THE RIVALS."



or speech. In the latter it is quick perception expressing itself aptly at the moment (in repartee, pun, analogy) without deliberation and reflection. And even written wit must at least have the appearance of spontaneity. Bernet's idea of "quick wisdom" is retained here. Passing from the meaning of the word to a consideration of the quality one finds that it is a more or less rare one. One can say of few of one's friends and acquaintances that they are witty—and it is not a quality that can easily be acquired—if indeed it can be acquired at all. It is born in people, due to combination and modification of inherited qualities. It is said of Sydney Smith's father that he was "very clever, odd by nature, but still more odd by design," and he himself attributes his gaiety to an inheritance from his French ancestry. The gift may be cultivated, but it is very doubtful if it is possible to produce it—or desirable. The mere thought of trying to produce it makes one shudder! How far desirable or enviable a gift it may be of course depends on the value set on it by individual tastes. In so far as it promotes wholesome laughter and fun it is surely good. Physically and mentally it is good to laugh, and the world has plenty of sorrow and gloom in it, which needs lightening. But wit does not touch our human nature deeply—it plays with the surface of life and with passing interests—and it must be said that it is not always free from elements that are harmful. It has no time, so to speak, to consider feelings, and it will raise laughter at the expense of individuals or communities of persons with the definite purpose of holding them up to ridicule. There is often a caustic element in wit. Here is a small story which exemplifies this element. When the musician Meyerbeer died, his nephew, a very inferior musician, wrote a funeral march and brought it to Rossini to ask his opinion. Rossini looked through it and said "It would have been much better if you had died and your uncle had written the march!" Wit is not a moral, but entirely an intellectual quality. Before speaking of it further, we must pass on to the consideration of the second quality before us—*humour*—in order to see wherein the two qualities—alike in some respects, entirely differ in others.

2. The derivation of the word *humour* is rather more obscure and its changes more difficult to trace than those of wit. It is derived from the Latin word *humor*, i.e., moisture. In mediæval times physicians spoke of four cardinal humours of the body—blood, choler, phlegm, and melancholy, and on the conditions and proportion of these bodily and mental health were supposed to depend. So in Shakespeare we find many allusions to various "humours." One rather interesting instance occurs in "Othello," where the original derivation of the word from a moisture or vapour is clearly seen while the application is to the human disposition. Emilia says to Desdemona, "Is he not jealous?" and Desdemona answers, "Who, he? I think the sun where he was born drew all such humours from him." It is interesting to note in parenthesis here, that as "humours," meaning human dispositions, trace their origin to moisture or vapours from the earth, so the words *homo*, *human*, *humile*—all things connected with man—have their origin in

the Latin word "*humus*," signifying the ground or earth, from which connection one may draw a moral!

The various human temperaments, or dispositions, were thus signified by the humours, and this meaning is retained when we speak of "good humour" and "bad humour." When the word began to mean a sense of the ludicrous it is not easy to see, but it is surely a pity to forget that a sense of humour means a good deal more than this. Here comes in the distinction between a sense of humour and wit. Mr. H. Rood in his "Lectures on English Literature" says: "Wit may, I think, be regarded as a purely intellectual process, while humour is a sense of the ridiculous, controlled by feeling and co-existent often with the gentlest and deepest pathos." And De Quincey says: "While wit is a purely intellectual thing, into every act of the humorous mind there is an influx of the moral nature; rays direct or refracted from the will and the affections, from the disposition and the temperament enter into all humour, and thence it is that humour is of a diffusive character, pervading an entire course of thought; while wit, because it has no existence apart from certain logical relations of thought which are definitely assignable, and can be counted even, is always punctually concentrated within the circle of a few words." Thackeray says, in speaking of Dickens: "In those admirable touches of tender humour—and I should call humour, a mixture of *lens* and *wit*—who can equal this great genius?" And once more, Lowell says "That modulating and restraining balance-wheel which we call a sense of humour." To sum up, then, humour, "that untranslatable term," as it has been called, seems to be a compound and outgrowth of various human qualities, it implies humility and kindness, sympathy and a sense of proportion, perception of the various sides of a question, and power of discrimination, all bound together by a healthy capacity for laughter, a quickness to discern that life is not meant all for seriousness, strenuousness, sorrowfulness, but also for the joy of living, and even for the fun of it. It seems as if there must be between humour and the mere sense of the ridiculous much the same difference as there is between comedy and farce, and between wit and mere buffoonery. To return, then, for a moment to the difference between wit and humour, one is brought to the conclusion that though wit may be, and indeed often has been, bitter and unfeeling, real humour cannot be other than genial and kindly. Wit may like to raise a laugh at another's expense, but humour prefers a laugh in which all can join. A notable example of this difference is to be seen between Dean Swift on the one hand, whose fun is scored by bitterness and of whose wit in conversation it has been said that "the batts of it were often seen to laugh as heartily as the audience." There was nothing base and personal in Sydney Smith's raillery; his wonderful powers of humorous exaggeration were such as to detach a ridiculous opinion as far as possible from its human inaccuracy and present it in the bare essence of its absurdity. He is said to have watched a child stroking the back of a tortoise, and to have asked why he was doing it. "Cos it pleases it,"

