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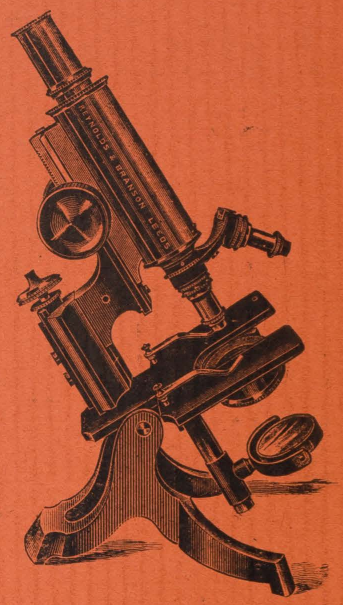

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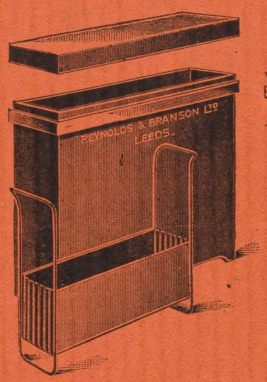

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"The Gryffon never spreadeth her wings in the sunne when she hath any sicke feathers; yet have wee ventured to present our exercises before your judgements when wee know them full well of weak matter; yeilding ourselves to the curtesie which wee have ever found than to the preciseness which wee ought to feare."—LYLY.

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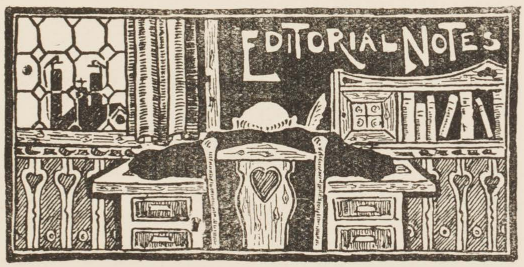

THE Leeds Law Students' Society is an enterprising body. The Mock Trial performed by its members, of which a report is published in this number of the *Gryphon*, rivalled in cleverness and in wealth of allusion the epilogue to the last Westminster play; and it had this advantage, that the allusions were clear to the non-classical mind, without any painful effort of construing, or groping to find the mood and tense of "potato" or "beer."

But beside mere smartness of dialogue, there were really good character studies, both in the text and the acting. The manner and reputation of the Judge alike declare him to be experienced in stagecraft—a weakness almost as regrettable in a Justice of Assize as his Lordship's unblushing partiality for the charming lady from the Frivolity Theatre. M. Henri Soufflé Entrée Vol au Vent de Blancmange, the waiter of St. Stephen's, gave his evidence in a fine electric manner, and ended with a display of passionate eloquence. The bomb with which he supported this outburst was happily quenched with a piece of damp blotting-paper. The defendant, Mr. Hardy Thorn, was all that a Democratic Member of Parliament and journalist should be. His principles were announced by his lounging attitude in the witness-box; by the contempt with which he addressed counsel and judge alike; and by his scarlet revolutionary tie and collar of flannel (or was it the material worn by Mr. George Alexander in "His House in Order"?). Suffragettes were present, of course, and fought bravely, as do all suffragettes. The sudden affection of Miss Crankhurst for the gentleman who asked her to speak the "Dr. Bodie, the whole Dr. Bodie, and nothing but the Dr. Bodie," and to kiss, recalls the scene in which Cicero embraced Plancius before the whole court (the only interesting passage in his celebrated defence).

We have no space to give any more impressions of this delightful trial. A fuller account has kindly been served by the Chef, H.S.E.V. au V. de Blancmange.

If all libel cases were as full of human interest as this one, *Truth* would soon become a serious rival to *Punch*.

* * *

There is at least a fair chance that Leeds may carry off all three prizes for Inter-'varsity races this year. The cup for the quarter-mile is ours already. It was won on March 6th by J. B. Fisher, who covered the quarter-mile in $55\frac{4}{5}$ seconds on very heavy ground. A. G. Goodson came in third by half a yard, and received a medal. These two representatives were met at the station by fifteen or twenty men, and the ubiquitous dinner-bell. The enthusiastic reception accorded to them aroused great interest among the passengers and employés in the station, and the townspeople outside.

* * *

A really strong and flourishing Men's Hockey Club has at last sprung into existence at the University. Its officers are energetic, and it seems likely that the club will become a permanent institution. A reference to the reports in our columns will shew that the first eleven is able to meet some of the strongest teams in the district on even terms. In some matches the University team has included four county players. The prospects for the next season are very happy.

THE CONVERSAZIONE.

ENOUGH is rather better than a feast. The hygienic meal is one which leaves in the happy conscience of the consumer the feeling that he has not quite done justice to his preprandial appetite. Similarly, in a well-conducted conversazione the conversants are never allowed an opportunity of seeing, or hearing, or tasting everything that is provided for their entertainment.

Everyone in the Conversazione of February 8th seemed to be in a pleasant state of discontent because it was impossible to see all the eight different attractions at the same time. Nobody was trying to pass the time in aimless wandering about the corridors. The Textile and Dyeing Departments were open as usual. In the Engineering Laboratory the testing machines tore up stout bars and ropes of steel before multitudes speechless with admiration. In the Physics Department the inevitable and popular X-ray apparatus conjured up memories of "William and Helen," and the "Spectre's Bride;" scattered grains of sand disposed themselves in quaint symmetrical figures at the bidding of a horse-hair bow; and many other curious devices were set out, so that it was a joy to behold them.

Perhaps the most novel of all the exhibits was a musical arc-lamp, the cunning creature of Mr. French. By means of wires connected with a gramophone on the other side of the corridor this apparently innocent arc-lamp was made to repeat the music of the best military bands. Its voice was as the voice of the gnat on the other side of the looking-glass, who addressed his fellow-passengers in the smallest possible type; but the sound was undoubtedly the echo of a brass band.

While these demonstrations were drawing large crowds, less scientific attractions were occupying the rest of the company. Mr. Mason Clarke brought over an excellent team of gymnasts for the occasion. In the Library a Toy Symphony was performed by people decked in garlands of green, which seemed to be made and dyed by the hand of man. The symphony was followed by part of a ballad concert. The Café Chantant in room 103 proved unexpectedly popular. The crowd continually grew and encroached on the precincts of the band, until, in the last piece, the 'cellist was reduced to playing slurred minims with three inches of bow.

A separate report of the Miracle Play is given below. This play is the most original dramatic work ever undertaken by the College. The characters of the "Rivals" have been an unbroken tradition for over a hundred years; the "Clouds," with the exception of the actual company, was borrowed from Oxford; but the Shepherds' Play—words, scenery, characters and music—had to be made anew, after an interval of three-and-a-half centuries. It is a great tribute to Mrs. Schüddekopf's stage-management, to Professor Moorman's arrangement and modernisation of the play, and to the ability of the actors, that the performance was so easy, natural and intelligible. The old English songs selected by Mr. Hoggett were thoroughly in keeping with the rest of the play. The Gregorian chant, accompanied by magnesium lightning, in the last scene, was particularly effective.

In the dress rehearsal the dog showed his contempt for convention by walking through the wall of Mak's cottage; but in the final performance his behaviour was admirable.

At the time of going to press the financial result of the Conversazione is not definitely known; but we learn with satisfaction that at the worst there will be very little loss, and possibly there may be some gain.

The Happiness of Student Life.

"After the poetry of school comes the prose of life. Youth, young companions, zealous and friendly teachers, mental food composed chiefly of the sweets and dainties of three or four literatures, render school and college a land of enchantment, compared with which the ordinary life of man, with its unromantic duties and its jostling indifference, seems at first a cheerless highway."*

Has any reader, when some thought he has come across appealed to him as strikingly true, felt as though he suddenly saw through the events of his life into their true significance, as though a curtain had suddenly been drawn aside? That was my feeling when I first read the words just quoted. The thought had never occurred to me that my life here at the University was at all within the domain of poetry. After reflection, the truth of the words began to come home to me. I asked myself was I right in allowing the days and months to slip by without ever noticing that they were the pleasantest, perhaps, in all my life?

It is fortunate that the period of student life coincides with youth. Its pleasantness is, indeed, mainly due to that fact. Before cold-water prudence has damped its ardour, youth is a happy season. The young man of 20 or 21 who is fortunate enough to be able to study is an enviable person. Life is full of promise. With his wants plentifully supplied, and the gift of good health, he wakes each morning with a thrill of satisfaction in mere physical existence. He feels *la joie de vivre*. Besides this, he has, by virtue of his position, manifold intellectual pleasures. That of learning, acquiring knowledge, is the most fruitful. I can conceive of no greater pleasure than for a receptive mind to learn something new every day, to feel itself progressing, broadening and becoming deeper. New ideas, new problems unfold themselves before him and lead him on to attempt their solution. Here the very limitations of the mind of the young student are a source of pleasure, illusory indeed, but none the less pleasant. Everyone cherishes an ideal. Some long for truth, some for complete life. We all of us, deep down in our hearts, have a yearning to make our names immortal,

> "And, departing, leave behind us
> Foot-prints on the sands of time."

