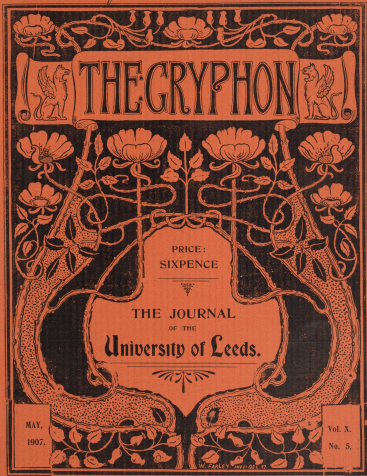


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Vol. X.

MAY, 1907.

No. 8.



ALL our readers will be gratified by the news that is published in another column of approaching alterations in the outward appearance of the University. To those who are still at College no feature of the change will be more welcome than the imminent provision of Union Houses for men and women students in De Grey Road and Beech Grove Terrace.

It is to be regretted that these houses cannot be brought closer to the Refectory. This suggestion has been considered by the Union Rooms Committee, but they have found it impracticable.

Further, from an æsthetic point of view, the continued existence of Beech Grove Terrace is something of a grievance. This commodious residential property undoubtedly serves a useful purpose. But no right-minded person can deny that its peaceful elimination would afford the University a more rustic outlook.

The alterations and additions have already begun. Surveyors and artisans appear from time to time on the tennis courts; and the new Department of Mining Industries is rooted in. The design of this building is severe, but in some respects it is an improvement on the style of architecture that prevails in the mining districts of the West Riding.

* * *

No new tennis court has yet appeared by the side of the Refectory; but we believe that the promise will be made good in time; and even that the projected asphalt courts may know the tread of some who have already begun their academic career.

* * *

A Smoker, the last of a long and successful series, was held on Tuesday, March 26th. The object was charitable—to pay off the debt incurred by the loss of a box, which, it will be remembered, unfortunately took fire on the occasion of the Japanese Ambassador's visit to Leeds. The Smoker, although it was canvassed and carried out with energy, failed to meet the deficit. A subscription list has been opened this term; and a number of gentlemen, whose names need no advertisement in these columns are still, like the Gryphon, ready to receive useful contributions.

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FOR THE UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY, LEEDS
CANCELLED

The admission of Lord Curzon to the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford must have been a trying ceremony, both for his Lordship and for the Vice-Chancellor. Not that the rhetoric of Athens and of Rome would cause them a moment's hesitation; but rather because both dignitaries, as we read, had to grasp in their hands one Book of Statutes, one Instrument of Election, two seals, a number of keys, and a number of staves. Lord Curzon's performance was the more difficult; for, after receiving this bundle from the Vice-Chancellor, he had to mount, encumbered as he was, to his chair, to hear a speech from the Public Orator, and deliver an intelligent reply.

The feat recalls the old difficulty of Lady Macbeth, who is directed, in the sleep-walking scene, to come upon the stage rubbing her hands and holding a lighted taper.

The Ceremony of Admitting the New Chancellor at Oxford.

It is not every day that Kings are crowned, nor Chancellors of Universities installed; but when these things are done, our generation is apt to do them well. The University of Oxford had its chance a few weeks ago, when Lord Curzon, elected by a large majority over Lord Rosebery to the office of Chancellor, was the central figure in the most stately of university ceremonies. The official record of the proceedings lies before us; like the proceedings themselves, it is in Latin, but our limited knowledge of that tongue shall not prevent our describing what occurred, though we cannot pretend to have been present in person.

"On the day of Saturn, on the eleventh day of May, in the year MCMVII., the purpose of the Convocation was that the most honourable and noble George Nathaniel, Baron Curzon of Kedleston, Doctor in Civil Law, of the College of All Souls, recently elected Chancellor of this University, should be admitted, according to the Statutes, to the most high duty and office of Chancellor."

Through the grey streets of Oxford on the appointed day came his great company of famous men, gorgeous in scarlet and crimson, to the Sheldonian Theatre, the great central hall of the University. "The business of the Convocation having been announced" to the assembled throng, "the Bedells"—whose office, as well as the spelling of their names, is more glorious than that of mere Beadles—"solemnly introduced the aforesaid George Nathaniel, Baron Curzon of Kedleston, who thereupon sat on the right hand of the Vice-Chancellor. The Vice-Chancellor commanded the Instrument of the Election of the Chancellor, which had before been published, to be read by the Registrar of the University. Then the insignia of the Chancellor's Office, to wit, the Book

of the Statutes, the Common Seal of the University, and the Seal-manual of the Chancellor, together with the Keys and the Staves of the Bedells, were placed in the hands of the Vice-Chancellor; and these insignia, together with the Instrument of Election, together also with the Degree of Doctor in Civil Law, the Vice-Chancellor gave into the hands of the Most Honourable the Chancellor, with the following speech made in the very act of presentation:—

"Most Illustrious and Honourable Doctor, Baron Curzon of Kedleston, You were recently duly elected by the votes of the majority to the office and duty of supreme Chancellor of the University. You enter upon that office to-day with the consent and approval of all. I, therefore, by the authority committed to me by the famous men to whose place and honour You are about to succeed to-day, George, Viscount Goschen, and committed to me by the University—I am ready to admit You to Your office. You shall promise and declare, that so long as You hold your office, You will guard and preserve all the Statutes, Liberties, Customs, Rights and Privileges of this University, setting aside all partiality, indifferently well and faithfully, so far as in You lies, and so far as these things come to Your knowledge. Also that You will faithfully perform all things that pertain to the office of Supreme Chancellor of the University."

"Then the Vice-Chancellor administered to him the oath that he would faithfully perform the duties of his office. When this was done, the Vice-Chancellor, first leaving his seat of precedence, admitted the Chancellor to the office of the Chancellorship of this University, according to the Statutory form, in the following speech:—

"Most Illustrious and Most Honourable Lord, by my authority, and by the authority of this whole University, I admit You to the Office of Supreme Chancellor of this University. I pray and beseech God in His Almighty Goodness to grant that all things may fall out favourably and happily for our beloved University, and that *ex deo nobis*,^{*} as men say, You may perform and enjoy Your Honourable Office."

"And straightway the Most Honourable the Chancellor mounted to his Chair."

Then came the turn of the Public Orator, who "uttered in the following words an elegant speech of congratulation," which good as it is we are obliged to leave out, for indeed it is not short; nor can we give the equally eloquent reply of Lord Curzon, unless perhaps his closing words, which may be translated thus:—

"Truly it gives me very great pleasure that so great an honour should so unexpectedly be conferred upon me; but I am even more glad still, that an immediate opportunity presents itself to me, of showing the love and the gratitude that I feel for this University of ours. This day I solemnly promise and vow eternal devotion to this our Mother so long as my life shall last."

* "For length of years."

University Extension.

(By Our Own Interview.)

As our readers are aware, the powers that be have long had under their august consideration the question of providing additional housing room for some at least of the manifold activities of the University. We have been much interested by such details of the scheme as have leaked out from the Board Room, but the process of incubation has been so protracted that we began to feel some misgiving that the egg might prove to be added. To set our mind at rest we despatched one of our representatives to interview a certain personage whom we believed to have some knowledge of State secrets. Our representative was received with the courtesy and urbanity which befit the man in authority, and after a cordial grip of the hand, was invited to take a seat and state the object of his visit. Our representative replied that the readers of the *Gryphon* were clamouring for information on the subject of University Extension, and inquired respectfully whether any information could, without violation of confidence, be supplied for publication in the columns of the University Journal. "I am delighted," was the reply, "to give you all the information at my disposal, but I regret to say that the movement for University Extension has not met with overwhelming support on the part of the public. Dr. Moorman has gathered together a large staff of lecturers, who are prepared to perambulate Yorkshire from one end to the other, but ——" Here our representative ventured to interrupt, pointing out that the meaning of his question had been misunderstood; the extension, which was the object of his inquiry, was not the despatch of an army of peripatetic lecturers to civilize the local natives, but the extension of the University in the sense of the Porter's notice "The University will be closed at 6 o'clock." "In short," he said with an unconscious reminiscence of the late Mr. Micawber, "I allude to the extension of the University Buildings." The interviewee returned the smile of his interviewer, and expressed his willingness to afford complete information on this point, provided that the source of the information should be withheld from publication. Our representative readily gave the promise required, took out his note-book, and wrote assiduously for the space of half-an-hour, when the warning note of the bell summoned him to another place.