said the child; and Sydney Smith remarked,

"My dear child, you might as well stroke the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral to please the Dean and Chapter!" An interesting study in connection with our subject is the different styles of humour to be found in different races. There is a distinct difference in the wit and humour of the various English speaking races. The English, Scotch, Irish, and American have different characteristics. It is said that the Americans have not much opinion of our English sense of humour, they cannot see what there is to laugh at in our *Punch*. Perhaps they may have excepted the time when Artemus Ward was a contributor! An amusing little American story is told of a certain Englishman who, during a visit to America, asked the waiter at his hotel what sweets they had. "There's apple pie, and apricot pie, and cream cake, and huckleberry pie," said the waiter. The Englishman reflected and said, "Well, I'll have some apple pie, and some apricot pie, and some cream cake." "And what's the matter with the huckleberry pie?" demanded the waiter satirically. An American sequel to the story is that when it was told to another Englishman, he said, "And what was the matter with the huckleberry pie?" I rather think that both parts of the story are libellous! One might fairly retort with a story told at the expense of American sense of humour. An American Shakespearean critic commented on the familiar words in "As you like it." "Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks," &c. "This must be a mistake—a printer's error. *Books* in the running brooks? Why they would be saturated! It must have been 'Sermons in books, stones in the running brooks!'" Roughly speaking, perhaps American wit and humour are more farcical, inclining more to buffoonery than the English, and also in some cases there is a slightly sardonic element, and even a touch of vulgarity. There are some among their humorous writers of whom this cannot be said, of course, notably Bret Harte, whose humour is more nearly allied in its delicate mixture of pathos and fun, and its human sympathy, to the writing of our own humourists, Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood. Perhaps these two last mentioned and Sydney Smith may be taken as good examples of English wit and humour. There is a deep sympathy with their kind underlying all the fun, and a self-restraint that is not conspicuous in American wit. Scotch wit is for the most part what they themselves call "pawky"—dry, and sometimes rather grim and uncompromising, as is the humour of Thomas Carlyle. Charles Lamb, and I believe also Sydney Smith too, found the Scotch singularly lacking in humour. Lamb gives a whimsical account of his "imperfect sympathy" with them. Speaking of a Caledonian, he says: "He stops a metaphor like a suspected person in an enemy's country—"A healthy book," said one to me, who had ventured to give that appellation to 'John Bunce.' 'I did I catch rightly what you said? I have heard of a man in health, and of a healthy state of body, but I do not see how that epithet can be properly applied to a book!'" And again he says: "I was present not long since at a party of North Britons where a son of Burns was expected, and happened to drop a silly expression, in my South British way, that I wished it were the

father instead of the son, when four of them started up at once to inform me that it was 'impossible,' because he was dead! An impracticable wish, it seems, was more than they could conceive." But this is perhaps hardly fair to Scotch humour. Their "pawky" humour comes out in many stories of Scotch ministers of a generation, I suppose, almost passed away. Here is one such story. A minister, it is said, had been preaching long, and after his sermon proceeded also to pray long. His weary congregation gradually melted away while he, unconscious of what was happening, went on and on. At last only the Verger was left, and he tipped up to the pulpit and said in a loud whisper, "When ye're done, will you lock the door and put the key under the mat," and then he departed! One more "pawky" story. A Scotch countryman had lost his wife and a favourite cow on the same day. Afterwards his friends tried to console him for the loss of his wife, and, as he was a highly respectable person and a desirable *parish*, several hints and offers were made towards supplying her place. "On ay," he at length replied, "ye're a' keen anouch to gie me anither wife, but no yin o' ye offers to gie me anither coo."

Irish humour differs again in being much more exuberant and inconsequent than either of the others. The fun tumbles out, so to speak, unconsidered and spontaneous, and graver than either the English or Scotch varieties. A typical Irishman is never at a loss for an answer to any question you may ask, and his power of invention is great. He wants to please, and there is no malice in his fun. At the same time, strictly speaking, the Irish race are more witty than possessed of a sense of humour, that is, if the definition we have arrived at is a true one. They have not much sense of proportion or balance, and their laughter is quickly turned to tears, and their fun to anger. Their inconsequence is conspicuous in many an Irish story, and indeed forms the point of the joke. "Pat," said a countryman at a railway station to his friend, "I've chated the Company this time!" "And how's that?" "I've taken a return ticket and I'm not going back!" Many an "Irish bull" comes to one's mind in thinking of Irish humour. During the Parnell Commission a witness was being questioned as to an attack made on him. He had ducked behind a counter to avoid the attack, and when cross-questioned as to why he had done so he said, "Faith, I'd rather be a coward for five minutes than a dead man for the rest of me life!"

Irish bulls remind one that there is a great deal of unconscious humour in daily life, and that it is often as laughter-provoking, or more so, than the conscious. Spoonerisms, misuse of words by school-board examiners, and all the delightfully funny remarks of the "Mrs. Malaprop" of the world come to one's mind (the original Mrs. Malaprop, by the bye, is of Irish extraction, the creation of Richard Sheridan, who may be taken as an excellent example of an Irish humourist). Let me quote a small example of the school-examination unconsciously humorous mistake. It was told by a clerical school-inspector to some of us, with whom he was lunching after an examination. It

took the form of the following quotation: "That it may please thee to eliminate all bishops, priests, and deacons." We received the story with a good deal of laughter, and the narrator said, dryly, "yes, I notice that that generally appeals to the lay mind." A good police-court missionary, talking about the church he had begun to attend, where the ritual was rather beyond him, told us that the Vicar had kindly given him a seat "in the north chalice, where I can't see much!"

An interesting question with regard to humour has recently been brought before a certain debating society. It took the form of asking whether a sense of humour was a bar to success or otherwise, and I believe the proposer concluded that it was such. Personally, I cannot imagine its being a hindrance, but of course a good deal depends on what is meant by success in these cases. I believe that the question was discussed in regard to the various chief professions and trades, &c., in detail. May I touch briefly on one or two instances? With regard to the clergy, the instances of Archbishop Magee of York, and Dean Hole of Rochester, occur to me as examples of notably humorous men whose humour did not hinder their promotion in the Church. One imagines, from another point of view, that a sense of humour might be a safeguard against narrow-mindedness and bigotry in the clergy, and a great help to the sympathetic understanding of their flocks. Doctors are, I should imagine, decidedly more popular, and therefore more likely to succeed with their patients when they are of a cheerful and humorous disposition. One has heard patients say "I can't stand Dr. So-and-So, he is so grave and depressing." Lawyers must certainly find a sense of humour a help in understanding the various aspects and different points of view in a case. Members of Parliament are assuredly better for it!