The outlook at this period of life is naturally limited and hopeful. Perhaps it is hopeful because it sees so little of the difficulties. But what young man or woman does not look forward to the happiest possible future, a future which will see the realisation of some vaguely-outlined ideal of happiness. Our very ignorance of the world persuades us that, for us, it will be attainable. We care not that we are told, nay, that we know, that for most of us this pure crystal of the ideal will be shattered against the rough rock of Reality. Hope, the guardian angel of youth, is present to cheer away despondence. *We*, Hope whispers, are the favoured ones, *our* dreams will come true, *our* ambitions be realised. If we believe this, and feel new courage, what need we more? That belief, that feeling is Life, happiness. Then there is the freshness, the novelty with which we sense everything. We feel this, as a rule, when it is gone, and can never recur. But there are a few fortunate mortals to whom it is given to have the pleasantest possible sensations and to enjoy their freshness at the same time. In nothing is this the case so much as in a first love, if I may venture on such a subject. This wand of enchantment which casts a glamour of romance over the lives of some of us, at this period, can be counted among the greatest pleasures of student life. I could wish that the deliciously delicate heart quiverings, subtle and sweet, the tenderly awakened sympathies, which attend the birth of love were the lot of more among us. It would make us better men and women. But I must pass on to speak of feelings less rare. As we learn more of the world about us, we see the immensity of human suffering, we recognise clearly our duty to alleviate, however little, this enormous misery. And the resolutions we make, and sometimes keep, give us a feeling of righteous satisfaction, which remains even when riper years have shown how petty and insignificant our help must be.

With intellectual growth, the stage of philosophic scepticism must be passed through, and here careful piloting is needed to guide us in the tangled maze of uncertain knowledge, of opinions which are incapable of proof. But still, if we reflect, we can see that to have these doubts, to suffer the tribulations of vain attempts to know the unknowable, all this means also that we are living the life of human beings, not of beasts, and that we are realising all that is best in us. Surely that thought is not entirely painful.

There is still another pleasure-giving factor which is a consequence of the limitation spoken of above. It is what may be termed the conceit of youth; the conceit which, *e.g.*, enables a young man to forget that all his original remarks have been made before, or that conceit which will induce a youth, just out of his teens and ridiculously raw in experience (such as myself) to rush into print with generalisations on the import of life and other such comprehensive problems, with all the assurance of ignorance.

I will not insist on the more obvious pleasures incident to the life of a student such as social intercourse with fellow-students and tutors, and participation in the merry escapades to which the exuberance of youth is prone. These escapades may, and often do, lead to consequences which very few students would call pleasant, I mean the grumblings of the Professors, with an occasional earthquake in the form of a tête-a-tête with the Vice-Chancellor. All this is a well-known element in the student's life, one of the happiest of lives.

P.S.—With regard to the "mental food composed chiefly of the sweets and dainties of three or four literatures," I can only say I wish it were true. The choice of the books for study seems to me, sometimes, to be according to the principle of setting those books which would repel the students if left to their own devices, but who must digest them for the sake of the examination. On the other hand, it is perhaps not the fault of the Professors who choose the books, for we all know that what is good for us is usually nasty. The Professors, no doubt, reserve for themselves the pleasant duty of coating the pill with sugar.

S. L.

* Parton's "Life of Voltaire," vol. I., p. 50.

Man.

" The proper study of mankind is man."

If the emanations of a brain enfeebled by the long and laborious pursuit of elusive knowledge, and paralysed by the dark terrors of rapidly approaching examinations, are successful in passing the critical gaze of the Editor without being relegated to the waste paper basket and thence to the consuming flames, and if they find a humble position on a feather of that *olla podrida* of an animal, the *Gryphon*, we venture to predict that the magnetic potency of their monosyllabic three-lettered superscript will attract the eyes of numerous members of our far-famed academical institution. Whether or not they get beyond this rolling Miltonic sentence is quite another matter. And " Whit wey ? " do you ask, Macgregor-like. It is because, ay, ye may smile, reader ! It is because we designate by the noble, though much-abused title of " Man," the preponderating element of the Leeds University. Yes, those pale-faced, round-shouldered, feeble-witted striplings, who drag out their miserable existence lounging in the immediate vicinity of the guardians spirit's den, those ill-mannered youths who, if rumour's tongue be not false, in unchivalrous oblivion of wearied femininity, calmly annex the lab. stools labelled " Ladies," those hunger-bitten members of the—but let us be pitiful, enough has been said of them—all these we call " men."

What a strange animal it is, this University " man " ! We recommend you, intelligent and inquiring reader, to track it to its lair, which, so far as our observation has led us, seems to be the smoke-room, the temple dedicated by her votaries to the Lady Nicotine, that strange heathen goddess, from whose altars the blue smoke of the sacrifice ever seems to rise, and in whose honour they hold, at frequent intervals throughout the term, such Bacchanalian orgies as we of the peaceful dove-cot, in the calm and rational enjoyment of our very occasional social gatherings, are totally unable to visualise.

In justice, however, to the atomy under consideration, be it said, its time is not always taken up with the observances demanded by its peculiar cult. It has, O shade of Cicero ! it often has a hankering after rhetorical fame. Picture it ! Scene : The Impromptu. Around, a breathless audience, their gaze fastened on one poor, hapless, budding, mannikin, which vainly strives to still its trembling knees, whilst rolling eye and blushing cheek bear eloquent testimony to the agony within, and which, in an almost inarticulate infantile lisp, tortures and murders a noble thought, not its own. Or again, mark how it enters with keen avidity into the study of social questions which it cannot understand, expresses an ardent desire to become a Socialist. but knows not how, or, with the refreshing conceit peculiar to youth, especially male youth, orders the affairs of the nation in a Parliamentary debate and more or less seriously passes immature judgment on the Suffragettes (may their shadows never grow less).

We have not as yet mentioned the education of this " man," and in truth it is but a minor point. It attends lectures of course, as in duty bound, and expresses its appreciation of a telling professorial hit by rapid intermittent contact of its pedal extremities with neighbouring boards, or by sundry uncouth sounds with the mouth, significant probably of an earlier and more undeveloped stage of prehistoric existence. This, however, is a question for the Darwinians. It is too abstruse for us, and we merely suggest it as a subject for discussion at the next meeting of the Scientific Society.

We might go on to depict the outdoor gambols of this frolicsome creature ; but to do justice to the subject would require a treatise of no inconsiderable length, and our aim is but to direct the student of nature in his scientific examination of the attributes of this strange and fascinating specimen, the habits of which, when made known to the world, we feel convinced, will prove to be as erratic and inconsistent as—well, as the British System of Weights and Measures, and will be regarded with good-humoured amusement by the tolerant eyes of that more worthy and excellent section of humanity, to wit, *Les Femmes*.

Studens Naturae.

Science Guide II.

For First Year Students.

[The first Science Guide has proved so helpful to first-year students that it seems probable that there will be no failures in the Inter. B.Sc. examination this year. It is with the object of further ensuring this grand possibility that a second instalment has been written. The author hopes that his young friends may again find his notes helpful and inspiring.]

Atomic Wait.

Recent researches on the radio-active elements have shewn that when a quantity of radium is left sealed up in a tube for a long time, a small quantity of a gas, Helium, is produced by the breaking-down of the radium atom. This process of disintegration, however, takes place very slowly, and it is calculated that not until thousands of years had passed would one grain of radium have entirely disappeared. Thus it appears that though some of the atoms will break up sooner than others, the meantime that elapses before the atoms are disintegrated is quite a long one. This is called the Atomic Wait.

Osmotic Pressure

Is due to the attracting power of the molecules of a substance dissolved in water for the molecules of water—the solute molecules are thirsting for *water*, more *water !* Many students find this conception very difficult to grasp, until it is pointed out that the molecules are governed by certain fixed laws, and that it is not necessarily their own taste that they display in preferring so primitive a liquid.

Viscous (*see* Beard).

The Law of Fixed Rations

Is the law by which the students who dine at the Refectory are governed. It states that a student who buys a term ticket or a University dinner (one shilling) shall have soup, entree or joint,and sweets—take it or leave it. If a man does not want soup on any particular day, and would like instead cheese or stewed fruit after his pudding, the law steps in and says he

cannot have it, unless he pays extra. That is, he cannot substitute a twopenny stewed fruit for three-pennyworth of soup owing to this law.

Or again, as may be conceived, sometimes the Specific Eat of a student is higher than that fixed by this law, and he may want four courses. If so, he must pay one and sevenpence.

The law just described is of the type called "Arbitrary."

THE CALCULUS.

The Calculus, like the Octopus, is a fierce and terrible monster, at whose name students shudder, as sailors do when they hear the octopus mentioned. Those who have seen it at close quarters say that it has two distinct parts, the part called "Integral" being the more forbidding. It does not feed on its prey, but casts an insidious spell over him, so that a student within its power is seen to go about pale and worn. Many people have been seduced into its presence by a Lamb, which, however, is now known to be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

The Calculus is an amphibious animal, and the number in the sea always increases markedly during the latter end of June. Close season: July to September.

THEORY OF LIMITS, LAW OF DIFFERENTIATION.

These two laws governed the drawing up of the Library Regulations. The Theory of Limits only applies to students. It states that a student's borrowing power is limited to certain books, and that he may only retain the books he borrows for a certain very short time—some books for one night, others for twelve days. If he fails to return his book when due he is fined 1d. or 2d. *per day.*

The Theory of Limits also limits the number of books that a student may borrow to three.