We have boiled down our reporter's verbatim account to the consistency which we judged would suit the palates of our readers, and serve it up with our own dressing, as follows:—

The authorities of the University have resolved to embark upon an extensive building scheme, by which relief will be given to most of the overcrowded departments; and the details of the scheme are now under consideration at almost daily meetings. The various buildings will be processed with as soon as the plans are ready, and it is hoped that, under Providence and the contractors (who may be regarded as the deputies of Providence), the extensions will be completed by the autumn of next year. The freshman of October, 1908, we are told, will observe a fine new building facing College Road, on the site of the

present tennis courts, and adjoining the present Organic Chemistry laboratory. This will be the Palace of the Arts, where Languages, Literatures, History, Education and kindred goddesses will dwell in worthier shrines. On the upper floors the Professor of Botany will reign over laboratory and roof-garden. Behind the Palace of the Arts our imaginary freshman will descry, filling up the unfinished quadrangle and covering the remainder of the tennis courts, a large low erection, which he will probably take for a weaving shed of a somewhat temporary nature. "He will be mistaken," said our informant, "but the error will be excusable. The fact is that the building in question is designed as a novel form of advertisement, which we hope to patent; indeed, steps have been taken to secure provisional protection. When Mr. Andrew Carnegie, or some other gentleman endowed with the instincts of the pious founder, walks up the road with the Pro-Chancellor, he must ask what this strange unacademic building means; and his guide will explain that lack of funds reduces the University to the necessity of working in sheds of the cheapest kind. Incidentally," he added, "the building will serve to accommodate the Professors of Physics and Organic Chemistry."

We learn, further, that the Engineers are to extend in the direction of the Tamers, and that Electrical Engineering is to have a brand new building all to itself, displacing the Gymnasium. Geology is to have a big annex in the two end houses of De Grey Road, which will be reached by a flying bridge from the Professor of Geology's private room. The hopes of earnest students in the Arts departments will be excited by the news that provision is to be made in one of the De Grey Road houses for "Seminars" on the most up-to-date Continental model.

At this point our reporter felt bound to remonstrate, the demands of the staff for more elbow-room were, of course, well founded, and it appeared that they were to be fairly satisfied; "but, speaking as an undergraduate (I should say student)," he remarked, "where do we come in?" On this subject, we are glad to report, our representative obtained satisfactory assurances. It is more than probable that for the present Women's Common Room, which our informant feelingly and truly characterized as scandalously inadequate, will be substituted new quarters in Beechgrove Terrace, close to the main entrance. It is hoped that similar accommodation may be found for the Men Students in De Grey Road. The Gymnasium will be re-erected on another site, and the Council has made a grant of money for the purpose of constructing four asphalt tennis courts near the refectory, a piece of work which will be proceeded with at once, although there is no likelihood of the existing courts being disturbed before the end of the present term.

Duty now called our representative elsewhere; he expressed his appreciation of the courtesy which had been extended to the *Gryphon* in the person of its junior reporter, and withdrew from the sanctum. As he handed in his "copy" at the editorial office, he remarked that, from the length of time during which the incubating chamber had been occupied, he had supposed it to contain a roc's egg, but now the

brood seemed to be an assortment of little birds' eggs. We reminded him that rocs' eggs were rather dangerous playthings, but entertain some doubts as to the adequacy of the retort.

Without Prejudice.

I HAVE long desired to find some psychological fact that would to some extent explain the "why" of what the world is pleased to call students' follies, when it is polite, and worse things when it is otherwise.

It has occurred to me that this same uncomprehending world has lost what sight it ever had into the inwardness of suffragettes and salvationists; of course I have talked of "shrinking sisterhoods" and "bawling brotherhoods," but I always half-heartily felt that here was something elemental and profound. For these people are interesting, and that is a great deal to say in a time when most folks, in books and out of them, are intensely boring.

Now, how is it we bore and are bored by each other? I mean we students, and yet are so intensely interesting to the man in the street. My view of why we bore may take some explaining, the reason why we bore objects of interest is because the world only knows us when we are interesting.

To the world we are a species of hot-headed enthusiasts which go about in bands and behave in a zealously prehistoric fashion, and the gentleman of the world who has prepared himself for sleep by perusal of his favorite paper, whose opinions are such that they may at any moment be changed in any direction, even in his anger he finds a slight tinge of pity and interest in somebody who can be so fanatical, and just then we are really ourselves. If you were to ask me when is a student not a student, I should say when he is studying or at any rate not racketing, when we lose our heads and believe that the only noble thing is to halloo, and the only thing really worth living for is to kick up a row, then do we find our true selves, then are we truly great.

Now the reason why we are not the great men actually that we are potentially, lies in the fact that we are not fanatics. We don't believe in anything except occasionally when we persuade ourselves that the chief end of man is to make a noise, we don't thoroughly advocate anything, besides, now and then, free beer. We do everything too coolly, too rationally, we weigh matters up, we have reasons for doing things, we haven't do anything without a selection of such, to be offered to enquiring friends, according to their taste and credence.

We are a new University, and as conscious of it as a ploughboy of his Sunday clothes. Oh, how we wish those trousers would work their way up a little, that that uncomfortable feeling across the chest might disappear, but we are afraid that then the newness would have gone, so we abstain from leaning against walls and jumping stiles, and try to walk in the middle of the road.

There we are, don't you see yourself, jostling each other to get into the exact middle of the road, we pride ourselves on it, our absolute fairness, our lack

of prejudice, our cool-headedness, as if it were not rather a thing to be kind under a big, big bush.

The Gryphon suffers from this failing of ours, folks rise to the supreme folly of advising how to write articles for it, I believe some folks really do think about their articles and write them of set purpose, like the boy who said "I will be good," like the men who edit so-called comic papers and are funny professionally. We set ourselves to do things; men used to learn because they wanted to know things, we learn because it is the thing.

Despising so much the pavements of thought, we hesitate to commit ourselves to political views, the most that any of us do is to call ourselves socialists and believe anything. The Christian Union goes on but feebly, because to become a member needs a certain definite committing one's self. The gown question finds most of us, as usual, reasonable, and the brave minority who went about asking folks if they would sign "for" were soon so rational as to change their question to "What do you think about gowns?"

There you are, before we do or say anything whatever we consider what effect it will have, what end it may lead to, we look at all sides of the question and see none, and we are in danger of becoming as dull as a ploughed field, and as insipid as beer the morning after a smoker.

We are not spontaneous enough. What we want is prejudice, bias, a slight intellectual squint, even a little blindness. To wear coloured spectacles would help us; the white road of life is apt to blind men who do not; without a little bias we walk round and round in a circle, perfectly fair people are perfectly uninteresting, rather than such, give me at any time a crank, a faddist, a believer, almost even a suffragette.

Now I know that some of us will try to get up an enthusiasm, possibly against my opinions, and as usual, we shall dismally fail.

If you desire to escape being a dull bore, to be a good fellow, a great man, to firmly hold decided opinions, let me tell you the way. Go immediately and very publicly do or say something, anything, the first thing that comes into your head, let it be something outrageous, and as folks begin to raise their eyebrows, justify it by some opinion, follow that up by another, right or wrong, continue to do this earnestly and in less than a week you will find yourself with a larger belief, with firmer opinions, than you ever held before, your friends will regard you as delightful company, an acute and clear thinker, you will become a great man; get in earnest, excited, zealous, on any side—it will not in a hundred years hence matter whether you were right or wrong, it will matter whether you were in earnest or no—only on no account as you believe in the possibility of your own greatness, must you look before you leap.

P. M.

DEFINITIONS:—*Sepulchre*: from *se*, a negative, and *palcher*, beautiful—a place where beauty fades.

Catchword: from *catch*, down, and *chansura*, a gap—a set of questions arranged to keep people from falling into the bottomless pit.

Primitive Religion.—A Fact.

[We have great pleasure in publishing the following anecdote and lullaby, from the pen of one who enjoys a considerable local reputation as a writer of lyrics and Caledonian lullaby, as an authority on primitive religion and primitive agriculture, and as a raconteur.—Ed.]

I HAD been discussing Primitive man and his religion with a friend of mine, and at my request a third party (who was of no great education) was present.

She bent steadily to her knitting and looked scandalised at some of our "Pantheistic" ideas. At length, in a break in the argument I felt bound to say to her:—"I fear, Miss, that this discussion fails to interest you."

She (snappishly):—"I 'eard you talking of Primitive Religion."

I:—"We were."

She:—"Well, I'll tell you what I think. I don't 'old with Primitive religion. Them folks have a chapel at the end of yon road and make such a row every Sunday afternoon I can hardly hear myself speak. I don't reckon there be any religion in them sort. When I wants to go anywhere, I goes to church."

"LEAVE ME NO MORE LOVE I SING ME TO SLEEP."—English Folk Song.

(THE ANSWER.)

THREE—OLD CAROL.