I believe an instance was given of a shop-keeper who, after bringing out bale after bale and spending much time in trying to please a customer, sees him or her depart without buying anything. It was said that the shop-keeper's taking such an opportunity in a humorous way would be a hindrance to his getting on in business. I suppose there is a humorous side to such transactions, but I doubt if it would appeal to the sense of humour of the seller, and if it did, the only effect I can imagine would be the good one of helping him to keep his temper and receive the next customer good-humouredly and hopefully. A strong sense of humour seems undoubtedly to be a great and good gift, and a most useful one in life. There is an amusing little story told of a certain man possessed of this good gift who was at a public dinner, when the waiter accidentally spilt a plate of mock-turtle soup down his neck. The gentleman turned round and said mildly, "I asked for clear soup!" I expect most of us think we possess the sense of humour, and are thankful for it. I hope, at any rate, that it is a quality latent in us all and capable of development. If it be, as we have been saying, compounded of humility, kindness, quick perception, sense of proportion, sympathy, and fun, it is surely possible of development by the cultivation of these things. The persons

in whom the sense of humour seems to be reduced to a minimum, are the Pharissically self-righteous, the narrow-minded and censorious, and the essentially egotistic people. One cannot help wondering whether a strong kindly sense of humour might not, at least, have modified some of the cruel deeds done in mistake and mis-applied zeal under the name of religion, by the Spanish Inquisition, for instance. And would the Puritans in our own land have committed such ruthless destruction if they had possessed this quality? In our own lives how many harsh judgments and unkindnesses might have been avoided if we had had more of this kindly gift of humour. It would have shown us that there was a possibly right point of view other than our own. The egotist is the person now-a-days, perhaps, most lacking in humour. His or her picture of life represents the portrait of one gigantic person, with some few other figures acting as complements or as foils, and the rest a mere dim background indistinctly seen. A sense of humour reduces the "ego" portrait to the size of a small unit in a procession. That kindly humourist, Chaucer, gives one the picture of such a procession, going on pilgrimage through life. Every pilgrim has his own story to tell, and all are going to the one goal. Burns said:

"O wad some power the gills gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

The sense of humour will do this for us surely!

The sense of humour remains to keep one even through the stress of the most tragic and solemn events of life. Now it must have helped Charles Lamb, living as he did in an atmosphere of tragedy in his own and his sister's life! And one sees how it persists even to the end of life. Hood, when very ill and wasted, and near the end of his life, said to the nurse who brought a large mustard plaster for his chest, "What, all that mustard for this little bit of meat?" Lord Houghton, writing a sketch of Hood's life, finishes by saying, "Happy the humorist whose works and life are an illustration of the great moral truth that the sense of humour is the balance of all the faculties of man, the best security against the pride of knowledge, and the convicts of the imagination, the strongest inducement to submissiveness with a wise and pious reliance to the vicissitudes of human existence—this was the lesson that Hood left behind him." That fine character in English history, Sir Thomas More, is another example of the help a strong sense of humour may be. Through his long and wearisome imprisonment in the Tower, it stood by him, and even as he walked to the scaffold it seems to have helped his courage and taken the sting from the cruelty of his martyrdom. He is reported to have said, "See me safe up, Master Lieutenant. I will shift for myself at the coming down." And as he laid his head on the block, he spread his beard and need not suffer as he had to do. No one who has read the life of Sir T. More will take this as a sign of levity, but will rather see how high his courage was and how sweet and sound his humour. A modern writer says of humour, in one of his novels, "It wakens with the dawn of adult intelligence, and neither time nor chance, neither shattering reverse, nor unexpected prosperity, can

rob the owner of it." Earthly success, indeed, it brightens, and earthly failure it sets in true perspective; it regulates man's self-estimate, and personal point of view, enlarges his sympathies, adjusts the too starry splendours of sudden joys, helps to dry the bitterest tears humanity can shed. For humour is an adjunct divine, and as far beyond the trivial word for it as "love" is, or charity. No definable or happy phrase sums it correctly or rates it high enough. It is a talism of life, it makes for greater things than clean laughter from the lungs; it is the root of tolerance, the prop of patience—it "suffers long and is kind," serves to tune each little life-harmony with the world-harmony about it; keeps the heart of man sweet, his soul modest. And at the end . . . . humour can share the suffering vigils of the sleepless, can soften pain, can brighten the ashy road to death!"

### Concerning Rags.

(BEING A NEWLY-DISCOVERED FRAGMENT OF  
ARISTOTLE).

THERE are two kinds of rags, the one which tends to the education of the individual, the other which tends to the dissipation of the tin. It has been asserted by some that there is a third kind, namely, that which tends to the discoloration of the flesh. But it is evident that the third sort or variety is one with the second, as may easily be seen on reference to certain documents of the ephemeral variety referring to the ragging of a certain individual of the quack profession by high-spirited youths of this city.

Now these two kinds of rags being established, it remains to be seen what is the ultimate good, if any, pursued in each. And in this examination it is not to be expected that similar exactitude may be employed as in the determination of that wondrous quantity known as "x", or in the analysis of a substance in the process known as "stinks." But it is rather to be put in the same class as the determination of the rate at which one's whisky decreases, the variable factor of the landlady—or the landlady's cat—here entering in. For, in the examination of the rag, the only evidence obtainable is from those who take part therein; and it is evident that this factor varies in proportion as the spirits of the individual either rise or are put down—though some assert, and as it appears to me with much reason, that the latter is the cause of the former.

