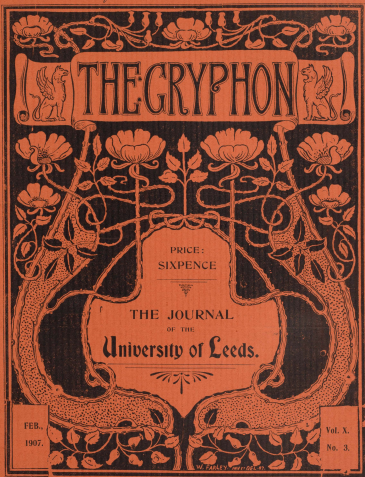


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24 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
26 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
28 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
30 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
32 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
34 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
36 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
38 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
40 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
42 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
44 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
46 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
48 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
50 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
52 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
54 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
56 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
58 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
60 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
62 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
64 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
66 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
68 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
70 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
72 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
74 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
76 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
78 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
80 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
82 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
84 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
86 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
88 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
90 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
92 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
94 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
96 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
98 1/2 inch plates, 12 x 12 in.	4.0	5.0	6.0	7.0	8.0
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Vol. X.

FEBRUARY, 1907.

No. 8.



We offer our congratulations to the Vice-Chancellor on his election to the West Riding Bench of Magistrates.

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The torchlight procession on the first of this month was carried through with surprising energy and zest. The torches sold and burnt well; the drum and dinner-bell were instant in the exercise of their functions; the special cars were a great convenience, particularly as they made a bonfire practicable, and, indeed, inevitable; and the bonfire itself was unexpectedly cheerful. A bomb outrage occurred at the beginning, apparently directed against the Editor of the *Gryphon*. The bomb, however, injured nobody but its owner. To this unfortunate gentleman we extend our generous sympathy, in his enforced absence from the piano. Even a virtuoso must find the strain too great when he attempts to play a Hungarian Rhapsody with five fingers and a bandage.

The Court Dinner is a most suitable occasion for a procession, and we see no reason why the procession should not become an annual event, as well as the dinner. Such demonstrations bring the University into friendly contact with the townsfolk and the constabulary. There is also a sort of medieval attraction about a torchlight procession, and the mere animal pleasure of making a blaze is not to be despised.

\*\*\*

An article describing a Scottish Rectorial Election has kindly been forwarded to us by Mr. James Rao, M.A., Editor of *Alnus Mater*, and is published in this issue. No one can read it without regretting that we have no such customs in Leeds. A tradition of this kind is only made in the course of centuries; and our own traditions are still inchoate. But there is some pleasure in thinking that such a precedent as that of "Komura Night" may be respected and treasured by a distant posterity.

\*\*\*

The performance of "The Clouds" has been much reported and photographed and celebrated. Now the company is disintegrated, even the "Clouds" Committee is dissolved, and all accounts are settled; but still there remains the handsome balance of £25. This money has been handed over by the Treasurer to the Committee of the Literary and Historical Society. The Committee will doubtless be glad to

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consider any honest suggestions for the disposal of this embarrassment of riches.

\* \* \*

Political discussions are arousing a great deal of interest in the University, and an enthusiasm altogether out of proportion to the standard of the oratory in which it finds expression. The Parliamentary Debate was largely attended by a demonstrative audience. The speeches, as we have already hinted, more than balanced in keenness all that they lacked (in many instances) in style. A socialistic proposal was rejected by a large majority; and so a precedent was set which has been followed in the elections to the Reichstag. An estimate may be made of the zeal of politicians in the University from the fact that some members of the local Unionist Party sent a message of encouragement to the leading advocates in England of tariff reform. In reply they received a pleasant note from the Right Hon. Gentleman's own home, and signed by his own procurator, to the following effect:—"He appreciates the expressions of sympathy which you forward on behalf of the Unionist Party at the University of Leeds."

### Baron Komura.\*

THROUGH the kind offices of the Pro-Chancellor, and the courtesy of Baron Komura himself, the Editor of the *Gryphon* was allowed to interview the Japanese Ambassador, who was the guest of the University Court Dinner, and the victim of the subsequent torchlight procession. It is a matter of common knowledge that Baron Komura was a signatory of the Treaty at Portsmouth, which brought to an end the Russo-Japanese War. Some particulars which he kindly gave us of his career, previous to this great event, will certainly be of interest to our readers.

At the time when Baron Komura first went to school, the new era in Japanese history had just begun. The school that he attended was the only one in Japan at which English was taught. The progressive Government of the time, anxious to promote the revolution which has penetrated with amazing speed every department of Japanese life, chose a number of able students, whom they sent to America to learn the science and traditions of the West. These pioneers of the revolution were distributed through the Western Universities. Baron Komura, who was in the first batch of students sent

out by the government, went to Harvard. He studied there for five years (from 1875 to 1880), and ever since his return to Japan he has been employed in the Diplomatic service. Few diplomatists have undertaken more varied and responsible missions.



BARON KOMURA proposing the Treaty  
"The University of Leeds."

Most of our readers must have followed with intelligent interest the war between Japan and China, or at least they must hold it in their memory as a recollection of early childhood. Baron Komura was *chargé d'affaires* in Peking in July, 1894, when the war began; and when suddenly, without any formality, the two nations fell to blows both by sea and land, he was hastily recalled. He was afterwards the Japanese representative in Korea. His position was delicate and responsible, for Korea had been the ground of dispute between China and Japan, and the storm-centre of the war. The immense importance of Korea to Japan, and of Japan to Korea became generally known at the time when the Russo-Japanese War was brewing.

On his return from Korea, Baron Komura was made Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Then he became Ambassador at Washington, and afterwards at St. Petersburg—so that he was peculiarly fitted to treat with the Russian envoys at Portsmouth.

On the outbreak of the Boxer Rising he was again in Peking. From 1901 to 1905 he was Foreign

\* Pronounce *Komura*—with stress on the first syllable.

Minister in Tokio. He guided Japan through the War with Russia; he was responsible for the happy termination of the war; and he negotiated the Alliance between Japan and England, of which he is now the visible token and representative in this country.

When, in his narrative, Baron Komura came to the Convention at Portsmouth, he said, "That is the end of my life. It began with war, and it ended with peace. What the future will be, I cannot tell."

In the course of conversation Baron Komura gave some interesting particulars about the educational system of Japan. Instead of the single school where English could be learnt, there are now at least a thousand such schools. The Universities of Japan are rapidly becoming more and more efficient, and only a few foreign professors are employed in them. The Japanese Government no longer sends boys fresh from school to study in Europe and America; all the students sent out to foreign universities are graduates. Many of them go to Germany to study medicine; and some of the Japanese medical men have earned a world-wide reputation, and have made discoveries of the utmost importance.

Girls are educated in Japan in high schools; and there is a special university for women. The Japanese have not adopted co-education—in this respect they may be either behind or in advance of Western civilization.

This is all that we carried away from the conversation. No one in the presence of the Japanese Ambassador could fail to remark his quiet and unassuming manner, and his terse and precise way of speaking.

The interviewer is not a "Beghtwayt," and cannot say whether Baron Komura prefers golf to the alleged national pastime of fishing for minnows; nor can he even relate the Ambassador's opinion upon the future of the Oriental Empires; nor publish a photograph, labelled "Off to a Levee," representing the Ambassador in the act of waving adieu from his motor. But at least he hopes that the few observations recounted here may not be without value or interest; and he has been fortunate enough to secure a sketch of Baron Komura, proposing, in a characteristic attitude, the health of our esteemed University.

### Portrait of Professor Miall.

PROFESSOR MIALl's active connection with the College will cease at the end of the present session. To commemorate his long term of office (he has held his present position for thirty-one years) his portrait will be painted, and presented to the University.

A distinguished company met in the library of the Philosophical Hall on December 7th, to give practical effect to the suggestion of painting this portrait.

The Vice-Chancellor, who was in the chair, said that the idea was warmly appreciated by Professor Miall, and that it had received the support of many men of distinction in Biology and Medicine, of public men, members of the Senate, Court and Council of the University, and representatives of the Philosophical Society. A number of letters had been received—among them a note from the Marquis of Ripon—expressing the regret of the writers at their inability to be present. Promises had already been made of subscriptions amounting to £93.

The motion that Professor Miall's services should be commemorated by the painting of his portrait for the University of Leeds was proposed by Mr. E. Kitson Clark, President of the Philosophical Society, and seconded by Mr. Philip Unwin, of Bradford, a very old acquaintance of Professor Miall, and was carried.

A committee of nineteen was appointed to select an artist, and to arrange the practical details of the scheme. Professor Connal was appointed Treasurer—it may therefore safely be assumed that the finances of the scheme will be quite satisfactory.

Since this preliminary meeting the subscriptions have increased to considerably over £200.

