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*"The Gryphon never spreadeth her wings in the house when she hath any rich feathers; yet have we ventured to present our scribbles before your judgements when we know them full well of weak matter; yielding ourselves to the curiosity which we have ever found to be the precursors which we ought to fear."—LULU.*

Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1908.

No. 4.



This term has been one of the most eventful in our history. There was the Inter-Varsity debate on February 3rd, with the accompanying social, which was perhaps the most successful inter-varsity function we have yet held. Then the Women's Suffrage debate, a fortnight later, was equally successful—from a different point of view. The visit of the barrel-organ and the series of events immediately succeeding were certainly highly enjoyable, and indicative of the strength to which our corporate spirit has attained. The departmental dinners have been held as usual, and one department has registered its first annual function of this kind. The *Conversazione* quite maintained the high standard it has set for itself during recent years, and in its ambitious attempt to reproduce the second act of Mozart's "Figaro," a marked success was achieved.

But besides these events, two things have happened which may be said to mark an epoch in our history. A petition has been presented to the Senate on the free half-day question, and a deputation from the Union Committee has been permitted to wait upon the Senate. Petitions have been presented before—we remember two last session—but never in the memory of our oldest inhabitant has the Senate received a deputation of students.

\* \* \*

As the petition was a Gryphon affair we may perhaps be forgiven for dealing with it first. In our last issue, it will be remembered, we devoted a large portion of our Editorial remarks to the necessity of having a free half-day in the middle of each week if we were ever to hold our proper position in the playing field, or to attain to that corporate life which is so important a factor in a true University education. It was not long after this issue appeared before we discovered that we had voiced the opinions of a large number of students and members of the staff. We interviewed various people, and discovered that everybody wanted the free half-day, but that the difficulties in the way of such a re-arrangement of work as would allow of the change were very great, and had therefore been, shall we say, shirked, by the

authorities. However, we felt that the change was so desirable, so necessary in fact, that absolutely nothing should be allowed to stand in the way of it, and we discovered that most other students thought the same. We therefore drew up a petition to the Senate expressing this opinion, and allowed two days during which it could be signed by students only. We are glad to say that the idea was very favourably received, and that the petition was signed by nearly five hundred students. It was a very imposing affair—a roll of paper twenty inches wide and several yards long—when it was presented to the Senate on Wednesday, March 4th; in fact it was the largest petition ever presented to the Senate of the Leeds University or of the old Yorkshire College. The Senate gave the matter the consideration it deserved, and appointed a Committee to make a thorough investigation into the possibility of the scheme. We are convinced that they honestly appreciate the great necessity of the free half-day, and that they will, as the petition says, spare no efforts to bring about the necessary re-arrangement of work. And this especially so, as an enquiry into the state of affairs at other Universities and Colleges of the same standing as our own has so far revealed the fact that we are unique in having no mid-week half-holiday.

\* \* \*

In our last issue we made the announcement that the Men's Common Room question was practically settled, and that the galvanised iron structure was to be our home in the near future. As we had been striving to get students to think about the matter of Union Rooms for some months, without success, we were surprised to find that this announcement produced quite a storm of discussion. One heard exclamations of dissatisfaction on all sides, so much so that that hitherto very submissive body, the Union Committee, was forced to offer some objection when the scheme was officially brought before its notice. The Committee held a special meeting to consider the report of a special sub-committee, and appointed a deputation, upon which the Editor of the *Gryphon* received the unusual favour of being co-opted, to wait upon the Senate on Wednesday, March 4th, the day on which the petition was presented. The Senate were kind enough to receive the deputation, to hear attentively what we had to say, and to offer to allow a small number of Students to discuss the matter with the members of the "Appropriation of Temporary Buildings" sub-committee. The courteous

treatment which the deputation received was much appreciated, and will serve to further strengthen the bond of sympathy between students and staff, which we are glad to say is a great feature of Leeds University life.

\* \* \*

Thus on one day we had two events of tremendous importance to the future of our University, the presenting of the petition, and the reception of the deputation. Both were inspired by the same spirit, a desire on the part of the whole body of students to have opportunities for cultivating that corporate spirit which will mean so much to our University in the future. Is it too much to hope that this desire may be encouraged and aided by the authorities in the action they take with regard to both the Union Rooms and the half-holiday?

---

### The Petition.

---

The following Petition was presented to the Senate on Wednesday, March 4th, 1908:—

*To the Senate of the University of Leeds.*

THE HUMBLE PETITION of the undersigned students of Leeds University

SHEWETH

*that your Petitioners are of opinion that the suspension of work on one afternoon in the middle of each week is so desirable and so entirely necessary that no efforts should be spared to bring about such a re-arrangement of work as will allow of this.*

WHEREFORE your Petitioners humbly pray that you will give very earnest consideration to the matter, and arrange and ordain that on one afternoon in the middle of each week all work shall be suspended.

Here follow the signatures of the Chairman, Secretary, and all the members of the Union Committee, the Editor of the *Gryphon*, the Captains and Secretaries of the Football, Cricket, and Hockey Clubs, and of nearly five hundred other students.

### Impressions of the Conversazione.

I AM told to describe the *Conversazione*. I like the Editor's cheek. He knows where I spent most of the time, and he also knows that my own pleasant experiences are not exactly typical of those of the guests in general.

The task is impossible, but I have certain impressions which may be set down as a modest reflection of the great deed. Long before the 28th, I began to realise that Messrs. Davies and Gilliat were working as Secretaries generally do, extremely hard. I saw that several of the ladies were selling shoals of tickets, and I accidentally discovered that three students of the Electrical Department spent three days in the hard and modest labour of preparing the stage lighting. No votes of thanks have been proposed to these persons, so I humbly beg to propose one. Incidentally certain other people did nothing and talked a lot; they ought to be smothered. I caught another man working very hard. He was only conducting the opera, but I never realized before what hard work it was. The responsibility for the whole performance seemed to be on Mr. Hoggett's shoulders for the time being. But as I am technically unequipped, I shall leave the play to another and a wiser pen, and pursue my discoveries. We are told that the last resort in ladies' cloakrooms—the large Chemistry Laboratory—was quite successful. We, or rather I, know that the Library made an excellent *Café Chantant*, particularly if you managed to get into the balcony. It didn't matter that one gentleman chose rather unsuitable songs, for the rest of the entertainment was as musical as the other noises would let it be. Mr. Bose conjured to a full house, and Professor Smithells delighted another crowded audience with a lecture and experiments on "Flame." The round of the technical departments was so interesting, that very few people reached Leather at the end of the course—which is to be regretted, as the Leather Department Exhibit was very novel and very interesting. The fact was that there was no time to see half the entertainments. I wanted to know the size of my nose and feet, but the Medicals turned out to be slackers, for their anthropometry never arrived at all. It wasn't much missed, however, as there was plenty to do. One thing everybody saw, and that was the Play, which was over at 10.15, when we were sent home.

The chief impression I have—mainly obtained from other people—is that the evening was too short, the Play was too short, and the time for the other entertainments also too short. I certainly didn't want to go home at 10.15. We shall have to solve the difficulty by having two functions, an Annual Play and an Annual Soirée. Then both may be less scantily served. One more conviction—we shall have to enlarge the entrance hall very considerably if functions of this kind are not to be "crushes."

### THE PLAY.

GRANTED that the dismemberment of a work of art be legitimate, the choice of work to be performed could scarcely have been more felicitous. With the aid of a little synopsis, the Second Act of this merriest of all Mozart's Operas becomes quite an intelligible

torso. In truth, it would be difficult to imagine a dramatic or operatic excerpt that would produce a less fragmentary impression and would be more independent of its setting than the Act settled on, with its beautiful orchestral introduction and sparkling finale.

The abandoning of recitative is, perhaps, a questionable method of procedure, as dialogues interspersed with airs and concerted pieces tend to drive home more forcibly the incongruities, the arbitrariness and frequent artificiality of the operatic art, more especially of the Italian School of Opera. Mrs. Schüddokopf, seeing that the inordinate amount of rehearsing necessary for the recitatives was out of the question—at any rate for the orchestra—decided to replace them by unaccompanied dialogue.

Mr. Davies' intimation that silence would be acceptable during the performance of the overture, which, in a rather mysterious fashion forms an integral part of the Second Act, was, let us hope, unnecessary, though no doubt advisable; and the surmise that the apology for Mrs. Schüddokopf's voice was probably a super-scrupulous one, was later amply substantiated by the event.

After a spirited performance of the overture, the curtain rose—a little prematurely—so that the Countess found herself face to face with the somewhat embarrassing task of creating the "atmosphere" of the situation. However, once fairly under weigh, everything proceeded steadily without a perceptible hitch. The orchestra, considering that it was largely composed of amateurs, displayed a notable dexterity in the use of the musical vaulting-pole to the very occasional vagaries of the principals, due in large measure, one suspects, to an overmastering desire to cope wearily with the histrionic requirements of the rôles. In this latter respect, the performance left little or nothing to be desired.

The absence of elaborate staging tended, perhaps, to make one hypercritical, but it must be said that the bondoir savoured somewhat of the elegant Edward VII.-cum-E. Miller's style.

The individual rôles attained a remarkably high level. Mrs. Schüddokopf's reputation in the musical and dramatic arts was even enhanced by her fine impersonation of the part of the Countess. Mrs. Chorley's gaiety as the vivacious, sprightly Susanna, was infectious and irresistible, and the little flirtatious touches so skillfully added by herself and that ready-witted, plausible young rogue of a Figaro, would have led one to conclude that Mr. Shaw, who so distinguished himself in his part, was no mere novice. One of the principal successes was scored by Mr. McDermott, who was very happy in his portrayal of the Count's alternately fiery, blustering and apologetic character. His "make-up" was so striking, that it elicited applause on his mere entry. If Charadin's martial predilections were not too well realised, the sentimental side of the character was, at any rate, forcibly brought out, and Miss Charlesworth deserves warm praise for her charming rendering of "Say ye who borrow." Mr. Hopkins, as the gardener, utilised the sensitive musical nerves of the L. U. Smokerroom habitués by original and suggestively eerie vocal involutions. Messrs. Watts and

Morton, as Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio respectively, acquitted themselves of their parts in very capable fashion.

However unusual and inapposite under ordinary circumstances, a speech of the type that closed the evening's proceedings may be, it was welcome, if only for the tribute to the unstinting labours of Mr. Hoggett, whose invaluable services and unflinching perseverance are but all too seldom recognised. On the whole, taking into account the forces at the disposal of the organisers, and reflecting that traditional "Covent Garden" standards are not everywhere attainable, the "dramatic" performance deserves to be pronounced a brilliant success.

A. C.

### Borens.

I can't think when the wind is blowing strongly, I want to give myself up to it; to let at any rate my soul go with it in its blindest wandering. I cannot think, even about, the wind itself. It is only in impulse that it affects me, and all I want is to sit and drink in of its wild free spirit. That spirit that means so much to us in many ways. We love the clouds because the wind has tangled them into beauty; we give the sea credit for a glory all laboured from Borens.