Now with reference to the second kind of rag, herein even a well-educated man is at a loss. For is the dissipation of the tin the ultimate good or not? If it is, then dissipation of the tin is good *per se*; that is, tin, *qua* tin, is bad; a conclusion to which no philosopher will readily arrive. If it is not, then we come to the only other alternative, namely, that the ultimate good is the dissipation of the spirits. Now spirits, *qua* spirits, are good; for this the Scotae, that hard-headed race, are trustworthy witnesses. So here we are in much difficulty; a difficulty, indeed, into which the Scotae also fall; for their way is to

put the spirits down; now, how would one readily put down that which is good? This question, therefore, we must leave in doubt until such time as more trustworthy evidence may be obtained.

Now to examine the first kind or variety of rag. Here we may obtain much light by referring the matter to the ultimate good of the state; for which I refer you to my former treatise. Now, from the report of a certain rag of the first variety, therein one who is, or has been, mighty in the state, was greatly honoured. And yet even here we find no clear conclusion. For it is evident that if one who has much benefitted the state be honoured, the state is honoured; and this is for the good of all, or is the ultimate good. And the man who was then honoured is stated by some (who are of the faction of the *Figures*) to have done much good to the state. But, by others, he is stated to be . . . .

(Here the Greek becomes too elegant to translate into polite English).

### When it was Moonshine.

#### CHAPTER I.

BANG! Crash!! Whizz!!! The great social revolution had begun! England was ringing with cries of satisfaction on the one hand, and yelps of despair and chagrin on the other. The East-end was ablaze with torches, brilliant with flags, resonant with drums and church-bells; the West-end was dull and gloomy, the clubs were all shut, the hotels were deserted, and men went about silently, each eyeing his neighbour askance, and dimly conscious of impending rain.

Thus it was in London, and thus it was in the country and the provinces. The news of the capitation of the Liberal party, and the sudden accession to power of the Laborites flushed across the wires, backwards and forwards, across the Continent and over to the Colonies. Mr. Philip Snowden was working night and day, preparing the official estimate of the salaries of himself and his colleagues. The House of Lords at first treated the downfall of the Liberals as nothing out of the common, but when they discovered the nature of the new movement and its true inwardness, they straightway bolted for Chatsworth, and held a hurried consultation as to what was the best thing to be done. Echoes of the pean of victory resounded in Yorkshire. Leeds was triumphant. It was late on a Saturday night when the great news came, and from the top of Woodhouse Lane one could hear the hoarse cries and yells of exultant and perspiring democracy. Victoria Square was packed from end to end, trams were boarded, and flags unfurled, the Marseillaise was sung, and shouts split the very heaven. In the great houses men sat dumb-founded. The church-bells had been set ringing by the rejoicing people, but they, like men waiting for some dread news, sat still in mute despair. Nothing seemed possible to be done—the Liberals were out of office, the Tories were scattered to the four winds, and the Labour party had succeeded to power. Bills for the proper distribution of wealth and middle terms in Conservative oratory lay before the new Parliament.



## CHAPTER II.

Two years had passed, and the Labour Government, like every other one, had found it necessary to make some attempt to fulfil its pledges. But it was unfortunately situated in two respects. The Tory and Liberal party were drawing closer to one another in their opposition to the Government, and their strength, combined against a common foe, was growing week by week. On the other hand, the more extreme Socialists upon whom, as far as numbers went, the Government found it necessary to rely, began to grow profoundly dissatisfied with the, to them, moderate methods of the Government. They wanted to see all parsons, artists, poets, novelists, and actors, if not exiled, at the very least taxed as to their incomes 95 per cent. But the Government refused to go so far, and told their supporters in no measured terms what they thought of such senseless proceedings.

Another difficulty in the way of the Government lay in the existence of the *Daily Wice*. That influential organ, in spite of repeated attempts, refused to be squared, and, as the so-disseminator of Imperialism, it set its face steadily against the Labourites, and did all in its power to stem the tide. But what could be done? . . . . . After a long series of discussions the editorial staff came to a definite conclusion. . . . . A sub-editor of the *Daily Wice* called at 10, Downing Street, one day, and asked to see the Prime Minister. He represented himself as a keen Labourite, and asked to be allowed to photograph the Cabinet in a group. The Prime Minister readily consented, and the photograph was taken. Arrangements were then made, unknown to the Cabinet, by the staff of the *Daily Wice* to have a large oil painting done from the photograph for exhibition in the Royal Academy, and the plot was complete.

## CHAPTER III.

Never was a more memorable "private-view" day known in the annals of the R.A. The picture of the Labour Cabinet was in a prominent position on the walls. The photograph, signed by all the members of the Cabinet, and afterwards faked in the most ingenious way to correspond with the picture, was placed in the corner of the portrait, and copies were on sale at the doors.

The picture was greeted first with surprise, and then with blank dismay. For the statesmen appeared, not in the customary bowler or deer-stalker, but in glossy silk-hats, wearing blue ties. A large primrose bouquet was on the knees of the Prime Minister. "Peace with Honour" was the motto on a large banner that formed the background, the Home Secretary was affectionately embracing a bust of "Dizzy," and the Old-Age Pensions Minister was sporting a button on the lapel of his coat marked "P.L." . . . . . The plot was successful, and had an instantaneous effect. The press reproduced photographs of the picture in every edition, and the papers were full of indignant letters. In vain did the Cabinet protest and declare that the picture was wrong. Nobody believed them, and the

fury of the country against its betrayers was unbounded. The extreme Liberal party demanded instant resignation, and the Socialists and Tories were divided in their minds as to whether to treat the Government with contempt, or to join in the general outcry, seeing that their own sacred symbols and badges had been thus wantonly outraged and pilfered.

So strong, indeed, was the feeling of the quondam supporters of the Government, that within a week it resigned.