### Annual Dinner of the Leeds Law Students' Association.

#### The Lord Chief Justice on the Faculty of Law.

In responding to the toast of "The Bench and the Bar" at the dinner of the Leeds Law Students' Association, on December 7th, Lord Alverstone paid a gratifying compliment to the Faculty of Arts at this University. "He would like to congratulate this part of Yorkshire on the advance that had been made during the last few years in providing sound legal education for law students. The Yorkshire towns were singularly well situated; and those who had the courage to start such an admirable Faculty of Law in the Leeds University were now to be congratulated on their success. What he most particularly congratulated the University Faculty upon was the growing number of students who were taking advantage of the opportunity it afforded, and also the fact that the masters of the arted clerks felt it was their duty to give their arted clerks an opportunity of availing themselves of these advantages."

The President, Mr. J. H. Ballou Browne, K.C., in proposing the toast of the Society, spoke at considerable length on the subject of Arbitration, both domestic and international. He said that ordinary

\* From the Yorkshire Observer, Saturday, Dec. 8th, 1906.

civil arbitration was admirable as long as it was effective. But too often it was only a devious route to the law-courts; and the disputants "proceeded through those slippery places to the House of Lords—the very places they had intended to avoid."

With regard to differences between nations, he hoped that the Court of International Law, which had already been established, would lead to a Court of International Arbitration. This view was endorsed by the Lord Chief Justice, who said that he had great hope that the Hague Tribunal would develop into an efficient means of settling international disputes.

Lord Justice Bingham was present at the dinner, and replied in a witty speech to the toast of "the Guests."

### A Rectorial Election.

One may imagine the grimace with which Francis Villon would have greeted the prophesy that but a generation after his extraction from his somewhat intimate quarters at Moussy there would be founded a University in this wild, barbarous, northern parts of his country's unenlightened ally. With a fine conceit he would have regarded it as but natural that this new University at Aberdeen should be modelled on his own, and laugh at the decree which gave to its degrees all the validity of those of Paris and Bologna.

It is from Paris that we in Aberdeen derive our curious system of grouping the students in four Nations, but whereas in Paris each Nation had a procurator always in office, the four together with the rector, forming the governing body of the University, in Aberdeen procurators are elected not oftener than once in three years, and hold office for perhaps fifteen minutes.

The Lord Rector is elected by the four procurators, and is thus the direct representative of the students. He is Chairman of the University Court, the administrative body of the University, which is higher than the Senatus (composed of the professors); the latter body concerns itself with teaching and the domestic management, and where its interests touch those of the Court, the last word rests with the Court.

I have said the Lord Rector is the representative of the students, and so theoretically he always has been; but in practice at times a very different state of matters prevailed. Throughout the eighteenth century the Lord Rector was elected by the professors, on their own accord and without a thought of consulting the students. Even sixty years ago the Divinity Faculty interferred to prevent the nomination of—Thomas Carlyle! And ten years after that, the Lord Rector then in office, Lord Ellesmere, was re-elected by the graduates. But with the fusion of our two Universities into the University of Aberdeen in 1860, there was established the right of the students to elect their representative, and any attempt on the part of the professors to interfere—one such attempt was made in 1905—is strongly resented.

But enough of the historical: I come now to the actual election. The first step is taken by the Students' Representative Council, and thus, I may add,

is the only step the Council is permitted. It summons a mass meeting of students "to nominate candidates for the Lord Rectorship." The Union Committee grants the use of the Debating Hall for the meeting, which is presided over by the President of the Council in his given office. On either side of him are the two principal leaders of each party. *Exspecto credo*: there is not much competition for so prominent a place, for each man in the audience brings a stock of pease-meal in small bags, and the air is thick with them during the whole meeting. These missiles are about equally divided against the occupants of the platform and the thrower's opponents. The body and galleries of the Hall are filled by a shrieking mob of demons in their oldest clothes, with jackets buttoned tight to the neck. The air is yellow with the pease-meal and the faces of most are like those of Chinamen. The President explains the purpose of the meeting, his voice quite inaudible to the man sitting next him. The nominations are made, in a kind of dumb show, and the audience rushes out pell-mell to scatter the rest of their ammunition, while the hapless platform party remain behind to get rid of the choking feeding produced by pease-meal in the throat. Their sentiment is Falkstaff's—

"No more of that *He'll*, as thou loveth me!"

The campaign rages; each side breaks up the other's meetings, and pours out a stream of posters and handbills. In the election of 1902 there was scarcely a dull one in the two series; three years later clever bills were the exception, and a regrettable personal element began to come in just before the end. Yet never was there better feeling between the leaders than in the last election.

The Senatus fixes on a Saturday for the voting, and the previous afternoon the time-honoured pease-meal fight takes place. The combatants assemble and march, headed by their standard bearer and a piper to Marischal College. A coin is tossed by the leaders for the choice of sides, the flag wrapped round the pole is fixed obliquely in the doorway. Each party divides into three sections, defenders who link arms in front of the flag, attackers, and a third lot whose duty is to pull the money off the defenders. A whistle blows, the air is obscured with pease-meal, there is a wild dash across the quad, and then there is chaos round each flag. The attackers strive to break through the opposing ranks, and the defenders to remain immovable. The flag pole has not only to be taken down, but the flag torn off it. In the last fight this was done in fifteen minutes. Three years previously the contest lasted for exactly an hour and ended in a draw; though the ranks were broken, the attackers were always flung out again. When the fight ends—it is not allowed to last more than an hour—the parties combine and march through the town together. If one flag has been taken, its remnants are fastened to the top of the pole of the other, but enmity in the ranks is forgotten, and all unite in petting unoffending citizens and tram conductors. In the evening there is a truce: each party has an "At Home" just as a final rally, and the opposing leaders are invited and attend for a little.

Next forenoon the students gather each of the four Nations in a class-room, with two professors to act as

scrutineers. A prominent man on either side is nominated for procurator, and the two take their seats beside the scrutineers. One of the latter calls the names alphabetically, and each man or woman in the Nation answers "I vote for Mr. So-and-so," not, be it noted, for the Lord Rector. Each would-be procurator always votes for his opponent. The votes are recorded by the other scrutineer, and counted by the four men together. One or other candidate is declared elected. He goes up to the Senatus Room, meets his colleagues, is asked by the Principal of the University, who is returning officer for the election, "Whom do you name as Lord Rector?" and answers, "I name——." And so the Lord Rector is elected.

If two procurators vote for each candidate, the total votes of the students decide the election. Even if there be no contest all the formalities have to be gone through. To the Lord Rector his flag is sent, and when he replies accepting, the Secretary of his Election Committee communicates the fact to the S.R.C., which then asks the Lord Rector to deliver an address to his constituents, and then is probably the first and last occasion on which they see him.

JAMES RAE.

### Things that Don't Matter.

By A. CARRISON CLARK.

Why do people wear fine raiment on Sunday? Is it good that they should do so? Is it not enjoined somewhere that a woman's head shall not only be covered, but veiled, while she is praying or prophesying? Consider an ordinary congregation in the light of this injunction. Sit in a back pew and what do you see? The foreground, the middle distance, even to the very pulpit, a phantasmagoria of decorated feminine heads. Hats forsooth! They are not coverings, but advertisements of the head—a travesty of compliance with St. Paul's admonition. The bald heads of hatless men may be distracting, but at least they are not sinful.

Let us admit that it is pleasant to get out of our working clothes, that to have on good clothes brings some subtle comfort and feeling of self-respect, which are not born of mere vanity. But there is a difference between good clothes and Sunday clothes. If our Sunday is to be spent in the usual way: morning service, an excessive mid-day meal followed by the slumbers of repletion, much indoor tobacco, a stroll in the garden with an assumed interest in the progress of unknown plants, afternoon tea and a caller, a little desultory reading, a letter or two to write, a cold supper with more unearned increment of the waist-band, more tobacco and communion with the subliminal self; if Sunday is to be spent like this, the wearing of Sunday clothes has the advantage of constantly comforting us with the assurance that we are not fitly attired for doing anything else. Yet there are people who take what they call a walk in their Sunday clothes. You will see men marching along country lanes on a fine summer day with tall hat, frock coat, creaky boots, a cigar, and their Sunday stick. The pace is somewhat restrained, and a halt is frequently made to admire nature and delay

perspiration. Mud is carefully circumvented; perhaps the golf course is looked at seriously over the wall; it may even be traversed with measured step and immeasurable yearning. It is wonderful, this chastened Sunday walk! The children of the poorer class suffer especially. They do not walk, they saunter and smoke cigarettes, fervently wishing under their hard bowler hats that it was Saturday. In the recesses of the lanes they are sometimes to be caught endeavouring to make it so by "passing" the bowler hat or stuffed pocket handkerchief of their feeblest companion, or bowling stones at trees and telegraph posts. But then the man with the tall hat comes in view and frowns, and they revert to looping Sunday.

