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hath any little feather; yet have we ventured to present our exertions
before your judgment; when we know them full well of much matter,
yielding ourselves to the current which we have ever found than to
the precautions which we ought to fear."—LELY.*

Vol. XI.

MAY, 1908.

No. 5.



WHEN the last number of the *Gryphon* appeared, we were rejoicing over that growth in the corporate life of the University which had produced the opposition to the Union Rooms scheme and had made such a success of the half-holiday petition. We were hoping that the authorities would rejoice with us at this development—for they had long been expressing hopes that it would come about—and that they would do their utmost to foster and encourage it. We thought that they would recognise that the opposition to the zinc edifice was not due to any spirit of captiousness or self-importance, but to a reasonable and honest desire that we may have better facilities for that social intercourse which should be the heart of our University life. The students admitted the necessity of their losing the present Common Rooms, and the whole body of them were hoping that any change that was made would be distinctly for the better. So keen were they that something more adequate in the way of accommodation should be provided, that

they were willing to do all they could to provide any funds that were necessary, and the raising of the Union fee, a bazaar, and other projects were discussed with enthusiasm.

It was with some considerable surprise, therefore, that we received the information that it had been decided to persist with the original scheme, despite the openly expressed disappointment of the students, and we would wish here to make an eleventh-hour plea that the matter might be reconsidered. We feel sure that the authorities have only to realise what a strong feeling of disappointment with the scheme there is in the University, and how keenly the men desire that we might have something in the nature of a Union House, and they will refuse to proceed with a plan so retrogressive.

We are informed that the consideration of the mid-week half-holiday question has been deferred, and that it has been deemed impossible to make any such arrangement for next session. Here, again, we confess we are disappointed, although it is true that the petition was presented rather late in last term, and that this term is rather a congested one. However, we are convinced that the majority of the staff are in favour of the scheme, and we are hoping that the difficulties in the way will be grappled with, and overcome, when the matter is considered.

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The last issue of the *Gryphon* created two records. In size it was four pages larger than ever before, and an unprecedented number of copies were sold. This augurs well for the future of the journal, which we are glad to say is now on a sound financial basis. Improvement in the future may go along two lines—towards lessening the price and increasing the frequency of publication. The price can only be decreased if our advertisements can be made a sufficient source of revenue, and, as we pointed out some time ago, it rests with our readers to decide whether the *Gryphon* is to be a good advertising medium. As to more frequent publication, this now depends entirely on the amount of suitable matter received, and only when we are supplied with more matter than we can find space for will it be possible to give this question serious consideration.

The Complimentary Smoker to Professors Stroud and Clapham was a great success in its way, but a good deal was lacking in the way of organisation of the function. Only a small number of students turned up, and this was due no doubt both to the small number of ticket sellers at work, and to the increased price. No one seemed to know quite why double the usual price was charged, as the arrangements were no different from those at an ordinary Smoker. One was puzzled too, to know where the complimentary part came in, as there was no one to say nice things about the guests, and indeed it fell to these two gentlemen to compliment each other! It was no compliment to the guests, either, to force them to listen to, and expect them to enjoy, more than one of the songs on the programme, which were, to say the least, of a very objectionable character. The singing of these songs was a blot on the whole affair, and the worst of it was that they were sung by people who are no longer members of the Union, and who, it was obvious, were only singing for their own amusement. Why they were tolerated we cannot understand. We have noticed great improvements in the conduct of "Smokers" of late, and we believe there is now some arrangement which prevents a very boisterous student from becoming too great an annoyance to the rest of the party. Cannot the Entertainments Committee do something to prevent objectionable songs being forced upon unwilling listeners?

All who have the welfare of the University at heart would be glad to hear of the forthcoming visit of their Majesties the King and Queen to open the new University Buildings. While nothing definite is yet known

as to the date of the ceremony, we think it will probably take place about the 9th of July.

In two ways the University will benefit greatly from this visit: in the first place the fact that we exist will become known to many, both in England and abroad, who, through the authorities' lack of appreciation of the necessity of proper advertisement, have hitherto been ignorant of our existence; and secondly it will induce many wealthy Yorkshiremen to open their hearts and pockets towards the improvement of our financial position. Many students were disappointed because it was not to be in term time, but we are glad to say that we shall all have ample facilities to take part in the ceremony, as either spectators or helpers. A small army of stewards will be required, and it is hoped that there will be no lack of students to volunteer to take a share in the work.

The new buildings now appear to be externally complete. They are all of a somewhat severe design, and little money seems to have been wasted on useless ornamentation, but, on the other hand, they have been admirably planned with regard to the various purposes in view.

The Elections.

THE constitution of the Union Committee during the last few years has often been unsatisfactory, and this year it has proved especially so. One-third of the members of the present Committee take no interest whatever in Union affairs, and are usually absent from the meetings. Nearly another third are men of lukewarm enthusiasm, and the real work of the Committee falls on the shoulders of five or six men. If these five or six were the only energetic men in the University, the present Committee would serve as well as any other; but this is not so. We find that whilst the strength of our Committee is diluted by so many indifferent members there are among the general body of students quite a dozen men who would be earnest energetic workers if they had the opportunity of using their ability for the common good. We see the officials of the various Societies, the Conversations, etc., men who are both capable and enthusiastic, doing splendid work—but they are not permitted to throw their energies into the more important work of the Union.

If we ask how such a state of affairs arises, the answer is at once apparent; the method of election of the Committee is at fault. During the elections the average student has put before him a long list of names of men, only four or five of whom he knows well enough to be able to judge as to their suitability for the position. He votes for these, and for others of whom he knows nothing, who secure his vote by persistent canvassing. Moreover, he usually votes for all the candidates from his own department, for, although he knows that some of them are not very suitable, he allows himself to be guided by a pernicious classiness, which sacrifices the welfare of the Union for the apparent advantage of the department. Often too, one or two departments run a

great campaign with the object of ensuring the election of as many of their men as possible. They take "every man a canvasser" as their motto, and half the College—including all the innocent freshmen—are bullied into compliance with their wishes. This has been a very regrettable feature of the last three elections, and as a consequence, the Committee has in each year fallen far short of what it might have been, in both ability and enthusiasm.

When we consider the way our Committee is elected, we are bound to admit that it is an extremely clumsy one. It is as if all the City of London formed one huge Parliamentary constituency, represented by thirteen members, each elector having this number of votes. Under these circumstances, voting would either be on "party" lines, or haphazard, and this is just as it is at our elections. The City of London, however, is divided into single-member constituencies, and the two or three candidates for any one seat are usually well known to the electors before the voting takes place. Could we not re-model our election on lines which have proved best in larger spheres?

Suppose we divided the University into so many constituencies. This would mean allowing each of the smaller departments one member each, and of the larger, two. If a department could only return one or two men, to represent itself, it would be certain to send the most suitable men it could furnish. Thus the Committee would consist of carefully chosen representatives, each man being considered suitable for the work by those who know him best. On such a Committee every student would feel that he was directly represented, and a much more general interest in Union affairs would follow.

We beg, then, to put forward this proposal in all seriousness. Everyone will agree that something must be done to ensure that the Union Committee shall be a representative body, and it seems to us that only by having small constituencies shall we be able to prevent those abuses which are now so prevalent. We hope, therefore, that this suggestion may receive serious consideration.

However, if no such change of constitution be made this year, if the Union Committee decides to let the election be carried on as heretofore—and we confess we have not much faith that the present Committee will do otherwise—the abuses above mentioned can be greatly minimised if the electors—the students—will take up the proper attitude towards them. Canvassing would be entirely prevented if students would absolutely refuse to vote for anyone on whose behalf a canvass was conducted. The departmental packing of the Committee would be impossible if each student would take care that he did not vote for more than three men from any one department. Indeed, if the Union Committee are too cautious to initiate true departmental representation such as we have indicated, they might easily pass some resolution limiting the number of members from any one department to three, and this would prevent one abuse which is doing so much to enfeeble our Students' Council.

The abuses must be checked somehow, and if it is not done by the Committee, we hope that each student will adopt that attitude towards them which will render them impossible.

The Rival.

O Gryphon! hear thy parting knell,
And, far worse still, a dirge as well!
Ah! listen to that awful cry!
O Gryphon thou art threatened by
A little tupp'ny weekly!

Oh Gryphon! lo!d thy waggle tail!
Ye hear the scodders mock and rail!
Oh Gryphon, sold thy curly wing!
And hark the jealous wretches sing
"We'll start a tupp'ny weekly."