By the Law of Differentiation, however, the rules for the staff are quite different. A member of the staff may take out *any* book from the Library; he may keep a reference book for two days, and any other book *as long as he wishes.* He may also borrow as many books as he likes, without limit, and, if he retains books after they have been asked for by someone else, *no fines* may be imposed upon him.

The Law of Differentiation is not without exception however, for when a member of the staff drops a book in the mud on a wet day, he is fined as if he were a mere student.

WEX.

Surveying in Southern Mexico.

IT is a long jump from Barden, Wharfedale, to the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, Mexico, but it is with the hope of interesting those who are going (or have been) to the former place this Easter Vacation as well as with the desire of softening that hard and worried expression so prevalent of old with Editors of the *Gryphon*, "owing to lack of contributions," that I write these few medley notes, as one who for two consecutive years appreciated the pleasures of Barden, and who is now enjoying the mixed blessings of life in the Tropics. Our work consists of a complete survey of a rubber plantation of approximately 5,000 acres, which is situated 18 miles from the town of Minatitlan. This town as will be seen from the map, lies 5.5 degrees south of the Tropic of Cancer, about 50 miles inland from the Gulf of Campeche. As conditions are so diametrically opposite, it would be a hard task to try and compare a second year student's work at Barden with that of an Assistant Engineer on a survey in this country—but of one thing I am certain, the student always has had and will have the easier time, even if his taskmaster is the energetic H. Ade. C.! Somewhat!!! For the benefit of those who have never seen cultivated rubber I would say that a rubber tree grows up to 14 in. in diameter, height up to 30 ft. and more, and has the peculiar characteristic of shedding its lowest branches each winter, so that by the time a tree is thirty feet high, there may be twenty-five feet of bare stem, the remainder only with offshoots. The leaves are long and drooping and always grow out at right angles to the branches. A few characteristic features of the country may be of interest:—Distinctly hilly, in many places exceedingly swampy, where not cultivated the country is either covered with forest or large areas of swamps. This latter remark I only apply to the country immediately surrounding this plantation. The surveying party consists of a Chief Engineer and two Assistants, with as many natives or "mozos" as may be required. We left New York on November 22nd last and arrived at our destination on December 4th. It was at first intended to map out a complete system of triangulation, but owing to the height and density of the areas of rubber brushwood, etc., it was found impracticable unless a great deal of extra time and money were expended on the same. At present we are working out a large system of polygonisation, using one road which runs from the N.E. corner to near the S.W. corner of the property as our main line, on which branch roads, compass lines, etc., are tied up. I use the word roads with reserve, as there are none at all for many, many miles around, at least as we understand even country roads in England. A road here is a mule track, may be through rubber, coffee, or banana plantations, forests, swamps, or what not. Vehicles of any kind, excepting a very few weird carts in some of the larger towns, are unknown quantities. The whole of the plantation is bounded by forest, and the work necessary in draining these lines may be well imagined. These lines are of course nothing but very narrow clearings cut through the forest, and in many places just wide enough for a man to walk along. That, however, is not the hardest chaining. The fun begins when one has to run compass lines on the border of the underbrush or forest and the rubber proper. Many and many a time have I been up to my waist and above in long grass, etc., with water over my ankles, and sometimes the knee. An enormous amount of clearing has to be done in order to be able to run even an approximate compass line, in other words, we keep two or three "mozos" with "machetas" ahead of us clearing sites sufficient for the compass man to be able to see the forward flag or pole. A "macheta" is a Mexican instrument—all made in Hartford, Conn., U.S.A.!!!—which has a pointed blade about twenty-four inches long by 2.5 inches wide, with a very short handle, but

the work which can be done with one by one who knows how to use it, is marvellous. It is a scythe, axe, razor, dinner and pocket knife, screw driver—in fact it is the Mexican Indian's one and only tool. Theodolite or transit work as we always call it is comparatively straight forward work, being entirely confined to the "roads." At present we are putting no topographical features on the map, our object being at first to locate the roads, water courses, camps and areas of batches of rubber of different ages, and clearings. A clearing here by the way, is a tract of land where the forest has been burnt or cut down, but where up to the present nothing has been planted, but nature decrees that it shall be covered with dense underbrush often ten to twenty feet in height. Nevertheless it is a clearing!!

As to the climate, at present we are fortunately drawing to the end of the rainy season, and when it rains in the tropics it gets busy right away—a drizzle is unknown. The lightest of English summer clothing can of course be worn in January, many a day the perspiration simply streams down off one, but fortunately the nights are always cool enough, throughout the year nearly, to ensure good sleep. If asked what the "bête noir" of the country was, I should immediately answer, the mosquito. To use a drawing room expression, these little wretches are intolerable, especially to one who like myself is endowed with an extremely sensitive skin as far as insects are concerned. Stagnant water is the paradise of mosquitos, and those of you who know what surveying at Barden is like, may indeed consider you have an ideal job. Imagine surveying in a swamp with water up to your ankles, tropical sun, and often, without exaggeration, your shirt black with mosquitos! Those who have never known what these little creatures can inflict upon one can hardly realise what the term "mosquito pest" truly indicates; however, we have to take the rough with the smooth, and "it all comes in a lifetime." Our mode of living of course is extremely simple. Generally we sleep at the main building of the plantation, which is a comfortable wooden building, with large open windows (no glass), covered with very fine mosquito netting, built on timber piles and brick arches. Often however, our work necessitates our staying for two or three days at a time in any one of the camps or Indian villages on the plantation, or otherwise much valuable time would be lost in the saddle. And it is when in these camps, to use an American expression, that one "gets it on the neck." Mosquitos galore, food weird in the extreme, beds consisting of a piece of canvas, 6 feet by 3 feet 6 inches, stretched between two folding tressels within a hut constructed out of a framework of poles tied together with a cord weed, and a roof of palm leaves over your head and mother earth for your carpet. There is not a single nail used in the construction of any of these huts with the exception of those which are favoured with doors, which are few and far between. In spite of all this, we manage to be comfortable and happy, at least the latter if not the former! When one knows it is impossible to obtain anything better and you probably have as good as anyone within fifty miles, it is wonderful in what a different aspect things appear. We do not deceive ourselves by thinking we are living in a huge London or Fifth Avenue hotel! Through my exeprience (in Canada, the States, and Mexico) since I left College, although not long since, I could give departing third year Engineers a few tips; one or two, however, will suffice. If you emigrate to any part on the Western side of the Atlantic, *don't* be afraid of degrading yourself through any kind of work—if honest—whether that work demands a frock coat and silk hat or khaki breeches and shirt sleeves, get at it. The man who does not "get a move on" does not only not progress, but slides down the ladder, and over on this side of the "herring pond" it is a precious short way to the bottom. A few of my jobs have been clearing and repairing scales, taking scales out of abbatoirs, driving railroad waggon at time of strike, pick and shovel work in main streets, erecting gas and gasolene engines in Greek, French, and Jewish ice-cream parlors, commercial traveller, consulting engineer, labourer's errand boy on contract, superintendent, etc., etc., in fact as they say "any old job." —*Experientia Docet.* If you go with a surveying party as assistant, fall in rather than out with the whims and fancies of your chief and do little details, no matter how simple, without actually being told to, and above all things never argue with your chief in the field, wait until the evening to show off your argumentative and oratorical attainments. The result of not heeding part of this advice besides other points, has on my present work been the cause of the dismissal of my fellow assistant, a brilliant book man, but no good in the field. I have found that an ounce of common sense and a ton of energy are worth volumes of text books. Whilst the principles underlying the practice are essential, yet for the man from College to try and stuff down the throat of his chief the vastness of his technical knowledge is fatal.

We expect to finish the first part of our work at the end of March if the weather clerk is kind; the second part, the topographical, has not yet been definitely decided upon. We are fearfully isolated here, and there is no chance of seeing the outside world unless one takes an eighteen mile ride by pony or mule, across "roads" which are at present almost impassable, through water, or by boat or canoe down the river to Coatzacoalcos, about 40 miles; even then the two places I am thinking of are nothing more than villages, and they in themselves being almost cut off from civilisation. We get a mail, *if* we are lucky, once a week. All students will be glad to hear that all the old students whom I have seen or corresponded with in America since I left College, are doing well and doing their utmost to keep up the record and prestige of the former Yorkshire College, and present Leeds University.

A. C. WARD.

Hot Work.

HEATING. HEATING. HEATING. HEATING. *Extract from Letter*:—"Thanking you for the attention you devoted to the work, which is quite satisfactory so far, and warms the Church splendidly."—*Advt. in "Newcastle Chronicle."*

The Shepherds' Play (Towneley Mystery).

THE University must be allowed, even by its enemies, to have the spirit of adventure. During the present session it has made two dramatic plunges of great enterprise and, when all circumstances are considered, of great novelty. Last term we put on the stage, with great applause, a comedy of Aristophanes. This term we have tried our hand at a Medieval Mystery. In the latter case, the first suggestion came from Professor Moorman, who, in a lecture delivered in the autumn of 1905 before the Yorkshire Dialect Society, expressed a hope that the second Shepherds' Play of the Towneley (or Wakefield) Mystery might some day be publicly performed. The suggestion was eagerly taken up by some of our students; and the performance on the evening of the Conversazione was the result. That London and Chester had the start of us by a few weeks in performances of the same kind, does not detract from our merit. Neither London nor Chester had ventured on Aristophanes. To have combined "insolent Greece" with the rustic piety of the middle ages is ours alone.