I feel how much the wind has to account for in the history of man. How many have ridden roughshod over prejudice and enmity of their cause, driven by the hidden inspiring fury of the winds that have beaten health into their bodies and daring into their souls. How many an evil passion has been blown away by its sweetening power, how many a weakling battered into strength; and yet what crimes of hot blood may not Sorecco take the blame for.

And so it comes to me bearing a thousand impulses of odd days, feelings I could not measure, and I would not. All I care is that it brings a wild exultant joy, making me long for the clear wind-swept spaces of its home, making me clearer for the longing.

Some folks take pleasure in making an enemy of the wind; he was always my friend since the days I used to stand out on the moor, uncovering my head, baring my throat, and wishing that he might bluster with ten times greater force; for I knew he meant no harm. I think I must have been born in a wind. These folks who make an enemy of him take pleasure in sitting snug and during him to find his way to them—but I cannot do this. If I try to shut him away, I hear him moaning and muttering of his loneliness. He knows so many, and can stay to be friends with none. I must steal out and let him have his fill of me, or get to sleep, for I cannot lie in bed content to hear him outside barred windows, but, having made all safe, I open my window and let the skirts of his long garment sweep across my bed, and very gently, with a caress, softer than any human touch, save one, he moves across my face, and as in shower comfort I hush awake for the delight of going off again. I feel his touch of true camaraderie, full of the health of hills and the wide sea, and very quietly my spirit moves out again upon the breath of the friendly wind down the long avenues of open space.

W. M.

### Visit to Messrs. Beckworth's Tannery.

LOVELY day—decent walk down—on arrival found tribe waiting for admittance—ladies remained distinct, apart—gates open, procession moves forward—all expectation—putrid smell which nearly knocks one over (literally)—a consciousness that our environment has changed—a vision of hides in various stages of treatment—of "baths" in various degrees of filth—a feeling of pity for those "who toil"—a vision of ladies covering their nasal organs—a knowledge of a less obnoxious "filtrate" obtained thereby—a feeling of great envy for the lucky males who subdue their own intensity of "smell attack" by mingling with it the fragrant weed—a removal to the tan-pits—a long-winded description of their secrets—a visit to the chroming apparatus, then to the drying room—a further move to inspect the "alligator" machine—a mighty dread of its jaws—a visit to the polishing benches and to the "box-calfing dodges" a view of the finished article—an explanation of a wonderful American patented machine for measuring—a comparison of past crude with present "machine improved" methods—return journey—once more pass tanyard—former horror intensified with fear of falling into the pits—outside—a breath of Leeds fresh air!!—glorious!!!

Result: Tanyard odours to tea and supper—horrible nightmare, in which a dive into a tanyard pit and a fight with an alligator play equally dread parts!

### Hymn.

The Gods be praised  
For having raised  
(Undoubtedly with deity)  
Myself to be  
A devotee  
Of Chemistry's best purity!  
A certain day,  
In seventy way,  
Shewed plainly what lives feathery,  
We Chemists Pure,  
In bliss endure,  
Compared with Chemists Leathery.  
My spirits fall  
When I recall  
Those knives so Jack-the-Ripper-y;  
Hair standing straight,  
I meditate  
On odours ultra-kippery.  
Those narrow planks  
Twist fuming tanks,  
O'er which with footstep tremor-y  
I somehow rolled,  
Sans shivers cold  
I cannot call to memory.  
On my decrease,  
My Will decrees,  
My heir, in Roman manner, he  
Must me cremate—  
I dread the fate  
Of visiting a tannery.

PROTYPE.

## A Comedy of Mirrors.

BANG-BANG-RAT-A-TAT! There it was again. The postman was actually knocking at my study door. I was taking "moss rose" in a huge armchair in front of a warm fire that spluttered fitfully, and before I could make audible my decision upon this unwarrantable intrusion, the door opened and closed softly. For a moment I saw nothing. Then a curious little figure stepped from behind the table leg. Dressed in a close-fitting suit of maroon decorated with grotesque shapes which proved to be griffins, he was one of the queerest and most diminutive imps imaginable. He was hatless, and his shoes were long and pointed. His bright and beady eye had a trick of rolling round and looking at everybody and everything. He advanced as far as my boot, which was his exact height, dumped down a box he was carrying, and yelled out a cheery "Good morning." It is not often that one has the honour of a visit from a real fairy, and I intimated as much to my visitor. "Don't mention it. I'll be placed on the table, if you do not mind," he said coolly.

I lifted him and his box on to a card table that stood at my elbow.

"I am St. Valentine's messenger," he began.

"Indeed," I said.

"Hist," pushing the box forward, "here's a proposal to make society quake and old maids faint. Would you care to look at a few valentines en route for their destinations?"

"Admirable!"

I applied my eye to a slit in the top of the box. There was a sharp click, and a picture stood out before me. It was a dapper individual with a shiny face, black hair, and gold-rimmed eyeglasses. On his forehead appeared a legend which I could not fully decipher. It ran somewhat as follows: "Bad music—rs—". In his uplifted right hand he held a MS. entitled, "The ugliest man on earth," and underneath the picture was inscribed, "What is this I see before me?"

In a twinkling the scene changed. I was in a room now bare of its accustomed furniture, viz., a litter of magazines. The atmosphere, however, still retained the perfume of its wonted incense. Divers messages were written on the walls and floor, e.g., "There is a happy land and far away." "Home, home, shall I forget thee?" "I wouldn't leave my little wooden hut," etc., etc. The whole scene seemed to point to a recent revolution.

While still marvelling at these ponderous sayings, another view presented itself. I almost fell on its neck and kissed it, for it was the likeness of the late lamented weary one. No, I cannot tell you where he was or what he was doing. I can only say that he "felt happy," and that this motto appeared under the view. "Perhaps in this neglected spot."

My elfish friend gave a chuckle of delight as he turned on the next valentine. And I must here remark that I cannot describe this picture in detail. I caught a glimpse of a crowd of froes—men and women. The men wore an aristocratic unemployed

a't, and most of them surreptitiously connoled well-worn books. Part were given to leaving theirs in window corners, whence as a matter of course they were stolen. I also noticed that one man was saying something about the "late lady," from which I inferred a calamity. The women, on the other hand, were working like the proverbial bee, and seemed oppressed by the weight of learning they were taking unto themselves. I was interested to see these words written in bold calligraphy, "Art is long, and time is fleeting."

Now a perfectly well-known signah stood before me. In fact he is so well-known that by the mere juxtaposition of gold braid and "You all do know this mantle—" Nuff said.

Darkness, black as midnight, fell upon me. Ye gods! I was in a rabbit warren or the catacombs of Rome! I know not, but at times a glowing spark shone through the darkness. I wandered helplessly until at the end of a bareness I saw a shadowy figure, and listened as he trotted forth the ditty, "We've got a Ohm up yonder." Then day dawned.

And now, last scene of all, as Shakespeare said. It is again a confused one. Conversation was carried on in repartitions. As, for example, "Taken your Physic?" or "Eaten your Maths?" "If you invert the answer's right." I should have thought there would have been a hush! The men-folk seemed to work hard, especially with their feet, for I detected a slight flattening of the soles of their boots. The women were exceedingly fair, if one is to judge by the number of men round some of them. Their locks no longer hung down in curls. *Et scientia augebitur.*

Just at this point there was a thunderous crash. The little man in maroon seized his box, bounded into thin air, and vanished. I awoke to hear the last echoes of the postman's knock resounding through the house. Next minute a letter was brought in. I opened it with what the novelists call "feverish haste"—and a penknife. Enclosed I found my valentine:

"The reader's tired, and so am I."

From your affectionate

MAN IN MAROON."

It is said that at a certain Literary Society's meeting which had been preceded by tea, a high and noble personage was once present. When the Chairman asked if anyone had any business to bring forward, this gentleman rose, and out of the kindness of his heart, offered the prize of sixpence to the member—lady or gentleman—who would stand upon the table and produce most buns from his or her pocket.

A lady won the prize—with fourteen buns.  
The secretary then read the minutes of the last meeting.

\* \* \*

A budding scientist was heard, in the Chemical Laboratory, asking for some consecrated Sulphuric Acid. He said he wanted it for use in a desecrator.

## Do You Know—

That the Inter-Varsity debate was a great success?  
That the "Suffragette" debate was a greater success?

That, therefore, the Debating Society Committee have decided not to have a Parliamentary Debate, as it might be even more successful?

That they intend instead, to hold a debate on "Should milk be boiled?" (attendance 20)  
That their's is a very timid policy?

Where A-th-e W-ll-y was?  
That F—t was vexed?  
Who sat at the foot of Miss G—th—pe?

The barrel-organ?  
That the Suffragettes penetrated into the Staff Dining Room?

That they met with little encouragement?  
That D—s gave twelve pennies?  
That he also turned the handle?  
That F—t did not turn the handle?

That three policemen went by?  
And stayed by?

That the collection was a record one?  
That this was what Miss G—th told the reporters?  
Why?

That we got into the Medical School?  
That the D—n was very angry?  
That the barrel-organ escaped easily?  
That Miss G—th—pe did not escape easily?  
Who got on to the outer top of the car?  
Whose names were taken by the police (*vide Press*)?  
Who remained in the car to the end?  
Who upset the conductor's money?  
That the police were annoyed?  
That twelve cars were waiting on Boar Lane?  
That this was the best "rag" we have had for some time?

That we want more?

The PETITION?  
That one man refused to sign it?  
That some men want more than one half-day?  
To what Department they belong?  
That someone wants the University to be closed on the free half-day?  
Who? Why?

Who put cream into his beef-tea at the Con-servaz?  
Who was in the balcony during the *Cadé Chantant*?  
That he was not alone?  
That there was no Anthropometric Exhibition?  
That someone asked for his money back on that account?

Where were the Medicals?

That Mr. Rose's imitation of tigers quarrelling was so realistic, that some ladies passing down College Road ran for their lives?

That the flume experiments were much appreciated—especially the accompanying sounds?  
That the whole Conversation was a great success?

## February Twenty-Ninth.

Her eye is sad, her looks downcast,  
Her bearing, quite dejected;  
But still she hopes, perhaps, she might  
Not always be rejected.

Quite from afar, myself she spies;  
That Hope which springs for ever  
Asserts itself, for such as I  
Can't surely say her "Never!"

With hand outstretched, uplifted eyes,  
In which her joy encroaches;  
With hastened footsteps, eagerly  
The maiden close approaches—

"O please, kind sir," she softly says—  
And here her breath she catches—  
Continuing, her words propose,  
Propose!—to sell me matches.

PROVYLE.

## Love Story of a Science Student.

## I.

ONCE upon a time, in a town very like Leeds, and in a University very like the Leeds University, there lived a science student, but one who was not—in many respects at least—like all other science students.

Julius was his name, but he did not often hear it, Tobie was a name more suited to a science student, so his friends conceived, and they named him accordingly. The word student would suggest not merely one who studies, but one whose pleasure it is to study, and this Tobie was never more contented or in charity with all men, than when he bent over his test tubes or sat at the feet of his professors.