A special force of police constables was called out to protect them and their property as they moved from Downing Street, but the mob proved too strong; for they charged down the street, and one burly individual got to the very door of No. 10, banged at it with a heavy stick, and called out . . . . . "Your shaving water, please sir, and it's half-past eight!"

G. H. T. B.

## The Queer Old Bird.

"Yes, indeed, and I should like to know what a pore 'ole' and working woman like me 'as done, as I should be treated like this 'ere. Me 'as 'as affus done my duty to my king and country, and 'as been the mother of thirteen hundred; blessed is the man wot 'as 'is quiver full of sich. When pore old Mr. Herodotus\* used to rite about me—ah, but them days is now long since departed and gone—gone, I say, Mrs. Sphinx—when my 'usband 'ad all the gold in the country, and I driv my carriage. Lawk a massy, 'ow time flies, 'Tempus fugit' as the Frenchies says, why, it must be 2,500 years ago come Michaelmas, and now they shoves me away in a poky little 'ole an' 'arf starves me. Mrs. Sphinx, it ain't fair—at ain't. 'Honey soit qui mallet pencez' is my maxim. Aye, that it is. Their own heads will suffer for it, mark my words. Yes, my dear, the story is long, but I'm not one 'as spends my time in idle gossip about nothin'. 'Oh! listen to my tale of woe,' as Shakespeare says, an' I will soon be over and done with it. What a pretty pot of pickled onions! It may be as 'ow I am a queer ole bird, and I'm not the only one beknon to myself, but them, Mrs. Sphinx, it's a downright shame, that it is, that people is so rude. 'O tempora, O mores,' is what I say. These 'ere Kinsidars can speak the truth at times, that they can. Some folks actually calls me Gryps. Whatever they reckon they're doin', I can't for the life of me think. Do you think, Mrs. Sphinx, I looks like the mother of *Hacksuckentide*? Not as things is at present, my goodness! Then some folks calls me *Grypsu*, and some more on 'em *Gryphou*, an' there is more 'an five-and-twenty permutations, as the scholars calls 'em, between these 'ere two. Now I reckons *Gryphou* a bit more genteel, but that's neither 'ere nor there. 'Quot homines, tot sententias,' as says the Himperial maximum of Cochlin China, an' I ought to know, 'cos my Bill brought me a 'em from them parts.

\* Herod. iii., 16.

"Well, my dear, whatever they calls me, facts is facts, and no gainsaying for me." All them as is akin to me will tell you 'ow I come away from my gold in Seythia so as to bring some on it to North country folks, and 'ow I come away from my dear ole friend, Mr. Chimera! an' all our stoney ground to a place where I reckoned better seed would grow. Ay, me! It was sad to leave them there places where things was so brisk. Mr. Milford will tell you as 'ow we was allus busy a runnin' after them there Harimasplan fellows as used to make off with our property, and we used to fly an' all. Life was worth livin' in them days, my dear, that it was. 'Fine feathers makes fine birds.' That's what I says, an' we used to have fine feathers that time o' day—pencilful! an' thicke, as you may 'ave heard—an' some folks was proud on being mentioned in the same breath with us. Not as 'ow we're 'aughty an' stuck up, but, Mrs. Sphinx, not many famblys 'as 'ad crowned kings spoke of as no better nor themselves. But it's no use me talking. We allus used to 'ave the first place in the fightin' boats of them gentlemen from up North wot took this ere country, and, mark my words, it's gospel truth as sure as I live I stands 'ere, its mo'n' one family of nobility wot comes me end. The Duke of Cleveland allus calls me his 'dextra supporters.' There's summat to be proud on, my dear, 'as now my own kith an' kin turns up their noses and repudiates me. No wonder I feel tired and done up. It's a crying shame, that's wot it is, that the likes o' this 'appen. Talk of old age penshums and Nelson's tea for widders. Wot I want to know is why they put up that great big statue of Nelson in London if e'niver did no more nor take our own childer's responsibilities from off their lazy shoulders. Any place, I suppose, is good enough for me now. A himpertinent man said the other day 'I might sleep with the 'orses'—a pretty kettle o' fish for one as 'as allus said my way an' kin 'onest, to be shaw like a 'end o' cattle into a stable to end my days with the dumb beasts wot 'tells not, neither do they spin.' They might let me stay in the sun a bit when one gits the hecperturnity. That nice young lady, Miss Alice,† come along not so very long ago an' found me taking a nap, but it ain't no use, that it aint. They badger my pore old life out, an' they give me no dog. Reckon I can supply myself very like. Wot I say is, wot's the use of 'aving a harder‡ if there aint no bone, no, not so much as for the dog, in it. It may do for Mother 'Ubbard, but not for me. Not but wot some on my prodigies is good, but 'im wot looks after 'is old mother a bit in 'is spare time is soon going and little be a cross of 'is fellows de sen, leas'twise unless summat big turns up. Goodbye, my dear, let's 'ope your boys is more lovin' to 'er wot bred 'em."

(Now then, boys, do' back up!)

PENT0208.

† Carlyle Misc., II., 61.

‡ "Paradise Lost," II., 943.

§ Maplet G. Forest, 88.

¶ Chaucer, "Knights' Tale," 2130.

\*\* Quatlet, "Feast for Women."

\*\*\* Carroll, "Alice in Wonderland," ix.

†† R. R. Frazer, "Americans Abroad," L., 11.

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ONE day I strolled down College Road smoking a cigarette.

And meeting the Vice-Chancellor, cried, "Pray, is this etiquette?"

He answered "Well, I really think—in fact I am quite sure

I never saw a lady-student smoking here before:

It doesn't seem—quite the thing, but do just as you please,

I love to see all students taking things quite at their ease.

You're going to a lecture in 'Varsity House? Don't work too hard," said he.

"I fancy my lecture begins at two; it's now just ten-to-three."