Such modernisation of the language as was necessary—but it amounted to far less than might have been expected—was made, with great skill, by Professor Moorman; and the stage management was, as usual, in the hands of Mrs. Schüddekopf. The task of mounting the play was manifestly one of extreme difficulty. The unknown author had been unkind enough to take no thought of modern requirements; he had not even the grace to insert any stage directions. He doubtless foresaw that he would be perfectly safe in the hands of his latter-day reviver; and his confidence was amply justified by the result. The scene varied—as the text clearly intends that it should—between the moor (decorated with a milestone which pointed in one direction to Leeds, in the other to Bethlehem) and the cottage of the lively but graceless Mak. And the Epilogue gave a highly effective view of Jerusalem—or was it Bethlehem?—with the star shining over the inn to which the shepherds bent their steps as the curtain fell. Nothing, in short, coud have been better than the mounting of the play; and it may fairly be said that the acting was good to match.

The play itself may have been something of a shock to those who had little or no notion of the medieval mind, and what seem to us its strange vagaries. Rollicking farce merging at the end into rapt devotion—that is the general character of the piece; and it offers a perfectly faithful mirror of the medieval mind and its working in such matters. The middle ages were great children, and they handled the personages and incidents of the Bible just as children handle the painted figures of Noah's Ark; using them as an image of their own experience and feelings; making them speak and act precisely like the members of their own family circle and acquaintance. The notion that religion was to be kept at a respectful distance from the common affairs of life had never dawned upon them. On the contrary, the closer it was brought to the ordinary joys and sorrows of men, the more completely it was made to speak their language and to echo their feelings, the better. No thought of irreverence ever crossed their mind; and it seemed the most natural thing in the world that a tale of sheep-stealing and blanket-tossing should end with the Angels' song, proclaiming peace on earth and good-will towards men.

The actors entered thoroughly into the spirit of the piece. The three shepherds both spoke and acted their parts uncommonly well; and the part of the first shepherd, who opens the play, and may be called the chief spokesman of the guild throughout, cannot have been by any means easy. It was a happy thought that at one moment they were reinforced by a magnificent collie, who seemed to have a particular affection for the third shepherd, and who came on and went off at his proper cues with great sagacity. The parts of Mak, the sheep-stealer, and his resourceful partner Gyll, lent themselves, it may be supposed, more readily to representation. Mr. Battle, who seems to revel in the character of official villain to the University, and Mr. Moulden, threw themselves into the farce with unflagging spirit. The former was specially good in his bare-faced and plausible denials of the theft, his injured innocence, and his frantic efforts, unfortunately fruitless, to prevent the unveiling of the cradle and its bulky occupant. The latter was excellent in his unwonted character of the new-made mother; and once only, by a somewhat masculine flounce on to the bed as the unwelcome visitors approached, did he betray the full extent of his imposture.

Altogether, the actors, as well as those who were responsible for the choice and mounting of the play, are to be heartily congratulated. And a hope may be expressed that the precedent, so well set this year, will be followed up in the future; that the University will put upon the stage, from time to time, other masterpieces, not only of the Greek drama, but also of the English, the French and the German. There seems to be no reason why some of the earlier comedies of Shakespeare, things which are seldom, if ever, seen in the theatres, should not some day be attempted. And the same would surely apply to the simpler plays of Molière; and even, to take a more adventurous instance, to the simpler tragedies of the Greeks.

How to get a First-Class in Terminals.

As the terminal exams. are now impending, a few hints garnered from one's own experience as to how to get firsts may not come amiss.

The fact that the writer has not got any firsts does not prevent him seeing how they can be got.

For instance, if you ask a Leeds porter, he will be able probably to direct you to Manchester or Bradford, although it is more than probable that he has never been to either place himself, you would take his advice. Take the following hints, then; they have been selected with great personal consideration and experience; put them into practice, and you will be certain to get double firsts at Easter.

Being an Arts student, the writer is somewhat limited, but, examiners, like babies, or pug pups, do not vary much.

Firstly, a few hints as to work in the term. This has a great effect on terminals.

Ask plenty of questions. The professor or lecturer likes them, as he can by answering them show his deep learning and retell his jokes; but it is advisable if possible to let the questions have some connection, however slight, with the subject in hand.

Then, again, if any of you go to 2 o'clock lectures in U.H. and want to indulge in a well-earned nap, do so quietly, don't snore, as that not only aggravates the professor, but also prevents those near you from taking their rest.

Certain professors have a curious dislike to your coming in late.

A lady student of a classical language has been known to come a few moments late, and to depart again fearful of disturbing the class, or rather the professor.

With lecturers or professors who are fond of fresh air it is advisable not to tie up the window cords or try to take lectures seated on the radiators, if you do the former they only make a point of opening all the more windows, and the radiators are usually in need of warmth themselves.

Before terminals it is advisable to wish every professor or lecturer you meet a happy holiday. I say every one because some of them have been known to hand on your papers for others to correct and mark, so it is well to be on the safe side. Those who live near would do well to send invitations to the powers that be to dances or similar seasonable festivities. Many of them are fond of dancing, and unhappily cannot indulge their fondness for this form of exercise in the University precincts—at least not in public—weird things are said to go on in their private rooms; but these are rather small for dancing.

When it comes to examination time it is advisable to be fairly punctual and not, if possible, introduce "Kelly's," "Gile's," or "Welton's," or other aids into the examination room. "Welton's" are bulky and awkward to manipulate. Other hints are given on the exercise books you are provided with; though some it is good to disregard. For instance, one hint is to write legibly. This is quite wrong. In writing words the correctness of which you are not sure about, it often pays to write illegibly—the examiner, if he is a good-natured one, will give you the benefit of the doubt; if he is not, you may as well give up all hopes of firsts, or even seconds.

The trick of introducing the action of the common pump, or a list of the Kings of Judah, just to show that though you cannot answer the questions asked, you do know something, has, unfortunately, been played out, and but few examiners are unacquainted with it. Still in an extremity, it might serve.

I forgot to say that amongst the various idiosyncrasies Arts professors have, is a trick of expecting you to prepare your work before you go to lectures. If a first is aimed at such peculiarities must be studied and complied with.

Lastly, if when you come to your papers you find you cannot answer any of the questions set before you, do not be downhearted or disparage your own abilities, but remember the old adage, "A fool can ask questions which a wise man cannot answer."

In such cases you are compelled to stay in the room for half an hour, and after having splashed some ink on your books and put a footnote to explain that this has been done to relieve the monotony, you can profitably spend the rest of your time in writing a letter or article to the *Gryphon* on the insatiable curiosity, or hardheartedness of professors.

W. S. K.

Police Intelligence.

Fair-Lox *v.* Thorne.

The Story of a Great Trial.

A FANFARE of trumpets sound, and the Leeds Civil Court echoes and re-echoes with the sonorous swelling notes. The great audience in the Court rises respectfully as, preceded by his marshall, Sir Leslie Marcan, the distinguished judge, enters to try the great cause of Fair-Lox *v.* Thorne. Every eye is centred on that aged bent figure as, leaning heavily on his staff, he steps to the judgment seat. Old in years, though he evidently in his mind is as alert as ever. His firm, clear cut features and compressed lips convey the idea of strength, and his bright twinkling eyes shew that little can escape his gaze. This is a great judge, and the vast audience know that the issue before the Court will indeed be "well and truly tried."

What has caused the public to flock in such numbers into the musty purlieus of the law?

The reason is plain! Fair-Lox *v.* Thorne touches the public honour and interest, at a dozen points. Aspersions have been cast upon a popular Tory M.P., one of the bulwarks of the constitution, so to speak, and his traducer is a Labour member. Might not this be the first skirmish in the battle of the Haves and the Have-nots? and are not questions of women's suffrage, of the relationship of the Church and Stage, and of the importation of alien *entre preneurs* inextricably involved?

The judge takes his seat, and the customary bustle of a great cause commences. The jury, "a specially common" one for the occasion, is noisily sworn. The form of oath is "that you will well and truly try, and believe each barefaced lie, so help you, Ananias," and each juryman, to do him justice, looks well able to play his part.

The Associate in stentorian tones calls out "Fair-Lox *v.* Thorne." All is excitement in court, and the buzz of voices mingles with the rustle of ladies' dresses. "Silence!" calls the usher, and you could hear a sledge hammer drop. Sir Lengthy Spouter, K.C., X.M.P., rises—"I appear for the Plaintiff, m' lud," he says pompously, "and with me, my friend, Mr. R. A. Lepard." "I'm for the Defendant," echoes Sir Leading Casey briskly, "and with me, Mr. T. P. Perky." The machinery of the courts is at last in motion, and Sir Lengthy Spouter briefly tells the jury what all the fuss is about. The Plaintiff, Mr. George Algernon Fair-Lox, M.P. for Slopton Magna,

had in all innocence taken a fair actress, Miss Camomile De Ferd, to tea on the Terrace of the Houses of Parliament. Mr. Hardy Thorne had seen the pleasant tête-à-tête, the green-eyed monster had been aroused within him, and he had written a scathing article in the *Minority*, a halfpenny "rag," and dear at the price. This was the libel, and damages were claimed. Mr. Lepard is young in years, but he is old in cunning. He goes through the scurrilous article in detail, now working himself into a passion of indignation, now endeavouring with satirical intonation to shew the gross innuendo, now appealing in ingenious accents to the fair play of the jury:

> "Whilst in the precincts of the House," says the libeller, "heroic women were being violently frog-marched by hired hooligans in blue, a dainty, much wronged and bejewelled nincompoop of feminine vanity was drawing a noble Tory legislator from his imperial duties. A pretty sight truly. Shades of Burke, of Pitt, of Daniel O'Connell, aye of Old Noll himself, may we hope that your ghostly eyes were blinded on this occasion."