Draw in for aye thy wiry tongue!
And hang thy head at insults flung
By them thy merits who decry;
And close for shame thine only eye
With salty tears of sorrow.

Oh Gryphon, thou art like the sun,
Which finds its journey well nigh done,
Thou soon wilt shed thy final glow,
Then, on thy lame ends, sink below
The popular horizon!

Oh Gryphon, who in backs of call
Hast beamed in conscious pride (not half!)
From shelves on all who came to see 'em
(In "Record Room," British Museum)—
Thine end is Vol. Eleven!

One issue more—then obsolete!
How wilt thou ever dare compete
With IT that sets out week by week
The news which takes thee months to seek
(Precocious tupp'ny weekly!)

With Spanish wit 'twill scintillate!
(O Gryphon, awful is thy fate!)
Its readers will do nought but grin,
But thine will say (plus Words of Sint)—
"That Gryphon's very ancient!"

Oh how thy pages will seem staid
Against "Free Beer," "Assassin's Aid,"
"A Ladies' Page—from Woman's pen"
(For "she's" alone and younger men!)
"For Labour-Students, Pensions."

Intermezzo.

Oh the Scientists creep from their Laboratory lairs
And the Arts men have sold all their Livy's;
Concerning Dame Nicotine no one aught cares,
And neglected on Wednesday's the "Tiv." is.
For we're all "Bulls" or "Bears" a "specing" on
shares,
With hopes of large (?) subsequent Divi's!

Finale.

Still, Gryphon, let's not thus persist,
Let's change from pessa- to opt-inist
Sans doubt, O subject of my rhymes
Thou wilt remain our L.U. Times
With IT our Daily Mirror!

PROTTE.

The Great Petition.

Debate in the Senate.

(By our Telepathic Reporter.)

AN air of subdued and pleasurable excitement marked the members of the Senate as they assembled to discuss the Petition from over 500 students that there should be a mid-week afternoon freedom from lectures and laboratory practice. Here at last was a request which no humane man could refuse, and Senators severally and collectively felt themselves bumbling over with a humanity that could not be suppressed. Speculation was confined to animated conjectures as to who would most gracefully express that unanimity of purpose which was about to be crystallised into a wise concession. But—*alter dis cissum est*.

The Clerk to the Senate, as a preliminary to the formal discussion, said that he was over six feet in height, and that, on perceiving the unusual length of the Petition, he had authorised the Hall Porter to use his recumbent body as a two yard standard in measuring it. He was bound to record that it was the longest Petition known in the University Annals, and that, owing to the happy inspiration he had just described, it had been measured in the shortest time (cheers).

The Vice-Chancellor congratulated the Clerk on his remarkable ingenuity. Extraordinary occasions demanded extraordinary measures (laughter). At the call of duty some of them had left their wives, others their babies, and yet more their favourite studies, and he trusted the discussion undertaken at such noble self-sacrifice would not be unduly prolonged.

Professor Grant rose in the name of History. To the historian, discrepancy in facts was the breath of life. His great work on the French Monarchy would never have been written had it not been for the hopeless muddle revealed in such documents as were still extant. There was danger lest in their regulations they should become too clear and precise. He hoped that in this matter they would maintain the high reputation for ambiguity which University pronouncements deservedly held. By all means allow the students this extra leisure, and he would guarantee that no historical writer of the future would be perplexed by any want of uniformity in practice. All the more reason, therefore, why their resolutions should be obscure. He begged to move—"That such amount of free time as normal students in a normal frame of mind desire week by week, be granted on and from October 21st next, by authorisation of the Senate, acting through the Vice-Chancellor, or such other person as he may designate from time to time." It was rather a long periphrasis, he admitted, for an afternoon's session from work, but wherever he had the opportunity of making history he felt it a duty to that portion of posterity who might embrace his profession to make it as much of a puzzle as possible (loud cheers).

Mr. Gillespie said that as a thinker he was opposed to holidays, but as a man no one enjoyed them more. He made this statement at the outset because no

philosopher had ever been consistent, and he wished it to be quite clear that he had no intention of going back upon the well established traditions of an honourable vocation. As they all knew, his two pet aversions in life were the Theory of the Absolute and the teaching of Elementary Logic. Could he but bottle up the Absolute in a test-tube and hand it over to his scientific colleagues for examination, he would be saved many an angry outburst, many a sleepless night. But he feared it was more intangible than ether, more elusive than hope, and yet more pervasive than force. The second blot on his existence admitted, however, of considerable amelioration. He was passionately fond of golf, and he had got into the habit of naming the balls he used after the students he had to teach. This gave power to his drive. Indeed, careful observation had shown that the distance traversed by the ball was in remarkable proportion to the obtuseness of the person represented. Never had his success at the game been greater than during the present season. He attributed it almost entirely to the effect of this law of compensating action. For a fuller study of its working he felt the need of more time, and it gave him, therefore, great pleasure to support the Petition (cheers).

Professor Stroud apologised for the absence of a Range-finder which he had been expecting to arrive from Glasgow that very day. As he had telephoned here and telegraphed there without result, he had realised the need of a similar and yet superior instrument for locating the object of his wrath. How happy he would have been that morning if by such means he could have shot an execration with .303 accuracy at the man whose carelessness had baulked his desire! It had been his wish to show them what it was possible to do by a wise utilisation of spare time—if you had any to utilise! Some of the crassest idiots that ever courted knowledge had been his pupils, and to his great exasperation they had been able to complain truthfully that they had had no time to spare. He would willingly have exempted them from all lectures. Might he venture to tell them a little story?

The Vice-Chancellor, interposing, said that few relished Professor Stroud's stories so much as he, but he feared that it would hardly be consistent with the dignity of the Senate to allow him to proceed. It was quite competent, however, for anyone to move the adjournment of the debate for ten minutes in order that they might not miss such a never-failing treat.

This having been done, Prof. Stroud recounted, with vigour and point, his graphic narrative of a narrowly averted suicide. It was received with rounds of admiring applause. As there were a few minutes to spare, one of the Professors volunteered a song:—

THE ZINC-ROOFED DWELLING.

There is a room, a dingy room
Where men may chat and smoke,
Although swirled round by dreadful gales
As by a funeral clank.

Now through its windows may be spied
A yard in great confusion,
Where rusty iron rods shade,
And planks in rich profusion.

Three lies in rough a gracious gift,
 From whence will soon arise
 A palace that will wake men's life
 Lead plastic to the skies,
 How deep they'll sound the Senate's praise
 When swinging from its beams,
 Or, riveting on ladies their gues,
 Dreaming æsthetic dreams,
 Virtue will never then be seen
 Leeches left here in the lavah,
 When s'm the Common Room has grown
 In outward form a Church.

At the conclusion of the song, Professor Rogers rose to continue the discussion.

From his youth upwards, he said, he had been fond of calculation. As a lad, he loved to lie on the village green counting the stars, and thus early had developed that scientific imagination which had raised him to his present position. Highly though he valued this gift, it was apt to assert itself at inconvenient moments. Often he would catch himself in the midst of a prosaic demonstration gazing abstractedly into space.

Waiting perchance a universe in a path
 Of golden light above the sky; and whence
 It came, and what it was in doubt demanding,
 And wondering whether sight so light and airy
 Could be resting on a scale of reason,
 The poesy of mathematic formulae,
 Or it may be hearing just and æsthetic
 The music of the spheres, and the mind,
 Dissolved in æthere harmonies, departs
 From time and space—the bounds of things that men
 Easy to measure—and soon is lost in
 Things eternal.

This, he acknowledged, was disastrous to the particular earthly problem on which, at the time, he happened to be engaged, and necessitated more often than not a fresh start. At the same time, while he confessed that in certain moods he was "such stuff as dreams are made on," he was far from being convinced that the system was not to blame. These irregular meditations would doubtless vanish if an ample opportunity (such as that suggested in the Petition) were given for more regular contemplation of that abyss of being into which the finite seemed to merge (loud and prolonged applause).

Professor Welton said that nature had endowed him with a logical mind, and he was delighted to be associated with colleagues who had so clearly and concisely expressed the great and fundamental principles which lay behind the question at issue. Never in any assembly had he heard arguments less irrelevant to their immediate purpose than those to which they had been privileged to listen. He had amused himself by throwing them into syllogistic form, and he was amazed at the "unpremeditated art" which could manage majors and marshal minors, distribute middles, and draw conclusions with such unerring facility. It was not so in the great world outside. There contradictions were a perpetual challenge to put things on a logical basis; he had accomplished that work for Educators—no light task—and it was his daily ambition to perform the like service for the bundles of thought-chaos a beneficent country entrusted to his charge. A little relaxation from the process would do him and them no harm, as indeed he had been the first to recognise in his

ordinary practice, and therefore he heartily supported the demands of the Petitioners (loud applause).