I have all an Englishman's feeling for a restful, useless Sunday; I desire to interfere as little as possible with other people's rest on that day; I am anxious to place no obstacles in the way of people attending any religious service that they feel may help them to pass more happily and usefully through life; but I do object emphatically to gorgeous attire in places of worship, and to hard hats and stiff clothes for those who please to take part of their Sunday leisure in physical exercise. A friend of mine assures me, and I believe him, that looking back over a long career of sin, he finds he has been more debauched during Sunday leisure than at any other time of the week, and chiefly because, in early days, he was not permitted by his parents to depart from the conventions of society and to take active physical exercise in comfortable apparel. Let us hope that one of the new theologues, or something else, will teach us to conserve what is good and eliminate what is false, stagnant and hypocritical, from our customary observance of the Sabbath Day.

### Science Guide.

#### For First Year Students.

[First year students are often puzzled by a number of scientific names, expressions, etc., which come glibly to the lips of lecturers and demonstrators. A number of these terms are here explained; if these explanations do anything to clear up the difficulties in the minds of these students, the writer will feel that his work has not been in vain.]

#### BOIL'S LAW.

Boil's real name was Bunyan; he was called Boil by his students because he was simply bubbling over with knowledge. He formulated his famous Law, which states that the amount of talk on a certain subject by any person is proportional to the amount of knowledge he possesses. I. e.,  $T \propto K$ .

This Law has since been found to be only a very approximate one. Experiments conducted in public parks have proved that, with speakers heard there,  $T$  always approximates to infinity, while  $K$  may vary between 0 and very little. This type of deviation is very common, and it is interesting to note that it often varies with the environment of the speaker. Experiments have shown that some persons who exhibited these deviations from Boil's Law to a most marked degree in the Parks, behaved quite normally when they were taken to Westminster; then,  $T$  was equal to  $O$ , or very little, and so was proportional to  $K$ . However, even the environment of Westminster does not

prevent deviations in all cases; some legal and some Irish "members" as they are called, seem to be quite independent of this Law: even if K is O, T can be anything, and is often very great.

#### CHARLES' LAW.

Charles was always known by his first name, because of his youthful appearance. He was of noted family, and his aunt was once a shining light on the stage.

Charles' Law deals with the effect of temperature on an argument: the fluency, vehemence, and ratio of the speakers all increase, as the argument becomes more and more heated.

This Law is of limited application, however, for it breaks down entirely when the heat of the argument reaches a certain value. This is called the critical temperature, and by the Phase Rule the argument here enters another phase, in which it is governed by the Mass-Action Law. The force of the argument is then equal to the product of the mass and the action thereof (i.e., velocity of propagation).

The two Laws just explained are sometimes called the "Gass Laws," a term no doubt borrowed from America.

#### AMPERE'S RULE

Is about a man swimming. Roughly, we may say that if a man is swimming six miles out from land, at sunset, he'll have to be pretty quick if he wants to get home to supper.

#### THE LAW OF MAXIMUM WORK

Is the Law which guides the Senate in drawing up courses of study for degrees. When new regulations are drawn up this Law has a tremendous influence, and we can state mathematically what degree of difficulty ( $d_s$ ) the regulations will have, when they are renewed after a number of years ( $t$ ), by the formula:  $d_s = d_0 \cdot \log \left( 3 \frac{t-1}{t} \right)$ ;  $t > 2$ .

As far as present observations shew, the limit of application of this Law will only be reached when results such as this are obtained: "Candidates are not allowed to take Honours in any subject until they have first taken Honours in two other subjects." But this is extrapolation.

With this Law is allied "The Law of Maximum Price," the workings of which are specially seen in the institutions run "entirely for the convenience of students." For example, a Refectory charges 6d. each to students attending Smokers, besides keeping all the profits on the refreshments sold, whereas a first-rate hotel in the City would charge nothing at all for the use of a well appointed private room, being content with the profits on the refreshments. Or again, a laboratory charges 2d. each for specimen tubes, which are sold at 2d. a dozen in Commercial Street. No deviations from this Law have yet been discovered.

#### THE DANIEL'S CELL

Is the electrolytic counterpart of the prison of Daniel of old. It will be remembered that Daniel was placed in a cell where he was surrounded by lions. The electrolytic Daniels, the plates of copper and

zinc, are placed in a cell where they are surrounded by ions. What the ions lack in size they make up for in numbers, and their attack is hot and fierce, so that the modern Daniels are not so fortunate as their historic namesake.

WEX.

#### Legal Notes.

The Vice-Chancellor has been made a J.P. of the West Riding.

The Pro-Vice-Chancellor, who is Chairman of the Refectory Committee, is, we understand, to be made Master of the Rolls. Several of our leading idlers are awaiting a call to the bar, and it is reported that one of the Lady King's Scholars has taken silk.

We hear that the Professor of Engineering occasionally sits on the bench, and that one of the Professors of Classics has been appointed Solicitor to the Treasury.

Several cases are down for hearing before the Vice-Chancellor: A. Slacker is charged with burglariously entering the third class in a Greek examination by means of a key; another gentleman is arraigned for knocking without walking in; one professor is to be charged with overcrowding, another with emitting smoke; a demonstrator is accused of having no visible means of support and an invigilator of loitering in pursuit of game; the Professor of Chemistry is summoned under the Noxious Vapours Act, the Professor of Biology for dealing in unsound meat; several chemistry students are charged with incandianism and vitriol throwing.

We understand that cells are to be provided in the catacombs of the Physics Department, and a block in most of the corridors. A scaffold has recently been erected in the Organic Laboratory. Facilities for electro-cution have long been provided and a cat will be found in the yard of University House. The 200 ton testing machine in the Engineering Department is to be converted into a rack.

#### Society for Social Study.

The third meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, January 16th, when Professor Smithells gave a lecture on "Cruelty to Children." After sketching the history and constitution of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Professor Smithells dealt with the work that the Society is doing in improving the conditions of life and labour of children. The cause of cruelty is usually drink; ill-treatment of children is very seldom due to poverty alone. The supreme merit of the Society is that it is based upon a love of children. It desires to protect the child, and at the same time to restore the self-respect of the parents. Great interest was taken in the lecture, and various questions were asked by Miss Sharples, Miss Robertson, Miss Scholes, Miss Halliday, Professor Connal, Mr. Cross, and Mr. Winter.

A SHAMBLE OF SCIENCE.—From "Hints to Medicals" in the current Students' Handbook:

"Each student is recommended to wear an old coat and an apron in order to ensure comfortable dissection."

## Dyers' Dinner.

This chief social event of the session was held on December 7th, when the staff and students of the Department of Dyeing and Tinctorial Chemistry did gather together into one place (within the meaning of the act) to hold their annual dinner. As is always the case with this department everybody turned up, from Dan (the Organic Chemical Lab.) even unto Beersheba (the Dyeing Research Lab.). The dinner was of course a great success, the speeches were always short and often witty, and, best of all, the smoker was as good as half-holidays are rare—a high recommendation indeed.

"Sandy" (we hope he will pardon the use of the "sobriquet" which is a sure sign of exceeding great fame), sang two pathetic Irish ballads, brimsful of poetic pessimism. They were entitled "Teaching Macfadden to Waltz," and "Mac Sorley's Twins" (we hope we do justice to the last mentioned gentleman's name). Stephens also warbled unto us of one Juliet of immortal memory, and Rhoades thrillingly trilled a passionate love song with such a fervour that we should have thought he meant it—if we hadn't known him. Marchant (B. W. of that ilk) sang "Hello, hello, hello, it's a different girl again," in a tricky manner which showed abnormal development of the larynx. We were very shocked to see the whole of the staff gleefully shouting the chorus! Fort argued with the piano with his usual marked ability. The elite of the top Lab, discoursed sweet quartettes into our shell-like ears.

Professor Green also revealed himself as a skilled translator and adapter from the original American. Take this fragment for example (*Cheerful*):—

THE ACCIDENTAL CHEMIST.  
Tune: "Oh My Darling Clementine."

Once a chemist, absent-minded,  
In the parlour made a test.  
Quite forgot his wife's injunction,  
Didn't think of her request.  
Seen a local explosion sound,  
Shook the earth for miles around,  
Tearing him to cosmic atoms,  
Nowhere was he to be found.

Chorus: Oh ye chemists, Oh ye chemists, never try to be  
too smart,  
Keep your minds on your reactions  
When you're practising your art.

Once a chemist mixing poisons,  
Thought the dog would help him out,  
Gave the potion to the baby,  
Who was crawling therabout.  
'Though a great M.D. was summoned,  
Baby will for ever rot.  
In that bright and far-off country,  
Where the chemists seldom come.

Chorus.