He went his way and I went mine. At the lecture-room door I knocked,

And then I found (I really did!) the door had ~~not~~ been locked!

"Sorry I'm rather late," I said, lighting my third cigarette.

The Prof. replied, "We've five minutes more, and the class hasn't turned up yet.

If you really don't mind, I think we'll begin, tho' to-day there's not much to do,

I should like to run through the *Odyssey*, and perhaps a book or two

Of the *Iliad*: then we'll concentrate on a few of those foolish unseens,

Miss words you don't know, and never mind sense, nor think what the writer means."

And then the Professor, with a gleeful grin, said he'd join me in a smoke,

"I'm awfully sorry, I've no cigarettes," he sobbed, "but I'm stony-broke."

"Don't mention it, take one of mine, they're 'Wood-bines'—five a penny;

I sometimes buy them, when I've cash, and when I haven't any—

That's generally—I steal them: it's quite an easy thing to do."

"How grand!" he cried, "I really wish that you would teach me, too.

And in return I'll show you useful things that you don't know,

How to shape cart-wheels from book-cases and make cal-horses crow.

But now I think to lesser themes we must turn our attention,

We've not yet done that *Odyssey*, and I quite forgot to mention

I had a chat last week with Agamemnon, and he said He'd send some of his comrades, could he get them out of bed."

We heard the sound of many feet tramping up Wood-house Lane.

"At last the well-greaved Argives come, they must have missed the train!

They telephoned that they'd be here to make our reading seem

More vivid, realistic—"I woke: it was a dream!"

CASSANDRA.

## The Simple Life.

There was a young enthusiast who loved the Simple Life,

And wondered why all men refused to cease from angry strife ;

The world, he thought, had up to now gone very far astray,

So he started to reform it in a simple sort of way.

He adopted the distinction of peculiar attire,  
Something like an Indian cowboy's, only several stages higher

In the path of civilisation ; and he swelled with pride, and said

He would never, never wear a hat upon his simple head.

For a hat, he used to argue, is at best a luxury,  
And at worst a mighty hindrance to a person who'd be free

To develop his existence on a well-determined plan  
Of what Nature clearly meant to be the proper thing for man.

It was obvious that if Nature had intended us to wear  
Any sort of head protection, we should not have had our hair,

While for starched shirts and collars—not to speak of ties and cuffs,

Well, the people who would wear them were—in vulgar parlance—muffs.

Nowhere in the realm of Nature did an animal appear,  
Who was clothed in such atrociously uncomfortable gear

As your modern city gentleman, obedient, he was told,  
To a tyrannous convention many generations old.

But him no petty tyranny of etiquette should stay  
From pursuing his existence in a reasonable way ;  
He would wear his simple costume, spite of any rude remarks

That might greet him as he wandered up the streets or through the parks.

He would also study Nature : 'twas the proper thing to do,

For a pioneer of progress who was aiming at a true  
And enlightened mode of living in an age which, sad to say,

Chose the downward path of swift degeneration and decay.

So he sauntered in the country, by the meadows and the streams,

Went in raptures over daisies, revelled in ecstatic dreams

Of the "rosy blush of sunset" and the "dawn's delicious kiss,"

Felt the flutter at the breast which comes with sentiments like this.

But alas for his devotion to the sunset and the dawn,  
For he met a country maiden strolling on the grassy lawn,

By the margin of the river, where the yellow primrose grew,

And he thought, "The Simple Life is hardly perfect without you."

Soon the daisies in the meadows and the birds that sing above

Were neglected for the study of a more responsive love,  
While the "sunset's blush" and "kiss of dawn" to oblivion were consigned,

In exchange for others of a less imaginative kind.

Till at length he asked the maiden (there was pathos in his words),

"Would it not be just like heaven, if, amid the trees and birds,

"In a simple rustic cottage, with some ivy round the door

"We could live our lives together, never to be parted more ?"

And the maiden, deeply blushing, cast her eyes upon the ground,

Stood some moments meditating while she uttered not a sound ;

('Tis the due and proper attitude, I'm sure you will agree,

For a maiden to assume in any like contingency).

Then our hero gathered courage from her hesitating mien,

Pleaded with renewed insistence "Be my heart's unchallenged queen ;

"Let's despise all vain adornments—hats and fashionable dress,

—That's an item of my creed on which I lay emphatic stress."

But a sudden shock awaited him, for ere the words were said,

The maiden fiercely stamped her foot and shook her pretty head :

"You must find some other love, Sir, for I'll ne'er agree to that,

"Why, quite the most attractive thing about me is my hat !"

With a sombre, saddened look our hero homeward bent his way,

Reconsidered all his theories by the closing of that day

Then he penned a tender missive, posted it in feverish haste,

Vowed to modify his simple life to suit the maiden's taste.

Not an ivy-covered cottage, but a villa in a street

Holds our simple-minded hero and the country maiden sweet ;

Both have learnt by plain experience, not readily forgot,

II "Simple Life" is possible—well, Simple Love is not !

SIMPLICITAS.

## Our Contemporaries.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of The *S.Mimes* (Liverpool), The *M.O.M.* (Manchester), the *Dragon* (Aberystwith), *Hartley College Magazine* (Southampton), *Florencea* (Sheffield), *P.C.C.* (Queen's, Cork), The *Gang* (Univ. Coll., Nottingham).

## Do You Know

THAT the following was overheard at the Conversation: "How very refreshing to meet you" ?

THAT a lady student enquired which was the station for Mensfield (men's field) for the hockey match ?

THAT F—x tossed his own pancake at the Refectory ?

THAT S—th—m punctured his bicycle tyre and arrived at the hostel at 3 o'clock in the morning, having walked half the way ?

THAT two students bribed Mr. G—ll—sp—e to give them firsts ?