The Vice-Chancellor remarked that there was no more time for speeches, though he could see that all desired to take part. As a mere matter of form, he would put the resolution to the vote.

A moment or two later, the Clerk announced that the voting was unanimously against the Petitioners!

Each member, fearing lest the concession should be unanimous, had voted against his convictions!

The Senate broke up in consternation.

M.

The Unknown Quantity.

(By an A-Mathematical Automaton).

I always think it is unfair,

When Mathematic troubles vex,

In those who teach us to declare

"Why really that's all fair and square!"

The "unknown quantity" ?—well, there!

Let it be "x."

Oh, yes! Let it be x; I'll own

That's very simple—sweep the decks—

But still there's much left to bemoan.

For though I struggle till I groan,

E'en then a "quantity unknown,"

Remains that "x"!

Yes, Maths. I fear I do in vain,

My peace of mind it always wrecks

To chase with diligence (?) and pain

(It's but a wild-geese chase again)

That kittish, tricky and insane

Elusive "x."

Don't talk to me of "cos" and "sine"

(Were they alive I'd wring their necks!)

Oh, could I in this feeble line

But half let loose my "fire divine,"

I fear that I should much malign

My dear friend "x"!

The Science Most Exact can go!

I'll learn my "mensa" and "index;"

That there'll be trouble here I know,

But still I think I'll make a show

And can't be really quite so slow

Where there's no "x."

To Modern Languages I'll fly

(Die deutsche Sprache will perplex!),

And all those subjects will I try

Where neither "roots" nor "surd" are nigh,

So that I may then finally

Get rid of "x."

C. E. B.

"Hawwood Typewriter, with foreign accent, almost new, for disposal, cheap."—*Evening Post.*

Our typewriter had a slight foreign accent when we first imported it, but now it writes like a native.

Notes on the King's Visit.

It is reported that owing to the poor response of the public to the appeal for funds made by the University authorities, the King will be provided with a brass key, instead of the usual gold one, with which to open the new buildings.

The Council are anxiously hoping that the King will not come on a Monday, as this is washing-day at most of the houses in Beech Grove Terrace.

Though it is usual to entertain His Majesty during luncheon with musical and other items, we are able to announce that up to the present neither Mr. E—t nor Mr. G—t—s has been asked to give his services.

It is not considered likely that the Hall Porter will receive a knighthood.

The luncheon, it is anticipated, will take place in the Refectory, and the officials of that institution are already busy preparing large quantities of *Apricot Mould*, *Lentil Soup*, *Calves' Liver and Bacon*, and *Shepherds' Pie* for consumption on the momentous occasion. The toothsome delicacy first mentioned is said to be an special favourite with Her Majesty the Queen.

The report that extra waitresses will be necessary is quite untrue, but we have it on good authority that some eight ounces of *fresh lentils* have been acquired for the soup.

The Royal guests are to be informed that if they are later than one o'clock the *Shepherds' Pie* will be *crossed off*.

The King will not inspect the new Men's Common Room, and it has been decided that if he supposes it to be a temporary College Chapel he will be allowed to go undisturbed.

It is hoped that the Royal Visit will induce many wealthy Yorkshiremen to strengthen the financial standing of the University, and as much as £1,000 in donations is confidently expected.

A suggestion that the inspection of the Fuel Department be facilitated by making a covered way from the main block by knocking away the walls dividing the houses in De Grey Road has not met with much enthusiasm.

It is expected that many honorary degrees will be conferred, and George Bernard Shaw, the composer of the "Merry Widow," Miss Mary Gawthorpe, and the members of the Hunslet Football team are among the people said to have been mentioned in this connection.

A fifty-per-cent. increase in Laboratory and Lecture Fees is anticipated next session.

It is not known exactly where the ceremony will be held, as all our quadrangles are full of boiler houses, men's common rooms, and such things. The rumour that the yard of University House is to be the venue is denied.

As the visit will take place in July, the weather is expected to be cold and wet.

Providence and a Theodolite.

THERE is a spot in Wharfedale, in the district of Barden, that endures the privilege once every year of being accurately dimensioned, and—eventually—mapped out by certain students of a certain University.

In early spring, before the daffodils are out, the students appear upon the scene, and at the same time the fields bring forth a goodly crop of small red and white poles; and wooden pegs are to be found in mystic curves across the grass. The lads play touch-wood among these pegs, one may believe, and if it were possible to write a psychological biography of a Barden lad, I have no doubt that these pegs and the red and white poles would be among its earliest recollections.

But it is necessary to take a loftier—if less innocent—view of things.

It is by means of such coloured poles and by means of millions and millions of such wooden pegs (and of course by means of other things as well) that the surface of the earth on which we stand has been minutely surveyed and measured, by various industrious souls, and reduced to ink and paper: on considering it, a worthy accomplishment.

The students who are dragging chains like monstrous tails behind them, who are carrying bundles of the poles—and impressively planting the pegs in their appointed places; holding tall staves and peering through odd-looking instruments, and presently showing to each other mysterious entries in their field books—are thereby learning the elements of the above accomplishment; with due earnestness, unimpaired of the Wharfe that tumbles at their feet, and murmurs insinuatingly that what they are doing has been done a hundred times before, and will, in all probability, be done a hundred times again.

The Theodolite, which, as everyone knows, can measure anything under the sun—and over it—is a mysterious instrument having a mysterious appearance, and, above all, a mysterious name—for none knows how it received it.

Once, upon a day, several years ago (I fear that few will believe this story), one very hot morning in early April, a student was "laying out a curve" with one of these instruments, and through the eyepiece he beheld a curious scene. The heat and the

murmuring of the river near him brought about a dreamy sensation, he looked a second time through the telescope and found it focussed upon an image—not of the pole, nor even upon the figure of his fellow-student who was holding it, but, so it seemed, upon the figure of a girl who was gathering flowers under the trees of the farther bank of the river. Musingly wondering, he saw that she was in an old-world dress, and that beside her bounded a fawn, and that the branches over her head were in fuller, more brilliant foliage.

In the act of stooping over a chosen hyacinth that has tempted her, she seems to listen, and presently there enters upon the scene a youth having a medallion upon his wrist, and in a leash at his side, a greyhound of singular beauty. They meet, and the boy is stooping over her hand; they are speaking, but the student hears nothing save the droning of the Wharfe in his ears. But, presently, their talk and laughter is disturbed by the hound, who (in a sad contrast to his master) has snapped at my lady's fawn, and rolled it over in the moss. At this, the maiden appears to be very angry, the little hand has to be duly attended and caressed, and my young lord in his distress and wrath, snaps off a beech rod and chastises his unruly hound until it sullenly crouches at his feet. But the indignant maiden is not to be appeased—the outrage to her fawn is reflected upon herself, she is at first scornful, then forgiving, then bewitchingly she touches his arm with her bouquet of flowers and points across the river to where a blossom of white lilac, glistening in the sun, droops its head over the opposite bank. Gladly he kisses her hand and bows assent—the Strid is but a few yards distant—in a moment she will see him on the further bank, in another moment the flower shall be hers.

He bounds away, and drags after him the slinking hound, and— The student still wildly wondering, presently hears another sound that might be a cry, and waking suddenly from his reverie finds his companion shouting impatiently and wanting to know "what the dence he was doing."

But everyone knows the end of the story, how

"The greyhound in the leash hung back
And checked him in his leap."

and how young Romilly of Egremont was drowned, and it was owing to a maiden and a speig of white lilac, that Bolton Prieory was built.

Many students (who, in the afternoons, go forth in search of bench-marks and the picturesque), have jumped the Strid, but they avoid greyhounds in leashes, and are content with slide-rules in their pockets.

Wise reader, Barden is famous for two things—its Strid and the famous legend I have just alluded to; and also for the residence there of a famous Professor who used it for some time as a summer retreat, and who subdued the proud and over-bearing Wharfe by swimming some of its most dangerous rapids, and—so the story goes—calculating their mean horsepower wasted per minute, while he was performing the exciting feat.