But the laboratory suited his element. He had, of course, a mustard-coloured surcoat that he put on immediately when he entered, and which helped to induce an analytical atmosphere. Moreover, he had "the manner" that goes with the habit of mind of the real chemist—to the student of

"That respected science of our earth that serves  
To a soul governing passion oft have tamed."

To see Tobie contemplating a borax bead, holding it close to his face so that eyes and nose might have equal opportunity of receiving impressions—or to watch him with a test tube (in which lurked some curious solution), warming it carefully at his bunsen, or shaking it, to gaze anon at its contents as if he saw a vision there—was to behold in him not only the individual, but the type, the alchemist par excellence, who, from the days of Zosimos, has watched his experiments with the same self-absorption, the same deeply inquisitive eyes.

But, as a rule, with his mustard-coloured robe, he also threw off the inquisitorial garment of his mind, so that he took his experiences and sensations very much as a matter of course. And thus it was that one day, without having previously considered the matter very much, he realised that he was very deeply in love. And moreover, such was the caprice of Providence, the who had woven the enchantment was an artist.

It happened thus:

One evening, some months past, he was walking home to his rooms by a route, slightly different from that he usually followed, that led him over a hill. A setting sun touched the prospect of the city beneath his feet, turning the smoke purple, and giving the clusters of houses a colour not their own. As he walked, he came suddenly upon a young woman seated upon a low wall; she had a small canvas in front of her, and was painting.

This, to him was something strange. He must have known of such a proceeding, but never before had it come directly under his notice. It had points of interest, he thought, and, considering them, he stood for some time gazing at the canvas.

He was soon recalled to himself.

"Do I understand, Sir, that you wish to be included in my picture?" This was said with a smile that would have given him another point of interest had he marked it, but he pulled off his cap in a confused way, and hurriedly recommenced his walk.

He made many sweeping condemnations of artists—but he came home the same way on the following evening. But the second time there was no sun to gild the houses and paint the smoke, nor any sign of the strange young lady who had spoken to him.

He would soon have forgotten the incident, had he not met her again. He collected books, and the heavy volumes of many old patriarchs of the sciences filled his shelves. The quest of these led him into remote parts of the town, and any book-shops of the ancient sort that might contain a pearl or two among their piles of lumber were overhauled, and the venerable book-masters who were wont to inhabit their innermost recesses were often personally known to him.

One of these book-shops he discovered a few weeks later, not far from his own part of the town. He wondered that he had never discovered it before, and in the window—staring at him from a crowd of ignoble volumes—was a pearl indeed, "Mendeleeff's Principles," priceless discovery! that was waiting in philosophic patience for the worthy purchaser.

He entered the little room at the back of the window. It seemed less dusty than was usual in such places; it had a single table in the corner, and suggested more a private library, but there was no visible occupant. He noticed a little bell above the door, and touched it with his stick.

Presently, steps descended a staircase and there entered to him a girl in a dark blue dress of holland and with a long paint brush behind her ear. He recognised her at once as the lady of the sunset. She had the pre-occupied air of one interrupted in some absorbing occupation.

"Mendeleeff's Principles" were produced. The volumes were not, somehow, of such ravishing interest. He looked up from the pages and removed his cap. "Oughtn't I to apologise—" She was surprised. "To me, why? Oh, I remember. No, I should apologise to you. You strode away as if you were deeply offended." She had no idea of the price of Mendeleeff, but she would go and ask her father. What could he find interesting in such a book? "Now, these—" and she laid her hand on a pile of

'Studies.' Mendeleeff was bought and carried home, and their acquaintance dated from that day. That visit was the beginning of many.

The old gentleman who kept the shop seemed to be a man of curious and wide learning. He was a "sage," and in the course of many discussions that he held with Tobie, scientific and otherwise, he would bring him to a point where before him seemed to stretch a wider horizon. But such discussions were not the object of his visits.

The more he saw of the girl in the blue dress, and the more he talked to her, the more he wondered at her. Upstairs was a small room that would appear to be a painting laboratory—or rather, a studio—that he was one day permitted to see. It resembled all other studios, but he knew no others, so that to lean upon one of the high stools and watch her at work, or to inspect the numbers of portfolios that lay about, seemed to him to be part of a different state of existence. The walls were covered with bits of designs and half frescoes. Upon them were a few pictures, copies of Whistler's "Sun Cloud," and one of his "Nocturnes," and over the fireplace there was a beautifully finished charcoal drawing of Rodin's "L'homme au nez cassé." His custom was to find a book and take it upstairs to examine it in the brighter studio. Some of her pictures he thought beautiful, but they were not often those she liked herself. He complained of the picture over the fireplace as ugly and meaningless. They talked lightly of many things.

"You say you are a realist—what do you mean by that?"

"I don't know, it's my attitude of mind. I put myself in the position of a mother."

He could never make out when she was laughing or when in earnest.

"Are you ever serious?"

She did not answer him.

"What do you mean by being a scientist, Mr. Julius?"

"I like to get to the bottom of things."

"To see to the bottom is enough for me—now if I were to paint you, for instance—"

At this point someone in the shop below caused an interruption.

But the conversation was not continued.

He began to realise more fully that she saw her surroundings with different eyes from his. There arose in him a great desire to know and understand her, and to discover the things that influenced her. But he could seldom get her to speak of these things seriously.

## II.

The morning of the day that is dedicated, or neglected, as Bishop Valentine's, found him at the door of her atelier with daffodils in his hand.

It was not his own idea, it was suggested by a woman of the streets, who had offered him flowers. He yielded to an impulse and bought them. It happened that he was on his way to consult her father, and it happened to be Valentine's Day. But, as he walked, holding them strangely, their aspect changed. They were not strange blossoms put into

his hands by chance. They were his gift to her, and they bore a meaning.

That was the day he realised that he was in love.

The old man, her father, was sitting below in his shop; Julius put down a book in front of him, and went upstairs. He found her gluing two small canvases together; she was going out.

"How good of you! Why do you give them to me?"

He was now quite sure of what was in his heart.

"Do you wish for a serious answer?"

"I thought I could never be serious." In her grey eyes was the eternal spirit of laughter that he almost feared.

"Then to-day it is permissible—St. Valentine's."

"Oh! you remember St. Valentine. I could understand, if it was Saint Boyle's Day, or Bishop Bensen's—but thank you so much."

"You think that I cannot understand or appreciate an artist; will you always think so?"

She pointed to the picture over the fireplace.

"Can you tolerate him yet?"

He had closed his eyes in contemplation of "The Man."

"Ye-es."

"In time then, perhaps; you must admire and love that picture first."

She went out with a little nod. What he had learnt that morning would still have to be kept a secret.

During the months of that spring he was busy in the laboratory of his College, and at other times he learnt many lessons from the lady in the blue dress. He began faintly to understand the indefinable "other sense" that makes the artist—and the more he appreciated the more he loved. He had a painting of hers in his rooms.

One day he blew himself up in the laboratory, and was confined to his room with a bandage over his eyes. He relied at Fortune in 'set,' and un-set terms. But one day his housekeeper was surprised at the visit of a young woman whom she did not remember to have seen before. After that, he blessed mother Fortune instead. She would not have come, he thought, if he was nothing to her.

He recovered, and in her studio he told her of his love. It didn't matter whether he admired the confounded picture or not. He was in love with her. Would she not marry him?

Her answer was a look of great kindness, that accompanied the smile in her eyes. But there were so many objections. Her father was not expected to live long; he was weak, she would not leave him. And she did not know the true meaning of the words "I love you."

He went out. Heine's words were mocking him. "She was lovable, and he loved her. But he was not lovable, and she did not love him."

Almost immediately he was confronted with a suggestion of his professor's that he should proceed to one of the large European laboratories to pursue his research work. He agreed, and said good-bye to the girl in the blue dress, whom he loved, and to her aged father. She said "We have learnt a great deal from each other—I hope you'll come back, some day."

The wide, vaulted halls and laboratories of the University of R— became almost his home. In the evenings, he had his "Ostwald," his "Lavoisier," and he was determined to desire no further companions. He thought that he was successfully forgetting his adventures as a lover.

One day in the laboratory is very like another, but at noon on a day in November, something happens. Before him is a dark solution in an open dish; it claims his attention. It is clouded, but it seems to him to clear from the centre outwards. There is a reflection in it, of a room. A woman's figure in profile is beside a bed—gazing downwards. He knows the face perfectly, why cannot he recognise it? He will recall it presently when it moves. Then something came to an end. She bends down over the pillow, and the gesture brings instant recognition.

A demonstrator at his elbow is saying, "To clear that I should add a drop or two of —"

"Thank you, it is as clear as daybreak."

The demonstrator watched him go hurriedly to the tall swing doors and fling them back as he left the hall.

Four mornings later, he was before the book shop in the city that I have described as very like Leeds. There was a blind drawn down above. He knocked at her studio door and entered. She stepped back from her easel, and dropped her eyes a moment; his heart leapt. When she held out her hand there was a deeper colour in her cheeks.

"I was so sorry that—I was so sorry for your loss." Her quietness mislead him—"your father?"

"He—died four days ago."

Julius stood with his boot on the fire bar. For a long time he was silent. Then, with his eyes on the fire, he said, "And have you still all those objections?"—though he knew she had changed.

"Forgive me, but you have been standing to me so beautifully—as you did once before—please remain as you are. When I have finished my sketch, I will tell you."

B.

## Education Smoker.

THE ANNUAL Football Match in connection with the Education Department was played on Thursday, 27th February, when the First Year Students gained a victory over the Second and Third Years, the score being 5 goals to 1. There was a splendid turn up to the subsequent Tea and Smoker, and a right merry time was spent until 9 p.m. Mr. Smart was elected chairman. Songs were sung by Messrs. Farnish, Woodmansey, Crosby, Witty, Smart, Shaw, Hopkins, and others, while Messrs. Hyde and Gittleston amused us with recitations: the latter was in particularly brilliant form. Mr. Billam accompanied and played pantomime ditties for us.

F. M. D.

\* \* \*

HYMERS' COLLEGE is stated by the *Athletic News* to have been the institution where Mr. J. M. Foord, of Leeds University, received his school education.



## Correspondence.

## CONVERSAZIONE.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

Sir,

Having been present at the last four or five Conversazioni held in the University, I could not help being struck by the fact, which no doubt many others must also have noticed, but to which I have not yet seen attention publicly drawn, namely, the facility of any attempt at witnessing more than one or two of the many excellent items which are provided, upon these occasions, for the benefit of our guests.

My experience has been that each of these functions tends to outdo its predecessor in its scope and interest, and consequently, the objection, to which I have referred, now becomes exceedingly important, and would seem to call for some remedy. My object in writing is not to belittle the work which has been done, but as an outsider, to offer a suggestion which might be the basis of some alteration in the Union Conversazione in future years.