Once a chemist skilled in odors,  
From a perfume house in France  
Got an offer; ample salary,  
Of advancement quite a chance.  
And he tried a new reaction,  
Wished a secret to possess,  
But alas! his latest perfume  
Was akin to H<sub>2</sub>S.

Chorus.

Once a chemist, using metals,  
Down into a mine did go,  
Thought he'd like to get acquainted  
With the ore as found below,  
But he must have reached the country  
Where there is but fire and gloom,  
For his breath, that sometimes rises,  
Smells like pitch and brimstone fume.

Chorus.

Oh ye chemists, here assembled,  
This great warning's meant for you,  
All these accidents may happen  
To all who this work pursue.  
When you're in the laboratory,  
And all other thoughts depart,  
Then 'tis time to heed this warning,  
And remember where you are.

Chorus.

We do not think there is any probability of another department infringing the copyright of this pathetic little ballad.

Yet Professor Green recited it without the tremor of an eyelid.

We believe the celebration continued so long as there were two persons gathered together into one place.

Next morning the number of students in the department was twelve short of a dozen.

## Omar and the Smoke Room.

The Readers of the "Gryphon."

A book of Verses underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and *Then*  
Beside me singing in the wilderness—  
Oh, wilderness were Paradise now!

All awaiting *Ennui*. Results,  
Would but some winged angel, ere too late,  
Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,  
And make the stern Recorder otherwise  
Enregister, or quite obliterate!

After having spent two hours in a vain attempt to solve  
the Professor's example.

Perplex no more with Human or Divine,  
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,  
And lose your fingers in the tresses of  
The Cypress—slender Minister of Wine.

Gr—v—e.

And hear not lest Existence closing your  
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;  
The Eternal Saki from that bowl has pour'd  
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour.

W—ff—m—.

Indeed the idols I have loved so long  
Have done my credit in this world much wrong;  
Have drown'd my glory in a shallow cup,  
And sold my reputation for a song.

B—dd—l—y.

Then to the lip of this poor earthen urn  
I lean'd, the secret of my life to learn:  
And lip to lip it murmur'd—"While you live,  
Drink!—for, once dead, you never shall return."

Vanitas.

Some for the glories of this world; and some  
Sigh for the prophet's Paradise to come;  
Ah, take the cash, and let the credit go,  
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!

VANITAS.

### Literary and Historical Society.

The sixth General Meeting of the Society was held in the Refectory as usual, on Monday, January 14th, at 5 o'clock. The paper of the evening was read by Miss Robertson, B.A., on "Sir Walter Scott as a painter of landscape." Its main object was to show the great love of nature which fills Scott's poetry, and to prove that he has an important place among all true poets of nature. The paper also contained some excellent criticism on the difference between Wordsworth's and Scott's methods of describing natural scenery.

### Presentation to Mr. Hoggett.

A most enjoyable Social was held in connection with the Society on the last day but one of last term, December 18th, at 5 p.m. The primary object of the gathering was to make a presentation to Mr. Hoggett in recognition of his services last term in conducting the "Clouds," and also to make some recognition of the services of all who took part in the play or helped in its production in any way. There were so many people concerned in it that this seemed the only possible way of thanking them all, and it also made a very good "finish up" to the whole business of the "Clouds."



"THE CLOUDS,"  
The Lighting Conductor.

The whole of the Refectory was used, and was gaily decorated for the occasion with abundance of holly and mistletoe. About 120 people turned up. After tea the company settled in the large dining room, where the presentation and informal concert took place. One presentation, in the form of a cheque from the Literary Society, was made by the President, Professor Roberts, who, in his speech, expressed his thanks on behalf of the Society to all who had helped in the play. The other was from the "Clouds" company and orchestra, and took the shape of a shield bearing the University arms, and mounted on oak, which was presented by Mr. E. E. Unwin ("Socrates").

The presentation was introduced by the singing of the first chorus of the play by the "Clouds" chorus, and an excellent programme of music was

arranged for the evening, which included violin and piano duet by Messrs. T. J. Hoggett and Alex. Cohen, and a piano duet by Messrs. L. J. Rogers and T. J. Hoggett, consisting of some "Hungarian Dances," both were delightfully rendered. Mr. R. W. Hutchinson ("Serepsades") gave some good comic songs, which, as usual, were a great success.

The Musical Society also contributed three part songs, which were well sung and appreciated, though the theme of one or two was slightly melancholy.

Mr. A. C. Southern delighted us all with his flute solos, and Mr. A. E. Battle's recitation "The Groom's Story" was excellent, as were also those given by Mr. E. H. Strange from the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Miss Grace Murphy sang two delightful German songs, and Miss E. M. Redfern also sang very nicely indeed. Miss Crofts recited some amusing episodes in the love affairs of a fickle young lady named Mary Alderdeen, and Mr. F. G. Stephens was as good as ever in his serenading of "Juliet."

Before parting an enthusiastic "send off" was given to Mr. Dodd, who had borne so much of the heat of the work connected with the "Clouds." We only wish he could have stayed here longer with us. He expressed his own desire to do so if it were possible and his regret at having to leave Leeds again.

After singing "Auld Lang Syne" and the "National Anthem" the company broke up about 9.30.

### Students' Union Committee.

SESSION 1906-07.

Up to the present time the Committee has had five meetings, and there has been a good attendance of members. Perhaps the chief things done by the Committee this session so far are the following:—

- (1) The putting up of six shower-baths in the Pavilion, and one in the gymnasium. Members of the Students' Union who patronise both sports and gymnastics will no doubt appreciate these improvements thoroughly.
- (2) The putting up of a trophy case in the Common Room, which not only is an artistic piece of furniture, but is also a great protection to the trophies.
- (3) In addition to the grants to the old Clubs of the University, a grant of £7 has been granted to the new men's Hockey Club.

### Hockey Notes.

We commenced our fixture list this term with a match against Benson's Shakespearean Company, on Thursday, January 17th, and were badly beaten by 6 goals to none.

Fortunately we were more successful on Wednesday, the 23rd, when we played Liverpool University, upon the University ground, Headingly.

A start was effected in this match at a quarter to three, and the Leeds forwards immediately carried the attack into the opponents' goal, Clayton scoring.



No sooner had the ball been put again into play than Hopkins, on the right, scored well for the home side.

Play still continued in our favour, Liverpool rarely getting near our end, Barker and Horse scoring in quick succession, and before the interval another goal was due to Clayton.

On the restart, Liverpool attacked with vigour. Halsell and Shannon (substitute) both scoring. The score now stood at 5-2 in favour of Leeds.

Our forwards now took up the game, and Barker, after a good run, scored.

Liverpool then renewed their attack, and Parks succeeded in netting.

Just before time was called we made another effort, which resulted in a goal by Clayton, and the match ended in a win for Leeds by 7 goals to 3.

TEAM.—Goal, A. Sutcliffe; Backs, T. Sutcliffe and G. Asquith; Halfs, R. H. Tolson, H. Ingham, P. Marring; Forwards, I. Hopkins, W. F. Clayton, R. Barker (Capt.), A. C. Horse, and A. Hanson. Referee, N. Rhodes (for Leeds).

With such a result as the above before us we think few will say that the Club has not already justified its existence.

L. E. K. ELLIS.

## Association Football.

December 8th, 1906.

1st XI. v. Dewsbury and Savile. Played at Dewsbury. The University won this match by 3 goals to 2. The winning goal was scored just before the whistle blew for time. Goodson, Balden and Lock scored for the University.

2nd XI. v. St. Martin's, Tottenham, 2nd XI. Played at Headingley, and won by the visiting team. Score, 3-2.

December 13th, 1906.

1st XI. v. Farnley Ironworks. This match was to be played at home, but was scratched owing to a heavy fall of snow.

2nd XI. v. Harrogate Y.M.C.A. Scratched.

January 12th, 1907.

1st XI. v. County Hall, Wakefield. Played at Headingley, and proved an easy victory for the University. Goals were scored by Balden (4), Bates (2), and Fisher (1). Score, 7-0.

2nd XI. v. Moorfield United, at Armley. Moorfield won this match, scoring 4 goals to our nil.

January 16th, 1907.

1st XI. v. New Leeds A.F.C. Scratched owing to a thick fog.

2nd XI. v. Birstall Parish Church. Also scratched. J. L.

Scene: a dark night, and a gentleman returning home from a conviviality in a somewhat straggling fashion.

—[Police-man X:] Now then, you, keep to the pavement, d'ye hear?  
—[The Convivial One:] Whash? D'ye think I'm a blooming Blondin?

## Appointments.

O. Waterhouse, M.A., has been appointed by the German Minister of Education to a Lectureship in English at the Royal Academy, Posen.

P. Hartley, B.Sc., has been awarded a Research Scholarship at the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine, London, S.W.