It would be an impertinence to describe the beauty of this part of Wharfedale—and even if I could describe it as Stevenson could, not many of the

Gryphon public would read it, for they know the original, but I know of a tribute to it that has a deeper significance than is at first apparent, an engineer (one who loved his hard-grained work as the apple of his eye) once said that a sight of Barden Woods in a certain season of the year almost made him wish to be an artist. There is a drop, a highly diluted drop, of the artist in most of us, happily; it accounts for the number of amateur landscape photographers. There is a vague desire in most of us to identify ourselves, however feebly, with the bit of beauty that can be appreciated—the process of taking a photograph partly satisfies it; the brown, shiny, imaginationless photographic picture cannot be an end in itself; photography itself can never be an art.

Visitors who come to Barden Woods and see the Strid, fall into two very distinct classes. In the first, the larger, there is the man who, at the mention of the word "Strid" grins amiably and says, "Ah! pleasant little place. Tea so good. Dark room too"—alluding to a miserable refreshment house; while for the other class there is the sentimentalist who sits for hours by the river, on the rocks, sailing endless eggshells down the rapids, and brooding over such romantic follies as a perfect Licensing Bill, or dreaming of his lost lover—now, so sadly detained in a Boarding House at Menston. Fortunately, there has been a trap built for both of these classes of visitors in the shape of a corrugated tin pavilion where there are drinks to be found, and an automatic weighing machine, and which prevents many of them from penetrating into the woods at all.

In the Park, on the opposite side of the river, there is a herd of red deer—the direct descendants of the ancient Craven herds that roamed the fells. Reader, as we have again got into the romantic vein, do you know the sad story of the student who long years ago fell sadly and badly and madly in love with the head-gameskeeper's daughter. Have you heard how in the evenings he sought the picturesque by her side, how in the mornings he languished over his survey and filled his field book with cupid's bows, and how each peg seemed a feathered dart to him. How he never told his love but "let concealment like a worm in the bud feed on his damask cheek," and how, when he returned to his University, he fell into a decline—for there were no picture post-cards in those days to form a daily link between yearning hearts, and he had a holy horror of writing letters. How his "Survey," when he worked it out in the civil drawing office would come out in the shape of a heart (no matter how much he cooked it), and it had a beautiful name written across its centre; and how, finally, because he tried to live upon this name, refusing all food and drink—he died, of a broken heart and an empty stomach—and his friends for many days mourned his loss. Truly "La Belle Dame sans Merci" had him in thrall.

In conclusion, I would refer the reader to the works of William Wordsworth—such poems as "The White Doe of Rylstone," "Force of Prayer," or the Founding of Bolton Abbey—give a beautiful and distinct impression of the form and spirit of old Craven.

P.H.E.B.

De Rebus Medicalibus.

Social life at the Leeds Medical School is on the decline. No doubt this bald statement will rouse a loud cry of dissent in some quarters, but it is true, nevertheless. We must not be understood to place this entirely to the account of slackness, because it is our firm opinion that taken as a whole the Leeds Medicals are a hard working set, and no criticism is to be directed against them on that score—with a few exceptions!

We repeat, social and corporate life at the Medical School is on the decline. If not, how comes it that it was impossible to run a Dance this year? The reason is that on the last occasion the students did so little towards supporting the Dance that the Secretaries could not meet their expenses.

How comes it that the S.R.C. meetings are so poorly attended?

How comes it that, on a vacancy occurring on the S.R.C., it was possible for a notice asking for nominations to remain exposed in the Infirmary Common Room for eight or ten days without ever a name being supplied? Does it mean that nobody was sufficiently interested in the S.R.C. to be willing to stand as a candidate?

How is it that the Secretary of the Medical Society has such vast difficulty in obtaining men to write papers for that Society?

How is it that that Society has an average attendance of considerably less than 20, all told? How is it that, when a notice is posted to the effect that there will be no more Medical Society meetings during the session, we find an inscription added, "Deo Gratias." Presumably this was meant for a joke, but we have not yet found anyone who can explain the point—and we are not Scotch! If the meetings are so very dull, why do not those gentlemen who object to them come down and try to mend matters by giving us the benefit of their enlightened minds?

All these queries—and we could cite others—form in our opinion a serious indictment of the Medicals. As we have already confessed, we do not accuse them all of slacking. But here is the point: they can find time for other pastimes, apart from the school, which are not included in the Medical curriculum. They can spare an evening for the "Merry Widow," and have no difficulty in accepting a billiard challenge—and yet they "really haven't time" for taking part in social life at the school.

Perhaps this is a good opportunity to discuss this subject, as so many are just now starting work across the way. Infirmary men are less to blame than juniors, because their actual reading, apart entirely from the clinical work which they are bound to do, is so much more extensive than that of juniors.

Possibly there are some who might say, "Is not a collegiate or university institution founded for the purpose of acquiring scientific knowledge? Why should students bother their heads about social intercourse?" To such we reply, "No! a university is an institution for training and educating men so that they may be fitted for their work and station in after

life." This of necessity means training a man all round. Now, how is a man going to train himself for the social duties of later life unless he starts early? Perhaps in no profession is the social side of life more important than the medical profession, and it seems to us that this action of the present medical students is a very clear case of "penny wise, pound foolish."

We would urge men to consider this question seriously, in order that next year the condition of affairs may be remedied. At present there is absolutely no social side to life at the Leeds Medical School, except such as is afforded by occasional chats in the common room.

But argument will never set the world right! We feel strongly that this is a matter of more importance than is generally recognised, and our only object in dealing with the subject is to get men to think about it for themselves. If that result is obtained, we have no hesitation in asserting that a great reform in these matters will be accomplished before long. V.

Asepsis.

What makes a surgeon's patients well?
What strikes the deadly microbes' knell?
And costs more cash than tongue can tell?
Asepsis!

Why do I keep my hands so clean?
As though they'd never dirty been?
What does my dresser's white coat mean?
Asepsis!

What was it made the surgeon say,
When first I came across the way,
"I hope it's carried out to-day!"
Asepsis!

What was it made me quake inside
Lest me the H.S. should decide,
Because I failed—although I'd tried?
Asepsis!

What is it makes my hands so rough
(As if the weather's not enough?)
It's carrying out that dreadful stuff,
Asepsis!

What was the Fetish that arose
And made me change—yes, all my clothes?
What made me fear to blow my nose?
Asepsis!

* * *

But what is it we all must be,
If we would do good surgery
(And at the same time earn a fee!)?
Aseptic! N. L. S.

The infant son of the King of Spain has been made a private in the Spanish Army, and unkind people are saying that in England he would have been old enough to be an officer.

The May-day Smoker.

ON Friday, May 1st, we assembled for a May-day celebration in the Refectory—the scene of so many of our conflicts with (and frequently of our defeats by) both “Refec. dinners” and “Refec. beer.”

The gentlemen whom the Students delighted to honour were two members of the Staff, whom, we regret to say, we are destined soon to lose, Professors Stroud and Clapham, and who supported one another ably in the chair.

The Queen of the May was undoubtedly Mr. Gittleson, who was “called early,” and who, enthroned on a table, used his sceptre, a walking stick, with deadly effect to illustrate the Charge of the Light Brigade. We think he prefers this piece because of its opportunities for the use of “language” which he renders with terrible vigour, and by which we were duly shocked. But he couldn’t break that electric light globe, and the chairman, who sat behind him, were never in actual danger, though, to do him justice, he did his best.

He then quoted from old W. S. of one Mr. Bass something-or-other who wanted to borrow three thousand buckets. What a thrust!

Prof. Clapham, who had sought inspiration in two pipes and a bottle of lager, and had evidently found it though he emphatically denied it, spoke feelingly about his forthcoming departure, but consoled us by telling us that all the changes he had witnessed in the University had been for the better. He mentioned the graduates and the Calendar, formerly a dingy yellow, now arrayed in green robes. Perhaps the graduates—we disclaim all responsibility for the Calendar—are not as green as they look. Prof. Clapham, it seems, feels very young, having been in frocks when Prof. Stroud first came to Leeds.

Prof. Stroud preached from the text, “The way of inventors is hard.” He dispelled any idea of his senility we might have formed by telling us his exact age. He has not yet reached the “age limit,” but feels 65, and finding he cannot make certain students understand the principle of the Vernier (we don’t wonder!) thinks it is time for him to “chuck it.”

Under the parable of a Moroccan muleteer who, after tempting him (in vain, he said) to visit a Café Chantant patronised by all Christians, swindled him out of a huge number of pesetas to remember him by, he informed us that he had decided to perpetuate his memory by presenting to the new Union Rooms (when they come) a billiard table and accessories. We thank him heartily, and consider that if it is his same he wishes us to remember, nothing more apposite could have been chosen.