From "Ici on parle Français," in 1903, "Our Boys," in 1904, "The Rivals," and a miracle play in subsequent years, we had presented last night, the Second Act of the "Marriage of Figaro." The dramatic portion of the entertainment is, we see, becoming annually more and more ambitious, and last night's success, achieved, I am told, in the face of many difficulties, will no doubt, lend assistance to that movement. Well, it is agreed, I think, that the outside limits of time for the whole entertainment are 7 and 10-45—three hours and three-quarters. Of this time, the play consumes a very considerable portion, and in years to come is likely to occupy still more. I do not like to think what will then become of the Departmental Exhibits, the Café Chantant, and the other interesting items of which the programme is usually full. All these things are well worth seeing—a fact which the visitors fully appreciate—and several visitors have felt disappointed when they have found how the times have clashed on different occasions.

I would suggest that the exhibitions in the different departments and the lectures, such as that on "Flame," which Professor Smithells delivered, together with the other features on the programme, such as the Conjuring Entertainment, the Anthropometric Exhibition, and possibly the Café Chantant, should form the whole of the Spring Term function, and that the dramatic performance should take place at some other time, when the absence of other attractions would increase its popularity. The Reception concluding say at 7.30, the visitors might go the round of the different departments, there being some indication upon the programme, when the items of interest in each department could best be seen.

Last night, as in previous years, I noticed, in the case of the Engineering Department, that while the tests of the iron beam, timber beam, and steel bar were in progress the attendance was quite scant, while it was quite considerable at other times when no specific test was taking place.

This is, of course, regrettable, but under the present method of rushing in all the exhibits between 7.30 and 9, it is inevitable. People will forego the opportunity of seeing something of interest, rather than find themselves without a seat or with a bad seat in the Hall, at 9.15, and thus the two portions of the annual entertainment, each excellent in its own way, are mutually conflicting.

I see no objection to holding the play at the end, say, of the Christmas Term. Last year we saw produced "The Clouds," and at the end of the Summer Term, the lady students by their enterprise made a great success of their production of "The Princess." So that I do not see that it would be impossible to secure a sufficient number of rehearsals to enable us to have one evening in the session devoted exclusively to the production of one, or possibly two, pieces.

I am in no way blind to the difficulties which naturally arise—I quite realize, for instance, that there would be more expense incurred in dividing up the programme, but I do not see that the additional expenditure need be very heavy.

However, I do not intend to discuss this matter now; I desire only to make a suggestion, and if this suggestion calls forth any further propositions for another scheme, I shall feel that my time and your space have not been wasted.

E. J. F.

February 25th, 1908.

## THE MID-WEEK HALF-HOLIDAY.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

I was very glad to see the need for a mid-week half-holiday urged in the Editorial columns of the last *Gryphon*. It must by now be quite evident to the most casual observer that some drastic change is necessary in the regime of our University if we are to hold our own at sports with our sister Universities or hope ever to equal the social life of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, etc. A "half" on Wednesdays would do much to improve our Rugby, Soccer, Hockey, but I think that we need something more. A University should aim at being something very much higher than a mere educational institution; lectures and reading should form only a part of the day's work; there should be time left for social life, and every student should be able to enter fully into the various Clubs and Societies of the University. At the present time, many find that the amount of work required of them is so great, that it is an absolute impossibility for them to do this. Their trivial round and daily task consists very often of lectures and lab. work all the morning and afternoon, and reading all the evening. Many of us get very little more benefit and pleasure from our Varsity life than we should from a Correspondence College or a Technical School. A marked decrease in the attendance at meetings of the various Societies is to be noticed towards the end of term; and this decrease is due to the impending Terminals. For these many of the Arts Professors, at least, profess to have a great contempt, and some

go so far as to tell their class that "they mean nothing." If, however, this reassuring statement is believed, and the student unhappily finds he has only managed to secure a "pluck," he will learn through a polite summons to a tête-à-tête that terminals do mean something.

There are, I believe, no more socially inclined students than we at Leeds, and if all afternoon lectures could be abolished, we should, I am sure, rapidly develop into the most model of Universities.

At the present time, the Senate shows a lamentable disregard for our social life. Buildings are rising all round us, lecture rooms and laboratories are springing up galore, yet our present apology for a smoke-room is to be used for the Library extension; and our future common room is to be a converted tin tabernacle!

Now is the time for the University authorities to decide whether our 'Varsity shall be one in the true sense of the word, or whether it shall be merely a misnamed "sweet shop."

I am,

Yours etc.,

ANTI-SWEATED INDUSTRIES.

#### THE ELECTION.

To the Editor of the "Gryphon."

DEAR SIR,

A Union Election is in progress, and is attended with the usual concurrent phenomena—candidates canvassing for themselves, and students being driven like sheep to the ballot box. It is questionable whether such proceedings can be described as an Election at all. Cannot candidates be satisfied with the results of an Election decided on their own merits by the uninfluenced opinion of the electors? As matters now stand, a student has often either to offend a candidate who asks him for a vote, or is obliged to vote against his conscience.

It appears to me, that only when Elections are fairly conducted, when departmental tactics, personal canvassing and other methods of questionable taste are given up, will the Union Committee become what it is intended to be, a representative body.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

H. DAVIES.

In the last issue of the *Gryphon*, mention was made of a College Trip and Cowheel Shop at Sheffield. Something of the same kind has been discovered at Leeds. In Woodhouse Lane, a few yards from College Road, there is a shop called "The College Sweet Shop." One instantly conjures up pictures of grave looking students, with their books under their arms, going to the shop for ha'porths of chocolates or sugar-candy, or of frowsy-looking profs. going to buy sugar plums and such treats for the good student who knew his lesson.

#### The North.

Ho! for the men of the North.  
In lands afar where'er they be,  
They live with hand abounding, free.  
Then let the shout arise amain,  
And through the land resound again:  
Ho! for the men of the North.

With a rattle and a roar through the streets we pour,  
Ho! for all you're worth.  
For we are not less hot than a red-hot shot,  
Ee-ah for the North.

Hail! to the maids of the North.  
For grace, for wisdom and for pride,  
They hold the palm both far and wide.  
Then let us rally in the cheer,  
Till all the world stand still to hear:  
Hail! to the maids of the North.

With a rattle, &c.

Hurrah! it's the song of the North  
That ever echoes in the ear,  
A song of jollity and cheer—  
Then students as ye to the brim  
Fill up the tankard, sing with vim:  
Hurrah! for the song of the North.

With a rattle, &c.

R

#### Press Opinions.

In the recent Suffrage Debate a number of our students came within the full glare of the light of publicity, and we are glad to be able to publish some "Press Opinions" extracted from the reports of the debate in the papers of February 18th.

THE CHAIRMAN:

"The severe and learned Professor Clapham."—*Evening Post*.

THE PROPOSER:

"Mr. or Mrs. Ellis?"—*Evening Post*.

THE OPPOSER:

"Mr. Ford, a young man who turned his eyes upwards."—*Evening News*.

"THE VALIANT FOOT."—*Mercury*.

"Mr. Foot, who held the opposing fort."—*Evening Post*.

"Mr. Foot led the opposition."—*Post*.

OTHER SPEAKERS:

I. "Miss Normington, a demure young lady."—*Evening Post*.

II. "Mr. Kamberowski, a gentleman with a foreign accent."—*Mercury*.

III. "Mr. Carreno, a gentleman with original views of his own."—*Mercury*.

IV. "Mr. Midgley, a valiant youth."—*Mercury*.

"Spoke as if he were delivering a stump speech."—*Post*.

"To see ourselves as others see us."

To "D. S."

Sir, We trust that you will pardon our presumption in addressing a few lines to you, our only excuse for so doing being that we think it can do you no harm, and may be productive of a little good.

Our reason for selecting you as the recipient of a few remarks is that you are in many ways a typical example of the unfortunately large number of men who, while at Leeds, seem almost to overlook or ignore the fact that life at the University should mean something more than attendance at lectures and so many hours' work in the laboratories. At the same time you and the class you represent may not be altogether to blame for this oversight (if oversight it is), for we feel that those responsible for some of the courses of study here might, with advantage to all, be reminded of the social side of life when drawing up the time-tables.

If it is not impolite to say so, the impression you convey to us is that of being rather tired with the effort of living; an attitude which in one of your very moderate years is surely a mistake. We cannot believe that, at your age, life has nothing new to offer you in the way of pleasure or excitement, and if a suggestion from us will help in any way to cheer the dull monotony of your existence, we would propose a strenuous course of *Diabolo*, a game which, we understand, has aroused even older people than you to enthusiasm. To some extent you have our sympathy, for we must admit that a certain course of lectures which need not be specified, which you attended last year, were enough to bore to death even the most cheerful.

When you were elected a member of the Union Committee at the end of last session, we hoped that this would awake in you a little more enthusiasm in things social, but we cannot truthfully say that we have noticed much difference in your attitude, and to be quite candid we think that having stood as a candidate for, and been elected to, the Committee, it is your duty to take an interest and a share in the life of the College.

To give a recent instance of your slackness: you would not even take the trouble to attend the Conversations, the one big social function of the University.

For one who mixes so little with his fellows, it must surely be something of a puzzle to some people that you ever received a sufficient number of votes to place you on the Committee, and if we were asked for an explanation, we should say that you owe your position chiefly to the determination of your department to retrieve the defeat of the previous year, when all their nominees failed to get elected. Perhaps in both years the candidates could have been better chosen; that we leave you to judge for yourself, but whatever the cause the fact remains that you were elected, and therefore should try and carry out the duties of the position.

One of the causes, in our opinion, of your lack of interest in the life of the College, is that you live at one of the "Halls of Residence" attached to the

University. We have no doubt that, in many ways, these halls are excellent institutions and have many advantages, but at the same time they are conducive to the formation of cliques, and, so far as we can see, are bound to do so unless they can be carried on at a larger scale than at present.

It cannot be said of you that you do not show some sort of interest in games, for you play fairly regularly for one of the Rugby fifteens, but even then you apparently find it somewhat of an effort to reach the field, judging by the time that you sometimes turn up at matches.

And now, in bringing this brief epistle to a close, we once more ask you to excuse our audacity in addressing you.

Yours very respectfully,

THE CANTIC.

### The New Era.

THE *Yorkshire Evening Post* informs us that at the Lord Mayor's Ball of February 10th, "Mr. Arthur Willey wore a sequined gown of black ninon, with hem of black velours."

Mr. Willey's idea in thus arraying himself is a distinctly novel one, offering an entirely new and eminently satisfactory solution to the difficult problem of Fashions for Men. We hear that the idea has been taken up in all ranks of society, and we have been so fortunate as to learn in advance some particulars of the dress which will be worn at the next *Conversazione*.

The Chairman of the Union will appear in a delicate soft gown of cream fillet net over red satin, with a long sash and waistband of beige ribbon.

The Vice-Chancellor will wear his beautiful gown of white Duchesse Imperial, with silver and diamant sequins, finished with sleeves of old Brussels lace, and trimmed with medallions of shaded passementerie.

Professor Stroud will be daintily gowned in a violet spangled net over green satin, plentifully trimmed with Venetian point lace, a cluster of dandelions being worn in the corsage.