Albert Jordan, B.Sc. (1903-1906), Assistant in Mineralogy in the Scientific and Technical Department of the Imperial Institute, South Kensington, S.W.

Mr. T. E. Harvey, an old student of the Yorkshire College, has been appointed Warden of Toynbee Hall in place of Canon Barnett. T. E. Harvey entered the Yorkshire College in 1891 and took his B.A. Degree in the Victoria University in 1893. He then went up to Christ Church and took First Class Honours in Classics in 1896. Canon Barnett is to maintain his connection with Toynbee Hall by becoming its President.

The following appointments of former students have come to our notice since our last issue:—  
Millicent Airey, B.A., Modern Language Mistress, Salt Schools.

Abram Phillipson, B.Sc., Clerk in the Inland Revenue Office.

Forsyth J. Wilson, B.Sc., Ph.D., Lecturer and Demonstrator in Chemistry, Technical College, Glasgow.

We observe that the Rev. H. Parnaby, M.A., Minister of the Augustine Church (Congregational), Edinburgh, a former Chairman of the Union at the Yorkshire College, has publicly signified his adhesion to Mr. Campbell's New Theology.

## Disappointments.

Methought:

—I saw a damsel neat  
Come sailing down the street,  
With bloom of youth untainted.  
Closer I looked, and then  
I looked again—  
She pained!

—I saw a babbling brook,  
Slipping from nook to nook;  
A stream of beauty rare,  
Nearer I drew and sniff'd,  
It simply whiff'd—  
The Air.

—I heard a solemn sound  
Coming from off the ground:  
The time was somewhat late.  
"Nowell" he sang. I find  
He's changed his mind—  
A West.

—I picked up half a quid,  
[Twas lucky that I did,  
For I was stoney-beckie.]  
What should I have to drink?  
I tried to think—  
And woke.

A. C. S.

## Changes in the Staff.

Mr. F. T. BAINES, B.A., Cantab., has entered on his duties as Clerk to the Senate, in succession to Mr. Horwill. We take the opportunity of expressing the regret which all the members of the University who sit on academic committees must feel at the departure of Mr. Horwill. It is a science in itself to understand the constitution of the University, as any reader of the *Calendar* knows, and an art in itself to organise its working. Mr. Horwill knew all about principles and practice, and was ever ready to impart his knowledge to those who sought his advice, and did so with unfailing courtesy. We wish Mr. Baines, who belongs to a well-known Leeds family, equal success.

We welcome Miss F. M. B. TURNER, B.Sc., a former student of the Yorkshire College, as Assistant Mistress of Method.

Mr. MYERS COPLASS, M.D., Lond., D.P.H. Cantab., has been appointed Demonstrator in Pathology in succession to Dr. Smedley.

Mr. CHARLES PORTER, M.D., M.R.C.P. Edin., succeeds Dr. A. E. Poeter as Honorary Demonstrator in Public Health.

## Review.

"The Continental Outcast" is the title of an interesting book that has lately been published, and which will probably have some points of interest for members of the Society of Social Study.

The book is the result of a tour taken by the authors through Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark, with a view to inspecting the operations of the various poor laws of those countries.

The scope of the book is wide, since it deals with criminal institutions as well as with purely industrial and labour organisations, for it professedly sets out to enquire into the way in which Continental people deal with the problem of the unemployed. The undesirable portion of this class, the criminal and the lazy, are described first, under treatment in Belgium. At Merselas, thirty miles from Antwerp, is situated the great penal colony of the country. All the loafer class are detained here, but no great concern is felt should any of these escape, since if work is obtained the runaway is left in peace, and if he takes to his old methods he speedily falls into the hands of the police, and is sent back again to Merselas. A strong distinction in discipline is made between the criminal and the merely loafing class.

They are all, however, taught to work, and earn money thereby, and are thus enabled to make a fresh start in life when circumstances permit. Applications for release from the loafer section are readily granted upon sufficient testimony being given of a candidate's intention to start work again.

Worsted, three miles away, is a kind of House of Refuge, where men who are committed for smaller offences, such as drunkenness, are confined for short periods, taught to work at some trade and paid wages for their labour.

In Holland Veenhuizen comes under review. This is a kind of Labour Home of a superior kind to Merselas or Worsted, while in the case of Frederiksoord we have the case of a voluntary Labour Colony, founded as long ago as 1818 by General Van der Bosch. It aims at taking the surplus labourers of large towns, such as Amsterdam, Rotterdam and the Hague, with their wives and families, and putting them in communities on the land.

In Germany Löhleheim and Bielefeld are described, the former, however, somewhat to its disadvantage. "Except as a haven of peace and protection from self, it is a failure. It does not succeed in affecting many permanent reclamations."

Bielefeld, however, is "in some respects the most remarkable philanthropic enterprise in Europe." Founded in 1867 as a House of Refuge for Epileptics, "it has increased its border and its buildings year by year, until to-day it has a great number of branches, numerous Homes for Epileptics, young and old, training establishments for deaconesses and for *Brüder*, their male complement, Labour Colonies and Workmen's Homes."

The Danish poor law system is very carefully described. Outdoor relief is the most prominent feature of the Danish system, which is regarded as a loan, not as a gift, and repayable to the community, but the debt must be remitted where the loan cannot be paid, though at the loss of civil rights.

The beggar, tramp and loafer class are an unknown quantity in Denmark.

The book closes with some practical suggestions of considerable value, which are well worth study.

It is not to be supposed that the author regards the Continental systems as in all points ideal, or even as superior to our own. Indeed, they come in for very searching criticism at his hand now and again. But the impression that one gets after even a cursory glance at this book is that the study of Continental systems would well repay the English official and the English student of social problems. Our present casual ways (we can hardly call them systems) in dealing with the vagrant, the unemployed and the "first offender" receive a very severe rebuke in this interesting volume.

We cordially recommend it to the S.S.S.

G. H. T. B.

## Ricraft of Withens.

"One cannot thoroughly enter into certain findings here in the spot where they had birth. Places and events are closely linked, for Nature is the same in the eyes as in the heart of man."

The French philosopher stated a greater truth than he was aware; for in his day the shrines of unsaintly saints were held in greater esteem than the shrine of Nature. This passionate desire to pry into the daily life of great *litterati* and to visit the scenes which inspired their works is of recent date and American origin. Animated by this passion we found ourselves one fine spring morning on the road between Osnabrope and Stanbury.

From above Marsh we looked back at the rugged rocks of Sawood that seemed like sentinels protecting

\* "The Continental Outcast," W. and V. Carile, with preface by the Bishop of Southwark. T. Fisher Unwin, pp. iv., 143.

the vale beyond. Away to the west stretched the wild waste of moorland, and on the north-west, standing square to the moor top winds was Stanbury. Passing down a stony lane, with a high hedge on each side, we crossed the stream, climbed the hill-side, and found ourselves in the main street. Swinging to the left, past the school, we came to the end of Hob Lane, where dwells the village patriarch, who still works at his old hand-loom; varying the toil of weaving by spinning wondrous yarns. Half-an-hour's walk further on is Withens, the last outpost of civilisation.

Strongly built, standing firmly on a steep hill-side, it seems to guard the gate of the west. Reared amid such rude strength and rugged grandeur, Kit Riccroft would have been less than a man had he not imbibed that fearless mysticism which rendered him more than mortal.

Beyond the farm the landscape widens and the moor, covered with purple bents, seems like a field of blood. The silence is intense. Below lies the Lonely Valley, and bending to the ground one hears, as the old fiddler heard in the days of the Carleesses, the heart beat of Nature.

No sign of any habitation nor of any living thing. It is as though the country had been suddenly petrified, and a dread, like the foreboding of disaster, weighs upon us.

Round the bend are the Walshaw Dean Water-works. Skirting the basin of the reservoir we strike off to the right, and again lose ourselves in the wilds. A couple of hours' tedious walking brings us to a little hamlet by the side of a reservoir, where rest and refreshment are heartily enjoyed.

Over the moors again; this time enlivened by the song of a singer, who refers pathetically to a wooden hut. The Lancashire ramblers pass by, and we are left in solitude.

In the gloaming we passed the Silent Inn, where Riccroft and Fawcether moved their seats. For a moment it seemed as though the gulf of time had narrowed and Black Carless had returned in the spirit to renew his dreadful work.

Over Withens a tongue of flame burst forth, and, as if by magic, a wall of fire, two or three miles in extent, blazed out on the hill top. Scarlop Water reflected the outlines of the dark blue hills. The glare on the summits, in reflection, seemed to come from the bowels of the earth.

The night wind filled the valley, and its eerie notes sounded as dismal as the wail of the White Lady. From the summit of Bosworth Hill a heavy white column slowly rose. The fire, which had smouldered all day, aided by the evening breeze, swept over the moor with incredible swiftness.