And so the libel went on. And Mr. Lepard made the most of his opportunities.

Mr. George Algernon Fair-Lox is a fair-haired, eye-glassed, somewhat vacuous looking young gentleman of about forty summers, and perhaps one less winters. He is irreproachably attired, and when in doubt as to the answers be should give, he derives great intellectual assistance from endeavouring to masticate his stick. "What!" Only a few families visited. The rest were farmers, shopkeepers, and inferior persons. "What!" Of course his tête-à-tête with Miss De Ferd had been of the most innocent description, and he had been terribly injured mentally, morally, and intellectually. "What!"—by the defendant's article. Sir Leading Casey put him through a fierce cross-examination, and got his dander up on many an occasion. "Oh, damn it all," says the indignant witness. "You must not use language like that" says his lordship reprovingly. "Oh, what, don't you remember when you were golfing with the governor last summer," simpers the plaintiff. "Leave the box, sir," roars his lordship angrily, and Mr. Fair-Lox disappears for the nonce from the fierce light of publicity.

A buzz of excitement fills the court as the Associate bawls "Miss Camomile De Ferd!" This is the beautiful Frivolity Girl, who has set Themis into action, and all the world agog. All eyes are directed upon the witness-box, and then—ah, what a vision of beauty; what a subject for the brush of Gainsborough or the chisel of Michael Angelo. The judge peers over his glasses at the beautiful form before him and his stern features soften into a smile of welcome. Miss De Ferd takes off her glove daintily and kisses the Book. Every male present wishes he were in the place of the Book. Miss De Ferd is an excellent witness. She tells her story with naivéte, and apparent truthfulness. She had merely had an innocent flirtation with the plaintiff. In fact met him at the Covent Garden Hop. "Hop, hop," says his lordship, "what is a hop?" And when he gets the answer, "Dear me," he rejoins, "I thought it was Tetley's tenpenny." Then up rises Sir Leading Casey, and incisively he puts his questions. But Counsel has rather a rough handling. He probes into her affaires du cœur. "Some folks are jealous," replies Miss De Ferd, petulantly. "Are you going to make me an offer, Tumpty? No!" The judge is evidently greatly impressed by the witness, and his notes are copious—some on his cuffs!

"Henri Soufflé Entrée Vol au Vent de Blancmange" bawls the Associate. The pit-a-pat of brisk steps is heard, and Henri Soufflé de Blancmange steps actively into the witness box. He is a dapper little figure, adorned with a large tie described in the fashion papers as "a delightful confection of inflammatory hue." He gazes defiantly round the court, for he dislikes les Anglais even more than he dislikes society in general. Will he kiss the Book? No. But softening, "He vill kiss ze ladies," and he blows kisses galore. Will he swear like a Scotsman? "Non, non." He does not vear ze kilt. At last he is sworn and gives his evidence. He is a waiter on the Terrace, and he saw the plaintiff and Miss De Ferd at tea. Did he see "anything of interest pass between the parties?" "Non, non, zere vas not room." In examination and cross-examination alike he was bright, volatile, but cautious. Ah! Sir Lengthy Spouter bethinks himself. Does the witness know the Rue de Destruction, Paris? Does he know the Anarchistic Brotherhood there? Did he not propose the toast "a bas les Autocrats." The witness gets more and more agitated, and at last gives vent to a melancholy swan song. "Ah, ze game is up. Shade of Brutus, of Robespierre, of Guy Fawkes, of Czogoz, I vill die like a hero." And stooping for an instant he hurls a bomb into the well of the court. In the commotion that follows, the Anarchistic Frenchman is dragged out of the court still shouting "A bas les Autocrats, a bas, a bas." The only man who preserves his presence of mind is the Associate, and he extinguishes the burning fuse with a nip of the fingers. "There's no danger," he says. But never the less the court adjourns for the judge to send his report to the *Maily Dail*.

His lordship, having refreshed his inner man with steak, washed down with claret, Mr. Perky opens the defendant's case. He is bright and succinct, and with little ado, calls the defendant, Mr. Hardy Thorne. An honest fellow is this, who has lived by the sweat of his brow once or twice, and now resides at Poplar, Ham. He leans nonchalantly on the witness box, and looks fearlessly, even defiantly, at judge and counsel from beneath his bushy eyebrows. He is taken rapidly through his public career, and he admits that he prefers the Leeds City Council to St. Stephen's. "There's less work and more deppetation expenses," he explains. Mr. Thorne was full of good things. "I hear they're going to have a Zoo in Leeds," he says, referring to the plaintiff, "I'm glad of it, 'e'll find it more omely." But honest Mr. Thorne overshoots his bolt, and is finally peremtorily told to leave the box.

Again the court is all excitement. "Miss Christabel Koffdrop Crankhurst" calls the Associate, and into the box steps a big, loose set, angular woman of forty summers—more or less, as the auctioneers say. She has vivid red hair reminiscent of a Doré painting of the Infernal Regions, and her voice is pitched to

top *Z*. Being a suffragette of course, she refuses to be sworn. "I refuse to accept the jurisdiction of a court presided over by a mere man," she says defiantly. At last she does swear, and explains that she is President of the Society for the Extermination of Man, and the Anti-Corset League. She lectures on "Man the Brute," and admits a preference for simpering curates like Mr. Meek, the next witness. Then, fired by a spirit of enthusiasm, she waves a blood-red banner bearing across it the legend, "Votes for Women." Syrens in the gallery respond, also violently wave banners, and take up the freedom-loving cry. At last quiet is restored, and Miss Crankhurst proceeds with her evidence. But again her untamable spirit gets beyond restraint, and she has to be ejected from the court by two stalwart policemen. A few seconds afterwards, one of them returns with one half of his luxuriant growth of whiskers removed and his tunic like a pattern drawn in thread-work. "Have you removed her?" says his lordship. "Yes, m' lud." "Was she quiet?" "Yes, m' lud" replies the constable wiping the blood from his face, "quiet as a lamb." His lordship smiles approvingly, "I shall recommend you for the Victoria Cross" he says. And even the usher could not restrain a cheer.

The Reverend Silas Meek, alias the "fighting parson," is the last witness. He tells us that he has a hobby to see life, and his curious little ways lead him to the Alhambra and other haunts of vice. One he took for Exeter Hall. "Quite so, Mr Meek," says his lordship appreciatively, "I've made the same mistake myself." The witness is a funny little fellow, and ends his brief sojourn in the witness box by appealing to judge and jury to purchase a ticket for "our Church Bazaar." His lordship is cajoled into buying a ticket, and the marshal hands the business-like little parson a sovereign with a request for the change. "We ne-ver give change" drawls the Reverend Silas, and with a profound wink, he leaves the box. Then, the floodgates of forensic oratory are opened, and counsel wrangle, and orate eloquently whilst judge and jury sleep and audience yawn. At last his lordship awakes, and then begins the summing up. Like the parson's sermon, there are many heads but only one text—and that text is Camomile De Ferd. The jury returns a verdict for the plaintiff. 'Tis true that they only award a farthing damages, but that is because the plaintiff is already wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice, in the possession of his beauteous Cammie.

Thus ends the great cause of Fair-Lox *v.* Thorne. His lordship gravely enters judgment, bows to the jury with old-time courtesy, and with dignified mien leave the court in a blaze of scarlet and ermine. Counsel gather up their papers, and, the mimic warfare of the Court at an end, go to a common mess to sip their port and crack their walnuts.

KINDRED FEELING.—"If dere's any invention dat I have a profound respeck for," said Movealong Mike, "it's de founting pen." "What's de reason?" inquired Plodding Pete. "Dey never works."

Provincial Drama.—A Farce.

IN the last number of this magazine there was an interesting article by "Sheridan," raising the question of the unsatisfactory condition of the modern stage. I wish to speak of it more particularly with regard to the provinces.

It seems that if a man of ordinary education has artistic tastes he can usually find picture galleries containing pictures worth looking at, or if he be musical, there are concerts of the best where he can go and be happy, and books of every price and description can be bought for the asking—but should his tastes for the noblest and most elaborate of all arts, the drama, be in any way refined (I will not say classical), those tastes so far from being educated, are in danger of being lowered by a frequent and regular use of the provincial playhouse.

For this "Sheridan" gives two reasons and a remedy. The reasons, the depraved tastes of the public and the pandering policy of the managers; the remedy, a theatre or theatres placed financially above the immediate need of popular support. This remedy is a practical one, has proved successful in other countries, and perhaps is the only one possible under existing circumstances. But the reasons—why and by what means the public (the young and educated portion at least) are presented with and appear to approve of the musical absurdities and problem vulgarities that pass for stage plays in provincial towns—are of supreme interest and deserve examination.