Mr. Klumbecowski will be attired in a gown of the palest bluish pink satin *Minerva*, Empire style, trimmed with green velvet and artistically relieved by silver embroidered lace. He will carry a lovely bouquet of snailshells and nasturtiums.

Mr. Hamilton Davies is expected to wear his attractive Princess robe of heliotrope crepe-de-chêne, trimmed with salmon embroidered chiffon.

A beautiful creation will be worn by Mr. W. H. Perkins—a rich black broche French model gown, relieved with scarlet silk and green satin lace-piped with Tongerine and yellow beige velvet ribbons, and trimmed with orange blossoms.

Mr. Wilson Midgley will be gowned in blue ninon-de-soie, artistically relieved with black tulle trimmed with fillet lace. He will wear a cluster of dahlias in his hair.

Mr. R. Ward's toilet will be of cinnamon satin, bordered with cream velvet with a Maltese berthe falling in points round the shoulders.

### Some Notes on the Acquisition of Wealth.

AN editorial note in the last number of the *Gryphon*, dealing with the question of the hypothetical Union Rooms, pleasantly combined sober suggestion with more airy imagination. Since the appearance of the February number the matter thus editorially brought to our notice has sprung into the forefront of domestic politics. In a short time the present head-quarters of the Union will be inundated with volumes which the Library can neither contain nor reject, and foreign tongues will be heard in the rooms where once the dialect of the West Riding reigned. The Union, in short, must move. But where shall it find its new abode?

Our present rooms have been provided gratis by the Council; but that body, handicapped by the cost of the new University Buildings, has only found itself able to offer, as a substitute, the temporary building which forms an appendage to the Electrical Engineering Department, together with part of the Optical Laboratory. The appearance of the rooms which we now occupy—their general bleakness, and their furniture *revelate collapse*—has often caused unfavourable remark; and it is felt that as we must perforce leave these rooms, we ought not to neglect such an opportunity of securing some more adequate head-quarters. Unfortunately, the proposed Union building is not of a kind to satisfy this ambition. Its area is indeed rather larger than the area of our present rooms; but the roof is low, and the epidemics of metal. There is a widespread feeling in the University that the Union, its obvious defects notwithstanding, deserves a monument more durable than corrugated iron. The present writer, indeed, cannot help regarding the use of corrugated iron as a disease of civilisation; and he always regrets to see this ugly material put even to such humble uses as the protection of haystacks or the roofing of a byre.

A proposal has therefore been made that a house conveniently near to the University should be acquired for the use of the Union. And there is no lack of available houses which would meet the demand for an improvement in the Common Rooms.

But, to come at once to the main difficulty, a house cannot be built or bought or rented without expense; and before we can honestly lay claim to a Union House we must be prepared to say in what way the capital is to be raised. I repeat that we cannot reasonably look to the Council alone for any very substantial improvement in our present accommodation. If the Union desires—and I am sure it does desire—such improvement, it must be ready to make some effort and sacrifice on its own account. It is the object of this article to bring under consideration a few methods by which money might be transferred from the individual purse to the Treasurer's strong box.

The means of acquiring wealth, which is at once the simplest and the most respectable is, of course, the receipt of a legacy. Possibly, in some happier age, the Union may fortune to be enriched in this way. Up to the present time no legacy has given weight to our coffers and to our plan of reform; nor is it advisable to build, metaphorically or literally, upon the expectation of a bequest.

Direct mendicancy is at least an honest and unblushing way of raising money; and for its straightforwardness it is to be preferred to the third device—the appeal indirect, through the refractive medium of a bazaar or other charitable enterprise.

Unquestionably a bazaar is a rapid and efficient means of extorting money from the public. Moreover universities and colleges have several times had recourse to this expedient. Glasgow University adopted it with conspicuous success. The handsome Union House at Queen's College, Belfast, was largely financed, I believe, with the proceeds of a bazaar. And a bazaar held in Leeds many years ago, when our Union was a primitive society, resulted in the equally primitive structure that still provides such "random boid" as is to be found on our athletic ground. But bazaars are objectionable functions, and they should only be used, by institutions that are not strictly charitable, in case of extreme necessity. All right minded people must look forward to the day when subscribers to University Unions and other deserving objects will be willing to forego the petty pleasures and transparent deceptions provided by bazaars; and will give, looking for nothing in return.

Doubtless there are other methods of collecting which would commend themselves to some of our readers. We have recently seen, for example, how great profit can arise from a barrel-organ and a little "self-denial." Or again, those who travel on the Metropolitan Tubes must be familiar with the little machines issued by the London Hospital. These ingenious contrivances invite the passenger to keep the Hospital for a second by inserting a penny into the mechanism. By the same insertion the hand on a small dial is made to advance one space, presumably representing one second; and the donor of the penny feels, as does the patron of a bazaar, that his money has not been spent in vain. Shall we adopt a similar device, if we can do so without infringing a patent? It will be observed that a penny will keep the Union for more than one second.

But to return to more practical considerations, the expedient which I suggest lastly and most seriously is the raising of the Union fee. If, with the consent of a general meeting, and of the Council, the annual subscription were increased to fifteen shillings, the membership remaining at its present strength, the Union would thus have an additional income of nearly £150 a year—a sum which would enable us, without any further effort, to hire and maintain very comfortable premises, and still to have a considerable balance in hand for the endowment of subsidiary clubs. I commend this proposal to the consideration of every member of the Union; for the provision of a substantial and satisfactory abode for the Union is surely an advantage that far outweighs the very small sacrifice involved. An increase in the Union subscription appears to be the most satisfactory and most practicable solution to the question.

Whatever may be thought of the above suggestions, one issue is clear: if the Union is to acquire wealth, the initiative must be taken by the Union. The striving after gain will in itself arouse a desirable activity; and commodious premises, perhaps in time a proper University Club, will be the gerdon of successful effort.

C. G.

### The late Emeritus Professor C. J. Wright, M.Sc., M.R.C.S.

THE death of Emeritus Professor C. J. Wright, which occurred on the 17th of January, will cause a blank in University circles, which, though it may be appreciated more especially by those who were his immediate colleagues, and by the students of medicine, cannot fail to be felt by everyone who came in relation with him. For some time Mr. Wright had been manifestly failing, but his death came as a surprise to many, even of his more intimate acquaintances. Mr. Wright, who was born at Wakefield, was a student of the old School of Medicine in East Parade, and on taking his qualifications was appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in 1865. From that time till last year, when he was appointed Emeritus Professor of Midwifery on his resignation of the Professorship of that subject, his connection with the Leeds School of Medicine, the Medical Department of the Yorkshire College and the University of Leeds, has been uninterrupted and characterised by single minded zeal and enthusiasm. To few men, indeed, is it given to be associated with the teaching staff of any institution for such a long period. This is not the place to give anything like a detailed account of Professor Wright's medical career and of his public work; that has been done elsewhere; but the writer of this brief note is confident that the continuous, steady, self-sacrificing work which was carried on by Professor Wright for the long period of 41 years has only to be known, or partially known, to act as a stimulus to loyalty for everyone connected with the University, whether he be a member of the teaching staff or one of its undergraduates. Professor Wright's memory will long be cherished by his colleagues and by the successive generations of students who came under his instruction, as that of one whose geniality and kindness of heart it will always be a pleasure to remember.

F.W.G.

### De Rebus Medicalibus.

ONCE again, after a dark and dreary interval, the readers of this valuable publication are to have their eyes enlightened in respect of that important branch of the University—the School of Medicine. "Branch," did we say?—Nay, but surely Root were a better word—Tap-root. For if we search into the archives of this seat of learning, we shall discover, or rediscover, that indeed the Faculty of Medicine is the oldest of all the Departments, having been founded as "The Leeds School of Medicine" in the year 1830.

But our dealings are not with the history of past ages; we concern ourselves with that of the present day. It has been well said that "To-morrow is the outcome of to-day, and to-day of yesterday." We may then look for a moment at "yesterday." By this we imply that a word by way of explanation will not be out of place to those students who have entered since the summer 1906. Towards the close of the year 1905-6, the Medicals considered that their department was hardly fairly treated in respect of the *Gryphon*, wherefore it was decided to inquire into the

question, "Would it be practicable to issue a Medical Magazine for Medicals?" The Students' Representative Council discussed the idea; a special meeting of students was held; the S.R.C. consulted with the school staff and the honorary staff at the Infirmary; it is not needful to repeat here all the pros and cons of the argument; suffice it to say that after long and careful consideration, the conclusion was arrived at that such a magazine could not be satisfactorily carried on. In the meantime the Editorial Committee of the *Gryphon*, having not unreasonably concluded that the separate magazine would be feasible (for such certainly would appear on the surface), dispensed with any representation from the School. The decision of the Medical students eventually came to the ears of the Committee, and at the last meeting of the S.R.C. the Secretary reported the receipt of a communication from the Editor with reference to a re-introduction of Medical news; the matter was discussed, with the result that a representative was appointed to undertake the provision of the Medical columns.

Thus it comes to pass that from this number onwards there will be a certain space devoted in this magazine to news of special interest to Medicals. We hope, however, that that will not be synonymous with "of no interest to non-medicals!" We trust, indeed, that this will be amongst the most widely-read, and enjoyed, portions of the journal.

Details of the new arrangements were only completed one day before the meeting of the Editorial Committee, at which the matter for the present number is considered, hence this first instalment is of necessity very hurried.

But we cannot allow any article, however small, to pass without a reference to the loss we have sustained in the retirement, and more recently in the death, of Professor C. J. Wright. Professor Wright was connected with the School for more than 40 years; he lectured at one time in Anatomy, at another in Physiology, and of late years held the chair of Obstetrics, which he only vacated last year. It was a true pleasure to those of us who were at the smoker last November to see the gratification which Dr. Wright derived from the gift presented to him as a token of esteem from the students on his retirement from the active life of the School. We felt that he really appreciated our gift, and be, in turn, made us feel that our interests were always his, and that he was in full sympathy with us, as much then as when he had been actually spending his time amongst us. We have lost one who was our friend. We shall never forget his lectures in Midwifery (the lectures, we said, not the subject matter that he told us). Occasionally the subjects of the lectures appeared to us to have very slight relationship to the science and art by whose name they were called—but no doubt the Professor knew best! "We have a case in our eye at the present moment—" We were instructed in the duties of Sanitary Inspectors, in the delights of reading Oliver Wendell Holmes, in the evils of excess of zeal in eating and drinking, in a hundred and one other matters; and by way of a change, we had a word or two of Midwifery. But why make Professor Wright our butt? What were any lectures made for, except to be made fun of?

We would like here to extend a hearty welcome to the new Professor of Obstetrics. His face is not new to us—we know him well—he is on our teaching staff—some of us have even taken a course of lectures from him—but that only serves to increase our congratulations, and we hope that as long as Dr. Hellier occupies the chair of Obstetrics we shall still enjoy the same happy relations with him as we did with his predecessor, and as we have done hitherto with him.

In later times we hope to treat of matters affecting the social life of the School, but at present such information is impossible.

V.