As night deepened, smaller fires, like beacons, were seen on the neighbouring hills. Across the valley the Curlew Bell was ringing. Had the stout old Sheriff come Macaulay's picture would have been complete. Instead was a stout old farmer, gazing at a poster which read "German Invasion, British Fleet Destroyed." He gazed at the poster, then at the fire, and muttered "Aw knew summat wad happen after that Election!"

W. W.

## Pure Dramatic Art;

and its furtherance by the Municipal Theatre.

WHILE at the Theatre the other evening I heard the following remark, made by an old lady, who perhaps was scarcely well educated in the modern sense of the word:—"They don't care much about the hacting now-a-days as long as the dresses and such like is fine, yer know." This remark struck me as being very near the point, and soon after I happened to read an article entitled, "The Municipal Theatre, a Plea for more Shakespeare," by Tighe Hopkins, in the current number of the new weekly, "The Reader," which expressed the same belief. This opinion, so similar to the first, is contained in the following words:—"The modern theatre is so entirely the home of the capitalist, and is run solely on this basis, that Art is only employed to foster this principle, and not to 'keep the classical and the poetical drama fully alive in the theatres,' as in the writer's opinion it should."

It seems to me that a liberal education in the best and most classic drama is worth a world of knowledge in other subjects, which, by so many people, are considered more important.

Such works as the "Clouds," that we of the University are presenting, goes a long way, I believe, to help to remind us that in the dramatic art of the Greeks we have a vivid example of the presentation of the drama depending very largely upon the wealth and quality of the acting displayed, as unity of place, and unity of action, prevented any change of scene, or the weaving of an intricate plot. Surely no place more appropriate could be found than an University, except the public theatres, for the fostering of such a good feature of dramatic art.

To-day even the renderings of Shakespeare (and the revivals are rare) are looked upon by the actor-managers only in the light of their adaptability for "more or less ostentatious spectacle, and to the interpolation of music and dancing." The reasons for this are easily found: the mass of play-goers of our generation ask only to be presented with a varied programme of ballet dancing, "ratty" songs, beautiful scenery, pretty girls with lovely costumes, and wit of any sort; contenting themselves, if given these, with but very indifferent action. Another, and perhaps the chief reason, is that mentioned before, that all our theatres are in the grip of the capitalist, which means that, "the commercially capitalised theatre is bound hand and foot to the system of long runs..." while the people overlook "the havoc it works upon the theatre as a home of Art."

If any of my readers have managed to escape boredom by this time, perhaps they will ask, and rightly ask,—you say our system of theatre management is bad, and our dramatic art degenerate, in consequence, in the majority of our theatres—pray what is to be done?

If the Editor has been able to spare me this far, will he allow me a few more lines to attempt to answer at least in part, this important question.

To the Continent we have to go to learn our lesson. "It raises the question of the theatre subsidised or in some way assisted by the municipality or the State." This subject has many difficulties, but we have but to

look to Paris, Vienna, Germany, and Switzerland, to see them successfully overcome. "Paris has three municipal theatres, in addition to four which are subsidised by the State." But perhaps the shortest and most practical answer will be derived from the success of the "Volks Theater," which is due to the co-operation of a public body with a voluntary society of private citizens, who regard the maintenance of the literary drama as a civic duty. The site of the "Volks Theater," which was formerly public property, and estimated to be worth £80,000, is in the best part of the city of Vienna. It was a free gift from the Government to a limited liability company . . . who formally pledged themselves to erect on the land a theatre with the sole object of serving the purposes of dramatic art.

In this theatre Mr. Sidney Lee, who has just written a very fine book upon the subject, entitled "Shakespeare and the Modern Stage; with other Essays," witnessed a performance of "Antony and Cleopatra," which was listened to "with breathless interest," for nearly five hours.

Plays of Shakespeare are acted in this municipal house some twice a week the year round. The actors whose engagements are permanent, are well paid, and enjoy "an admirably-devised system of pensions." The highest price charged for a seat is four shillings. "Both financially and artistically the result has been all that one could wish."

Far be it from me to let my readers suppose that the careful balance between the interests of Art and finance have never been attained in this country, in the management of a theatre by an actor-manager. "In eighteen years Samuel Phelps produced at Sadler's Wells, thirty-one of Shakespeare's plays."

"The leading principles, to which Phelps strictly adhered throughout his career of management, call for most careful consideration. He gathered round him a company of actors and actresses, whom he zealously trained to interpret Shakespeare's language . . . his colleagues to act harmoniously together, and to sacrifice to the welfare of the whole enterprise individual pretension to prominence. No long continuous run of any piece was permitted by the rules of the playhouse. The scenic appliances were simple, adequate, and inexpensive."

By these means Phelps was enabled to provide himself with "a very comfortable competency," while serving the best interests of the art.

To-day we have Mr. F. R. Benson carrying out the same scheme, while at the Court Theatre, London, the same principles are followed. And I think we may not only hope for many more such companies in the near future, but that the State will awake to the importance of maintaining the standard of the drama by some such means as have been described.

"SHERIDAN."

A celebrated but absent-minded dog fancier once called on a friend of his who had just received an addition to the family circle in the shape of twins. After a long and careful inspection of them he pointed to one, and, in a tone of professional solicitude, said: "Well, if I were you, I think I should keep that one."

## One Day in October.

*Mr. Sapgreen:* "Mornin' Maister. Aw've browt awr lad; he's just wan one o' them thear scholarships tha knoa's. He's alreight is awr lad. He's noan one o' them thear scort ets weak i'th 'ead an' strong i'th back. He's a reight champion is awr lad."

*Professor:* Very good —

*Mr. S.:* Aw want 'im to larn to be one o' them thear scientific chaps ets goin at chemicals.

*Prof.:* Well, I am rather busy just now. I will —

*Mr. S.:* Naa then, look 'e ere, as ma missus ses — she ses "John, tha moan't be i' no 'urry aboot this 'ere job."

*Prof.:* No, No, certainly not, but —

*Mr. S.:* Naa, an' th'as nae need to think as awm baht to be put o' one side like this 'ere.

*Prof.:* Pardon me. Allow me to explain. I will introduce your son to one of my senior students, who will explain to him the various formalities which are necessary on entering the University.

*Mr. S.:* Naa then, then, that's alreight then, as long as we noa. Aw'm noan pertic'lar, net I — net mich.

*Prof.:* There is really no necessity for you to remain, Mr. Sapgreen.

*Mr. S.:* Alreight then. As long as tha' promises to see as 'lad's well look'd a'ter aw'll git 'oam an' tell't missus wad tha ses "Mornin' Maister. Guld-bye, Willie lad."

[Willie Sapgreen is now introduced to Senior Student].

*Senior Student:* Come along. You are going in for Science? You had better see the Professor of Physics. He is in the corner there; that jovial gentleman with the gold rimmed glasses.

[W. approaches Prof. with birth certificate extended].

*Prof.:* Oh yes! What's this? [peruses document]. Yes! Yes! Yes! [Velocity of yes's three per sec.]. This is beneath the contempt of a pauper, isn't it now? You want to take the Physics lectures, I suppose. Are you taking a degree?

*Willie:* Father would like me to.

*Prof.:* Yes! Yes! Yes! This century—or would you care to gain experience first?

[W. murmurs a feeble "Yes, Sir."]

*Prof.:* Have you suffered from a classical education?

*W.:* I've done vulgar fractions, Sir.

[Prof. hastily signs his paper and directs him to the Vice-Chancellor. S. S. guides him there, and impresses him above all things to be sociable and to shake hands right heartily.]

11. o a.m.: W. joins the funeral procession.

12.30 a.m.: W. is seen wiping his hands in eager anticipation.

12.32 a.m.: With a look of exultation W. seizes extended hand and shows his appreciation in a practical manner by causing groans of an ascendant order to issue from the V.-C.

12.35 a.m.: V.-C. sinks back completely exhausted. W. seen on the floor, result of an unexpected attack by an individual in sporting attire, armed with a ledger and walking-boots.

S. S. rescues Willie and points out that in academical circles the left hand should always be used.

S. S.: You had now better get your chemical apparatus. By the way, I've drawn up some hints for chemical students—they would be useful to you. You may have them for eighteen-pence.

[W. parts with half-a-crown. S. S. has no change, and feeling thirsty leaves W. for a few minutes. W. studies the hints.]

#### LIST OF APPARATUS REQUIRED.

- 1 pail.
- Quantity of sand, 5 lbs.
- 3 lard-in-the-mire flasks.
- 24 ft. of 1 inch rubber tubing.
- 6 assorted tin boxes.
- 1 lounge chair and smoking jacket.
- 4 doz. dusters.
- 1 large apron.
- Roll of oilcloth.