Sleep on, my dear! thy weary head
Reclines upon my breast,
The day has been so hard and long
Thou sadly need'st thy rest.
And though the banded powers of hell
To slay thee did their best,
Sleep on, my dear, and nothing fear,
Bright angels guard thy rest.

Sleep on, my dear! the meadow flowers
Are sleeping on the lea,
The ewes are sleeping on the green,
The mavis in the tree.
The night-winds sing a lullaby
To soothe thee to thy rest,
Sleep on, my dear, and nothing fear,
Bright angels guard thy rest.

Sleep on, my dear!—I would thine equal breath
To me's an angels' lay,
And here we'll rest till morning sun
Proclaim the new-born day,
Thine arm upon my shoulder laid,
Thy head upon my breast,
Sleep on, my dear, and nothing fear,
Bright angels guard thy rest.

Sleep on, my dear!—I would this night
Might never pass away,
And thou couldst nestle by my side
Until the judgment day.
Then, when the last reveille should wake
Thy head from off my breast,
I'd bear thee in my quickened arms
To heaven's eternal rest.

Q. FANUS AGRICOLA.

Report of the Annual Sports.

May 17th, 1907.

THAT respected personage, the Clerk of the Weather, plays such an important part in making or marring the success of the Annual Sports that it seems only right to preface a report of the same with a few remarks concerning his behaviour. Compared with last year, he was certainly in a kinder mood, and may be said to have assumed a neutral attitude throughout the proceedings, with the exception of sending one sharp shower by way of doubtful humour, and driving spectators to seek temporary refuge in the pavilion or marquee. The cold wind which prevailed, unfortunately, had a somewhat numbing effect upon the competitors, and in this, perhaps, may be found some explanation of the fact that the events afforded by no means such good results as last year, in the majority of cases, and those who attended in the hopes of witnessing record-breaking were not gratified. Most of the races were excellently contested, but, taken as a whole, nothing startling in the way of times and distances was accomplished during the day's sport.

The gathering of spectators was well up to the average, and the enthusiasm was maintained throughout; the presence of summer blouses and straw hats certainly gave a general impression that we were in May, but, nevertheless, those who brought overcoats with them recalled to mind an old adage concerning discretion and valour. We were sorry not to find on the programme any competition for ladies this year: those who wended their way to the ground in the hopes of seeing the fair sex disport themselves suffered disappointment, and any expectations entertained of witnessing a ladies' hundred yards, or even a hurdle race, vanished in thin air. We thought possibly last year's event of throwing the cricket ball was the thin edge of the wedge in this respect, but, however, the ladies on this occasion confined their energies to rapturous applause and impartial criticism. The judges fulfilled their duties to the complete satisfaction of all concerned, though indeed their work was not of a very difficult character, and they were untroubled by knotty problems in their decisions, with the exception of the 220 yards handicap, which was won on the tape. It was refreshing to see Professor Stroud (and the umbrella!) once again assume the role of the impeccable timekeeper, and the dexterous handling of loaded firearms by Mr. Perkins excited universal admiration—his solo efforts being ably seconded by the West Leeds Military band, which, at intervals, discoursed melodious strains, for the most part of a distinctly "popular" character.

But to speak more particularly of the races themselves. The chief honours of the day were divided between Mr. Fisher and Mr. Frank. We cordially congratulate Mr. Fisher on carrying off the Championship for the second year in succession; his recent success in the quarter mile at Manchester was fresh in everyone's mind on this occasion, the hundred yards, long jump and quarter mile fell to him in addition to second place in the hurdles, thus gaining for him a total of eleven points—four points in excess of his nearest rival. It would be interesting if Mr. Fisher were to repeat his success next year and

thus secure the "bat-trick." Messrs. Cole and Renton were also in the running for the championship—the delightfully easy style of the latter in the hurdle race again proving one of the chief pleasures to the spectators. The successes of these three competitors decided the running of the Departmental Cup for the Medicals in no uncertain fashion, a total of 31 points not being approached by any other department with more than half that number.

It would have been humiliating for Leeds to have lost the Inter-University Mile on their own ground, but those who had previously seen Messrs. Dawson and Frank training for that event felt that any fears on that score were groundless. The pace was slow at the beginning until Mr. Dawson "made it hot" in the second lap, and the wildest excitement prevailed when Mr. Frank was seen gradually pulling ahead, and finally running in winner closely followed by a Liverpool representative. Mr. Dawson secured the third place—the rest were nowhere. Too great praise cannot be given for Frank's level running and cool judgment, and not content with that success he carried off the half mile later in the afternoon in excellent time. One of the closest races of the day was afforded by the 220 yards handicap. Mr. Goodson, from scratch, after gradually overhauling the rest just beat Mr. Penty on the tape. There could not have been more than a couple of inches between them. As usual, the Tug-of-War proved a popular item; in the first round the Engineer's B team succumbed to the Textiles A, and the Agriculturalists, led by Mr. Cameron, turned the tables on the Textile B team. The final bout was marked by an unfortunate dispute as to the manner of holding the rope; we cannot characterise the action of the Textiles in walking off the field as exactly sportsmanlike—however, they returned and were beaten, which added increased satisfaction to the Engineers A. The high jump having been finally decided in Mr. Reader's favour, after being unsettled after the first attempt, we witnessed Mr. Dawson score a victory in the mile, and the Engineers take further laurels unto themselves by securing premier place in the Inter-Departmental team race.

It was a happy inspiration on the part of the Sports Committee to invite Mrs. Miall to distribute the prizes; as all are aware, Professor Miall leaves the University at the end of the session, after which both are probably leaving Leeds, so that we welcome this occasion as one upon which the esteem in which all hold Mrs. Miall might assume a practical shape in asking her to distribute the prizes this year. Mr. Battle first explained the change that had been made in respect of the Championship Cup. A gold medal, in place of the cup, will be presented each year to the winner, and will become his own property, while, in future, his name will be engraved upon a handsome new Silver Cup presented recently by the Staff ladies—the Cup to reside permanently in the College to the edification of future generations of students. Mr. Fisher appeared to monopolise the prize taking, occasionally graciously permitting some other competitor to carry off his just reward, while he went in search of a few chairs upon which artistically to arrange his cups and medals. Some, indeed, appeared

too bashful to mount the steps, and preferred to emerge unexpectedly from the dressing rooms behind.

Mr. Battle, in proposing a vote of thanks to Mrs. Miall, referred to the departure of Professor Miall—that guide, philosopher and friend of the University—which he characterised as "a great calamity and blow," and emphasised the pathos of the occasion in that this may be the last time when Mrs. Miall might appear in official capacity. In replying and thanking for the bouquet of flowers which she had been asked to accept, Mrs. Miall expressed her great pleasure at being present and her regret at leaving Leeds. Her one weakness—that for flowers—had been gratified by the bouquet presented, and she expressed a sincere wish that she might be present at the College on many future occasions though living at a distance—a desire that was very heartily applauded. This brought the proceedings of the afternoon to a close, and to the customary strains from the band we dispersed, feeling that the Sports of 1907 had proved a success. Appended is the full list of events and results:—

No. 1. *Long Jump* :

1. J. B. Fisher, 19 ft. 5½ in.
2. G. A. B. Cole.

No. 2. *Putting the Weight* :

1. Oakley, 27 ft. 5 in.
2. G. A. B. Cole.

No. 3. *200 Yards Flat Race*.

1. J. B. Fisher, 11 secs.
2. H. F. Renton.

No. 4. *Tug-of-War* :

1. Engineers A.
2. Textiles A.

No. 5. *High Jump* :

- Reader, 5 ft. 1½ in.
- Cole.

Tied at first. In a second trial Reader defeated Cole.

No. 6. *Inter-University Mile*.

1. G. H. Frank, 4 m. 56 sec.

No. 7. *Hurdles* :—

1. Renton, 16½ sec.
2. J. B. Fisher.

No. 8. *220 Yards Handicap* :—

1. Goodson (2 yds.), 24½ sec.
2. Penty (6 yds.).

No. 9. *Quarter Mile* :—

1. J. B. Fisher, 57 sec.
2. Goodson.

No. 10. *Sack Race* :—

1. Wilkinson.
2. Penty.

No. 11. *Half Mile* :—

1. Frank, 2 mins. 12½ secs.
2. Platts.

No. 12. *Mile (Handicap)* :—

1. Dawson (scratch), 5 min.
2. Clayton (15 yds.).

No. 13. *Inter-Departmental Team Race* :—

1. Engineers.
2. Arts and Science.

No. 14. *Consolation Race* :—

- Albrecht.

Reviews.

OUTLINES OF EUROPEAN HISTORY.

By A. J. GRANT.

Of King's College, Cambridge; Professor of History in the Leeds University. (Longmans, 1907).