### Self-Denial and Propaganda.

[Miss Mary Gower's bare-organism was her method of self-denial for the women's cause. Mr. Stewart Gray, as leader of the Manchester unemployed tried to call attention to his work by publicly fasting near London. Whether the Women's Suffrage Bill or the Unemployed Bill will be precipitated by these means we do not know as yet, but the example is too good to be neglected. Similar experiments are therefore to be tried in our own constituency.]

ALL the younger Universities feel proud of the spirit which has inspired generous benefactors to enrich the Manchester University with legacies. Two such have fallen in recently, bringing to our sister institution the sum of over £100,000. These windfalls, however, only emphasise for us the fact that the University of Leeds is slightly neglected by the wealthy inhabitants of the district. With affairs in this state we must all admire the spirit of self-sacrifice which inspires the V-c-Ch-n-ll-r, Mr. H-ab-nd, and Mr. B-m-s in their determination to attach themselves by means of padlock and chain to the door knockers of all wealthy Yorkshiresmen. It is asserted that they will refuse to leave till a will has been made on the spot showing that the University will benefit substantially on the demise of the testator.

In order that his agitation for a weekly half-holiday shall not be forgotten in the rush of events, the Editor of the *Gryphon* will give a series of Jew's harp recitals in his laboratory from 1 to 1.30 p.m. in the week when others are busily engaged with terminal exams.

High finance in the Hockey Club can have no remedy till the Union funds increase enormously. Therefore the Hockey Club must fight for itself. Messrs. H-pk-us and C-r-r-n are about to conduct a street mission, when large collections are expected. Mr. H-pk-us will sing excerpts from Mozart's "Figaro," while Mr. C-r-r-n will expound vigorously and humorously his views on English home-life. It is hoped in this way to do great moral good to South Leeds and the Hockey Club.

Another crying need is a still further increase in the *Gryphon* circulation. The Treasurer feels that he has exhausted the gentlemanly methods of propaganda expected from a demonstrator, and that he must now take self-denial vows. As a result we are informed that societies, conversations, debates, snocking concerts, tea parties, football, cricket, and hockey

teams, will be deprived of the pleasure of Mr. B-rk-us' company till the circulation of the *Gryphon* bears a more reasonable relation to the number of students in attendance. The spare time thus produced he will occupy in knitting, plain sewing, etc., for which he is prepared to take orders.

\* \* \*

There is great anxiety as to the future smoke-room and reading room accommodation for men students. The soul revolts from the tin tabernacle idea, the impression being that the authorities wish to treat us with little dignity and less consideration for freedom of motion. To symbolise this, a sub-committee of the Union has been formed whose members will confine themselves in meat sales obtained from the cloak room and expose themselves to public view in College Road.

\* \* \*

What was the matter with Messrs. D-u-s and G-ll-r? They moved Commercial Street to tears by the fondness and familiarity of their embrace while they danced the "Merry Widow" from one end to the other in faultless sea-side style. The matter was explained by Mr. Pl-tts, sandwich-man, who found difficulty in keeping up with his exhibition. He carried two boards with the large inscription "Dances for Students."

\* \* \*

The length of the petition presented by the laboratory attendants (microbes) asking for more work, was twenty yards, thus breaking the record by two feet and some inches.

\* \* \*

Notwithstanding the extensive information we have obtained and given above, we are still mystified by the behaviour of the Secretary of the Union. His sacrifice of his pipe must have had some noble object, but as yet he has not shown his hand. A special number of the *Gryphon* will be issued as soon as this information is obtained.

\* \* \*

### True.

*At the Chemists' Dinner.*—Mr. B—, old student: "I think we should all do our best to support the social functions of the University. As regards the Conversation, well, I hope to come, and to bring Mrs. B—, and I hope every old student will do the same."

*At the Refectory.*—"No, I won't have one of your cigarettes, thanks, I had one a few days ago."—C. H. B.

*At a C.U. Meeting.*—"In some parts of China, eleven out of every ten people are opium smokers."—H. Th—n.

*At a certain Prof.'s Dinner,* to which a number of students had been invited, the gentlemen decided to join the ladies in the drawing-room. As they were going from the dining room, one man was seen to stoop down to tie his shoe lace, and A, thinking him to be his friend B, gave him a heavy blow with the palm of his hand, saying "You should fasten your shoes before you come." Judge of his consternation when he found it was Dr. — who was thus completing his toilet!

## The Books.

Durand the last five or six years a movement in the direction of publishing cheap reprints has made great progress. Of course cheap books have been known for very many years, but in the old days they were cheap in every sense—cheap matter, cheap printing, paper and binding—if cheap at all. But the cheap reprint of the present day is quite different.

In *Cassell's People's Library*, for example, we have well printed books tastefully bound in cloth at eightpence per volume. The "Library" includes many of the better known classics, such as *Essays of Elia*, *Christmas Books* (*Dickens*), *Browning's Poems*, *Emerson*, etc. I was in a stationer's shop recently, and noticing some of these volumes on the counter alongside of a large number of penny novels of the trashiest description, I suggested to the shopman that the publication of the cheap reprints would be having a marked effect on the sale of the latter. No, he said, the majority of the people regarded "these eightpenny books" as too heavy for them.

*Law's Essays heavy! Treasure Island heavy!*

To those who do not share this objection to cheap books, however, these cheap reprints will be very welcome.

Dent's *Everyman's Library* is a wonderful collection of books at a shilling each. Printing and binding entirely satisfactory; subject-matter of the most varied description. Old books, which no one ever dared publish before, have been cheerfully reprinted in this collection, to the great advantage of all lovers of good literature, although one is astounded that it can be made to pay when one sees all around such a lack of taste for anything but the banal. Anyhow, whether it pays or not, we have the books, and should be thankful for them. Among the fifty new volumes just added, we see such works as *Voltaire's Life of Charles XII.* (translated), *Macchiavelli's Prince* (trans.), *Defoe's Journal of the Plague Year*, *Dante's Divine Comedy* (Garr), *Herrick's Hesperides* and *Noble Numbers*, *Marco Polo's Travels*, and we marvel. Messrs. Dent and Co. are to be complimented on their enterprise; they are doing a work in the education of the nation that deserves recognition.

*The Pocket Ruskin* (Allen), 2s. 6d. per vol.

The publishers announce that these volumes contain the author's latest alterations and notes, of which they possess the copyright, but without such advantages they would be well worth half-a-crown. They are, in fact, the daintiest little books we have seen for some time. Just the size for the pocket, they have stiff cloth backs of a pleasant shade of brown, gilt top, gilt title, and gilt facsimile of Ruskin's signature in the middle of the front cover. The latest notes, etc., of the author are interesting, and in some cases almost indispensable to a proper understanding of the text.

*Thermo-Chemistry* (Thomson), Longmans, 9s.

This is the most recent volume in that well-known series of Text-books of Physical Chemistry edited by Sir William Ramsay, and the high standard displayed by the earlier volumes has been well maintained. Professor Thomson has certainly done more work in this

branch of chemistry than any other chemist living, and a book written by so high an authority on the subject commands our respect and attention. Particularly valuable, we should expect, will be those chapters dealing with methods of experimental work, and our perusal of them entirely confirms this anticipation, though we would have wished to see this part of the subject treated rather more fully. The author makes use of his own experimental results only, which was perhaps to be expected, though it is somewhat unfortunate that a "text-book" on the subject should contain no mention of the names and work of other workers in the field, and that even in cases where other authorities hold views different from those of the author, no mention is made of them or their views.

However, the results and conclusions of Professor Thomson are in the main accepted by all chemists, and they are excellently expounded in the book before us. Something has been lost, perhaps, by the exclusion of the work of others, but much has been gained by the complete mastery of his subject which the author is able to exercise, a mastery which one can only have over that portion of science he has himself learned in the hard school of experience.

## An Alphabet.

A is the Arts student, woody and green,  
B is his Bumptiousness—quite often seen.  
C is C-r—o, a chivalrous speaker.  
D is for D-v-s, than he, no one makes (P)

(We don't think!—Ed.)

E for the Engineers, by dirt soon detected.  
F is for one of them, with Rugby connected.  
G for Miss G-v—pe, who gave F—a "knock";  
H the H— P—, "that passage don't block!"  
I is for I,—I thought me a jool.  
Till I started this job, now I know I'm a fool.  
K is for K—, (to rhyme him's a sin).  
L's for the Lawrels our teams never win.  
M is for M—t-n, for swank quite supreme,  
N is for Nobody, who knows whom I mean  
O is the Order we keep at debates,  
P is the Plough which the slacker awails.  
Q is the Question:—"Tell me I pray,  
R we ever to get that weekly half-day?"  
S is the stink in the Chemical Lab.  
T is the Tommyrot lecturer's gab.  
U is the Union, of which we're so proud (P)  
V are the Vests—burd and loud.  
W're the "Wommen" who "mmsin' have votes."  
XXX is what waters wild cats.  
Y is the Yawn provoked by this poem.  
Z is the Zealot who hopes you don't know him.

Tr.

## The Latest from the Corridors.

Sir Toby (to Feste after Latin trans.): "Say, Feste, do you use Kelly or Bone?"

Feste (turning on his heel with cutting sarcasm): "Use neither; use man's head."

Sir Toby (in hopeless despair): "Ods bodikins, man, that isn't Bone, it's Wood."

## OUR SOCIETIES.

## Literary and Historical Society.

THE seventh meeting of the Society took place on January 27th. The first business was the election of a member of Committee in place of Mr. Greenwood, who had been obliged to resign owing to his appointment to the Professorship of Classics in the University of Christchurch, New Zealand. Though we must heartily congratulate Mr. Greenwood on having secured such a good post, we cannot help but feel that we shall miss his valuable assistance in many ways, especially in view of the fact that he did so much to make the production of the "Clouds" so great a success. Mr. Hand was elected to fill the vacancy. A Play-Committee was also elected, consisting of Professor Vaughan, Miss Mallinson, Miss Croft, Mr. Findlay, and Mr. Ellis, with power to co-opt. Their first business will be to propose a play to the Society, after the acceptance of which they will be able to get to work with arranging for its performance.

The chairman now called on Mr. Hirst to read his paper on "Lucian." This one might fairly say, was one of the best and most amusing papers of the session. It was just the kind of subject for a society like our own, and it would be quite a pleasure to have a few more like them. Still, Lucians are not met with every day of the week, so that we ought, perhaps, to be content with one a session. By the way, I heard that the Editor thought it excellent material for the *Gryphon*, so that we may soon expect to see some real satire appearing in these columns after the genuine Lucian style. Members showed their appreciation of the paper by carrying on a good discussion, to which Professor Roberts and Mr. Ure were the chief contributors.