In the first place a Leeds youth is the victim for his craving for music of some sort. No matter how foolish the words, he will applaud a song nightly at the pantomime and whistle it to himself continually during the day if only the air is pleasing and easily picked up. It has been said that to a deaf man noticing the occupants of a ball room for the first time, it would seem that the men and women engaged in dancing were disporting themselves as the inmates of a lunatic asylum. How much more extraordinary then would appear the performance of a pantomime or average musical comedy if acted without the reconciling element or blinding veil of the music.

If a company of youthful playgoers could but have their sense of sound—as regards the music—suspended for a night or two, and observe their heroine perform her antics, appropos of noting at all in the middle possibly of an otherwise sane afternoon tea scene, unaccompanied by the soft tones of the orchestra, or could they hear the sentimental words of the love duet without the extenuating element of the singing, perhaps then the length and breadth of folly to which the comedy opera (the most frequent of theatre productions) has sunk, might dawn upon them. But apart from the music, the buffoonery and violent action of these plays seem to exercise a great fascination over a large section of the public. A modern playwright has said that no Englishman can "play" a game, he always works at it, and this to a great extent is true. The so-called "games" of cricket and football, etc., are taken as seriously as the duties of business or study, and who shall say

that this is a bad thing, but "play" if it presents anything to his mind, suggests playing the fool. Now the present day young man, whether he leads the strenuous life or not, has come to regard the theatre as a place of recreation or play. If you ask him he will say that after a long day's work he goes to the theatre to be amused, and does not want to be made to think—and as a result, the play is rapidly becoming a playing the fool.

If the society play or a parody on Ibsen has not the spontaneous interest or true passion to attract and hold the attention of the audience, it is natural that the younger members should become restless. They desire changes of scene and action, and want movement and life, no matter of what source, in fact they want the music hall, and if they are wise, they go to the music hall and leave the theatre alone.

The managers, however, are not content with this, their audiences begin to fail and they change their production. But instead of improving the play itself, instead of supplying the interest for the skilful plot or fierce strife of opposing characters, the insipid heroes and heroines are maintained. Clothed in new and varied costumes and backed by expensive scenery, they revive their popularity by song and dance and by the help of the hired buffoon; and the young audiences return finding a new source of interest provided, and repair in the future for amusement and sensual entertainment. This to a very large extent has happened, especially in provincial theatres, and perhaps the thoughtless amusement-loving student is not to blame for taking advantage of the change, *if* he concerns himself (or even his own class) alone.

But when do we ever concern ourselves alone? He overlooks the fact that the theatre *is not the place* for such entertainment, he forgets that there is a large class of people to whom the theatre is the only possible place of education. Men who have neither morals nor religion, who go neither to Church or Chapel, are to be found in the theatre, and therefore the theatre is the only place were they can be shewn a truer or deeper view of things. But at present do they often find plays that do this? or are they likely to find them, when the musical farce is as highly patronised as it is at present.

And for the student himself—in spite of his assertions that to be amused in the evening is his chief object, he is often to be found (the Leeds man especially) at concerts where the best and most classical music is played; or on occasions (perhaps rare ones) he will wait on his Scott or his Thackeray. He is not then lacking in ability to appreciate good plays, and to find in them that interest which can hold a man as no music hall triviality can hope to do.

Now theatre managers at heart are willing to improve the tone of their theatres and to make them a home of art (though art means very little to the average mind). But they follow as they think the popular tastes, and the tastes they have chosen are the most superficial and shallow.

Setting aside classical masterpieces, there are magnificent plays of vital interest that have been and will be written if there is a call for them from intelligent English audiences.

Managers have taken a wrong step in the past. If they could recognise the fact that the public have higher interests which, on being appealed to, will draw them to the theatre play as surely as to a music hall play, then the drama will become the medium of education, reform, even inspiration, which it ought to be, and which to many nationalities it has proved to be.

But managers will never recognise this, and the stage will remain as it is, if we flock continually to the extravaganzas that now command it. We have a responsibility that cannot be evaded with regard to our theatres, because of all public institutions their influence is the greatest. If this influence is good, the effect is widespread, but if it is worthless or evil, the harm is widespread, and those of the educated classes who are playgoers are to blame.

P. H. E. B.

Komura Night.

On January 31st, Baron Komura visited our noble pile of learning, and attended the Court dinner. It was deemed fit that the students should also have a night out and honour the distinguished foreigner with a torch-light procession. A rival entertainment was held at the Refectory while the Court was at dinner, and about two hundred students gathered there to gain energy to carry them as far as Roundhay.

Dr. Dawson occupied the chair, and from time to time called upon various individuals to perform, which they gallantly endeavoured to do with but little success, for there were musical instruments of all kinds there, from the big drum to the penny trumpet, taking in motor horns, dinner bells, and such trifles *en passant*. We also drank heartily of that which cheers and inebriates—if taken in sufficient quantity.

About 10 p.m. the procession formed up in College Road and awaited the noble Baron. His arrival was the signal for a very inferno of noise; coloured fires dispelled the gloom of night, and shed a halo of glory upon the motley rout beneath. One luckless wight, who had laid up treasure upon earth in the form of a huge flare, lit it at the wrong end, with disastrous results to his hand. Another gentleman, aided from behind by several vigorous assistants, made an interesting research upon the durability of a brougham window. We have no record of the language with which he announced the result. Eventually we started, and proceeded on our journey to Roundhay, led by the energetic man with the drum. All the old songs were sung *en route*, likewise the new ones. What a hideous din must have been raised! for about twenty different songs were being sung at the same time, accompanied by the various instruments, of which there were very few duplicates. Cake-walking was indulged in, but too much energy was required to perform that mode of progression for long.

Having arrived at the residence of Mr. A. G. Lupton—whose guest Baron Komura was—we lined up at the entrance, and the Baron, elevated upon a table, kindly obliged us with a short speech. Then we retired to Roundhay Road, where special cars—

generously provided by Mr. Lupton—waited to take us back to town. So back we went, singing and cheering, until at length we arrived at College Road.

There a bonfire was started with the remains of the torches. But torches will not burn for ever; fresh fuel was soon needed; and it is rumoured that *a box* was also consumed.

More songs were sung, the police who came, saw, and then went away, were cheered, and about 1.30 a.m. the happy band of pilgrims dispersed.

H. H. W.

Literary and Historical Society.

THE seventh General Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, January 28th, in the Physics Lecture Theatre, after the usual tea in the Refectory. The paper of the evening was read by Miss E. Claridge, B.Sc., on "Sir John Maundeville's Travels." This remarkable man is the hero of a celebrated mediaeval book of travels which had a large share in the formation of English ideas of the east. The author tells us that he left England in 1322, and travelled in the east for 30 years, a great part of which time he spent in the Holy Land, though this was by no means the only country he visited, Paradise being about the only exception to the realms he penetrated. He gives a very remarkable description of the Holy Land, though it is by no means an accurate one, as he cares nothing for geographical accuracy. His travels came to an end when he was obliged to return home on account of his gout. The reader of the paper kept more or less closely to the descriptions of the Holy Land, which were illustrated by some very amusing lantern slides, including some splendid modern photos of Canaan.

The meeting broke up about the usual time, as there was but little discussion.

On Monday, February 11th, Mr. C. Gill read a very interesting paper before the Society, on the "Revolt of 1381," which dealt with the chief incidents in the march of the peasants to London and their wholesale plundering of the public and private buildings of the city. After a very short period of triumph, however, the rebels lost their leader, Wat Tyler, who was described as the first leader of the Independent Labour Party, and soon were dispersed by the soldiers of the King, though they succeeded in forcing the King to grant them their demands and give them written charters of liberty. These charters were never carried out as indeed they were never meant to be.

The paper also dealt with the rising at St. Alban's and the peril of the monks of the Abbey there, which was suppressed as soon as the peasants in London had been dispersed. The subject was further discussed by Professors Connal and Grant, and Mr. Young.

At the ninth General Meeting held on February 25th, in the Refectory, Miss G. Murphy read an extremely interesting paper on "Chopin," which gave a short but delightful account of the life and work of the great composer.

The paper was beautifully illustrated by some delightful selections on the piano, which Miss Murphy very ably rendered.

Society for Social Study.

THE fourth Meeting of the Society was held on Friday, February 15th, when Dr. Hall gave a lecture on the "Mental and Physical Development of Children, and the importance of bone-making food in early life." Dr. Hall illustrated his lectures by lantern slides. He pointed out the great difference between the children of Jews and Gentiles. The children of the Jews are, as a rule, much better developed even when their surroundings are bad, and this is due to the fact that the Jewish woman looks after her children better than the Gentile mother.

Questions were asked after the lecture by Miss Robertson and Mr. Klamborowski.

The fifth Meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday, February 27th, when Miss Sharples gave a lecture on the "Industrial Employment of Women." Miss Sharples said that a great number of Jewish women were employed in the various trades of Leeds, although it is contrary to their tradition for married women to go out to work. The average wage of a Jewish woman is 12s. per week, while that of a Gentile woman is 12s. 4d. per week. A great number of women who, either on account of ill-health or duties in their homes, are unable to work in the factories, are engaged in the finishing trade. Garments of all sorts are sent out from the factories to be finished by these women. The worst kind of trade in which women are employed is that of rag picking.