ALL those persons, who do not think, imagine that it is easy to write about what is old and common, and difficult to write about what is new and strange. In reality the converse is true. Anyone who sees a sea serpent, or a gorgeous, hitherto unknown flower, can write about it; few who see an earthworm or a daisy either could write about it or want to. It is indeed the commonest things which are the least obvious. No one thought it wonderful that an apple should fall to the ground until Newton. No one saw beauty in the "mearest flower that blows" until Wordsworth. And, as with other things, so with history. It is very easy to deduce from the accounts of a medieval swineherd—just discovered—that the price of bacon in the fifteenth century was fourpence a pig. It is not hard to deduce that Richard the Third was not the villain of melodrama and Henry VIII. not the Bluebeard of pantomime, that we sometimes suppose. But it is very hard to write a short book, covering the whole of recorded history, and dealing with all the things that everybody knows.

This is a true statement of the difficult task attempted in this book. It is written, as the preface says, to give "the greatest prize that awaits the student of history . . . the wide outlook over all the ages, and an understanding of the chief phases through which civilisation has passed, and of the chief influences that have moulded it." The book also takes an international standpoint to avoid the temptations which national egotism might suggest. And Professor Grant explains that many of the principles on which the narrative is based, are derived from August Comte. The book, then, is a history of society and civilisation, not of individuals and battles. We do not hear a noisy mob blowing horns and shouting, but we see the ordered march of humanity, a procession infinitely more grand and stately.

We see first the development of the exquisite beauty of Greek civilisation, spring like Aphrodite from the foam of the Aegean wave. And we learn the lesson that it was not for their institutions but for thought and art that the Greeks are ever memorable (p. 20). The ruins of the Parthenon, the broken statues of Greek art, and the mutilated fragments of Æschylus, of Plato and Aristotle are more to us than the democracy of Pericles, which we do not understand and have not preserved. From Greece, the home of art, we turn to Macedonia, the home of war, and we learn that Egypt and Syria, Macedonia and Asia Minor all bear marks of the "impulse received from the life work of Alexander" (pp. 37-9).

Then we come to Rome, not great, as Professor Grant tells us, so much because she made conquests, but because she was able to maintain them. And he most admirably points out (p. 40) that the Romans had little of the joy of battle, and that their success

was due to deliberate thought and discipline. And as with the army—so with the state. The Romans were not, perhaps, equal to some modern races in governing subject tribes, but they were far more original; and, for their age, far more successful (pp. 50-1). Next we see, though the Roman constitution was a masterpiece for a city, that it was inadequate for a world (pp. 63, et seq.). Hence we get the Roman Empire which "stands at the very centre of European development; all earlier history leads up to it; all later history is developed from it." (p. 82). Then begins the reign of Roman ideas over a continent, and the erection of that majestic fabric of Roman law which is adopted in every European system in the world to-day, except in the Anglo-Saxon, while even there it has great influence. Then we see the decline of the imperial and rise of the Christian power on its model, till the Pope gains more sway over the souls than the Emperor ever had over the bodies of men (pp. 83, 126-9, 134-6). The wild torrent of Teutonic invasions breaks over Europe only to be civilised and Christianised (pp. 123-7). For a moment Charlemagne revives the Roman Empire—renames it Holy—and seems to unite Rome—Teutonicism and Christianity. But the attempt fails, the work of Charlemagne is premature and he is only really great because "his ideas and his example were fruitful" (p. 153). The Emperor and the Pope have a long duel, which is ended by the destruction of the one and degradation of the other. Then comes the Renaissance and the birth of modern nations. Treating of Italy in the fifteenth century (p. 232-8), Professor Grant well compares it to Greece. Like Greece of old, Italy was great in art and literature, and like it had no idea of some political institutions or national unity. Hence, the future is with Spain, France and England, states who know how to conquer and govern on Roman lines. Then comes the Reformation and the last of religious wars, in which religion is really national, and where men fight not because they are Roman Catholic or Protestant, but because they are Spanish or English, French or Dutch. After this comes the supremacy of France, with Richelieu as its founder and Louis XIV. as its adornment. When France falls (1713) two new powers arise—Russia and Prussia, who have done so much to influence the modern world. Finally comes the French Revolution and upsets the kings of different countries—as the Reformation upset the Churches. Its causes and influence are admirably given on pp. 310-25. The last twenty pages sum the history of the last century. We see the "forces of change" prevail in France, those of "nationality" build up a united Italy and a united Germany, and those of "progress" emancipate Christian states from the Government of the Turk. After these wars comes the period of peace when we learn (p. 359) that "inside all European states the democratic movement has made rapid advances, and seems everywhere to move to assured victory." This is "a movement which, under whatever transformations, is destined to remain one of the formative forces of European life." We are bidden further to remember the "reaction of the world upon Europe." The great English Colonies, the South American

Republics, as well as the United States, will all one day have a great place in world history, and a great influence upon Europe. Last of all let us remember in our humility that Oriental states may influence Western in the future. What that may be we do not know, but Japan has already given us the most striking of examples (pp. 360-3).

If I have written at length on the substance of the book it is to give readers some idea of the main outline, which may be useful when they come to its study, or which might (I would fain hope) perhaps induce them to read it.

For it is a book well worth the reading, offering us not a dull record of the reigns of kings, but a living chronicle of the movements of peoples. Such works are not uncommon in other languages, but I know of none in large or small compass in English which adequately attempts to do what this does. It is not likely that anyone will read this little book without gaining some new ideas from its fresh handling of old themes. Lucid in arrangement, broad and sympathetic, alike to Christian and Mahomedan, Greek and Roman ideals, setting the essential and excluding the trivial, this little unpretentious work will be found to have more real value and suggestion than many volumes of heavier bulk with more pretentious titles.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following periodicals:—*Q.C.B.* (Beitast); *Manchester University Magazine*; *Mermaid* (Birmingham); *Alma Mater* (Aberdeen); *Sphinx* (Liverpool).

An article by Mr. Landmann on "Student Life in Leeds" is published in the May number of *Alma Mater*.

Men's Christian Union.

DURING February a series of four weekly meetings have been held to study the problem of evangelizing the world. Papers have been read by various members, which have proved very interesting and instructive, giving an insight into the conditions and needs of non-Christian lands, some successes which have been accomplished in evangelizing them, and the duty of Christians in this respect.

Also in connection with the Student Volunteer Missionary Union Dr. Datta, of Punjab and Edinburgh Universities, paid a visit to Leeds from February 25th to 29th. On the 28th he lectured on "The Influence of Western Thought on India." After a brief sketch of the Western contact with India, until it passed to the Crown after the Mutiny, he said that the two outstanding characteristics of India were that her population is agricultural, living in some 100,000 villages, and the greatest sociological factor is religion. The government by Britain has made the village life more monotonous since tribal wars have ceased. So men join the army or police, or go as indentured labourers. They return with broadened ideas. But there has been no attempt at national education made yet. The literary classes, only 1½ millions, are loyal as a whole. There is, however, a movement on foot for a sort of Home Rule for India; for England still holds India, but employ more natives in its government.

In religion she desires to be the spiritual mistress of the world. She has given her religion to Japan and part of China; but it is impersonal, and so lacks vitality. Though it denies personality, yet the Hindoos are feeling the attraction of Christ.

An interesting discussion followed in which many joined.

E. B. GREENING.

Literary and Historical Society.

THE tenth General Meeting of this Society was held in the Rectory, on Monday, March 11th, at 8, as usual.

The paper of the evening was read by Mr. L. H. Greenwood on "Socrates." The paper gave an exceedingly interesting and sympathetic account of the life and philosophy of the great Athenian thinker.

After the paper there was an interesting discussion on the subject, which was chiefly carried on by Professor Grant and Messrs. Klambovski, Landman and Hirst. The meeting broke up about 7 o'clock.

An Extraordinary General Meeting was held on May 7th for the election of new officers for the next session.

The following were elected:—

President:—Dr. Moorman.

Vice Presidents:—Miss K. Hogan and Mr. A. Cohen.

Treasurer:—Miss Robertson.

Secretaries:—Miss Mallinson and Mr. J. E. Winter.

Counsellor:—Messrs. Croft, Tindley, Simpkins, Messrs. L. H. Greenwood and J. Tunnicliffe.

Two excursions for this term were also decided upon, and it was agreed to go to Grassington and Bolton on May 25th, and to Helmsley on June 22nd. It is to be hoped that the weather will prove more favourable than last year, and that all members of the Society and many non-members will turn up and make the excursions a success.

R. H.

Police Intelligence.

University of Leeds Petty Sessions.