THAT the bribes were two motor cars ?

THAT the moral standard of Mr. G—ll—sp—e was unimpeachable ?

THAT the run on the Headingley Tennis Court was exceptional last year ?

THAT Wh—te's stocking has at last disappeared from the Ladies' Common Room ?

THAT OUR Mus. Bac. had the Maths. list out the same day as the exam. ?

THAT such a thing has never been heard of before ?

THAT the shock of it may be compared to one in California ?

THAT K—g served his racket instead of the tennis ball ?

THAT Flabby, Dabby, Babby ?

THAT Gr—v—s meant to play tennis but smashed a greenhouse window instead ?

Who made the currant buns ?

THAT it was M—dd—n ?

THAT he called them Queen Cakes ?

THAT a philosophic calm of mind is sometimes disturbed by the giving way of chairs ?

THAT there was no wash the first week after the vac. ?

THAT that accounts for the paucity of dusters ?

THAT we did not do exercises in dumb-bells in Class V. ?

THAT men are valier than women ?

F—th—x H—sd ?

COCKEYE ?

D. ?

THE Stagirate ?

WUNK ?

THAT two people were very much surprised ?

THAT Wunk was very much surprised at those two people ?

THAT the language of tennis is not necessarily portmanteau ?

THAT advantage is taken of this fact ?

By whom ?

THAT she said "O, you wretched Eg—rt—n ?"

Extract from Annual Report, 1905-6,  
N.S.P.C.C.

HAVING received a communication from Mr. D., with regard to a case of brutal slavery in a dungeon adjoining Leeds University, we felt it our duty to investigate the matter.

Therefore, on March 9th, we took the opportunity afforded to the public of two-and-sixpenny entry, to make a full enquiry.

Unbeguiled by coffee and the smiles of the gallant stewards, we wound our way by multitudinous stairs and labyrinthine passages to the chamber of horrors referred to by Mr. D. Arrived here, we experienced some palpitation as we called to mind the emaciated victims of oppression pictured in the report. . . . Could these sleek and well-groomed athletes be the objects of a tyrant's cruelty ?

Our hearts were stirred with deep pity as we saw the instruments of torture being prepared for them, but their noble hearts showed no signs of fear.

First they threw themselves one by one upon two long wooden poles horizontally resting upon four stumps of iron. The twistings and turnings, involutions and evolutions, wriggings and twiggings, pommings and bouncings that ensued, as their bodies lay writhing and striving in coils upon that cruel framework, were enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart ; yet did not one of these heroes falter. On the contrary, their faces wore an expression of philosophic calm, nay, rather of enthusiastic enjoyment of the performance in which they were engaged. As they proceeded to leap lightly from the ground and drop gracefully on a soft mattress spread out for their reception at the other side of a thin bath we were struck with amazement that such agility could be evinced by men living in captivity, and nourished on prisoners' fare.

Then they flung arms and legs around a single pole suspended in mid-air, wreathed themselves about it with ape-like grace, convincing us completely of the truth of the Darwinian theory of the descent of man, and at the same time arousing in our minds a suspicion that Mr. D.'s conception of what went on within these walls must have been due to a deplorable lack of mental balance.

One of the athletes especially excited our admiration, so much so that we made further enquiries concerning him. To our surprise we found that he led and trained this band, and that in ordinary life he was a clerk well known to the Masonic Brotherhood. This, forthwith, was the oppressive tyrant ! Our eyes indeed were being opened !

The exhibition which followed might have made us think of the gladiatorial combats of yore, but for our more unbiassed minds. But we were assured that everything was done in a friendly spirit, even the awful, resounding blows delivered on the heads of opponents. We could not quite make out why the combatants wore such stern looks and made such awful faces, but we were informed that all this was due to their enormous energy.

Mr. D. would have had us believe that the fights were continued to the bitter end; but no such thing, the combatants separated before either was even half dead!

And now the last item was to come. A beam of wood covered with leather and on four legs was brought forward.

Marvellous feats were performed!

At first we had just a lingering suspicion that there might be some truth in Mr. D., especially when one stalwart being was hurled head first against some iron-like bars. But we were told that this was only due to his superabundant energy, and the explanation satisfied us, as no one appeared much horrified, and the tyrant, or rather our enlightened minds would say trainer, seemed quite sympathetic, instead of gloating.

Again, later, an alarming catastrophe occurred, but the terrible sorrow evinced by all was enough to allay any suspicion.

With this the proceedings ended, and we found ourselves, instead of arresting a brutal torturer, acclaiming a skilful leader and his host. We certainly hope to see Mr. D. himself and all his kind undergoing similar torture next year. In the meantime, we request him to make full enquiries in person before representing any case before such an august body as the N.S.P.C.C., which we humbly represent.

B.C.<sup>2</sup> F.<sup>2</sup> K.<sup>2</sup> L.M.<sup>2</sup> S.<sup>2</sup>

### Some Much-Needed Reforms.

THESE are days of municipalisation, nationalisation, and other theories. So much social reform is in the air that we feel bound to contribute our small quota of suggestions—

1. Free beer and tobacco.
2. Free milk for kittens.
3. Municipal filter for the air(s) of Leeds.
4. Municipal go-cars.
5. School of music for tom cats.
6. Abolition of landladies.
7. Granting of degrees without intellectual tests.
8. Or, instruction for examiners in humanity and the higher feelings.
9. Public spirit(s) in this University.
10. Capital punishment for defacers of notices.
11. Compulsory variety in professors' jokes.
12. Sanatorium for ex-editors of the Gryphon.
13. A lethal chamber for the present one.
14. A pension for the writer.

F. A.

### A Result of University Training.

(OVERHEARD IN COLLEGE ROAD).

First Student (looking at Emmanuel Church): "I say, old chap, what the dickens is all that blessed scaffolding for?"