#### CHEMICALS REQUIRED.

- Large bottle of alcohol.
- 1 benzene nucleus.
- 1 lb. albuminoids.
- 2 lbs. additive compounds.
- 4 doz. yeast cells.
- 1 set of asymmetric carbon atoms.
- The alphabetic or homologous series.

[W. is interrupted by return of S. S.]

S. S.: Hello! Still here? I think you can do nothing else to-day. The lectures commence to-morrow.

What! you can't find the way out. Come along.

W.: Who is that gentleman there?

S. S.: What! That gentleman in gorgeous gold braided attire. Why, that's the Chief Director.

[W., after remaining in the vicinity for some little time and finally being told in a gruff voice "Not to block the passage," is seen making his way with hurried steps towards the outer door.]

The S. S. may be seen daily wandering about the Hall in the hope of meeting Willie once more, in order to requite his conscience with regard to the half-crown, which he has finally managed to change. His hope is vain; Willie has decided to study Agriculture—at home.

ANNIE LEAN.

#### Landladies I Have Known.

ONE hears so much of the extortions and other iniquities of landladies, that I think it is quite time something was said on the other side.

A favourite resort of mine is Ramsey, in the Isle of Man. The first year I stayed there I was lucky enough to find a boarding house where a University student, with a maximum capacity for enjoyment and a minimum amount of spare cash could put up knowing that his holiday money would not all be swallowed up in paying his boarding house bill.

To be exact, the terms were 30s. per week during the season.

I soon found that the landlady, a typical Manx woman, made the comfort of her guests the first consideration. Contrary to the usual boarding house custom, the gentlemen were in the majority; in fact, one day, looking round the table, I counted 21 men and only two ladies. Our greatest difficulty was to eat enough to satisfy our hostess.

One day a party of ten, ladies and gentlemen, had arranged to go by the midnight boat to Liverpool. The day, however, turned out very stormy, and our hostess, after inspecting the weather, locked the doors and announced, "I shall not allow anyone to leave my house to-night." Next day the storm had died down, and the ten left, but the lady of the house refused to accept an extra penny from any of them.

When I was coming home I found that, having stayed a day or two longer than I had intended, I had run very short of funds, and had not left myself with sufficient money to give the waitress her usual "tip." I proposed sailing by the seven o'clock boat on the Thursday morning, so on the Wednesday evening I sent for my bill, which amounted to 32s. 6d. for a stay of eight days. I sent this sum to my landlady and received 6d. as discount. Before going to bed I explained to the waitress the parlous state of my financial affairs, and promised to send her something as soon as I got home.

Next morning, about 6.30, whilst I was having my breakfast, my landlady appeared, laid on the table the sum of 32s., and said, "Now, Mr. Parker, I am not going to take this money. You can send it me in about three weeks' time, not before." She then left the room without another word, leaving me with the receipted bill and the money lying on the table before me. I took her at her word and sent the money on about three weeks later, knowing that she would be offended if I returned it earlier.

When thinking over the matter later in the day it struck me that she had not even got my address, the rooms having been engaged by a friend.

J. P.

#### A Scientific Mystery.

A member am I of a 'Varsity Club,

Created to propagate Science,  
As conscience pricks hard, I do not believe

In setting its rules at defiance.

So therefore I go to each fortnightly feed,

With my hair parted straight down the middle,

Weathered in heavenly smiles as the cakes disappear

Down my throat, quick as sand through a riddle.

Though my thoughts chiefly rest on the things edible,

I sometimes take pauses and wonder

Why the ladies stand by in a corner alone,

From tables and men torn asunder.

They sometimes will deign to take proffered cups,

But otherwise stand quite aloof,

And gaze at the things that in space they can't see,

Or intently examine the roof.

The ladies have charas—that's perfectly plain,

And Scientists' brains are not so audacious,

So what is the cause?—Here's a beautiful chance

For the people who Social Things study.

"PROTYLE."

## The Grey Frog.

A Romance.

## CHAPTER I.

It was a fine, crisp autumn morning—an extraordinary exception to the frequent fog and drizzle, which, as a rule at this season are wont to assail the eye of man and cause him to vent his spleen against the adverse elements.

Rays of sunshine flooded the small cosy room in which sat a young man, lazily lounging in a large arm-chair before the blazing fire. He was tall, broad-shouldered, clean-shaven, and, like the popular Sherlock Holmes, sat wreathed in tobacco fumes, maintaining the while a look of extreme pensiveness and deep reflection upon his well defined features.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to state at this point that Jack Little, the young gentleman in question, was a medical student. Where he was studying is of no importance; let us be satisfied with the fact that he was in his first year, he had secured comfortable diggings, and, as far as financial matters were concerned, he had no cause to worry.

Jack Little was, however, one of those persons who, on account of extreme enthusiasm in a certain direction, are commonly called "cranks." The object of his enthusiasm was, strange to relate, the study of zoology. Instruments and text books he had by the score; he would think nothing of wading into the middle of a pond with his boots and socks on in search of specimens; in fact, he was absolutely "mad" on his unusual hobby. A lover of Nature, he would say, should be overcome by no obstacle.

It so happened that Jack had settled on this particular morning for a walk to a neighbouring pond in order to secure a frog. So, after putting on his boots, he placed a small paper bag in his pocket and made for the front door. "Back by dinner-time, Mrs. Higgins." And before the portly landlady had time to utter a reply, he had disappeared.

Having tramped three miles along the high-road, he turned down to the right, where in a slight hollow lay a stagnant marsh. Here, after slipping a few times and raising his shirt-cuffs, he succeeded, with a dexterous plunge to the elbow, in securing a large grey frog and depositing it in his paper bag. His mission accomplished, he retraced his footsteps to the main road. Here a curious sight met his gaze. In the middle of the road stood a big white motor-car; by the side of it, the picture of despair, was standing—a young lady. On coming closer Jack saw that she was exceedingly pretty, and as he saw that the car was not desirous of budging, he determined to offer his assistance. So raising his cap he advanced boldly.

"Can I be of any assistance to you, Miss?"

"Oh, you are very kind, really; this is the first time I have been out without Alphonse—he's my chauffeur, you know—and somehow I've managed to stop the engines."

Luckily Jack knew something of the art of motor-cars, and going to the front of the car, he gave the handle two or three turns and set the huge motor throbbing.

"The least I can do," thought Essie, "is to offer him a lift if he is going my way—yet, it hardly seems proper."

Whether out of sympathy for the young man's bedraggled appearance or out of delight at her escape from an unpleasant predicament, she acted as she thought right, and soon they were swooping along well above the limit in the direction whither Jack had come. All thoughts of zoology were now out of his mind. He was not even thinking of the grey frog in paper bag placed by his side in the corner of the padded seat. When he descended from the car and looked at the girl, he wished he had another fifty miles to go. He raised his hat; she smiled, and swept away in a cloud of dust.

It was then that he found out that he no longer was carrying the paper bag and its contents. He had left it in the car. But what did that matter? The vision of the big white motor was still before his eyes; but it was not the motor he was thinking of—it was its pretty occupant.

## CHAPTER II.

In the large drawing-room of the stately old Tower House two ladies were seated. One of them was young and beautiful; the other had long since lost all charm of youth. In spite of this difference, however, a close observer could easily see that they were sisters and that at one time the elder had possessed some resemblance to her younger sister.

"It surely must be time for dinner," the elder was saying. "There, it's a quarter past seven, and the first gong has'n't sounded yet. Really, the way those two new maids go about their work is too ridiculous. They seem to have no regard for our feelings and appetites and—"

"If you'll take the trouble to look at the clock properly, you'll see it's only a quarter past six."

"Oh,—er, yer, you are right for once. But please don't be so snappy, Essie. It gets on my nerves. Remember I have only to tell father of your little adventure this morning, and then you'll find that things won't go so smoothly with you. The idea! And a total stranger, too. He'd be some office clerk or another who—"

"Office clerks don't walk in the country in the morning," replied Essie, with as much sarcasm as she could command. "And even in that case I don't see any harm in—why Dorothy, are you ill?"

"The bag! Essie; what's in the bag—the bag?"

Dorothy had suddenly turned livid and was regarding the mantel-piece with a horrified stare.

"Oh, those are only a few chocolates I bought in town this morning. Why, what's the matter?"

But Essie had no need to explain. The paper bag suddenly rolled over on its side and there appeared a grey head, two bulging eyes, and a pair of fat flabby fore-legs. The grey frog calmly and critically scrutinised the two ladies. Then, in order to obtain a better view of his surroundings, he emerged from the bag and advanced towards the marble fireplace, here he halted, still retaining the calm, sang-froid look on his clammy countenance. Suddenly, the

truth dawned on Essie. This was a part of the adventure with the stranger. Then the unexpected happened.

"Mr. John Little," announced the hall servant. Jack advanced boldly into the room.