The next meeting of the Society was held on February 10th, when Mr. Allen read a paper on "The Spirit of Travel in the Elizabethan Period." This was dealt with from the account of various trade expeditions and voyages of discovery to be found in "Hakluyt's Voyages," and was illustrated with lantern slides, giving maps showing the different routes followed or attempted. These latter added much to the interest and clearness of the paper, as without them I fear that those of us in whom geography is not one of our strong points would have found ourselves very much at sea. The object after which all these adventurers sought was the mythical City of Cathay, which seemed to recede the nearer they approached it and to be ever looming on the horizon, eluding their grasp just as they thought they had obtained the prize of all their efforts, strivings and perilous adventures by sea and land. What added greatly to the interest and amusement of the paper were extracts from the instructions under which the various expeditions set sail. The object of all these adventures was never achieved for the very good reason that the City of Cathay after which they sought, a city of treasure where gold and diamonds and all precious things were to be found in profuse abundance and to be had for the asking, never existed.

It is this myth which gives such a romantic setting to the voyage and adds so much to their interest and delight. The reader of the paper closed with a few reflections on the value of this ideal city, which actuated all their efforts, and of the service which our more scientific knowledge had borne in clearing it off our conception of the real and the actual. In his own words, "The vanishing of Cathay from off our maps made our knowledge the more perfect. I admit it. Most assuredly also the imagination, the poetry and the spirit of romance among men were the poorer for its passing."

The Society hopes to hold a Social Evening on the last day of term, March 25th. This will not be confined solely to members, and we trust that all students will endeavour to keep that evening free from other engagements, and to turn up in force. J.E.W.

## Education Society.

ON February 7th a paper was read before the above Society by the Rev. J. R. Wynne-Edwards, M.A., on "The History of the Leeds Grammar School Foundation." In introducing his subject the Lecturer referred to the popular fallacy regarding the foundation of "Edward VI." schools. Most schools of that type, only owe their charters and substantial reductions of their endowments to him; the original foundation was generally in connection with a chantry endowment, which, besides requiring a priest to say mass for the soul of the founder, stipulated that he should act as schoolmaster.

The earliest record of Leeds Grammar School tells of Sheffield, a chantry priest of St. Catherine's; John Harrison, who is frequently credited with the foundation of the school provided a new site in 1694. Mr. Walton gave money for a library.

The school rules of this period showed that all boys had to learn the Church Catechism, attend church every Sunday, and give an account of the sermon next morning. The school hours were 7 a.m.—5.30 p.m., with a mid-day interval of 1½ hours. The curriculum, like that of most schools of the time, was mainly classical, though trustees wished for the inclusion of "modern" subjects, and heads objected on account of the cost. In litigation proceedings, in which Leeds was the test case, Lord Elgin ruled that "a Free School exists in Leeds for the teaching of Latin and Greek only." In spite of this the reform took place, the additional cost being covered by a fee for the extra subjects. The new building was secured through the efforts of Dr. (now Bishop) Barry, his brother being the architect. A high tribute to the conduct of the school was given by the Public Schools Commission of 1868, which decided that the new scheme was "unnecessary." In conclusion, Mr. Wynne-Edwards gave an account of a few of the many famous "old boys," which include Smeaton, our Pro-Chancellor, the Bishop of Beverley, the founder of Tetley Beos, and Dr. Henderson's son, of whom Lord Roberts said, "His death will be irreparable."

A vote of thanks, very ably proposed by Mr. Hopkins and seconded by Miss Appleyard, concluded a most enjoyable lecture. H.



## Society for Social Study.

On February 12th Mr. Russell, of Manchester, gave an excellent lecture before this Society on "Some aspects of juvenile criminality." Mr. Russell showed how all-important was the question of environment. The station leader is born and bred in an atmosphere opposed to work of any kind, and indeed to order of any sort.

The station port abhors lady's houses as much as he does soap and water. He will not submit to rules or order of any kind. Our present system of dealing with juvenile adult offenders, Mr. Russell showed, is entirely unsatisfactory. Seven or fourteen days' imprisonment has no sting for the hardened leader or idler; it is to him a pleasant change after his uncertain prospects of common lodging-house life.

Society is shocked when some daring felony is committed by some youthful offender; but he is in fact the most hopeful case, for it means they possess grit, and if they have sufficient grit to commit a felony, they may have sufficient to settle down to a regular life of hard work. Forty or fifty per cent. of the leaders and sleepers-out are mentally deficient. Much good could be done by members of such a Society as this visiting and overlooking discharged juveniles, and Mr. Russell urged us to get into communication with the authorities at Armley, and show a practical as well as theoretical interest in this—one of the greatest of the social problems.

Early next term an excursion will be arranged to some place of interest to students of social questions.

K.

## Chess.

THE match season is over, and the silver king still remains an exile from his rightful home, our smoke room.

Owing to necessary experiments in the team we have not been so successful as in previous years, but the following season should show an improvement.

As it is we are on the right side of the table, having registered 4½ wins to 3½ against us. We venture to say that Mr. A. H. Fisher ranks among the finest players of the Junior League.

T.A.R.

## Scientific Society.

THE seventh meeting of the session was held on February 5th, when Mr. Orchardson gave a paper on "Colour."

The sensation of colour is produced in one of two different ways—either by the elimination of a portion of the rays composing white light—absorption—or by the separation of rays of different wave-length, so that each produces a separate sensation on the retina—refraction, dispersion, and interference phenomena. Several theories which have been proposed to explain the manner in which colour sensation is conveyed to the brain were described.

An account and explanation of some of the colour phenomena which occur in nature, such as the colours of the sky at sunset, of the rainbow, solar and lunar halos, etc., was next given.

Colour contrast, complementary colours, colour harmonies, and the phenomena of after-images were then treated, and the difference between mixing colour in substance and in light was shown.

The last part of the paper was devoted to colour in its relationship to chemical constitution, and the

various theories dealing with the subject were reviewed. Special reference was made to Armstrong's "quinonoid" theory of coloured organic compounds, this ascribing to all such bodies a quinone structure.

The eighth meeting was held on February 20th, when Miss Leslie read a paper on "Bunsen." Born in 1811 at Göttingen, Robert Wilhelm Bunsen entered the University of his native town at the age of sixteen, and in 1830 he took his degree. Some four years later he took up the position of tutor of chemistry at his old University, temporarily taking the chair of chemistry on the death of Stromeyer in the following year. In 1836 he was appointed teacher of chemistry at the Polytechnic School of Cassel, a post which he retained till 1839, when he became Professor of Chemistry at the University of Marburg. Here he remained nine years, at the end of which time he went to Breslau for a short period, and finally, in 1849, accepted the Chair of Chemistry at Heidelberg, where he remained till his retirement in 1889.

Bunsen's work is characterised more perhaps than that of any other savant of his time by its immense variety and pioneering nature. His first epoch-making work was his research on caecodyl, which won for him a place in the foremost rank of the scientists of his time. His next work of importance was the perfection of the then existing methods of gasometric analysis, and this was rapidly followed by the production of his battery. The greatest and most brilliant of all Bunsen's work was, however, the application of the spectroscope to chemical analysis, carried out at Heidelberg in collaboration with Kirchhoff. This new method of analysis bore rapid fruit in the discovery of new metals, Bunsen himself discovering two, cesium and rubidium.

The paper closed with a critical study of the personality and methods of the great chemist.

After the paper had been read, Professor Smithells gave an interesting account of Heidelberg University at the time when Bunsen occupied the chair of chemistry, together with personal reminiscences of the chemist himself.

A.E.W.

## Men's Christian Union.

OWING to an increase in the number of men in Bible Circles an additional one has been formed during the past few weeks, bringing the number of such Circles up to nine. A series of meetings to discuss missionary subjects have also been held on five successive Thursday afternoons, and the discussions have greatly stimulated our interest and enthusiasm.

Sunday, February 6th, was observed by us, as by students of almost all Universities throughout the world, as the Universal day of Prayer for Students. We assembled in a room in Emmanuel Institute, kindly lent us by the Vicar, and had a quiet and inspiring meeting.

Many of us are already looking forward to the Conishead Conference of July next—a conference of about 800 men and 300 women students, representatives of Christian Unions in every College in England and in many foreign countries. We are hoping to send a delegation of about fifteen men from Leeds, and the Secretary would be glad to hear of any student who would like to go. The men all live under canvas.

## The Play.

## Impressions of Hamlet.

THE period of destitution which began with Christmas came to an end with the visit of Mr. Forbes Robertson and his Company a fortnight ago. We had no Bernard Shaw experiments this time, but a revival of a twelve year old production, *For the Crown*, with *Mice and Men*, *Hamlet* and *Café-la*. *Hamlet* has been mentioned in these columns before, but the artistic excellence and pre-eminence of the part give it a further claim on our meagre attention. Even in the last six months, Mr. Robertson's conception of the part seems to have ripened, and he promises to become the greatest Hamlet of history. He is adding to his philosophic contemplation a great deal of emotional power, so that, without tearing himself to pieces or adopting the unchanging expression of blank intemperance, which is now so fashionable, he can move his audience as no modern Hamlet has done. No object can be served now by beginning to discuss the part of Hamlet or the play as a whole, since they have borne the weight of more futile discussion than any other question in the whole of the world's drama. It remains to realize for oneself what it means and to leave the critics who talk of indecision and courage, of madness and sanity, to convince themselves of their dogmatic opinions. For each of us, the play is a diagram of fate, a magnificent expression of Shakespeare's fatalistic mood, with the mind and life force of Hamlet as its centre. Any mechanical explanation of the means of justice, of the logical force, of the underlying principle of the story is bound to leave us unsatisfied. The one thing which remains with us is the magnificence of the mind of Hamlet, and the difficulty of its expression, which was so near perfection in Mr. Robertson's performance. Miss Gertrude Elliott treated Ophelia in a way which was essential to the success of the principal part. She, too, showed admirable restraint, although in her case, the need for it is not so great. It can hardly be said that Ophelia is one of Shakespeare's great women. She is so completely a tool and a fool, that the main interest and difficulty of the part lies in its illustration of Hamlet's character.

The Editor of the *Gryphon* has received the favour of a number of review copies of Prof. Gilbert Murray's famous translations of the Plays of Euripides into English verse. These works are published by Mr. George Allen at a shilling each, and give the non-classical reader the best opportunity he can obtain of becoming acquainted with the magnificence of some of the best of the Greek tragic drama. For English performances one must go to London, where they are rare experiments even for the Vedreine Barker management. In the provinces one may live and die without knowing the possibilities of such performances. The excellence of the translation makes our appreciation of the famous stories the greater, and for the *Electra* in particular a great enthusiasm returns. We cannot refrain from comparing *Electra* with *Hamlet*, for

in some ways the two tragedies are parallel, though Euripides is even more passionate and courageous than Shakespeare. In the *Electra* the central figure is a woman inspired by the same feelings as Hamlet. The same sin has produced them, but she has had many years of loveless youth to brood on justice. The return of a brother from exile stirs her to action, and the son and daughter slay, at Apollo's command, and for justice's sake, not only their father's wronger, but also their mother. The horror of it all is so apparent that the human natures of the children are to us examples of eternal sin, for here justice was sin.