We drank the health of the guests amidst loud acclamations and chanted to the effect that they were “jolly good fellows.”

Mr. Thompson (senior) pretended that he was a muleteer—not, we hope, the one who tried to corrupt Prof. Stroud. Later on Mr. Thompson (junior) asked him what sort of a night it was, and after quarrelling for some time, musically but forcibly, they seemed to come to some sort of an agreement. As an encore, Mr. Thompson (junior) sang in Italian; at least we guessed it to be Italian, and so felt proud of ourselves and enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. Cohen was fortunate in his accompanist, and the two of them gave us a duet and an accompanied solo. Which was which, we know not.

We met with several old favourites in the way of songs: “Moses,” by Matthews; “Potted Poetry,” by Rennie; and “Spanish Cavalier,” by Curtis-Hand, Kyle, Maddison and Smith also sang.

Dr. Dawson bozzed merrily in German, and after taking up the honeyed refrain we sang “Auld Lang Syne,” and so home.

The only regrettable feature of the evening was the paucity of numbers. We can assure our guests that it arose out of no feeling of disrespect to them, but from an unfortunate tendency to work which pervades this University, to the exclusion of social and athletic duties, and which is particularly virulent in the summer term. J.

Answers to Correspondents.

Beam.—Yes, we shall probably start a “Dress” column, but we think it unkind that you should suggest that Mr. M.—a take over the editorship of a “Fancy Dress” department.

Hygiene.—Yes, the towels are always damp in there, four among a thousand is a negligible quantity. We should suggest taking your desiccator in with you to dry your hands.

Anxious.—The Council are buying up the old submarines of the British Navy, and thus, while supporting home industries, are enabling students to reach the Gymnasium without swimming.

Headgear (Keighley).—Mr. M.—y has abandoned that style of hat as it is becoming so common, don’t know.

Congested Districts (Chemys. Lab.).—True, you are crowded. Why not take advantage of the model dwellings which the Council are erecting?

Horizontal Bar wants to know why there has been no gymnastic contest this year. Was not the suffragette debate good enough for you? The way you balanced on that door has never been (gymnastically) excelled.

Author.—Your articles are fairly interesting, but not quite suitable for the *Gryphon*. Why not try *The Children’s Encyclopaedia*, which we think should offer you a splendid market?

Sawt thinks that it will be incongruous if the *Gryphon* maintains “its usual factiousness” in those issues which appear so near to the examinations, and suggests that the June number should be devoted entirely to answering difficult questions! The suggestion shall receive consideration.

Impatient wants to know why some self-conscious members of the Staff continue to talk loudly in the Library, even after attention has been publicly drawn to their bad manners so many times. We are afraid that the disease is incurable, and that the very self-consciousness which caused them to commence the habit leads them to persist in it—the annoyance of mere students only adding zest to the pleasure obtained.

The Tale of Tragedy.*

We are still a baby University, and still poor. Our professors have to teach so much that their ready pens are not so prolific for the public good and our own glory as they might be. By publishing his lectures on the drama, however, Professor Vaughan has been able to show the world something of what is in store when he and the others are able to settle down to a well-ordered time-table and a permanent calendar, with no cares for their departments' academic childhood. He sets out to tell and study the history of tragic drama, and at the same time to recognise the tendencies and directions in centuries of progress. The magnificent raw material of Greek Tragedy—drama and worship in one—is seen to be taken and worked by the technique and craftsmanship of succeeding ages, into something which, if not more arresting and powerful, is wider and in closer relation to the personal lives of the audience. The development from classical to romantic drama, from Æschylus to Shakespeare and onwards is watched with a scholar's care, and with a human student's enthusiasm in seeing the closer treatment of character and the poetry of human passion and human love. This is the main theme of the book, and it is illustrated in minute but always refreshing detail at every step. In the chapters on the Greek classics the twentieth century is given a lesson in the correct appreciation of Euripides, who is apt to exclude his purer and simpler companions, Æschylus and Sophocles, from present day consideration. To Æschylus, the pioneer, the poet of grand incarnations, a position is assigned which stamps him as the grand type of classical tragedian. Euripides is found to suffer, in a way which probably accounts for his present vogue, from his straining for effect and his indifference to the duties of a dramatist towards his audience.

Having studied carefully the development of essentials such as plot, situation and action, we are taken towards the romantic form. The appreciations and illustrations are always fairly stated, and the estimates of position and merit are so carefully made that one is revising old established opinions and losing their prejudices in every chapter. Seneca, Calderon, Shakespeare, Goethe, and Victor Hugo, among others, appeal to us again in new ways, with the result that the position of their successors, Browning and Maeterlinck in the last lecture, is clearer than a mere study of their position in modern literature could make it. The intense subjectivity of tragedy and its remarkable, almost subliminal, situation have rendered it now unsuitable for the stage, leaving as the only representatives of modern tragedy, social dramatists of the Ibsen type. Even Ibsen, however, falls into line, and with the others makes us feel the force of the romantic movement—"from the less to the more ideal, from the less to the more inward." Whether this is any gain to the drama as poetry as great art, Professor Vaughan does not judge, but the importance of the question and the desire to press it vanish before the interest of the fascinating study we have been able to make.

* Types of Tragic Drama.—Finglaw. Macmillan, 5s.

"Spring"—by a Pessimist.

O thou blithe and bonny Spring!
All thy virtues poets sing,
But, I fear I cannot see where many are,
For thy lovers rarely tell
How thou kildest sense of small,
How thou bringest me much sneezing and catarrh!

Those same poets mostly say
"Hail! thou sweetest month of May,"
Inexactitudes about it then they utter;
Or the Maypole emphasise,
When just all we realise
Is the "Maypole" where they buy cheap tea and
butter!

They bestow more rhyme than's meet
On the "lambkin's joyful bleat!"—
"See the springtime's darlings frisking! Tra-la-la!"
But those juvenile young sheep
Are not joyful. No, they weep
When they bellow, for their late lamented ma!

In their verses poets say "Hark!
To the chanting of the lark!"
And they bid you shade your eyes to watch the
flight,
But they never let you know
How it says "H'm, here's a go!
If my wife and nest aren't snowed right out of
sight!"

Countless hordes begin their lay
With "Shine forth! bright orb of day
Come and kiss away night's gentle dew again!"
But of course we're not allured,
For in Spring that orb's obscured
And "night's dew" just mean a morning's dew-
dew-
rain!

Of the beauties of a nest;
Full of fledglings (still undress'd),
Of ma-sparrow's tender care, they let you see.
But the wretches don't relate
How those fledglings meet their fate
By falling out and breaking vertebrae!

O, ye Gods! they raise my ire
As they sing of "Muse" or "Lyre"
Or their "verdant green" or "buds and blossom"
rot.
For their Springtime May Cadenzas
Ought to be on influenza,
And "by feet id bustard water boiling hot!"
PROTEGE.

On the Notice Board:—

A Freshers' Tennis Practice will be held on Saturday.
Will those willing to turn please sign below.

(Later.)

The Tennis Practice will be postponed this afternoon.

The Thumbscrew.

I held it truth with him who wails,
 In one loose voice of deep despair,
 That man may pass too easily
 From their dead 'facts' to lovely 'fads.'
 Not once, nor twice, in our will scarce, failing,
 The plan of sweetening found we unwavering.

TELEVISION (slightly amended).

'AFTER long years of grief and pain,' sang the poet, the ways of examiners are to me as dark and mysterious as the thick bushes. For their path lies in secret places and no man knoweth the gate thereof. When I arose refreshed with sweet and entered the Judgment Hall, then was mine heart glad; for I said within myself: "Now will I encompass my questions, yes, even with my fountain pen." And I wrote, and the very stroke of my pen of many inks was as a threshing flail. The questions were as wax in mine hands, and I laid heed to the proverb: "A little knowledge is the root of all evil." Rejoiced I in my victory, and the timbrels played before and the pass-lists followed after.

Then felt I like some watcher of the lists when a fourth-class hits him shrewdly in the eye. Behold, I am humbled and brought low. How are the first-classes fallen and the weapons of ink perished! Verily might I cry in my grief: "Some are born failures, some achieve failure, and some have failure thrust upon them."