ON April 31st, before the Vice-Chancellor and a full bench, the following cases were tried:—

Spring Oxons, alias McAndrew, alias Barnes, agricultural labourer and lyric poet, was charged with drunken and disorderly conduct, 73 previous convictions. Discharged, in absence of evidence.

W. H. P-r-k-n-s, servant, charged with illegal use of firearms. Deprived of the cartridges, with costs.

Wallie, W., who described himself a gentleman, of hairpin build, was brought up in custody for appearing on unlicensed premises between the hours of 6 a.m. and 11 p.m. He promised that the offence should not occur again, and was violently discharged.

A person, of uncertain name, described as a native of Tomsk, was brought up under the Aliens' Act, and was also charged with anarchical propaganda. Order given for his return to Tomsk, with consignment note. As he was being removed from the court prisoner exclaimed, "Je suis innocent ! Britain for the British !"

J. M - id - n and C. G - id were brought up in custody as deserters. Charges of desertion being proved against both prisoners, they were committed for trial.

A. P. D - rr - n, comedian, was charged with loitering with intent in a corridor. He submitted, in defence, that he was loitering without intent, and had, in fact, no object in standing there. The Hall Porter deposed to having requested prisoner, in no uncertain tones, to move on. Fined 24d. and costs.

The following cases were also dealt with:—

H. S. Cù - v - n, orator. Alleged chemical research. Committed for trial. The Professor of Chemistry identified the prisoner; but stated his ignorance of the alleged research.

H. D - v - s and B. F - d - y. Obtaining fourth classes. Summarily dealt with by the Vice-Chancellor.

H. Ck - v - n, professional cricketer. Illegal sporting of uniforms. Ordered to take it off.

T. T - yl - r and E. E. Uux - n. Gambling in Biological Dept. Evidence showed that accused had in their possession several marked packs of cards; and that numerous persons had suffered from their machinations. Seven days.

J. A. L. S - id - f, alias Gr - v - s, alias Br - ns - n, alias G - id - f. Opening smoking room window in violation of customary law. The Vice-Chancellor stated that this offence had never occurred before, and that, consequently, the Bench had no precedent. Prisoner would be discharged with a caution under the First Offenders' Act. The misdemeanour, however, was a grave one, and a serious danger to the public health.

H. F - ru - B. Poaching on the tennis court. Month, without option, under Ground Games Act.

N. B - sh - B. Attempted suicide. It was alleged that accused had spent six hours in the Physics Laboratory on the previous day. Accused, however, proved an alibi, and the case was dismissed, with costs.

F. H - ru and J. Iro - ne. Prize fighting. Prisoners deposed that their object was not lucre, but that it was a matter of political principle. Bound over to keep the peace for a week or two.

Record Court. Before the Librarian and a special jury, J. B - id - f - y was found guilty of detaining a book (Paley's "Evidences") one day beyond the legal limit. The Librarian, in giving sentence, observed that the practice of illegal detention of books was a serious and prevalent evil, and must be eradicated. Defendant would be punished with the utmost rigour of the law. Fined 1d.

*Arry (in France, to a native who has been showing him over the Cathedral of Rouen): Eh, bien; c'est un petit peu de tout droit !

Songs for the Studios.

[In view of the approaching examinations, we publish two droll poems dealing with this intermittent grievance. Allusion is only made to a limited range of subjects, but we believe that the sentiments expressed in these verses, although they have little power to cheer, will yet find an echo in the consciousness of candidates in all Faculties.]

The Song of Matric.

With weary nerves and brain,
With eyes belated and weak,
A schoolboy sat thro' the sunny morn,
Grinding Latin and Greek.

His-hac-hac

How d'ye decline *istie* ?
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch
He sang the "Song of Matric."

Work ! work ! work !
While the sun is shining bright,
Work ! work ! work !
From early morn till night !

It's oh ! to be away
Along with the spiritless Turk,
Where boys have never a game to play,
If this is English work !

Work ! work ! work !
Till the brain begins to swim ;
Work ! work ! work !
Till the eyes are heavy and dim !
Riders, equations, dates,
Magnus, Bradley and Green.
Till over the lessons I fall asleep,
And grind away in a dream !

Oh men with children dear !
Oh men with brothers and sons !
It is not learned men we want
So much as wiser ones.

*Haben-hatte-gehabt—
Du-deiner-dir-dick—*

Earning at once a double wage,
A lever as well as Matric.

But why do I talk of exams. ?
Those phantoms that haunt my mind,
I hardly feel their terrible strain,
It seems so like this grind—
It seems so like this grind.

For ever chained to my seat ;
Oh why is mental work so bitter,
And physical so sweet ?

Work ! work ! work !
My labour craves not,
And what are it's wages ? An aching head,
A few facts soon forgot.
My name in print—a wasted frame—
Two guineas fee paid down—
Some books to sell at the second-hand shop,
And an undergraduate's gown !

Work ! work ! work !
From weary chime to chime ;
Work ! work ! work !
As prisoners work for crime !

Euclid and French and Greek,
The value of x and y ,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain confused,
As well as the smitten eye.

Oh, but for one short day!
Some respite would be kind!
No blessed leisure for tales or chess,
But only time for grind!
A little tennis would ease my limbs,
But, from its nail o'erhead,
My racket to get, for a single sett,
Were to risk the pluck I dread.

With weary nerves and brain,
With eyes bedazzled and weak,
A schoolboy sat thro' the sunny morn,
Grinding Latin and Greek.
Aas, aas, aas, aas,
(His memory never was quick)
"And still with a terribly aching head,
"(Would the examiner had it instead)
He sang the song of Matric!

Ode to Melpomene.

Farewell, my Muse, long weeks must yet pass by,
While I, with heavy heart and languid eye,
Perforce, to study bound, am doom'd to pore
O'er volumes grim and vast of learned lore.

My hours may not be spent with ode or play
While Clio holds me 'neath her sterner sway
(Thy sister Clio soon shall be, methinks
No more a Muse, but shall become a Sphinx).

Thy high ethereal home I cannot reach
Enmeshed in subtle Ciceronian speech,
Or plumed, with him of Mantua, in the gloom
Of the sad Stygian fields beyond the tomb.

Yet other toils my wearied mind await,
And still the Furies rage insatiate.
I must forbear—thy praise cannot be sung
In halting accents of the Gallic tongue.

Aks, what form comes last to vex my brain—
Strange ciphers, complex figures in his train,
Confused, and wrapped in mist? No Muse is this—
A mathematic messenger of Dys.

Farewell, my Muse, but when the term is done,
And I may lie beneath the summer sun
At leisure, when the dread result is known,
Melpomene shall claim me for her own.

Charivaria.

Coin of vintage: A lucky penny.

Smith Minor's latest:—
Jacet ingens litore truncus.
His huge body was laid upon a stretcher.
Ultero pollicitus est quod antea negaverat.
He promised to his uncle what he had refused to his
aunt.

Book Worms.

The hour for lectures was drawing near, and the smoke
room circle held perforce to turn from yarning to more
serious things. By way of help one mentioned the
noble army of toilers who haunt "ye library abode,"
and commented upon their scarcity, whereupon a
suggestion was made that could we only offer incense
to My Lady Nicotine as well as enjoy the bookish
company, the library would need immediate exten-
sion. The Pessimist asked what purpose such an
innovation would serve, when The Wit replied, "The
bookworm would be no more." Unknown to his
smoky intelligence, he had touched a subject not so
dry as he imagined.

Whether he spoke of the six-legged variety which
boasts the name of *Anobium pertinax*, or the biped
whose title is often more emphatic than scientific,
one may not know. Certainly he never realised into
what by-ways a study of either species would entice
him.

Of *Anobium* little is known. A cherished book-
man finding one while searching for Caxtons in the
Bodleian, took it to the librarian, Dr. Bandinel, who
ruthlessly ended its days, and thus perished a speci-
men from a study of which, one enquirer at least
would have given us interesting information. Tunnel-
ling day and night in silence and darkness these enemies
of books have ravaged many a priceless volume,
whether we offer them interest or not. How often
man has grown angry at their vandalism will never be
told, yet in fairness we should also note their host of
allies. Fire, water, bookbinder collectors, ecclesi-
astics, have more than once aided their devouring
mission. Books whose value it would be difficult to
estimate have suffered a fate that merits our curse;
by destroyers whose sin a Purgatory cannot lay. To
find a worm-bored tome is not half so disgusting as
a rare folio *Machlinia*, bound in sheepskin and cut
down by some country bumpkin to suit the size of
quarto tracts. The 15th century harboured many a
vandal. Paper being scarce, any chapin or guardian
of an ancient library, wishing to give an order too
complex for his servants' memory, would calmly cut
a strip from off the broad margin of some valuable
manuscript wherewith to make his miserable scrawl.
But enough, or adjectives may creep in unbidden.