Second Student: "Wellly now, how the Hamlet do I know! It looks uncommonly like a bally steeples."

### The Watchword.

(REVISED, THOUGH NOT AUTHORISED VERSION).

Into Downing Street there marched

A band of maiden sprites,

Their voices screaming, with deadly meaning,

The cause of Women's Rights.

The sound of their voices raised aloft

On the ears of C.-B. tall,

And the watchword rings with a wild, weird cry,

And the watchword rings with a wild, weird cry,

"Each for herself!!!"

Each for herself!!!!

And Franchise—for all!!!!!!

Then to Number Ten they sped,

This band of maidens true.

But sound, alas! C.-B. had fled,

Lest he their call should rue.

For the sound of their voices raised aloft,

In Women's Righteous about,

Had caused such ministerial funk

That good C.-B. had "done a bunk."

"Each for herself!!!"

Each for herself!!!!

And I'm not—at home!!!!!!

Now to Downing Street there marched

A squad of policemen bold,

The ladies found, rampaging round

The Bannermanly fold.

The crash of their boots as they tramped along

Did the damsels then appal,

And they rent the air with a victim's cry,

And they rent the air with a victim's cry.

"Each by herself!!!"

Each by herself!!!!

And seven days—for all!!!!!!

C. E. R.

### Medical Notes.

We have now embarked upon the varied fortunes of the summer term, and spring and one freshmen, are with us. We know that spring is here because we have twice been wet through, and have been confined to bed with a cold; also we know that the freshman is here because we have tried to sell him second-hand text books, and have failed.

Speaking of failure brings us to a consideration "in a general kind of way" of the results of the recent examinations, and we tend our heartiest congratulations to the following gentlemen who have emerged successfully from the ordeal of the final examination for the degree of M.B., Ch.B.:—Mr. J. Stirling Crawford, Mr. Roland Brooke Radcliffe, Mr. Albert Laximer Walker.

No less heartily do we offer our best wishes to those who, not forgetful that the *gustus maximus* is not inserted into the great trochanter, have success-

fully passed through the columns of Gall and Burdock into the paradise (?) of the General Infirmary. The following list gives the names of the successful candidates:—Mr. H. L. Flint, Mr. S. M. Bepworth, Mr. M. Frohisher, Mr. G. A. C. Mitchell, Mr. H. Vallow, Mr. G. C. H. Nicol.

For those who were so unfortunate as to fail in these exams. may we venture to remind them that they are not forgotten: "Tis not in mortals to command success," and medical students are after all not immortal, but only a superior type of the ordinary human being. An ingenious correspondent to the *Yorkshire Post* has pointed out that the large percentage of failures in the final examination may reflect on the teaching staff equally as much as on the student, and when you come to consider the matter there is much to commend this point of view—to the student.

How trills the poet "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." As a matter of fact, it just as often turns to thoughts of fancy waistcoats and tennis; but what are facts and the hard sordid realities of life to a poet? And so, it is with great joy that we recognize the poetic instinct in one well-known to us, and one whom, knowing him well, we have learned to admire and respect. The marriage of Mr. Walter Thompson to Miss Amy Hooper, the event to which I refer, is now an accomplished fact, and I know that I voice the sentiments of all medical students when I wish Mr. and Mrs. Thompson a long, happy, and prosperous future.

It is with very great pleasure that we observe the resuming of the services for students at Emmanuel Church, and we feel sure that the untiring zeal of those of the clergy who are so kind as to give their time and energy to the work will not be without its reward.

## 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,

In the Sports last year the times of the various events were not always clearly shown on the indicating board. The names of the successful competitors were so, but, so far as I remember, even the time for the 100 yards was not given.

May I suggest that the times be shown as clearly as the names of the prize winners? In most events the times and the distances or heights jumped are as

interesting as the names of the winners, especially when, as occurred last year, these results are really first-class.

Yours, etc.,  
F. A.

*To the Editor of the "Gryphon."*

DEAR SIR,

I am informed that the "Literary and Historical Society," in arranging its annual excursions, has decided to visit a spot in the Lake District.

As I am not sufficiently acquainted with the Secretary of this Society to approach him on the subject, may I venture to give publicity to my feelings through the columns of the *Gryphon*.

You, Mr. Editor, with your customary intelligence, must perceive that in connection with such an excursion there are contingencies—appalling contingencies—which must be faced.

In the first place, are not these excursions an unnecessary and foolish frivolity? In addition to the well-known fact that no student is happy away from his or her work in the University, the risks of letting loose a party of men and women students for a whole, or even a half day, are fearful to contemplate!

Think of the possibility of being widely separated during one of those straggling walks which are, I understand, a feature of the day's outing! Country paths, as you know, Mr. Editor, are narrow and secluded, and walking "in twos" is practically unavoidable.

Then, too, what a responsibility this Society incurs in providing for the possibility of a lady student being seated between two men students during a three-hours' train ride!

The most appalling of these appalling contingencies is the probability of a late return to Leeds. Sir, you will readily understand the dangerous consequences of a semi-dark arrival in Leeds. Unfortunately the University authorities do not provide a competent chaperon for each lady student. Under these circumstances, men students find it one of their many arduous duties to escort the unfortunate ladies home. With your wide experience of such matters, Mr. Editor, you will thoroughly appreciate the probably disastrous results of such an arrangement.

May I offer one or two suggestions with regard to the management of this excursion?

(1) That the men visit Ambleside under the charge of some of the University Professors—several of whom are suitable for such a duty.

(2) That the women visit Ambleside the Saturday after the men—under the charge of suitable individuals, at least one of whom can be found on the University staff.

Yours, etc.,  
ANTIDILUVIAN.

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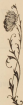
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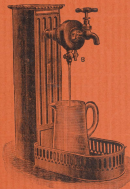
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