So I girded up my trouser's leg, and went forth into the haunts of men. And the first with whom I held counsel gloated with an exceeding great gloat. For he awaited not the first-class, yet a portion of the lot fell to him. Yea, indeed, the slacker shall be fast and the swot last. And while I was thus musing, the fire kindled, and I cried out in my wrath: "The days of examiners are but as grass. They shall vanish away like an odour of weed, and the Thumbscrew shall work havoc upon them."

Then beware, O ye of the weighing scales. Let passes be given where passes are due, and if any man fail, remember the days of your youth.

But as for ye, my lovely ones, who endure the fierce light of publicity and are cast out into bottomless spaces, to you, the least of these their examinees, will I yet reveal the way of examiners. When I, even I, shall be admitted to the secrets of these naughty men, then shall ye be increased and magnified; and as for them, the Thumbscrew shall allow them to depart in peace.

TARTAR.

Musical Evening.

It was a happy idea of the Literary and Historical Society to have a Musical Evening on the last day of term, and one that was much appreciated by the whole College. On March 25th, therefore, the Refectory was besieged by a large party of students of both sexes, who had come to chat and listen to the music. The room was very tastefully decorated, and the whole function went smoothly from start to finish.

□ We were again favoured with the company of Mr. H. Johnson, who accompanied Mr. Alex. Cohen's two violin solos, both finely rendered, and also favoured us with two pianoforte solos, in which he displayed his usual ability. We had two new pianists in Messrs. Arnold and Billam, the former giving us a pretty item, "Rustle of Spring," whilst Mr. Billam played "Johanne's" tunes, which were as fresh as ever.

Humorous items were provided by several gentlemen. Mr. Matthews told us of an old gentleman named Moses who was a flower-seller of some kind, who seemed to come to an untimely end. Mr. Willott sang "Any Rags?" and Mr. Hand served up popular poems in "potted" form. We laughed once more over "The Ingolishby Penance," which Mr. Strange recited.

Several ladies provided more aesthetic fare. Mrs. Dawson was kind enough to step into the breach caused by Mrs. Green's unavoidable absence, and sang a delightfully pretty song; Miss Rogers sang "The Rose," and Miss Laird "May Morning." Other songs were sung by Miss Scruton and Miss Bloomer. Each item in the programme was interesting and well rendered, and it was heard on all hands that this was one of the best functions of the kind we had yet held.

Instead of the usual "Interval of ten minutes," we found on our programme the word "Refreshments," and this item turned out to be a most enjoyable and popular one. The Refectory is usually at its best in this sort of catering, and on this occasion they did their full share to make the evening a pleasant memory for a long time to come.

"Pass on, Poor Beggar!"

As homeward one night I was wending my way,
 My last cigarette I'd just lit,
 When out jumped a man who behind the hedge lay
 And startled me more than a bit.

I said "How d'you do?" and was going to pass by,
 When he said, "Oh, no! don't run away."
 And pulled out a pistol. I heaved a great sigh,
 But thought it was best to obey.

Said the footpad, "Now please tip out all the loose cash
 That you're carrying with you, my boy.
 And mind that you don't attempt anything rash
 Or I'll give you a taste of this toy."

I replied, "My dear fellow, I haven't a cent
 Or I'd willingly give you a copper."
 "Oh, fancy," he said, "such a tip-top young gent
 Being able to tell such a whopper."

Hurry up you young tot! Fork out some of the pelf.
 Why! I know you're as rich as the Czar."
 "Till only to-night I had thought so myself,
 But I've been to our 'Grand Church Bazaar!'"

J.

Leeds University Suffragette Leaflets.

No. 1.

On Washing Up.

My soul revolts when I survey
The never-ending diarray
Of pots and dishes mockly waiting
Till perchance, my wrath abating,
I the weary task continue,
(Spoiling flesh and straining sinew),
Of restoring pristine brightness
To their sadly tarnished whiteness.
How I hate to see my fingers,
On which labour's imprint lingers,
Soiled with touching cup and saucer,
Stayed from emulating Clauco—
That prince of literary men
Whom housework never kept from pen!
By copious use of vaseline
I banish sores—my hands keep clean
By friction with a pumice stone,
When dirt yields not to soap alone.
What wasted hours I thus employ
That nature meant me to enjoy!
How long this chanceless servitude
This endless labour harsh and rude?
Are there not men? Let them prepare
To wield the dish-cloth, 'tis but fair.
Let them be taught to wash and dry
Till earthenware reflects the sky
(If they can make it!) Let them drudge
(As I do now) until they grudge
To lose the hours of liberty
That follow breakfast, dinner, tea.
Such menial work befits them well—
No need for me on that to dwell!
But we to higher things aspire.
'Tis time that woman left the mire
Of weak subservience; with me
Will you not labour to be free,
To mount the pinnacle of fame—
To rule the world, and then to frame
The life of man to suit your will?
Comrades of Leeds! have courage till
All washing-up is done by man!
Thus let me end where I began,

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

MARY ANN.

"Science Unveiled" is the title of a book which is believed to be in preparation by a member of the University Staff. It will consist of a series of sheet addresses, perhaps the most interesting being "Fire-side Physics," "A Test-tube Stand in every Home," "Why Butter Melts" (illustrated with pen and ink sketches), "When is the Oven hot enough?" (with valuable pyrometric suggestions), and "Every Man his own Professor."

Textile News.

THE Annual Departmental Soccer Match was played the second week in February, the first year playing the second and third. After a very hard game, the latter were victorious by 4 goals to 3. The weather was all that could be desired, and a most enjoyable afternoon was spent. After the match, the teams and those of the Department who did not take part in the match adjourned to the Refectory for tea. Then followed a Smoker—the first of the session—which was the most enjoyable, and also the rowdiest, held for a couple of years. The freshers turned up in force, and among them were found vocalists of rare talent, not to mention the pianists who number no less than six, and a comedian in "Claude," who may one day find his way on to the Music Hall Stage. Most of those present enjoyed themselves so much that they wanted another the following week. As a matter of fact, the Smoker lasted throughout Thursday, the day following. (Really!—Ed.)

On February 25th, Professor Beaumont very kindly entertained the Department to tea in the Refectory. After tea, the students' meeting of the Textile Society was held, when papers were read by Mr. Walton on "Some Developments in the Woolen Trade," and by Mr. Appleyard on "Trades Unions." The latter excited a great deal of discussion, and the debate which followed was of a lively character. Unfortunately, the discussion had to be adjourned, owing to a Textile Society Meeting. A hearty vote of thanks to Professor Beaumont was carried with acclamation.

On March 11th, the foreign gentlemen in the Department entertained the Staff and students to tea in the Refectory. This was quite a new idea, and was, I think, due to Mr. Zucker and Mr. Jensen, who are both keen men on Smokers. Unfortunately, the latter only came up for a term, and has already left. Mr. Zucker presided throughout the evening. After tea, the discussion on "Trades Unions," which was adjourned on February 25th, was resumed. After a vigorous discussion, a vote was taken, which showed that there was a majority against Trades Unions. Then followed the "Smoker," which was quite up to the first one of the term. Mr. Fox had drawn up a bill, giving the names of artists for the evening, which was posted on the door of the Textile Common Room. Crowds came to see it, and envied the talent of the Textiles. The Smoker came to an end at ten o'clock, various toasts having been proposed. All were unanimous that it was the most enjoyable evening spent for a long time.

G. F. K.

An aged clergyman has been accounting for his longevity by the fact that when he was sixty he gave up eating one-third of his food, and at seventy another third. However, though he is now eighty we learn that no further reduction is contemplated.

A pupil teacher, aged 29, has been publicly dismissed for smoking a cigarette, and it is rumoured that the Board of Education threaten to withdraw their support from the University unless the Smoke-Room and Smoking Concerts be abolished.

Home Rule for Ireland.

Tune: "The Dear Little Shamrock."

There's a dear little wish
Planted deep in our Isle,
It was Gladstone, himself, share who set it,
And himself on the labours and efforts did smile
Of the people who then tried to get it.
Since then, thro' the bog and the brake and the
mireland.

This one wish has grown in the heart of Ould Ireland.

Chorus. This dear wish is Home Rule.
This great wish is Home Rule.
This dear wish, this great wish, is
Home Rule for Ireland.

There are those who discuss,
There are those who debate,
As to how, when we have, we shall use it.
And some there are too, ah, 'tis sad to relate
Who're afraid we should sadly abuse it.
They think thro' the bog, and the brake, and the
mireland.
The spirit of riot would run thro' Ould Ireland.

Chorus. And yet it is Home Rule,
And still it is Home Rule,
And yet it is, still it is, Home Rule for
Ireland.