Questions were asked by Miss Robertson, Mr. Allen, Mr. Randall, Mr. Klamborowski, Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Vickers.

Annual Dinner of the Leather Department.

ON Friday, February 22nd, the Eight Annual Dinner of the above department was held in the University Refectory, at 6.30 p.m.

Twenty-two gentlemen, including Professor Procter, who presided, the staff, and four past students of the department, sat down to an excellent dinner, cooked and served in the Refectory's most approved style.

Before rising, Mr. Ellis, in a short speech, proposed the health of Professor Procter. The toast was accorded an enthusiastic reception, and Professor Procter replied in a witty speech which was loudly applauded.

Musical and other artistic contributions now followed from the company in general. Mr. Seymour-Jones opened the entertainment with a masterly rendering of "Down among the Dead Men." So many proofs of rare and surprising talent were forthcoming that it is impossible here to detail them all (thirty-six items, I believe). Mention of a few noteworthy examples will suffice.

Mr. Gaunt displayed great power as a reciter of Henry the Fifth's speech before Harfleur (*Shakespeare*) and amused us with series of original Limericks concerning the department and its students. "John Peel" was sung by the assembled company, headed by Mr. Hutchings. Mr. Fenner also obliged with a piano solo in his best style.

Messrs. Lang and Hardie danced the highland fling with skill and spirit, and fully deserved their encore.

Mr. Brumwell gave us some trick or fancy dancing in close proximity to the floor. Subsequent efforts at imitation by another distinguished member of the staff evoked much merriment.

Neither must Mr. Fould's sermon to us, from an imaginary pulpit, be forgotten. I fear space prohibits separate mention being made of the following gentlemen's equally brilliant performances :—Messrs. Oldroyd, Bennett, McCandlish, Hirst, Blythe, Wilkinson, and the two Mr. Craven's, who kept us quite happy until 11 p.m., with a good selection of songs of love, humour, and patriotism. After Mr. McCandlish had aptly expressed our sincerest thanks to Mr. Sanderson for his kind offices at the piano, the company dispersed, desirous of another such jolly evening next year.

L. E. K. E.

Hockey Notes.

Leeds University *v.* Liverpool University. Played at Liverpool on February 7th, 1907. The visitors won the toss, and played downhill and with the wind. Liverpool pressed, and one of their men shot into the net, but the referee decided the ball had been struck outside the circle. Leeds now took up the game and forced a corner, and the ball coming out to Purchas he scored a fine goal. Our team continued to shew good form, Stockdale scoring with a shot which gave the home custodian no chance. Leeds continued to press, Liverpool never being able to keep up a sustained attack, but it was not until near the interval that Stockdale again scored with a shot in the corner of the net. Half time was called with the score 3—0 in favour of Leeds.

On resuming Liverpool, attacking at once, scored within two minutes of play. Leeds, however, not to be denied, again took the offensive, and, by some pretty combination, Stockdale scored his third goal. The home side now played like a different team, attacking constantly, thereby enabling Ashcroft to place two good goals to their account.

The game had now become quite exciting, Leeds striving to further establish their lead, while their opponents endeavoured to draw level.

Neither being able to gain an advantage, before the whistle blew for time, the score remained such that Leeds, though victors by 4 goals to 3, could by no means claim all the honours of a hard fought game from a team who have a very good side.

TEAM :—*Backs*, P. Manning, R. H. Tolerton (Capt), G. Asquith ; *Halves*, N. Rhodes, H. Ingham, W. S. Hart ; *Forwards*, C. E. Hanson, A. C. Horne, W. F. Clayton, Stockdale, A. Purchas.

Leeds University *v.* Horsforth. Played at Horsfoth on Wednesday, February 27th. Horsforth put a very strong team into the field, including two County men, and we were almost at full strength. The game was tremendously fast, and the day being warm, many of us were longing for lemons long before the interval.

The University team played very well, especially our left forwards, who played a superb passing game. We eventually had to acknowledge defeat by 4 goals to 3. Goals for us were scored by J. B. T. Keswick, A. C. Horne, and W. F. Clayton.

TEAM :—*Goal*, Seymour-Jones ; *Backs*, R. H. Tolerton and G. Asquith ; *Half-Backs*, L. E. K. Ellis, P. Manning and A. Purchas ; *Forwards*, F. Walker, A. C. Horne, W. F. Clayton, J. D. L. Keswick and J. B. T. Keswick.

Suffragor.

(In commemoration of February 13th, 1907.)

The Imperial House was filling fast,
As through a London suburb passed
A female who, 'mid snow and ice,
Bore in her hand the strange device,
"Votes for Women."

Her brow was calm, her look serene,
She scented victory, 'twas seen ;
And, like a dinner bell rang out
The accents of her battle shout,
"Votes for Women."

In dismal homes she saw no light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;
Inside, the men sat all alone,
While from their lips escaped the groan,
"Votes for Women."

"O stay, O stay," her husband said,
"And wash the clothes, and bake the bread."
A gleam flashed from her fiery eye,
An answer gave she, with the cry,
"We want that Vote."

"Pass not this way," the policeman cried,
But soon she darted past his side,
Joined in the crowd before the door,
Joined in the universal roar,
"We want that Vote."

At twilight, when the sun had set,
She had no feeling of regret,
Though she was locked in Holloway Gaol,
Where still was heard the doleful wail,
"We want that Vote."

There in the moonlight, cold and grey,
Wounded, but dauntless still, she lay ;
While from a cell not far away
She heard a voice which oft did say,
"Votes for Women."

N.G.

Let y = The Conversazione.
Let x = The Leeds University.
Then $y = f(x)$.

It is a rational function and can be graphically represented (see this month's *Gryphon*). Why isn't it a continuous function ? Is it because of the infinite value of x ?

PUZZLED.

Thio Acetone.

A Tragedy in unlimited acts, with Epilogue and other logs.
By William Takesbere (written shortly after taking).

Comicis Personæ : A Speerit—Thio Acetone.
Horatius Mussels—The Stench Manufacturer (*qui sis*).
Don'tbloktheway—The P – rt – r.
W. Takesbere and others.

Act I., Sc. i.—Cloakroom and environs, L.U. *Enter* Speerit.

T.A. " Has anybody been asking for me ? "
(See last month's *Gryphon.*)

Act I., Sc. ii.—The same. *Enter* W. Takesbere and others (sniffing).

W.T. " Stenches to right of us,
Stenches to left of us,
Stenches all around us,
Thicken and sicken.
In room and corridor,
All on the lower floor.
Say we all ' Nevermore
Shall we eat chicken.' "

Act XVIII. Sc. iii.—The same. *Enter* others evidently in great pain, most of them hurriedly leaving the picture.

W. T. " Bolting through Acetone,
Shaking with sob and moan,
Seeking a clearer zone,
Everyone wondered,
Why the vile stink was made,
Why it should there have stayed,
How it was to be laid,
And who had blundered ? "

Act XVIII., Sc. iv.—The Smokeroom. *Enter* Dontbloktheway with large bill which he sticks on the notice board.

The Bill. " Who in this blest ' abode '
Just to make episode
Such a smell did unload,
On this dear smoke-room ? "

Act XVIII., Sc. v.—The same. *Enter* those running out of the last picture but one, some bearing lighted scent papers from Briggate. Inmates salute them in feline fashion.

W. T. " Sad to see, sadder to tell,
How they did fall pell-mell,
To quick escape the sell,
No ! No ! I mean the ' smell '
Into the mouth of H——
Into the smoke-room."

Interval for Stop Press News.

" Then the wretched Acetoné
Learned the truth from all the College ;
Learned that all did wish its demise,
Wished its journey to the shadows.
' Farewell ' said he ' seat of learning ;
Farewell you who do not love me.
I'll return for the second part,
I'll come back a few days later,
To torment my base creator.' "

Act XX., Sc. i.—Horatius on the Bridge.

" Oh my darling, oh my darling,
Oh my darling Acetone,
Thou art lost and gone for ever,
Oh my darling, Acetone."
Enter W. T.

W. T. (aside) " What, what, Je pense que oui,
Dread shade, avaunt, melt, evaporate,
Vanish like the mists of the morning,
Go get buried, cremated, in short
Do as the whiff moves thee, if thou wilt,
But go." *Exeunt omnes.*

N.B.—Right of reproduction of the smell is strictly reserved.

Social and Personal.

It is not generally known that at the close of the last Court Dinner, the Vice-Chancellor gave to each of the guests, as they departed, an orange and a bag of nuts.

On the night of the visit of Baron Komura, the Annual Bawl took place in the Refectory, and was well attended by students in fancy dress. The hours 8—9.30 p.m. were taken up by the reception and partaking of refreshments. There was the usual bustle, and the function was quite a gay one. One of the tables was seen to move about very nimbly among the guests, and it was thought by some that this table was none other than a student in disguise. If so, the disguise was excellent, and very clever, for it must be very difficult for a man to make himself look exactly like a table.

The dancing began at 9.30 p.m.

The rumour that the Professor of Physics is about to vacate his chair in favour of Dr. Macaura is without foundation.