The episodes of Hamlet's trials seem mild by comparison with those of Electra. On him, a strong man, is imposed the ghostly duty of forgiving his mother, while Electra has the divine duty of matricide. It is from such plays as these that we know the drama of life, and learn that neither drama nor life is mere amusement. Having learnt this, Mr. Forbes Robertson's departure and the arrival of the *Girls of Gottenburg* makes us sigh for a future.

In a place where a critic has no responsibilities, hypercriticism is common. So it is well to begin by returning thanks, to allay any suspicion of a diseased nature produced by continual grumbling. We must grumble, however, for many reasons. We got *Hamlet* once and *Ophelia* twice in Mr. Robertson's seven performances. The other four were productions of plays of admittedly inferior attraction and interest. Those who have the misfortune to prefer Shakespeare and such vital drama to pantomime, musical comedy and melodrama, are not treated with the consideration their number warrants, and when we do get satisfactory performances, they are often ruined by the senseless and injurious ideas of the audience with regard to applause. It is not an arrogant position to take up to say that the artistic effect of *Hamlet* was spoiled by the interruptions which always took place at a climax, and which exasperated both the performers and the rest of the audience. The former cannot protest, because, depending so much on popularity for their livelihood, they must suppress all impatience with their paymasters for the sake of bread and butter. The object commercial basis of our drama is responsible for all this and much more. The unevenness which exists in the powers of the members of even such companies as Mr. Robertson's, comes from the same source. Our greatest actors cannot work in concert and support each other in their interpretations of great characters until we and they are made to feel that the best of our drama is a national and an essential art which should be nationally protected and assisted. The Puritan spirit and the popular mind stand in the way. The former is dying, but the latter seems to be getting more degraded. The fight which is now beginning between voluntary effort for good, the allowed public preference for bad, between vital and censored drama will be long and fierce. We cannot have another Shakespeare, so we must use the one we have as our best weapon for good in the struggle. The only alternatives are protest and passive resistance, which are feeble and hopeless in the extreme.

## ATHLETICS.

## Rugby.

## 1. DURHAM UNIVERSITY.

At Newcastle, January 29th. The result 0-37 alone speaks for itself. Kennedy, Roberts, Carter and Walter were the only colours men who were able to make the journey, and no doubt this coupled with the fact that Durham had out the strongest team of the season accounts more or less for our heavy defeat. We should like here to thank those men who went with the team having only received notice on the same morning.

## 2. BIRMINGHAM.

At Birmingham, February 1st. Without a full-back, Brown at three-quarter, our regular halves, Fletcher, Kennedy, Roberts at forward, and some of regular reserves, we suffered defeat, 22-8. Birmingham, by making use of a heavy win in the first half, were enabled to score three tries, one of which there was considerable doubt. All three tries were converted. In the second half, the College had things more their own way, Ford and then Rennie scoring excellent tries. The latter's was converted by McLaren. The forwards were now working well until some good kicking by the Birmingham backs enabled one of their men to drop a goal. Leeds again pressed strongly, and had hard back in not scoring, until some bad tackling by Abell and then worse by Rennie, let one of their men through with an unconverted try.

If our backs had made as good use of the wind as had the Birmingham men, we should have come much nearer their total. As it was, our men did most of the attacking, but did not finish their movements with a score.

## 3. ROCHEDALE.

At home, February 8th. Cancelled by Rochdale, who were unable to raise a team.

## 4. LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY.

At Liverpool, February 12th. Leeds were again weakly represented forward, but the pack played well and were never pushed, but, unfortunately, in the second half, were nearly always beaten for possession. Leeds were the first to score through a good passing movement, Dobson, Richardson, Hoyle, Kyle, and Rennie all handling the ball after it had come out of the scrum, the latter scoring a good try, which was converted. Very soon after, Liverpool were awarded a try, the referee unfortunately not seeing that the ball had been touched down by two of our own men previously. Half-time: Leeds 5 pts.-Liverpool, 5 pts. Leeds were now attacking very strongly, and made strenuous efforts to score. H. H. Brown, who was playing instead of Carter, made several very plucky efforts. Rennie again scored from an extremely good passing movement, the same player missing a difficult shot at goal. Liverpool, however, got away with a good rush into our "25," through a move by Rennie, and their full-back scored an unconverted try. Leeds again backed up, but could not get across. A very tight game ended—Leeds 8 pts., Liverpool, 8 pts.

Hartnell proved himself the best full-back we have had for several years, and we only hope that next season he will give up his hockey and play regularly for us. Brown and Hoyle, at three-quarter, were both good; Kyle will not run straight, and starves his wings, and should cure himself of those faults. Rennie ran strongly, but his old faults were very prominent. Richardson and Dobson were steady, but both were slow, and the Liverpool halves were too good for them. Wilmer was the best of the forwards.

## 5. ST. PETER'S, YORK.

At York, February 15th. Richardson missed his train, and Brown unfortunately got his shoulder put out at half-time, consequently we were severely handicapped. The York forwards, however, were very good. The College were beaten on the goal kicking, and we lost, 11-13 pts.

## 6. MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY.

At Home, February 19th. This match had been looked forward to for some time, and the game was a magnificent struggle between the two packs. The Leeds backs were at full strength, but the forwards were weakened by the absence of Hedford, Cameron, Elliott and Fletcher. Manchester were much the better side in the first half, but after changing over, Leeds played up better, and obtained possession frequently, the backs not doing much good with the ball, however. Rennie scored through a good passing movement, but Kyle starved him too much. Manchester again scored a converted try, and the result was, Manchester 8 pts.-Leeds 3 pts.

## 7. BRADFORD.

At Bradford, February 22nd. Played in a gale and in a quagmire. A weak team lost by a try and a dropped goal to a try. Alcock scored the Leeds try, for which H. C. Brown deserves a large amount of credit.

## 8. OTLEY.

At Otley, February 29th. Lost, 16-3. We were quite outplayed before half-time, but after changing over, Carter scored, the kick failed. Otley also got away once. Abell and Carter both played well, the latter frequently receiving plaudits from the crowd. We were again nothing like at full strength, Stoddard in addition missing his train, consequently we played a man short.

G. Walter, F. S. Staveley and J. M. Ford have been awarded their 1st XV. Colours.

Our congratulations are due to—

C. F. Hoyle, for having been picked to play for the Yorkshire Wanderers against Sedburgh, February 8th, Skipton February 15th, Wakefield G.S., February 5th, St. Peter's, York, February 26th, and also for being picked for Yorkshire County against Glamorgan and Monmouth, February 29th and March 2nd.

G. Walters and A. E. Fletcher, for being picked for the Yorkshire Wanderers against Sedburgh, February 8th.

J. W. Stoddard and F. S. Staveley, for being picked against Skipton G.S. and St. Peter's, York, and Wakefield G.S., for the Yorkshire Wanderers.

A. E. F.

## Association.

## First XI.

January 18th, v. Liverpool University, at Liverpool, lost, 6—nil.

January 22nd, v. Bootham School, at Headingley, won, 8—1.

February 1st, v. Northern Foxes, Leeds, at Headingley, won, 1—nil.

February 8th, v. St. Martin's, Pottennewton 1st, at Headingley, lost, 3—1.

February 15th, v. New Leeds A.F.C., at Headingley, won, 3—1.

February 22nd, v. Sheffield University, at Headingley, drew, 2 all.

February 26th, v. Manchester University, at Headingley, lost, 3—1.

February 29th, v. College of the Resurrection at Mirfield, cancelled, ground unfit.

## Second XI.

January 18th, v. Bradford Technical College, at Headingley, scratched by visitors.

January 25th, v. County Hall, Wakefield, at Headingley, won, 3—1.

February 1st, v. Birstall Parish Church, at Birstall, won, 4—1.

February 8th, v. St. Martin's, Pottennewton 2nd, their ground, lost, 4—1.

February 15th, v. Headingley A.F.C., their ground, lost, 2—1.

February 29th, v. St. Paul's, Shipley, at Headingley, won, 6—nil.

v. Liverpool. Though the score was 6-0 against us, it does not mean that we were so much the weaker team. Our forwards were deplorably weak in front of goal, but fairly good in midfield. The Liverpool men took every opportunity; Leeds none.

v. Sheffield. The match was played in a gale, and it was utterly impossible to control the ball. Leeds won the toss and played with the wind, but could only manage to score twice. However, the Sheffield men were no better when it was their turn to be sided (7) by the elements. The defence was good, but was weakened by Rudkin having to leave just after half-time. R. E. Smith played a good game at centre forward.

v. Manchester. We had—in this our hardest match—to do without the services of Elliott, Martin, and Rudkin, but the game was the best we have played this season. In the first half, Leeds attacked strongly, but showed the old failing in front of goal. Douglass, however, managed to beat Knott just before half time.

In the second half, the superior combination of the Manchester men was more evident, and they ran out winners by 3-1. All the Leeds men played hard, Reinhardt especially. Hewson, as a forward, was quite a success, and J. J. Walker played with much judgment.

## Hockey.

The Hockey teams have been troubled by the recent bad weather. Grounds have been so bad that matches have had to be cancelled.

Some good games have been played, and at the end of the season the University Hockey record will be distinctly good.

Butler, a really first-class half back, has turned out lately, considerably strengthening the 1st XI. In the 2nd XI Mr. Perkins is a veritable "tower of strength," and the members of the team are always glad to have this energetic member of the staff turning out with them. A really good list of fixtures is being arranged for next season, and it is hoped that all hockey players, that is, all except the ladies, will give the University the first claim on their services, and help to gain for the University Club a good position in first-class Northern Hockey.

UNIVERSITY 1ST XI. v. RIPON SCHOOL, played on February 1st at Ripon.

The University side did not show their best form in this match. They played well at first, and ten minutes before time held a lead of two goals, but schoolboy training told in the last few minutes, when the School drew even. University 2 goals, Ripon School 2 goals. Hart, Miller, and Wilson were the pick of the Leeds team.

UNIVERSITY 1ST XI. v. FULNECK SCHOOL, on University ground, February 5th.

An easy win, for Leeds fairly romped through the game, winning by 14 goals to nil.

UNIVERSITY 1ST v. WETHERBY, on University ground.

The University was called upon to fill three vacancies in the Wetherby team, and this took away from the keenness of the game, which ended in a draw. University 2 goals, Wetherby 2. Stockdale showed up well in this game, scoring two brilliant goals.

UNIVERSITY 1ST XI. v. YORK BANKS, on University ground, February 19th.

This was a good, keen match, and one of the most enjoyable games of the season. The sides were well matched, but Leeds won comfortably.

J. D. L. Keswick, Little and Butler were the pick of the University team.

University 3 goals, York Banks 1 goal.  
UNIVERSITY v. LEEDS DAY TRAINING COLLEGE, on University ground, March 4th.

This game was played in a snow-storm. The University had a weak side out, and played one man short throughout the game, which resulted in an easy win for the Training College by 5 goals to nil.

UNIVERSITY 1ST v. RIPON SCHOOL, on University ground, March 7th.

The return match with Ripon School ended in a win for the University by 7 goals to 5. In the back division Ingham and Butler were the pick of the Varsity team, while in the forwards Purchas, Stockdale and Pinder showed up well.

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