In a 'Varsity Hall,
Now our cause was well aired,
By the different students with emotion.
Each one with his own pet defence was prepared
Just to get so important a function.
And still thro' the Hall, like the bog and the mireland,
The majority voted for Home Rule for Ireland.

Chorus. They voted for Home Rule,
They voted for Home Rule,
The majority voted for Home Rule for
Ireland.

When that dear little wish,
Which springs from our soil,
Shall in us one day be extended,
United, yet free, we together will toil,
And ourselves, by ourselves, be defended.
And then from the hearts, of the folk of the mireland,
To England be given the thanks of Ould Ireland.

Chorus. It's Home Rule for Ireland,
It's Sole Rule for Ireland,
It's Home Rule, it's Sole Rule, it's
Home Rule for Ireland.

A GUN has been invented which will shoot from
London to Paris (French journals read Paris to
London), and it is feared that a slump in Barr and
Stroud range-finders, which are only good for a few
thousand yards, will shortly take place.

From a poster in Bear Lane:
THE EVER OPEN DOOR.
Hours to to 8.

OUR SOCIETIES.

Literary and Historical.

On February 24th, we had the pleasure of listening to a delightful paper on "Robert Louis Stevenson," read by Miss Turner. Besides giving us a very interesting account of his life and character, Miss Turner dealt in detail with some of the more famous of Stevenson's works, but was compelled by lack of time to give no more than a passing reference to the others. In concluding, Miss Turner declared that, apart altogether from his merits as an author, we owe a great deal to Stevenson "for his creed of happiness, happiness in spite of pain, poverty, ill-health, everything." In fact, his life was one continual battle with sickness, and the courageous way in which he fought it shows itself in the joyful, bright and happy tone running throughout his works. An interesting and amusing discussion was afterwards carried on by Messrs. Baines, Midgley and Wynne, in which all bore witness to the invigorating and refreshing atmosphere of this author's books, in addition to the great charm and interest both of their style and subject matter.

The last Meeting of the Society was held on March 6th, when Mr. Monahan gave us a paper on the "Rise of the Mediaeval Universities." Since the subject was such a big one, and covered so much ground, Mr. Monahan wisely restricted himself, dealing mainly with the progress of the Universities of Bologna and Paris. These latter were a good deal different to one another in origin and constitution. The former, moreover, became famous for Jurisprudence and Medicine, whilst the chief characteristic of the University of Paris was the teaching of Theology. A very interesting fact which Mr. Monahan brought to light, and one which caused much amusement, was that the relations between the students and the professors at Bologna was completely the reverse of that of most other Universities, both ancient and modern. Instead of the professor directing the studies of his students, it was the student who guided his professor, and if the latter did not teach what he wanted, off he went to someone else. Altogether, the professors must have had a hard time. In addition to being fined pretty heavily if late for a lecture, or encroaching beyond their time, they were only allowed to take a holiday with the permission of their students, besides being subject to many similar restrictions. Such a novel view of the relations between student and professor did not fail to attract attention during the discussion which was afterwards carried on, and many were the suggestions proffered as to how a somewhat similar state of things might be introduced into our more modern Universities.

The Social Evening which the Society held on the last day of term was most successful, and formed a very pleasant wind up both of the work of the term and the doings of the Society. As it is reported on another page, there is no reason to refer further to it. By the time this number of the *Gryphon* is published

the Excursions will have been decided on, but let us hope that the weather will have cleared up before then. The excursions are always a most attractive feature of the Society, and we hope that a good number will join them.

J. E. W.

Scientific Society.

The Ninth Meeting of the session was held in the Physics Lecture Theatre on Wednesday, March 11th, when Prof. Stroud gave a paper on "Range Finders."

After briefly running through the various types of instruments used for range finding, and reviewing the principles underlying each, Prof. Stroud gave a more detailed account of the Barr and Stroud range finder, invented conjointly by Prof. Barr, now at Glasgow, and himself. This instrument, made originally for the War Office, is now largely used by the Admiralty, and has been adopted by several other nations for use in their respective navies.

The optical and mechanical arrangements embodied in the range finder were described, and the difficulties which had to be overcome in the earlier stages of manufacture were alluded to. One of the greatest of these difficulties was the necessity of obtaining a mounting for the optical parts of the instrument, which at once should be absolutely rigid and able to stand moderately rough usage.

The method of using the instrument is extremely simple. The field of the right eyepiece is divided into an upper and a lower half, in each of which half the object of which the range is being found is seen. By means of a screw these two portions are brought into exact alignment with each other, and this being done, the range of the object is seen indicated on a scale in the left eyepiece. Observations may be made at the rate of several a minute.

After the reading of Prof. Stroud's paper, the meeting resolved itself into the General Annual Meeting of the Society. The following officers were elected to form the Committee for the session 1908-9:—

President ..	Prof. Bourne, D.Sc., F.R.S.
Vice-Presidents ..	Mr. J. Marshall, B.Sc.
	Mr. A. Woodhead.
Treasurer ..	Mr. J. R. Blockley.
Secretary ..	Mr. M. A. R. Paraker, M.A.
Committee ..	Miss M. S. Leslie.
	Mr. E. A. Bearder.
	Mr. F. Riley.
	Mr. A. Seymour Jones.

Two excursions have been arranged for the summer term. The one, of scientific interest, to the Farnley Iron Works, will take place during May, whilst the second, a purely social excursion to Malham, is fixed for a convenient date just after the principal examinations.

A. E. W.

Men's Christian Union.

AN informal meeting was held on April 24th, when Mr. McCann, of the Y.M.C.A., spoke to a number of members on two projects for which he invited our help. A missionary campaign through the branches of the Y.M.C.A. in Yorkshire is proposed in the autumn for which speakers are required, but the more immediate project is that of accompanying the Volunteers to Redcar. The Y.M.C.A. conduct a large tented the

Volunteer Camp, to provide facilities for reading, writing letters, playing games, etc., which the men would not otherwise enjoy. Each evening an entertainment is held in the tent, which is at these times packed to the uttermost; and it is acknowledged that during the last four or five years the Y.M.C.A. tent has done a great work in improving the tone of the Volunteer Camps. Some members have already promised to become helpers in the work, and Mr. W. E. Cross is still willing to hear of men who would care to spend a week under canvas and help with the work among the Volunteers.

Meetings for prayer have been held weekly during the term, and though the attendance has not been large, it has been regular, and the spirit of the meetings has been good and hopeful. Most Bible Classes are continuing during the last term, and interest in Bible study still exists in spite of the demands of work.

Efforts are being made to get a large delegation of members to Baslow, in the Peak district, where the Conference of the Student movement is being held this year. It is hoped that all the officers will go, and if a good number of men can get there the prospects for next year's work, which are exceedingly bright, will be greatly enhanced.

Medical Society.

THE 1907-8 session of this Society has been far from encouraging. We have had an inter-debate with the Leeds Law Students' Society, an Impromptu Evening, and several excellent papers. But where have been the members? Our President (Mr. Veale) has done us very good service; always present, always keenly interested in the welfare of the Society, he has set us an example which it would be very hard to beat. But the number of students present has been ridiculously small. Under the circumstances it is not worth any man's while to write a paper, to read it before only a dozen.

The question is, "What about next year?" Is this Society (the only Society at the School) to be dropped? Or is it to be improved? As Secretary, I should be very glad if some who do not come to the meetings would explain their reasons to me, for in that way it might be possible to find a suitable solution of the problem.

B. R. V.

Wise and Otherwise.

1. Figures of speech—Members of Parliament.
2. The tree of knowledge—The birch.
3. What people say about "The Beauty of Bath"—It takes the bun.
4. The angel's farewell—I take my hook.
5. Brought out in the brewing interest—The barrel organ.
6. Foreign affairs—German sausages.
7. The "coming" man—The waiter.
8. Technical names for golf champions—Teepots.
9. Motto for the police force—After you.
10. For the family circle—A square meal.
11. A liquid voice—The drunkard's.
12. A sound sleeper—One who snores.

J. F.

The Play.

Decadent Spring.