An interesting " New Philology " movement, introduced two or three years ago by a prominent University Unionist, seems to be gaining ground. The main idea of the movement is the simplification of the English language by omitting all superfluous letters and words. Its supporters are now to be found in both the Liberal and Conservative parties of the University, as was evident during the recent Parliamentary Debates. One member of the Liberal Cabinet seemed to be an enthusiast in this new cause, and brought out with evident pride such phrases as " In the 'ouse," " What 'appened at 'Uddersfield ? " and " 'Elping 'and," whilst one member of the Unionist party made constant reference to the " 'Ouse of Lords."

Wex.

A Lapse of Gallantry.—The Geology Professor of Edinburgh University was one day lecturing on the subject of crystals and their geometric forms. The front bench was allotted to ladies, and it happened that on this occasion the fair students numbered eight. " An octahedron," went on the Professor, " is a body with eight plain faces. For example—" (a rude and reactionary male at the back saw his opportunity) " Front bench ! " he shouted.

Limericks.

If there is one metrical literary form that appeals to us all alike, surely it is the one which, for some reason no longer remembered, is called the Limerick. Not even the Editors of that amazing work The New English Dictionary, can remember the reason of the name, and are obliged to confine themselves to statements of what the reason is not. Perhaps the late Edward Lear knew ; Edward Lear, the author of the sublimest nonsense verses ever composed, and among these of the earliest Limericks that appear to be extant in print. Lear's immortal works are not by me at the moment of writing, and no doubt I am quoting one of his famous Limericks wrongly—

There was an old man with a beard,
Who said " It is just as I feared :
Six cocks and a hen,
Five larks and a wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard."

The accompanying picture shows, with unflinching realism, the actual occurrence. It was Lear, too, if I am not wrong—he was given to studies in the psychology of the aged—who gave us—

There was an old man who said, " How
Shall I flee from this horrible cow ?
I will sit on this stile,
And continue to smile,
Which may soften the heart of this cow."

In the delicacy of their humour, Lear's Limericks have probably never been surpassed. But from the point of view of mere form a great stride forward was taken by the man who substituted a third rhyme in the last line, instead of repeating one of the two first. Who this man was is, unhappily, not known, and when " Notes and Queries " breaks down, where shall we seek for information ? But he wrought a great work, and gave new life to a branch of literature that was already languishing, no doubt because it was impossible to rival the work of the original master. And now, so countless are the treasures of the Limerick of the second period, it is hard to know where to begin. But avoiding such certain chestnuts as the young lady of Cheadle—and the Limerick chestnut is among the toughest of all—we offer the following as good specimens of the most ordinary kind of Limerick—

There was an old man of Dumfries
Who wore trousers and coat in one piece,
For he said " You will find
If you wear them combined
They're not nearly so likely to crease."

There was an old man of Pekin,
Whose language at golf was a sin ;
In the course of six weeks
He broke 89 cleeks,
Because of the rage he was in.

There was an old man of Khartoum,
Who kept two tame sheep in his room,
For he said " They remind me
Of one left behind me ;
But I cannot remember of whom."

Ingenuity soon came to despise rhymes of one syllable, and set itself harder tasks, thus—

There were three young ladies of Birmingham—
I have heard a queer story concerning 'em :
They stuck needles and pins
In the reverend shins
Of the Bishop, while he was confirming 'em.

The next seems to throw some light on the vexed question of how to pronounce the name of a town in Gloucestershire—

There was a young lady of Cirencester,
Who went to consult a solicitor :
When asked for her fee,
She said " Fiddle-de-dee !
I only dropped in as a visitor ! "

The memory of a certain perversion of words ending in " ure," once popular but now fortunately vanishing, is preserved in—

There was an old man of Antigua,
Whose wife said to him " What a pig you are ! "
He replied, " O my queen,
Is it manners you mean,
Or do you refer to my figuah ? "

Probably the most brilliant of long-rhyme Limericks is this one, in which the brackets are surely used with much effect—

There was a young curate of Kidderminster,
Who (firmly, but gently) once chid a spinster,
Because (on the ice)
She used words that weren't nice,
When he (quite accidentally) slid aginst her.

Originality, seeking other outlets than the rhyming endings, hit upon the two following Limericks, which are not only well known, but rather heartless—

There was a young person of Spain
Who was frequently ill in the train ;
Not once and again,
But again and again
And again and again and again.

There was a young man of Calcutta
Who had an unfortunate stutter :
He once—it is said—
Asked for some " b-b-bread "
And some " b-b-b-b-b-b-butter."

A new type was hit upon by the author of the lines dealing with " the couple call d Tait," which most of us must know, but less well known is—

There was an old maid of Dunbar,
Who caught the 2.3 to Forfar,
For she said " I conceive
It will certainly leave
Far before the 4.4 for Forfar."

An actual occurrence in the household of some ingenious friends of mine led to the following masterpiece—I must explain that poverty was alleged as the excuse for breach of promise—

There was a young sailor called Beeby,
Who loved a young housemaid called Phoebe :
But he said " I must see
What the clerical fee
Be, before Phoebe be Phoebe Beeby."

The decadence of the Limerick may perhaps be thought to be marked by the wide popularity of—

There was a young person of Potsdam
Whose face was all covered with—pimples, bother it !
When they said, " Cuticura
Will make your skin purer,"
He replied, " But it *will* take such enormous quantities, confound it all ! "

At a debating society recently, the question was whether blank verse was played out as a literary form, and my friend, K——, held that it was, and added (not believing in the decadence theory) that the Limerick had taken its place. " For instance," he

said, " I myself have turned the Book of Genesis into Limericks." Being pressed for a sample, he gave vent to—

The woes of the beasts in the ark
Had never excited remark,
Until they were voiced
In " When it was Moist "
(By the author of " When it was Dark ").

But the fact is, blank verse and the Limerick are not incompatible, for the Limerick itself may be in blank verse, thus—

There was an old man of St. Bees,
Who was horribly stung by a wasp ;
When they said " Does it hurt ? "
He replied " No, it doesn't :
But I thought all the time 'twas a hornet ! "

But enough. The literature of Limericks itself warns us against over-indulgence—

There was an old lady of Putney,
Who died of a surfeit of chutney ;
With her last vital spark
She was heard to remark,
" This is all on account of my glutney ! "

L.H.G.G.

The Suffragist.

(With apologies to the shade of Mortimer Collins.)

Women with men now claim close affinity,
Down with the notion of wifely divinity ;
Mother-devotion is lost in the mists,
" We want a vote," say the fair Suffragists.

Wise are their teachers (if such you can call any),
Billington, Varley and Crankhurst, and tall Kenny.
What poor mere man dare enter the lists
With such a bevy of fair Suffragists ?

Women shall rise from out of the slavery
Put on their heads by tyrant man's knavery.
Bring up the biceps and strengthen the wrists,
Then woe to the man who meets fair Suffragists.

Husbands and wives should never know unity
(Which is the curse of the modern community) ;
Opponents when voting or playing at whist,
Such is the creed of the fair Suffragist.

There was a girl in the days that were earlier,
Not very handsome, and so became surlier ;
Ne'er had a lover, ne'er went to a tryst,
Thus she became the first Suffragist.

Wives that are homely (through lack of intelligence)
Live in a sort of dark mental indigence ;
" But the new woman is clearing the mists,"
So here's to the health of the fair Suffragists.

HOMO TIMIDUS.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the " Gryphon."

Volunteer Corps and Rifle Shooting.

SIR,

Ever since the South African War the existence of our Volunteer Army has been justified. Now I would suggest that steps should be taken by members of our University to start a corps which might form a company of one of the Leeds Volunteer Brigades. A similar scheme has for some time been in existence at our older seats of learning, as at Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and I do not see why our younger Universities should be behindhand in the defence of the Empire.

Even if the above cannot be carried out, I think that a Miniature Rifle Range Club might be formed on the lines suggested by Earl Roberts. It would form an excellent pastime for those gentlemen who apparently have nothing else to do but inhabit the smoke room, and also a good recreation for those of more studious habits in their spare time.

In conclusion, I hope that something may be done in this matter and thus uphold the honour of our University and our Empire.

IMPERIALIST.

To the Editor of the " Gryphon."

SIR,

The distinction between wit and vulgarity is very fine, and some students are short-sighted. During this term the notice-boards have been subjected to considerable abuse. By an unwritten law professorial notices are exempted from the attentions of the " funny " man.

This worthy's sphere of action is limited to the Union notice-board, but by common consent the notices of the Christian Union are left unadorned, even if they do cover a large area.

There can be no justification for the posting of political propaganda on the boards. The proper place for the propagandist is the Debating Society.

Many political tracts are offensive, most are inaccurate, all are unsuited to the needs of University men.

The posting of these tracts will ultimately lead to friction and bad feeling between the political sections, and consequently I appeal to all students to assist in stopping these irregular practices.

Thanking you for your courtesy,

I remain, etc.,

FRED HORN.

To the Editor of the " Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

Academical Dress.

Has not the time arrived when the Leeds University should follow the good example of the Ancient Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and the modern University of Liverpool, and adopt like them the academical dress of cap and gown ? Possibly it may be thought undesirable that the rule should apply to all students belonging to the University, but at all events for those who are taking the Arts Course, and possibly for the Medical students and others it surely would be a step in the right direction, and would be calculated to advance the dignity of the University and strengthen its position as one of the powerful centres of learning in the north.

Yours faithfully,

CANTAB.