"You must pardon my thrusting this visit upon you, Miss—er—Stratton, but I think I left a small paper bag in your motor this morning. I have had a bit of difficulty in finding you, for, you see, I live six miles away, and not being aware of your name, and having very little knowledge of these parts, you can imagine the kind of information I got when inquiring after a young lady who drives in a big white motor. Of course, I could easily have obtained another—oh! there he is by the marble clock!"

Further explanations followed; Dorothy soon got over her fright; and there was an addition to the dinner table that night. Near midnight the grey frog was released.

Dr. John Little, M.B., has now a flourishing country practice. He is as universally popular as is the young girl he will shortly make his wife.

As for the grey frog, he probably will have returned to his swamps, and will there be attaining a ripe old age in peaceful solitude.

At any rate, he will exceed the limit on a motor-car no more, nor be instrumental in securing the happiness of a student and a maiden.

A. L. E.

### Life was Too Short.

His pulse was high and his brow was hot,  
He shook with chills and his eyes were red;

He hurried into the druggist's shop

And gasping and painfully said:

"There's something wrong with my system, Doc.,

I'm out of gear in a spot inside.

Please hurry, now, and prepare a dose

Of carbonyl-thio-carbimido-phenyl-

di-methyl-amido-sulpho-benzyl-

tri-chloro-azo-carbanilide."

The druggist hustled behind his case

And ran his eye o'er the bottle rack;

From Asaletida down to Myrrh,

And Opodeldoc and Ipecac.

"It's here, I know," mused the druggist man,

As Podophyllin and Squills he spied.

"Now where the deuce is that little box

Of carbonyl-thio-carbimido-phenyl-

di-methyl-amido-sulpho-benzyl-

tri-chloro-azo-carbanilide?"

The patient sank with a feeble sigh,

And said "This bother I much regret,

If the name's too long you might give me instead

An overdose of the alphabet."

The druggist asked for the name again;

The man essayed it and then he died,

He choked on the thirteenth syllable

Of carbonyl-thio-carbimido-phenyl-

di-methyl-amido-sulpho-benzyl-

tri-chloro-azo-carbanilide!

### The Professor; and how he found Geology Interesting.

"Above all, gentlemen, study Geology. I know of no more interesting and instructive study for an Agriculturist."—  
Prof. S.'s Lecture.

[A student, having made many vain efforts to understand the subject, suggests the only terms on which he can possibly imagine the subject would be interesting even to a professor.]

Topic: "The Laid o' Cockpen."

There lived a Professor, a wonderful man,  
[Six mountains of learning he'd felled a brain pan],  
F.R.S., F.G.S., M.A., D.Sc.,  
And far more important than a £ s. d.

This right learned man had a braver farmer friend,  
"Professor," said he, "Will ye not come and spend  
The vacation with me, and with my family.  
There be scores o' rare fossils you'll find on my lea."

Arrived at the farm, the Professor said he,  
"Where be the rare fossils of which you told me?"  
The farmer he answered: "They lie 'yont the brae;  
To-morrow my daughter will show you the way."

This lassie she was a geologist rare;  
O' fossils she had an odd hundred or mair.  
She showed them Professor, whose heart swelled with  
glow,  
Thanks he, "There's no guide could be better for me."

The morrow together they traversed the brae,  
And sought the rare fossils well nigh a' the day.  
A shower came on—so they hid neath the scour,  
And "talked of its origin" over an hour.

Our friend the Professor, M.A., D.Sc.,  
Professor of every distinguished degree,  
Experienced sensations he'd ne'er felt before,  
In spite of his vast cumulation of lore.

Before they had finished the sky became clear,  
The day was far spent and the gloamin' was near.  
As homeward they wended their way by the linn  
They spied a rare fossil—to miss 'twould be sin.

So ere they got home from over the brae,  
The nightjar was singing her loud eerie lay;  
And when they arrived, the farmer quoth he,  
"An unco' dource study is geology!"

Throughout the vacation they passed the long day  
A seeking rare fossils all over the brae.  
They took out their lunch and they took out their tea  
[An unco' dource study is geology].

The last day this learned Professor said he,  
"In my room at the college you must visit me.  
A permit to view our museum I'll send,  
I aye would oblige a geologist friend."

The next day their friend the Professor he were  
A wee link o' care that astonished them a'.  
He was always so blithe and always so gay  
To meet with his students the opening day.

And then the poor lassie her heart it was wan;  
Her coach knee her tears at the close of the day.  
She saw the dell's caddie\* that lay 'neath the lime,  
And almost she wished she were lying within.

But as the weeks passed, though her letters grew rare,  
E'en the Prof.'s learned face lost its woe look o' care.  
Though absence makes tender 'tis ne'er a long time  
And for the Professor the loss ceased to pine.

Ye see a braw laddie had come to the farm,  
And ere a month passed, with the lass on his arm  
He went up the glen and along by the burn,  
Together they danced at the hallowe'en kin.

When he heard their engagement I'm sorry to say,  
Professor felt far more relieved than woe;  
For in spite of his lore, he was but 33,  
And a bonnie young student had lighted his ee.

### What to Expect.

[It has been suggested that more social intercourse is desirable.]

There was a time, alas now gone,  
When I was most devoted  
To lectures, lab, work, and so on—  
In fact I was quite noted.  
But since I've left that narrow way  
I'm fairly off my trolley,  
I have to spend three hours a day  
Chattering with Irish Molly.  
I hang about the corridors,  
And thereby store up troubles;  
Or, in the summer, out of doors,  
Engage in sweet mixed doubles.  
In footer I have not a chance  
To make a reputation,  
My time I spend in "dunce parlance,"  
The touch-line is my station.  
I've ceased to wield the willow wood;  
At bowling I'm a duffer;  
I dare not umpire, if I could—  
My social side would suffer.  
My pipe is banished to its rack,  
The smell of smoke's forgotten,  
I could not now the vilest bac.  
Distinguish from John Cotton.  
To smokers I've not been for long,  
Accordingly no more I  
Chant the refreshing drinking-song  
(With its appropriate cheer).

Thus many things, I beg you'll note,  
I nobly did abjude,  
And wholly did myself devote  
To gain some social polish.  
And when that bitter time has come,  
As come, alas, it must do,  
And I—in company with some—  
My exam. have failed to get through,  
The ladies, pitying, I know  
(Altho' in Gath don't tell it),  
Will certainly on me bestow  
A degree in social merit.

ALXIV.

\*The dell's caddie is a local name for the seething whirl-pool beneath a waterfall.

### An Engineer's Lament.

(After a course of Physics III.)

As I sit in my study chair,  
In the glow of the fire, with the curtains drawn,  
While the snow-flakes fall through the murky air—  
The dog on the rug gives a mighty yawn.  
I start and turn with a "cussed" loud,  
From Entropy, Carnot, and calculation,  
Which late in the form of Professor St—d,  
Decrees is the engineer's sole salvation.  
I look at the hound and his lazy pose,  
As he sprawls on the rug like a drunken seaman,  
Tells well enough that he neither knows  
Nor cares a jot about Maxwell's Demon.  
And I think of the ages long gone by,  
When man and the beasts owned more relation,  
And the frequent use of Theta, Phi  
Would have led to quarrels without cessation.  
For then, when they wished to cross a river,  
They either wet their goat-skin dresses  
Or felled a tree, but certainly never  
Worried themselves about strains and stresses.  
Or when they wished to fill with light  
The cave at some big Stone-Age banquet,  
Their torches glimmered rudely-bright  
On mead, which sparkled as they drank it.  
But now the times are changed—alas  
The simple torch our north or pity raises,  
And in its place the flaring gas  
Or lamp electric, lights our halls and houses.  
Now must the budding engineer  
Be quite au-fait with terms like generator,  
With ohm, volt, farad, or ampere,  
And know the meaning of an alternator.  
Or happily, if he be a man  
Of steam, affairs electric he must deprecate  
Hold "boiler-trials" and (if he can)  
Of Entropy must give a meaning adequate.  
All very well this modern cry  
For greater knowledge, and its use extended;  
But, when at work, I often sigh—  
Quaternary man was much to be commended.  
"INERTIA."

### Answers to Correspondents.

**Braw Laddie.**—As you say you left a huge pile of books to keep your place in the Library, we hardly think she would have stolen your seat in your absence. But next time you might take it under your arm, to make sure. Yes, we said "it."

**Bookworm.**—We can quite believe that you find those long loud conversations in the corner very irritating. The placard you mention is said by those who knew it years ago, when it was clean, to enjoin "SILENCE"—upon students. But surely you do not expect High and Mighty Personages to observe rules intended for the happiness of a mere worm, such as you claim to be. Besides, you may some day be a Personage yourself, and then the boot will be on the other foot. Bear the chatter bravely.



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