It is almost hopeless to look for anything healthy and stirring in Leeds drama. The fact that we have had a feeble spring season at our only theatre makes us almost thankful that we have been too busy to attend. Our one real novelty (for Leeds) was *The Merry Widow*, and it was possible to realize outside the theatre that it was a sensuous medley, produced with all the necessary wickedness. Mr. Compton promised us eighteenth century plays, but *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal* were found to be unworthily accompanied by the *Gentlemen in Grey* and other useless productions. And so we proceed, with the jealous knowledge that Manchester has just obtained a repertoire theatre which can revive *Measure for Measure* in the Elizabethan style and follow it by Shaw, Maeterlinck, and Ibsen, played as they should be played—in a theatre where one can book a comfortable seat for a shilling. But let us return to Leeds, where some of us have to work, and where we are occasionally driven to the Grand Theatre to avoid the death of boredom. The Kendals came with a list of plays, including a new production, *The Whirlpool*. They are still quite enthusiastic artists, and though outshone by the modern actor-manager type, they have a special attraction for many players on account of their past achievements, and on account of their seeming determination to act for the sake of the world, and not for themselves.

In adopting *The Whirlpool*, however, they have made a wild, inartistic and therefore probably profitable move. The play is one of those queer pictures of American life which are so common and so like each other. A "rough diamond" from the West, who has been roughing it making railroads, comes to New York to see society. Of course, he never speaks without a *lapis lingue*, and of course he falls in love with the most impossible person, one of the richest women in New York. Having no great wealth of his own, he is naturally and readily called an adventurer by the lady's brother. After a little melodramatic display of firearms, he retires for a short time to make money and match the lady's fortune. This he proposes to do in a few weeks, by cornering coffee. His business methods are mad and impossible, but of course, he succeeds—nearly. At the last moment he discovers that he is about to ruin and disgrace his lady's brother. He therefore breaks the corner, ruins himself, and in the last act is proposed to by the lady, just as his "pride" was forcing him to leave New York and never see her again. This is the type of plot which is always chosen by authors who cannot refrain from sickly sentiment at every turn. They accentuate the idea of social status—which has nothing at all to do with character, and consequently has no dramatic value. The absurdity of their situations and their conventionality lead them to make use over and over again of the time-worn devices which are used on the stage for getting in and out of scrapes. In *The Whirlpool* the most transparent and obviously personal advice is

asked in an impersonal manner twice in one act, and is twice given innocently and idiotically by the one person who should most readily have seen the deception. The type of plot, the method of treatment and the stage tricks of *The Whirlpool* type of play are quite out of date, and do not merit even the consideration they have received in this article. The only pleasant features of this particular performance were certain quite humorous exhibitions of what is technically called "business," and the determination and sympathy with which the Kendals did their best at a bad task. The house was full.

In Easter week the Leeds Amateurs attempted *The Gondoliers*. They seem determined to stick to Gilbert and Sullivan, which is perhaps wise. The average amateurs spoil everything they attempt. The Leeds company, though far above the average, would probably spoil any other form of musical, as they would all forms of non-musical drama. Savoy opera offers an opportunity of producing great effect with comparatively little effort, because the authors themselves made such great efforts that they carried comic opera as far as it could be carried without the gravest danger. Unfortunately, it has been carried further by others, the result being what we now call musical comedy, which is a type of play which cannot be spoiled by any company of actors. This is not the first occasion on which the relation of comic opera to musical comedy has been discussed here, but *The Gondoliers* brings us to the same conclusion as the *Mikado*, namely, that the occasional pointlessness of both Gilbert and Sullivan in their productions, has been responsible for the complete pointlessness of their successors, and is, therefore, to be regretted. *The Gondoliers* itself is pleasant and humorous, of course, though we can imagine that its humour is more apparent to our parents than it is to us. It is not particularly important, it is certainly not dramatic, and neither the music nor the words show any traces of the poetry we sometimes get from both composer and librettist. However, it amuses one, and as far as the theatre is intended for that purpose, it is a successful play, even when it is a generation old. This estimate of its value will produce a few superior smiles from the old brigade, but it is strangely enough becoming the accepted creed of many of this generation. The Leeds company gave a careful, not too brilliant performance, which was splendidly ornamented by the first appearance in the part of "Casilda," of Miss Blanche Tomlinson, who has a voice which should make her quite famous.

"A remarkable movement has taken place in Japan, and the Y.W.C.A. was doing an extremely valuable work among the men who were gathering there from every part of the East."—*The Gryphon*, Feb., 1908, p. 45.

"The Uplift of China and the Uplift of Great Britain are parts of the same great work."—*The Gryphon*, Feb., 1908, p. 38.

* * *

The report that the cost of entertaining the King and Queen is to be defrayed out of the funds accumulated by Engineering Lab. "fines," is without foundation.

ATHLETICS.

Rugby.

A meeting of the above club was called on Friday, May 2st, for the purpose of electing the officers for the next season.

The following officers were elected:—

Committee:

Captain of 1st XV.—W. H. Roberts.

Secretary of 1st XV.—W. H. Max Rennie.

Assistant Secretary for Medical School.—J. M. Foord.

Captain of 2nd XV.—C. Ward.

Secretary of 2nd XV.—J. K. Partridge.

Northern Universities Representative.—W. H. Max Rennie.

Yorkshire County Representative.—A. E. Fletcher.

It is satisfactory to note that all last season's players will be available, and thus, with the new blood that will be here, there are all the prospects of a successful season before us.

W. H. M. R.

Association.

First XI.

March 7th, v. Liverpool University, home, won, 4—3.

March 12th, v. Headingley College Combination, home, won, 3—2.

March 14th, v. Northern Foxes, away, lost, 2—nil.

Second XI.

March 14th, v. Cleckheaton Balme Road, home, lost, 5—nil.

March 21st, v. Harrogate Y.M.C.A., home, won, 6—nil.

v. Liverpool. This was an exceedingly hard game. Our opponents turned up with much the same team as the one with which they beat us so badly in the early part of the year, though the score on that occasion scarcely represented the game. At half-time the score was 2—nil in favour of the home team, so that there was every prospect of our winning. Liverpool, however, worked hard during the second half, and, after equalising, obtained the lead. Leeds now put another through the net, again equalising matters, and after a smart piece of work on the part of the forwards, secured the winning goal just before full time.

v. Headingley. This was a combined team, drawn from the Colleges of Headingley, Rawdon, and Bradford. The game was a hard one all the way through, but the visitors evidently suffered from lack of combination.

Tennis.

J. E. W.

With the new Courts, which offer so much greater facilities for Tennis than we have had heretofore, the game has become very popular among students of both sexes, and when the weather is fine the Courts

are generally occupied most of the day. The pressure will be relieved somewhat in a week or two's time, when the fourth Court will be cleared for play.

The Tournament this year bids fair to be a great success, a good number of competitors having been enrolled. Considerable talent is displayed by quite a number of the freshers, and, as many of the best players of last year are still with us, many keenly contested games are anticipated.

Mr. C. F. Tetley has again very kindly consented to present two Tennis Racquets as prizes for the Men's Doubles.

We are expecting great things of our team this season, though, owing to bad weather, they have not up to the time of writing had the opportunity of measuring their strength with a rival.

Cricket.

Owing to the inclement state of the weather, the practice match had to be postponed on three occasions, as also two First XI. fixtures.

The season opened—Saturday, 9th—with a match against Leeds Romney on our ground. The weather was ideal, but the wicket was rather on the soft side. We won the toss and batted first, compiling a total of 125. Piercy 20, Walker 40, Atkinson 14 were the best scorers.

The fielding of the Romney was very slack indeed, several easy catches being missed, otherwise our total would not have reached three figures.

After tea Romney commenced batting, having just an hour and a half to knock off the runs. They succeeded in scoring 76 for 5 wickets, when the stumps were drawn.

There are several promising freshmen this year, and should we have a fine summer a very successful cricket season is anticipated.

G. F. KERR, Hon. Sec.

The Sports.

As this function took place after we had gone to press, only a brief mention of it can be made in this issue. The weather was wet during the first hour or so, and this had the dual effect of making the ground very heavy and keeping away large numbers of would-be spectators. We congratulate Mr. J. B. Fisher on gaining the Championship, the Medical School on winning the Inter-Departmental Trophy, and the Engineers on pulling off the Tag-of-War Championship. We were not fortunate enough to retain the Inter-Varsity Mile Championship Cup, as though Mr. W. F. Clayton ran splendidly in our interest, a very good Liverpool representative won the event.

Mrs. Bodington was kind enough to distribute the prizes, and Mr. Seymour Jones made a number of short speeches.

The whole function went off with the greatest smoothness, for which great credit is due to the energetic secretaries, Messrs. W. F. Clayton and A. Seymour-Jones.

A complete account of the Sports will appear in the next issue of the *Gryphon*.

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