Turning to the biped who is often named in terms
of this article, we find ourselves moving on a different
stage. Surrounded by his "worm-drilled Jesuits"
Horace," or a "Rabelias foxed and flea'd," we have
too often judged him unkindly. A class apart, such
toilers have given us treasure trove, and their making
is a question we fail to solve. Of the making of one
such, however, the reader shall know. From
politician to bookworm is a long way, but Malone trod
it, and well, graded by a nameless girl who said him
nay. No book of cases guides us as to how many joined
hands with Brindley, Heber, and Sykes after this
fashion. Whether they be few or many, trifles play
strange tricks with men, as Malone witnesseth in
that, one such made him a skilful buyer of books.
Surrounded with these enemies and cranks my last
word shall be "Here's to bookishness and the charm
of Books."

Z. B.

A Melancholy Consideration.

I wonder how to tell you what I feel,
How would the proposition seem to strike you
If humbly at your feet I were to kneel,
And say, in simple language, that I like you.
I cannot frame my thoughts in polished prose;
My speech is halting—probably you know it.
More hopeless still my efforts to propose
In verse—for I shall never make a poet.
I cannot sigh in envy of your glove;
Nor with your hat would I exchange my station.
Such metaphoric murmurings of love
Demand too vivid an imagination.
Your hat and gloves will soon be out-of-date;
And shall the like disaster chill my passion?
I could desire some rather nobler fate
Than merely to become a summer fashion.
Perchance my lips will be inspired some day
To utter words befitting the occasion:
Perchance you'll gather what I have to say,
And stoop to conquer without much persuasion.

Camping Experiences.

"You should have heard him speak of what he loved;
of the tent pitched beside the talking water; of the stars
overhead at night; of the blent odors of morning, the peep
of day over the moors; the swaling lands among the
hatches. . . ."
—Robert Louis Stevenson.

An adequate description of the glorious possibilities which are offered by life in camp to the man who still knows himself to be a child of nature, lies beyond my powers. Only be it said that Stevenson's lines quoted above are inspired by an enthusiasm, which will remain a lasting possession of all who care to seek the means by which they may look on Nature "with a child's first pleasure," as Wordsworth did.

Camping is much more than the dreamy round of poetic fancies the much-to-be-pitied matter-of-fact person might imagine it to be. Such a life abounds with ludicrous incidents, and will put any healthy minded person in a good humour and keep him there. Realizing that an account of my own experiences might prove in some measure interesting, I have attempted to set forth the story of how "At" "Screw," and myself did take unto us a tent and live us away to the wilds of Langstrothdale.

It was in the last three days of the dreary third term that we three met in a quiet corner of a Café snookeroom to discuss the details of a camp-out for the coming long vac. From the commencement our little scheme seems to have been the centre of a vast amount of interest. In fact everybody seemed smitten with the gift of prophecy. Elderly relations prophesied terrible colds, incurable diseases and broken bones, humorist friends prophesied an unvarying diet of jam and bread after the first few attempts at cooking, with nocturnal amusements galore in the shape of chasing the tent in pyjamas. The only encouragement came from young lady friends who said, "How awfully jolly—er—and may we come and see you?"

In due course, however, we made our preparations and passed a preliminary at the "Gumps," the quaintest little pub in the shire. The rest of the day we lolled on the old oak "lang settle" and doted ourselves before the fire, for we had ridden up through torrents of rain. We passed a never-to-be-forgotten evening singing for the entertainment of half a dozen local worthies. Out of the varied recollections associated with that night at Grace's famous hostel one incident is characteristic. When shown to our beds we discovered that one lucky fellow would pass the night in luxurious isolation, for there were two of them and three of us. To decide the matter we embarked upon a cycle of "tossings." The penny must needs clang on the floor each time and we three tumbled over each other to see it till we were interrupted by a shrill voice on the other side of the thin partition, "Now then, get f' bed w' ye, an' let's have no gamin'!"

Next day, having secured the necessary permission we proceeded to erect our tent further up the dale. Fixing a tent is necessarily a tentative process. We had never fixed a tent before, but to the little group of onlookers we must have seemed experts, for every now and then we would walk a little away and gaze at it, walk around it and inside it, slacken this rope, tighten that with a mathematical regard for the perpendicularity of the pole and symmetry of the ropes due to an intimate acquaintance with Maths. VI. This done we must lay in a store of necessities and rig up beds, so we dived into a neighbouring copse and there our family firewood divider laid low the forest oak. Tra-la! (this is the poetic side of my nature creeping in, "At" and "Screw," being engineers, despise me because of it). That night, lulled by the Wharfe's sweet music, the murmuring of the breeze and Nature's cradle song, we might have slept on in happy dreams for years, aye, ages—but we were glad when a family of owls gave us ten minutes. I am poetic, and for aught I know may have introduced the night owl of yon' ancient spire into some sybarite twilight scene. When, however, I came to publish a complete edition of my works, I shall certainly introduce a very needless thing into any such scene in the shape of an air-gun of the best Birmingham make, warranted to shoot slugs, darts, small shot, shinos, or owls.

"Grob" is decidedly the problem in camp, and if your friend has cooked it you may introduce an amusing little game by guessing what it is. It is well, however, to have become possessed of a close knowledge of your friend's temperament before attempting this. "At" engineered a rice pudding, the "sloggiest" of the "sloggiest." I wonder if "At" had been studying the setting of cement about that time. If so, the making of that pudding must have been instructive. He ate it nearly all himself out of sheer bravado. Poor fellow! The penalty was too great. For the most part, however, our food was fit for an epicure. I had brought a mass of literature of the "Hundred Best Books" type, but its only use was to sit on at meal times. I had also brought a harp, an excellent thing it proved to be. What matter though it cost but half a crown and hailed from Dolgeville, U.S.A.—how that name irritates me

and I can't forget it—never were "psalteries, sackbut, and all kinds of musick" more welcome. It could only be played in one key, but "Ar" would growl, "Screw" would screech, and I did both as occasion required, so we sang anything to its accompaniment. Nay, not anything, anything but "Goldthred's Song"!

Chopping firewood is a most necessary part of camp life. "Screw" would fetch dead branches off the trees with a rope and then we would chop them up. "Ar's" method was unique. He would take a thick chunk which had been sawn off, and drive the hatchet overhead into it with the mallet. Of course, the wood seldom split, and then "Ar" would carry it about with him and hit tree trunks and stones with it, and throw it at things until something happened. Generally, the axe handle broke.

We had intended cycling a good deal, but that did not come off save when poor "Screw" fetched loaves and heavy pots of jam from the shop three miles away. We did get over to Wensleydale one day, however, and "Ar" had a painful accident. He was looking more dead than alive; "Screw" was removing some clothing to ascertain the state of his injuries, and I was leaning over him, examining him and assisting him and longing to speak some word which would inspire him with a hope of something to live for, so I said, "Never mind, old fellow, here's your mouth organ all right." Whether his pain suddenly left him or not, I don't know, but he got up and burst out laughing.

Everyone who camps must bathe. We bathed in a pool under a venerable bridge, and wonderfully refreshing was that cold water from Pen-y-ghent's caves and pots. I could not swim, so "Ar" and "Screw" taught me with a rod and line arrangement from the bridge. This ingenious method, unlike most ingenious things, was effective, and I rapidly gained confidence, alas too much! "Ar" had, like everyone else, I suppose, read how to save a drowning person. The articles always say, "Hold the person firmly by the head while inducing him to lie on his back." &c.

"Ar" said he would "save" me, so I consented. He followed the first part of the instructions, he held me firmly by the head, but either did not know or did not care for the rest, for I soon found myself acting as a submarine with "Ar" hanging on to my head as though I were doing the saving. We went to the bottom and eventually regained terra firma, but not until I had swallowed enough water completely to extinguish the flow of language necessary to a quick recovery. If ever I want to depart this life suddenly, I will send for "Ar" to save me.

Of course none of the horrible fancies of our friends came true, but—er—I think it only right to mention that the encouraging ones did.

To try to give information for camping would require a book; experience is the grand school. The great point is to be careful with whom you camp. Some people can't bear to wash up, can't bear to eat porridge which is a little burnt, can't bear to chop wood, &c., in fact can't bear to camp. In camping, an ideal holiday is to be found, provided that reasonable care be exercised. Without this I have no doubt it may become as foolish, dangerous, and unprofitable as fools make everything else.

BEN ZENK.

The Education of Citizens.

BROADLY speaking, nothing pays so well as Education. Citizens, who are the products of Education, make up the State, and the educational machine can be adjusted so as to produce various classes of citizens. The three main classes are the conservative, the indifferent, and the independent. The first opposes all change, the second seeks its own pleasure and cares not a whit for aught else, while the independent citizen is he who can think and be dissatisfied. He alone is the true citizen, and the most valuable asset of the State.

At the present day, the (elementary) educational machine produces the first two classes. What else could be expected when the government is in the hands of the rich? It would be fatal to those in power, were the proletariat to become aware how they are being exploited. Hence the "machine" is adjusted so as to turn out citizens totally deficient in thinking power, or else possessed of just so much as will make them support those whom they are taught to regard as their benefactors. The more discerning and rebellious minds, who call themselves Socialists and advocates of the rights of Labour, exist in spite of this system. Matters are very much the same, and even more clearly seen, in the world of religion.

That the products of the present system—the youth of to-day, the citizens of tomorrow—are ignorant and inept, useless and nervous, or coarse and harmful, must be clear to every observer. The astounding ignorance, the foolish impudence, the loose morality, and the silly jingoism of the mafficking hooligans who form the majority of the youth of to-day make me convinced of the immensity of the evil and the immediate necessity of attempts to counteract and prevent it. In spite of the proverb, I believe that those who can't hear are quite as deaf as those who want, and it is only because they know no better that our youth is in such a deplorable condition, and that our citizens scarcely deserve the name. Where, then, lies the remedy?

A bad man can scarcely be a good citizen. To make good citizens and citizenesses, the best and surest way is to make good men and women. Now that Religion has lost much of its hold, it is left to the Schools to attend to the full development of the children, morally, as well as intellectually. To add a special course in Civics or Citizenship to the present curriculum of the schools, as was suggested at the Colonial Conference, would be ridiculous in view of the amazing products, already mentioned, of the present educational machine. The saner elements of such a course are already included in subjects like history and historical geography, if properly taught. The other elements which would find their way into such courses—glorification of war, false notions of patriotism, and of loyalty to the Empire—were much better left out.

A special course of Citizenship is quite unnecessary. Just as a hint from a teacher during a lesson on physiography can overthrow one's belief in the Biblical cosmogony, so a lesson on history can be made the medium for unfolding the rights and duties of the citizen. But that would come later. First we must have an educational machine that will produce

the third kind of men, the independent thinking class, which is all too rare at present. The elementary, secondary and University branches of Education are all intimately related to one another. It would be impossible permanently to improve Elementary Education without at the same time improving the Secondary and Higher branches, which are responsible for the elementary teachers. And clearly a poor elementary system undermines the foundation of Higher Education. What is required, therefore, to produce better citizens is a general recognition of the faults of the present system, agitation for its reform, a capable Minister without class prejudice, and allowed a free hand, and last but by no means least, a Government which really means to govern.

S. L.

Peter Pan.

Books are reviewed in this magazine, why not plays? Would not a theatre critic in connection with the staff of the Gryphon be a wise institution; one who would attend plays produced at the Grand Theatre, or elsewhere, that are worthy of academic interest, and review them afterwards as wisely as possible in these columns?

This article has no pretensions to be a criticism, or even a review, it might almost be taken as an example of what a review ought not to be.

It is curious that "Peter Pan" should exert such a fascination over so many different sorts of people. There is no doubt that though there are some open scoffers and some who are bored by the occasional very childish parts in the dialogue—the majority of those who see it admit that all through they have followed it with a pleasure not entirely due to the excitement or dramatic interest of the scenes.

There are few people without instinct for what is called romance; it is these instincts that the play appeals to.

We, the inhabitants of towns, live artificially and our "pleasures" are artificial. From long and continual intercourse with other men and by reason of the excitement of society we have lost something.

In spite of the development that the life of towns has produced, in spite of "the strides in science," indirectly due to the close intercourse of men—we, the bees who are to be praised for the honey, have sacrificed a great gift in the collecting of it. When we have finished our work we do not know what real pleasure is.

The world is too much with us, late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours.

The thought of this seems to enrage Wordsworth, for later on he says:

—The Winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not—Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

But as dogs are excited by the cry of a wolf in the night, so we at times are aroused by the voice of a poet or the work of a dramatist, and can perceive dimly "the visionary gleam" of life, and feel a new pleasure at the sight. It does not last long, but each man is conscious that at times he can be roused in a way that he does not understand.

Sensible of this, dwellers in cities set up theatres where in the most life-like way possible they could see stage scenes and different characters, but above all follow the stories that such poets and dramatists were able to make for them.

It soon became grossly abused. But still, on occasions, there appears such a play as "Peter Pan," which, though a fantastic fairy-tale, childish in the extreme, and enveloped in stage interests, nevertheless contains a very small part of the "gleam" that fascinates men and women, and whose influence has been felt and silently attested by the many who have witnessed the play and enjoyed it.

Many critics, who would seem, compared to the public, to stand farther from the poet, instead of closer as an interpreter—instruct on realism for the stage. They say that a play must be realistic rather than romantic to appeal to the highest emotion. But the one thing that the city worker goes to the theatre to avoid is reality, as he knows it. The working man has no wish to hear details about the squalor of his own home, nor would the college student (supposing him to be among the hard ridden classes) take pleasure in a close representation of his own pale and over-worked condition.

But we have been led into the other extreme, we are at home, far too much at home, in the fool's paradise of musical comedy and pantomime—and it is in its superiority over this type of play that I would speak also of "Peter Pan."

The chief difference between a creation of the brain when awake, and a dream however gorgeous, is this, that one is subject to law and the other is not. However elaborate or interesting a dream may be it makes (as a rule) nonsense when put on paper; but a man of inventive turn of mind can make perfect sense of stories that are ostensibly of imaginary subjects.

Lamb thus points out in one of his essays: the "sense" of Spenser's *Faerie Queen* as compared to the "nonsense" of the fashionable novels of his day. In the same way the modern comedy opera, in spite of "the qualities" that it is supposed to deal with, has no real coherence, and its characters appear to follow no laws.

One carries away the impression of having been in the midst of a sparkling dream, perhaps there has been something of the charm of a dream, but there has also been present the unsatisfactory feeling of a dream.

Very different is the impression left by "Peter Pan" on the palate of the imagination. Although the whole play is a fairy tale, each character, with the exception of Mr. Darling, follows out the law of its own nature. We can say, with truth, that had Peter or Wendy ever existed they would have acted under the given circumstances as they are represented.

Thus, however fantastic the setting or the modes of action we are never offended or disagreeably surprised.

Apart from this "sanity" that keeps it fresh throughout, Barrie is a master of sentiment, and a great deal of his charm is due to this.

He is at his best in those novels where he has made "himself" out to be a man who, having suffered in the past, now lives and tells his tale under a shade of delicate melancholy.

Peter is also represented as having experienced what at the time he considered a sorrow—he went home one night intending to stay there always, but found the window shut and barred.

(He who wishes for a full account of this and other adventures should read "A Little White Bird.")

We are relieved at the end when he refuses Mrs. Darling's offer to adopt him, the theme would have been spoilt, and we secretly disappointed had he accepted it—and grown up.

If "Peter Pan" had a text (and why should not a play have a text as well as a sermon), it might be these lines of Wordsworth's:

Heaven lies about us in our infancy,
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;

Lewis Carroll as an Educationalist.

(From the "Manchester University Magazine," by kind permission of the Editor.)

WOULD not the preacher who centuries ago uttered his melancholy admonitions on man's egotism to rush into print have bemoaned in more heartrending accents during these latter days? From Plato onwards there has been a constant succession of theorists and others who knew, or thought they knew, all about Education, and we, as students, read them and, what is worse, read what other people say about them, till we fail to see one fundamental feature where-in they differ, or one main principle on which they agree. Some of them are psychological and some ethical; others think that in the social aspect of the problem alone is salvation to be found; while we who read feel willing to agree with any, had we but their genius and striking personality.

This being the case, some apology for bringing forward another educationalist, viz., Lewis Carroll, seems due; but no one who knows his books can, we think, fail to admit that he is worthy to join the number, and will, furthermore, illumine all by his own transcendent glory.

Lewis Carroll is quoted on every hand as illustrative of educational theories and ideals—nay, even the psychologists cannot refrain from pressing him into their service—but never has he been given his true place in the history of Education; in fact, so important is he that he ought to be recognised as meriting a high position in the practice of Education, for, after all, no one becomes history while yet a vital force. The great objection to so many worthy educational times is that the Education is all too obvious while Inspiration and Interest are sadly lacking. Now in Lewis Carroll the Inspiration and Interest are pre-eminent, while the Education must

needs be sought. In all his books his theory of Education exists, but hidden deep in the heart of things, so that it is necessary "to seek it with thimbles, to seek it with care, to pursue it with forks, and hope."

No educational system being complete without a firm philosophical foundation, let us note wherein his special form consists, and here, we shall see, occurs that divergence from other masters of the art that marks him out as peculiarly impressive. To take boldly the philosophy of another and build on that one's own educational edifice is an easy, but surely not highly commendable, plan; to abandon philosophical thought and shirking the difference between appearance and reality, to assume the latter is no doubt useful but ignoble; to stand firm on the ever fluctuating sea of appearance, to assume not even any existence, is undoubtedly heroic, and here is found his contribution to the philosophy of Education. Tweedle-dee proves conclusively that Alice is only a thing in the King's dream. "What's the use of your talking about waking him when you're only one of the things in his dream? You know very well you're not real." Is the postulate of reality necessary to a scheme of Education? In no way; unshaken by the onslaughts of the "real" on a foundation of "appearance" his structure raises "its ramparts walls of gold."

Following directly from his philosophy is his psychological theory. All psychologists agree that a well-organised brain must be such that when one idea is called up another tends to be called up also. Now with most of us only the obvious is associated; cat suggests dog or mouse, as all writers tell us with grim finality; does it ever suggest grin? And yet, when the connection is pointed out, do we not agree that a system of Education which could induce such subtle and far-reaching associations must be worthy of adoption.

On the question of the emotions he joins issue with Mr. James, whose theory it is now fashionable to decry, and would prove that we do not "cry because we are sorry, but are sorry because we cry." The Queen begins to scream and shake her hand, vociferating all the time: "My finger's bleeding. Oh! Oh! Oh!" Was it because she had pricked her finger? No, for she said, in answer to Alice's appeal: "I haven't yet, but I soon shall," which prognostication sheethly came true, whereupon the unhappy Queen ceased screaming, with the remark: "Why, I've done all the screaming already; what would be the good of having it all over again?"

Now let us consider his ethical position. In these days of bitter strife and controversy, when, like "Proust," one cannot help "getting an impression" that unless the teachers are actively employed in instilling moral instruction into their babes in season and out of season the next generation will spend its days in prison, it is refreshing to turn to the sane and rational protest of Carroll. In the character of the Duchess he illustrates clearly and subtly the absurdity of overdoing direct moral instruction.

"There's a large mustard mine near here," said the Duchess, "and the moral of that is the more there is of mine the less there is of yours."

"Oh! I know," exclaimed Alice, "it's a vegetable, it doesn't look like one, but it is."

"I quite agree with you," said the Duchess, "and the moral of that is, be what you would seem to be, or, if you'd like it put more simply, never imagine yourself not to be otherwise than what it might appear to others, that what you were or might have been was not otherwise than what you had been would have appeared to them to be otherwise."

But it is on the practical side that his real strength lies. Are we not told that the concrete must come before the abstract? But is that half as illuminating as the Gryphon's correlative remark: "Adventures first, explanations take such a long time?" Wouldn't much of our school life be far more exciting and inspiring if we had the adventures first and the explanations after?

Competition he abhors. "If everybody tries, everybody wins, and all must have prizes," said the Dodo—in a term of Education which not even the most advanced and ardent Socialist has advocated yet, but how much more satisfactory than striving to be first for the ignoble pleasure of excelling another? Perhaps one of his most suggestive creations is Humpty Dumpty, who has such thrilling views on words.

What an effective protest he makes against a servile obedience to grammatical rules, which, if not kept in their places, become masters; even the redoubtable Humpty *owns* they have a temper, "particularly verbs, they're the proudest; adjectives you can do anything you like with, but not verbs; however, I can manage the whole lot of them." When we seek the true meaning of a word we are invariably referred to Sanscrit, and we are impressed and try to feel wise, but Humpty's philosophy is so human. "To gyre," he explains, "is to go round like a gyroscope; to gimble is to make holes like a gimlet." His novel selection of portmanteau words—two meanings packed up into one word—throws quite a flood of light on many technicalities.

Lewis Carroll's sympathies are undoubtedly with the humanistic studies, but he is not thereby rendered narrow and unsympathetic to the scientific side. What a terrible note of warning there is in the fate of the unfortunate Beaver, who had neglected his mathematical training, so that when a really momentous epoch of his life arrived he found himself unable to concentrate his wandering attention:—

"The Beaver had counted with scrupulous care,
Attending to every word,
But it fairly lost heart and outgate in despair
When the third repetition occurred."

And he learned when almost too late that there is no forgiveness of sins in the mathematical world.

A literary training is good and necessary, as the whole tenor of the book shows, but it must be balanced by an intelligent appreciation and grasp of the mathematical side. And lest you should think that Lewis Carroll's work was unnecessary, and that we knew all that before, you must remember that there is nothing new, and that the genius is the person who puts old truths in a new dress, and this, we claim, was undeniably done by the gifted author of the *Snark*.

The French and English Drama.

RECENTLY in London theatres, and the papers, we have been able to see, and read, much more of the French drama than for a considerable time past.

With such a state of things before us, perhaps one may be permitted to compare in some way the dramatic work of the two nations. I have frequently been told that comparisons are odious, but also that circumstances alter cases. And in this particular instance I fancy the latter phrase overrules the former. For if by comparison the play-going public discern where our drama fails or excels, they will be the better able to criticise or admire. And comparison is inevitable, for by it the whole world moves and calculates.

I fear I must confess that before reading an article entitled "M. Sardou: The Veteran French Dramatist," by Parisian, in *The Reader*, my knowledge of any supposed essential difference between the drama of France and England was very scanty. And as far as I can judge, E.F.S., in the *Weekly Westminster Gazette*, writing upon "Anecdotal Dramas," disapproves of the reality of any such difference. Assuming that there are readers of the *Gryphon* who are interested in things dramatic, I beg space to add a few remarks upon the arguments brought forward in the afore-mentioned articles.

One can scarcely help being struck by the fact that M. Sardou has a slightly exaggerated, or prejudicial, estimation of the weakness of modern English drama: with such names in mind as Pinero, Squire, Barrie, Shaw and Arthur Jones we must find it rather hard to appreciate the following in the sense of literal truth:—". . . the English writer fails to produce really good drama. He proceeds without method and logical development, and the two are of first importance in the theatre." Of course no doubt exists about the importance of these two essentials, but I scarcely feel inclined to admit that I see either want of logical development in such works as "His House in Order," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Walls of Jericho," or "The Liars," nor lack of method in treatment.

I have an idea that comedy is scarcely M. Sardou's forte, but rather strongly dramatic work of essentially a theatrical character. Perhaps that may be a reason for his remark concerning our modern comedy; he says:—"English authors have written many pretty social comedies, but practically nothing that will live as drama."

E.F.S., in *The Westminster*, naturally, as an Englishman, and a dramatic critic, I presume, refutes the statement that our dramatic work will not, at least in some measure, bear comparison with that of France. And I entirely agree with him when he says:—" . . . during the last fifteen years there has been a change, and one could not make any sweeping assertion upon the subject as regards the plays of this period."

The crux of the whole matter is after all a question of the class of audience to which the dramatist tries to appeal. If the English drama of to-day is inferior to that of France, the reason is to be found in the intellectual playgoer. For surely in France greater

scope is given to the intellectual drama by the fact that the dramatist feels that he will always have an audience ready to appreciate his work. This and many other points concerning the superior culture and quicker intelligence of the French people are clearly and truly remarked upon by M. Sardou.

This greater refinement of public taste makes the dramatic critic's position far less important than it is here. For, as M. Sardou says, "The critic there (meaning in England) has a sacred mission to form the taste of the public. This is necessary if the theatre is to rise to a high level of art."

If I may form an opinion from what I have read, and seen, I should say that France excels all other nations in the drama of strong passion, while on such a high level are the best modern English social comedy and character play, that one may go far to find their equal to-day.

Although I venture to think that matters are not quite so bad in England as M. Sardou believes, I hope all lovers of good drama will agree with me in trusting that a bigger scope may be given in future to our leading dramatists, by cultivation of public taste to the true appreciation of their finest work now and to come.

"SHERIDAN."

The Strife is O'er.

My bark far out to the West hath sailed
The sea of life.

Fast drops him down to the self-same place
This earthly sun.

The shadows creep and ere long surround

The craft they've won.

Till lost, it fades 'mid the dark'ning gloom

When cruise is o'er.

For one fleet instant the falt'ring mind

Desires to turn.

And weather again the angry storm

Now left behind;

But feeble shrinks from the pathless wastes

Sailed by mankind,

To swing aside in the setting flood

Of bygone years.

My soul drifts back on the ebbing tide

Of memory sweet;

I dream of innocent childhood's days

Of deep content;

My thoughts call out for that golden time

So calmly spent,

Yet dwell with joy on the vision bright

Beyond the veil.

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